

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The same. Brutus's Orchard.**Enter BRUTUS.**Brutus.*

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

*Enter LUCIUS.**Luc.* Call'd you, my lord?*Bru.* Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
 When it is lighted, come and call me here.*Luc.* I will, my lord. [*Exit.*]*Bru.* It must be by his death: and, for my
 10 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. [der;

It is the bright day that brings forth the ad-
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
 That;—

And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,

That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
 Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of
 Cæsar,

I have not known when his affections sway'd 20
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common
 proof

That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 Whereto the climber-upward turns his face:
 But, when he once attains the upmost round,
 He then unto the ladder turns his back,
 Looks in the clouds, scorning the base de-
 grees

By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the
 quarrel

Will bear no color for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus: that what he is, augmented, 30
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg,
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow
 mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

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

[Gives him the letter.]

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

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.]

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

Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!—
Brutus, thou sleep'st; awake!—

Such instigations have been often dropp'd
O Where I have took them up.
Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?
What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was 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.
[Knock within.]

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: some-
body knocks. [Exit LUCIUS.]
60 Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is

Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the
door, 70

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 buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit LUCIUS.]

They are the faction. O Conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dangerous brow by
night,

When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough 80
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
Conspiracy;

Hide it in smiles and affability:
For, if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

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

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

90

But honors you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

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.*]

100

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

Casca. No.

Cin. O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray
lines

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceived.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,

Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months' hence, up higher toward
the north

He first presents his fire; and the high east 110
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, [abuse,—

The sufferance of our souls, the time's
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,

Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women; then, country-
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the
word,

And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engag'd
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

Swear priests, and cowards, and men caute-
lous,

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls 130
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

To think that or our cause or our perform-
ance,

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle

140 Of any promise that hath pass'd 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 ap-
pear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

150 *Bru.* O, name him not; let us not break
with him;

For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far

As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together. 160

Bru. Our course will seem too bloody,
Caius Cassius,

To cut the head off, and then hack the limbs
Like wrath in death and envy afterwards:
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.

Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar.

And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Cæsar's spirit,

And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas, 170
Cæsar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

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

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 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. 180

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm,

When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him:

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius! do not think of
him:

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

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

And that were much he should; for he is
given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

Treb. There is no fear in him; let him not
die;

190 For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[Clock strikes.

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day, or no:

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

200 And the persuasion of his augurers

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

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

I can o'ersway him: for he loves to hear

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does; being then most flatter'd.

Let me work:

210 For I can give his humor 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 utter-
most?

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

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

Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by
him; [reasons;

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

Cas. The morning comes upon us: we'll
leave you, Brutus:— [member

And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all re-
What you have said, and show yourselves true
Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and mer-
rily;

Let not our looks put on our purposes;

But bear it as our Roman actors do,

With untired spirits and formal constancy:

And so, good-morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but BRUTUS.

Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep? It is no matter;

Enjoy the 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. 230

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

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

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

- Por.* Nor for yours neither. You've un-
 gently, Brutus, ^{[per,}
 Stole from my bed : and yesternight, at sup-
 You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
 240 Musing and sighing, with your arms across :
 And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks :
 I urged 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 wattle of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you : so I did ;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled ; and,
 withal,
 250 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every
 man.
 It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep ;
 And, could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
 lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.
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.
 260 *Por.* Is Brutus sick ? and is it physical
 To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humors

Of the dank morning ? What, is Brutus sick ?
 And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
 To dare the vile contagion of the night,
 And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
 To add unto his sickness ? No, my Brutus ;
 You have some sick offence within your mind,
 Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
 I ought to know of : and, upon my knees,
 I charm you, by my once commended beauty, 270
 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.

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

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280
 Is it excepted I should know no secrets
 That appertain to you ? Am I yourself
 But, as it were, in sort or limitation ;
 To keep with you at meals, comfort your heart
 And talk to you sometimes ? Dwell I but in
 the suburbs not in the heart
 Of your good pleasure ?

Bru. You are my true and honorable 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. 290

I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
 I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
 A woman well-reputed,—Cato's daughter.
 Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
 Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
 Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose
 them;

300 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound [tience,
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with pa-
 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,
 All the charactery of my sad brows:—
 Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

310 *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. [sick!
 To wear a kerchief? Would you were not

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

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 be-
 fore,

320 I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
 Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible;

Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
 men whole.

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

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

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

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

Bru. Follow me then.
 [Exeunt.

SCENE II.—*The same. A Room in Cæsar's Palace.**Thunder and lightning. Enter CÆSAR in his nightgown.*

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

*Enter a Servant.**Serv.* My lord?

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

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

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

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

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

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and
seen, [watch.

Recounts most horrid sights seen by the
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;

And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:

Fierce, fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks, and squadrons, and right form of
war,

Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol:
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the
streets.

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

Cæs. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth: for these predic-
tions

Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

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

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their
deaths:

The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should
fear;

Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?
Serv. They would not have you to stir
forth to-day.

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

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;

Cæsar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not: Danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he.
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible;
And Cæsar shall go forth.

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

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

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

Enter DECIVS.

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

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

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time

To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come to-day:
Cannot, is false; and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.

Cal. Say he is sick.

Cæs. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,

To be afraid to tell graybeards 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. 70

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 statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and portents 80

Of evils imminent; 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 bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall press

For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified. 90

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, [mock
 Their minds may change. Besides, it were a
 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.

100 *If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,*
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?
Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
 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.—

110 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?

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!

120

I have an hour's talk in store for you;
 Remember that you call on me to-day:
 Be near me, that I may remember you.

Treb. Cæsar, I will:—[*aside.*] and so near
 will I be, [further.

That your best friends shall wish I had been
Cæs. Good friends, go in, and taste some
 wine with me; [together.

And we, like friends, will straightway go
Bru. [aside.] 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 wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
10 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 mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.
[Exit.

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?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

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

20 *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 hear a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

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

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. 30

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

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

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

40 The heart of woman is ! O Brutus !
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise !
Sure, the boy heard me :—Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant.—O, I grow
faint :—

Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord ;
Say I am merry : come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to
thee. [Exeunt.

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, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CIN-
NA, ANTONY LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and
others.*

Cæsar.



HE ideo 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.

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

That touches Cæsar nearer : read it, great
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last
served.

Art. Delay not, Cæsar ; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad ?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

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

Come to the Capitol.

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

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

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius !

Pop. Fare you well.
[Advances to CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena ?

Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might
thrive.

I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear pre-
vention.—

Brutus, what shall be done ? If this be known, 20
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.

Bru. Cassius, be constant :