cially his mother, may prevail with him. But, I ſay, there is no hope in't; our throats are ſentenced, and ſtay upon execution.

Sic. Is't poſſible, that ſo ſhort a time can alter the condition of a man?

Men. There is differency between a grub, and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub. This Marcius is grown from man to dragon: he has wings; he's more than a creeping thing.

Sic. He lov'd his mother dearly.

Men. So did he me: and he no more remembers his mother now, than an eight year old horſe[9]. The tartneſs of his face ſours ripe grapes. When he walks, he moves like an engine, and the ground ſhrinks before his treading. He is able to pierce a corſlet with his eye; talks like a knell, and his hum is a battery. He ſits in his ſtate[1], as a thing made for Alexander. What he bids be done, is finiſh'd with his bidding. He wants nothing of a god, but eternity, and a heaven to throne in.

Sic. Yes, mercy, if you report him truly.

Men. I paint him in the character. Mark what mercy his mother ſhall bring from him: There is no more mercy in him, than there is milk in a male tyger; and that ſhall our poor city find: and all this is 'long of you.

Sic. The gods be good unto us!

Men. No, in ſuch a caſe the gods will not be good unto us. When we baniſh'd him, we reſpected not them: and, he returning to break our necks, they reſpect not us.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Sir, if you'd ſave your life, fly to your houſe:
The plebeians have got your fellow-tribune,
And hale him up and down; all ſwearing, if
The Roman ladies bring not comfort home,
They'll give him death by inches.

9 — *than an eight year old horſe.*] Sub intelligitur *remembers his dam.* WARBURTON.

1 *He ſits in his* ſtate, &c.] In a foregoing note he was ſaid to *ſit in gold.* The phraſe, *as a thing made for Alexander*, means, *as one made to reſemble Alexander.* JOHNSON.

His *ſtate* means his *chair of ſtate.* See the paſſage quoted from Plutarch, in p. 282, n. 9; and Vol. IV. p. 367, n. 7. MALONE.

Enter

Enter another Meſſenger.

Sic. What's the news?

Meſ. Good news, good news;—The ladies have prevail'd,
The Volcians are diſlodg'd, and Marcius gone:
A merrier day did never yet greet Rome,
No, not the expulſion of the Tarquins.

Sic. Friend,
Art thou certain, this is true? is it moſt certain?

Meſ. As certain, as I know the ſun is fire:
Where have you lurk'd, that you make doubt of it?
Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates[2]. Why, hark you;

[*Trumpets and hautboys ſounded, and drums beaten, all together. Shouting alſo within.*

The trumpets, ſackbuts, pſalteries, and fifes,
Tabors, and cymbals, and the ſhouting Romans,
Make the ſun dance. Hark you! [*Shouting again.*

Men. This is good news:
I will go meet the ladies. This Volumnia
Is worth of conſuls, ſenators, patricians,
A city full; of tribunes, ſuch as you,
A ſea and land full: You have pray'd well to-day;
This morning, for ten thouſand of your throats
I'd not have given a doit. Hark, how they joy!

[*Shouting and muſick.*

[2] *Ne'er through an arch ſo hurry'd the* blown tide,
As the recomforted through the gates.] So, in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"As *through an arch* the violent roaring *tide*
"Out-runs the eye that doth behold his haſte."

Blown in the text is *ſwell'd.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"——— here on her breaſt
"There is a vent of blood, and ſomething *blown.*"

The effect of a high or ſpring tide, as it is called, is ſo much greater than that which wind commonly produces, that I am not convinced by the following note that my interpretation is erroneous. Water that is ſubject to tides, even when it is not accelerated by a ſpring tide, appears ſwoln, and to move with more than ordinary rapidity, when paſſing through the narrow ſtrait of an arch. MALONE.

The *blown tide* is the tide blown, and conſequently accelerated by the wind. So, in another of our author's plays:

"My boat ſails ſwiftly both with wind and tide." STEEVENS.

Sic.

Sic. Firſt, the gods bleſs you for your tidings: next,
Accept my thankfulneſs.
Meſ. Sir, we have all great cauſe to give great thanks.
Sic. They are neat the city?
Meſ. Almoſt at point to enter.
Sic. We'll meet them, and help the joy. [*going.*

Enter the Ladies, accompanied by Senators, Patricians, and People. They paſs over the ſtage.

1. *Sen.* Behold our patroneſs, the life of Rome:
Call all your tribes together, praiſe the gods,
And make triumphant fires; ſtrew flowers before them:
Unſhout the noiſe that baniſh'd Marcius,
Repeal him with the welcome of his mother;
Cry,—Welcome, ladies, welcome!—
All. Welcome, ladies, welcome!
[*A flouriſh with drums and trumpets. Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Antium. *A publick Place.*

Enter TULLUS AUFIDIUS, *with Attendants.*

Auf. Go tell the lords of the city, I am here:
Deliver them this paper: having read it,
Bid them repair to the market-place; where I,
Even in theirs and in the commons' ears,
Will vouch the truth of it. Him I accuſe *,
The city ports by this hath enter'd, and
Intends to appear before the people, hoping
To purge himſelf with words: Diſpatch. [*Exeunt Att.*

Enter three or four Conſpirators of Aufidius' *faction.*

Moſt welcome!
1. *Con.* How is it with our general?
Auf. Even ſo,
As with a man by his own alms impoiſon'd,
And with his charity ſlain.
2. *Con.* Moſt noble ſir,

* Him *I accuſe*,—&c.] So, in the *Winter's Tale*:
"I am appointed *him* to murder you."
Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—*He* I accuſe—.
MALONE.

If

If you do hold the ſame intent wherein
You wiſh'd us parties, we'll deliver you
Of your great danger.

Auf. Sir, I cannot tell;
We muſt proceed, as we do find the people.

3. *Con.* The people will remain uncertain, whilſt
'Twixt you there's difference; but the fall of either
Makes the ſurvivor heir of all.

Auf. I know it;
And my pretext to ſtrike at him admits
A good conſtruction. I rais'd him, and I pawn'd
Mine honour for his truth: Who being ſo heighten'd,
He water'd his new plants with dews of flattery,
Seducing ſo my friends: and, to this end,
He bow'd his nature, never known before
But to be rough, unſwayable, and free.

3. *Con.* Sir, his ſtoutneſs,
When he did ſtand for conſul, which he loſt
By lack of ſtooping,—

Auf. That I would have ſpoke of:
Being baniſh'd for't, he came unto my hearth;
Preſented to my knife his throat: I took him;
Made him joint-ſervant with me; gave him way
In all his own deſires; nay, let him chooſe
Out of my files, his projects to accompliſh,
My beſt and freſheſt men; ſerv'd his deſignments
In mine own perſon; holp to reap the fame,
Which he did end all his; and took ſome pride
To do myſelf this wrong: till, at the laſt,
I ſeem'd his follower, not partner; and
He wag'd me with his countenance[3], as if

I had

[3] *He* wag'd *me with his countenance,*—] This is obſcure. The meaning, I think, is, he *preſcribed* to me with an air of authority, and gave me *his countenance* for *my wages*; thought me ſufficiently rewarded with good looks. JOHNSON.

The verb, to *wage*, is uſed in this ſenſe in Greene's *Mamillia*, 1593: "—— by cuſtom common to all that could *wage* her honeſty with the appointed price."

To *wage a taſk* was, anciently, to undertake a taſk for *wages*. So, in Geo. Wither's *Verſes* prefixed to Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"Good

I had been mercenary.

1. *Con.* So he did, my lord:
The army marvell'd at it. And, in the laſt,
When he had carried Rome; and that we look'd
For no leſs ſpoil, than glory,—

Auf. There was it;—
For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd[4] upon him.
As a few drops of women's rheum, which are
As cheap as lies, he ſold the blood and labour
Of our great action; Therefore ſhall he die,
And I'll renew me in his fall. But, hark!

[*Drums and trumpets ſound, with great ſhouts of the people.*

1. *Con.* Your native town you enter'd like a poſt,
And had no welcomes home; but he returns,
Splitting the air with noiſe.

2. *Con.* And patient fools,
Whoſe children he hath ſlain, their baſe throats tear,
With giving him glory.

3. *Con.* Therefore, at your vantage,
Ere he expreſs himſelf, or move the people
With what he would ſay, let him feel your ſword,
Which we will ſecond. When he lies along,
After your way his tale pronounc'd ſhall bury
His reaſons with his body.

Auf. Say no more;
Here come the lords.

Enter the Lords of the city.

Lords. You are moſt welcome home.

Auf. I have not deſerv'd it,

"Good ſpeed befall thee who haſt *wag'd a taſk*,
"That better cenſures, and rewards doth aſk."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. vii:

"—— muſt *wage*
"Thy works for wealth, and life for gold engage."

Again, in Holinſhed's *Reign of K. John*, p. 168: "—the ſumme of 28 thouſand markes to levie and *wage* thirtie thouſand men."

4 *For which my ſinews ſhall be ſtretch'd*—] This is the point on which I will attack him with my utmoſt abilities. JOHNSON.

But,

But, worthy lords, have you with heed perus'd
What I have written to you?

Lords. We have.

1. *Lord.* And grieve to hear it.
What faults he made before the laſt, I think,
Might have found eaſy fines: but there to end,
Where he was to begin; and give away
The benefit of our levies, anſwering us,
With our own charge[5]; making a treaty, where
There was a yielding; This admits no excuſe.

Auf. He approaches, you ſhall hear him.

Enter CORIOLANUS, *with drums and colours; a crowd of Citizens with him.*

Cor. Hail, lords! I am return'd your ſoldier;
No more infected with my country's love,
Than when I parted hence, but ſtill ſubſiſting
Under your great command. You are to know,
That proſperouſly I have attempted, and
With bloody paſſage, led your wars, even to
The gates of Rome. Our ſpoils we have brought home,
Do more than counterpoiſe, a full third part,
The charges of the action. We have made peace,
With no leſs honour to the Antiates,
Than ſhame to the Romans: And we here deliver,
Subſcrib'd by the conſuls and patricians,
Together with the ſeal o'the ſenate, what
We have compounded on.

Auf. Read it not, noble lords;
But tell the traitor, in the higheſt degree
He hath abus'd your powers.

Cor. Traitor!—How now?—

Auf. Ay, traitor, Marcius.

Cor. Marcius!

Auf. Ay, Marcius, Caius Marcius; Doſt thou think
I'll grace thee with that robbery, thy ſtol'n name
Coriolanus in Corioli?—

[5] —*anſwering us*
With our own charge;] That is, *rewarding us with our own expences*; making the coſt of the war its recompence. JOHNSON.

You

You lords and heads of the ſtate, perfidiouſly
He has betray'd your buſineſs, and given up,
For certain drops of ſalt[6], your city Rome
(I ſay, your city) to his wife and mother:
Breaking his oath and reſolution, like
A twiſt of rotten ſilk; never admitting
Counſel o' the war; but at his nurſe's tears
He whin'd and roar'd away your victory;
That pages bluſh'd at him, and men of heart
Look'd wondering each at other.

Cor. Hear'ſt thou, Mars?

Auf. Name not the god, thou boy of tears,—

Cor. Ha!

Auf. No more[7].

Cor. Meaſureleſs liar, thou haſt made my heart
Too great for what contains it. Boy! O ſlave!—
Pardon me, lords, 'tis the firſt time that ever
I was forc'd to ſcold. Your judgments, my grave lords,
Muſt give this cur the lie: and his own notion
(Who wears my ſtripes impreſs'd upon him; that
Muſt bear my beating to his grave;) ſhall join
To thruſt the lie unto him.

1. *Lord.* Peace, both, and hear me ſpeak.

Cor. Cut me to pieces, Volces, men and lads,
Stain all your edges on me.—Boy! Falſe hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 'tis there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Volcians in Corioli:
Alone I did it.—Boy!

Auf. Why, noble lords,
Will you be put in mind of his blind fortune,
Which was your ſhame, by this unholy braggart,
'Fore your own eyes and ears?

Con. Let him die for't. [*ſeveral ſpeaking at once.*

Cit. [*ſpeaking promiſcuouſly.*] Tear him to pieces, do

[6] *For certain drops of ſalt*—] For certain tears. So, in *K. Lear*:
"Why this would make a man, a man of *ſalt*." MALONE.

[7] Auf. *No more.*] This ſhould rather be given to the *firſt lord*. It was not the buſineſs of *Aufidius* to put a ſtop to the altercation. TYRWHITT.

it preſently. He kill'd my ſon;—my daughter;—He kill'd my couſin Marcus;—He kill'd my father.—

2. *Lord.* Peace, ho;—no outrage;—peace.
The man is noble, and his fame folds in
This orb o' the earth[8]. His laſt offences to us
Shall have judicious hearing.—Stand, Aufidius,
And trouble not the peace.

Cor. O, that I had him,
With fix Aufidiuſes, or more, his tribe,
To uſe my lawful ſword!

Auf. Inſolent villain!

Con. Kill, kill, kill, kill, kill him.

[AUFIDIUS *and the Conſpirators draw, and kill* CORIOLANUS, *who falls, and* AUFIDIUS *ſtands on him.*

Lords. Hold, hold, hold, hold.

Auf. My noble maſters, hear me ſpeak.

1. *Lord.* O Tullus,—

2. *Lord.* Thou haſt done a deed, whereat
Valour will weep.

3. *Lord.* Tread not upon him.—Maſters all, be quiet;
Put up your ſwords.

Auf. My lords, when you ſhall know (as in this rage,
Provok'd by him, you cannot,) the great danger
Which this man's life did owe you, you'll rejoice
That he is thus cut off. Pleaſe it your honours
To call me to your ſenate, I'll deliver
Myſelf your loyal ſervant, or endure
Your heavieſt cenſure.

1. *Lord.* Bear from hence his body,
And mourn you for him: let him be regarded
As the moſt noble corſe, that ever herald
Did follow to his urn.

2. *Lord.* His own impatience
Takes from Aufidius a great part of blame.
Let's make the beſt of it.

Auf. My rage is gone,
And I am ſtruck with ſorrow.—Take him up:—

[8] — *his fame folds in*
This orb o' the earth:] His fame overſpreads the world. JOHNSON.

Help,

Help, three o' the chiefeſt ſoldiers; I'll be one.—
Beat thou the drum, that it ſpeak mournfully:
Trail your ſteel pikes.—Though in this city he
Hath widow'd and unchilded many a one,
Which to this hour bewail the injury,
Yet he ſhall have a noble memory[9].—
Aſſiſt.

[*Exeunt, bearing the body of* Coriolanus. *A dead march ſounded*[1].

9 — *a noble* memory.] *Memory* for *memorial.* STEEVENS.
See p. 262, n. 5. MALONE.

[1] The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the moſt amuſing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in Menenius; the lofty lady's dignity in Volumnia; the bridal modeſty in Virgilia; the patrician and military haughtineſs in Coriolanus; the plebeian malignity and tribunitian inſolence in Brutus and Sicinius, make a very pleaſing and intereſting variety; and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curioſity. There is, perhaps, too much buſtle in the firſt act, and too little in the laſt. JOHNSON.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Perſons Repreſented.

Julius Cæſar.
Octavius Cæſar, Marcus Antonius, M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs, after the Death of* Julius Cæſar.
Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, *Senators.*
Marcus Brutus, Caſſius, Caſca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, } *Conſpirators againſt* Julius Cæſar.
Flavius, *and* Marullus, *Tribunes.*
Artemidorus, *a Sophiſt of* Cnidos.
A Soothſayer.
Cinna, *a Poet. Another Poet.*
Lucilius, Titinius, Meſſala, *Young* Cato, *and* Volumnius; *Friends to* Brutus *and* Caſſius.
Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius; *Servants to* Brutus.
Pindarus, *Servant to* Caſſius.

Calphurnia, *Wife to* Cæſar.
Portia, *Wife to* Brutus.

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

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

JULIUS CÆSAR[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS[2], *and a rabble of Citizens.*

Flav. Hence; home, you idle creatures, get you home;
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,

Being

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

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

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

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

A paſſage in *The Tempeſt*, (p. 79,) ſeems to have been copied from one in *Darius*, another play of Lord Sterline's, printed at Edinburgh in 1603. His *Julius Cæſar* appeared in 1607, at a time when he was little acquainted with Engliſh writers; for both theſe pieces abound with ſcottiſiſms, which, in the ſubſequent folio edition, 1637, he corrected. But neither *The Tempeſt* nor the *Julius Cæſar* of our authour was printed till 1623.

It ſhould alſo be remembered, that our authour has ſeveral plays, founded on ſubjects which had been previouſly treated by others. Of this kind are *King John*, *K. Richard II.* the two parts of *King Henry IV.* *King Henry V.* *King Richard III.* *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, *The Merchant of Venice*, and I believe, *Hamlet*, *Timon of Athens*, and *The Second and Third Part*

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 cobler.

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 ſoals.

Mar. What trade[3], 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 meaneſt thou by that? Mend me, thou ſaucy fellow?

2. *Cit.* Why, ſir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobler, 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 mat-

of K. Henry VI.: whereas no proof has hitherto been produced, that any contemporary writer ever preſumed to new model a ſtory that had already employed the pen of Shakſpeare. On all theſe grounds it appears more probable, that Shakſpeare was indebted to lord Sterline, than that lord Stirline borrowed from Shakſpeare. If this reaſoning be juſt, this play could not have appeared before the year 1607. I believe it was produced in that year. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. I.

The real length of time in *Julius Cæſar*, Mr. Upton obſerves, is as follows: "About the middle of February A. U. C. 709, a frantick feſtival, ſacred to Pan, and called *Lupercalia*, was held in honour of Cæſar, when the regal crown was offered to him by Antony. On the 15th of March in the ſame year, he was ſlain. Nov. 27, A. U. C. 710, the triumvirs met at a ſmall iſland, formed by the river Rhenus, near Bononia, and there adjuſted their cruel proſcription.—A. U. C. 711, Brutus and Caſſius were defeated near Philippi." MALONE.

[2] *Marullus*,] Old copy—*Murellus*. Corrected from Plutarch by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

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

ters,

ters, but with awl[4]. 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 neats-leather, have gone upon my handy-work.

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

2. *Cit.* Truly, 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 climb'd up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have ſat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To ſee great Pompey paſs the ſtreets of Rome:
And when you ſaw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an univerſal ſhout,
That Tyber trembled underneath her banks[5],
To hear the replication of your ſounds,

Made

4 — *but with* awl.] I have already obſerved in a note on *Love's Labour's Loſt*, p. 362, n. 8, that where our author uſes words equivocally, he impoſes ſome difficulty on his editor with reſpect to the mode of exhibiting them in print. Shakſpeare, who wrote for the ſtage, not for the cloſet, was contented if his quibble ſatisfied the ear. I have, with the other modern editors, printed here—with *awl*, though in the firſt folio, we find *withal*; as in the preceding page, bad *ſoals*, inſtead of—bad *ſouls*, the reading of the original copy.

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

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

"We have *awle* at our command,
"And ſtill we are on the mending hand.' STEEVENS.

5 — *her* banks,] As *Tyber* is always repreſented by the figure of a man, the feminine gender is improper. STEEVENS.

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 Tyber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the loweſt ſtream
Do kiſs the moſt exalted ſhores of all. [*Exeunt Citizens.*
See, whe'r[6] their baſeſt metal be not mov'd;
They vaniſh tongue-ty'd in their guiltineſs.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: Diſrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies[7].

Mar. May we do ſo?
You know, it is the feaſt of Lupercal.

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

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

[6] *See*, whe'r] *Whether*, thus abbreviated, is uſed by Ben Jonſon. STEEV. See Vol. IV. p. 469, n. 1. MALONE.

[7] — *deck'd with* ceremonies.] With honorary ornaments; tokens of reſpect. MALONE.

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

SCENE

SCENE II.

The ſame. A public Place.

Enter, in proceſſion, with muſick, CÆSAR; ANTONY, *for the courſe*; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS[8], CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *a great crowd following*; *among them a* Soothſayer.

Cæſ. Calphurnia,—

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

Cæſ. Calphurnia,—

Cal. Here, my lord.

Cæſ. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his courſe[9].—Antonius.

Ant.

[8] This perſon was not *Decius*, but *Decimus Brutus*. The poet (as Voltaire has done ſince) confounds the characters of *Marcus* and *Decimus*. *Decimus Brutus* was the moſt cheriſhed by *Cæſar* of all his friends, while *Marcus* kept aloof, and declined ſo large a ſhare of his favours and honours, as the other had conſtantly accepted. Velleius Paterculus, ſpeaking of *Decimus Brutus*, ſays,—"ab iis quos miſerat *Antonius*, jugulatus eſt, juſtiſſimaſque optimè de ſe merito, C. Cæſari pœnas dedit, cujus cum primus omnium amicorum fuiſſet, interfector fuit, et fortunæ ex qua fructum tulerat, invidiam in auctorem relegabat, cenſebatque æquum quæ acceperat a Cæſare retinere, Cæſarem qui illa dederat periiſſe." Lib. ii. c. 64.

"Jungitur his *Decimus*, notiſſimus inter amicos
"Cæſaris, ingratus, cui trans-Alpina fuiſſet
"Gallia Cæſareo nuper commiſſa favore.
"Non illum conjuncta fides, non nomen amici
"Deterrere poterit."—
"Ante alios *Decimus*, cui fallere, nomen amici
"Præcipue dederat, ductorem ſæpe morantem
"Incitat.—*Supplem. Lucani.*" STEEVENS.

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

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

[9] *Stand you directly in* Antonius' *way*,
When he doth run his courſe.] The old copy generally reads *Antonio, Octavio, Flavio*. The players were more accuſtomed to Italian than to Roman terminations, on account of the many verſions from Italian novels, and the many Italian characters in dramatick pieces formed on the ſame originals. STEEVENS.

Ant. Cæſar, my lord.

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

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

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

Sooth. Cæſar.

Cæſ. Ha! Who calls?

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

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

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.

Caſ. Fellow, come from the throng: Look upon Cæſar.

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

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Cæſ. He is a dreamer; let us leave him;—paſs.
[*Sennet.*[1] *Exeunt all but* Brutus *and* Caſſius.

Caſ.

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

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

[1] *Sennet*] I have been informed that *ſennet* is derived from *ſenneſte*, an antiquated

Caſ. Will you go ſee the order of the courſe?
Bru. Not I.
Caſ. 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 ſhew of love, as I was wont to have:
You bear too ſtubborn and too ſtrange a hand[2]
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Caſſius,
Be not deceiv'd: If I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myſelf. Vexed I am,
Of late, with paſſions of ſome difference[3],
Conceptions only proper to myſelf,
Which give ſome ſoil, perhaps, to my behaviours:
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd;
(Among which number, Caſſius, be you one;)
Nor conſtrue any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himſelf at war,
Forgets the ſhews of love to other men.
Caſ. Then, Brutus, I have much miſtook your paſſion;
By means whereof, this breaſt of mine hath bury'd
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you ſee your face?

antiquated French tune formerly uſed in the army; but the Dictionaries which I have conſulted exhibit no ſuch word.
Sennet may be a corruption from *ſonata*, Ital. STEEVENS.
See p. 57, n. 3. MALONE.

[2] — ſtrange *a hand*—] *Strange*, is alien, unfamiliar, ſuch as might become a ſtranger. JOHNSON.

[3] — *paſſions of ſome* difference,] With a fluctuation of diſcordant opinions and deſires. JOHNSON.
So, in *Coriolanus*, Act V. ſc. iii:
" — thou haſt ſet thy mercy and thy honour
" At *difference* in thee." STEEVENS.
A following line may prove the beſt comment on this:
" Than that poor Brutus, *with himſelf at war*,—." MALONE.

Bru.

Bru. No, Caſſius: for the eye ſees not itſelf[4],
But by reflection, by ſome other things.

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

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

Caſ. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear:
And, ſince you know you cannot ſee yourſelf
So well as by reflection, I, your glaſs,
Will modeſtly diſcover to yourſelf
That of yourſelf which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous of me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher[5], or did uſe
To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love[6]
To every new proteſter; if you know

4 —*the* eye *ſees not itſelf*,] So, ſir John Davies in his poem on *The Immortality of the Soul*, 1599:

" *Is it becauſe the mind is like the* eye,
" *Through which it gathers knowledge by degrees;*
" *Whoſe rays reflect not, but ſpread outwardly;*
" *Not ſeeing itſelf, when other things it ſees?*"

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

" Thus few ſtrike ſail until they run on ſhelf:
" *The* eye *ſees all things but its proper ſelf.*" STEEVENS.

