Learner died at Popsof
Nov. 20th 1793; but this play,
though pub'd in 1794, was
not to the prep in his lifetime.
See "Biographia Dramatica."

J. P. B.

Boston Public Library.
JULIUS CAESAR,

A

TRAGEDY.
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JULIUS CÆSAR,

A TRAGEDY.

EDITIONS COLLATED:

The * Folio's, and Modern Editions.

* There appears to have been no Edition of this Play older than the first Folio.
ILLUSTRATIONS

A TRAGEDY

EDITED BY J. C. YOUNG

...
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Julius Cæsar, Octavius Cæsar, Mark Antony, M. Æmil. Lepidus, Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, Brutus, Cassius, Cæcina, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Trebonius, Ligarius, Flavius, Marullus, A Soothsayer, Artemidorus, a Sophist, Cinna, a Poet, Another Poet,

Proper Names:

Aa I. Sc. 2, 4, 6. Aa II. Sc. 4. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.

Triumvirs after the death of Cæsar, Senators, Conspirators against Cæsar, Tribunes, Aa I. Sc. 1, 2.

Aa I. Sc. 2, 4, 6. Aa II. Sc. 4. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.

Aa I. Sc. 2, 3, 4, 5. Aa II. Sc. 1, 2, 3. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5. Aa IV. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, 8.

Aa I. Sc. 2, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8. Aa II. Sc. 2, 4. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.


Aa II. Sc. 2, 4. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.

Aa II. Sc. 2, 4. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.

Aa II. Sc. 2, 4. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.

Aa II. Sc. 5. Aa III. Sc. 1, 2.

Aa III. Sc. 4.

Aa IV. Sc. 3.

b The fo's and R. spell this name Cæsa.

c H. calls him Decimus Brutus; Plutarch Δίκως Βρυτός, which in II. Stephens's Latin and in Dacier's French translation is render'd Decius Brutus.

d The fo's, R. P. and G. call this name Murellus; which T. first alter'd to Marullus, upon the authority of Plutarch.

A 4 Lucilius,
DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius, } Friends to Brutus and Cassius.

Lucius, Varro, Claudius, Clitus, Dardanious, Strato, a Grecian, } Servants to Brutus.

Pindarus, Servant to Cassius, Servant to Caesar, Servant to Antony, Servant to Octavius, A Carpenter, A Cobler, Other Commoners, A Messenger, Two Soldiers, Calphurnia, Wife to Caesar, Portia, Wife to Brutus, Ghost of Julius Caesar, A Sketch

Æt IV. Sc. 2, 3. Æt V. Sc. 1, 3, 4, 5.
Æt IV. Sc. 2, 3. Æt V. Sc. 1, 3.
Æt IV. Sc. 3. Æt V. Sc. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.
Æt V. Sc. 3, 4.
Æt V. Sc. 3, 5.
Æt II. Sc. 1, 3, 6. Æt IV. Sc. 5.
Æt IV. Sc. 3.
Æt IV. Sc. 3.
Æt V. Sc. 5.
Æt V. Sc. 5.
Æt V. Sc. 3, 5.
Æt IV. Sc. 2. Æt V. Sc. 3.
Æt II. Sc. 4.
Æt III. Sc. 2.
Æt III. Sc. 2.
Æt I. Sc. 1.
Æt I. Sc. 1.
Æt I. Sc. 1. Æt III. Sc. 3, 4.
Æt V. Sc. 1.
Æt V. Sc. 4.
Æt I. Sc. 2, 4. Æt II. Sc. 4.
Æt I. Sc. 2, 4. Æt II. Sc. 3, 6.
Æt IV. Sc. 3.
A SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

ACT I.

Sc. I. ROME. A street. Enter Flav. Mar. a Carpenter, a Cobler, and certain other Commoners. Flav. and Mar. enquire of the Commoners, why they are got together in their best apparel, and without the signs of their trades, which they ought not, unless on a holiday. They answer, that they make holiday to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph. Flav. and Mar. persuade them to disperse, and go home. Exeunt Commoners. Flav. and Mar. agree to disrobe the images they shall find decked with trophies on Caesar's account. Exeunt.

Sc. II. Enter Caesar, Ant. for the Course, Calph. Por. Dec. Cic. Bru. Caf. Cafe. a Soothsayer; after them Mar. and Flav. Caes. bids Ant. touch Calph. in the Course; it being an opinion that the barren, so touched, would become fruitful. The Soothsayer
faver calls out upon Cæs. to beware the ides of March. Cæs. calls him a dreamer, and disregards his caution. Exeunt.

**Sc. III.** Manent Bru. and Cæs. Cæs. hints to Bru. the growing greatness of Cæs. and the approaching slavery of the Romans. Shout within. Bru. expresses his fear that the people are choosing Cæs. for their king.

**Sc. IV.** Enter Cæs. and his train. Cæs. tells Ant. he would choose to have such men about him who are fat, sleek-headed, and who sleep o' nights: and hints that Cæs. and such sort of men, who are lean, and think much, are dangerous. Exeunt Cæs. and his train.

**Sc. V.** Manent Bru. Cæs. and Cæs. The last informs the other two, that the crown had thrice been offered Cæs. which he has often refused, and that this had been the occasion of the people's shouting. Exeunt Cæs. and Bru. Cæs. intends at night to throw in at Bru.'s window, papers written in different hands, tending to express the great opinion the Romans have of Bru. Exit.

**Sc. VI.** Thunder and lightning. Enter from opposite sides, Cic. and Cæs. with his sword drawn. Talk of the dreadfulness of the night, and portentous prodigies that had appeared. That Cæs. is to go to the Capitol on the morrow. Exit Cic.

**Sc. VII.** To Cæs. enter Cæs. Cæs. informs Cæs. that it is reported the Senators intend on the morrow to establish Cæs. as a king. Cæs. discloses to Cæs. a conspiracy that he had formed with others against Cæs. into which Cæs. readily enters.

**Sc. VIII.**
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. VIII. To them enter Cin. who tells Caf. that the Conspirators are waiting for him at Pompey's porch. Caf. hopes to make Bru. of their party. Exeunt.

ACT II.

Sc. I. Brutus's Garden. Enter Bru. who calls and awakens Luc. Enter Luc. whom Bru. orders to light a taper in his study. Exit Luc. Bru. in a soliloquy resolves that, for the welfare of Rome, Caf. must die. Enter Luc. who gives Bru. a letter he had found in the study. Exit Luc. Bru. reads the letter, which is written to stir up Bru. against Caf. Enter Luc. who brings word that Caf. and others muffled up are at the door. Bru. orders them to be admitted. Exit Luc.

Sc. II. To Bru. enter Caf. Caf. Dec. Cin. Met. and Treb. They determine to assassinate Caf. A proposal is made to cut off M. Ant. also, which is over-ruled by Caf. It is proposed to engage C. Lig. in the conspiracy, for which purpose Met. is desired to call on him, and send him to Bru. Exeunt all but Bru.

Sc. III. To Bru. enter Por. who, from the unwonted gloominess and irregularity of Bru.'s behaviour, suspects some hidden grief to lie upon his mind; and conjures him to impart it to her; adding, that although she is a woman, yet being the daughter of Cato and wife of Bru. she is able to keep a secret; and that, to prove her patience and constancy, she had given
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

given herself a wound in the thigh. Knocking within. *Bru.* bids *Por.* retire, and promises to unfold to her all the secrets of his heart. Exit *Por.* Enter *Luc.* bringing in *Lig.* who is sick. Exit *Luc.* *Lig.* declares that (though sick) if *Bru.* have any honourable exploit in hand, he is ready to engage in it. *Bru.* tells him, he will open the business to him, as they walk. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. *Caesar's* palace. Thunder and lightning. Enter J. *Caesar* in his night-gown. *Cal.*'s disturbed sleep. Enter a Servant, whom *Caesar* sends to the priests to bid them do sacrifice. Enter *Cal.* who, from the prodigies that had appeared, endeavours to dissuade *Caesar* from going to the capitol. Enter Servant, who brings word that the augurs, plucking forth the entrails of an offering, found no heart in the beast, and advise *Caesar* not to go to the capitol. *Caesar,* notwithstanding these prodigies, from the principle of courage, maintains his determination of going; till, farther conjured by *Cal.* he at length consents that *M. Antonius* shall make his excuse to the Senate for not attending them. Enter *Dec.* whom *Caesar* informs of his having been persuaded by *Cal.* on account of a frightful dream she had, not to go to the capitol. But *Dec.* by giving a fortunate interpretation of the dream, and informing *Caesar* that the Senate have concluded to present him with a crown, induces him to go. Enter *Bru.* *Lig.* and *Caesar.* *Tribunus* *Cincius.* and *Publius.* and soon after *Antonius* as to attend him to the capitol. *Caesar* invites them to drink some wine with him before they go. Exeunt.

Sc. V.
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. V. The street. Enter Artemid. reading a paper of his own writing, wherein he bids Cæf. beware of the conspirators, and inferts their names. This paper he intends to give Cæf. as he passes to the capitol. Exit.

Sc. VI. Enter Por. and Luc. and a while after a Soothfayer, who intends to caution Cæf. as he passes to the capitol. This scene exhibits the terror of Por. on account of the approaching attempt, and her anxiety for the success of it.

A C T III.


Sc. II. The capitol. The senate sitting. Enter Cæs. and the rest, as in the foregoing Scene. After Cæs. has taken his seat, Met. goes towards him, and being followed by the conspirators (who range themselves about Cæs.) he petitions for the repealing his banished brother Pub. Cimber, and is backed by Cæs.
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Cæs. Cin. and Dec. But Cæs. persisting to reject the petition, the Conspirators stab Cæs. and cry out, Liberty! &c. Exeunt all but Conspirators. They besmear their arms and swords in Cæs.’s blood. Enter a servant from Ant. to know if his master may with safety speak with the conspirators; and being answered in the affirmative, exit Servant to fetch his master. Enter Ant. who apparently enters into league with the Conspirators, and gets permission of them to make an oration in praise of Cæs. over his dead body in the marketplace. Exeunt all but Ant. Enter Octavius’s servant, with advice that his master is on the way to Rome. Exeunt, with the body of Cæs.

Sc. III. The Forum. Enter Bru. Cæs. and the Plebeians. The Plebeians are clamorous for satisfaction about the murder of Cæs. Bru. promises to give them good reasons for the deed, provided they will give him audience; and bids Cæs. go into the other street, and harangue, that so the numbers may be parted. Exit Cæs. with some of the Plebeians. Bru. goes into the pulpit, and tells them that Cæs. was cut off for his ambition, and that the liberties of the people might be preserved. The Plebeians applaud Bru. and are for carrying him home in triumph to his house; but he persuades them to stay and hear the funeral oration on Cæs. to be spoken by Ant. who enters with the body. Exit Bru. Ant. by his artful speech stirs the Plebeians to love and pity for Cæs. and hatred and rage against the Conspirators. Exeunt Plebeians, to burn Cæs.’s body, and with a resolution to set fire to the houses of the Conspirators.
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

tors. Enter a Servant, who brings Ant. word that Oo. is already come to Rome; and that Bru. and Caf. were seen to ride like madmen through the gates. Exeunt.

Sc. IV. A street. Enter Cin. the poet, and after him the Plebeians, who enquire his name, place of abode, &c. He tells them his name is Cinna, but that he is not Cinna the conspirator, but Cinna the poet. Nevertheless, as his name is Cinna, they determine to tear him to pieces. Exeunt.

ACT IV.

Sc. I. Enter Ant. Oo. and Lep. They agree to proscribe and cut off certain enemies to their cause. Ant. proposes to reduce some legacies in Caf.'s will, and sends Lep. to Caf.'s house for the will. Exit Lep. Ant.'s flight opinion of Lep. As Bru. and Caf. are levying powers, Ant. is for making immediate preparations against them. Exeunt.

Sc. II. In the camp near Sardis; before Bru.'s tent. Enter Bru. Lucil. Tit. Pin. and Soldiers. Pin. comes to present salutations to Bru. from Caf. who is at hand. March. Enter Caf. He and Bru. begin to altercation; but Bru. objecting to their falling out in the presence of the soldiers, they withdraw to the inside of the tent. Exeunt.

