

*The Tenth*  
T H E

P L A Y S

O F

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

VOLUME the SEVENTH,

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY and CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.

---

L O N D O N:

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J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.

VOL. VII.

B

## Dramatis Personæ.

### JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar,  
M. Antony,  
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Calpurnia,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Æffala,

Titinius,

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Scotchfayer.*

*Young Cato.*

*Cinna, a Poet.*

*Another Poet.*

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

Pindarus, *Servant of Cassius.*

*Guest of Julius Cæsar.*

*Cabler.*

*Carpenter.*

*Other Plebeians.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Porcia, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Guards and Attendants.*

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

•• Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of 1623. Folio.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Street in Rome.*

*Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.*

FLAVIUS.

**H**ENCE; 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.

*Mar.* 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.

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.

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

<sup>1</sup> *Murellus,*] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c. given to this tribune, his right name, *Marullus*. THEOBALD.

*Flav.* What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

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

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*Cob.* Why, Sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* 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.

*Flav.* 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.

*Mar.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest 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 towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have fate

*Mar.* What mean'st thou by that?]  
As the *Cobbler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*.

THEOBALD.

I have replaced *Marullus*, who

might properly enough reply to a saucy sentence directed to his colleague, and to whom the speech was probably given, that he might not stand too long unemployed upon the stage.

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 *Tyber* trembled underneath his banks  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in his concave shores?

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,  
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,

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen; and for that  
fault

Assemble all the poor men of your sort,  
Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears  
Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream  
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, where their basest metal be not mov'd;  
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way tow'rd's the Capitol,  
This way will I. Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them<sup>3</sup> deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of *Lupercal*.

*Flav.* It is no matter. Let no images  
Be hung with *Cæsar's* trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets?

<sup>3</sup> —deck'd with ceremonies.] Ceremonies, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's* trophies; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the Gods.



So do you too, where your perceive them thick.  
 These growing feathers, pluckt 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.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter Cæsar, Antony. For the Course, Calphurnia, Porcia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Sooth-sayer.*

*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 steril 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 Prefs, that calls on me?  
 I hear a tongue, shriller than all the musick,  
 Cry, *Cæsar.* Speak; *Cæsar* is turn'd to hear.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of *March.*

*Cæs.* What man is that?

*Eru.* A sooth-sayer bids you beware the Ides of  
*March.*

*Cæs.*

*Cæs.* Set him before me; let me see his face.

*Casca.* Fellow, come from the throng. Look up  
*Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* What say'st thou to me now? Speak  
again.

*Sooth.* Beware the Ides of *March*.

*Cæs.* He is a dreamer; let us leave him. Pa  
[+ *Sennet.* *Exeunt Cæsar and*

S C E N E III.

*Manent Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cas.* Will you go see the order of the Course?

*Bru.* Not I.

*Cas.* 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.

*Cas.* *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<sup>5</sup> 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  
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,  
Of late, with<sup>6</sup> passions of some difference,  
Conceptions only proper to myself,

<sup>4</sup> I have here inserted the word  
*Sennet*, from the original edition,  
that I may have an opportunity  
of retracting a hasty conjecture  
in one of the marginal directions  
in *Henry VIII.* *Sennet* appears  
to be a particular tune or mode

of martial musick.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *strange a hand*] *Strange*  
is alien, unfamiliar, such as might  
become a stranger.

<sup>6</sup> — *passions of some difference,*]  
With a fluctuation of discordant  
opinions and desires.



8 JULIUS CÆSAR.

Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours ;  
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,  
 Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one,  
 Nor construe any further my neglect,  
 Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,  
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

*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 reflexion from some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just ;  
 And it is very much lamented, *Brutus*,  
 That you have no such mirrors, 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 reflexion ; I, your glass,  
 Will modestly discover to yourself  
 That of yourself, which yet you know not of.  
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus* :  
 Were I a common laughèr, or did use  
 ? To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
 To every new protestor ; if you know,  
 That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

[ To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protestor to my affection by the stale or allurements of customary oaths.

And after scandal them; or if you know,  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
People

Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think, you would not have it so.

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

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it, that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th other,

<sup>8</sup> 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,

<sup>8</sup> *And I will look on both indifferently;*] This is a contradiction to the lines immediately succeeding. If he lov'd honour more than he fear'd death, how could they be both indifferent to him? Honour thus is but in equal balance to death, which is not speaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a soldier of any ordinary pretensions, honour should always preponderate. We must certainly read,

*And I will look on death indifferently.*

What occasion'd the corruption, I presume, was, the transcribers imagining, the adverb *indifferently* must be applied to two things

*oppos'd.* But the use of the word does not demand it; nor does *Shakspeare* always apply it so. In the present passage it signifies *neglectingly*; without fear, or concern: And so *Casca* afterwards again in this act, employs it.

*And dangers are to me indifferent.*

I weigh them not; nor am deterr'd on the score of danger.

WARBURTON.

This long note is very trifling. When *Brutus* first names *honour* and *death*, he calmly declares them *indifferent*; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets *honour* above *life*. Is not this natural?

I had

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 *Tyber* 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 bid 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 *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,  
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder  
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*  
 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 ;  
 9 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*"—

9 His coward lips did from their  
 colour fly,] A plain man  
 would have said, the colour fled  
 from his lips, and not his lips from  
 their colour. But the false ex-

pression was for the sake of as  
 false a piece of wit : a poor  
 quibble, alluding to a coward fly-  
 ing from his colours. WARB.



As a sick gril. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,  
 A man of such a feeble temper should  
 So get the start of the majestick 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*.

*Cæs.* 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 some times 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 yours?  
 Write them together, yours 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 names of all the Gods at once,  
 Upon what meat does this our *Cæsar* feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd;  
*Rome*, thou hast lost the breed of noble 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 incompass'd but one man?  
 Now is it *Rome*, indeed; and room enough,

—get the start of the majestick world, &c.] This image is extremely noble: it is taken from the olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the *Roman empire*: their citizens set themselves on a footing with *Kings*, and they called

their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of *Cæsar's* great pattern *Alexander*, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the *Olympic* games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were Kings.* WARB.

When

When there is in it but one only man.

Oh! you and I have heard our fathers say;  
There was a *Brutus* once, that would have brook'd  
Th' <sup>2</sup> 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.  
<sup>2</sup>Till then, my noble friend, <sup>3</sup> 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.

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

#### S C E N E IV.

*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 sour 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.  
*Calpurnia*'s cheek is pale; and *Cicero*

<sup>2</sup>—*eternal devil*—] I should think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil*!

<sup>3</sup>—*chew upon this*;] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this.

Looks with such <sup>4</sup> ferret, and such fiery eyes,  
As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
Being crost in conf'rence by some-Senators.

*Cæs.* *Cæsa* will tell us what the matter is.

*Cæs.* *Antonius*,—

*Ant.* *Cæsar*?

*Cæs.* [*To Ant. apart.*] Let me have men about me  
that are fat,

Sleek headed men, and such as sleep a-nights ;  
Yond *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.* <sup>5</sup> '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 through the deeds of men. He loves no plays,  
As thou dost, *Antony* ; he hears no musick ;  
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort,  
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 ;  
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 deaf,  
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*]

<sup>4</sup> —*ferret*,—] A ferret has red eyes.

<sup>5</sup> 'Would he were fatter ;—] *Johnson*, in his *Bartholomew-fair*, unjustly sneers at this passage, in

*Knockham's* speech to the Pig-woman. *Come, there's no malice in fat folks ; I never fear thee, and I can 'scape thy lean moon-calf there.* WARBURTON.



## S C E N E V.

*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 fad.

*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,

*Cas.* 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 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 meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown ;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets ;—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 loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time ; he put it the third time by ; and still as he refus'd it, the  
rabblement

rabblement hooted, 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, *Cæsar* hath 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, *Cæsar* fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used 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 offer'd them his throat to cut. An' I had been <sup>6</sup> 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 desir'd their Worships to think it was his infirmity.* Three or four wenches where I stood, cry'd, *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 less.

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

*Casca.* Ay.

<sup>6</sup> a man of any occupation,] Had Plebeians to whom he offer'd his  
I been a mechanick, one of the throat.

*Cas.* Did *Cicero* say any thing?

*Casca.* Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

*Cas.* To what effect?

*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 am 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. Farewel Both. [*Exit.*

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

*Cas.* So is he 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. Till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble; yet, I see,  
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought

7 Thy honourable Metal may be wrought

From what it is dispos'd;—]

The best metal or temper may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

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*;  
 \* 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* seat him sure;  
 For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [Exit.]

