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Twentieth Century Classics

No. 13.

September, 1900.



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Shakespeare's Julius Caesar



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JULIUS CÆSAR

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SHAKESPEARE'S

JULIUS CÆSAR

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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*Formerly Teacher of English and American Literature,
Topeka High School.*

CRANE & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS

TOPEKA, KANSAS

1900

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INTRODUCTION TO JULIUS CÆSAR.

It is not definitely known when the play of Julius Cæsar was written. In giving it a date, critics vary from 1601 to 1607. It was published in the folio of 1623. For sources of material the author seems to have depended almost entirely upon Plutarch. In style and power of characterization it is one of the greatest plays in Shakespeare's historical system of dramas, and is evidently the product of the mature play-writer rather than the crude efforts of the beginner. In the choice and development of the subject-matter there is a philosophic insight and literary fineness worthy of this greatest master of dramatic art. For its careful study it will be well to consider, first, the historical basis; and second, a literary analysis of the drama.

I. HISTORICAL BASIS OF THE PLAY.

“There never was a good which was not purchased by the sacrifice of some inferior good. The evil enters when the greater good is put aside for the lesser.”

That conflict in history which furnishes a basis for the play of Julius Cæsar must always be interesting because of the magnitude of the political issues involved, and because of the strong personality of the men controlling and controlled by these issues. There was first a strife between institutions, and secondly, what is always back of such struggles, a clashing of individuals with opposing wills and antagonistic, often selfish aims.

The tragedy, covering about two years and a half of

time, begins with feasting and ends with fighting. Its history runs from the festival of the Lupercalia, early in the year 44 B. C., on to the battle of Philippi, in the autumn of 42 B. C. At its beginning the old Roman Republic had already ceased to be except in name. It died when the first triumvirate set up its oligarchical rule. From oligarchy to monarchy was a space so quickly and so smoothly passed over that few men in Rome were wise enough to note the changing form of supreme political power. But national institutions, like men and women, live only so long as they are useful, and die to subserve eventually a higher and better existence. To a few Roman statesmen it was clear that Rome had passed her eras of freedom and glory. For her there remained now nothing outside of the "wealth, vice, corruption and barbarism" which the poet has declared to be the moral of all human tales. To the greater body of thinkers, however, the hope of reëstablishing the old government still remained. And this hope became to them a patriotic call to duty. It was, then, let me repeat, a conflict of great political institutions, a war to the death between imperialism on the one hand and representative though hideously corrupt government on the other. But whenever in history a monarchy grows out of a democracy, progress is at the wrong end of the record, and the conflict can have only a tragical outcome. Yet beyond the monarchy must lie something nobler of national existence. Something better must be begotten of such historical tragedies, or the whole frame of human beliefs would be disjointed and the Almighty would become a mere myth. Such struggles of institutions, such crises in national life, mark the advancement or

downfall of the men whose names ring down through the centuries, whose title, "the great," was bestowed in an awful chrism of blood and fire. Out of such strifes came Frederic the Great and Napoleon and Cromwell and George Washington and John Brown.

In this conflict in Rome, Julius Cæsar, the successful statesman, the shrewd diplomat, and conquering warrior, stands as the main representative of the new order of affairs about to be established upon the ruins of the old. That he may have been ambitious, egotistical and aggressive, matters not now. History has not to do with a man's wishes. She concerns herself only with what he can do. However great may be the unwritten record of high aspirations or of foolish vanity, it is the deed alone that remains imperishable. Cæsar, then, was a man equal to the emergency of his time. Standing in his kingly strength with an incapable nation at his feet, he took the thing fate sent him, and "those who talked of Rome" could truly say "that her wide walls encompassed but one man."

Over against Cæsar and his imperialism is that body of Roman statesmen who failed utterly to read the signs of their times. Leaders among them were Caius Cassius and Marcus Brutus. Nobody denies their patriotism, but succeeding events have shown how narrow was the scope of their horizon. To reëstablish the old Republic was to them purpose large enough to justify any means, even the assassin's knife, for its accomplishment. That it could not be established, that the old order had forever passed away, they did not learn until at far-off Philippi they looked on their defeat with dying eyes.

Out of this great historical conflict came the Roman

Empire that for so many centuries held both civilized and savage nations under the shadow of its golden eagles. By its cycle of triumphant centuries we know that the death of Cæsar was not in vain.

Now the historical drama bears a certain dignity from the actuality of its basis. And inasmuch as national affairs are higher than individual affairs, it follows that a conflict of national institutions gives ground for the portrayal of a grander dramatic struggle than could be given by the recital of mere personal strifes. And no war of political parties, no wrangles of church and state, no great battles of any institutions under a government, can equal the dignity and importance of that strife, that mighty travail that marks the re-birth of a nation. All the past and all the future of history are bound up in such a conflict, and all the other nations gain or lose in its outcome.

The drama with such a basis as this, coming from the pen of a master, becomes a piece of enduring literature. It combines with a consideration of great historical issues the warm personal side of life; the right, legitimate in the drama always, to look behind the act for the motive to the action. The opportunity of seeing men and women move as representative of great ideas, of stately powers, and world-important issues; yet men and women with plain, homely loves and hates, with high aspirations or selfish grovelings; men and women with common temptations, whose real greatness, whose right to inherit the earth, is marked after all by the degree of their power to overcome.

We are now to consider a great phase of Roman History

as Shakespeare has portrayed it in the play of Julius Cæsar: to study it not as a piece of history, but of literary dramatic action, to see how the actuality of the basis combined with the ideality of the play-writer shall lead us into a clearer knowledge of the value of human character in its flower and fruit of human thoughts and deeds. For a consideration of these things we pass to a literary analysis of the play.

II. THE LITERARY ANALYSIS OF THE PLAY.

“The Drama . . . portrays in the shortest space and in the most striking manner, the relative worth of human deeds.”

A conflict in human duties gives rise to the Drama. It may be internal, lying wholly in the mind of the individual, as in the choice of Jean Valjean to a great sacrifice in Hugo's famous novel *Les Misérables*, or Tito Melema's turning from a greater to a lesser good in the story of *Romola*. Or it may be an external thing. For the three elements of society, the individual, the family, and the state, when their bounds intersect fall into strife with one another, and the lesser must become subordinate to the greater. Their gradation is clearly in the order above named. For without the state, the family could have no secure existence; and but for the family, the individual would be lost. Higher and beyond these three is another element, which men may stand for but cannot control. The Spirit of Progress, God in History, Divine Providence, or whatever other name we choose to call it, matters not. This controlling Power is, and whenever the firm-set governments of the earth fall into conflict with it, the pen of History has another death-struggle to record.

Being Infinite, its use and hope are not always clear to the temporary and finite. Yet not any more to the illiterate and humble backwoodsman than to him who holds the scepter of supreme power comes the admonition of that sweet old hymn,

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace.”

Now the play of Julius Cæsar portrays this last and highest kind of conflict, wherein the Roman State and the Power behind all states are in mortal combat. For Rome was doomed, and a nobler civilization, a glorious modern history, was to come out of its downfall. A time when men would look with pity and contempt upon the follies and mistakes of that earlier day.

The play divides itself into two distinct parts. The first, included in the first three acts, is wholly in Rome, and sets forth the conspiracy of the senators against Cæsar, the struggle of the Republic against imperialism. It ends in the assassination of Cæsar and the flight from the city of Brutus and Cassius and their followers. The second part, included in the last two acts, portrays the civil war in the nation, ending in the battle at Philippi; and resulting in the complete triumph of the thing for which Cæsar died.

In the drama three characters stand out as representative of three great ideas. About these are grouped the thirty-five or forty other persons who with greater or less brilliancy form their setting as diamonds and dull gold about the flashing, fire-hearted opal stone.

The first and greatest of the three is Cæsar. He comes into the play at the zenith of his power, yet on the eve

of his downfall. For he is the enemy of the state, and as such the Republic destroys him. Yet in the end his cause is triumphant, and the despairing wail of Brutus, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" sounding out on the evening air at Philippi, is but a prophecy that history hastened to fulfill. Cæsar stands for that which is above all governments. In him is represented the Spirit of Progress, not to be stayed by the assassin's knife. Moreover, he does not stand alone. He is the unconscious embodiment of the national thought and tendency of his time. He saw and did for Rome the things that Rome most needed and wished for. If he antagonized the government, he built for the governed; therefore he was above and beyond the state, a universal power making history, not serving it. His assassination was but the accident of fortune. The same thing happened to Abraham Lincoln nineteen hundred years later. Yet in Abraham Lincoln culminated the nineteenth century spirit of justice and freedom of a liberty-loving people. In him was shadowed forth that hatred and abhorrence of human slavery, not in the American nation alone, but in all Christian civilization. By his life and tragic death human souls took on a new value that never can be lost. So Cæsar became the center of a terrible tragedy, and died that he might live a type of greatness evermore.

