

THE
WORKS
OF
SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA.

CYMBELINE.

TROILUS *and* CRESSIDA.



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J U L I U S

C Æ S A R.



Dramatis Personæ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Octavius Cæsar,

M. Antony,

M. Æmil. Lepidus,

} *Triumvirs, after the Death of Julius Cæsar.*

Cicero.

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Popilius Læna,

Publius,

Flavius,

Marullus,

Messala,

Titinius,

} *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

} *Senators.*

} *Tribunes and Enemies to Cæsar.*

} *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

A Soothsayer.

Young Cato.

Cinna, a Poet.

Another Poet.

Lucilius,

Dardanius,

Volumnius,

Varro,

Clitus,

Claudius,

Strato,

Lucius,

} *Servants to Brutus.*

Pindarus, *Servant of Cassius.*

Ghost of Julius Cæsar.

Cobler.

Carpenter.

Other Plebeians.

Calphurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Porcia, Wife to Brutus.

Guards and Attendants.

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



JULIUS CÆSAR.

A C T I.

SCENE, a Street in ROME.

Enter Flavius, (1) Marullus, and certain Commoners.

FLAVIUS.

** H **
* * *
**
** ENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you
home;

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

Car. Why, Sir, a carpenter.

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

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

Mar. But what trade art thou? answer me directly.

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

(1) *Murellus.*] I have, upon the Authority of *Plutarch*, &c.
given to this Tribune, his right Name, *Marullus*.

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

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

(2) *Flav.* What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou faucy fellow?

Cob. Why, Sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

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

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice!—what conquest brings he home?

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

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

And

And do you now put on your best attire?
 And do you now cull out an holiday?
 And do you now strew flowers in his way,
 That comes in triumph over *Pompey's* blood?
 Be gone ———

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

Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for that fault
 Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
 Draw them to *Tyber's* bank, and weep your tears
 Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe're their basest metal be not mov'd;
 They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.
 Go you down that way tow'rds 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, pluckt from *Cæsar's* wing,
 Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;
 Who else would soar above the view of men,
 And keep us all in servile fearfulness. [*Exeunt severally.*]

*Enter Cæsar, Antony, for the Course, Calphurnia, Porcia,
 Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, a Scotchfayer.*

Cæs. *Calphurnia*,——

Casca. Peace, ho! *Cæsar* speaks.

Cæs. *Calphurnia*,——

Calp. Here, my Lord.

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

Ant. *Cæsar*, my Lord.

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

Ant. I shall remember.

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

Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

Sooth. *Cæsar*, —————

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Calp. Bid every noise be still; peace yet again,

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

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

Cæs. What man is that?

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

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

Calp. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon *Cæsar*.

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

Sooth. Beware the Ides of *March*.

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

[*Exeunt Cæsar and Train*,

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the Course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamefome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in *Antony*:

Let me not hinder, *Cassius*, your desires;

I'll leave you.

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

Bru. *Cassius*,

Be not deceiv'd: if I have veil'd my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am,

Of late, with passions of some difference,
 Conceptions only proper to myself;
 Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviour:
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,
 Among which number, *Cassius*, be you one;
 Nor construe any farther my neglect,
 Than that poor *Brutus*, with himself at war,
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

Cas. Then, *Brutus*, I have much mistook your passion;
 By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
 Tell me, good *Brutus*, can you see your face?

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

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

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

Cas. Therefore, good *Brutus*, be prepar'd to hear;
 And since you know, you cannot see yourself
 So well as by reflexion; I, your glass,
 Will modestly discover to yourself
 That of yourself, which yet you know not of.
 And be not jealous of me, gentle *Brutus*:
 Were I a common laughter, or did use
 To sale with ordinary oaths my love
 To every new protestor; 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.*

A 5

Bru.

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear, the People
Chuse *Cæsar* for their King.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?

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

Bru. I would not, *Cassius*; yet I love him well:
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it, that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set Honour in one eye, and Death i'th' other,
And I will look on Death indifferently: (3)
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,

(3) *And I will look on both indifferently*;] What a Contradiction
to this, are the Lines immediately succeeding? If he lov'd Honour,
more than he fear'd Death, how could they be both indifferent
to him? Honour thus is but in equal Balance to Death, which is
not speaking at all like *Brutus*: for, in a Soldier of any ordinary
Pretension, it should always *preponderate*. We must certainly read,

And I will look on Death indifferently.

What occasion'd the Corruption, I presume, was, the Transcribers
imagining, the Adverb *indifferently* must be applied to Two things
oppos'd. But the Use of the Word does not demand it; nor does
Shakespeare always apply it so. In the present Passage it signifies,
neglectingly; without *Fear*, or *Concern*: And so *Casca* afterwards,
again in this act, employs it.

And Dangers are to me indifferent.

i. e. I weigh them not; am not deterr'd on the Score of Danger.

Mr. Warburton.

The troubled *Tyber* chafing with his shores,
Cæsar says to me, “ dar’st thou, *Cassius*, now
 “ Leap in with me into this angry flood,
 “ And swim to yonder point ?” — Upon the word,
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
 And bid him follow ; so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roar’d, and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point propos’d,
Cæsar cry’d, “ Help me, *Cassius*, or I sink.”
 I, as *Æneas*, our great Ancestor,
 Did from the flames of *Troy* upon his shoulder
 The old *Anchises* bear, so, from the waves of *Tyber*
 Did I the tired *Cæsar* : and this man
 Is now become a God ; and *Cassius* is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,
 If *Cæsar* carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in *Spain*,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : ’tis true, this God did shake ;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye, whose Bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose its lustre ; I did hear him groan :
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the *Romans*
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cry’d — “ give me some drink, *Titinius*” —
 As a sick girl. Ye Gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestick world,
 And bear the Palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

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

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

But

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

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

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;
 What you would work me to, I have some aim;
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,
 I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
 I would not (so with love I might intreat you)
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,
 I will consider; what you have to say,
 I will with patience hear; and find a time
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
 'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
 Than to repute himself a son of *Rome*
 Under such hard conditions, as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

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

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

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

Caj.