S C E N E VI.

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

*Cic.* Good even, *Casca*. † Brought you *Cæsar* home?  
 Why are you breathless, and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the † sway of  
 earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O *Cicero*!  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

\* If I were *Brutus* now, and he were *Cassius*,

He should not humour me.—]

This is a reflexion on *Brutus's* ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. If I were *Brutus*, (says he) and *Brutus*, *Cassius*, he should not cajole me as I do him. To humour signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. The *Oxford Editor* alters the last line to

*Cæsar* should not love me  
 What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARB.

The meaning, I think, is this, *Cæsar* loves *Brutus*, but if *Brutus* and I were to change places, his love should not humour me, should not take hold of my affection, so as to make me forget my principles.

† —Brought you *Cæsar* home?]  
 Did you attend *Cæsar* home?

† —sway of earth] The whole weight or momentum of this globe.



Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam;  
 To be exalted with the threatning 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.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave, you know him well by sight,  
 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 there were drawn  
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,  
 Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw  
 Men, a'l in fire, walk up and down the streets.  
 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,  
*These are their reasons. They are natural;*  
 For, I believe, they are portentous things  
 Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

*Cic.* 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, he would be there to-morrow.

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

*Casca.* Farewel, *Cicero*.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

<sup>2</sup> *Who glar'd upon me,*—] The first edition reads,

*Who glaz'd upon me,*—  
 Perhaps, *Who gaz'd upon me.*

S C E N E

SCENE VII.

*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;  
And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder stone,  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heav'n, I did present myself  
Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

*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:  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,

<sup>3</sup> *Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,*] That is why they deviate from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed

after the next line.

*Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,*

*Why all these things change from their ordinance.*



Why old men, fools, <sup>4</sup> and children calculate;  
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,  
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties  
 To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,  
 That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,  
 To make them instruments of fear and warning  
 Unto some monstrous state.

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:

<sup>4</sup> ——— and children calculate;] *Calculat* here signifies to foretell or prophesy: For the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial Astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calcu-

lation, *Shakspeare*, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel.]

WARBURTON.

*Shakspeare* found the liberty established. *To calculate a nativity*, is the technical term.

But life, being weary of these worldly bars,  
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.  
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,  
<sup>5</sup> 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. <sup>6</sup> Hold my hand:  
<sup>7</sup> 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 dang'rous consequence;  
And I do know, by this they stay for me

<sup>5</sup> *My answer must be made.*—] I shall be called to account, and must answer as for seditious words.

same as, here's my hand.

<sup>7</sup> *Be factious for redress*—] *Factious* seems here to mean active.

<sup>6</sup> —*Hold my hand*:] Is the

In *Pompey's* Porch. For now, this fearful night,  
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;  
 And the complexion of the element  
<sup>s</sup> In favour's, like the work we have in hand;  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*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.* I'm glad on't. What a fearful night is this?  
 There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

*Cas.* Am I not staid for? Tell me.

*Cin.* Yes, you are. O *Cassius*! if you could  
 But 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; set this up with wax  
 Upon old *Brutus's* 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 bade me.

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

[*Exit Cinna.*]

<sup>s</sup> *Is ferv'rous, like the work—*]  
 The old edition reads,  
 It favours, like the work——  
 I think we should read,  
 In favour's, like the work we

have in hand;  
 Most blood, fiery, and most ter-  
 rible.

Favour is look, countenance, ap-  
 pearance.

Come,

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

*Casca*. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;  
And that, which would appear offence in us,  
His countenance, like richest alchymy,  
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

*Cas.* Him, and his worth, and our great need of  
him,  
You have right well conceited. Let us go,  
For it is after midnight; and, ere day,  
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [Exeunt.]

## ACT II. SCENE I.

BRUTUS'S Garden.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

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 soundly. ———  
When, *Lucius*, when? awake, I say; what, *Lu-*  
*cius*!

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.

C 4

*Luc.*



*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 ques-  
tion.

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.  
Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins  
<sup>9</sup> 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 <sup>1</sup> common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber upward turns his face;  
But when he once attains the utmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back,  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the <sup>2</sup> 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, <sup>3</sup> as his kind, grow mis-  
chievous;  
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,

<sup>9</sup> Remorse from Power:—]      <sup>2</sup> —base degrees] Low steps.  
*Remo f.*, for mercy.      WARB.      <sup>3</sup> —as his kind,—] According  
<sup>1</sup> —common proof.] Common to his nature.  
experiment.

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 know 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:

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 entreated

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

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

Thy full petition at the hand of *Brutus*!

\* Is not to-morrow, boy, the  
 FIRST of *March*?] We  
 should read IDES: For we can  
 never suppose the speaker to have  
 lost fourteen days in his account.  
 He is here plainly ruminating on  
 what the soothsayer told *Cæsar*  
 [Act I. Scene 2.] in his presence.  
 [—Beware the Ides of *March*.]

The boy comes back and says,  
*Sir*, *March* is wasted fourteen  
 days. So that the morrow was  
 the Ides of *March*, as he supposed.  
 For *March*, *May*, *July*, and *Oc-*  
*tober*, had six nones each, so that  
 the fifteenth of *March* was the  
 Ides of that month. WARB.

Enter



Enter Lucius.

Luc. <sup>5</sup> Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days:

[knocks within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body  
knocks. [Exit Lucius.

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

<sup>6</sup> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,  
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

<sup>5</sup> In former editions,

*Sir, March is wasted fifteen  
days.*

The editors are slightly mistaken:  
It was wasted but *fourteen* days;  
this was the dawn of the 15th,  
when the boy makes his report.

THEOBALD.

<sup>6</sup> *Between the acting of a dread-  
ful thing,*

*And the first motion, &c.]* That  
nice critic, *Dionysius of Halicar-  
nassus*, complains, that, of all  
kind of beauties, those great  
strokes, which he calls the *ter-  
rible graces*, and which are so fre-  
quent in *Homer*, are the rarest to  
be found in the following wri-  
ters. Amongst our countrymen  
it seems to be as much confined  
to the *British Homer*. This de-  
scription of the condition of con-  
spirators, before the execution of  
their design, has a pomp and  
terror in it that perfectly asto-  
nishes. The excellent Mr. *Ad-  
dison*, whose modesty made him  
sometimes diffident in his own  
genius, but whose true judgment  
always led him to the safest  
guides, (as we may see by those  
many fine strokes in his *Cato* bor-  
rowed from the *Philippics* of *Ci-*

*cero*) has paraphrased this fine de-  
scription; but we are no longer  
to expect those terrible graces  
which animate his original.

*O think, what anxious moments  
pass between*

*The birth of plots, and their last  
fatal periods.*

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of  
time,*

*Fill'd up with horror all, and  
big with death.* Cato.

I shall make two remarks on this  
fine imitation. The first is, that  
the subjects of the two conspira-  
cies being so very different, (the  
fortunes of *Cæsar* and the *Roman*  
Empire being concerned in the  
one; and that of a few auxiliary  
troops only in the other.) Mr.  
*Addison* could not, with proprie-  
ty, bring in that magnificent cir-  
cumstance which gives one of the  
*terrible graces* of *Shakespeare's* de-  
scription;

*The Genius, and the Mortal In-  
struments*

*Are then in Council!—*

For *Kingdoms*, in the *Pagan The-  
ology*, besides their good, had  
their *evil Genius's*, likewise, re-  
presented here, with the most  
daring stretch of fancy, as sitting

in.

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?

in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *Mortal Instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of *Syphax* and *Sempronius*. The other thing observable is, that Mr. *Addison* was so struck and affected with these terrible *graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of  
time,*

*Fill'd up with Horror all, and  
big with death,*

are but the affections raised by  
such forcible Images as these,

——— *All the Int'rim is*

*Like a Phantasma, or a hideous  
Dream.*

——— *the State of Man,*

*Like to a little Kingdom, suffers  
then*

*The Nature of an insurrection.*

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of Anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *int'rim*, or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so won-

derfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to Nature. WARBURTON.

The *δεινον* of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ *δεινον* is that which *strikes*, which *astorishes*, with the idea either of some great subject, or of the author's abilities.

Dr. *Warburton's* pompous criticism might well have been shortened. The *Genius* is not the *genius* of a *kingdom*, nor are the *instruments*, *conspirators*. *Shakespeare* is describing what passes in a single bosom, the *insurrection* which a conspirator feels agitating the *little kingdom* of his own mind; when the *Genius*, or power that watches for his protection, and the *mortal instruments*, the passions; which excite him to a deed of honour and danger, are in council and debate; when the desire of action and the care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance.

