

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

certain orators appointed, that stirred up the common people against him : and when they had told their tales, Martius rode up to make them answer. Now, notwithstanding the mutinous people made a marvellous great noise, yet, when they saw him, for the reverence they bare unto his valiantness they quieted themselves, and gave him audience to allege with leisure what he could for his purgation. Moreover, the honestest men of the Antiates, and who most rejoiced in peace, showed by their countenance that they would hear him willingly, and judge also according to their conscience. Whereupon Tullus, fearing that if he did let him speak he would prove his innocency to the people, because, amongst other things, he had an eloquent tongue ; besides that, the first good service he had done to the people of the Volces, did win him more favour than these last accusations could purchase him displeasure ; and

furthermore, the offence they laid to his charge was a testimony of the good will they ought him ; for they would never have thought he had done them wrong for that he took not the city of Rome, if they had not been very near taking of it by means of his approach and conduction ;—for these causes, Tullus thought he might no longer delay his pretence and enterprise, neither to tarry for the mutining and rising of the common people against him : wherefore those that were of the conspiracy began to cry out that he was not to be heard, and that they would not suffer a traitor to usurp tyrannical power over the tribe of the Volces, who would not yield up his state and authority. And in saying these words they all fell upon him, and killed him in the market-place, none of the people once offering to rescue him.”



[Kemble as Coriolanus.]



LEIGG WILLIAMS CO.

W. HARVEY, DESIG.

JULIUS CÆSAR.





[Roman Standard-Bearers.]

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

STATE OF THE TEXT, AND CHRONOLOGY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

‘The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar’ was first printed in the folio collection of 1623. This play, as well as Coriolanus, and Antony and Cleopatra, was entered in the Stationers’ registers amongst those copies “not formerly entered to other men.” The text is divided into acts; and the stage directions are full and precise. Taken altogether, we know no play of Shakspeare’s that presents so few difficulties arising out of inaccuracies in the original edition. There are some half-dozen passages in which there are manifest typographical errors, such as occur in every modern book, even when it is printed under the eye of the author. There are one or two others in which we can scarcely venture to make alteration, although it is pretty manifest that error does exist. For example, in the second act, Brutus, addressing Conspiracy, says—

“Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles, and affability:
For if thou *path*, thy native semblance on,” &c.

Johnson explains this, “If thou walk in thy true form.” Coleridge says, “Surely, there need be no scruple in treating this *path* as a mere misprint or miscript for *put*.” We are inclined to agree with him, for *putte* might be easily mistaken for *pathe*; but we do not alter the passage, for there is a meaning in it as it stands. On the contrary, when Cæsar says that the couchings of Cimber might

“Turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the *law* of children,”

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we reject the *lane* of the original as clearly wrong. With the exception of some lopping and piecing by Steevens, the modern editors have not done much to spoil this play. The received text has, however, several gross corruptions, of which it is difficult to trace the origin. Without assuming any merit beyond that of having done our duty, we believe that the text of Shakspeare had not been compared with the originals, carefully and systematically, for half a century, until the publication of our edition. If it had been, how could this line be invariably left out in the third scene of Act III. :—

“ I am not Ciinna the conspirator ;”

or why should we without exception find

“ O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth,”

instead of “ thou bleeding piece of earth” ?

In the Introductory Notice to Coriolanus we expressed our opinion that the entry in the Stationers' registers in 1608 of ‘ a book called Anthony and Cleopatra ’ did not determine the date of Shakspeare's tragedy ; for the proprietors of the folio enter that tragedy in 1623 as “ not formerly entered.” There was a careful avoidance of publishing any of Shakspeare's dramas after 1603. What were published were piratically obtained. We believe the ‘ Anthony and Cleopatra ’ entered in 1608 was some other work. Malone has very sensibly remarked that there are passages in Shakspeare's Antony and Cleopatra which appear to discover “ such a knowledge of the appropriated characters of the persons exhibited in Julius Cæsar, and of the events there dilated and enlarged upon, as Shakspeare would necessarily have acquired from having previously written a play on that subject.” The passages do not so much point to the general historical notion of the characters as to the poet's own mode of treating them. This would imply that the play of Julius Cæsar had preceded that of Antony and Cleopatra. But there is nothing to fix the exact time when either of them was written. We believe that they were amongst the latest works of Shakspeare.

SUPPOSED SOURCE OF THE PLOT.

WE have given, as Illustrations to each act, very full extracts from North's translation of Plutarch. Shakspeare is to be traced in each of the three lives of Julius Cæsar, Antonius, and Brutus ; and we have selected those passages from the several narratives of the same events which appear to have furnished the poet with the fullest materials.

SCENES.

WE are indebted to Mr. A. Poynter for six designs for this tragedy. The principle by which Mr. Poynter has been guided in making these drawings is thus explained by himself in a note to the editor :—“ Augustus found Rome of brick and left it of marble. I am inclined to think it would be an ungrateful task to illustrate the Rome of brick :—the attempt would produce nothing either true or interesting. I propose, therefore, to give the Forum, the Capitol, &c., not as *scenes* but as *illustrations*, and to represent them as they actually were some two centuries later.”



[Roman Soldiers.]

COSTUME.

From the reign of Augustus downwards innumerable authorities exist for the civil and military costume of the Romans ; but before that period much obscurity remains to be dispersed, notwithstanding the labours of many learned men.

Tarquinius Priscus, the fifth King of Rome, an Etruscan by birth, introduced among the Romans many of the manners and habits of his native country. He first distinguished the senators and magistrates by particular robes and ornaments, surrounded the axes carried before great public functionaries with bundles of rods (*fascies*), and established the practice of triumphing in a golden car drawn by four horses. The *toga pura*, *prætexta*, and *picta*, the *trabea*, the *paludamentum*, the *tunica palmata*, and the *curule chairs*, were all derived from the Etruscans, and from the Greeks and Etruscans the early Romans borrowed also their arms, both offensive and defensive. Polybius extols the readiness of the Romans in adopting such foreign customs as were preferable to their own. It is, therefore, amongst Grecian and Etrurian remains that we must look for the illustration of such points as are still undecided respecting the habits of the Romans during the commonwealth, and not on the columns and arches of the emperors, which may almost be termed the monuments of another nation. The date assigned to the death of Caius Marcius Coriolanus is B. C. 488. Julius Cæsar was assassinated B. C. 44. During four hundred years little alteration took place in the habiliments of the Romans, and the civil and military dress of the earlier play may, with very few exceptions, be worn by similar personages in the other, and exhibit together the most particular dresses in use during the whole period of the republic.

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The civil dress of the higher classes amongst the ancient Romans consisted of a woollen tunic, over which, in public, was worn the *toga*. The toga was also of wool, and its colour, during the earlier ages, of its own natural yellowish hue. It was a robe of honour, which the common people were not permitted to wear, and it was laid aside in times of mourning and public calamities. The form of the toga has been a hotly-contested point; Dionysius Halicarnassus says it was semi-circular; and an ingenious foreigner,* who devoted many years to the inquiry, has practically demonstrated that, though not perfectly semicircular, its shape was such as to be better described by that term than any other.

The Roman tunic was of different lengths, according to the caprice of the wearer; but long tunics were deemed effeminate during the time of the republic. Cicero, speaking of the luxury of Catiline's companions, says they wore tunics reaching to their heels, and that their togas were as large as the sails of a ship. Some wore two or more tunics; the interior one, which held the place of the modern shirt, was called *interula* or *subucula*. The *subucula* of Augustus was of wool, according to Suetonius; and there does not appear any proof that linen was used for this garment by men before the time of Alexander Severus, who, according to Lampridius, was particularly fond of fine linen. Women, however, appear to have generally used it, for Varro mentions, as an extraordinary circumstance, that it had long been the custom of the females of a particular Roman family *not* to wear linen garments.

The common people wore over their tunics a kind of mantle or surtout, called *lacerna*, which was fastened before with a buckle, and had a hood attached to it (*cucullus*). It was generally made of wool, and dyed black or brown. In the time of Cicero it was a disgrace for a senator to adopt such a habit; but it was afterwards worn by the higher orders. The *birrus* was a similar vestment, also with a hood, but usually of a red colour. When travelling, the heads of the higher classes were generally covered by the *petasus*, a broad-brimmed hat, which they had borrowed from the Greeks. The common people wore the *pileus*, a conical cap, which was also the emblem of liberty, because it was given to slaves when they were made free. †

Various kinds of covering are mentioned for the feet, and many were called by the Romans *calceus* which are found under their own names, as *pero*, *mulleus*, *phæciasium*, *caliga*, *solea*, *crepida*, *sandalium*, *baxea*, &c. The *caliga* was the sandal of the Roman soldiery, ‡ such as had nails or spikes at the bottom. The *pero* is supposed by some to be the boot worn by the senators; the *phæciasium* was also a kind of boot, covering the foot entirely. According to Appianus, it was of white leather, and worn originally by the Athenian and Alexandrian priesthood at sacrifices: it was worn in Rome by women and effeminate persons. Petronius, who wore it and called himself a soldier, was asked by a legionary if in his army soldiers marched with the *phæciasium*:—

“Age vero, in exercitu vestro phæciasiatii milites ambulant?”

The *mulleus* is described by Dion Cassius as coming up to the middle of the leg, though it did not cover the whole foot, but only the sole, like a sandal: it was of a red colour, and originally worn by the Alban kings.

The *cothurnus*, which Dion says it resembled both in colour and fashion, is described by Sidonius Apollinaris as having a ligature attached to the sole, which passed between the great and second toes, and then divided into two bands. And Virgil tells us that it was worn by the Tyrian virgins. §

The armour of the Romans at the commencement of the republic, consisted, according to Livy, of

* The late Mons. Combre, costumier to the Théâtre Français, Paris. This intelligent person at the recommendation of Talma and Mr. Charles Young, was engaged by Mr. Charles Kemble, during his management of Covent Garden Theatre, for the revival of Julius Caesar, and made the beautiful togas which have since been worn in all the Roman plays at that theatre.

† *Vide* Persius, Sat. 5, thus translated by Dryden:—

“What further can we from our caps receive,
But as we please without control to live?”

Suetonius (in Nero, cap. lvii.) says, “Mors Neronis tantum gaudium publicæ præbuit ut plebs pileata tota urbe discurreret.”

‡ Hence Juvenal (Sat. 16) and Suetonius (in Augustus, 25) use the term *caligati* for the common soldiers, without the addition of a substantive.

§ “Virginibus Tyriis mos est gestare pharetram,
Purpureoque alte suras vincire cothurno.”—Æn. 2.

See many varieties of the *mulleus* and *cothurnus* in the paintings discovered at Herculaneum. Diana is generally represented wearing the *cothurnus*.

the *galea*, the *cassis*, the *clypeus*, the *ocrea* or greaves, and the *lorica*, all of brass. This was the Etruscan attire, and introduced by Servius Tullius. The *lorica*, like the French *cuirass*, was so called from having been originally made of leather. It followed the line of the abdomen at bottom, and seems to have been impressed whilst wet with forms corresponding to those of the human body, and this peculiarity was preserved in its appearance when it was afterwards made of metal. At top, the square aperture for the throat was guarded by the *pectorale*, a band or plate of brass; and the shoulders were likewise protected by pieces made to slip over each other. The *galea* and *cassis* were two distinct head-pieces originally, the former, like the *lorica*, being of leather, and the latter of metal; but in the course of time the words were applied indifferently.*

Polybius has furnished us with a very minute account of the military equipment of the Romans of his time; and it is from his description, and not from the statues, which have been generally considered as authorities, but which are in truth of a considerably later date, that we must collect materials for the military costume of the latter days of the republic.

He tells us then that the Roman infantry was divided into four bodies: the youngest men and of the lowest condition were set apart for the light-armed troops (*velites*); the next in age were called the *hastati*; the third, who were in their full strength and vigour, the *principes*; and the oldest of all were called *triarii*.† The *velites* were armed with swords, light javelins (a cubit and a span in length), and bucklers of a circular form, three feet in diameter; and they wore on their heads some simple covering, like the skin of a wolf or other animal. The *hastati* wore complete armour, which consisted of a shield of a convex surface, two feet and a half broad and four feet or four feet and a palm in length, made of two planks glued together, and covered first with linen and then with calves' skin, having in its centre a shell or boss of iron; on their right thigh a sword, called the Spanish sword, made not only to thrust but to cut with either edge, the blade remarkably firm and strong; two pikes or javelins, one stouter than the other, but both about six cubits long; a brazen helmet; and greaves for the legs. Upon the helmet was worn an ornament of three upright feathers, either black or red, about a cubit in height, which, being placed on the very top of their heads, made them seem much taller, and gave them a beautiful and terrible appearance. Their breasts were protected by the *pectorale* of brass; but such as were rated at more than ten thousand *drachmæ* wore a ringed *lorica*. The *principes* and *triarii* were armed in the same manner as the *hastati*, except only that the *triarii* carried pikes instead of javelins. The Roman cavalry, the same author tells us, were in his time armed like the Greeks, but that, anciently, it was very different, for they then wore no armour on their bodies, but were covered in the time of action with only an under garment; they were thereby enabled certainly to mount and dismount with great facility, but they were too much exposed to danger in close engagements. The spears, also, that were in use amongst them in former times, were in a double respect unfit for service: first, as they were of slender make, and always trembled in the hand, it was extremely difficult to direct them with any certainty, and they were sometimes shaken to pieces by the mere motion of the horse; and, secondly, the lower end not being armed with iron, they were formed only to strike with the point, and, when broken with this stroke, became useless. Their bucklers were made of the hide of an ox, and in form not unlike to the globular dishes which were used in sacrifices; but these were also of too infirm a texture for defence, and, when relaxed by weather, were utterly spoiled. Observing these defects, therefore, they changed their weapons for those of the Greeks.

The *signiferi*, or standard-bearers, seem to have been habited like their fellow-soldiers, with the exception of the scalp and mane of a lion which covered their heads and hung down on their shoulders. The eagles of Brutus and Cassius were of silver. The *lictors*, according to Petronius, wore white habits, and from the following passage of Cicero it would appear they sometimes wore the *saga*, or *paludamentum*, and sometimes a small kind of *toga*:—"Togulæ ad portam lictoribus præsto fuerunt quibus illi acceptis sagula rejecerunt." The *fascæ* were bound with purple ribbons. The axes were taken from them by *Publicola*; but *T. Lartius*, the first dictator, restored them. The *augurs* wore the *trabea* of purple and scarlet; that is to say, dyed first with one colour and then with the other. Cicero uses the word "*dibaphus*," twice dyed, for the

* *Vide* Sir S. Meyrick's 'Crit. Inquiry,' Introduction.

† Our business here is only with the dress of the soldiery; but those who wish for further particulars respecting the Roman legions will do well to consult Mons. le Beau's luminous account in the 'Académie des Inscriptions,' tome xxxv. p. 262.

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augural robe (Epist. Fam., lib. ii. 16) ; and in another passage calls it "our purple," being himself a member of the college of augurs. The shape of the aforesaid trabea is another puzzle for the antiquaries. Dionysius of Halicarnassus says plainly enough that it only differed from the toga in the quality of its stuff ; but Rubenius would make it appear from the lines of Virgil—

" Parvaque sedebat
Succinctus trabea."—Æn. 7—

that it was short, and resembled the paludamentum, for which reason he says the salii (priests of Mars), who are sometimes termed "*trabeati*," are called "*paludati*" by Festus.

