

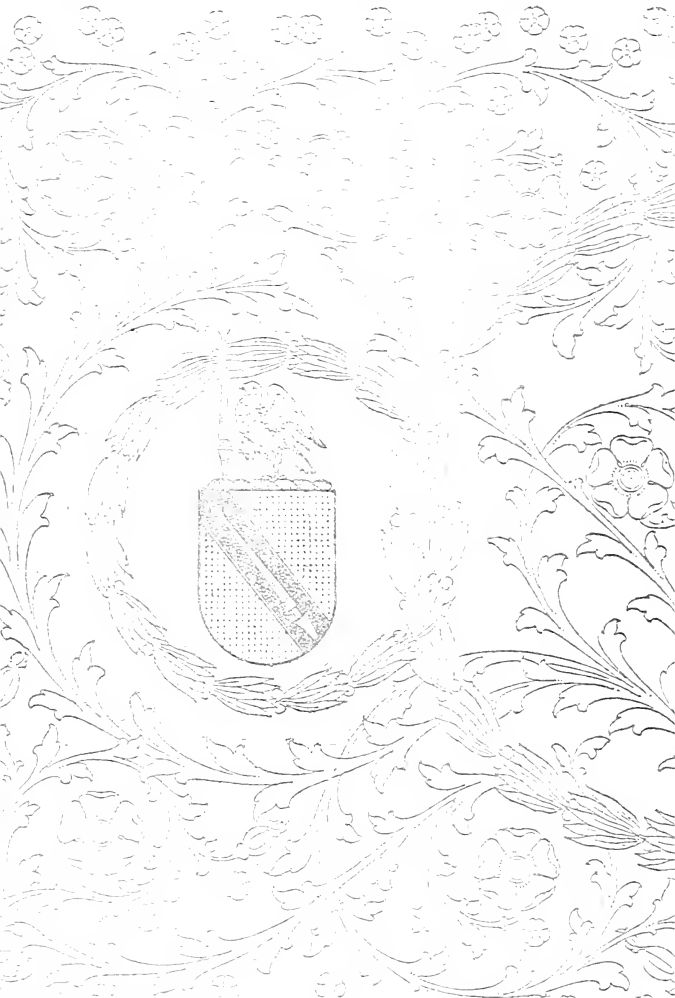
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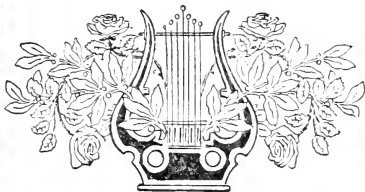
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Julius Cæsar

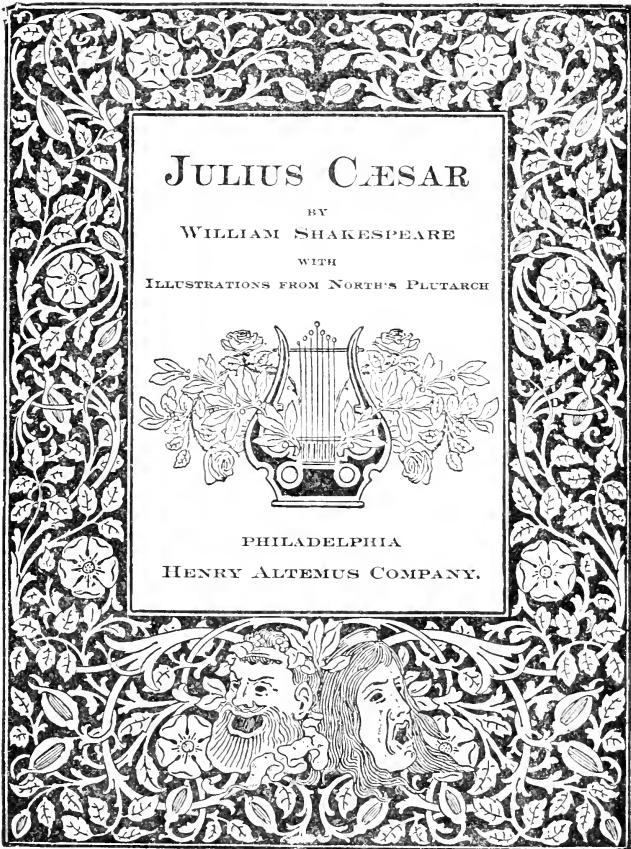
ACT · I · SC · II ··

JULIUS CÆSAR

BY
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE
WITH
ILLUSTRATIONS FROM NORTH'S PLUTARCH



PHILADELPHIA
HENRY ALTEMUS COMPANY.



INTRODUCTION.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Julius Cæsar* was not printed before it appeared in the first folio, of 1623, but there is good reason for believing it to have been written in or before the year 1601. Its date of production might be, therefore, between *King Henry V.* and *Hamlet*; but Shakespeare more frequently produced two plays than one in a year.

Mr. Halliwell-Phillips has pointed out that in a book published in 1601—Weaver's "Mirror of Martyrs"—there is distinct reference to the Forum Scene in the Third Act of Shakespeare's play :

"The many-headed multitude were drawne
By Brutus' speech, that Cæsar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antonie had showne
His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

This allusion places beyond question the fact that the stanza in Drayton's "Barons' Wars," published in 1603, which gives a character of Mortimer resembling Antony's character of Brutus in the last

scene of *Julius Cæsar*, was suggested by a passage in Shakespeare's play. This was the stanza :

"Such one he was, of him we boldly say,
 In whose rich soul all sovereign powers did suit,
 For whom in peace the elements all lay
 So mixed, as none could sovereignty impute ;
 As all did govern, yet all did obey :
 His lively temper was so absolute
 That 't seemed, when Heaven his model first began,
 In him it showed perfection in a man."

Revision of the poem for the edition of 1619 made the resemblance even more distinct, its last couplet being corrected into :

"As that it seemed, when Nature him began,
 She meant to show all that might be in man."

Shakespeare had made Antony say of Brutus :

"His life was gentle ; and the elements
 So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
 And say to all the world, this was a man."

Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar* is a play of government, but it is not enough merely to say that it represents government in its chief forms. The sweep of the story brings before us—in Rome the old centre of rule—unstable populace, democratic tribunes, republicans in their two main types, as the practical republican whose thought is for him-

self, and the philosophical whose thought is for the world ; it paints in feeble man the groed of empire, and tyrannicide as worse than fruitless ; shows oligarchy risen from the ruins with a tyranny far greater than that from which the bare mistrust had caused escape to be sought by murder ; it paints civil war, and includes foreshadowings of the disunion between chiefs of equal power. Their strife is shown in the play of *Antony and Cleopatra*, that continues the sequence of events to the final triumph of Octavius.

There is all this, no doubt, furnishing material for the two stories ; and Shakespeare, as in preceding plays, made use of the historical groundwork as a parable against sedition and a warning of the ills of civil war, while the direct human interest, the centre of action, might lie in something else. So in this pair of plays, one, *Antony and Cleopatra*, has its centre in the house of the strange woman by whom many strong men have been slain. But in *Julius Cæsar* the centre of human interest is the centre also of the question of government. Religious men, opposed to her in faith, had more than onco plotted the assassination of Elizabeth ; and that the death of the childless queen might, whenever it happened, bring on another contest for the crown,

was in the latter years of Elizabeth's reign widely feared. But a true dramatist like Shakespeare will never place the point of unity, the centre of crystallisation, so to speak, with which every line in a good play, poem, picture, statue, song, or whatever else may claim to be a work of art, has its relation, in anything so abstract and impersonal as the mere conception of government. The central thought of a play of Shakespeare's is to be found always in some one human truth that strikes home to the soul of some one man, through whom it passes insensibly into the souls of all who have been interested in his story.

Which, then, of the persons in this play of *Julius Caesar* is the one upon whom Shakespeare seeks especially to fix attention? Beyond question, it is Brutus. The centre of interest will lie in him. Shunning, as we must always, the paths of dry speculation which invariably lead those who follow them to deserts far away from Shakespeare's track, we ask, as we must always, what is the most direct and obvious source of our strong human interest in the person whose fortunes are most continuously and visibly affected by the action of the plot. Brutus is represented as a man gentle and noble in the best sense of each word, the most perfect

character in Shakespeare, but for one great error in his life. All Rome had so much faith in his unblemished honour, that the conspirators who had determined to strike down Cæsar by assassination in the hour when he was about to grasp the sole dominion of Rome, strongly desired companionship of Brutus to give to their deed colour of right, and win for it more readily the assent of the people. There is in the blood of Brutus a love of liberty so strong that it is a virtue tending to excess. Upon this and upon his unselfish concern for the common good, his brother-in-law Cassius works, and by his working sways the scales of judgment, and leads Brutus to do evil that good may come of it. Not for ill done, but for mistrust of what might come, with no motive but the highest desire for his country's good, with no personal grudge in his heart, but a friend's affection for the man he struck, Brutus took part in an assassination. Portents are so inwoven with the action of the play as to suggest the presence of the gods in the affairs of men. The stroke that was to free Rome from a possible tyranny gave three tyrants for one, civil war for peace, and sent to a cruel death, by self-murder, the faithful wife who was dear to Brutus as the ruddy drops that visited his sad heart. The spirit of Cæsar

haunted Brutus as his evil spirit, and the last cry at Philippi was, "O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!" as Cæsar's chief assassins were dying by their own hands on the swords that stabbed him. Suggestions of the nature of the error flash out again and again from passages in the Fifth Act. Here is one. At bay on the Plains of Philippi, Cassius says to Brutus :

"If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together :
What are you then determinéd to do ? "

Brutus replies, with his own natural mind, applying to the killing of himself a reasoning that precisely applies also to the killing of Cæsar :

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

But the next question of Cassius drives the thought of Brutus from its place of rest, and sends it down the incline of that passion for liberty which makes him now as ready to kill himself as he before was to kill Cæsar. Cassius says :

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

Brutus. No, Cassius, no. Think not thou, noble
Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome ;
He bears too great a mind.”

The passion for freedom begets action that contradicts his calm unbiassed sense of right. So against right he had struck Cæsar—doing evil to find good—and brought down upon himself and his country greater evils than he had intended to avert. For the common good he committed crime from which, if it had been for himself, his soul would have recoiled. For it is no more true in public than in private life that good can come of evil done ; and let high politics stink as they may, there is no difference between public and private morality. The noblest motives in a man of purest character cannot turn moral wrong into political right, and the more completely Shakespeare impresses us with the ideal beauty of the character of Brutus, the more surely he brings home to us this truth.

Let us turn now to the conduct of the story which has this truth at its heart. The play opens at a time when there is general belief that Cæsar

desires an imperial crown, and on the fifteenth of February, "the Feast of Lupercal," celebrated annually in honour of a shepherd god, when Cæsar himself, having returned in triumph from the wars, hopes publicly to receive the crown from Antony, supported by the acclamations of the people. The fickle populace are in the streets. Their tribunes, who are expecting Cæsar's grasp at empire, meet them, chide them, drive them to their homes, pluck Cæsar's trophies from the images, and the last words of the scene clearly express their motive :

" These growing feathers plucked 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."

Here is the aim of Cæsar as seen from without by heads of the democracy.

The second scene shows Cæsar's aim in Cæsar himself, and as seen from without by the republicans. It tells the failure of that day's attempt upon the crown, and begins the tale of the conspiracy with the attempt of Cassius to bring Brutus into it. The scene opens with Cæsar passing to the games, and, as he hopes, to his crowning as King. But hope of empire brings

with it to the childless man desire for a direct heir to the throne. This thought underlies the first words spoken by Cæsar in the play, addressed to his wife and to Antony, who is stripped for the course, and whose touch in the chase, as he passed her, might remove sterility. The same ten lines of the opening of the scene paint Cæsar so far risen above surrounding men that he is treated as a god; and afterwards in his own speech, big with the sense of his sole dignity and power, he assumes the god. "I shall remember," Antony replies to the bidding that he should not forget, in his speed, to touch Calphurnia :

"When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed."

So men speak of Divine but not of human power. Upon this glorying in a vain sense of supreme power breaks the despised warning of the sooth-sayer, who bids Cæsar "beware the Ides of March." Cæsar passes with triumphal music in the hope to return crowned. Cassius remains to work on at his endeavour to bring Brutus into the conspiracy already formed for saving Rome from a sole master by killing Cæsar. The whole dialogue between them has this meaning. Distant shouts

of the people cause Brutus to express his fear that they 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."

In the dialogue between them Cassius is the speaker ; the words of Brutus are not answers to his persuasion, but detached expression of his own thought prompted once and again by the shouting of the people. And Cassius, though he is seeking to lead Brutus, is unable to put his argument upon ground higher than that which satisfies himself. It is based on personal resentment that another man should be accounted greater than himself. For this reason, Shakespeare has not allowed Brutus to speak a word that would associate his way of reasoning with that of Cassius. Only he asks at last that he may not be any farther moved ; but he is so far won that while indicating knowledge of his brother-in-law's aim, and willingness to find occasion to hear more :

"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."

Cæsar then passes, on his return from disappointment, with the angry spot upon his brow. The people, as we learn presently from Casca, had applauded, not the offer of the crown, but the show made of rejection, that it might be urged upon him by their voices. Vexation had been great enough to bring on an attack of the epilepsy to which he was subject, and as he passes he observes the eye of Cassius upon him, of Cassius "who looks quite through the deeds of men." His irritation of mind, blended with the knowledge of men that had helped Cæsar to power, then fastens upon Cassius, whom he describes to Antony with a real insight into the danger of his character which sums up what has been shown in the preceding argument of Cassius with Brutus:—

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

Then he assumes the god:

"I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear,—for *always I am Cæsar.*"

To which Shakespeare at once adds a dramatic

touch of irony on the frail man who speaks like an eternal power :

“ Come on my right side, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.”

