

THE  
PLAYS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOL. VIII.

THE  
PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME the EIGHTH.

CONTAINING

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

LONDON,

Printed for C. BATHURST, J. RIVINGTON and SONS,  
T. PAYNE and SON, L. DAVIS, W. OWEN, B. WHITE and  
SON, T. LONGMAN, B. LAW, T. BOWLES, J. JOHNSON,  
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M DCC LXXXV.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

VOL. VIII.

B

## Persons Represented.

Julius Cæsar.

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

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Brutus,

Cassius,

Casca,

Trebonius,

Ligarius,

Decius Brutus,

Metellus Cimber,

Cinna,

Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

Cinna, *a Poet: Another Poet.*

Lucinius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Vol-  
lumnus. *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius ;  
*Servants to Brutus.*

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

*Plebeians, Senators, Guards, Attendants, &c.*

SCENE, *for the three first Acts, at Rome: after-  
wards at an Island near Mutina; at Sardis; and  
near Philippi.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

R O M E.

*A Street.*

*Enter Flavius, <sup>2</sup> Marullus, and certain Commoners.*

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

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being

<sup>1</sup> *Julius Cæsar.*] It appears from Peck's *Collection of divers curious Historical Pieces, &c.* (appended to his *Memoirs, &c. of Oliver Cromwell,*) p. 14. that a Latin play on this subject had been written. "Epilogus Cæsaris interfecti, quomodo in scenam prodiit ea res, acta, in Ecclesia Christi, Oxon. Qui Epilogus a Magistro Ricardo Eedes et scriptus et in proscenio ibidem dictus fuit, A. D. 1582." Meres, whose *Wit's Commonwealth* was published in 1598, enumerates Dr. Eedes among the best tragic writers of that time. STEEVENS.

William Alexander, afterwards earl of Sterline, wrote a tragedy on the story and with the title of *Julius Cæsar*. It may be presumed that Shakspeare's play was posterior to his; for lord Sterline; when he composed his *Julius Cæsar* was a very young author, and would hardly have ventured into that circle, within which the most eminent dramatic writer of England had already walked. The death of Cæsar, which is not exhibited but related to the audience, forms the catastrophe of his piece. In the two plays many parallel passages are found, which might, perhaps, have proceeded only from the two authors drawing from the same source. However, there are some reasons for thinking the coincidence more than accidental.

Mr. Steevens has produced from *Darius*, another play of this writer's, some lines so like a celebrated passage of Shakspeare in the *Tempest*, act III. that the one must, I apprehend, have been copied from the other. Lord Sterline's *Darius* was printed at Edinburgh in 1603, and his *Julius Cæsar* in 1607, at a time when

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

*Car.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

*Mar.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?  
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—  
You, fir; <sup>2</sup>what trade are you?

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

*Mar.* But what trade art thou? Answer me di-  
rectly.

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

he was but little acquainted with English writers; for they  
abound with Scoticisms, which, in the subsequent folio edition,  
1637, he corrected. But neither the *Tempest*, nor the *Julius  
Cæsar* of our author, was printed till 1623.

It must be also remembered, that our author has several plays,  
founded on subjects which had been unsuccessfully treated by  
others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Henry V.* *King Lear*,  
*Measure for Measure*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Antony and Cleo-  
patra*, the *Merchant of Venice*, and perhaps *Macbeth* \* : whereas  
no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary  
writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already em-  
ployed the pen of Shakspeare. On all these grounds it appears  
more probable, that Shakspeare was indebted to lord Sterline,  
than that lord Sterline borrowed from Shakspeare. If this rea-  
soning be just, this play could not have appeared before the  
year 1607.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar*, Mr. Upton observes,  
is as follows: About the middle of February, A. U. C. 709,  
the festival of Luperci was held in honour of Cæsar, when the  
regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of  
March in the same year, he was killed. Nov. 27, A. U. C.  
710, the triumphs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhe-  
nus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their savage proscription.  
—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Phi-  
lippi. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Murellus*.] I have, upon the authority of *Plutarch*, &c.  
given to this tribune, his right name *Marullus*. THEOBALD.

\* See Dr. Farmer's note at the end of *Macbeth*.

*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.

<sup>3</sup> *Mar.* What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

*Cob.* Why, sir, cobble you.

*Flav.* Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

*Cob.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl<sup>4</sup>. 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?

<sup>3</sup> *Mar.* *What mean'st thou by that?*] As the *Cobbler*, in the preceding speech, replies to *Flavius*, not to *Marullus*; 'tis plain, I think, this speech must be given to *Flavius*. THEOBALD.

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

The author of THE REMARKS proposes to give the first speech to *Marullus*, instead of transferring the last to *Flavius*. EDITOR.

<sup>4</sup> *I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor woman's matters, but with all.*] This should be, "I meddle with no trade,—man's matters, nor woman's matters, but with awl." FARMER.

Shakspeare might have adopted this quibble from the ancient ballad, intitled, *The Three Merry Cobblers* :

"We have awle at our command,

"And still we are on the mending hand." STEEVENS.

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The 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 her banks<sup>5</sup>,  
To hear the replication of your sounds,  
Made in his concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way,

That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?

Be gone;

Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,

Pray to the gods to intermit the plague

That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,

Assemble all the poor men of your sort;

Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, 'till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Commoners.*]

See, whe'r<sup>6</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;

<sup>5</sup> ———*her* banks,] As *Tyber* is always represented by the-figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. Milton says, that

“ ———the river of bliss

“ Rolls o'er Elyfian flowers *her* amber stream;”

but he is speaking of the water, and not of its presiding power or genius. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> See, whe'r] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is used by Ben Jonson:

“ Who shall doubt, Donne, *whe'r* I a poet be,

“ When I dare send my epigrams to thee.” STEEVENS.

They



They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltiness.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: Disrobe the images,  
If you do find them <sup>7</sup> deck'd with ceremonies.

*Mar.* May we do so?

You know, it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who else would soar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The same.*

*Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calphurnia,  
Portia, <sup>8</sup> Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Casca,  
a Soothsayer, &c.*

*Cæs.* Calphurnia,——

*Casca.* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

*Cæs.*

<sup>7</sup> ——deck'd with ceremonies.] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæsar's trophies*; i. e. such as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

*Cæsar's trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his statues. So, in Sir Tho. North's translation. "—There were set up images of Cæsar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Those the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> This person was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done since) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the most cherished by *Cæsar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined so large a share of his favours and honours, as the other had constantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, speaking of *Decimus Brutus*,

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

*Cæs.* Calphurnia, —

*Calp.* Here, my lord.

*Cæs.* Stand you directly in Antonius' <sup>9</sup> way,  
When he doth run his course. — Antonius.

*Ant.* Cæsar, my lord.

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

*Ant.* I shall remember:  
When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

*Cæs.* Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

*Sooth.* Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Ha! Who calls?

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

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

says, —“ ab iis quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est, justissimasque optimè de se merito, C. Cæsari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuisset, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, censebatque æquum quæ acceperat à Cæsare retinere, Cæsarem qui ille dederat periisse.” Lib. ii. c. 64.

“ Jungitur his *Decimus*, notissimus inter amicos

“ Cæsaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuisset

“ Gallia Cæsareo nuper commissa favore.

“ Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici

“ Deterrere potest.

“ Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici

“ Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

“ Incitat.” — *Supplem. Lucani.* STEEVENS.

Shakspeare's mistake of *Decius* for *Decimus*, arose from the old translation of *Plutarch*. FARMER.

Lord Sterling has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *in Antonius' way.*] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accustomed to Italian than Roman terminations, on account of the many versions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatic pieces formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

*Sooth.*

*Sooth.* Beware the ides of March.

*Bru.* A soothfayer, bids you beware the ides of March.

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

*Cæs.* 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:—pafs.

[<sup>1</sup> *Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar, and Train.*

*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<sup>2</sup> strange a hand Over your friend that loves you.

*Bru.* Cassius, Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look, I turn the trouble of my countenance

<sup>1</sup> *Sennet.*] I have been informed that *sennet* is derived from *senneste*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word.

In Decker's *Satiromastix*, 1602:

“ Trumpets sound a flourish, and then a *sennet*.”

In the *Dumb Show*, preceding the first part of *Hieronimo*, 1605, is

“ Sound a *signate* and pass over the stage.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *synnet* is called a *flourish of trumpets*, but I know not on what authority. See a note on *K. Henry VIII.* act II. sc. iv. Vol. VII. p. 243.

*Sennet* may be a corruption from *sonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— strange a hand] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOHNSON.

Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
 Of late, with <sup>3</sup> passions of some difference,  
 Conceptions only proper to myself,  
 Which give some foil, perhaps, to my behaviours :  
 But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd ;  
 (Among which number, Cassius, be you one)  
 Nor construe any further my neglect,  
 Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,  
 Forgets the shews of love to other men.

*Cas.* Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
 passion ;

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath bury'd  
 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

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

*Bru.* No, Cassius : for the eye sees not itself <sup>4</sup>,  
 But by reflection, by some other things.

*Cas.* 'Tis just :

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

*Bru.* Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

<sup>3</sup> *passions of some difference,*] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, act V. sc. iii :

“ ————thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour

“ At difference in thee.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *The eye sees not itself.*] So, sir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, 1599 :

*Is it because the mind is like the eye,*

*Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees ;*

*Whose rays reflect not, but spread outwardly ;*

*Not seeing itself, when other things it sees ?*

Again, in Marston's comedy of the *Fawne*, 1606 :

“ Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf ;

“ *The eye sees all things but its proper self.*” STEEVENS.

That you would have me seek unto myself  
For that which is not in me?

*Cas.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear ;  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glafs,  
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 laugher, or did use  
<sup>5</sup> To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new protefter ; if you know  
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,  
And after scandal them ; or if you know  
That I profess myself in banqueting  
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and shout.*

*Bru.* What means this shouting? I do fear, the  
people  
Choose Cæsar for their king.

*Cas.* Ay, do you fear it?  
Then must I think you would not have it so.

*Bru.* I would not, Cassius ; yet I love him well :—  
But wherefore do you hold me here so long ?  
What is it that you would impart to me ?  
If it be ought toward the general good,  
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
<sup>6</sup> And I will look on both indifferently :  
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
The name of honour more than I fear death.

*Cas.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

<sup>5</sup> *To stale with ordinary oaths my love, &c.] To invite every new protefter to my affection by the stale or allurement of customary oaths. JOHNSON.*

<sup>6</sup> *And I will look on both indifferently ;] Dr. Warburton has a long note on this occasion, which is very trifling. When Brutus first names honour and death, he calmly declares them indifferent ; but as the image kindles in his mind, he sets honour above life. Is not this natural? JOHNSON.*

As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
 I cannot tell, what you and other men  
 Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tyber chafing with his shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now  
 Leap in with me into this angry flood,  
 And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,  
 Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,  
 And bade him follow : so, indeed he did.  
 The torrent roar'd ; and we did buffet it  
 With lusty sinews ; throwing it aside,  
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.  
 But ere we could arrive the point propos'd<sup>7</sup>,  
 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 :

<sup>7</sup> *But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is used, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the second book of *Paradise Lost*, as well as by Shakspeare in the third part of *K. Henry VI.* act V. sc. iii. See Vol. VII. p. 412.

<sup>8</sup> His coward lips did from their colour fly ;  
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,  
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan :  
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans  
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,  
 Alas ! it 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<sup>9</sup> 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 time are masters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,  
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?  
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well<sup>1</sup> ;  
 Weigh

<sup>8</sup> *His coward lips did from their colour fly ;*] A plain man would have said, the colour fled from his lips, and not his lips from their colour. But the false expression was for the sake of as false a piece of wit : a poor quibble, alluding to a coward flying from his colours. WARBURTON.

<sup>9</sup> *—get the start of the majestick world, &c.*] This image is extremely noble : it is taken from the Olympic games. *The majestick world* is a fine periphrasis for the Roman empire : their citizens set themselves on a footing with kings, and they called their dominion *Orbis Romanus*. But the particular allusion seems to be to the known story of Cæsar's great pattern Alexander, who being asked, Whether he would run the course at the Olympic games, replied, *Yes, if the racers were kings*.

WARBURTON.

<sup>1</sup> *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well.*] A similar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :

“ What

Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.  
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,  
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd :  
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of 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 <sup>2</sup> incompass'd but one man ?  
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough.  
 When there is in it but one only man.

O! you and I have heard our fathers say,  
<sup>3</sup> There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd  
 The <sup>4</sup> eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,  
 As easily as a king.

*Bru.* That you do love me, I am nothing jealous ;  
 What you would work me to, I have some aim :  
 How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
 I shall recount hereafter ; for this present,  
 I would not, so with love I might intreat you,  
 Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
 I will consider ; what you have to say,  
 I will with patience hear ; and find a time  
 Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.