Sc. III. Within the tent. Enter Bru. and Caf. Their altercation and reconciliation. Hearing the high words between them, enter a poet, who reprehends them; but is turn'd out. Enter Lucil. and Tit. who
who receive orders to fetch Mef. Bru. acquaints Caf. that Portia is dead, by swallowing fire. Enter Luc. with wine and tapers. Bru. in token of reconciliation, drinks to Caf. and is pledged by him. Enter Tit. and Mef. Letters are arrived, which advise that a great number of the senators are put to death, Cicero being one; and that Oef. and Ant. are coming with a mighty power and great expedition towards Philippi. It is agreed that Bru.'s army meet them there. Exit Luc. to fetch Bru.'s gown. Exeunt Caf. Tit. and Mef. bidding Bru. Good night. Enter Luc. with the gown. Bru. orders him to call Clau. and some other of his men, to sleep in the tent upon cushions. Enter Var. and Clau. who retire to sleep. Luc. playing on an instrument of music, falls asleep. Bru. reads. Enter the Ghost of Caf. who tells Bru. that he shall see him again at Philippi. Ghost vanishes. Bru. wakes Luc. Var. and Clau. and sends the two last to Caf. to bid him march forwards with his troops. Exeunt.

ACT V.

Sc. I. The plains of Philippi. Enter Oef. Ant. and their army. To them enter a Messenger with advice that Bru.'s army is approaching. Enter Bru. Caf. and their army, Luc. Tit. Mef. and others attending. Parley between the two parties. Exeunt Oef. Ant. and their army, as for the engagement. Farewel between Bru. and Caf. at their parting to command their several troops. Exeunt.

Sc. II.
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

Sc. II. The field of battle. Alarums of a battle join'd. Enter Bru. and Mef. Bru. perceiving advantage to lie against Oa.'s wing, sends Mefi with orders for a sudden attack. Exeunt.

Sc. III. Another part of the field. Alarums: Enter Caf. and Tit. Caf.'s troops are worsted, and fly. Tit. is of opinion that Bru. too eagerly took the advantage Oa.'s troops had given, and gave the word too soon. Enter Pin. who brings word that Ant.'s troops have broke into Caf.'s tents, and begs him to fly. Caf. sends Tit. to see whether certain troops at a distance are friends or enemies. Exit Tit. Caf. bids Pin. go to the top of a hill, and observe what passes in the field. Pin. ascends the hill, and from thence tells Caf. that he perceives Tit. enclosed with horsemen, and that he is taken by them. Enter Pin. whom Caf. in a fit of despair, commands to kill him. Pin. obeys. Caf. dies. Exit Pin. Enter Tit. and Mef. It appears that Oa. is beaten by Bru. as Caf. is by Ant. Seeking Caf. to communicate these tidings to him, they find him dead; and judge that, mistaking the horsemen Tit. was surrounded with (and who were friends), for enemies who had taken Tit. he had put an end to his life. Tit. after having crowned the dead Caf. with a wreath of victory which Bru. had sent to him, kills himself. Enter Bru. Mef. young Cato, Strato, Vol. and Lucil. They find the dead bodies, and lament over them; but determine to try their fortune in a second engagement.

Sc. IV. Another part of the field. Alarum. Enter, fighting, soldiers of both armies; then Bru. Mef. Cato,
SKETCH OF THE PLAY.

and Lucil. Cato charges the retiring enemy in one part, Bru. in another; the party charged by Cato rallies, and Cato falls. Lucil. is taken prisoner. Enter Ant. who gives orders that Lucil. be kept safe; and that search be made for Bru.

Sc. V. Another part of the field. Enter Bru. Dar. Cli. Stra. and Vol. Bru. finding himself conquered, determines to put an end to his life, and for that purpose begs the assistance of Cli. Dar. and Vol. who deny his request. Alarums. A cry within, "Fly, fly, fly." Bru. takes leave of his friends, who exeunt as flying. Bru. bids Stra. hold his sword while he runs on it. Stra. obeys. Bru. dies. Alarums. Retreat. Enter Oct. Ant. and their army, Lucil. and Mef. They find the body of Bru. and Stra. acquaints them how he died. Ant. praises Bru. as the worthiest of all the conspirators; who, while the rest conspired against Caes. for envy, had merely an intention for the general good. Oct. orders that his body be treated with all respect and rites of burial, and be, for the night, laid in his (Oct.'s) seat. Exeunt omnes.
JULIUS CAESAR.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

a Rome. b A Street.

c Enter Flavius, Marullus, d a Carpenter, d a Cobbler, and certain other Commoners.

Flavius:

HENCE; home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holy-day? What, know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk,
Upon a labouring day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade are thou?

Carp. Why Sir, a carpenter.

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

a Rome first inserted by R.
b A street first added by T.
c C directs, Enter a rabble of citizens; Flavius and Murellus, driving them.

d These two characters not particularly mentioned, in the entrance, by the editions before.
**Cob.** Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but as you would say, a cobler.

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

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

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

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

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

**Cob.** Why, sir, cobble you.

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

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

As proper men as ever trod upon neats-leather have gone upon my handy-work.

**Flav.** But wherefore art not in thy shop to day? Why doft thou lead these men about the streets?
ACT I. SCENE I.

Caius. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work.

But indeed, sir, we make holy-day to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.

Marc. 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: And when you saw his chariot but appear, Have you not made an universal shout, That Tyber trembled underneath his banks, To hear the replication of your sounds Made in his concave shores? And do you now put on your best attire? And do you now cull out a holy-day? 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,

n The fo's, her for his.
* So the three first fo's and C; the

rest, an for a.

p After comes H. inserts to Rome.

B 3
Flav. Go, go, good countrymen, and for this fault, 
Assemble all the poor men of your fort; 
Draw them to Tyber banks, and weep your tears 
Into the channel, till the lowest stream, 
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all. [Execunt Commoners. 
See wher their basest metal be not mov'd; 
They vanish tongue-ty'd in their guiltines. 
Go you down that way towards the capitol; 
This way will I: disrobe the images, 
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies, 
Mar. May we do so? 
You know it is the feast of Lupercal. 
Flav. It is no matter, let no images 
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about, 
And drive away the vulgar from the streets: 
So do you too, where you perceive them thick. 
These growing feathers pluckt from Cæsar's wing, 
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch, 
Who ehe would soar above the view of men, 
And keep us all in servile fearfulnes. [Execunt severally.
SCENE II.

Enter Cæsar, Antony for the Course, Calphurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cassæa, a Soothsayer; after them Marullus and Flavius.

Cæs. Calphurnia.
Cæf. Peace ho! Cæsar speaks.
Cæs. Calphurnia.
Calp. Here, my lord.
Cæf. Stand you directly in Cænlio’s way,
When he doth run his course.—Cænlio.
Ant. Cæsar, my lord.
Cæs. Forget not in your speed, Cænlio,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember.
When Cæsar says, Do this, it is performed.
Cæs: Set on, and leave no ceremony out.

C describes the scene, A public place; and directs, Enter, in solemn procession, with music, &c. Cæsar, Antony, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, Cassæa, &c. a great crowd following; Soothsayer in the crowd.

f P. alters Antonio’s to Antonius; and Antonio to Antonius; and is followed by all but C. But why might not Shakespear make use of the Italian as well as the Latin name?

g So the fig’s, T. W. J. and C; the rest, course for curse.

h Here C. directs [Music; and the procession moves.

B 4. Sooth.
Julius Cæsar.

Sooth. Cæsar.

Cæs. Ha! Who calls?

Cæs. Bid every noise be still;—Peace yet again.

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry, Cæsar: Speak, Cæsar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. What man is that?

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

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

Cæs. Fellow, come from the throng, look upon Cæsar.

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæs. He is a dreamer, let us leave him: Pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt.

SCENE III.

Manent Brutus and Cassius.

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

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you do.

Bru. I am not gameborne; I do lack some part

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony:

1 Here C. directs [Music cæsar. the rest omit Sennet. J. says here, that
k J. gives this speech to Cæsa. Senet appears to be a particular tune or
1 So the three first fo's and J; the mode of martial music.
4th f. Senate; C. Musick, for Sennet;
ACT I. SCENE III. 23

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

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

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Meerly upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some foil perhaps to my * behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Cassius, be you one)
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shews of love to other men.

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

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not º itself,
But by reflection, p by some other things.

m So the 1st f. T. H. W. J. and C; behaviour,
the 2d and 3d f. friends that loves you; * The three last fo's, himself for it-
the 4th f. R. and P. friends that love self.
º So the fo's, R. and C; the rest read
p So the fo's, R. and C; the rest read
n So the fo's, J. and C; the rest read flow for by.

Cas.
Cæs. '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, Cæsarius?
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cæs. 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 yet you know not of,
And be not jealous 'on me, gentle Brutus;
Were I a common laughter, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

5 The two first fo's, you yet for yet you.
7 So the fo's; the rest, of for on.
5 The fo's and K.'s octavo read laughter, which Mr. Steward, in his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, (Note 10 of the Faithful Shepherda) thinks a stronger word to express a low buffoon than laughter. "But (says Heath in loc.) he seems to have misunderstood the drift of the poet; a low buffoon, who is commonly laughed at, is not the idea he intended, but one who, without regard to friendship or any other consideration, abuses the indulgent confidence of his friends, in order to expose them to the laughter of the first company he comes into."

And
And after scandal them; or if you know,
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous. ["Shout within.
Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Chufe Caesar for their king.
Caf. 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 in th' other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour, more than I fear death.
Caf. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar, so were you;
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he.

* The three last fo's omit myself.

W. in loc. Upton's Critical Observations, 2d edit. p. 314; and Heath's
Revival in loc.

w T. H. W. and J. read death for
deth. This is W.'s emendation. See

X The three last fo's omit for.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tyber* chafing with* his shores,
Caesar* said to me, Dar't thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point? Upon the word,
* Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And* bad him follow: so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd; and* we did buffet it
With lufty finews, throwing it aside,
And fleming it with hearts of controversy:
* But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Caesar cry'd, Help me, Cassius, or I sink.
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tyber,
Did I the tired Caesar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and, must bend his body,
If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake; 'tis true this god did shake,
His coward lips did from their colour fly;
And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
Did he lose his lustre; I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans
Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, Give me some drink, Titinius,
As a sick girl. Ye gods it doth amaze me,
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world,
And bear the palm alone.

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

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

Brutus, and Caesar:—What should be in that Caesar?
Why should that name be founded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em.
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Caesar.—

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shan'd;
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods.
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide p walls incompeft but one man?

Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once, that would have brook'd
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous
What s you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might intreat you,
Be any further mov'd. What you have said

v It is said in the fifth scene that the people shouted thrice; but we have no direction in any edition for any more than two shouts: This seems the most proper place for the third shout, which I look upon to be the occasion of the sudden apostrophe, Now in the names of all the gods, &c.

p The fo's, walls for walls.

q P. and H. omit the two following lines in their text, but preserve them in the margin.

r J. thinks that our author wrote rather, infernal devil.

s R.'s octavo, would you for you would.

t The fo's, R. and P. point as follows, I would not so (with love I might intreat you) &c.

I will
I will consider; what you have to say,
I will with patience hear; and find a time
* Both meet to hear, and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this;
Brutus had rather be a villager,
Than to repute himself a son of Rome,
Under * such hard conditions, as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

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

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæsar and his Train.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cas. As they pass by, pluck Cæsa by the sleeve,
And he will, after his four fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

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

* R. But for Bob.
* The three last fo's and R.'s effare,
Blow for blow.
* R. P. and H. read with for by.
Caes. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caes. * Antonio.

Ant. Caesar.

Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat,

[Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights:

b Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look,

He thinks too much; such men are dangerous.

Ant. Fear him not, Caesar, he's not dangerous;

He is a noble Roman, and well given.

Caes. Would he were fatter! but I fear c him not;

Yet if my name were liable to fear,

I do not know the man I should avoid,

So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;

He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men. He loves no plays

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;

Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort,

As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit

That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

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

While 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 Caesar.

Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,

And tell me truly, what thou think'st of him.

[Exeunt Caesar and his Train.


a This direction first put in by J.

b C. Ton.

c The last f. w for him.

d So the fo's and O; the rest, Whistl.

e The fo's, Seevit. Exeunt, &c.

SCENE
ACT I.  SCENE V.

SCENE V.

Manent Brutus, Cassius, and Casca.

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

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

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

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

Caet. 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?

Caet. Why, for that too.

Caet. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?

Caet. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

Caet. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caet. Why, Antony.

