

BRUTUS. Get you hence, sirrah ; saucy fellow, hence !

CASSIUS. Bear with him, Brutus ; 't is his fashion. 135

BRUTUS. I'll know his humour, when he knows his time :
What should the wars do with these jiggling fools?

Companion, hence !

CASSIUS. Away, away, be gone ! [Exit Poet]

BRUTUS. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night. 140

CASSIUS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS]

BRUTUS. Lucius, a bowl of wine ! [Exit LUCIUS]

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

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

CASSIUS. Of your philosophy you make no use, 145
If you give place to accidental evils.

139. Scene IV Pope. — Enter Lucil. and Titin. Rowe.

142. [Exeunt . . .] Rowe | Ff omit.
— [Exit LUCIUS] Capell | Ff omit.

counterfeited of purpose, he rehearsed the verses which old Nestor said in Homer:

My lords, I pray you hearken both to me,
For I have seen mo years than suchie three.

Cassius fell a-laughing at him ; but Brutus thrust him out of the chamber, and called him dog, and counterfeit Cynic. Howbeit his coming in brake their strife at that time, and so they left each other." — Plutarch, *Marcus Brutus*.

137. jiggling: moving rhythmically, rhyming. So in the Prologue to Marlowe's *Tamburlaine the Great*:

From jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits,
And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay.

138. 'Companion' was often used contemptuously. Cf. *Coriolanus*, IV, v, 14; V, ii, 65. Cf. the way 'fellow' is often used to-day.

145. In his philosophy, Brutus was a mixture of the Stoic and the Platonist. What he says of Portia's death is among the best things

BRUTUS. No man bears sorrow better. Portia is dead.

CASSIUS. Ha ! Portia !

BRUTUS. She is dead.

CASSIUS. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so? 150
O insupportable and touching loss !

Upon what sickness?

BRUTUS. 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, 155
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

CASSIUS. And died so?

BRUTUS. Even so.

CASSIUS. O ye immortal gods !

in the play, and is in Shakespeare's noblest style. Profound emotion expresses itself with reserve. Deep grief loves not many words.

152. Strict harmony of construction would require 'impatience' for 'impatient' here, or 'griev'd' for 'grief' in the next line. Shakespeare is not very particular in such niceties. Besides, the broken construction expresses dramatically the deep emotion of the speaker.

155. distract: distracted. So in *Hamlet*, IV, v, 2. 'Distraught' is the form in *Romeo and Juliet*, IV, iii, 49. For the dropping of the terminal -ed of the participle in verbs ending in t or te, see Abbott, § 342.

156. It appears something uncertain whether Portia's death was before or after her husband's. Plutarch represents it as occurring before; but Merivale follows those who place it after. "For Portia, Brutus's wife, Nicolaus the philosopher and Valerius Maximus do write, that she determining to kill herself (her parents and friends carefully looking to her to keep her from it) took hot burning coals, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself. There was a letter of Brutus found, written to his friends, complaining of their negligence, that, his wife being sick, they would not help her, but suffered her to kill herself, choosing to die rather than to languish in pain." — Plutarch, *Marcus Brutus*.

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

BRUTUS. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine.
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius. *[Drinks]*

CASSIUS. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge. 160
Fill Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love. *[Drinks]*

BRUTUS. Come in, Titinius! *[Exit LUCIUS]*

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities. 165

CASSIUS. Portia, art thou gone?

BRUTUS. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi. 170

MESSALA. Myself have letters of the selfsame tenour.

BRUTUS. With what addition?

MESSALA. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,

158. *Re-enter LUCIUS, . . . taper* TITINIUS, with . . . Dyce | Enter Ti-
Camb | Enter Boy . . . Tapers Ff. tinus and . . . Ff (after l. 162).
162. *[Drinks]* Capell | Ff omit. 171. tenour Theobald | tenure Ff.
163. *[Exit LUCIUS]* Camb | Ff 173. outlawry F4 | Outlarie F1 |
omit. — Scene V Pope. — *Re-enter* Outlary F2Fs.