*Luc.*

*Luc.* No, Sir, there are more with him.

*Bru.* Do you know them?

*Luc.* No, Sir, their Hats are pluckt about their ears,

And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark <sup>7</sup> of favour.

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!

Sham'st thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,

When Evils are most free? O then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,

To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspira-  
racy;

Hide it in Smiles and Affability;

<sup>8</sup> For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

## S C E N E II.

*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 your self,  
Which every noble *Roman* bears of you.  
This is *Trebonius*.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, *Decius Brutus*.

<sup>7</sup> ——— of favour.] Any distinction of countenance.

<sup>8</sup> For if thou path, thy native semblance on,] If thou walk in thy true form.

*Bru.*



*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 entreat 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 de-  
ceiv'd:

Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arises,  
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  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* <sup>9</sup> No, not an oath. If not the face of men,  
The

<sup>9</sup> No, not an oath; if that the  
FACE of men, &c.] The  
conspirators propose an *oath* as  
the sanction of their mutual faith.  
This, *Brutus*, very much in cha-  
racter, opposes: Because an *oath*  
was the usual cement of those  
lawless cabals, which have not  
virtue enough in themselves to  
keep their members together:  
On this consideration his argu-  
ment against an oath turns: And  
the motives he thought sufficient  
to preserve faith amongst them,  
were these: *The sufferance of  
their souls*, i. e. their commise-  
ration for expiring liberty: *The  
time's abuse*, i. e. the general  
corruption of manners which had  
reduced publick liberty to this  
condition; and which, that liber-  
ty restored, would reform. But  
now, what is *The FACE of men*?  
Did he mean they had honest  
looks. This was a poor and low  
observation, unworthy *Brutus*,  
and the occasion, and the gran-  
deur of his speech: Besides, it  
is foreign to the turn and argu-  
ment of his discourse, which is  
to shew the strong cement of the  
confederacy, from *the justice of  
their cause*, not from the natural  
honour of the conspirators. His  
argument

The sufferance 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-figh'ted 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 men cautelous;  
 Old feeble carrions, 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 mettle of our spirits;  
 To think, that or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath: When ev'ry drop of blood,

argument stands thus, *You require an oath to keep us together; but sure the strong motives that drew us into confederacy will keep us confederated.* These motives he enumerates; but *The FACE of men* not being one of these motives must needs be a corrupt reading. *Shakespeare*, without question, wrote,

*If 'twere the FATE of men,*  
 Or of mankind, which, in the ideas of a *Roman*, was involved in the *fate* of their Republick. And this was the principal motive which engaged the God-like *Brutus* in the undertaking.

WARBURTON.

This elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the countenance, the regard, the esteem of the publick; in other terms, *honour and reputation*; or, *the face of men* may mean, the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions;

— *If that the face of men,*  
 but the old reading is,  
 — *if not the face, &c.*

' This is imitated by *Otway*,  
*When you would bind me, is there  
 need of oaths? &c.*

Venice preserved.

That

That ev'ry *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 sound 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,  
And buy men's 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.

*Cas.* Then leave him out.

*Casca.* Indeed, he is not fit.

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

*Cas.* *Decius*, well urg'd: I think, it is not meet,  
*Mark Antony*, so well belov'd of *Cæsar*,  
Should out-live *Cæsar*: we shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver. 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* fall 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



Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,  
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds.  
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious:  
 Which, so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd 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.

*Cas.* Yet I do fear him;  
 For in th' ingrafted love he bears to *Cæsar*—

*Bru.* Alas, good *Cassius*, do not think of him:  
 If he love *Cæsar*, all that he can do  
 Is to himself; <sup>2</sup> take thought, and die for *Cæsar*:  
 And that were much, he should; for he is giv'n  
 To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

[*Clock strikes.*]

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
 If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no:  
<sup>3</sup> For he is superstitious grown of late,  
 Quite from the main opinion he held once  
 Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:

It

<sup>2</sup> —take thought,—] That is, turn melancholy.

<sup>3</sup> For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:] *Cæsar*, as well as *Cassius*, was an *Epicurean*. By

main opinion *Cassius* intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fundamental opinion grounded in truth and nature: As by *fantasy* is meant ominous foreboding; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of the Gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after, where *Calpurnia*

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; <sup>4</sup> 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.  
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
He says, he does; being then most flattered.  
Let me 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.

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

*Cas.* The morning comes upon's. We'll leave you,  
*Brutus*;  
And, friends! disperse yourselves; but all remember  
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

*Calphurnia* says,

Cæsar, I never stood on cere-  
monies,

Yet now they fright me:—

The poet uses *Ceremonies* in a  
quite different sense, namely, the  
turning accidents to omens, a prin-  
cipal superstition of antiquity.

WARBURTON.

Main opinion, is nothing more

than leading, fixed, predominant  
opinion:

<sup>4</sup> —for he loves to hear, &c.]

It was finely imagined by the  
poet, to make Cæsar delight in  
this sort of conversation. The  
Author of *St. Evremond's* life  
tells us, that the great Prince of  
Conde took much pleasure in re-  
marking on the foible and ridi-  
cule of characters.      WARB.

*Bru.* Good Gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
 5 Let not our looks put on our purposes ;  
 But bear it, as our *Roman* actors do,  
 With untir'd 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.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter* Porcia.

*Per.* Brutus, my Lord!

*Bru.* Porcia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you  
 now?

It is not for your health, thus to commit  
 Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

*Per.* Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,  
*Brutus,*

Stol'n 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 ;  
 I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :  
 Yet I insist'd ; 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,

5 *Let not our Looks*—] Let not our faces put on, that is, wear  
 or show our designs.

Which

Which seem'd too much inkindled; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 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 *Porcia*, go to bed.

*Por.* Is *Brutus* sick? and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning? 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 make 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 iix or seven, who did hide their faces  
 Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

*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,  
*Porcia* 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 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: *Porcia*, 'go in a while;

And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake

The secrets of my heart.

<sup>6</sup> *A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus,

*A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.*

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to *Cato*. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was

*Cato*'s daughter, gives no good reason: For she might be *Cato*'s daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she *was well reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its deliverance. WARB.



All my engagements I will continue to thee,  
 All the character of my sad brows.—  
 Leave me with haste.

[Exit Porcia.]

*Enter Lucius and Ligarius.*

*Lucius*, who's there that knocks?

*Luc.* Here is a sick man, that would speak with you.

*Bru.* *Caius Ligarius*, that *Metellus* spake of.

Boy, stand aside. *Caius Ligarius!* how?

*Cai.* Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

*Bru.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,

To wear a kerchief? 'would you were not sick!

*Cai.* I am not sick, if *Brutus* have in hand  
 Any exploit worthy the name of honour.

*Bru.* Such an exploit have I in hand, *Ligarius*,  
 Had you an healthful ear to hear it.

*Cai.* By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,  
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome!*

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

*Bru.* A piece of work, that will make sick men  
 whole.

*Cai.* But are not some whole, that we must make  
 sick?

*Bru.* That we must also. What it is, my *Caius*,  
 I shall unfold to thee, as we are going,  
 To whom it must be done.

*Cai.* Set on your foot,  
 And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,  
 To do I know not what: but it sufficeth,

That *Brutus* leads me on.

*Eru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E IV.

*Changes to Cæsar's Palace.*

*Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.*

*Cæs.* **N**OR 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.*

*Serv.* My Lord?—

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

*Serv.* 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 threatned  
me,

Ne'er lookt 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,  
Kecounts most horrid sights seen by the Watch.  
A lions hath whelped in the streets,  
And Graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;

Fierce

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air;  
 Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;  
 And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
 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.

*Cæs.* 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 <sup>7</sup> death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.

*Enter Servant.*

What say the Augurs?

*Serv.* 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.]*

*Cæs.* The Gods do this <sup>8</sup> in shame of cowardise:  
*Cæsar* should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.

<sup>7</sup> —*death, a necessary end, &c.*] in the mouth of *Cæsar*.  
 This is a sentence derived from <sup>8</sup> —*in shame of cowardise:*  
 the Stoical doctrine of predestina- The ancients did not place cou-  
 tion, and is therefore improper rage but wisdom in the heart.

No, *Cæsar* shall not; Danger knows full well,  
That *Cæsar* is more dangerous than he;  
We were two lions litter'd in one day,  
And I the elder and more terrible;  
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

*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 lead *Mark Antony* to the Senate-house,  
And he will say, you are not well to-day:  
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

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

## S C E N E V.

*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.

*Cæs.* 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;  
I will not come to-day. Tell them so, *Decius*:

*Cal.* Say, he is sick.