Second in ability to Cæsar in the great trio of characters is Cassius, of whom Cæsar gives a very proper estimate.

"He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men."

In this conflict Cassius is clearly the representative of

the state. In patriotic confidence of belief he is the bearer of the principle of democratic rule. That this principle rested in powerful hands, a study of his qualities will show. Of all the statesmen in Rome, he saw most truly the real elevation of Cæsar to kingly power and place.

“Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus,”

he says in impatience to Brutus, who lacks his eyes to see with. We must regard Cassius, then, as the mighty foe of Cæsar, since he stands for the element that antagonized and destroyed Cæsar; yet the element over which the Cæsarian idea should finally triumph.

Cassius was a man of keen intellectual insight. He could “look quite through the deeds of men,” and he knew the weakness and assailable sides of human character. With political shrewdness he chose Brutus to be leader of the anti-Cæsarian movement, not because of Brutus’ intellectual power, but for the prestige of Brutus’ name. With utmost tact he manages this man. With plain and simple reasoning, permeated with patriotism and seasoned with flattery, he finds Brutus the loyal supporter of Cæsar, and he leaves him the head and front of a conspiracy to murder Cæsar. Yet Brutus was no weakling, but a man nobly born, whose name was magical in Rome for its wide influence. The greater, then, the compliment to Cassius’ power that he could persuade such a man.

But Cassius used no flattery with Casca. He knew better. Casca is the villain of the play, the great rascally coward who could stab a man in the daytime, but who shivered with fear in the night and storm. In him Cassius found a necessary tool, and he won him to the conspiracy through the superstitious side of his nature.

To patriotism, fine intellectuality and a power over men must be added one more mark of superiority in Cassius. Living in an age of superstition, he was yet above the beliefs of augury.

“The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.”

So he declares while trying to make clear to Brutus the condition of affairs in Rome.

Turning now to the other side of this man's character, we shall find in it serious defects. He used his power over men to their downfall. He is a deceiver and a flatterer. By his well-turned phrases and letters writ “in several hands,” poor Brutus is deluded. He takes Casca on the weak side of his nature, assuming for his purpose a superstitious belief he scorns to hold. He is not above taking bribes; and last and altogether worst, he deliberately plans for the murder of a fellow-citizen, one toward whom he wore the guise of friendship. In the light of these defects, how shall we reconcile his claims to greatness? It can be done in but one way. The highest aim of Cassius is to serve his state. In his make-up the moral element is entirely subservient to the intellectual. He may gain men by questionable means, but he uses them only for the good of the Republic. If he winks at bribery, it is that this cause dearest to his soul may prosper. Lastly, if he connives at murder, it is only that he may save the life of the Republic, whose needs and privileges are above all individual rights. And what virtue can be above patriotism? History has no grander heroes than the men who have fought and died for their country.

“And how can man die better,
 Than by facing fearful odds
 For the ashes of his fathers
 And the temples of his gods?”

In times of peace there were no finer character than that of Cassius. And if he sought by disreputable methods to save the state from disruption, he did no more than great generals have done in all wars. The pistol of the assassin turned against a fellow-man makes us shiver with abhorrence, while the rapid-firing gun, mowing down a national enemy, gives us a thrill of pride and approval. Such are the differences of conditions. And the evil lies in failing to see wherein the lesser good must be subordinate to the greater. So far as his honest judgment carried him, Cassius did well. But the old Roman state was to fall, and he must fall with it, since he is its great representative.

The last of the three great characters is Brutus. He is the representative of the moral element in the play, and whoever writes of him takes up his pen lovingly. For Brutus is a thoroughly good man. In simple integrity of heart he walked steadfastly in the way of duty. His gentleness and kindness appeal to the warm heart of humanity in its yearning after affection. In public life he seems a typical political hero. Living in a most corrupt age, he bore always “clean hands and a pure heart.” As a private citizen his name is no less honorable.

“It sufficeth that Brutus leads me on,” the words of Ligarius, voiced the common sentiment of Rome.

Even toward his inferiors his acts were marked by that kindness which is the true index of a noble man. When

he finds Lucius fast asleep, instead of waiting to serve his master he gently says:

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“It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures and no fantasies
Which busy care draws from the brains of men.”

But perhaps the crowning glory of Brutus, that which makes in his life a luminous beauty, is shown in the relation of husband. When Portia calls herself unworthy because he has not confided in her his greatest care, what a depth of tender love is in his reply:

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

In all the ordinary phases of life Brutus is the truly great man; and when we think only of the earnestness of his motives, the purity of his character, and his abiding loyalty to conscience, we are ready to say with Mark Antony,

“This was the noblest Roman of them all.”

What, then, are the limitations to this man? First, although so widely acquainted with all the affairs of state, Brutus failed utterly to see the real place that Cæsar held in Rome. It took the skill of Cassius to convince him of the true situation. He was living in the heart of a terrible revolution without knowing of its existence.

The second limitation of this moral hero lay in his mistaken notion of his power as a leader. In a time of political earthquake he took upon himself a leadership that only the wisest statesman dare assume. He turns against Cæsar, his personal friend, and deliberately prepares to assist at his murder. Note now the argument by

which he persuades himself to do it. It is not for what Cæsar is, he says, but for what he may become, that he must suffer death. He even declares:

“I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned;—
How that might change his nature, there ’s the question.”

Note further in his reasoning the declaration that—

“Since the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Fashion it thus.”

In other words, failing to find in Cæsar any crime, one must be invented for him. And even in his funeral speech his only excuse to the listening crowd is that—

“As he was ambitious, I slew him.”

Yet this man is a type of highest morality, and generations of scholars have worshipped his memory. But Shakespeare did not do it. Indeed, what can be said of that man’s judgment who can assassinate his dearest friend for what he *may* do? How shall we estimate his insight? His ability to lead men on in the nation’s crucial hour? For men must be condemned, not for possibility, but for fact of action.

From first to last the career of Brutus, who became at once the ruling spirit of the conspiracy, was marked by those rational limitations that eventually brought shipwreck to the cause of the state. The shutting out of Cicero from the council; the sparing of Mark Antony, and permitting him to speak at Cæsar’s funeral; in the quarrel with Cassius, in the plan of action at Philippi,—the blunders lay all with Brutus. Poor Brutus! who could

not take bribes from the Sardinians, but who could slaughter Cæsar for conscience' sake. His heart was warm and brave and true. But the ability to comprehend any gradation of ethical duties he had not. What, then, would the poet teach? That the character of Brutus as a private citizen in times of peace, is beautiful. But in the great crises of life the men who are to be the leaders of the thought of the world, the commanding minds, the guiding powers, must be something more than conscientious. Underneath integrity of heart and loyalty to conscience must be broad and sure the foundation of a strong and active intellect; men of evenly developed minds there must be, whose hands work out the brain's rational thought and the heart's honest conviction.

One or two side-lights upon the play we must notice. First, that the superstitious element is everywhere present: the beast without a heart, the lion against the Capitol, the strange, ominous dreams, the ghost of Cæsar,—all display this same superstitious phase that was part and parcel of that time.

Again, the family element as portrayed in Calpurnia and Portia forms a light about the two men, Cæsar and Brutus, by which their characters are more distinctly outlined.

And lastly, the power to talk well, the force of oratory, showing how a rollicking good fellow like Antony, whose greatest virtue lay in the fact that he loved his friends, might by a single speech sway the affairs of the whole nation. For Antony is but a second-rate character in this drama. Yet, "that which opposes the course of a river and turns its whole current, making it seek and follow

a new channel, must be taken account." There came to Antony, by accident seemingly, a rare moment of life when the opportunity of turning a mighty tide of public opinion hung on the force of well-chosen words, backed by simple truth. He embraced this opportunity, and all subsequent history changed front. Although in no sense a statesman, yet the ability to see clearly the situation, and the power to cope with it, belonged to Antony. When will educators learn to appreciate the usefulness as well as the danger of this powerful gift of oratory?