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

Bru. I will do so; but look you, *Cassius*, —
The angry spot doth glow on *Cæsar's* brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train.
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't in conference by some Senators.

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

Cæs. *Antonius*, —————

Ant. *Cæsar*?

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

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

Cæs. '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 any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,
Whilst they behold a greater than themselves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am *Cæsar*.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar and his Train.*

Manent

Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca, to them.

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Caj. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, *Antony*.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw *Mark Antony* offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again: then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath, because *Cæsar* refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked *Cæsar*; for he swooned, and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

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

Casca.

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

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

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, *Cæsar* fell down: If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleas'd, and displeas'd them, as they used to do the Players in the Theatre, I am no true man.

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

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

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did *Cicero* say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke *Greek*.

Cas. To what effect?

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

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

Casca. No, I am promis'd forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas.

Cas. Good, I will expect you.

Cas. Do so : farewell Both.

[*Exit.*

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

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

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

Cas. I will do so ; till then, think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, *Brutus*, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable Metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd ; therefore 'tis meet,
That noble minds keep ever with their likes :
For who so firm, that cannot be seduc'd ?

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

[*Exit.*

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

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

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm ? O *Cicero* !
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

Have

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen
 Th' ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds :
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is civil strife in heav'n ;
 Or else the world, too saucy with the Gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful ?

Casca. A common slave, you know him well by sight,
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
 Like twenty torches join'd ; and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides, (I ha' not since put up my sword)
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glar'd upon me, and went furly by,
 Without annoying me. And there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear ; who swore, they saw
 Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday, the bird of night did sit,
 Ev'n at noon-day, upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these Prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 " These are their reasons, they are natural :"
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the Climate, that they point upon.

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

Casca. He doth : for he did bid *Antonius*
 Send word to you, he would be there to-morrow.

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

Casca. Farewel, *Cicero*.

[*Exit Cicero.*]

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas.

Cas. *Casca*, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cas. Those, that have known the earth so full of faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,

Submitting me unto the perilous night;

And thus unbraced, *Casca*, as you see,

Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:

And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open

The breast of heav'n, I did present myself

Ev'n in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the
heav'ns?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,

When the most mighty Gods, by tokens, send

Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, *Casca*; and those sparks of life,

That should be in a *Roman*, you do want,

Or else you use not; you look pale, and gaze,

And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,

To see the strange impatience of the heav'ns:

But if you would consider the true cause,

Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind,

Why old men, fools, and children calculate;

Why all these things change, from their ordinance,

Their natures and pre-formed faculties

To monstrous quality; why, you shall find,

That heaven has infus'd them with these spirits,

To make them instruments of fear and warning

Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, *Casca*, name to thee a man

Most like this dreadful night;

That thunders, lightens, opens Graves, and roars

As doth the lion in the Capitol;

A man no mightier than thyself, or me,

In personal action; yet prodigious grown,

And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca.

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

Cas. Let it be who it is: for *Romans* now
Have thewes and limbs like to their ancestors; (4)
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits:
Our yoke and suff'rance shew us womanish.

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

Cas. I know, where I will wear this dagger then.

Cassius from bondage will deliver *Cassius*.

Therein, ye Gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye Gods, you tyrants do defeat;
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit:
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.

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

Casca. So can I:

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

Cas. And why should *Cæsar* be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees, the *Romans* are but sheep;
He were no lion, were not *Romans* hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,
Begin it with weak straws. What trash is *Rome*?
What rubbish, and what offal? when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate

(4) *Have thews and Limbs*—] Mr. *Pope* has subjoin'd, to both his Editions, an Explanation of *Thews*, as if it signified, *manners* or *capacities*. 'Tis certain, it sometimes has these Significations; but he's mistaken strangely to imagine it has any such Sense here: Nor, indeed, do I ever remember its being used by our Author in those Acceptations. With him, I think, it always signifies, *Muscles, Sinews, bodily Strength*.

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

Casca. You speak to *Casca*, and to such a man,
 That is no flaring tell-tale. Hold my hand: (5)
 Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,
 As who goes farthest.

Cas. There's a bargain made.
 Now know you, *Casca*, I have mov'd already
 Some certain of the noblest-minded *Romans*,
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize
 Of honourable dang'rous consequence;
 And I do know, by this they stay for me
 In *Pompey's* Porch. For now, this fearful night,
 There is no stir, or walking in the streets;
 And the complexion of the element
 Is fev'rous, like the work we have in hand;
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter Cinna.

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

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

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

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

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

Cas. Am I not staid for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

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

(5) ————— *Hold, my Hand.*] This Comma must certainly be remov'd. *Casca* bids *Cassius* take his Hand, as it were to bind their League and Amity. So afterwards, in this Play;
Give me thy Hand, Messala.

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

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



A C T



A C T II.

SCENE, BRUTUS'S Garden.

Enter BRUTUS.

BRUTUS.

WHAT, *Lucius!* ho!————

I cannot by the progress of the stars,
 Give guess how near to day——*Lucius,* I say!
 I would, it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
 When, *Lucius,* when? awake, I say! what, *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.
 Th' abuse of Greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from Power: and, to speak truth of *Cæsar,*
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the utmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
 By which he did ascend: so *Cæsar* may:
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel

Will

Will bear no colour, for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these, and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter Lucius.

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

[Gives him the letter.]

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day:
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of *March*? (6)

Luc. I know not, Sir.

(6) *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March?* I dare pronounce a palpable Blunder here, which none of the Editors have ever been aware of. *Brutus* enquires whether the *first of March* be come, and the Boy brings him word 'tis wasted 15 Days. Allowing *Brutus* to be a most contemplative Man, and his Thoughts taken up with high Matters, yet I can never agree, that he so little knew how Time went, as to be mistaken a whole Fortnight in the Reckoning. I make no Scruple to assert, the Poet wrote *Ides*. But how could *Ides*, may it not be objected, be corrupted into *first*? What Similitude in the Traces of the Letters? This Difficulty may very easily be solv'd, by only supposing that the Word *Ides* in the Manuscript Copy happen'd to be wrote contractedly thus, *js*: The Players knew the Word well enough in the Contraction; but when the MSS came to the *Press*, the Compositors were not so well informed in it: They knew, that *jst* frequently stood for *first*; and blunderingly thought that *js* was meant to do so too: and thence was deriv'd the Corruption of the Text. But that the Poet wrote *Ides*, we have this in Confirmation. *Brutus* makes the Enquiry on the Dawn of the very Day, in which *Cæsar* was kill'd in the Capitol. Now 'tis very well known, that this was on the 15th Day, which is the *Ides*, of *March*. I ought to acknowledge, that my Friend *Mr. Warburton* likewise started this very Emendation, and communicated it to me by Letter.