Again, in Sir John David's poem:

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

5 — *a common* laugher,] Old Copy—*laughter*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

6 *To ſtale with ordinary oaths my love*, &c.] To invite *every new proteſter* to my affection by the *ſtale* or allurement of *cuſtomary* oaths. JOHNSON.

That

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[7]:
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 Tyber chafing with her ſhores,
Cæſar ſaid to me, *Dar'ſt thou*, Caſſius, *now*
Leap in with me into this angry flood[8],

And

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

[8] — *Dar'ſt thou, Caſſius, now,*
Leap in with me into this angry flood,] Shakſpeare probably recollected the ſtory which Suetonius has told of Cæſar's leaping into the

And ſwim to yonder point?—Upon the word,
Accouter'd as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow: ſo, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd; and we did buffet it
With luſty ſinews; throwing it aſide
And ſtemming it with hearts of controverſy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd[9],
Cæſar cry'd, *Help me*, Caſſius, *or I ſink.*
I, as Æneas, our great anceſtor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his ſhoulder
The old Anchiſes bear, ſo, from the waves of Tyber
Did I the tired Cæſar: And this man
Is now become a god; and Caſſius is
A wretched creature, and muſt bend his body,
If Cæſar careleſsly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did ſhake: 'tis true, this god did ſhake:
His coward lips did from their colour fly[1];
And that ſame eye, whoſe bend doth awe the world,
Did loſe his luſtre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his, that bade the Romans
Mark him, and write his ſpeeches in their books,
Alas! it cry'd, *Give me ſome drink*, Titinius,
As a ſick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
A man

ſea, when he was in danger by a boat's being overladen, and ſwimming to the next ſhip with his *Commentaries* in his left hand." Holland's Tranſlation of Suetonius, 1606, p. 26. So alſo, *ibid.* p. 24: "Were rivers in his way to hinder his paſſage, croſs over them he would, either ſwimming, or elſe bearing himſelf upon blowed leather bottles." MALONE.

9 *But ere we could* arrive *the point propos'd,*] The verb *arrive* is uſed, without the preposition *at*, by Milton in the ſecond book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, as well as by Shakſpeare in the Third Part of *K. Henry VI.* Act V. ſc. iii:

"— thoſe powers that the queen
"Hath rais'd in Galia, have *arriv'd* our coaſt." STEEVENS.

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

A man of ſuch a feeble temper ſhould
So get the ſtart of the majeſtick world[2],
And bear the palm alone. [*Shout. Flouriſh.*
Bru. Another general ſhout!
I do believe, that theſe applauſes are
For ſome new honours that are heap'd on Cæſar.
Caſ. Why, man, he doth beſtride the narrow world,
Like a Coloſſus; and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs[3], 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[4];
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with them,
Brutus will ſtart a ſpirit as ſoon as Cæſar. [*Shout.*

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

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

3 *— and we petty men*
Walk under his huge legs,] So, as an anonymous writer has obſerved, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. IV. c. 10.

"But I the meaneſt man of many more,
"Yet much diſdaining unto him to lout,
"*Or creep between his legs.*" MALONE.

4 *Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;*] A ſimilar thought occurs in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1614:

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

Now

Now in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæſar feed,
That he is grown ſo great? Age, thou art ſham'd:
Rome, thou haſt loſt the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, ſince the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they ſay till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walks encompaſs'd but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers ſay,
There was a Brutus once [5], that would have brook'd
The eternal devil [6] 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 mov'd. What you have ſaid,
I will conſider; what you have to ſay,
I will with patience hear: and find a time
Both meet to hear, and anſwer, ſuch high things.
'Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this [7];
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 [8].

5 — *There was a Brutus once,*] i. e. *Lucius Junius* Brutus. STEEV.

6 — eternal *devil*—] I ſhould think that our authour wrote rather, *infernal devil*. JOHNSON.

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

7 — *chew upon this*;] Conſider this at leiſure; *ruminate* on this. JOHNSON.

8 *Under theſe hard conditions* as *this time*
Is like to lay upon us.] *As*, in our authour's age, was frequently uſed in the ſenſe of *that*. So, in North's Tranſlation of Plutarch, 1579: "—inſomuch *as* they that ſaw it, thought he had been burnt." MALONE.

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

Re-enter CÆSAR, *and his Train.*

Bru. The games are done, and Cæſar is returning.
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.
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[9] and ſuch firy eyes,
As we have ſeen him in the Capitol,
Being croſs'd in conference by ſome ſenators.
Caſ. Caſca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæſ. Antonius.
Ant. Cæſar.
Cæſ. Let me have men about me, that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and ſuch as ſleep o'nights[1]:
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[2]:—But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,

[9] — *ferret*—] A ferret has red eyes. JOHNSON.

[1] *Sleek-headed men*, &c.] So, in ſir Thomas North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*, 1579. "When Cæſar's friends complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella, that they pretended ſome miſchief towards him; he anſwered them again, as for thoſe fat men and ſmooth-cumbed heads, (quoth he) I never reckon of them; but theſe pale-viſaged and carrion-lean-people, I fear them moſt; meaning Brutus and Caſſius."
And again:
"Cæſar had Caſſius in great jealouſy, and ſuſpected him much; whereupon he ſaid on a time, to his friends, what will Caſſius do, think you? I like not his pale looks." STEEVENS.

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

I do

I do not know the man I ſhould avoid
So ſoon as that ſpare Caſſius. He reads much;
He is a great obſerver, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou doſt, Antony; he hears no muſick [3]:
Seldom he ſmiles; and ſmiles in ſuch a ſort,
As if he mock'd himſelf, and ſcorn'd his ſpirit
That could be mov'd to ſmile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's eaſe,
Whiles they behold a greater than themſelves;
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd,
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæſar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'ſt of him.

[*Exeunt* CÆSAR, *and his train.* CASCA *ſtays behind.*

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. What was the ſecond noiſe for?

Caſca. Why for that too.

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

Caſca. Why for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offer'd him thrice?

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

Caſ. Who offer'd him the crown?

Caſca. Why, Antony.

3 — *he hears no muſick:*] Our authour conſidered the having no delight in muſick as ſo certain a mark of an auſtere diſpoſition, that in *The Merchant of Venice* he has pronounced, that

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

Bru.

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

Caſca. I can as well be hang'd, as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I ſaw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of theſe coronets[4];—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loth to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and ſtill as he refuſed it, the rabblement hooted, and clapp'd their chopp'd hands, and threw up their ſweaty night-caps, and utter'd ſuch a deal of ſtinking breath becauſe Cæſar refuſed the crown, that it had almoſt choked Cæſar; for he ſwoon'd, and fell down at it: And for mine own part, I durſt not laugh, for fear of opening my lips, and receiving the bad air.

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

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

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

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

Caſca. I know not what you mean by that; but, I am ſure, Cæſar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him, and hiſs him, according as he pleaſed, and diſpleaſed them, as they uſe to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man[5].

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

Caſca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv'd the common herd was glad he refuſed the crown, he pluck'd me ope his doublet, and offer'd them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation[6], if I

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

5 *no true man.*—] No honeſt man. See Vol. II. p. 90, n. 6. MALONE.

6 — *a man of any occupation,*] Had I been a mechanick, one of the Plebeians to whom he offered his throat. JOHNSON.

So, in *Coriolanus*, Act IV. ſc. vi:

"— You that ſtood ſo much
"Upon the voice of *occupation*." MALONE.

would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues:—and ſo he fell. When he came to himſelf again, he ſaid, If he had done, or ſaid, any thing amiſs, he deſired their worſhips to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I ſtood, cry'd, *Alas, good ſoul!*—and forgave him with all their hearts: But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæſar had ſtabb'd their mothers, they would have done no leſs.

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

Caſca. Ay.

Caſ. Did Cicero ſay any thing?

Caſca. Ay, he ſpoke Greek.

Caſ. To what effect?

Caſca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: But thoſe, that underſtood him, 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: Farewel both. [*Exit* CASCA.

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

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

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

Caſ.

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

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I ſee,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought
From that it is diſpos'd[7]: Therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
For who ſo firm, that cannot be ſeduc'd?
Cæſar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,
He ſhould not humour me[8]. 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.

The ſame. A Street.

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

Cic. Good even, Caſca: Brought you Cæſar home[9]?
Why are you breathleſs? and why ſtare you ſo?

[7] *Thy honourable metal may be wrought*
From that it is diſpos'd:] The beſt *metal* or *temper* may be worked into qualities contrary to its original conſtitution. JOHNSON.
From that it is *diſpos'd*, i. e. diſpos'd *to*. See p. 128, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] *If I were Brutus now, and he were Caſſius,*
He ſhould not humour *me.*] The meaning I think is, *Cæſar loves Brutus, but if Brutus and I were to change places, his love ſhould not humour me,* ſhould not take hold of my affection, ſo as to make me forget my principles. JOHNSON.

[9] — *Brought you Cæſar home?*] Did you attend Cæſar home? JOHNSON.

See Vol. V. p. 490, n. 4. MALONE.

Caſca. Are you not mov'd, when all the ſway of earth [1]
Shakes, like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have ſeen tempeſts, when the ſcolding winds
Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have ſeen
The ambitious ocean ſwell, and rage, and foam,
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempeſt dropping fire.
Either there is a civil ſtrife in heaven;
Or elſe the world, too ſaucy with the gods,
Incenſes them to ſend deſtruction.

Cic. Why, ſaw you any thing more wonderful?

Caſca. A common ſlave [2] (you know him well by ſight)
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not ſenſible of fire, remain'd unſcorch'd.
Beſides, (I have not ſince put up my ſword,)
Againſt the Capitol I met a lion,
Who gaz'd upon me, and went ſurly by [3],
Without annoying me: And there were drawn

Upon

[1] —ſway *of earth*—] The whole weight or *momentum* of this globe. JOHNSON.

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

[3] *Who gaz'd upon me, and went ſurly by,*] The old copy reads—*glaz'd*, for which Mr. Pope ſubſtituted *glar'd*, and this reading has been adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. *Glar'd* certainly is to our ears a more forcible expreſſion; I have however adopted a reading propoſed by Dr. Johnſon, *gaz'd*, induced by the following paſſage in Stowe's *Chronicle*, 1615, from which the word *gaze* ſeems in our author's time to have been peculiarly applied to the fierce aſpect of a lion, and therefore may be preſumed to have been the word here intended. The writer is deſcribing *a trial of valour* (as he calls it,) between a *lion*, a bear, a ſtone-horſe and a maſtiff; which was exhibited in the Tower, in the year 1609, before the king and all the royal family, diverſe great lords, and many others: "—Then was the great *lyon* put forth, who *gazed* awhile, but never offered to aſſault or approach the bear." Again: "—the above mentioned young luſty lyon and lyoneſs were both

Upon a heap a hundred ghaſtly women,
Transformed with their fear; who ſwore, they ſaw
Men, all in fire, walk up and down the ſtreets.
And, yeſterday, the bird of night did ſit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting, and ſhrieking. When theſe prodigies
Do ſo conjointly meet, let not men ſay,
Theſe are their reaſons,—They are natural;
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a ſtrange-diſpoſed time:
But men may conſtrue things after their faſhion,
Clean from the purpoſe[4] of the things themſelves.
Comes Cæſar to the Capitol to-morrow?

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

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

Caſca. Farewel, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Caſ. Who's there?

Caſca. A Roman.

Caſ. Caſca, by your voice.

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

both put together, to ſee if they would reſcue the third, but they would not, but *fearfully* [that is, dreadfully] *gazed* upon the dogs." Again: "The lyon having fought long, and his tongue being torne, lay ſtaring and panting a pretty while, ſo as all the beholders thought he had been utterly ſpoyled and ſpent; and upon a ſodaine *gazed* upon that dog which remained, and ſo ſoon as he had *ſpoyled* and *worried*, almoſt *deſtroyed* him."

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

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

[4] Clean *from the purpoſe*—] *Clean* is altogether, entirely. See Vol. V. p. 51. n. 9. MALONE.

Caſ. A very pleaſing night to honeſt men.

Caſca. Who ever knew the heavens menace ſo?

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

Caſca. But wherefore did you ſo much tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and tremble,
When the moſt mighty gods, by 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[5];
Why old men fools, and children calculate[6];
Why all theſe things change, from their ordinance,
Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monſtrous quality; why, you ſhall find,
That heaven hath infus'd them with theſe ſpirits,
To make them inſtruments of fear, and warning,

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

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

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

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

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[7],
And fearful, as theſe ſtrange eruptions are.

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

Caſ. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs[8] like to their anceſtors;
But, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' ſpirits;
Our yoke and ſufferance ſhew us womaniſh.

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

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

Caſca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears

7 — prodigious *grown,*] *Prodigious* is portentous. STEEVENS.

8 *Have* thewes *and limbs*—] *Thewes* is an obſolete word implying *nerves* or *muſcular ſtrength*. It is uſed by Falſtaff in the Second Part of *K. Henry IV.* and in *Hamlet*:

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

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

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[9]: But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Caſca. You ſpeak to Caſca: and to ſuch a man,
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold my hand[1]:
Be factious for redreſs[2] of all theſe griefs;
And I will ſet this foot of mine as far,
As who goes fartheſt.

Caſ. There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Caſca, I have mov'd already
Some certain of the nobleſt-minded Romans,
To undergo, with me, an enterprize
Of honourable-dangerous conſequence;
And I do know, by this, they ſtay for me
In Pompey's porch: For now, this fearful night,
There is no ſtir, or walking in the ſtreets;
And the complexion of the element,
Is favour'd like the work[3] we have in hand,

Moſt

[9] *My* anſwer *muſt be made:*] I ſhall be called to account, and muſt *anſwer* as for ſeditious words. JOHNSON.

[1] — *Hold my hand:*] is the ſame as, *Here's my hand.* JOHNSON.

[2] *Be* factious *for redreſs*—] *Factious* ſeems here to mean *active.* JOHNSON.

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

[3] *Is favour'd like the work*—] The old edition reads:

Is favors, *like the work*—

I think we ſhould read:

In favour's *like the work we have in hand,*
Moſt bloody, fiery, and moſt terrible.

Favour is *look, countenance, appearance.* JOHNSON.

To

Moſt bloody, firy, and moſt terrible.

Enter CINNA.

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

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

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

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

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

Caſ. Am I not ſtaid for? Tell me.

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

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

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

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

[*Exit* CINNA.

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

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

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

"With the petit town gates *favouring* the principal old portes."

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

Caſ.

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

The ſame. Brutus's *Orchard*[4].

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[5]? Awake, I ſay: What Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Call'd you, my lord?
Bru. Get me a taper in my ſtudy, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.
Luc. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*
Bru. It muſt be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no perſonal cauſe to ſpurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd:—
How that might change his nature, there's the queſtion.

[4] — *Brutus's* orchard.] The modern editors read *garden*, but *orchard* ſeems anciently to have had the ſame meaning. STEEVENS.

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

"—he hath left you all his walks,
"His private arbours, and new-planted *orchards*,
"On this ſide Tiber."

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

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

[5] When, *Lucius*, when?] This was a common expreſſion of impatience in Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. V. p. 9. n. 8. MALONE.

It

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[6]: And, to ſpeak truth of Cæſar,
I have not known when his affections ſway'd
More than his reaſon. But 'tis a common proof[7],
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[8],
Looks in the clouds, ſcorning the baſe degrees[9]
By which he did aſcend: So Cæſar may;
Then, leſt he may, prevent. And, ſince the quarrel
Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
Faſhion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
Would run to theſe, and theſe extremities:
And therefore think him as a ſerpent's egg,
Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind[1], grow miſchievous;
And kill him in the ſhell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your cloſet, ſir.

[6] Remorſe *from power:*] *Remorſe*, for mercy. WARBURTON.
See Vol. II. p. 37, n. 5; p. 112, n. 1; Vol. III. p. 74, n. 3; Vol. IV. p. 205, n. 2, and p. 544, n. 1. In all theſe paſſages it means, tenderneſs, pity, &c. MALONE.
Remorſe is pity, and has twice occurred in that ſenſe in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act II. and Act V. STEEVENS.

[7] — *common proof,*] It is proved by common experience. MASON.

[8] *But when he once attains the upmoſt round,*
He then unto the ladder turns his back, &c.] So, in Daniel's *Civil Wars*, 1602:
"The aſpirer, once attain'd unto the top,
"Cuts off thoſe means by which himſelf got up:
"And with a harder hand, and ſtraighter rein,
"Doth curb that looſeneſs he did find before;
"Doubting the occaſion like might ſerve again;
"His own example makes him fear the more." MALONE.

[9] — *baſe degrees*—] Low ſteps. JOHNSON.

[1] —*as his kind,*—] According to his nature. JOHNSON.
Perhaps rather, as *all thoſe of* his kind, that is, nature. MALONE.

Searching

Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus ſeal'd up; and, I am ſure,
It did not lie there, when I went to bed.

Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March[2]?

Luc. I know not, ſir.

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

Luc. I will, ſir. [*Exit.*

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

[*Opens the letter, and reads.*

Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake, and ſee thyſelf.
Shall Rome—Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!
Brutus, thou ſleep'ſt; awake,—
Such inſtigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome—Thus muſt I piece it out;
Shall Rome ſtand under one man's awe? What! Rome?
My anceſtors did from the ſtreets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
Speak, ſtrike, redreſs!—Am I entreated
To ſpeak, and ſtrike? O Rome! I make thee promiſe,
If the redreſs will follow, thou receiveſt
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, March is waſted fourteen days[3]. [*Knock within.*
Bru.

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

We can never ſuppoſe the ſpeaker to have loſt fourteen days in his account. He is here plainly ruminating on what the ſoothſayer told Cæſar [Act I. ſc. ii.] in his preſence. [*—Beware the ides of March.*] The boy comes back and ſays, *Sir, March is waſted fourteen days.* So that the *morrow was the ides of March*, as he ſuppoſed. For March, May, July, and October, had ſix nones each, ſo that the fifteenth of March was the *ides* of that month. WARBURTON.

[3] *— March is waſted* fourteen *days.*] In former editions:

Sir,

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[4], or a hideous dream:
The genius, and the mortal inſtruments,
Are then in council[5]; and the ſtate of a man,

Like

[1] *Sir, March is waſted fifteen days.*
The editors are ſlightly miſtaken: it was waſted but *fourteen* days: this was the dawn of the 15th, when the boy makes his report. THEOB.

[4] *Like a* phantaſma,—] "A *phantaſme*, ſays Bullokar, in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, is a viſion, or imagined appearance." MALONE.

[5] *The genius, and the mortal inſtruments,*
Are then in council; &c.] Dr. Warburton has written a long note, which I have not preſerved, becauſe it is no juſt comment on the paſſage before us. The ſubſtance of it may be found in a letter written by him to Mr. Concanen, in 1726-7, which I publiſhed a few years ago, and which I ſhall ſubjoin at the end of this play, not as illuſtrating Shakſpeare, but merely as a literary curioſity. MALONE.

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

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

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

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

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

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

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

"And you, ye *mortal* engines," &c.

The

Like to a little kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Caſſius[6] 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 pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces bury'd in their cloaks,
That by no means I may diſcover them

The *mortal inſtruments* then are, the deadly paſſions, or as they are called in *Macbeth*, the "*mortal thoughts*," which excite each "corporal agent" to the performance of ſome arduous deed. So, as Mr. Maſon has obſerved, in the play laſt mentioned:

"— I am ſettled, and bend up
"Each *corporal agent* to this terrible feat."

The *little kingdom of man* is a notion that Shakſpeare ſeems to have been fond of. So, K. Richard II. ſpeaking of himſelf:

"And theſe ſame thoughts people this *little world*."

Again, in *K. Lear*:

"Strives in *his little world of man* to outſcorn
"The to-and-fro conflicting wind and rain."

Again, in *K. John*:

"— in the body of this fleſhly land,
"This *kingdom*,—"

I have adhered to the old copy, which reads—the ſtate of *a* man. Shakſpeare is here ſpeaking of the *individual* in whoſe mind the genius and the mortal inſtruments hold a council, not of *man*, or mankind, in general. The paſſage above quoted from *K. Lear* does not militate againſt the old copy here. There the *individual* is marked out by the word *his*, and "*the little world of man*" is thus circumſcribed, and appropriated to Lear. The editor of the ſecond folio omitted the article, probably from a miſtaken notion concerning the metre; and all the ſubſequent editors have adopted his alteration. Many words of two ſyllables are uſed by Shakſpeare as taking up the time of only one; as *whether*, *either*, *brother*, *lover*, *gentle*, *ſpirit*; &c. and I ſuppoſe *council* is ſo uſed here. MALONE.

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

"——— imagin'd worth
"Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
"That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
"*Kingdom'd* Achilles in *commotion* rages,
"And batters 'gainſt itſelf." MASON.

[6] —*your* brother *Caſſius*—] *Caſſius* married *Junia*, Brutus' ſiſter. STEEVENS.

By

By any mark of favour[7].

Bru. Let them enter. [*Exit* Lucius.

They are the faction. O conſpiracy!
Sham'ſt thou to ſhew thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are moſt free? O, then, by day,
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough,
To maſk thy monſtrous viſage? Seek none, conſpiracy;
Hide it in ſmiles, and affability:
For if thou path, thy native ſemblance on[8],
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, Metellus Cimber.

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

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

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

[7] — *any mark of favour.*] Any diſtinction of countenance. JOHNSON.

[8] *For if thou* path, *thy native ſemblance on,*] If thou *walk* in thy true form. JOHNSON.

The ſame verb is uſed by Drayton in his *Polyolbion*, Song II:

"Where, from the neighbouring hills, her paſſage Wey doth *path*."

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

"*Pathing* young Henry's unadviſed ways." STEEVENS.

Caſca.

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

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 [9],
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 [1]. But if theſe,

As

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

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

Shakſpeare form'd this ſpeech on the following paſſage in ſir T. North's tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "The conſpirators having never taken oaths together, nor taken or given any caution or aſſurance, nor binding themſelves one to another by any religious oaths, they kept the matter ſo ſecret to themſelves," &c. STEEVENS.

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

"I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art,
"So ſafely order'd, that there is *no ſoul*—
"No, not ſo much perdition, &c.

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

[1] *Till each man drop by lottery.*] Perhaps the poet alluded to the cuſtom

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[2]? and what other oath,
Than honeſty to honeſty engag'd,
That this ſhall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear prieſts[3], and cowards, and men cautelous[4],
Old feeble carrions, and ſuch ſuffering ſouls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad cauſes ſwear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not ſtain
The even virtue of our enterprize[5],
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,

cuſtom of *decimation*, i. e. the ſelection by *lot* of every tenth ſoldier, in a general mutiny, for puniſhment. He ſpeaks of this in *Coriolanus*:

" *By decimation, and a tythed death,*
" *Take thou thy fate.*" STEEVENS.

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

[3] *Swear prieſts*, &c.] This is imitated by Otway:

" *When you would bind me, is there need of oaths?*" &c.
Venice Preſerved. JOHNSON.

[4] — *cautelous*,] is here *cautious*; ſometimes *inſidious*. So, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*:

" Witty, well ſpoken, *cautelous*, though young."

Again, in the ſecond of theſe two ſenſes in the romance of *Kynge Appolyn of Thyre*, 1610: " — a fallacious polycy and *cautelous wyle*." Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 945: " —the emperor's councell thought by a *cautell* to have brought the king in mind to ſue for a licence from the pope." STEEVENS.

Bullokar in his *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, explains *cautelous* thus: " Warie, circumſpect;" in which ſenſe it is certainly uſed here. MALONE.

[5] *The* even *virtue of our enterprize*,] The calm, equable, temperate ſpirit that actuates us. MALONE.

That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a ſeveral baſtardy,
If he do break the ſmalleſt particle
Of any promiſe that hath paſt from him.

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

Caſca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

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

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

Caſ. Then leave him out.

Caſca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

Caſ. Decius, well urg'd:—I think, it is not meet,
Mark Antony, ſo well belov'd of Cæſar,
Should out-live Cæſar: We ſhall find of him
A ſhrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well ſtretch ſo far,
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony, and Cæſar, fall together.

Bru. Our courſe will ſeem too bloody, Caius Caſſius,
To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs;
Like wrath in death, and envy afterwards[6]:
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[7],

And

[6] — *and* envy *afterwards:*] *Envy* is here, as almoſt always in Shakſpeare's plays, *malice.* See p. 42, n. 2; and p. 70, n. 5. MALONE.