In the play of Julius Cæsar there are three culminating points. The first is on the Lupercalian feast day, when Cæsar and imperialism are supreme; when the career of the

"Noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times"

was at the very top of its power. The second is on the Ides of March, when the conspiracy of the Republic, controlled by Brutus and Cassius, culminates in the destruction of Cæsar. The third is on the battlefield at Philippi. By that battle the civil strife of Rome is ended. Cassius and Brutus go down to ignominious defeat and death; the gates of the Janus-guarded temple swing in; and the principle for which Cæsar died rises up triumphant.

The drama portrays "the relative worth of human deeds." In the great play of Julius Cæsar the deeds of three men are brought into fine contrast with one another. Each man was sincere in believing that he held for his country its highest good. The weakest of the three is Brutus. The drama proves how feebly put are the deeds

of that man, however honest, who does not back his conscientious devotion with clear insight and good judgment. Greater than Brutus in public affairs is Cassius, whose patriotism shines out above a dark and uncertain morality of action. The highest of the three, of the worth of whose deeds all subsequent history is a monument, has fitly given to the play its name.

MARGARET HILL McCARTER.

TOPEKA, KANSAS, September, 1900.

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JULIUS CÆSAR

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.		
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,	}	Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.
MARCUS ANTONIUS,		
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,		
CICERO,	}	Senators.
PUBLIUS,		
POPILIUS LENA,		
MARCUS BRUTUS,	}	Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.
CASSIUS		
CASCA,		
TREBONIUS,		
LIGARIUS,		
DECIUS BRUTUS,		
METELLUS CIMBER,	}	Tribunes.
CINNA,		
FLAVIUS,		
MARULLUS,		
ARTEMIDORUS, a Sophist of Cnidos.		
A Soothsayer.		
CINNA, a Poet.		
Another Poet.		
LUCILIUS,	}	Friends to Brutus and Cas- sius.
TITINIUS,		
MESSALA,		
Young CATO,		
VOLUMNIUS,		
VARRO,	}	Servants to Brutus.
CLITUS,		
CLAUDIUS,		
STRATO,		
LUCIUS,		
DARDANIUS,		
PINDARUS, Servant to Cassius.		
CALPURNIA, Wife to Cæsar.		
PORTIA, Wife to Brutus.		

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: During a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards, at
Sardis, and near Philippi.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *Rome. A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

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

1 *Citizen.* Why, sir, a carpenter.

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

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I
am but, as you would say, a cobbler. 10

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

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

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

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

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou
saucy fellow?

2 *Citizen.* Why, sir, cobble you. 20

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl. I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters: but ~~withal 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 neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork.

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

2 *Citizen.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar, and to rejoice in his triumph. 30

Marullus. 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 40

The livelong day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome;

And, when you saw his chariot but appear,

Have you not made an universal shout,

That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,

To hear the replication of your sounds

Made in her concave shores?

And do you now put on your best attire?

And do you now cull out a holiday?

And do you now strew flowers in his way 50

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.

Flivius. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort ;

Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears

Into the channel, till the lowest stream

Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.— [*Ex. Citizens.* ⁶⁰

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd !

They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.

Go you down that way towards the Capitol ;

This way will I. Disrobe the images,

If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

Marullus. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupereal.

Flavivus. It is no matter ; let no images

Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,

And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.

These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing

Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,

Who else would soar above the view of men,

And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Public Place.*

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

Caesar. Calpurnia !

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*Music ceases.*

Caesar. Calpurnia!

Calpurnia. Here, my lord.

Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius' way
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar, my lord!

Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Antony. I shall remember;
When Cæsar says 'Do this,' it is perform'd. 10

Caesar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Music.*

Soothsayer. Cæsar!

Caesar. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!
[*Music ceases.*

Caesar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Cæsar. Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March. 17

Caesar. What man is that?

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

Caesar. Set him before me; let me see his face. 19

Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon
Cæsar.

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

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

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

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*

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

Brutus. Not I.

Cassius. www.libtool.com.cn I pray you, do.

Brutus. I am not gamesome; I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.

Cassius. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness 30
And show of love as I was wont to have;
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Brutus. Cassius,
Be not deceiv'd; if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd,— 40
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cassius. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your pas-
sion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?
Brutus. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection by some other things.

Cassius.

'T is just;

50

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have let 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.

Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me? 60

Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know 70
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish and shout.*]

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

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

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

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

80

90

100

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber 110
 Did I the tired Cæsar. And this man
 Is now become a god; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him I did mark
 How did he shake: 't is true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre. I did hear him groan; 120
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas! it cried, 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl.—Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Brutus. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Cæsar. 130

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

Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with 'em,
 'Brutus' will start a spirit as soon as 'Cæsar.' [Shout.

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he has grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now that talk'd of Rome
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.

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

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

Is like to lay upon us.

Cassius. I am glad

That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CAESAR and his train.

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

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

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

180

Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Caesar. Antonius!

Antony. Cæsar?

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

190

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

Caesar. Would he were fatter!—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks

Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music: 200

Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore they are very dangerous.

I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him. 210

[*Sennet. Exeunt Caesar and his train. Casca remains.*]

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

Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chane'd to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.

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

Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chane'd.

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

Brutus. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too. 220

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

Casca. Why, for that too.

Brutus. Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

Cassius. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca. 229

Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cassius. But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless. 246

Brutus. 'T is very like; he hath the falling sickness.

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man. 253

Brutus. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, ‘Alas, good soul!’—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less. 265

Brutus. And after that he came thus sad away?

Casca. Ay.

Cassius. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cassius. To what effect? 270

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

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

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cassius. Will you dine with me to-morrow? 280

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

Cassius. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit Casca.]

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

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

290

Brutus. 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.

Cassius. I will do so;—till then, think of the world.—
[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me. I will this night,
In several hands, in at his window throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure,
For we will shake him or worse days endure.

300

310

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,

CASCA, *with his sword drawn,* and CICERO.

Cicero. Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

Casca. Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,

To be exalted with the threatening clouds:

But never till to-night, never till now,

Did I go through a tempest dropping fire. 10

Either there is a civil strife in heaven,

Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,

Incenses them to send destruction.

Cicero. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn

Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,

Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides—I have not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20

Who glar'd upon me and went surly by

Without annoying me; and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women

Transformed with their fear, who swore they saw

Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noonday upon the market-place,

Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies

Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 These are their reasons,—they are natural;
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

30

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

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

Cicero. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky
 Is not to walk in. 30

Casca. Farewell, Cicero. [Exit Cicero.]

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who 's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cassius. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?

Cassius. Those that have known the earth so full of
 faults.

For my part, I have walk'd about the streets,
 Submitting me unto the perilous night,
 And thus, unbraced, Casca, as you see,
 Have bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it. 50

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heav-
 It is the part of men to fear and tremble [ens?
 When the most mighty gods by tokens send
 Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cassius. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
 That should be in a Roman you do want,
 Or else you use not. You look pale, and gaze,
 And put on fear, and ease yourself in wonder, 60
 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 fool and children calculate,
 Why all these things change from their ordinance,
 Their natures and pre-formed faculties,
 To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning 70
 Unto some monstrous state. Now could I, Casca,
 Name to thee a man most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol;
 A man no mightier than thyself or me
 In personal action, yet prodigious grown
 And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

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

Cassius. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
 Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors, 80
 But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
 And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
 Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

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

Cassius. I know where I will wear this dagger, then;
 Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
 Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; 90
 Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat.
 Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
 Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
 Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
 But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
 Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
 If I know this, know all the world besides,
 That part of tyranny that I do bear
 I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.

Casca. So can I;
 So every bondman in his own hand bears 100
 The power to cancel his captivity.

Cassius. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant, then?
 Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
 But that he sees the Romans are but sheep;
 He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
 Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
 Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
 What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
 For the base matter to illuminate
 So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief! 110
 Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
 Before a willing bondman; then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

Cassius. There 's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already 120
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favour 's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Enter CINNA.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in
haste. 130

Cassius. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

Cinna. To find out you. Who 's that? Metellus Cim-
ber?

Cassius. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempt. Am I not stay'd for, Cinna?

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

Cassius. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cinna.

Yes, you are.—

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party!

140

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

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

150

Cassius. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre.—

[*Exit Cinna.*

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

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

Cassius. Him and his worth and our great need of
him

160

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. *Rome. Brutus' Orchard.*

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. What, Lucius! ho!—

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

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

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

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

Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part, ¹⁰
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
More than his reason. But 't is a common proof
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,

Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
 But when he once attains the 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, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities;
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which hatch'd would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Enter LUCIUS.

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

[Gives him the letter.]

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
 Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Lucius. I know not, sir.

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

Lucius. I will, sir.

[Exit.]

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

[Opens the letter and reads.]