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

Caet. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it;
It was meer foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark

* The three last fo're, were for maws,

Antony
Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of those coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refus'd it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopt hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and utter'd such a deal of thinking breath, because Caesar refus'd the crown, that it had almost choaked Caesar; for he h swooned, and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

Caf. But soft I pray you; what, did Caesar i swoon?

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

Bru. 'Tis very like, he hath the falling-sickness.

Caf. No, Caesar hath it not, but you and I,
And, honest Cæsa; we have the falling-sickness.

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

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

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

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

Caes. Ay.

Caes. Did Cicero say any thing?

Caes. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Caes. To what effect?

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

Caes. Will you sup with me to-night; Caesca?

Caes. No, 'I am promis'd forth.

Caes. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

1. The fo's and R. and; P. and H. if
2. The 2d and 3d fo's, stab'd for stabb'd
3. H. bis for as

C 2

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

Cae. Good; I will expect you.

Cae. Do so. Farewell both.  

[Exit.

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cae. So is he now, in execution

Of any bold or noble enterprize,

However he puts on this tardy form,

This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,

Which gives men stomach to digest his words

With better appetite.

Bru. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,

I will come home to you; or if you will,

Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

Cae. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see

Thy honourable mettle may be wrought

From that it is dispos'd; therefore 'tis meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes:

For who so firm, that cannot be seduce'd?

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

SCENE VI.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter, 1 from opposite Sides, Cicero, and Cæsar; 2 with his sword drawn 3.

Cic. Good even, Cæsar; brought you Cæsar home? Why are you breathless, and why stare you so? Cæs. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

w If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius, He should not humour me. — This (says W.) is a reflexion on Brutus's ingratitude; which concludes, as is usual on such occasions, in an encomium on his own better conditions. If I were Brutus, (says he) and Brutus, Cassius, he should not cajole me as I do him. To humour signifies here to turn and wind him, by inflaming his passions. W.

But Mr. Seward in his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, Vol. IV. p. 179, explains this passage differently; viz. Were I in Brutus's case, and as much loved by Caesar, He [viz. Cæsar] with all his favours, should not humour me out of my principles.

x H. reads, Caesar should not love me, for, He should not humour me.

y from opposite sides, put in by C.

z with his sword drawn, first added by R.

C 3 I have
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have riv’d the knotty oaks, and I have seen
Th’ ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
But never ’till to-night, never ’till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is 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?

Cas. A common slave (you know him well by sight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn,
Like twenty torches join’d; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain’d unscorch’d.
Besides, (I ha’ not since put up my sword)
Against the capitol I met a lion,
Who glar’d upon me, and went furly by
Without annoying me. And there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformed with their fear; who swore, they saw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the streets,
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
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;

b The fo’s. Tempest–dropping fire.
c C. have for ha’.
d The fo’s and R.’s octavo, glaz’d.
e The 2d and 3d fo’s, furly for furly.
f So J. and C; the three first fo’s.

Fo
ACT I.  SCENE VI.

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 fashions,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Caesar to the capitol to-morrow?

Cæs. He doth; for he did bid à Antonio
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

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

Cæs. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.

SCENE VII.

Enter Cæsius.

Cæs. Who's there?

Cæs. A Roman.

Cæs. Cæsius, by your voice.

Cæs. Your ear is good. Cæsius, what night is this?

Cæs. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Cæs. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cæs. 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, Cæs, as you see,
Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone:
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

& P. and all after, except C. Antonius.
Cæs. 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.

Cæs. You are dull, Cæsaria; and those sparks of life That should be in a Roman, you do want, Or else you use not: You look pale, and gaze, And put on fear, and cast yourself in wonder, To see the strange impatience of the heavens: But if you would consider the true cause, Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts, Why birds and beasts, from quality and kind, Why old men, fools, and children calculate; Why all these things change from their ordinance, Their natures, and pre-formed faculties, To monstrous quality; why, you shall find, That heaven hath infused them with these spirits, To make them instruments of fear and warning, Unto some monstrous state,

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

\[h \text{ C. Which for That.}
\[i \text{ T. alters hath to hast; followed by W; and γ.}
\[k \text{ C. omits to.}
\[l \text{ The three last fo's, tears for roar.}
\[m \text{ Second f. thef.} \]
ACT I. SCENE VII.

Caf.: 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Caf.: Let it be who it is: For Romans now
Have n’ thewes and limbs like to their ancestors;
But woe the while! our fathers’ minds are dead,
And we are govern’d with our mothers’ spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.
Caf.: Indeed they o say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king:
And he shall wear his crown by sea, and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.
Caf.: 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 brasses,
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 p.
Caf.: So can I.
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

* The two last fo’s read thaws for strength; which is right.
thaws, P. explains thewes by manners or
capacities; T. by muscles, thanes, or bodily
o R.’s octavo omits say.
º Here the fo’s direct [Thunder still.
Caesar. And why should Caesar 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 Caesar! But, oh grief,
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this
Before a willing bondman: then I know
My answer must be made: But I am arm'd
And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

Caesar. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Caesar, I have mov'd already.
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they flay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,

\footnotesize
\begin{itemize}
  \item Ca. 9. shall be called to account, and must am-
  \item My answer must be made.—J. I dever as for scidious words. J.
\end{itemize}
ACT I. SCENE VIII.

There is no shriek, or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the \textsuperscript{1} element
\textsuperscript{1} Is fev'r'ous, like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

SCENE VIII.

Enter Cinna.

Caf. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

Caf. '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?
Caf. No it is Cae'sa; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd 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.

Caf. Am I not stay'd for? \textsuperscript{w} tell me.
Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cæsius, \textsuperscript{x} if you could but win the noble Brutus
To our party—

Caf. Be you content. Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the Praetor'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 beftow these papers as you bad 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.

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

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

SCENE I.

2 Brutus's Garden.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. WHAT, Lucius, ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day.—Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?

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

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.

2 The fol's, Enter Brutus in his orchard.
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 fling in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: And to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known, when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: So Cæsar may:
Then, left he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to these, and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
(Which hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow mischievous)
And kill him in the shell.

a Remorse, for mercy. W.—Remorse
signifies the confused uneasiness arising
from a sense of having done wrong; to
extinguish which feeling, nothing hath
so great a tendency as absolute uncon-
trolled power. Heath in loc.

b The metaphor from the wardrobe,
when the excellence of the fashion makes
out for the defect of the colour. W.—
But Heath condemns this note of W.

and says, The sense is this; Since our
quarrel to Cæsar will admit of no pre-
text, if we found it on the character in
which he hath hitherto appeared, we
must represent it in this light, that if
he should augment his power, which is
the point he is evidently driving at, he
would certainly run into these and these
extremities, &c. Heath in loc.
Enter Lucius.

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

[Give him the letter]

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

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

Luc. I will, sir.

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

[Open the letter, and reads]

Brutus, thou sleepest; awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome—Speak, strike, redress.
Brutus, thou sleepest; awake—
Such instigations have been often dropt,
Where I have took them up.

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.

"The fo’s, R. and P. read first for ides.—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 he supposed. For March, May, July and October had nine ides each, so that the 15th of March was the "

"The fo’s read, Shall Rome, &c. Thus we must I piece it out."
JULIUS CAESAR.

Speak, strike, redress—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike?—O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. [Knock within.
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate, somebody knocks.

Enter Lucius.

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

The genius, and the mortal instruments,

f P. alters thus, Am I entreated then, &c. followed by the rest, except J. and C.

2 The 2d and 3d so's, the for thee.

h So the so's and C; the rest, receive's.

i The so's, R. and P. read fifteen days.—It was wasted but fourteen days; this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy made his report. T.

k This direction first put in by T.

l W. says, "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 Heath says, "By the genius, is meant the presiding ruling principle in the human mind, the ἰδιόσωμα of the Stoicks, the rational and immortal part. By the mortal instruments, I understand the whole tribe of passions, affections, and emotions, the subordinate powers of the human constitution, termed mortal, because they were supposed to be so, as deriving their origin from the mortal body, and in great measure depending upon it for their continuance and prevalency; and termed instruments too, because in ordinary mortals, who have not reached the heights of consummate undisturbed stoical wisdom, they are in most cases the very principles which excite and determine to action and execution, and the counsellors by which the presiding
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Caius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

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

Prefiding principle suffers itself to be
guided. These are represented as
being all of them, during the dreadful
period here described, in a state of tot-
al anarchy, sedition and mutual dis-
ension, and the mind as torn and
convulsed by the various and contrary
efforts of hope, fear, ambition, self-
preservation, private friendship, love
of the public, resentment, envy, and
in short every other passion that can
be supposed to influence the human
breast on so important and interesting
an occasion." Heath in loc.

Mr. Smith, in Grey's notes, proposes
instrument for instruments; and explains
the mortal instrument, the man, with
all his bodily, that is, earthly pas-
sions, such as envy, pride, &c. the
genius being the soul or spirit." Grey in loc.

But why should Shakespeare, in this
place particularly, use genius for soul or
spirit? Spirit would have maturated as
well; so would soul with a small addi-
tion, The soul, and all the mortal instru-
ments. It is certainly a good rule in cri-
ticism, to understand words in such a
meaning as the author generally uses
them, provided they will make sense in
the passages where they are found. And
why may not genius be here taken in the
meaning in which Shakespeare generally
uses it, viz. an invisible being, presiding
over the affairs, not only of particular
kingdoms, but of particular men? Al-
lowing this, the meaning then will be,
The genius that presides over the man,
and all the powers of body and mind that
the man possesses, which are the instru-
ments of action, called mortal because
belonging to the mortal man, are then in
council, being drawn together by the im-
portance of the business; and as, in an
insurrection, the whole kingdom, from
the sovereign to the lowest subject, is in
an universal commotion; so it is in this
little kingdom, man; the whole state of
man, from his governing genius to his
lowest faculty, is strenuously engaged,
and exerted.

m The fol's, mor.
JULIUS CAESAR.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluckt about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their "cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [p Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to shew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou a path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough,
To hide thee from prevention.

n The three last fo's, R. and P. cleats
for cloaks.

p This direction not in the fo's.

q P. alters path to march; followed by
for 'em.

H. But path is here a verb, agreeable to
Shakespeare's custom of converting sub-
stantives into verbs.
SCENE II.

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

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

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

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

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

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

Bru. They all are welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
Caf. Shall I intreat a word? ["Caf. and Bru. whisper.

Dec. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Caf. No.

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

Caf. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd:
Here, as I point my sword, the sun ariseth;
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.

Caf. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: If not the face of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse—
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed:
So let high-fighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards, and to feel with valour
The melting spirits of women; then, countrymen,
What need we any spur, but our own cause,
To prick us to redress? what other bond,
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath,
Than honestly to honestly engag'd,

u For Caf. and Bru. whisper, C. differing, the text, They whisper.

w T. H. and W. read that for not.

x W. reads for justice.
ACT II. SCENE II.

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautious,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not vain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insupportive mettle of our spirits,
To think, that or our cause, or our performance,
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath past from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we found him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Cas. Let us not leave him out.

Cit. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said, his judgment ruled 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.

\[y\] W. proposes strain for slain.
\[z\] H. Dasb for Did.
\[a\] So the three first fo's and G; the rest, dorb for do.

D 3

Cas.
JULIUS CAESAR.

b Cæs. Indeed, he is not fit.
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 out-live Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far,
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it: And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

b H. gives this speech of Cæs. to Decius.

c The so's and R. Let's for Let us.

d P. and H. omit Caius; R. Caius spirit.

And
And after seem to chide 'em. 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 Caesar's arm,
When Caesar's head is off.

Caes. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

Brut. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself; take thought, and die for Caesar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Tib. There is no fear in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter. [Clock strikes.

Brut. Peace, count the clock.

Caes. The clock hath stricken three.

Tib. 'Tis time to part.

Caes. But it is doubtful yet,

Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies:
It may be, these apparent prodigies,
The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers,
May hold him from the capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be so resolv'd,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers.
But when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He says, he does; being then most flattered.

Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the capitol.

Cæs. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the 8th hour; is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar a hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;
I wonder none of you have thought of him.

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

Cæs. The morning comes upon's; we'll leave you, Brutus,
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said, and shew yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes;

P. alters this to, Leave me to work;
followed by the after-editors, except f.

The three last fo's, R. P. H. and C.
and C.

The three first fo's, eight.