[7] *O, that we then could come by Cæſar's ſpirit,* &c.] Lord Sterline has

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[8],
Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds[9]:
And let our hearts, as ſubtle maſters do,
Stir up their ſervants to an act of rage,
And after ſeem to chide them. This ſhall make
Our purpoſe neceſſary, and not envious:
Which ſo appearing to the common eyes,
We ſhall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæſar's arm,
When Cæſar's head is off.

Caſ. Yet I fear him:
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæſar,—

Bru. Alas, good Caſſius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæſar, all that he can do
Is to himſelf; take thought[1], and die for Cæſar:

has the ſame thought. Brutus, remonſtrating againſt the taking off of Anthony, ſays:

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

[8] — *as a diſh fit for the gods*, &c.]

" —— Gradive, dediſti,
" Ne qua manus vatem, ne quid mortalis bello
" Lædere tela queant, ſanctum et venerabile Diti
" Funus erat." *Stat. Theb.* VII. l. 696. STEEVENS.

[9] *Not hew him as a carcaſe fit for hounds:*] Our authour had probably the following paſſage in the old tranſlation of Plutarch in his thoughts: " —Cæſar turned himſelfe no where but he was ſtricken at by ſome, and ſtill had naked ſwords in his face, and was *hacked* and *mangled* among them *as a wild beaſt taken of hunters*." MALONE.

[1] — *take thought*,] That is, *turn melancholy*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" What ſhall we do, Ænobarbus?
" *Think, and die.*"

Again, in *Holinſhed*, p. 833: " —now they were without ſervice, which cauſed them to *take thought*, inſomuch that ſome died by the way," &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 49, n. 2. MALONE.

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,
Whe'r Cæſar will come forth to-day, or no:
For he is ſuperſtitious grown of late;
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantaſy, of dreams, and ceremonies[2]:
It may be, theſe apparent prodigies,
The unaccuſtom'd terrour of this night,
And the perſuaſion of his augurers,
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: If he be ſo reſolv'd,
I can o'erſway him: for he loves to hear,
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes[3],

Lions

[2] — *quite from the* main *opinion he held once*
Of fantaſy, *of dreams, and ceremonies?*] *Main opinion* is leading fixed predominant opinion. JOHNSON.

Mr. Maſon with ſome probability conjectures that Shakſpeare wrote —*mean* opinion. The miſtake might eaſily have happened, for in the age of Elizabeth the two words were, I believe, pronounced alike, as they are at this day in Warwickſhire, and ſome other counties.

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

"Raiſe up the organs of her *fantaſy*."

In the latter, in the preſent play:

"Thou haſt no figures, nor no *fantaſies*."

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

"Cæſar, I never ſtood on *ceremonies*,
"Yet now they fright me." MALONE.

[3] *That unicorns may be betray'd by trees,*
And bears with glaſſes, elephants with holes,] Unicorns are ſaid to have

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:
But, when I tell him, he hates flatterers,
He ſays, he does; being then moſt flattered.
Let me work:
For I can give his humour the true bent;
And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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

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

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

Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæſar hard[4],
Who rated him for ſpeaking well of Pompey;
I wonder, none of you have thought of him.

have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent puſh the animal was making at him, ſo that his horn ſpent its force on the trunk, and ſtuck faſt, detaining the beaſt till he was diſpatched by the hunter. So, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. 5:

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

Again, in *Buſſy D'Ambois*, 1607:

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

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

[4] —*bear* Cæſar hard,] Thus the old copy, but Rowe, Pope, and Hanmer, on the authority of the latter folios read *hatred*, though the ſame expreſſion appears again in the firſt ſcene of the following act: " —I do beſeech you, if you *bear me hard*:" and has already occurr'd in a former one:

" Cæſar doth *bear me hard*, but he loves Brutus." STEEVENS.

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

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him[5]:
He loves me well, and I have given him reaſons;
Send him but hither, and I'll faſhion him.

Caſ. The morning comes upon us: We'll leave you, Brutus:—
And, friends, diſperſe yourſelves: but all remember
What you have ſaid, and ſhew yourſelves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look freſh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purpoſes[6];
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd ſpirits, and formal conſtancy:
And ſo, good-morrow to you every one.

[*Exeunt all but* Brutus.

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

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore riſe you now?
It is not for your health, thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You have ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: And yeſternight, at ſupper,
You ſuddenly aroſe, and walk'd about,
Muſing, and ſighing, with your arms acroſs:
And when I aſk'd you what the matter was,
You ſtar'd upon me with ungentle looks:
I urg'd you further; then you ſcratch'd your head,
And too impatiently ſtamp'd with your foot:
Yet I inſiſted, yet you anſwer'd not;
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave ſign for me to leave you: So I did;

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

6 *Let not our looks*, &c.] Let not our faces *put on*, that is, *wear* or *ſhew* our deſigns. JOHNSON.

Fearing

Fearing to ſtrengthen that impatience,
Which ſeem'd too much enkindled; and, withal,
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which ſometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor ſleep;
And, could it work ſo much upon your ſhape,
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition[7],
I ſhould not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cauſe of grief.

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

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

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

Por. Is Brutus ſick? and is it phyſical
To walk unbraced, and ſuck up the humours
Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus ſick;
And will he ſteal out of his wholeſome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night?
And tempt the rheumy and unpurged air
To add unto his ſickneſs? No, my Brutus;
You have ſome ſick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: And, upon my knees,
I charm you[8], by my once commended beauty,
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourſelf, your half,
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.

7 — *on your* condition,—] On your temper; the diſpoſition of your mind. See Vol. V. p. 600, n. 3. MALONE.

8 *I* charm *you*—] Thus the old copy. Pope and Hanmer read *charge*, but unneceſſarily. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——'tis your graces,
" That from my mutelt conſcience to my tongue
" *Charms* this report out." STEEVENS.

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[9], comfort your bed[1],

And

[9] *To keep with you at meals*, &c.] "I being, O Brutus, (ſayed ſhe) the daughter of Cato, was maried vnto thee, not to be thy beddefellowe and companion in bedde and at borde onelie, like a harlot; but to be partaker alſo with thee, of thy good and euill fortune. Nowe for thyſelfe, I can finde no cauſe of faulte in thee touchinge our matche: but for my parte, how may I ſhowe my duetie towards thee, and how muche I woulde doe for thy ſake, if I can not conſtantlie beare a ſecrete miſchaunce or griefe with thee, which requireth ſecrecy and fidelitie? I confeſſe, that a woman's 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 benefit moreouer: that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithſtanding, I did not truſt to any of theſe things before: vntil that now I haue found by experience, that no paine nor griefe whatſoeuer can ouercome me. With thoſe wordes ſhe ſhewed him her wounde on her thigh, and tolde him what ſhe had done to proue her ſelfe." *Sir Tho. North's Tranſlat. of Plutarch.* STEEVENS.

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

"I was not, Brutus, match'd with thee, to be
"A partner only of thy board and bed;
"Each ſervile whore in thoſe might equal me,
"That did herſelf to nought but pleaſure wed.
"No;—Portia ſpous'd thee with a mind t' abide
"Thy fellow in all fortunes, good or ill;
"With chains of mutual love together ty'd,
"As thoſe that have two breaſts, one heart, two ſouls, one will." *Julius Cæſar*, 1607. MALONE.

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

In the books of entries at Stationers' Hall, I meet with the following: 1598. "*A converſation betweene a careful Wyfe and her* comfortable *Huſband*." STEEVENS.

In

And talk to you ſometimes? Dwell I but in the ſuburbs[1]
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[2]; but, withal,
A woman that lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well-reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no ſtronger than my ſex,
Being ſo father'd, and ſo huſbanded?
Tell me your counſels, I will not diſcloſe them:
I have made ſtrong proof of my conſtancy,
Giving myſelf a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my huſband's ſecrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy boſom ſhall partake
The ſecrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will conſtrue to thee,

In our marriage ceremony, the huſband promiſes to *comfort* his wife; and Barrett's *Alvearie, or Quadruple Dictionary*, 1580, ſays, that to *comfort* is, "to recreate, to ſolace, to make paſtime." COLLINS.

[1] — *in the* ſuburbs—] Perhaps here is an alluſion to the place in which the harlots of Shakſpeare's age reſided. So, in B. and Fletcher's *Monſieur Thomas*:

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

[2] *I grant, I am a woman*, &c.] So, lord Sterline:

"And though our ſex too talkative be deem'd,
"As thoſe whoſe tongues import our greateſt pow'rs,
"For ſecrets ſtill bad treaſurers eſteem'd,
"Of others' greedy, prodigal of ours;
"Good education may reform defects,
"And I this vantage have to a vertuous life,
"Which others' minds do want and mine reſpects,
"*I'm Cato's daughter, and I'm Brutus' wife.*" MALONE.

All

All the charactery[4] of my ſad brows:—
Leave me with haſte. [*Exit* PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS, *and* LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is that, knocks[5]?

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[6]? '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, deriv'd from honourable loins!

4 — *all the* charactery —] i. e. *all that is character'd on*, &c. The word has already occurr'd in the *Merry Wives of Windſor*. STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 110, n. 5. MALONE.

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

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

" By ſickneſs being impriſon'd in his bed
" Whilſt I Ligarius ſpied, whom pains did prick,
" When I had ſaid with words that anguiſh bred,
" *In what a time Ligarius art thou ſick?*
" He anſwer'd ſtraight, as I had phyſick brought,
" Or that he had imagin'd my deſign,
" *If worthy of thyſelf thou would'ſt do aught,*
" *Then Brutus I am whole, and wholly thine.*" MALONE.

Thou

Thou, like an exorciſt, haſt conjur'd up[7]
My mortified ſpirit. Now bid me run,
And I will ſtrive with things impoſſible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

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

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

Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room in Cæſar's *Palace.*

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

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

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

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

Enter CALPHURNIA.

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

Cæſ. Cæſar ſhall forth: The things, that threaten'd me,
Ne'er look'd but on my back; when they ſhall ſee
The face of Cæſar, they are vaniſhed.

[7] *Thou, like an* exorciſt, *haſt conjur'd up*—] It has been already obſerved, that *exorciſt* in Shakſpeare's age ſignified one who *raiſes* ſpirits by inchantment. See Vol. III. p. 476, n. 7. MALONE.

Cal.

Cal. Cæſar, I never ſtood on ceremonies[8],
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead[9]:
Fierce firy warriors fight upon the clouds,
In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war[1],
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air[2],
Horſes do neigh, and dying men did groan;
And ghoſts did ſhriek, and ſqueal about the ſtreets.
O Cæſar!

[8] *Cæſar, I never ſtood on* ceremonies,] i. e. I never paid a ceremonious or ſuperſtitious regard to prodigies or omens.

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

"The devil hath provided in his covenant,
"I ſhould not croſs myſelf at any time:
"I never was ſo *ceremonious*."

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

[9] *And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead:* &c.] So, in a funeral ſong in *Much ado about nothing*:

"Graves yawn, and yield your dead."

Again, in *Hamlet*:

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

[1] *Fierce firy warriors fight upon the clouds,*
In ranks and ſquadrons, and right forms of war,] So, in Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590:

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

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

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

Again, *ibid*:

"To toſs the ſpear, and in a warlike gyre
"To *hurtle* my ſharp ſword about my head."

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

"—— in

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

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

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets ſeen;
The heavens themſelves blaze forth the death of princes[2].

Cæſ. Cowards die many times before their deaths[4];
The valiant never taſte of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard[5], It

" —— in which *hurtling*,
" From miſerable ſlumber I awak'd" STEEVENS.

Again, in *The Hiſtory of Arthur*, P. I. c. 14: "They made both the Northumberland battailes to *hurtle* together." BOWLE.

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

[2] *When beggars die, there are no* comets *ſeen*;
The heavens themſelves blaze *forth the death of* princes.] "Next to the ſhadows and pretences of experience, (which have been met withall at large,) they ſeem to brag moſt of the ſtrange events which follow (for the moſt part,) after *blazing ſtarres*; as if *they were the ſummoners of God to call* princes *to the ſeat of judgment*. The ſureſt way to ſhake their painted bulwarks of experience is, by making plaine, that neyther princes always dye when *comets blaze*, nor comets ever [i. e. always] blaze when princes dye. *Defenſative againſt the poiſon of ſuppoſed Prophecies*, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, 1583.

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

[4] *Cowards die many times before their deaths*;] So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:
" Fear is my vaſſal; when I frown, he flies:
" *A hundred times in life a coward dies.*"

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

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

[5] — *that I yet have heard*,] This ſentiment appears to have been imitated by Dr. Young in his tragedy of *Buſiris king of Egypt*:

" *Did*

It ſeems to me moſt ſtrange that men ſhould fear;
Seeing that death, a neceſſary end[6],
Will come, when it will come.

Re-enter a Servant.

What ſay the augurers?

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

Cæſ. The gods do this in ſhame of cowardice[7]:
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 litter'd in one day[8],
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæſar ſhall go forth.

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

" *Didſt thou e'er fear?*
" *Sure 'tis an art; I know not how to fear:*
" *'Tis one of the few things beyond my power;*
" *And if death muſt be fear'd before 'tis felt,*
" *Thy maſter is immortal.*"— STEEVENS.

[6] — *death, a neceſſary end*, &c.] This is a ſentence derived from the ſtoical doctrine of predeſtination, and is therefore improper in the mouth of Cæſar. JOHNSON.

[7] — *in ſhame of cowardice*] The ancients did not place courage but wiſdom in the heart. JOHNSON.

[8] *We* are *two lions*, &c.] The reading of the old copy—We *beare* two lions, &c. is undoubtedly erroneous. The emendation was made by Mr. Upton. Mr. Theobald reads—We *were*, &c. and this reading is ſo plauſible, that it is not eaſy to determine, which of the two has the beſt claim to a place in the text. If Theobald's emendation be adopted, the phraſeology, though leſs elegant, is perhaps more Shakſperian. It may mean the ſame as if he had written,—We two lions *were litter'd* in one day, and I am the elder and more terrible of the two. MALONE.

This reſembles the boaſt of Otho:

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

Cæſ.

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

Enter DECIUS.

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

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

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

Cal. Say, he is ſick.

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

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

Cæſ. The cauſe is in my will, I will not come;
That is enough to ſatisfy the ſenate.
But, for your private ſatisfaction,
Becauſe I love you, I will let you know.
Calphurnia here, my wife, ſtays me at home;
She dreamt to-night ſhe ſaw my ſtatue, which
Like a fountain, with a hundred ſpouts,
Did run pure blood; and many luſty Romans
Came ſmiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And theſe does ſhe apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent[9]; and on her knee
Hath begg'd, that I will ſtay at home to-day.

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

9 *And theſe ſhe does apply for warnings and portents,*
And evils imminent;] The late Mr. Edwards was of opinion that we ſhould read:
" — *warnings and portents*
Of evils imminent; —. STEEVENS.

For tinctures, ſtains, reliques, and cogniſance [1].
This by Calphurnia's dream is ſignify'd.
Cæſ. And this way have you well expounded it.
Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can ſay:
And know it now; The ſenate have concluded
To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæſar.
If you ſhall ſend them word, you will not come,
Their minds may change. Beſides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for ſome one to ſay,
Break up the ſenate till another time,
When Cæſar's wife ſhall meet with better dreams.
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 [2].
Cæſ. How fooliſh do your fears ſeem now, Calphurnia?
I am aſhamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—
Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.
Pub. Good morrow, Cæſar.
Cæſ. Welcome, Publius.—
What, Brutus, are you ſtirr'd ſo early too?—
Good-morrow, Caſca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæſar was ne'er ſo much your enemy,
As that ſame ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

[1] — *and that great men ſhall preſs*
For tinctures, ſtains, reliques, *and cognizance.*] This ſpeech, which is intentionally pompous, is ſomewhat confuſed. There are two alluſions; one to coats armorial, to which princes make additions, or give new *tinctures*, and new marks of *cogniſance*; the other to martyrs, whoſe reliques are preſerved with veneration. The Romans, ſays Decius, all come to you as to a ſaint, for reliques, as to a prince, for honours. JOHNSON.

I believe *tinctures* has no relation to heraldry, but means merely handkerchiefs, or other linen, *tinged* with blood. Bullokar in his *Expoſitor*, 1616, defines it "a dipping, colouring or ſtaining of a thing." See p. 374, "And dip their napkins", &c. MALONE.

[2] *And reaſon*, &c.] And reaſon, or propriety of conduct and language, is ſubordinate to my love. JOHNSON.

Brut.

Bru. Cæſar, 'tis 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:—and ſo near will I be, [*Aſide.*
That your beſt friends ſhall wiſh I had been further.

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

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

SCENE III.

The ſame. 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 wrong'd* Caius Ligarius. *There is but one mind in all theſe men, and it is bent againſt* Cæſar. *If thou be'ſt not immortal, look about you: Security gives way to conſpiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover*[3],

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[4]. [*Exit.*

[3] — *Thy lover,*] See p. 283, n. 4. MALONE.

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

SCENE IV.

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

Enter PORTIA, *and* LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the ſenate-houſe;
Stay not to anſwer me, but get thee gone:
Why doſt thou ſtay[5]?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou ſhould'ſt do there —
O conſtancy, be ſtrong upon my ſide!
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counſel!—
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what ſhould I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing elſe?
And ſo return to you, and nothing elſe?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went ſickly forth: And take good note,
What Cæſar doth, what ſuitors preſs to him.
Hark, boy! what noiſe is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

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

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Soothſayer.

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

Sooth. At mine own houſe, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæſar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my ſtand,

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

" —— Dull, unmindful villain!
" Why ſtay'ſt thou here, and go'ſt not to the duke?—
" *Cat.* Firſt, mighty liege, tell me your highneſs' pleaſure,
" What from your grace I ſhall deliver to him." STEEVENS.

To

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 enterprize!
Sure, the boy heard me:—Brutus hath a ſuit*,
That Cæſar will not grant.—O, I grow faint:—
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say, I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth ſay to thee. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

The ſame. 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, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others.*

Cæſ. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæſar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæſar! Read this ſchedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth deſire you to o'er-read,
At your beſt leiſure, this his humble ſuit.

* *Brutus hath a ſuit*, &c.] Theſe words Portia addreſſes to *Lucius*, to deceive him, by aſſigning a falſe cauſe for her preſent perturbation. MALONE.

Art. O, Cæſar, read mine firſt; for mine's a ſuit
That touches Cæſar nearer: Read it, great Cæſar.
Cæſ. What touches us ourſelf, ſhall be laſt ſerv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæſar; read it inſtantly.
Cæſ. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Caſ. What, urge you your petitions in the ſtreet?
Come to the Capitol.

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

Pop. I wiſh, your enterprize to-day may thrive.
Caſ. What enterprize, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well. [*advances to* Cæſar.
Bru. What ſaid Popilius Lena?
Caſ. He wiſh'd, to-day our enterprize might thrive.
I fear, our purpoſe is diſcovered.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæſar: Mark him.
Caſ. Caſca, be ſudden, for we fear prevention.—
Brutus, what ſhall be done? If this be known,
Caſſius or Cæſar never ſhall turn back*,

For

* *Caſſius* or *Cæſar never ſhall turn back,*] I believe Shakſpeare wrote: Caſſius *on* Cæſar never ſhall turn back.

The next line ſtrongly ſupports this conjecture. If the conſpiracy was diſcovered, and the aſſaſſination of Cæſar rendered impracticable by "*prevention,*" which is the caſe ſuppoſed, Caſſius could have no hope of being able to prevent Cæſar from "turning back" (allowing "*turn* back to be uſed for *return* back); and in all events this conſpirator's "ſlaying *himſelf*" could not produce that effect.

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

They clapped their hands on their daggers undoubtedly to be ready to *kill themſelves*, if they were diſcovered. Shakſpeare was induced to give this

For I will ſlay myſelf.

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

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

[*Exeunt* 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 addreſt[6]: preſs near, and ſecond him.

Cin. Caſca, you are the firſt that rears your hand[7].

Cæſ. Are we all ready? what is now amiſs,
That Cæſar, and his ſenate, muſt redreſs?

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

Cæſ. I muſt prevent thee, Cimber.
Theſe couchings, and theſe lowly courteſies,
Might fire the blood of ordinary men;
And turn pre-ordinance[8], and firſt decree,
Into the law of children[9]. Be not fond,

To

this ſentiment to *Caſſius*, as being exactly agreeable to his character, and to that ſpirit which has appeared in a former ſcene:

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

[6] *He is* addreſt:] i. e. he is ready. STEEVENS.
See Vol. V. p. 514, n. 2. MALONE.

[7] — *you are the firſt that rears your hand.*] To reduce the paſſage to the rules of grammar, we ſhould read—*You are the firſt that rears* his *hand.* TYRWHITT.

[8] *And turn* pre-ordinance—] *Pre-ordinance*, for ordinance already eſtabliſhed. WARBURTON.

[9] *Into the* law *of children.*] The old copy has—the *lane* of children. The *w* of Shakſpeare's time differed from an *n* only by a ſmall curl at the bottom of the ſecond ſtroke, which if an *e* happened to follow, could ſcarcely be perceived. I have not heſitated therefore to adopt Dr. Johnſon's emendation. The words *pre-ordinance* and *decree* ſtrongly ſupport it. MALONE.

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

To think that Cæſar bears ſuch rebel blood,
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, ſweet words,
Low-crooked curt'ſies, and baſe ſpaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is baniſhed;
If thou doſt bend, and pray, and fawn, for him,
I ſpurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe
Will he be ſatisfied[1].

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To ſound more ſweetly in great Cæſar's ear,

For

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

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

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

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

But even this explanation is harſh and violent. STEEVENS.

[1] *Know, Cæſar doth not wrong; nor without cauſe*
Will he be ſatisfied.] Ben Jonſon quotes this line unfaithfully among his *Diſcoveries*, and ridicules it again in the Introduction to his *Staple of News*. " Cry you mercy; *you never did wrong, but with juſt cauſe!*" STEEVENS.

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

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

We may ſuppoſe that Ben ſtarted this formidable criticiſm at one of the earlieſt repreſentations of the play, and that the players, or perhaps Shakſpeare himſelf, over-awed by ſo great an authority, withdrew the words in queſtion; though, in my opinion, it would have been better to have told the captious cenſurer that his criticiſm was ill-founded; that *wrong* is not always a ſynonymous term for *injury*; that, in poetical language eſpecially, it may be very well underſtood to mean only *harm*, or *hurt*, what the law calls *damnum ſine injuria*; and that, in this ſenſe, there is nothing abſurd in Cæſar's ſaying, that he *doth not wrong* (i. e. doth not inflict any evil, or puniſhment) *but with juſt cauſe*. But, ſuppoſing this paſſage to have been really cenſurable, and to have been written by Shakſpeare, the exceptionable words were undoubtedly left out when the play was printed in 1623; and therefore what are we to think of the malignant pleaſure with which Jonſon

continued

For the repealing of my baniſh'd brother?
Bru. I kiſs thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæſar;
Deſiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
Cæſ. What, Brutus!
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 mov'd, if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am conſtant as the northern ſtar,
Of whoſe true-fix'd, and reſting quality,
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The ſkies are painted with unnumber'd ſparks,
They are all fire, and every one doth ſhine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So, in the world; 'Tis furniſh'd well with men,
And men are fleſh and blood, and apprehenſive [2];
Yet, in the number, I do know but one [3]
That unaſſailable holds on his rank [4],
Unſhak'd of motion [5]: and, that I am he,
Let me a little ſhew it, even in this;
That I was conſtant Cimber ſhould be baniſh'd,
And conſtant do remain to keep him ſo.
Cin. O Cæſar,—
Cæſ. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus?
Dec. Great Cæſar,—
Cæſ. Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel [6]?

Caſca.

continued to ridicule his deceaſed friend for a ſlip, of which poſterity, without his information, would have been totally ignorant? TYRWH.

Mr. Tyrwhitt's interpretation of the word *wrong* is ſupported by a line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece:*

"Time's glory is ——
"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right." MALONE.

[2] — *apprehenſive;*] Suſceptible of fear, or other paſſions. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. II. Act IV. ſc. iii: "—makes it *apprehenſive*, quick, forgetive," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — *but one*—] One and only one. JOHNSON.

[4] — *holds on his* rank,] Perhaps, *holds on his* race; continues his courſe. We commonly ſay, To *hold a rank*, and To *hold on a courſe* or *way*. JOHNS.