The Roman women originally wore the toga as well as the men, but they soon abandoned it for the Greek pallium, an elegant mantle, under which they wore a tunic descending in graceful folds to the feet, called the stola.*

Another exterior habit was called the peplum, also of Grecian origin. It is very difficult, says Montfaucon, to distinguish these habits one from the other. There was also a habit called *crocata*, most probably because it was of a saffron colour, as we are told it was worn not only by women, but by effeminate men, revellers, and buffoons.†

The fashions of ladies' head-dresses changed as often in those times as they do now. *Vittæ* and *fasciæ*, ribbons or fillets, were the most simple and respectable ornaments for the hair. Ovid particularly mentions the former as the distinguishing badges of honest matrons and chaste virgins.‡

The *calantica* was, according to some, a coverchief. Servius says the *mitra* was the same thing as the *calantica*, though it anciently signified amongst the Greeks, a ribbon, a fillet, a zone.§ Another coverchief called *flammeum*, or *flammeolum*, was worn by a new-married female on the wedding-day. According to Nonius, matrons also wore the *flammeum*, and Tertullian seems to indicate that in his time it was a common ornament which Christian women wore also. The *caliendrum*, mentioned by Horace (i. Sat. viii. 48), and afterwards by Arnobius, was a round of false hair which women added to their natural locks, in order to lengthen them and improve their appearance. The Roman ladies wore bracelets (*armillæ*) of silver, or gilt metal, and sometimes of pure gold, necklaces, and earrings. Pliny says "they seek the pearl in the Red Sea, and the emeralds in the depths of the earth. It is for this they pierce their ears." These earrings were extremely long, and sometimes of so great a price, says Seneca, that "a pair of them would consume the revenue of a rich house;" and again, that "the folly of them (the women) was such that one of them would carry two or three patrimonies hanging at her ears." Green and vermilion were favourite colours both with Greek and Roman females. Such garments were called "*vestes herbidæ*," from the hue and juice of the herbs with which they were stained. The rage for green and vermilion was of long duration, for Cyprian and Tertullian, inveighing against luxury, name particularly those colours as most agreeable to the women; and Martian Capella, who wrote in the fifth century, even says, "*Floridam discolorumque vestem herbida palla contextuerat.*" At banquets, and on joyful occasions, white dresses were made use of.|| Among the many colours in request with gentlewomen, Ovid reckons "*albentes rosas*" (de Art. iii. v. 189) ; and at v. 191 he says—

"Alba decent fuscas : albis, es Cephei placebas."

In Tibullus we meet with the following passage :

"Urit seu Tyria voluit procedere palla ;
Urit seu nivea candida veste venit."—Eleg. iv. 2.

Having thus given a sketch of the general costume of the Romans, we will proceed to notice

* "Ad talos stola et demissa circumdata Palla."—Horace, lib. i., Sat. 2, 99.

† Yellow was always considered effeminate amongst the Romans, and the votaries of pleasure are generally described in it. See also a painting of vocal and instrumental performers found at Portici, A. D. 1761.

‡ "Este procul vittæ tænes insigne pudoris."—Metam., lib. i., fab. 9.

And describing the chaste Daphne, he says,

—"Vitta coequebat positos sine lege capillos."—Met., lib. i.

§ "Unde mitram solvere, quod metaphoricè significabat cum virgine concumbere."—Montfaucon, Ant. Explan., tome iii., p. 44.

|| Stuekius, Ant. Con., ii. 26.

such peculiarities as are requisite to distinguish the dramatis personæ of the Roman plays of Shakspeare.

The dress of the ancient Roman consuls consisted of the tunic, called from its ornament *laticlavian*, the *toga prætexta* (i. e. bordered with purple), and the red sandals called *mullei*. Of all the disputed points before alluded to, that which has occasioned the most controversy is the distinguishing mark of the senatorial and equestrian classes.

The *latus clavus* is said to have been the characteristic of the magistrates and senators, and the *angustus clavus* that of the equites or knights.

That it was a purple ornament we learn from Pliny* and Ovid; but concerning its shape there are almost as many opinions as there have been pages written on the subject, not one of the ancients having taken the trouble to describe what to them was a matter of no curiosity, or by accident dropped a hint which might serve as a clue to the enigma. Some antiquaries contend that it was a round knob or nail with which the tunic was studded all over; others that it was a flower; some that it was a fibula; some that it was a ribbon worn like a modern order; and others, again, that it was a stripe of purple wove in or sewn on the tunic; but these last are divided among themselves as to the direction in which this stripe ran.†

The learned Père Montfaucon, in his ‘*Antiquité Expliquée par les Figures*,’ observes that Lampridius, in his ‘*Life of Alexander Severus*,’ says that at feasts napkins were used adorned with scarlet clavi, “*clavata cocco mantilia*.” These clavi were also seen in the sheets that covered the beds on which the ancients lay to take their meals. Ammianus Marcellinus also tells us that a table was covered with cloths so ornamented, and disposed in such a manner, that the whole appeared like the *habit of a prince*.

Upon this Montfaucon ingeniously remarks, that, presuming the clavus to be a stripe or band of purple running round the edges of these cloths, it would not be difficult by laying them one over the other to show nothing but their borders, and thereby present a mass of purple to the eye, which might of course be very properly compared to the habit of a prince, but that this could not be effected were the cloths merely studded with purple knobs, or embroidered with purple flowers, as in that case the white ground must inevitably appear. In addition to this he observes that St. Basil, in explanation of a passage in Isaiah, says, he blames the luxury of women “*who border their garments with purple, or who insert it into the stuff itself;*” and that St. Jerome, on the same passage, uses the expression of “*clavatum purpura*.”

Now, though these observations go some way towards proving the clavus to have been a band or stripe (broad for the senators and narrow for the knights), we are as much in the dark as ever respecting the direction it took. It could not have *bordered* the tunic, or surely, like that of the Spaniards,‡ it would have been called *prætexta* (as the *toga* was when so ornamented). On the line in Horace—

“*Latum demisit pectore clavum*”—Sat. 1, 6, 28—

a commentator (Torrentius) says, “*recto ordine descendebat insuti clavi vel intexti*”—the clavi sewn on, or woven into, the garment, descended in a right line; but if he founded this conjecture simply on the word “*demisit*,” he did not recollect that the ornament gave its name to the garment, and that the tunic itself is repeatedly called the *latus clavus* by the ancient writers. Horace might, therefore, merely allude to the tunic of the wearer hanging loosely and negligently down upon the breast, an affectation of wearing it which is imputed to Julius Cæsar. Nothing, in short, appears likely to solve this difficulty but the discovery of some *painting* of Roman times, in which colour may afford the necessary information.

Noble Roman youths wore the *prætexta*, and the *bullæ*, a golden ornament, which, from the rare specimen in the collection of Samuel Rogers, Esq., we should compare to the case of what is called a hunting-watch.§ It has generally been described as a small golden ball; but, unless the one we

* Lib. 9, cap. xxxix.

† Those of our readers who would like to plunge into the depths of unfathomable controversy are recommended to a perusal of the essays of Rubenius and Ferrarius.

‡ Livy, speaking of the tunics of the Spaniards, says they were of a dazzling whiteness, and bordered with purple—“*id est prætextæ*.”

§ An exactly similar one is engraved in Montfaucon.

have seen has been by accident much compressed or flattened, we should say they were not more globular than an old-fashioned watch. Macrobius says they were sometimes in the shape of a heart, and that they frequently contained preservatives against envy, &c. On arriving at the age of puberty, which was fourteen, youths abandoned the bulla, and exchanged the *toga prætexta* for the *toga pura*, which was also called the "*toga virilis*," and "*libera*:"—" *virilis*," in allusion to the period of life at which they had arrived; and *libera*, because at the same time, if they were pupilli, they attained full power over their property, and were released from tutela. There is no ascertaining the age of young Marcius, in the tragedy of Coriolanus; but as he only appears in the scene before the Volscian camp when he is brought to supplicate his father, he should wear nothing but a black tunic, the toga and all ornaments being laid aside in mourning and times of public calamity.

Of Julius Cæsar we learn the following facts relative to his dress and personal appearance. Suetonius tells us that he was tall, fair-complexioned, round-limbed, rather full-faced, and with black eyes; that he obtained from the senate permission to wear constantly a laurel crown (Dion Cassius says on account of his baldness); that he was remarkable in his dress, wearing the laticlavian tunic with sleeves to it, having gatherings about the wrist, and always had it girded rather loosely, which latter circumstance gave origin to the expression of Sulla, "Beware of the loose-coated boy," or "of the man who is so ill girt." Dion Cassius adds that he had also the right to wear a royal robe in assemblies;* that he wore a red sash and the calcei mullei even on ordinary days, to show his descent from the Alban kings.† A statue of Julius Cæsar, armed, is engraved in Rossi's 'Racolta di Statue Antiche e Moderne,' folio, Rome, 1704, pl. 15; also one of Octavians, or Augustus Cæsar:—the latter statue having been once in the possession of the celebrated Marquis Maffei. Octavius affected simplicity in his appearance, and humility in his conduct; and, consistently with this description, we find his armour of the plainest kind. His lorica, or cuirass, is entirely without ornament, except the two rows of plates at the bottom. The thorax is partly hidden by the paludamentum, which was worn by this emperor and by Julius Cæsar of a much larger size than those of his successors. Although he is without the cinctura, or belt, he holds in his right hand the paragonium, a short sword, which, as the name imports, was fastened to it.

Suetonius tells us that Octavius was in height five feet nine inches, of a complexion between brown and fair, his hair a little curled and inclining to yellow. He had clear bright eyes, small ears, and an aquiline nose,—his eyebrows meeting. He wore his toga neither too scanty nor too full, and the clavus of his tunic neither remarkably broad nor narrow. His shoes were a little thicker in the sole than common, to make him appear taller than he was. In the winter he wore a thick toga, four tunics, a shirt, a flannel stomacher, and wrappers on his legs and thighs. He could not bear the winter's sun, and never walked in the open air without a broad-brimmed hat on his head.

From the time of Caius Marius the senators wore black boots or buskins reaching to the middle of the leg;‡ with the letter C in silver or ivory upon them, or rather the figure of a half-moon§ or crescent.|| There is one engraved in Montfaucon, from the cabinet of P. Kircher. It was worn above the heel, at the height of the ankle; but this last honour, it is conjectured, was only granted to such as were descended from the hundred senators elected by Romulus.

In conclusion, it may not be amiss to say a few words respecting the purple of the ancients. Gibbon says "it was of a dark cast, as deep as bulls' blood."—See also President Goguet's 'Origine des Loix et des Arts,' part ii. l. 2, c. 2, pp. 184, 215. But there were several sorts of purple, and each hue was fashionable in its turn. "In my youth," says Cornelius Nepos (who

* Cicero also says that Cæsar sat in the rostra, in a purple toga, on a golden seat, crowned: "Sedebat in rostris collega tuus, amictus toga purpurea, in sella aurea, coronatus."—Phil., 2, 34.

† Rubenius thinks he wore the sleeved tunic for the same reason, to show his descent, through those monarchs, from the Trojans, to whom Numanus objects, in Virgil, as a proof of their effeminacy—

"Et tunicæ manicas et habent redimicula mitræ."—Æn. 9, 616.

‡ "Nam ut quisque insanus nigris medium impediit cruris

Pellibus, et latum demisit pectore clavum."—Horace, i., Sat. 6, v. 27.

Hence also "calceos mutari," to become a senator, as they then exchanged one sort of chaussure for another.—Cicero, Phil., xiii. 13.

§ Therefore called "Calcei lunati."—Rubenius apud Philostratus.

|| The crescent is seen upon the standards of the Roman centuries, probably to denote the number 100.

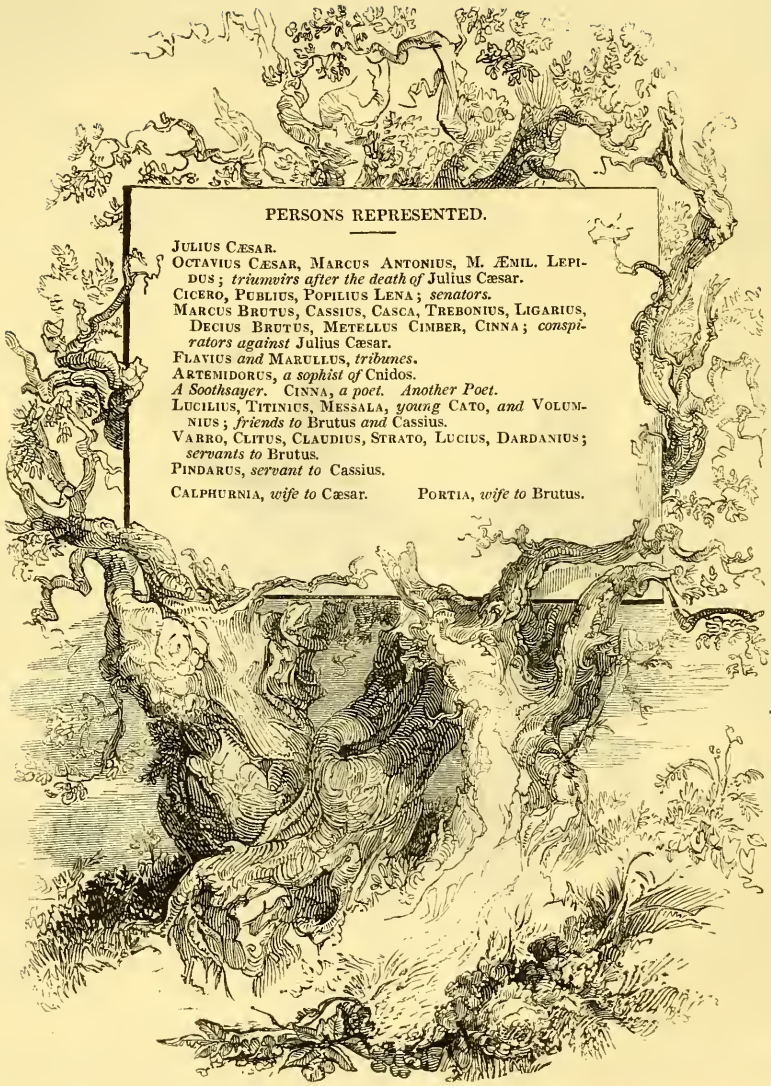
JULIUS CÆSAR.

died during the reign of Augustus ; Pliny, ix. 39), “the violet purple was fashionable, and sold for a hundred denarii the pound. Some time afterwards the red purple of Tarentum came into vogue, and to this succeeded the red Tyrian twice dyed, which was not to be bought under one thousand denarii.” Here, then, we have three sorts of purple worn during the life of one man. The red purple is mentioned by Macrobius : he says the redness of the purple border of the *toga prætexta* was admonitory to those who assumed it to preserve the modesty of demeanour becoming young noblemen ; and Virgil says that the sacrificing priest should cover his head with purple, without noticing whether its hue be red or violet. Indeed, purple was a term applied indiscriminately by the ancients to every tint produced by the *mixture of red and blue*, and sometimes to the pure colours themselves.

J. R. P.



[Plebeians.]



PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, MARCUS ANTONIUS, M. ÆMIL. LEPI-
DUS; *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA; *senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA; *conspi-
rators against Julius Cæsar.*
FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*
ARTEMIDORUS, *a sophist of Chios.*
A Soothsayer. CINNA, *a poet. Another Poet.*
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *young CATO, and VOLUM-
NIUS; friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, DARDANIUS;
servants to Brutus.
PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*
CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.* PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*



ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

Is this a holiday? What! know you not, Being mechanical, you ought not walk, Upon a labouring day, without the sign Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou?

1 Cit. 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?

2 Cit. 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.

2 Cit. A trade, sir, that I hope I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Flav.^a What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

2 Cit. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Cit. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all.^b I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper

^a The modern editors give this speech to Marullus; and they propose other changes in the allotment of the speeches to the tribunes. They assume that only one should take the lead; whereas it is clear that the dialogue is more natural, certainly more dramatic, according to the original arrangement, where Flavius and Marullus alternately rate the people, like two smiths smiting on the same anvil.

^b *With all.*—The original has *withal*. The modern editors write *with awl*, offering an equivocal to the eye which is somewhat too palpable.

men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Cit. 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 sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her coneave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a 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 this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt* Citizens.]

See, wher their basest metal be not mov'd;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Disrobe the images,
If you do find them 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:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's

wing

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Will make him fly an ordinary piteh;
Who else would soar above the view of men,
And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.* A public Place.

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the course*; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, *a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*]

Cæs.

Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' 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 chase,
Shake off their sterile curse!

Ant.

I shall remember:

When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—Peace yet again.

[*Music ceases.*]

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs.

What man is that?

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

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

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæsar.

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.?

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

[*Senet.* *Exeunt all but BRU. and CAS.*]

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 show of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. *Cassius,*
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,
Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which givesome soil, 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 shows 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 reflection, by 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 reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me,^a gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
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

Choose 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' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?'—Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews; throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,^a
Cæsar cried, '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
Tiber

Did I the tired Cæsar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the
world

^a The use of *arrive* without the preposition, has an example in the later writings of Milton:—

"Who shall spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, ere he *arrive*
The happy isle."

^a *On mc.* So the original.—We do not change this idiomatic language of Shakspeare's time into the *of me* of the modern.

Did lose his 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 cried, ' Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

Bru. Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bstride 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 time 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 sounded 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 them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.

[*Shout.*]

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 walks encompass'd but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
 When there is in it but one only man.

O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The 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 entreat 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.

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

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

Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
 turning.

Cas. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the
 sleeve ;

And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
 What has 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 :
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale ; and Cicero
 Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cas. Antonius.