Barred for hard.

The fo's and R. by for to.

C. upon us for upon's.
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! Faft asleep? It is no matter,
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

SCENE III.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord.

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

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. "You 've ungently, Brutus,
"Stole from my bed: And yesternight at supper,
You w'addenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing, and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You start'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:

* The fo's, Y'have for You'wa.
* J. Sot'n.
* The two first fo's, fadly.

Yet
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: So I did,
Fearing to strengthen that impatience,
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

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

* The fo's, wafter for wafture.
 y The three last fo's and R.'s octavo,
dark for dank.

  z The first f. bit for hit.
  z P, and H. charge for charm.
ACT II. SCENE III.

Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some fix 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 your self,
But as it were in sort, or limitation?
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
*Portia* is *Brutus'* harlot, not his wife.

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

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman that lord *Brutus* took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal,
A woman well reputed, *Cato's* daughter:

Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:

---

b This direction first given by C.  
c P. and H. omit sometimes.  
d T. H. and J. comfort for comfort.  
f So the three first fo's; the rest, them

I have
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knock 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 confide to thee,
All the character of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.

Enter Lucius and Ligarius.

Lucius, 'tis who's that knocks?

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

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—[Exit Luc.] Caius Ligarius, how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

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

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,

---

\(^{g}\) So the fo's and R; P. reads who's here that knocks? followed by all till C. an for a.

\(^{i}\) So the three first fo's and C; the rest, who reads who's that that knocks?

\(^{h}\) This direction first put in by C. that.

Brave
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 we 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.

SCENE IV.

Cæsar's Palace.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Julius Cæsar in his night-gown.

Cæs. Nor heaven, nor earth, have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep y'd out,
Help, ho! they murder Cæsar. Who's within?

1 R. and P. Tis for Tea.
2 Tis duodecimo, W. and J. we must
for must we.
3 Here the fo's and R. direct Thunder.
4 This Scene II. in R. and C.
5 No description of the scene in the fo's.
6 So the fo's and R, the rest omit in his night-gown.

Enter
Enter a Servant.

Ser. My lord?

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

Ser. I will, my lord. [Exit Servant.

Enter Calphurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Caesar? Think you to walk forth? You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

Caes. Caesar shall forth: the things that threaten'd me
Ne'er lookt but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Caesar, they are vanished.

Cal. Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies:
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid fights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:
Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar, these things are beyond all use;
And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided,
Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?

Yet
Yet *Caesar* shall go forth: for these predictions
Are to the world in general, as to *Caesar*.

*Cal.* When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

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

*Enter a Servant.*

What say the 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.

*Caesar.* The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
*Caesar* should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear:

_**No,** *Caesar* shall not: Danger knows full well,
That *Caesar* is more dangerous than he.

We are two lions, litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And *Caesar* shall go forth.

---

*u* So the 1st. and 2d fo's read augurs for augurers.

*w* The fourth s. omits to.

*x* Here T. W. and J. direct [Exit Servant.]

*y* This latter part of *Caesar's* speech is omitted in P. and H.'s text, but preferred in their margin.

_**For are**_ the 1st. and 2d fo's read bear; the 3d and 4th, bear; R. and P. in his margin, beard; T. H. in his margin, W. and J. were. *Are* is Upton's emendation; and here I think it not improper to transcribe the passage in his Critical Observations where this emendation appears, as it contains an irrefragable
JULIUS CAESAR.

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

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

b Enter Decius.

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

Dec. Caesar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

bible argument for minuteness in an editor, and tends to a vindication of the method pursued in this present edition.

It may be proper, (says he) in order to ascertain some readings in our author, just to observe, that in the reign of queen Elizabeth the scholars wrote auncient, taulk, chaunce, &c. keeping to the broader manner of pronunciation; and added a letter often to the end of words, as funne, refliffe, &c. sometimes to give them a stronger tone as, doe, twee, mee, &c.—As trifling as these observations may appear, yet they are not to be too slightly passed over by our critic: There is a corrupted passage in Shakespeare, which may hence be more truly than hitherto corrected.

In Julius Caesar, Act II. the old writing was thus:

"Danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than He.

We are two lions, litter'd in one day,
"And I the elder and more terrible;
"And Caesar shall go forth."

There was some stroke of the pen at the end of the letter e, which made the printer mistake it for an b: so he gave it us,

"We hear two lions litter'd in one day."

Mr. Tb. reads very ingeniously, "We were two lions, &c." But my reading is nearer the traces of the original, and the stopping gives a greater propriety to the sentence. Besides, accuracy is of the very essence of criticism. Crit. Obs. on Shakespeare, 2d edit. p. 176.

C. reads after Upton.

a So the fo's and C; the rest, will for shall.

b In P. H. W. and T. the fifth scene begins here at the entrance of Decius.
Caes. 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.

Caes. Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far,
To be c as far’d to tell grey-beards the truth?—
Decius, go tell them, Caesar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Caesar, let me know some cause;
Left I be laught at, when I tell them so.

Caes. The cause is in my will, I will not come,
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night, she saw my statue,
Which like a fountain, with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg’d, that I will stay at home to-day.
JULIUS CAESAR.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted; It was a vision fair and fortunate: Your statue spouting blood in many pipes, In which so many smiling Romans bath'd, Signifies, that from you great Rome shall suck Reviving blood; and that great men shall press For tinctures, stains, relics, and *cognisance. This by Calphurnia's dream is signify'd.

Caes. 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 Caesar, 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 Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams. If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper, Lo, Caesar is afraid?

Pardon me, Caesar, for my dear dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this; And reason to my love is liable.

Caes. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia! I am *ashamed I did yield to them.— Give me my robe, for I will go: [*k To an attendant. Enter Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cassa, Trebonius, Cinna, and Publius. And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

*k This direction first put in by C.

*t This direction first put in by C.

Pub.
ACT II. SCENE IV.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?—

Good morrow, Cæsar.—¹ Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne’er so much your enemy,

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is ’t o’ clock?

Bru. Cæsar, ’tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtefy.

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.— "To an Attendant."

I am o’ 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 straitway go together.

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

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon. [Exeunt.

¹ H. reads, Ob! Caius, &c.

² J. stricken.

³ This direction first given by G.

⁴ Two first so’s, too.

⁵ This direction first given by R.

⁶ This direction first given by P.
Enter Artemidorus reading a paper.

Caesar, beware of Brutus, take heed of Cassius, come not near Cassa, have an eye to Cinna, trust not Trebonius, mark well Metellus Cimber, Decius Brutus love thee not, thou hast wrong'd Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about thee: Security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, Artemidorus.

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

Exit.

---

1 In R. and C. Scene III; in P. H.  
W. and J. Scene VII.

2 No description of the Scene in the fo's; R. P. and H. call it, the street, omitting near the Capitol.

3 Reading a paper is first added by R.

4 The fo's and C. you for they.

5 Here, according to the strictness of scenical representation, the direction, instead of Exit, should have been Scene closes; for Artemidorus says, Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along, &c. which resolution of his is contradicted by his making an Exit.
Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house,
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why doft thou stay?
   Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou should'st do there.—
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's—
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 Caesar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
   Luc. I hear none, madam.

x In C. Sc. IV.
y This description of scene first given by C.
   z C. alters might to heart.
   a The fourth f. omits boy.
Por. Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter *Soothsayer.*

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 Caesar 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 Caesar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady, if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar, as to hear me:
I shall beseech him to *his* befriended himself.

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

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

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

[Exit.]
Act II. Scene VI.

Por. I must go in.—'Aye me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! —O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprize!
Sure the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit
That Caesar 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.

1 A. Ab for Aye.
1 h The three last so's and C. omit this.
3 So the so's and R; the rest, O Brutus! etc.
ACT III.

SCENE I.

The Street leading to the Capitol.


Caes. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Caesar! Read this schedule.

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

Art.

1 There is no description of the scene in the folio; R. P. and C. describe it, The Capitol; H. The entrance into the Capitol; T. W. and J. The street before the Capitol; and the Capitol open. But it is evident that these are all improper descriptions. For, according to the first, it is absurd to make the Capitol the scene of what passes in the street; Cassius says, What urge you your petitions in the street? and still more absurd, when he bids them Come to the Capitol, to suppose them in the Capitol already. Or, if by the Capitol be meant the outside of the Capitol, as explained by the two last descriptions, it is still improper to suppose that the business, which is hereafter to be transacted within the Capitol, may be commodiously heard and seen by an audience to whom the outside only of the Capitol is presented, and who, in that case, can but see and hear through the door-way. Besides, if the scene be supposed the entrance into the Capitol, Cassius would better
Art. O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: Read it, a great Caesar.

Caesar: What touches us ourself, shall be last serv'd,
Art. Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

better have said, What urge you your petitions at the door? Come into th' capitol.

I have therefore presumed to make what is done without and within the capitol, two distinct scenes, as I believe Shakespeare intended. Nor is it necessary to fix the first scene close to the capitol, but rather more consonant with several passages in the foregoing act that it should be at some distance. In scene fifth of the second act Artemidorus says, Here will I stand, till Caesar pass along, &c. which implies that the part of the street where he had fixed himself was at some distance from the capitol; for if it was at the entrance of the capitol, he would with more propriety have said, Here will I stand, till Caesar shall arrive. And in the same act, scene 6, before Brutus's house (which is underfool to be at a considerable distance from the capitol by Portia's words to Lucius,

Prithee listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.
The Soothsayer says,

Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Caesar at the heels,

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Now for any thing that appears in this last speech, the Soothsayer might be supposed to remove to a place more remote from the capitol than Brutus's house was; for his only reason for removing from thence was, because the street there was narrow. But admitting that he removed nearer the capitol, yet the sense of his words makes it unlikely he should station himself at the entrance of the capitol, which he might reasonably expect would be more crowded than any other part of the street. Again, if he had designed to station himself at the entrance of the capitol, he would with greater accuracy have said,

I'll to the door o' th' capitol, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he enters in.

The three last fo's, R. and P. omit Publius in the entrance, but make him speak in the scene.

The first f. omits Pescius.

R. & R's duodecimo and P. Soothsayers.

P. and H. omit great.
Can. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Can. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the capitol. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

The Capitol.

The Senate sitting. Enter Cæsar and the rest, as in the foregoing
Scene. Senate rises. Cæsar moves towards his Seat.

Pop. I wish your enterprize to-day may thrive. [Aside to Cæs.
Can. What enterprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [Aside to Cæs. 
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Can. He wish'd to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

* It is needless to say, that this direction, and the rest that are made necessary by altering the scenes, are not in any edition before. C. here directs, Artemidorus is push'd back: which would have been proper enough, supposing the scene to be the street; but as C. supposes the scene to be the capitol, and Artemidorus in the entrance, amid a crowd of people, and whom, in this case, we must imagine to be pressing after Cæsar into the capitol, it is very inconsistent, he should be bidden to come to the capitol, and yet pushed back.

p This direction in no edition before.

q Here C. directs [leaves him, and join Cæsar. But Popilius does not yet join Cæsar, nor has he join'd him three speeches after, when Brutus says, Look bow he makes to Cæsar, &c. The rest have no direction.

r This direction in no edition before.
ACT III. SCENE II.

Brutus. Look how he makes to Caesar; mark him.

Cæsar. Cæfear, be sudden, for we fear prevention.

Brutus. What shall be done? If this be known, Cæfear or Cæsar never shall turn back,

For I will slay myself.

[\"Cæsar being arrived at his seat, Popilius whispers him and smiles.\"

Brutus. Cæfear, be constant:

Popilius Lena speaks not of our \"purposes;\"

For look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.

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

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

[\"Exeunt Antony and Trebonius conversing. Cæsar and the Senate being seated, Metellus advances towards Cæsar.\"

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Brutus. He is addrest: press near and second him.

Cin. Cæfca, you are the first that \"rear your hand.

[\"The Conspirators follow Metellus, and range themselves about Cæsar. \"

Cæsar. Are we all ready? What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his Senate must redress?

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat \[\"Kneeling,\"

An humble heart.

Cæsar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

\[\"Nor this.\"

\[\"T. H. W. and J. purpose for pre-\"

\[\"poses.\"

\[\"No direction in any edition before \[\"prostrating himself.\"

\[\"Thefe
These couchings, and these lowly courtseyes,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance, and first decree,
Into the lane of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked courtseyes, 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.

y So the two first fo's and C; the
fourth f. and R.'s octavo, curtifes; the
rest, curtises.

z W. reads fir for fire; "Submission,
says he, does not fire the blood, but
melts it to compassion; or, as he says
just after, throw it. So afterwards in
this play he says,
"The power of speech to stir men's bloods."