[5] *Unſhak'd of motion:*] i. e. Unſhak'd *by* ſuit or ſolicitation, of which the object is to *move* the perſon addreſſed. MALONE.

[6] *Doth not Brutus bootleſs kneel?*] I would read:
Do *not Brutus bootleſs kneel!* JOHNSON.

Caſca. Speak, hands, for me.

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

Cæſ. Et tu, Brute[6]:—Then fall, Cæſar.

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

Cin.

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

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

[6] *Et tu, Brute?*—] Suetonius ſays, that when Cæſar put Metellius Cimber back, "he caught hold of Cæſar's gowne at both ſhoulders, whereupon, as he cried out, *This is violence*, Caſſius came in ſecond full a front, and wounded him a little beneath the throat. Then Cæſar catching Caſſius by the arme thruſt it through with his ſtile, or writing punches; and with that being about to leape forward, he was met with another wound and ſtayed." Being then aſſailed on all ſides, "with three and twenty wounds he was ſtabbed, during which time he gave but one groan, *(without any word uttered,)* and that was at the firſt thruſt; though ſome have written, that as Marcus Brutus came running upon him, he ſaid, *καὶ σὺ τέκνον, and thou, my ſonne.*" Holland's Tranſlation, 1606.

No mention is here made of the Latin exclamation, which our authour has attributed to Cæſar, nor did North furniſh him with it, or with Engliſh words of the ſame import, as might naturally have been ſuppoſed. Plutarch ſays, that on receiving his firſt wound from *Caſca*, "he caught hold of Caſca's 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.*"—The conſpirators then "compaſſed him on every ſide with their ſwordes drawn in their handes, that Cæſar turned him no where but he was ſtricken by ſome, and ſtill had naked ſwords in his face, and was hacked and mangled amongſt them as a wild beaſt taken of hunters.—And then Brutus himſelf gave him one wound about the privities.—Men report alſo, that Cæſar did ſtill defend

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[7].
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[8]: ſo tell them, Publius.
Caſ. And leave us, Publius; leſt that the people,

defend himſelf againſt the reſte, running every way with his bodie, but when he ſaw Brutus with his ſworde drawen in his hande, then he pulled his gowne over his heade, and made no more reſiſtance."

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

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

This line Shakſpeare rejected when he wrote the piece above mentioned, (ſee Vol. VI. p. 371, n. 8.) but it appears it had made an impreſſion, on his memory. The ſame line is alſo found in *Acolaſtus his After-witte*, a poem by S. Nicholſon, printed in 1600:

"*Et tu, Brute?* Wilt thou ſtab Cæſar too?
"Thou art my friend, and wilt not ſee me wrong'd."

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

"O this, quoth I, is violence; then Caſſius pierc'd my breaſt;
"*And Brutus thou*, my ſonne, quoth I, whom erſt I loved beſt."

The Latin words probably appeared originally in Dr. Eedes's play on this ſubject. See p. 307, n. 1. MALONE.

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

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

Ruſhing

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 is Antony?

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

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

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

Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæſar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death.—Stoop, Romans, ſtoop[9],
And let us bathe our hands in Cæſar's blood
Up to the elbows, and beſmear our ſwords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, Peace! Freedom! and Liberty!

Caſ. Stoop then, and waſh.—How many ages hence,
Shall this our lofty ſcene be acted over,
In ſtate unborn*, and accents yet unknown?

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

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

Dec. What, ſhall we forth?

[9] *Stoop, Romans, ſtoop*, &c.] Plutarch, in the *Life of Cæſar*, ſays, "Brutus and his followers, *being yet hot with the murder*, march'd in a body from the ſenate houſe to the Capitol, with their *drawn ſwords*, with an air of confidence and aſſurance." And in the *Life of Brutus*,—"Brutus and his party betook themſelves to the Capitol, and in their way, *ſhewing their hands all bloody*, and their naked ſwords, *proclaim'd liberty* to the people." THEOBALD.

* — *in ſtate unborn*,—] In theatrick pomp yet undiſplayed.
MALONE.

Caſ.

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

Enter a Servant.

Bru. Soft, who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
Serv. Thus, Brutus, did my maſter bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being proſtrate, thus he bade me ſay.
Brutus is noble, wiſe, valiant, and honeſt;
Cæſar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say, I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say, I fear'd Cæſar, honour'd him, and lov'd him.
If Brutus will vouchſafe, that Antony
May ſafely come to him, and be reſolv'd
How Cæſar hath deſerv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony ſhall not love Cæſar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus,
Thorough the hazards of this untrod ſtate
With all true faith. So ſays my maſter Antony.
Bru. Thy maſter is a wiſe and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worſe.
Tell him, ſo pleaſe him come unto this place,
He ſhall be ſatisfied; and, by my honour,
Depart untouch'd.
Serv. I'll fetch him preſently. [*Exit Servant.*
Bru. I know, that we ſhall have him well to friend.
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

Who elſe muſt be let blood, who elſe is rank[1]:
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, in ſtrength of malice[2], and our hearts,

Of

[1] — *who elſe is* rank;] Who elſe may be ſuppoſed to have *overtopped* his equals, and *grown too high* for the publick ſafety. JOHNSON.

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

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

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 560, n. 4. MALONE.

* *As fire drives out fire*, &c.] So, in *Coriolanus*:

"One fire drives out one fire; one nail one nail." MALONE.

[2] *Our arms, in ſtrength of*, &c.] *To you*, (ſays Brutus) *our ſwords have leaden points: our arms, ſtrong in the deed of malice they have juſt perform'd, and our hearts united like thoſe of brothers in the action, are yet open to receive you with all poſſible affection.* The ſuppoſition that Brutus meant, *their hearts were of brothers' temper in reſpect of Antony*, ſeems to have miſled thoſe who have commented on this paſſage before. STEEVENS.

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

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

Again,

Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Caſ. Your voice ſhall be as ſtrong as any man's,
In the diſpoſing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient, till we have appeas'd
The multitude, beſide themſelves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cauſe,
Why I, that did love Cæſar when I ſtruck him,
Have thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wiſdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
Firſt, Marcus Brutus, will I ſhake with you;—
Next, Caius Caſſius, do I take your hand;—
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna:—and, my valiant Caſca, yours;—
Though laſt, not leaſt in love[3], yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas! what ſhall I ſay?
My credit now ſtands on ſuch ſlippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you muſt conceit me,
Either a coward, or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæſar, O, 'tis true:
If then thy ſpirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee, dearer than thy death,
To ſee thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Moſt noble! in the preſence of thy corſe?
Had I as many eyes as thou haſt wounds,
Weeping as faſt as they ſtream forth thy blood,
It would become me better, than to cloſe
In terms of friendſhip with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius!—Here waſt thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didſt thou fall; and here thy hunters ſtand,

Again, ibid:
"The *heart* of *brothers* governs in our love!" MALONE.

3 *Though laſt, not leaſt in love,*] So, in *King Lear:*
"Although the laſt, not leaſt in our dear love."
The ſame expreſſion occurs more than once in plays exhibited before the time of Shakſpeare. MALONE.

Sign'd

Sign'd in thy ſpoil, and crimſon'd in thy lethe[4].
O world! thou waſt the foreſt to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.—
How like a deer, ſtricken by many princes,
Doſt thou here lie?

Caſ. Mark Antony,—

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

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

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

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

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

Bru. You ſhall, Mark Antony.

Caſ. Brutus, a word with you—
You know not what you do; Do not conſent, [*Aſide.*
That Antony ſpeak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be mov'd

4 — *crimſon'd in thy* lethe.] *Lethe* is uſed by many of the old tranſlators of novels, for *death*; and in Heywood's *Iron Age*, Part II. 1632:

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

Again, in *Cupid's Whirligig*, 1607:

"For vengeance wings bring on thy *lethal* day."

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

By

By that which he will utter?

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

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

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

Ant. Be it ſo;
I do deſire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but* Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with theſe butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the nobleſt man,
That ever lived in the tide of times[5].
Woe to the hand that ſhed this coſtly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,—
Which, like dumb mouths[6], do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue;—
A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men[7];

Domeſtick

[5] — *in the tide of times.*] That is, in the courſe of times. JOHNSON.

[6] *Over thy wounds now do I propheſy,—*
Which, like dumb mouths, &c.] So, in *A Warning for faire Women*, a tragedy, 1599:

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

[7] *A curſe ſhall light upon the limbs of men;*] He means not mankind in

Domeſtick fury, and fierce civil ſtrife,
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy:
Blood and deſtruction ſhall be ſo in uſe,
And dreadful objects ſo familiar,
That mothers ſhall but ſmile, when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity chok'd with cuſtom of fell deeds:
And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge[8],
With Até by his ſide, come hot from hell,
Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice,
Cry *Havock*[9], and let ſlip the dogs of war;

That

in general, but thoſe *Romans* whoſe attachment to the cauſe of the conſpirators, or wiſh to revenge Cæſar's death, would expoſe them to *wounds* in the civil wars which Antony ſuppoſes that event would give riſe to.—The generality of the curſe here predicted, is limited by the ſubſequent words,—"the parts of Italy," and "in *theſe* confines".

MALONE.

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

"The ſkies corrupted were, that trees and corne deſtroyed to nought,
"And *limmes of men* conſuming rottes," &c. Sign. E. 1. edit. 1596. STEEVENS.

[8] *And Cæſar's ſpirit, ranging for revenge*, &c.]

"—umbraque erraret Craſſus inulta." *Lucan.* lib. 1.
"Fatalem populis ultro poſcentibus horam
"Admovet atra dies; Stygiiſque emiſſa tenebris
"Mors fruitur cœlo, bellatoremque volando
"Campum operit, nigroque viros invitat hiatu."
Stat. Theb. VIII.
"—Furiæ rapuerunt licia Parcis." *Ibid.* STEEVENS.

[9] *Cry* Havock, &c.] A learned correſpondent has informed me, that, in the military operations of old times, *havock* was the word by which declaration was made, that no quarter ſhould be given.

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

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

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

"Alſo that no man be ſo hardy as to crye *Havok* upon peyne that he that is begynner ſhal be decde therefore: & the remanent that doo the

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[1],
Seeing thoſe beads of ſorrow ſtand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy maſter coming?

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

Ant. Poſt back with ſpeed, and tell him what hath chanc'd:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of ſafety for Octavius yet[2];

the ſame or folow, ſhall loſe their horſe & harneis: and the perſones of ſuch as foloweth & eſcrien ſhal be under arreſt of the Coneſtable and Mareſchall warde unto tyme that they have made ſyn; and founde ſuretie no morr to offende; and his body in priſon at the Kyng wyll.—" JOHNSON.

See p. 382, n. 1. To *let ſlip* a dog at a deer, &c. was the technical phraſe of Shakſpeare's time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" Even like a fawning greyhound in the leaſh,
" To let him *ſlip* at will."

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

" Then ſhould the warlike Harry, like himſelf,
" Aſſume the part of *Mars*; and, at his heels,
" *Leaſh'd* in like *hounds*, ſhould *famine*, *ſword*, and *fire*,
" Crouch for employment."

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

[1] —for *mine eyes*,] Old Copy—*from* mine eyes. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *No Rome of ſafety*, &c.] If Shakſpeare meant to quibble on the words *Rome* and *room*, in this and a former paſſage, he is at leaſt countenanced in it by other authors. So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1638:

" — You ſhall have my *room*,
" My *Rome* indeed, for what I ſeem to be,
" Brutus is not, but born great *Rome* to free." STEEVENS.

Hie hence, and tell him ſo. Yet, ſtay a while;
Thou ſhalt not back, till I have borne this corſe
Into the market-place: there ſhall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel iſſue of theſe bloody men;
According to the which, thou ſhalt diſcourſe
To young Octavius of the ſtate of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt, with* Cæſar's *body.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. The Forum.

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

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

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
Caſſius, go you into the other ſtreet,
And part the numbers.—
Thoſe that will hear me ſpeak, let them ſtay here;
Thoſe that will follow Caſſius, go with him;
And publick reaſons ſhall be rendered
Of Cæſar's death.

1. *Cit.* I will hear Brutus ſpeak.

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

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

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

Bru. Be patient till the laſt.
Romans, countrymen, and lovers[3]! hear me for my cauſe;

[3] —*countrymen, and lovers!* &c.] There is no where, in all Shakſpeare's works, a ſtronger proof of his not being what we call a ſchalar than this; or of his not knowing any thing of the genius of learned antiquity. This ſpeech of Brutus is wrote in imitation of his famed laconic brevity, and is very fine in its kind; but no more like that brevity, than his times were like Brutus's. The ancient laconic brevity was ſimple, natural, and eaſy: this is quaint, artificial, gingling, and abounding with forced antitheſes. In a word, a brevity, that for its falſe eloquence would have ſuited any character, and for its good ſenſe would

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 bond-man? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. Who is here ſo vile, that will not love his country? If any, ſpeak; for him have I offended. I pauſe for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. [*Several ſpeaking at once.*

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

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

Here comes his body, mourn'd by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, ſhall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; As

would have become the greateſt of our author's time; but yet, in a ſtile of declaiming, that ſits as ill upon Brutus as our author's trowſers or collar-band would have done. WARBURTON.

This artificial gingle of ſhort ſentences was affected by moſt of the orators in Shakſpeare's time, whether in the pulpit or at the bar. The ſpeech of Brutus may therefore be regarded rather as an imitation of the falſe eloquence then in vogue, than as a ſpecimen of laconic brevity. STEEVENS.

which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That, as I ſlew my beſt lover[4] for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

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

3. *Cit.* Let him be Cæſar.

4. *Cit.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall be crown'd 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 corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

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

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

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am 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.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bleſt, 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.

[4] — *as I ſlew my beſt lover*—] See p. 283, n. 4. MALONE.

The

The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me[5].

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

5 *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,*
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.] Perhaps our authour recollected the following paſſage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
" As for my love, ſay, Antony hath all;
" Say, that *my heart* is *gone into the grave*
" With him, in whom it reſts, and ever ſhall." MALONE.

which of you ſhall not? With this I depart; That, as I ſlew my beſt lover[4] for the good of Rome, I have the ſame dagger for myſelf, when it ſhall pleaſe my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

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

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

3. *Cit.* Let him be Cæſar.

4. *Cit.* Cæſar's better parts
Shall be crown'd 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 corpſe, and grace his ſpeech
Tending to Cæſar's glories; which Mark Antony
By our permiſſion is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have ſpoke. [*Exit.*

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

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

Ant. For Brutus' ſake, I am 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.* 'Twere beſt he ſpeak no harm of Brutus here.

1. *Cit.* This Cæſar was a tyrant.

3. *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bleſt, 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.

[4] — *as I ſlew my beſt lover*—] See p. 283, n. 4. MALONE.

The

The evil, that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæſar! The noble Brutus
Hath told you, Cæſar was ambitious:
If it were ſo, it was a grievous fault;
And grievouſly hath Cæſar anſwer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the reſt,
(For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men;)
Come I to ſpeak in Cæſar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and juſt to me:
But Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whoſe ranſoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæſar ſeem ambitious?
When that the poor have cry'd, Cæſar hath wept:
Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff:
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did ſee, that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice preſented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuſe. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus ſays, he was ambitious;
And, ſure, he is an honourable man.
I ſpeak not to diſprove what Brutus ſpoke,
But here I am to ſpeak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cauſe;
What cauſe withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment, thou art fled to brutiſh beaſts,
And men have loſt their reaſon!—Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me[5].

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

[5] *My heart is in the coffin there with Cæſar,*
And I muſt pauſe till it come back to me.] Perhaps our authour recollected the following paſſage in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1594:
"As for my love, ſay, Antony hath all;
"Say, that *my heart* is *gone into the grave*
"With him, in whom it reſts, and ever ſhall." MALONE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. But yeſterday the word of Cæſar might
Have ſtood againſt the world: now lies he there,
And none ſo poor[6] to do him reverence.
O maſters! if I were diſpos'd to ſtir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I ſhould do Brutus wrong, and Caſſius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather chooſe
To wrong the dead, to wrong myſelf, and you,
Than I will wrong ſuch honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the ſeal of Cæſar,
I found it in his cloſet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this teſtament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiſs dead Cæſar's wounds,
And dip their napkins[7] in his ſacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their iſſue.

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

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæſar's will

[6] *And none ſo poor* —] The meaneſt man is now too high to do reverence to Cæſar. JOHNSON.

[7] — *their* napkins.—] i. e. their handkerchiefs. *Napery* was the ancient term for all kinds of linen. STEEVENS.

Napkin is the northern term for *handkerchief*, and is uſed in this ſenſe at this day in Scotland. Our authour frequently uſes the word. See Vol. III. p. 211, n. 9. and Vol. IV. p. 337, n. 7. MALONE.

Ant.

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

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

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you ſtay a while?
I have o'er-ſhot myſelf, to tell you of it.
I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
Whoſe daggers have ſtabb'd Cæſar: I do fear it.

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

Cit. The will! the teſtament!

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

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

Cit. Come down.

2. *Cit.* Deſcend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*

3. *Cit.* You ſhall have leave.

4. *Cit.* A ring; ſtand round.

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

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

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

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to ſhed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The firſt time ever Cæſar put it on;
'Twas on a ſummer's evening, in his tent;
That day he overcame the Nervii:—
Look! in this place, ran Caſſius' dagger through:
See, what a rent the envious Caſca made:
Through this, the well-beloved Brutus ſtabb'd;
And, as he pluck'd his curſed ſteel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæſar follow'd it;
As ruſhing out of doors, to be reſolv'd

If Brutus ſo unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæſar's angel [1]:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæſar lov'd him!
This was the moſt unkindeſt cut of all:
For when the noble Cæſar ſaw him ſtab,
Ingratitude, more ſtrong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquiſh'd him: then burſt his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the baſe of Pompey's ſtatue [1],
Which all the while ran blood [2], great Cæſar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilſt bloody treaſon flouriſh'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity [3]: theſe are gracious drops.
Kind ſouls, what, weep you, when you but behold
Our Cæſar's veſture wounded? Look you here!
Here is himſelf, marr'd, as you ſee, with traitors [4].

[1] *For Brutus, as you know, was* Cæſar's angel:] This title of endearment is more than once introduced in Sidney's *Arcadia*. STEEV.

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

[2] *Which all the while ran blood,*] The image ſeems to be, that the blood of Cæſar flew upon the ſtatue, and trickled down it. JOHNSON.

So, in ſir T. North's tranſlation of Plutarch, (the quotation is Mr. Steevens's,) "—againſt the very baſe whereon Pompey's image ſtood, *which ran all a gore blood*, till he was ſlain." MALONE.

[3] *The dint of pity:*] is the impreſſion of pity. The word is in common uſe among our ancient writers. So, in Preſton's *Cambyſes*:

"Your grace therein may hap receive, with others for your parte,
"The *dent* of death, &c."

Again, *ibid*:

"He ſhall dye by *dent* of ſword, or els by choking rope."
STEEVENS.

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

"This point will *mar* her ſkin." MALONE.

1. *Cit.*

3. *Cit.* O piteous ſpectacle!
2. *Cit.* O noble Cæſar!
3. *Cit.* O woeful day!
4. *Cit.* O traitors, villains!
1. *Cit.* O moſt bloody ſight!
2. *Cit.* We will be reveng'd: 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 it; they are wiſe, and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reaſons anſwer you.
I come not, friends, to ſteal away your hearts;
I am no orator, as Brutus is:
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me publick leave to ſpeak of him.
For I have neither writ[5], nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of ſpeech,
To ſtir men's blood: I only ſpeak right on;
I tell you that, which you yourſelves do know;
Shew you ſweet Cæſar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths!
And bid them ſpeak for me: But were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your ſpirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæſar, that ſhould move

[5] *For I have neither writ,*—] I have no *penned* and premeditated oration. JOHNSON.
So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. II.
"Now, my good lord, let's ſee the devil's *writ*.
i. e. *writing*. Again, in *Hamlet*: "—the law of *writ* and the liberty."—The editor of the ſecond folio, who altered whatever he did not underſtand, ſubſtituted *wit* for *writ*. *Writ* in our authour's time had not its preſent ſignification, but meant *underſtanding*. Would Shakſpeare make Antony declare himſelf void of common intelligence? MALONE.

The

The ſtones of Rome to riſe and mutiny.

3. *Cit.* We'll mutiny.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæſar's ſeal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every ſeveral man, ſeventy five drachmas[6].

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

3. *Cit.* O royal Cæſar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this ſide Tiber[7]; 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?

[6] — *ſeventy-five* drachmas.] A drachma was a Greek coin, the ſame as the Roman *denier*, of the value of four ſeſterces, 7d. ob. STEEV.

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

Trans Tiberim *longe cubat is, prope* Cæſaris hortos,

ſays Horace: and both the Naumachia and gardens of Cæſar were ſeparated from the main city by the river: and lay out wide, on a line with Mount Janiculum. Our author therefore certainly wrote,

On that *ſide Tyber*; —

and Plutarch, whom Shakſpeare very diligently ſtudied, in the *Life of Marcus Brutus*, ſpeaking of Cæſar's will, expreſsly ſays, That he left to the publick his gardens, and walks, *beyond* the Tiber. THEOBALD.

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

1. *Cit.*

1. *Cit.* Never, never:—Come, away, away:
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houſes [8].
Take up the body.

2. *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3. *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

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

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: Miſchief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what courſe thou wilt!—How now, fellow?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

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

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

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

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

SCENE III. [9]

The ſame. A Street.

Enter CINNA *the Poet.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night, that I did feaſt with Cæſar,
And things unluckily charge my fantaſy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet ſomething leads me forth.

[8] — fire *the traitors' houſes.*] Thus the old copy. The more modern editors read—fire *all* the traitors' houſes; but *fire* was then pronounced, as it was ſometimes written, *fier*. So, in *Humors Ordinary*, a collection of Epigrams:

"Oh rare compound, a dying horſe to choke,
"Of Engliſh *fier* and of Indian ſmoke!" STEEVENS.

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

Enter

Enter Citizens.

1. *Cit.* What is your name?
2. *Cit.* Whither are you going?
3. *Cit.* Where do you dwell?
4. *Cit.* Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2. *Cit.* Anſwer every man directly.
1. *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.
4. *Cit.* Ay, and wiſely.
3. *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were beſt.

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

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

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

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

Cin. As a friend.

2. *Cit.* That matter is anſwer'd directly.

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.

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

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

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The ſame. A Room in Antony's *houſe*[1].

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

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

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[2],
Who is your ſiſter's ſon, Mark Antony.

[1] *A room in* Antony's *houſe.*] Mr. Theobald obſerves, from Plutarch and Appian, that the triumvirs met to adjuſt their proſcription in a little iſland near Mutina, on the river Lavinius. But it is manifeſt that Shakſpeare intended the ſcene to be at Rome, and therefore I have placed it in Antony's houſe. MALONE.

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

"*Lep.* What, ſhall I find you here?

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

[2] *Upon condition, Publius ſhall not live.*] Mr. Upton has ſufficiently proved that the poet made a miſtake as to this character mentioned by Lepidus. Lucius, not Publius, was the perſon meant, who was uncle by the mother's ſide to Mark Antony: and in conſequence of this, he concludes, that Shakſpeare wrote:

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

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

Ant.

Ant. He ſhall not live; look, with a ſpot I damn him [3].
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 prick'd to die,
In our black ſentence and proſcription.

Ant. Octavius, I have ſeen more days than you:
And though we lay theſe honours on this man,
To eaſe ourſelves of divers ſlanderous loads,
He ſhall but bear them as the aſs bears gold [4],
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 try'd and valiant ſoldier.

Ant. So is my horſe, Octavius; and, for that,
I do appoint him ſtore of provender.
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to ſtop, to run directly on;
His corporal motion govern'd by my ſpirit.

[3] — damn *him.*] i. e. *condemn* him. So, in *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Vouchſafe to give my *damned* huſband life."

Again, in Chaucer's *Kinghtes Tale*, v. 1747.

"— by your confeſſion
"Hath *damned* you, and I wol it recorde." STEEVENS.

[4] — *as the aſs bears gold,*] This image had occurr'd before in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Act III. ſc. i:

"— like an aſs whoſe back with ingots bows,
"Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
"Till death unloads thee." STEEVENS.