9 In old editions,

*We heard two lions*——] The  
first folio,

———*We hear*———

The copies have been all corrupt,  
and the passage, of course, unin-  
telligible. But the slight altera-  
tion, I have made, restores sense

to the whole; and the sentiment  
will neither be unworthy of  
*Shakespeare*, nor the boast too ex-  
travagant for *Cæsar* in a vein of  
vanity to utter: that he and Dan-  
ger were two twin whelps of a  
lion, and he the elder, and more  
terrible of the two. THEOB.

*Cæs.*



*Cæs.* Shall *Cæsar* send a lye?

Have I in conquest stretcht 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,

*Calphurnia* 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,

In which 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, relicks, and cognisance.

This by *Calphurnia's* Dream is signify'd.

*Cæs.*

'—and that Great Men shall  
press

For tinctures, stains, relicks,  
and cognisance.] That this

dream of the statue's spouting  
blood should signify, the increase  
of power and empire to *Rome*  
from the influence of *Cæsar's*  
arts and arms, and wealth and  
honour to the noble *Romans*  
through his beneficence, expressed  
by the words, *From you, great*  
*Rome shall suck reviving blood,*

is intelligible enough. But how  
these great men should literally  
press for tinctures, stains, relicks,  
and cognisance, when the spouting  
blood was only a symbolical vi-  
sion, I am at a loss to apprehend.  
Here the circumstances of the  
dream, and the interpretation of  
it, are confounded with one ano-  
ther. This line therefore,

*For tinctures, stains, relicks, and*  
*cognisance,*

must needs be in way of simili-  
tude

*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.”  
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, *Calpurnia*?

I am ashamed, I did yield to them.

Give me my Robe, for I will go. And, look,

rude only; and if so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want should, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the Statue signified, that by *Cæsar*’s influence *Rome* should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian History; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before:

For the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the Martyrs, and the superstition of some Churches with regard to it. WARB.

I am not of opinion that any thing is lost, and have therefore marked no omission. The speech, which is intentionally pompous, is somewhat confused. There are two allusions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cognisance*; the other to martyrs, whose reliques are preserved with veneration. The *Romans*, says *Brutus*, all come to you as to a saint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours.

<sup>2</sup> *And reason, &c.*] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love.

S C E N E

SCENE VI.

*Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,  
Cinna and Publius.*

Where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* Welcome, *Publius*.

What, *Brutus*, are you stirr'd so early too?

Good-morrow, *Casca*. *Caius Ligarius*,

*Cæsar* was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is 't o'clock?

*Bru.* *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

*Cæs.* I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

*Enter Antony.*

See! *Antony*, that revels long o' 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.

Now, *Cinna*; now *Metellus*. What *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.

*Treb.* *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* yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

## SCENE VII.

*Changes to a Street near the Capitol.*

*Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.*

**CÆSAR**, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; 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 be'st not immortal, look about thee; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!

*Thy Lover, Artemidorus.*

Here will I stand, 'till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this:  
My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.  
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
If not, <sup>3</sup> the fates with Traitors do contrive. [Exit.

*Enter Porcia and Lucius.*

*Por.* I pr'ythee, Boy, run to the Senate-house;  
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.  
Why dost thou stay?

*Luc.* To know my errand, Madam.

*Por.* I would have had thee there, and here again,  
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there——  
O Constancy, be strong upon my side,  
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;  
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.  
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!  
Art thou here yet?

<sup>3</sup> —the fates with Traitors do contrive.] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction.

*Luc.*



*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 forth: and take good note,  
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 tow'rds  
him?

*Art.* None that I know will be, much that I fear;  
Good-morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:  
The throng, that follows *Cæsar* at the heels,  
Of Senators, of Prætors, common Suitors,  
Will crowd a feeble Man almost to death;  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great *Cæsar* as he comes along.

[*Exit.*  
*Por.*

*Por.* I must go in—ah 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.*]

## ACT III. SCENE I.

*The Street before the Capitol; and the Capitol  
open.*

*Flourish.* Enter *Cæsar*, *Brutus*, *Cassius*, *Casca*, *Decius*, *Metellus*, *Trebonius*, *Cinna*, *Antony*, *Lepidus*, *Artemidorus*, *Popilius*, *Publius*, and the *Sooth-sayer*.

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, *Cæsar*, but not gone.

*Art.* Hail, *Cæsar*. Read this schedule.

*Dec.* *Trebonius* doth desire you to o'er-read  
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

*Art.* O *Cæsar*, read mine first; for mine's a suit,  
That touches *Cæsar* nearer. Read it, great *Cæsar*.

*Cæs.* What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd.

*Art.* Delay not *Cæsar*, read it instantly.

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

*Cæs.*

*Cæs.* What, urge you your petitions in the street?  
Come to the Capitol.

*Pop.* I wish, your enterprize to-day may thrive.

*Cæs.* What enterprize, *Popilius*?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*Bru.* What said *Popilius Lena*?

*Cæs.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.  
I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*Bru.* Look, how he makes to *Cæsar*. Mark him.

*Cæs.* *Casca*, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

*Brutus*, what shall be done, if this be known?

*Cassius*, or *Cæsar*, never shall turn back;

For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* *Cassius*, be constant.

*Popilius Lena* speaks not of our purpose;

For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change:

*Cæs.* *Trebonius* knows his time; for look you, *Brutus*,  
He draws *Mark Antony* out of the 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 curtesies  
† Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

† *Might fire the blood of ordinary men,*] It is plain we should read,

—stir the blood—

Submission does not fire the blood, but melt it to compassion; or, as he says just after, *thaw* it. So

afterwards in this play he says,  
*The power of speech to stir  
mens bloods.* WARB.

This is plausible, but not so necessary as that it should be admitted into the text.

And

<sup>5</sup> And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

<sup>6</sup> Into the lane of children. Be not fond,

To think that *Cæsar* bears such rebel blood;

That will be thaw'd from the true quality

With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words;

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banished;

If thou dost bend, 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 satisfied.

*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 resting 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;

But there's but one in all doth hold his place.

So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,

<sup>5</sup> *And turn pre-ordinance—*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARB.

<sup>6</sup> *Into the lane of children.—*] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children.

It was, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished.



And men are flesh and blood, and<sup>7</sup> apprehensive ;  
 Yet, in the number, I do know<sup>8</sup> but one  
 That unaffailable<sup>9</sup> holds on his rank,  
 Unshak'd of motion : and that I am he  
 Let me a little shew it, ev'n in this ;  
 That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd ;  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cim.* O *Cæsar*——

*Cæs.* Hence ! Wilt thou lift up *Olympus* ?

*Dec.* Great *Cæsar*——

*Cæs.* <sup>1</sup> Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel ?

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

*Cæs.* *Et tu, Brute* ? —— Then fall *Cæsar* ! [Dies.

*Cin.* Liberty ! Freedom ! Tyranny is dead——

Run hence, proclaim. Cry it about the streets.

*Cæs.* 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.

*Cæsca.* Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

*Dec.* And *Cassius* too.

*Bru.* Where's *Publius* ?

*Cin.* Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

*Met.* Stand fast together, lest some friends of  
*Cæsar's*

Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing. *Publius*, good cheer ;  
 There is no harm intended to your person,  
 Nor to no *Roman* else ; so tell them, *Publius*.

*Cæs.* And leave us, *Publius*, lest that the people,  
 Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

<sup>7</sup> ——*apprehensive* ;] Suscep-  
 tible of fear, or other passions.

<sup>8</sup> ——*but one*] One, and on-  
 ly one.

<sup>9</sup> ——*holds on his rank*,] Per-  
 haps, *holds on his race* ; continues

his course. We commonly say,  
 To *hold a rank*, and, To *hold on*  
 a *course*. or *way*.

<sup>1</sup> *Doth not Brutus bootless*  
*kneel* ?] I would read,  
 Do not *Brutus bootless kneel* !

*Bru.* Do so: and let no man abide this deed,  
But we the Doers.

## S C E N E II.

*Enter Trebonius.*

*Cæs.* Where is *Antony*?

*Tre.* Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were Dooms-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.

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

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:  
So are we *Cæsar's* friends, that have abridg'd  
His time of fearing death. <sup>2</sup> Stoop, *Romans*, stoop;  
And let us bathe our hands in *Cæsar's* blood

<sup>2</sup> In all the editions this speech is ascribed to *Brutus*, than which nothing is more inconsistent with his mild and philosophical character. But (as I often find speeches in the later editions put into wrong mouths, different from the first published by the author) I think this liberty not unreasonable.

POPE.