Bru.

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

Luc. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

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

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, *thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself:*

Shall Rome, — speak, strike, redress.

Brutus, *thou sleep'st: awake.*

Such instigations have been often dropt,

Where I have took them up:

Shall Rome — thus must I piece it out,

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

“*My ancestors did from the streets of Rome*

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

Speak, strike, redress, — am I entreated then

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

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st

'Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, *March* is wasted fourteen days. (7)

[*knocks within.*

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; some body knocks:

[*Exit Lucius.*

Since *Cassius* first did whet me against *Cæsar*,

I have not slept. —

Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:

The Genius, and the mortal instruments

Are then in council; and the state of man,

Like to a little Kingdom, suffers then

The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother *Cassius* at the door,

(7) *Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.*] The Editors are slightly mistaken: It was wasted but 14 Days; this was the Dawn of the 15th, when the Boy makes his Report.

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 pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their Cloaks;
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let them enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'it thou to shew thy dang'rous brow by night,
When Evils are most free? O then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To mask thy monstrous visage? seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in Smiles and Affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not *Erebus* itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

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

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here,
But honours you: and every one doth wish,
You had but that opinion of your self,
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?

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B

Casca.

Cæsa. No.

Cin. O pardon, Sir, it doth ; and yon grey lines,
That fret the Clouds, are messengers of day.

Cæsa. You shall confess, that you are both deceiv'd :
Here, as I point my sword, the Sun arifes,
Which is a great way growing on the South,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence, up higher toward the North
He first presents his fire ; and the high East
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

Cæs. And let us swear our resolution.

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

Cæs. But what of *Cicero* ? shall we found him ?

I think

I think, he will stand very strong with us.

Caius. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds :
It shall be said, his Judgment rul'd our hands ;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

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

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, *Caius Cassius*,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs ;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards :
For *Antony* is but a limb of *Cæsar*.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, *Caius* ;
We all stand up against the spirit of *Cæsar*,
And in the spirit of man there is no blood :
O, that we then could come by *Cæsar's* spirit,
And not dismember *Cæsar* ! but alas !

Cæsar must bleed for it—And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully ;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the Gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide them. This shall make
Our purpose necessary, and not envious :
Which, so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd Purgers, not murderers.
 And for *Mark Antony*, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than *Cæsar's* arm,
 When *Cæsar's* head is off.

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

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

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

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace, count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 If *Cæsar* will come forth to-day, or no .
 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 glasseſſes, 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.
 Leave me to work :

For I can give his humour the true bent ;
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

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

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

Met. *Caius Ligarius* doth bear *Cæsar* hard,

Who

Who rated him for speaking well of *Pompey* ;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

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

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

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

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. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Brutus.

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

Enter Portia.

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've ungently, *Brutus*,
Stole from my bed : and, yesternight at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms a-cross :
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further ; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot :
Yet I insist'd, yet you answer'd not ;
But with an angry wattle of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much inkindled ; and, withal,

Hoping it was but an effect of humour ;
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep ;
 And could it work so much upon your shape,
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, *Brutus*. Dear my Lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

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

Bru. Kneel not, gentle *Porcia*.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle *Brutus*.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, *Brutus*,
 Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? am I yourself,
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation ?
 'To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, (8)

And

(1) ————— comfort your Bed,
 And talk to you ? —————]

And talk to you sometimes? dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? if it be no more,
Porcia is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

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

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

Bru. O ye Gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife. [Knock.
Hark, hark, one knocks: *Porcia*, go in a while;
And, by and by, thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [Exit *Porcia*.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, who's there that knocks?

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

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

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

Cai. Vouchsafe good-morrow from a feeble tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave *Caius*,
To wear a kerchief? 'would, you were not sick!

This is but an odd Phrase, and gives as odd an Idea. The Word, I have substituted, seems much more proper; and is one of our Poet's own Usage upon the like Occasions; which makes me suspect, he employ'd it here.

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

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

Cai. By all the Gods the *Romans* bow before,
I here discard my sickness. Soul of *Rome*!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an Exorcist, hast conjur'd up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

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

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

Bru. Follow me then. [Exeunt.]

SCENE changes to Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar.

Cæs. **N**OR heav'n, nor earth, have been at peace to-
night;

Thrice hath *Calphurnia* in her sleep cry'd out,
"Help, ho! they murder *Cæsar*." Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My Lord? ———

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

Serv. I will, my Lord. [Exit.]

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, *Cæsar*? think you to walk forth?
You

You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

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

Cal. *Cæsar*, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me: there is one within,
(Besides the things that we have heard and seen)
Recounts most horrid fights 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 in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And Ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.
O *Cæsar*! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

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

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

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

Enter a Servant.

What say the Augurs?

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

[Exit Servant.]

Cæs. The Gods do this in shame of cowardise:
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.

(9) We were two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Cæsar* shall go forth.

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

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

Enter Decius.

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

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

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 lye?
Have I in conquest stretcht mine arm so far,
'To be afraid to tell Grey-beards the truth?
Decius, go tell them, *Cæsar* will not come.

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

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not come;

(9) *We heard two Lions* —] The first Folio — *We beare* —
The Copies have been all corrupt, and the Passage, of course, un-
intelligible. But the slight Alteration, I have made, restores Sense
to the whole; and the Sentiment will neither be unworthy of *Shake-
speare*, nor the boast too extravagant for *Cæsar* in a Vein of Vanity
to utter: that he and Danger were two Twin-whelps of a Lion, and
he the Elder, and more terrible of the Two.

That is enough to satisfy the Senate.