And, in ſome taſte, is Lepidus but ſo:
He muſt be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth:
A barren-ſpirited fellow; one that feeds
On objects, arts, and imitations[5];
Which, out of uſe, and ſtal'd by other men,
Begin his faſhion: Do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Liſten great things.—Brutus and Caſſius,
Are levying powers: we muſt ſtraight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our beſt friends made, our means ſtretch'd to the utmoſt[6];
And let us preſently go ſit in council,

How

5 — *one that feeds*

On objects, arts, and imitations;] It is eaſy to find a reaſon why that devotee to pleaſure and ambition, ſhould call him *barren-ſpirited* who could be content to feed his mind with *objects*, i. e. *ſpeculative knowledge*, or *arts*, i. e. *mechanic operations*. Lepidus, in the tragedy of *Antony and Cleopatra*, is repreſented as inquiſitive about the ſtructures of Egypt, and that too when he is almoſt in a ſtate of intoxication. Antony, as at preſent, makes a jeſt of him, and returns him unintelligible anſwers to very reaſonable queſtions.

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

Theobald, in the rage of innovation, reads—On *abject arts*, &c.

MALONE.

6 *Our beſt friends made, our means ſtretch'd* to the utmoſt;] In the old copy by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or printer this line is thus imperfectly exhibited:

Our beſt friends made, our means ſtretch'd;—

The editor of the ſecond folio ſupplied the line by reading—

Our beſt friends made, *and* our *beſt* means ſtretch'd *out*.

This emendation, which all the modern editors have adopted, was, like almoſt all the other corrections of the ſecond folio, as ill conceived as poſſible. For what is *beſt* means? *Means*, or abilities, if *ſtretch'd out*, receive no additional ſtrength from the word *beſt*, nor does *means*, when conſidered without reference to others, as the power of an individual, or the aggregated abilities of a body of men, ſeem to admit of a degree of compariſon. However that may be, it is highly improbable that a tranſcriber or compoſitor ſhould be guilty of three errors in the ſame line; that he ſhould omit the word *and* in the middle of it; then the word *beſt* after *our*, and laſtly the concluding word. It is much more probable

How covert matters may be beſt diſclos'd,
And open perils ſureſt anſwered.

Oct. Let us do ſo: for we are at the ſtake[7],
And bay'd about with many enemies;
And ſome, that ſmile, have in their hearts, I fear,
Millions of miſchief. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

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

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

Bru. Stand here.

Luc. Give the word, ho! and ſtand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius? is Caſſius near?

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

[Pindarus *gives a letter to* Brutus.

Bru. He greets me well.—Your maſter, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers[8],

Hath

bable that the omiſſion was only at the end of the line, (an error which is found in other places in theſe plays;) and that the author wrote, as I have printed:

Our beſt friends made, our means ſtretch'd *to the utmoſt.*

So, in a former ſcene:

" — and, you know, his *means*,
" If he improve them, may well *ſtretch ſo far*,—".

Again, in the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which, I truſt, will juſtify the emendation, now made:

" —— for thy revenge,
" Wrench up your *power* to the *higheſt.*" MALONE.

7 — *at the ſtake.*] An alluſion to bear-baiting. So, in *Macbeth*, Act V:

" They have chain'd me to a *ſtake*, I cannot fly,
" But bear-like I muſt fight the courſe." STEEVENS.

8 *In his own* change, *or by ill officers*,] Dr. Warburton, without any neceſſity, reads—By his own *charge*, &c. that is, " either by thoſe under his own immediate command, or under the command of his lieutenants, who had abuſed their truſt." MALONE.

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

In

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Enter CASSIUS, *and Soldiers.*

Caſ. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand ho! Speak the word along.

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

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

Brutus immediately after ſays to Lucilius, when he hears his account of the manner in which he had been received by Caſſius,

"Thou haſt deſcrib'd
"*A hot* friend *cooling.*"

That is the *change* which Brutus complains of. MASON.

Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.
Within. Stand.

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

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies?
And, if not ſo, how ſhould I wrong a brother?

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

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

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

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

SCENE III.

Within the tent of Brutus.

Lucius *and* Titinius *at ſome diſtance from it.*

Enter BRUTUS, *and* CASSIUS.

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

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

Caſ. In ſuch a time as this, it is not meet
That every nice offence[9] ſhould bear his comment.

* —*your* griefs—] i. e. your grievances. See Vol. IV. p. 50, n. 3, and Vol. V. p. 237, n. 9. MALONE.

9 —*every* nice *offence*—] i. e. ſmall trifling offence. WARBURTON. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act V:

"The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge,
"Of dear import." STEEVENS.

Bru.

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

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

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

Caſ. Chaſtiſement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!
Did not great Julius bleed for juſtice' ſake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did ſtab,
And not for juſtice[1]? What, ſhall one of us,
That ſtruck the foremoſt man of all this world,
But for ſupporting robbers; ſhall we now
Contaminate our fingers with baſe bribes?
And ſell the mighty ſpace of our large honours,
For ſo much traſh, as may be graſped thus?—
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than ſuch a Roman.

Caſ. Brutus, bait not me[2],

I'll

[1] *What* villain *touch'd his body, that did ſtab,*
And not for juſtice?] This queſtion is far from implying that any of thoſe who touch'd Cæſar's body, were villains. On the contrary, it is an indirect way of aſſerting that there was not one man among them, who was baſe enough to ſtab him for any cauſe but that of juſtice. MALONE.

[2] *Brutus,* bait *not me,*] Thus the old copy. Mr. Theobald and all the ſubſequent editors read—*bay* not me; and the emendation is ſufficiently plauſible, our authour having in *Troilus and Creſſida* uſed the word *bay* in the ſame ſenſe:

"What moves Ajax thus to *bay* at him!"

But as he has likewiſe twice uſed *bait* in the ſenſe required here, the text, in my apprehenſion, ought not to be diſturbed. "I will not yield," ſays Macbeth,

"To kiſs the ground before young Malcolm's feet,
"And to be *baited* with the rabble's curſe."

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"— why ſtay we to be *baited*
"With one that wants her wits?"

I'll not endure it: you forget yourſelf,
To hedge me in [3]; I am a ſoldier, I,
Older in practice [4], abler than yourſelf
To make conditions [5].

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 farther.

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, ſhew 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.

So, alſo in a comedy entitled *How to chooſe a good wife from a bad*, 1602:

"Do I come home ſo ſeldom, and that ſeldom
"Am I thus *baited?*" MALONE.

[3] *To hedge me in*;] That is, to limit my authority by your direction or cenſure. JOHNSON.

[4] — *I am a ſoldier*, I,
Older in practice, &c.] Thus the ancient copies; but the modern editors, inſtead of *I*, have read *ay*, becauſe the vowel *I* ſometimes ſtands for *ay* the affirmative adverb. I have replaced the old reading, on the authority of the following line:

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

See Vol. V. p. 329, n. 7. MALONE.

[5] *To make conditions.*] That is, to know on what terms it is fit to confer the offices which are at my diſpoſal. JOHNSON.

Caſ.

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 liv'd, he durſt not thus have mov'd me.
Bru. Peace, peace; you durſt not ſo have tempted him.
Caſ. I durſt not?
Bru. No.
Caſ. What? durſt not tempt him?
Bru. For your life you durſt not.
Caſ. Do not preſume too much upon my love,
I may do that I ſhall be ſorry for.
Bru. You have done that you ſhould be ſorry for.
There is no terror, Caſſius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd ſo ſtrong in honeſty,
That they paſs by me, as the idle wind,
Which I reſpect not. I did ſend to you
For certain ſums of gold, which you deny'd me;—
For I can raiſe no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peaſants their vile traſh,
By any indirection. I did ſend
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you deny'd me: Was that done like Caſſius?
Should I have anſwer'd Caius Caſſius ſo?
When Marcus Brutus grows ſo covetous,

[o] — *than to* wring
From the hard *hands of peaſants their vile traſh,*] This is a noble ſentiment, altogether in character, and expreſſed in a manner inimitably happy. For *to wring*, implies both to get *unjuſtly*, and to uſe *force* in getting: and *hard hands* ſignify both the peaſant's great *labour and pains* in acquiring, and his *great unwillingneſs* to quit his hold.
WARBURTON.

To lock ſuch raſcal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Daſh him to pieces!

Caſ. I deny'd you not.

Bru. You did.

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

Bru. I do not, till you practiſe them on me[7].

Caſ. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Caſ. A friendly eye could never ſee ſuch faults.

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

Caſ. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourſelves alone on Caſſius,
For Caſſius is aweary of the world:
Hated by one he loves; brav'd by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults obſerv'd,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To caſt into my teeth. O, I could weep
My ſpirit from mine eyes!—There is my dagger,
And here my naked breaſt; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth[8];
I, that deny'd thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didſt at Cæſar; for, I know,

[7] *I do not, till you practiſe them on me.*] The meaning is this: I do not look for your faults, I only ſee them, and mention them with vehemence, when you force them into my notice, *by practiſing them on me.* JOHNSON.

[8] *If that thou be'ſt a Roman, take it forth*; &c.] I think he means, that he is ſo far from avarice, when the cauſe of his country requires liberality, that if any man ſhould wiſh for his heart, he would not need enforce his deſire any otherwiſe, than by ſhewing that he was a Roman. JOHNSON.

This ſeems only a form of adjuration like that of Brutus, p. 395: "Now, *as you are a Roman*, tell me true." BLACKSTONE.

When

When thou didſt hate him worſt, thou lov'dſt him better
Than ever thou lov'dſt Caſſius.

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

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

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

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

Bru. And my heart too.

Caſ. O Brutus!—

Bru. What's the matter?

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

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

[*Noiſe within.*

Poet. [*within.*] Let me go in to ſee the generals;
There is ſome grudge between them, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

Luc. [*within.*] You ſhall not come to them.

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

Enter Poet[9].

Caſ. How now? What's the matter?

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

[9] *Enter Poet.*] Shakſpeare found the preſent incident in *Plutarch*. The intruder, however, was *Marcus Phaonius*, who had been a friend and follower of Cato; not a poet, but one who aſſumed the character of a cynic philoſopher. STEEVENS.

Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;
For I have ſeen more years, I am ſure, than ye[1].

Caſ. Ha, ha; how vilely doth this cynick rhime!

Bru. Get you hence, ſirrah; ſaucy fellow, hence.

Caſ. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his faſhion.

Bru. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time:
What ſhould the wars do with theſe jigging fools[2]?
Companion, hence[3].

Caſ.

[1] *Love, and be friends, as two ſuch men ſhould be;*
For I have ſeen more years, I'm ſure, than ye.] This paſſage is a tranſlation from the following one in the firſt book of *Homer*:

Αλλα πίθεσθ' ἀμφοῖιν· ἐπεὶ πολὺ φέρτερω ἠδη ἐμεῖο.

which is thus given in ſir Thomas North's *Plutarch*:

"My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
"For I have ſeen more years than ſuch ye three." STEEVENS.

[2] *What ſhould the wars do with theſe* jigging *fools?*] I. e. with theſe ſilly *poets*. A *jig* ſignified, in our authour's time, a metrical compoſition, as well as a dance. So, in the prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage*:

"A *jig* ſhall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*
"Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

A modern editor, (Mr. Capell,) who, after having devoted the greater part of his life to the ſtudy of old books, appears to have been extremely ignorant of ancient Engliſh literature, not knowing this, for *jigging*, reads (after Mr. Pope,) *jingling*. His work exhibits above *Nine Hundred* alterations of the genuine text, equally capricious and unwarrantable.

This editor, of whom it was juſtly ſaid by the late Biſhop of Gloceſter, that "*he had hung himſelf up in chains over our poet's grave*," having boaſted in his preface, that "his emendations of the text were at leaſt equal in number to thoſe of all the other editors and commentators put together," I ſome years ago had the curioſity to look into his volumes with this particular view. On examination I then found, that, of three hundred and twenty-five emendations of the ancient copies, which, as I then thought, he had properly received into his text, *two hundred and eighty-five* were ſuggeſted by ſome former editor or commentator, and *forty* only by himſelf. But on a ſecond and more rigorous examination I now find, that of the emendations *properly* adopted, (the number of which appears to be much ſmaller than that abovementioned,) he has a claim to not more than fifteen. The innovations and arbitrary alterations, either adopted from others, or firſt introduced by this editor, from ignorance of our antient cuſtoms and phraſeology, amount to no leſs a number than NINE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY TWO!! It is highly probable that many have yet eſcaped my notice. MALONE.

[3] Companion, *hence.*] *Companion* is uſed as a term of reproach in many

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

Enter LUCILIUS, *and* TITINIUS.

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

Caſ. And come yourſelves, and bring Meſſala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt* LUCILIUS, *and* TITINIUS.

Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine.

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

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

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

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

Caſ. Ha! Portia?

Bru. She is dead.

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

Bru. Impatient of my abſence;
And grief, that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themſelves ſo ſtrong;—for with her death
That tidings came;—With this ſhe fell diſtract,
And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire[4].

Caſ. And dy'd ſo?

Bru.

many of the old plays; as we ſay at preſent—*fellow*. So, in *K. Henry IV.* Part II. Dol Tearſheet ſays to Piſtol:

"—I ſcorn you, ſcurvy *companion*," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *And, her attendants abſent, ſwallow'd fire.*] This circumſtance is taken from *Plutarch*. It is alſo mentioned by *Val. Maximus*.

It may not, however be amiſs to remark, that the death of Portia wants that foundation which has hitherto entitled her to a place in poetry, as a pattern of Roman fortitude. She is reported, by Pliny, I think, to have died at Rome in a lingering illneſs while Brutus was abroad; but ſome writers ſeem to look on a natural death as a derogation from a diſtinguiſhed character. STEEVENS.

Valerius Maximus ſays that Portia *ſurvived* Brutus, and killed herſelf on hearing that her huſband was defeated and ſlain at Philippi. Plutarch's account in the *Life of Brutus* is as follows: "And for Portia, Brutus' wife, Nicolaus the philoſopher, and Valerius Maximus, doe wryte, that ſhe determining to kill her ſelfe, (her parents and frends carefullie looking to her to kepe her from it,) tooke hotte burning coles, and caſt them into her mouth and kept her mouth ſo cloſe, that ſhe choked her ſelfe.—

There

Bru. Even ſo.

Caſ. O ye immortal gods!

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine, and tapers.*

Bru. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine:—
In this I bury all unkindneſs, Caſſius. [*drinks.*

Caſ. My heart is thirſty for that noble pledge:—
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'er-ſwell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. [*drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius:—Welcome, good Meſſala.—
Now 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 received letters,
That young Octavius, and Mark Antony,
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

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

Bru. With what addition?

Meſ. That by proſcription, and bills of outlawry,
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred ſenators.

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

Caſ. Cicero one?

Meſ. Cicero is dead,

There was a letter of Brutus found, wrytten to his frendes, complaining of *their negligence*; that his wife being ſicke, they would not helpe her, but ſuffered her to kill her ſelfe, choofing to dye rather than to languiſh in paine. Thus it appeareth that Nicolaus knew not well *that time*, ſith the letter (at leaſt if it were Brutus' letter,) doth plainly declare the diſeaſe and love of this lady, and the maner of her death." North's *Tranſlation.*

See alſo Martial, l. 1. ep. 42. Valerius Maximus, and Nicolaus, and Plutarch, all agree in ſaying that ſhe put an end to her life; and the letter, if authentick, aſcertains that ſhe did ſo in the life-time of Brutus.

Our authour therefore, we ſee, had ſufficient authority for his repreſentation. MALONE.

And

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, farewel, 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 [5] as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it ſo.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi preſently?
Caſ. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reaſon?
Caſ. This it is:
'Tis better, that the enemy ſeek us:
So ſhall he waſte his means, weary his ſoldiers,
Doing himſelf offence; whilſt we, lying ſtill,
Are full of reſt, defence, and nimbleneſs.
Bru. Good reaſons muſt, of force, give place to better.
The people, 'twixt Philippi and this ground,
Do ſtand but in a forc'd affection;
For they have grudg'd us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them ſhall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreſh'd, new-added, and encourag'd;
From which advantage ſhall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
Theſe people at our back.
Caſ. Hear me, good brother.
Bru. Under your pardon.—You muſt note beſide,

[5] — *in* art—] That is, in theory. MALONE.

That

That we have try'd the utmoſt of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cauſe is ripe:
The enemy increaſeth every day,
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men[6],
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in ſhallows, and in miſeries.
On ſuch a full ſea are we now afloat;
And we muſt take the current when it ſerves,
Or loſe our ventures.

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

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

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

Bru. Lucius, my gown. [*Exit* Lucius.] Farewel, good Meſſala;—
Good night, Titinius:—Noble, noble Caſſius,
Good night, and good repoſe.

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

Bru. Every thing is well.

Caſ. Good night, my lord.

Bru. Good night, good brother.

[6] *There is a tide*, &c.] This paſſage is poorly imitated by B. and Fletcher, in the *Cuſtom of the Country*:

"*There is an hour in each man's life appointed*
"*To make his happineſs, if then he ſeize it*," &c. STEEVENS.

A ſimilar ſentiment is found in Chapman's *Buſſy d' Ambois*, 1607:

"There is a deep nick in time's reſtleſs wheel,
"For each man's good; when which nick comes, it ſtrikes.
"So no one riſeth by his real merit,
"But when it cries *click* in his raiſer's ſpirit." MALONE.

Tit.

Tit. Meſ. Good night, lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewel, every one. [*Exeunt* CAS. TIT. *and* MES.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy inſtrument?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou ſpeak'ſt drowſily?
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd.
Call Claudius, and ſome other of my men;
I'll have them ſleep on cuſhions in my tent.
Luc. Varro, and Claudius!

Enter VARRO, *and* CLAUDIUS.

Var. Calls my lord?
Bru. I pray you, ſirs, lie in my tent, and ſleep;
It may be, I ſhall raiſe you by and by
On buſineſs to my brother Caſſius.
Var. So pleaſe you, we will ſtand, and watch your pleaſure.
Bru. I will not have it ſo: lie down, good ſirs;
It may be, I ſhall otherwiſe bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here's the book I ſought for ſo;
I put it in the pocket of my gown. [Serv. *lie down.*
Luc. I was ſure, your lordſhip did not give it me.
Bru. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canſt thou hold up thy heavy eyes a while,
And touch thy inſtrument a ſtrain or two?
Luc. Ay, my lord, an'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. Is is well done; and thou ſhalt ſleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Muſick, and a ſong.*
This is a ſleepy tune:—O murd'rous ſlumber!

Lay'ſt

Lay'ſt thou thy leaden mace[7] upon my boy,
That plays thee muſick?—Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee.
If thou doſt nod, thou break'ſt thy inſtrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me ſee, let me ſee;—Is not the leaf turn'd down,
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think. [*He ſits down.*

Enter the Ghoſt of Cæſar.

How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think, it is the weakneſs of mine eyes,
That ſhapes this monſtrous apparition.
It comes upon me:—Art thou any thing?
Art thou ſome god, ſome angel, or ſome devil,
That mak'ſt my blood cold, and my hair to ſtare?
Speak to me, what thou art.

Ghoſt. Thy evil ſpirit, Brutus.

Bru. Why com'ſt thou?

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

Bru. Well; Then I ſhall ſee thee again[8]?

Ghoſt. Ay, at Philippi. [*Ghoſt vaniſhes.*

Bru.

[7] — *thy leaden* mace—] A *mace* is the ancient term for a ſcepter. So, in the *Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

" —look upon my ſtately grace,
" Becauſe the pomp that longs to Juno's *mace*, &c."

Again, in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. I. c. x:

" Who mightily upheld that royal *mace*." STEEVENS.

[8] *Well; Then I ſhall ſee thee again?*] Shakſpeare has on this occaſion deſerted his original. It does not appear from *Plutarch* that the *Ghoſt of Cæſar* appeared to Brutus, but " a wonderful ſtraunge and monſtruous ſhape of a body." This apparition could not be at once the *ſhade of Cæſar*, and the *evil genius of Brutus*.

" Brutus boldly aſked what he was, a god, or a man, and what cauſe brought him thither. The ſpirit aunſwered him, I am thy euill ſpirit, Brutus: and thou ſhalt ſee me by the citie of Philippes. Brutus being no otherwiſe affrayd, replyed againe vnto it: well, then I ſhall ſee thee agayne. The ſpirit preſently vaniſhed away: and Brutus called his men vnto him, who tolde him that they heard no noyſe, nor ſawe any thinge at all."

See the ſtory of *Caſſius Parmenſis* in *Valerius Maximus*, Lib. I. c. 7. STEEVENS.

The

Bru. Why, I will ſee thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vaniſheſt:
Ill ſpirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

Luc. The ſtrings, my lord, are falſe.

Bru. He thinks, he ſtill is at his inſtrument.—
Lucius, awake.

Luc. My lord!

Bru. Didſt thou dream, Lucius, that thou ſo cry'dſt out?

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

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

Luc. Nothing, my lord.

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

Var. My lord.

Clau. My lord.

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

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay; Saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I ſaw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

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

The words which Mr. Steevens has quoted, are from Plutarch's *life of Brutus*. Shakſpeare had alſo certainly read Plutarch's account of this viſion in the life of *Cæſar*: "Above all, the *ghoſt* that appeared unto Brutus, ſhewed plainly that the goddes were offended with the murther of *Cæſar*. The viſion was thus. Brutus being ready to paſs over his army from the citie of Abydos to the other coaſt lying directly againſt it, ſlept every night (as his manner was,) in his tent; and being yet awake, thinking of his affaires,—he thought he heard a noyſe at his tent-dore, and looking towards *the light of the lampe that waxed very dimme*, he ſaw a horrible viſion of a man, of a wonderfull greatnes and dreadful looke, which at the firſt made him marvelouſly afraid. But when he ſawe that it did him no hurt, but ſtoode by his bedde-ſide, and ſaid nothing, at length he aſked him what he was. The image aunſwered him, I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou ſhalt ſee me by the citie of Philippes. Then Brutus replyed agayne, and ſaid, Well, I ſhall ſee thee then. Therewithall the ſpirit preſently vaniſhed from him."

It is manifeſt from the words above printed in Italicks, that Shakſpeare had this paſſage in his thoughts as well as the other. MALONE.

Bid

Bid him ſet on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It ſhall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and their Army.*

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are anſwered:
You ſaid, the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not ſo: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us [9] 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 [1], thinking, by this face,
To faſten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

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

9 — warn us—] To *warn* is to ſummon. So, in *K. John.*
" Who is it that hath *warn'd* us to the walls?"
Shakſpeare uſes the word yet more intelligibly in *K. Richard III.*
" And ſent to *warn* them to his royal preſence."
Throughout the books of the Stationers Company, the word is always uſed in this ſenſe. " Receyved of Rauſe Newbery for his fyne, that he came not to the hall when he was *warned*, according to the orders of the houſe." STEEVENS.

1 *With fearful bravery,*] That is, *with a gallant ſhew of courage, carrying with it terror and diſmay. Fearful* is uſed here, as in many other places, in an active ſenſe;—*producing fear,—intimidating.* MALONE.

Ant.

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[2];
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
Hack'd one another in the ſides of Cæſar:
You ſhew'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kiſſing Cæſar's feet;
Whilſt damned Caſca[3], like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæſar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Caſ. Flatterers!—Now, Brutus, thank yourſelf:

[2] *The poſture of your blows* are *yet unknown*;] It ſhould be—*is* yet unknown. But the error was certainly Shakſpeare's. MALONE.

[3] —*Caſca.*—] Caſca ſtruck Cæſar on the neck, coming *like* a degenerate *cur behind him.* JOHNSON.

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

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 twenty wounds[4]
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæſar
Have added ſlaughter to the ſword of traitors.

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

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' ſword.

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

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

Ant. Old Caſſius ſtill!

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

[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and 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.

Luc. My lord. [Brutus *and* Lucilius *converſe apart.*

Caſ. Meſſala,—

Meſ. What ſays my general?

Caſ. Meſſala[5],
This is my birth-day; as this very day

Was

4 — *three and* twenty *wounds*—] Old Copy—three and *thirty*. Corrected from Plutarch, by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

5 *Meſſala, &c.*] Almoſt every circumſtance in this ſpeech is taken from ſir Thomas North's Tranſlation of *Plutarch*.

" But touching Caſſius, Meſſala reporteth that he ſupped by himſelfe in his tent with a few of his friendes, and that all ſupper tyme he looked

Was Caſſius born. Give me thy hand, Meſſala:
Be thou my witneſs, that, againſt my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell'd to ſet
Upon one battle all our liberties.
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 [6]
Two mighty eagles fell; and there they perch'd,
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 reſolv'd
To meet all perils very conſtantly.