“ What diapason's more in Tarquin's name,  
 “ Than in a subject's ? or what's Tullia  
 “ More in the sound, than should become the name  
 “ Of a poor maid ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *That her wide walls*] The old copy reads *walks*, which may be right. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *There was a Brutus once*, i. e. *Lucius Junius Brutus*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *—eternal devil—*] I should think that our author wrote rather, *infernal devil*. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *eternal devil*. *L. J. Brutus* (says *Cassius*) *would as soon have submitted to the perpetual dominion of a demon, as to the lasting government of a king*: STEEVENS.

'Till



'Till then, my noble friend, <sup>5</sup> chew upon this;  
 Brutus had rather be a villager,  
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
 Under such hard <sup>6</sup> conditions as this time  
 Is like to lay upon us.

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

*Re-enter Cæsar, and his train.*

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

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

*Bru.* I will do so:—But, look you, Cassius,  
 The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,  
 And all the rest look like a chidden train:  
 Calphurnia's cheek is pale; and Cicero  
 Looks with such <sup>7</sup> ferret and such fiery eyes,  
 As we have seen him in the Capitol,  
 Being cross'd in conference by some senators.

*Cæs.* Cæsca 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 o' nights <sup>8</sup>:

Yon

<sup>5</sup> —*chew upon this*;) Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Under such hard*—] The old copy reads, *these hard*—  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —*ferret*—] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Sleek-headed men, &c.*] So, in sir Thomas North's translation of *Plutarch*, 1579, "When Cæsar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischief towards him; he answered, as for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them: but those pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again:

“ Cæsar

Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look;  
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

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

*Cæs.* 'Would he were fatter:—But I fear him not:  
Yet if my name were liable to fear,  
I do not know the man I should avoid  
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;  
He is a great observer, and he looks  
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,  
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no musick:  
Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.  
Such men as he be never at heart's ease,  
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;  
And therefore are they very dangerous.  
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,  
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.  
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,  
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.

[*Exeunt Cæsar, and his train.*]

*Manent Brutus and Cassius: Casca to them.*

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

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

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

“Cæsar had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; whereupon he said on a time, to his friends, what will Cassius do, think you? I like not his pale looks.” STEEVENS.

‘Would he were fatter:—] Jonson in his *Bartholomew-Fair*, 1614, unjustly sneers at this passage, in Knockham's speech to the Pig-woman. “Come, there's no malice in fat folks; I never fear thee, an I can, scape thy lean moon-calf there.”

WARBURTON.

*Bru.*

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

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

*Bru.* What was the second noise for?

*Casca.* Why for that too.

*Cas.* They shouted thrice; What was the last cry for?

*Casca.* Why for that too.

*Bru.* Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

*Cas.* Who offer'd him the crown?

*Casca.* Why, Antony.

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

*Casca.* I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets<sup>\*</sup>;—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he 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 choak'd 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?

\* ———one of these coronets;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “——he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel.” STEEVENS.

*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 use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

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

*Casca.* Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refus'd the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a<sup>2</sup> 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' the 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 pull-

<sup>2</sup> —a man of any occupation,] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat. JOHNSON.

ing scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

*Casca.* No, I am promis'd forth.

*Cas.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

*Cas.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so: Farewel both. [Exit.

*Bru.* What a blunt fellow is this grown to be? He was quick metal, 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 fauce to his good wit,  
Which gives men stomach to digest his words  
With better appetite.

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

*Cas.* I will do so:—'till then, think of the world.  
[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble: yet, I see,  
Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From that it is dispos'd: Therefore '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

<sup>3</sup> *Thy honourable metal may be wrought  
From what it is dispos'd:]*

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

<sup>4</sup> *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me.]*

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

## S C E N E III.

*A Street.*

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

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: <sup>5</sup> Brought you Cæsar  
 home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are you not mov'd, when all the <sup>6</sup> sway of  
 earth

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

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

*Cæsar should not love me.*

What he means by it, is not worth inquiring. WARBURTON.

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

<sup>5</sup> —*Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home?

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —*sway of earth*] The whole weight or momentum of this globe. JOHNSON.

Have

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds;  
 But never 'till to-night, never 'till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
 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<sup>7</sup> (you know him well by  
 fight)

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

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword)

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

<sup>8</sup> 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,

Even 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;*

<sup>7</sup> *A common slave, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
 "—a slave of the souldiers that did cast a marvelous burning  
 flame out of his hande, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he  
 had bene burnt; but when the fire was out, it was found he had  
 no hurt." STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Who glar'd upon me,——*] The first edition reads:

*Who glaz'd upon me,——*

Perhaps, *Who gaz'd upon me.* JOHNSON.

*Glar'd.* is certainly right. To *gaze* is only to look stedfastly,  
 or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it ex-  
 presses the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion  
 should appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, aug-  
 ments the prodigy. STEEVENS.

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.* Casca, by your voice.

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

*Cas.* A very pleasing night to honest men.

*Casca.* Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

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

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,  
Submitting me unto the perilous night;  
And, thus unbraced, Casca, as you see,  
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:  
And, when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

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

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,  
When the most mighty gods, by token, 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



And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
 But if you would consider the true cause,  
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,  
 ° Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;  
 Why old men, fools, ¹ 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 hath infus'd them with these spirits,  
 To make them instruments of fear, and warning,  
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man  
 Most like this dreadful night;  
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars  
 As doth the lion in the Capitol:  
 A man no mightier than thyself, or me,  
 In personal action; yet prodigious grown ²,  
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

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

° *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;*] That is, Why they *deviate* from quality and nature. This line might perhaps be more properly placed after the next line:

*Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind;  
 Why all these things change from their ordinance.*

JOHNSON.

¹ —and children calculate;] *Calculate* here signifies to foretel or prophesy: for the custom of foretelling fortunes by judicial astrology (which was at that time much in vogue) being performed by a long tedious calculation, Shakspeare, with his usual liberty, employs the *species* [calculate] for the *genus* [foretel].

WARBURTON.

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

There is certainly no prodigy in old men's *calculating* from their past experience. The wonder is, that old men should not, and that children should. I would therefore point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate.

BLACKSTONE.

² —prodigious *grown*,] *Prodigious* is portentous. See Vol. III. p. 134. STEEVENS.

*Cas.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
<sup>3</sup> Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;  
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
 Our yoke and sufferance 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  
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!

<sup>3</sup> *Have thewes and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an obsolete word implying *nerves* or *muscular strength*. It is used by Falstaff in the Second Part of *Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*.

The two last folios, in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *sinews*. STEEVENS.

Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
 Before a willing bondman: then I know  
<sup>4</sup> My answer must be made: But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

*Casca.* You speak to Casca: and to such a man,  
 That is no fearing tell-tale. <sup>5</sup> Hold my hand:  
<sup>6</sup> Be factious for redress of all these griefs;  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

*Cas.* There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,  
 To undergo, with me, an enterprize  
 Of honourable-dangerous 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,  
<sup>7</sup> It favours like the work we have in hand,  
 Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

<sup>4</sup> *My answer must be made.*] I shall be called to account, and  
 must answer as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Hold my hand:*] Is the same as, *Here's my hand.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Be factious for redress*—] *Factious* seems here to mean *active.*

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Is fev'rous, like the work*—] The old edition reads:

*Is favors, like the work*————

I think we should read:

*In favour's like the work we have in hand,*

*Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.*

*Favour* is look, countenance, appearance. See Vol. II. p. 118.

JOHNSON.

To *favour* is to resemble. Thus Stanyhurst in his translation  
 of the Third Book of Virgil's *Æneid*, 1582:

“ With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old  
 portes.”

We may read *It favours*, or—*Is favour'd*—i. e. is in appear-  
 ance or countenance like, &c. STEEVENS.

*Enter*

*Enter Cinna.*

*Casca.* Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

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

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

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

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

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

*Cin.* Yes,

You are. O, Cassius, if you could but win The noble Brutus to our party——

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

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

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

*[Exit Cinna.]*

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

*Casca.* O, he 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.

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

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*Enter Brutus, in his Orchard* §.

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

*Enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?

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

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

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

§ ————*in his orchard.*] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* seems anciently to have had the same meaning.

STEEVENS.

That these two words were anciently synonymous, appears from a line in this play:

“—————He hath left you all his walks,  
 “ His private arbours, and new-planted orchards  
 “ On this side Tiber.”

In Sir T. North's *Translation of Plutarch*, the passage which Shakspeare has here copied, stands thus: “He left his *gardens* and arbours unto people, which he had on this side of the river Tyber.” MALONE.

I know

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

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

That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins  
Remorse from power: And, to speak truth of Cæsar,  
I have not known when his affections sway'd  
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,  
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:  
But when he once attains the upmost round,<sup>2</sup>  
He then unto the ladder turns his back;  
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees  
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may;  
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,

<sup>1</sup> Remorse from power:] *Remorse*, for mercy. WARBURTON.  
*Remorse* (says the author of the *Revisal*) signifies the conscious  
uneasiness arising from a sense of having done wrong; to extin-  
guish which feeling, nothing hath so great a tendency as abso-  
lute uncontrolled power.

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

*Remorse* is pity, and has twice occurred in that sense in *Mea-  
sure for Measure*. See Vol. II. p. 48. STEEVENS.

*experience* <sup>1</sup> ——— common proof,] Common experiment. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> But when he once attains the upmost round,  
He then unto the ladder turns his back; &c.]

So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:

“ The aspirer once attain'd unto the top,  
“ Cuts off those means by which himself got up:  
“ And with a harder hand, and straighter rein,  
“ Doth curb that looseness he did find before;  
“ Doubting the occasion like might serve again:  
“ His own example makes him fear the more.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ——— base degrees] Low steps. JOHNSON.

Fashion

Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
 Would run to these, and these extremities :  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
 Which, hatch'd, would, <sup>4</sup> as his kind, grow mis-  
 chievous :  
 And kill him in the shell.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

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

*Bru.* Get you to bed again, it is not day.  
<sup>5</sup> Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March ?

*Luc.* I know not, sir.

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

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

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

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

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

*Shall Rome——Speak, strike, redress !*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st ; awake,——*

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

*Shall Rome——Thus must I piece it out ;*

Shall Rome stand under one man's sawe ? What ! Rome ?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome

<sup>4</sup> ——*as his kind,*——] According to his nature. JOHNSON.

<sup>5</sup> *Is not to-morrow, boy, the first of March ?*] We should read *ides* : for we can never suppose the speaker to have lost fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the soothsayer told Cæsar [Act I. sc. ii.] in his presence. [—*Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and says, *Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow* was the *ides of March*, as he supposed. For March, May, July, and October, had six nones each, so that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
*Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated  
 To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise,  
 If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
 Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* <sup>6</sup> Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocks within.*

*Bru.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody  
 knocks. [Exit *Lucius.*

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

<sup>7</sup> Between the acting of a dreadful thing,

And

<sup>6</sup> In former editions :

*Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.*

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

THEOBALD.

<sup>7</sup> *Between the acting of a dreadful thing,*

*And the first motion, &c.]* That nice critic, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, complains, that of all kind of beauties, those great strokes which he calls the *terrible graces*, and which are so frequent in Homer, are the rarest to be found in the following writers. Amongst our countrymen, it seems to be as much confined to the British Homer. This description of the condition of conspirators, before the execution of their design, has a pomp and terror in it that perfectly astonishes. The excellent Mr. Addison, whose modesty made him sometimes diffident of his own genius, but whose true judgment always led him to the safest guides (as we may see by those fine strokes in his *Cato* borrowed from the *Philippics* of Cicero) has paraphrased this fine description ; but we are no longer to expect those terrible graces which animate his original :

“ O think, what anxious moments pass between

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

“ Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,

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

I shall make two remarks on this fine imitation. The first is, that the subjects of the two conspiracies being so very different (the fortunes of Cæsar and the Roman empire being concerned in the

one ;



And the first motion, all the interim is

Like

one; and that of a few auxiliary troops only in the other) Mr. Addison could not, with propriety, bring in that magnificent circumstance which gives one of the *terrible graces* of Shakspeare's description;

*The genius and the mortal instruments  
Are then in council——*

For *kingdoms*, in the Pagan Theology, besides their *good*, had their *evil genius's*, likewise, represented here, with the most daring stretch of fancy, as sitting in consultation with the conspirators, whom he calls their *mortal instruments*. But this, as we say, would have been too pompous an apparatus to the rape and desertion of Syphax and Sempronius. The other thing observable is, that Mr. Addison was so struck and affected with these *terrible graces* in his original, that instead of imitating his author's sentiments, he hath, before he was aware, given us only the copy of his own impressions made by them. For,

*Oh, 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death.*

are but the affections raised by such forcible images as these:

*———All the int'rim is  
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.  
———the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.*

Comparing the troubled mind of a conspirator to a state of anarchy, is just and beautiful; but the *int'rim* or interval, to an *hideous* vision, or a frightful *dream*, holds something so wonderfully of truth, and lays the soul so open, that one can hardly think it possible for any man, who had not some time or other been engaged in a conspiracy, to give such force of colouring to nature. WARBURTON.