W.

But is it not fire, that stir, melts, and
threw?—Fire is a term made use of to
express the moving or kindling all the
passions; and stir is very unluckily
pitched upon to supply it's place in this
passage, being more properly applied to
the turbulent and boisterous passions; in
Cicero we read, the spirit-sifring
drum; and the sense of stir in the pas-
sage above quoted by W. is not to stir
compassion, but revenge, as is plain by
what follows,
I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do
know;
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor,
poor, dumb mouths!
And bid them speak for me. But were
I Brutus,
And Brutus, Antony, there were an Anto-
y
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a
tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should
move
The fones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
So that to stir men's bloods, to ruffle their
spirits, and to move to insurrection and
mutiny, are all of them phrases which
here signify to inspire them with revenge
of Cæsar's death.

a J. conjectures low for lane.
Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,  
To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear,  
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

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

Cæs. What, Brutus!

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

Cæs. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star;  
Of whose true, fixt, and resting quality,  
There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:  
So in the world, 'tis furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive,  
Yet in the number, I do know but one  
That unaffailable holds on his rank,  
Unshak'd of motion; and that I am he,  
Let me a little shew it, even in this;  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd  
And constant do remain to keep him so.

---

b The second f. love for low.

c The ten following lines are omitted by P. and H. in their text, but preferred in the margin.

d J. conjectures race for rank.

e Upton conjectures notion for motion.
JULIUS CAESAR.

\textit{Cin.} O Cæsar,—

\textit{Cæs.} Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?

\textit{Dec.} Great Cæsar,—

\textit{Cæs.} Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

\textit{Cæs.} Speak, hands, for me! \textit{Stabbing him in the neck.}

\textit{Cæfær rises, catches at the dagger, and struggles with him: defends himself, for a time, against him, and against the other Conspirators; but, stabbed by Brutus,}

\textit{Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.}

\textit{[† he submits; muffles up his face in his mantle; falls; and dies. Senate in confusion.}

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

\textit{Cæs.} Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!

\textit{Bru.} People, and senators, be not affrighted; Fly not, stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

\textit{Cæs.} Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

\textit{†} The first f. gives this speech to Cimna, his name being put without abbreviation before the speech, viz. Cimna; the other fo's, \textit{H.} and \textit{C.} contrasted, viz. \textit{Cin.} \textit{R. P. T. W.} and \textit{J. Cim.} So that by a mistake of the press in \textit{R.} 's edition this speech is given by the rest to \textit{Mestellus Cimber.}

\textit{‡} So the first f. \textit{T. W. J.} and \textit{C;} the three last fo's and the rest, for \textit{Dob} read \textit{Do;} but then the fo's have a point of interrogation at the end of the speech, which seems to shew that \textit{Do} was an error of the press. Although \textit{J.} reads \textit{Dob}, yet he says he would read \textit{Do.} The meaning of \textit{Cæsar's} speech is plainly this, \textit{Doth not Brutus kneel without effect? Brutus, whom I most esteem among you? and can you, Cassius, Cimber, and Decius, expect to prevail?}

\textit{†} I have copied these directions from 

\textit{C;} the rest have only \textit{[They stab Cæsar.}

\textit{C.} has copied these directions from Plutarch, \textit{Παρ' εὶ πάντως Κάσιος έκτεινε ψυχή των αὐτήν, κ.κ.}

\textit{†} The fo's and \textit{R.} have no direction here, the rest \textit{[Dies.}

\textit{Dec.}
ACT III. SCENE II.

Dec. And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Met. Stand fast together, left some friend of Caesar's
Should chance—

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

Caf. And leave us, Publius, left 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.  

[k Exeunt all but Conspirators.

Enter Trebonius.

Caf. m Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives, and children, stare, cry out, and run,
As it were doom's-day.

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

n Cass. 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 Caesar's friends, that have abridg'd

---

1 P's duodecimo, T. W. and f. friends
2 So the fo's, R. T. W. and f; the
for friend.
3 This direction first put in by C.
4 So the fo's, R. T. W. and f; the
ref, Where's for Where is.
5 The fo's and R. give this speech to
6 Here P. H. W; and C. begin their Cassa; the rest to Cassius.
second scene.
His time of fearing death.—° Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry peace, freedom, and liberty!

° P. gives the remainder of this speech to Cæsar, because he thinks nothing is more inconsistent with Brutus’s mild and philosophical character; and is followed by W. In answer to this, T. tells us that Shakespeare is slavishly copying a fact in history, and that Plutarch, in the life of Cæsar, says, “Brutus and his followers, being yet hot with the murder, marched 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 sẻwing their hands all bloody, and their naked swords, proclaimed liberty to the people.” But T. has offered nothing to the purpose against P.’s emendation; for the question is not whether Brutus, with the rest of his party, bathed his hands in Cæsar’s blood; but whether Shakespeare intended him the first mover to this unseemly action (as P. seems to think it) by putting the controverted words into his mouth. Yet, after what Upton has written on this passage no one can scruple giving these lines to Brutus. “The philosophical character of Brutus, says he, bids you expect consistency and steadiness from his behaviour: he thought the killing of Antony, when Cæsar’s assassination was resolved on, would appear too bloody and unjust; Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers: Let’s carve him as a dish fit for the gods.

The hero, therefore, full of this idea of sacrificing Cæsar to his injured country, after stabbing him in the senate, tells the Romans to stoop, and besmear their hands and their swords in the blood of the sacrifice. This was agreeable to an ancient and religious custom. So in AEschylus we read, that the seven captains, who came against Tebeth, sacrificed a bull, and dipped their hands in the gore, &c. And Xenophon tells us, that when the barbarians ratified their treaty with the Greeks, they made a sacrifice, and dipped their spears and swords in the blood of the victim. By this solemn action Brutus gives the assassination of Cæsar a religious air and turn, &c.” Crit. Obs. 2d edit. p. 78.
ACT III. SCENE II.

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

[\textit{Dipping their swords in Cæsar's blood.}]

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

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

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

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Caes. 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.


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

[\textit{Kneeling.}]

Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bad me say.

Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;

Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:

\textsuperscript{p} There is no direction in the fo's and C.

\textsuperscript{q} So the fo's, R. and C; the rest, o'er for over.

\textsuperscript{r} The first s. state for sater.

\textsuperscript{s} P. and H. have put this speech into Cæca's mouth, without giving any reason for it.

\textsuperscript{t} And this into Brutus's, without giving a reason.

\textsuperscript{u} R. reads, \textit{What, what shall we forth?}

\textsuperscript{v} R. P. and H. read, \textit{With the most bold, and the best hearts, &c.}

\textsuperscript{x} P. and H. make the servant's speech begin here.

\textsuperscript{y} No direction in the fo's and C.

\textsuperscript{z} P. T. H. and W. read, mighty, royal, bold and loving.
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe, that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Caesar hath deserv'd to lye in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar 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.

Ser. I'll fetch him presently. [Exit Servant.

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

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

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. O mighty Caesar! dost thou lye so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunken to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit.

a P.'s duodecimo, I hate for have I.  b Here begins the third scene in P. H.

W. and J.
ACT III. SCENE II.

As Caesar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth, as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and fmoak,
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 Caesar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do; yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding business they have done;
Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony,
Our arms no strength of malice; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Caf. 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, beseide themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love *Caesar* when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

*Ant.* I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand,
First, *Marcus Brutus*, will I shake with you;—
Next, *Caius Cassius*, do I take your hand;—
Now, *Decius Brutus*, yours;—now yours, *Metellus*;—
Yours, *Cinna*;—and, my valiant *Cæsar*, yours;—
Though last, not least in love, yours, good *Trebonius*.
Gentlemen all, alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceive 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 haft 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 waft thou bay'd, brave *hart*,
Here didft thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,

*Footnotes:*
1. For *Have thus proceeded* P. reads *cept C.*
2. *Proceeded thus,* followed by all after, *ex-
3. The three last fo's, beast for *hart. *
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy 

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lyte!

_**Cæs.** Mark Antony;—

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

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

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

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

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

_Bru._ You shall, _Mark Antony._

_Caef._ Brutus, a word with you.
You know not what you do: Do not consent,
That _Antony_ speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd
By that which he will utter?

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

_Caef._ I know not what may fall; I like it not.

_Bru._ _Mark Antony_, here, take you Caefar's body,
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of Caefar;
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 where to I am going
After my speech is ended.

_Ant._ Be it so;
I do desire no more.
ACT III.  SCENE II.  87

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.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
(Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue)
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury, and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smite, when they behold
Their infants quarter’d with the hands of war;
All pity choke’d with custom of fell deeds;
And Caesar’s spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side, come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines, with a monarch’s voice,
Cry “havock,” and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth,

1 Here begins the fourth scene in P.
H. W. and J.
5 For limbs H. reads kind; W. line.
J. thinks it should be lives, orlyms, that is, these bloodhounds of men.
1 P. T. H. and W. by for with.

F 4  With
With carrion men, groaning for burial.—

Enter Octavius’s Servant.

You serve Octavius Caesar, do you not?

Ser. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Caesar did write for him to come to Rome.

Ser. He did receive his letters, and is coming:

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

O Caesar!—

["Seeing the body.

Ant. Thy heart is big; get thee apart, and weep.

Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,

Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,

Begin to water. Is thy master coming?

Ser. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chan’d.

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

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

Thou shalt not back, till I have born this corpse

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 the body.

w The so’s, Octavius for Octavius’s.

x C. to for for.

y This direction first given by R.

z The first f. from for for.

a P. beds for lends.

b First and 2d so’s, course; 3d and 4th, course.

c The so’s omit with the body.
ACT III. SCENE III.

*SCENE III.*

*The Forum.*

Enter Brutus, Cassius, and the Plebeians.

_Pleb._ We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
_Bru._ Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
_Cassius_, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here;
Thoses that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

1 Pleb. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Pleb. I will hear Cassius, and compare their reasons,
When severally we hear them rendered.

[Exit Cassius with some of the Plebeians.

*Brutus goes into the Pulpit.*

---

*d* In *R.* and *C.* this is *Scene 2*; in *P.*
_H. W.* and *J.* _Sc. 5._

*e* The scene first described by _R._

*f* Here the fo's and _R._ direct, Enter
Brutus, and goes into the pulpit; and Cassius, with the Plebeians; _C._ Enter a
strong of citizens, tumultuously; Brutus
and Cassius; the rest, Enter Brutus, and
mounts the rostra. Cassius, with the Ple-
beians. But Brutus has not yet mounted
the pulpit, for he says, *Then follow me,
and give me audience, friends;* he would
not have said *follow me* if he had been
in the pulpit,

*g* _R._'s duodecimo, _my for me._

*h* _C._ them for *'em._

*i* No direction in the fo's.

*k* This latter part is omitted here by
all but _C._ being improperly inserted by
them before.

3 Pleb.
JULIUS CAESAR.

3 Pleb. The noble Brutus is ascended: Silence.

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, country-men, and I 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 Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his: If then that friend demand, why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer: Not that I lov'd Caesar less, but that I lov'd Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living, and dye all slaves; than that Caesar were dead, to live all free-men? As Caesar lov'd me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There are tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a 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,

All. None, Brutus, none.

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

Enter Mark Antony with Cæsar's body.
Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the common-wealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart, That as I flew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live, live!
1 Pleb. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Pleb. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Pleb. Let him be Cæsar.
4 Pleb. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

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

Bru. My countrymen,—
2 Pleb. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
1 Pleb. Peace, ho!

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And for my sake, stay here with Antony:
Do grace to Cæsar's corps, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make,
I do intreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

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

3 Pleb. Let him go up into the public chair;

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

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am 'tobeholdentoyou.

4 Pleb. What does he say of Brutus?

3 Pleb. He says, for Brutus' sake

He finds himself 't beholden to us all.

4 Pleb. 'Twere best 'tispeak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Pleb. This Caesar was a tyrant.

3 Pleb. Nay, that's certain:

We are 't bleeding that Rome is rid of him.

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

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;

I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interred with much their bones;

So let it be with Caesar. 

The noble Brutus

* Here begins the sixth scene in P. H. W. and J.

* The three first fo's and C. beholding for beholden.

