

JULIUS CÆSAR.\*

\* 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 prodit 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.

From some words spoken by Polonius in *Hamlet*, I think it probable that there was an *English* play on this subject, before Shakspeare commenced a writer for the stage.

Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, 1579, mentions a play entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*.

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 dramatick 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.

A passage in *The Tempest*, (p. 127,) seems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of Lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Cæsar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with English writers; for both these pieces abound with scotticisms, 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 should also be remembered, that our author has several plays, founded on subjects which had been previously treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *King Richard II.*, the two parts of *K. Henry IV.*, *King Henry V.*, *King Richard III.*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Part of King Henry VI.*: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever presumed to new model a story that had already employed 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 reasoning be just, this play

could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's Plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæsar* is as follows: About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick festival, sacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, 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 slain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a small island, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjusted their cruel proscription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Cassius were defeated near Philippi. Upton.

## PERSONS represented.

Julius Cæsar.

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

Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*

Marcus Brutus,  
Cassius,  
Casca,  
Trebonius,  
Ligarius, } *Conspirators against Julius*  
Decius Brutus, } *Cæsar.*  
Metellus Cimber,  
Cinna,

Flavius, and Marullus, *Tribunes.*

Artemidorus, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*

*A Soothsayer.*

Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, and Volum-  
nius; *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

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

Pindarus, *Servant to Cassius.*

Calphurnia, *Wife to Cæsar.*

Portia, *Wife to Brutus.*

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

*SCENE, during a great part of the play, at Rome .*  
*afterwards at Sardis; and near Philippi.*

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

*Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS,<sup>2</sup> and a rabble of Citizens.*

*FLAV.* Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;

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

1. *CIT.* Why, fir, a carpenter.

*MAR.* Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule? What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—You, fir; what trade are you?

2. *CIT.* 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 directly.

2. *CIT.* A trade, fir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, fir, a mender of bad soles.<sup>3</sup>

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

THEOBALD.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *a mender of bad soles.*] Fletcher has the same quibble in his *Women Pleas'd.*

MAR. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?<sup>4</sup>

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

MAR. What meanest thou by that?<sup>5</sup> Mend me, thou faucy fellow?

2. CIT. Why, fir, cobble you.

FLAV. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2. CIT. Truly, fir, all that I live by is, with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.<sup>6</sup> I am, indeed,

“ ——— mark me, thou serious fowter,  
 “ If thou dost this, there shall be no more shoe-mending;  
 “ Every man shall have a special care of his own *soul*,  
 “ And carry in his pocket his two confessors.” MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> Mar. *What trade, &c.*] This speech in the old copy is given to *Flavius*. The next speech but one shews that it belongs to *Marullus*, to whom it was attributed, I think properly, by Mr. Capell. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> Mar. *What meanest 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 faucy 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.

I would give the first speech to *Marullus*, instead of transferring the last to *Flavius*. RITSON.

Perhaps this, like all the other speeches of the Tribunes, (to whichsoever of them it belongs) was designed to be metrical, and originally stood thus:

*What mean'st by that? Mend me, thou faucy fellow?*

STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl.*] 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*:

fir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I re-cover 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?

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

*MAR.* Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,  
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?  
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,  
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft  
Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,  
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,  
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat  
The live-long day, with patient expectation,  
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

“ We have *awle* at our command,

“ And still we are on the mending hand.” STEEVENS.

I have already observed in a note on *Love's Labour's Lost*, Vol. V. p. 252, n. 6, that where our author uses words equivocally, he imposes some difficulty on his editor with respect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakspeare, who wrote for the stage, not for the closet, was contented if his quibble satisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awle*, though in the first folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, bad *soals*, instead of—bad *souls*, the reading of the original copy.

The allusion contained in the second clause of this sentence, is again repeated in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. v.—“ 3. *Serv.* How, fir, do you meddle with my master? *Cor.* Ay, 'tis an honest service than to *meddle with thy mistress.*” MALONE.

And when you saw his chariot but appear,  
 Have you not made an universal shout,  
 That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,<sup>7</sup>  
 To hear the replication of your sounds,  
 Made in her 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 Tiber banks, and weep your tears  
 Into the channel, till the lowest stream  
 Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt Citizens.*]

See, whe'r<sup>8</sup> their basest metal be not mov'd;

<sup>7</sup> — her *banks*,] As *Tiber* 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.

Drayton, in his *Polyolbion*, frequently describes the rivers of England as females, even when he speaks of the presiding power of the stream. Spenser on the other hand, represents them more classically, as males. MALONE.

The presiding power of some of Drayton's rivers were females; like *Sabrina* &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.

See Vol. VIII. p. 39, n. 3. MALONE.



They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltinefs.  
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;  
This way will I: Difrobe the images,  
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.<sup>9</sup>

*MAR.* May we do fo?

You know, it is the feaft of Lupercal.

*PLAV.* It is no matter; let no images  
Be hung with Cæfar's trophies.<sup>2</sup> I'll about,  
And drive away the vulgar from the ftreets:  
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.  
Thefe growing feathers pluck'd from Cæfar's wing,  
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch;  
Who elfe would foar above the view of men,  
And keep us all in fervile fearfulnefs. [*Exeunt.*

<sup>9</sup> ——— *deck'd with ceremonies.*] *Ceremonies*, for religious ornaments. Thus afterwards he explains them by *Cæfar's trophies*; i. e. fuch as he had dedicated to the gods. WARBURTON.

*Ceremonies* are honorary ornaments; tokens of refpect.

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> *Be hung with Cæfar's trophies.*] *Cæfar's trophies*, are, I believe, the crowns which were placed on his ftatues. So, in fir Thomas North's tranflation: "— There were fet up images of Cæfar in the city with diadems on their heads, like kings. Thofe the two tribunes went and pulled down." STEEVENS.

What thefe trophies really were, is explained by a paffage in the next fcene, where Cafca informs Caffius, that "Marullus and Flavius, for pulling *scarfs* off Cæfar's images, are put to filence."

M. MASON.

## SCENE II.

*The same. A publick Place.*

*Enter, in procession, with musick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS,<sup>3</sup> CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA, a great crowd following; among them a Soothfayer.*

CÆS. Calphurnia,—

CASCA. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[Musick ceases.

CÆS. Calphurnia,—

<sup>3</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*, says, —“ ab iis, quos miserat *Antonius*, jugulatus est; justissimasque optimè de se merito viro 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, quia illa dederat, perisse.” Lib. II. c. lxxiv:

“ 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

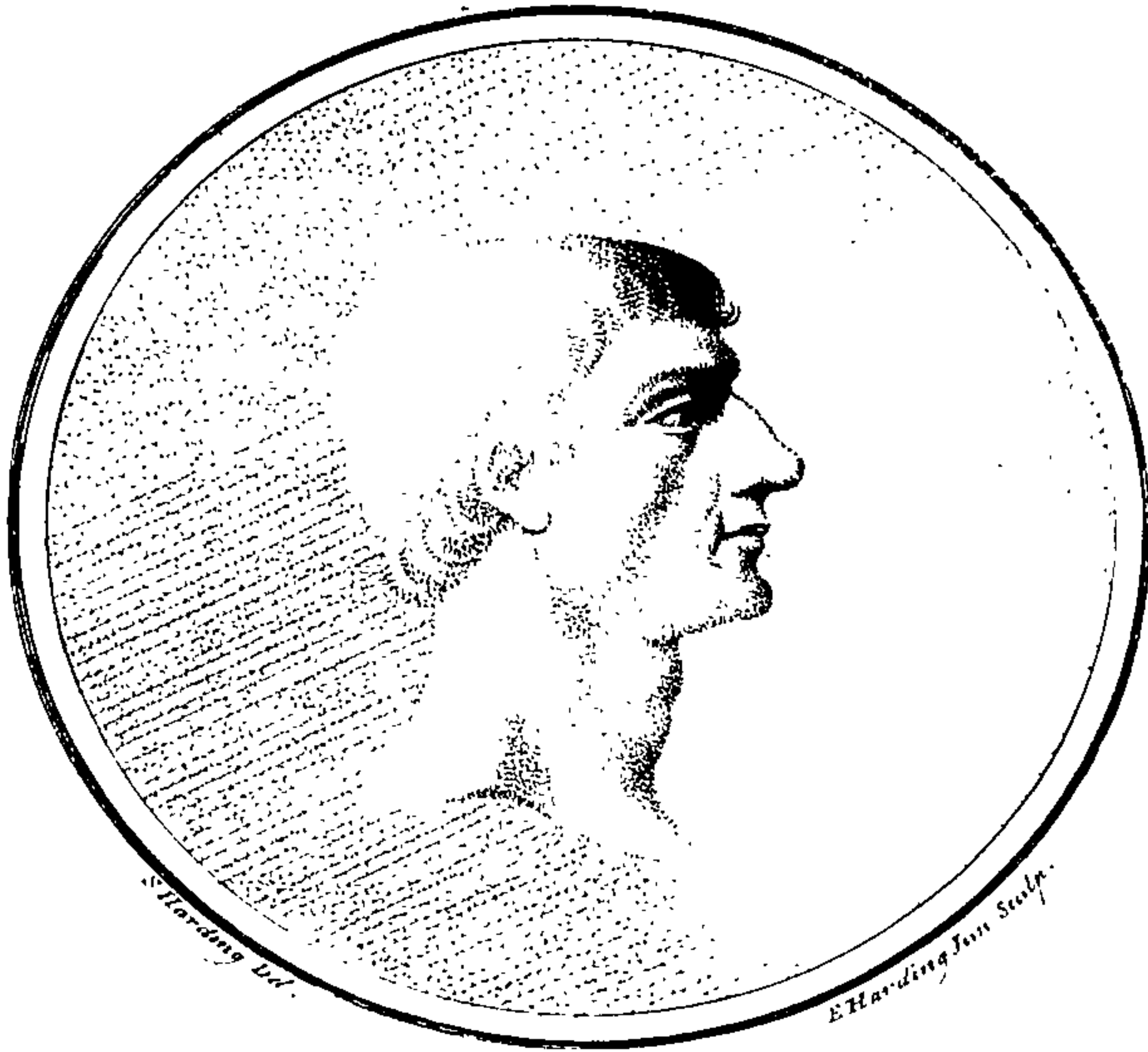
“ Præcipue dederat, ductorem sæpe morantem

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

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

Lord Sterline has committed the same mistake in his *Julius Cæsar*: and in Holland's Translation of *Suetonius*, 1606, which I believe Shakspeare had read, this person is likewise called *Decius Brutus*.

MALONE.



MARCUS BRUTUS.

*Julius Caesar.*

*From a Coin in D. Hunkers Museum.*

*Pub. March. 26. 1793. by E. S. Harding del. Sculp.*

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,<sup>a</sup>  
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.

[*Musick.*

SOOTH. Cæsar.

CÆS. Ha! Who calls?

<sup>a</sup> — in Antonius' way,] The old copy generally reads *Antonius*, *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 dramatick pieces, formed on the same originals. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope.—“ At that time, (says Plutarch,) the feast *Lupercalia* was celebrated, the which in olde time men say was the feast of Shepheards or herdsmen, and is much like unto the feast of Lyceians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diverse noble men's sonnes, young men, (and some of them magistrates themselves that govern them,) which run naked through the city, striking in sport them they meet in their way with leather thongs.—And many noble women and gentlewomen also go of purpose to stand in their way, and doe put forth their handes to be stricken, perswading themselves that being with childe, they shall have good deliverie; and also, being barren, that it will make them conceive with child. Cæsar sat to behold that sport vpon the pulpit for orations, in a chayre of gold, appa- relled in triumphant manner. Antonius, who was consul at that time, was one of them that *ronne* this holy *course*.” North's Translation.

We learn from Cicero that Cæsar constituted a new kind of these *Luperci*, whom he called after his own name, *Juliani*; and Mark Antony was the first who was so entitled. MALONE.

CASCA. Bid every noife be still :—Peace yet again.  
[Musick ceases.]

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

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. What man is that?

BRU. A soothfayer, bids you beware the ides of  
March.

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

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon  
Cæfar.

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.  
[Sennet.<sup>5</sup> Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.]

CAS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamefome: I do lack some part  
Of that quick fpirit that is in Antony.  
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your defires;  
I'll leave you.

<sup>5</sup> *Sennet.*] I have been informed that *fenmet* is derived from *fennefte*, an antiquated French tune formerly used in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have consulted exhibit no such word. In Decker's *Satironastix*, 1602:

“ Trumpets found a flourish, and then a *fenmet*.”

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

“ Sound a *figuate* and pafs over the stage.”

In Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of Malta*, a *fenmet* is called a flourish of trumpets, but I know not on what authority. See a note on *King Henry VIII.* Act II. sc. iv. Vol. XI. p. 83, n. 3. *Sennet* may be a corruption from *fonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late :<sup>6</sup>  
 I have not from your eyes that gentleness,  
 And show of love, as I was wont to have :  
 You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand<sup>7</sup>  
 Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius,  
 Be not deceiv'd : If I have veil'd my look,  
 I turn the trouble of my countenance  
 Merely upon myself. Vexed I am,  
 Of late, with passions of some difference,<sup>8</sup>  
 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 shows of love to other men.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your  
 passion ;<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</sup> *Brutus, I do observe you now of late :*] Will the reader sustain any loss by the omission of the words—*you now*, without which the measure would become regular ?

*I'll haze you.*

Cas. *Brutus, I do observe of late,*  
*I have not &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *strange a hand*—] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, such as might become a stranger. JOHNSON.

<sup>8</sup> — *passions of some difference*,] With a fluctuation of discordant opinions and desires. JOHNSON.

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

“ — thou halt set thy mercy and thy honour

“ At *difference* in thee.” STEEVENS.

A following line may prove the best comment on this.

“ Than that poor Brutus, *with himself at war*.—”

MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *your passion* ;] i. e. the nature of the feelings from which you are now *suffering*. So, in *Imon of Athens* :

“ I feel my master's *passion*.” STEEVENS.

By means whereof, this breast of mine hath buried  
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.  
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

*BRU.* No, Cassius: for the eye sees not itself,<sup>8</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,  
That you would have me seek into myself  
For that which is not in me?

*CAS.* Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:  
And, since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *the eye sees not itself,*] So, Sir John Davies in his poem entitled *Nosce Teipsum*, 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 *Parasitaster*, 1606:

“ Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf;  
“ *The eye sees all things but its proper self.*” — *SIR JOHN DAVIES.*

Again, in Sir John Davies's poem:

“ — the lights which in my tower do shine,  
“ Mine eyes which see all objects nigh and far,  
“ Look not into this little world of mine;  
“ *Nor see my face, wherein they fixed are.*” — *MALONE.*

And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus :  
 Were I a common laugher,<sup>9</sup> or did use  
 To stale with ordinary oaths my love<sup>2</sup>  
 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 aught toward the general good,  
 Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,  
 And I will look on both indifferently :<sup>3</sup>  
 For, let the gods so speed me, as I love  
 The name of honour more than I fear death.

*CAS.* I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
 As well as I do know your outward favour.  
 Well, honour is the subject of my story.—  
 I cannot tell, what you and other men

<sup>9</sup> ——— a common laugher,] Old Copy—*laughter.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

<sup>2</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>3</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.



Think of this life ; but, for my single self,  
 I had as lief not be, as live to be  
 In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
 I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :  
 We both have fed as well ; and we can both  
 Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.  
 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
 The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
 Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*  
*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*<sup>4</sup>  
*And swim to yonder point ?*—Upon the word,  
 Accouter'd 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>5</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 Tiber  
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man  
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is  
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body,  
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Dar'st thou, Cassius, now*

*Leap in with me into this angry flood,*] Shakspeare probably recollected the story which Suetonius has told of Cæsar's leaping into the sea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and swimming to the next ship with his *Commentaries* in his left hand." Holland's Translation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So also, *ibid.* p. 24: "Were rivers in his way to hinder his passage, cross over them he would, either swimming, or else bearing himself upon blowed leather bottles." MALONE.

<sup>5</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 *King Henry VI.* Act V. sc. iii :

He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark  
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake:  
 His coward lips did from their colour fly;<sup>6</sup>  
 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<sup>7</sup> should  
 So get the start of the majestick world,<sup>8</sup>  
 And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flourish.*]

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

*CÆS.* Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow  
 world,

“ — those powers, that the queen  
 Hath rais'd in Gallia, have arriv'd our coast.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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>7</sup> — *feeble temper* — | i. e. temperament, constitution.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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.*

That the allusion is to the prize allotted in games to the foremost in the race, is very clear. All the rest existed, I apprehend, only in Dr. Warburton's imagination. *MALONE.*

Like a Coloffus ; and we petty men  
 Walk under his huge legs,<sup>8</sup> and peep about  
 To find ourfelves difhonourable graves.  
 Men at fome time are mafters of their fates :  
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our ftars,  
 But in ourfelves, that we are underlings.  
 Brutus, and Cæfar : What fhould be in that Cæfar ?  
 Why fhould that name be founded more than yours ?  
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;  
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,  
 Brutus will ftart a fpirit as foon as Cæfar.<sup>2</sup> [*Shout.*  
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,  
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæfar feed,  
 That he is grown fo great ? Age, thou art fham'd :  
 Rome, thou haft loft the breed of noble bloods !  
 When went there by an age, fince the great flood,  
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man ?  
 When could they fay, till now, that talk'd of Rome,  
 That her wide walks encompafs'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 fay,

<sup>8</sup> ——— and we petty men

*Walk under his huge legs,*] So, as an anonymous writer has  
 obferved, in Spenser's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. x.