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

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

Like a <sup>s</sup> 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.

*Re-enter Lucius.*

*Luc.* Sir, 'tis your brother<sup>9</sup> Cassius at the door,  
 Who doth desire to see you.

care of safety, keep the mind in continual fluctuation and disturbance. JOHNSON.

The foregoing was perhaps among the earliest notes written by Dr. Warburton on Shakspeare. Though it was not inserted by him in Theobald's editions, 1732 and 1740, (but was reserved for his own in 1747) yet he had previously communicated it, with little variation, in a letter to Matthew Concanen in the year 1726. See a note on Dr. Akenfide's *Ode* to Mr. Edwards, and the end of this play. STEEVENS.

Instead of *instruments*, it should, I think, be *instrument*, and explained thus :

The *genius*, i. e. the soul or spirit, which should govern ; and the *mortal instrument*, i. e. the man, with all his bodily, that is, earthly passions, such as envy, pride, malice, and ambition, *are then in council*, i. e. debating upon the horrid action that is to be done, the soul and rational powers dissuading, and the *mortal instrument*, man, with his bodily passions, prompting and pushing on to the horrid deed, whereby the state of man, like to a little kingdom, suffers then the nature of an insurrection, the inferior powers rising and rebelling against the superior. See this exemplified in *Macbeth's* soliloquy, and also by what King *John* says, act IV :

“ Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,

“ This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,

“ Hostility and civil tumult reigns

“ Between my conscience and my cousin's death.” SMITH :

<sup>s</sup> A phantasma,] “ Suidas maketh a difference between *phantasma* and *phantasia*, saying that *phantasma* is an imagination, or appearance, or sight of a thing which is not, as are those sights whiche men in their sleepe do thinke they see : but that *phantasia* is the seeing of that only which is in very deeds.” *Lavaterus*, 1572. HENDERSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———your brother *Cassius*—] *Cassius* married *Junia*, Brutus' sister. STEEVENS.

*Bru.*

*Bru.* Is he alone?

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

*Bru.* Do you know them?

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

And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,  
That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark<sup>1</sup> of favour.

*Bru.* Let them enter.

[*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspi-  
racy;

Hide it in smiles, and affability:

<sup>2</sup> 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?

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

<sup>1</sup> *mark of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *For if thou path thy native semblance on,*] If thou walk in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The same verb is used by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:  
“Where, from the neighbouring hills, her passage Wey  
doth path.”

Again, in his *Epistle from Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham*:

“Pathing young Henry's unadvised ways.” STEEVENS.

This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

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

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

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

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

*Dec.* Here lies the east: Doth not the day break  
here?

*Casca.* No.

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

*Casca.* You shall confess, that you are both de-  
ceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the north  
He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* <sup>3</sup> No, not an oath <sup>4</sup>: If not the face of men,  
The

*No, not an oath.* [If that the face of men, &c.] Dr. Warburton would read *fate of men*; but his elaborate emendation is, I think, erroneous. *The face of men* is the *countenance*, the *regard*, the *esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or *the face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people.

He reads, with the other modern editions:

————— *if that the face of men* :

but the old reading is;

————— *if not the face, &c.* JOHNSON.

So, Tully in *Catilinam*—*Nihil horum ora vultusque moverunt?*

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *No, not an oath.* —] Shakspeare formed this speech on the following

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
 If these be motives weak, break off betimes,  
 And every man hence to his idle bed;  
 So let high-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

following passage in sir T. North's translation of *Plutarch*:—

“The conspirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or assurance, not binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> 'Till each man drop by lottery.] Perhaps the poet alluded to the custom of *decimation*, i. e. the selection by *lot* of every tenth soldier, in a general mutiny, for punishment.

He speaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

“By decimation, and a tythed death,

“Take thou thy fate.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> Swear priests, &c.] This is imitated by Otway:

“When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?” &c.

Venice Preserved.

JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —cautelous] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *insidious*.

So, in *Woman is a Weathercock*, 1612: “Yet warn you be as *cautelous* not to wound my integrity.”

Again, in Drayton's *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

“Witty, well-spoken, *cautelous*, though young.”

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610:

“—a fallacious polycy and *cautelous* wyle.”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 945: “—the emperor's counsell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to sue for a licence from the pope.” STEEVENS.

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,  
 Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,  
 To think, that, or our cause, or our performance,  
 Did need an oath; when every drop of blood,  
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,  
 Is guilty of a several bastardy,  
 If he do break the smallest particle  
 Of any promise that hath past from him.

*Cic.* But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?  
 I think, he will stand very strong with us.

*Casca.* Let us not leave him out.

*Cin.* No, by no means.

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

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar ;  
 And in the spirit of men there is no blood :  
 O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit <sup>8</sup>,  
 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 <sup>9</sup>,  
 Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :  
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious ;  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers,  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
 When Cæsar's head is off.

*Cas.* Yet I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,——

*Bru.* Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him :  
 If he love Cæsar, all that he can do  
 Is to himself ; ' take thought, and die for Cæsar :

And

<sup>8</sup> O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.] Lord Sterling has the same thought : Brutus remonstrating against the taking off of Antony, says :

“ Ah ! ah ! we must but too much murder see,  
 “ That without doing evil cannot do good ;  
 “ And would the gods that Rome could be made free,  
 “ Without the effusion of one drop of blood !”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> —— as a dish fit for the gods, &c.]

“ —— Gradive, dedisti,

“ Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

“ Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti

“ Funus erat.” *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> —— take thought,——] That is, turn melancholy. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ What shall we do, Ænobarbus ?

“ Think and die.”

Again, in *Holinshed*, p. 833 : “ —— now they were without

D 3

service,

And that were much he should; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

[*Clock strikes.*

*Bru.* Peace, count the clock.

*Cas.* The clock hath stricken three.

*Treb.* 'Tis time to part.

*Cas.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Wher Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:  
For he is superstitious grown of late;  
Quite from the main opinion<sup>2</sup> 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'erfway him: <sup>3</sup> for he loves to hear,

service, which caused them to *take thought*, infomuch that some  
died by the way, &c." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *For he is superstitious grown of late;  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:]*

Cæsar, as well as Cassius, was an Epicurean. By *main opinion*  
Cassius intends a compliment to his sect, and means solid, fun-  
damental opinion, grounded in truth and nature: as by *fantasy*  
is meant ominous forebodings; and by *ceremonies*, atonements of  
the gods by means of religious rites and sacrifices. A little after,  
where Calphurnia says:

*Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,  
Yet now they fright me:*

The poet uses *ceremonies* in a quite different sense, namely, the  
turning *accidents to omens*, a principal superstition of antiquity.

WARBURTON.

*Main opinion*, is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant  
opinion.* JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *for he loves to hear, &c.]* It was finely imagined by the  
poet, to make Cæsar delight in this sort of conversation. The  
author of *St. Evremond's Life* tells us, that the great prince of  
Conde took much pleasure in remarking on the foible and ridi-  
cule of characters. WARBURTON.

That



\* That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,  
 Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:  
 But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,  
 He says, he does; being then most flattered.  
 Let me work:

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

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

*Bru.* By the eighth hour: Is that the uttermost?

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

*Met.* Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard<sup>5</sup>,

Who

\* *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,  
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes.]*

Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him, so that his horn spent its force on the trunk, and stuck fast, detaining the beast till he was dispatched by the hunter.

So, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. II. ch. 5:

“ Like as a lyon whole imperiall powre  
 “ A proud rebellious *unicorne* defies;  
 “ T'avoid the rash assault and wrathfull stowre  
 “ Of his fiers foe, him to *a tree* applies:  
 “ And when him running in full course he spies,  
 “ He slips aside; the whiles the furious beast  
 “ His precious horne, sought of his enemies,  
 “ Strikes in the stocke, ne thence can be releast,  
 “ But to the mighty victor yields a bounteous feast.”

Again, in *Buffy D'Ambois*, 1641:

“ An angry *unicorne* in his full career  
 “ Charge with too swift a foot a jeweller  
 “ That watch'd him for the treasure of his brow,  
 “ And e'er he could get shelter of *a tree*,  
 “ Nail him with his rich antler to the earth.”

*Bears* are reported to have been surpris'd by means of a *mirror*, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking the surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudian. *Elephants* were seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them, was expos'd. See Pliny's *Nat. Hist.* B. VIII.

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *bear Cæsar hard.]* Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer, on the authority of the second and latter folios

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 given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*Cæs.* The morning comes upon us : 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 have ungently,  
Brutus,

read *hatred*, though the same expression appears again in the first  
scene of the following act : “ ———I do beseech you, if you *bear*  
*me hard* :” and has already occur'd in a former one :

“ Cæsar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus.”

STEEVENS.

° *Let not our looks—*] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, wear  
or show our designs. JOHNSON.

Stole

Stole from my bed: And yesternight, at supper,  
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,  
 Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:  
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,  
 You star'd upon me with ungentle looks:  
 I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,  
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:  
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;  
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,  
 Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did;  
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience,  
 Which seem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,  
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,  
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.  
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;  
 And, could it work so much upon your shape,  
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,  
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,  
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

*Por.* Is Brutus sick? and is it physical  
 To walk unbraced, and suck up the humours  
 Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick;  
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,  
 To dare the vile contagion of the night?  
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air  
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;  
 You have some sick offence within your mind,  
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,  
 I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,  
 I charm you<sup>7</sup>, by my once commended beauty,

<sup>7</sup> *I charm you*—] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“—————’tis your graces

“ That from my muteſt conſcience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

By all your vows of love, and that great vow  
Which did incorporate and make us one,  
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,  
Why you are heavy : and what men to-night  
Have had resort to you : for here have been  
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces  
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus:  
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,  
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets  
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,  
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation;  
To keep with you at meals<sup>3</sup>, comfort your bed<sup>3</sup>,  
And

<sup>3</sup> *To keep with you at meals, &c.]*

“ I being, O Brutus, (sayed she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot: but to be partaker also with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyselfe, I can finde no cause of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I showe my duetie towardes thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secret mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitie? I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keep a secret safely: but yet, Brutus, good education, and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for myselfe, I haue this benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I have found by experience, that no paine nor grieffe whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she shewed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe.”

*Sir Tho. North's Translat. of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

Here also we find our author and lord Sterline walking over the same ground:

“ I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be  
“ A partner only of thy board and bed,  
“ Each fervile whore in those might equal me,  
“ That did herself to mought but pleasure wed.  
“ No—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide  
“ Thy fellow in all fortunes good or ill;

“ With

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs<sup>1</sup>

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

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

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

I grant, I am a woman<sup>2</sup>; but, withal,  
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:

“ With chains of mutual love together ty'd

“ As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls,  
one will.” Lord Sterline's *Julius Cæsar*.

MALONE.

<sup>1</sup> ————*comfort your bed,*] “ is but an odd phrase, and gives as  
odd an idea,” says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes,  
*consort*. But this good old word, however disused through mo-  
dern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry  
VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commenda-  
tion of queen Katharine, in public said, “ She hath beene to  
me a true obedient wife, and as *comfortable* as I could wish.”

UPTON.

In the book of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the  
following: 1598. “ *A Conversation between a careful Wyfe and  
her comfortable Husband.*” STEEVENS.

In our marriage ceremony, the husband promises to *comfort*  
his wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1582,  
says, that to *comfort* is, “ to recreate, to solace, to make pas-  
time.” COLLINS.

<sup>2</sup> ————*in the suburbs.*] Perhaps here is an allusion to the  
place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. See  
Vol. II. p. 16. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *I grant I am a woman, &c.*] So, lord Sterline:

“ And though our sex too talkative be deem'd

“ As those whose tongues import our greatest pow'rs;

“ For secrets still bad treasurers esteem'd,

“ Of others greedy, prodigal of ours;

“ Good education may reform defects,

“ And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,

“ Which others minds do want, and mine respects,

“ *I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*”

MALONE.

I grant,

I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,  
<sup>3</sup> A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.  
 Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?  
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:  
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,  
 Giving myself a voluntary wound  
 Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,  
 And not my husband's secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,  
 Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knock.  
 Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the charactery<sup>4</sup> of my sad brows:—  
 Leave me with haste, [Exit Portia.

*Enter Lucius, and Ligarius.*

Lucius, who is that knocks?

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

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

<sup>5</sup> *A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.*] This false pointing should be corrected thus:

*A woman well reputed Cato's daughter.*

i. e. worthy of my birth, and the relation I bear to Cato. This indeed was a good reason why she should be intrusted with the secret. But the false pointing, which gives a sense only implying that she was a woman of a good character, and that she was Cato's daughter, gives no good reason: for she might be Cato's daughter, and yet not inherit his firmness; and she might be a woman well-reputed, and yet not the best at a secret. But if she *was well-reputed Cato's daughter*, that is, worthy of her birth, she could neither want her father's love to her country, nor his resolution to engage in its deliverance. WARBURTON.