When Casca has been plucked by the sleeve, and has told in terms bluntly contemptuous the tale of Cæsar's disappointment, Cassius does not part with him till he has bidden him to his house. Then Brutus parts from Cassius, with renewed indication that he may be won, since he is willing to hear more.

“ 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.”

“ Think of the world ! ” says Cassius in parting, consciously playing on his brother-in-law's unselfish devotion to whatever he may be brought to regard as the common good. That he knows himself to be playing with what selfish men regard as weakness in a nature higher than their own, Shakespeare shows by taking us down at once into the mind of Cassius. It is to be remembered always that a soliloquy or an aside in Shakespeare,

and in our English dramatists generally, represents unspoken thought :

——“ think of the world.

[*Exit Brutus.*

Well, Brutus, thou art noble ; yet, I see,
Thy honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed : therefore, 't is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes ;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced ?
Cæsar doth bear me hard ; but he loves Brutus :
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not humour me.”

And he plans then throwing writings in his way that seem to represent voices of Roman citizens—

——“ all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name ; wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at.”

Between the second and third scenes of the First Act a month has passed. The two first scenes of the play represent Cæsar's attempt to obtain the crown from the people in the middle of February, at the Feast of Lupercal. The story proceeds now to the fifteenth of March, when Cæsar sought to be crowned by the Senate. From the heavens in storm in the third scene of the First Act, to the full bursting of the storm of civil fury at the end of the Third Act, we are in

the Ides of March. The action extends over one night and day; the day of Cæsar's murder and the night before it.

Of the portents that formed part of Plutarch's record, Shakespeare makes throughout a poetical use, joining them with the course of events, to represent offended Heaven and the presence of a higher power in affairs of men. The conspirators are gathering in Pompey's porch, under "a tempest dropping fire," safe against observation in deserted streets. But Brutus is not yet enrolled among their number, although Cassius has so used the time that but a few words on the eve of Cæsar's second attempt to be crowned, a few words representing that the plan is formed, and that the blow will be struck against tyranny whether Brutus give it countenance or no, will be enough to win him. The conspirators are meeting in Pompey's porch; Cassius has not yet joined them, and Metellus Cimber has been sent to his house to fetch him. Under such conditions the scene opens with Casca meeting Cicero in the portentous storm that suggests

"Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction."

To Casca's recital of the prodigies that moved men's minds, Cicero's answer is—

“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 ? ”

Cæsar was to fall, not for ills done, but for the ills he might do if he wore a crown. “Mistrust of good success,” and “hateful Error, Melancholy's child,” would do this deed. So Cassius, next meeting Casca, interprets the signs in the heavens “clean from their purpose” as portending a just war against the tyranny of Cæsar :

“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.”

And Casca recalls that,

“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 has won Casca to fellowship in the conspiracy, when Cinna, who has been sent as a second messenger after Metellus Cimber to find the missing chief, interrupts their talk in the dark-

ness broken only by the meteors and lightning flashes.

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

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

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

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

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

Cas. Am I not stayed for ? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are. O Cassius ! If you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party."

Cassius is cool for action ; but in other men the storm that suggests anger of the gods begets fear that seeks shelter under the good name of Brutus, soul of honour, whom men trust for his known worth, and whom the gods must love. The act is closed with emphasis upon the reason for the strong endeavour to win assent from Brutus to the murdering of Cæsar. Casca says :

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

Cassius replies :

" Him, and his worth, and our great need of him,
You have right well conceited. Let us go,

For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him."

The first scene of the Second Act shows Brutus awake already, made sleepless by the thought that Cassius has for a month past been diligently prompting, with the aid of false shows of a Roman people calling upon Brutus to save Rome from the creation of a tyrant :

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

Now, on the night before Cæsar's second grasp towards a crown, which will be surely granted by the Senate in the Capitol, Brutus has left his bed, paces his orchard, wakens his boy, Lucius, to provide light in his study, reads by the light of exhalations whizzing in the air one of the misleading papers studiously set by Cassius in his way. We are shown by a soliloquy the reasons that have brought Brutus, through anguish of a mind at war within itself, to the belief that there is no way to secure the good of Rome except by Cæsar's death. Here Shakespeare represents Brutus as surrendering his better judgment to no good reason for an evil deed :

— " for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him.

But for the general
 to speak truth of Cæsar,
 I have not known when his affections swayed
 More than his reason."

But just men ambitious of a crown have often changed their nature, scorned the base degrees by which they rose, and had a sting put into them :—

"So Cæsar may :
 Then, lest he may, prevent."

There is no more than mistrust; no argument that could have swayed the mind of Brutus without help from Cassius, who had worked steadily, and with intimate knowledge of that hereditary zeal for liberty which might possibly be urged until it passed the bounds of reason in endeavour to secure the common good.

When Cassius brings the conspirators to Brutus in his orchard, there is recoil from the shameful aspect of conspiracy that fears to show its face, but a few words whispered apart by Cassius to Brutus suffice to make him one of the confederates. Few words would then suffice.—To-morrow Cæsar would be crowned in the Capitol. But he will be struck down. Here are the men who will do it—with you or without you. With you they strike for liberty with the least risk to Rome. Are you

with us? If you are, there is no time left for delay in showing it.—While Brutus and Cassius whisper apart, a few words of talk among the other conspirators, as to the place of sunrise, indicate dawn of the fatal day, and end in a stage group, that speaks to the eye, of cloaked conspirators, from among whom a sword points directly to the Capitol, which in the play is throughout taken as the place of the assassination. To the group so formed Brutus approaches, ready to join hands with the conspirators. He will have no oaths, no cruelties, and the weight of influence in men of noble character is shown, here and in later scenes, by the readiness of all who are about him to be ruled by the opinion of Brutus. Cassius is ready to ask Cicero to stand with them. Casca says, "Let us not leave him out." Cinna says, "No, by no means." Metellus adds, "O let us have him." Brutus dissuades, and Cassius says, "Then leave him out;" and Casca says, "Indeed, he is not fit." Decius asks, "Shall no man else be touched, but only Cæsar?" Cassius then, with good practical insight from the point of view of the conspiracy, urges that Mark Antony will be found a shrewd contriver if he outlive Cæsar. He too should fall. Brutus dissuades, and although

Cassius says, "Yet I fear him," he is spared, with the comment of Trebonius, "There is no fear in him; let him not die; for he will live, and laugh at this hereafter."

The eighth hour of the day now dawning is appointed for the murder. Caius Ligarius is named as one who has been hardly used by Cæsar and might join them. "He loves me well," says Brutus. "Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him;" and at the close of the scene, when he enters it is to emphasise the influence of a high character upon surrounding men. Ligarius has risen from a sick-bed at the call to Brutus. Brutus says to him :

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

To which his answer is—

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

But before the scene so closes, Portia has followed Brutus into the orchard, urging that she may share the secret that has troubled his mind, changed his manner, brought strange men at night to converse with him, "some six or seven that did hide their faces even from the darkness." Her urging brings

out the deep music of the love that is between them. "You are," he says, "my true and honourable wife, as dear to me as are the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart." And she had not pleaded in vain for fullest confidence, when Ligarius knocked at the door.

"O ye gods !

Render me worthy of this noble wife ! [*Knocking.*
Hark, hark ! one knocks :—Portia, go in awhile ;
And^o by-and-by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart :—
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charáctery of my sad brows."

In the second scene of the Second Act, portents, dreams, and persuasions of his wife cause delay, and almost withhold Cæsar from the Capitol, to which he is drawn by flatteries of those who lead him to his death. There is no flattery from Brutus ; the only words he speaks have for him dread significance : "Cæsar, 't is stricken eight." His closing thought is of repugnance to hypocrisy, when Cæsar says to the conspirators surrounding him :

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

And the reflection of Brutus is—

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

Then the act ends with Artemidorus waiting to warn Cæsar ; and Portia at her house-door, who has learnt the secrets of her husband, which fill all her mind and heart with a wife's over-wrought passion of love and anxiety for Brutus. The two passages that bring Portia herself into the story, are thus made to give deep and full expression to the strength of the home love between her and Brutus.

The Third Act opens with Cæsar on his passage to the Capitol, and in the Capitol surrounded by the Senate. He has not listened to the warnings on his path. One not in league with the conspirators wishes them, as he passes, success in their enterprise, and then proceeds to speak with Cæsar. There is a dramatic movement of anxiety as they hurry their preparations in swift speech together ; but Cæsar "doth not change," and they are not betrayed. Then as the conspirators gather about Cæsar—surrounding him as if joined in support to the plea of Metellus Cimber for the recall of his brother Publius from banishment—from the midst of the swords that in another minute will be drawn to slay him, Cæsar, with his last breath, assumes the god, and says,

" I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament,
The skies are painted with unnumbered 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 furnished 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."

To Cinna, further urging, he cries, "Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?" And in this mood the earthly god becomes a bleeding piece of clay.

Upon the tyrannicide follows the revolutionary cry, "Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!" With hands washed in the blood of Cæsar, the conspirators cry "Peace," and look to be remembered as "the men that gave their country liberty."

But as they sowed they reap. Antony proves, as Cassius feared he would, "a shrewd contriver." Having sent before him a true promise, though ingeniously misleading, that he would follow Brutus if Brutus could resolve him "how Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death," Antony is received generously by Brutus, who, confident in the purity of his own purpose, has no doubt that he can prove all to have been done for the common good. But Cassius joins to the argument of Brutus touching

right and duty only, the suggestion that to his mind appears more persuasive :

“Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.”

When Antony, with manly and full expression of his love to Cæsar, obtains leave from Brutus to speak in the order of his funeral, Cassius again uses his shrewder knowledge of a world that is not as it seems.

“Brutus, a word with you.—
You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?”

But again the influence of Brutus, who brings faith in the justice of his cause, and a large spirit of humanity, into the crooked counsels of conspiracy, prevails. Cassius, in such a world, would be more fit to lead. “I know not what may fall,” Cassius says as he yields, “I like it not.”

When Antony, left alone with the body of Cæsar, has prophesied the curse of civil war on Italy, the tidings brought by the servant of Octavius that his master is within seven leagues of Rome prepares the way for immediate action, if Antony succeed in stirring up the people to revolt;

the coming of the servant also gives dramatic action to the removal of the body from the stage.

In the Forum Scene it may be observed that Brutus speaks in prose with brief expression of what he believes to be the sufficient reason for the death of Cæsar; while the speech of Antony, who begins with the whole mind of the populace against him, and, to secure hearing, tells the people that he comes "to bury Cæsar, not to praise him," is a piece of studied rhetoric, designed to feel its way and rise in boldness until it has stirred the blood of all to fury. He undermines the accusation of ambition, and pauses to give time for the effect of this to appear. Then he shows, but does not read, Cæsar's will, with hints of large gifts in it to the people. Then he shows Cæsar's body, but not until he has worked emotion up by skilful dealing with the mantle under which it lies. By that time he has raised the people into fury against traitors; but while they are rushing to revenge, crying burn, fire, kill, slay, he stays them for the climax of his appeal, which is not to their hearts but to their pockets. They have not heard the will.

"To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas,"

“with all his walks, his private arbours, and new-planted orchards on this side Tiber.” Now they may be let slip at their prey. “Mischief, thou art afoot,” says Antony, “Take thou what course thou wilt.” Tidings follow of the flight of Brutus and Cassius from Rome, and of the entrance of Octavius. The last scene of the act shows civil fury at its height among the populace. Raging to burn and slay, they meet Cinna the Poet, mistake him, when they discover his name, for Cinna the Conspirator, and are about to tear him to pieces, when it is vain for him to tell them that he is Cinna the Poet. Their blood is up, and they are raging to destroy.

Cin. I am Cinna the Poet ; I am Cinna the Poet.

4 Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the Conspirator.

2 Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna : pluck his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Cit. Tear him, tear him ! ”

So much for the liberation of the people.

The first scene of the Fourth Act opens with showing how little has been gained by the removal of a tyranny. The triumvirs are seen in counsel pricking men for death by their own absolute will,

and on the lightest impulses of petty jealousy among themselves.

Antony. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

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

Lepidus. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him."

There could not be more vivid expression of the failure to reap good fruit from an evil deed. Murder of Cæsar has at once produced the ills that Brutus would have given his own life to avert. At once the scene passes to preparation for new discords in the future. If three men share the supreme power, first the weakest must go to the wall; and that is Lepidus, who is at once treated by his colleagues as "a slight unmeritable man, meet to be sent on errands." In a later scene there is a glance that indicates the rivalry to come between Octavius and Antony. But after the short opening scene of the Fourth Act—which shows the ruin of the hope that had caused Brutus to take part in a policy of doing evil that a good might follow—the one theme of the rest of the act is Brutus. He

has brought desolation upon his country, and upon his home; for he has learnt that Portia, made desperate by the griefs with which she was surrounded, swallowed fire, and so inflicted on herself a cruel death. The suppressed anguish in the mind of Brutus gives its character to all that is said or done by him. There is no part of Shakespeare that surpasses in spiritual beauty the Fourth Act of *Julius Cæsar*, which represents the bruised spirit of Brutus, with its short-lived powers of resentment and its depths of tenderness laid open by the stir of half-suppressed emotion. Neither the times nor his stoic philosophy will suffer him to sob his heart out for the cruel death of the wife dearly loved: a death that was among thousands of calamities, public and private, that had come of the assassination. He had killed his wife in stabbing Cæsar.

What is known as the Quarrel Scene between Brutus and Cassius, represents in Brutus, the quiver of suppressed emotion from his own deep-seated private grief passing into unwonted emotion of resentment at what looked in Cassius like want of honour and of friendly care. Cassius is quick of temper; Brutus habitually calm. But Cassius has now to wonder at the sensitiveness of

his friend, whose anger has but a short life, and whose amends for it are generous and full.

“Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Brutus. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered too.

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

Brutus. And my heart too.”

But when the Poet breaks in to reconcile the generals, it is Brutus who is nervously impatient of his interference, Cassius who says, “Bear with him.” When Brutus has called for wine, that he may pledge Cassius, and gain perhaps some artificial strength to restrain utterances of his tortured spirit, Cassius says:—

“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 sorrows better.—Portia is
dead.

Cassius. Ha, Portia?

Brutus. —She is dead.

Cassius. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you
so?”

In the following Council of War the character of Brutus secures assent to his plan of marching at once to Philippi, though again the policy of Cassius is the more astute. After the Council has broken

up, the tenderness in the soul of Brutus takes new forms.

“*Brutus.* Lucius, my gown—Farewell, good Messala :
Good night, Titinius.—*Noble, noble Cassius,*
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.

Brutus. Everything is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord.

Brutus. *Good night, good brother.”*

Then follows a delicate dramatic touch by which Shakespeare puts into the hand of Brutus the book he is to be reading when Cæsar's ghost appears to him. He takes his gown from the hands of Lucius, gently observes upon his drowsiness, and when Varro and Claudius are called, that they may be at hand for sending messages, his overflowing tenderness for others requires that they shall sleep on cushions in his tent.

“*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 ;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

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.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. It was well done, and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long ;”

and then from the heart quivering with tenderness,

“if I do live,
I will be good to thee.”

When the boy falls asleep, Brutus takes thought even to remove his instrument lest it should fall and break, and then he sits to his book, the whole beauty of his character revealed to us, and brought home to our hearts. Yet even he, of purest character with purest aim, has errèd in seeking good through evil. Brutus sees his evil spirit in the ghost of Cæsar, whom he will again see at Philippi, as he faces the last ruin of his vain hope, to win a public right through moral wrong by doing as a patriot what he would shrink from doing as a man.

In the Fifth Act of Shakespeare's play the opposing forces meet on the plains of Philippi. It is in their choice of commands that Shakespeare

shows Octavius and Antony equal now under press of danger, but with an element of discord in the imperial ambition of Octavius.

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

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you, but *I will* do so."

Portents again suggest the presence of the gods in the affairs of men. Even Cassius is disheartened by the omens; and in the farewell between Cassius and Brutus, should they never meet again, there is the passage, to which I have already referred, in which Brutus blames self-murder and finds it

"cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The term of life;"

he will arm himself with patience, "to stay the Providence of those high powers that govern us below;" but swerves from the voice of his own reason when it is suggested that he may be led in triumph through the streets of Rome. The one excess of passion in him, overrules his judgment in his own case as it did in Cæsar's.

When Cassius bids Titinius spur towards troops on the field, and bring word to him whether they

are friends or enemies (for all are Romans), friendly reception is interpreted as hostile capture. Cassius bids his slave, whom he sets free, hold the sword on which he is resolved to die.

“Guide thou the sword—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee.”

Revenged also by death inflicted on the prompting of a blind mistrust.

“Mistrust of good success hath done this deed,” says Messala, and adds a comment designed also to apply to the whole tale of the conspiracy.

“O, hateful Error, Melancholy's child !
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not ? O, Error, soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee !”

And Titinius adds like comment, as he bends over his master's body before dying by his side :—“Alas, thou hast misconstrued everything.” From Brutus, the comment is,

“O, Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet !
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails.”

Shall we ask now where the wit lay under the wigs of critics who wondered why Shakespeare did not end the play of Julius Cæsar with the scene of his assassination ?

The end of Brutus is associated with the incident of Lucilius ready to die for him ; and in his own last farewell with the comfort of the man who earned the trust of all,

“ My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,
I found no man, but he was true to me.”

Brutus, too, dies upon the sword with which he had stabbed Cæsar :

“ Cæsar, now be still :
I killed not thee with half so good a will.”

And his praise comes from the lips of his opponent :

“ *Antony.* This was the noblest Roman of them all :
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar ;
He only, in a general honest thought
Of common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle ; and the elements
So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, ‘ This was a man.’ ”

If even Brutus, seeking with the noblest motives to make evil his good, found that evil sown was evil reaped, still less can men of lower lives hope for success in an attempt to advance public good by means that, if suggested for their private good, they would avoid as infamous. There is no distinction between private and public morality. No politician can make it without damaging his cause.

HENRY MORLEY.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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

SCENE.—During a great part of the Play, at ROME: afterwards near SARDIS, and near PHILIPPI.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain *Commoners over the Stage.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:

Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me,
thou saucy fellow?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

danger, I re-cover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat's-leather have gone upon my handiwork.

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

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

Mar. Wherefore rejoice ? What conquest brings he home ?

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

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey ? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
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
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood ?
Be gone !

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

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

Assemble all the poor men of your sort :
Draw them to Tiber banks and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*Exeunt all the Commoners*

See, whe'r their basest metal be not moved :
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 decked with ceremonies.

Mar. May we do so ?

You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

Flav. It is no matter ; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets ;

So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
 These growing feathers plucked 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.—Rome. A Public Place.

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

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

[*Music ceases.*

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Cæsar, my lord.

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

Ant. I shall remember :
When Cæsar says, 'Do this,' it is performed.

Cæs. Set on ; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*

Sooth. Cæsar !

Cæs. Ha ! Who calls ?

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

Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me ?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, 'Cæsar !'—Speak : Cæsar is turned to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March !

Cæs. What man is that ?

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

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

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

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March !

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

[*Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS and CASSIUS.*

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

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not 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.

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

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived : if I have veiled my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexéd 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 grieved,—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

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

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

Cas. 'T is just :

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

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

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

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared 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
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,

And after scandal them ; or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

[*Flourish, and Shout.*

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

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

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

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.—
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life ; but for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar ; so were you :
We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he :
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
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 plungéd in,
And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roared, 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 proposed,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tiréd Cæsar. And this man
Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
A wretched creature, and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake : '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 ;
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.*

Bru.

Another general shout !

I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow
world,

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

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

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

Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of
Rome,

That her wide walls encompassed 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 brooked
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me, I am nothing
jealous;

What you would work me to, I have some aim;
How I have thought of this, and of these times,
I shall recount hereafter: for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. 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.

Cas. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much
show
Of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is re-
turning.

Cas. 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.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

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

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius,—

Ant. Cæsar.

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

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

Cæs. 'Would he were fatter ! But I fear him
not :—

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

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and his Train. CASCA
stays behind.*

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak : would you speak with me ?

Bru. Ay, Casca ; tell us what hath chanced to-day,

That Caesar looks so sad.

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

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what hath chanced.

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.

Bru. What was the second noise for ?

Casca. Why, for that too.

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

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown 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 neighbours shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown ?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

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 loth 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 chapped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, 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.

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

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

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

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

Casca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am sure, Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people

did not clap him, and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

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

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he 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.

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

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say anything?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you i’ the face again; but those that understood him

smiled at one another, and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

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

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

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

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

Cas. So is he now, in execution
Of any bold or noble 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.

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

To-morrow, if you please to speak with me,
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

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

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

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street.

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

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

Why are you breathless, and why stare you so!

Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of
earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero!

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

Cic. Why, saw you anything 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 joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides,—I have not since put up my sword,—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transforméd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire, walk up and down the streets.

And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
 'These are their reasons,—they are natural ;'
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

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

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

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

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

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there ?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

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

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.

Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace
 so ?

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

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

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

It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the most mighty gods, by tokens, send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

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

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

To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find,
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.—

Now could I, 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 ?

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

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

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

Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius :
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong ;

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

Casca.

So can I :

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

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

Cas. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
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.

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

Cas. 'Tis Cinna ; I do know him by his gait :
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so ?

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

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

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!

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

Cas. Am I not stayed for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: Good Cinna, take this paper,

And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,

Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax

Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,

Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.

Is Decius Brutus, and Trebonius, there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber, and he's gone

To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,

And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

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

[Exit CINNA.]

Come, Casca, you and I will yet, ere day,

See Brutus at his house: three parts of him

Is ours already; and the man entire,

Upon the next encounter, yields him ours.

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts.

And that which would appear offence in us,

His countenance, like richest alchymy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

Cas. Him, and his worth, and our great need of
him,

You have right well conceited. Let us go,
For it is after midnight ; and, ere day,
We will awake him, and be sure of him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

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

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Called you, my lord ?

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

Luc. I will, my lord.

[*Exit.*

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

I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:—
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
Caesar,

I have not known when his affections swayed
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.

Would run to these and these extremities :
And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
Which, hatched, would as his kind grow mis-
chievous ;
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
[Giving him a letter.

This paper, thus sealed up ; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

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

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

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

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[Opens the letter, and reads.

‘ Brutus, thou sleep’st : awake, and see thyself.

Shall Rome, &c.—Speak, strike, redress !’

‘ Brutus, thou sleep’st : awake !’—

Such instigations have been often dropped

Where I have took them up.

‘ Shall Rome, &c.’ Thus must I piece it out :

Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!'—Am I entreated
To speak, and strike? O Rome, I make thee pro-
mise,

If the redress will follow, thou receiv'st
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

[*Knocking within.*

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

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

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, 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 a man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door,

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone ?

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

Bru. Do you know them ?

Luc. No, sir ; their hats are plucked about their
ears,

And half their faces buried in their cloaks,

That by no means I may discover them

By any mark of favour.

Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

They are the faction. O conspiracy,

Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,

When evils are most free ? O, then, by day

Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough

To mask thy monstrous visage ? Seek none, con-
spiracy ;

Hide it in smiles and affability :

For if thou put thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough

To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

Bru. I have been up this hour ; awake all night.

Know I these men that come along with you ?

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

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca ; this, Cinna ; and this, Metel-
lus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

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

Cas. Shall I entreat a word ?

[BRUTUS and CASSIUS confer apart.

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

Casca. No.

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

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises ;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year

Some two months hence, up higher toward the
north

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

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

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath : if not the face of men,
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
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valour
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress ? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the word
And will not palter ? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it ?
Swear priests, and cowards, and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs ; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt : but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
 To think that or our cause or our performance
 Did need an oath ; when every drop of blood
 That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
 Is guilty of a several bastardy
 If he do break the smallest particle
 Of any promise that hath passed from him.

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

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

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

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

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

Dec. Shall no man else be touched, but only
 Cæsar ?

Cas. Decius, well urged.—I think it is not meet,

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

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

And for Mark Antony, think not of him ;
 For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
 When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him :

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar—

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

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

[*Clock strikes.*

Bru. Peace ! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet,
 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 unaccustomed terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that : if he be so resolved,

I can o'ersway him ; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed 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 flatteréd.
Let me work ;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

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

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

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

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

Cas. The morning comes upon 's : we'll leave
you, Brutus :—

And, friends, disperse yourselves ; but all re-
member

What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily ;

Let not our looks put on our purposes ;
 But bear it as our Roman actors do,
 With untired 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 heavy honey-dew of slumber :
 Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
 Which busy care draws in the brains of men ;
 Therefore, thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord !

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

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently,
 Brutus,
 Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at supper,
 You suddenly arose, and walked about,
 Musing and sighing, with your arms across ;
 And when I asked you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urged you further ; then you scratched your head,
 And too impatiently stamped with your foot :

Yet I insisted, yet you answered 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 seemed too much enkindled; and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep;
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevailed on your condition
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle
 Brutus.

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in the
 suburbs

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

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

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

I grant, I am a woman ; but withal

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

Bru.

O ye gods,

Render me worthy of this noble wife !

[*Knocking within.*

Hark, hark ! one knocks : Portia, go in awhile ;
 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 ?

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

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius,—how ?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
tongue.

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

To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!

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

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

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortifiéd spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do!

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

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

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

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

Lig. Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fired I follow you

To do I know not what : but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

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

SCENE II.—Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

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

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace
to-night :

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
' Help, ho ! They murder Cæsar ! '—Who's within !

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord.

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

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

Enter CALPHURNIA.

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

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

Cæs. Cæsar shall forth : the things that threat-
ened me

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

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets ;
And graves have yawned, and yielded up their
dead ;

Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol ;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

O Cæsar, these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them !

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

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

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths ;

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.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers ?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-
day.

Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice :
Cæsar should be a beast without a heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not : danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible :—
And Cæsar shall go forth.

Cal. Alas, my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day : call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.

We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
 And he shall say you are not well to-day :
 Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

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

Enter DECIVS.

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

Dec. Cæsar, all hail ! Good morrow, worthy
 Cæsar :

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

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

Cal. Say, he is sick.

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

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some
 cause,
 Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.

Cæs. The cause is in my will,—I will not come ;
 That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know,—
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home :
She dreamed to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood ; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these
Does she apply for warnings and portents
Of evils imminent ; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.

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

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

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

And know it now. The senate have concluded
To give, this day, a' crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock

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

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Cal-
 phurnia !

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

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

Bru. Cæsar, 't is stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

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

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

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

Treb. Cæsar, I will :—[*aside*] and so near will I
be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been
further.

Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me ;
And we, like friends, will straightway go to-
gether.

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, 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 Cæsar. If thou be'st 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.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou may'st live:

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

SCENE IV.—Rome. Another Part of the same Street, before the House of BRUTUS.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-house; stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:

Why dost thou stay ?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. 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 ?

Luc. Madam, what should I do ?

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

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look
well,

For he went sickly forth : and take good note,
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy ! what noise is that ?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

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

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the Soothsayer.

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

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock ?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol ?

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

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

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

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

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

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

Por. I must go in.—Ah me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is ! O Brutus,
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 my lord ;
Say, I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. The Capitol ; the Senate
sitting.

*A crowd of People in the street leading to the
Capitol ; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the
Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS,
CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TRE-
BONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS,
PUBLIUS, and others.*

Cæs. The ides of March are come.