“ But I the meaneft man of many more,  
 “ Yet much difdaining unto him to lout,  
 “ Or creep between his legs.” MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;*] A fimilar thought  
 occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614 :

“ What diapafon's more in Tarquin's name,  
 “ Than in a fubject's ? or what's Tullia  
 “ More in the found, than fhould become the name  
 “ Of a poor maid ?” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Brutus will ftart a fpirit as foon as Cæfar.*] Dr. Young, in his  
*Bufiris*, appears to have imitated this paffage :

“ Nay, ftamp not, tyrant ; I can ftamp as loud,  
 “ And raife as many dæmons with the found.” STEEVENS.

There was a Brutus once,<sup>3</sup> that would have brook'd  
The eternal devil<sup>4</sup> 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:<sup>5</sup>  
How I have thought of this, and of these times,  
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,  
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,  
Be any further mov'd. What you have said,  
I will consider; what you have to say,  
I will with patience hear: and find a time  
Both meet to hear, and answer, such high things.  
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;<sup>6</sup>  
Brutus had rather be a villager,  
Than to repute himself a son of Rome  
Under these hard conditions as this time  
Is like to lay upon us.<sup>7</sup>

CÆS. I am glad, that my weak words<sup>8</sup>  
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

<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.

<sup>5</sup> *— aim :*] i. e. *guess.* So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err,—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *— chew upon this ;*] Consider this at leisure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> *Under these hard conditions as this time*

*Is like to lay upon us.*] *As,* in our author's age, was frequently used in the sense of *that.* So, in North's Translation of Plutarch, 1579: “ —inso-much *as* they that saw it, thought he had been burnt.” MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I am glad, that my weak words —*] For the sake of regular measure, Mr. Ritson would read:

Cæs.

*I am glad, my words*

*Have struck &c.* STEEVENS.

*Re-enter CÆSAR, and his Train.*

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

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

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

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

*C.LS.* Antonius.

*ANT.* Cæsar.

*CÆS.* Let me have men about me, that are fat ;  
Sleek-headed men,<sup>8</sup> and such as sleep o' nights :  
Yond' Cassius has a lean and hungry look ;  
He thinks too much : such men are dangerous.

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

<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 these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people, I fear them most ; meaning Brutus and Cassius."

And again :

"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.

CÆS. 'Would he were fatter :<sup>9</sup>—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 :<sup>2</sup>  
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. CASCA stays behind.*

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.

<sup>9</sup> 'Would he were fatter :] Ben 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.

<sup>2</sup> — he hears no musick :] Our author considered the having no delight in musick as so certain a mark of an austere disposition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that

"The man that hath no musick in himself,  
"Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils." MALONE.

See Vol. V. p. 530, n. 8. STEEVENS.

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

*BRU.* I should not then ask Casca what hath 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 mere 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>3</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 loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd

<sup>3</sup> ——— one of the coronets;] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "—— he came to Cæsar, and presented him a diadem wreathed about with laurel." SHREVE.

their chopp'd hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

*CAS.* But, soft, I pray you: What? did Cæsar swoon?

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

*BRU.* 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.

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

*CASCA.* I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased, and displeas'd them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.<sup>4</sup>

*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 refused the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation,<sup>5</sup> 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

<sup>4</sup> ——— *no true man.*] No honest man. See Vol. IV. p. 325, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offer'd his throat. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. sc. vi:

“ — You that stood so much

“ Upon the voice of *occupation.*” MALONE.



himself again, he said, If he had done, or said, any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, *Alas, good soul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb'd their mothers, they would have done no 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, smiled at one another, and shook their heads: but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

*CASCA.* No, I am promised forth.

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

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

*CAS.* Good; I will expect you.

*CASCA.* Do so: Farewell, both. [*Exit CASCA.*]

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

*CAS.* So 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.

*CÆS.* 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 :<sup>6</sup> 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 ;<sup>7</sup> but he loves Brutus :  
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,  
He should not humour me.<sup>8</sup> I will this night,  
In several hands, in at his windows throw,  
As if they came from several citizens,

<sup>6</sup> *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*

*From that it is dispos'd :*] The best *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original constitution.

JOHNSON.

From that it is *dispos'd*, i. e. *dispos'd to*. See Vol. XI. p. 185, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *doth bear me hard ;*] i. e. has an unfavourable opinion of me. The same phrase occurs again in the first scene of Act III.

STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,*

*He should not humour me.*] 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.

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.

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.

*The same. A Street.*

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

*Cic.* Good even, Casca: Brought you Cæsar  
 home?<sup>8</sup>

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

*Casca.* Are not you mov'd, when all the sway  
 of earth<sup>9</sup>

Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,  
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds  
 Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen  
 The ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,  
 To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:  
 But never till to-night, never till now,  
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.  
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven;  
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,  
 Incenses them to send destruction.

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

<sup>8</sup> — *Brought you Cæsar home?*] Did you attend Cæsar home?  
 JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 328, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> — *sway of earth* —] The whole weight or *momentum* of this  
 globe. JOHNSON.



*R. Harding Junr. Sculp.*

CICERO.

*Julius Caesar.*

*From an Antiquity.*

*CASCA.* A common slave<sup>2</sup> (you know him well  
by sight,)

Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn  
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,  
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.  
Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)  
Against the Capitol I met a lion,  
Who glar'd upon me,<sup>3</sup> and went furly by,

<sup>2</sup> *A common slave &c.*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“ — a slave of the souldier, that did cast a marvelous burning  
flame out of his hande, infomuch 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>3</sup> *Who glar'd upon me,*] The first [and second] 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 steadfastly,  
or with admiration. *Glar'd* has a singular propriety, as it expresses  
the furious scintillation of a lion's eyes: and, that a lion should  
appear full of fury, and yet attempt no violence, augments the  
prodigy. STEEVENS.

The old copy reads—*glaz'd*, for which Mr. Pope substituted  
*glar'd*, and this reading has been adopted by all the subsequent  
editors. *Glar'd* certainly is to our ears a more forcible expression;  
I have however adopted a reading proposed by Dr. Johnson, *gaz'd*,  
induced by the following passage in Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1615, from  
which the word *gaze* seems in our author's time to have been pe-  
culiarly applied to the fierce aspect of a lion, and therefore may  
be presumed to have been the word here intended. The writer is  
describing *a trial of valour* (as he calls it,) between a *lion*, a bear,  
a stone-horse and a mastiff; which was exhibited in the Tower, in  
the year 1609, before the king and all the royal family, divers  
great lords, and many others: “ — Then was the great *lion* put  
forth, who *gazed* awhile, but never offered to assault or approach  
the bear.” Again: “ — the above mentioned young luttie lion  
and lyoness were both put together, to see if they would rescue the  
third, but they would not, but *fearfully* [that is, dreadfully] *gazed*  
upon the dogs.” Again: “ The lion having fought long, and  
his tongue being torne, lay staring and panting a pretty while, so  
as all the beholders thought he had been utterly spoyled and spent;  
and upon a sodaine *gazed* upon that dog which remained, and so  
soon as he had *spoyled* and *scorried*, almost *destroyed* him.”

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 ;*  
 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<sup>4</sup> of the things themselves.  
 Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow ?

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

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

*Casca.* Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit CICERO.*]

In this last instance *gaz'd* seems to be used as exactly synonymous to the modern word *glar'd*, for the lion immediately afterwards proceeds to worry and destroy the dog. MALONE.

That *glar'd* is no modern word, is sufficiently ascertained by the following passage in *Macbeth* :

“ Thou hast no speculation in those eyes  
 “ That thou dost glare with.”

I therefore continue to repair the poet with his own animated phraseology, rather than with the cold expression suggested by the narrative of Stowe ; who, having been a tailor, was undoubtedly equal to the task of mending Shakspeare's hose ; but, on *poetical* emergencies, must not be allowed to patch his dialogue.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> Clean *from the purpose*—] *Clean* is altogether, entirely. See Vol. VIII. p. 267, n. 7. MALONE.

*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:<sup>s</sup>  
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 tokens, send  
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

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

That should be in a Roman, you do want,  
Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze,  
And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder,  
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:  
But if you would consider the true cause,  
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,

<sup>s</sup> ——— *thunder-stone*:] A stone fabulously supposed to be discharged by thunder. So, in *Cymbeline*:

“ Fear no more the lightning-flash,  
“ Nor the all-dreaded *thunder-stone*.” STEEVENS.

Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; <sup>5</sup>  
 Why old men fools, and children calculate; <sup>6</sup>  
 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, <sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> *Why birds, and beasts, from quality and kind; &c.*] 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.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *and children calculate;*] *Calculate* here signifies to foretell or prophecy: 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* [foretell].

WARBURTON.

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

So, in *The Paradise of Daintie Devices*, edit. 1576. Article 54, signed, M. Bew:

“Thei *calculate*, thei chaunt, thei charme,  
 “To conquere us that meane no harme.”

This author is speaking of women. STEEVENS.

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 [instead of *old men, fools, and children, &c.*] point thus:

Why old men fools, and children calculate. BLACKSTONE.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *prodigious grown,*] *Prodigious* is portentous. So, in *Troilus and Cressida*:

“It is *prodigious*, there will be some change.”

See Vol. V. p. 170, n. 7. STEEVENS.



And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

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

*CAS.* Let it be who it is: for Romans now  
Have thewes and limbs<sup>8</sup> like to their ancestors;  
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,  
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;  
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

*CASCA.* Indeed, they say, the senators to-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.<sup>9</sup>

<sup>8</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 *King Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*:

“ For nature, crescent, does not grow alone  
“ In *thewes* and bulk.”

The two last folios, [1664 and 1685] in which some words are injudiciously modernized, read *sinews*. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — every bondman—bears

*The power to cancel his captivity.*] So, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. Posthumus speaking of his *chains*:

CÆS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?  
 Poor man! I know, he would not be a wolf,  
 But that he sees, the Romans are but sheep:  
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.  
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire,  
 Begin it with weak straws: What trash is Rome,  
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves  
 For the base matter to illuminate  
 So vile a thing as Cæsar? But, O, grief!  
 Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this  
 Before a willing bondman: then I know  
 My answer must be made:<sup>2</sup> But I am arm'd,  
 And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCIA. You speak to Casca; and to such a man,  
 That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand:<sup>3</sup>  
 Be factious for redress<sup>4</sup> of all these griefs;  
 And I will set this foot of mine as far,  
 As who goes farthest.

CÆS. There's a bargain made.  
 Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already  
 Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,

“ ——— take this life,

“ And *cancel* these cold *bonds*.” HENLEY.

<sup>2</sup> *My answer must be made:*] I shall be called to account, and must *answer* as for seditious words. JOHNSON.

So, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “ Sweet prince, let me go no further to *mine answer*; do you hear me, and let this count kill me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *Hold my hand:*] Is the same as, *Here's my hand*.

JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *Be factious for redress* ———] *Factious* seems here to mean *active*.

JOHNSON.

It means, I apprehend, embody a party or faction. MALONE.

Perhaps Dr. Johnson's explanation is the true one. Menenius, in *Coriolanus*, says, “ I have been always *factious* on the part of your general;” and the speaker, who is describing himself, would scarce have employed the word in its common and unfavourable sense. STEEVENS.

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,  
Is favour'd, like the work<sup>s</sup> we have in hand,  
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

*Enter CINNA.*

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

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

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

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

*CIN.* I am glad on't. What a fearful night is  
this ?

There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

<sup>s</sup> *Is favour'd, 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.* 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 appearance  
or countenance like, &c. See Vol. IV. p. 323, n. 3.

STEEVENS.

Perhaps *fav'rous* is the true reading : So, in *Macbeth* :

“ Some say the earth

“ Was *feterous*, and did shake.” REED.

*CAS.* Am I not staid for, Cinna? 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.

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

## ACT II. SCENE I.

*The same.* Brutus's Orchard.\*

*Enter BRUTUS.*

BRU. What, Lucius! ho!—  
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,

\* ——— Brutus's 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 the people, which he had on this side of the river 'Tyber.”

So also in Barret's *Alvearie*, 1580: “ A garden or an *orchard*, hortus.”—The truth is, that few of our ancestors had in the age of Queen Elizabeth any other garden but an orchard; and hence the latter word was considered as synonymous to the former.

MALONE.

The number of treatises written on the subject of horticulture, even at the beginning of Queen Elizabeth's reign, very strongly controvert Mr. Malone's supposition relative to the unfrequency of gardens at so early a period. STEEVENS.

*Orchard* was anciently written *hort-yard*; hence its original meaning is obvious. HENLEY.

By the following quotation, however, it will appear that these words had in the days of Shakspeare acquired a distinct meaning. “ It shall be good to have understanding of the ground where ye do plant either *orchard* or *garden* with fruite.” *A Booke of the Arte and maner howe to plant and graffe all sortes of trees*, &c. 1574. 410. And when Justice Shallow invites Falstaff to see his *orchard*, where they are to eat a *hott yon's pippin* of his own *grafting*, he certainly uses the word in its present acceptation.

Give guefs how near to day.—Lucius, I fay!—  
I would it were my fault to fleep fo foundly.—  
When, Lucius, when?<sup>7</sup> Awake, I fay: What Lu-  
cius!

*Enter* LUCIUS.

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

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

*LUC.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

*BRU.* It muft be by his death: and, for my part,  
I know no personal caufe to fpuen at him,  
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—  
How that might change his nature, there's the  
queftion.

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 ftmg in him,  
That at his will he may do danger with.  
The abufe of greatnefs is, when it difjoins  
Remorfe from power:<sup>8</sup> And, to fpeak truth of  
Cæfar,

Ieland alfo in his Itinerary diftinguifhes them. “At Morle in Derbyfhire (fays he) there is as much pleafure of *orchards* of great variety of frute, and fair made walks, *and gardens*, as in any place of Lancashire.” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>7</sup> When, *Lucius*, when?] This exclamation, indicating impatience, has already occurred in *King Richard II*:

“*When, Harry, when?*” STEEVENS.

See Vol. VIII. p. 198, n. 2. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> Remorfe *from power*:] *Remorfe*, for mercy. WARBURTON.

*Remorfe* (fays Mr. Heath) fignifies the confcious uneafinefs arifing from a fenfe of having done wrong; to extinguifh which feeling, nothing hath fo great a tendency as abfolute uncontrouled power.

I have not known when his affections sway'd  
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,<sup>1</sup>  
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,  
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face :  
 But when he once attains the upmost round,  
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,<sup>2</sup>  
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees<sup>3</sup>  
 By which he did ascend : So Cæsar may ;  
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel  
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,  
 Fashion it thus ; that what he is, augmented,  
 Would run to these, and these extremities :  
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,  
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind,<sup>4</sup> grow mis-  
 chievous ;  
 And kill him in the shell.

I think Warburton right. JOHNSON.

*Remorse* is pity, tenderness ; and has twice occurred in that sense in *Measure for Measure*. See Vol. IV. p. 236, n. 6 ; and p. 360, n. 9. The same word occurs in *Othello*, and several other of our author's dramas, with the same signification. STEEVENS.

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

*Common proof* means a matter proved by common *experience*. With great deference to Johnson, I cannot think that the word *experiment* will bear that meaning. M. MASON.

<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.

So, in Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* :

“ Whom when he saw lie spread on the *degrees*.”

STEEVENS

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

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

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

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

LUC. I know not, fir.

BRU. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.

LUC. I will, fir. [*Exit.*

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

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

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

*Shall Rome &c. Speak, strike, redress!*

*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake,—*

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*: “You must think this, look you, the worm [i. e. serpent] will do his *kind*.” STEPHENS.

*As his kind* does not mean, according to his nature, as Johnson asserts, but like the rest of his species. M. MASON.

Perhaps rather, as *all those* of his kind, that is, nature.

MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> *Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?* [Old copy—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 *tomorrow* 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 correction was made by Mr. Theobald. The error must have been that of a transcriber or printer; for our author without any minute calculation might have found the ides, nones, and kalends, opposite the respective days of the month, in the Almanacks of the time. In Hopton's *Concordance of yeares*, 1616, now before me, opposite to the *fifteenth* of March is printed *Idus*. MALONE.