<sup>4</sup> *—all the charactery—*] i. e. *all that is character'd on,* &c. The word has already occur'd in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. STEEVENS.

Boys,

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

*Lig.* Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

To wear a kerchief? 'Would you were not sick<sup>4</sup>!

*Lig.* 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 a healthful ear to hear of it.

*Lig.* By all the gods that Romans bow before,  
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!

Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up

My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,

And I will strive with things impossible;

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

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

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

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

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

*Bru.* Follow me then.

[*Exeunt.*]

<sup>4</sup> *Would you were not sick! &c.]* So, lord Sterline:

“ By sickness being imprison'd in his bed

“ Whilst I Ligarius spied, whom pains did prick

“ When I had said with words that anguish bred,

“ *In what a time Ligarius art thou sick?*

“ He answer'd straight, as I had physick brought,

“ Or that he had imagin'd my design,

“ *If worthy of thyself thou would'st do ought,*

“ *Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*”

MALONE.

SCENE

## SCENE II.

*Cæsar's Palace.**Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar, in his night-gown.**Cæs.* Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night :Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cry'd out,  
*Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar. Who's within ?**Enter a Servant.**Serv.* My lord ?*Cæs.* Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,  
And bring me their opinions of success.*Serv.* I will, my lord.[*Exit.*]*Enter Calphurnia.**Cal.* What mean you, Cæsar ? Think you to walk forth ?

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

*Cæs.* Cæsar shall forth : The things, that threaten'd me,Ne'er look'd but on my back ; when they shall see  
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.*Cal.* Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies <sup>s</sup>,

<sup>s</sup> *Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies.*] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or superstitious regard to prodigies or omens.

The adjective is used in the same sense in the *Devil's Charter*, 1607 :

“ The devil hath provided in his covenant,

“ I should not cross myself at any time :——

“ I never was so ceremonious.”

The original thought is in the old translation of *Plutarch* :  
“ Calphurnia, until that time, was never given to any fear or superstition.” STEEVENS.



Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.  
 A lions 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<sup>6</sup>;  
 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 heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
 princes.

*Cæs.* Cowards die many times before their deaths<sup>7</sup>;  
 The valiant never taste of death but once.  
 Of all the wonders that I yet have heard<sup>8</sup>,

It

<sup>6</sup> *The noise of battle hurtled in the air.*] See Vol. III. p. 386.  
 STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Cowards die many times before their deaths.*] So in Marston's  
*Injurious Countess*, 1603:

“ Fear is my vassal; when I frown, he flies,  
 “ *A hundred times in life a coward dies.*”

The first known edition of *Julius Cæsar* is that of 1623:

Lord Essex, probably before any of these writers, made the  
 same remark. In a letter to lord Rutland, he observes, “ that  
 as he which dieth nobly, doth live for ever, so he that doth live  
 in fear, doth die continually.” MALONE.

“ When some of his friends did counsel him to have a guard  
 for the safety of his person; he would never consent to it, but  
 said, it was better to die once, than always to be affrayed of  
 death.” *Sir Th. North's Transl. of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *that I yet have heard.*] This sentiment appears to have  
 been

It seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
 Seeing that <sup>9</sup> death, a necessary end,  
 Will come, when it will come.

*Re-enter a Servant.*

What say the augurers ?

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

*Cæs.* The gods do this <sup>1</sup> in shame of cowardice :  
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not : Danger knows full well,  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
<sup>2</sup> We are two lions, litter'd in one day,

been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Busiris King of Egypt* :

“ ————Didst thou e'er fear ?

“ Sure 'tis an art ; I know not how to fear :

“ 'Tis one of the few things beyond my power ;

“ And if death must be fear'd before 'tis felt,

“ Thy master is immortal.” ————STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> ————death, a necessary end, &c.] This is a sentence derived from the stoical doctrine of predestination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæsar. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> ————in shame of cowardice :] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> We were, &c.] In old editions :

*We heard two lions* ————The first folio :

—————*We heare*—————

The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration, I have made, restores sense to the whole ; and the sentiment will neither be unworthy of Shakspeare, 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.

THEOBALD.

Upton would read :

—————*We are*—————

This resembles the boast of Otho :

*Experti invicem sumus, Ego et Fortuna.* Tacitus.

STEEVENS.

And

And I the elder and more terrible ;

<sup>3</sup> And Cæsar shall go forth.

*Cal.* Alas, my lord,

Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.

Do not go forth to-day : Call it my fear,

That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house ;

And he shall say, you are not well to-day :

Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cæs.* Mark Antony shall say, I am not well :

And, for thy humour, I will stay at home.

*Enter 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.

<sup>3</sup> — *Cæsar shall go forth.* — ] Any speech of Cæsar throughout this scene will appear to disadvantage, if compared with the following sentiments, put into his mouth by May, in the seventh book of his *Supplement to Lucan* :

—— Plus me, Calphurnia, luctus  
Et lachrymæ movere tuæ, quam tristia vatum  
Responſa, infaustæ volucres, aut ulla dierum  
Vana superstitio poterant. Ostenta timere  
Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora posthac  
Anxia transfirent ? quæ lux jucunda maneret ?  
Aut quæ libertas ? frustra servire timori  
(Dum nec luce frui, nec mortem arcere licebit)  
Cogar, et huic capiti quod Romæ veretur, aruspex  
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.

STEEVENS.

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

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

*Cæs.* The cause is in my will, I will not come;  
That is enough to satisfy the senate.  
But, for your private satisfaction,  
Because I love you, I will let you know.  
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:  
\* She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,  
Which, like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,  
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans  
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.  
\* And these does she apply for warnings, and 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

\* *She dreamt to-night she saw my statue,*] The defect of the metre in this line, and a redundant syllable in another a little lower, show that this passage, like many others, has suffered by the carelessness of the transcriber. It ought, perhaps, to be regulated thus:

She dreamt to-night she saw my statue, which,  
Like a fountain with a hundred spouts, did run  
Pure blood; and many lusty Romans came  
Smiling, and did bathe their hands in't: and these  
Does she apply for warnings and portents  
Of evils imminent. MALONE.

\* *And these she does apply for warnings, and portents,  
And evils imminent.*]

The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read:

—*warnings and portents*  
Of evils imminent. STEEVENS.

Reviving blood; <sup>6</sup> and that great men shall press  
For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognifance.  
This by Calphurnia'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,

<sup>6</sup> ———— *and that great men shall press*

*For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance.]*

That this dream of the statue's spouting blood should signify, the increase of power and empire to Rome from the influence of Cæsar's arts and arms, and wealth and honour to the noble Romans through his beneficence, expressed by the words, *from you great Rome shall suck reviving blood*, is intelligible enough. But how these great men should literally press *for tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance*, when the spouting blood was only a symbolical vision, I am at a loss to apprehend. Here the circumstances of the dream, and the interpretation of it, are confounded with one another. This line therefore,

*For tinctures, stains, relicks, and cognizance,*

must needs be in way of similitude only; and if so, it appears that some lines are wanting between this and the preceding; which want should, for the future, be marked with asterisks. The sense of them is not difficult to recover, and, with it, the propriety of the line in question. The speaker had said, the statue signified, that by Cæsar's influence Rome should flourish and increase in empire, and that great men should press to him to partake of his *good fortune*, just as men run with handkerchiefs, &c. to dip them in the blood of martyrs, that they may partake of their *merit*. It is true, the thought is from the Christian history; but so small an anachronism is nothing with our poet. Besides, it is not my interpretation which introduces it, it was there before: for the line in question can bear no other sense than as an allusion to the blood of the martyrs, and the superstition of some churches with regard to it. WARBURTON.

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

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*<sup>7</sup>.  
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,  
*Lo, Cæsar is afraid?*  
 Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love  
 To your proceeding bids me tell you this;  
<sup>8</sup> And reason to my love is liable.

*Cæs.* How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia?

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*Pub.* Good morrow, Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?  
 Good-morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,  
 Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy,  
 As that same ague which hath made you lean.—  
 What is't o'clock?

*Bru.* Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

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

<sup>7</sup> *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*:

“ How can we satisfy the world's conceit,  
 “ Whose tongues still in all ears your praise proclaims?  
 “ Or shall we bid them leave to deal in state,  
 “ Till ibai Calphurnia first have better dreams?”

MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *And reason, &c.*] And reason, or propriety of conduct and language, is subordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

*Enter*

*Enter Antony.*

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,  
Is notwithstanding up:—Good morrow, Antony.

*Ant.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Bid them prepare within:—  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!

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

Remember that you call on me to-day:

Be near me, that I may remember you.

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

[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

*Cæs.* Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with  
me;

And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

*Bru.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yerns to think upon! [*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.*

*Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come  
not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebo-  
nius; 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 you: Security gives  
way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!*

*Thy lover,*

*Artemidorus.*

E 3

Here

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,

## S C E N E IV.

*Another part of the same street.*

*Enter Portia, 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?  
 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,

' ———the fates with traitors do contrive.] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.

' Why dost thou stay? &c.] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of *K. Richard* the third's mind by the same incident:

“ ———! O, unmindful villain!

“ Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?—

“ *Cat.* First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

“ What from your grace I shall deliver to him.”

STEEVENS.



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 Soothsayer*<sup>2</sup>.

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

*Sooth.* At mine own house, good lady.

*Por.* What is't o'clock ?

*Sooth.* About the ninth hour, lady.

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

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

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

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

*Por.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-  
 wards him ?

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

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow :

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,

Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :

I'll get me to a place more void, and there

Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [*Exit.*

<sup>2</sup> *Enter Soothsayer.*] The introduction of the *Soothsayer* here is unnecessary, and, I think, improper. All that he is made to say, should be given to Artemidorus ; who is seen and accosted by Portia, in his passage from the first stand, p. 54, to one more convenient, p. 55. TYRWHITT.

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

---

## A C T III. S C E N E I,

*The Street, and then*

*The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

*Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Cicero, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Artemidorus, Popilius, Publius, and the Soothsayer.*

*Cæs.* The ides of March are come.

*Sooth.* Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

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

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

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

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

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

*Cæs.* What, is the fellow mad?

*Pub.* Sirrah, give place.

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

[*Cæsar*

[*Cæsar enters the Capitol, the rest following.*]

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

*Cas.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*Pop.* Fare you well.

*Bru.* What said Popilius Lena?

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

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

*Cas.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius, or Cæsar, never shall turn back,  
For I will slay myself.

*Bru.* Cassius, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

[*Exeunt Ant. and Treb.*]

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

*Bru.* He is addrest<sup>3</sup>: press near, and second him.

*Cin.* Casca, you are the first that rear your hand<sup>4</sup>.

*Cas.* 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:—

*Cas.* I must prevent thee, Cimber.

<sup>3</sup> *He is addrest:*] i. e. he is ready. See Vol. III. p. 117.  
We are now to suppose the senate is seated. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ————*you are the first that rear your hand.*] This, I think, is not English. The first folio has *reares*, which is not much better. To reduce the passage to the rules of grammar, we should read—*You are the first that rears his hand.* TYRWHITT.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
 Might fire the blood of ordinary men ;  
<sup>5</sup> And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,  
<sup>6</sup> Into the lane of children. Be not fond,  
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,  
 Low-crook'd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;  
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause

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

<sup>6</sup> *Into the lane of children.*] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lane* of children. I should read, the *law* of children. That is, *change pre-ordinance and decree into the law of children*; into such slight determinations as every start of will would alter. *Lane* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

If the *lane of children* be the true reading, it may possibly receive illustration from the following passage in Ben Jonson's *Staple of News* :

“ A narrow-minded man ! my thoughts do dwell  
 “ All in a *lane*.”

The *lane of children* will then mean the narrow conceits of children, which must change as their minds grow more enlarged, So, in *Hamlet* :

“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
 “ In thewes and bulk ; but as this temple waxes,  
 “ *The inward service of the mind and soul,*  
 “ *Grows wide withal.*”

But even this explanation is harsh and violent. Perhaps the poet wrote :—“ in the *line* of children,” i. e. after the method or manner of children. In *Troilus and Cressida*, he uses *line* for method, course :

“ ———in all *line* of order.”

In an ancient bl. ballad, entitled, *Household Talk, or Good Counsel for a Married Man*, I meet indeed with a similar phrase to the *lane* of children :

“ Neighbour Roger, when you come  
 “ Into the *row* of neighbours married.” STEEVENS.

Will

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 !

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied.]*

Ben Jonson quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Discoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News* :  
“ Cry you mercy ; you never did wrong, but with just cause ?”

STEEVENS.