Ant. Cæsar.

Cæs. Let me have men about me that are
 fat ;

Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' 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 dan-
 gerous ;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter :—But I fear
 him not :

Yet if my name were liable to fear,
 I do not know the man I should avoid
 So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much ;
 He is a great observer, and he looks
 Quite through the deeds of men : he loves no
 plays,

As thou dost, Antony ; he hears no music :
 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 anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
 Whiles 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.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA
 stays behind.*]

Casca. You pull'd me by the cloak : Would you speak me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day,

That Cæsar looks sò sad ?

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

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

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

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

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 hanged as tell the manner of it : it was mere foolery. I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown ;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was 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 loth 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 refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapped their chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and threw up such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked 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 foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

Bru. 'T is 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 pleased and displeas'd them, as they use 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 perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues :—and so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried ' Alas, good soul ! '—and forgave him with all their hearts : But there 's no heed to be taken of them ; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers they would have done no less.

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything ?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect ?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that I 'll ne'er look you i' the face again : But those that understood him smiled 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 worth the eating.

Cas. Good ; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so : farewell both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

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

Cas. So he is now, in execution Of any bold or noble enterprise, 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 From that it is dispos'd: Therefore it is 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.*]

SCENE III. *The same. A Street.*

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.

Cic. Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar home? ^a

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 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam, To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds: But never till to-night, never till now, Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. Either there is a civil strife in heaven; Or else the world, too saucy with the gods, Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you anything 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 have not since put up my sword,) Against the Capitol I met a lion, Who glar'd ^b upon me, and went surly by

Without annoying me: and there were drawn Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women, Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets. And, yesterday, the bird of night did sit, Even at noon-day, upon the market-place, Hooping and shrieking.⁶ 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. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

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 heaven, I did present myself Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

gax'd, which Malone adopts, the compositor must have inserted an *l*, to change a common word into an unfamiliar one; and this is not the usual process of typographical blundering. Malone quotes a passage from Stow, describing a lion-fight in the Tower:—"Then was the great lion put forth, who *gaxed* awhile;" and he thinks the term to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion. Surely this is nonsense. A well-known quotation from Macbeth, given by Steevens, is decisive as to the propriety of using *glar'd* in the passage before us:—

"Thou hast no speculation in those eyes
That thou dost *glare* with."

^a To bring one on his way was to accompany him.
^b *Glar'd*. The original has *glaz'd*. This is a meaningless word; and we have therefore to choose between one of two corrections. Knowing the mode in which typographical errors arise, we should say that *glar'd* in the manuscript might very readily become *glaz'd* in the printed copy, by the substitution of a *z* for an *r*. *Glar'd* is the reading of Steevens. On the contrary, if the manuscript had been

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 heavens:
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;
Why old men, fools, and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their ordi-
nance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath 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 thews 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 sufferance show us womanish.

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

Cas. I know where I will wear this dagger
then:
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most
strong;

Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*]

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, O, grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca; and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:
Be factious^a 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 enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Poupey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's^b like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, 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 am 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——

^a *Factionis.* Johnson considers that the expression here means *active*. To be factious, in its original sense, is to be doing; but Malone suggests that it means "embody a party or faction."

^b The original has *is favours*. Some would read *is favour'd*; but the use of the noun, in the sense of *appearance*, is probably clearer.

^c The modern editors have introduced *Cinna* here without authority.

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' 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.*]

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.*]



[Julius Cæsar.]



[Roman Augur.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

¹ SCENE II. “Our elders say,
The barren,” &c.

“At that time the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say, was the feast of shepherds or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of the Lycæians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are divers noblemen’s sons, young men (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern there), which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs, hair and all on, to make them give place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be stricken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolmaster to be stricken with the ferula, persuading themselves that being with child they shall have good delivery; and so being barren, that it will make them to conceive with child.”

² SCENE II.—“Beware the ides of March.”

“Furthermore, there was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore to

take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the 15th of the month), for on that day he should be in great danger.”

³ SCENE II.—“Will you go see the order of
the course?”

“Cassius asked him if he were determined to be in the Senate-house the 1st day of the month of March, because he heard say that Cæsar’s friends should move the council that day that Cæsar should be called king by the Senate. Brutus answered him he would not be there. But if we be sent for (said Cassius), how then? For myself then (said Brutus), I mean not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die than lose my liberty. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word,—Why (quoth he), what Roman is he alive that will suffer thee to die for thy liberty? What? knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be cobblers, tapsters, or such-like base mechanical people, that write these bills and scrolls which are found daily in thy prætor’s chair, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No; be thou well assured that of other prætors they look

for gifts, common distributions amongst the people, and for common plays, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to show the people pastime : but at thy hands they specially require (as a due debt unto them) the taking away of the tyranny, being fully bent to suffer any extremity for thy sake, so that thou wilt show thyself to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art."

⁴ SCENE II.—“ *Let me have men about me that are fat,*” &c.

“ Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much : whereupon he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye ? I like not his pale looks. Another time, when Cæsar’s friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him, he answered them again, As for those fat men, and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them ; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most ; meaning Brutus and Cassius.”

⁵ SCENE II.—“ *Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanc’d to-day.*”

“ Cæsar sat to behold that sport upon the pulpit for Orations, in a chain of gold, appareled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that ran this holy course. So when he came into the market-place the people made a lane for him to run at liberty, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel. Whereupon there was a certain cry of rejoicing, not very great, done only by a few appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the diadem, then all the people together made an outcry of joy. Then Antonius offering it him again, there was a second shout of joy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it again the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar, having made this proof, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chair, and commanded the crown to be carried unto Jupiter in the Capitol.”

“ When they had decreed divers honours for him in the Senate, the consuls and prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went unto him in the market-place, where he was set by

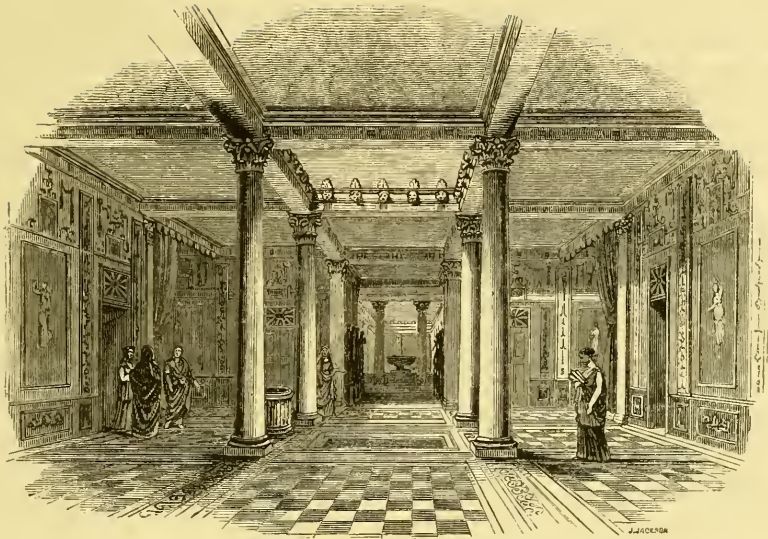
the pulpit for Orations, to tell him what honours they had decreed for him in his absence. But he sitting still in his majesty, disdainful to rise up unto them when they came in, as if they had been private men, answered them, that his honours had more need to be cut off than enlarged. This did not only offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he should so lightly esteem of the magistrates of the commonwealth ; insomuch as every man that might lawfully go his way departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar, rising, departed home to his house, and, tearing open his doublet collar, making his neck bare, he cried out aloud to his friends that his throat was ready to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported that afterwards, to excuse his folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying that their wits are not perfect which have this disease of the falling evil, when, standing on their feet, they speak to the common people, but are soon troubled with a trembling of their body, and a sudden dimness and giddiness.”

⁶ SCENE III.—“ *A common slave,*” &c.

“ Touching the fires in the elements, and spirits running up and down in the night, and also the solitary birds to be seen at noon-days sitting in the great market-place, are not all these signs perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderful chance as happened ? But Strabo the philosopher writeth that divers men were seen going up and down in fire ; and, furthermore, that there was a slave of the soldiers that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it thought he had been burned ; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt.”

⁷ SCENE III.—“ *Good Cinna, take this paper,*” &c.

“ But for Brutus, his friends and countrymen, both by divers procurements and sundry rumours of the city, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For under the image of his ancestor Junius Brutus (that drove the kings out of Rome) they wrote—O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now alive, Brutus ! And again, That thou wert here among us now ! His tribunal, or chair, where he gave audience during the time he was prætor, was full of such bills. Brutus, thou art asleep, and art not Brutus indeed.”



ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Bru. What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!—
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when!^a Awake, I say! What,
Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

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

Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my
part,

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the
question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse^a from power: And, to speak truth of
Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 't is a common
proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the utmost round,

^a So in Richard II.

"When, Harry, when!"
A common expression of impatience.

^a Remorse—pity—tenderness. A sense in which it is commonly used by Shakspeare.

He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;
Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the
quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would as his kind grow mis-
chievous;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

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

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

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar, 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, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.

'Shall Rome, &c.' 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^b

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

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knock within.*]

Bru. 'T is good. Go to the gate: somebody
knocks. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]

^a *Idea of March.*—In the original the *first of March*. Shakspeare found it so in North's 'Plutarch;' and he adopted the date without consideration. Presently Lucius says, in the original, "March is wasted fifteen days." Theobald made the necessary correction in both instances.

^b Steevens introduces *then* after entreated. He will in no case comprehend that a pause, such as must be made after *redress*, stands in the place of a syllable.

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of a man,^a
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius^b at the
door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.^c

Bru. Let them enter.

[*Exit LUCIUS.*]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous 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,
Conspiracy;

Hide it in^d smiles and affability:
For if thou path,^e thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA,
METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.*

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

^a *A man.*—So the original; but Steevens and other modern editors omit the article, which clearly explains what has preceded it. *A man* individualizes the description; and shows that "the genius," on the one hand, means the spirit, or the impelling higher power moving the spirit, whilst "the mortal instruments" has reference to the bodily powers which the will sets in action. The condition of Macbeth before the murder of Duncan illustrates this:—

"I am settled, and bend up
Each corporal agent to this terrible feat."

There are few difficulties in this play, and certainly this passage is not one of them; but the commentators cannot be without their work: they give us four controversial pages upon it.

^b Cassius had married Junia, the sister of Brutus.

^c *Favour*—countenance.

^d *It in.*—By the perpetuation of an error in some edition, all the modern readings have *in it*.

^e *Path*—walk on a trodden way—move forward amidst observation.

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this, Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I 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 deceiv'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.

Casca. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,⁴ The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,— If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted 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,⁵ 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 enterprise

Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits To think that, or our cause, or our performance, Did need an oath; when every drop of blood That every Roman bears, and nobly bears, Is guilty of a several bastardy, If he do break the smallest particle Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero?¹ 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 anything 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 lov'd of Cæsar, Should outlive 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.²

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 men there is no blood: O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends, Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully; Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods, Not hew him as a 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;

⁴ *Cautelous*—wary—circumspect.

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,
When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :^a
For in the 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,—take thought, and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should ; for he is given
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. 'T is time to part.

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

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolv'd
I can o'ersway him : for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers :
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 utter-
most ?

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 by him ;^b
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon us : We'll
leave you, Brutus :—
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all re-
member
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;
Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy :
And so, good-morrow to you every one.³

[*Exeunt all but BRUTUS.*

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

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

Bru. Portia, what mean you ? Wherefore
rise you now ?

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have un-
gently, Brutus,

Stole from my bed : And yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across :
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 insisted, yet you answer'd not ;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : So I did :
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled ; 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 Portia, 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,

^a The pause which naturally occurs before Cassius offers an answer to the impassioned argument of Brutus would be most decidedly marked by a proper reader or actor ; yet all the editors read *do fear*, to make out the metre.

^b *By him*—by his house.

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 six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation;
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the
suburbs

Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

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

Por. If this were true, then should I know
this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I 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 pa-
tience,

And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife!

[*Knocking within.*]

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.

All my engagements I will construe to thee,

All the character of my sad brows:—

Leave me with haste. [*Exit PORTIA.*]

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

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

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellusspake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. 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!

Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honour.⁴

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Liga-
rius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that 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.

Lig. But are not some whole that we must
make sick?

Bru. That must we also. What it is, my
Caius,

I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.

Lig. 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.

Bru. Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's
Palace.*

*Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR, in his
nightgown.*

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at
peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, oh! They murder Cæsar!' Who 's
within?⁵

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
threaten'd me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall
see

The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their
dead:

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^a in the air,
Horses do neigh,^b 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 heavens 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 death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What say the augurers?

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.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well

^a *Hurtled*.—This magnificent word expresses the clashing of weapons: it is probably the same word as hurled; and Shakspeare, with the boldness of genius, makes the action give the sound. Gray uses it more strictly in its original sense:—

“Iron-sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken'd air.”

^b *Do neigh*.—Steevens departs from the original in reading *did neigh*; but the tenses, we have no doubt, are purposely confounded, in the vague terror of the speaker. Horses “*do neigh*” continues the image of

“Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds.”

That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We were^a 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 send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall 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.

Enter DECIVS.

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.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
cause,

Least 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 to-night she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and por-
tents,

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, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.

^a *Were*.—The original has *heare*: the correction is by Theobald.

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,
Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look 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, 't is 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 yearns to think upon!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.* A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. '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 wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: Secrecy 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, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The same.* Another part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I prithee, 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?

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. Prithee, listen well.
I hear a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow :
Which way hast thou been ?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

Sooth. 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 ?

Sooth. 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 's intended towards him ?

Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.

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. I must go in.—Ah me ! how weak a thing

The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
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.*





[Roman Matron.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

¹ SCENE I.—“*But what of Cicero?*”

“THEY durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracy, although he was a man whom they loved dearly and trusted best; for they were afraid that, he being a coward by nature, and age also having increased his fear, he would quite turn and alter all their purpose, and quench the heat of their enterprise, the which specially required hot and earnest execution, seeking by persuasion to bring all things to such safety as there should be no peril.”

² SCENE I.—“*Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.*”

“After that they consulted whether they should kill Antonius with Cæsar; but Brutus would in no wise consent to it, saying, that venturing on such an enterprise as that, for the maintenance of law and justice, it ought to be clear from all villainy.”

³ SCENE I.—“*Let not our looks,*” &c.

“Furthermore the only name and great calling of Brutus did bring on the most of them to give consent to this conspiracy: who having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they all kept the matter so secret to themselves, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding the gods did reveal it by

manifest signs and tokens from above, and by predictions of sacrifices, yet all this would not be believed. Now Brutus, who knew very well that for his sake, all the noblest, valiantest, and most courageous men of Rome did venture their lives, weighing with himself the greatness of the danger, when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and looks that no man could discern he had anything to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was in his own house, then he was clean changed; for either care did wake him against his will when he would have slept, or else oftentimes of himself he fell into such deep thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the dangers that might happen, that his wife, lying by him, found that there was some marvellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himself. His wife, Portia, was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married, being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow, after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and jests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise, because

she would not ask her husband what he ailed before she had made some proof by herself, she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore of blood, and incontinently after a vehement fever took her by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all she spake in this sort unto him:—I, being, O Brutus (said she), the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee; not to be thy bedfellow and companion in bed and at board only, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match; but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet (Brutus) good education, and the company of virtuous men, have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me. With these words she showed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to prove herself. Brutus was amazed to hear what she said unto him, and, lifting up his hands to heaven, he besought the gods to give him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good pass that he might be found a husband worthy of so noble a wife as Portia: so he then did comfort her the best he could."

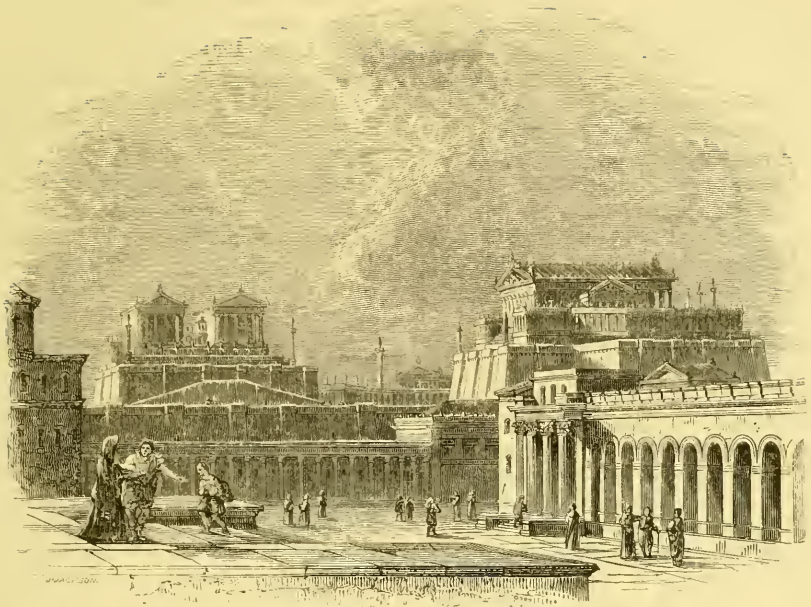
⁴ SCENE I.—"*Here is a sick man,*" &c.