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

*Shall Rome &c.* Thus must I piece it out ;  
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What!  
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome  
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.  
*Speak, strike, redress!*—Am I entreated then<sup>6</sup>  
To speak, and strike? O Rome! I make thee pro-  
mise,  
If the redress will follow, thou receivest  
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

*LUC.* Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.<sup>7</sup>  
[*Knock within.*]

*BRU.* 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody  
knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,  
I have not slept.  
Between the acting of a dreadful thing  
And the first motion,<sup>8</sup> all the interim is

<sup>6</sup> — *Am I entreated then* — } The adverb *then*, which enforces the question, and is necessary to the metre, was judiciously supplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer. So, in *King Richard III*:

“ ——— wilt thou *then*”

“ Spurn at his edict?—” STEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> — *March is wasted fourteen days.*] 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>8</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.

Like a phantasma,<sup>8</sup> or a hideous dream :  
The genius, and the mortal instruments,

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 judgement 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 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 interim 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 *interim* or interval, to an *insurrection*

Are then in council; and the state of man,  
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then  
The nature of an insurrection.

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 *δῆλον* of the Greek critics does not, I think, mean sentiments which *raise fear*, more than *wonder*, or any other of the tumultuous passions; τὸ δῆλον 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 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, at the end of this play. STEEVENS.

There is a passage in *Troilus and Cressida*, which bears some resemblance to this:

“ ——— Imagin'd worth  
“ Holds in his blood such swollen and hot discourse,  
“ That, 'twixt his mortal, and his active parts,  
“ Kingdom'd Achilles in commotion rages,  
“ And batters down himself.”

Johnson is right in asserting that by the *Genius* is meant, not the *Genius* of a *Kingdom*, but the power that watches over an individual for his protection.—So in the same play *Troilus* says to *Cressida*,

“ Hark! you are call'd, Some say, the *Genius* so  
“ Cries, *Come*, to him that instantly must die.”

Johnson's explanation of the word *instruments*, is also confirmed by the following passage in *Macbeth*, whose mind was, at the time, in the very state which *Brutus* is here describing:

*Re-enter* LUCIUS.

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

“ — I am settled, and bend up  
“ Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat.” M. MASON.

The word *genius* in our author's time, meant either “ a good angel or a familiar evil spirit,” and is so defined by Bullokar in his *English Expofitor*, 1616. So, in *Macbeth*:

“ — and, under him,  
“ My *genius* is rebuk'd; as, it is said,  
“ Mark Antony's was by Cæfar's.”

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ Thy dæmon, that thy spirit which keeps thee, is,” &c.

The more usual fignification now affixed to this word was not known till feveral years afterwards. I have not found it in the common modern fenfe in any book earlier than the Dictionary published by Edward Phillips, in 1657.

*Mortal* is certainly used here, as in many other places, for *deadly*. So, in *Othello*:

“ And you, ye *mortal engines*,” &c.

The *mortal instruments* then are, the deadly paffions, or as they are called in *Macbeth*, the “ *mortal thoughts*,” which excite each “ *corporal agent*” to the performance of fome arduous deed.

The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakspeare feems to have been fond of. So, K. Richard II. fpeaking of himfelf:

“ And thefe fame thoughts people this *little world*.”

Again, in *King Lear*:

“ Strives in *his little world of man* to outcorn  
“ The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain.”

Again, in *King John*:

“ — in the body of this flefhly land,  
“ This *kingdom*,—”

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—the ftate of *a man*. Shakspeare is here fpeaking of the *individual* in whose mind the genius and the mortal instruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind, in general. The paffage above quoted from *King Lear* does not militate againft the old copy here. There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and “ *the little world of man*” is thus circumfcribed, and appropriated to Lear. The editor of the fecond folio omitted the article, probably from a miftaken notion concerning the metre; and all the fubfequent editors have adopted his

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 buried in their cloaks,

alteration. Many words of two syllables are used by Shakspeare as taking up the time of only one; as *whether*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *spirit*; &c. and I suppose *council* is so used here.

The reading of the old authentick copy, to which I have adhered, is supported by a passage in *Hamlet*: “—What a piece of work is a man.”

As *council* is here used as a monosyllable, so is *noble* in *Titus Andronicus*:

“Lose not so *noble* a friend on vain suppose.” MALONE.

Influenced by the conduct of our great predecessors, Rowe, Pope, Warburton and Johnson; and for reasons similar to those advanced in the next note, I persist in following the second folio, as our author, on this occasion, meant to write verse instead of prose.—The instance from *Hamlet* can have little weight; the article—*a*, which is injurious to the metre in question, being quite innocent in a speech decidedly prosaick: and as for the line adduced from *Titus Andronicus*, the second syllable of the word—*noble*, may be melted down into the succeeding vowel, an advantage which cannot be obtained in favour of the present restoration offered from the first folio.

STEEVENS.

Neither our author, nor any other author in the world, ever used such words as *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, &c. as monosyllables; and though *whether* is sometimes so contracted, the old copies on that occasion usually print—*wher*. It is, in short, morally impossible that *two* syllables should be no more than *one*. RITSON.

<sup>8</sup> Like 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.

“A *phantasma*, says Bullokar, in his *English Expofitor*, 1616, is a vision, or imagined appearance.” MALONE.

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

That by no means I may discover them  
By any mark of favour.<sup>2</sup>

*BRU.* Let them enter. [*Exit Lucius.*  
They are the faction. O conspiracy!  
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,  
When evils are most free? O, then, by day,  
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough  
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, con-  
spiracy;  
Hide it in smiles, and affability:  
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,<sup>3</sup>  
Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> ——— *any mark of favour.*] Any distinction of countenance.  
JOHNSON.

See Vol. IV, p. 323, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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.

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<sup>4</sup>  
Betwixt your eyes and night?

CAS. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

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

CASCA. No.

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

CASCA. You shall confess, that you are both de-  
ceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;  
Which is a great way growing on the south,  
Weighing the youthful season of the year.  
Some two months hence, up higher toward the  
north

He first presents his fire; and the high east  
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

CAS. And let us swear our resolution.

BRU. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> ——— *do interpose themselves &c.*] For the sake of measure I am willing to think our author wrote as follows, and that the word—*themselves*, is an interpolation:

*What watchful cares do interpose betwixt  
Your eyes and night?*

Cas. *Shall I entreat a word?* STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *No, not an oath: If not 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

The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,—  
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,

*esteem* of the publick; in other terms, *honour* and *reputation*; or the *face of men* may mean the dejected look of the people. JOHNSON.

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

Shakspeare formed this speech on the 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, nor binding themselves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter so secret to themselves," &c. STEEVENS.

I cannot reconcile myself to Johnson's explanation of this passage, but believe we should read—

—— If not the *faith* of men, &c.

which is supported by the following passages in this very speech:—

—— What other bond

'Than secret Romans, that *have spoke the word,*  
*And will not palter.*—

—— when every drop of blood

'That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,

Is guilty of a several ballardy,

If he do break the smallest particle

*Of any promise that hath pass'd from him,*

Both of which prove, that Brutus considered the *faith* of men as their firmest security in each other. M. MASON.

In this sentence, [i. e. the two first lines of the speech] as in several others, Shakspeare, with a view perhaps to imitate the abruptness and inaccuracy of discourse, has constructed the latter part without any regard to the beginning. "If the face of men, the sufferance of our souls, &c. If these be not *sufficient*; if these be motives weak," &c. So, in *The Tempest*:

"I have with such provision in mine art,

"So safely order'd, that there is *no foul*—

"No, not so much perdition," &c.

Mr. M. Mason would read—if not the *faith* of men—. If the text be corrupt, *faulbs* is more likely to have been the poet's word; which might have been easily confounded by the ear with *face*, the word exhibited in the old copy. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

"—— the manner of their *deaths*?

"I do not see them bleed."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

"And with their *helps* only defend ourselves."

Again, more appositely, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"— You, fair lords, quoth she,——

"Shall plight your honourable *faulbs* to me." MALONE.



And every man hence to his idle bed ;  
 So let high-fighted tyranny range on,  
 Till each man drop by lottery.<sup>6</sup> 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 ?<sup>7</sup> and what other oath,  
 Than honesty to honesty engag'd,  
 That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?  
 Swear priests,<sup>8</sup> and cowards, and men cautelous,<sup>9</sup>

<sup>6</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 tithed death,  
 “ Take thou thy fate.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And will not palter ?*] And will not fly from his engagements. Cole in his Dictionary, 1679, renders to palter, by *tergiversor*. In *Machib* it signifies, as Dr. Johnson has observed, to *shuffle* with ambiguous expressions : and, indeed, here also it may mean to *shuffle* ; for he whose actions do not correspond with his promises is properly called a *shuffler*. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *Swear priests, &c.*] This is imitated by Otway :

“ When you would bind me, is there need of oaths ?” &c.  
*Vence Preserv'd.* JOHNSON.

<sup>9</sup> — *cautelous,*] Is here *cautious*, sometimes *crafty*.

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

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

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

Again, in the second of these two senses in the romance of *Kynge Arthyur of Thyte*, 1610 : “ — a fallacious policy and *cautelous* wyle.”

Again, in *Henry the Eighth*, 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.

Ballockar in his *English Expositor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus : “ Warie, circumspect ;” in which sense it is certainly used here.

MALONE.

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls  
 That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear  
 Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain  
 The even virtue of our enterprize,<sup>9</sup>  
 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 pass'd from him.

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

*CASCA.* Let us not leave him out.

*CIN.* No, by no means.

*MET.* O, let us have him; for his silver hairs  
 Will purchase us a good opinion,<sup>2</sup>  
 And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:  
 It shall be said, his judgement rul'd our hands;  
 Our youths, and wildness, shall no whit appear,  
 But all be buried in his gravity.

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

*CAS.* Then leave him out.

*CASCA.* Indeed, he is not fit.

<sup>9</sup> *The even virtue of our enterprize,*] The calm, equable, temperate spirit that actuates us. MALONE.

Thus in Mr. Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*:

“Desires compos'd, affections ever even,—” STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *opinion,*] i. e. character. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. 1:

“Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion.*”

The quotation is Mr. Reed's. See Vol. VIII. p. 585, n. 7.

STEEVENS.

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

CÆS. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not  
meet,

Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,  
Should outlive Cæsar: We shall find of him  
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,  
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,  
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,  
Let Antony, and Cæsar, fall together.

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:<sup>3</sup>  
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.  
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;  
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:  
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,<sup>4</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>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *and envy afterwards:*] *Envy* is here, as almost always in Shakspeare's plays, *malice*. See Vol. XI. p. 61, n. 9; and p. 101, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit, &c.*] Lord Sterling has the same thought: Brutus remonstrating against the taking off 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>5</sup> ——— *as a dish fit for the gods, &c.*]

“ ——— Gradive, dedisti,  
“ Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalia bello

Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :<sup>6</sup>  
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,  
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,  
 And after seem to chide them. This shall make  
 Our purpose necessary, and not envious :  
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,  
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.  
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;  
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,  
 When Cæsar's head is off.

*CAS.* Yet I do fear him :<sup>6</sup>  
 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,<sup>7</sup> and die for Cæsar :

“ Lædere tela queant, sanctum et venerabile Diti  
 “ Funus erat.” *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Not hew him as a carcase fit for hounds :*] Our author had probably the following passage in the old translation of Plutarch in his thoughts : “ — Cæsar turned himselfe no where but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was *backed* and *mangled* among them *as a wild beast taken of hunters.*”

MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Yet I do fear him :*] For the sake of metre I have supplied the auxiliary verb. So, in *Macbeth* :

“ — there is none but him  
 “ Whose being I do fear.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</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 service, which caused them to *take thought*, inso much that some died by the way,” &c. STEEVENS.

The precise meaning of *take thought* may be learned from the following passage in St. Matthew, where the verb *προσφρονεω*, which signifies to *anticipate*, or *forbid evil*, is so rendered : “ *Take no thought for the morrow : for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself ; sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.*” —

And that were much he should ; for he is given  
To sports, to wildness, and much company.<sup>8</sup>

*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.

*CÆS.* The clock hath stricken three.

*TREB.* 'Tis time to part.

*CÆS.* But it is doubtful yet,  
Whe'r Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no :  
For he is superstitious grown of late ;  
Quite from the main opinion he held once  
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :<sup>9</sup>

Cassius not only refers to, but thus explains, the phrase in question, when, in answer to the assertion of Brutus concerning Antony, Act III :

“ I know that we shall have him well to friend.”

he replies :

“ I wish we may : but yet I have a mind

“ That *fears* him much ; and my *misgiving still*

“ Falls shrewdly to the purpose.”

To take *thought* then, in this instance, is not to *turn melancholy*, whatever *think* may be in *Antony and Cleopatra* : HENLEY.

See Vol. IV. p. 75, n. 6. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> — *company.*] *Company* is here used in a disreputable sense. See a note on the word *company*, Act IV. HENLEY.

<sup>9</sup> *Quite from the main opinion he held once*

*Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies :*] *Main opinion*, is nothing more than *leading, fixed, predominant opinion*. JOHNSON.

*Main opinion*, according to Johnson's explanation, is *sense* ; but *main opinion* would be a more natural expression, and is, I believe, what Shakspeare wrote. M. MASON.

The words *main opinion* occur again in *Troilus and Cressida*, where (as here) they signify *general estimation* :

“ Why then we should our *main opinion* crush

“ In taint of our best man.”

There is no ground therefore for suspecting any corruption in the text. MALONE.

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 : for he loves to hear,  
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glaffes, elephants with holes,<sup>2</sup>

*Fantasy* was in our author's time commonly used for *imagination*, and is so explained in Cawdry's *Alphabetical Table of hard words*, 8vo. 1604. It signified both the imaginative power, and the thing imagined. It is used in the former sense by Shakspeare in *The Merry Wives of Windsor* :

“ Raife up the organs of her *fantasy*.”

In the latter, in the present play :

“ Thou hast no figures, nor no *fantasies*.”

*Ceremonies* means omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites. So, afterwards :

“ Cæsar, I never stood on *ceremonies*,

“ Yet now they fright me.”

<sup>2</sup> *That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,  
And bears with glaffes, 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 despatched by the hunter.

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

“ Like as a lyon whose 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, fought 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*, 1607 :

“ 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.”

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 :<sup>3</sup>

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>4</sup>  
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey ;  
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

*BRU.* Now, good Metellus, go along by him :<sup>5</sup>  
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;  
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.

*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>3</sup> *Let me work :*] These words, as they stand, being quite unmetrical, I suppose our author to have originally written :

*Let me to work.*

i. e. go to work. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *bear Cæsar hard,*] Thus the old copy, but Messieurs Rowe, Pope, and Sir Thomas Hanmer, on the authority of the second and latter folios, 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 occurred in a former one :

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

STEEVENS.

*Hatred* was substituted for *hard* by the ignorant editor of the second folio, the great corrupter of Shakspeare's text. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> — *by him :*] That is, by his house. Make that your way home. Mr. Pope substituted *to* for *by*, and all the subsequent editors have adopted this unnecessary change. MALONE.

*CÆS.* The morning comes upon us : We'll leave  
you, Brutus :—  
And, friends, disperse yourselves : but all remember  
What you have said, and show yourselves true Ro-  
mans.

*BRU.* Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;  
Let not our looks<sup>5</sup> 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 all but Brutus.*]

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;  
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber :  
Thou hast no figures,<sup>6</sup> 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,  
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,

<sup>5</sup> *Let not our looks —*] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *show* our designs. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Thou hast no figures, &c.*] *Figures* occurs in the same sense in the First Part of *Henry IV.* Act I. sc. iii :

“ He apprehends a world of *figures.*” HENLEY.



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,<sup>7</sup>  
 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>8</sup> by my once commended beauty,

<sup>7</sup> ——— *on your condition,*] On your temper ; the disposition of your mind. See Vol. IX. p. 494, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> *I charm you,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Pope and Sir Thomas Hanmer read—*charge*, but unnecessarily. So, in *Cymbeline* :

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>9</sup> comfort your bed,<sup>2</sup>

“ ——— ’tis your graces

“ That from my mutest conscience to my tongue

“ *Charms* this report out.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *To keep with you at meals, &c.*] “ I being, O Brutus, (fayed 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 duetic towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy sake, if I can not constantlie beare a secrete mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelitic? I confesse, that a woman's 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 my selfe, 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 grife whatsoeuer can ouercome me. With those wordes she showed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what she had done to proue her selfe.” *Sir Thomas North's Translation of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

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

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the  
suburbs<sup>3</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.<sup>4</sup>

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

“ 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 nought but pleasure wed.  
“ No;—Portia spous'd thee with a mind t' abide  
“ Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;  
“ With chains of mutual love together ty'd,  
“ As those that have two breasts, one heart, two souls,  
“ one will.” *Julius Cæsar*, 1607. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *comfort your bed*,] “ is but an odd phrase, and gives as odd an idea,” says Mr. Theobald. He therefore substitutes, *comfort*. But this good old word, however difused through modern refinement, was not so discarded by Shakspeare. Henry VIII. as we read in Cavendish's *Life of Wolsey*, in commendation of queen Katharine, in publick 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*, 1580, says, that to *comfort* is, “ to recreate, to solace, to make pastime.”