Bru. Even ſo, Lucilius.

looked very ſadly, and was full of thoughts, although it was againſt his nature: and that after ſupper he tooke him by the hande, and holding him faſt (in token of kindnes as his manner was) told him in Greeke, Meſſala, I proteſt vnto thee, and make thee my witnes, that I am compelled againſt my minde and will (as Pompey the Great was) to ieopard the libertie of our contry, to the hazard of a battel. And yet we muſt be liuely, and of good corage, conſidering our good fortune, whom we ſhould wronge too muche to miſtruſt her, although we followe euill counſell. Meſſala writeth, that Caſſius hauing ſpoken theſe laſt wordes vnto him, he bad him farewell, and willed him to come to ſupper to him the next night following, bicauſe it was his birth-day." STEEVENS.

[6] —*our former enſign*—] The old copy reads *former*, which may be right, as Shakſpeare ſometimes uſes the *comparative* inſtead of the *poſitive* and ſuperlative. See *K. Lear*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Either word [*former* and *foremoſt*] has the ſame origin; nor do I perceive why *former* ſhould be leſs applicable to *place* than *time*. STEEVENS.

I once thought that for the ſake of diſtinction the word ſhould be ſpelt *foremer*, but as it is derived from the Saxon ꝩo ꝑma, *firſt*, I have adhered to the common ſpelling. MALONE.

Caſ. Now, moſt noble Brutus,
The gods to-day ſtand friendly; that we may,
Lovers, in peace, lead on our days to age!
But ſince the affairs of men reſt ſtill uncertain,
Let's reaſon with the worſt that may befall.
If we do loſe this battle, then is this
The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together:
What are you then determined to do[7]?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philoſophy[8],
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himſelf;—I know not how,

But

[7] *The very laſt time we ſhall ſpeak together:*
What are you then determined to do?] i. e. I am reſolved in ſuch a caſe to kill myſelf. What are you determined of? WARBURTON.

[8] — *of that philoſophy,*] There is an apparent contradiction between the ſentiments contained in this and the following ſpeech which Shakſpeare has put into the mouth of Brutus. In this, Brutus declares his reſolution to wait patiently for the determinations of Providence; and in the next, he intimates, that though he ſhould ſurvive the battle, he would never ſubmit to be led in chains to Rome. This ſentence in ſir Thomas North's *Tranſlation*, is perplexed, and might be eaſily miſunderſtood. Shakſpeare, in the firſt ſpeech, makes that to be the preſent opinion of Brutus, which in *Plutarch*, is mentioned only as one he formerly entertained, though now he condemned it.

So, in ſir Thomas North:—"There Caſſius beganne to ſpeake firſt, and ſayd: the gods graunt vs, O Brutus, that this day we may winne the field, and euer after to liue all the reſt of our life quietly, one with another. But ſith the gods haue ſo ordeyned it, that the greateſt & chiefeſt things amongeſt men are moſt vncertayne, and that if the battell fall out otherwiſe to daye then we wiſhe or looke for, we ſhall hardely meete againe, what art thou then determined to doe? to fly, or dye? Brutus aunſwered him, being yet but a young man, and not ouer greatly experienced in the world: I truſt (I know not how) a certaine rule of philoſophie, by the which I did greatly blame and reproue Cato for killing of him ſelfe, as being no lawfull nor godly acte, touching the gods, nor concerning men, valiant; not to giue place and yeld to diuine prouidence, and not conſtantly and pacientiy to take whatſoever it pleaſeth him to ſend vs, but to drawe backe, and flie: but being nowe in the middeſt of the daunger, I am of a contrarie mind. For if it be not the will of God, that this battell fall out fortunate for vs, I will look no more for hope, neither ſeeke to make any new ſupply for war againe, but will rid me of this miſerable world, and content me with my fortune. For, I gaue vp my life for my contry in the ides of Marche, for the which I ſhall liue in another more glorious worlde."

STEEVENS.

I ſee

But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, ſo to prevent
The time of life[9]:—arming myſelf with patience[1],
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 farewel take:—
For ever, and for ever, farewel, 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, farewel, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll ſmile indeed;
If not, 'tis true, this parting was well made.

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

I ſee no contradiction in the ſentiments of Brutus. He would not determine to kill himſelf merely for the loſs of *one* battle; but as he expreſſes himſelf, (page 410,) would try his fortune in a ſecond fight. Yet he would not ſubmit to be a captive. BLACKSTONE.

* I concur with Mr. Steevens. The words of the text by no means juſtify Sir W. Blackſtone's ſolution. The queſtion of Caſſius relates ſolely to the event of *this* battle. MALONE.

[9] — *ſo to* prevent
The time of life:] To *prevent* is here uſed in a French ſenſe—to *anticipate*. By *time* is meant the full and complete time; the period. MALONE.

[1] — *arming myſelf with patience*, &c.] Dr. Warburton thinks, that in this ſpeech ſomething is loſt; but there needed only a parentheſis to clear it. The conſtruction is this: I am determined to act according to that philoſophy which directed me to blame the ſuicide of Cato; arming myſelf with patience, &c. JOHNSON.

* —*the ides of March* begun;] Our authour ought to have written —*began*. For this error, I have no doubt, he is himſelf anſwerable. MALONE.

SCENE II.

The ſame. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS, *and* MESSALA.

Bru. Ride, ride, Meſſala, ride, and give theſe bills[2]
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.

The ſame. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter CASSIUS, *and* TITINIUS.

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

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

Enter PINDARUS.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly therefore, noble Caſſius, fly far off.

Caſ. This hill is far enough[3].—Look, look, Titinius; Are

[2] — *give theſe* bills] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "In the meane tyme Brutus that led the right winge, ſent litle *billes* to the collonels and captaines of private bandes, in which he wrote the worde of the battell," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *This hill is far enough*, &c.] Thus, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "So, Caſſius him ſelfe was at length compelled to flie, with a few about him, vnto a little hill, from whence they might eaſely ſee what was done in all the plaine: howbeit Caſſius him ſelf ſawe nothing, for his ſight was verie bad, ſauing that he ſaw (and yet with much a doe) how the enemies ſpoiled his campe before his eyes. He ſawe alſo a great

Are thoſe my tents, where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Caſ. Titinius, if thou lov'ſt me,
Mount thou my horſe, and hide thy ſpurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may reſt aſſur'd,
Whether yond' troops are friend or enemy.
Tit. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
Caſ. Go, Pindarus[4], get higher on that hill[5];
My ſight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'ſt about the field.—
[*Exit* PINDARUS.
This day I breathed firſt: time is come round[6],
And, where I did begin, there ſhall I end;

a great troupe of horſmen, whom Brutus ſent to aide him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he ſent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to goe and know what they were. Brutus' horſemen ſawe him comming a farre of, whom when they knewe that he was one of Caſſius' chiefeſt frendes, they ſhowted out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horſes, and went and imbraced him. The reſt compaſſed him in rounde about a horſebacke, with ſongs of victorie and great ruſhing of their harnes, ſo that they made all the field ring againe for joy. But this marred all. For Caſſius thinking in deed that Titinius was taken of the enemies, he then ſpake theſe wordes: deſiring too much to liue, I haue liued to ſee one of my beſt frendes taken, for my ſake, before my face. After that, he gotte into a tent where no bodye was, and tooke Pyndarus with him, one of his freed bondmen, whom he reſerued ever for ſuche a pinche, ſince the curſed battell of the Parthians, where Craſſus was ſlaine, though he notwithſtanding ſcaped from that ouerthrow; but then caſting his cloke ouer his head, & holding out his bare neck vnto Pyndarus, he gaue him his head to be ſtriken off. So the head was found ſeuered from the bodie: but after that time Pyndarus was neuer ſeene more."

4 *Go, Pindarus*] This dialogue between Caſſius and Pindarus, is beautifully imitated by B. and Fletcher in their tragedy of *Bonduca*, Act III. ſc. v. STEEVENS.

5 — *get* higher *on thot hill*—] Our authour perhaps wrote on *this* hill; for Caſſius is now on a hill. But there is no need of change. He means a hillock ſomewhat higher than that on which he now is.

The editor of the ſecond folio arbitrarily reads—*thither* for *higher*, and all the ſubſequent editors adopted his alteration. MALONE.

6 — *time is come round*,] So, in *K. Lear*, the Baſtard, dying ſays:
"The *wheel* is *come* full *circle*." STEEVENS.

My life is run his compaſs.—Sirrah, what news[7]?
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;—and, hark! [*Shout.*
They ſhout for joy.
Caſ. Come down, behold no more.—
O, coward that I am, to live ſo long,
To ſee my beſt friend ta'en before my face!

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 ſhould'ſt attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath!
Now be a freeman; and, with this good ſword,
That ran through Cæſar's bowels, ſearch this boſom.
Stand not to anſwer: Here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
Guide thou the ſword.—Cæſar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the ſword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*
Pin. So, I am free; yet would not ſo have been,
Durſt I have done my will. O Caſſius!
Far from this country Pindarus ſhall run,
Where never Roman ſhall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

Meſ. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Caſſius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. Theſe tidings will well comfort Caſſius.
Meſ. Where did you leave him?

[7] — *Sirrah, what news?*] *Sirrah*, as appears from many of our old plays, was the uſual addreſs in ſpeaking to ſervants, and children. Mr. Pope, not advertiog to this, reads—*Now*, what news? See Vol. IV. p. 396, n. 8. MALONE.

Tit.

Tit. All diſconſolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Meſ. Is not that he, that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Meſ. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Meſſala,
But Caſſius is no more.—O ſetting ſun!
As in thy red rays thou doſt ſink to night,
So in his red blood Caſſius' day is ſet;
The ſun of Rome is ſet! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Miſtruſt of my ſucceſs hath done this deed.
Meſ. Miſtruſt of good ſucceſs hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why doſt thou ſhew to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, ſoon conceiv'd,
Thou never com'ſt unto a happy birth,
But kill'ſt the mother that engender'd thee.
Tit. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?
Meſ. Seek him, Titinius; whilſt I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thruſting this report
Into his ears: I may ſay, thruſting it;
For piercing ſteel, and darts envenomed,
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus,
As tidings of this fight.
Tit. Hie you, Meſſala,
And I will ſeek for Pindarus the while. [*Exit* 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 every thing.
But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace,
And ſee how I regarded Caius Caſſius.—
By your leave, gods:—This is a Roman's part:
Come, Caſſius' ſword, and find Titinius' heart. [*dies.*

Alarum.

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, whe'r he have not crown'd dead Caſſius!
Bru. Are yet two Romans living ſuch as theſe!—
The laſt of all the Romans [8], 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 [9] 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 [1], ſet our battles on:—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We ſhall try fortune in a ſecond fight. [*Exeunt.*

[8] *The laſt of all the Romans,*] From the old tranſlation of Plutarch: "So, when he [Brutus] was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Caſſius, calling him THE *laſt of all the Romans, being impoſſible that Rome ſhould ever breede againe ſo noble and walliant a man* as he, he cauſed his bodie to be buried." &c.

Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors read, as we ſhould now write,—*Thou* laſt, &c. But this was not the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's age. See Vol. VI. p 384, n. 3. MALONE.

Objectum eſt Hiſtorico (*Cremutio Cordo.* Tacit. Ann. l. iv. 34.) quod Brutum Caſſiumque *ultimos Romanorum* dixiſſet. *Suet. Tiber.* Lib. III. c. 61. STEEVENS.

[9] — *and to* Thaſſos—] Old Copy—*Tharſus.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

It is *Thaſſos* in ſir Thomas North's *Tranſlation.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Labeo and* Flavius —] Old Copy—*Flavio.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, ſoldiers of both armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, *and Others.*

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

Cato. What baſtard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:—
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the ſon of Marcus Cato, ho[2]! [*charges the enemy.*

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

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

Luc. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?
Why, now thou dy'ſt as bravely as Titinius;
And may'ſt be honour'd being Cato's ſon[3].

1. *Sold.* Yield, or thou dieſt.

Luc. Only I yield to die:
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight[4];
[*Offering money.*
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

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

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

1. *Sold.* I'll tell the news[5].—Here comes the general:—

[2] *I am the ſon of Marcus Cato*—] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "There was the ſonne of *Marcus Cato* ſlaine valiantly fighting, &c. *telling aloud his name and his father's name*," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] — *being Cato's ſon.*] i. e. worthy of him. WARBURTON.

[4] Luc. *Only I yield to die:*
There is ſo much, that thou wilt kill me ſtraight;] Dr. Warburton has been much inclined to find *lacunæ*, or paſſages broken by omiſſion, throughout this play. I think he has been always miſtaken. The ſoldier here ſays, *Yield, or thou dieſt.* Lucilius replies, I yield only on this condition, that I may die; here is ſo much gold as thou ſeeſt in my hand, which I offer thee as a reward for ſpeedy death. What now is there wanting? JOHNSON.

[5] *I'll tell the news.*] The old copy reads: *I'll tell* thee *news.*—
JOHNSON.
Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

Enter

Enter ANTONY.

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

Ant. Where is he?

Luc. Safe, Antony[6]; 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 every thing is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Another part of the field.

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

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

Cli. Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light[7]; but, my lord,
He

[6] *Safe, Antony*;] So in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "In the mean time Lucilius was brought to him, who ſtowtly with a bold countenaunce ſayd, 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 founde like himſelfe. And now for my ſelfe, I am come vnto thee, hauing deceiued theſe men of armes here, bearing them downe that I was Brutus: and doe not refuſe to ſuffer any torment thou wilt put me to. Lucilius wordes made them all amazed that heard him. Antonius on the other ſide, looking vpon all them that had brought him, ſayd vnto them: my companions, I thinke ye are ſorie you have failed of your purpoſe, & that you thinke this man hath done great wrong: but I doe aſſure you, you have taken a better bootie, then that you followed. For, inſtead of an enemie, you have brought me a friend," &c.
STEEVENS.

[7] *Statilius ſhew'd the torch-light*, &c.] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*:

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?

Plutarch: "Furthermore, Brutus thought that there was no great number of men ſlaine in battell, and to know the trueth of it, there was one called Statilius, that promiſed to goe through his enemies (for otherwiſe it was impoſſible to goe ſee their campe,) and from thence if all were well, that he woulde lift vp a *torch-light* in the ayer, and then returne againe with ſpeed to him. The *torche-light* was lift vp as he had promiſed, for Statilius went thither. Nowe Brutus ſeeing Statilius tarie long after that, and that he came not again, he ſay'd: if Statilius be aliue, he will come againe. But his euill fortune was ſuche, that as he came backe, he lighted in his enemies hands, and was ſlaine. Now, the night being farre ſpent, Brutus as he ſate, bowed towards Clitus one of his men, and told him ſomewhat in his eare; the other aunſwered him not, but fell a weeping. Thereupon he proued Dardanus, and ſayd ſomewhat alſo to him: at length he came to Volumnius him ſelfe, and ſpeaking to him in Græke, prayed him for the ſtudies ſake which brought them acquainted together, that he woulde helpe him to put his hande to his ſword, to thruſt it in him to kill him. Volumnius denied his requeſt, and ſo did many others: and amongeſt the reſt, one of them ſayd, there was no tarrying for them there, but that they muſt needes flie. Then Brutus riſing vp, we muſt flie in deede, ſayd he, but it muſt be with our hands, not with our feete. Then taking euery man by the hand, he ſayd theſe words vnto them with a chearfull countenance. It rejoyceth my hart that not one of my frends hath failed me at my neede, and I do not complaine of my fortune, but only for my contries ſake: for, as for me, I thinke my ſelfe happier than they that haue ouercome, conſidering that I leaue a perpetuall fame of our corage and manhoode, the which our enemies the conquerors ſhall neuer attaine vnto by force nor money, neither can let their poſteritie to ſay, that they being naughtie and unjuſt men, haue ſlaine good men, to vſurpe tyrannical power not pertaining to them. Hauing ſayd ſo, he prayed euery man to ſhift for them ſelues, and then he went a litle aſide," &c. STEEVENS.

Dar. To kill him, Clitus: Look, he meditates.

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

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; liſt a word.

Vol. What ſays my lord?

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

Vol. Not ſo, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am ſure it is, Volumnius.
Thou ſee'ſt the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Alarum.*
It is more worthy, to leap in ourſelves,
Than tarry till they puſh us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'ſt, that we two went to ſchool together;
Even for that our love of old, I pray thee,
Hold thou my ſword-hilts[8], 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. Farewel to you;—and you;—and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou haſt been all this while aſleep;
Farewel to thee too, Strato[9].—Countrymen,
My heart doth joy, that yet, in all my life,

[8] — *my ſword-hilts*—] So the old copy, and rightly. So before, p. 408.

" —— with this good *ſword*,
" That ran through Cæſar's bowels, ſearch this boſom.
" Stand not to anſwer; here take thou the *hilts*."

Again, in the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*, 1587:

" —— a naked ſword he had,
" That to the *hilts* was all with blood imbrued."

Mr. Rowe and the other modern editors read, agreeably to the language of the preſent time,—my *ſword's hilt*. MALONE.

[9] *Farewel to thee too, Strato.*] Thus the modern editions: I think, rightly. The old folio reads:

Farewell to thee, to Strato, *countrymen*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

I found

I found no man, but he was true to me.
I ſhall have glory by this loſing day,
More than Octavius, and Mark Antony,
By this vile conqueſt ſhall attain unto.
So, fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almoſt ended his life's hiſtory:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would reſt,
That have but labour'd to attain this hour.

[*Alarum. Cry within*; Fly, fly, fly.

Cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence; I will follow.

[*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?

Stra. Give me your hand firſt: Fare you well, my lord.

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

[*He runs on his ſword, and dies.*

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.

Luc. So Brutus ſhould be found.—I thank thee Brutus,
That thou haſt prov'd Lucilius' ſaying true.

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

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

That did the lateſt ſervice to my maſter.

Ant. This was the nobleſt Roman of them all:
All the conſpirators, ſave only he[1],
Did that they did in envy of great Cæſar;
He, only, in a general honeſt thought,
And common good to all, made one of them.
His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, *This was a man*[2]!

Oct.

[1] — *ſave only he, &c.*] So, in the old tranſlation of *Plutarch*: "For it was ſayd that Antonius ſpake it openly diuers tymes, that he thought, that all of them that had ſlayne Cæſar, there was none but Brutus only that was moued to do it, as thinking the acte commendable of it ſelfe: but that all the other conſpirators did conſpire his death, for ſome priuate malice or enuy, that they otherwiſe did beare vnto him." STEEVS.

[2] —— *the elements*
So mix'd in him, that Nature might ſtand up,
And ſay to all the world, This was a man.] So, in the *Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto III:

"He was a man (then boldly dare to ſay)
"In whoſe rich ſoul the virtues well did ſuit;
"*In whom ſo mix'd the elements all lay,*
"That none to one could ſov'reignty impute;
"As all did govern, ſo did all obey:
"He of a temper was ſo abſolute,
"As that it ſeem'd, when *nature* him began,
"She meant to ſhew *all that might be in man.*"

This poem was publiſhed in the year 1598. The play of our author did not appear before 1623. STEEVENS.

Drayton originally publiſhed his poem on the ſubject of the *Barons' Wars*, under the title of MORTIMERIADOS, *the lamentable ciuill warres of Edward the Second and the Barrons:* Printed by J. R. for Humfry Lownes, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop at the weſt end of Paules Church. It is in ſeven-line ſtanzas, and was, I believe, publiſhed before 1598. The quarto copy before me has no date. But he afterwards new-modelled the piece entirely, and threw it into ſtanzas of eight lines, making ſome retrenchments and many additions and alterations throughout. An edition of his poems was publiſhed in 8vo in 1602; but it did not contain the *Barons' Wars* in any form. They firſt appeared with that name in the edition of 1608, in the preface to which he ſpeaks of the change of his title, and of his having new-modelled his poem. There, the ſtanza quoted by Mr. Steevens appears thus:

"Such one he was, (of him we boldly ſay,)
"In whoſe rich ſoule all ſoveraigne powres did ſute,
"*In whom in peace the elements all lay*
"*So mixt*, as none could ſoveraigntie impute;

"As

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, order'd honourably.—
So, call the field to reſt: and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day[3]. [*Exeunt.*

" As all did govern, yet all did obey;
" His lively temper was ſo abſolute,
" That 't ſeem'd, when *heaven his modell firſt* began,
" *In him it ſhew'd perfection in a man.*"

In the ſame form is this ſtanza exhibited in an edition of Drayton's pieces, printed in 8vo, 1610, and in that of 1613. The lines quoted by Mr. Steevens are from the edition in folio printed in 1619, after Shakſpeare's death. In the original poem, entitled *Mortimeriados*, there is no trace of this ſtanza; ſo that I am inclined to think that Drayton was the copyiſt, as his verſes originally ſtood. In the *altered* ſtanza he certainly was. He probably had ſeen this play when it was firſt exhibited, and perhaps between 1613 and 1619 had peruſed the MS. MALONE.

3 Of this tragedy many particular paſſages deſerve regard, and the contention and reconcilement of Brutus and Caſſius is univerſally celebrated; but I have never been ſtrongly agitated in peruſing it, and think it ſomewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with ſome other of Shakſpeare's plays: his adherence to the real ſtory, and to Roman manners, ſeems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius. JOHNSON.

Gildon has juſtly obſerved, that this tragedy ought to have been called *Marcus Brutus*, Cæſar being a very inconſiderable perſonage in the ſcene, and being killed in the third act. MALONE.

*** The ſubſtance of Dr. Warburton's long and erroneous comment on a paſſage in the ſecond act of this play, "The genius and the mortal inſtruments," &c. (ſee p. 333, n. 5,) is contained in a letter written by him in the year 1726-7, of which the firſt notice was given to the publick in the following note on Dr. Akenſide's *Ode to Mr. Edwards*, which has, I know not why, been omitted in the late editions of that poet's works:

" During Mr. Pope's war with Theobald, Concanen, and the reſt of their tribe, Mr. Warburton, the preſent lord biſhop of Glouceſter, did with great zeal cultivate their friendſhip; having been introduced, forſooth, at the meetings of that reſpectable confederacy: a favour which he afterwards ſpoke of in very high terms of complacency and thankfulneſs. At the ſame time, in his intercourſe with them he treated Mr. Pope in a moſt contemptuous manner, and as a writer without genius. Of the truth of theſe aſſertions his lordſhip can have no doubt, if he recollects his own correſpondence with Concanen; a part of which is ſtill in being, and will probably be remembered as long as any of this prelate's writings."

If the letter here alluded to, contained any thing that might affect the moral character of the writer, tenderneſs for the dead would forbid its publication. But that not being the caſe, and the learned prelate being now beyond the reach of criticiſm, there is no reaſon why this literary curioſity ſhould be longer withheld from the publick:

" —Duncan is in his grave;
" After life's fitful fever he ſleeps well;
" Treaſon has done his worſt: nor ſteel, nor poiſon,
" Malice domeſtick, foreign levy, nothing
" Can touch him further."

Letter from Mr. W. Warburton to Mr. M. Concanen.

" Dear Sir,

" having had no more regard for thoſe papers which I ſpoke of and promiſ'd to Mr. Theobald, than juſt what they deſerv'd I in vain ſought for them thro' a number of looſe papers that had the ſame kind of abortive birth. I uſed to make it one good part of my amuſement in reading the Engliſh poets, thoſe of them I mean whoſe vein flows regularly and conſtantly, as well as clearly, to trace them to their ſources; and obſerve what oar, as well as what ſlime and gravel they brought down with them. Dryden I obſerve borrows for want of leaſure, and Pope for want of genius: Milton out of pride, and Addiſon out of modeſty. And now I ſpeak of this latter, that you and Mr. Theobald may ſee of what kind theſe idle collections are, and likewiſe to give you my notion of what we may ſafely pronounce an imitation, for it is not I preſume the ſame train of ideas that follow in the ſame deſcription of an ancient and a modern, where nature when attended to, always ſupplys the ſame ſtores, which will autoriſe us to pronounce the latter an imitation, for the moſt judicious of all poets, Terence, has obſerved of his own ſcience *Nihil eſt dictum, quod non ſit dictum prius*: For theſe reaſons I ſay I give myſelfe the pleaſure of ſetting down ſome imitations I obſerved in the Cato of Addiſon.

Addiſon. A day an hour of virtuous liberty
Is worth a whole eternity in bondage. *Act* 2. *Sc.* 1.

Tully. Quod ſi immortalitas conſequeretur præſentis periculi fugam, tamen eo magis ea fugienda eſſe videretur, quo diuturnior eſſet ſervitus. *Philipp. Or.* 10ª.