"Now amongst Pompey's friends there was one called Caius Ligarius, who had been accused unto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey, and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him for that he was brought in danger by his tyrannical power; and therefore in his heart he was always his mortal enemy, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him, being sick in his bed, and said unto him, Ligarius, in what a time art thou sick! Ligarius, rising up in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said unto him, Brutus (said he), if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthy of thyself, I am whole."

⁵ SCENE II.—"*Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,*" &c.

"Then going to bed the same night, as his man-

ner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doors of his chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light; but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleep, weep and sigh, and put forth many grumbling lamentable speeches, for she deemed that Cæsar was slain, and that she had him in her arms. Others also do deny that she had any such dream, as, amongst other, Titus Livius writeth that it was in this sort:—The Senate having set upon the top of Cæsar's house, for an ornament and setting forth of the same, a certain pinnacle, Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken down, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it; in-somuch that, Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him, if it were possible, not to go out of the doors that day, but to adjourn the session of the Senate until another day; and if that he made no reckoning of her dream, yet that he would search further of the soothsayers by their sacrifices to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did fear and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition; and that when he saw her so troubled in mind with this dream she had, but much more afterwards when the soothsayer, having sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them. Then he determined to send Antonius to adjourn the session of the Senate, but in the mean time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heir, and yet was of the conspiracy with Cassius and Brutus. He, fearing that, if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would be betrayed, laughed at the soothsayers, and reproved Cæsar, saying that he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places, both by sea and land; and, furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have better dreams, what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friend's words? and who could persuade them otherwise, but that they would think his dominion a slavery unto them, and tyrannical in himself? And yet, if it be so, said he, that you utterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go yourself in person, and, saluting the Senate, to dismiss them till another time. Therewithal he took Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house."



ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæs. 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.

Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.
All the Senators rise.¹

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*]

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

Cas. He wish'd, to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

Cas. 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 purposes; For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[*Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS. CÆSAR and the Senators take their seats.*]

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

Bru. He is address'd:^a 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 An humble heart:— [Kneeling.]

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber. These couchings, and these lowly courtesies, Might fire the blood of ordinary men; And turn pre-ordination, and first decree, Into the law^b 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.^c

^a Address'd—ready.

^b Law.—The original has *lane*,—an easy misprint for *lawe*.

^c In Ben Jonson's 'Discoveries' there is the following passage, referring to Shakspeare: "Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter; as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, 'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'" Jonson wrote this, we have no doubt, before the publication of the folio of 1623; for he was incapable of falsely quoting his friend's lines. Tyrwhitt supposes that the players altered the line; and maintains that Shakspeare did not use *wrong* in the sense of impropriety, but with reference to his exercise of power which sometimes required him to punish. We believe Jonson was as good a judge of the sense in which words were intended to be used;

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?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus!

Cas. 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-fix'd 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, And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank, Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he

Let me a little show it,—even in this, That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd, And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*]

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

[*Dies. The senators and people retire in confusion.*]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,

'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

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

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

and that, although the expression was somewhat forced, Shakspeare meant Cæsar to say that even the wrongs he did should not be questioned, for his motives had a justice in them which authorized the commission even of wrong.

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend 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.

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

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

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where is Antony ?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd :

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

Bru. Fates ! we will know your pleasures :— That we shall die we know ; 't is but the time, And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Casca. Why he that cuts off twenty years of life

Cuts off so many years of fearing death.^a

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit : So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,

And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords : Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ; And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, Let 's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !

Cas. Stoop then, and wash.—How many ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted over, In states unborn, and accents yet unknown !

Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,

That now on Pompey's basis lies along, No worthier than the dust !

Cas. So oft as that shall be, So often shall the knot of us be call'd

The men that gave their^b country liberty.

Dec. What, shall we forth ?

Cas. Ay, every man away :

Brutus shall lead : and we will grace his heels With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel ;

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down ; And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say : Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest : Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving : Say, I lov'd 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 ; 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.

Cas. I wish we may : but yet have I a mind That fears him much ; and my misgiving still Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-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, who else is rank : If I myself, there is no hour so fit As Cæsar's death's hour ; nor no instrument Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich

With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,

Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,

Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,

I shall not find myself so apt to die :

No place will please me so, no mean of death,

^a The modern editors give this speech to Cassius.

^b Their in the original—the modern reading is *our*.

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,
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, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

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

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;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

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, O, 't is 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 corpse?

Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.

Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd,
brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
stand,

Sign'd in thy spoil, and 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!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

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

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

Ant. Therefore I took your hands; but was,
indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
Cæsar.

Friends am I with you all, and love you all;
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this 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.

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 show 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 true 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 all but ANTONY.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,^a
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry 'Havock,'^b and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him 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 awhile;
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

^a We give the line as in the first and second editions. The text is invariably corrupted in all modern editions into—

"O pardon me, thou piece of bleeding earth."

^b *Havock*, according to Sir William Blackstone, was, in the military operations of ancient times, the word by which a declaration was made that no quarter should be given.

To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*]

SCENE II. *The same. The Forum.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.*²

Cit. We 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 them stay
here;

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

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare their
reasons,

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens.*]

BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.

3 *Cit.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!
Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for
my cause; and be silent, that you may hear:
believe me for mine honour; and have respect
to mine honour, that you may believe: censure
me in your wisdom; and awake your senses,
that you may the better judge. If there be any
in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to
him I say, that Brutus' 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 loved Cæsar less, but that I loved
Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living,
and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead,
to live all free men? As Cæsar loved 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 is tears, for his
love; joy for his fortune; honour, for his valour;
and death, for his ambition. Who is here so
base that would be a bondman? If any, speak,
for him have I offended. Who is here so rude
that would not be a Roman? If any, speak,
for him have I offended. Who is here so vile
that will not love his country? If any, speak,
for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none.

[*Several speaking at once.*]

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have
done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to

Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned 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.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

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

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, oh!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [*Exit.*]

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

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

We'll hear him: Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

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

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake, He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:

We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. 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. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have cried, 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 withholds 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 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter, Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

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

Therefore, 't is certain he was not ambitious.

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

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

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

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

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

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,

I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,
I found it in his closet, 't is 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 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. 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 stoues, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;
For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we'll 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 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* 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 corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend.

[*He comes down from the pulpit.*]

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

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

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

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

Cit. 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;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame 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 cursed 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, O 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;

And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statue,^a
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^b of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but be-
hold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged: revenge; about,
—seek,—burn,—fire,—kill,—slay!—let not a
traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there;—Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* 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.

^a *Statue.*—In this passage, and in a previous instance, the word *statua* has been substituted for the English word. What we may gain in the harmony of the verse we lose in the simplicity of the expression, by this alteration.

^b *Dint*—impression.

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 gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit,^a nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which your yourselves do know;
Show 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.

Cit. We'll mutiny!

1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away then; come, seek the conspirators!

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

Cit. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:

Wherein hath Cæsar thus' deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not—I must tell you then:—
You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true; the will:—let's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

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

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this 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 *Cit.* Never, never!—Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, with the body.]

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, 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 anything.

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.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA, the Poet.*³

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.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

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

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* 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 *Cit.* That's as much as to say they are
fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for
that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

^a *Writ.*—The folio of 1623 has *writ*—that of 1632 *wit*. *Writ* may be explained as a prepared writing; but we retain the reading of the second folio, receiving *wit* in the sense of understanding.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

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

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

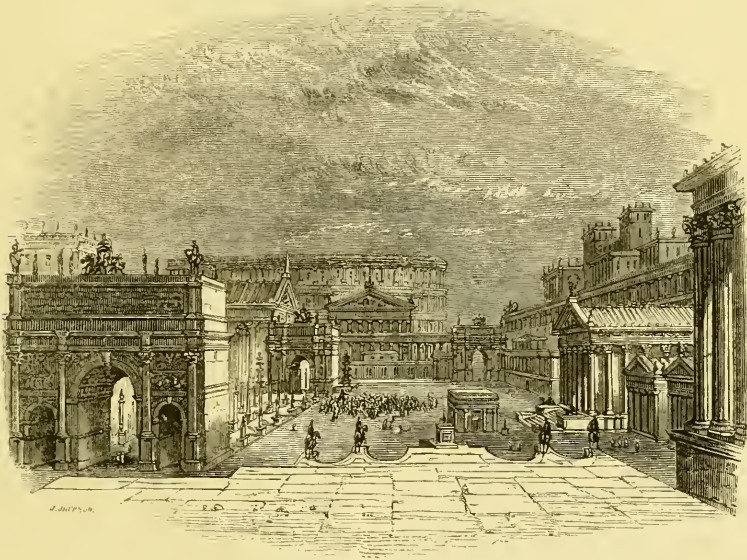
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.^a

^a Through a most extraordinary licence, or indolence in the

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

3 *Cit.* Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away; go! [*Exeunt.*]

collation of copies, this entire line is omitted in all modern editions.





[Roman Consul.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

¹ SCENE I.—“ *All the Senators rise.*”

“ A SENATOR called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do, he rounded softly in their ears, and told them, I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal, despatch, I rede you, for your enterprise is bewrayed. When he had said, he presently departed from them, and left them both afraid that their conspiracy would out. * * * * * When Cæsar came out of his litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass) went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him; wherefore the conspirators (if so they should be called), not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy, they were afraid every man of them; and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they all were of a mind that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain other clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them, Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor than like an accuser, he said nothing to his companions (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracy), but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius, and immediately after Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand, which showed

plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself that he had held him so long in talk. Now all the senators being entered first into this place or chapter-house where the council should be kept, all the other conspirators straight stood about Cæsar's chair, as if they had had something to say unto him; and some say that Cassius, casting his eyes upon Pompey's image, made his prayer unto it as if it had been alive. Trebonius, on the other side, drew Antonius aside as he came into the house where the Senate sat, and held him with a long talk without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the senate rose to honour him at his coming in; so, when he was set, the conspirators flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius (Metellus) Cimber, who made humble suit for the calling home again of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast. Cæsar, at the first, simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber, with both his hands, plucked Cæsar's gown over his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him drew his dagger first, and strake Cæsar upon the shoulder, but gave him no great wound. Cæsar, feeling himself hurt, took him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, and cried out in Latin, O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greek, and called his brother to help him. So divers running on a heap together to fly upon Cæsar, he, looking about him to have fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawn in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Casca's

hand go, and casting his gown over his face, suffered every man to strike at him that would. Then the conspirators thronging one upon another, because every man was desirous to have a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting upon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murdering of him, and all the rest also were every man of them bloodied. Cæsar being slain in this manner, Brutus, standing in the midst of the house, would have spoken, and stayed the other senators that were not of the conspiracy, to have told them the reason why they had done this fact; but they, as men both afraid and amazed, fled one upon another's neck in haste to get out at the door, and no man followed them; for it was set down and agreed between them that they should kill no man but Cæsar only, and should entreat all the rest to look to defend their liberty. All the conspirators, but Brutus, determining upon this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyranny. Besides, also, for that he was in great estimation with soldiers, having been conversant of long time amongst them, and especially having a mind bent to great enterprises; he was also of great authority at that time, being consul with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it; first, for that he said it was not honest; secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him, for he did not mistrust but that Antonius, being a noble-minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead), would willingly help his country to recover her liberty, having them an example unto him to follow their courage and virtue. So Brutus by this means saved Antonius' life, who at that present time disguised himself and stole away; but Brutus and his consorts, having their swords bloody in their hands, went straight to the Capitol, persuading the Romans as they went to take their liberty again."

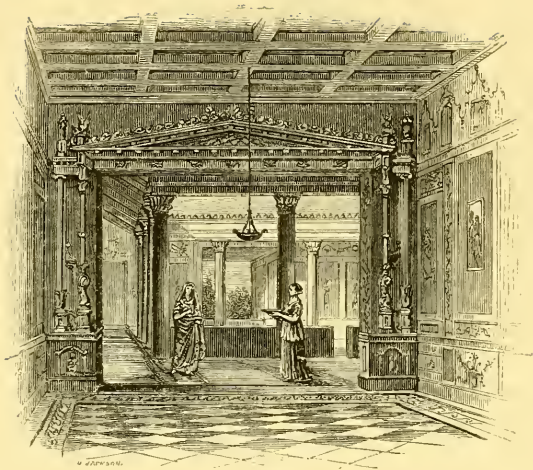
2 SCENE II.—"*Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.*"

"A great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration unto them to win the favour of the people, and to justify that they had done. All those that were by said they had done well, and cried unto them that they should boldly come down from the Capitol: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly down into the market-place. The rest followed in troop, but Brutus went foremost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the city, which brought him from the Capitol, through the market-place, to the pulpit for orations. When the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehells of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stir, yet, being ashamed to do it for the reverence they bare unto Brutus, they kept silence to hear what he would say. When Brutus began to speak they gave him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after they showed that they were not all contented with the murder. * * * * * Then Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that

his body should be honourably buried, and not in lugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise, Cassius stoutly spake against it, but Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it, wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault; for the first fault he did was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators that Antonius should be slain, and therefore he was justly accused that thereby he had saved and strengthened a strong and grievous enemy of their conspiracy. The second fault was when he agreed that Cæsar's funerals should be as Antonius would have them, the which indeed marred all. For, first of all, when Cæsar's testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome 75 drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built, the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him. Afterwards, when Cæsar's body was brought into the market-place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion, he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more; and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, showing what a number of cuts and holes it had upon it; therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people, for some of them cried out, Kill the murderers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and, having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy place. And, furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murderers' houses that killed him to set them on fire. Howbeit, the conspirators, foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled."

3 SCENE III.—"*Enter Cinna, the Poet.*"

"There was a poet called Cinna, who had been no partaker of the conspiracy, but was always one of Cæsar's chiefest friends. He dreamed the night before that Cæsar had him to supper with him, and that, he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled him, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great dark place, where being marvellously afraid, he was driven to follow him in spite of his heart. This dream put him all night into a fever, and yet, notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard that they carried Cæsar's body to burial, being ashamed not to accompany his funerals, he went out of his house, and thrust himself into the press of the common people that were in a great uproar; and because some one called him by his name Cinna, the people thinking he had been that Cinna who in an oration he made had spoken very evil of Cæsar, they, falling upon him in their rage, slew him outright in the market-place."



ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Antony's House.*^a

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names
are prick'd.¹

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

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Ant. He shall not live: look, with a spot I
damn him.

But, Lepidus, Go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

^a The triumvirs, it is well known, did not meet at Rome to settle their proscription.—(See Illustration.)—But it is evident that Shakspeare places his scene at Rome, by Lepidus being sent to Cæsar's house, and told that he shall find his confederates "or here, or at the Capitol."

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.]

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

Oct. 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 slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either 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.

Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried 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:

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations,^a
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
Are levying powers: we must straight make
head:

Therefore, let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;^b
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd.

Oct. 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 mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus' Tent, in the
Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS,
and Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS
meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!^c

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

^a In the original there is a full point at the end of this line; and in modern editions there is a semicolon, which equally answers the purpose of separating the sense from what follows: This separation has created a difficulty. Theobald wants to know why a man is to be called a barren-spirited fellow that feeds on objects and arts; and he proposes to read *object arts*. This is something too violent; and therefore Steevens maintains that objects and arts were unworthy things for a man to feed upon, because the one means speculative and the other mechanical knowledge. If these are excluded, what knowledge are we to feed upon? It is marvellous that the editors have not seen that Lepidus is called barren, because, a mere follower of others, he feeds

"On objects, arts, and imitations,
Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion."

^b We print this line as in the first folio. It certainly gives one the notion of being imperfect; but it is not necessarily so, and may be taken as a hemistich. The second folio has pieced it out rather botchingly:—

"Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out."
This is the common reading. Malone reads,

"Our best friends made, our means stretch'd to the utmost."