—*Stoop, Romans, stoop,*] Mr. Pope has arbitrarily taken away the remainder of this speech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Cæsar*: because, he thinks, nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus's* mild and philosophical character. I have made bold to restore the speech to its right owner. *Brutus* esteem'd the death of *Cæsar* a

sacrifice to liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the enterprise. Besides, our poet is strictly copying a fact in history. *Plutarch*, in the life of *Cæsar*, says, “*Brutus* and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, march'd in a body from the senate-house to the *Capitol*, with their drawn swords, with an air of confidence and assurance.” And, in the life of *Brutus*,— “*Brutus* and his party betook themselves to the *Capitol*, and in their way shewing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaim'd liberty to the people.” THEOB.  
Dr. Warburton follows Pope.

Up

Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;  
Then walk we forth ev'n to the Market-place,  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, "Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!"

*Cæs.* 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?

*Cæs.* So oft as that shall be,  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave their country liberty.

*Dec.* What, shall we forth?

*Cæs.* 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*?

*Serv.* Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;  
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [*kneeling.*]  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.  
*Brutus* is noble, wise, valiant and honest;  
*Cæsar* was mighty, bold, royal 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,  
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*;

E 2

I never

I never thought him worse.

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

*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; and my misgiving still  
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

### S C E N E III.

*Enter Antony.*

*Bru.* But here comes *Antony*. 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,<sup>3</sup> 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 ye 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.

*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,

<sup>3</sup> —*who else is rank;*] Who overtopped his equals, and grown  
else may be supposed to have too high for the publick safety.

And



And this the bleeding business they have done;  
 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;  
 And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*  
 (As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)  
 Hath done this deed on *Cæsar*. For your part,  
 To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony*;  
 \*Our arms exempt from malice, 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 strook 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 Cassius*, do I take your hand;  
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;  
 Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Casca*, yours;  
 Tho' 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?  
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,

\* *Our arms exempt from malice*,—] This is the reading only of the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has,  
*Our arms in strength of malice.*

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, brave hart ;  
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand  
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and <sup>s</sup> crimson'd in thy Lethe.  
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.  
 How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,  
 Dost thou here lie?

*Cæs.* Mark Antony.

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

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

*Ant.* Therefore I took your hands ; but was, in-  
 deed,  
 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 to the market-place,  
 And in the Pulpit, as becomes a friend,  
 Speak in the order of his funeral.

<sup>s</sup> —*crimson'd in thy Lethe.*] *L. might be a D. imperfectly wrote,*  
*Mr. Theobald says, The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as*  
*Lethe; yet he is not without sup-* *therefore he will have death in-*  
*position, that Shakespeare coin'd the* *stead of it. After all this pother,*  
*word; and yet for all that, the* *Lethe was a common French*  
*tion, from the Latin letum. WAR.*

*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,  
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.

*Cas.* 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*.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Mark 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<sup>6</sup> in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand, that shed this costly blood!

<sup>6</sup> —in the tide of times.] That is, in the course of times.

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 <sup>7</sup> upon the limbs of men;  
 Damnitick fury, and fierce civil strife,  
 Shall number 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 with the hands of war:  
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds;  
 And *Cæsar's* spirit, ranging for revenge,  
 With *Lucifer* by his side come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a Monarch's voice,  
<sup>8</sup> Cry *Havock*, and let slip the Dogs of war;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
 With carrion men, groaning for burial.

<sup>7</sup> —upon the LIMBS of men:]

We should read,

—— LINE of men.

i. e. human face.

WARBURTON.

*Hammer* read,

—— kind of men.

I rather think it should be,

—— the lives of men.

unless we read,

—— in the limbs of men.

That is, *in the wounds* of men.

The uncommonness of the word *lymms* easily made the change

<sup>8</sup> Cry *Havock*.—] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Justice & Marshal in the Time of Warre*, con-

tained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter.

“ The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* & of them that followeth hym. ent. v.”

“ Item Si quis inventus fuerit qui clamorem inceperit qui vocatur *Havock*.”

“ Also that no man be so hardy to crye *havock* upon peyne that he that is bgyner shall be deece therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow shall lose their horse & harness: and the persones of such as foloweth & escrien shall be under arrest of the Conestable & Marschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; & founde suretie no morr to offende: & his body in prison at the Kyng wylle—.”

*Enter*



*Enter Octavius's Servant.*

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

*Serv.* I do, *Mark Antony*.

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

*Serv.* 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,  
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

*Serv.* 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.

—Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Forum.*

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

*Pleb.* **W**E will be satisfied. Let us be satisfied.

*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me  
audience, friends.

*Cassius,* go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.

Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;

Those,

Those that will follow *Cassius*, go with him,  
And publick reasons shall be rendered  
Of *Cæsar's* death.

1 *Pleb.* I will hear *Brutus* speak.

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their rea-  
sons,

When sev'rally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians.*]

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

*Bru.* Be patient 'till the last.

*Romans,* <sup>9</sup> 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 dye 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.

<sup>9</sup> *Countrymen, and Lovers!* &c. There is no where, in all *Shakespeare's* works, a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar, than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of *Brutus* is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind. But no more like that brevity, than his times were like *Brutus's*. The ancient laconic brevity was

simple, natural and easy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antithesis's. In a word a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon *Brutus* as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. WARB.

Who

Who is here so base, that would be a bond-man?

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 inroll'd in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforc'd, 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 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*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar's* better Parts

Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

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

By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke:

[*Exit.*]

S C E N E VI.

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*' sake, I am beholden to you.

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

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

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



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* spoke,  
 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,  
 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 say-  
 ings.

If thou consider rightly of the matter,

2 *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;

[*Cæsar has had great wrong.*]

3 *Pleb.* *Cæsar had never wrong  
 but with just cause.* If ever there  
 was such a line written by *Shake-  
 speare*, I could fancy it might  
 have its place here, and very hu-  
 morously in the character of a  
*Plebeian*. One might believe *Ben-  
 Johnson's* remark was made upon  
 no better credit than some blun-  
 der of an actor in speaking that  
 verse near the beginning of the  
 third act.

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong;  
 nor without cause*

*Will he be satisfied.* —

But the verse, as cited by *Ben  
 Johnson*, does not connect with,  
*Will he be satisfied.* Perhaps this  
 play was never printed in *Ben  
 Johnson's* time, and so he had  
 nothing to judge by but as the  
 actor pleased to speak it. POPE.

I have inserted this note, be-  
 cause it is *Pope's*, for it is other-  
 wise of no value. It is strange  
 that he should so much forget  
 the date of the copy before him,  
 as to think it not printed in *John-  
 son's* time.

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 weeping.

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

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

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might  
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

<sup>2</sup> 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 chuse

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.

<sup>2</sup> *and none so poor*—] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to *Cæsar*.

'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 o'ershot 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 overcome the *Nervii*.  
Look ! in this place, ran *Cassius* dagger through ;  
See, what a Rent the envious *Casca* made ;  
Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd ;  
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,  
Judge, oh you Gods ! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him ;



This was the most 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;  
<sup>3</sup> 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.

<sup>1</sup> *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

<sup>2</sup> *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

<sup>3</sup> *Pleb.* O woful day!

<sup>4</sup> *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

<sup>1</sup> *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

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

*Ans.* Stay, Countrymen—

<sup>3</sup> *And, in his mantle, &c.]* Read the lines thus,  
*And, in his mantle muffing up*  
*his face,*  
*Which all the while ran blood,*  
*great Cæsar fell,*  
*Even at the Base of Pompey's*  
*Statue.*

*Plutarch* tells us, that *Cæsar* received many wounds in the face on this occasion, so that it might be said to run blood. But, instead of that, the Statue, in this reading, and not the face, is said to do so; it is plain these two lines should be transposed: And

then the reflection, which follows,

*O what a fall was there—*  
 is natural, lamenting the disgrace of being at last subdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARB.

I know not whether the transposition be needful: the image seems to be, that the blood of *Cæsar* flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation,

*O what a fall was there—*  
 follows better after

———*great Cæsar fell,*  
 than with a line interposed.

<sup>1</sup> *Pleb.*



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 all, a plain blunt man

That love my friend; and that they know full well

That give me publick leave to speak of him;

<sup>4</sup> For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action nor utt'rance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's 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 not tell you then.

<sup>4</sup> For I have neither wit,——]

The old copy reads,

'For I have neither writ, nor

words,——

which may mean, I have no pen-  
ned and premeditated oration.

You have fo-got 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, sev'nty-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 arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
<sup>5</sup> 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 another?

*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.