Sooth. Ay, Cæsar ; but not gone.

Art. Hail, Cæsar ! Read this schedule.

Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,

At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

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

Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place.

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

Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following.

All the Senators rise.

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

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius ?

Pop. Fare you well

[*Advances to CÆSAR.*

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.

I fear, our purpose is discoveréd.

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

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

Bru. Cassius, be constant :

Popilius Lena speaks not of our purpose :
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change

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

He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

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

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber ? Let him
go,

And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.

Bru. He is addressed : press near, and second
him.

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

Casca. Are we all ready ?

Cæs. What is now amiss,

That Cæsar and his senate must redress ?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puis-
sant Cæsar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat

An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings, and these lowly courtesies,

Might fire the blood of ordinary men,

And turn pre-ordinance and first decree

Into the law of children. Be not fond,

To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood

That will be thawed from the true quality

With that which melteth fools ; I mean sweet
words,

Low-crookéd curt'sies, and base spaniel fawning.

Thy brother by decree is banishéd :

If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.

Know, Cæsar doth not wrong ; nor without cause

Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my
own,

To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear

For the repealing of my banished brother ?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar ;

Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may

Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Cæs. What, Brutus !

Cas. Pardon, Cæsar ; Cæsar, pardon ;

As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,

To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Cæs. I could be well moved, if I were as you ;

If I could pray to move, prayers would move me :

But I am constant as the northern star,

Of whose true-fixed and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumbered 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,
 Unshaked of motion : and, that I am he,
 Let me a little show it, even in this,
 That I was constant Cimber should be banished,
 And constant do remain to keep him so.

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence ! Wilt thou lift up Olympus ?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel ?

Casca. Speak, hands, for me.

[*CASCA stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and last by MARCUS BRUTUS.*

Cæs. *Et tu, Brute ?*—Then fall, Cæsar !

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

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

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

Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted ;

Fly not ; stand still :—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Dec.

And Cassius too.

Bru. Where's Publius ?

Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

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

Should chance—

Bru. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good
cheer :

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else : so tell them, Publius.

Cas. And leave us, Publius ; lest that the
people,

Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

Bru. Do so :—and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cas. Where's Antony ?

Tre.

Fled to his house amazed :

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

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

Enter a Servant.

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

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

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

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

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[*Exit*

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

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

Re-enter ANTONY.

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

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

Bru. O Antony, beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands, and this our present act,
You see we do, yet see you but our hands,
And this the bleeding 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, no strength of malice ; and our hearts,
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

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

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

Yours, Cinna ; and, my valiant Casca, yours ;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.

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 bayed, brave
hart ;

Here didst thou fall ; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.

O world, thou wast the forest to this hart ;

And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—

How like a deer, stricken by many princes,

Dost thou here lie !

Cas. Mark Antony,—

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you.—
[*Aside to Brutus.*] You know not what you do : do
not consent

That Antony speak in his funeral.
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter ?

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

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

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

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

Ant. Be it so ;

I do desire no more.

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

[*Exeunt all but ANTONY.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,

That I am meek and gentle with these butchers !
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livéd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood !
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men ;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy ;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quartered with the hands of war,
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds :
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até 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 ?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

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

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

O Cæsar !— [*Seeing the body.*

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

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

Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what
hath 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 CÆSAR'S body.*

SCENE II.—Rome. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

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

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—

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

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

1 *Cit.* I will hear Brutus speak.

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

When severally we hear them rendered.

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

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

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my
cause ; and be silent, that you may hear : believe
me for mine honour ; and have respect to mine
honour, that you may believe : censure me in your

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

All. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol ; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy,

nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'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.

All. Live, Brutus ! live ! live !

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

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

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crowned in Brutus.

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

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace ! silence ! Brutus speaks

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.

Do grace to Cæsar's corse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony,
By our permission, is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

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

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

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

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

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

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus
here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

Cit. Peace, ho! let us hear him

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

I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.

The evil that men do lives after them;

The good is oft interréd 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 answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious ?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see, that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse : was this ambition ?
Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once,—not without cause :
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?

Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong ; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar ;—
I found it in his closet,—' tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament,—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood ;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 Cit. We'll hear the will : read it, Mark
Antony.

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

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

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

4 Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it, **Antony**;
You shall read us the will,—Cæsar's will.

Ant. 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 stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.

4 Cit. They were traitors:—honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

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

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

All. Come down.

2 Cit. Descend.

3 Cit. You shall have leave. [*He comes down.*]

4 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the
body.

2 Cit. Room for Antony,—most noble Antony

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

Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!

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

You all do know this mantle: I remember

The first time ever Cæsar put it on ;
'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii :
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
See, what a rent the envious Casca made :
Through this, the well-belovéd Brutus stabbed ;
And, as he plucked his curséd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
This was the most unkindest cut of all ;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished 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 flourished over us.—
O, now you weep ; and I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you, when you but behold

Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here.
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle!

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar!

3 *Cit.* O woful day!

4 *Cit.* O traitors! villains!

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight!

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about,—seek,—burn,—fire,
—kill,—slay,—let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace, there! Hear the noble Antony.

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

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

To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed are honourable:—

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

That made them do't:—they're wise and honour-
able,

And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.

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

I am no orator, as Brutus is;

But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend; and that they know full well

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal :—
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

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

3 Cit. O royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho !

Ant. 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 for ever,—common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar ! when comes such another ?

1 Cit. 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 Cit. Go, fetch fire !

3 Cit. Pluck down benches !

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, anything !

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work :—mischief, thou art
afoot,

Take thou what course thou wilt !

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow ?

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he ?

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

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.

He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us anything.

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

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—Rome. A Street.

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt 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 *Cit.* What is your name ?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going ?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell ?

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

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly ; you were best.

Cin. What is my name ? Whither am I going ?
Where do I dwell ? Am I a married man, or a
bachelor ? Then, to answer every man directly and
briefly, wisely and truly : wisely I say, I am a
bachelor.

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

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

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

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

Cin. I am Cinna the poet ; I am Cinna the
poet.

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

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

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

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Rome. A Room in ANTONY'S House.

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are pricked.

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

Lep. I do consent,—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

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

Lep. What, shall I find you here ?

Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit LEPIDUS*]

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

Oct. So you thought him ;
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscription.

Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you :
And though we lay these honours on this man
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven as we point the way ;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

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

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

SCENE II.—Before BRUTUS'S Tent, in the Camp
near Sardis.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and
Soldiers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meet them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Cassius near?

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

Bru. He greets me well.—Your master, Pin-
darus,

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.

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

Bru. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he received you, let me be resolved.

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

Bru.

Thou hast described

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

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be
 quartered ;

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

Bru. Hark ! he is arrived.—

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho !

Bru. Stand, ho ! repeat the word along.

1 *Sold.* Stand !

2 *Sold.* Stand !

3 *Sold.* Stand !

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

Bru. Judge me, you gods ! wrong I mine
 enemies ?

Wherein my letters, praying on his side
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

Bru. You wronged yourself to write in such a
case.

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

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

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

Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion,
And chastisement does therefore hide his head.

Cas. Chastisement !

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member :

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake ?
What villain touched 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 graspéd thus ?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

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

Bru. Go to ; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say, you are not.

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

Bru. Away, slight man !

Cas. Is 't possible ?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler ?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares ?

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

Bru. All this ? ay, more : fret, till your proud
heart break ;

Go, show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge ?
Must I observe you ? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour ? By the gods,

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

Cas. Is it come to this ?

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

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

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

Bru. If you did, I care not.

Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have
moved me.

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

Cas. I durst not ?

Bru. No.

Cas. What, durst not tempt him ?

Bru. For your life you durst not.

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

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

There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats ;
For I am 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 ;—
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 answered Caius Cassius so ?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces !

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not ; he was but a fool
That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath rived
my heart :

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

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

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do
appear

As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavia, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is awearied of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ,
Checked like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes !—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
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.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius ! you are yokéd with a lamb
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;

Who, much enforcéd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived

To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-tempered, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-tempered
too.

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

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with
me,

When that rash humour which my mother gave
me

Makes me forgetful?

Bru. Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,
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.

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

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

Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and*
LUCIUS.

Cas. How now? What's the matter?

Poet. For shame, you generals! What do you
mean?

'Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;
For I have seen more years, I am sure, than ye.

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

Bru. Get you hence, sirrah: saucy fellow,
hence!

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

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:

What should the wars do with these jiggling
fools?—

Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*

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

Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala
with you,

Immediately to us.

[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS.

Bru.

Lucius, a bowl of wine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.

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

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

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

Bru. No man bears sorrow better :—Portia is dead.

Cas. Ha ! Portia ?

Bru. She is dead.

Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I crossed you so ?—

O insupportable and touching loss !—
Upon what sickness ?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong ;—for with her
death

That tidings came ;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallowed fire.

Cas. And died so ?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods !
Re-enter LUCIUS with wine and tapers.

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

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

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

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

Bru. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit LUCIUS.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Welcome, good Messala.--

Now sit we close about this taper here,

And call in question our necessities.—

Cas. Portia, art thou gone ?

Bru. No more, I pray you.—

Messala, I have here receivéd letters,

That young Octavius and Mark Antony

Come down upon us with a mighty power,

Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenor.

Bru. With what addition ?

Mes. That by proscription, and bills of outlawry
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus

Have put to death an hundred senators.

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

Cas. Cicero one ?

Mes. Cicero is dead,

And by that order of proscription.—

Had you your letters from your wife, my lord ?

Bru. No, Messala.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her ?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

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

Mes. No, my lord.

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

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell :

For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

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

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

Mes. Even so great men great losses should
endure.

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

Bru. Well, to our work alive.—What do you
think

Of marching to Philippi presently ?

Cas. I do not think it good.

Bru. Your reason ?

Cas. This it is :—

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :

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

Bru. Good reasons must, of force, give place to
better.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection ;
For they have grudged us contribution :
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and encouraged :
From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back. —

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon.—You must note besides,
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.

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

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

Cas. No more. Good night :
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius ! [*Re-enter LUCIUS.*]—My gown.
[*Exit LUCIUS.*]—Farewell, good Messala :—
Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

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

Bru. Everything is well.

Cas. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit., Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one.

[*Exeunt CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.*

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument ?

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily!
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-
watched.

Call Claudius, and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be, I shall raise you by-and-by
On business to my brother Cassius.

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

Bru. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs:
It may be, I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down.

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

Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much for-
getful.

Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

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

Bru. It does, my boy :

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Luc. It is my duty, sir.

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

Luc. I have slept, my lord, already.

Bru. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep
again ;

I will not hold thee long : if I do live,

I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a Song.*

This is a sleepy tune :—O murderous 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.—

Let me see, let me see :—is not the leaf turned 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 mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

It comes upon me.—Art thou anything?
 Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
 That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
 Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'st thou?

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

Bru. Well,

Then I shall see thee again?

Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.

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

[*Ghost vanishes.*]

Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:

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

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

Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.

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

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord!

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

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

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

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

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

[*To VARRO.*] Fellow thou! awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

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

Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you anything?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go, and commend me to my brother
Cassius:

Bid him set on his powers betimes before,

And we will follow.

Var., Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answer'd:
You said, the enemy would not come down,

But keep the hills and upper regions ;
 It proves not so : their battles are at hand ;
 They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
 Answering before we do demand of them.

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

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

Oct. Upon the right hand I ; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent ?

Oct. I do not cross you ; but I will do so.

[*March.*

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

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.

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

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

Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth ; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, countrymen ?

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

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

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good
words :

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

Cas. Antony,

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

Ant. Not stingless too.

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too ;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile
daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar :
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like
hounds.

And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet ;
 Whilst damnéd Casca, like a cur, behind,
 Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, flatterers !

Cas. Flatterers !—Now, Brutus, thank your-
 self :

This tongue had not offended so to-day,
 If Cassius might have ruled.

Oct. Come, come, the cause : if arguing make
 us sweat,

The proof of it will turn to redder drops.

Look,—

I draw a sword against conspirators :

When think you that the sword goes up again ?

Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds

Be well avenged ; or till another Cæsar

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors'
 hands,

Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct.

So I hope.

I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

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

Cas. A peevish school-boy, worthless of such
 honour,

Joined with a masker and a reveller.

Ant. Old Cassius still !

Oct. Come, Antony ; away !—

Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.

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

If not, when you have stomachs.

[*Exeunt OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.*]

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

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

Bru. Ho !

Lucilius, hark, a word with you.

Lucil.

My lord !—

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS talk apart.*]

Cas. Messala,

Mes. What says my general ?

Cas.

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 compelled to set

Upon one battle all our liberties.

You know that I held Epicurus strong,

And his opinion : now, I change my mind,

And partly credit things that do presage.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign

Two mighty eagles fell ; and there they perched,

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

Mes. Believe not so.

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

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.—

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

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
 By which I did blame Cato for the death
 Which he did give himself :—I know not how
 But I do find it cowardly and vile,
 For fear of what might fall, so to prevent

The time of life :—arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

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

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

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

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

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Plains of Philippi. The Field of
Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.

Bru. 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 demeanour 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.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

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

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

Enter PINDARUS

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off ;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord !

Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.

Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look,
Titinius ;

Are those my tents where I perceive the fire ?

Tit. They are, my lord.

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

Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought.

[*Exit.*

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

[*Exit PINDARUS.*

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

Pin. [*Above.*] O my lord !

Cas. What news ?

Pin. Titinius is enclosed round about

With horsemen, that make to him on the spur ;
Yet he spurs on :—now they are almost on him.

Now, Titinius !—now

Some light :—O, he lights too :—

He's ta'en : [*Shout.*] and, hark !

They shout for joy.

Cas. Come down ; behold no more.—

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta'en before my face !