^c *Stand, ho!*—This is the pass-word, which Steevens absurdly changes to *stand here*.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

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

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master Pindarus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand
I shall be satisfied.

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

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, 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 used 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 show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*]

Bru. Hark, he is arriv'd:—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

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.²

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^a softly,—I do know you
well:—

^a *Griefs*—grievances.

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 you^a the like; and let no
man
Come to our tent, till we have done our con-
ference.

Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*Within the tent of Brutus.*^b

Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear
in this:

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were 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 every nice offence should bear his com-
ment.

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 cor-
ruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March
remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for just ce' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,

And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait^a not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to: you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

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

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

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

Cas. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure
all this?

Bru. All this? ay, more: Fret, till your
proud heart break;
Go, show your slaves how choleric 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,
Though it do split you! for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this?

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

Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong
me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?

Bru. If you did, I care not.

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?

^a *Bait*.—So the original. Steevens reads *bay*, conceiving that the repetition of the word used by Brutus is necessary to the spirit of the reply. However this may be, *bay* is not so expressive as *bait*. Shakspeare uses the word here as in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*:—

“Injurious Hermia, most ungrateful maid,
Have you conspir'd, have you with these contriv'd,
To bait me with this foul derision?”

^a Steevens omits *you*.

^b This is not given as a separate scene in the original; but, with reference to the construction of the modern stage, the present arrangement is necessary. In the Shaksperian theatre Brutus and Cassius evidently retired to the secondary stage.—See *Othello*. Illustration of Act v.)

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 denied
me;—

For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile
trash

By any indirection! I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: Was that done like
Cassius?

Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied 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 his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

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

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such
faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
come,

Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary 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:
If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;

I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst thou lov'dst
him better

Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Bru. Sheath your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows 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.

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. *[Noise within.]*

Poet. *[Within.]* Let me go in to see the gen-
erals;

There is some grudge between them, 't is 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 am sure, than ye.

Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic
rhyme!

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow,
hence!

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows
his time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone!
[Exit Poet.]

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.

[Exit 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:—Portia is
dead.

Cas. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd
you so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark An-
tony

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 died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, 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'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[Drinks.]

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

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

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

Cas. Portia, art 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 towards Philippi.

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

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of out-
lawry,

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.

Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mes. ^a Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.—
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

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, Portia.—We must die,
Messala:

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

Mes. Even 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:

'T is 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,

^a Steevens here thrusts in *ay*, "to complete the verse," by destroying the pause which makes it so emphatic.

Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note
beside,

That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is erept 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.

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*] Fare-
well, 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 'twixen our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt CAS., TIT., and MES.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

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!

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.

[*Servants lie down.*]

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 awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

Luc. Ay, my lord, an it 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 not hold thee long: if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*]

This is a sleepy tune:—O murd'rous slumber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night;

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee: and, good boy, good
night.

Let me see, let me see:—Is not the leaf turn'd
down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes
here?³

I think it is the weakness of mine eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me:—Art thou anything?

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. Well: Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost.

Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

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 still is 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
anything?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!

Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

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

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?

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 powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

1 SCENE I.—“*These many then shall die.*”

“ALL three met together (to wit, Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus) in an island environed round about with a little river, and there remained three days together. Now, as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, and did divide all the empire of Rome between them, as if it had been their own inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for every one of them would kill their enemies and save their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be revenged of their enemies, they spurned all reverence of blood and holiness of friendship at their feet. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius’ will; Antonius also forsook Lucius Cæsar, who was his uncle by his mother; and both of them together suffered Lepidus to kill his own brother Paulus. Yet some writers affirm that Cæsar and Antonius requested Paulus might be slain, and that Lepidus was contented with it.”

2 SCENE II.—“*Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.*”

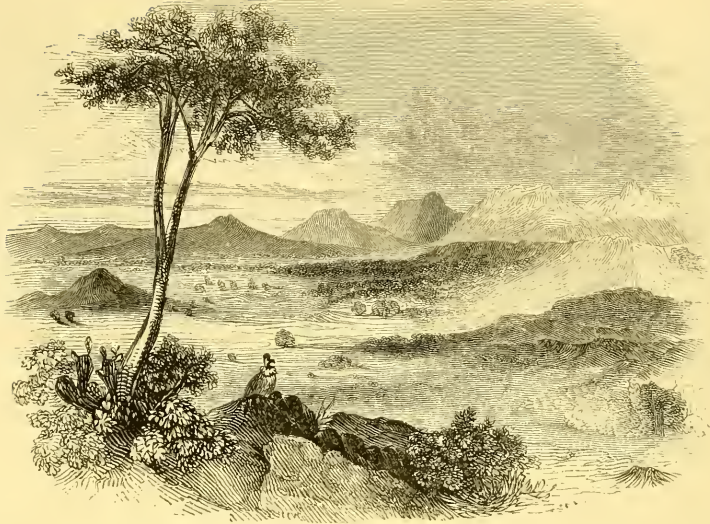
“About that time Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the city of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus, understanding of his coming, went to meet him with all his friends. There, both armies being armed, they called them both emperors. Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends, and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber together, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber hearing them loud within, and angry between themselves, they were both amazed and afraid also lest it should grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded that no man should come to them. Notwithstanding one Marcus Phaonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion: * * * This Phaonius at that time, in spite of the door-keepers, came into the chamber, and with a certain scoffing and mocking gesture, which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

‘My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen more years than such ye three.’

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog and counterfeit cynic. Howbeit, his coming in broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The self-same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. * * * The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, * * * for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: * * * and therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meet to bear a little than to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrary manner answered that he should remember the ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar, who neither pilled nor polled the country, but only was a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil by his countenance and authority.”

3 SCENE III.—“*How ill this taper burns!*”

“But as they both prepared to pass over again out of Asia into Europe, there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little. * * * After he had slumbered a little after supper he spent all the rest of the night in despatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come unto him. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters, he thought he heard one come in to him, and, casting his eye towards the door of his tent, that he saw a wonderful, strange, and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippes. Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, Well, then, I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away; and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day brake he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night.”



ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. 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 warn^a 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 cou-
rage;
But 't is not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show:

^aTo warn—to summon.

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.

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

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

*Drum. Enter BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and their
Army; LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA,
and others.*

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

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

Oct. 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.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

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

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

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

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, 'Long live! hail Cæsar!'

Cas. Antony,

The posture of your blows are yet unknown;^a
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 stolen 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 show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers!—Now Brutus, thank yourself:

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: If arguing make us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?—
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty^b 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.

Oct. 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 could'st not die more honourable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. 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 their Army.*]

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

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

Bru. Ho! Lucilius; hark, a word with you.

Luc. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

Cas. Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
Be thou my witness that, against my will,¹
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 former ensign^a

Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
Who to Philippi here consorted 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 up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;

For I am fresh of spirit, and resolv'd
To meet all perils 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 the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.

If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death

^a Where a plural noun being a genitive case immediately precedes the verb, it is not at all uncommon, in the writers of Shakspeare's time, to disregard the real singular nominative. Such a construction is not to be imputed to grammatical ignorance, but to a licence warranted by the best examples. Our language in becoming more correct has lost something of its spirit.

^b *Three-and-thirty.*—The ordinary reading is *three-and-twenty*; which Theobald gave us upon the authority of Suetonius and others. Beaumont and Fletcher speak of Cæsar's "two-and-thirty wounds." The poets in such cases were not very scrupulous in following historical authorities. They desire to give us an idea of many wounds, and they accomplish their purpose.

^a *Former ensign.*—The ensign in the van.

Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience,
To stay the providence of some high powers,
That govern us below.

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

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

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we 'll smile indeed;
If not, 't is 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.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Field of Battle.*

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these
bills
Unto the legions on the other side:

[*Loud alarum.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The same. Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. 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 are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;²
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, even 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.—

[*Exit PINDARUS.*]
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he
'lights too:—

He 's ta'en;—and hark! they shout for joy.^a
[*Shout.*]

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

Enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep
thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good sword,

^a We follow the metrical arrangement of the original, than which nothing can be more perfect. Boswell, the last editor of a *variorum* edition, has, for the first time that has come under our notice, reprehended this species of mischievous dabbling with the text. He says, "The modern editors, I know not why, have altered it thus:—

"Titinius is
Enclosed round about with horsemen, that
Make to him on the spur;—yet he spurs on.—
Now they are almost on him; now, Titinius!
Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—he 's ta'en;—and
hark!
They shout for joy."

That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the hilts; And, when my face is cover'd, as 't is now, Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art reveng'd,

Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius! Far from this country Pindarus shall run, Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter TITINIUS, with 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. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala, But Cassius is no more.—O 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 of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child! Why dost thou show 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?

Mes. 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 envenomed, Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit MESSALA.*]

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 't thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything. 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: Come Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

[*Dies.*]

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, 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. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet! Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*]

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crown'd dead Cassius! *Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; His funerals 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:— 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O 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!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;
Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for
Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is over-
powered, and falls.*]

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius ;
And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Luc. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.³

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner !

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

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news.—Here comes the
general :—

Enter ANTONY.

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 wher Brutus be alive, or dead :
And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field.*

*Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO,
and VOLUMNIUS.*

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on
this rock.⁴

Cl. Statilius show'd the torchlight ; 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.*]

Cl. What, I, my lord ? No, not for all the
world.

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius.—[*Whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall^a I do such a deed ?

Cl. O, Dardanius !

Dar. O, Clitus !

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to
thee ?

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

Cl. 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 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 :

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 to-
gether ;

Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my
lord. [*Alarum still.*]

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

Bru. Farewell to you—and you ;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep ;
Farewell 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.

[*Alarum. Cry within ; Fly, fly, fly !*]

Cl. Fly, my lord, fly !

Bru. Hence ; I will follow.^b

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VO-
LUMNIUS.*]

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord :
Thou art a fellow of a good respect ;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it :

^a Steevens omits *shall*.

^b The same authority here adds *thec*.

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. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be
still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

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

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
MESSALA, LUCILIUS, *and their army.*

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy
master?

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Mes-
sala;

The conquerors 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.

Oct. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Str. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good^a Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. 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!'

Oct. 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.*]

^a He here omits *good*. These three examples are very sufficient specimens of the mode in which the received text of Shakspeare is made up.



[Medal of Brutus.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

1 SCENE I.—“*Be thou my witness that, against my will,*” &c.

“WHEN they raised their camp, there came two eagles, that, flying with a marvellous force, lighted upon two of the foremost ensigns, and always followed the soldiers, which gave them meat and fed them until they came near to the city of Philippes; and there one day only before the battle they both flew away. * * * And yet, further, there were seen a marvellous number of fowls of prey that fed upon dead carcasses. * * * The which began somewhat to alter Cassius’ mind from Epicurus’ opinions, and had put the soldiers also in a marvellous fear; thereupon Cassius was of opinion not to fry this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw it out in length. * * * But Brutus, in contrary manner, did always before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible. * * * Thereupon it was presently determined they should fight battle the next day. So Brutus all supper-time looked with a cheerful countenance, like a man that had good hope, and talked very wisely of philosophy, and after supper went to bed. But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by himself in his tent with a few friends, and that all supper-time he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature; and that after supper he took him by the hand, and, holding him fast (in token of kindness, as his manner was), told him in Greek,—Messala, I protest unto thee, and make thee my witness, that I am compelled against my mind and will (as Pompey the Great was), to ‘jeopard’ the liberty of our country to the hazard of a battle. And yet we must be lively and of good courage, considering our good fortune, whom we should wrong too much to mistrust her, although we follow evil counsel. Messala writeth that Cassius having spoken these last words unto him, he bade him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birthday. The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus’ and Cassius’ camp, which was an arming scarlet coat, and both the chieftains spake together in the midst of their armies. Then Cassius began to speak first, and said,—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest

and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I trust (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune; for I gave up my life for my country in the Ides of March, for the which I shall live in another more glorious world. Cassius fell a laughing to hear what he said, and, embracing him, Come on then, said he, let us go and charge our enemies with this mind; for either we shall conquer, or we shall not need to fear the conquerors. After this talk they fell to consultation among their friends for the ordering of the battle.”

2 SCENE III.—“*Fly further off, my lord.*”

“So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit, Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him; but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus’ horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius’ chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy, and they that were familiarly acquainted with him lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about on horseback, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy. But this marred all: for Cassius thinking indeed that Titinius was taken

of the enemies, he then spake these words :—Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where nobody was, and took Pindarus with him, one of his bondmen whom he reserved ever for such a pinch since the cursed battle of the Parthians, where Crassus was slain, though he, notwithstanding, scaped from that overthrow. But then, casting his cloak over his head, and holding out his bare neck unto Pindarus, he gave him his head to be stricken off. So the head was found severed from the body; but after that time Pindarus was never seen more: whereupon some took occasion to say that he had slain his master without his commandment. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed unto Cassius. But when he perceived by the cries and tears of his friends which tormented themselves the misfortune that had chanced to his captain Cassius by mistaking, he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had tarried so long, and so slew himself presently in the field. Brutus, in the mean time, came forward still, and understood also that Cassius had been overthrown; but he knew nothing of his death till he came very near to his camp. So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried and sent it to the city of Thassos, fearing lest his funerals within his camp should cause great disorder.”

3 SCENE IV.—“*Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.*”

“So there were slain in the field all the chiefest gentlemen and nobility that were in his army, who valiantly ran into any danger to save Brutus' life. Amongst them there was one of Brutus' friends called Lucilius, who, seeing a troop of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life; and, being left behind, told them that he was Brutus, and, because they should believe him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was afraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. The barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking themselves happy men, they carried him in the night, and sent some before unto Antonius to tell him of their coming. He was marvellous glad of it, and went out to meet them that brought him. Others also understanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner, they came out of all parts of the camp to see him; some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying that it was not done like himself, so cowardly to be taken alive of the barbarous people for fear of death. When they came near together, Antonius stayed awhile bethinking himself how he should use Brutus. In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said—Antonius, I dare assure thee that no enemy hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus alive, and I beseech God keep him from that fortune; for where-soever he be found, alive or dead, he will be found like himself. And now for myself:—I am come

unto thee, having deceived these men of arms here, bearing them down that I was Brutus, and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius' words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking upon all them that had brought him, said unto them, My companions, I think ye are sorry you have failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong; but I do assure you, you have taken a better booty than that you followed; for instead of an enemy you have brought me a friend: and, for my part, if you had brought me Brutus alive, truly I cannot tell what I should have done to him; for I had rather have such men my friends, as this man here, than enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time delivered him to one of his friends in custody, and Lucilius ever after served him faithfully, even to his death.”

4 SCENE V.—“*Come, poor remains of friends,*” &c.

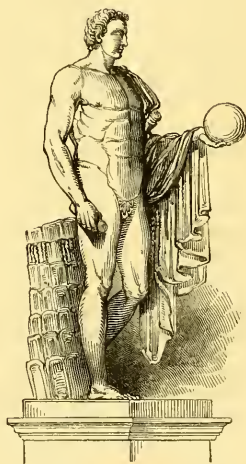
“Now, Brutus having passed a little river, walled in on every side with high rocks, and shadowed with great trees, being then dark night, he went no further, but stayed at the foot of a rock with certain of his captains and friends that followed him: and looking up to the firmament that was full of stars, sighing, he rehearsed two verses, of the which Volumnius wrote the one, to this effect:—

‘Let not the wight from whom this mischief went
(O Jove) escape without due punishment;’—

and saith that he had forgotten the other. Within a little while after, naming his friends that he had seen slain in battle before his eyes, he fetched a greater sigh than before, specially when he came to name Sabia and Flavius, of the which the one was his lieutenant, and the other captain of the pioneers of his camp. In the mean time one of the company being athirst, and seeing Brutus athirst also, he ran to the river for water, and brought it in his sallet. At the self-same time they heard a noise on the other side of the river. Whereupon Volumnius took Dardanus, Brutus' servant, with him, to see what it was; and returning straight again, asked if there were any water left. Brutus, smiling, gently told them all was drunk, but they shall bring you some more. Thereupon he sent him again that went for water before, who was in great danger of being taken by the enemies, and hardly escaped, being sore hurt. Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slain in battle, and to know the truth of it there was one called Statilius that promised to go through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to go see their camp), and from thence, if all were well, that he should lift up a torchlight in the air, and then return again with speed to him. The torchlight was lift up as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Now Brutus seeing Statilius tarry long after that, and that he came not again, he said, If Statilius be alive he will come again; but his evil fortune was such, that as he came back he lighted in his enemies' hands and was slain. Now the night being far spent, Brutus, as he sat, bowed towards Clitus, one of his men, and told him somewhat in his ear: the other answered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proved Dardanus, and said somewhat also to him. At length he came to Volumnius himself, and, speaking to him in Greek, prayed him, for the studies' sake which brought

them acquainted together, that he would help him to put his hand to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others; and amongst the rest, one of them said there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needs fly. Then Brutus, rising up, we must fly indeed, said he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feet. Then taking every man by the hand, he said these words unto them with a cheerful countenance: It rejoiceth my heart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my need, and I do not complain of my fortune, but only for my country's sake: for, as for me, I think myself happier than they that have overcome, considering that I have a perpetual fame of our courage and manhood, the which our enemies the conquerors shall never attain unto by force or money; neither can let their posterity to say that they, being naughty and unjust men, have slain good men, to usurp tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Having

said so, he prayed every man to shift for themselves, and then he went a little aside with two or three only, among the which Strato was one, with whom he came first acquainted by the study of rhetoric. He came as near to him as he could, and taking his sword by the hilt with both his hands, and falling down upon the point of it, ran himself through. Others say that not he but Strato (at his request) held the sword in his hand, and turned his head aside, and that Brutus fell down upon it, and so ran himself through, and died presently. Messala, that had been Brutus' great friend, became afterwards Octavius Cæsar's friend. So, shortly after, Cæsar being at good leisure, he brought Strato, Brutus' friend, unto him, and weeping said—Cæsar, behold, here is he that did the last service to my Brutus. Cæsar welcomed him at that time, and afterwards he did him as faithful service in all his affairs as any Grecian else he had about him, until the battle of Actium."