It may be doubted, I think, whether Jonson has *quoted this line unfaithfully*. The turn of the sentence, and the defect in the metre (according to the present reading), rather incline me to believe that the passage stood originally thus :

*Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, but with just cause ;  
Nor without cause will he be satisfied.*

We may suppose that Ben started this formidable criticism at one of the earliest representations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakspeare himself, over-awed by so great an authority, withdrew the words in question ; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious censurer that his criticism was ill-founded ; that *wrong* is not always a synonymous term for *injury* ; that, in poetical language especially, it may be very well understood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum sine injuriâ* ; and that, in this sense, there is nothing absurd in Cæsar's saying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or punishment) *but with just cause*. But, supposing this passage to have been really censurable, and to have been written by Shakspeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623 ; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleasure with which Jonson continued to ridicule his deceased friend for a slip, of which posterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant ? TYRWHITT.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's very ingenious conjecture is, in my opinion, strongly confirmed by our author's having used the verb, to *wrong*, in his *Rape of Lucrece*, in the sense in which he is supposed to have employed it here, as the passage stood originally :

“ Time's glory is———

“ To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right.”

MALONE.

*Cæs.*

*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 <sup>8</sup> apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know <sup>9</sup> but one  
That unaffailable <sup>1</sup> holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,  
Let me a little shew it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,——

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

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,——

*Cæs.* <sup>2</sup> Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Cæsca.*

<sup>2</sup> —— *apprehensive*;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions.  
JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Hen. IV. P. II. Act IV. sc. iii*: “——makes it *apprehensive*, quick, forgetive, &c.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —— *but one*] One and only one. JOHNSON.

<sup>1</sup> —— *holds on his rank*,] Perhaps, *holds on his race*; continues his course. We commonly say, *To hold a rank*, and *To hold on a course* or *way*. JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?*] I would read:  
*Do not Brutus bootless kneel!* JOHNSON.

I cannot subscribe to Dr. Johnson's opinion. Cæsar, as some of the conspirators are pressing round him, answers their importunity properly: *See you not my own Brutus kneeling in vain? What success can you expect to your solicitations, when his are ineffectual?* This might have put my learned coadjutor in mind of the passage of Homer, which he has so elegantly introduced in his preface. *Thou?* (said Achilles to his captive) *when so great*

*Casca.* 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.

*Casca.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus<sup>3</sup>.

*Dec.* And Cassius too.

*Bru.* Where's Publius?

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

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

Should chance——

*Bru.* Talk not of standing:—Publius, good cheer;  
There is no harm intended to your person,  
Nor to no Roman else<sup>4</sup>: so tell them, Publius.

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

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

*Re-enter Trebonius.*

*Cæs.* Where is Antony?

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

*a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality?* STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ————*Go to the pulpit, Brutus.*] We have now taken leave of Casca. Shakspeare for once knew that he had a sufficient number of heroes on his hands, and was glad to lose an individual in the croud. It may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tumult and war. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Nor to no Roman else.*] This use of two negatives, not to make an affirmative, but to deny more strongly, is common to Chaucer, Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. STEEVENS.

Men,

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.

<sup>5</sup> *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.—<sup>6</sup> Stoop, Romans, stoop,  
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood  
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:  
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;  
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,  
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

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

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

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

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

<sup>5</sup> *Cas.*] Both the folios give this speech to Casca. EDITOR.

<sup>6</sup> —Stoop, Romans, stoop;] Mr. Pope has 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. 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." THEOBALD.

Dr. Warburton follows Pope. JOHNSON.



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;  
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say.  
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;  
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:  
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;  
Say, I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.  
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony  
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd  
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,  
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead  
So well as Brutus living; but will follow  
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,  
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,  
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

*Bru.* Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;  
I never thought him worse.  
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,  
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honour,  
Depart untouch'd.

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

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

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

*Enter Antony.*

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

I

*Ant.*

*Ant.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood,<sup>7</sup> who else is rank:  
 If I myself, there is no hour so fit  
 As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument  
 Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich  
 With the most noble blood of all this world:  
 I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,  
 Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,  
 Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,  
 I shall not find myself so apt to die:  
 No place will please me so, no mean of death,  
 As, here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,  
 The choice and master spirits of this age.

*Brut.* 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:

<sup>8</sup> Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,  
 Of

<sup>7</sup> ————*who else is rank:*] Who else may be supposed to have overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the public safety. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> *Our arms* exempt from *malice*,] This is the reading only of the modern editions, yet perhaps the true reading. The old copy has:

*Our arms* in strength of *malice*. JOHNSON.

The old reading I believe to have been what the author design'd; and Dr. Johnson seems to have given a sanction to the alteration of his predecessors, without considering the context.

To you, (says Brutus) *our swords have leaden points: our arms,*  
 strong

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

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

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand :  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you ;—  
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand ;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours ;——now yours, Me-  
tellus ;—

Yours, Cinna ;—and, my valiant Casca, yours ;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.  
Gentlemen all,—alas ! what shall I say ?

My credit now stands on such slippery ground,  
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,  
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, '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,

*strong in the deed of malice they have just perform'd, and our hearts united like those of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all possible affection.* The supposition that Brutus meant, *their hearts were of brothers' temper in respect of Antony*, seems to have misled those who have commented on this passage before. I have replaced the old reading. Mr. Pope first substituted the words *exempt from*, in its place. If alteration were necessary, it would be easier to read :

*Our arms no strength of malice,——* STEEVENS.

One of the phrases in this passage, which Mr. Steevens has so happily explained, occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra* :

“ To make you *brothers*, and to knit your *hearts*,  
“ With an unslipping knot.”

Again, *ibid* :

“ The *heart of brothers* governs in our love !” MALONE.

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, and <sup>9</sup> crimson'd in thy lethe.  
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;  
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—  
 How like a deer, stricken by many princes,  
 Dost thou here lie?

*Cas.* Mark Antony,——

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

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

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

<sup>9</sup> ——*crimson'd in thy lethe.*] Mr. Theobald says, *The dictionaries acknowledge no such word as lethe; yet he is not without supposition, that Shakspeare coin'd the word; and yet, for all that, the l might be a d imperfectly wrote, therefore he will have death instead of it.* After all this pother, *lethe* was a common French word, signifying *death* or *destruction*, from the Latin *lethum*.

WARBURTON.

*Lethe* is used by many of the old translators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

“The proudest nation that great Asia nurs'd,  
 “Is now extinct in *lethe*.”

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1616:

“For vengeance' wings bring on thy *lethal* day.”

Dr. Farmer observes, that we meet with *lethal* for *deadly* in the information for *Mungo Campbell*. STEEVENS.

Friends

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

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

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

*Bru.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*Cæs.* 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 true rites, and lawful ceremonies.  
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

*Cæs.* I know not what may fall; I like it not.

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

*Ant.* Be it so;  
I do desire no more.

*Bru.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt Conspirators.*]

*Manet Antony.*

*Ant.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!  
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
That ever lived<sup>1</sup> in the tide of times.  
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy<sup>2</sup>,—  
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
A curse shall light<sup>3</sup> upon the limbs of men;  
Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,  
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:

<sup>1</sup> ————*in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times.  
JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,——  
Which like dumb mouths, &c.*]

Shakspeare had, perhaps, in his thoughts an old play, called, *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599. It was once very popular, and appears to have been written some years before it was printed:

“ ———— I gave him fifteen wounds,  
“ Which now be fifteen mouths that do accuse me:  
“ In every wound there is a bloody tongue  
“ Which will all speak although he hold his peace.”

MALONE.

<sup>3</sup> ————*upon the limbs of men;*] We should read:  
———*line of men;*

i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Hanmer reads:

———*kind of men;*  
I rather think it should be,  
———*the lives of men;*

unless we read:

———*these lymms of men;*

That is, *these bloodhounds* of men. The uncommonness of the word *lymm* easily made the change. JOHNSON.

I think the old reading may very well stand. Antony means only, that a future curse shall commence in distempers seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cruelty, and desolation over all Italy. STEEVENS.

Blood

Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,  
 That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
 All pity choak'd with custom of fell deeds:  
 And Cæsar's spirit<sup>4</sup>, ranging for revenge,  
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
<sup>5</sup> Cry *Havock*, and<sup>6</sup> let slip the dogs of war;  
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth

<sup>4</sup> *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.]*

“ ——— umbræque erraret Crassus inulta.” *Lucan*, lib. 1.

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admoveret atra dies; Stygiisque emissa tenebris

“ Mors fruitur cœlo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

*Stat. Theb.* VIII.

“ ——— Furix rapuerunt licia Parcix.” *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *Cry Havock,*—] A learned correspondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter should be given.

In a tract intitled, *The Office of the Constable and Mareschall in the Tyme of Werre*, contained in the Black Book of the Admiralty, there is the following chapter:

“ The peyne of hym that crieth *havock* and of them that followeth hym, etit. v.”

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

“ Also that no man be so hardy to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner shal be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harnais: and the persones of such as followeth and escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and Mareschall warde unto tyme that they have made fyn; and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—” JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Let slip*] This is a term belonging to the chase. Manhood, in his *Forest Laws*, c. XX. f. 9. says, “ ———that when any pourallee man doth find any wild beasts of the forest in his pourallee, that is, in his owne freehold lands, that he hath within the pourallee, he may *let slippe his dogges* after the wild beastes, and hunt and chase them there, &c.” EDITOR.

Sir Francis Bacon, in his speech on the arraignment of the earl of Somerset, said, “ He is not the hunter alone that *lets slip the dog* at the deer, but he that lodgeth him. HENDERSON.

With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not ?

*Serv.* I do, Mark Antony.

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

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

O Cæsar !— [*Seeing the body.*]

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

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

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

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,  
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet <sup>7</sup> ;  
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.*]

<sup>7</sup> *No Rome of safety, &c.*] If Shakspeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former passage, he is at least countenanced in it by other authors :

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638 :

“ ————You shall have my *room*,

“ My *Rome* indeed, for what I seem to be,

“ Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free.”

STEEVENS.



## SCENE II.

*The Forum.**Enter Brutus, and Cassius, with the Plebeians.**Pleb.* We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.*Bru.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
friends.—*Cassius,* go you into the other street,  
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;

And 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 severally we hear them rendered.

*[Exit Cassius, with some of the Plebeians:  
Brutus goes into the rostrum.**3 Pleb.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!*Bru.* Be patient till the last.Romans, <sup>s</sup> countrymen, and lovers! hear me for  
my

<sup>s</sup> *countrymen, and lovers! &c.*] There is no where, in all Shakspeare's works a stronger proof of his not being what we call a scholar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This speech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was simple, natural, and easy; this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheses. In a word, a brevity, that for its false eloquence would have suited any character, and for its good sense would have become the greatest of our author's time; but yet, in a stile of declaiming, that fits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowsers or collar-band would have done. WARBURTON.

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the  
F 4 bar.

my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I 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 is here so base, that would be a bond-man? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*All.* None, Brutus, none.

*Bru.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enroll'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, &c. 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 com-

bar. The speech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the false eloquence then in vogue, than as a specimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

monwealth;

monwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

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

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

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

*3 Pleb.* Let him be Cæsar.

*4 Pleb.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall be crowned 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 corpse, 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<sup>9</sup>.

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

*1 Pleb.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

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

<sup>9</sup> —————beholden to us all.] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptedly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

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! The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable men)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral,

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says, he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor have 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.

2 *Pleb.* 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 again to speak.

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause 'till it come back to me.] Perhaps our author recollected the following passage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1593:

“As for my love, say, Antony, hath all;  
“Say that my heart is gone into the grave  
“With him, in whom it rests, and ever shall.”

MALONE.

Cæsar has had great wrong. 3 *Pleb.* Cæsar had never wrong but with just cause.] If ever there was such a line written by Shakespeare, I should fancy it might have its place here, and very humourously in the character of a plebeian. One might believe Ben Jonson's remark was made upon no better credit than some blunder of an actor in speaking that verse near the beginning of the third act:

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong; nor without cause  
Will he be satisfied

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

I have inserted this note, because it is Pope's, for it is otherwise of no value. It is strange that he should so much forget the date of the copy before him, as to think it not printed in Jonson's time. JOHNSON.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* But yesterday the word of Cæsar might  
Have stood against the world : now lies he there,  
<sup>3</sup> And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters ! if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honourable men :  
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,  
Than I will wrong such honourable men.  
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar,  
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will :  
Let but the commons hear this testament,  
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read)  
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,  
And dip their napkins <sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>4</sup> *Pleb.* We'll hear the will : Read it, Mark Antony.

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

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not  
read it ;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men ;  
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,  
It will inflame you, it will make you mad :  
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs ;  
For if you should, O, what would come of it !

<sup>4</sup> *Pleb.* Read the will ; we will hear it, Antony ;  
You shall read us the will ; Cæsar's will.

<sup>3</sup> *And none so poor* — ] The meanest man is now too high to do reverence to Cæsar. JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> — *their napkins.* ] i. e. their handkerchiefs. See Vol. III, p. 384. STEEVENS.

*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 Pleb.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*2 Pleb.* They were villains, murderers: The will!  
read the will!

*Ant.* You will compel me then to read the will?—  
Then make a ring about the corpse 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<sup>s</sup>:  
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him!

