WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.
XXth CENTURY SHAKESPEARE

JULIUS CAESAR

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Edited with an Introduction and Notes

BY CYRUS LAURON HOOPER

Of the North-West Division High School,
Chicago

Chicago: AINSWORTH & COMPANY
1901
EDITOR'S NOTE.

It is intended that this shall be a pupil's rather than a teacher's edition—one to aid the pupil in the preparation of his lessons rather than the teacher in the formation of a plan of recitation. It is obvious that if the aids given here, in the introduction, and in "Notes and Questions," be stimulating to the pupil, the teacher may use in class whatever method he desires. Therefore, such notes as are usually slighted by young students, such as those on textual criticism, Shakespeare's grammar, and philological matters, are reduced to a minimum; and two preliminary sketches, one on Shakespeare, the other on Roman life, are given in the introduction, while in the "Notes and Questions" special attention is given to stage settings, to the reading and the acting, to Shakespeare's language, and to the dramatic structure of the play. In addition, the introduction provides a few paragraphs on scansion, and a brief chronology, which may be used as a guide for historical study, if the teacher wishes to include this in his plan. After "Notes and Questions," is found a list of subjects for final discussion.

In spite of many opinions to the contrary, the editor believes that much may be gained if the teacher read the play to the class, or at least the most striking scenes, before any detailed study is assigned. It is to be presumed that the instructor has enthusiasm and spirit in his work, and that he can read as well as his pupils, or better; if so, he can give them a sympathy with the play that they can get in no other way, unless they can see it acted. As the scenes are studied in detail, it is well to have pupils read the best ones again, with parts assigned.

The suggestions for stage settings, given in "Notes and Questions," may be built upon if the class has access to illustrated books dealing with the subject in hand, or to pictures prepared for school use. If the teacher prefer, he can direct the attention of the class to the actual scene rather than to the stage; but it must not be forgotten that the play is a play, and was written by a master hand for the special purpose of public representation. In either case, the suggested pictures will add a lively interest to study and to recitation.

The text used is that of the Clarendon Press Series, and the numbering of lines is the same as in that edition. There are no changes except in the spelling of such words as "labour" and "honourable."

The publishers and the editor will be glad at any time to receive criticism and suggestions.
SHAKESPEARE: HIS PEOPLE: HIS THEATER.

[Biographical Note.—William Shakespeare; born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, England, probably on April 23, 1564, as there is a record of his baptism on April 26. His father was a well-to-do glover or wool-comber; his mother's maiden name was Mary Arden. It is conjectured that he attended the free grammar school of his native town, where he acquired the "small Latin and less Greek" with which he is accredited by Ben Jonson. There is a tradition that he gained the enmity of Sir Thomas Lucy, a gentleman whose estate was near Stratford, by stealing deer from the park, and that he fled to London in consequence. However, at the age of nineteen, he had married Anne Hathaway, a woman seven years his senior, and it is likely that he went to London in order to make a better living for his family than his father's business, which was now not very prosperous, could provide him. In the metropolis he soon became connected with the theatrical profession, probably by holding the horses of patrons of the theater. It is probable that he was aided by Thomas Green, a playwright who came from his own town, and by Richard Burbage, the actor, who came from the same county. He began his career as a dramatist by rewriting plays, but soon began original production. He acquired an interest in the Globe and the Blackfriars theaters, and was so successful financially that he was able, in 1597, to buy a home in his native village, which he called "New Place." About 1612 he had accumulated enough to enable him to retire from business, and he accordingly sold his interest in the theaters, and returned to Stratford, to live the life of a country gentleman. One or more of his plays were written, perhaps, after his retirement. The manuscripts of his works have not come down to us; he probably sold them with the theaters, and he seems not to have valued them highly. The first complete edition of the plays was published in 1623; they were edited by two of his friends, both members of his profession. Little is known of his life, though much has been conjectured; we must content ourselves with the rich heritage he has left us.]

Nations, like persons, have their infancy, their youth, their manhood, and their old age. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, England was a great vigorous Boy—a Boy whose body was full of hot fighting blood, whose mind was full of fire and energy, whose heart was full of feeling. What the heroes of the past had dared, he would dare; what they had attempted, he would attempt; what they had felt, he himself felt. More than any people on the continent, he had advanced himself in personal liberty, had made himself felt as an individual, had brought it about that the history of his country should be as much the history of himself as that of her kings. Full of pride at his achievement, he was ready to fight for a fuller freedom at home and to extend his country's dominion beyond the seas.