165. call in question: bring up for discussion. 'Question,' both noun and verb, is constantly found in Shakespeare in the sense of 'talk.' So "in question more" in *Romeo and Juliet*, I, i, 235.

170. Bending their expedition: directing their march. Cf. 'expedition' in this sense in *Richard III*, IV, iv, 136.

Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators. 175

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

CASSIUS. Cicero one!

MESSALA. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription. 180
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?

BRUTUS. No, Messala.

MESSALA. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

BRUTUS. Nothing, Messala.

MESSALA. That, methinks, is strange.

BRUTUS. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

MESSALA. No, my lord. 186

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

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

179-180. Cicero is . . . proscription | 185. Two lines in Ff. — aught
One line in Ff. Theobald | ought Ff.

179. "These three, Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus, made an agreement between themselves, and by those articles divided the provinces belonging to the empire of Rome among themselves, and did set up bills of proscription and outlawry, condemning two hundred of the noblest men of Rome to suffer death, and among that number Cicero was one." — Plutarch, *Marcus Brutus*.

183. Both 'nor nothing' and 'writ' survive to-day as vulgarisms.

184. Nothing, Messala. This may seem inconsistent with what has gone before (see more particularly ll. 154-155), but we are to suppose that Brutus's friends at Rome did not write to him directly of Portia's death, as they feared the news might unnerve him, but wrote to some common friends in the army, directing them to break the news to him, as they should deem it safe and prudent to do so.

BRUTUS. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala :
With meditating that she must die once, 191
I have the patience to endure it now.

MESSALA. Even so great men great losses should endure.

CASSIUS. I have as much of this in art as you, 195
But yet my nature could not bear it so.

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

CASSIUS. I do not think it good.

BRUTUS. Your reason?

CASSIUS. This it is :

'Tis better that the enemy seek us :
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers, 200
Doing himself offence ; whilst we, lying still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS. Good reasons must of force give place to better.

191. once: at some time or other. So in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, III, iv, 103:

I thank thee ; and I pray thee, once to-night
Give my sweet Nan this ring.

194. art: theory. This speech may be paraphrased, I am as much
a Stoic by profession and theory as you are, but my natural strength
is weak when it comes to putting the doctrines into practice.

196. work alive: work in which we have to do with the living.

197. presently: at once. See note, p. 82, l. 28.

203. of force: of necessity, necessarily. Plutarch represents this talk
as occurring at Philippi just before the battle: "Cassius was of opinion
not to try this war at one battle, but rather to delay time, and to draw
it out in length, considering that they were the stronger in money, and
the weaker in men and armour. But Brutus, in contrary manner, did
away before, and at that time also, desire nothing more than to put
all to the hazard of battle, as soon as might be possible ; to the end
he might either quickly restore his country to her former liberty, or
rid him forthwith of this miserable world." — *Marcus Brutus*.

The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forc'd affection, 205
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 210
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

CASSIUS. Hear me, good brother.

BRUTUS. Under your pardon. You must note beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe : 215
The enemy increaseth every day ;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life 220
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.

209. new-added | new added Ff.

224. lose Rowe | loose Ff.

209. new-added: reënforced. Singer suggested 'new aided.'

218-221. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, V, i, 90; *The Tempest*, I, ii,
181-184. Dr. Wright (Clar) quotes from Bacon a parallel passage :
"In the third place I set down reputation, because of the peremptory
tides and currents it hath ; which, if they be not taken in their due
time, are seldom recovered, it being extreme hard to play an after
game of reputation." — *The Advancement of Learning*, II, xxiii, 38.

224. ventures: what is risked, adventured. The figure of a ship
is kept up, and 'venture' denotes whatever is put on board in hope

CASSIUS. Then, with your will, go on;
 We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi. 225
 BRUTUS. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
 And nature must obey necessity;
 Which we will niggard with a little rest.
 There is no more to say?