But for your private satisfaction,

Because I love you, I will let you know.

Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :

She dreamt last night, she saw my Statue,

Which, like a fountain, with an hundred spouts,

Did run pure blood : and many lusty *Romans*

Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.

These she applies for warnings and portents,

And evils imminent ; and on her knee

Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This Dream is all amiss interpreted ;

It was a Vision fair and fortunate :

Your Statue, spouting blood in many pipes,

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 cognifance.

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

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say ;

And know it now, the Senate have concluded.

To give this day a Crown to mighty *Cæsar*.

If you shall send them word you will not come,

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock.

Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,

“ Break up the Senate 'till another time,

“ When *Cæsar's* Wife shall meet with better Dreams :”

If *Cæsar* hide himself, shall they not whisper,

“ I.o, *Cæsar* is afraid !”

Pardon me, *Cæsar* ; for my dear, dear, love.

To your proceeding bids me tell you this :

And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your Fears seem now, *Calpurnia* ?

I am ashamed, I did yield to them.

Give me my Robe, for I will go :

Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius,

Cinna and Publius.

And, look, where *Publius* is come to fetch me.

Pub.

Pub. Good-morrow, *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Welcome, *Publius*.

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

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

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,

As that same Ague which hath made you lean.

What is't o' clock?

Bru. *Cæsar*, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

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

Is notwithstanding up. Good-morrow, *Antony*.

Ant. So to most noble *Cæsar*.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:

I am to blame to be thus waited for.

Now, *Cinna*; now *Metellus*; what *Trebonius*!

I have an hour's talk in store for you,

Remember, that you call on me to-day;

Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. *Cæsar*, I will; ——— and so near will I be,

[*Aside.*

That your best Friends shall wish I had been further.

Cæs. Good Friends, go in, and taste some wine with me.

And we, like Friends, will straightway go together.

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

[*Aside.*

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

SCENE changes to a Street near the Capitol.

(10) *Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.*

CÆSAR, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not

(10) *Enter Artemidorus,*] In the *Dramatis Personæ*, thro' all the Editions, *Artemidorus* is call'd a *Soothsayer*. But, 'tis certain, the Poet

not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about thee: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty Gods defend thee!

Thy Lover, *Artemidorus*,

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

[*Exit.*]

Enter Porcia and Lucius.

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

Luc. To know my errand Madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st 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?

Poet design'd two distinct Characters. *Artemidorus* was neither Augur, nor Soothsayer. 'Tis true, there was an *Artemidorus*, whose Critic on Dreams we still have: but he did not live 'till the Time of *Antoninus*. He likewise wrote, according to *Suidas*, of Augury and Palmistry. But this *Artemidorus*, who had been Cæsar's Host at *Cnidos*, as we learn from *Plutarch*, *Appian*, &c. did not pretend to know any thing of the Conspiracy against Cæsar by Prescience, or Prognostication. He was a Sophist, who taught that Science in *Greek* at *Rome*; by which Means being intimate with *Brutus*, and those about him, he got into their Secret; and, out of his old Affection for Cæsar, was desirous of acquainting him with his Danger.

Run.

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy Lord look well,
For he went sickly forth: and take good note,
What *Cæsar* doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, Madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, Madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

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

Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o' clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, Lady.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Por. I must go in — aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of Woman is! O *Brutus!* *Brutus!*
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure, the Boy heard me: — *Brutus* hath a Suit,
That *Cæsar* will not grant. — O, I grow faint:
Run, *Lucius*, and commend me to my Lord;

Say,

Say, I am merry; come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]



A C T III.

SCENE, *the Street before the Capitol;
and the Capitol open.*

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

CÆSAR.

THE Ides of *March* are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar, but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar: read this schedule.

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

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

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

Art. Delay not Cæsar, read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

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

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

Cæs. What enterprize, Popilius?

Pop. Fare you well.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

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

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.

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

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

Cassius,

Cassius, or *Cæsar*, never shall turn back;
For I will slay myself.

Bru. *Cassius*, be constant:

Pepilius Lena speaks not of our purpose;
For, look, he smiles, and *Cæsar* doth not change.

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

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

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

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

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

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat [Kneeling.
An humble heart.

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

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

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*!

Cæs. Pardon, *Cæsar*; *Cæsar*, pardon;
As low as to thy foot doth *Cassius* fall,

To beg enfranchisement for *Publius Cimber*.

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
 But I am constant as the northern star,
 Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,
 There is no fellow in the firmament;
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So, in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,
 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 shew it, ev'n in this;
 That I was constant, *Cimber* should be banish'd;
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cim. O *Cæsar*—

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

Dec. Great *Cæsar*—

Cæs. Doth not *Brutus* bootless kneel?

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

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

Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets—

Cæs. Some to the common Pulpits, and cry out,
 Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement.

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

Cæsca. Go to the Pulpit, *Brutus*.

Dec. And *Cassius* too.

Bru. Where's *Publius*?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

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

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

Bru.

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

Enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is *Antony*?

Tre. Fled to his House amaz'd.

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

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

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we *Cæsar*'s friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. (11) 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 ev'n to the Market-place,

(11) *Stoop, Romans, stoop,*] Mr. *Pope*, in both his Editions, has, from these Words, arbitrarily taken away the Remainder of this Speech from *Brutus*, and placed it to *Casca*: because, he thinks, nothing is more inconsistent with *Brutus*'s mild and philosophical Character. And as he often finds Speeches in the later Editions, he says, put into wrong Mouths; he thinks, this Liberty is not unreasonable. 'Tis true, a diligent Editor may find many such Errors committed even in the first printed Copies; but it has not often been Mr. *Pope*'s good Fortune to hit upon them. I dare warrant, the Printers made no Blunder in this Instance; and therefore I have made bold to restore the Speech to its right Owner. *Brutus* esteem'd the Death of *Cæsar* a Sacrifice to Liberty: and, as such, gloried in his heading the Enterprize. Besides, our Poet is strictly copying a Fact in History. *Plutarch*, in the Life of *Cæsar*, says, “*Brutus* and his Followers, being yet hot with the Murder, march'd in a Body from the Senate-house to the *Capitol*, with their drawn Swords, with an Air of Confidence and Assurance.” And, in the Life of *Brutus*, ——— “*Brutus* and his Party betook themselves to the *Capitol*, and in their way shewing their Hands all bloody, and their naked Swords, proclaim'd Liberty to the People.”