*2 Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

*3 Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

*4 Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

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

<sup>5</sup> On this side *Tiber*;) The scene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the most frequented part of the city; but *Cæsar's* gardens were very remote from that quarter.

*Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos,* says *Herace*: And both the *Nau-machia* and *Gardens of Cæsar* were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out

wide, on a line with Mount *Janiculum*. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that side *Tiber*;—

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakespeare* very diligently studied, in the life of *Marcus Brutus*, speaking of *Cæsar's Will*, expressly says, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, beyond the *Tiber*. THEOBALD.

*Enter*

*Enter a Servant.*

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

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Serv.* 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.

*Serv.* I heard him say, *Brutus* and *Cassius*  
Are rid, like madmen, through the gates of *Rome*.

*Ant.* Belike, they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to *Octavius*.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.*

*Cin.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with *Cæsar*,  
And things unluckily charge my fantasy,  
I have no will to wander forth of doors,  
Yet something leads me forth.

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Pleb.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Pleb.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

*Cin.* What is my name? Whither am I going? Where  
do I dwell? am I a married man, or a bachelor? then  
to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and  
truly. Wisely, I say—I am a bachelor.

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools  
F 2 that

that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear.  
Proceed. Directly.

*Cin.* Directly, I am going to *Cæsar's* funeral.

1 *Pleb.* As a friend, or an enemy?

*Cin.* As a friend.

2 *Pleb.* That matter is answer'd directly.

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling. Briefly.

*Cin.* Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Pleb.* Your name, Sir. Truly.

*Cin.* Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

1 *Pleb.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.

*Cin.* I am *Cinna* the poet, I am *Cinna* the poet.

4 *Pleb.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

*Cin.* I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

4 *Pleb.* It is no matter, his name's *Cinna*; pluck out his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho, firebrands.

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius's* house,

And some to *Casca's*, some to *Ligarius*. Away. Go.

[*Exeunt*.

A C T



ACT IV. SCENE I.

<sup>6</sup> *A small Island near Mutina.*

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

ANTONY.

THESE many then shall die. Their names are  
prickt.

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

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Octa.* 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 determinè  
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

*Lep.* What, shall I find you here?

*Octa.* 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?

<sup>n</sup> *A small Island*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. *Shakespeare*, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these Triumvirs met upon

the proscription, in a little island; which *Appian*, who is more particular, says, lay near *Mutina*, upon the river *Lavinius*. THEOB.  
A small island in the little river *Rhenus*; near *Bononia*.

HANMER.

*Ota.* So you thought him ;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd 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 stand'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.

*Ota.* 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 ;  
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth ;  
7 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds  
On abject Ors, and imitations ;  
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,  
But as a property. And now, *Octavius,*  
Listen great things——*Brutus* and *Cassius*

7 In the old editions.

*A barren-spirited fellow, one  
one that feeds*

*On objects, arts, and imita-  
tion, &c.] 'Tis hard to con-  
ceive, why he should be call'd a  
barren-spirited fellow, that could  
feed either on objects, or arts :  
that is, as I presume, from his  
ideas and judgment upon them :*

*stale and obsolete imitation, indeed,  
fixes such a character. I am  
persuaded, to make the poet con-  
sonant to himself, we must read,  
as I have restored the text,*

*On abject Ors,——  
i. e. on the scraps and fragments  
of things rejected and despised by  
others.*

THEOBALD:

Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.  
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;  
 Our best friends made, our best means stretcht ;  
 And let us presently go sit in council,  
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
 And open perils surest answered.

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

## S C E N E II.

*Before Brutus's Tent, in the camp near Sardis.*

*Drum.* Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and Soldiers : Titinius  
 and Pindarus meeting them.

*Bru.* STAND, ho!

*Luc.* Give the word, ho ! and stand !

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

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

*Bru.* He greets me well. Your master, *Pindarus*,  
<sup>8</sup> In his own change, or by ill officers,  
 Hath given me some cause to wish  
 Things done undone ; but if he be at hand,

I shall

<sup>8</sup> *In his own change, or by ill officers,]* The sense of which is this; *Either your master, by the change of his virtuous nature, or by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done some things I could wish undone.* This implies a doubt which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on *Pindarus's* saying, *His master was full of re-*

*gard and honour, he replies, he is not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read,

*In his own CHARGE, or by ill officers,*

*i. e. either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants who had abused their trust.* Charge is so usual a word in *Shakespeare*, to signify the forces committed to

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, *Lucilius*—  
How he receiv'd you, let me be resolv'd.

*Luc.* 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, *Lucilius*,  
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?

*Luc.* They mean this night in *Sardis* to be quar-  
ter'd,  
The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with *Cassius*. [Low march within.

*Enter Cassius and Soldiers.*

*Bru.* Hark, he is arriv'd;

the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. WARBURTON.

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient. *Brutus* could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of *Cassius*, or those under his officers. The answer of *Brutus* to the servant is

only an act of artful civility; his question to *Lucilius* proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read,

*In his own change, or by ill offices.*

That is, either *changing his inclination of himself*, or by the *ill offices* and bad influence of others.

March



March gently on to meet him.

*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, you 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 you 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.* *Pindarus*,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.

*Bru.* *Lucilius*, do the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent, 'till we have done our conference.  
Let *Lucius* and *Titinius* guard our door. [Exeunt.

### S C E N E III.

*Changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.*

*Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.*

*Cas.* **T**HAT 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

Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

*Bru.* You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That <sup>9</sup> ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

*Bru.* 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* re-  
member!

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?——

<sup>1</sup> I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a *Roman*.

*Cas.* *Brutus*, bait not me,

<sup>9</sup> —ev'ry nice offence—] *i. e.* small trifling offence. WARB.

<sup>1</sup> *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,*

*Than such a Roman.*] The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon, out of envy to its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question:

*Brutus* hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at *Cæsar's* glory which set *Cassius* on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. *Cassius* understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation.

—*Brutus, bay not me.* WARB.

I'll not endure it ; you forget yourself,

<sup>2</sup> To hedge me in ; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself

<sup>3</sup> To make conditions.

*Bru.* <sup>4</sup> 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 frightened, when a madman stares ?

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

*Bru.* All this ! ay, more. Fret, 'till your proud  
heart break ;

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,

And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?

Must I observe you ? must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour ? by the Gods,

You shall digest the venom of your spleen,

Tho' it do split you : For, from this day forth,

<sup>2</sup> *To hedge me in ;——*] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure.

<sup>3</sup> *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my disposal.

<sup>4</sup> *Go to ; you are not Cassius.*] We are not to understand this as if *Brutus* had said, *You are not an able soldier*, which would be wrangling on a childish question beneath the character of *Brutus*. On the contrary, when *Cassius* had made so unbecoming a boast, *Brutus*, in his reply, only re-

proves him for *degeneracy*: And he could not do it in words more pathetic than in saying, *You are not Cassius* ; i. e. *You are no longer that brave, disinterested, philosophic Cassius, whose character was made up of honour and patriotism ; but are sunk down to the impotency and corruption of the times.* WARBURTON.

There is no danger of misinterpretation, nor much need of expositions. *Cassius* had not said he was an *able soldier*, but a soldier whose longer experience made him *more able to make conditions*.

I'll

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.

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

*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 strong 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, <sup>s</sup> than to wring  
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,

By

<sup>s</sup> ——*than to wring*  
From the hard hands of peasants  
their vile trash.] This is a  
noble sentiment, altogether in  
character, and expressed in a  
manner inimitably happy. For  
*to wring*, implies both to get un-  
*justly*; and to use *force* in getting:  
And



By any Indirection. I did send  
To you for gold to pay my legions,  
Which you deny'd 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.

<sup>6</sup> *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 flatt'rer's would not, tho' they do appear  
As huge as high *Olympus*.

*Cas.* Come, *Antony*, and young *Octavius*, come;  
Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,

And *hard hands* signify both the  
peasant's great labour and pains  
in acquiring, and his great un-  
willingness to quit his hold.

WARBURTON.

<sup>6</sup> *Bru.* I do not, TILL you prac-  
tise them on me.] But was  
this talking like *Brutus*? *Cassius*  
complained that his friend made  
his infirmities greater than they  
were. To which *Brutus* replies,  
not till those infirmities were in-  
juriously turned upon me. But  
was this any excuse for aggra-  
vating his friend's failings?  
*Shakespeare* knew better what was

fit for his hero to say, and cer-  
tainly wrote and pointed the line  
thus,

*I do not. STILL you practise  
them on me.*

*i. e.* I deny your charge, and  
this is a fresh injury done me.

WARBURTON.