CASSIUS. No more. Good night:
 Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence. 230

BRUTUS. Lucius! [*Re-enter* LUCIUS] My gown.
 [*Exit* LUCIUS]. Farewell, good Messala:

Good night, Titinius: noble, noble Cassius,
 Good night, and good repose.

CASSIUS. O my dear brother!
 This was an ill beginning of the night:
 Never come such division 'tween our souls! 235
 Let it not, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Every thing is well.

CASSIUS. Good night, my lord.

BRUTUS. Good night, good brother.

TITINIUS. } Good night, Lord Brutus.
 MESSALA. }

BRUTUS. Farewell, every one.
 [*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA]

231. BRUTUS. Lucius! [*Re-enter*
 LUCIUS] My Camb. [*Enter* Lucius
 Bru. Lucius my Ff.

231. [*Exit* LUCIUS] Ff omit.
 238. [*Exeunt* CASSIUS...] Capell
 | Exeunt Ff.

of profit, and exposed to "the perils of waters, winds, and rocks."
 Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 15, 42; III, ii, 270.

228. niggard: supply sparingly. In *Sonnets*, I, 12, occurs 'nig-
 garding.' In Elizabethan English "almost any part of speech can
 be used as any other part of speech. . . . Any noun, adjective, or
 neuter verb can be used as an active verb."—Abbott.

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

LUCIUS. Here in the tent.

BRUTUS. What, thou speak'st drowsily?
 Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'd. 241
 Call Claudius and some other of my men;
 I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

LUCIUS. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS

VARRO. Calls my lord? 245

BRUTUS. 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.

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

BRUTUS. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs; 250
 It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
 Look, Lucius, here 's the book I sought for so;
 I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VARRO and CLAUDIUS lie down]

Re-enter LUCIUS, . . . Capell | 244, 289. Varro Rowe | Varrus Ff.
 Enter Lucius . . . Ff (after Brutus, 245. Scene VI Pope. — *Enter*
 l. 236). VARRO and CLAUDIUS Rowe | *Enter*
 242, 244, etc. Claudius Rowe | Varro and Claudio Ff.
 Claudio Ff. 253. [VARRO and . . .] Ff omit.

241. Poor knave. Cf. 'Gentle knave,' l. 269. The word 'knave'
 is here used in the literal sense of 'boy.' It was used as a term of
 endearment, or of loving familiarity with those of lower rank. So in
King Lear, I, iv, 107. — o'er-watch'd: worn out with keeping awake.
 So in *King Lear*, II, ii, 177. Cf. 'o'er-shot' in III, ii, 150.

252-253. These two simple lines, with the answer of Lucius, "I
 was sure your lordship did not give it me," are among the best

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

BRUTUS. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile, 256
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?

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

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

LUCIUS. It is my duty, sir. 260

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

LUCIUS. I have slept, my lord, already.

BRUTUS. It was well done ; and thou shalt sleep again ;
I will not hold thee long : if I do live, 265
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a song*]

things in the play. Consider how much is implied in them, and what a picture they give of the earnest, thoughtful, book-loving Brutus. And indeed all his noblest traits of character come out, "in simple and pure soul," in this exquisite scene with Lucius, which is hardly surpassed by anything in Shakespeare. Who could be troubled by the anachronism in the book being of modern shape? "Brutus was a careful man, and slept very little, both for that his diet was moderate, as also because he was continually occupied. He never slept in the day-time, and in the night no longer than the time he was driven to be alone, and when everybody else took their rest. But now whilst he was in war, and his head ever busily occupied to think of his affairs and what would happen, after he had slumbered a little after supper, he spent all the rest of the night in dispatching of his weightiest causes, and after he had taken order for them, if he had any leisure left him, he would read some book till the third watch of the night, at what time the captains, petty captains, and colonels, did use to come to him." — Plutarch, *Marcus Brutus*.

262. bloods. So in *Much Ado about Nothing*, III, iii, 141: "How giddily a' turns about all the hot bloods between fourteen and five-and-thirty?" Cf. I, ii, 151: "the breed of noble bloods."