The times were full of passionate excitement. The streets of London teemed with adventurers, with sailors from other nations, who told stories of the wonders of the New World, of her monsters of the deep, of her
savage tribes, of her strange fauna and flora, of her supposed wealth of gold and precious stones, and, more thrilling than all, of sea fights on the Spanish Main. These tales affected this great vigorous Boy as tales of robbers and buried treasure affect boys of to-day. At night he dreamed of them. By day he talked of them. The age was keenly, actively romantic, an age in which great things would inevitably be done—not a cynical, worn-out age, in which heroism is too often scorned and the deeds of heroes forgotten when they are known to have displayed some trivial human frailty. In the acts of the great, every man saw what he would like to do, and felt he could do; and to do them he was ready to go into unknown lands and seas, there to encounter the terrors his superstitious ancestors had left him for a heritage. He believed that witches rode broomsticks by night, but, like Macbeth, he was ready to front them, to call them “secret, black and midnight hags” to their faces, if need be; he believed in the giant octopus, which entangles its tentacles in the shrouds of ships and draws down the fated mariner into the deep, but he was ready to risk the danger, that he might come back and brag, boy-like, of what he had seen and what he had done. The spirit of discovery, of adventure, the defiance of impending dangers, and the hope of immortal heroism which Kingsley has caught in his “Westward Ho! ” was abroad in the land, and there was no child whose veins did not tingle with it. In our prosaic humdrum times, when our intricate civilization points out each man’s path so definitely and so irrevocably before him, when we learn so much, and do so little that makes the blood shiver, when our knowledge of the world has dispelled illusions and taken away old time romance, we can only with difficulty conceive how intensely the people of Elizabeth’s time lived. They labored to make their dreams come true. Raleigh, Drake, Frobisher, Sidney! These men lived more than a town full of us who stay at home and keep the treadmill going.

The man of Elizabeth’s time was a boy in body as well as in mind. Weaklings fared ill. The man among men was strong, quarrelsome, rough, often impolite and vulgar to the last degree, proud of his ability to hold his own against all odds, as ready to provoke as to resent, and as anxious to show his powers in sport with his friends as in earnest with his enemies. All the historians tell us that on the Field of the Cloth of Gold two of the greatest monarchs of the time, Henry VIII and Francis I, wrestled like two great boys. The incident is significant of the muscular character of the age.
Every man in those days was a law unto himself, or wished to be. He lived much as he pleased; walked and talked after a manner of his own; swore with strictest originality; followed no fashion maker, but dressed as his own extravagant fancy directed; he cut his beard to a point, wore it broad like a spade, spread it like the letter T, or shaved his chin clean, as his ostentatious vanity decreed; he curled his hair, cut it straight off behind so that his head looked like an inverted dish; he wore starched ruffs, stiff quilted doublets, silken gaily-hose, satin nethersocks of fancy patterns and with open seams, with furbelows about the ankles; he was shod with cork shoes gaudy in color and loaded with gold and silver; he carried swords and daggers with jeweled hilts and velvet scabbards; he was beribboned and betasseled from head to foot; and to top all, he wore rings in his ears and feathers in his hat.

If the women of the time could have been more extravagant in their dress than the men, no doubt they would have been so; but it is vain to attempt the impossible. They had their starched ruffs, their quilted skirts and petticoats, their laces, their ornaments of gold and silver; they wore two or three pairs of gloves at a time; they painted and oiled their faces; they added switches of different colors to their own hair, and piled it up in extravagant designs, stiffening it with wires into the shapes of fans, pagodas, and even ships; they had many feminine affectations, such as wearing little squares of court-plaster on their faces, and carrying little bouquets to sniff at—harmless customs, perhaps, but still stigmatized by the austere Puritans of the day, one of whom has insisted that the fumes of the flowers entered the brain and there engendered vice and deadly sin, and made them act in a way "most ungodly to behold."

Beneath all this deep-set desire to do something, this boisterous display of strength, this wild extravagance of dress, was a definite cause—the feeling of personal force and freedom. A man or a woman, especially a man, was a thing of some account—not a mere nonentity. People might think and act for themselves, and in these ways they expressed their liberty. A bold, free, passionate nation! A nation in its boyhood! Into it Shakespeare was born.