* So the three first fo's and C; the rest, beholden forbeholding. Thus we see that all the editions put the same word into Antony's and the third Plebeian's mouth; by which means, I fancy, a piece of humour is lost: beholden is spoken properly by Antony; but when it comes to be repeated by the Plebeian, it migrates into beholden (a word at this day used by some of the vulgar for beholden). And perhaps the very reason why Shakespeare makes the fourth Plebeian ask the question, What does he say of Brutus? was, that the third Plebeian, by repeating what Antony had said, might make this blunder.

u The three last fo's omit be.

w The three last fo's, R. P. and H. glad forblest. C. inserts most before blest.

x The fourth l. and R.'s oftavo, the for their.

y P. and all after, except C. omit'The.
Hath told you *Caesar* was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath *Caesar* 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 *Caesar'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 *Caesar* seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, *Caesar* hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And *Brutus* is an honourable man.
You all did see that *on the Lupercal*
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: Was this ambition?
Yet *Brutus* says, he was ambitious;
And sure he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what *Brutus* spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause,
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?—
O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with *Caesar,*
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 Pleb. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings;

2 Pleb. If thou consider rightly of the matter, Caesar has had great wrong.

3 Pleb. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

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

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

Ant. But yesterdays the word of Caesar might

Have stood against the world; now lyes he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Caesar,
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)

* The three last fo's, and all after except C, make this speech a part of the
  first Plebeian's foregoing speech.

b C. inserts my before masters.

c T.'s duodecimo omits again; an error, I suppose, of the press, but which
  has crept into the editions of W. and J.

And
And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Pleb. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will; we will hear Caesar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends: I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Caesar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And being men, hearing the will of Caesar,
It will enflame 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 Pleb. Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony; you shall
read us the will, Caesar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

4 Pleb. They were traitors—Honourable men?
All. The will! the testament!

2 Pleb. They were villains, murderers:—The will!
read the will!
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corps of Caesar,
And let me shew you him that made the will.

C. reads Nay for Yea, as in no edition before.
T, W, F. and C. we will for we'll.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down.
2 Pleb. Descend.
3 Pleb. You shall have leave.

[He comes down from the pulpit.]

4 Pleb. A ring—Stand round.
1 Pleb. Stand from the hearfe, stand from the body.
2 Pleb. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back—room—bear back—
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on,
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nerii—
Look in this place ran Cassius' dagger through—
See what a rent the envious Casca made—
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stab'd,
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar 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 Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar lov'd him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all:
For when the noble Caesar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,

f No direction in fo's.

P. alters thus, This, this was the

8 The fourth f, and R. Cassius for unkindest, &c, followed by T. H. and

Cassius.
Act III. Scene III.

Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And in his mantle muffling up his face,

Even at the base of Pompey's statue,
Which all the while ran blood, great Caesar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.

O, now you weep, and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

1 Pleb. O piteous spectacle!
2 Pleb. O noble Caesar!
3 Pleb. O woeful day!
4 Pleb. O traitors, villains!
1 Pleb. O most bloody fight!
2 Pleb. 1 We will be reveng'd: Revenge! About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay—Let not a traitor live!
Ant. Stay, countrymen.
1 Pleb. Peace there, hear the noble Antony;
2 Pleb. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll dye with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable;
And will, no doubt, with m 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 public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
I tell you that, which you yourselves do know,
Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, 0 dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We 'll mutiny.
1 Pleb. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 Pleb. Away then, come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen, yet hear me speak.
All. Peace, ho! hear Antony, most noble Antony.

n W. reads reason for reasont. • The two first fo's and R.'s oGave,
0 So the first f. and C; the rest, give dum for dumb.
For gave.
ACT III. SCENE III.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what: Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv’d your loves? Alas, you know not; I must tell you then: You have forgot the will I told you of.

All. Most true—the will!—let’s stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar’s seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man; seventy five drachmas.
2 Pleb. Most noble Cæsar!—We’ll revenge his death.
3 Pleb. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience:
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks, His private arbours, and new-planted orchards, On that side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?
1 Pleb. Never, never—a Come, away, away! We’ll burn his body in the holy place,

2 All the editions before T. read this for that; so C. T. gives the following note:
The scene is here in the Forum near the capitol, and in the most frequented part of the city; but Cæsar’s gardens were very remote from that quarter, Trans Tiberim longè cubat in prope Cæsaris hortos;
says Horace. And both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæsar were separated from the main city by the river; and lay out wide, on a line with mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote;

On that side Tiber;—And Plutarch, whom Shakespeare very diligently studied, in the life of Marcus Brutus, speaking of Cæsar’s will, expressly says, that he left to the public his gardens, and walks, beyond the Tiber. T.

4 C. reads, Come, come, away! &c.
And with the brands fire all the traitors' houses,
Take up the body.

2 Pleb. Go, fetch fire.
3 Pleb. Pluck down benches.
4 Pleb. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Plebeians with the body.

Ant. Now let it work: Mischief, thou art a-foot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow?

Ser. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.
Ant. Where is he?
Ser. He and Lepidus are at Caesar'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.
Ser. 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.

* The first f. omits all.
* C. inserts the before benches.
+ The first f. Exit for Exeunt.
= The fo's omit with the body.
* The fo's and C. omit a.
* P. T. H W, and J. omit Sir.
* C. reads them for him. Him evidently
  refers to Octavius, who, as he was coming
  into Rome, had seen Brutus and Cassius,
  riding like madmen through the gates, and had related the same in the
  presence of the servant.
Enter Cinna the Poet.<br><br>Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feast with Caesar, And things unlucky charge my fancy; I have no will to wander forth of doors, Yet something leads me forth.<br><br>Enter the Plebeians.<br><br>1 Pleb. What is your name?<br>2 Pleb. Whither are you going?<br>3 Pleb. Where do you dwell?<br>4 Pleb. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?<br>2 Pleb. Answer every man directly.<br>1 Pleb. Ay, and briefly.<br>4 Pleb. Ay, and wisely.<br>3 Pleb. Ay, and truly, you were best.<br>Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then to
answer every man directly, and briefly, wisely, and truly.
Wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Pleb. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: You'll bear me a bang for that, I fear: Proceed—directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.
1 Pleb. As a friend, or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.

2 Pleb. That matter is answer'd directly.
4 Pleb. For your dwelling—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the capitol.

3 Pleb. Your name, sir?—truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 Pleb. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4 Pleb. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
4 Pleb. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Pleb. Tear him, tear him. Come, brands, ho! firebrands! to Brutus', to Cassius', burn all! Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's, some to Ligarius': Away, go!

[Exeunt.

2 J. out for but.

The three last fo's, brakes for brakes.
ACT IV.

SCENE I,

Rome.

Enter Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus.

Ant. These many then shall die; their names are prickt.

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

Lep. I do consent:


Lep.

No description of the scene in the fol's or W; R. P. and C. fix the scene at Rome; H. at a small island in the little river Rhenus near Bononia; T. (followed by J.) at a small island near Mutina, and says, "Shakespeare, I dare say, knew from Plutarch, that these Triumvirs met, upon the proscription, in a little island: which Appian, who is more particular, says, lay near Mutina upon the River Lavinius." T.

But what if Shakespeare knew all this? Is a poet obliged to follow history exactly? May he not sometimes deviate from it, provided he makes his own work consistent with itself? What though the old copies say nothing of the place here? yet it is implied in a passage, a very few lines from the very beginning of this scene, that Shakespeare meant to fix it at Rome: Antony says,

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

Lep. What, shall I find you here?
JULIUS CAESAR.

Lep. Upon condition 1 Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

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

Lep. What, shall I find you here?

Q. S. Or here, or at the capitol. [Exit Lepidus.]

Ant. This is a slant, 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?

Q. S. Or here, or at the capitol. What! does Antony send Lepidus on a journey (not to say, voyage also) from an island near Mutina or Bononia, to fetch the will from Caesar's house in Rome, and direct him to come again to him to this same island, and if he did not meet with him there, to return to the capitol at Rome? For this will be the import of the above passage, according to T. H. and J. and Lepidus will appear to be a man mean't to be sent on errands, with a witness. Besides, supposing this island to be the scene, Othello should rather have said, Or here, or at Rome; for the direction, at the capitol, is too particular, and not agreeable to the common forms of speech on such an occasion; it is the same as if, two friends being at Paris, one should say to the other, "You will find me either here (at Paris) or in Cheapside."

C. makes it a Room in Antony's House at Rome.

k Grey in his notes on Shakespeare conjectures marry for many.

1 Antony set down Cicero's name in the list of the proscribed: Othello insisted on Antony's sacrificing Lucius, his uncle by the mother's side: And Lepidus gave up his own brother, L. Aquilius Paulus. As 'tis not uncommon to blunder in proper names, I make no doubt but in the room of Publius we should place Lucius, Antony's uncle by his mother's side: and then a trifling correction sets right the other line.

Lepidus. Upon condition Lucius shall not live.

You are his sister's son, Mark Antony.

Upstan's Crit. Obs. ed. 2. p. 245.

m The three first 's, damn for damn.
ACT IV.  SCENE I.

Oct. So you thought him; And took his voice, who should be prickt 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 flanderous loads, He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold, To groan and sweat under the business, "Either led or driven, as we point the way; And having brought our treasure where we will, Then take we down his load, and turn him off, Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears, And graze in common.

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

Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that, I do appoint him store of provender: It is a creature that I teach to fight, To wind, to stop, to run directly on, His corporal motion govern’d by my spirit. And in some taste, is Lepidus but so; He must be taught, and train’d, and bid go forth; A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On a abject orts, and imitations, Which, out of use, and ’t stalt’d by other men, Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him,

n P. and all after, except C, Oe for Either.

6 The three last fo’s and R. print for point.

pt. H. comm. for common.

9 This is T.’s emendation (followed by all after) all before read objects, arts, for object arts.

r For stait’d the two first fo’s read stait’d; the 4th, stait’d.

But
But as a property. And now, Othavius,
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;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answer'd,
Oth. Let us do so; for we are at the stake,
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of mischiefs. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

In the Camp near Sardis; before Brutus's Tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus and Soldiers; to them Lucilius, and
his Soldiers marching, Titinius and Pindarus.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

Lucil.

* The first f. J. and C. omit and &
* C. omits drum. The fo's direc.
* Drums. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, and the
* No description of the scene in the
* Army. Titinius and Pindarus meet them.
* So all after (except C.), bating that they
* read.
Lucili. He is at hand, and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Brutus. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to with
Things done, undone; but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Lucilius conveys these orders to his officers, and bids them give the word of command to the soldiers. By thus understanding the scene, it appears consistent with itself, the dignity of Brutus is kept up, and the subordination, of general to generalissimo, officers to their general, and common soldiers to their officers, is painted in a very few, simple, but expressive words.

Here C. directs [presenting Pindarus, who gives a letter. But it is very strange that Cæsius should send a letter when he was at hand, and just at the heels of the messenger. C.'s reason for giving this direction is, I suppose, because (Lucilius having presented Pindarus to Brutus, as bringing a salutation from Cæsius) Pindarus makes no salutation by word of mouth to Brutus, and therefore the salutation must be contained in a letter.

But I should rather think that Shakespeare wrote a short speech for Pindarus, in this place, such as, Cæsius sends health to Brutus, which is lost.

* H. W. and C. charge for change.

Y J. proposes officers for officers.
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.

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

Bru. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling: Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith:
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant shew and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

*March within.

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

* H. reads, Hear, a word, Lucilius—
* So the 1st f. and C; the rect, creft for crefts.

b All but C. direct [Law March within; and the fo's and R. place this direction in Brutus's last speech after the word mettle.
Enter Cassius and Soldiers.

Cass. Stand, ho!  
Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!  
Within. Stand!  
Within. Stand!

Cass. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.  
Brutus. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?  
And if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

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

Brutus. Cassius, be content,  
Speak your griefs softly, I do know you well:  
Before the eyes of both our armies here,  
Which should perceive nothing but love from us,  
Let us not wrangle: Bid them move away;  
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your griefs,  
And I will give you audience.

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

**SCENE III.**

*Within the Tent:*

1 Enter Brutus and Cassius:

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

---

**CASUS.**

That you have wrong'd me, doth appear in this;
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella,
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein, my letter, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, was flighted off.