<sup>s</sup> For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

STEEVENS.

This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
<sup>6</sup> And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statue,  
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !  
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.  
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity <sup>7</sup> : these are gracious drops.

Kind

<sup>6</sup> *And, in his mantle, &c.]* Read the lines thus :  
*And, in his mantle muffling up his face*  
*Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell,*  
*Even at the base of Pompey's statue.*

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

*O what a fall was there —*

is natural, lamenting the disgrace of being at last subdued in that quarrel in which he had been compleat victor. WARBURTON.

The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it. And the exclamation :

*O what a fall was there —*

follows better after

*—great Cæsar fell,*

than with a line interposed. JOHNSON.

Perhaps Shakspeare meant that the very statue of Pompey lamented the fate of Cæsar in tears of blood. Such poetical hyperboles are not uncommon. Pope, in his *Eloisa*, talks of

*—pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep.*

Shakspeare has enumerated *deus of blood* among the prodigies on the preceding day ; and, as I have since discovered, took these very words from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch* :  
 “ —against the very base whereon Pompey's image stood, which ran all a gore of blood, till he was slain.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The dint of pity]* is the impresson of pity.

The word is in common use among our ancient writers. So, in Preston's *Cambyfes* :

“ Your



Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here!

<sup>s</sup> Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Pleb.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Pleb.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Pleb.* O woeful 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 honour-  
able,

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 gave me publick leave to speak of him.

“ Your grace therein may hap receive, with others for your  
parte,

“ The *dent* of death, &c.”

Again, *Ibid*:

“ He shall dye by *dent* of sword, or els by choking rope.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>s</sup> Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.] To *mar*  
seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman*  
and *Perfeda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his  
dagger, says:

“ This point will *mar* her skin.” MALONE.

⁹ For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,  
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,  
To stir men's blood : I only speak right on ;  
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;  
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
mouths !

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

*All.* We'll mutiny.

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

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

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

*All.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

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

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

*All.* Most true ;—the will ;—let's stay, and hear  
the will.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas<sup>1</sup>.

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

3 *Pleb.* O royal Cæsar !

⁹ *For I have neither wit,——]* The old copy reads :

*For I have neither writ, nor words,——*

which may mean, I have no *penned* and premeditated oration.

JOHNSON.

The second folio reads *wit*. STEEVENS.

<sup>1</sup> ——*seventy-five drachmas.*] A drachma was a Greek coin,  
the same as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four sesterces,  
7d. ob. STEEVENS.

*Ant.*

*Ant.* Hear me with patience.

*All.* Peace, ho!

*Ant.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
<sup>2</sup> On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar: When comes such another?

<sup>1</sup> *Pleb.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses<sup>3</sup>.  
Take up the body.

<sup>2</sup> *Pleb.* Go, fetch fire.

<sup>3</sup> *Pleb.* Pluck down benches.

<sup>4</sup> *Pleb.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt Plebeians, with the body.*]

*Ant.* Now let it work: Mischief, thou art afoot,

<sup>2</sup> *On this side Tiber.*] The scene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

*Trans Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæsar's hortos,* says 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 Shakspeare very diligently studied, in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, speaking of Cæsar's will, expressly says, That he left to the public his gardens, and walks, *beyond the Tiber.* THEOBALD.

This emendation has been adopted by the subsequent editors; but hear the old translation, where *Shakspeare's study* lay. “He bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome seventy-five drachmas a man, and he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on *this* side of the river Tiber.” FARMER.

<sup>3</sup> —*fire the traitors' houses.*] Thus the first folio. The second, and the modern editors read—*fire all the traitor's houses*; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was sometimes written, *fer*. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams:

“Oh rare compound, a dying horse to choke,

“Of English *fer* and of Indian smoke!” STEEVENS.

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

*Enter a Servant.*

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

*Ant.* Where is he?

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*]

\* S C E N E III.

*A Street.*

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

*Cin.* I dream't 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.

\* *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.  
STEEVENS.

3 *Pleb.*

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.* 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! firebrands. To Brutus' and to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': away; go. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

*On<sup>s</sup> a small Island near Mutina.*

*Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.*

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

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

*Lep.* I do consent.

*Octa.* Prick him down, Antony.

*Lep.* <sup>o</sup> Upon condition Publius shall not live,  
Who

<sup>5</sup> *A small island*] Mr. Rowe, and Mr. Pope after him, have mark'd the scene here to be at Rome. The old copies say nothing of the place. Shakspeare, I dare say, knew from *Plutarch*, that these triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island; which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina, upon the river Lavinius. THEOBALD.

A small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia.

HANMER.

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereupon all three met together (to wete, Cæsar, Antonius, & Lepidus) in an island enuyroned round about with a little riuer, & there remayned three dayes together. Now as touching all other matters, they were easily agreed, & did deuide all the empire of Rome betwene them, as if it had bene their owne inheritance. But yet they could hardly agree whom they would put to death: for euery one of them would kill their enemies, and saue their kinsmen and friends. Yet at length, giving place to their greedy desire to be reuenged of their enemies, they spurned all reuerence of blood, and holines of friendship at their feete. For Cæsar left Cicero to Antonius will, Antonius also forsooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vncle by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his owne brother Paulus." That Shakspeare, however, meant the scene to be at Rome, may be inferred from what almost immediately follows:

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

*Cæs.* Or here, or at the Capitol." STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Upon condition, Publius shall not live.*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character

Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

*Ant.* He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him<sup>7</sup>.

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<sup>8</sup>,  
To groan and sweat under the business,  
Either led or driven, as we point the way;  
And having brought our treasure where we will,  
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,  
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears,  
And graze in commons.

*Octa.* You may do your will;

ter mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the person meant, who was uncle by the mother's side to Mark Antony: and in consequence of this, he concludes that Shakspeare wrote:

*You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.*

The mistake, however, is more like the mistake of the author, than of his transcriber or printer. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ———damn him.] i. e. condemn him. See Vol. IV. p. 336. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ———as the ass bears gold,] This image had occur'd before in *Measure for Measure*, Act III. sc. i:

“ ———like an ass whose back with ingots bows,

“ Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

“ Till death unloads thee.” STEEVENS.

But he's a try'd and valiant foldier.

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

9 In the old editions:

*A barren-ſpirited fellow, one that feeds*

*On objects, arts, and imitations, &c.]*

'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 reſtored the text:

*On object orts,————*

i. e. on the *scraps* and *fragments* of things *rejected* and *deſpiſed* by others. THEOBALD.

It is ſurely eaſy to find a reaſon why that devotee to pleaſure and ambition, Antony, ſhould call him *barren-ſpirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *ſpeculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. I have therefore taken the liberty of bringing back the old reading to its place, though Mr. Theobald's emendation is ſtill left before the reader. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is repreſented as inquisitive about the ſtructures of Egypt, and that too when he is almoſt in a ſtate of intoxication. Antony, as at preſent, makes a jeſt of him, and returns him unintelligible answers to very reaſonable queſtions.

*Objects*, however, may mean things *objected* or thrown out to him. In this ſenſe Shakspeare uſes the verb *to object* in another play, where I have given an inſtance of its being employ'd by Chapman on the ſame occaſion. A man who can avail himſelf of neglected hints thrown out by others, though without original ideas of his own, is no uncommon character. STEEVENS.

Are



Are levying powers : we must straight make head :  
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
out ;

And let us presently go sit in council,  
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,  
And open perils surest answered.

*Octa.* Let us do so : for we are at the stake<sup>2</sup>,  
And bay'd about with many enemies ;  
And some, that smile, have in their hearts, I fear,  
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Before Brutus' tent, in the camp near Sardis.*

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

*Bru.* Stand, ho !

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

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

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

*Bru.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pindarus,  
<sup>3</sup> In his own change, or by ill officers,

Hath

<sup>1</sup> —and our best means stretch'd out ;] The oldest copy reads :  
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;  
The present reading was given in the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> —at the stake.] An allusion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, act V :

“ They have chain'd me to a stake, I cannot fly,

“ But bear-like I must fight the course.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> In his own change, or by ill officers,] The sense of which is  
this, *Either your master, by the change of his virtuous nature, or  
by his officers abusing the power he had intrusted to them, hath done  
some things I could wish undone.* This implies a doubt which of  
the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's say-  
ing, *His master was full of regard and honour,* he replies, *He is  
not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read :

Hath given me some worthy cause to wish  
Things done, undone : but, if he be at hand,  
I shall be satisfied.

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

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

*Luc.* With courtesy, and with respect enough ;  
But not with such familiar instances,  
Nor with such free and friendly conference,  
As he hath 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 ?

*In his own charge, or by ill officers,*  
i. e. *Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust. Charge is so usual a word in Shakspeare, to signify the forces committed to the trust of a commander, that I think it needless to give any instances. WARBURTON.*

The arguments for the change proposed are insufficient, Brutus could not but know whether the wrongs committed were done by those who were immediately under the command of Cassius, or those under his officers. The answer of Brutus to the servant is only an act of artful civility ; his question to Lucilius proves, that his suspicion still continued. Yet I cannot but suspect a corruption, and would read :

*In his own change, or by ill offices.*  
That is ; either *changing* his inclination of himself, or by the *ill offices* and bad influences of others. JOHNSON.

Surely alteration is unnecessary. In the subsequent conference Brutus charges both Cassius and his officer Lucius Pella, with corruption. STEEVENS.

*Luc.*

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

The greater part, the horse in general,  
Are come with Cassius.

[*March within.*]

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

*Enter Cassius, and Soldiers.*

*Cas.* Stand, ho !

*Bru.* Stand, ho ! Speak the word along.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

*Within.* Stand.

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

*Bru.* Judge me, you gods ! Wrong I mine ene-  
mies ?

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

S C E N E

## S C E N E III.

*The inside of Brutus' tent.*

*Enter Brutus, and Cassius.*

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

You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians ;  
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, was slighted off.

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

*Cas.* In such a time as this, it is not meet  
That <sup>4</sup> every nice offence should bear his comment.

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

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

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

*Cas.* Chastisement !

*Bru.* Remember March, the ides of March re-  
member !

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

<sup>4</sup> ———every nice offence——] i. e. small trifling offence.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, act V :

“ The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge

“ Of dear import.” STEEVENS.

Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
 And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
 For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—  
<sup>5</sup> 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,  
<sup>6</sup> To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I<sup>7</sup>,

Older

<sup>5</sup> *I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
 Than such a Roman.*]

The poets and common people, who generally think and speak alike, suppose the dog bays the moon out of envy at its brightness; an allusion to this notion makes the beauty of the passage in question: Brutus hereby insinuates a covert accusation against his friend, that it was only envy at Cæsar's glory which set Cassius on conspiring against him; and ancient history seems to countenance such a charge. Cassius understood him in this sense, and with much conscious pride retorts the charge by a like insinuation:

—————*Brutus, bay not me.* WARBURTON.

The old copy reads—*bait* not me; but Dr. Warburton's emendation is strengthened by Shakspeare's having used the word *bay* in other places, and in the sense here required. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*, act II. sc. iii:

“What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him?”

Again, in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* act I. sc. iii;

“—————the French and Welsh

“*Baying* him at the heels.”

Again, in *Cymbeline*:

“Set the dogs of the street

“To *bay* me.”

The old reading, however, may be countenanced by the following passage in a *Pleasant conceited comedy how to chuse a good Wife from a bad*, 1634:

“Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom,

“Am I thus *baited*?”

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus*:

“—————why stay we to be *baited*

“With one that wants her wits?” MALONE:

<sup>6</sup> *To hedge me in*; —] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or censure. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> —————*I am a soldier, I,*

*Older in practice, &c.*]

Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I,*  
 have

Older in practice, abler than yourself

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

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

*Cas.* I am.

*Bru.* I say, you are not.

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

*Bru.* Away, flight 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 ye gods! ye gods! Must I endure all this?

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

Go, shew your slaves how cholerick you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,  
When you are waspish.

*Cas.* Is it come to this?

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

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

I said, an elder soldier, not a better;

Did I say, better?

have read *ay*, because the vowel *I* sometimes stands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:

*And I am Brutus; Marcus Brutus I.* STEEVENS.

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

*Bru.*

*Bru.* If you did, I care not.

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

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

*Cas.* I durst not?

*Bru.* No.

*Cas.* What? durst not tempt him?

*Bru.* For your life you durst not.

*Cas.* Do not presume too much upon my love:

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

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

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;

For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,

That they pass by me, as the idle wind,

Which I respect not. I did send to you

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

For I can raise no money by vile means:

By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,

And drop my blood for drachmas, <sup>9</sup> 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.

<sup>9</sup> ———— *than to wring*

*From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,]*

This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *unjustly*, and to use *force* in getting: and *hard hands* signify both the peasant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingness* to quit his hold. . WARBURTON.

*Cas.*

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

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

<sup>1</sup> *Bru.* I do not, 'till you practise them on me.