[Pompey's Statue.]

by chance there stood Seleucus by, one of her treasurers, who, to seem a good servant, came straight to Cæsar to disprove Cleopatra, that she had not set in all, but kept many things back of purpose. Cleopatra was in such a rage with him, that she flew upon him, and took him by the hair of the head, and boxed him well favouredly. Cæsar fell a-laughing, and parted the fray. Alas! said she, O, Cæsar! is not this a great shame and reproach, that thou having vouchsafed to take the pains to come unto me, and hast done me this honour, poor wretch and caitiff creature, brought unto this pitiful and miserable estate; and that mine own servants should come now to accuse me, though it may be I have reserved some jewels and trifles meet for women, but not for me (poor soul) to set out myself withal, but meaning to give some pretty presents and gifts unto Octavia and Livia, that, they making means and intercession for me to thee, thou mightest yet extend thy favour and mercy upon me? Cæsar was glad to hear her say so, persuading himself thereby that she had yet a desire to save her life. So he made her answer, that he did not only give her that to dispose of at her pleasure which she had kept back, but further promised to use her more honourably and bountifully than she would think for: and so he took his leave of her, supposing he had deceived her, but indeed he was deceived himself."

4 SCENE II.—

*"Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey."*

"There was a young gentleman, Cornelius Dolabella, that was one of Cæsar's very great familiars, and besides did bear no evil will unto Cleopatra. He sent her word secretly, as she had requested him, that Cæsar determined to take his journey through Syria, and that within three days he would send her away before with her children. When this was told Cleopatra, she commanded they should prepare her bath, and when she had bathed and washed herself she fell to her meat, and was sumptuously served. Now, whilst she was at dinner, there came a countryman, and brought her a basket. The soldiers that warded at the gates asked him straight what he had in his basket. He opened the basket, and took out the leaves that covered the figs, and showed them that they were figs he brought. They all of them marvelled to see such goodly figs. The countryman laughed to hear them, and bade them take some if they would. They believed he told them truly, and so bade him carry them in. After Cleopatra had dined, she sent a certain table, written and sealed, unto Cæsar, and commanded

them all to go out of the tombs where she was but the two women; then she shut the doors to her. Cæsar, when he received this table, and began to read her lamentation and petition, requesting him that he would let her be buried with Antonius, found straight what she meant, and thought to have gone thither himself: howbeit he sent one before him in all haste that might be to see what it was. Her death was very sudden; for those whom Cæsar sent unto her ran thither in all haste possible, and found the soldiers standing at the gate, mistrusting nothing, nor understanding of her death. But when they had opened the doors they found Cleopatra stark dead, laid upon a bed of gold, attired and arrayed in her royal robes, and one of her two women, which was called Iras, dead at her feet; and her other woman, called Charmian, half dead, and trembling, tripping the diadem which Cleopatra wore upon her head. One of the soldiers, seeing her, angrily said unto her, Is that well done, Charmian? Very well, said she again, and meet for a princess descended from the race of so many noble kings. She said no more, but fell down dead hard by the bed. Some report that this asp was brought unto her in the basket with figs, and that she had commanded them to hide it under the fig-leaves, that, when she should think to take out the figs the asp should bite her before she should see her. Howbeit, that, when she would have taken away the leaves from the figs, she perceived it, and said, Art thou here then? And so, her arm being naked, she put it to the asp to be bitten. Other say again she kept it in a box, and that she did prick and thrust it with a spindle of gold, so that the asp, being angered withal, leapt out with great fury, and bit her in the arm. Howbeit, few can tell the truth: for they report also that she had hidden poison in a hollow razor which she carried in the hair of her head; and yet was there no mark seen of her body, or any sign discerned that she was poisoned, neither also did they find this serpent in her tomb. But it was reported only that there were seen certain fresh steps or tracks where it had gone on the tomb side toward the sea, and specially by the door's side. Some say also that they found two pretty bitings in her arm, scant to be discerned: the which it seemeth Cæsar himself gave credit unto, because in his triumph he carried Cleopatra's image with an asp biting of her arm. And thus goeth the report of her death. Now Cæsar, though he was marvellous sorry for the death of Cleopatra, yet he wondered at her noble mind and courage, and therefore commanded she should be nobly buried, and laid by Antonius; and willed also that her two women should have honourable burial."



SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

THE German critic, Horn, concludes some remarks upon Shakspeare's *King John* with a passage that may startle those who believe that the truth of History, and the truth of our great dramatic teacher of history, are altogether different things:—

“The hero of this piece stands not in the list of personages, and could not stand with them; for the idea should be clear without personification. The hero is England.

“What the poet chose to express of his view of the dignity and worth of his native land he has confided to the Bastard to embody in words:—

‘This England never did, nor never shall,
Lie at the proud foot of a conqueror,
But when it first did help to wound itself.’

But Shakspeare is immeasurably more than *Falconbridge*, and he would have the reader and the spectator more also. These lines are not intended to be fixed upon England at the beginning of the fourteenth century alone; they are not even confined to England generally. They are for the elevation of the views of a state—of a people. Happy for England that she possesses a poet who so many years since has spoken to her people as the highest and most splendid teacher! The full consequences of his teaching have not yet been sufficiently revealed; they may perhaps never wholly be exhibited. We, however, know that in England a praiseworthy zeal for their country's history prevails amongst the people. But who first gave true life to that history?”

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In the three great dramas that are before us, the idea, not personified, but full of a life that animates and informs every scene, is ROME. Some one said that Chantrey's bust of a great living poet was more like than the poet himself. Shakspeare's Rome, we venture to think, is more like than the Rome of the Romans. It is the idealized Rome, true indeed to her every-day features, but embodying that expression of character which belongs to the universal rather than the accidental. And yet how varied is the idea of Rome which the poet presents to us in these three great mirrors of her history! In the young Rome of Coriolanus we see the terrible energy of her rising ambition checked and overpowered by the factious violence of her contending classes. We know that the prayer of Coriolanus is a vain prayer:—

"The honour'd gods
Keep Rome in safety, and the chairs of justice
Supplied with worthy men! plant love among us!
Through our large temples with the shows of peace,
And not our streets with war!"

In the matured Rome of Julius Cæsar we see her riches and her glories about to be swallowed up in a domestic conflict of *principles*:—

"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 walks encompass'd but one man?"

In the slightly older Rome of Antony, her power, her magnificence, are ready to perish in the selfishness of *individuals*:—

"Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide, arch
Of the rang'd empire fall!"

Rome was saved from anarchy by the supremacy of one. Shakspeare did not live to make the Cæsars more immortal.

Schlegel has observed that "these plays are the very thing itself; and under the apparent artlessness of adhering closely to history as he [Shakspeare] found it, an uncommon degree of art is concealed." In our edition of these plays we have given, with great fulness, the passages from Plutarch, as translated by North, which the poet followed—sometimes even to the literal adoption of the biographer's words. This is the "apparent artlessness." But Schlegel has also shown us the principles of the "uncommon art:"—"Of every historical transaction Shakspeare knows how to seize the true poetical point of view, and to give unity and rounding to a series of events detached from the immeasurable extent of history, without in any degree changing them." But he adopts the literal only when it enters into "the true poetical point of view;" and is therefore in harmony with the general poetical truth, which in many subordinate particulars necessarily discards all pretension of "adhering closely to history." Jonson has left us two Roman plays produced essentially upon a different principle. In his 'Sejanus' there is scarcely a speech or an incident that is not derived from the ancient authorities; and Jonson's own edition of the play is crowded with references as minute as would have been required from any modern annalist. In his Address to the Readers he says—"Lest in some nice nostril the quotations might savour affected, I do let you know that I abhor nothing more; and I have only done it to show my integrity in the story." The character of the dramatist's mind, as well as the abundance of his learning, determined this mode of proceeding; but it is evident that he worked upon a false principle of art. His characters are, therefore, puppets carved and stuffed according to the descriptions, and made to speak according to the very words, of Tacitus and Suetonius;—but they are not living men. It is the same in his 'Catiline.' Cicero is the great actor in that play; and he moves as Sallust, corrected by other authorities, made him move; and speaks as he spoke himself in his own orations. Jonson gives the whole of Cicero's first oration against Catiline, in a translation amounting to some three hundred lines. It may be asked, what can we have that may better present Cicero to us than the descriptions of the Roman historians, and Cicero's own words? We answer, six lines of Shakspeare, not found in the books:—

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

“ The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar’s brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
Calphurnia’s cheek is pale ; and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes,
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross’d in conference with some senators.”

Gifford, speaking of Jonson’s two Roman tragedies, says—“ He has apparently succeeded in his principal object, which was to exhibit the characters of the drama to the spectators of his days precisely as they appeared to those of their own. The plan was scholastic, but it was not judicious. The difference between the *dramatis personæ* and the spectators was too wide ; and the very accuracy to which he aspired would seem to take away much of the power of pleasing. Had he drawn men instead of Romans, his success might have been more assured.”* We presume to think that there is here a slight confusion of terms. If Jonson had succeeded in his principal object, and had exhibited his characters precisely as they *appeared* in their own days, his representation would have been the truth. But he has drawn, according to this intelligent critic, Romans instead of men, and therefore his success was not perfectly assured. Not drawing *men*, he did not draw his characters as they appeared in their own days ; but as he pieced out their supposed appearance from incidental descriptions or formal characterizations—from party historians or prejudiced rhetoricians. If he had drawn *Romans* as they were, he would have drawn *men* as they were. They were not the less men because they were Romans. He failed to draw the men, principally on account of the limited range of his imaginative power ; he copied instead of created. He repeated, says Gifford, “ the ideas, the language, the allusions,” which “ could only be readily caught by the contemporaries of Augustus and Tiberius.” He gave us, partly on this account also, shadows of life, instead of the “ living features of an age so distant from our own,” as his biographer yet thinks he gave. Shakspeare worked upon different principles, and certainly with a different success.

The leading idea of *Coriolanus*—the pivot upon which all the action turns—the key to the bitterness of factious hatred which runs through the whole drama—is the contest for power between the patricians and plebeians. This is a broad principle, assuming various modifications in various states of society, but very slightly varied in its foundations and its results. He that truly works out the exhibition of this principle must paint *men*, let the scene be the Rome of the first Tribunes, or the Venice of the last Doges. With the very slightest changes of accessaries, the principle stands for the contests between aristocracy and democracy, in any country or in any age—under a republic or a monarchy—in England under Queen Victoria, in the United States under President Tyler. The historical truth, and the philosophical principle, which Shakspeare has embodied in *Coriolanus* are universal. But suppose he had possessed the means of treating the subject with what some would call historical accuracy ; had learnt that Plutarch, in the story of *Coriolanus*, was probably dealing only with a legend ; that, if the story is to be received as true, it belongs to a later period ; that in this later period there were very nice shades of difference between the classes composing the population of Rome ; that the balance of power was a much more complex thing than he found in the narrative of Plutarch : further suppose that, proud of this learning, he had made the universal principle of the plebeian and patrician hostility subsidiary to an exact display of it, according to the conjectures which modern industry and acuteness have brought to bear on the subject. It is evident, we think, that he would have been betrayed into a false principle of art ; and would necessarily have drawn Roman shadows instead of vital and enduring men. As it is, he has drawn men so vividly—under such permanent relations to each other—with such universal manifestations of character, that some persons of strong political feelings have been ready to complain, according to their several creeds, either that his plebeians are too brutal, or his patricians too haughty. A polite democracy, a humane oligarchy, would be better. Johnson somewhat rejoices in the amusing exhibition of “ plebeian malignity and tribunitian insolence.” Hazlitt, who is more than half angry on the other side of the question, says—“ The *whole* dramatic moral of *Coriolanus* is that those who have little shall have less, and that those who have much shall take all that others have left.” Let us see.

With his accustomed consummate judgment in his opening scenes, Shakspeare throws us at once

* ‘Memoirs of Jonson,’ p. ccxx.—Works, 9 vols.

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into the centre of the contending classes of early Rome. We have no description of the nature of the factions; we behold them:—

“ 1 *Cit.* You are all resolved rather to die than to famish.
Cit. Resolved, resolved!
 1 *Cit.* First, you know, Caius Marcius is chief enemy to
 the people.
Cit. We know 't, we know 't.
 1 *Cit.* Let us kill him, and we 'll have corn at our own
 price.
Cit. No more talking on 't: let it be done.”

The foundation of the violence is misery;—its great stimulant is ignorance. The people are famishing for want of corn;—they will kill one man, and that will give them corn at their own price: the murder will turn scarcity into plenty. Hazlitt says that Shakspeare “spared no occasion of baiting the rabble.” If to show that misery acting upon ignorance produces the same effects in all ages be “baiting the rabble,” he has baited them. But he has not painted the “mutinous citizens” with an indiscriminating contempt. One that displays a higher power than his fellows of reasoning or remonstrance, and yet is zealous enough to resist what he thinks injustice, says of Caius Marcius,

“ Consider you what services he has done for his country.”

The people are sometimes ungrateful; but Shakspeare chose to show that some amongst them could be just. The people have their favourites. “Worthy Menenius Agrippa” has the good word of the mutinous citizens. Shakspeare gave them no unworthy favourite. His rough humour, his true kindness, his noble constancy, form a character that the people have always loved, even whilst they are rebuked and chastened. But if the poet has exhibited the democratic ignorance in pretty strong colours, has he shrunk from presenting us a full-length portrait of patrician haughtiness? Caius Marcius in the first scene claims no sympathies:—

“ Would the nobility lay aside their ruth,
 And let me use my sword, I'd make a quarry
 With thousands of these quarter'd slaves, as high
 As I could pick my lance.”

Till Caius Marcius has become Coriolanus, and we see that the popular violence is under the direction of demagogues—the same never-varying result of the same circumstances—we feel no love for him. It is under oppression and ingratitude that his pride becomes sublime. But he has previously deserved our homage, and in some sort our affection. The poet gradually wins us to an admiration of the hero, by the most skilful management. First, through his mother. What a glorious picture of an antique matron, from whom her son equally derived his pride and his heroism, is presented in the exquisite scene where Volumnia and Valeria talk of him they loved, according to their several natures! Who but Shakspeare could have seized upon the spirit of a Roman woman of the highest courage and mental power bursting out in words such as these?—

“ *Vol.* His bloody brow
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes;
 Like to a harvest-man, that's task'd to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.
Vir. His bloody brow! O, Jupiter, no blood!
Vol. Away, you fool! it more becomes a man
 Than gilt his trophy: The breasts of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords' contending.”