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

**Cassius.** In such a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

**Brutus.** Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself,

---

1 P. and all after, except C. omit do.
2 After man, C. adds Lucilius.
3 The second f. done for done.
4 R. P. T. H. and W. the for our.
5 In the fo's, R. and P. the scene does not change, but the direction, Moment Brutus and Cassius, is given; which is contrary to what we read in the foregoing scene, Then in my tent, &c.
6 In T. H. W. and J. it is Re-enter, which is improper where the scene changes; to re-enter signifies to come again into the same place, which they do not; but go from the outside to the inside of the tent.
7 So the fo's, R.'s octavó, T. and J; the rest, of for off.
8 P. and all after but C. its for his.
9 Before let P. T. H. and W, insert Te; C. And.

---

Are
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Are much condemn’d to have an itching palm,
To fell and mart your offices for gold
To undevers.

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

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

Caf. Chastisement?

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember;
Did not great Julius bleed for justice’ sake?
What villain touch’d his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world,
But for supporting robbers; shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes?
And fell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash, as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and a bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Caf. Brutus, I bay not me,
I’ll not endure it: you forget yourself.

p R.’s octavo, Ay for I.
q The fo’s and R. speakes for speakes.
This is worse than modernizing, it is
among the moderns, is more proper than
its.
5 The three last fo’s and R. balt for
bay.
6 The fo’s, R. P. H. and J. bair for
bay.

beard, must certainly be
here personified; and therefore his, even.

To
To hedge me in; I am a soldierr, n I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself.
To make conditions.

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

*Cassius.* I am.

*Brutus.* I say, you are not.

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

*Brutus.* Away, flight man!

*Cassius.* Is’t possible?

*Brutus.* Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened, when a madman startles?

*Cassius.* O *ye gods, ye gods!* must I endure all this?

*Brutus.* All this? Ay, more; Fret till your proud heart break;
Go, shew your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I _y_ budge?
Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your tefdy humour? By the gods,

_u* Qd. Whether we should not read _ay for I?* The old editions make no difference in these two words, always, as far as I remember, reading _I_ for _ay_; it is therefore the sense only which must direct us to the word the author meant in any passage; and in this, to me it seems doubtful.

_w* The _fo’s and all after, except H._ put no comma between _not_ and _Cassius_, making _it_ the nominative case after the verb, which method of pointing _IV_. defends, and explains the passage thus, _You are no longer that brave, disinterested, philos-..._)

_x* P. and all after, except C, omit _ye._

_y* The _1st_ _budge_; the _2d_ and _3d_, _budge._
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
* Though it do split you: for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

_Caes_. Is it come to this?

_Brut_. 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.

_Caes_. You wrong me, every way you wrong me, _Brutus_;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:

_Did I say, better?

_Brut_. If you did, I care not.

_Caes_. When _Caesar_ liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd me.

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

_Caes_. I durst not?

_Brut_. No.

_Caes_. What, durst not tempt him?

_Brut_. For your life you durst not.

_Caes_. Do not presume too much upon my love,

I may do that I shall be sorry for.

_Brut_. You have done that you should be sorry for.

There is no terror, _Caecilius_, 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

* R. and all after, except _C._ Tho' for _Though_.

From
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any *indirection. I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: was that done like Caius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Caius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunder-bolts,
Dash him to pieces!

*Caes. I deny'd you not.
*Brut. You did.

*Caes. I did not: he was but a fool,
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath riv'd my b heart.
A friend should bear * his friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Brut. I do not. * * Still you practise them on me.
*Caes. You love me not.
*Brut. I do not like your faults.

*Caes. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
*Brut. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

*P. reads indi(red)ef for indi(red)efion.

* The 1st and 2d fo's, hart for heart.

* R. and all after, except C. a for bis.

* d All but H. and W, read till for still.

H. reads, will you practise that on me?
W. reads as in the text, and gives the following note.

*Brut. I do not, till you practise them on me. But was this talking like Brutus?
*Caes. complained that his friend made his infirmities greater than they were.

To which Brutus replies, not still those infirmities were injuriously turned upon me. But was this any excuse for aggravating his friend's failings? Shakespeare knew better what was fit for his hero to say, and certainly wrote and pointed the line thus,

I do not. Still you practise them on me.

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

*Caes.
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Caf. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is a-weary of the world;
Hated by one he loves, brav’d by his brother,
Check’d like a bondman, all his faults observ’d,
Set in a note-book, learn’d, and conn’d by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus’ mine, richer than gold:
‘If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth;
I, that deny’d thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike as thou didst at Caesar; for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov’dst him better
Than ever thou lov’dst Cassius.

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

Caf. 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.
Caf. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

* The fo’s and R. read Pluto’s for Plu-
* Roman’s, &c.
* W. reads, If that thou need’t a

H 2

Bru.
BRU. And my heart too. [\textsuperscript{1} Embracing.

CAJ. O Brutus—

BRU. What 's the matter?

CAJ. Have \textsuperscript{1} not you love enough to bear with me; When that rash humour which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful?

BRU. Yes, Cajius; and \textsuperscript{2} from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[\textsuperscript{1} A noise within. m Poet. [\textsuperscript{"} within] Let me go in, to see the generals; There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet They be alone.

Luc. [\textsuperscript{a} at the door] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [\textsuperscript{p} within] Nothing but death shall slay me.

Enter Poet.

CAJ. How now? What 's the matter?

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

CAJ. Ha, ha! How \textsuperscript{a} vilely \textsuperscript{r} doth this cynick rhyme!

\textsuperscript{*} This direction not in the fo's or edi- c. 
\textsuperscript{1} P.'s duodecimo, T. W, F. and C, yea not for not you.
\textsuperscript{2} C. omits from.
\textsuperscript{1} This direction first put in by T. —
The fo's make the poet to enter here; so does R. who adds Lucius and Titius.

m P. and H. in their text omit all from this place to the entrance of Lucius and Titius; but preserve it in the margin. 
\textsuperscript{n} T. first puts [within.] 
\textsuperscript{o} [at the door] put by C.—T. W. and F. [within.] The other editions have no direction.
\textsuperscript{p} [within] first put in by T.
\textsuperscript{q} The 1st and 2d f. wildly; \textsuperscript{3d} wildly.
\textsuperscript{r} C. does for deth.
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence.
Caf. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these 'jingling fools?—
Companion, hence.
Caf. Away, away, be gone. [Exit Poet.

'Enter Lucilius, and Titinius.

Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Caf. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. ["Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine. ["Exit Lucius.
Caf. I did not think, you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Caf. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better—" Portia is dead.
Caf. Ha! Portia?
Bru. She is dead.
Caf. How 'cap'd I killing, when I crost you so?—
O unsupportable and touching los!—
Upon what sickness?
Bru. Impatient of my absence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong: For with her death

The fo's and R. jigg ing for jing-
ing.
The entrance of Lucilius and Titinius, not mentioned in the fo's.
This direction not in the fo's,
This direction first given by C.
P. and all after except C. Portia's dead for Portia is dead.

H 3 That
That tidings came; with this she fell distracted,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
   Cæs. And dy'd so?
   Brut. Even so.
   Cæs. O ye immortal gods!

Enter Lucius with Wine and Tapers.

Brut. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine,
In this I bury all unkindness, Cæcius. [drinks]
   Cæs. 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. [2 drinks]

   a Enter Titinius, and Mæsala.

Brut. Come in, Titinius; welcome, good Mæsala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.
   Cæs. b Portia! art thou gone?
   Brut. No more, I pray you.—
Mæsala, I have c here received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition d toward Philippi.

Mæs. Myself have letters of the self-same e tenour.
   Brut. With what addition?

---

y All but H. and C. Boy for Luci-"cias.
- This direction first given by C.
- In T. W. and J. Titinius and Mæs-"ala do not enter till after the first line of Brutus's following speech. Here be-"ins the fifth scene in P. H. W. and J.

b P. and all after except C. read, Ob Portia &c.
- C.'s duodecimo omits here.
- C. towards for toward.
- The so's, R. and P. tenure for ten-"near.

Mæs.
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Mef. 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 dy'd
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one?

Mef. h Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mef. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?


Mef. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? Hear you ought of her in yours?

Mef. No, my lord,

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

Mef. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.

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

Mef. Even so great men great losses should endure.

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

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

Cas. I do not think it good,

Bru. Your reason?

f The 1st f. outlawry; the 2d and 3d, outlawry for outlawry.

h C. inserts Ay before Cicero.

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

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

Caf. Hear me, good brother—

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

* The fo's, lose for life.
ACT IV.  SCENE III.

Cæs. Then, with our 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?  
Cæs. No more. Good night.

Early to-morrow we will rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius, my gown.  
[Exit Luc.] Farewel, good Messala:  
Good night, Titinius: Noble, noble Cæfarius,  
Good night, and good repose.

Cæs. 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,  
Cæs. Good night, my lord.

1 R. and all after except C. we will for we ’ll.
2 C. on for along.
3 R. P. and H. we will for will we.
4 Here the so’s, and all after but C. direct Lucius to enter; but Lucius had not made his exit, since he brought the wine.
5 The so’s, R. P. T. W. and J. omit this direction; yet, afterwards, make Lucius enter with the gown.
6 R.’s octavo, come for came.
7 Here Lucius enters with the gown, in all editions but C. Now, though it may be thought immaterial, with regard to the play itself, at which of the two places Lucius enters; yet in the exhibition of it, it is a matter of some consequence. At every fresh entrance, the attention of the audience is drawn upon the person entering, and diverted from what ever business is passing on the stage besides. So that no person should enter till he is wanted.
8 P. and all after except C. omit the two following speeches, without giving any notice thereof.
Hi!”

Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mef. Good night, lord Brutus.

Brutus. Farewell, every one. [Exeunt Cal. Tit. Mef, Enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Brutus. What, thou speakest 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,

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lye in my tent, and sleep:

It may be, I shall raise you by and by

On business to my brother Cassius.

Varro. So please you, we will stand, and watch your pleasure.

Brutus. I will not have it so: lye down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.

[ * Var. and Clau. retire.

Look, Lucius, here’s the book I fought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

Luc. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful,

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,

And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

* The 2d f. art for not; the 3d and 4th omit not.

* The fo’s, Claudius for Claudius, and Varrus for Varro.

* No direction before C. who directs, And touch thy heavy eyes awhile.

Luc.
Luc. Ay, my lord, an’t please you.

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

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

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

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again; I will not hold thee long. If I do live, I will be good to thee. [Musick and a song: ’toward the end, Lucius falls asleep.

This is a sleepy tune—O murderous 2 slumber, Lay’st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy, That plays thee musick:—Gentle knave, good night. I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee; If thou dost nod, thou break’st thy instrument; I’ll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.

[a Lays the instrument by, and sits down to read. b Let me see, let me see; Is not the leaf turn’d down, Where I left reading? Here it is, I think c.

d Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

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,

y The following part of this direction put in by C.

z The two first fo’s, slumber for slum-

b P. and all after except C. read, But

let me see, is not, &c.

c Here R. and all after except C. di-

rect [He fits down to read.

d Here begins Scene 7 in P. II. W.

[He fits down to read.

That
That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stand;
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoft. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st thou?
Ghoft. To tell thee, thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghoft. Ay, at Philippi. [vanishes.
Bru. Why I will see thee at Philippi then.

Now I have taken heart, thou vanish'st:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy, Lucius! & Varro! & Claudius! Sirs, awake!

& Claudius!

Luc. The firings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!
Bru. Did'st thou dream, Lucius, that thou did'st cry'dst out?

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

Bru. Yes, that thou did'st: Did'st thou see any thing?

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirs, & Claudius!
Fellow! thou! awake!

Var. My lord.
Claud. My lord.

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

Var. Claud. Did we, my lord?

P. and all after except C. omit Will.

\footnote{No direction in the fo's. — R. and all after except C. direct [Exit ghoft.}

\footnote{The fo's, Varus for Varro, and Claudius for Claudius.*}

\footnote{The 4th f. R.'s octavo, T.'s duo-decimo, W. and J. is still for still is.}

\footnote{Here C. directs [waking.]

\footnote{T. H. and W. Varro for thou; this is W.'s emendation.}
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Bru. Ay; saw you anything?
Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Clau. Nor I, my lord.
Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.]
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 at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

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

Enter a Messenger.

Mef. Prepare, you generals;
The enemy comes on in gallant shew;

1 Plains of Philippi.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And " something to be done immediately.

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

Oct. Upon the right hand I, keep thou the left.
Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [March.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others, attending.