Addiſon. Bid him diſband his legions
Reſtore the commonwealth to liberty
Submit his actions to the public cenſure,
And ſtand the judgement of a Roman ſenate,
Bid him do this and Cato is his friend.

Tully. Pacem vult? arma deponat, roger, deprecetur. Neminem equiorem reperiet quam me. *Philipp.* 5ª.

Addiſon. ——But what is life?
'Tis not to ſtalk about and draw freſh air
From time to time——
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows inſipid and has loſt its reliſh. *Sc.* 3.

Tully.

Tully. Non enim in ſpiritu vita eſt: ſed ea nulla eſt omnino ſervienti. *Philipp.* 10.

Addiſon. Remember O my friends the laws the rights
The gen'rous plan of power deliver'd down
From age to age by your renowned forefathers.
O never let it periſh in your hands. *Act* 3. *Sc.* 5.

Tully. ——Hanc [libertatem ſcilt] retinete, quæſo, Quirites, quam vobis, tanquam hereditatem, majores noſtri reliquerunt. *Philippi.* 4ª.

Addiſon. The miſtreſs of the world, the ſeat of Empire,
The nurſe of Heros the Delight of Gods.

Tully. Roma domus virtutis, imperii dignitatis, domicilium gloriæ, lux orbis terrarum. *de Oratore.*

" The firſt half of the 5 Sc. 3 Act, is nothing but a tranſcript from the 9 book of lucan between the 300 and the 700 line. You ſee by this ſpecimen the exactneſs of Mr. Addiſon's judgement who wanting ſentiments worthy the Roman Cato ſought for them in Tully and Lucan. When he wou'd give his ſubject thoſe terrible graces which Dion. Hallicar: complains he could find no where but in Homer, he takes the aſſiſtance of our Shakeſpear, who in his *Julius Cæſar* has painted the conſpirators with a pomp and terrour that perfectly aſtoniſhes. hear our Britiſh Homer.

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the firſt motion, all the Int'rim is
Like a phantaſma or a hideous dream
The Genius and the mortal *Inſtruments*
Are then in *council*, and the ſtate of Man
like to a little Kingdom, ſuffers then
The nature of an inſurrection.

Mr. Addiſon has thus imitated it:

O think what anxious moments paſs between
The birth of plots, and their laſt fatal periods
O 'tis a dreadful interval of time,
Filled up with horror all, & big with death.

" I have two things to obſerve on this imitation. 1. the decorum this exact Mr. of propriety has obſerved. In the Conſpiracy of Shakeſpear's deſcription, the fortunes of Cæſar and the roman Empire were concerned. And the magnificent circumſtances of

" The genius and the mortal inſtruments
" are then in council.

is exactly proportioned to the dignity of the ſubject. But this wou'd have been too great an apparatus to the deſertion of Syphax and the rape of Sempronius, and therefore Mr. Addiſon omits it. II. The other thing more worthy our notice is, that Mr. A. was ſo greatly moved and affected with the pomp of Sh:s deſcription, *that inſtead of copying his author's ſentiments, he has before he was aware given us only the marks of his own impreſſions on the reading him.* For,

" O 'tis a dreadful interval of time
" Filled up with horror all, and big with death.

are but the affections raiſed by ſuch lively images as theſe

" ——all the Int'rim is
" Like a phantaſma or a hideous dream.
&c,
" The ſtate of man—like to a little kingdom ſuffers then
" The nature of an inſurrection.

Again when Mr. Addiſon woud paint the ſofter paſſions he has recourſe to Lee who certainly had a peculiar genius that way. thus his Juba

" True ſhe is fair. O how divinely fair!

coldly imitates Lee in his Alex:

" Then he wou'd talk: Good Gods how he wou'd talk!

I pronounce the more boldly of this, becauſe Mr. A. in his 39 Spec. expreſſes his admiration of it. My paper fails me, or I ſhou'd now offer to Mr. Theobald an objection agt. Shakſpeare's acquaintance with the ancients. As it appears to me of great weight, and as it is neceſſary he ſhou'd be prepared to obviate all that occur on that head. But ſome other opportunity will preſent itſelfe. You may now, Sr, juſtly complain of my ill manners in deferring till now, what ſhou'd have been firſt of all acknowledged due to you. which is my thanks for all your favours when in town, particularly for introducing me to the knowledge of thoſe worthy and ingenious Gentlemen that made up our laſt night's converſation. I am, Sir, with all eſteem your moſt obliged friend and humble ſervant

W. Warburton.

Newarke Jan. 2. 1726.

[The ſuperſcription is thus.]

For
Mr. M. Concanen at
Mr. Woodwards at the
half moon in ffleetſtrete
London.

The foregoing Letter was found about the year 1750, by Dr. Gawin Knight, firſt librarian to the Britiſh Muſeum, in fitting up a houſe which he had taken in Crane-court, Fleet-ſtreet. The houſe had, for a long time before, been let in lodgings, and in all probability, Concanen had lodged there. The original letter has been many years in my poſſeſſion, and is here moſt exactly copied, with its ſeveral little peculiarities in grammar, ſpelling, and punctuation. April 30. 1766.

M. A.

The above is copied from an indorſement of Dr. Mark Akenſide, as is the preceding letter from a copy given by him to —— —— Eſq. I have carefully retained all the peculiarities above mentioned.

Malone.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Perſons Repreſented.

M. Antony,
Octavius Cæſar,
M. Æmil. Lepidus, } *Triumvirs.*
Sextus Pompeius.
Domitius Enobarbus,
Ventidius,
Eros,
Scarus,
Dercetas,
Demetrius,
Philo, } *Friends of* Antony.
Mecænas,
Agrippa,
Dolabella,
Proculeius,
Thyreus,
Gallus, } *Friends to* Cæſar.
Menas,
Menecrates,
Varrius, } *Friends of* Pompey.
Taurus, *Lieutenant-General to* Cæſar.
Canidius, *Lieutenant-General to* Antony.
Silius, *an Officer in* Ventidius's *army.*
An Ambaſſador from Antony *to* Cæſar.
Alexas, Mardian, Seleucus, *and* Diomedes; *Attendants on* Cleopatra.
A Soothſayer. A Clown.

Cleopatra, *Queen of* Egypt.
Octavia, *Siſter to* Cæſar, *and Wife to* Antony.
Charmian,
Iras, } *Attendants on* Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, diſperſed; in ſeveral parts of the Roman *Empire.*

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA[1].

ACT I. SCENE I.

Alexandria. *A Room in* Cleopatra's *Palace.*

Enter DEMETRIUS, *and* PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's[2]
O'erflows the meaſure: thoſe his goodly eyes,
That o'er the files and muſters of the war
Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now turn,
The office and devotion of their view
Upon a tawny front: his captain's heart,
Which in the ſcuffles of great fights hath burſt
The buckles on his breaſt, reneges[3] all temper;
And is become the bellows, and the fan,
To cool a gypſey's luſt[4]. Look, where they come!

Flouriſh.

[1] *Antony and Cleopatra* was written, I imagine, in the year 1608. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the order of Shakſpeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

[2] — *of our general's*—] It has already been obſerved that this phraſeology (not, of our *general*,) was the common phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. See Vol. IV. p. 467, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] — *reneges*—] Renounces. POPE.

So, in *K. Lear*: "*Renege*, affirm," &c. This word is likewiſe uſed by Stanyhurſt in his verſion of the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid:

"To live now longer, Troy burnt, he flatly *reneageth*."
STEEVENS.

[4] *And is become the bellows, and the fan,*
To cool a gypſey's luſt.] In this paſſage ſomething ſeems to be wanting. The *bellows* and *fan* being commonly uſed for contrary purpoſes, were probably oppoſed by the authour, who might perhaps have written:

——*is become the bellows and the fan,*
To kindle and *to cool a gypſey's luſt.* JOHNSON.

In Lylly's *Midas*, 1592, the *bellows* is uſed both to *cool* and to kindle: "Methinks Venus and Nature ſtand with *each of them a pair of bellows*, one *cooling* my low birth, the other *kindling* my loſty affections." STEEVENS.

The text is undoubtedly right. The *bellows*, as well as the *fan*, *cools* the air by ventilation; and Shakſpeare conſidered it here merely as an inſtrument

Flouriſh. Enter ANTONY *and* CLEOPATRA, *with their trains*; Eunuchs *fanning her.*

Take good note, and you ſhall ſee in him
The tripple pillar [5] of the world transform'd
Into a ſtrumpet's fool: behold and ſee.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.

Ant. There's beggary in the love that can be reckon'd [6].

Cleo. I'll ſet a bourn [7] how far to be belov'd.

Ant. Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven, new earth [8].

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me:—The ſum [9].

inſtrument of *wind*, without attending to the domeſtick uſe to which it is commonly applied. We meet with a ſimilar phraſeology in his *Venus and Adonis*:

"Then, with her *windy* ſighs, and golden hairs,
"To *fan* and *blow* them dry again, ſhe ſeeks."

The following lines in Spenſer's *Faery Queen*, B. II. c. ix. at once ſupport and explain the text:

"But to delay the heat, leſt by miſchaunce
"It might breake out, and ſet the whole on fyre,
"There added was, by goodly ordinaunce,
"A huge great payre of *bellowes*, which did ſtyre
"Continually, and *cooling breath* inſpyre." MALONE.

— *gypſey's luſt.*—] *Gypſey* is here uſed both in the original meaning for an *Egyptian*, and in its accidental ſenſe for a *bad woman*. JOHNSON.

5 *The* triple *pillar*—] *Triple* is here uſed improperly for *third*, or *one of three*. One of the *triumvirs*, one of the three maſters of the world. WARBURTON.

So, in *All's Well that Ends Well*:

"Which, as the deareſt iſſue of his practice,
"He bade me ſtore up as a *triple* eye." MALONE.

6 *There's* beggary *in the love that can be* reckon'd.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"They are but *beggars* that can count their worth."
"*Baſia pauca cupit, qui numerare poteſt.*"
Mart. I. vi. ep. 36. STEEVENS.

7 —*bourn*—] Bound or limit. POPE.

8 *Then muſt thou needs find out new heaven*, &c] Thou muſt ſet the boundary of my love at a greater diſtance than the preſent viſible univerſe affords. JOHNSON.

9 — *The ſum.*] Be brief, *ſum* thy buſineſs in a few words. JOHNSON.

Cleo.

Cleo. Nay, hear them [*], Antony:
Fulvia, perchance, is angry; Or, who knows
If the ſcarce-bearded Cæſar have not ſent
His powerful mandate to you, *Do this, or this;*
Take in that kingdom [1], *and enfranchiſe that;*
Perform't, or elſe we damn thee.

Ant. How, my love!

Cleo. Perchance,—nay, and moſt like,
You muſt not ſtay here longer, your diſmiſſion
Is come from Cæſar; therefore hear it, Antony.—
Where's Fulvia's proceſs [2]? Cæſar's, I would ſay?—
Both?—
Call in the meſſengers.—As I am Egypt's queen,
Thou bluſheſt, Antony; and that blood of thine
Is Cæſar's homager: elſe ſo thy cheek pays ſhame,
When ſhrill-tongu'd Fulvia ſcolds.—The meſſengers.

Ant. Let Rome in Tyber melt! and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall [3]! Here is my ſpace;

[*] *Nay, bear* them,] i. e. the *news*. This word in Shakſpeare's time was conſidered as plural. So, in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*: "Antonius hearing *theſe* newes," &c. MALONE.

[1] Take in *that kingdom*,] i. e. Subdue that kingdom. See p. 160, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] *Where's Fulvia's* proceſs?] *Proceſs* here means *ſummons*. MASON.

"The writings of our common lawyers ſometimes call that the *proteſſe*, by which a man is called into the court and no more." Minſheu's DICT. 1617, in v. *Proceſſe*.—"To ſerve with proceſſe. Vide to *cite*, to *ſummon*." *Ibid.* MALONE.

[3] —*and the wide arch*
Of the rang'd *empire fall!*] Taken from the Roman cuſtom of raiſing triumphal arches to perpetuate their victories. Extremely noble. WARBURTON.

I am in doubt whether Shakſpeare had any idea but of a fabrick ſtanding on pillars. The later editions have all printed the *raiſed* empire, for the *ranged* empire, as it was firſt given. JOHNSON.

The *rang'd empire* is certainly right. Shakſpeare uſes the ſame expreſſion in *Coriolanus*:

"—bury all which yet diſtinctly *ranges*,
"In heaps and piles of ruin."

Again, in *Much ado about Nothing*, Act II. ſc. ii: "Whatſoever comes athwart his affection, *ranges* evenly with mine." STEEVENS.

The term *range* ſeems to have been applied in a peculiar ſenſe to maſon-work in our authour's time. So, in Spenſer's *F. Q.* B. II. c. ix.

"It was a vaulty-built for great diſpence,
"With many *raunges* rear'd along the wall." MALONE.

Kingdoms

Kingdoms are clay: our dungy earth alike
Feeds beaſt as man: the nobleneſs of life
Is, to do thus; when ſuch a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
And ſuch a twain can do't, in which, I bind
On pain of puniſhment, the world to weet [4],
We ſtand up peerleſs.

Cleo. Excellent falſhood!
Why did he marry Fulvia, and not love her?—
I'll ſeem the fool I am not; Antony
Will be himſelf.

Ant. But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra [5].—
Now, for the love of Love, and her ſoft hours [6],
Let's not confound the time [7] with conference harſh:
There's not a minute of our lives ſhould ſtretch
Without ſome pleaſure now: What ſport to-night?

Cleo. Hear the ambaſſadors.

Ant. Fye, wrangling queen!
Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep [8]; whoſe every paſſion fully ſtrives [9]

[4] — *to weet,*] To know. POPE.

[5] *But ſtirr'd by Cleopatra.*] *But*, in this paſſage, ſeems to have the old Saxon ſignification of *without, unleſs, except. Antony*, ſays the queen, *will recollect his thoughts.* Unleſs *kept*, he replies, *in commotion by Cleopatra.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Now, for the love of Love, and* her *ſoft hours,*] For the love of Love, means, for the ſake of the queen of love. So, in *the Comedy of Errors*:

" Let *Love*, being light, be drowned if *ſhe* ſink."

Mr. Rowe ſubſtituted *his* for *her*, and this unjuſtifiable alteration was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. MALONE.

[7] *Let's not* confound *the time*—] i. e. let us not conſume the time. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" How could'ſt thou in a mile *confound* an hour,
" And bring thy news ſo late?" MALONE.

[8] *Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,*
To weep;—] So, in our authour's 150th *Sonnet*:

" Whence haſt thou this *becoming* of things ill,
" That in the very refuſe of thy deeds
" There is ſuch ſtrength and warrantiſe of ſkill,
" That in my mind thy worſt all beſt exceeds?" MALONE.

[9] — whoſe *every paſſion fully ſtrives*] The folio reads—*who*. It was corrected by Mr. Rowe; but "*whoſe every* paſſion" was not, I ſuſpect, the phraſeology of Shakſpeare's time. The text however is undoubtedly corrupt. MALONE.

To

To make itſelf, in thee, fair and admir'd!
No meſſenger; but thine and all alone[1],
To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets, and note
The qualities of people[2]. Come, my queen;
Laſt night you did deſire it:—Speak not to us.
[*Exeunt* ANT. *and* CLEOP. *with their train.*

Dem. Is Cæſar with Antonius priz'd ſo ſlight?

Phi. Sir, ſometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too ſhort of that great property
Which ſtill ſhould go with Antony.

Dem. I am full ſorry,
That he approves the common liar[3], who
Thus ſpeaks of him at Rome: But I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Reſt you happy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, *and a* Soothſayer[4].

Char. Lord Alexas, ſweet Alexas, moſt any thing Alexas, almoſt moſt abſolute Alexas, where's the ſoothſayer

[1] *No meſſenger; but thine and all alone,*] Cleopatra has ſaid, "Call in the meſſengers;" and afterwards, "Hear the ambaſſadors." Talk not to me, ſays Antony, of meſſengers; I am now wholly thine, and you and I unattended will to-night wander through the ſtreets. The ſubſequent words which he utters as he goes out, "Speak not to us," confirm this interpretation. MALONE.

[2] *To-night, we'll wander through the ſtreets,* &c.] So, in ſir Thomas North's *Tranſlation of the Life of Antonius:* "—Sometime alſo when he would goe up and downe the citie diſguiſed like a ſlave in the night, and would peere into poore men's windowes and their ſhops, and ſcold and brawl with them within the houſe; Cleopatra would be alſo in a chamber-maides array, and amble up and down the ſtreets with him," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *That he* approves *the common liar,*—] That he *proves* the common liar, *fame*, in his caſe to be a true reporter. MALONE.

[4] *Enter Charmian, Iras, Alexas, and a Soothſayer.*] The old copy reads: "Enter Enobarbus, *Lamprias*, a Southſayer, *Rannius*, *Lucilius*, Charmian, Iras, Mardian the Eunuch, and Alexas."

Plutarch mentions his grandfather *Lamprias*, as his author for ſome of the ſtories he relates of the profuſeneſs and luxury of Antony's entertainments

ſayer that you praiſed ſo to the queen? O, that I knew this huſband, which, you ſay, muſt charge his horns with garlands[5]!

Alex.

tertainments at Alexandria. Shakſpeare appears to have been very anxious in this play to introduce every incident and every perſonage he met with in his hiſtorian. In the multitude of his characters, however, *Lampriar* is entirely overlook'd, together with the others whoſe names we find in this ſtage-direction. STEEVENS.

[5] — charge *his horns with garlands!*] *Change* his horns is corrupt; the true reading evidently is:—*muſt* charge *his horns with garlands*. i. e. make him a rich and honourable cuckold, having his horns hung about with garlands. WARBURTON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer reads, not improbably, *change* for *horns* his *garlands*. I am in doubt, whether to *change* is not merely to *dreſs*, or *to dreſs with changes of* garlands. JOHNSON.

So, Taylor the water-poet, deſcribing the habit of a coachman: "— with a cloak of ſome py'd colour, with two or three *change* of laces about." *Change* of clothes in the time of Shakſpeare ſignified *variety* of them. *Coriolanus* ſays that he has received "*change* of honours" from the Patricians. Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

I once thought that theſe two words might have been often confounded, by their being both abbreviated, and written *chāge*. But an *n*, as the Biſhop of Dromore obſerves to me, was ſometimes omitted both in Mſ. and print, and the omiſſion thus marked, but an *r* never. This therefore might account for a compoſitor inadvertently printing *charge* inſtead of *change*, but not *change* inſtead of *charge*; which word was never abbreviated. I alſo doubted the phraſeology—*change* with, and do not at preſent recollect any example of it in Shakſpeare's plays or in his time; whilſt in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have the modern phraſeology—change *for*:

To *change* true rules *for* odd inventions.

But a careful reviſion of theſe plays has taught me to place no confidence in ſuch obſervations; for from ſome book or other of that age, I have no doubt almoſt every combination of words that may be found in our authour, however uncouth it may appear to our ears, or however different from modern phraſeology, will at ſome time or other be juſtified. In the preſent edition, many which were conſidered as undoubtedly corrupt, have been incontrovertibly ſupported.

Still, however, I think that the reading originally introduced by Mr. Theobald, and adopted by Dr. Warburton, is the true one, becauſe it affords a clear ſenſe: whilſt on the other hand, the reading of the old copy affords none; for ſuppoſing *change with* to mean *exchange for*, what idea is conveyed by this paſſage? and what other ſenſe can theſe words bear? The ſubſtantive *change* being formerly uſed to ſignify *variety*, (as *change* of cloaths, of honours, &c.) proves nothing: *change of cloaths* or *linen* neceſſarily imports more than one; but the thing ſought

for

Alex. Soothſayer.

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man?—Is't you, ſir, that know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of ſecrecy,
A little I can read.

Alex. Shew him your hand.

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine enough,
Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good ſir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foreſee.

Char. Pray then, foreſee me one.

Sooth. You ſhall be yet far fairer than you are.

Char. He means, in fleſh.

Iras. No, you ſhall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid!

Alex. Vex not his preſcience; be attentive.

Char. Huſh!

Sooth. You ſhall be more beloving, than belov'd.

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking [6].

Alex.

for is the meaning of the *verb* to *change*, and no proof is produced to ſhew that it ſignified to *dreſs*; or that it had any other meaning than to *exchange*.

Charmian is talking of her *future* huſband, who certainly could not change his horns, *at preſent*, for garlands or any thing elſe, having not yet obtained them; nor could ſhe mean, that when he did get them, he ſhould *change* or part with them, for garlands: but he might *charge* his horns, when he ſhould marry Charmian, with garlands: for having once got them ſhe intended, we may ſuppoſe, that he ſhould wear them *contentedly* for life. Horns *charg'd with garlands* is an expreſſion of a ſimilar import with one which is found in *Characteriſmi*, or *Lenton's Leaſures*, 8vo, 1631. In the deſcription of a contented cuckold, he is ſaid to "hold his *velvet horns* as high as the beſt of them."

Let it alſo be remembered that *garlands* are uſually wreathed round the *head*; a circumſtance which adds great ſupport to the emendation now made. So Sidney:

"A *garland* made, on *temples* for to wear."

It is obſervable that the ſame miſtake has happened in *Coriolanus*, where the ſame correction was made by Dr. Warburton, and adopted by all the ſubſequent editors:

"And yet to *charge* thy ſulphur with a bolt,
"That ſhould but rive an oak."

The old copy there, as here, has *change*. MALONE.

[6] *I had rather heat my liver*—] To know why the lady is ſo averſe from

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, ſome excellent fortune! Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon, and widow them all! let me have a child at fifty, to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage [7]: find me to marry me with Octavius Cæſar, and companion me with my miſtreſs!

Sooth. You ſhall out-live the lady whom you ſerve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than figs [8].

Sooth. You have ſeen and prov'd a fairer former fortune

Than that which is to approach.

Char. Then, belike, my children ſhall have no names [9]: Pr'ythee,

from *heating* her *liver*, it muſt be remembered, that a heated liver is ſuppoſed to make a pimpled face. JOHNSON.

The following paſſage in an ancient ſatirical poem, entitled *Notes from Black fryars*, 1617, confirms Dr. Johnſon's obſervation:

" He'll not approach a taverne, no, nor drink ye,
" To ſave his life, hot water; wherefore think ye?
" For heating's *liver*; which ſome may ſuppoſe
" Scalding hot, by the *bubbles on his noſe*." MALONE.

7 — *to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage!*] Herod paid homage to the Romans, to procure the grant of the kingdom of Judea; but I believe there is an alluſion here to the theatrical character of this monarch, and to a proverbial expreſſion founded on it. *Herod* was always one of the perſonages in the myſteries of our early ſtage, on which he was conſtantly repreſented as a fierce, haughty, bluſtering tyrant, ſo that *Herod of Jewry* became a common proverb, expreſſive of turbulence and rage. Thus, Hamlet ſays of a ranting player, that, he " *out-herods Herod*." And in this tragedy Alexas tells Cleopatra that " not even *Herod of Jewry* dare look upon her when ſhe is angry;" i. e. not even a man as fierce as *Herod*. According to this explanation, the ſenſe of the preſent paſſage will be—Charmian wiſhes for a ſon who may arrive to ſuch power and dominion that the proudeſt and fierceſt monarchs of the earth may be brought under his yoke. STEEVENS.

8 — *I love long life better than figs.*] This is a proverbial expreſſion. STEEVENS.

9 *Then, belike, my children ſhall* have no names:] If I have already had the beſt of my fortune, then I ſuppoſe *I ſhall never name children*, that is, I am never to be married. However, tell me the truth, tell me, *how many boys and wenches?* JOHNSON.

A *fairer fortune*, I believe, means—a more reputable one. Her anſwer then implies, that belike all her children will be baſtards, who have no right to the name of their father's family. Thus ſays Launce in the third act of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*: " That's as much as to

Pr'ythee, how many boys and wenches muſt I have?

Sooth. If every of your wiſhes had a womb,
And fertile every wiſh, a million[1].

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think, none but your ſheets are privy to your wiſhes.

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and moſt of our fortunes, to night, ſhall be —drunk to bed.

Iras. There's a palm preſages chaſtity, if nothing elſe.

Char. Even as the o'erflowing Nilus preſageth famine.

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot ſoothſay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful prognoſti-

to ſay, *baſtard* virtues, that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore *have no names.*" STEEVENS.