And

And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "peace! freedom! and liberty!"

Cæs. Stoop then, and wash—how many ages hence
[*Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.*

Shall this our lofty Scene be acted o'er,
In States unborn, and accents yet unknown?

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

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

Dec. What, shall we forth?

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

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. Thus, *Brutus*, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did *Mark Antony* bid me fall down; [kneeling.
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, royal, bold and loving;
Say, I love *Brutus*, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd *Cæsar*, honour'd him, and lov'd him.

If *Brutus* will vouchsafe that *Antony*
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How *Cæsar* hath deserv'd to lie in death:
Mark Antony shall not love *Cæsar* dead,
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.

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.

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 ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die :
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by *Cæsar*, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O *Antony* ! beg not your death of us :
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see, we do ; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done :
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful ;
And pity to the general wrong of *Rome*
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity ;)
Hath done this deed on *Cæsar* : For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, *Mark Antony* ;
Our arms exempt from malice ; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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 strook him,
 Proceeded thus.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.

Let each man render me his bloody hand;
 First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;
 Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;
 Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours; now yours, *Metellus*;
 Yours, *Cinna*; and, my valiant *Cajca*, yours;
 Tho' last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
 Gentlemen all — alas, what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.

That I did love thee, *Cæsar*, oh, 'tis true;
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
 To see thy *Antony* making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most Noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes, as thou hast wounds,
 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, (25) and crimson'd in thy death.
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart,
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.

(12) *And crimson'd in thy Death.*] All the old Copies, that I have seen, read, *Letbe*. The Dictionaries, indeed, acknowledge no such Word: and as the *L* might have mistakingly been form'd from an obscure *D*, not taking the Ink equally in all Parts, I have suffer'd the more known Word to stand in the Text; tho', indeed, I am not without Suspicion of our Poet's having either coin'd the other Term, or copied it from some obsolete Author, who had adopted it from the *Letbum* of the *Latines*; which, 'tis well known, was used for *Death*, as well as *Destruction*, *Ruin*, *Havock*, &c.

How

How like a deer, stricken by many Princes,
Dost thou here lie?

Caj. *Mark Antony* ———

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

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

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

Bru. You shall, *Mark Antony*.

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

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

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

Bru. *Mark Antony*, here, take you *Cæsar*'s body :

You

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

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

Manet Antony.

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

Enter Octavius's Servant.

You serve *Octavius Cæsar*, do you not?

Serv. I do, *Mark Antony*.

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

Serv.

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

O *Cæsar* !

[*Seeing the Body.*

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

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

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

Here is a mourning *Rome*, a dangerous *Rome*,
No *Rome* of safety for *Octavius* yet ;

Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay a while ;

'Thou shalt not back, 'till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place : there shall I try

In my Oration, how the people take

The cruel issue of these bloody men ;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse

'To young *Octavius* of the state of things.

Lend me your hand.

[*Exeunt with Cæsar's body.*

SCENE changes to the Forum.

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

Pleb. WE will be satisfied ; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audi-
ence, friends.

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers :

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

Those, that will follow *Cassius*, go with him ;

And publick reasons shall be rendered
Of *Cæsar's* death.

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

2 *Pleb.* I will hear *Cassius*, and compare their reasons,
When sev'rally we hear them rendered

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

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

Bru. Be patient 'till the last.

Romans,

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

All. None, *Brutus*, none.

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

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.

Here comes his body, mourn'd by *Mark Antony*; who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the Commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, that as I slew my best lover for the good of *Rome*; I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my Country to need my death.

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

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

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C

2 *Pub.*

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him be *Cæsar*.

4 *Pleb.* *Cæsar*'s better Parts
Shall be crown'd in *Brutus*.

1 *Pleb.* We'll bring him to his house
With shouts and clamours.

Bru. My Countrymen ———

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

1 *Pleb.* Peace, ho!

Bru. Good Countrymen, let me depart alone;
And, for my sake, stay here with *Antony*;
Do grace to *Cæsar*'s corps, and grace his speech
Tending to *Cæsar*'s Glories; which *Mark Antony*
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till *Antony* have spoke.

[*Exit.*

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

3 *Pleb.* Let him go up into the publick Chair,
We'll hear him: noble *Antony*, go up.

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

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

3 *Pleb.* He says, for *Brutus*' sake
He finds himself beholden to us all.

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

1 *Pleb.* This *Cæsar* was a Tyrant.

3 *Pleb.* Nay, that's certain;
We are blest, that *Rome* is rid of him.

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

Ant. You gentle *Romans* —

All. Peace, ho, let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, *Romans*, Countrymen, lend me your
ears;

I come to bury *Cæsar*, not to praise him.
The Evil, that men do, lives after them;
The Good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with *Cæsar*! noble *Brutus*
Hath told you, *Cæsar* was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath *Cæsar* answer'd it.
Here, under leave of *Brutus*, and the rest,

(For

(For *Brutus* is an honourable man,
 So are they all, all honourable men)
 Come I to speak in *Cæsar*'s funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
 But *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to *Rome*,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill;
 Did this in *Cæsar* seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cry'd, *Cæsar* hath wept;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
 You all did see, that, on the *Lupercal*,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown;
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not, to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause:
 What cause with-holds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason — bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with *Cæsar*,
 And I must pause 'till it come back to me.

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

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

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

Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

Ant. But yesterday the word of *Cæsar* might

Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do *Brutus* wrong, and *Cassius* wrong;
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather chuse
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you;
Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here's a parchment, with the seal of *Cæsar*,
I found it in his closet, 'tis his Will;
Let but the Commons hear this Testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)
And they would go and kiss dead *Cæsar's* wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their Wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

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

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

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how *Cæsar* lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men:
And, being men, hearing the will of *Cæsar*,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

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

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

Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
(I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.)

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

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

All. The Will! the Testament!