This is a noble preparation for the scenic exhibition of the deeds of Caius Marcius. Amidst the physical strength, and the mental energy, that make the triumphant warrior, the poet, by a few of his magical touches, has shown us the ever-present loftiness of mind that denotes qualities far beyond those which belong to mere animal courage. His contempt of the Romans who are “beaten back,” and the “Romans with spoils,” is equally withering. It is not sufficient for him to win one battle. The force of character through which he thinks that nothing is done whilst anything remains to do, shows that Shakspeare understood the stuff of which a great general is made. His remonstrance to Cominius—

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

“Where is the enemy? Are you lords o’ the field?
If not, why cease you till you are so?”—

is not in Plutarch. It is supplied to us by a higher authority—by the instinct by which Shakspeare knew the great secret of success in every enterprise—the determination to be successful. One example more of the skill with which Shakspeare makes Caius Marcius gradually obtain the uncontrolled homage of our hearts. The proud conqueror who rejects all gifts and honours, who has said,

“I have some wounds upon me, and they smart
To hear themselves remember’d,”

asks a gift of his superior officer:—

“*Cor.* I sometime lay, here in Corioli,
At a poor man’s house; he us’d me kindly:
He cried to me; I saw him prisoner;
But then Aufidius was within my view,
And wrath o’erwhelm’d my pity: I request you
To give my poor host freedom.”

We now see only the true hero. He realizes the noble description of the “Happy Warrior” which the great poet of our own days has drawn with so masterly a hand:—

“Who, doom’d to go in company with Pain,
And Fear, and Bloodshed, miserable train!
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;
In face of these doth exercise a power
Which is our human nature’s highest dower;
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves
Of their bad influence, and their good receives,
By objects, which might force the soul to abate
Her feeling, render’d more compassionate.”

We have forgotten the fierce patrician who would make a quarry of the Roman populace.

And this, we suppose, is what Hazlitt objects to in Shakspeare’s conduct of this play. The character of Coriolanus rises upon us. The sufferings and complaints of his enemies are merged in their factious hatred. “Poetry,” says the critic, “is right royal. It puts the individual for the species, the one above the infinite many, might before right.” Now we apprehend that Shakspeare has not treated the subject of Coriolanus after this right royal fashion of poetry. He has dealt fairly with the vices as well as the virtues of his hero. The scene in the second act, in which Coriolanus stands for the consulship, is amongst the most remarkable examples of Shakspeare’s insight into character. In Plutarch he found a simple fact related without any comment:—“Now, Marcius, following this custom, showed many wounds and cuts upon his body, which he had received in seventeen years’ service at the wars, and in many sundry battles, being ever the foremost man that did set out feet to fight; so that there was not a man among the people but was ashamed of himself to refuse so valiant a man; and one of them said to another, We must needs choose him consul, there is no remedy.” But in his representation of this fact Shakspeare had to create a character, and to make that character act and re-act upon the character of the people. Coriolanus was essentially and necessarily proud. His education, his social position, his individual supremacy, made him so. He lives in a city of factions, and he dislikes, of course, the faction opposed to his order. The people represent the opinions that he dislikes, and he therefore dislikes the people. That he has pity and love for humanity, however humble, we have already seen. Coming into contact with the Roman populace for their suffrages, his uppermost thought is “bid them wash their faces and keep their teeth clean.” He outwardly despises that vanity of the people which will not reward desert unless it go hand in hand with solicitation. He betrays his contempt for the canvassed, even whilst he is canvassing:—

“I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother the people, to earn a dearer estimation of them; ’t is a condition they account gentle: and since the wisdom of their choice is rather to have my hat than my heart, I will practise the insinuating nod, and be off to them most counterfeitedly: that is, sir, I will counterfeit the bewitchment of some popular man, and give it bountifully to the desirers. Therefore, beseech you, I may be consul.”

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The satire is not obsolete. The desperation with which he at last roars out his demand for their voices, as if he were a chorus mocking himself and the people with the most bitter irony, is the climax of this wonderful exhibition :—

“Your voices : for your voices I have fought ;
 Watch'd for your voices ; for your voices, bear
 Of wounds two dozen odd ; battles thrice six
 I have seen and heard of ; for your voices
 Have done many things, some less, some more : your
 voices :
 Indeed, I would be consul.”

The people have justice enough to elect the man for his deeds ; but they have not strength enough to abide by their own election. When they are told by the Tribunes that they have been treated scornfully, they can bear to be rebuked by their demagogues—to have their “ignorant election” revoked—to suffer falsehoods to be put in their mouth—to be the mere tools of their weak though crafty leaders. It is Shakspeare's praise, in his representation of this plebeian and patrician conflict, that he, for the most part, shows the people as they always are—just, generous, up to a certain point. But put that thing called a demagogue amongst them,—that cold, grovelling, selfish thing, without sympathies for the people, the real despiser of the people, because he uses them as tools,—and then there is no limit to their unjust violence. In the subsequent scenes we see not the people at all in the exercise of their own wills. We see only Brutus and Sicinius speaking the voice, not of the people, but of their individual selfishness. In the first scene of the third act the Tribunes insult Coriolanus ; and from that moment the lion lashes himself up into a fury which will be deadly. The catastrophe is only deferred when the popular clamour of the Tarpeian Rock subsides into the demand that he should answer to them once again in the market-place. The mother of Coriolanus abates something of her high nature when she counsels her son to a dissembling submission :—

“*Fal.* Because that now it lies you on to speak
 To the people ; not by your own instruction,
 Nor by the matter which your heart prompts you,
 But with such words as are but roted in
 Your tongue, though but bastards, and syllables
 Of no allowance, to your bosom's truth.”

This is the prudence even of an heroic woman ; but she fears for her son. She is somewhat lowered by the instruction. But the poet knew that a real contempt for the people, allied to a strong desire for the honours which the people have to bestow, must produce this lip-service. Coriolanus does not heed the instructions of his mother. He approaches temperately to his questioners ; he puts up vows for the safety of Rome from the depths of his full heart ; he is in earnest to smother his pride and his resentment, but the coarse Tribune calls him “traitor.” There can be but one issue ; he is banished.

Some of the historians say that, although Coriolanus joined the enemies of his country, he provoked no jealousies amongst the native leaders of those enemies ; that he died honoured and rewarded ; that his memory was even revered at Rome. Shakspeare probably knew not this version of the legend of Coriolanus. If he had known it he would not have adopted it. He had to show the false step which Coriolanus took. He had to teach that his proud resentment hurried him upon a course which brought evils worse than the Tarpeian Rock. And yet we are compelled to admire him ; we can scarcely blame him. It has not been our good fortune to see John Kemble in this his greatest character : if we had, we probably should have received into our minds an embodied image of the moral grandeur of that scene when Coriolanus stands upon the hearth of Tullus Aufidius, and says—

“My name is Caius Marcius, who hath done
 To thee particularly, and to all the Volces,
 Great hurt and mischief.”

The words are almost literally copied from Plutarch ; but the wondrous art of the poet is shown in the perfect agreement of these words with the minutest traits of the man's character which had preceded them. The answer of Aufidius is not in Plutarch ; and here Shakspeare invests the rival of Coriolanus with a majesty of language which has for its main object to call us back to the real greatness of the banished man :

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“ Know thou first,
I lov'd the maid I married : never man
Sigh'd truer breath ; but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing ! more dances my rapt heart
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Bestride my threshold.”

Brief and rapid is their agreement to make war upon Rome. In the great city herself “ Coriolanus is not much missed but with his friends,” according to the Tribune ; no harm can come to Rome ; the popular authority will whip the slave that speaks of evil news. Shakspeare again “ baits the rabble,” according to Hazlitt ; though he reluctantly adds, “ what he says of them is very true :”—

“ *Cit.* Faith, we hear fearful news.
1 *Cit.* For mine own part,
When I said banish him, I said 't was pity.
2 *Cit.* And so did I.
3 *Cit.* And so did I ; and to say the truth, so did very
many of us : That we did we did for the best ; and
though we willingly consented to his banishment, yet
it was against our will.”

When Shakspeare made Coriolanus ask the freedom of the poor man that had used him kindly he showed the tenderness that was at the bottom of that proud heart. When Rome is beleaguered Cominius reports thus of his unsuccessful mission to her banished son :—

“ *Com.* I offer'd to awaken his regard
For his private friends : His answer to me was,
He could not stay to pick them in a pile
Of noisome musty chaff : He said, 't was folly
For one poor grain or two to leave unburnt,
And still to nose the offence.”

His old general and companion in arms touched nothing but his pride. Menenius, his “belov'd in Rome,” undertakes a similar mission. The answer of Coriolanus is—

“ Wife, mother, child, I know not. My affairs
Are servanted to others.”

But the moment that Coriolanus has declared to Aufidius

“ Fresh embassies
Nor from the state, nor private friends, hereafter
Will I lend ear to.”

his mother, his wife, his child appear. But he will stand

“ As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.”

What a scene follows ! The warrior is externally calm, as if he were a god, above all passions and affections. The wondrous poetry in which he speaks seems in its full harmony as if it held the man's inmost soul in a profound consistency. But the passion is coming. “ I have sat too long” is the prelude to

“ O mother, mother,
What have you done ? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother ! O !
You have won a happy victory to Rome :
But, for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him.”

Volumnia speaks no other word. The mother and the son, the wife and the husband, the child and the father, have parted for ever. The death of Coriolanus in the “goodly city” of Antium is inevitable :—

“ *Cor.* Cut me to pieces, Volces ; men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy ! False hound !
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli :
Alone I did it.—Boy !

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Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your shame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?
Con. Let him die for 't."

The struggle for power amongst the CLASSES of young Rome ends in the death of the proud patrician by the swords of those whom he had conquered. He had presented his throat to Tullus Aufidius,

"Which not to cut would show thee but a fool."

But Aufidius would first use him who said he would fight

"Against my canker'd country with the spleen
Of all the under fiends."

The retribution is a fearful one. Hazlitt observes, "What Shakspeare says of them [the rabble] is very true; what he says of their betters is also very true; *though he dwells less upon it.*" Shakspeare teaches by action as well as by words. The silly rabble escape with a terrible fright: Coriolanus loses his home, his glory, his life, for his pride and his revenge.

Years, perhaps centuries, had rolled on. Rome had seen a constitution which had reconciled the differences of the patricians and the plebeians. The two orders had built a temple to Concord. Her power had increased; her territory had extended. In compounding their differences the patricians and the plebeians had appropriated to themselves all the wealth and honours of the state. There was a neglected class that the social system appeared to reject, as well as to despise. The aristocratic party was again brought into a more terrible conflict with the impoverished and the destitute. Civil war was the natural result. Sulla established a short-lived constitution. The dissolution of the Republic was at hand: the struggle was henceforth to be not between classes but individuals. The death of Julius Cæsar was soon followed by the final termination of the contest between the republican and the monarchical *principle*. Shakspeare saw the grandeur of the crisis; and he seized upon it for one of his lofty expositions of political philosophy. He has treated it as no other poet would have treated it, because he saw the exact relations of the contending principle to the future great history of mankind. The death of Cæsar was not his catastrophe: it was the death of the Roman Republic at Philippi.

Shakspeare, in the opening scene of his Julius Cæsar, has marked very distinctly the difference between the citizens of this period, and the former period of Coriolanus. In the first play they are a turbulent body, without regular occupation. They are in some respects a military body. They would revenge with their pikes: the wars would eat them up. In Julius Cæsar, on the contrary, they are "mechanical"—the carpenter or the cobbler. They "make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph." The speech of Marullus, the Tribune, brings the Rome of the hour vividly before us. It is the Rome of mighty conquests and terrible factions. Pompey has had his triumphs; and now the men of Rome

"Strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood."

But the triumphant man himself appears. When he speaks, the music and the shouts are silent. When he speaks not, the air is again filled with sounds of greeting. There is a voice in the crowd, "shriller than the music." The Soothsayer cries, "Beware the Ides of March;" but "he is a dreamer." The procession passes on; two men remain who are to make the dream a reality. Of all Shakspeare's characters none require to be studied with more patient attention than those of Brutus and Cassius, that we may understand the resemblances and the differences of each. The leading distinctions between these two remarkable men, as drawn by Shakspeare, appear to us to be these: Brutus acts wholly upon principle; Cassius partly upon impulse. Brutus acts only when he has reconciled the contemplation of action with his speculative opinions; Cassius allows the necessity of *some* action to run before and govern his opinions. Brutus is a philosopher; Cassius is a partisan. Brutus therefore deliberates and spares; Cassius precipitates and denounces. Brutus is the nobler instructor; Cassius the better politician. Shakspeare, in the first great scene between them, brings out these distinctions of character upon which future events so mainly depend.

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Cassius does not, like a merely crafty man, use only the arguments to conspiracy which will most touch Brutus; but he mixes with them, in his zeal and vehemence, those which have presented themselves most strongly to his own mind. He had a personal dislike of Cæsar, as Cæsar had of him. Cassius begins artfully: he would first move Brutus through his affection, and next through his self-love. He is opening a set discourse on his own sincerity, when the shouting of the people makes Brutus express his fear that they "choose Cæsar for their king." Cassius at once leaves his prepared speeches, and assumes that because Brutus fears it he would not have it so:—

"I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well."

Cassius sees that the love which Brutus bears to Cæsar will be an obstacle; and he goes on to disparage Cæsar. He could not buffet the waves with Cassius: when he had a fever in Spain,

"Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius.'"

Brutus answers not: but marks "another general shout." Cassius then strikes a different note:—

"Brutus and Cæsar: What should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?"

At last Cassius hits upon a *principle*:—

"O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king."

The Stoic is at last moved:—

"Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us."

In the next scene, when Cæsar is returning from the games, the great dictator describes Cassius—the Cassius with "a lean and hungry look," the "great observer,"—as one whom he could fear if he could fear anything. In the subsequent dialogue with Casca, where the narrative of what passed at the games is conducted with a truth that puts the very scene before us, Cassius again strikes in with the thought that is uppermost in his mind. Brutus says that Cæsar "hath the falling-sickness:" the reply of Cassius is most characteristic:—

"No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness."

Brutus goes home to meditate. The energy of Cassius is never weary. In the storm he is still the conspirator. The "impatience of the Heavens" furnishes him an argument against the man

"Prodigious grown,
And fearful, as these strange irruptions are."

The plot is maturing. Brutus especially is to be won.

Coleridge, who, when he doubts of a meaning in Shakspeare,—or, what is rarer, suggests that there is some inconsistency in the conduct of the scene, or the development of character,—has the highest claim upon our deferential regard, gives the soliloquy of Brutus in the beginning of the second act with the following observations:—"This speech is singular; at least, I do not at present see into Shakspeare's motive, his *rationale*, or in what point of view he meant Brutus' character to appear. For surely—(this I mean is what I say to myself, with my present *quantum* of insight only modified by my experience in how many instances I had ripened into a perception of beauties, where I had before descried faults)—surely, nothing can seem more discordant with our historical preconceptions of Brutus, or more lowering to the intellect of the Stoico-Platonic tyrannicide, than the tenets here attributed to him—to him, the stern Roman republican; namely,—that he would have no objection to a king, or to Cæsar, a monarch in Rome, would Cæsar but be as good a monarch as he now seems disposed to be! How, too, could Brutus say that he found no personal cause—none—in Cæsar's past conduct as a man? Had he not passed the Rubicon? Had he not entered Rome as a conqueror? Had he not placed his Gauls in the Senate?—Shakspeare, it may be said, has not brought these things forward.—True;—and this is just the ground of my perplexity.

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What character did Shakspeare mean his Brutus to be?*" To this question we venture to reply, according to our imperfect conception of the character of Brutus. Shakspeare meant him not for a conspirator. He has a terror of conspiracy:—

" Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage?"

He has been "with himself at war," speculating, we doubt not, upon the strides of Cæsar towards absolute power, but unprepared to resist them. Of Cæsar he has said, "I love him well;" he now says—

" I know no personal cause to spurn at him."

We are by no means sure of the correct punctuation of this passage as it is usually given. Brutus has come to a conclusion in the watches of the night:—

" It must be by his death."

He disavows, however, any personal hatred to Cæsar:—

" And for my part,
I know no *personal* cause to spurn at him."

He then adds—

" But for the *general*—he would be crown'd:
How that might change his nature, there 's the question."

He goes from the personal cause to the general cause: "He would be crown'd." As a triumvir, a dictator, Brutus had no personal cause against Cæsar; but the name of king, which Cassius poured into his ear, rouses all his speculative republicanism. His experience of Cæsar calls from him the acknowledgment that Cæsar's affections sway not more than his reason; but crown him, and his nature might be changed. We must bear in mind that Brutus is not yet committed to the conspiracy. The character that Shakspeare meant his Brutus to be is not yet fully developed. He is yet irresolute; and his reasonings are therefore, to a certain extent, inconsequential:—

" Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream."

He is instigated from without; the principles associated with the name of Brutus stir him from within:—

" My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king."