Re-enter PINDARUS.

Come hither, sirrah.

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner ;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine
oath :

Now be a freeman ; and with this good sword,

That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this
bosom.

Stand not to answer : here, take thou the hilts ;

And, when my face is covered, as 't is now,

Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*]

Pin. So, I am free ; yet would not so have been.

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius !

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him.

[*Exit*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

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

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him ?

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

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

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

Mes. Is not that he ?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.—O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,—
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone ;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come ; our deeds are
done !

Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.

Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this
deed.

O hateful error, melancholy's child,

Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
 The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
 Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
 But kill'st the mother that engendered thee!

Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-
 darus?

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

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
 And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[*Exit* MESSALA.]

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
 Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
 Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
 And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear
 their shouts?

Alas! thou hast misconstrued everything.
 But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
 Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
 Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
 And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
 By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:

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

[Dies.

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, Young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.

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

Mes. Lo, yonder; and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

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

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, wher he have not crowned dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as
these?—

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome

Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe more
tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—

I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—

Come, therefore, 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

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, Young CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads.

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

I will proclaim my name about the field :—

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend ;

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho !

[Charges the enemy.

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I ;

Brutus, my country's friend ; know me for Brutus.

[Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down ?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,

And may'st be honoured, being Cato's son.

1 *Sold.* Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die :
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight ;
[*Offering money.*

Kill Brutus, and be honoured in his death.

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

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

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

Enter ANTONY.

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

Ant. Where is he ?

Lucil. Safe, Antony ; Brutus is safe enough.

I dare assure thee, that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus :
The gods defend him from so great a shame !
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend ; but, I assure
you,

A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe ;
Give him all kindness : I had rather have
Such men my friends, than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive, or dead ;

And bring us word, unto Octavius' tent,
How everything is chanced.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Another Part of the Field.

Enter BRUTUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, STRATO, *and*
VOLUMNIUS.

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

Cli. Statilius showed the torch-light; but, my
lord,

He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

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

[*Whispering.*]

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

Bru. Peace, then, no words.

Cli. I'll rather kill myself.

Bru. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers him.*]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

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

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a
word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night,—at Sardis once,
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

Vol. Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:

[*Low Alarums.*

It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school to-
gether;

Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

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

[*Alarum still.*

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

Bru. Farewell to you;—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet in all my life
I found no man, but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history.
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but laboured to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within, "Fly, fly, fly!"*]

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly!

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[*Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.*]
I pr'ythee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

Str. Give me your hand first: fare you well,
my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Caesar, now be
still:

I killed not thee with half so good a will.

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

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

Oct. What man is that ?

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

Stra. Free from the bondage you are in,
Messala ;

The conquerors can but make a fire of him ;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.

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

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me ?

Stra. Ay ; if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato ?

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

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

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

Oct. 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. [Exeunt

ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES
FROM
NORTH'S TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH.



ILLUSTRATIVE PASSAGES

FROM

NORTH'S TRANSLATION OF PLUTARCH.

From the Life of JULIUS CÆSAR.

THE chiefest cause that made him mortally hated, was the covetous desire he had to be called King: which first gaue the people iust cause, and next his secret enemies, honest colour to beare him ill will. This notwithstanding, they that procured him this honour and dignitie, gaue it out among the people that it was written in the Sybiline prophecies, how the Romaines might ouercome the Parthians, if they made warre with them, and were led by a king, but otherwise that they were vnconquerable. And furthermore they were so bold besides, that Cæsar returning to Rome from the city of Alba, when they came to salute him, they called him king. But the people being offended, and Cæsar also angrie, he said he was not called king, but Cæsar. Then euery man keeping silence, he went his way heauy and sorrowfull. When they had decreed diuers honours for him in the Senate, the Consuls and Prætors, accompanied with the whole assembly of the Senate, went vnto him in the market place, where he was set by the pulpit for orations, to tell him what honors they had decreed for him in his absence. But he sitting stil in his maiestie, disdainig to rise vp vnto them when they came in, as if they had bene priuate men, answered them: that his honors had more neede to be cut off then enlarged. This did not onely offend the Senate, but the common people also, to see that he

should so lightly esteeme of the Magistrates of the common wealthe: insomuch as euery man that might lawfully go his way, departed thence very sorrowfully. Thereupon also Cæsar rising, departed home to his house, and tearing open his dublet coller, making his necke bare, he cried out aloud to his friends, that his throte was readie to offer to any man that would come and cut it. Notwithstanding, it is reported, that afterwards to excuse this folly, he imputed it to his disease, saying, that their wits are not perfit which haue this disease of the falling euill, when standing on their feete they speake to the common people, but are soone troubled with a trembling of their bodie, and a sodaine dimnesse and giddinesse. But that was not true: for he would haue risen vp to the Senate, but Cornelius Balbus one of his friends (or rather a flatterer) would not let him, saying: what, do you not remember you are Cæsar, and will you not let them reuerence you, and do their duties? Besides these occasions and offences, there folowed also his shame and reproch, abusing the Tribunes of the people in this sort. At that time, the feast Lupercalia was celebrated, the which in old time, men say was the feast of shephcards or heard-men, and is much like vnto the feast of the Lycæians in Arcadia. But howsoever it is, that day there are diuers noble mens sons, yong men, (and some of them Magistrates themselues that gouerne then) which run naked through the citie, striking in sport them they meete in their way, with leather thongs, haire and all on, to make them giue place. And many noble women and gentlewomen also, go of purpose to stand in their way, and do put forth their hands to be striken, as scholars hold them out to their schoolemaister, to be striken with the ferula: perswading themselues that being with child, they shall haue good deliuerie; and also being barren, that it will make them to conceiue with child. Cæsar sate to behold that sport vpon the pulpit for orations, in a chair of gold, apparelled in triumphant maner. Antonius who was Consull at that time, was one of them that ranne this holy course. So when he came into the market place, the people made a lane for him to runne at libertie, and he came to Cæsar, and presented him a Diadeame wreathed about with laurell. Whereupon there rose a certaine crie of reioycing,

not very great, done onely by a few, appointed for the purpose. But when Cæsar refused the Diadeame, then all the people together made an outcrie of ioy. Then Antonius offering it him againe, there was a second shout of ioy, but yet of a few. But when Cæsar refused it againe the second time, then all the whole people shouted. Cæsar hauing made this prooffe, found that the people did not like of it, and thereupon rose out of his chaire, and commanded the crowne to be caried vnto Iupiter in the Capitoll. After that, there were set vp images of Cæsar in the citie, with Diademes vpon their heads, like kings. Those, the two Tribunes, Flauius and Marullus, went and pulled downe: and furthermore, meeting with them that first saluted Cæsar as King, they committed them to prison. The people followed them reioycing at it, and called them Brutes, because of Brutus, who had in old time driuen the kings out of Rome, and that brought the kingdome of one person, vnto the government of the Senate and people. Cæsar was so offended withall, that he deprived Marullus and Flauius of their Tribuneships, and accusing them, he spake also against the people, and called them Bruti, and Cumani, to wit, beasts, and fooles. Hereupon the people went straight vnto Marcus Brutus, who from his father came of the first Brutus, and by his mother, of the house of the Seruilians, a noble house as any was in Rome, and was also nephew and sonne in law of Marcus Cato. Notwithstanding, the great honors and fauour Cæsar shewed vnto him, kept him backe that of himselfe alone, he did not conspire nor consent to depose him of his kingdome. For Cæsar did not only saue his life, after the battell of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request also saue many moe of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a maruellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to that Prætorship for that yeare, and furthermore was appointed to be Consull the fourth yeare after that, hauing through Cæsars friendship obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made sute for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, Indeed Cassius hath alleaged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus. Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracie, Cæsar would not heare of it, but clapping his hand on

his bodie, told them, Brutus wil looke for this skin : meaning therby, that Brutus for his vertue, deserued to rule after him, but yet, that for ambitions sake, he would not show him selfe vnthankfull or dishonorable. Now they that desired change, and wished Brutus onely their Prince and Gouvernour aboute all other : they durst not come to him themselues to tell him what they would haue him to do, but in the night did cast sundrie papers into the Prætors seate where he gaue audience, and the most of them to this effect : Thou sleepest Brutus, and art not Brutus indeed. Cassius finding Brutus ambition stirred vp the more by these seditious bills, did pricke him forward, and egge him on the more, for a priuate quarell he had conceiued against Cæsar : the circumstance whereof, we haue set downe more at large in Brutus life. Cæsar also had Cassius in great ielousie, and suspected him much : whereupon he said on a time to his friends, what will Cassius do, think ye ? I like not his pale looks. Another time when Cæsars friends complained vnto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended some mischiefe towards him : he answered them againe, as for those fat men and smooth combed heads, quoth he, I neuer reckon of them : but these pale visaged and carion leane people, I feare them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius. Certainly, destinie may easier be foreseene, then auoided : considering the strange and wonderfull signes that were said to be seene before Cæsars death. For, touching the fires in the element, and spirits running vp and downe in the night, & also the solitarie birds to be seene at noon daies sitting in the great market place : are not all these signes perhaps worth the noting, in such a wonderfull chance as happened ? But Strabo the Philosopher writeth, that diuerſ men were seene going vp and down in fire : and furthermore, that there was a slaue of the souldiers, that did cast a marvellous burning flame out of his hand, insomuch as they that saw it, thought he had bene burnt ; but when the fire was out, it was found he had no hurt. Cæsar self also doing sacrifice vnto the gods, found that one of the beasts which was sacrificed had no heart : and that was a strange thing in nature, how a beast could liue without a heart. Furthermore, there was a certaine Soothsayer that had giuen Cæsar warning

long afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March (which is the fifteenth of the moneth), for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar going vnto the Senate house, and speaking merily vnto the soothsayer, told him, the Ides of March be come: So they be, softly answered the Soothsayer, but yet are they not past. And the very day before, Cæsar supping with Marcus Lepidus, sealed certaine letters as he was wont to do at the boord: so talk falling out amongst them, reasoning what death was best: he preuenting their opinions, cried out aloud, death vnlooked for. Then going to bed the same night as his manner was, and lying with his wife Calpurnia, all the windows and doores of hie chamber flying open, the noise awoke him, and made him afraid when he saw such light: but more, when he heard his wife Calpurnia, being fast asleepe, weepe and sigh, and put forth many fumbling lamentable speeches: for she dreamed that Cæsar was slaine, and that she had him in her armes. Others also do denie that she had any such dreame, as amongst other, Titus Lilius writeth, that it was in this sort: The Senate hauing set vpon the top of Cæsars house for an ornament, and setting forth of the same, a certaine pinnacle: Calpurnia dreamed that she saw it broken downe, and that she thought she lamented and wept for it. Insomuch that Cæsar rising in the morning, she prayed him if it were possible, not to go out of the doores that day, but to adiorne the session of the Senate, vntill another day. And if that he made no reckoning of her dreame, yet that he would search further of the Soothsayers by their sacrifices, to know what should happen him that day. Thereby it seemed that Cæsar likewise did feare and suspect somewhat, because his wife Calpurnia vntill that time, was neuer ginen to any feare or superstition: and that then he saw her so troubled in mind with this dreame she had. But much more afterwards, when the Soothsayers hauing sacrificed many beasts one after another, told him that none did like them: then he determined to send Antonius to adiorne the session of the Senate. But in the meane time came Decius Brutus, surnamed Albinus, in whom Cæsar put such confidence, that in his last will and testament he had appointed him to be his next heire, and yet was of the conspiracie with

Cassius and Brutus : he fearing that if Cæsar did adorne the session that day, the conspiracie would be betrayed, laughed at the Soothsayers, and reprovoued Cæsar, saying : that he gaue the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might thinke he mocked them, considering that by his commandement they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaime him king of all the prouinces of the Empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should weare his Diadem in all other places both by sea & land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and returne again when Calpurnia should haue better dreames : what would his enemies and ill willers say, and how could they like of his friends words? And who could perswade them otherwise, but that they would thinke his dominion a slauerie vnto them, and tyrannicall in himself? And yet if it be so, said he, that you vtterly mislike of this day, it is better that you go your selfe in person, and saluting the Senate, to dismisse them till another time. Therewithall he tooke Cæsar by the hand, and brought him out of his house. Cæsar was not gone far from his house, but a bondman, a stranger, did what he could to speak with him : and when he saw he was put back by the great prease and multitude of people that followed him, he went straight into his house, and put himself into Calpurniaes hands to be kept, till Cæsar came backe againe, telling her that he had greater matters to impart vnto him. And one Artemidorus also borne in the Ile of Gnidos, a Doctor of Rhetoricke in the Greeke tongue, who by meanes of his profession was very familiar with certaine of Brutus confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar : came and brought him a litle bill written with his owne hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar receiued all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gaue the straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said : Cæsar, reade this memoriall to your selfe, and that quickly, for they be matters of great waight, and touch you nearely. Cæsar tooke it of him, but could neuer reade it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him : but holding it still in