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

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

Then

Then make a ring about the corps of *Cæsar*,
 And let me shew you him, that made the Will.
 Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

All. Come down.

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

3 *Pleb.* You shall have leave.

4 *Pleb.* A ring; stand round.

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

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

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

All. Stand back — room — bear back —

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now,
 You all do know this mantle; I remember,
 The first time ever *Cæsar* put it on,
 'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
 That day he overcame the *Nervii* —
 Look! in this place, ran *Cassius*' dagger through; —
 See, what a Rent the envious *Casca* made. —
 Through this, the well-beloved *Brutus* stabb'd;
 And as he pluck'd his curst steel away,
 Mark, how the blood of *Cæsar* follow'd it!
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd,
 If *Brutus* so unkindly knock'd, or no?
 For *Brutus*, as you know, was *Cæsar*'s angel.
 Judge, oh you Gods! how dearly *Cæsar* lov'd him;
 This, this, was the unkindest cut of all;
 For when the noble *Cæsar* saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him; then burit his mighty heart:
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the Base of *Pompey*'s statue,
 (Which all the while ran blood,) great *Cæsar* fell.
 O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down:
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls! what, weep you when you but behold
 Our *Cæsar*'s vesture wounded? look you here!
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, by traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble *Cæsar*!

3 *Pleb.* O woful day!

4 *Pleb.* O traitors, villains!

1 *Pleb.* O most bloody fight!

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

Ant. Stay, Countrymen —

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

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

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

And bid them speak for me. But were I *Brutus*,
And *Brutus Antony*, there were an *Antony*
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of *Cæsar*; that should move
The stones of *Rome* to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny —

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

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

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

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

Ant.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath *Cæsar* thus deserv'd your loves? ⁴

Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:
You have forgot the Will, I told you of.

All. Most true — the Will — lets itay and hear the
Will.

Ant. Here is the Will, and under *Cæsar*'s seal.
To ev'ry *Roman* citizen he gives,
To ev'ry sev'ral man, sev'nty-five drachma's.

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

3 Pleb. O royal *Cæsar*!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On that side *Tiber*; he hath left them you, (13)
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a *Cæsar*, when comes such another?

1 Pleb. Never, never; come, away, away;
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.

3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Plebeians with the body.*]

(13) On this *side Tiber*:] The Scene is here in the *Forum* near the *Capitol*, and in the most frequented Part of the City; but *Cæsar*'s Gardens were very remote from that Quarter.

Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos.

says *Horace*: And both the *Naumachia* and *Gardens of Cæsar* were separated from the main City by the River; and lay out wide, on a Line with Mount *Janiculum*. Our Author therefore certainly wrote;

On that *side Tiber*; —

And *Plutarch*, whom *Shakespeare* very diligently studied, in the Life of *Marcus Brutus*, speaking of *Cæsar*'s Will, expressly says, That he left to the Publick his Gardens, and Walks, *beyond the Tiber*.

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

Enter a Servant.

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

Ant. Where is he?

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter Cinna the Poet, and after him the Plebeians.

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

1 *Pleb.* What is your name?

2 *Pleb.* Whither are you going?

3 *Pleb.* Where do you dwell?

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

2 *Pleb.* Answer every man, directly.

1 *Pleb.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Pleb.* Ay, and wisely.

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

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

2 *Pleb.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that
marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear; proceed
directly.

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

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

Cin.

Cin. As a friend.

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

4 *Pleb.* For your dwelling; briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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

Cin. Truly, my name is *Cinna*.

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

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

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

Cin. I am not *Cinna* the conspirator.

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

3 *Pleb.* Tear him, tear him; come, brands, ho, fire-brands:

To *Brutus*, to *Cassius*, burn all. Some to *Decius*'s house,
And some to *Casca*'s, some to *Ligarius*: away, go.

[*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV.

SCENE, *a small Island near Mutina.* (14)

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

A N T O N Y.

THESE many then shall die, their names are prickt.

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

Lep. I do consent.

(14) SCENE, *a small Island*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the Scene here to be at *Rome*. The Old Copies say Nothing of the place. *Shakespeare*, I dare say, borrow'd from *Plutarch*, that these Triumvirs met, upon the Proscription, in a little Island: which *Appian*, who is more particular, says, lay near *Mutina* upon the River *Lavinius*.

Octa. Prick him down, *Antony*.

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

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

Lep. What? shall I find you here?

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

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

Octa. 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,
Or led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will,
'Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,
And graze in Commons.

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

Ant. So is my horse, *Octavius*: and, for that,
I do appoint him store of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is *Lepidus* but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds (15)

On

§15) A barren-spirited Fellow, one that feeds
On Objects, Arts, and Imitations, &c.

'Tis

On abject Orts, and imitations ;
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,
 But as a property. And now, *Octavius*,
 Listen great things—*Brutus* and *Cassius*
 Are levying powers ; we must straight make head.
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd ;
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretcht out ;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

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

S C E N E *before Brutus's Tent, in the camp
 near Sardis.*

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

Bru. STAND, ho !

Luc. Give the word, ho ! and stand !

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

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

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

'Tis hard to conceive, why he should be call'd a *barren-spirited*
 Fellow, that could feed either on *Objects*, or *Arts*: that is, as I
 presume, form his Ideas and Judgment upon them: *stale* and *obsolete*
Imitation, indeed, fixes such a Character. I am persuaded, to
 make the Poet consonant to himself, we must read, as I have re-
 stored the Text.

On abject Orts,——

i. e. on the *Scraps* and *Fragments* of Things *rejected* and *despised* by
 others.

I shall be satisfied.

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

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

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

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling; ever note, *Lucilius*,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain, and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
'They fall their 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*. [Low march within.

Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

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

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

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

Bru. Judge me, you Gods! wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

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

Bru. *Cassius*, be content,
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,

(Which should perceive nothing, but love, from us)
 Let us not wrangle. Bid them move away ;
 'Then in my 'Tent, *Cassius*, enlarge your griefs,
 And I will give you audience.

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

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

SCENE changes to the Inside of Brutus's Tent.