*Cas.* You love me not.

*Bru.* I do not like your faults.

*Cas.* A friendly eye could never see such faults.

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

*Cas.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
For Cassius is 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 :  
<sup>2</sup> If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;

I, that

<sup>1</sup> *Bru.* *I do not, till you practise them on me.*] But was this talking like Brutus? Cassius complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were. To which Brutus replies, not till those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for *aggravating* his friend's failings? Shakspeare knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus :

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

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

WARBURTON.

The meaning is this : I do not look for your faults, I only see them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practising them on me.* JOHNSON.

<sup>2</sup> *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth, &c.*] But why is he bid to rip out his heart, if he were a Roman? There is no other sense but this, If you have the courage of a Roman. But this is so poor, and so little to the purpose, that the reading may be justly suspected. The occasion of this quarrel was Cas-

sius's



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

sius's refusal to supply the necessities of his friend, who charges it on him as a dishonour and crime, with great asperity of language. Cassius, to shew him the injustice of accusing him of avarice, tells him, he was ready to expose his life in his service ; but at the same time, provoked and exasperated at the other's reproaches, he upbraids him with the severity of his temper, that would pardon nothing, but always aimed at the life of the offender ; and delighted in his blood, though a Roman, and attached to him by the strongest bonds of alliance : hereby obliquely insinuating the case of Cæsar. The sense being thus explained, it is evident we should read :

*If that thou need'st a Roman's, take it forth.*

i. e. if nothing but another Roman's death can satisfy the unrelenting severity of your temper, take my life as you did Cæsar's.

WARBURTON.

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

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 99.

“ Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.”

BLACKSTONE.

*Bru.*

*Bru.* And my heart too.

*Cas.* O Brutus!—

*Bru.* What's the matter?

*Cas.* Have not you 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 them, 'tis not meet  
They be alone.

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

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

*Enter Poet*<sup>3</sup>.

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

*Poet.* For shame, you generals; What do you mean?  
<sup>4</sup> Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

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

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Poet.*] Shakspeare found the present incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius* who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who assumed the character of a cynic philosopher. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.*

This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of *Homer*:

‘ΑΛΛὰ τίθεσθ’ ἄμφω δὲ νεωτέρω ἔσον εμεῖο.

which is thus given in Sir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

“ My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,

“ For I have seen more years than such ye three.”

What should the wars do with these jigging fools<sup>5</sup>?—  
Companion<sup>6</sup>, hence.

*Cas.* Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.

*Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.*

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

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

Immediately to us. [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,

<sup>5</sup> *What should the wars do with these jigging fools?*] i. e. with these silly poets. A jig signified, in our author's time, a metrical composition.—A modern editor (Mr. Capell) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the study of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of antient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging* reads *jingling*. His work exhibits above *six hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was justly said by the late Bishop of Gloucester, that “*he had hung himself up in chains over our poet's grave,*” having boasted in his preface, that “*his emendations of the text were at least equal in number to those of all the other editors and commentators put together,*” I had lately the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I found, that of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the antient copies, which he has properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or first introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our antient customs and phraseology, amount to no less a number than *six hundred and thirty-three*!! MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> Companion, hence.] *Companion* is used as a term of reproach in many of the old plays; as we say at present—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry IV. Part II.* Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol;

“——I scorn you, scurvy companion, &c.” STEEVENS.

Insolent *companion* is used so lately as in Foote's *Mayer of Garret*. See Vol. VII. p. 461. HENDERSON.

If you give place to accidental evils.

*Bru.* No man bears sorrow better:—Portia is dead.

*Cas.* Ha! Portia?

*Bru.* She is dead.

*Cas.* How scap'd I killing, when I cross'd you  
so?—

O insupportable and touching loss!—

Upon what sickness?

*Bru.* Impatient of my absence;  
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark 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<sup>7</sup>.

*Cas.* And dy'd so?

*Bru.* Even so.

*Cas.* O ye immortal gods!

*Enter Lucius, with wine, and tapers.*

*Bru.* Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of  
wine:—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [*Drinks.*]

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

*Re-enter Titinius, and Messala.*

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

<sup>7</sup> *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome of a lingering illness while Brutus was abroad; but some writers seem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a distinguished character.

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

*Cas.* Portia! art thou gone?

*Bru.* No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here received letters,  
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,  
Come down upon us with a mighty power,  
Bending their expedition towards Philippi.

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

*Bru.* With what addition?

*Mes.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death a hundred senators.

*Bru.* Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy 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 ought of her in  
yours?

*Mes.* No, my lord.

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

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

*Bru.* Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Mes-  
sala:

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

*Mes.* Even so great men great losses should endure.

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

*Bru.* Well, to our work alive. What do you think

Of marching to Philippi presently?

*Cas.* I do not think it good.

*Bru.* Your reason?

*Cas.* This it is:

'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<sup>8</sup>,

<sup>8</sup> *There is a tide &c.*] This passage is poorly imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Custom of the Country*:

“ *There is an hour in each man's life appointed*

“ *To make his happiness, if then he seize it,*” &c.

STEEVENS.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Bussy d'Ambois*, 1607:

“ *There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel,*

“ *For each man's good; when which nick comes it strikes,*

“ *So no man riseth by his real merit,*

“ *But when it cries *slink* in his raifer's spirit.*” MALONE.

Which,

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
And we must take the current when it serves,  
Or lose our ventures.

*Cas.* Then, with your will, go on ; we 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.

*Bru.* Lucius, my gown. [*Exit Luc.*] Farewel,  
good Messala ;—

Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,  
Good night, and good repose.

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

*Bru.* Every thing is well.

*Cas.* Good night, my lord.

*Bru.* Good night, good brother.

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

*Bru.* Farewel, every one.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

*Luc.* Here in the tent.

*Bru.* What, thou speak'st drowsily ?

Poor knave, I blame thee not ; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men ;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*Luc.* Varro, and Claudius !

*Enter Varro, and Claudius.*

*Var.* Calls my lord?

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

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

*Bru.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I fought for so; I put it in the pocket of my gown.

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

*Bru.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Can'st 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: <sup>9</sup> If I do live, I will be good to thee. [*Musick, and a song.*

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

<sup>9</sup> ———— *if I do live,  
I will be good to thee.]*

I will be a *good master* to thee. It is probable that the poet alluded here to the common forms used in this age by clients and dependents, in their letters to their patrons, intreating them to be *good masters* to them. There is the same allusion in Heywood's interlude of the *Four P's*:

“ If any rewarde may entreat ye,

“ I beseech your mast'ship *be good to me.*”

See Vol. IV, p. 442. WHALLEY.

Lay't



Lay'st thou thy leaden<sup>1</sup> 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.  
Let me see, let me see;—Is not the leaf turn'd  
down,

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

[*He sits down 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.* Well; Then I shall see thee again<sup>2</sup>?

*Ghost.*

<sup>1</sup> ————*thy leaden mace.*] A *mace* is the ancient term for a sceptre. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

“ ————look upon my stately grace,

“ Because the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace*,” &c.

Again:

“ ————because he knew no more

“ Fair Venus' Ceston, than dame Juno's *mace*.”

Again, in *Marius and Sylla*, 1594:

“ ————proud Tarquinius

“ Rooted from Rome the sway of kingly *mace*.”

Again, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x:

“ Who mightily uphold that royal *mace*,” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Well; Then I shall see thee again?*] Shakspeare has on this occasion deserted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghost of Cæsar* appeared to Brutus, but “a wonderful strange

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

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

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

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

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

Lucius, awake.

*Luc.* My lord!

*Bru.* Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
cry'dst out?

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

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

*Luc.* Nothing, my lord.

*Bru.* Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius!  
Fellow<sup>3</sup> thou! awake.

*Var.* My lord.

*Clau.* My lord.

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

*Both.* Did we, my lord?

*Bru.* Ay; Saw you any thing?

*Var.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

and monstrous shape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *shade of Cæsar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

"Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus beeing no otherwaife affryd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I shall see thee agayne. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyse, nor sawe any thinge at all."

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *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. I read:

*Varro awake!* WARBURTON.

*Clau.*

*Clau.* Nor I, my lord.

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

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

## ACT V. SCENE I.

*The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*

*Octa.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to <sup>4</sup> warn us at Philippi here,  
Answering before we do demand of them.

*Ant.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
<sup>5</sup> With fearful bravery, thinking, by this face,

<sup>4</sup> —warn us—] To *warn* is to summon. So in *K. John*:

“Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?”

Shakspeare uses the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Rich. III*:

“And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”

Throughout the books of the Stationers Company, the word is always used in this sense. “Receyved of Raufe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of this house. STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *With fearful bravery*,—] That is, *with a gallant shew of courage, carrying with it terror and dismay*. *Fearful* is used here, as in many other places, in an active sense—*producing fear—intimidating*. MALONE.

To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage ;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

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

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

*Octa.* Upon the right-hand I, keep thou<sup>6</sup> 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 ; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, &c.*

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

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

*Octa.* 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.

*Octa.* Stir not until the signal.

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

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

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

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

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

*Cas.* Antony,

? The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;

<sup>6</sup> ————*keep thou*———] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*. REMARKS.

<sup>7</sup> *The posture of your blows are yet unknown ;*] It should be —*is* yet unknown. Yet the error is such, that it probably was Shakspeare's. MALONE.

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

*Ant.* Not stingless too.

*Bru.* O, yes, and fowlless too;  
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,  
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.

*Ant.* Villains, you did not so, when your vile  
daggers

Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:  
You shew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
Whilst damned <sup>8</sup> Casca, like a cur, behind,  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

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

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

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
Look, I draw a sword against conspirators;  
When think you that the sword goes up again?—  
Never, 'till Cæsar's <sup>9</sup> three and twenty wounds  
Be well aveng'd; or 'till another Cæsar  
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

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

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

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

<sup>8</sup> ———*Casca*———] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming like a degenerate cur behind him. JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> ———*three and thirty wounds*] Thus all the editions implicitly; but I have ventured to reduce this number to *three and twenty* from the joint authorities of *Appian*, *Plutarch*, and *Suetonius*: and I am persuaded, the error was not from the poet but his transcribers. THEOBALD.

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

Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*Ant.* Old Cassius still!

*Octa.* Come, Antony; away.—

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

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

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

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

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

[*Lucilius, and Messala, stand forth.*]

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

*Cas.* Messala.

*Mes.* What says my general?

*Cas.* Messala<sup>1</sup>,

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.

<sup>1</sup> *Messala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*:

“ But touching Cassius, Messala reporteth that he supped by him selfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all supper tyme he looked very sadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was against his nature: and that after supper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him fast (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke: Messala, I protest vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled against my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we must be liuely, and of good corage, considering our good fortune, whom we shoulde wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we followe euill counsell. Messala writeth, that Cassius hauing spoken these last wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to supper to him the next night following, because it was his birth-day.” STEEVENS.

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<sup>2</sup>  
 Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;  
 Who to Philippi here-conforted us :  
 This morning are they fled away, and gone ;  
 And, in their steads, do ravens, crows, and kites,  
 Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,  
 As we were sickly prey ; their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*Mes.* Believe not so.

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

*Bru.* Even so, Lucilius.

*Cas.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !  
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
<sup>3</sup> The very last time we shall speak together :  
 What are you then determined to do ?

<sup>2</sup> —our foremost ensign.] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *K. Lear*, act IV. sc. iii. Either word has the same origin ; nor do I perceive why *former* should be less applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

Shakspeare perhaps wrote *foremer* ; and I do not see why the word (so spelt, to distinguish it from *former*, antecedent in point of time) should not be admitted into the text. MALONE.

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

*What are you then determined to do ?]*

i. e. I am resolved in such a case to kill myself. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

*Bru.*

*Bru.* Even by the rule of that philosophy <sup>4</sup>,  
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

<sup>4</sup> —of that philosophy,] There is an apparent contradiction between the sentiments contained in this and the following speech which Shakspeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his resolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he should survive the battle, he would never submit to be led in chains to Rome. This sentence in sir Thomas North's *Translation*, is perplexed, and might be easily misunderstood. Shakspeare, in the first speech, makes that to be the present opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in sir Thomas North:—“There Cassius beganne to speak first, and sayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the rest of our life quietly, one with another. But sith the gods haue so ordeyned it, that the greatest & chiefest things amongest men are most vncertaine, and that if the battell fall out otherwise to daye then we wishe or looke for, we shall hardely meete againe: what art thou then determined to doe, to fly, or dye? Brutus answered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouergreatly experienced in the world: I trust, (I know not how) a certaine rule of philosophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reprove Cato for killing of him selfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valliant, not to giue place and yield to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoever it pleaseth him to send vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the middest of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs: I will looke no more for hope, neither seeke to make any new supply for war againe, but will rid me of this miserable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I shall liue in another more glorious worlde.” STEEVENS.

