

CAESAR. Octavius Caesar, one of the three emperors of Rome; he obviously dislikes Antony for leaving for Egypt and is power hungry over Rome.

CAESAR.

You may be pleased to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother
Made wars upon me, and their contestation
Was theme for you; you were the word of war.

ANTONY.

You do mistake your business. My brother never
Did urge me in his act. I did inquire it,
And have my learning from some true reports.
If you'll patch a quarrel,
As matter whole you have not to make it with,
It must not be with this.

CAESAR.

You praise yourself
By laying defects of judgment to me.

ANTONY.

Not so, not so.
I know you could not lack—I am certain on't—

CAESAR.

I wrote to you
When rioting in Alexandria; you
Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Did gibe my missive out of audience.
You have broken
The article of your oath, which you shall never
Have tongue to charge me with.

LEPIDUS.

Soft, Caesar!

ANTONY.

No, Lepidus, let him speak.
The article of my oath?

CAESAR.

To lend me arms and aid when I required them,
The which you both denied.