COLLINS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *in the suburbs*—] Perhaps here is an allusion to the place in which the harlots of Shakspeare's age resided. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Monsieur Thomas*:

“ Get a new mistress,  
“ Some *suburb* saint, that sixpence, and some oaths,  
“ Will draw to parley.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *As dear to me, &c.*] These glowing words have been adopted by Mr. Gray in his celebrated *Ode*:

“ Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart—.”

STEEVENS.

I grant, I am a woman ;<sup>4</sup> but, withal,  
 A woman that lord Brutus took to wife :  
 I grant, I am a woman ; but, withal,  
 A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.<sup>5</sup>  
 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 !  
[Knocking within.]

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in a while ;  
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
 The secrets of my heart.  
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
 All the charactery<sup>6</sup> of my sad brows :—  
 Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.]

<sup>4</sup> *I grant, I am a woman ; &c.]* So, Lord Sterling :  
 “ 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.

<sup>5</sup> *A woman well-reputed ; Cato's daughter.]* By the expression *well-reputed*, she refers to the estimation in which she was held, as being *the wife of Brutus* ; whilst the addition of *Cato's daughter*, implies that *she might be expected to inherit the patriotic virtues of her father*. It is with propriety therefore, that she immediately asks,

Think you I am no stronger than my sex,  
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded ? HENLEY.

<sup>6</sup> *All the charactery —] i. e. all that is character'd on, &c.*

*Enter* LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who's that, knocks?<sup>7</sup>

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

*BRU.* Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.— Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

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

*BRU.* O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,  
To wear a kerchief?<sup>8</sup> 'Would you were not sick!

The word has already occurred in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 358, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> — *who's that, knocks?*] i. e. who is that, *who* knocks? Our poet always prefers the familiar language of conversation to grammatical nicety. Four of his editors, however, have endeavoured to destroy this peculiarity, by reading—*who's there that* knocks? and a fifth has, *who's that, that* knocks? MALONE.

<sup>8</sup> O, *what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,*

*To wear a kerchief?*] So, in Plutarch's *Life of Brutus*, translated by North: "— Brutus went to see him being sicke in his bedde, and sayed unto him, O Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke? Ligarius rising up in his bedde, and taking him by the right hande, sayed unto him, Brutus, (sayed he,) if thou hast any great enterprife in hande worthie of thy selfe, I am whole." Lord Sterling also has introduced this passage into his *Julius Cæsar*:

" 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 aught,*  
" *Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*"

MALONE.

*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.*]

\* *Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up  
My mortified spirit.*] Here, and in all other places where the  
word occurs in Shakspeare, to *exorcise* means to raise spirits, not to  
lay them; and I believe he is singular in his acceptation of it.

M. MASON.

See Vol. VI. p. 373, n. 3. MALONE.

## S C E N E II.

*The same. A Room in 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 cried 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 threat-  
en'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>2</sup>

<sup>2</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:

Yet now they fright me. There is one within,  
 Besides the things that we have heard and seen,  
 Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.  
 A lions hath whelped in the streets;  
 And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their  
 dead:<sup>3</sup>

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,<sup>4</sup>  
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:  
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,<sup>5</sup>

“ 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.

<sup>3</sup> *And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead: &c.*] So,  
 in a funeral song in *Much ado about nothing*:

“ Graves yawn, and yield your dead.”

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
 “ The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
 “ Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.”

MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> *Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,  
 In ranks, and squadrons, and right forms of war,*] So, in Tacitus.  
*Hist. B. V.* “ *Vixæ per cælum concurrere acies, rutilantia arma,  
 & subito nubium igne collucere*” &c. STEEVENS.

Again, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

“ I will persist a terror to the world;  
 “ Making the meteors that like armed men  
 “ Are seen to march upon the towers of heaven,  
 “ Run tilting round about the firmament,  
 “ And break their burning launces in the ayre,  
 “ For honour of my wondrous victories.” MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *The noise of battle hurtled in the air,*] To *hurtle* is, I suppose,  
 to clash, or move with violence and noise. So, in *Selimus Emperor  
 of the Turks*, 1594:

“ Here the Polonian he comes *hurtling* in,  
 “ Under the conduct of some foreign prince.”



Horfes did neigh,<sup>6</sup> and dying men did groan ;  
 And ghosts did shriek, and squeal about the streets.  
 O Cæfar ! 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 Cæfar shall go forth : for these predictions  
 Are to the world in general, as to Cæfar.

CAL. When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;  
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of  
 princes.<sup>7</sup>

Again, *ibid* :

“ To tofs the spear, and in a warlike gyre  
 “ To *hurtle* my sharp sword about my head.”

Shakspeare uses the word again in *As You Like it* :

“ — in which *hurling*,  
 “ From miserable slumber I awak'd.” STEEVENS.

Again, in *The History of Arthur*, P. I. c. xiv : “ They made  
 both the Northumberland battailes to *hurtle* together.” BOWLE.

To *hurtle* originally signified to *push* violently ; and, as in such  
 an action a loud noise was frequently made, it afterwards seems to  
 have been used in the sense of *to clash*. So, in Chaucer's *Canterbury  
 Tales*, v. 2618 :

“ And he him *hurtleth* with his hors adoun.” MALONE.

<sup>6</sup> *Horfes did neigh,*] Thus the second folio. Its blundering pre-  
 decessor reads :

*Horfes do neigh.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *When beggars die, there are no comets seen ;*

*The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.*] “ Next  
 to the shadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met  
 withall at large,) they seem to brag most of the strange events  
 which follow (for the most part,) after *blazing starres* ; as if *they  
 were the summoners of God to call princes to the seat of judgment*.  
 The surest way to shake their painted bulwarks of experience is,  
 by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets  
 blaze*, nor comets ever [i. e. always] when princes dye.” *Defen-  
 sative against the poison of supposed Prophecies*, by Henry Howard,  
 Earl of Northampton, 1583.

Again, *ibid* : “ Let us look into the nature of a *comet*, by the  
 face of which it is supposed that the same should portend plague,  
 famine, warre, or the death of potentates.” MALONE.

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 seems to me most strange that men should fear ;  
Seeing that death, a necessary end,<sup>9</sup>  
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.

<sup>7</sup> *Cowards die many times before their deaths ;*] So, in the ancient translation of *Plutarch*, so often quoted :

“ 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.” STEEVENS.

So, in Marston's *Insatiate Countess*, 1613 :

“ Fear is my vassal ; when I frown, he flies,

“ *A hundred times in life a coward dies.*”

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.

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

CÆS. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:<sup>2</sup>  
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,  
 If he should stay at home to-day for fear.  
 No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well,  
 That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.  
 We were<sup>3</sup> two lions litter'd in one day,  
 And I the elder and more terrible;  
 And Cæsar shall go forth.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>2</sup> — *in shame of cowardice*:] The ancients did not place courage but wisdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

<sup>3</sup> *We were* — ] In old editions:  
*We bear* —

The copies have been all corrupt, and the passage, of course, unintelligible. But the slight alteration, I have made, [*We were*] 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.

Mr. Upton recommends us to read:

*We are* —.

This resembles the boast of Otho:

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

STEEVENS.

It is not easy to determine, which of the two readings has the best claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraseology, though less elegant, is perhaps more Shaksperian. It may mean the same as if he had written,—We two lions *were* litter'd in one day, and I am the elder and more terrible of the two. MALONE.

<sup>4</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 trillia vatum  
 Responſa, infantæ volueres, aut ulla dicunt  
 Vana superſtitio poterant. — Oſtenta timere  
 Si nunc inciperem, quæ non mihi tempora poſſiv  
 Anxia tranſirent? quæ lux jucunda maneret?  
 Aut quæ libertas? frustra fervire timori  
 (Dum nec luce frai, nec mortem arcere licebit)

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

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

*Enter DECIVS.*

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

*DEC.* Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy  
Cæsar:

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

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

*CAL.* Say, he is sick.

*CÆS.* Shall Cæsar send a lie?  
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,  
To be afraid to tell 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.

Cogar, et huic capiti quod Roma veretur, aruspex  
Jus dabit, et vanus semper dominabitur augur.

STEEVENS.

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 statua,<sup>5</sup>  
 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, portents,<sup>6</sup>  
 And evils imminent ;<sup>7</sup> and on her knee  
 Hath begg'd, that I will stay at home to-day.

DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted ;  
 It was a vision, fair and fortunate :  
 Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,  
 In which so many smiling Romans bath'd,  
 Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck  
 Reviving blood ; and that great men shall press  
 For tinctures, stains, reliicks, and cognizance.<sup>8</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *my statua,*] See Vol. III. p. 275, n. 8 ; and Vol. X. p. 594, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> ——— *warnings, portents,*] Old copy, unmetrically,—*warnings and portents.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *And evils imminent ;*] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we should read :

*Of evils imminent.* STEEVENS.

The alteration proposed by Mr. Edwards is needless, and tends to weaken the force of the expressions, which form, as they now stand, a regular climax. HENLEY.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *and that great men shall press*

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

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *wringed* with blood. Bullokar in his

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,  
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 ;  
And reason<sup>8</sup> 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 :—

*Expositor*, 1616, defines it “ a dipping, colouring or staining of a thing.” So, in Act III. sc. ii :

“ And dip their napkins,” &c. MALONE.

I concur in opinion with Mr. Malone. At the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, &c. we are told that handkerchiefs were tinged with their blood, and preserved as affectionate or salutary memorials of the deceased. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.*] So, in Lord Sterling's *Julius Cæsar*, 1607 :

“ 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 that 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* 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.

*Enter* ANTONY.

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

*ANT.* So to most noble Cæsar.

*CÆS.* Bid them prepare within:—  
I am to blame to be thus waited for.—  
Now, Cinna:—Now, Metellus:—What, Trebonius!  
I have an hour's talk in store for you;  
Remember that you call on me to-day:  
Be near me, that I may remember you.

*TREB.* Cæsar, I will:—and so near will I be,  
[*Aside.*

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

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

*BRU.* That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

### S C E N E III.

*The same. A street near the Capitol.*

*Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.*

*ART.* Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cas-  
sius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna;  
trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber;  
Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wrong'd Caius  
Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men,  
and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immor-  
tal, look about you: Security gives way to conspiracy.  
The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,<sup>8</sup>

Artemidorus.

Here will I stand, till Cæsar pass along,  
And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments, that virtue cannot live  
Out of the teeth of emulation.<sup>9</sup>

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live;  
If not, the fates with traitors do contrive.<sup>2</sup> [*Exit.*

<sup>8</sup> *Thy lover,*] See p. 207, n. 7. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> ——— *emulation.*] Here, as on many other occasions, this word is used in an unfavourable sense, somewhat like—factious, envious, or malicious rivalry. So, in *Tristram and Cressida*:

“ Whilt *emulation* in the army crept.” STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *the fates with traitors do contrive.*] The fates join with traitors in contriving thy destruction. JOHNSON.



## SCENE IV.

*The same. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.*

*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 ?<sup>3</sup>

*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,  
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 :

<sup>3</sup> *Why dost thou stay? &c.*] Shakspeare has expressed the perturbation of *King Richard* the third's mind by the same incident :

“ — Dull, 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.

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

*LUC.* Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

*Enter Soothfayer.*<sup>3</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 Cæ-  
sar

To be so good to Cæsar, as to hear me,  
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

*POR.* Why, know'st thou any harm's intended  
towards him?

*SOOTH.* None that I know will be, much that I  
fear may chance.<sup>4</sup>

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:

<sup>3</sup> *Enter Soothfayer.*] The introduction of the Soothfayer 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 his first stand, p. 306, to one more convenient, p. 309. TYRWHITTE.

<sup>4</sup> *None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very judiciously in my opinion, omits -- *may chance*, which I regard as interpolated words; for they render the line too long by a foot, and the sense is complete without them.

The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,  
Of senators, of prætors, common sutors,  
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:  
I'll get me to a place more void, and there  
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

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

---

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

*The same. The Capitol; the Senate sitting.*

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

CÆS. The ides of March are come.

SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ART. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

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

<sup>s</sup> ——— Brutus hath a suit, &c.] These words Portia addresses to Lucius, to deceive him, by assigning a false cause for her present perturbation. MALONE.

*ART.* O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a  
fruit

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 enters the Capitol, the rest following.  
All the Senators rise.*

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

*CÆS.* What enterprize, Popilius?

*POP.* Fare you well. [*advances to Cæsar.*]

*BRU.* What said Popilius Lena?

*CÆS.* He wish'd, to-day our enterprize might  
thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discovered.

*BRU.* Look, how he makes to Cæsar: Mark him.<sup>5</sup>

*CÆS.* Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—  
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,  
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *Mark him.*] The metre being here imperfect, I think, we should be at liberty to read:—*Mark him well.* So, in the paper read by Artemidorus, p. 306.—“*Mark well Metellus Cimber.*”  
STEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,*] I believe Shakspeare wrote:

*Cassius on Cæsar never shall turn back.*

The next line strongly supports this conjecture. If the conspiracy was discovered, and the assassination of Cæsar rendered impracticable by “*prevention,*” which is the case supposed, Cassius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæsar from “*turning back*”

For I will flay myself.

*BRU.* Cassius, be constant :  
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes ;  
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

(allowing “*turn* back to be used for *return* back); and in all events this conspirator’s “flaying *himself*” could not produce that effect.

Cassius had originally come with a design to assassinate Cæsar, or die in the attempt, and therefore there could be no question *now* concerning *one or the other* of them falling. The question now stated is, if the plot was discovered, and their scheme could not be effected, how each conspirator should act; and Cassius declares, that, if this should prove the case, he will not endeavour to save himself by flight from the Dictator and his partizans, but instantly put an end to his own life.

The passage in Plutarch’s life of Brutus, which Shakspeare appears to have had in his thoughts, adds such strength to this emendation, that if it had been proposed by any former editor, I should have given it a place in the text. “Popilius Læna, that had talked before with *Brutus* and *Cassius*, and had prayed the gods *they might bring this enterprize to pass*, went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke.—Wherefore the conspirators—conjecturing by that he had tolde them a little before, that his talke was none other but the verie discoverie of their conspiracie, they were affrayed euerie man of them, and one looking in another’s face, it was ealie to see that they were all of a minde, that *it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own handes*. And when *Cassius* and certain others clapped their handes on their swordes under their gownes to draw them, Brutus, marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, &c. with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius,” &c.

They clapped their hands on their daggers undoubtedly to be ready to *kill themselves*, if they were discovered. Shakspeare was induced to give this sentiment to *Cassius*, as being exactly agreeable to his character, and to that spirit which has appeared in a former scene :

“ I know where I will wear this dagger then ;  
“ Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.” MALONE.

The disjunctive is right, and the sense apparent. Cassius says, If our purpose is discovered, either Cæsar or I shall never return alive; for, if we cannot kill him, I will certainly flay myself. The conspirators were numerous and resolute, and had they been betrayed, the confusion that must have arisen might have afforded desperate men an opportunity to despatch the tyrant. RICHSON.

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

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

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

BRU. He is address'd: <sup>7</sup> prefs near, and second him.

CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.<sup>8</sup>

CÆS. Are we all ready? what is now amiss,  
That Cæsar, and his senate, must redress?<sup>9</sup>

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

<sup>7</sup> *He is address'd:*] i. e. he is ready. See Vol. IX. p. 363, n. 4.  
STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *you are the first that rears 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.

According to the rules of grammar Shakspeare certainly should have written *his* hand; but he is often thus inaccurate. So, in the last act of this play, Cassius says of himself,

“ — Cassius is aweary of the world;—  
“ ——— all his faults observ'd,  
“ Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,  
“ 'To cast into *my* teeth.”

There in strict propriety our poet certainly should have written  
“ — into *his* teeth.” MALONE.

As this and similar offences against grammar, might have originated only from the ignorance of the players or their printers, I cannot concur in representing such mistakes as the positive inaccuracies of Shakspeare. According to this mode of reasoning, the false spellings of the first folio, as often as they are exemplified by corresponding false spellings in the same book, may also be charged upon our author. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> Cin. *Casca, you are the first that rear your hand.*  
Cæs. *Are we all ready? What is now amiss,  
That Casca, and his senate, must redress?*] The words—*Are we all ready*—seem to belong more properly to Cinna's speech, than to Cæsar's. RITSON.

Metellus Cimber throws before thy feat  
An humble heart:— [Kneeling.

CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.  
These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,  
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;  
And turn pre-ordinance,<sup>2</sup> and first decree,  
Into the law of children.<sup>3</sup> Be not fond,

<sup>2</sup> *And turn pre-ordinance,*] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already established. WARBURTON.

<sup>3</sup> *Into the law of children.*] [Old copy—*lawe*.] I do not well understand what is meant by the *lawe* 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. *Lawe* and *lawe* in some manuscripts are not easily distinguished. JOHNSON.

If the *lawe 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 *lawe*.”

The *lawe 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 and ventral.*”

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. letter ballad, entitled, *Household Talk, or Good Council for a Married Man*, I meet indeed with a phrase somewhat similar to the *lawe* of children:

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

The *ro* of Shakspeare's time differed from an *u* only by a small curl at the bottom of the second stroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could scarcely be perceived. I have not hesitated therefore to adopt Dr. Johnson's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* strongly support it. MALONE.

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,  
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality  
 With that which melteth fools ; I mean, sweet words,  
 Low-crooked curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.  
 Thy brother by decree is banished ;  
 If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,  
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.  
 Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause  
 Will he be satisfied.\*

\* *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 ? ” STELVENS.

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 injuria* ; 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 pas-  
 sage 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 pique 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 interpretation of the word *wrong* is supported by  
 a line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* :

“ Time's glory is——

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



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

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

*CÆS.* What, Brutus!

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

*CÆS.* I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
 If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
 But I am constant as the northern star,  
 Of whose true-fix'd, and resting quality,  
 There is no fellow in the firmament.  
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
 So, in the world; 'Tis furnish'd well with men,  
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;<sup>5</sup>  
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one<sup>6</sup>  
 That unaffailable holds on his rank,<sup>7</sup>

<sup>5</sup> ——— *apprehensive*;] Susceptible of fear, or other passions.

JOHNSON.

*Apprehensive* does not mean, as Johnson explains it, *susceptible of fear*, but *intelligent*, capable of *apprehending*. M. MASON.

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

<sup>6</sup> ——— *but one* —] One and only one. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</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.

To “ *hold on his rank*,” is to *continue to hold it*; and I take *rank* to be the right reading. The word *race*, which Johnson proposes,

Unshak'd of motion :<sup>8</sup> and, that I am he,  
 Let me a little show it, even in this ;  
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O Cæsar,—

CÆS. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

DEC. Great Cæsar,—

CÆS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?<sup>9</sup>

CASCIA. Speak, hands, for me.

[Cæsa slabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabb'd by several other conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.]

would but ill agree with the following words, *unshak'd of motion*, or with the comparison to the polar star :—

“ Of whose true fix'd, and resting quality,

“ There is no fellow in the firmament.”

*Hold on his rank*, in one part of the comparison, has precisely the same import with *hold his place*, in the other. M. MASON.

<sup>8</sup> *Unshak'd of motion :*] i. e. Unshak'd by suit or solicitation, of which the object is to *move* the person addressed. MALONE.

<sup>9</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 a man as Patroclus has fallen before thee, dost thou complain of the common lot of mortality ?* STEEVENS.

The editor of the second folio saw this passage in the same light as Dr. Johnson did, and made this improper alteration. By *Brutus* here Shakspeare certainly meant Marcus Brutus, because he has confounded him with Decimus, (or Decius as he calls him) ; and imagined that Marcus Brutus was the peculiar favourite of Cæsar, calling him “ *his well-beloved* ;” whereas in fact it was *Decimus* Brutus that Cæsar was particularly attached to, appointing him by

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute?*<sup>2</sup>—Then fall, Cæsar.

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

his will his *second* heir, that is, in remainder after his primary devisees. MALONE.

See p. 246, n. 3. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Et tu, Brute?*—] Suetonius says, that when Cæsar put Metellus Cimber back, “he caught hold of Cæsar’s gowne at both shoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Cassius came in second full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæsar catching Cassius by the arme thrust it through with his stile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he was met with another wound and stayed.” Being then assailed on all sides, “with three and twenty wounds he was stabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, (*without any word uttered*), and that was at the first thrust; though some have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he said, *καὶ σὺ τρωεὶς*, and thou, my souldier.” Holland’s Translation, 1607.

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our author has attributed to Cæsar, nor did North furnish him with it, or with English words of the same import, as might naturally have been supposed. Plutarch says, that on receiving his first wound from *Cassia*, “he caught hold of Cassia’s sword, and held it hard; and they both cried out, Cæsar in Latin, *O vile traitor, Cassia*, *ῥεβὰτ δὲ τίς τὸν?* and Cassia in Greek to his brother, *Brother, help me.*”—The conspirators then “compassed him on every side with their swordes drawn in their handes, that Cæsar turned him no where but he was stricken by some, and still had naked swordes in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongst them as a wild beast taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himself gave him one wound about the privities.—Men report also, that Cæsar did still defend himself against the reste, running every way with his bodie, but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more resistance.”

Neither of these writers therefore, we see, furnished Shakspeare with this exclamation. His authority appears to have been a line in the old play, entituled *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of Yorke*, &c. printed in 1600, on which he formed his third part of *King Henry VI.*

“*Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*”

This line Shakspeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned, (See Vol. X. p. 374, n. 8.) but it appears it had made an impression on his memory. The same line is also found

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

*CAS.* Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,  
*Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!*

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

*CASCA.* Go to the pulpit, Brutus.<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.

in *Acolastus his After-witte*, a poem by S. Nicholson, printed in  
1600:

“ *Et tu, Brute? Wilt thou stab Cæsar too?*

“ *Thou art my friend, and wilt not see me wrong'd.*”

So, in *Cæsar's Legend, Mirrour for Magistrates*, 1587:

“ *O this, quoth I, is violence; then Cassius pierc'd my  
breast;*

“ *And Brutus thou, my sonne, quoth I, whom erst I loved  
best.*”

The Latin words probably appeared originally in Dr. Eedes's  
play on this subject. See p. 338, n. \*. MALONE.

<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 crowd. It  
may be added, that the singularity of Casca's manners would have  
appeared to little advantage amidst the succeeding varieties of tu-  
mult 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,

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

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

*Re-enter* TREBONIUS.

*CAS.* Where's Antony?

*TRE.* Fled to his house amaz'd:  
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,  
As it were doomsday.

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

*CAS.*<sup>5</sup> 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.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,<sup>6</sup>  
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!

Spenser, and other of our ancient writers. Dr. Hickes observes, that in the Saxon, even *four* negatives are sometimes conjoined, and still preserve a negative signification. STEEVENS.

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

<sup>6</sup> ——— *Stoop, Romans, stoop,*] 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, *showing their hands all bloody*, and their naked swords, *proclaim'd liberty* to the people.” THEOBALD.

*CAS.* Stoop then, and wash.<sup>6</sup>—How many ages hence,  
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over,  
In states unborn,<sup>7</sup> 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,<sup>8</sup>  
So often shall the knot of us be call'd  
The men that gave our country liberty.

*DEC.* What, shall we forth?

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

*Enter a Servant.*

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

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

<sup>6</sup> *Stoop then, and wash.*] To *wash* does not mean here to *cleanse*, but to *wash over*, as we say, *wash'd with gold*; for Cassius means that they should steep their hands in the blood of Cæsar.

M. MASON.

<sup>7</sup> *In states unborn,*] The first folio has—*state*; very properly corrected in the second folio—*states*. Mr. Malone admits the first of these readings, which he thus explains—In theatrick pomp yet undisplayed.

But, surely, by *unborn states*, our author must have meant—*communities which as yet have no existence*. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *So oft as that shall be,*] The words—*shall be*, which render this verse too long by a foot, may be justly considered as interpolations, the sense of the passage being obvious without a supplement. *As oft as that*, in elliptical phrase, will signify—as oft as that *shall happen*. These are too many instances of similar ellipses destroyed by the player editors, at the expence of metre. STEEVENS.

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 Serv.*]

*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.

*Re-enter ANTONY.*

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

*ANT.* O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?  
 Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,  
 Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—  
 I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,  
 Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:<sup>9</sup>

<sup>9</sup> ——— *who else is rank*: Who else may be supposed to have  
 overtopped his equals, and grown too high for the publick safety.

JOHNSON.

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.

*BRU.* O Antony! beg not your death of us.  
 Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,  
 As, by our hands, and this our present act,  
 You see we do; yet see you but our hands,  
 And this the bleeding<sup>1</sup> 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,<sup>2</sup> so pity, pity,)

I rather believe the meaning is, who else is too replete with blood?  
 So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis*:

“ Rain added to a river that is *rank*,  
 “ Perforce will force it overflow the bank.”

See Vol. VIII. p. 170, n. 2. MALONE.

In *The Tempest* we have—

—— *whom to trash*  
*For overtopping.*

I conceive Dr. Johnson's explanation therefore to be the true one.  
 The epithet *rank* is employed, on a similar occasion, in *King*  
*Henry VIII*:

“ Ha! what, so *rank*?”

and without allusion to a plethora. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *As fire drives out fire, &c.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail.”

MALONE.

Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:

“ Even as one heat another heat expels,  
 “ Or as one nail by strength drives out another.”

STEEVENS.



Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,  
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark An-  
tony :

Our arms, in strength of malice,<sup>3</sup> and our hearts,  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

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

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

<sup>3</sup> *Our arms in strength of malice,*] Thus the old copies.

*To you, (says Brutus) our swords have leaden points: our arms, 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 regard. 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. For — in strength of, Mr. Pope substituted—exempt from; and was too hastily followed by other editors. 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 !”

The counterpart of the other phrase is found in the same play :

“ I'll wrestle with you in my *strength of love*.” MALONE.

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love,<sup>4</sup> yours, good Trebo-  
nius.

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,  
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 crimson'd in thy lethe.<sup>5</sup>  
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,

<sup>4</sup> *Though last, not least in love,*] So, in *King Lear*:

“Although the last, not least in our dear love.”

The same expression occurs more than once in plays exhibited before the time of Shakspeare. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> ——— *crimson'd in thy lethe.*] *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.

Dost thou here lie?

*CAS.* Mark Antony,—

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

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

*ANT.* Therefore I took your hands; but was,  
indeed,  
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.  
Friends am I with you all,<sup>6</sup> and love you all;  
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons,  
Why, and wherein, Cæsar was dangerous.

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

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

*BRU.* You shall, Mark Antony.

*CAS.* Brutus, a word with you.<sup>7</sup>—

<sup>6</sup> Friends *am I with you all*, &c.] This grammatical impropriety is still so prevalent, as that the omission of the anomalous S, would give some uncouthness to the sound of an otherwise familiar expression. HENLEY.

<sup>7</sup> *Brutus, a word with you*.] *With you* is an apparent interpolation of the players. In Act I. sc. ii. they have retained the elliptical phrase which they have here destroyed at the expence of metre:

“He is not doubted.—*A word*, Lucilius;—.” STEEVENS.

You know not what you do ; Do not consent,  
[ *Aside.*

That Antony speak in his funeral :  
 Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
 By that which he will utter ?

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

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

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

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

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

*BRU.* Prepare the body then, and follow us.  
[ *Exeunt all but Antony.*

*ANT.* O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,  
 That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !  
 'Thou art the ruins of the noblest man,  
 That ever lived in the tide of times.'<sup>7</sup>  
 Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood !

<sup>7</sup> ——— *in the tide of times.*] That is, in the course of times.

Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—  
 Which, like dumb mouths,<sup>8</sup> do ope their ruby lips,  
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—  
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;<sup>9</sup>  
 Domestick fury, and fierce civil strife,  
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:  
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,  
 And dreadful objects so familiar,

<sup>8</sup> *Over thy wounds now do I prophecy,—*  
*Which, like dumb mouths, &c.]* So, in *A Warning for faire*  
*Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

“ — 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>9</sup> *A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;]* We should read:  
 — line of men;  
 i. e. human race. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:  
 — kind of men;  
 I rather think it should be,  
 — the lives of men;  
 unless we read:

— these limbs of men;  
 That is, *these blood-kinds* of men. The uncommonness of the  
 word *limb* easily made the change. JOHNSON.

Antony means that a future curse shall commence in distempers  
 seizing on *the limbs of men*, and be succeeded by commotion, cru-  
 elty, and desolation all over Italy. So, in Phaer's Version of the  
 third Æneid:

“ The skies corrupted were, that trees and corne destroyed  
 to nought,  
 “ And *limmes of men* consuming rottes,” &c.

Sign. E. 1. edit. 1596. STEEVENS.

By *men* the speaker means not mankind in general, but those *Ro-*  
*mans* whose attachment to the cause of the conspirators, or wish to  
 revenge Cæsar's death, would expose them to *wounds* in the civil  
 wars which Antony supposes that event would give rise to.—The  
 generality of the curse here predicted, is limited by the subsequent  
 words,—“ the parts of Italy,” and “ in *these* confines.”

MALONE.

That mothers shall but smile, when they behold  
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;  
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:  
 And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,<sup>2</sup>  
 With Até by his side, come hot from hell,  
 Shall in these confines, with a monarch's voice,  
 Cry *Havock*,<sup>3</sup> and let slip<sup>4</sup> the dogs of war;

<sup>2</sup> *And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge, &c.*]

“ ——— umbraque erraret Crassus inulta.” *Lucan*, Lib. I.

“ Fatalem populis ultro poscentibus horam

“ Admouet atra dies; Stygiisque emissa tenebris

“ Mors fruitur cælo, bellatoremque volando

“ Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu.”

*Stat. Theb.* VIII.

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

<sup>3</sup> *Cry Havock,*] A learned correspondent [Sir William Blackstone] 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 Marschall in the Tyme of Warre*, 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 shall be deede therefore: & the remanent that doo the same or folow, shall lose their horse & harneis: and the perones of such as foloweth and escrien shal be under arrest of the Conestable and Maresehall warde unto tyme that they have made tyn; and founde suretie no morr to offende; and his body in prison at the Kyng wyll.—” JOHNSON.

See p. 129, n. 3. MALONE.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *let slip* ———] This is a term belonging to the chase. Manwood, 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. REED.

*Slips* were contrivances of leather by which greyhounds were restrained till the necessary moment of their dismissal. See *King Henry F.* Vol. IX. p. 352, n. 6. STEEVENS.

That this foul deed shall smell above the earth  
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

*Enter a Servant.*

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

*SERV.* I do, Mark Antony.

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

*SERV.* He did receive his letters, and is coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—

O Cæsar!— [Seeing the body.

*ANT.* Thy heart is big; get thee apart and weep.  
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,<sup>s</sup>  
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,

To let slip a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phrase of Shakespeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

“ Even like a fawning greyhound in the leash,

“ To let him slip at will.”

By the *dogs of war*, as Mr. Tollet has elsewhere observed, Shakespeare probably meant *fire*, *sword*, and *famine*. So, in *King Henry V*:

“ Then should the warlike Harry, like himself,

“ Assume the port of *Mars*; and, at his heels,

“ Leasb'd in like bounds, should *famine*, *sword*, and *fire*,

“ Crouch for employment.”

The same observation is made by Steele in the *TATLER*, No. 137. MALONE.

<sup>s</sup> ——— for *mine eyes*,] Old Copy—*from* mine eyes. Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

No Rome of safety<sup>6</sup> for Octavius yet;  
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay a while;  
 Thou shalt not back, till I have borne this corse  
 Into the market-place: there shall I try,  
 In my oration, how the people take  
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;  
 According to the which, thou shalt discourse  
 To young Octavius of the state of things.  
 Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with CÆSAR'S body.*]

## S C E N E II.

*The same. The Forum.*

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

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

*BRU.* Then follow me, and give me audience,  
 friends.—

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

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay here;  
 Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;  
 And publick reasons shall be rendered  
 Of Cæsar's death.

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

<sup>6</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.”

STEVENS.



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

When severally we hear them rendered.

[*Exit CASSIUS, with some of the Citizens. BRUTUS goes into the rostrum.*]

3. *CIT.* The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence!

*BRU.* Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause; and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour; and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom; and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then

<sup>7</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.*

I cannot agree with Warburton that this speech is very fine in its kind. I can see no degree of excellence in it, but think it a very paltry speech for so great a man, on so great an occasion. Yet Shakspeare has judiciously adopted in it the stile of Brutus—the pointed sentences and laboured brevity which he is said to have affected. *M. MASON.*

This artificial jingle of short sentences was affected by most of the orators in Shakspeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the 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 laconick brevity. *STEVENS.*

that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears, for his love; joy, for his fortune; honour, for his valour; and death, for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

*CIT.* None, Brutus, none.

*[Several speaking at once.*

*BRU.* Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should 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 enforced, for which he suffer'd death.

*Enter ANTONY and Others, with Cæsar's body.*

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover<sup>8</sup> for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

<sup>8</sup> — as I slew my best lover —] See p. 207, n. 7. MALONE.