his hand, keeping it to himselfe, went on withall into the Senate house. Howbeit other are of opinion, that it was some man else that gaue him that memoriall, and not Artemidorus, who did what he could all the way as he went to giue it Cæsar, but he was alwayes repulsed by the people. For these things they may seeme to come by chance: but the place where the murther was prepared, & where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood vp an image of Pompey dedicated by himselfe amongst other ornaments which he gaue vnto the Theater: all these were manifest proofes that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, specially in that very place. It is also reported, that Cassius (though otherwise he did fauour the doctrine of Epicurus) beholding the image of Pompey, before they entred into the action of their traiterous enterprise, he did softly call vpon it, to aide him: but the instant danger of the present time, taking away his former reason, did sodainly put him into a furious passion, and made him like a man halfe besides himselfe. Now Antonius, that was a faithfull friend to Cæsar, and a valiant man besides of his hands, him Decius Brutus Albinus entertained out of the Senate house, hauing begunne a long tale of set purpose. So Cæsar comming into the house, all the Senate stood vp on their feete to do him honour. Then part of Brutus companie and confederates stood round about Cæsars chaire, and part of them also came towards him, as though they made sute with Metullus Cimber, to call home his brother againe from banishment: and thus prosecuting still their sute, they followed Cæsar, till he was set in his chaire. Who, denying their petitions, and being offended with them one after another, because the more they were denied, the more they pressed vpon him, and were the earnestest with him: Metellus at length, taking his gowne with both his hands, pulled it ouer his necke, which was the signe giuen the confederates to set vpon him. Then Casca behind him strake him in the necke with his sword, howbeit the wound was not great nor mortall, because it seemed the feare of such a diuelish attempt did amaze him, and take his strength from him, that he killed him not at the first blow. But Cæsar turning straight vnto him. caught hold of his

sword, and held it hard, and they both cried out: *Cæsar* in Latin, O vile traitor *Casca*, what doest thou? And *Casca* in Greek to his brother, Brother, help me. At the beginning of this stir, they that were present, not knowing of the conspiracie, were so amazed with the horrible sight they saw, they had no power to flie, neither to help him, nor so much as once to make an outcrie. They on the other side that had conspired his death, compassed him in on every side with their swords drawn in their hands, that *Cæsar* turned him no where, but he was stricken at by some, and still had naked swords in his face, and was hacked & mangled among them, as a wild beast taken of hunters. For it was agreed among them that every man should give him a wound, because all their parts should be in this murder: and then *Brutus* himself gaue him one wound about his priuities. Men report also, that *Cæsar* did stil defend himself against the rest, running every way with his bodie: but whē he saw *Brutus* with his sword drawne in his hand, then he pulled his gowne ouer his head, and made no more resistance, and was driuen either casually or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon *Pompeys* image stood, which ran all of a goare bloud till he was slaine. Thus it seemed that the image tooke iust revenge of *Pompeys* enemie, being throwne down on the ground at his feet. & yeelding vp his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had vpon him. For it is reported, that he had three and twentie wounds vpon his bodie: and diuers of the conspirators did hurt themselues, striking one bodie with so many blows. When *Cæsar* was slaine, the Senate (though *Brutus* stood in the middest amongst them, as though he would haue said something touching this fact) presently ranne out of the house, and flying, filled all the citie with maruellous feare and tumult. Insomuch as some did shut too their doores, others forsooke their shops and warehouses, and others ranne to the place to see what the matter was: and others also that had seene it, ran home to their houses againe. But *Antonius* and *Lepidus*, which were two of *Cæsars* chiefest friends, secretly conueying themselues away, fled into other mens houses, and forsooke their owne. *Brutus* and his confederates on the other side, being yet hot with this

murder they had committed, hauing their swords drawne in their hands, came all in a troupe together out of the Senate, and went into the market place, not as men that made countenance to flie, but otherwise, boldly holding vp their heads like men of courage, and called to the people to defend their libertie, and staid to speake with euery great personage whom they met in their way. Of them, some folowed this troupe, and went amongst them, as if they had bene of the conspiracie, and falsly chalenged part of the honor with them: amongst them was Caius Octavius, and Lentulus Spinther. But both of them were afterwards put to death, for their vaine countousness of honor, by Antonius, and Octavius Cæsar the yonger: and yet had no part of that honor for the which they were both put to death, neither did any man beleue that they were any of the confederates or of counsel with them. For they that did put them to death, took reuenge rather of the wil they had to offend, then of any fact they had committed. The next morning, Brutus & his confederats came into the market place to speake vnto the people, who gaue thẽ such audience, that it seemed they neither greatly reprobued, nor allowed the fact: for by their great silence they shewed, that they were sory for Cæsars death, and also that they did reuerence Brutus. Now the Senate granted generall pardon for all that was past, and to pacifie euery man, ordained besides, that Cæsars funerals should be honored as a god, & established all things that he had done: and gaue certaine prouinces also, and conuenient honors vnto Brutus & his confederates, wherby euery man thought all things were brought to good peace and quietnes again. But when they had opened Cæsars testament, & found a liberall legacie of mony bequeathed vnto euery citizen of Rome, & that they saw his body (which was brought into the market place) al bemangled with gasbes of swords: thẽ there was no order to keep the multitude & common people quiet, but they plucked vp formes, tables, and stooles, and laid them all about the body, and setting them afire, burnt the corse. Then when the fire was well kindled, they tooke the fire-brands, and went vnto their houses that had slaine Cæsar, to set them afire. Other also

came vnto and down the cite to see if they could meet with any

of them, to cut them in peeces : howbeit they could meet with neuer a man of them, because they had locked theselues vp safely in their houses. There was one of Cæsars friends called Cinna, that had a maruellous strange & terrible dreame the night before. He dreamed that Cæsar bad him to supper, and that he refused and would not go: then that Cæsar took him by the hand, & led him against his wil. Now Cinna hearing at that time, that they burnt Cæsars body in the market place, notwithstanding that he feared his dreame, and had an ague on him besides: he went into the market place to honour his funerals. When he came thither, one of the meane sort asked him what his name was? He was straight called by his name. The first man told it to another, and that other vnto another, so that it ranne straight through them all, that he was one of them that murthered Cæsar: (for indeed one of the traitors to Cæsar, was also called Cinna as himselfe) wherefore taking him for Cinna the murtherer, they fell vpon him with such furie, that they presently dispatched him in the market place. This stirre and furie made Brutus and Cassius more affraid, then of all that was past, and therefore within few daies after, they departed out of Rome: and touching their doings afterwards, and what calamitie they suffered till their deaths, we haue written at large in the life of Brutus. Cæsar died at sixe and fiftie yeares of age, and Pompey also liued not passing four yeares more then he. So he reaped no other fruite of his raigne and dominion, which he had so vehemently desired all his life, and pursued with such extreame danger: but a vaine name onely, and a superficiall glorie, that procured him the enuy and hatred of his countrey. But his great prosperitie and good fortune that fauoured him all his life time, did continue afterwards in the reuenge of his death, pursuing the murtherers both by sea and land, till they had not left a man more to be executed, of all them that were actors or counselors in the conspiracie of his death. Furthermore, of all the chances that happen vnto men vpon the earth, that which came to Cassius aboute all other, is most to be wondred at: for he being ouercome in battell at the iorney of Philippes, slue himselfe with the same sword, with which he strake Cæsar. Againe of signes in the element, the great comet

which seuen nights together was seene very bright after Cæsars death, the eighth night after was neuer seene more. Also the brightnesse of the Sunne was darkened, the which all that yeare through rose very pale, and shined not out, whereby it gaue but small heate: therefore the ayre being very cloudie and darke, by the weaknesse of the heate that could not come forth, did cause the earth to bring forth but raw and vnripe fruite, which rotted before it could ripe. But aboute all, the ghost that appeared vnto Brutus shewed plainly, that the gods were offended with the murther of Cæsar. The vision was thus: Brutus being readie to passe ouer his armie from the citie of Arydos, to the other coast lying directly against it, slept euery night (as his maner was) in his tent, and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires: (for by report he was as carefull a Captaine, and liued with as little sleepe, as euer man did) he thought he heard a noise at his tent doore, and looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderfull greatnesse, and dreadfull looke, which at the first made him maruellously afraid. But when he saw that it did him no hurt, but stood by his bed side, & said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: I am thy ill Angell, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replied againe, and said: Well, I shall see thee then. Therewithall, the spirit presently vanished from him. After that time, Brutus being in battell neare vnto the citie of Philippes, against Antonius and Octavius Cæsar, at the first battell he wanne the victorie, and ouerthrowing all them that withstood him, he draue them into yong Cæsars camp, which he tooke. The second battell being at hand, this spirit appeared againe vnto him, but spake neuer a word. Thereupon Brutus knowing that he should die, did put himselfe to all hazard in battell, but yet fighting could not be slaine. So seeing his men put to flight and ouerthrowne, he ranne vnto a little rocke not farre off, and there setting his swords point to his breast, fell vpon it, and slue himselfe: but yet, as it is reported, with the helpe of his friend that dispatched him.

From the Life of MARCUS BRUTUS.

MARCUS BRUTUS came of that Iunius Brutus, for whom the auncient Romaines made his statue of brasse to be set vpon the Capitoll, with the images of the kings, holding a naked sword in his hand: because he had valiantly put downe the Tarquines from their kingdome of Rome. But that Iunius Brutus being of a sower sterne nature, not softened by reason, being like vnto sword blades of too hard a temper: was so subiect to his choller and malice he bare vnto the tyrants, that for their sakes he caused his owne sonnes to be executed. But this Marcus Brutus in contrarie manner, whose life we presently write, hauing framed his life by the rules of vertue, and studie of Philosophie, and hauing employed his wit, which was gentle and constant, in attempting of great things: methinkes he was rightly made and framed vnto vertue. So that his very enemies which wish him most hurt, because of his conspiracie against Iulius Cæsar: if there were any noble attempt done in all this conspiracie, they referre it wholly vnto Brutus, and all the cruell and violent actes vnto Cassius, who was Brutus familiar friend, but not so well giuen, and conditioned as he. . . . Marcus Cato the Philosopher was brother vnto Seruilia, Marcus Brutus mother: whom Brutus studied most to follow of all the other Romaines, because he was his vncke, and afterwards he married his daughter. Now touching the Grecian Philosophers, there was no sect or Philosopher of them, but he heard and liked it: but aboue all the rest, he loued Platoes sect best, and did not much giue himselfe to the new or meane Academie (as they call it) but altogether to the old Academie. . . . Cassius being a cholericke man, and hating Cæsar priuatly, more then he did the tyrannie openly; he incensed Brutus against him. It is also reported, that Brutus could euill away with the tyrannie, and that Cassius hated the tyrant: making many complaints for the iniuries he had done

him; and amongst others, for that he had taken away his Lions from him. Cassius had provided them for his sports, when he should be *Ædilis*, and they were found in the citie of *Megara*, when it was wonne by *Calenus*, and *Cæsar* kept them. The rumor went, that these lions did marvellous great hurt to the *Megarians*: for when the city was taken, they brake their cages where they were tyed vp, & turned thẽ loose, breaking they wold haue done great mischiefe to the enemies, and haue kept them from setting vpon them: but the lions (contrarie to expectation) turned upon themselues that fled vn-harmed, and did so cruelly teare some in peeces, that it pitied their enemies to see them. And this was the cause (as some do report) that made Cassius conspire against *Cæsar*. But this holdeth no water: for Cassius euen from his cradle could not abide any manner of tyrants, as it appeared when he was but a boy, and went vnto the same schoole that *Faustus*, the son of *Sylla*, did. And *Faustus* bragging among other boyes, highly boasted of his fathers kingdom: Cassius rose vp on his feet, and gaue him two good whirts on the eare. *Faustus* gouernors would haue put this matter in sute against Cassius: but *Pompey* would not suffer them, but caused the two boyes to be brought before him, and asked them, how the matter came to passe. Then Cassius (as it is written of him) said vnto the other: Go too *Faustus*, speake againe and thou darest, before this Nobleman here, the same words that made me angrie with thee, that my fistes may walke once againe about thine ears. Such was Cassius hote stirring nature. But for *Brutus*, his friends and countrimen, both by diuers procurements, and sundrie rumours of the citie, and by many bills also, did openly call and procure him to do that he did. For vnder the image of his auncestor *Iunius Brutus*, (that draue the kings out of *Rome*) they wrote: O, that it pleased the gods thou wert now aliue, *Brutus!* and againe, That thou wert here among us now! His tribunall or chaire, where he gaue audience during the time he was *Praetor*, was full of such billes: *Brutus* thou art asleepe, and art not *Brutus* indeed. And of all this, *Cæsars* flatterers were the cause: who beside many other exceeding and unspeakable honours they daily deuised for him, in the night time they did put *Diademes*

vpon the heades of his images, supposing thereby to allure the common people to call him King, in steade of Dictator. Howbeit, it turned to the contrarie, (as we haue written more at large in Iulius Cæsars life.) Now when Cassius felt his friends, and did stirre them vp against Cæsar: they all agreed and promised to take part with him, so Brutus were the chiefe of their consyriacie. For they told him, that so high an enterprise and attempt as that, did not so much require men of manhood, and courage to draw their swords: as it stood thē vpon to haue a man of such estimation as Brutus, to make euery man boldly thinke, that by his onely presence the fact were holy and iust. If he tooke not this course, then that they should go to it with fainter hearts, and when they had done it they should be more fearefull: because euery man would thinke that Brutus would not haue refused to haue made one with them, if the cause had bene good and honest. Therefore Cassius considering this matter with himselfe, did first of all speake to Brutus, since they grew straunge together for the sute they had for the Prætorship. So when he was reconciled to him againe, and that they had embraced one another; Cassius asked him if he were determind to be in the Senate house, the first day of the moneth of March, because he heard say that Cæsars friendes should moue the councill that day, that Cæsar should be called King by the Senate. Brutus answered him, he would not be there. But if we be sent for (sayed Cassius) how then? For my selfe then (sayed Brutus) I meane not to hold my peace, but to withstand it, and rather die then lose my libertie. Cassius being bold, and taking hold of this word: Why (quoth he) what Romaine is he aliue that will suffer thee to dye for the libertie? What, knowest thou not that thou art Brutus? Thinkest thou that they be coblers, tapsters, or such like base mechanicall people, that write these billes and scrolles which are found daily in thy Prætors chaire, and not the noblest men and best citizens that do it? No, be thou well assured, that of other Prætors they looke for giftes, common distributions amongst the people, & for common playes, and to see fencers fight at the sharp, to shew the people pastime: but at thy hands, they specially require (as a due debt vnto them)

the taking away of the tyrannie, being fully bent to suffer any extremitie for thy sake, so that thou wilt shew thy selfe to be the man thou art taken for, and that they hope thou art. Thereupon he kissed Brutus and embraced him: and so each taking leaue of other, they went both to speake with their friends about it. Now amongst Pompeys friends, there was one called Caius Ligarius,* who had bene accused vnto Cæsar for taking part with Pompey; and Cæsar discharged him. But Ligarius thanked not Cæsar so much for his discharge, as he was offended with him, for that he was brought in daunger by his tyrannicall power. And therefore in his heart he was alway his mortall enemie, and was besides very familiar with Brutus, who went to see him being sicke in his bed, and sayed unto him: Ligarius, in what a time art thou sicke? Ligarius rising vp in his bed, and taking him by the right hand, said vnto him: Brutus (said he) if thou hast any great enterprise in hand worthie of thy selfe, I am whole. After that time they began to feele all their acquaintance whom they trusted, and layed their heads together consulting vpon it, and did not onely picke out their friends, but all those also whom they thought stout enough to attempt any desperate matter, and that were not affraid to lose their liues. For this cause they durst not acquaint Cicero with their conspiracie, although he was a man whom they loued dearely, and trusted best: for they were affraid that he being a coward by nature, and age also hauing increased his feare, he would quite turne and alter all their purpose, and quench the heate of their enterprise the which specially required hote and earnest execution, seeking by perswasion to bring all things to such safetie, as there should be no perill. Brutus also did let other of his friends alone, as Statilius Epicvrian, and Faonius, that made profession to follow Marcus Cato: because that hauing cast out words a farre off, disputing together in Philosophie to feele their minds: Faonius answered, That ciuill war was worse than tyrannicall gouernment vsurped against the law. And Statilius told him also, That it were an vnwise part of him, to put his life in daunger, for a sight of ignorant fooles and asses.