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

Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!'—

'*Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!'*

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
 Where I have took them up. 50

‘Shall Rome, etc.’ Thus must I piece it out:
 Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe? What! Rome?
 My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
 The Tarquin drive, when he was call’d a king.
 ‘Speak, strike, redress!’ Am I entreated
 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.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

[*Knocking within.*]

Brutus. ’T is good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.—

[*Exit Lucius.*]

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar

61

I have not slept.

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

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, ’t is your brother Cassius at the door,
 Who doth desire to see you.

70

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are moe with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. No, sir; their hats are pluck’d about their ears,
 And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.

Brutus. www.libtool.com Let 'em enter.— [*Exit Lucius.*

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, Conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability;
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

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

Cassius. Yes, every man of them; and no man here 90
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

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

Brutus. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night? 99

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

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

Casca. No. www.libtool.com.cn

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

Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceiv'd.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east
Stands as the Capitol, directly here. 110

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

Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.

Brutus. 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-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word,
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls 130

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
 Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
 The even virtue of our enterprise,
 Nor the insuppressive metal of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath, when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him. 140

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

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cinna.

No, by no means.

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

Brutus. O, name him not; let us not break with him, 150
 For he will never follow any thing
 That other men begin.

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
 Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
 Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
 A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
 If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

160

Brutus. 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,

170

Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide '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.

180

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm

When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I fear him,

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

Brutus. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

Is to himself,—take thought and die for Cæsar;

And that were much he should, for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die; ¹⁹⁰
For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. [*Clock strikes.*

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.

Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.

Trebonius. 'T is time to part.

Cassius. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;

For he is superstitious grown of late,

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.

It may be, these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

And the persuasion of his augurers

May hold him from the Capitol to-day. 200

Decius. 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 humor the true bent, 210

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

Brutus. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

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

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey;

I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. Now, good Metellus, go along by him;

He loves me well, and I have given him reasons ;
Send him but hither, and I 'll fashion him. 220

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

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

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

[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*

Boy ! Lucius !—Fast asleep ? It is no matter ;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber : 230
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord !

Brutus. 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.

Portia. Nor for yours, neither. You 've ungently,
Brutus,

Stole from my bed ; and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
And, when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.

I urg'd you further ; then you scratched your head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot.
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But with an angry wafture of your hand
 Gave sign for me to leave you. So I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 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.

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

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

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
 To walk unbraced and suck up the humors
 Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
 To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
 You have some sick offense within your mind,
 Which by the right and virtue of my place
 I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty,
 By all your vows of love and that great vow
 Which did incorporate and make us one,
 That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,

250

260

270

Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
 Have had resort to you; for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Portia. I should not need if you were gentle Brutus.
 Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
 Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
 Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife,
 As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
 That visit my sad heart. 290

Portia. 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 'em:
 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound 300
 Here in the thigh; can I bear that with patience,
 And not my husband's secrets?

Brutus. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!—

[*Knocking within.*]

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

All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows.

Leave me with haste.—

[*Exit Portia.*]

Enter LUCIUS *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who 's that knocks?

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with
 you. 310

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

Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

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

Brutus. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, 320
 I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!

Brave son, deriv'd from honorable 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?

Brutus. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.

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

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

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

Ligarius. www.libtool.com.cn 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.

Brutus. Follow me, then. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *A Room in Caesar's Palace.*

Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his night-gown.

Caesar. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-
night;
Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Cæsar!'—Who 's within?

Enter a Servant.

Servant. My lord?

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

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

Enter CALPURNIA.

Calpurnia. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to
walk forth?

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

Caesar. Cæsar shall forth. The things that threaten'd
me

Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they shall see 11
The face of Cæsar, they are vanished.

Calpurnia. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,

Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
 Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
 A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
 And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead;
 Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
 In ranks and squadrons and right form of war, 20
 Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
 The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
 Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
 And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
 O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
 And I do fear them.

Caesar. What can be avoided
 Whose end is purpos'd by the mighty gods?
 Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
 Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
 The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes. ³¹

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?

Servant. 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. 40

Caesar. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;
 Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,

If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
 No, Cæsar shall not. Danger knows full well
 That Cæsar is www.libtool.com.cn more dangerous than he.
 We are two lions litter'd in one day,
 And I the elder and more terrible;
 And Cæsar shall go forth.

Calpurnia. Alas! my lord,
 Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
 Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear 50
 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.

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

Enter DECIUS.

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

Decius. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;
 I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Caesar. And you are come in very happy time 60
 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.

Calpurnia. Say he is sick.

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

Decius. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
 Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Caesar. 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.
 Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home.
 She dream'd to-night she saw my statua,
 Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
 Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
 Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it;
 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.

80

Decius. 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, relies, and cognizance.
 This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.

90

Caesar. And this way have you well expounded it.

Decius. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
 And know it now. The senate have concluded
 To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
 If you shall send them word you will not come,
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a moek
 Apt to be render'd, for some one to say,
 'Break up the senate till another time,
 When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
 'Lo, Cæsar is afraid' ?
 Pardon me, Cæsar, for my dear, dear love

100

To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

Caesar. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Caesar. Welcome, Publius.—

What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?— 110

Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,

Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy

As that same ague which hath made you lean.—

What is 't o'clock?

Brutus. Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

Caesar. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,

Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.

Antony. So to most noble Cæsar.

Caesar. Bid them prepare within.—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—

Now, Cinna.—Now, Metellus.—What, Trebonius! 120

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.

Trebonius. Cæsar, I will.—[*Aside*] And so near will

I be

That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

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

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

SCENE III. *A Street near the Capitol.*

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Artemidorus. *Caesar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Caesar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you; security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,*

ARTEMIDORUS.

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

10

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
 Out of the teeth of emulation.—

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayest live;

If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Portia. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
 Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
 Why dost thou stay?

Lucius. To know thy errand, madam.

Portia. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.—

O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

Lucius. Madam, what should I do? 19

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Portia. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note

What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.

Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Prithee, listen well;

I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,

And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou
been?

Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.

Portia. What is 't o'clock?

Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.

Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

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

Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer. That I have, lady; if it will please Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself. 30

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

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

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

Portia. I must go in.—Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus, 40
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!—
Sure, the boy heard me.—Brutus hath a suit,
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow faint!—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to thy lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

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

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

Caesar. The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.

Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's
a suit

That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

Caesar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.

Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Caesar. What! is the fellow mad?

Publius. Sirrah, give place. ¹⁰

Cassius. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

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

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

Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?

Popilius. Fare you well. [*Advances to Caesar.*

Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?

Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

Cassius. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.—²⁰
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

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

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

[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and the
Senators take their seats.*]

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

Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second him.

Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.³⁰

Casca. Are we all ready?

Caesar. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?

Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant
Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.— [Kneeling.]

Caesar. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordination and first degree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,
 To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood 40
 That will be thaw'd from the true quality
 With that which melteth fools,—I mean sweet words,
 Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
 Thy brother by decree is banished;
 If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
 I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
 Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
 Will he be satisfied.

Metellus. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
 To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear 50
 For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

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

Caesar. What, Brutus!

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

Caesar. 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, 60
 Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
 There is no fellow in the firmament.
 The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;
 They are all fire, and every one doth shine;
 But there's but one in all doth hold his place.
 So in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,
 And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
 Yet, in the number, I do know but one

That unassailable holds on his rank,
 Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
 Let ~~me~~ [new little show.it](http://www.littlejohn.it), even in this,—
 That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cinna. O Cæsar.

Caesar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Decius. Great Cæsar,—

Caesar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*Casca stabs Caesar in the neck. Caesar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.*]

Caesar. Et tu, Brute!—Then, fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.*]

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, ⁸⁰
 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

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

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

Should chance—

Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer; ⁹⁰

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

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

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

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.

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

Brutus. Fates! we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

Brutus. Grant that, and then is death a benefit;
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads, 110
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Cassius. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

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

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

Decius. What! shall we forth?

Cassius. Ay, every man away; ¹²⁰
Brutus shall lead, and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a Servant.

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

Servant. Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say:
Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving.
Say I love Brutus and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him, and lov'd him. ¹³⁰
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse. ¹⁴⁰
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.

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

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

Cassius. 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.

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

Antony. O mighty Cæsar! Dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils, 150
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank;
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years, 160
I shall not find myself so apt to die;
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

Brutus. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands
And this the bleeding business they have done.
Our hearts you see not: they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome—

As fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
 Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
 To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
 Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts
 Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,
 With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

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

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.
 Let each man render me his bloody hand:
 First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—
 Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;—
 Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;—
 Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca, yours;—
 Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,—alas! what shall I say?