*CIT.* Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

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

3. *CIT.* Let him be Cæsar.

4. *CIT.* Cæsar's better parts  
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.<sup>9</sup>

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

*BRU.* My countrymen,—

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

1. *CIT.* Peace, 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 entreat you, not a man depart,  
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

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

3. *CIT.* Let him go up into the publick chair;  
We'll hear him:—Noble Antony, go up.

*ANT.* For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.<sup>2</sup>

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

3. *CIT.* He says, for Brutus' sake,<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.*] As the present hemistich, without some additional syllable, is offensively unmetrical, the adverb—*now*, which was introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, is here admitted. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> —beholden *to you.*] Throughout the old copies of Shakspeare, and many other ancient authors, *beholden* is corruptly spelt—*beholding*. STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *He says, for Brutus' sake,*] Here we have another line rendered irregular, by the interpolated and needless words—*He says*—.

He finds himself beholden to us all.

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

1. *CIT.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3. *CIT.* Nay, that's certain :  
We are blest'd, that Rome is rid of him.

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

*ANT.* You gentle Romans,—

*CIT.* Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

*ANT.* Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me  
your ears ;

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil, that men do, lives after them ;

The good is oft interred with their bones ;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :

If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,

(For Brutus is an honourable man ;

So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me :

But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?

When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept :

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that, on the Lupercal,

I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?

Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;  
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.  
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,  
 But here I am to speak what I do know.  
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;  
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?  
 O judgement, 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.<sup>2</sup>

1. *CIT.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.

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

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

4. *CIT.* Mark'd ye his words ? He would not take the crown ;  
 Therefore, 'tis certain, he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

<sup>2</sup> *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*, 1594 :

“ 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.

The passage from Daniel is little more than an imitation of part of Dido's speech in the second Æneid, v. 28 & seq.

Ille meos ——— amores

Abstulit, ille habeat secum, fervetque sepulchro.

STEVENS.

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

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

4. *CIT.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

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

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

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.  
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;

<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. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

*Napkin* is the northern term for *handkerchief*, and is used in this sense at this day in Scotland. Our author frequently uses the word. See Vol. VI. p. 141, n. 9; and Vol. VII. p. 426, n. 7. MALONE.

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

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

*ANT.* Will you be patient ? Will you stay a  
while ?

I have o'er-shot myself, to tell you of it.  
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,  
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar : I do fear it.

4. *CIT.* They were traitors : Honourable men !

*CIT.* The will ! the testament !

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

*ANT.* You will compel me then to read the will ?  
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,  
And let me show you him that made the will.  
Shall I descend ? And will you give me leave ?

*CIT.* Come down.

2. *CIT.* Descend.

*[He comes down from the pulpit.]*

3. *CIT.* You shall have leave.

4. *CIT.* A ring ; stand round.

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

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

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

*CIT.* Stand back ! room ! bear back !

*ANT.* If you have tears, prepare to shed them  
now.

You all do know this mantle : I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;  
 '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>5</sup>  
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him !  
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :  
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,  
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,  
 Quite vanquish'd him : then burst his mighty heart ;  
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,  
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,<sup>6</sup>  
 Which all the while ran blood,<sup>7</sup> great Cæsar fell.  
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !

<sup>5</sup> *For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :*] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*.

STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Even at the base of Pompey's statua,*] [Old copy—*statue*.] It is not our author's practice to make the adverb *even*, a dissyllable. If it be considered as a monosyllable, the measure is defective. I suspect therefore he wrote—at Pompey's *statua*. The word was not yet completely denizen'd in his time. Beaumont, in his *Masque*, writes it *statua*, and its plural *statuacs*. Yet, it must be acknowledged, that *statue* is used more than once in this play, as a dissyllable. MALONE.

See Vol. III. p. 275, n. 8 ; and Vol. X. p. 594, n. 5.

STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *Which all the while ran blood,*] The image seems to be, that the blood of Cæsar flew upon the statue, and trickled down it.

JOHNSON.

Shakspeare took these 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.



Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,  
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd<sup>8</sup> over us.  
 O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel  
 The dint of pity:<sup>9</sup> these are gracious drops.  
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold  
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,  
 Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.<sup>2</sup>

1. *CIT.* O pitcous spectacle!

2. *CIT.* O noble Cæsar!

3. *CIT.* O woful day!

4. *CIT.* O traitors, villains!

1. *CIT.* O most bloody fight!

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

<sup>8</sup> ——— treason flourish'd ———] i. e. flourished the sword. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

“ And flourishes his blade in spite of me.” STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *The dint of pity*:] is the impression of pity.

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

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

“ The *dint* of death,” &c.

Again, *Ibid*:

“ He shall dye by *dint* of sword, or else by choking rope.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> *Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.*] To *mar* seems to have anciently signified to *lacerate*. So, in *Solyman and Perseda*, a tragedy, 1599, Basilisco feeling the end of his dagger, says:

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

To *mar* sometimes signifies to *deface*, as in *Othello*:

“ Nor *mar* that whiter skin of hers than snow —.”

and sometimes to destroy, as in *Timon of Athens*:

“ And *mar* men's spurring.”

Ancient alliteration always produces *mar* as the opposite of *make*.

STEEVENS.

ANT. Stay, countrymen.

1. CIT. Peace there :—Hear the noble Antony.

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

ANT. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir  
you up

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They, that have done this deed, are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise, and 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.

For I have neither wit,<sup>2</sup> nor words, nor worth,

<sup>2</sup> For I have neither wit,] [Old copy—*writ*.] So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II :

“ Now, my good lord, let's see the devil's *writ*.”

i. e. *writing*. Again, in *Hamlet* : “ —the law of *writ* and the liberty.”—The editor of the second folio, who altered whatever he did not understand, substituted *wit* for *writ*. *Wit* in our author's time had not its present signification, but meant *understanding*. Would Shakspeare make Antony declare himself void of common intelligence? MALONE.

The first folio (and, I believe, through a mistake of the press) has —*writ*, which in the second folio was properly changed into —*wit*. Dr. Johnson, however, supposes that by *writ* was meant a “ panned and premeditated oration.”

But the artful speaker, on this sudden call for his exertions, was surely designed, with affected modesty, to represent himself as one who had neither *wit*, (i. e. strength of *understanding*) persuasive language, weight of character, graceful action, harmony of voice &c. (the usual requisites of an orator) to influence the minds of the people. Was it necessary, therefore, that, on an occasion so precipitate, he should have urged that he had brought no *written* speech in his pocket? since every person who heard him must have been

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;  
 Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb  
                   mouths,  
 And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,  
 And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
 Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue  
 In every wound of Cæsar, that should move  
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

*CIT.* We'll mutiny.

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

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

*ANT.* Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me  
                   speak.

*CIT.* Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble An-  
                   tony.

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

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

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

*ANT.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
 To every Roman citizen he gives,

aware that the interval between the death of Cæsar, and the time present, would have been inadequate to such a composition, which indeed could not have been produced at all, unless, like the indictment of Lord Hastings in *King Richard III.* it had been got ready through a premonition of the event that would require it.

What is styled the devil's *writ* in *K. Henry VI.* P. II. is the deposition of the daemon, *written* down before witnesses on the stage. I therefore continue to read with the second folio, being unambitious of reviving the blunders of the first. STEVENS.

To every feveral man, feventy five drachmas.<sup>3</sup>

2. *CIT.* Moft noble Cæfar!—We'll revenge his death.

3. *CIT.* O royal Cæfar!

*ANT.* Hear me with patience.

*CIT.* Peace, ho!

*ANT.* Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,  
On this fide Tiber; <sup>4</sup> he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourfelves.  
Here was a Cæfar: When comes fuch another?

1. *CIT.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:  
We'll burn his body in the holy place,  
And with the brands fire the traitors' houfes.<sup>5</sup>

<sup>3</sup> ——— *feventy-five* drachmas.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the fame as the Roman *denar*, of the value of four festerces, 7d. ob. STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *On this fide Tiber*;] The fcene is here in the Forum near the Capitol, and in the moft frequented part of the city; but Cæfar's gardens were very remote from that quarter:

Trans *Tiberim longe cubat is, prope Cæfaris hortos*, fays Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæfar were feparated from the main city by the river: and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote:

*On that fide Tiber*;——

and Plutarch, whom Shakspeare very diligently ftudied, in *The Life of Marcus Brutus*, fpeaking of Cæfar's will, exprefsly fays, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOBALD.

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

<sup>5</sup> ——— *fire the traitors' houfes*.] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire *all* the traitor's houfes; but *fire* was then

Take up the body.

2. *CIT.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *CIT.* Pluck down benches.

4. *CIT.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.  
*[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]*

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

*Enter a Servant.*

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

*ANT.* Where is he ?

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

*ANT.* And thither will I straight to visit him :  
 He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,  
 And in this mood will give us 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.<sup>6</sup>

*The same. A Street.*

*Enter CINNA the Poet.*

*CIN.* I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with  
 Cæsar,<sup>7</sup>

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.

<sup>6</sup> *Scene III.*] The subject of this scene is taken from *Plutarch*.  
 STEEVENS.

And things unluckily charge my fantasy :<sup>8</sup>  
 I have no will to wander forth of doors,<sup>9</sup>  
 Yet something leads me forth.

*Enter Citizens.*

1. *CIT.* What is your name ?

2. *CIT.* Whither are you going ?

3. *CIT.* Where do you dwell ?

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

2. *CIT.* Answer every man directly.

1. *CIT.* Ay, and briefly.

4. *CIT.* Ay, and wisely.

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

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

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

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

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

*CIN.* As a friend.

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

<sup>7</sup> *I dreamt to-night, that I did feast &c.]* I learn from an old black letter treatise on Fortune-telling &c. that to dream “ of being at *barquets*, betokeneth misfortune” &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *things unluckily charge my fantasy :*] i. e. circumstances oppresses my fancy with an ill-omen'd weight. STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> *I have no will to wander forth of doors, &c.]* Thus, Shylock :

“ I have no mind of feasting forth to night :

“ But I will go.” STEEVENS.

4. *CIT.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

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

3. *CIT.* Your name, fir, truly.

*CIN.* Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

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

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

*CIN.* I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

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

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

*The same. A Room in Antony's house.<sup>2</sup>*

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

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

<sup>2</sup> ——— Antony's house.] 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.

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

LEP. I do consent.

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live,<sup>8</sup>  
Who is your sifter's son, Mark Antony.

ANT. He shall not live; look, with a spot I  
damn him.<sup>9</sup>

So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*: "Thereuppon 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 forfooke Lucius Cæsar, who was his vnclē by his mother: and both of them together suffred Lepidus to kill his own 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?"

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

The passage quoted by Steevens, clearly proves that the scene should be laid in Rome. M. MASON.

It is manifest that Shakspeare intended the scene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's house. MALONI.

<sup>8</sup> *Upon condition Publius shall not live,*] Mr. Upton has sufficiently proved that the poet made a mistake as to this character 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 sifter's son, Mark Antony.*

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

<sup>9</sup> ——— *damn him.*] i. e. *condemn* him. So, in *Promos and Cassandra*, 1578:

"Vouchsafe to give my *damned* husband life."

Again, in Chaucer's *Knights Tale*, v. 1747, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit:



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

LEP. What, shall I find you here?

OCT. Or here, or at  
The Capitol. [Exit LEPIDUS.]

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

OCT. So you thought him;  
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die,  
In our black sentence and proscription.

ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:  
And though we lay these honours on this man,  
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,  
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,<sup>2</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.

OCT. You may do your will;  
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and, for that,  
I do appoint him store of provender.  
It is a creature that I teach to fight,

<sup>2</sup> — by your confession

“ Hath *damned* you, and I wol it recorde.” STEEVENS.

— *as the ass bears gold,*] This image had occurred 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.

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 ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Which, out of use, and stal'd by other men,  
 Begin his fashion :<sup>2</sup> Do not talk of him,

<sup>1</sup> ——— *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.

Sure, it is easy enough 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. *mechanick operations*. I have therefore brought back the old reading, 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.

*Objects* means, in Shakspeare's language, whatever is presented to the eye. So, in *Timon of Athens*, "Swear against *objects*," which Mr. Steevens has well illustrated by a line in our poet's 152d Sonnet :

"And made them swear against *the thing* they see."

MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *and stal'd by other men,*

*Begin his fashion :*] Shakspeare has already woven this circum

But as a property.<sup>3</sup> And now, Octavius,  
 Listen great things.—Brutus and Cassius,  
 Are levying powers: we must straight make head:  
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,  
 Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd  
 out;<sup>4</sup>

stance into the character of Justice Shallow: “ — He came ever in the rearward of the fashion; and fung those tunes that he heard the carmen whistle.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> — a property.] i. e. as a thing quite at our disposal, and to be treated as we please. So, in *Twelfth-Night*:

“ They have here *propertied* me, kept me in darknes,” &c.

STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out* ;] In the old copy by the carelessness of the transcriber or printer this line is thus imperfectly exhibited:

Our best friends made, our means stretch'd ;—

The editor of the second folio supplied the line by reading—

Our best friends made, *and* our *best* means stretch'd *out*.

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almost all the other corrections of the second folio, as ill conceived as possible. For what is *best* means? *Means*, or abilities, if *stretch'd out*, receive no additional strength from the word *best*, nor does *means*, when considered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, seem to admit of a degree of comparison. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a transcriber or compositor should be guilty of three errors in the same line; that he should omit the word *and* in the middle of it; then the word *best* after *our*, and lastly the concluding word. It is much more probable that the omission was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in these plays;) and that the author wrote, as I have printed:

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

So, in a former scene:

“ — and, you know, his *means*,

“ If he improve them, may well *stretch so far*,—.”

Again, in the following passage in *Coriolanus*, which, I trust, will justify the emendation, now made:

“ — for thy revenge,

“ Wrench up your *power* to the *highest*.” MALONE.

I am satisfied with the reading of the second folio, in which I perceive neither awkwardness nor want of perspicuity. *Best* is a

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

*OCT.* Let us do so: for we are at the stake,<sup>s</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, LUCIUS, and  
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

*BRU.* Stand here.

*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.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.]

*BRU.* He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-  
darus,

In his own change, or by ill officers,<sup>s</sup>

word of mere enforcement, and is frequently introduced by Shakspeare. Thus, in *King Henry VIII*:

“ My life itself and the *best* heart of it ———.”

Why does *best* in this instance, seem more significant than when it is applied to *means*? STEEVENS.

<sup>s</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>s</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*

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.

*things I could wish undone.* This implies a *doubt* which of the two was the case. Yet, immediately after, on Pindarus's saying, *His master was full of regard and honour*, he replies, *He is not doubted.* To reconcile this we should read:

*In his own charge, or by ill officers,*  
i. e. *Either by those under his immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abused their trust.* Charge is so usual a word in 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. STEVENS.

Brutus immediately after says to Lucilius, when he hears his account of the manner in which he had been received by Cassius,

“Thou hast describ'd  
“*A hot friend cooling.*”

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. M. MASON.

*BRU.* Thou hast describ'd  
 A hot friend cooling : Ever note, Lucilius,  
 When love begins to ficken and decay,  
 It useth an enforced ceremony.  
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith :  
 But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,  
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle :  
 But when they should endure the bloody spur,  
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,  
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on ?

*LUC.* They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-  
 ter'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 <sup>6</sup> softly,—I do know you well :—

<sup>6</sup> ——— *your* griefs —] i. e. your grievances. See Vol. IV. p. 76, n. 7, and Vol. VIII. p. 557, n. 5. MALONE.

Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

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

*BRU.* Lucilius, do the like;<sup>7</sup> and let no man  
Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.  
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*]

## S C E N E III.

*Within the tent of Brutus.*

*Lucius and Titinius at some distance from it.*

*Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

*CAS.* That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in  
this:  
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;  
Wherein, my letters, praying on his side,  
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

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

*CAS.* In such a time as this, it is not meet

<sup>7</sup> ——— *do the like;*] Old copy—"do you the like;" but without regard to metre. STEEVENS.

That every nice offence <sup>7</sup> 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 corrup-  
tion,  
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? <sup>8</sup> What, shall one of us,  
That struck the foremost man of all this world,  
But for supporting robbers; shall we now  
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?  
And sell the mighty space of our large honours,  
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?—  
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,  
Than such a Roman.

<sup>7</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.

<sup>8</sup> *What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,*

*And not for justice?*] This question is far from implying that any of those who touch'd Cæsar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of asserting that there was not one man among them, who was base enough to stab him for any cause but that of justice. MALONE.