* In another place they call him Quinzæ.

Labeo was present at this talke, and maintained the **contrarie** against them both. But Brutus held his peace, as though it had bene a doubtfull matter, and a hard thing to haue bene decided. But afterwarde, being out of their companie, he made Labeo priuie to his intent; who very readily offered himselfe to make one. And they thought good also to bring in another Brutus to ioyne with him, surnamed Albinus: who was no man of his handes himselfe, but because he was able to bring good force of a great number of slaues, and fencers at the sharpe, whom he kept to shew the people pastime with their fighting, besides also that Cæsar had some trust in him. Cassius and Labeo told Brutus Albinus of it at the first, but he made them no answer. But when he had spoken with Brutus himselfe alone, and that Brutus told him he was the chiefe ring-leader of all this conspiracie: then he willingly promised him the best aide he could. Furthermore, the onely name and great calling of Brutus, did bring on the most of them to giue consent to this conspiracie: who hauing neuer taken othes together, nor taken or giuen any caution or assurance, nor binding themselues one to another by any religious othes: they all kept the matter so secret to themselues, and could so cunningly handle it, that notwithstanding, the gods did reueale it by manifest signes and tokens from aboue, and by predictions of sacrifices: yet all this would not be beleued. Now Brutus, who knewe very well, that for his sake all the noblest, valiantest, and most couragious men of Rome did venture their liues, weighing with himselfe the greatnesse of the daunger: when he was out of his house, he did so frame and fashion his countenance and lookes, that no man could discerne he had any thing to trouble his mind. But when night came that he was not in his owne house, then he was cleaue changed: for, either care did wake him against his will when he would haue slept, or else oftentimes of himselfe he fell into such deepe thoughts of this enterprise, casting in his mind all the daungers that might happen: that his wife lying by him, found that there was some maruellous great matter that troubled his mind, not being wont to be in that taking, and that he could not well determine with himselfe. His wife Porcia (as we haue told you before) was the daughter of Cato,

whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a mayden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband Bibulus, by whom she had also a young sonne called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a booke of the actes and gestes of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young Ladie being excellently well seene in Philosophie, louing her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not aske her husband what he ayled before she made some prooffe by her selfe: she took a little razour such as Barbers occupie to pare mens nayles, and causing her maydes and women to go out of her chamber, gaue her selfe a great gash withall in her thigh, that she was straight all of a goare blood: and incontinently after, a vehement feauer tooke her, by reason of the paine of her wound. Then perceiuing that her husband was maruellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest: euen in her greatest paine of all, she spake in this sort vnto him: I being, ô Brutus, (said she) the daughter of Cato, was married vnto thee, not to be thy bed-fellowe and companion in bedde and at boord onely, like a harlot, but to be partaker also with thee of thy good and euill fortune. Now for thy selfe, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I shew my dutie towards thee, and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly beare a secret mischaunce or grieffe with thee, which requireth secrecie and fidelitie. I confesse, that a womans wit commonly is too weake to keepe a secret safely: but yet (Brutus) good education and the companie of vertuous men, haue some power to reforme the defect of nature. And for my selfe, I haue this benefite moreouer, that I am the daughter of Cato, and the wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding; I did not trust to any of these things before: vntil that now I haue found by experience, that no paine or grieffe whatsoever can ouercome me. With those wordes she shewed him her wound on her thigh, and told him what she had done to proue her selfe. Brutus was amazed what she sayed vnto him, and lifting vp his handes to heauen, he besought the goddes to giue him the grace he might bring his enterprise to so good passe, that he might be found a husband, worthie of so noble a wife as Porcia: so he then did comfort her the best he could. Nowe, a day being

appointed for the meeting of the Senate, at what time they hoped Cæsar would not fail to come: the conspiratours determined then to put their enterprize in execution, because they might meete safely at that time without suspition, and the rather, for that all the noblest and chiefest men of the citie would be there: who when they should see such a great matter executed, would euery man then set too their handes, for the defence of their libertie. Furthermore, they thought also that the appointment of the place where the councill should be kept, was chosen of purpose by diuine Providence, and made all for them. For it was one of the porches about the Theater, in the which there was a certaine place full of seates for men to sit in, where also was set vp the image of Pompey, which the citie had made and consecrated in honour of him: when he did beautifie that part of the citie with the Theater he built, with diuerse porches about it. In this place was the assembly of the Senate appointed to be, iust on the fifteenth day of the moneth of March, which the Romaines call, Idus Martias: so that it seemed some god of purpose had brought Cæsar thither to be slaine, for reuenge of Pompeys death. So when the day was come, Brutus went out of his house with a dagger by his side vnder his long gowne, that no bodie saw nor knew, but his wife onely. The other conspiratours were all assembled at Cassius house, to bring his sonne into the market place, who on that day did put on the mans gowne, called Toga Virilis, and from thence they came all in a troupe together vnto Pompeys porch, looking that Cæsar would straight come thither. But here is to be noted, the wonderfull assured constancie of these conspirators, in so daungerous and waightie an enterprize as they had vndertaken. For many of them being Prætors, by reason of their office, whose dutie is to minister iustice to euery bodie: they did not onely with great quietnesse and courtesie heare them that spake vnto them, or that pleaded matters before them, and gaue them attentiuie care, as if they had no other matter in their heads: but moreouer, they gaue iust sentence, and carefully dispatched the causes before them. So there was one among them, who being condemned in a certaine summe of money, refused to pay it, and cryed out, that he did appeale vnto Cæsar. Then Brutus casting his eyes vpon the

conspiratours, said : Cæsar shall not let me to see the lawe executed. Notwithstanding this, by chance there fell out many misfortunes vnto them, which was enough to haue marred the enterprize. The first and chiefest, was Cæsars long tarying, who came very late to the Senate : for, because the signes of the sacrifices appeared vnluckie, his wife Calphurnia kept him at home, and the Soothsayers bad him beware he went not abroad. The second cause was, when one came vnto Casca being a conspiratour, and taking him by the hand, said vnto him : O Casca, thou keptest it close from me, but Brutus hath told me all Casca being amazed at it, the other went on with his tale, and sayd : Why, how now, how commeth it to passe thou art thus rich, that thou doest sue to be *Ædilis*? Thus Casca being deceiued by the others doubtfull wordes, he told them it was a thousand to one, he blabbed not out all the conspiracie. Another Senatour called Popilius Læna, after he had saluted Brutus and Cassius more friendly than he was wont to do : he rounded softly in their eares, and told them : I pray the goddes you may goe through with that you haue taken in hand; but withall, dispatch I reade you, for your enterprize is bewrayed. When he had sayed, he presently departed from them, and left them both affrayed that their conspiracie would out. Now in the meane time, there came one of Brutus men post haste vnto him, and told him his wife was a dying. For Porcia being very carefull and pensive for that which was to come, and being too weake to away with so great and inward grieffe of mind : she could hardly keepe within, but was frighted with euery litle noyse and crye she heard, as those that are taken and possest with the furie of the Bacchantes, asking euery man that came from the market place, what Brutus did, and still sent messenger after messenger, to know wh't newes. At length Cæsars coming being prolonged, (as you haue heard) Porciaes weakenesse was not able to hold out any longer, and thereupon she sodainely wounded, that she had no leysure to goe to her chamber, but was taken in the midst of her house, where her speech and senses failed her. Howbeit she soone came to her selfe againe, and so was layed in her bed, and tended by her women. When Brutus heard these newes, it griued him, as it is to be seen

supposed: yet he left not off the care of his countrie and commonwealth, neither went home to his house for any newes he heard. Nowe, it was reported that Cæsar was comming in his Litter: for he determined not to stay in the Senate all the day (because he was affraid of the vnluckie signes of the sacrifices) but to adiourne matters of importance vnto the next Session and Councell holden, fayning himselfe not to be well at ease. When Cæsar came out of his Litter, Popilius Læna (that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the goddes they might bring this enterprise to passe) went vnto Cæsar, and kept him a long time with a talke. Cæsar gaue good eare vnto him. Whereupon the conspiratours (if so they should be called) not hearing what he said to Cæsar, but coniecturing by that he had told them a litle before, that his talke was none other but the very discouerie of their conspiracie: they were affrayed euery man of them, and one looking in anothers face, it was easie to see that they all were of a mind, that it was no tarying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselues with their owne handes. And when Cassius and certaine other clapped their hands on their swordes vnder their gownes to drawe them; Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Læna, and considering that he did vse himselfe rather like an humble and earnest suter, then like an accuser: he sayed nothing to his companion (because there were many amongst them that were not of the conspiracie) but with a pleasaunt countenance encouraged Cassius. And immediately after, Læna went from Cæsar, and kissed his hand: which shewed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himselfe, that he had held him so long in talke. Now all the Senatours being entred first into this place or chapter house where the councell should be kept, all the other conspiratours straight stood about Cæsar's chaire, as if they had had something to say vnto him. And some say, that Cassius casting his eyes vpon Pompeys image, made his prayer vnto it, as if it had bene aliue. Trebonius* on the other side, drew Antonius aside, as he came

* In Cæsar's life it is sayd, it was Decius Brutus Albinus, that kept Antonius with a talke without.

into the house where the Senate sate, and held him with a long talke without. When Cæsar was come into the house, all the Senate rose to honour him at his comming in. So when he was set, the conspiratours flocked about him, and amongst them they presented one Tullius Cimber,* who made sute for the calling home againe of his brother that was banished. They all made as though they were intercessours for him, and tooke him by the handes, and kissed his heade and breast. Cæsar at the first, simply refused their kindnesse and intreaties: but afterwards, perceiuing they still pressed on him, he violently thrust them from him. Then Cimber with both his hands plucked Cæsars gowne ouer his shoulders, and Casca that stood behind him, drew his dagger first, & strake Cæsar vpon the shoulder, but gaue him no great wound. Cæsar feeling himselfe hurt, tooke him straight by the hand he held his dagger in, & cryed out in Latin: O traitor Casca, what dost thou? Casca on the other side cried in Greeke, and called his brother to helpe him. So diuers running on a heape together to flie vpon Cæsar, he looking about him to haue fled, saw Brutus with a sword drawne in his hand ready to strike at him: then he let Cascaes hand goe, and casting his gowne ouer his face, suffered euery man to strike at him that wold. Then the conspirators thronging one vpon another, because euery man was desirous to haue a cut at him, so many swords and daggers lighting vpon one body, one of them hurt another, and among them Brutus caught a blow on his hand, because he would make one in murthering of him, and all the rest also were euery man of them bloudied. Cæsar being slaine in this maner, Brutus standing in the midst of the house, would haue spoken, and stayed the other Senatours that were not of the conspiracie, to haue told them the reason why they had done this fact. But they as men both affrayed and amazed, fled one vpon anothers necke in hast to get out at the doore, and no man followed them. For it was set downe, and agreed betwene them, that they should kill no man but Cæsar onely, and should intreate all the rest to looke to defend their libertie. All the conspiratours, but Brutus, determining vpon