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

That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true!
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy Antony making his peace,
 Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
 Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
 Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,

Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
 It would become me better than to close
 In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
 Pardon me, Julius!—Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
 Here didst thou fall, and here thy hunters stand,
 Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.—
 O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
 And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
 How like a deer stricken by many princes
 Dost thou here lie!

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

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

Cassius. 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?

Antony. 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.

Brutus. 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.

Antony. 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.

230

Brutus. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cassius. Brutus, a word with you.—

[*Aside*] 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?

Brutus. By your pardon;—

I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Cæsar's death;
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Cæsar shall
 Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.

240

It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cassius. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Brutus. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.

You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
 And say you do't by our permission;

Else shall you not have any hand at all
 About his funeral. And you shall speak

250

In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
 After my speech is ended.

Antony. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Brutus. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*]

Antony. 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 hands that shed this costly blood!
 Over thy wounds now do I prophesy, 260
 Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
 And dreadful objects so familiar,
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds; 270
 And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
 With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
 Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
 Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
 That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
 With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

Antony. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming, 280
 And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!— [*Seeing the body.*]

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

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

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanced.

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

290

SCENE II. *The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

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

1 *Citizen.* I will hear Brutus speak.

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

When severally we hear them rendered.

10

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.*

3 *Citizen.* The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear; believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe; censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love, joy for his fortune, honour for his valour, and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak, for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak, for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. 32

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. 33

Enter ANTONY and others, with Caesar's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself when it shall please my country to need my death. ⁴⁴

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

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

3 *Citizen.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Citizen.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Citizen.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours. 59

Brutus. My countrymen,—

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

1 *Citizen.* Peace, ho!

Brutus. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony;
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony
By our permission is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Citizen.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony. 60

3 *Citizen.* Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

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

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

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

4 *Citizen.* 'Twere best we speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Citizen.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

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

2 *Citizen.* Peace, let us hear what Antony can say. 60

Antony. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

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

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them,

The good is oft interred with their bones;

So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,

And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—

For Brutus is an honourable man,

80

So are they all, all honourable men,—

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.

He was my friend, faithful and just to me:

But Brutus says he was ambitious;

And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,

Whose ransom did the general coffers fill;

Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?

When that the poor hath cried, Cæsar hath wept;

Ambition should be made of sterner stuff.

90

Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 You all did see that on the Lupercal
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.
 I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Citizen.* Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

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

3 *Citizen.* Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Citizen.* Mark'd ye his words? He would not take
 the crown; 110

Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

Antony. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
 Have stood against the world; now lies he there,

And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were dispos'd to stir

Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, 120

I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,

Who, you all know, are honourable men.

I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,

Than I will wrong such honourable men.

But here 's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;

I found it in his closet; 't is his will.

Let but the commons hear this testament,—

Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds, 130

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.

‡ *Citizen.* We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark Antony.

All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

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

It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.

You are not wood, you are not stones, but men; 140

And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad.

'T is good you know not that you are his heirs;

For if you should, O, what would come of it?

‡ *Citizen.* Read the will! we 'll hear it, Antony!

You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?

I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.

I fear I wrong the honourable men

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it. 150

4 *Citizen.* They were traitors! Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 *Citizen.* They were villains, murtherers! The will!

Read the will!

Antony. You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,

And let me show you him that made the will.

Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

All. Come down. 159

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

3 *Citizen.* You shall have leave.

4 *Citizen.* A ring; stand round.

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

2 *Citizen.* Room for Antony!—most noble Antony!

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

All. Stand back! room! bear back!

Antony. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on;

'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent, 170

That day he overcame the Nervii.

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;

See what a rent the envious Casca made;

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;

And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,

Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;

For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov'd him! 180

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
 For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.

O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us. 190

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

1 *Citizen.* O, piteous spectacle!

2 *Citizen.* O, noble Cæsar!

3 *Citizen.* O, woful day!

4 *Citizen.* O, traitors, villains!

1 *Citizen.* O, most bloody sight!

2 *Citizen.* We will be reveng'd! 200

All. Revengé! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!

Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Antony. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Citizen.* Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.

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

Antony. 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. 210

What private griefs they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:

I am no orator, as Brutus is,

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That 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, 220

To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;

I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me: but, were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All. We'll mutiny.

1 *Citizen.* We'll burn the house of Brutus. 230

3 *Citizen.* Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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

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

Antony. 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.

Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives. 240

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

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

3 *Citizen.* O, royal Cæsar!

Antony. Hear me with patience.

All. Peace, ho!

Antony. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,

His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,

And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. 250

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?

1 *Citizen.* Never, never!—come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,

And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

2 *Citizen.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Citizen.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Citizen.* Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens, with the body.]

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow? 260

Enter a Servant.

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Antony. Where is he?

Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Antony. 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.

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

Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people, ²⁶⁹
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *A Street.*

Enter CINNA the Poet.

Cinna. I dream'd to-night that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy.
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Citizen.* What is your name?

2 *Citizen.* Whither are you going?

3 *Citizen.* Where do you dwell?

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

2 *Citizen.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Citizen.* Ay, and briefly. 10

4 *Citizen.* Ay, and wisely.

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

Cinna. 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 *Citizen.* That's as much as to say, they are fools that
marry;—you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed;
directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral. 20

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

Cinna. As a friend.

2 *Citizen*. That matter is answered directly.

4 *Citizen*. For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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

Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

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

4 *Citizen*. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for
his bad verses. 31

Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *A Room in Antony's House.* ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Octavius. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Antony. He shall not live; look, with a spot I 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.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here? 10

Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*]

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

Octavius. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
 He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
 To groan and sweat under the business,
 Either led or driven, as we point the way;
 And having brought our treasure where we will,
 Then take we down his load and turn him off,
 Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
 And graze in commons.

20

Octavius. You may do your will;
 But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

Antony. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
 I do appoint him store of provender.

30

It is a creature that I teach to fight,
 To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
 His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
 And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
 He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;
 A barren-spirited fellow, one that feeds
 On objects, arts, and imitations
 Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion. Do not talk of him
 But as a property.—And now, Octavius,
 Listen great things. Brutus and Cassius
 Are levying powers; we must straight make head:
 Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
 Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
 And let us presently go sit in council,
 How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
 And open perils surest answered.

40

Octavius. 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, 50
Millions of mischiefs. [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II. *Before the tent of Brutus, in the Camp near
Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, and Soldiers;
PINDARUS meeting them; LUCIUS at a distance.

Brutus. Stand, ho!

Lucilius. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Brutus. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

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

[*Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.*

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

Pindarus. I do not doubt 10
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.

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

Lucilius. 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.

Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
A hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay 20

It useth an enforced ceremony.
 There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
 But hollow men, ~~any like horses~~ ~~hot~~ at hand,
 Make gallant show and promise of their mettle,
 But when they should endure the bloody spur
 They fall their crests, and like deceitful jades
 Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

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

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

Brutus. Hark, he is arriv'd.— 30

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cassius. Stand, ho!

Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

1 *Soldier.* Stand.

2 *Soldier.* Stand.

3 *Soldier.* Stand.

Cassius. 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?

Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs,
 And when you do them— 41

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.

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

Brutus. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man 50
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Within the tent of Brutus.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

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

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 10
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

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

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And Chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March remem-
ber!

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

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

Brutus. Go to; you are not, 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 further.

Brutus. Away, slight 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 stares?

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

Brutus. All this? Ay, more. Fret till your proud
 heart break;

Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
 And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
 Must I observe you? Must I stand and crouch

Under your testy humour? By the gods,
 You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
 Though it do split you; for from this day forth
 I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
 When you are waspish.

Cassius. Is it come to this? 50

Brutus. 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.

Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
 Brutus;

I said an elder soldier, not a better:
 Did I say better?

Brutus. If you did, I care not.

Cassius. When Cæsar liv'd he durst not thus have
 mov'd me.

Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
 him.

Cassius. I durst not? 60

Brutus. No.

Cassius. What? durst not tempt him?

Brutus. For your life you durst not.

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

Brutus. You have done that you should be sorry for.
 There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
 For I am armed so strong in honesty
 That they pass by me as the idle wind
 Which I respect not. I did send to you
 For certain sums of gold, which you denied me;— 70

For I can raise no money by vile means:
 By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
 And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
 By any indirection.—I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions,
 Which you denied me. Was that done like Cassius?
 Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
 When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
 To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
 Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
 Dash him to pieces!

80

Cassius. I denied you not.

Brutus. You did.

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

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

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

Cassius. You love me not.

Brutus. I do not like your faults.

Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
 As huge as high Olympus.

91

Cassius. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius!

For Cassius is aweary of the world;
 Hated by one he loves, brav'd by his brother,
 Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observ'd,
 Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,

To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
 My spirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
 And here my naked breast; within, a heart 100
 Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
 If that thou beest a Roman, take it forth.
 I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
 Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
 Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.

Brutus. Sheathe 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, 110
 Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
 And straight is cold again.

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

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

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

Brutus. And my heart too.

Cassius. O Brutus!—

Brutus. What's the matter?

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

Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, 120
 When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
 He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

[*Noise within.*]

Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals:
There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet
They be alone.

Lucilius. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.

Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius. 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. 130

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

Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence!

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

Brutus. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time.
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools!—
Companion, hence!

Cassius. Away, away! be gone! [*Exit Poet.*]

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

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

Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine. 140

Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry.

Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs!

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

Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead.

Cassius. Ha! Portia?

Brutus. She is dead.

Cassius. How scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?—
O, insupportable and touching loss!—
Upon what sickness?

Brutus. Impatient of my absence, 150
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong;—for with her death
That tidings came.—With this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cassius. And died so?

Brutus. Even so.

Cassius. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS *with wine and tapers.*

Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of
wine.—

In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. [Drinks.]

Cassius. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup; 160

I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.]

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Brutus. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Messala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities.

Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?

Brutus. No more, I pray you.—
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

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

Brutus. With what addition? 170

Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus
Have put to death ~~with~~ ⁱⁿ ~~hundred~~ ^{hundreds} senators.

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

Cassius. Cicero one?

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

Brutus. No, Messala.

180

Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

Brutus. Nothing, Messala.

Messala. That, methinks, is strange.

Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?

Messala. No, my lord.

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

Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die, Messala.
With meditating that she must die once,

I have the patience to endure it now.

190

Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.

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

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

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cassius. This it is:

'T is better that the enemy seek us;

So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
 Doing himself offence, whilst we lying still
 Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

200

Brutus. Good reasons must, of course, 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.

Cassius. Hear me, good brother.

210

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

220

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

Brutus. 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!

Cassius. No more. Good night!

Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.—[*Exit Lucius.*] Farewell,
good Messala!—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius, 230

Good night, and good repose!

Cassius. O my dear brother,

This was an ill beginning of the night;

Never come such division 'tween our souls!

Let it not, Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord!

Brutus. Good night, good brother!

Titinius, Messala. Good night, lord Brutus!

Brutus. Farewell, every one.—

[*Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.*]

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men; 240

I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;

L. of C.

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: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—

Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so; 259
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [*Servants lie down.*]

Lucius. 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?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

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

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time of rest. 260

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.— [*Music and a song.*]

This is a sleepy tune.—O murtherous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music!—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee.

If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument:
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.— 270

Let me see, let me see,—is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He sits down.*]

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

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

I think it is the weakness of my eyes

That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,

That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?

Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Brutus. Why com'st thou? 280

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

Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—

Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—

Claudius!

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.

Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—

Lucius, awake! 290

Lucius. My lord!

Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst
out?

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

Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?

Lucius. Nothing, my lord.

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

Fellow thou! awake!

Varro. My lord!

Claudius. My lord!

Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep? ³⁰⁰

Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?

Brutus. Ay; saw you any thing?

Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Claudius. Nor I, my lord.

Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt.]

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Plains of Philippi.*

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

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

Antony. 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 't is not so.

19

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.

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

Octavius. Upon the right hand I: keep thou the left.

Antony. Why do you cross me in this exigent? ²⁰

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

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

Brutus. They stand and would have parley.

Cassius. Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

Octavius. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

Antony. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Octavius. Stir not until the signal.

Brutus. Words before blows; is it so, countrymen?

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

Brutus. Good words are better than bad strokes,

Octavius.

Antony. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words. 30

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

Cassius.

Antony,

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

Antony.

Not stingless too.

Brutus. O, yes, and soundless too;

For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Antony. Villains, you did not so when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar: 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet,
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!

Cassius. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourself;

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

Octavius. 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;

59

When think you that the sword goes up again?

Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds

Be well aveng'd, or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors:

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Octavius. So I hope;

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

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

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.

61

Antony. Old Cassius still!

Octavius. Come, Antony; away!—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their Army.*]

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

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

Brutus. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucilius. My lord! [*Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.*]

Cassius. Messala!

Messala. What says my general?

Cassius.

Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala;
 Be thou my witness that against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compell'd to set
 Upon one battle all our liberties.

70

You know that I held Epicurus strong,
 And his opinion; now I change my mind,
 And partly credit things that do presage.
 Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
 Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch'd,
 Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands,
 Who to Philippi here consorted us:

80

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.

Messala. Believe not so.

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

90

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. Now, most noble Brutus,
 The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
 Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
 But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
 Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
 If we do lose this battle, then is this

The very last time we shall speak together;
 What are you then determined to do?

Brutus. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death 100
 Which he did give himself. I know not how,
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear 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.

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

Brutus. No, Cassius, no! think not, thou noble Roman,
 That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome; 110
 He bears too great a mind. But this same day
 Must end that work the ides of March begun;
 And whether we shall meet again I know not.
 Therefore our everlasting farewell take;
 For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
 If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
 If not, why, then this parting was well made.

Cassius. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
 If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
 If not, 't is true, this parting was well made. 120

Brutus. 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.**Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.*www.libtool.com.cn

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

SCENE III. *Another Part of the Field.**Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.*

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

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

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
 Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord! 10
 Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

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

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. 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.

Titinius. I will be here again even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

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

[*Pindarus goes up.*

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?

Pindarus. [*Above*] O my lord!

Cassius. What news?

Pindarus. *Titinius* is enclosed round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;—
Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on him. 30
Now, *Titinius*!—

Now some light.—O, he lights, too.—He 's ta'en;—and,
hark!

They shout for joy. [*Shout.*

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

PINDARUS comes down.

Come hither, *sirrah*!
In *Parthia* did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath! 49
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through *Cæsar's* bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;

And when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
 Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
 Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [Dies.

Pindarus. 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, 49
 Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

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

Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Messala. Where did you leave him?

Titinius. All disconsolate,
 With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.

Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Titinius. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!

Messala. Is not that he?

Titinius. No, this was he, Messala,
 But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun! 60
 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.

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.—
 O hateful Error, Melancholy's child!
 Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv'd,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth, 70
 But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.

Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus!

Messala. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
 The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
 Into his ears;—I may say, thrusting it,
 For piercing steel and darts envenomed
 Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
 As tidings of this sight.

Titinius. Hie you, Messala.
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit Messala.*
 Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? ⁸⁰
 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; ⁸⁹
 Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO,
 STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

Brutus. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Messala. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Brutus. 'Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Brutus. O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
 Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
 In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

Cato. Brave Titinius!
 Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?—
 The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
 It is impossible that ever Rome 100
 Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears
 To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
 I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
 Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body;
 His funerals shall not be in our camp,
 Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;—
 And come, young Cato; let us to the field.—
 Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—
 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night 109
 We shall try fortune in a second fight. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

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

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
 I will proclaim my name about the field.—
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
 I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [*Charges the enemy.*

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

[*Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered,*
and falls.

Lucilius. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
 Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius, 10
 And mayst be honour'd, being Cato's son.

1 *Soldier*. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucilius. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[*Offering money.*]

Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

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

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

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

Enter ANTONY.

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

Antony. Where is he?

Lucilius. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough. 20

I dare assure thee that no enemy

Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus;

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,

He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Antony. 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, 30

And bring us 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.*

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

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

Brutus. Sit thee down, *Clitus.* Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, *Clitus.* [*Whispering.*

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

Brutus. Peace then! No words.

Clitus. I'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, *Dardanius!* [*Whispers him.*

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O *Dardanius!*

Dardanius. O *Clitus!*

19

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

Dardanius. To kill him, *Clitus.* Look, he meditates.

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

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

Volumnius. What says my lord?

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

Volumnius. Not so, my lord.

20

Brutus. 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 on. Good *Volumnius*,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together;
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts whilst I run on it.

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

[*Alarum still.*

Clitus. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here. ³⁹

Brutus. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you, *Volumnius.*—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,

My heart doth joy that yet in all my life

I found no man but he was true to me.

I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony

By this vile conquest shall attain unto.

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

Hath almost ended his life's history. 40

Night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest,

That have but labored to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'*

Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!

Brutus. Hence; I will follow.—

[*Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.*

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.

Thou art a fellow of a good respect;

Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:

Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face

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

Strato. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.

Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still; ⁵⁰
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

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

*Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA,
LUCILIUS, and the Army.*

Octavius. What man is that?

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

Strato. 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.

Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee,
Brutus,

That thou hast prov'd Lucilius' saying true.

Octavius. All that serv'd Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? 61

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

Octavius. Do so, good Messala.

Messala. How died my master, Strato?

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

Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.

Antony. This was the noblest Roman of them all.

All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar; 70
He only, in a general honest thought
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'

Octavius. 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, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day.

80

[*Exeunt.*]

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NOTES TO JULIUS CÆSAR

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A constant use of the dictionary in the study of this play will accomplish a two-fold purpose: First, it will prevent the necessity of filling a text-book with unnecessary notes of explanation; and secondly, it will lead to a habit on the part of the student of acquiring knowledge from reliable sources.

In the study of the play there are two extreme methods. One is in altogether ignoring the construction for the sake of following the "story" of the play; the other is in an exhaustive study of construction. The wise teacher will not be ruled entirely by either method.

M. H. McC.

ABBREVIATIONS USED.

Adjective	<i>Adj.</i>
Adverb	<i>Adv.</i>
Dictionary	<i>Dict.</i>
Figure	<i>Fig.</i>
Grammar	<i>Gram.</i>
Macbeth	<i>Mac.</i>
Obsolete	<i>Obs.</i>
Rhetorical	<i>Rhet.</i>
Shakespeare	<i>Shak.</i>

NOTES.

ACT I.

Scene I.—3. *Being mechanical.* Being mechanics. The use of *mechanical* as a noun is obsolete.

4. *A laboring day.* *Laboring* is here a verbal noun used adjectively.

12. *Answer me directly.* Without ambiguity.

14-26. *Mender of bad soles; if you be out; all that I live by is with the awl; withal I am indeed.* Note the cobbler's puns in every sentence. A little touch of humor by which Shak. lightened tragedy.

45. *That Tiber trembled.* Omission of *so* before *that*.

46. *Replication.* Reply to. Note etymology of the word.

61. *Metal.* Or mettle.

65. *Decked with ceremonies.* In this case, "scarfs" hung on Caesar's images. See I, 2, 275.

67. *Lupercal.* In honor of Lupercus, the Roman god of fertility, a feast was celebrated in Rome in the month of February each year. Among the other ceremonies of the day, the Luperci or priests of Lupercus ran naked through the streets striking the people with leather thongs. This was to symbolize the purification of the people and the land.

73. *Pitch.* A term used in falconry.

Scene II.—3. In honor of Caesar a third body or college of Luperci had been added to the two original ones. Antony was at the head of the third, hence his part in the ceremony on this occasion.

11. *Set on.* Go on.

15. *Press.* Crowd.

17. *Ides of March.* In the Roman calendar the Ides were on the 15th day of March, May, July, and October, and on the 13th of the other months.

23. *Sennet.* A signal-call on a trumpet for exit or entrance on the stage.

27. *Quick*. Sprightly.
36. *Merely*. Absolutely.
37. *Passions of some difference*. Conflicting ideas and opinions.
47. *Cogitations*. Contemplations.
55. *Best respect*. Greatest respectability.
67. *Jealous on me*. Suspicious of me.
68. *A common laugh*. More properly, a common lover.
69. *To stale*. That is, to make common.
73. *Profess*. Obsolete use. (See Dict.)
82. *Set honour in one eye*, etc. Evidently Brutus set honor above life, and valued it none too dearly bought at the price of his life.
84. *Speed*. Prosper.
87. *Your outward favor*. Your personal appearance.
105. *Hearts of controversy*. Spirits that warred against the anger of the stream.
106. *Arrive*. The transitive use of the verb is now obsolete.
118. *Coward lips*. Metaphor; as, a soldier flying from his colors.
120. *His lustre*. Its lustre.
125. *Feeble temper*. Temperament.
148. *Great flood*. Deucalion flood.
152. *Rome-room*. The assumption is that the former pronunciation of "Rome" was "Room."
155. *There was a Brutus once*. Lucius Junius Brutus, who expelled Tarquin the Proud from Rome in an early day.
159. *I have some aim*. Some conjecture.
167. *Chew upon this*. Ruminates.
182. *Such ferret and such fiery eyes*. The ferret's eyes are red.
188. *Let me have men*, etc. Cassius was jealous of Cæsar, and by this and the succeeding speech of Cæsar he evidently feared Cassius. In the second speech a very fine characterization is presented.
190. *Yond*. Yonder. (Obs.)
193. *Well given*. Well disposed.
200. *He hears no music*. Compare M. of V.—V., 1, 83: "The man that hath no music," etc.
209. *Come on my right hand*. A touch of naturalness, common in the writing of Shak.
224. *Marry*. Obsolete. (See Dict.)
233. *Coronets*. A laurel wreath. The incident of offering the

crown was an unfortunate one. It served to hasten on the work of the conspiracy against Cæsar.

248. *No, Cæsar hath it not, etc.* Note how quickly Cassius took hold of every means to enforce his purpose.

253. *No true man.* Honest man.

257. *Ope his doublet.* Doublets were worn in Shakspeare's, not Cæsar's, time.

258. *A man of any occupation.* A mechanic, or a busy man; possibly both. Casca was a patrician, therefore he had no "occupation."

259. *At a word.* At his word.

273. *All Greek.* Casca did not speak Greek. Hence his joke.

286. *Quick mettle.* Sharp, keen metal as contrasted with present bluntness.

300. *From that it is disposed.* From that to which it is disposed.

303. *Doth bear me hard.* Bears a grudge. See II., 1, 215: "Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard."

306. *In several hands.* I. e., handwritings.

Scene III.—3. *Sway of earth.* "The balanced swing of earth." (Craik.)

4. *Unfirm.* Shak. uses unfirm for infirm.

23. *Upon a heap.* Crowded together.

26. *Bird of night.* Compare Macbeth—II., 3, 40.

30. *These are the reasons.* Such and such. See II., 1, 31: "Would run to these and these extremities."

32. *Climate.* Clime.

35. *Clean from the purpose.* Entirely away from.

42. *What night.* What a night.

49. *Thunder-stone.* Thunderbolt, formerly believed to be a stone.

64. *Quality and kind.* Change from their own kind.

65. *Old men fool, etc.* Old men lose wisdom and children possess unnatural judgment.

71. *Unto some monstrous state.* Condition.

76. *Prodigious grown.* Portentous. (Obs.)

94. *Can be retentive.* Can retain.

113. *My answer must be made.* I shall be called to answer for it.

115. *Fleering.* Grinning, leering.

Hold my hand. Take my hand. Hold, used as an interjection.

117. *Be factious*. This has several interpretations. Perhaps the most satisfactory is the present common use of *factious*. (See Dict.)

122. *Undergo*. Undertake.

123. *Honorable-dangerous*. Note the full meaning of this well-chosen adj.

125. *In Pompey's porch*. A building connected with Pompey's Theater, in the Campus Martius.

134. *One incorporate to our attempt*. One made a part of or included in our attempt.

151. *Pompey's Theater*. This building was large enough to accommodate forty thousand persons. It was first opened by Pompey in 55 B. C. He and Julius Cæsar both sought by games and other amusements to divert the minds of the people from too close a scrutiny of political movements.

161. *Conceited*. Conceived.

ACT II.

Scene I. Brutus' Orchard means rather gardens, or private grounds.

12. *But for the general*. *I. e.*, general cause.

15. *Crown him?—that*. Concede that to be done.

19. *Remorse*. Mercy.

21. *Common proof*. A common result or experience.

24. *Upmost round*. Top round, farthest round.

29. *Will bear no colour*. Cannot be justified by any fault in Cæsar.

30. *Fashion it thus*. Fashion it as follows: *that what he is*, etc.

40. *Ides of March*. Nearly a month after the Lupercalia, which occurred in February.

53. *My ancestors*, etc. The allusion of Cassius to the elder Brutus in the preceding act took hold on Brutus' mind.

66. *The genius and the mortal instruments*. *Genius*, the spiritual, rational part of man. *Mortal instruments*, the bodily powers of man by which the *genius* may be manifested.

70. *Your brother Cassius*. Cassius was a brother-in-law.

72. *Moe*. More.

73. *Hats*. Roman's wore no hats. Such anachronisms are not uncommon in Shak.'s writings.

76. *By any mark of favor*. See I., 2, 87.