This is a sleepy tune. O murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night ;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee : 270
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.

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR

How ill this taper burns ! Ha ! who comes here ? 275
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.

267. murderous slumber | Mur- 274. [Sits down] Camb.
d'rous slumberer F1. 275. Scene VII Pope.

267. murderous slumber. The epithet probably has reference to sleep being regarded as the image of death ; or, as Shelley put it, "Death and his brother Sleep." Cf. *Cymbeline*, II, ii, 31.

268. thy leaden mace. Upton quotes from Spenser, *The Faerie Queene*, I, iv, 44 :

But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
Arrested all that courtly company.

Shakespeare uses 'mace' both as 'scepter,' *Henry V*, IV, i, 278, and as 'a staff of office,' 2 *Henry VI*, IV, vii, 144.

269. The boy is spoken of as playing music to slumber because he plays to soothe the agitations of his master's mind, and put him to sleep. Bacon held that music "hindereth sleep."

275. The presence of a ghost was believed to make lights burn blue or dimly. So in *Richard III*, V, iii, 180, when the ghosts appear to Richard, he says : "The lights burn blue. It is now dead midnight. Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh."

277. this monstrous apparition. "Above all, the ghost that appeared unto Brutus shewed plainly that the gods were offended with the murder of Cæsar. The vision was thus : Brutus . . . thought he

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? 280
 Speak to me what thou art.

GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS. Why com'st thou?

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

BRUTUS. Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST. Ay, at Philippi. 285

BRUTUS. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.

[Exit Ghost]

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:

Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.

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

Claudius! 290

286. [Exit Ghost] Ff omit.

heard a noise at his tent-door, and, looking towards the light of the lamp that waxed very dim, he saw a horrible vision of a man, of a wonderful greatness and dreadful look, which at the first made him marvellously afraid. But when he saw that it did no hurt, but stood at his bedside and said nothing; at length he asked him what he was. The image answered him: 'I am thy ill angel, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippos.' Then Brutus replied again, and said, 'Well, I shall see thee then.' Therewithal the spirit presently vanished from him."—Plutarch, *Julius Cæsar*.

280. stare: stand on end. 'To be stiff, rigid, fixed' is the primary idea. Cf. *The Tempest*, I, ii, 213; *Hamlet*, I, v, 16–20.

287. This strongly, though quietly, marks the Ghost as subjective; as soon as Brutus recovers his firmness, the illusion is broken. The order of things is highly judicious here, in bringing the "horrible vision" upon Brutus just after he has heard of Portia's shocking death. With that great sorrow weighing upon him, he might well see ghosts. The thickening of calamities upon him, growing out of the assassination of Cæsar, naturally awakens remorse.

LUCIUS. The strings, my lord, are false.

BRUTUS. He thinks he still is at his instrument.

Lucius, awake!

LUCIUS. My lord?

BRUTUS. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out? 295

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

BRUTUS. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?

LUCIUS. Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

[To VARRO] Fellow thou, awake! 300

VARRO. My lord?

CLAUDIUS. My lord?

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

VARRO. } Did we, my lord?

CLAUDIUS. }

BRUTUS. Ay: saw you any thing?

VARRO. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

CLAUDIUS. Nor I, my lord. 305

BRUTUS. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;

Bid him set on his powers betimes before, 307

And we will follow.

VARRO. }

CLAUDIUS. } It shall be done, my lord. [Exeunt]

300. [To VARRO] Globe Camb |
 Ff omit.

304, 308. VARRO, CLAUDIUS |
 Both Ff.

291. false: out of tune. A charming touch in this boy study.

306. commend me to: greet from me, remember me kindly to.

307. set on: cause to advance.—betimes: early. Formerly 'betime'; "the final 's' is due to the habit of adding '-s' or '-es' to form adverbs; cf. 'whiles' (afterwards 'whilst') from 'while.'"—Skeat.