* In Cæsars life he is called Metellus Cimber

this matter, thought it good also to kill Antonius, because he was a wicked man, and that in nature favoured tyrannie: besides also, for that he was in great estimation with the souldiers, hauing bene conversant of long time amongst them: and specially hauing a mind bent to great enterprises, he was also of great authoritie at that time, being Consull with Cæsar. But Brutus would not agree to it. First, for that he said it was not honest: secondly, because he told them there was hope of change in him. For he did not mistrust, but that Antonius being a noble minded and courageous man (when he should know that Cæsar was dead) would willingly help his countrey to recouer her libertie, hauing them an example vnto him, to follow their courage and vertue. So Brutus by this meanes saued Antonius life, who at that present time disguised himself, and stalle away: but Brutus and his consorts, hauing their swords bloudie in their hands, went straight to the Capitoll, perswading the Romaines as they went, to take their libertie againe. Now, at the first time when the murder was newly done, there were sudden outcries of people that ranne vp and downe the citie, the which indeed did the more increase the feare and tumult. But when they saw they slue no man, neither did spoile or make hauock of any thing: then certaine of the Senators, and many of the people imboldening themselves, went to the Capitoll vnto them. There a great number of men being assembled together one after another, Brutus made an oration vnto them to win the fauour of the people, and to iustifie that they had done. Al those that were by, said they had done well, and cried vnto them, that they should boldly come downe from the Capitoll: whereupon Brutus and his companions came boldly downe into the market place. The rest followed in troupe, but Brutus went formost, very honourably compassed in round about with the noblest men of the citie, which brought him from the Capitoll, through the market place, to the pulpit for oratiōs. Whē the people saw him in the pulpit, although they were a multitude of rakehels of all sorts, and had a good will to make some stirre: yet being ashamed to do it, for the reuerence they bare vnto Brutus, they kept silence to heare what he would say. Whē Brutus began to speake, they gaue

him quiet audience: howbeit immediately after, they shewed that they were not all contented with the murther. For when another called Cinna would haue spoken, and beganne to accuse Cæsar: they fell into a great vprore amongst them, and maruèlously reuiled him. Insomuch that the conspiratours returned againe into the Capitoll. There Brutus being affrayed to be besieged, sent backe againe the Noblemen that came thither with him, thinking it no reason, that they which were no partakers of the murther, should be partakers of the daunger. Then the next morning the Senate being assembled, and holden within the temple of the goddesse Tellus, to wit, the Earth: and Antonius, Plancus, and Cicero, hauing made a motion to the Senate in that assembly, that they should take an order to pardon and forget all that was past, and to stablish friendship and peace againe: it was decreed, that they should not only be pardoned, but also that the Consuls should referre it to the Senate what honours should be appointed vnto them. This being agreed vpon, the Senate brake vp, and Antonius the Consull, to put them in heart that were in the Capitoll, sent them his sonne for a pledge. Vpon this assurance, Brutus and his companions came downe from the Capitoll, where euery man saluted and embraced each other, among the which, Antonius himselfe did bid Cassius to supper to him: and Lepidus also bad Brutus, and so one bad another, as they had friendship and acquaintance together. The next day following, the Senate being called againe to councell, did first of all commend Antonius, for that he had wisely stayed and quenched the beginning of a ciuill warre: then they also gaue Brutus and his consorts great prayes, and lastly they appointed them seuerall governments of prouinces. For vnto Brutus, they appointed Creta; Africke vnto Cassius; Asia vnto Trebonius: Bithynia, vnto Cimber; and vnto the other Detius Brutus Albinus, Gavle on this side the Alpes. When this was done, they came to talke of Cæsars will and testament, and of his funerals and tombe. Then Antonius thinking good his testament should be read openly, and also that his bodie should be honorably buried, and not in hugger mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: Cassius stoutly

spake against it. But Brutus went with the motion, and agreed vnto it: wherein it seemeth he committed a second fault. For the first fault he did, was when he would not consent to his fellow conspirators, that Antonius should be slaine. and therefore he was iustly accused, that thereby he had saued and strengthened a strong and grieuous enemy of their conspiracie. The second fault was, when he agreed that Cæsars funerals should be as Antonius would haue them, the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when Cæsars testament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he bequeathed vnto euery Citizen of Rome, 75. Drachmes a man; and that he left his gardens & arbors vnto the people, which he had on this side of the riuer of Tyber, in the place where now the temple of Fortune is built: the people then loued him, & were marvellous sorie for him. Afterwards, when Cæsars body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral Oration in praise of the dead according to the auncient custome of Rome, and perceiuing that his words moued the common people to compassion: he framed his eloquence to make their harts yerne the more, and taking Cæsars gowne all bloody in his hand, he layed it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had vpon it. Therewithall the people fell presently into such a rage and mutinie, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cryed out, Kill the murtherers: others plucked vp formes, tables, and stalles about the market place, as they had done before at the funerals of Clodius, and hauing laid them all on a heape together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was throughly kindled, some here, some there, tooke burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers houses that killed him, to set them a fire. Howbeit, the conspirators foreseeing the daunger before, had wisely prouided for themselues, and fledde. But there was a Poet called Cinna, who had bene no partaker of the conspiracie, but was alway one of Cæsars chiefest friends: he dreamed the night before, that Cæsar bad him to supper with him, and that he refusing to go, Cæsar was very importunate with him, and compelled

nim, so that at length he led him by the hand into a great darke place, where being maruellously affrayed, he was driuen to follow him in spite of his heart. This dreame put him all night into a feauer, and yet notwithstanding, the next morning when he heard they carried Cæsars bodie to buriall, being ashamed not to accompanie his funerals: he went out of his house, and thrust himselfe into the prease of the common people that were in a great vprere. And because some one called him by his name, Cinna; the people thinking he had bene that Cinna, who in an oration he made, had spoken very euill of Cæsar; they falling vpon him in their rage, slue him outright in the market place. This made Brutus and his companions more affraid then any other thing, next vnto the change of Antonius. Wherefore they got them out of Rome, and kept at the first in the city of Antivm, hoping to returne againe to Rome, when the furie of the people was a litle asswaged. The which they hoped would be quickley, considering that they had to deale with a fickle and vnconstant multitude, easie to be caried, and that the Senate stood for them: who notwithstanding made no enquireie of them that had torne poore Cinna the Poet in peeces, but caused them to be sought for and apprehended, that went with firebrands to set fire of the conspiratours houses. . . . About that time, Brutus sent to pray Cassius to come to the citie of Sardis, and so he did. Brutus understanding of his comming, went to meete him with all his friendes. There both their armies being armed, they called them both Emperors. Now (as it commonly happeneth in great affaires betweene two persons, both of them hauing many friendes, and so many Captaines vnder them: there ranne tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a litle chamber together, and bad euery man auoid and did shut the dores to them. Then they began to powre out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping. Their friends that were without the chamber, hearing them loud within, and angry betweene themselues, they were both amazed and afraid also, lest it would grow to further matter: but yet they were commanded, that no man should come to them.

Notwithstanding one Mar-Phaonius, that had bene a friend and follower of Cato while he liued, & tooke vpon him to counterfeit a Philosopher, not with wisdome and discretion, but with a certaine bedlem and franticke motion: he would needs come into the chamber, though the men offered to keepe him out. But it was no boote to let Phaonius, when a madde mood or toy tooke him in the head: for he was a hote hasty man, and sudden in all his doings, and cared for neuer a Senator of them all. Now, though he vsed this bold maner of speech after the profession of the Cynicke Philosophers (as who would say, Dogs) yet this boldnesse did no hurt many times, because they did but laugh at him to see him so mad. This Phaonius at that time, in despite of the doorekeepers, came into the chamber, and with a certaine scoffing and mocking gesture which he counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor sayd in Homer:

" My Lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I haue scene moe yeares then suchie three."

Cassius fell a laughing at him: but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dogge, and counterfeit Cynicke. Howbeit his comming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other. The selfe same night Cassius prepared his supper in his chamber, and Brutus brought his friends with him. So when they were set at supper, Phaonius came to sit downe after he had washed. Brutus told him aloud, no man sent for him, and bad them set him at the vpper end: meaning indeed at the lower end of the bed. Phaonius made no ceremony, but thrust in amongst the middest of them, and made all the company laugh at him: So they were merry all supper time, and full of their Philosophie. The next day after, Brutus, vpon complaint of the Sardians, did condemne and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had bene a Prætor of the Romaines, and whom Brutus had giuen charge vnto: for that he was accused and conuicted of robbery, and pilferie in his office. This iudgement much misliked Cassius: because he himselfe bad secretly (not many dayes before) warned two of his friends, attainted and conuicted of the like offences, and openly had

cleared them : but yet he did not therefore leaue to employ them in any manner of seruice as he did before. And therefore he greatly reprov'd Brutus, for that he would shew himselfe so straight and seuerer in such a time, as was meeter to beare a litle, then to take things at the worst. Brutus in contrarie manner answered, that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slue Iulius Cæsar : who neither piled nor polled the countrey, but onely was a fauourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoile, by his countenance & authoritie. And if there were any occasion wherby they might honestly set aside iustice and equitie : they should haue had more reason to haue suffered Cæsars friends, to haue robbed and done what wrong and iniurie they had would, then to beare with their owne men. For then sayd he, they could but haue sayd they had bene cowards: and now they may accuse vs of iniustice, beside the paines we take, and the danger we put our selues into. And thus may we see what Brutus intent and purpose was. But as they both prepared to passe ouer againe, out of Asia into Europe : there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderfull signe vnto him. Brutus was a carefull man, and slept very litle, both for that his diet was moderate, as also becausé he was continually occupied. He neuer slept in the day time, and in the night no longer, then the time he was driuen to be alone, and when euery body else tooke their rest. But now whilst he was in warre, and his head euer busily occupied to thinke of his affaires, and what would happen: after he had slumbered a litle after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his waightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would reade some booke till the third watch of the night, at what time the Captaines, petty Captaines and Colonels, did vse to come to him. So, being ready to go into Evrope, one night very late (when all the campe tooke quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a litle light, thinking of waightie matters : he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the doore of his tent, that he saw a wonderfull straunge and monstrous shape of a bodie comming towards him, and sayd neuer a word. So Brutus boldlv asked him what he was, a god or a

man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy euill spirit, Brutus : and thou shalt see me by the citie of Phillippes. Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied againe vnto it : Well, then I shall see thee againe. The spirit presently vanished away : and Brutus called his men vnto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw any thing at all. So Cassius himselfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a litle hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plaine : howbeit Cassius himselfe saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, sauing that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his campe before his eyes. He saw also a great troupe of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him : but yet he sent Titinnius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus horsemen saw him comming a farre off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius chiefest friends, they shouted out for ioy : and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about a horse-back, with songs of victorie and great rushing of their harnesses, so that they made all the field ring againe for ioy. But this marred all. For Cassius thinking indeed that Titinnius was taken of the enemies, he then spake these words : desiring too much to liue, I haue liued to see one of my best friends takē, for my sake, before my face. After that, he got into a tent where no body was, and tooke Pindarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reserued euer for such a pinch, since the cursed battell of the Parthians, where Crassus was slaine, though he notwithstanding scaped from that ouerthrow : but then casting his cloke ouer his head, and holding out his bare necke vnto Pindarus, he gaue him his head to be striken off. So the head was found seuered from the body : but after that time Pindarus was neuer seene more. Whereupon, some tooke occasion to say that he had slaine his maister without his commandement. By and by they knew the horsemen that came towards them, and might see Titinnius crowned with a garland of triumph, who came before with great speed vnto Cassius.

But when he perceiued by the cries and teares of his friends which tormētēd themselves, the misfortune that had chanced to his Captaine Cassius, by mistaking: he drew out his sword, cursing himself a thousand times that he had taried so long, & so slew himself presently in the field. . . . The selfsame night, it is reported that the monstrous spirit which had appeared before vnto Brutus in the citie of Sardis, did now appeare againe vnto him in the selfesame shape and forme, and so vanished away, and said neuer a word. Now Publius Volumnius, a graue and wise Philosopher, that had bin with Brutus frō the beginning of this war, he doth make no mention of this spirit, but saith: that the greatest Eagle and ensigne was couered ouer with a swarme of bees, and that there was one of the captaines, whose arme sodainely fel a sweating, that it dropped oile of roses from him, and that they oftentimes went about to dry him, but all would do no good. And that before the battel was fought, there were two Eagles fought between both armies, and all the time they fought, there was a maruelous great silence all the valley ouer, both the armies being one before the other, marking this fight betweene them; and that in the end, the Eagle towards Brutus gaue ouer and flew away. . . . There was one of Brutus friends called Lucilius, who seeing a troupe of barbarous men making no reckoning of all men else they met in their way, but going all together right against Brutus, he determined to stay them with the hazard of his life, and being left behind, told them that he was Brutus: and because they should beleue him, he prayed them to bring him to Antonius, for he said he was affraid of Cæsar, and that he did trust Antonius better. These barbarous men being very glad of this good hap, and thinking them selues happie men. they caried him in the night and sent some before vnto Antonius, to tel him of their comming. He was maruelous glad of it, and went out to meete them that brought him. Others also vnderstanding of it, that they had brought Brutus prisoner: they came out of all parts of the campe to see him, some pitying his hard fortune, and others saying, that it was not done like himself so cowardly to be taken aliue of the barbarous people, for feare of death. When they came neare together, Antonius staid awhile bethinking himself how he should



use Brutus. In the meane time Lucilius was brought to him, who stoutly with a bold countenance said : Antonius, I dare assure thee, that no enemie hath taken nor shall take Marcus Brutus aliue : and I beseech God keepe him from that fortune. For wheresoeuer he be found, aliue or dead : he will be found like himselfe. And now for my selfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued these men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus : and do not refuse to suffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius words made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other side, looking vpon all them that had brought him, said vnto them : My companions, I thinke ye are sorie you haue failed of your purpose, and that you think this man hath done you great wrong : but I assure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For in stead of an enemy, you haue brought me a friend : and for my part, if you had brought me Brutus aliue, truly I can not tell what I should haue done to him. For, I had rather haue such men my friends, as this man here, then enemies. Then he embraced Lucilius, and at that time deliuered him to one of his friends in custodie ; and Lucilius euer after serued him faithfully, euen to his death. . . . And for Porcia, Brutus wife ; Nicolaus the Philosopher, and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill her selfe (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keepe her from it) tooke hote burning coles and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close, that she choked her selfe. There was a letter of Brutus found written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that his wife being sicke, they would not helpe her, but suffered her to kill her selfe ; chusing to die, rather then to languish in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well that time, sith the letter (at the least if it were Brutus letter) doth plainely declare the disease and love of this Ladie, and also the manner of her death.





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