The true meaning, which will  
make all emendation unnecessary,  
is this; I do not look for your  
faults, I only see them, and men-  
tion them with vehemence, when  
you force them into my notice,  
*by practising them on me.*

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 my 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 ;  
 7 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 ;

7 *If that thou BE'ST A RO-*  
*MAN, take it forth, &c.]*  
 But why is he bid to rip out his  
 heart, if he were a *Roman* ?  
 There is no other sense but this,  
 If you have the courage of a  
*Roman*. But this is so poor, and  
 so little to the purpose, that the  
 reading may be justly suspected.  
 The occasion of this quarrel was  
*Cassius*'s refusal to supply the ne-  
 cessities of his friend, who charges  
 it on him as a dishonour and  
 crime, with great asperity of lan-  
 guage. *Cassius*, to shew him the  
 injustice of accusing him of avarice,  
 tells him he was ready to  
 expose his life in his service ; but  
 at the same time, provoked and  
 exasperated at the other's re-  
 proaches, he upbraids him with  
 the severity of his temper, that  
 would pardon nothing, but al-  
 ways aimed at the life of the of-  
 fender ; and delighted in his  
 blood, though a *Roman*, and at-

tached to him by the strongest  
 bonds of alliance ; hereby ob-  
 liquely insinuating the case of  
*Cæsar*. The sense being thus  
 explained, it is evident we should  
 read,

*If that thou NEEDST A RO-*  
*MAN'S, take it forth.*

*i. e.* if nothing but another *Ro-*  
*man*'s death can satisfy the unre-  
 lenting severity of your temper,  
 take my life as you did *Cæsar*'s.

WARBURTON.

I am not satisfied with the  
 change proposed, yet cannot de-  
 ny, that the words, as they now  
 stand, require some interpreta-  
 tion. I think he means only,  
 that he is so far from avarice,  
 when the cause of his country  
 requires liberality, that if any  
 man should wish for his heart, he  
 would not need enforce his desire  
 any otherwise, than by shewing  
 that he was a *Roman*.

Be

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;  
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.

[A noise within.

*Poet within.* Let me go in to see the Generals;  
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

*Luc. within.* You shall not come to them.

*Poet within.* Nothing but death shall stay me.

*Enter Poet.*

*Cas.* How now? what's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you Generals; what do you  
mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

*Cas.* Ha, ha—how vilely doth this Cynick rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, firrah; saucy fellow, hence.

*Cas.* Bear with him, *Brutus*, 'tis his fashion.

*Bru.*

*Bru.* I'll know his humour, when he knows his  
time ;  
What should the wars do with these jingling fools ?  
Companion, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away, begone. [Exit Poet.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.*

*Bru.* *Lucilius* and *Titinius*, bid the commanders  
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.

*Cas.* And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with  
you

Immediately to us. [Exeunt *Lucilius* and *Titinius*.]

*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. *Porcia's* dead.

*Cas.* Ha! *Porcia!* ———

*Bru.* She is dead.

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

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence ;  
And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony*  
Have made themselves so strong, (for with her death  
That 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*



*Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.*

*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'er-swell the cup;  
I cannot drink too much of *Brutus'* love.

*Bru.* Come in, *Titinius*.—Welcome, good *Messala*.

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Titinius, and Messala.*

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

*Cas.* Oh *Porcia*! are thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.——

*Messala*, 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*.

*Mes.* Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

*Bru.* With what addition?

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

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of sev'nty Senators that dy'd  
By their Proscriptions, *Cicero* being one.

*Cas.* *Cicero* one?——

*Mes.* *Cicero* is dead;

And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord?

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*Bru.*

*Bru.* No, *Messala*.

*Mes.* Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

*Bru.* Nothing, *Messala*.

*Mes.* That, methinks, is strange.

*Bru.* Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

*Mes.* No, my Lord.

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

*Mes.* Then like a *Roman* bear the truth I tell.

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

*Bru.* Why, farewell, *Porcia*. We must die, *Messala*.

With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.

*Mes.* 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

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 encreaseth 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 a-float,  
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,  
Which we will niggard with a little rest.  
There is no more to say.

*Cas.* No more. Good night.  
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

*Enter Lucius.*

*Bru.* *Lucius*, my gown. Farewel, good *Messala*,  
Good night, *Titinius*. 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 with the Gown.*

*Bru.* Ev'ry thing is well.

*Tit. Mes.* Good night, Lord *Brutus*.

*Bru.* Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt.*  
Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument?

*Luc.* Here, in the Tent.

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

*Luc.* *Varro*, and *Claudius*! —

## S C E N E VI.

*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:  
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.  
Look, *Lucius*, here's the book I sought for so;  
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

*Luc.* I was sure, your Lordship did not give it me.

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-  
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,  
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 past 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



I will not hold thee long. If I do live,  
I will be good to thee. *[Musick and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune—O murd'rous slumber!  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,  
That plays the musick?—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.*

## S C E N E VII.

*Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.*

How ill this taper burns!—ha! who comes here?  
I think, it is the weakness of mine eyes,  
That shâpes 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!*

*Luc.* The strings, my Lord, are false.

*Bru.* He thinks, he is still at his instrument.

*Lucius!* awake.

*Luc.* My Lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, *Lucius*, that thou so criedst out?

*Luc.* My Lord, I do not know that I did cry.

*Bru.* Yes, that thou didst; didst thou see any thing?

*Luc.* Nothing, my Lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, *Lucius*. Sirrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

<sup>8</sup> Thou! 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?

*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.]

<sup>8</sup> Thou! awake.] The accent was intended to speak to both his is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis other men; who both awake, impossible the poet could begin and answer, at an instant. I read, his verse thus. *Brutus* certainly *Varro!* awake. WARB.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

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

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

OCTAVIUS.

NOW, *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 <sup>9</sup> 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 a Messenger.*

*Mes.* Prepare you, Generals;  
 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.

<sup>9</sup> —warn us—] To warn to alarm. *Hanmer* reads,  
 seems to mean here the same as *They mean to wage us.*

*Ant.* Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

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

S C E N E II.

*Drum.* Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army.

*Bru.* They stand, and would have parley.

*Cas.* Stand fast, *Titinius*. We must out and talk.

*Ota.* *Mark Antony*, shall we give sign of battle ?

*Ant.* No, *Cæsar*, we will answer on their charge.  
Make forth, the Generals would have some words.

*Ota.* Stir not until the signal.

*Bru.* Words before blows. Is it so, countrymen ?

*Ota.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Bru.* Good words are better than bad strokes, *Ota-*  
*vius*.

*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 stol'n 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 <sup>1</sup> *Casca*, like a cur behind,

<sup>1</sup> —*Casca*,—] *Casca* struck *Cæsar* on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind h.m.



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?  
Never, 'till *Cæsar's* <sup>2</sup> three and twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or till another *Cæsar*  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

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

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

*Bru.* O, if thou wert the noblest of thy Strain,  
Young man, thou couldest not die more honourable.

*Cas.* A peevish school-boy, worthless of such ho-  
nour,

Join'd with a masker 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.*]

<sup>2</sup> —three and thirty wounds] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventur'd to reduce this number to three and twenty from the joint authorities of *Ap-*

*pian, Plutarch, and Suetonius:* And, I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. **THEOBALD.**

## SCENE III.

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

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

*Bru.* *Lucilius*, hark, a word with you.

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

*Luc.* My Lord. [*Brutus speaks apart to Lucilius,*

*Cas. Messala.*

*Mes.* What says my General?

*Cas. Messala.*

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala*;  
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,  
Who to *Philippi* here consoorted us;  
This morning are they fled away and gone,  
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows and kites  
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem  
A canopy most fatal, under which  
Our army lies ready to give the ghost,

*Mes.* Believe not so.

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

*Bru.* Even so, *Lucilius*.

*Cas.* Now, most noble *Brutus*,

The Gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age !  
But since th' affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
If we do lose this battle, then is this

<sup>3</sup> 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;) <sup>4</sup> 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  
Thorough the streets of *Rome* ?

*Bru.* No, *Cassius*, no; think not, thou noble *Ro-*  
*man*,  
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.

<sup>3</sup> *The very last time we shall speak together.*

*What are you then determined to do ?*] i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? *WARB.*

<sup>4</sup> —*arming myself with patience, &c.*] It is evident, that, between these words and the foregoing, a sentence is dropped out to this effect [*on the contrary, true courage is seen in the*] *arming myself with patience, &c.* As the text stands at present, the

two different sentiments of *dislike* and *approbation* are run together, as parts related to one another. *WARBURTON.*

*Dr. Warburton* thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this ; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of *Cato*, arming myself with patience.