78. *Shamest thou.* Art thou ashamed?
83. *Path.* (See Dict.)
85. *Prevention.* Hindrance. (Obs.)
104. *Fret.* Study etymology, and note fineness of the rhet. fig.
108. *Weighing.* Considering.
112. *All over.* All included.
114. *Face.* Appearance.
119. *By lottery.* As determined by chance.
125. *Secret Romans.* Romans bound to secrecy.
129. *Cautious.* (See Dict.)
130. *Carrions.* (See Dict.)
135. *To think.* By thinking.
138. *A several bastardy.* Baseness. Lacking in genuineness.
150. *Break with him.* Break the matter to him.
160. *Annoy.* See I., 3, 22.
164. *Envy.* Malice. (Obs.)
187. *Take thought.* Of himself alone.
192. *Count the clock.* Another anachronism.
196. *Main.* Strong, unqualified.
215. *Doth bear Caesar hard.* See I., 2, 303.
218. *Go along by him.* By his house.
224. *Fresh and merrily.* An instance of gram. irregularity in the use of adj. and adv.
227. *Formal constancy.* Dignified bearing. See Mac. I., 4, 12: "There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." Also George Eliot's *Romola*, Chap. IV: "A perfect traitor should have a face that vice can write no marks on—lips that will lie with a dimpled smile—eyes of such agate-like brightness and depth that no infamy can dull them—cheeks that will rise from a murder and not look haggard."
231. *No figures and no fantasies.* Compare Mac. II., 2, 23: "After life's fitful fever," etc.
- However much of "formal constancy" Brutus bore when abroad in Rome, at his home the burden of his undertaking weighed heavily upon him, and revealed itself in restless sleeplessness, and moodiness, and impatience.
251. *His hour.* Its hour.
254. *Prevailed on your condition.* Your mental state.
261. *Is it physical?* (Obsolete use of physical.)
283. *In sort or limitation.* Only to a limited degree.

307. *All my engagements.* All the pledges I have entered into.
 315. *To wear a kerchief.* A covering for the head of the sick in the time of Shak., not Cæsar.
 323. *An exorcist.* According to Shak., one who raises a spirit always; whereas its real meaning is one who drives it away.
 324. *Mortified.* Dead, or deadened.

Scene II.—5. *Present.* Immediate.

13. *Ceremonies.* Auguries. See II., 1, 197.
 25. *Beyond all use.* Beyond all that which is customary or natural.
 58. *All hail.* A term used in saluting kings.
 67. *Greybeards.* A term of contempt.
 72. *Enough to satisfy.* Enough for me to do in order to satisfy.
 76. *To-night.* Last night.
 89. *Cognizance.* A badge. A term of heraldry.
 96-7. *A mock . . . rendered.* A taunt made in reply.
 103. *Love to your proceeding.* Interest in your career.
 104. *Liable.* Subject.
 128. *That every like, etc.* "That to be like the thing is not always to be the thing." (Craik.)

Scene III.—6. *Security.* Confidence, or over-confidence.

7. *Lover.* Friend.
 12. *Teeth of emulation.* Envy's attacks.

Scene IV.—6. *Constancy.* Firmness.

9. *To keep counsel.* To keep a secret.
 18. *Rumour.* Murmur of noises.
 20. *Sooth.* In truth.
 37. *Void.* Open.

ACT III.

Scene I.—25. *Change.* Change color.

29. *Addressed.* Ready.
 36. *Couchings.* Obs. use.
 39. *Law of children.* Changeable whims of children.
Be not fond. Not so foolish.
 47. *Cæsar doth not wrong, etc.* Publius Cimber was banished by decree. There must be cause to set aside that decree before Cæsar will recall it.
 60. *I am constant.* Compare I., 2, 208: "Always I am Cæsar."

67. *Apprehensive*. Endowed with the power of apprehension, with reason.

77. *Et tu, Brute*. An expression not to be found in any Latin author. It is found in [villibonell.com/two](http://www.villibonell.com/two) other plays written in Shakespeare's time.

95. *Abide this deed*. Answer for it.

112. *How many ages hence*, etc. A true prophecy; for men have made the same mistake that Cassius made, ever since his time.

115. *In sport*. In dramatic presentation.

122. *Most boldest*. Double superlatives are frequent in Shak. (See III., 2, 181.)

132. *Be resolved*. Be satisfied, have his doubts removed.

146. *My misgiving still*, etc. My suspicions constantly are justified in the end.

153. *Let blood*. Let to bleed.

Rank. Sick from over-richness of blood.

160. *Live a thousand years*. Should I live.

161. *Apt to die*. Ready to die.

175. *In strength of malice*. A much-disputed passage. "Strong as if nerved by malice," is perhaps as satisfactory as any of the renderings. Note that Brutus offers *friendship*, while Cassius offers *spoils*.

182. *Deliver*. Declare.

193. *Conceit*. See I., 3, 161.

197. *Dearer*. More intensely.

207. *Crimsoned in thy lethe*. Evidently life-blood is compared to Lethe, the River of Forgetfulness. It is not a strongly put figure.

214. *Modesty*. Moderation.

216. *Compact*. Accent on second syllable.

217. *Pricked*. Marked. (See IV., 1, 1, 3, 16.)

229. *Produce*. Bear forth.

274. *Cry 'Havoc'*. The war-cry for indiscriminate slaughter.

Dogs of war. Famine, sword, and fire.

290. *No Rome for safety*. Refer to I., 2, 152.

Scene II.—13. *Lovers*. Friends. (See II., 3, 7.)

15. *Censure*. Judge.

35. *Question of his death*. A statement of the reasons for putting him to death.

37. *Enforced*. Exaggerated. Opposed to *extenuated*.

55. *Do grace*. Show respect.

63. *Beholding.* Beholden.

73. *The evil that men do, etc.* See Henry VIII.—IV., 2, 45: "Men's evil manners live in brass."

89. *When that.* "That" is redundant.

101. *To mourn.* ~~lil From mourning.~~

112. *Abide it.* (See III., 1, 95.)

118. *None so poor, etc.* No one, however humble, need show any respect to Cæsar.

131. *Napkins.* Obs. use. (See prophecy of Decius Brutus, II., 2, 89.)

171. *The Nervii.* The fiercest of the Belgic tribes. Conquest over them was one of Cæsar's greatest victories in his Gallic campaigns.

173. *Envious Casca.* Malicious Casca.

177. *Be resolved.* See III., 1, 132.

179. *Caesar's angel.* Best-loved friend. His "good angel" whom he trusted.

192. *Dint of pity.* Impress of pity.

195. *With traitors.* See III., 1, 269.

211. *Private griefs.* Personal grievances.

241. *Every several man.* Separate man.

Seventy-five drachmas. "The purchasing power of money was much greater then than now."

248. *On this side Tiber.* Cæsar's gardens were beyond or on the right bank of the Tiber, on the Janiculum Hill.

265. *Upon a wish.* Upon my wish; or, just as I was wishing for him.

269. *Belike.* Probably.

Scene III.—9. *Directly.* See I., 1, 12.

12. *You were best.* It were best for you.

18. *Bear me a bang.* That is, a blow.

34. *Turn him going.* Send him along.

ACT IV.

Scene I.—1. *Prick'd.* (See III., 1, 217.)

34. *In some taste.* In some measure.

41. *Listen.* Listen to, or hear.

47. *Answered.* Met, or faced.

- Scene II.—5. *To do you salutation.* To give, or to bring.
23. *Hollow.* Empty; not reliable.
26. *Fall their crests.* Shak. uses fall as a trans. verb in a few instances in his writings.
41. *Be content.* Contain or restrain yourself.
46. *Enlarge.* Set forth fully.
- Scene III.—2. *Noted.* Branded with disgrace.
8. *Every nice offence.* Every petty offence.
10. *Condemned to have.* For having.
32. *To make conditions.* "To arrange terms on which officers should confer." (Craik.)
37. *Slight man.* Insignificant and incapable.
75. *Any indirection.* By indirect or dishonest ways.
94. *Aweary of the world.* See Mac. V., 5, 49: "I 'gin to be aweary of the sun."
108. *Dishonour shall be humour.* Any indignity shall be regarded as mere caprice.
135. *These jiggling fools.* These rhyming fools.
226. *Niggard.* Used as a verb.
260. *Young bloods.* See I., 2, 147.
278. *Stare.* Stand up.

ACT V.

- Scene III.—43. *The hills.* Shak. uses *hills* for *hill*, five times.
65. *Mistrust of my success.* See II., 2, 6.
- Scene IV.—2. *What bastard doth not.* See II., 1, 138.
- Scene V.—81. *Part the glories.* Share or divide them.

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