Brut. They stand, and would have parley.

Cass. Stand fast, Titinius, we must out and talk.

Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth, the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Brut. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

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

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Caesar’s heart,
Crying, Long live! hail, Caesar!

Cass. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

* H. something’s for something; but the verb is in the foregoing line is here understood.
0 The 4th s. evil for even.
P In P. H. W. and J., here the 2d scene begins.
8 The following part of the direction added by C.
1 This direction first put in by C.
C. you for they.

2

Ant.
Ant. Not stingle too.
Bru. "O yes, and soundless too;
For you have stoln their buzzing, Antony,
And, very wisely, threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
w Hack’d one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You shew’d your t teeth like apes, and fawn’d like hounds,
And bow’d like bondmen, kissing Cæsar’s feet;
Whilst damned Cæsa, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. ♦ you flatterers!
Cæs. Flatterers?—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul’d.
Ocť. 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 b three and twenty wounds
Be well aveng’d; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not dye by traitors’ hands,
Unless thou bring’st them with thee.
Ocť. So I hope;
I was not born to dye on Brutus’ sword.

* In P. and H. Brutus says only, You threat before you sting, the rest of the speech being degraded to the margin.
∧ The two last fo’s, Hack for Hack’d.
x The 1 st and 2 d fo’s, teethes for

y P. and all after omit you.
 z The fo’s, feet for sweat.
 a P. and all after except C. Beibold for Look.
 b All before T. three and thirty for three and twenty.

Bru.
ACT V. SCENE I.

Bru. O if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not dye more honourable.

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

Ant. Old Cassius still.

Oct. Come, Antony, away.—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and Army.

d. Cass. 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.

Cass. Messala.

["Lucilius and Meffala stand forth.

Cass. Messala.

Mes. What says my general?

Cass. Messala,

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 preface.

"The first f. worthless; the other fo's,
worthies for worthless.

" Here begins scene the third, in P.
H. W. and J.

C. and all after omit Ho.

C. omits this direction.

C. This direction first put in by R.

which C. alters to [they converse apart.

Coming
Coming from Sardis, on our & former ensign,
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here comforted us:
This morning are they fled away, and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites,
Fly o'er our heads, and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey; their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mefi. Believe not so.

Caf. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Brut. Even so, m Lucilius.

Caf. 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 still uncertain,

*e So the fo's and C; the rest, foremost for former; but there was no need of this alteration; for though we now mostly use foremost when we speak of place, yet, even at this time, former is equally proper whether applied to time or place.

h The 1st and 2d fo's, steads for steads.

W. reads ravens for ravens; for, he says, "a raven and a crow is the same bird of prey the first name taken from its nature; the other from its voice." If this be true, the alteration seems necessary; but naturalists tell us that they are birds of different kind.

k P., T. H. and W. omit up. But, to give the ghost is scarcely English; at least I don't recollect to have met with the phrase without up.

1 So the first f. and C; the rest, peril for perils.

m R. Lucius for Lucilius.

n The fo's, rests for rest.

o All but C. uncertain for uncertain.

Let's
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

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

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

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;

pronoun I in the words, I am determined to do (or atf) understood at the
beginning of the speech; unless he
makes it agree with I, in By which did blame Cato, &c.
and then it will be
By which I (arming myself with patience, &c.) did blame Cato, &c. but this cannot
be the meaning of the passage. The construc-
tion is very easy, if we only make
arming to agree with I, in But I do find
it; &c.

The 1st and 2d fo's, loose for lose.

The 1st and 2d fo's read Through; the 3d and 4th and R, Through; P. (not
finding Through to measure) alters it to
Along, followed by H.

R. duodecimo, street for streets.
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work \( w \) the ides of \( March \) begun:
And whether we shall meet again, I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever and for ever, farewell, \( Cassius! \)
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

\( Cass. \) 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.

\( Brut. \) Why then, lead on. O that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come!
But it sufficeth, that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away! [Exeunt.]

\*SCENE II.

*The Field of Battle.*

Alarums, \( z \) as of a Battle join'd. Enter Brutus, and Messala.

\( Brut. \) Ride, ride, \( Messala, \) ride, and give these bills
Unto the legions on the other side: [\( ^a \) Loud alarum.
Let them set on at once; for I perceive
But cold demeanour in \( b \) \( Octavius' \) wing;
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, \( Messala; \) let them all come down. [Exeunt.]

\( w \) The three last fo's, that for the.
\( x \) In \( P. H. W. \) and \( J. \) this is scene 4.
\( y \) This description of the scene put in by \( G. \).
\( z \) As of a battle join'd, put in by \( C. \).
SCENE III.


Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius, and Titinius.

Caf. O look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn’d enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I flew 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 e 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.

Caf. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents, where I perceive the fire?

Tit. They are, my lord.

Caf. Titinius, if thou lov’st me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assur’d,
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy,
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

Cas. Go, Pindarus, get thither on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.

[Exit Pindarus.

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

Pin. ["Appearing on the hill."] O my lord!

Cas. What news?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur—
Yet he spurs on—Now they are almost on him—
Now Titinius—Now some light—O he lights too—
He's ta'en—And hark, they shout for joy.

[Shout.

Cas. Come down; behold no more.—[Pindarus disappears.

O coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face!

Enter Pindarus.

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

[k The first f. P. and all after him except C. read 'bik for 'bikher.
ii No editions have this direction but H. and C.

k The 3rd and 4th lines, 'breathe' for 'breathed.

[t, T, H. and W. its for his.

[This direction in no edition before.

m P. and all after except C. Now for Sirrah.

n All but H. and C. direct [above.]

c Here H. and C. direct [within.]

Stand
That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: Here, take thou the 9 hilts;
And when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the sword.—Caesar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee.

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.

[M. Enter Titinius, and Meffala.

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, Meffala,
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.
Mef. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou shew to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? "O error, soon conceiv'd,

Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,

But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee,

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

Mef. Seek him, Titinius; whilst I go to meet

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say, thrusting it;

For piercing steel, and darts invenomed,

Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,

As tidings of this fight.

Tit. Hye you, Meffala;

And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [Exit Meffala.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?

Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they

Put on my brows this wreath of victory,

And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing.

But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;

Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I

Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,

And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—

By your leave, gods—This is a Roman's part

Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.

*Stabs himself; and dies.

* P. and all after except J. omit C. recision.

* C. Why for What.

* The fo's and R. have not this di-fo's and C.
Enter Brutus, Messala, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?  
Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward,
Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet;
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
Thou laft of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man, than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to ThaJfes send his body,
His funeral shall not be in our camp,

**restored the text, ThaJfes.—Tharsus**
**was a town of Cilicia, in Asia Minor**
**and is it probable, Brutus could think**
**of sending Cassius's body thither out of**
**Thrace, where they were now in-**
**camp'd? ThaJfes, on the contrary,**
**was a little ifle lying close upon**
**Thrace, and at but a small distance**
**from Philippi, to which the body**
**might very commodiously be trans-**
**ported. Vid. Plutarch, Appian, Dion**
**Cassius, &c.**

**All before P. funerals for funeral.**

Left
Left it discomfort us. _Lyciliius_, come; And come, young _Cato_; let us to the field; _Labeo_ and _Flavius_, set our battles on. 'Tis three o'clock; and, _Romans_, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

**Scene IV.**

_A other Part of the Field._

Alarum. _Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies_; then _Brutus_, _Meffala_, _Cato_, _Lucilius_, and _Flavius._

_Brutus._ Yct, countrymen, O yet hold up your heads! _Cato._ What bastard doth not?—Who will go with me? I will proclaim my name about the field— I am the son of _Marcus Cato_, ho! A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend; I am the son of _Marcus Cato_, ho! _charges the retiring enemy._

_Brutus._ And I am _Brutus_, _Marcus Brutus_, I; _Brutus_, my country's friend; know me for _Brutus_. _charges them in another part, and exit, driving them in._

_The party charged by Cato rally, and Cato falls._

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* The fo's, _R. P._ and _T._; _oflavo, Lab_o for _Labeo._
* The 1st f. _Flavio_ for _Flavius._
* This scene 7. in _P. H. W._ and _f._
* The fo's and _K._ have no description of the scene; _P._ and all after except _C._ describe it, _The field of battle._
* The words, _fighting, Soldiers of both Armies_ then, not in any edition before _C._
* _C._ omits _Meffala_ and _Flavius_ out of this entrance; and, after _Lucilius_, adds, and _Others._
* All but _C._ direct, _Enter Soldiers and fight._
* No direction in the fo's: _All else but C._ direct only, _Exit._

_Lucilius._
ACT V.  SCENE IV.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dost as bravely as Titinius;
And mayst be honoured, being Cato's son.
1 Sold. Yield, or thou dost.
Lucil. Only I yield to dye:
There is so much, that thou wilt me straight;
[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
1 Sold. We must not — A noble prisoner u!
2 Sold. Room, ho! tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
1 Sold. I'll tell w the news—Here comes the general—

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he? [* they shew Lucilius.

Lucil. Safe, Antony, Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee, that no enemy

p H. reads I only for Only I.
q W. supposes something lost before this line, and that as it stands it is unintelligible: therefore thinks it appears probable, that when Lucilius had said, Only I yield to die; the soldier, by a very natural curiosity, pertinently demanded, Whether there was yet much resistance on the part of the enemy? To which Lucilius, who had a mind to die, as pertinently answer'd,

There is so much, that thou wilt kill me straight; i.e. so much resistance still on foot, that thou wilt choose to rid me out of the way, that thou mayst go, without the embarrass of prisoners, to the assistance of thy friends who still want it, W.

To which Heath answers, that the sense is plain enough, without supposing anything lost, viz. There is so much money for thee, on condition that thou wilt kill me straight. Heath in loc.

r This direction put in by J.

s Lucilius here pretends that he is Brutus, as a farther inducement to the soldier to kill him.

t After not C. inserts for.

u All but C. direct Antony to enter here.

w The so's, R. and P.'s quarto, thee for the.

x This direction first given by C.

Shall
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, whether 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 whether Brutus be alive or dead:
And bring us a word unto Octavius' tent,
How every thing is chanc'd. [Exeunt]

SCENE V.

Another Part of the Field.

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

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

Clus. Shew'd the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en, or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee. Clitus. [* whispering.*

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

Bru. Peace then, no words.

* W. omits ar.
* The fo's and R. read whe're; P.
* and all after except C. if for whe're.
* The three last fo's omit word.

* This scene 8 in P. H. W. and J.
* No description of scene in the fo's
* or R.
* This direction first given by R.
ACT V. SCENE V.

Cl. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [c whispering.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cl. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cl. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus; look, he meditates.

Cl. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, that it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius, lift a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Caesar hath appear'd to me two several times by night; at Sardis once, and this last night here in Philippi-fields: I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius. Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; Our enemies have beat us to the pit: low alarums. It is more worthy to leap in ourselves, Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius, Thou know'ft that we two went to school together; Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,

Hold thou my sword's hilt, whilst I run on it.

Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarums still.

---

e No direction here before C.

f P. and all after omit Shall.

g P. and all after except C. omit bow.

h C. pray thee for pray thee; it is pres.

i The first and all fo's, sword hilt for sword's hilt.

k The two last fo's, and all after except C., while for whist.

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

Farewel to you—and you—and you, Volumnnius—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conquest, shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes, my bones would rest,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

Alarums. Cry within, Fly, fly, fly!

Fly, my lord, fly.

Hence; I will follow. [Exit: Clit. Dat. and Vol.
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Give me your hand first: Fare you well, my lord.
Farewel, good Strato—Caesar, now be still;
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

Runs on his sword, and dies.

All before T. read, Farewel to thee,
Strato, &c.
The three last fo's omit in.
The fo's, losing for losing.
The fo's, better for life's.
After follow P. and all after add thes.
This direction first given by C.
P. and all after except C. in't for in it.
The fo's direct only, dies.

Alarums.

Oct. What man is that?

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

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala; The conquerors can but make a fire of him:

For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

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

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

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

Oct. Do so, so good Messala.

Mes. How dy'd my master, Strato?

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

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,

That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all:

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did, in envy of great Caesar;
He only in a general honest thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.

His life was gentle; and the elements
So mixt in him, that nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, This was a man.
Ost. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect, and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

[Exeunt omnes.]

FINIS.