Re-enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. **T**HAT you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this,
 You have condemn'd and noted *Lucius Pella*,
 For taking bribes here of the *Sardians* ;
 Wherein, my letter (praying on his side,
 Because I knew the man,) was slighted off.

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

Cas. In such a time as this, it is not meet
 That ev'ry nice offence should bear its comment.

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

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

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

Cas. Chastisement !————

Bru. Remember *March*, the Ides of *March* remember !
 Did not great *Julius* bleed for justice sake ?
 What villain touch'd his body, that did itab,
 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

For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a *Roman*.

Cas. *Brutus*, bay not me,
I'll not endure it; 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 farther.

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is't possible?—

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman stares?

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

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

Go, shew your slaves how 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,
Tho' 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.

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

Cas. I durst not!————

Bru. No.

Cas. What? durst not tempt him?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

Bru. You have done that, you should be sorry for, There is no terror, *Cassius*, in your threats; For I am arm'd so strong in honesty, That they pass by me, as the idle wind, Which I respect not. I did send to you For certain sums of gold, which you deny'd me; For I can raise no mony by vile means; By heaven, I had rather coin my heart, And drop my blood for drachma's, than to wring From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash, By any Indirection. I did send To you for gold to pay my legions, Which you deny'd me; was that done like *Cassius*? Should I have answer'd *Caius Cassius* so? When *Marcus Brutus* grows so covetous, To lock such rascal counters from his friends, Be ready, Gods, with all your thunderbolts, Dash him to pieces.

Cas. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

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

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

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

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

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

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

Revenge

Revenge yourselves alone on *Cassius*,
 For *Cassius* is a weary of the world ;
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd ;
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
 To cast into 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 be't a *Roman*, take it forth.
 I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart ;
 Strike as thou didst at *Cæsar* ; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst *Cassius*.

Bru. Sheath your dagger ;
 Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
 Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
 O *Cassius*, you are yoked with a Lamb,
 That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforced, shews a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

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

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

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

Bru. And my heart too. [Embracing.]

Cas. O *Brutus* !

Bru. What's the matter ?

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

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

[A noise within.]

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

Luc. within. You shall not come to them.

Poet within. Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet.

Cas. How now? what's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you Generals; what do you mean? Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

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

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring *Messala* with you Immediately to us. *[Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.]*

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine.

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

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

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

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

Cas. Ha! *Porcia!*——

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scap'd I killing, when I cross't you so? O insupportable and touching loss! Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence; And grief, that young *Octavius* with *Mark Antony* Have made themselves so strong: (for with her death That tidings came) With this she fell distract, And (her Attendants absent) swallow'd fire.

Cas. And dy'd so?

Bru.

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal Gods !

Enter Boy with Wine and Tapers.

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

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

Bru. Come in, *Titinius* ;—welcome, good *Messala*.

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

Cas. Oh *Porcia* ! 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 tow'rd *Philippi*.

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

Bru. With what addition ?

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

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

Cas. *Cicero* one ?——

Mes. *Cicero* is dead ; and by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my Lord ?

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.

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

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

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

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

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason?

Cas. This it is:

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

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

Cas. Hear me, good brother——

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note beside,
That we have try'd the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim full, our cause is ripe;
The enemy increaseth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the Voyage of their Life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now a-float:
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

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

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say.

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

Enter Lucius.

Bru. *Lucius*, my gown; farewell, good *Messala*,
Good night, *Titinius*: noble, noble *Cassius*,
Good night, and good repose.

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

Enter Lucius with the Gown.

Bru. Ev'ry thing is well.

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

Bru. Farewel, every one.

Give me the Gown. Where is thy instrument? [*Exeunt.*

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.

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

Bru.

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy instrument, a strain or two?

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

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

Luc. It is my duty, Sir.

Bru. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know, young bloods look for a time of rest.

Luc. I have slept, my Lord, already.

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

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

[*He sits down to read.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

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

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, *Brutus.*

Bru. Why com'st thou?

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

Bru. Then, I shall see thee again.——

Ghost. Ay, at *Philippi.* [*Exit Ghost.*

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

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill Spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

Boy!

Boy! *Lucius!* *Varro!* *Claudius!* *Sirs!* awake!
Claudius!

Luc. The strings, my Lord, are false.

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

Lucius! awake.

Luc. My Lord!————

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

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

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

Luc. Nothing, my Lord.

Bru. Sleep again, *Lucius*; firrah, *Claudius*, fellow!

Varro! awake. (16)

Var. My Lord!

Clau. My Lord!

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

Both. Did we, my Lord?

Bru. Ay, saw you any thing?

Var. No, my Lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my Lord.

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

Both. It shall be done, my Lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

(16) Thou! *awake.*] The Accent is so unmusical and harsh, 'tis impossible, the Poet could begin his Verse thus. *Brutus*, certainly, was intended to speak to both his other Men: who both awake, and answer, at an instant. Mr. Warburton.





A C T V.

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

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

OCTAVIUS.

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

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

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

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

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

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

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

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

Octa.

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;
But for your words, they rob the *Hybla* bees,
And leave them honeyless.

Ant. Not stingless too.

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

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

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

Oct. Come, come, the cause. If arguing make us
sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Behold, I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you, that the sword goes up again?
Never, 'till *Cæsar*'s three and twenty wounds (17)

Be

(17) *Three and thirty wounds.*] Thus all the Editions implicitly; but I have ventur'd to reduce this Number to *three and twenty* from

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.

Ota. 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 couldst not die more honourable.

Caj. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

Act. Old *Cassius* still !——

Ota. 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.

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

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

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

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

[*Lucilius and Messala stand forth.*]

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

Caj. *Messala*.

Mes. What says my General ?

Caj. *Messala*,

This is my birth-day ; as this very day
Was *Cassius* born. Give me thy hand, *Messala* ;
Be thou my witness, that, against my will,
As *Pompey* was, am I compell'd to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know, that I held *Epicurus* strong,
And his opinion ; now I change my mind ;
And partly credit things, that do presage.
Coming from *Sardis*, on our foremost ensign
Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd ;
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,

from the joint Authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius* : and,
I am persuaded, the Error was not from the Poet but his Transcribers.