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  
 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.]

## S C E N E IV.

*Alarm.* Enter Brutus and Messala.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, *Messala*; ride, 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;  
 A sudden Push gives them the overthrow.  
 Ride, ride, *Messala*. Let them all come down.  
 [Exeunt.]

*Alarm.* Enter Cassius and Titinius.

*Cas.* O look, *Titinius*, 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.

*Tit.* 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



*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, *Titinius*.

Are those my Tents, where I perceive the fire?

*Tit.* They are, my Lord.

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

*Tit.* I will be here again, ev'n with a thought.

[*Exit.*

*Cas.* Go, *Pindarus*, get higher on that hill.  
My sight was ever thick. Regard *Titinius*,  
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 is run his compass.—Now, what news?

*Pind. above.* Oh, my Lord!

*Cas.* What news?

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

*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, sirrah.  
In *Partbia* did I take thee prisoner,

94 J U L I U S C Æ S A R .

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,  
That whatsoever I 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.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Enter Titinius, and Messala:*

*Mes.* It is but change, *Titinius* ; for *Octavius*  
Is overthrown by noble *Brutus'* power,  
As *Cassius'* legions are by *Antony*.

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him ?

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

*Mes.* Is not that he, that lies upon the ground ?

*Tit.* He lies not like the living. Oh my heart !

*Mes.* Is not that he ?

*Tit.* No, this was he, *Messala* ;  
But *Cassius* is no more ! Oh, setting Sun !  
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,  
So in his red blood *Cassius'* day is set ;  
The Sun of *Rome* is set ! our day is gone ;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are  
done.

Mistrust

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mef.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!

Who dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,  
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,  
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

*Tit.* What, *Pindarus*? Where art thou, *Pindarus*?

*Mef.* Seek him, *Titinius*; whilst I go to meet  
The noble *Brutus*, thrusting this report  
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*,  
As tidings of this fight.

*Tit.* Hie, you *Messala*,  
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [*Exit. Mef.*  
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 every 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 *Titinius's* heart. [*Dies.*

S C E N E

## S C E N E VI.

*Alarm.* Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

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

*Mes.* Lo, yonder, and *Titinius* mourning it.

*Bru.* *Titinius'* face is upward;

*Cato.* He is slain.

*Bru.* Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails, [Low alarms,

*Cato.* Brave *Titinius*!

Look, if ye have not crown'd dead *Cassius*! —

*Bru.* Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?  
Thou 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.  
I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time.  
Come, therefore, <sup>s</sup> and to *Thassos* send his body:  
His funeral shall not be in our Camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;  
And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.  
*Labeo*, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.  
'Tis three o'clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

<sup>s</sup> — and to Tharsus send his body:] Thus all the editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have restor'd the text, *Thassos*. THEOB.



S C E N E VII.

*Alarm: Enter Brutus, Messala, Cato, Lucilius, and Flavius.*

*Bru.* Yet, Countrymen, oh yet, hold up your heads.

*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*. Ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.

I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*. Ho!

*Enter Soldiers and fight.*

*Bru.* And I am *Brutus, Marcus Brutus*, I, *Brutus*, my Country's friend. Know me for *Brutus*.  
[*Exit.*]

*Luc.* Oh young and noble *Cato*, art thou down?  
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as *Titinius*;  
And, may'st be honour'd, <sup>6</sup> being *Cato's* Son.

*Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

<sup>7</sup> *Luc.* Only I yield to die;  
There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;  
[*Offering money.*  
Kill

<sup>6</sup> ———being *Cato's* Son.] *i. e.* worthy of him. WARB.

<sup>7</sup> *Luc.* Only I yield to die;  
*There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;*] This last line is unintelligible; the reason of which is the loss of the preceding. For by the circumstances I collect, that the reply of the soldier to the words, *Only I yield*

*to die*, is wanting; which circumstances may lead us too to the discovery of what that reply was; and reciprocally by that reply to the recovery of the sense of this unintelligible line. I think then it appears probable, that when *Lucilius* had said, *Only I yield to die*; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinent-

Kill *Brutus*, and be honour'd in his death.

*Sold.* We must not. A noble Prisoner!

*Enter Antony.*

*2 Sold.* Room, ho! Tell *Antony*, *Brutus* is ta'en.

*1 Sold.* <sup>8</sup> I'll tell the news. Here comes the General:  
*Brutus* is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* 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 ev'ry thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

ly demanded, *Wielbe'* there was  
yet much r-sistance on the part of  
the enemy? To which *Lucilius*,  
who had a mind to die, as perti-  
nently answer'd,

*There is so much, that thou wilt  
kill me straight;*

*i. e.* so much resistance still on  
foot, that thou wilt choose to rid  
me out of the way, that thou  
may'st go, without the embarras  
of prisoners, to the assistance of  
thy friends who still want it.

WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton has been much

inclined to find *lacunæ*, or pas-  
sages broken by omission, through-  
out this play. I think he has  
been always mistaken. The sol-  
dier here says, *Yield, or thou  
diest.* *Lucilius* replies, I yield  
only on this condition, that I  
may die; here is so much gold  
as thou seest in my hand, which  
I offer thee as a reward for speedy  
death. What now is there want-  
ing?

<sup>8</sup> *I'll tell the news.*—] The  
old copy reads,  
*I'll tell thee news.*—

S C E N E

## SCENE VIII.

*Changes to another part of the Field.*

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.*

*Bru.* COME, poor Remains of friends, rest on this rock.

*Cli.* *Statilius* shew'd the torch-light, but, my Lord, He came not back, he is or ta'en, or slain.

*Bru.* Sit thee down, *Clitus*; slaying is the word; It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus*——

[*Whispering.*]

*Cli.* What I, my Lord? No, not for all the world.

*Bru.* Peace then, no words,

*Cli.* I'll rather kill myself.

*Bru.* Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

*Dar.* I do such a deed?

*Cli.* Oh, *Dardanius*!

*Dar.* Oh, *Clitus*!

*Cli.* What ill request did *Brutus* make to thee?

*Dar.* To kill him, *Clitus*. Look, he meditates.

*Cli.* Now is that noble Vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.

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

*Vol.* What says my Lord?

*Bru.* Why, this, *Volumnius*;  
The Ghost of *Cæsar* hath appear'd to me  
Two several times by night; at *Sardis*, once;  
And, this last night, here in *Philippi*'s fields.  
I know, my hour is come.

*Vol.* Not so, my Lord.

*Bru.* Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*,  
Thou seest the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;  
Our enemies have beat us to the pit,

[*Alarm.*]

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,  
Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,  
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.

*Vol.* That's not an office for a Friend, my Lord.

[*Alarm still.*]

*Cl.* Fly, fly, my Lord; there is no tarrying here.

*Bru.* Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volum-*  
*nus.*

*Strato*, thou hast been all this while asleep;

<sup>9</sup> Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.—Countrymen,

My heart doth 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,

More than *Octavius*, and *Mark Antony*,

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

So, fare you well at once; for *Brutus'* tongue

Hath almost ended his life's History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarm. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly.*]

*Cl.* Fly, my Lord, fly.—

*Bru.* Hence; I will follow thee.

I pr'ythee, *Strato*, stay thou by thy Lord;

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in't.

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, *Strato*?

*Str.* Give me your hand first. Fare you well, my  
Lord.

*Bru.* Farewel, good *Strato*.—*Cæsar*, now be still;  
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

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

<sup>9</sup> *Farewel to thee too. Strato.*] reads,  
Thus the modern editions, I  
think, rightly. The old folio

*Farewel to thee, to Strato,  
countrymen.*

S C E N E



## S C E N E IX.

*Alarm. Retreat. Enter Antony, Octavius, Messala, Lucilius, and the army.*

*Octa.* What man is that?

*Mes.* My Master's Man. *Strato*, where is thy Master?

*Stra.* Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala*:

The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him,  
For *Brutus* only overcame himself;  
And no man else hath honour by his death.

*Luc.* So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee,  
*Brutus*,

That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius'* Saying true.

*Octa.* All that serv'd *Brutus*, I will entertain them.  
—Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

*Stra.* Ay, if *Messala* will prefer me to you.

*Octa.* Do so, good *Messala*.

*Mes.* How died my Lord, *Strato*?

*Stra.* I held the sword, and he did run on it.

*Mes.* *Octavius*, then take him to follow thee  
That did the latest service to my Master.

*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 mix'd 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.*]

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilment of *Brutus* and *Cassius* is universally celebrated ; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat

cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of *Shakespeare's* plays ; his adherence to the real story, and to *Roman* manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

A N T O N Y