*Cæs.* Brutus, bay not me,<sup>9</sup>  
 I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
 To hedge me in; <sup>2</sup> I am a foldier, I,  
 Older in practice,<sup>3</sup> abler than yourself  
 To make conditions.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Cæs. Brutus, bay not me,*] The old copy—*bait* not me. Mr. Theobald and all the subsequent editors read—*bay* not me; and the emendation is sufficiently plausible, our author having in *Troilus and Cressida* used the word *bay* in the same sense:

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

But as he has likewise twice used *bait* in the sense required here, the text, in my apprehension, ought not to be disturbed. “I will not yield,” says Macbeth,

“To kiss the ground before young Malcolm’s feet,

“And to be *baited* with the rabble’s curse.”

Again, in *Coriolanus*:

“—why stay we to be *baited*

“With one that wants her wits?”

So, also in a comedy intitled *How to choose a good wife from a bad*, 1602:

“Do I come home so seldom, and that seldom

“Am I thus *baited*?”

The reading of the old copy, which I have restored, is likewise supported by a passage in *King Richard III*:

“To be so *baited*, scorn’d, and storm’d at.” MALONE.

The second folio, on both occasions, has—*bait*; and the spirit of the reply will, in my judgement, be diminished, unless a repetition of the one or the other word be admitted. I therefore continue to read with Mr. Theobald. *Bay*, in our author, may be as frequently exemplified as *bait*. It occurs again in the play before us, as well as in *A Midsummer-Night’s Dream*, *Cymbeline*, *King Henry IV.* P. II. &c. &c. STEEVENS.

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

<sup>3</sup> — *I am a foldier, I,*

*Older in practice, &c.*] Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, instead of *I*, 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.

See Vol. IX. p. 84, n. 5. MALONE.

<sup>4</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.* Go to; you're not, Cassius.

*CAS.* I am.

*BRU.* I say, you are not.<sup>3</sup>

*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, show your slaves how choleric you are,  
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?  
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch  
Under your testy humour? By the gods,  
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,  
Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,  
I'll use you for my mirth,<sup>4</sup> 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.

<sup>3</sup> *Cas. I am.*

*Bru. I say, you are not.*] This passage may easily be restored to metre, if we read:

*Brutus, I am.*

*Cassius, I say, you are not.* STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> *I'll use you for my mirth,*] Mr. Rowe has transplanted this insult into the mouth of Lothario:

“ And use his sacred friendship for our mirth.” STEEVENS.

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

BRU. If you did, I care not.

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

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

CÆS. I durst not ?

BRU. No.

CÆS. What ? durst not tempt him ?

BRU. For your life you durst not.

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

<sup>s</sup> ——— *than to wring*

*From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,*] This is a noble sentiment, altogether in character, and expressed in a manner inimitably happy. For to *wring*, implies both to get *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.

I do not believe that Shakspeare, when he wrote *hard hands* in

By any indirection. I did send  
 To you for gold to pay my legions,  
 Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Cassius?  
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?  
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,  
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,  
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,  
 Dash him to pieces!

CAS. I deny'd you not.

BRU. You did.

CAS. I did not:—he was but a fool,  
 That brought my answer back.<sup>5</sup>—Brutus hath riv'd  
 my heart:

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

BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.<sup>6</sup>

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

this place, had any deeper meaning than in the following line in  
*A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“*Hard-banded* men that work in Athens here.”

HOLT WHITE.

Mr. H. White might have supported his opinion, (with which I  
 perfectly concur) by another instance, from *Cymbeline*:

“*\_\_\_\_\_ bands*

“Made hourly *hard* with falsehood as *with labour*.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>5</sup> *\_\_\_\_\_ my answer back.*] The word *back* is unnecessary to the  
 sense, and spoils the measure. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.*] 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.

As huge as high Olympus.

*CAS.* Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,  
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,  
 For Cassius is awearied of the world :  
 Hated by one he loves ; brav'd by his brother ;  
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observ'd,  
 Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,  
 To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep  
 My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,  
 And here my naked breast ; within, a heart  
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :  
 If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;<sup>7</sup>  
 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, shows a hasty spark,  
 And straight is cold again.

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

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

<sup>7</sup> *If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ; &c.]* 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 showing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This seems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 364 :

“ Now, *as you are a Roman*, tell me true.” BLACKSTONE.

CAS. Do you confefs fo much? Give me your hand.

BRU. And my heart too.

CAS. O Brutus!—

BRU. What's the matter?

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

BRU. Yes, Cassius; and, henceforth,<sup>6</sup> When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides,<sup>7</sup> and leave you so. *[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>8</sup>

CAS. How now? What's the matter?

POET. For shame, you generals; What do you mean?

<sup>6</sup> ——— *and, henceforth,*] Old copy, redundantly in respect both of sense and measure:—"and *from henceforth.*" But the present omission is countenanced by many passages in our author, besides the following in *Macbeth*:

"——— Thanes and kinsmen,  
" *Henceforth* be carls." STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> ——— *chides,*] i. e. is clamorous, scolds. So, in *As you like it*:  
"For what had he to do to *chide* at me?" STEEVENS.

<sup>8</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 cynick philosopher. STEEVENS.

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;  
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.<sup>9</sup>

CAS. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick 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:

What should the wars do with these jigging fools?<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;*

*For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.*] This passage is a translation from the following one in the first book of *Homer*:

Ἄλλα πισθεῖ. ἄμφο δὲ νεώτεροι ἔσον ἐμοῖο.

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.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn*:

“ A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*

“ Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime.”

[See note on *Hamlet*, Act III. sc. ii.]

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 ancient English literature, not knowing this, for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine 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 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 some years ago had the curiosity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were suggested by some former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himself. But on a second and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which ap-

Companion, hence.<sup>3</sup>

*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,  
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?

pears to be much smaller than that above-mentioned,) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. 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 NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO!! It is highly probable that many yet have escaped my notice. MALONE.

<sup>3</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 *King Henry IV.* P. II. Dol Tearsheet says to Pistol:

“ — I scorn you, scurvy companion,” &c. STEEVENS.



*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>4</sup>

*CAS.* And died so?<sup>5</sup>

<sup>4</sup> *And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.*] This circumstance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is also mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It cannot, however, be amiss to remark, that the death of Portia may want 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.

STEEVENS.

Valerius Maximus says that Portia *survived* Brutus, and killed herself on hearing that her husband was defeated and slain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in *The Life of Brutus* is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philosopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that she determining to kill her selfe, (her parents and friends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hotte burning coles, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe.—There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence*; that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill her selfe, choosing to dye rather than to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, sith the letter (at least if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the disease and love of this lady, and the manner of her death." North's *Translation*.

See also Martial, l. 1. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, and Plutarch, all agree in saying that she put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, ascertains that she did so in the life-time of Brutus.

Our author therefore, we see, had sufficient authority for his representation. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *And died so? &c.*] I suppose, these three short speeches were meant to form a single verse, and originally stood as follows:

*Cas.* And died so?

*Bru.*

*Even so.*

*Cas.*

*Immortal gods!*

*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. [*Drinks.*

*Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.*

*BRU.* Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Messala.—

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 toward Philippi.

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

*BRU.* With what addition?

*MES.* That by proscription, and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,  
Have put to death an hundred senators.

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

The tragick *Abs* and *Obs* interpolated by the players, are too frequently permitted to derange our author's measure. STREETS.

CAS. Cicero one?

MES. Ay, Cicero is dead,<sup>5</sup>  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRU. No, Meffala.

MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRU. Nothing, Meffala.

MES. That, methinks, is strange.

BRU. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in  
yours?

MES. No, my lord.

BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

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

BRU. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,  
Meffala:

With meditating that she must die once,<sup>6</sup>  
I have the patience to endure it now.

MES. Even so great men great losses should en-  
dure.

CAS. I have as much of this in art<sup>7</sup> 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?

<sup>5</sup> *Ay, Cicero is dead,*] For the insertion of the affirmative adverb, to complete the verse, I am answerable. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</sup> *—once,*] i. e. at some time or other. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*:

“ — I pray, thee *once* to-night

“ Give my sweet Nan this ring.”

See Vol. III. p. 434, n. 7. STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *—in art —*] That is, in theory. MALONE.

*CAS.* I do not think it good.

*BRU.* Your reason?

*CAS.* This it is :<sup>5</sup>  
 '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 be-  
 side,  
 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<sup>6</sup> in the affairs of men,

<sup>5</sup> *This it is :*] The overflow of the metre, and the disagreeable clash of—*it is*, with *'Tis* at the beginning of the next line, are almost proofs that our author only wrote, with a common ellipsis,—*This :—*. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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.

Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.  
 On such a full sea are we now afloat ;  
 And we must take the current when it serves,  
 Or lose our ventures.

*CAS.* Then, with your will, go on ;  
 We'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

*BRU.* The deep of night is 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 LUCIUS.*] Fare-  
 well, good Messala ;—  
 Good night, Titinius :—Noble, noble Cassius,  
 Good night, and good repose.

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

*BRU.* Every thing is well.

*CAS.* Good night, my lord.

*BRU.* Good night, good brother.

A similar sentiment is found in Chapman's *Buffy d'Ambou*,  
 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 *click* in his raiser's spirit.” MALONE.

<sup>7</sup> *Never come such division 'tween our souls !*] So, in the mock play  
 in *Hamlet* :

“ And never come mischance between us twain.”

STEEVENS.

*TIT. MES.* Good night, lord Brutus.

*BRU.*

Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CAS. TIT. and MES.*]

*Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

*LUC.* Here in the tent.

*BRU.*

What, thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

*LUC.* Varro, and Claudius!

*Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.*

*VAR.* Calls my lord?

*BRU.* I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent, and sleep;

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

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

*BRU.* I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[*Servants lie down.*]

*LUC.* I was sure, your lordship did not give it me.

*BRU.* Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

*LUC.* Ay, my lord, an it please you.

*BRU.*

It does, my boy:

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

*LUC.* It is my duty, sir.

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

*LUC.* I have slept, my lord, already.

*BRU.* It is well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;  
I will not hold thee long : if I do live,  
I will be good to thee. *[Musick, and a song.*

'This is a sleepy tune :—O murd'rous slumber !  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace<sup>7</sup> 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 ;<sup>8</sup>—Is not the leaf turn'd  
down,

<sup>7</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 upheld that royal *mace*.” STEEVENS.

Shakspeare probably remembered Spenser in his *Faery Queen*.  
B. I. cant. iv. st. 44 :

“ When as *Morphews* had with *leaden mace*

“ Arrested all that courtly company.” HOLT WHITE.

<sup>8</sup> *Let me see, let me see ;*] As these words are wholly unmetrical, we may suppose our author meant to avail himself of the common colloquial phrase.—*Let's see, let's see.* STEEVENS.

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

[*He sits down.*]

*Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.*

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?  
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>8</sup>

<sup>8</sup> ——— [*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 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 otherwise affrayd, 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 thing at all.”

See the story of *Cassius Parmensis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. vii. STEEVENS.

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from *Plutarch's* life of *Brutus*. Shakspeare had also certainly read *Plutarch's* account of this vision in the life of *Cæsar*: “Above all, the *ghost* that appeared unto Brutus, showed plainly that the goddess were offended with the murther of *Cæsar*. The vision was thus. Brutus being ready to pass over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coast lying directly against it, slept every night (as his manner



GHOST.

Ay, at Philippi.

[Ghost vanishes.]

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—  
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:  
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—  
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—  
Claudius!

LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRU. He thinks, he still is at his instrument.—  
Lucius, awake.

LUC. My lord!

BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so  
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!

was,) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—  
he thought he heard a noyse at his tent-dore, and looking towards  
*the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he saw a horrible vision  
of a man, of a wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at  
the first made him marvelously afraid. But when he sawe that it  
did him no hurt, but stode by his bedde-side, and said nothing,  
at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him,  
I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of  
Philippes. Then Brutus replied agayne, and said, Well, I shall  
see thee then. Therewithall the spirit presently vanished from  
him.”

It is manifest from the words above printed in Italicks, that  
Shakspeare had this passage in his thoughts as well as the other.

MALONE.

That *lights grow dim*, or *burned blue*, at the approach of spectres,  
was a belief which our author might have found examples of in  
almost every book of his age that treats of supernatural appearances.  
See *King Richard III.* Vol. X. p. 680. n. 6. STEVENS.

Fellow thou! awake.

*VAR.* My lord.

*CLAU.* My lord.

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

*VAR. CLAU.* Did we, my lord?

*BRU.* Ay; Saw you any thing?

*VAR.* No, my lord, I saw nothing.

*CLAU.* Nor I, my lord.

*BRU.* Go, and commend me to my brother Cæ-  
fius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,  
And we will follow.

*VAR. CLAU.* It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V. SCENE I.

### *The Plains of Philippi.*

*Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*

*OCT.* Now, Antony, our hopes are answered:  
You said, the enemy would not come down,  
But keep the hills and upper regions;  
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;  
They mean to warn us<sup>a</sup> at Philippi here,

<sup>a</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 *King Richard III.*  
“And sent to *warn* them to his royal presence.”  
Throughout the books of the Stationers' Company, the word is

Answering before we do demand of them,

*ANT.* Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know  
Wherefore they do it: they could be content  
To visit other places; and come down  
With fearful bravery,<sup>3</sup> thinking, by this face,  
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

*Enter a Messenger.*

*MES.* Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

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

*OCT.* Upon the right hand I, keep thou<sup>4</sup> the left.

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

*OCT.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.

[*March.*

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

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

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>3</sup> *With fearful bravery,*] That is, *with a gallant show 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.

So, in Churchyard's *Siege of Letch*, 1575:

“They were a *feare* unto the enmyes eye.” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> — *keep thou* —] The tenour of the conversation evidently requires us to read—*you*. RITSON.

*CAS.* Stand fast, Titinius: We must out and talk.

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

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

*OCT.* Stir not until the signal.

*BRU.* Words before blows: Is it so, countrymen?

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

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

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

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

*CAS.* Antony,  
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;<sup>5</sup>  
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,  
And leave them honeyless.

*ANT.* Not stingleless too.

*BRU.* O, yes, and foundless 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 show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like  
hounds,

<sup>5</sup> *The posture of your blows are yet unknown;*] It should be—*is* yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakspeare's.

MALONE.

Rather, the mistake of his transcriber or printer; which therefore ought, in my opinion, to be corrected. Had Shakspeare been generally inaccurate on similar occasions, he might more justly have been suspected of inaccuracy in the present instance.

STEVENS.

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;  
 Whilst damned Casca,<sup>6</sup> like a cur, behind,  
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O flatterers!<sup>7</sup>

*CAS.* Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:<sup>8</sup>  
 This tongue had not offended so to-day,  
 If Cassius might have rul'd.

*OCCT.* Come, come, the cause: If arguing make  
 us sweat,  
 The proof of it will turn to redder drops.  
 Look;  
 I draw a sword against conspirators;  
 When think you that the sword goes up again?—  
 Never, till Cæsar's three and twenty wounds<sup>9</sup>  
 Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar  
 Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>6</sup> — *Casca,*] Casca struck Cæsar on the neck, coming *like* a degenerate *cur* behind him. JOHNSON.

<sup>7</sup> — *O flatterers!*] Old copy, unmetrically,—*O you flatterers!* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> *Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself:*] It is natural to suppose, from the defective metre of this line, that our author wrote:

Flatterers! Now, Brutus, *you may* thank yourself.

STEEVENS.

<sup>9</sup> — *three and twenty wounds* —] [Old copy—*three and thirty*;) 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.

Beaumont and Fletcher have fallen into a similar mistake, in their *Noble Gentleman*:

“ So Cæsar fell, when in the Capitol,

“ They gave his body *two and thirty* wounds.” RITSON.

<sup>2</sup> — *till another Cæsar*

*Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.*] A similar idea has already occurred in *King John*:

“ Or add a royal number to the dead,—

“ With slaughter coupled to the name of kings.”

STEEVENS.

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

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

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

*CÆS.* A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,  
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

*ANT.* Old Cassius still !

*OCT.* Come, Antony ; away.--  
Defiance, traitors, hurl we<sup>8</sup> in your teeth :  
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field ;  
If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

*CÆS.* Why now, blow, wind ; swell, billow ; and  
swim, bark !  
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

*BRU.* Ho !  
Lucilius ; hark, a word with you.

*LUC.* My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

*CÆS.* Messala,—

*MES.* What says my general ?

<sup>8</sup> Defiance, *traitors*, hurl we —] Whence perhaps Milton, *Paradise Lost*, B. I. v. 669 :

“ *Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.*”

*Hurl* is peculiarly expressive. The challenger in judicial combats was said to *hurl* down his gage, when he threw his glove down as a pledge that he would make good his charge against his adversary. So, in *King Richard II* :

“ And interchangeably *hurl* down my gage

“ Upon this over-weening traitor's foot.” HOLT WHITE.

CÆS.

Meffala,<sup>9</sup>

This is my birth-day; as this very day  
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Meffala:  
 Be thou my witness, that, against my will,  
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set  
 Upon one battle all our liberties.  
 You know, that I held Epicurus strong,  
 And his opinion: now I change my mind,  
 And partly credit things that do presage.  
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign<sup>2</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Meffala, &c.*] Almost every circumstance in this speech is taken from Sir Thomas North's Translation of *Plutarch*.