Who to *Philippi* here consoled us :

This morning are they fled away and gone,
And, in their steads, do ravens, crows and kites
Fly o'er our heads ; and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies ready to give the ghost.

Mef. Believe not so.

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

Bru. Even so, *Lucilius*.

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

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

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
'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, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

Bru. Why then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end;
And then the end is known. Come, ho, away.

[*Exeunt.*]

Alarm. Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru. Ride, ride, *Messala*; ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions, on the other side. [*Loud alarm.*]
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanor in *Octavius'* wing;
And sudden Push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, *Messala*; let them all come down. [*Exe.*]

Alarm. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

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

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

Enter Pindarus.

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

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

Tit. They are, my Lord.

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

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

D 2

Cas.

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

Pind. above. Oh, my Lord!

Cas. What news?

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

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

Enter Pindarus.

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

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

Enter Titinius, and Messala.

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

Tit. These tidings will well comfort *Cassius*.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit.

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

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

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

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, *Messala*;
But *Cassius* is no more! Oh, setting Sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood *Cassius*' day is fet;
The Sun of *Rome* is fet! 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.
Oh hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? 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 invenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of *Brutus*;
As tydings of this fight.

Tit. Hie, you *Messala*,
And I will seek for *Pindarus* the while. [Exit *Mes.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave *Cassius*!
Did I not meet thy friends, and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? didst thou not hear their
shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd ev'ry thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow.
'Thy *Brutus* bid me give it thee; and I
Will do his bidding. *Brutus*, come apace;
And see how I regarded *Caius Cassius*.
By your leave, Gods—This is a *Roman*'s part.

[Stabs himself.
Come, *Cassius*' sword, and find *Titinius*' heart. [Dies.
Alarm.]

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

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

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

Bru. *Titinius* face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. Oh *Julius Cæsar*, thou art mighty yet!

'Thy Spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords'

In our own proper entrails.

[*Low alarms.*]

Cato. Brave *Titinius*!

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

Bru. Are yet two *Romans* living, such as these?

'Thou last of all the *Romans*! fare thee well;

It is impossible, that ever *Rome*

Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears

'To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.

I shall find time, *Cassius*, I shall find time——

Come, therefore, (18) and to *Thassos* send his body:

His funeral shall not be in our Camp,

Lest it discomfort us. *Lucilius*, come;

And come, young *Cato*; let us to the field.

Labec, and *Flavius*, set our battles on.

'Tis three o' clock; and, *Romans*, yet ere night

We shall try fortune in a second fight.

[*Exeunt.*]

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

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

Cato. What bastard doth not? who will go with me?

(18)——and to *Thassos* send his body,] Thus all the Editions hitherto, very ignorantly. But the whole Tenor of History warrants us to write, as I have restor'd the Text, *Thassos*.——
Tharjis was a Town of *Cilicia*, in *Asia Minor*: and is it probable, *Brutus* could think of sending *Cassius*'s Body thither out of *Thrace*, where they were now incamp'd? *Thassos*, on the contrary, was a little Isle lying close upon *Thrace*, and at but a small Distance from *Philippi*, to which the body might very commodiously be transported. *Vid.* Plutarch, Appian, Dion Cassius, &c.

I will

I will proclaim my name about the field.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!
 A foe to tyrants, and my Country's friend.
 I am the Son of *Marcus Cato*, ho!

Enter Soldiers and fight.

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

[*Exit.*

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

Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

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

Sold. We must not. A noble Prisoner!

Enter Antony.

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

1 *Sold.* I'll tell the news, here comes the General:
Brutus is ta'en, *Brutus* is ta'en, my Lord.

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, *Antony*; *Brutus* is safe enough.
 I dare assure thee, that no enemy
 Shall ever take alive the noble *Brutus*:
 The Gods defend him from so great a shame!
 When you do find him or alive, or dead,
 He will be found like *Brutus*, like himself.

Ant. This is not *Brutus*, friend, but, I assure you,
 A prize no less in worth; keep this man safe,
 Give him all kindness. I had rather have
 Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
 And see if *Brutus* be alive or dead;
 And bring us word unto *Octavius's* Tent,
 How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE changes to another part of the Field.

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

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

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

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

[*Whispering.*]

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

Bru. Peace then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, *Dardanius*!

Dar. I do such a deed?

Cli. Oh, *Dardanius*!

Dar. Oh, *Clitus*!

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

Dar. To kill him, *Clitus*: look, he meditates.

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

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

Vol. What says my Lord?

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

Vol. Not so, my Lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, *Volumnius*.
Thou see'st the world, *Volumnius*, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Alarm.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry, 'till they push us. Good *Volumnius*,
'Thou know'st, that we two went to school together;
Even for that, our love of old, I pr'ythee,
Hold thou my sword's hilt, while I run on it.

Vol.

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

[*Alarm still.*]

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

Bru. Farewel to you, and you, and you, *Volumnius.*

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

(19) Farewel to thee too, *Strato*.——Countrymen,

My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

I found no man, but he was true to me.

I shall have Glory by this losing day,

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

By this vile Conquest shall attain unto.

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

Hath almost ended his life's History.

Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

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

Cli. Fly, my Lord, fly.——

Bru. Hence; I will follow thee.

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

Thou art a Fellow of a good respect;

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

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,

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

Stra. Give me your hand first —— fare you well,
my Lord.

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

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

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

Octa. What Man is that?

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

(19) *Farewel to thee; to Strato, Countrymen;*]; Thus has this Passage all along been absurdly pointed; to the Praise of our intelligent Editors. I had corrected it long ago; but am, notwithstanding, to make my Acknowledgments to an *anonymous* Gentleman, who, unknowingly concurr'd with me; and advis'd the Correction of the Pointing, as it is now reformed, by Letter.

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, *Messala* ;
The Conqu'rors can but make a fire of him :
For *Brutus* only overcame himself ;
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Luc. So *Brutus* should be found. I thank thee, *Brutus*,
That thou hast prov'd *Lucilius*' Saying true.

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

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

Octa. Do so, good *Messala*.

Mes. How died my Lord, *Strato* ?

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

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

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

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