The "faction" come. Cassius and Brutus speak together apart. Let us turn aside for a moment to see how Shakspeare fills up this terrible pause. Other poets would have made the inferior men exchange oaths, and cross hands, and whisper, and ejaculate. He makes everything depend upon the determination of Brutus and Cassius; and the others, knowing it so depends, speak thus:—

" *Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break here?
Casca. No.
Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun 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."

Is this nature? The truest and most profound nature. The minds of all men thus disencumber

* 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii, p. 139.

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themselves, in the moments of the most anxious suspense, from the pressure of an overwhelming thought. There is a real relief, if some accidental circumstance, like

“The grey lines that fret the clouds,”

can produce this disposition of the mind to go out of itself for an instant or two of forgetfulness.

But Brutus is changed. We have no doubt *now* of his character. He is the leader, Cassius the subordinate. He is decided in his course: he will not “break with” Cicero; he will not destroy Antony. We recognise the gentleness of his nature even while he is preparing for assassination:—

“O, that we then could come by Cæsar’s spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar!”

In the exquisite scene with Portia which follows, our love for the man is completed; we learn what he has suffered before he has taken his resolution. There is something more than commonly touching in these words:—

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

The pathos in some degree depends upon our knowledge of the situation of the speaker, which Portia does not know.

The scenes which we have now run over bring us to the end of the second act. Nothing can be more interesting, we think, than to follow Shakspeare with Plutarch in hand; and we have furnished the ready means of doing so in our Illustrations. The poet adheres to the facts of history with a remarkable fidelity. A few hard figures are painted upon a canvass; the outlines are distinct, the colours are strong; but there is no art in the composition, no grouping, no light and shadow. This is the historian’s picture. We turn to the poet. We recognise the same figures, but they appear to live; they are in harmony with the entire scene in which they move; we have at once the reality of nature, and the ideal of art, which is a higher nature. Compare the dialogue in the first act between Cassius and Brutus, and the same dialogue as reported by Plutarch, for an example of the power by which the poet elevates all he touches, without destroying its identity. When we arrive at the stirring scenes of the third act this power is still more manifest. The assassination scene is as literal as may be; but it offers an example apt enough of Shakspeare’s mode of dramatizing a fact. When Metellus Cimber makes suit for his brother, and the conspirators appear as intercessors, the historian says—“Cæsar at the first simply refused their kindness and entreaties; but afterwards, perceiving they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him.” The poet enters into the mind of Cæsar, and clothes this rejection of the suit in characteristic words. Hazlitt, after noticing the profound knowledge of character displayed by Shakspeare in this play, says—“If there is any exception to this remark, it is in the hero of the piece himself. We do not much admire the representation here given of Julius Cæsar, nor do we think it answers the portrait given of him in his ‘Commentaries.’ He makes several vapouring and rather pedantic speeches, and does nothing. Indeed, he has nothing to do. So far, the fault of the character is the fault of the plot.” The echoes of this opinion are many; and the small critics wax bold upon the occasion. Boswell says—“There cannot be a stronger proof of Shakspeare’s deficiency in classical knowledge than the boastful language he has put in the mouth of the most accomplished man of all antiquity, who was not more admirable for his achievements than for the dignified simplicity with which he has recorded them.” Courtenay had hazarded, in his notice of Henry VIII., the somewhat bold assertion “that Shakspeare used very little artifice, and, in truth, had very little design, in the construction of the greater number of his historical characters.” Upon the character of Julius Cæsar he says that Plutarch having been supposed to pass over this character somewhat slightly is “a corroboration of my remark upon the slight attention which Shakspeare paid to his historical characters. The conversation with Antony about fat men, and with Calphurnia about her dreams, came conveniently into his plan; and some lofty expressions could hardly be avoided in portraying one who was known to the whole world as a great conqueror. Beyond this our poet gave himself no trouble.” This is certainly an easy way of disposing of a complicated question. Did Shakspeare give himself no trouble about the characterization of Brutus and Cassius? In them did he indicate no points of character but what he found in Plutarch? Is not his characterization of Cæsar himself

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a considerable expansion of what he found set down by the historian? At *the exact period of the action of this drama*, Cæsar, possessing the reality of power, was haunted by the weakness of passionately desiring the title of king. Plutarch says—"The chiefest cause that made him mortally hated was the covetous desire he had to be called king." This is the pivot upon which the whole action of Shakspeare's tragedy turns. There might have been another mode of treating the subject. The death of Julius Cæsar might have been the catastrophe. The republican and the monarchical principles might have been exhibited in conflict. The republican principle would have triumphed in the fall of Cæsar; and the poet would have previously held the balance between the two principles, or have claimed, indeed, our largest sympathies for the principles of Cæsar and his friends, by a true exhibition of Cæsar's greatness and Cæsar's virtues. The poet chose another course. And are we then to talk, with ready flippancy, of ignorance and carelessness—that he wanted classical knowledge—that he gave himself no trouble? "The fault of the character is the fault of the plot," says Hazlitt. It would have been nearer the truth had he said—the character is determined by the plot. While Cæsar is upon the scene, it was for the poet, largely interpreting the historian, to show the inward workings of "the covetous desire he had to be called king;" and most admirably, according to our notions of characterization, has he shown them. Cæsar is "in all but name a king." He is surrounded by all the external attributes of power; yet he is not satisfied:—

"The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow."

He is suspicious—he fears. But he has acquired the policy of greatness—to seem what it is not. To his intimate friend he is an actor:—

"I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear: for always I am Cæsar."

When Calphurnia has recounted the terrible portents of the night—when the augurers would not that Cæsar should stir forth—he exclaims—

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

But to whom does he utter this, the "boastful language," which so offends Boswell? To the servant who has brought the message from the augurers; before *him* he could show no fear. But the very inflation of his language shows that he did fear; and an instant after, when the servant no doubt is intended to have left the scene, he says to his wife—

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

Read Plutarch's account of the scene between Decius and Cæsar, when Decius prevails against Calphurnia, and Cæsar decides to go. In the historian we have not a hint of the splendid characterization of Cæsar struggling between his fear and his pride. Wherever Shakspeare found a minute touch in the historian that could harmonize with his general plan, he embodied it in his character of Cæsar. Who does not remember the magnificent lines which the poet puts into the mouth of Cæsar?—

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

A very slight passage in Plutarch, with reference to other circumstances of Cæsar's life, suggested this:—"When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard for the safety of his person, and some also did offer themselves to serve him, he would never consent to it, but said it was better to die once than always to be afraid of death." We have already noticed the skill with which Shak-

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spere, upon a very bald narrative, has dramatized the last sad scene in which Cæsar was an actor. The tone of his last speech is indeed boastful—

“ I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion : and, that I am he
Let me a little show it.”

That Cæsar knew his power, and made others know it, who can doubt? He was not one who, in his desire to be king, would put on the robe of humility. Altogether, then, we profess to receive Shakspeare's characterization of Cæsar with a perfect confidence that he produced that character upon fixed principles of art. It is not the prominent character of the play; and it was not meant to be so. It is true to the narrative upon which Shakspeare founded it; but, what is of more importance, it is true to every natural conception of what Cæsar must have been at the exact moment of his fall.

We have seen the stoic Brutus—in reality a man of strong passions and deep feelings—gradually warm up to the great enterprise of asserting his principles by one terrible blow, for triumph or for extinction. The blow is given. The excitement which succeeds is wondrously painted by the poet, without a hint from the historian. The calm of the gentle Brutus is lifted up, for the moment, into an attitude of terrible sublimity. It is he who says—

“ Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords :
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place ;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let 's all cry, Peace, Freedom, and Liberty !”

From that moment the character flags; the calmness returns; something also of the irresolution comes back. Brutus is too high-minded for his position. Another comes upon the scene; another of different temperament, of different powers. He is not one that, like Brutus, will change “offence” to “virtue and to worthiness” by the force of character. He is one that “revels long o' nights.” But he possesses courage, eloquence, high talent, and, what renders him most dangerous, he is sufficiently unprincipled. Cassius knew him, and would have killed him. Brutus does not know him, and he suffers him “to bury Cæsar.” The conditions upon which Brutus permits Antony to speak are Shakspeare's own; and they show his wonderful penetration into the depths of character :—

“ You shall not in your funeral speech blame me,
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.”

The opportunity is not lost by Antony. Hazlitt, acute enough in general, appears to us singularly superficial in his remarks on this play :—“ Mark Antony's speech over the dead body of Cæsar has been justly admired for the mixture of pathos and art in it : that of Brutus certainly is not so good.” In what way is it not so good? As a specimen of eloquence, put by the side of Antony's, who can doubt that it is tame, passionless, severe, and therefore ineffective? But as an example of Shakspeare's wonderful power of characterization, it is beyond all praise. It was the consummate artifice of Antony that made him say—

“ I am no orator as Brutus is.”

Brutus was *not* an orator. Under great excitement he is twice betrayed into oratory : when he addresses the conspirators—“No, not an oath;” and after the assassination—“Stoop, Romans, stoop.” He is a man of just intentions, of calm understanding, of settled purpose, when his principles are to become actions. But his notion of oratory is this :—

“ I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death.”

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

And he docs show the *reason*. The critics have made amusing work with this speech. Warburton says, "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'." To this Mr. Monck Mason rejoins,—“I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech, for so great a man, on so great an occasion.” The commentators have not a word of approbation for the speech of Antony to counterbalance this. There was a man, however, of their times, Martin Sherlock, who wrote ‘A Fragment on Shakspeare,’ in a style sufficiently hyperbolic, but who nevertheless was amongst the few who then ventured to think that “the barbarian,” Shakspeare, possessed art and judgment. Of Antony’s speech he thus expresses his opinion :—“Every line of this speech deserves an eulogium; and, when you have examined it attentively, you will allow it, and will say with me that neither Demosthenes, nor Cicero, nor their glorious rival, the immortal Chatham, ever made a better.” There may be exaggerations in both styles of criticism: the speech of Antony may not be equal to Demosthenes, and the speech of Brutus may not be a very paltry speech. But, each being written by the same man, we have a right to accept each with a conviction that the writer was capable of making a good speech for Brutus as well as for Antony; and that if he did not do so he had very abundant reasons. It requires no great refinement to understand his reasons. The excitement of the great assertion of republican principles, which was to be acted over,

“In states unborn, and accents yet unknown,”

had been succeeded by a momentary calm. In the very hour of the assassination Brutus had become its apologist to Antony:—

“Our reasons are so full of good regard,
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.”

He is already preparing in mind for “the pulpit.” He will present, calmly and dispassionately, the “reason of our Cæsar’s death.” He expects that Antony will speak with equal moderation—all good of Cæsar—no blame of Cæsar’s murderers; and he thinks it an advantage to speak *before* Antony. He knew not what *oratory* really is. But Shakspeare knew, and he painted Antony. Another great poet made the portrait a description:—

“He seem’d
For dignity compos’d and high exploit;
But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
Dropp’d manna, and could make the worse appear
The better reason, to perplex and dash
Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and slothful: yet he pleas’d the ear.”

The end of Antony’s oratory is perfect success:—

“Now let it work! Mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt!”

The rhetoric has done its work: the conflict of principles is coming to a close; the conflict of individuals is about to begin; it is no longer a question of republican Rome, or monarchical Rome. The question is whether it shall be the Rome of Antony, or the Rome of Octavius; for Lepidus there is no chance:

“This is a slight unmeritable man.”

But even he is ready to do his work. He can proscribe; he can even consent to the death of his brother, “upon conditions.” He requires that “Publius shall not live.” Antony has no scruples to save his “sister’s son:”—

“He shall not live: look, with a spot I damn him.”

Such an intense representation of selfishness was never before given in a dozen lines. What power have Brutus and Cassius to oppose to this worldly wisdom? Is it the virtue of Brutus? Of him who

“Condemn’d and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians.”

TO THE ROMAN PLAYS.

Of him who

“ Had rather be a dog and bay the moon ”

than

“ Contaminate his fingers.”

Of him who says—

“ I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection!”

No; the man of principles must fall before the men of expediency. He can conquer Cassius by his high-mindedness; for Cassius, though somewhat politic, has nobility enough in him to bow before the majesty of virtue. Coleridge says—“ I know no part of Shakspeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene between Brutus and Cassius.” This language has been called idolatry: some critic we believe says “ blasphemous;” yet let any one with common human powers try to produce such a scene. The wonderful thing in it, and that which,—in a subsequent sentence, which we scarcely dare quote,—Coleridge points out, is the complete preservation of character. All dramatic poets have tried to imitate this scene. Dryden preferred his imitation, in the famous dialogue between Antony and Ventidius, to anything which he had written “ in this kind.” It is full of high rhetoric, no doubt; but its rhetoric is that of generalizations. The plain rough soldier, the luxurious chief, reproach and weep, are angry and cool again, shake hands, and end in “ hugging,” as the stage direction has it. They say all that people would say under such circumstances, and they say it well. But the matchless art of Shakspeare consists as much in what he holds back as in what he puts forward. Brutus subdues Cassius by the force of his moral strength, without the slightest attempt to command the feelings of a sensitive man. When Cassius is subdued he owns that he has been hasty. They are friends again, hand and heart. Is not the knowledge of character something above the ordinary reach of human sagacity when the following words come in as if by accident?—

“ *Bru.* Lucius, a bowl of wine.
Cass. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cass. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.
Cass. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Cass. How 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?”

This is not in Plutarch.

The shade of Cæsar has summoned Brutus to meet him at Philippi. The conversation of the republicans before the battle is well to be noted:—

“ *Cass.* Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly; that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?
Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself:—I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life:—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
Cass. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Through the streets of Rome?
Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind.”

SUPPLEMENTARY NOTICE

The parallel passage in Plutarch is as follows:—

“ Then Cassius began to speak first, and said—The gods grant us, O Brutus, that this day we may win the field, and ever after to live all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods have so ordained it that the greatest and chiefest things amongst men are most uncertain, and that, if the battle fall out otherwise to-day than we wish or look for, we shall hardly meet again, what art thou then determined to do—to fly, or die? Brutus answered him, Being yet but a young man, and not over-greatly experienced in the world, I *trust* (I know not how) a certain rule of philosophy, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of himself, as being no lawful nor godly act touching the gods, nor concerning men valiant, not to give place and yield to Divine Providence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send us, but to draw back and fly: but being now in the midst of the danger, I am of a contrary mind; for if it be not the will of God that this battle fall out fortunate for us, I will look no more for hope, neither seek to make any new supply of war again, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune.”

The critics say that Shakspeare makes Brutus express himself inconsistently. He will await the determination of Providence, but he will not go bound to Rome. Mr. Courtenay explains how “the inconsistency arises from Shakspeare’s misreading of the first speech; for Brutus, according to North, referred to his opinion against suicide as one that he had entertained in his youth, but had now abandoned.” This writer in a note also explains that the perplexity consists in North saying *I trust*, instead of using the past tense. He then adds,—“Shakspeare’s adoption of a version contradicted not only by a passage immediately following, but by the event which he presently portrays, is a striking instance of his careless use of his authorities.”* Very triumphant, no doubt. Most literal critics, why have you not rather confided in Shakspeare than in yourselves? When he deserts Plutarch he is true to something higher than Plutarch. In Brutus he has drawn a man of speculation; one who is moved to kill the man he loves upon no personal motive, but upon a theory; one who fights his last battle upon somewhat speculative principles; one, however, who, from his gentleness, his constancy, his fortitude, has subdued men of more active minds to the admiration of his temper and to the adoption of his opinions. Cassius never reasons about suicide: it is his instant remedy; a remedy which he rashly adopts, and ruins therefore his own cause. Brutus reasons against it; and he does not revoke his speculative opinions even when the consequences to which they lead are pointed out to him. Is not this nature? and must we be told that this nicety of characterization resulted from Shakspeare carelessly using his authorities; trusting to the false tense of a verb, regardless of the context? “But he contradicts himself,” says the critic, “by the event which he presently portrays.” Most wonderfully has Shakspeare redeemed his own consistency. It is when the mind of the speculative man is not only utterly subdued by adverse circumstances, but bowed down before the pressure of supernatural warnings, that he deliberately approaches his last fatal resolve. What is the work of an instant with Cassius is with Brutus a tentative process. Clitus, Dardanius, Volumnius, Strato, are each tried. The irresistible pressure upon his mind, which leads him not to fly with his friends, is the *destiny* which hovers over him:—

“*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 fields.
I know my hour is come.”

The exclamation of Brutus over the body of Cassius is—

“The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!”

Brutus himself is the last assertor of the old Roman *principles*:—

“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.”

* ‘Commentaries on the Historical Plays,’ vol. ii. p. 255.