A line in our authour's *Rape of Lucrece* confirms Mr. Steevens's interpretation:

"Thy iſſue blurr'd with *nameleſs baſtardy.*" MALONE.

[1] *If every of your wiſhes had a womb,*
And fertile *every wiſh, a million.*] The old copy reads—And *foretell.* The emendation was made by Dr. Warburton. I have not heſitated to receive it, the change being ſo ſlight, and being ſo ſtrongly ſupported by the context. If every one of your wiſhes, ſays the ſoothſayer, had a womb, and each womb-inveſted wiſh were likewiſe *fertile*, you then would have a million of children.—The merely ſuppoſing each of her wiſhes to have a womb, would not warrant the ſoothſayer to pronounce that ſhe ſhould have *any* children, much leſs a million; for, like Calphurnia, each of theſe wombs might be ſubject to "the ſterile curſe." The word *fertile* therefore is abſolutely requiſite to the ſenſe. MALONE.

For *foretel*, in ancient editions, the later copies have *foretold. Foretel* favours the emendation, which is made with great acuteneſs; yet the original reading may, I think, ſtand. *If you had as many wombs as you will have wiſhes, and* I ſhould *foretel all theſe wiſhes, I ſhould foretel a million of children.* It is an ellipſis very frequent in converſation; *I ſhould ſhame you, and tell all*; that is, *and if I ſhould* tell all. *And* is for *and if*, which was anciently, and is ſtill provincially uſed for *if.* JOHNSON.

In the inſtance given by Dr. Johnſon, "I ſhould ſhame you and tell all," *I* occurs in the former part of the ſentence, and therefore may be well omitted afterwards; but here no perſonal pronoun has been introduced. MALONE.

cation.

cation [2], I cannot ſcratch mine ear.—Pr'ythee, tell her but a worky-day fortune.

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how, but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have ſaid.

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better than ſhe?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of fortune better than I, where would you chooſe it?

Iras. Not in my huſband's noſe.

Char. Our worſer thoughts heavens mend! Alexas,—come, his fortune [3], his fortune.—O, let him marry a woman that cannot go, ſweet Iſis, I beſeech thee! And let her die too, and give him a worſe! and let worſe follow worſe, till the worſt of all follow him laughing to his grave, fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Iſis, hear me this prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more weight; good Iſis, I beſeech thee!

Iras. Amen. Dear goddeſs, hear that prayer of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to ſee a handſome man looſe-wiv'd, ſo it is a deadly ſorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded; Therefore, dear Iſis, keep decorum, and fortune him accordingly!

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to make me a cuckold, they would make themſelves whores, but they'd do't.

Eno. Huſh! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he, the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord [4]?

[2] *Nay, if an oily* palm *be not a fruitful proneſtication*, &c.] So, in *Othello*:

" —This *hand* is *moiſt*, my lady:—

" This argues *fruitfulneſs* and liberal heart." MALONE.

[3] *Alexas,—come, his fortune,*] In the old copy, to the ſpeeches of Alexas, *Alex.* is regularly prefixed. The word here, though written at length, happening to be the firſt word of a line, two of the modern editors ſuppoſed that the remainder of this ſpeeech belonged to him, as probably the editor of the folio did, having placed a full point after *Alexas*. The proper regulation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[4] Saw *you my lord?*] Old Copy—*Save* you. Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. *Saw* was formerly written *ſawe*. MALONE.

Eno.

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here?

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was diſpos'd to mirth; but on the ſudden
A Roman thought hath ſtruck him.—Enobarbus,—

Eno. Madam.

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither. Where's Alexas?

Alex. Here, at your ſervice.—My lord approaches.

Enter ANTONY, *with a Meſſenger, and Attendants.*

Cleo. We will not look upon him: Go with us.

[*Exeunt* CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS, IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothſayer, *and* Attendants.

Meſ. Fulvia thy wife firſt came into the field.

Ant. Againſt my brother Lucius?

Meſ. Ay:
But ſoon that war had end, and the time's ſtate
Made friends of them, jointing their force 'gainſt Cæſar;
Whoſe better iſſue in the war, from Italy,
Upon the firſt encounter, drave them.

Ant. Well, what worſt?

Meſ. The nature of bad news infects the teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.—On:
Things, that are paſt, are done, with me.—'Tis thus;
Who tells me true, though in his tale lie death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Meſ. Labienus (this is ſtiff news) [5]
Hath, with his Parthian force, extended Aſia [6],

From

[5] —*this is ſtiff news,*] So, in *the Rape of Lucrece*:

" Fearing ſome *hard* news from the warlike band." MALONE.

[6] —*extended Aſia;*] To *extend*, is a term uſed for to *ſeize*; I know not whether that be not the ſenſe here. JOHNSON.

I believe Dr. Johnſon's explanation right. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" — this uncivil and unjuſt *extent*
" Againſt thy peace."

Again, in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*, the Extortioner ſays:

" This manor is *extended* to my uſe."

Mr. Tollet has likewiſe no doubt but that Dr. Johnſon's explanation is juſt; " for (ſays he) Plutarch informs us that Labienus was by the Parthian king made general of his troops, and had over-run Aſia from Euphrates and Syria to Lydia and Ionia." To *extend* is a law term

From Euphrates his conquering banner ſhook,
From Syria, to Lydia, and to Ionia;
Whilſt—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldſt ſay,—

Meſ. O my lord!

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general tongue;
Name Cleopatra as ſhe's call'd in Rome:
Rail thou in Fulvia's phraſe; and taunt my faults
With ſuch full licence, as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O, then we bring forth weeds,
When our quick minds lie ſtill[7]; and our ills told us,

Is

uſed for to ſeize lands and tenements. In ſupport of his aſſertion he adds the following inſtance: "Thoſe waſteful companions had neither lands to *extend* nor goods to be ſeized. *Savile's Tranſlation of Tacitus, dedicated to Q. Elizabeth:*" and then obſerves, that "Shakſpeare knew the legal ſignification of the term, as appears from a paſſage in *As you like it*:

"And let my officers of ſuch a nature
"Make an *extent* upon his houſe and lands." STEEVENS.

See Vol. III. p. 167, n. 5. MALONE.

7 *When our quick* minds *lie ſtill*;] The old copy reads—when our quick *winds* lie ſtill; which Dr. Johnſon thus explains: "The ſenſe is, that man, not agitated by cenſure, like ſoil not ventilated by quick winds, produces more evil than good." This certainly is true of *ſoil*, but where did Dr. Johnſon find the word *ſoil* in this paſſage? He found only *winds*, and was forced to ſubſtitute *ſoil ventilated by winds* in the room of the word in the old copy; as Mr. Steevens, in order to extract a meaning from it, ſuppoſes *winds* to mean *fallows*, becauſe "the ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, are termed *wind*-rows;" though ſurely the obvious explication of the latter word, *rows expoſed to the wind*, is the true one. Hence the rows of new-mown graſs laid in heaps to dry, are alſo called *wind-rows*.

The emendation which I have adopted, and which was made by Dr. Warburton, makes all perfectly clear; for if in Dr. Johnſon's note we ſubſtitute, *not cultivated*, inſtead of—"*not ventilated by quick winds*," we have a true interpretation of Antony's words as now exhibited.—Our *quick* minds, means, our lively, apprehenſive minds. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II. "It aſcends me into *the brain*;—makes it apprehenſive, *quick*, forgetive. Again, in this play: "The *quick* comedians."—&c.

It is however proper to add Dr. Warburton's own interpretation, "While the active principle within us lies immerged in ſloth and luxury, we bring forth vices, inſtead of virtues, weeds inſtead of flowers and fruits; but the laying before us our ill condition plainly and honeſtly, is, as it were, the firſt culture of the mind, which gives hope of a future harveſt."

Being

Is as our earing. Fare thee well a while.

Meſ. At your noble pleaſure. [*Exit.*

Ant. From Sicyon how the news? Speak there.

1. *Att.* The man from Sicyon.—Is there ſuch an one?

2. *Att.* He ſtays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear.—

Theſe ſtrong Egyptian fetters I muſt break,

Enter another Meſſenger.

Or loſe myſelf in dotage.—What are you?

2. *Meſ.* Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died ſhe?

Being at all times very unwilling to depart from the old copy, I ſhould not have done it in this inſtance, but that the word *winds* in the only ſenſe in which it has yet been proved to be uſed, affords no meaning: and I had the leſs ſcruple on the preſent occaſion, becauſe the ſame error is found in *King John*, Act V. ſc. vii. where we have in the only authentick copy—

"Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
"Leaves them inviſible; and his ſiege is now
"Againſt the *wind*." MALONE.

The words *lie ſtill* are oppoſed to *earing*; *quick* means pregnant; and the ſenſe of the paſſage is: When our pregnant minds lie idle and untilled, they bring forth weeds; but the telling us of our faults is a kind of culture to them." The pronoun *our* before *quick*, ſhews that the ſubſtantive to which it refers muſt be ſomething belonging to us, not merely an external object, as the *wind* is. To talk of *quick* winds lying *ſtill*, is little better than nonſenſe. MASON.

I ſuſpect that *quick winds* is, or is a corruption of, ſome provincial word ſignifying either *arable lands*, or the *inſtruments of huſbandry* uſed in tilling them. *Earing* ſignifies *plowing* both here and in ſc. iv. So, in *Geneſis*, c. 45. "Yet there are five years, in the which there ſhall neither be *earing* nor harveſt." BLACKSTONE.

This conjecture is well founded. The ridges left in lands turned up by the plough, that they may ſweeten during their fallow ſtate, are ſtill called *wind*-rows. *Quick winds*, I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *teeming fallows*; for ſuch *fallows* are always *fruitful* in *weeds*.

Wind-rows likewiſe ſignify heaps of manure, conſiſting of dung or lime mixed up with virgin earth, and diſtributed in long rows under hedges. If theſe *wind-rows* are ſuffered to *lie ſtill*, in two ſenſes, the farmer muſt fare the worſe for his want of activity. Firſt, if this compoſt be not frequently turned over, it will *bring forth weeds* ſpontaneouſly; ſecondly, if it be ſuffered to continue where it is made, the fields receive no benefit from it, being fit only in their turn to produce a crop of uſeleſs and obnoxious herbage. STEEVENS.

2. *Meſ.* In Sicyon:
Her length of ſickneſs, with what elſe more ſerious
Importeth thee to know, this bears. [*gives a Letter.*
Ant. Forbear me.— [*Exit* Meſſenger.
There's a great ſpirit gone! Thus did I deſire it:
What our contempts do often hurl from us,
We wiſh it ours again; the preſent pleaſure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf[8]: ſhe's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back[9], that ſhov'd her on.
I muſt from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thouſand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleneſs doth hatch.—How now! Enobarbus!

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleaſure, ſir?
Ant. I muſt with haſte from hence.
Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women: We ſee how

[8] —*the preſent pleaſure,*
By revolution lowering, does become
The oppoſite of itſelf:—] The alluſion is to the ſun's diurnal courſe; which riſing in the *eaſt*, and by *revolution lowering*, or ſetting in the *weſt*, becomes *the oppoſite of itſelf*. WARBURTON.

This is an obſcure paſſage. The explanation which Dr. Warburton has offered is ſuch, that I can add nothing to it; yet, perhaps Shakſpeare, who was leſs learned than his commentator, meant only, that our pleaſures, as they are *revolved* in the mind, turn to pain. JOHNS.

I rather underſtand the paſſage thus: "What we often caſt from us in contempt we wiſh again for, and what is at preſent our greateſt pleaſure, lowers in our eſtimation by the revolution of time; *or*, by a frequent return of poſſeſſion becomes undeſirable and diſagreeable. TOLLET.

I believe *revolution* means change of circumſtances. This ſenſe appears to remove every difficulty from the paſſage. *The pleaſure of to-day, by revolution of events and change of circumſtances, often loſes all its value to us, and becomes to-morrow a pain.* STEEVENS.

[9] *The hand* could *pluck her back*, &c.] The verb *could* has a peculiar ſignification in this place; it does not denote *power* but *inclination*. The ſenſe is, *the hand that drove her off would now willingly pluck her back again.* HEATH.

Could, *would* and *ſhould*, are a thouſand times indiſcriminately uſed in the old plays, and yet appear to have been ſo employed rather by choice than by chance. STEEVENS.

mortal

mortal an unkindneſs is to them; if they ſuffer our departure, death's the word.

Ant. I muſt be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occaſion, let women die: It were pity to caſt them away for nothing; though, between them and a great cauſe, they ſhould be eſteem'd nothing. Cleopatra, catching but the leaſt noiſe of this, dies inſtantly; I have ſeen her die twenty times upon far poorer moment[1]: I do think, there is mettle in death, which commits ſome loving act upon her, ſhe hath ſuch a celerity in dying.

Ant. She is cunning paſt man's thought.

Eno. Alack, ſir, no; her paſſions are made of nothing but the fineſt part of pure love: We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears[2]; they are greater ſtorms and tempeſts than almanacks can report: this cannot be cunning in her; if it be, ſhe makes a ſhower of rain as well as Jove.

Ant. 'Would I had never ſeen her!

Eno. O, ſir, you had then left unſeen a wonderful piece of work; which not to have been bleſt withal, would have diſcredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

[1] — *poorer moment:*] For leſs reaſon; upon meaner motives: JOHNSON.

[2] *We cannot call her winds and waters, ſighs and tears;*] I once idly ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare wrote—"We cannot call her ſighs and tears, winds and waters;"—which is certainly the phraſeology we ſhould now uſe. I mention ſuch idle conjectures, however plauſible, only to put all future commentators on their guard againſt ſuſpecting a paſſage to be corrupt, becauſe the diction is different from that of the preſent day. The arrangement of the text was the phraſeology of Shakſpeare, and probably of his time. So, in *King Henry VIII.*

"—You muſt be well contented,
"To make *your houſe our Tower.*"

We ſhould certainly now write—to make our Tower your houſe. Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"What good condition can a treaty find,
"I' the part that is at mercy?"

i. e. how can the party that is at mercy or in the power of another, expect to obtain in a treaty terms favourable to them?—See alſo a ſimilar inverſion in Vol. III. p. 46, n. 7. MALONE.

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia?

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, ſir, give the gods a thankful ſacrifice. When it pleaſeth their deities to take the wife of a man from him, it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth; comforting therein[3], that when old robes are worn out, there are members to make new. If there were no more women but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the caſe to be lamented: this grief is crown'd with conſolation; your old ſmock brings forth a new petticoat:—and, indeed, the tears live in an onion[4], that ſhould water this ſorrow.

Ant. The buſineſs ſhe hath broached in the ſtate,
Cannot endure my abſence.

Eno. And the buſineſs you have broach'd here cannot be without you; eſpecially that of Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your abode.

Ant. No more light anſwers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpoſe. I ſhall break
The cauſe of our expedience[5] to the queen,
And get her love to part[6]. For not alone

The

[3] — *it ſhews to man the tailors of the earth, comforting therein*, &c.] When the deities are pleaſed to take a man's wife from him, this act of theirs makes them appear to man like the tailors of the earth: affording this comfortable reflection, that the deities have made other women to ſupply the place of his former wife; as the tailor, when one robe is worn out, ſupplies him with another. MALONE.

The meaning is this. *As the gods have been pleaſed to take away your wife Fulvia, ſo they have provided you with a new one in Cleopatra; in like manner as the tailors of the earth, when your old garments are worn out, accommodate you with new ones.* ANONYMUS.

[4] — *the tears live in an onion*, &c.] So, in *The noble Soldier*, 1634: "So much water as you might ſqueeze out of *an onion* had been tears enough," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *The cauſe of our* expedience—] *Expedience* for expedition. WARB. See Vol. V. p. 112, n. 7; and p. 558, n. 3. MALONE.

[6] *And get her* love *to part*—] I ſuſpect the author wrote: And get her *leave* to part. So, afterwards:

"Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!"

The

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches[7],
Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us; but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home[8]: Sextus Pompeius
Hath given the dare to Cæſar, and commands
The empire of the ſea: our ſlippery people
(Whoſe love is never link'd to the deſerver,
Till his deſerts are paſt) begin to throw
Pompey the great, and all his dignities,
Upon his ſon; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, ſtands up
For the main ſoldier; whoſe quality, going on,
The ſides o'the world may danger: Much is breeding,
Which, like the courſer's hair[9], hath yet but life,
And not a ſerpent's poiſon. Say, our pleaſure,
To ſuch whoſe place is under us, requires

The greater part of the ſucceeding ſcene is employed by Antony, in an endeavour to obtain Cleopatra's permiſſion to depart, and in vows of everlaſting conſtancy, not in perſuading her to forget him, or love him no longer.

" —— I go from hence,
" Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
" As thou affect'ſt."

I have lately obſerved that this emendation had been made by Mr. Pope.—If the old copy be right, the words muſt mean, I will get her love to permit and endure our ſeparation. But the word *get* connects much more naturally with the word *leave* than with *love*. MALONE.

[7] — *more urgent touches,*] Things that touch me more ſenſibly, more preſſing motives. JOHNSON.

So, in *Cymbeline:*

" —a *touch* more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears." MALONE.

[8] *Petition us at home:*—] Wiſh us at home; call for us to reſide at home. JOHNSON.

[9] — *the courſer's hair,* &c.] Alludes to an old idle notion that the hair of a horſe, dropt into corrupted water, will turn to an animal. POPE.

So, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 224: " —*A horſe haire* laid in a pale full of the like water will in a ſhort time ſtirre and become a living creature. But ſith the certaintie of theſe things is rather proved by few," &c. STEEVENS.

Dr. Liſter, in the *Philoſophical Tranſactions*, ſhowed that what were vulgarly thought animated horſe-hairs, are real inſects. It was alſo affirmed, that they moved like ſerpents, and were poiſonous to ſwallow. TOLLET.

Our quick remove from hence[1].

Eno. I ſhall do't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, *and* ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not ſee him ſince.

Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what he does:—
I did not ſend you[2];—If you find him ſad,
Say, I am dancing; if in mirth, report
That I am ſudden ſick: Quick, and return. [*Exit* Alex.

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What ſhould I do, I do not?

Char. In each thing give him way, croſs him in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teacheſt like a fool: the way to loſe him.

Char. Tempt him not ſo too far: I wiſh, forbear;
In time we hate that which we often fear.

Enter ANTONY.

But here comes Antony.

Cleo. I am ſick, and ſullen.

Ant. I am ſorry to give breathing to my purpoſe.—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I ſhall fall;
It cannot be thus long, the ſides of nature
Will not ſuſtain it.

Ant. Now my deareſt queen,—

Cleo. Pray you, ſtand farther from me.

[1] *Say, our pleaſure,*
To ſuch whoſe place is *under us, requires*
Our quick remove from hence.] Say to thoſe whoſe place is under us, i. e. to our attendants, that our pleaſure requires us to remove in haſte from hence. The old copy has—"whoſe *places* under us," and "*require.*" The correction, which is certainly right, was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[2] *I did not ſend you;*—] You muſt go as if you came without my order or knowledge. JOHNSON.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"We met by chance; you did not find me here." MALONE.

Ant.

Ant. What's the matter?

Cleo. I know, by that ſame eye, there's ſome good news.
What ſays the marry'd woman?—You may go;
'Would, ſhe had never given you leave to come!
Let her not ſay, 'tis I that keep you here,
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods beſt know,—

Cleo. O, never was there queen
So mightily betray'd! Yet, at the firſt,
I ſaw the treaſons planted.

Ant. Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why ſhould I think, you can be mine, and true,
Though you in ſwearing ſhake the thronèd gods,
Who have been falſe to Fulvia? Riotous madneſs,
To be entangled with thoſe mouth-made vows,
Which break themſelves in ſwearing!

Ant. Moſt ſweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, ſeek no colour for your going,
But bid farewel, and go: when you ſu'd ſtaying,
Then was the time for words: No going then;—
Eternity was in our lips, and eyes;
Bliſs in our brows' bent[3]; none our parts ſo poor,
But was a race of heaven[4]: They are ſo ſtill,
Or thou, the greateſt ſoldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greateſt liar.

Ant. How now, lady!

Cleo. I would, I had thy inches; thou ſhould'ſt know,
There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant. Hear me, queen:
The ſtrong neceſſity of time commands
Our ſervices a while; but my full heart

3 — *in our* brows' bent;—] i. e. in the arch of our eye-brows. STEEVENS.

4 — *a race of heaven:*] i. e. had a ſmack or flavour of heaven. WARBURTON.

This word is well explained by Dr. Warburton; the *race* of wine is the taſte of the ſoil. Sir T. Hanmer, not underſtanding the word, reads, *ray*. JOHNSON.

I am not ſure that the poet did not mean, was of *heavenly origin*. MALONE.

Remains

Remains in uſe [5] with you. Our Italy
Shines o'er with civil ſwords: Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome:
Equality of two domeſtick powers
Breeds ſcrupulous faction: The hated, grown to ſtrength,
Are newly grown to love: the condemn'd Pompey,
Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of ſuch as have not thriv'd
Upon the preſent ſtate, whoſe numbers threaten;
And quietneſs, grown ſick of reſt, would purge
By any deſperate change: My more particular,
And that which moſt with you ſhould ſafe my going [7],
Is Fulvia's death.

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give me freedom,
It does from childiſhneſs:—Can Fulvia die [6]?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and, at thy ſovereign leiſure, read
The garboils ſhe awak'd [8]; at the laſt, beſt:
See, when, and where ſhe died.

[5] *Remains in uſe*—] The poet ſeems to allude to the legal diſtinction between the *uſe* and *abſolute poſſeſſion*. JOHNSON.

[6] —*ſhould* ſafe *my going*,] i. e. ſhould render my going not dangerous, not likely to produce any miſchief to you. Mr. Theobald inſtead of *ſafe*, the reading of the old copy, unneceſſarily reads *ſalve*. MALONE.

[7] *It does from childiſhneſs: can Fulvia die?*] Though age has not exempted me from folly, I am not ſo childiſh, as to have apprehenſions from a rival that is no more. And is Fulvia dead indeed? Such, I think, is the meaning. MALONE.

That Fulvia was mortal, Cleopatra could have no reaſon to doubt; the meaning therefore of her queſtion ſeems to be:—*Will there ever be an end of your excuſes? As often as you want to leave me, will not ſome Fulvia, ſome new pretext be found for your departure?* She has already ſaid that though age could not exempt her from ſome follies, at leaſt it frees her from a childiſh belief all he ſays. STEEVENS.

[8] *The* garboils *ſhe awak'd*;—] i. e. the commotion ſhe occaſioned. The word is uſed by Heywood in the *Rape of Lucrece*, 1616:

"— thou Tarquin, doſt alone ſurvive,
"The head of all thoſe *garboils*."

The word is derived from the old French *garbouil*, which Cotgrave explains by *burlyburly*, *great ſtir*. STEEVENS.

In Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Words*, 8vo. 1604, *garboile* is explained by the word *burlyburly*. MALONE.

Cleo. O moſt falſe love!
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water[9]? Now I ſee, I ſee,
In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd ſhall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to know
The purpoſes I bear; which are, or ceaſe,
As you ſhall give the advice: By the fire,
That quickens Nilus' ſlime, I go from hence,
Thy ſoldier, ſervant; making peace, or war,
As thou affect'ſt.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;—
But let it be.—I am quickly ill, and well:
So Antony loves[1].

Ant. My precious queen, forbear;
And give true evidence to his love, which ſtands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me.
I pr'ythee, turn aſide, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and ſay, the tears
Belong to Egypt[2]: Good now, play one ſcene
Of excellent diſſembling; and let it look
Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet; but this is meetly.

9 *O moſt falſe love!*
Where be the ſacred vials thou ſhould'ſt fill
With ſorrowful water?] Alluding to the lachrymatory vials, or bottles of tears, which the Romans ſometimes put into the urn of a friend. JOHNSON.

So, in the firſt Act of *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, written by Fletcher in conjunction with Shakſpeare:

"Balms and gums, and heavy cheers,
"*Sacred vials fill'd with tears.*" STEEVENS.

1 *So Antony loves.*] i. e. uncertain as the ſtate of my health the love of Antony. STEEVENS.

I believe Mr. Steevens is right: yet before I read his note, I thought the meaning to be,—"My fears quickly render me ill; and I am as quickly well again, when I am convinced that Antony has an affection for me." *So*, for *ſo that*. If this be the true ſenſe of the paſſage, is ought to be regulated thus:

I am quickly ill,—and well again,
So Antony loves. MALONE.

2 —*to Egypt:*—] To me, the queen of Egypt. JOHNSON.

Ant.