“ But touching Cassius, Meffala reporteth that he supped by himselfe 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, Meffala, 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 should wronge too muche to mistrust her, although we follow euill counsell. Meffala 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, bicause it was his birth-day.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *our former ensign* ———] Thus the old copy, and, I suppose, rightly. *Former* is *foremost*. Shakspeare sometimes uses the *comparative* instead of the *positive* and superlative. See *King 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.

*Former* is right; and the meaning—*our fore ensign*. So, in Adlyngton's *Apuleius*, 1596: “ First hee instructed me to sit at the table vpon my taile, and howe I should leape and daunce, holding up my *former* feete.”

Again, in Harrison's *Description of Britaine*: “ It [i. e. brawn] is made commonly of the *fore* part of a tame bore set uppe for the purpose by the space of an whole year or two. Afterwarde he is killed,—and then of his *former* partes is our brawne made.”

RITSON.

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perch'd,  
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands ;  
 Who to Philippi here conformed 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 ;<sup>2</sup> their shadows seem  
 A canopy most fatal, under which  
 Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

*MES.* Believe not so.

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

*BRU.* Even so, Lucilius.

*CAS.* Now, most noble Brutus,  
 The gods to-day stand friendly ; that we may,  
 Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age !  
 But, since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,  
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.  
 If we do lose this battle, then is this  
 The very last time we shall speak together :  
 What are you then determined to do ?<sup>3</sup>

*BRU.* Even by the rule of that philosophy,<sup>4</sup>

I once thought that for the sake of distinction the word should be spelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon *forþma*, *first*, I have adhered to the common spelling. MALONE.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *as we were sickly prey ;*] So, in *King John* :

“ As doth a raven on a sick-fall'n beast,—.” STEEVENS.

<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.

<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 determina-



By which I did blame Cato for the death  
Which he did give himself;—I know not how,

tions 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 he now condemned it.

So, in Sir Thomas North:—"There Cassius beganne to speake 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 amongst men are most vncertayne, 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 aunswered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly 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, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not constantly and patiently to take whatsoeuer it pleaseth him to fend 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 look 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 live 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, (p. 388.) would try his fortune in a second fight. Yet he would not submit to be a captive. BLACKSTONE.

I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means justify Sir W. Blackstone's solution. The question of Cassius relates solely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE.

There is certainly an apparent contradiction between the sentiments which Brutus expresses in this, and in his subsequent speech; but there is no real inconsistency. Brutus had laid it down to himself as a principle, to abide every chance and extremity of war; but when Cassius reminds him of the disgrace of being led

But I do find it cowardly and vile,  
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent  
 The time of life: <sup>4</sup>—arming myself with patience,<sup>5</sup>  
 To stay the providence of some high powers,  
 That govern us below.

*CAS.* Then, if we lose this battle,<sup>6</sup>  
 You are contented to be led in triumph  
 Thorough the streets of Rome?

in triumph through the streets of Rome, he acknowledges that to be a trial which he could not endure. Nothing is more natural than this. We lay down a system of conduct for ourselves, but occurrences may happen that will force us to depart from it.

M. MASON.

This apparent contradiction may be easily reconciled. Brutus is at first inclined to wait patiently for better times; but is roused by the idea of being “led in triumph,” to which he will never submit. The loss of the battle would not alone have determined him to kill himself, if he could have lived free. RITSON.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *so to prevent*

*The time of life:]* To *prevent* is here used in a French sense—to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period. MALONE.

To *prevent*, I believe, has here its common signification. Dr. Johnson, in his Dictionary, adduces this very instance as an example of it. STEEVENS.

<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, &c. JOHNSON.

<sup>6</sup> *Then, if we lose this battle,]* Cassius, in his last speech, having said—If we do lose *this battle*, the same two words might, in the present instance, be fairly understood, as they derange the metre. I would therefore read only:

*Cas.* Then, if we lose,

*You are contented &c.*

Thus, in *King Lear*:

“ King Lear hath *lost*, he and his daughter ta'en:—.”

i. e. has lost *the battle*. STEEVENS.

*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;<sup>7</sup>  
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.

*The same. The field of battle.*

*Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*

*BRU.* Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these  
bills<sup>8</sup>

<sup>7</sup> ——— *the ides of March begun;*] Our author ought to have written—*began.* For this error, I have no doubt, he is himself answerable. MALONE.

See p. 374, n. 5. STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> ——— *give these bills—*] So, in the old translation of *Plutarch*:  
“ In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, sent little  
*billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he  
wrote the worde of the battell,” &c. STEEVENS.

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

## S C E N E III.

*The same. Another part of the field.*

*Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

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

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

*Enter PINDARUS.*

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

*CAS.* This hill is far enough.<sup>9</sup>—Look, look, Titinius;

<sup>9</sup> *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 fight was verie bad, fauing that he saw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies spoiled his campe

Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

*TIT.* They are, my lord.

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

*TIT.* I will be here again, even with a thought.<sup>2</sup>  
[*Exit.*

*CAS.* Go, Pindarus,<sup>3</sup> get higher on that hill;<sup>4</sup>

before his eyes. He saw 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 Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horsemen saw him comming a farre off, whom when they knewe that he was one of Cassius' chiefest friendes, they shewted out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and imbraced him. The rest compassed him in rounde about a horsebacke, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnes, so that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these wordes: desiring too much to live, I haue liued to see one of my best friendes taken, for my sake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued ever 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 over his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pindarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the bodie: but after that time Pindarus was neuer seene more." STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *even with a thought.*] The same expression occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

“ That, which is now a horse, *even with a thought*

“ The rack dissimms,—.” STEEVENS.

<sup>3</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>4</sup> ——— *get higher on that hill,*] Our author perhaps wrote on

My fight 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>3</sup>  
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;  
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?<sup>4</sup>

PIN. [above.] O my lord!<sup>5</sup>

CAS. What news?

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

They shout for joy.

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!

*this* hill; for Cassius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock somewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the second folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the subsequent editors adopted his alteration. MALONE.

Mr. Malone has sufficiently justified the reading in the text; and yet the change offered by the second folio is not undefensible.

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> ——— *time is come round,*] So, in *King Lear*, the Bastard, dying says:

“ ‘The wheel is come full circle.’ ” STEEVENS.

<sup>4</sup> ——— *Sirrah, what news?*] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the usual address in speaking to servants, and children. Mr. Pope, not adverting to this, reads—*Now*, what news? See Vol. VII. p. 518, n. 9. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *O my lord! &c.*] Perhaps this passage, designed to form a single verse, originally stood thus:

Pin.

O my good lord!

Cas.

What news?

Pin.

Titinius is—

STEEVENS.

*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 bo-  
som.

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

*TIT.* What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pinda-  
 rus?

*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 MESSALA.*]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
 And bid me give 't thee? Didst thou not hear their  
 shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstrued 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.* Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

MES. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

BRU. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRU. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.<sup>6</sup> [ *Lots alarums.* ]

CATO. Brave Titinius!  
Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—  
The last of all the Romans,<sup>7</sup> fare thee well!

<sup>6</sup> — and turns our swords

[ *In our own proper entrails.* ] So, *Lucan*, Lib. I :

“ — populumque potentem

“ In sua victrici conversum viscera dextra.” STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> *The last of all the Romans,*] From the old translation of Plutarch: “ So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him *the last of all the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed againe so noble and valiant a man* as he, he caused his bodie to be buried.” &c.

Mr. Rowe and all the subsequent editors read, as we should now write,—*Thou* last, &c. But this was not the phraseology of Shakspeare's age. See Vol. X. p. 390, n. 8. See also the Letter of Polthumus to Imogen, in *Cymbeline*, Act III. sc. ii: “ — as you, O *the* dearest of creatures, would not even renew me with thine eyes.” Again, in *King Lear*:

“ *The* jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes

“ Cordelia leaves you.”

not *ye* jewels,—as we now should write. MALONE.

I have not displaced Mr. Malone's restoration from the old copy.

It is impossible, that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more  
tears  
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.—  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—  
Come, therefore, and to Thassos<sup>7</sup> send his body;  
His funerals shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—

because it is of no great importance to our author's meaning; though I am perfectly convinced, that in the instances from *Cymbeline* and *King Lear*, *the* is merely the error of a compositor who misunderstood the abbreviations employed to express *thou* and *ye* in the original MSS. which might not have been remarkable for calligraphy. Both these abbreviations very nearly resemble the one commonly used for *the*; a circumstance which has proved the frequent source of similar corruption. A mistake of the same colour appears to have happened in p. 390, where, (see note 4.) *thee* had been given instead of *the*. See likewise the volume above referred to by Mr. Malone, where *the* is again printed (and, as I conceive, through the same blunder) instead of *thou*.

The passage cited from *Plutarch* can have no weight on the present occasion. The biographer is only *relating* what Brutus *had said*. In the text, Brutus is the *speaker*, and is *addressing himself, propria persona*, to Cassius.

Besides; why is not “*Thou* last” &c. the language of Shakspeare? Have we not in *King Richard III*:

“*Thou* slander of thy mother's heavy womb!

“*Thou* loathed issue &c.

“*Thou* rag of honour, *thou* detested ——?”

and again, in *Trinulus and Cressida*:

“*Thou* great and wise” &c.

Again, in *Hamlet*:

“ —— know *thou* noble youth!”

And fifty more instances to the same purpose might be introduced.

Objectum est Historico (*Cremutio Cordo*, Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Cassiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixisset. *Suet. Tiber. Lib. III. c. 61.* STEEVENS.

<sup>7</sup> —— *and to Thassos* —] Old Copy—*Tharsus*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

It is *Thassos* in Sir Thomas North's *Translation*. STEEVENS.

Labeo, and Flavius,<sup>8</sup> set our battles on:—  
 'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

## S C E N E IV.

*Another Part of the Field.*

*Alarum. Enter fighting, soldiers of both armies; then  
 BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and Others.*

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your  
 heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go  
 with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;

I am the son of Marcus Cato,<sup>9</sup> ho!

[charges the enemy.

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

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered,  
 and falls.

LUC. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;  
 And may'st be honour'd being Cato's son.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>8</sup> *Labeo and Flavius,*] Old Copy—*Flavio.* Corrected by the editor of the second folio. MALONE.

<sup>9</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.

STEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ——— *being Cato's son.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

1. *SOLD.* Yield, or thou dieſt.

*LUC.* Only I yield to die :  
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight ;<sup>3</sup>  
[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.* I'll tell the news.<sup>4</sup>—Here comes the  
general :—

*Enter ANTONY.*

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

*ANT.* Where is he ?

*LUC.* Safe, Antony ;<sup>5</sup> Brutus is ſafe enough :

<sup>3</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 dieſt*. Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die ; here is ſo much gold as thou ſeeſt in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for ſpeedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

<sup>4</sup> *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads : *I'll tell thee news.*—  
JOHNSON.

Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>5</sup> *Safe, Antony ;*] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch* : “ In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who ſtovtly with a bold countenance ſayd, Antonius, I dare aſſure thee, that no enemy hath taken, nor ſhall take Marcus Brutus alive : and I beſeech God keepe him from that fortune. For whereſoeuer he be found, alive or dead, he will be founde like himſelfe. And now for my ſelfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued theſe men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus : and doe not reſuſe 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

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:  
 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  
 VOLUMNIUS.*

*BRU.* Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this  
 rock.

*CLI.* Statilius shew'd the torch-light;<sup>6</sup> but, my  
 lord,

them: my companions, I thinke ye are forie you have 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 enemy, you have brought me a  
 friend," &c. STEEVENS.

<sup>6</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 truth of  
 it, there was one called Statilius, that promised to goe through his

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 ! [whispers him.

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 speed to him. The *torch-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 again, he say'd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euil 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 sate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him somewhat in his eare; the other aunswered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and sayd somewhat 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 amongst the rest, one of them sayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they must needes flie. Then Brutus rising vp, we must flie in deede, 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 chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth 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 have overcome, 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 unjust 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 litle aside," &c. STEEVENS.

*DAR.* I do such a deed?<sup>7</sup>

*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:  
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-hilts,<sup>8</sup> whilst I run on it.

<sup>7</sup> *I do such a deed?*] Old copy—*Shall I do &c.* STEEVENS.

<sup>8</sup> — *my sword-hilts,*] So in the old copy, and rightly. So before, p. 385:

“ — with this good *sword,*

“ That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.

“ Stand not to answer; here, take thou the *hilts.*”

Again, in *The Mirror for Magistrates*, 1587:

“ — a naked sword he had,

“ That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued.”

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the present time,—*my sword's hilt.* MALONE.

Thus also in *King Henry V*:

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

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

*BRU.* Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;  
Farewell to thee too, Strato.<sup>8</sup>—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.

*BRU.* Hence; I will follow thee.<sup>9</sup>

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*  
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:  
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,  
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

<sup>8</sup> “And hides a sword from *bilts* unto the point” &c.

Falstaff also, in *King Henry IV.* P. I. says, “Seven, by these *bilts*; I am a villain else.” STEEVENS.

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

*Farewell to thee, to Strato, countrymen.* JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

<sup>9</sup> *Hence; I will follow thee.*] *Thee*, which is wanting in the old copy, was supplied, for the sake of metre, by Sir Thomas Hanmer.  
STEEVENS.



STRA. Give me your hand first: Fare you well,  
my lord.

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

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

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

OCT. What man is that?

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

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

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

LUC. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,  
Brutus,  
That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.<sup>1</sup>

OCT. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain  
them.<sup>2</sup>

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.*] See p. 391.

STEEVENS.

<sup>2</sup> ———entertain *them.*] i. e. receive them into my service. So, in *King Lear*: “You, sir, I *entertain* for one of my hundred.”

STEEVENS.

<sup>3</sup> *Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.*] To *prefer* seems to have been the established phrase for recommending a servant. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act II. sc. ii:

“Shylock thy master, spoke with me this day,  
“And hath *preferr'd* thee;” REED.

OCT. Do so, Messala.<sup>9</sup>

MES. How died my master, Strato?

STRAT. 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>2</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  
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up,  
And say to all the world, *This was a man!*<sup>3</sup>

<sup>9</sup> *Do so, Messala.*] Old copy, neglecting the metre—Do so, good Messala. STEEVENS.

<sup>2</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>3</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 was a man (then boldly dare to say)  
“ In whose rich soule 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 show *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.

Drayton originally published his poem on the subject of *The Barons' Wars*, under the title of MORTIMERIADOS, *the lamentable civill warres of Edward the Second and the Barons*: Printed by

*Ocr.* 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 foldier, order'd honourably.—  
 So, call the field to rest: and let's away,  
 To part the glories of this happy day.\* [Exeunt.]

J. R. for Humphry Lownes, and are to be folde at his shop at the west end of Paules Church. It is in seven-line stanzas, and was, I believe, published before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and threw it into stanzas of eight lines, making some retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was published in 8vo in 1602; but it did not contain *The Barons' Wars* in any form. They first appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he speaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the stanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus:

“ Such one he was, (of him we boldly say,)  
 “ In whose rich soule all soveraigne powre, did fate,  
 “ In whom in peace the elements all lay  
 “ So mixt, as none could soveraigntie impute;  
 “ As all did govern, yet all did obey:  
 “ His lively temper was so absolute,  
 “ That 't seem'd, when *heaven his modell first began,*  
 “ In him it shew'd perfection in a man.”

In the same form is this stanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo, 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio printed in 1619, after Shakspeare's death. In the original poem, entitled *Mortimeriados*, there is no trace of this stanza; so that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyist, as his verses originally stood. In the *altered* stanza he certainly was. He probably had seen this play when it was first exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had perused the Ms. MALONE.

\* Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation 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.

Gildon has justly observed, that this tragedy ought to have been

called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæsar being a very inconsiderable personage in the scene, and being killed in the third act. MALONE.

\* \* The substance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a passage in the second act of this play, "The genius and the mortal instruments," &c. (see p. 275, n. 8,) is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the first notice was given to the publick in the following note on Dr. Akenfide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works :

"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 meetings 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 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 us'd 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 oar, 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 these 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 autorise us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the most judicious of all poets, Terence, has observed of his own science *Nihil est dictum, quod non sit dictum prius*: For these reasons I say I give myselfe 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 2. 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.* 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 fervienti. *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 renown'd forefathers.  
O never let it perish in your hands. *Act 3. Sc. 5.*

*Tully.* ——— Hanc [libertatem scilicet] 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 phantajma 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.

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, & big with death.

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 worthy 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 his 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 shoud now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakspeare'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, Sr, 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 fleetstrete  
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-strect. 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 Akenfide, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to Mr. Steevens. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned.

MALONE.