I see no contradiction in the sentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himself merely for the loss of *one* battle; but as he expresses himself, (page 131.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive.

BLACKSTONE.

The



The time of life:—<sup>5</sup> arming myself with patience,  
To stay the providence of some high powers,  
That govern us below.

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

*Bru.* No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble 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.*]

S C E N E II.

*Alarum.* Enter Brutus, and Messala.

*Bru.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills<sup>6</sup>  
Unto the legions on the other side: [Loud alarm.]

<sup>5</sup> —arming myself with patience, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this speech something is lost, but there needed only a parenthesis to clear it. The construction is this; I am determined to act according to that philosophy which directed me to blame the suicide of Cato, arming myself with patience. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> —give these bills] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent litle billes to the collonells and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell, &c.” STEEVENS.

Let

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.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III.

*Alarum. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.*

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

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

*Enter Pindarus.*

*Pin.* Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;  
 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.*

? *This hill is far enough, &c.*] Thus, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "So, Cassius him selfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might easely see what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Cassius him self sawe nothing; for his sight was verie bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He sawe also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus horsemen sawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe

*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 yon troops are friend or enemy.

*Tit.* I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

<sup>8</sup> *Cas.* Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;  
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,  
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

[*Exit Pindarus.*

This day I breathed first: time is come round<sup>9</sup>,  
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?

*Pind.* [above] O my lord!

*Cas.* What news?

knewe that he was one of Cassius chiefest frendes, they showed out for ioy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rōunde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deede that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: Desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best frēdes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodie was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued euer for suche a pinche, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow: but then casting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be striken of. So the head was found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer seene more.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Go, Pindarus]* This dialogue between Cassius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by Beaumont and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. sc. v. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> —*time is come round.*] So, in *K. Lear*, the Bastard, dying says:

“The wheel is come full circle.” STEEVENS.

*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; now,  
Titinius!—Now some 'light:—O, he 'lights too:—  
He's ta'en;—and, hark, they shout for joy. [*Shout.*

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

*Re-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 should'st 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 hilts;  
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,  
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,  
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

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

*Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.*

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

*Tit.* These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

*Mes.* Where did you leave him?

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

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

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

*Mes.* Is not that he?

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

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

*Mes.* Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child!

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

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

*Mes.* Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet  
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report  
Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;  
For piercing steel, and darts envenomed,  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,  
As tidings of this 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 misconstrued every thing.  
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—  
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part;  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*]

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

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

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

*Bru.* Titinius' face is upward.

*Cato.* He is slain.

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

*Cato.* Brave Titinius!—

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

*Bru.* Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
Thou last of all the Romans, <sup>1</sup> fare thee well!  
It is impossible, that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, <sup>2</sup> and to Thassos send his body;  
His funeral shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—  
Labeo, and Flavius, set our battles on:—  
<sup>3</sup>'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

<sup>1</sup> *Thou last of all the Romans.*] Objectum est Historico (*Cremutius Cordo*. Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque ultimos Romanorum dixisset. Suet. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *and to Tharsus send his body:*] Thus all the editions hitherto very ignorantly. But the whole tenor of history warrants us to write, as I have restored the text, *Thassos*. THEOBALD.

It is *Thassos* in sir Tho. North's *Translation*. STEEVENS.

S C E N E

## S C E N E IV.

*Another Part of the Field.**Alarum. Enter Brutus, Cato, Lucilius, and others.**Bru.* Yet, countrymen, O, yet, hold up your heads!*Cato.* What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—  
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!  
 A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho<sup>3</sup>!

*Enter Soldiers, and fight.**Bru.* And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;  
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus.[*Exit.*]*Luc.* O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou dy'st as bravely as Titinius;  
And may'st be honour'd<sup>4</sup> being Cato's son.<sup>1</sup> *Sold.* Yield, or thou die'st.<sup>5</sup> *Luc.* Only I yield to die:

<sup>3</sup> *I am the son of Marcus Cato—*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "There was the sonne of *Marcus Cato* slaine valiantly fighting, &c. telling aloud his name and his father's name, &c."

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *—being Cato's son.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.<sup>5</sup> *Luc. Only I yield to die:**There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;*]

Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or passages broken by omission, throughout this play. I think he has been always mistaken. The soldier here says, *Yield, or thou die'st*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is so much gold as thou seest in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for speedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight;  
[Offering money.]  
 Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

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

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

1 *Sold.* <sup>6</sup> I'll tell the news.—Here comes the general:—

*Enter Antony.*

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

*Ant.* Where is he?

*Luc.* Safe, Antony <sup>7</sup>; 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 whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead:

<sup>6</sup> *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads:

*I'll tell thee news.*————— JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Safe, Antony;*] So in the old translation of *Plutarch*: “In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who stowtly with a bold countenance sayd, Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enimie hath taken, nor shall take Marcus Brutus alie: and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, alie or dead, he will be founde like him self. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceived these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, sayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are forie you haue failed of your purpose, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, instead of an enimie, you have brought me a frend, &c.” STEEVENS.

And



And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,  
How every thing is chanc'd.

[*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E V.

*Another part of the field.*

*Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volum-  
nius.*

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

*Cli.* Statilius shew'd the torch-light<sup>s</sup>; but, my  
lord,

He

<sup>s</sup> *Statilius shew'd the torch-light, &c.]* So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men slaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his enemies (for otherwise it was impossible to goe see their campe) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with speede to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promised, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus seeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not againe, he sayd: if Statilius be alieue, he will come againe. But his euill fortune was suche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was slaine. Now, the night being farre spent, Brutus as he fate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somwhat in his eare, the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somwhat also to him: at length he came to Volumnius him selfe, and speaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the studies sake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his sword, to thrust it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his request, and so did many others: and amongest the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie indeed, sayd he, but it must be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he sayd these words vnto them with a cheerefull countenance. It reioyceth my hart that not one of my friends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries sake: for, as for me, I thinke my selfe happier than they that haue  
ouercome,

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.* Shall I do such a deed ?

*Cli.* O, Dardanius !

*Dar.* O, 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' 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 : [*Alarum.*  
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 pray thee,  
Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

ouercome, considering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our  
corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors  
shall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their  
posteritie to say, that they being naughtie and uniuſt men, haue  
ſlaine good men, to vſurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to  
them. Hauing ſayd ſo, he prayed euery man to ſhift for them  
ſelues, and then he went a little aſide &c." STEEVENS,

*Vol.*

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

[*Alarum still.*]

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

*Bru.* Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Vol-  
lumnus.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

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

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

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

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

Hath almost ended his life's history:

Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

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

*Cli.* Fly, my lord, fly. [*Exeunt Cli. Dar. and Vol.*]

*Bru.* Hence; I will follow.

I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:

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.*]

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

*Farewel to thee, to Strato, countrymen.* JOHNSON.

*Alarum.*

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

*Octa.* What man is that?

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

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

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

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

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

*Octa.* Do so, good Messala.

*Mes.* How died my master, 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<sup>1</sup>, 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<sup>2</sup>

So

<sup>1</sup> ————*save only he, &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "For, it was sayd that Antonius spake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that of all them that had slayne Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it selfe: but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death, for some priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwise did beare vnto him." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ————*the elements*

*So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, This was a man.]*

So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

“ He

So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*

*Otho.* 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.*

“ He was a man (then boldly dare to say)

“ In whose rich soul the virtues well did suit;

“ *In whom so mix'd the elements all lay,*

“ That none to one could sov'reignty impute;

“ As all did govern, so did all obey:

“ He of a temper was so absolute,

“ As that it seem'd, when nature him began,

“ She meant to shew *all that might be in man.*”

This poem was published in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconcilment of Brutus and Cassius is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of Shakspeare's plays; his adherence to the real story, and to Roman manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

The following letter, referred to in p. 32, being of too great length to be inserted as a note, I have placed it at the end of this play. EDITOR.

The note on Dr. Akinfide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, is as follows:

“ During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the rest of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the present lord bishop of Gloucester, did with great zeal cultivate their friendship; having been introduced, forsooth, at the meeting of that respectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards spoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulness. At the same time, in his intercourse with them he treated Mr. Pope in a most contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of these assertions his lordship can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correspondence with Concanen; a part of which is still in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings.”

If

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderness for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the case, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticism, there is no reason why this literary curiosity should be longer withheld from the publick :

“ Duncan is in his grave ;  
 “ After life’s fitful fever he sleeps well ;  
 “ Treason has done his worst : nor steel, nor poison,  
 “ Malice domestick, foreign levy, nothing  
 “ Can touch him further.”

*Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.*

“ Dear Sir,

“ having had no more regard for those papers which I spoke of and promis’d to Mr. Theobald, than just what they deserv’d I in vain sought for them thro’ a number of loose papers that had the same kind of abortive birth. I used to make it one good part of my amusement in reading the English poets, those of them I mean whose vein flows regularly and constantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their sources ; and observe what ear, as well as what slime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I observe borrows for want of leisure, and Pope for want of genius : Milton out of pride, and Addison out of modesty. And now I speak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may see of what kind those Idle collections are, and likewise to give you my notion of what we may safely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I presume the same train of ideas that follow in the same description of an Ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always supplies the same stores, which will authorize us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science, *Nil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius* : For these reasons I say I give mysele the pleasure of setting down some imitations I observed in the Cato of Addison.

*Addison.* A day, an hour of virtuous liberty  
 Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

*Act 1. Sc. 1.*

*Tully.* Quod si immortalitas consequeretur præsentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda esse videretur, quo diuturnior esset servitus.

*Philipp. Or. 10<sup>a</sup>.*

*Addison.* Bid him disband his legions  
 Restore the commonwealth to liberty  
 Submit his actions to the public censure,  
 And stand the judgement of a Roman senate,  
 Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

*Tully.*

*Tully.* Pacem vult? arma deponat, roget, deprecetur.  
Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me.

*Philipp.* 5<sup>a</sup>.

*Addison.* ———— But what is life?  
'Tis not to stalk about and draw fresh air  
From time to time———  
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,  
Life grows insipid and has lost its relish.

*Sc.* 3.

*Tully.* Non enim in spiritu vita est: sed ea nulla est omnino servienti. *Philipp.* 10<sup>a</sup>.

*Addison.* Remember O my friends the laws the rights  
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down  
From age to age by your renowned forefathers.  
O never let it perish in your hands.

*Act* 3. *Sc.* 5.

*Tully.* ———— Hanc [libertatem scilt] retinete, quæso,  
Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem,  
majores nostri reliquerunt.

*Philipp.* 4<sup>a</sup>.

*Addison.* The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,  
The nurse of Heros, the Delight of Gods.

*Tully.* Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum.

*de oratore.*

“ The first half of the 5 *Sc.* 3 *Act* is nothing but a transcript from the 9 book of *lucan* between the 300 and the 700 line. You see by this specimen the exactness of Mr. *Addison*'s judgement who wanting sentiments worthy the Roman *Cato* sought for them in *Tully* and *Lucan*. When he wou'd give his subject those terrible graces which *Dion. Hallicar:* complains he could find no where but in *Homer*, he takes the assistance of our *Shakespear*, who in his *Julius Cæsar* has painted the conspirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly astonishes. hear our British *Homer*.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion, all the Int'rim 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 infurrection.

Mr. *Addison* has thus imitated it :

O think what anxious moments pass between  
The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods  
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,  
Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

I have

I have two things to observe on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has observed. In the Conspiracy of Shakespear's description, the fortunes of Cæsar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumstances of

“ The genius and the mortal instruments

“ Are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the subject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the desertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addison omits it. II. The other thing more worth our notice is, that Mr. A. was so greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:s description, *that instead of copying his author's sentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impressions on the reading him.* For,

“ O 'tis a dreadful interval of time

“ Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raised by such lively images as these

“ ———all the Int'rim is

“ Like a phantasma or a hideous dream.

&

“ The state of man—like to a little kingdom suffers then

“ The nature of an insurrection.

Again when Mr. Addison wou'd paint the softer passions he has recourse to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

“ True she is fair. O how divinely fair!

coldly imitates Lee in Alex:

“ Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk?

I pronounce the more boldly of this, because Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expresses his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I should now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection ag<sup>t</sup>. Shakespear's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is necessary he shou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But some other opportunity will present itself. You may now, S<sup>r</sup>, justly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what shou'd have been first of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of those worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our last night's conversation. I am, Sir, with all esteem your most obliged friend and humble servant.

W. Warburton

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.



[The superscription is thus]

For

Mr. M. Concanen at  
Mr. Woodwards at the  
half moon in fleetstreet.  
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, first librarian to the British Museum, in fitting up a house which he had taken in Crane-court Fleet-street. The house had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my possession, and is here most exactly copied, with its several little peculiarities in grammar, spelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766. M. A.

The above is copied from an indorsement of Dr. Mark Akin-  
side, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to  
~~\_\_\_\_\_~~ Esq.—I have carefully retained all the peculi-  
arities above mentioned. MALONE.

A N T O N Y