

Cassius's Soliloquy (p. 833)

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet I see

Thy honorable mettle may be wrought

From that it is disposed(93); therefore it is meet

That noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Caesar doth bear me hard(94); but he loves Brutus.

If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,

He should not humor me(95). I will this night,

In several hands(96), in at his windows throw,

As if they came from several citizens,

Writings, all tending to the great opinion(97)

That Rome holds of his name: wherein obscurely

Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at(98).

And after this, let Caesar seat him sure(99);

For we will shake him, or worse days endure.