When the young poet trudged up to London, fresh from the fields that encircled his idyllic village, Stratford-on-Avon, the spirit of his young nation was waking within him. We can venture but timidly to conceive how much his young heart bounded with the life that surged and beat in the streets and houses of the thriving metropolis,
and how keenly his mind grasped the meaning of all he saw and heard. This raw country man, whom a deer-stealing episode, or, perhaps, the necessity of providing for his young family, had driven from his home, was the one whom Fate had chosen to be the culmination of his country's and the world's literary glory. He was to feel and think, not what fills the hearts and minds of one or a dozen men, but what all the world had thought and felt; and he was destined to record the dramatic visions of his teeming brain for all the world to read. Intuition seemed to reveal to him the inmost nature of the people of his plays— their ruling passions, their petty foibles, their secret motives. No matter whether he wrote of the guilty Macbeth, the ambitious Caesar, the modest Ophelia, or the bestial Caliban, groveling in the mire on the lonely island in the tropic seas, he wrote with the knowledge and the feeling of one who looks out upon the world with that character's own eyes. Other authors, to whom less of the accident, Genius, is given, must be content with studying their characters from without, as one studies a flower or an insect with a microscope. When Shakespeare wrote, he was the person whose words his pen inscribed. This thought has become a truism, but it is none the less important to the student, for it explains, if explanation be possible, his superiority to other poets, and is significant of the health and the youthful vigor of the age which brought him forth as its highest achievement.

Tradition has it that Shakespeare's first employment in London was holding the horses of gentlemen who rode to the theater, and that he soon acquired a reputation and a patronage. "Will Shakespeare's boys" were so sought by the patrons of the theater that their leader's name for integrity grew apace, and he soon found himself an actor, then a rewriter of plays, and finally the author of new ones. Thus was the greatest man of the times thrust by accident into a profession that was best suited to the development of what lay latent within him. It was, however, a despised profession, reviled by the Puritans, sometimes suffering the prohibition of the law, shunned, I must not neglect to say, by women and by most influences for moral growth; yet it was the one profession that expressed the art impulse of the age, rough, bloody, and often obscene though it was. In order to be familiar with it, we must peep into its home, the theater.

If by some necromancy we could summon up that distant time again and merge ourselves into it, we should see the millions of London dwindle in an instant into 150,000 souls, and the city itself shrink into
INTRODUCTION.

a moderate sized town with no paving, no street lamps, no police, no cabs or buses. We pass along the narrow sidewalk, hugging the wall to keep from being pushed into the mudly street by a burly ruffian whom we see coming. Observing our hands on our swords, he steps aside.

The houses we pass are made of heavy frames of timber, between which brick and plaster are laid, forming a firm wall. The upper stories project over the walk, thus partly protecting the pedestrian from the rains when they pour from the gutterless roofs, and often from the slopes that are thrown from the upper stories to be spilled upon the just and the unjust with the most impartial and most natural selection.

Ahead of us, we see two ruffians taunting an old gentleman, who, by his garb and his staring manner, we know to be from the country. They have pushed him into the filthy street, and have taken his watch from him. Now he draws his sword against one, his servant knocks down the other with his fist, and the shout, "Clubs! clubs!" rings along the narrow, crooked way, bringing many peering faces to the upper windows and crowds of apprentices and tradesmen into the street, armed with cudgels, and eager for a fight. As we reach the old squire's side, swords and daggers drawn, we find three other gentlemen mysteriously fallen into line on the other side of him, and with backs to the wall, we face the crowd with the anxious bludgeons. They wish us no ill will. They only want to fight, and are grateful to any one who will join them in a friendly encounter. They are cautious, however, before our sharp blades, and are perhaps relieved to have their attention withdrawn by the approach of a gaudy cavalcade, at which some cheer and some curse, while we slip away almost unobserved.

The old squire, who is innocent and charming enough to be Sir Roger de Coverly himself, together with his friends, is also going to the theater, and we make a party of it. We pass without further adventure than seeing a thief in the pillory, and a witch run down by a crowd of boys and thrown into the Thames, to London Bridge, which we at first intend to cross, but pass by because its narrow way, closely built with houses on either side—a street, in fact, crossing the river—may be too crowded for us. We go to the bank of the Thames, and take one of the boats that we see crossing the river in hundreds, to the Bankside, opposite. Arriving there, we are near the Paris Gardens, the theaters, and—different indeed from these!—St. Saviour's Church, where the great poet often went, no doubt, and where his younger brother, Edmund,
lies buried. Looking back whence we came, we can see the Tower of London, the spire of old St. Paul's, Baynard Castle, where lived the terrible Duke of Gloster, known to history as Richard III, and, between, the busy Thames flowing down to the sea.

Now we have almost reached our destination, and are about to look around us for the Globe Theater, when our attention is drawn by the shouts of excited men, the barking of dogs and the growls of a wild beast; we know that in the Gardens a bear is being "baited"—tied to a post and compelled to fight relay after relay of dogs until, conquered by numbers, he falls in the pool of blood beneath him and is torn to pieces. The sight is not one we wish to see.

Not far away is a curious structure, a great octagonal building, higher than broad, resembling a very much thickened town pump from Brobdignag, but lacking a handle and a spout. There are little windows placed irregularly. A flag waves from the top; crowds of men and boys throng about the muddy ditch that surrounds it, eager to pay their fee and pass in. We join them, deliver up a sixpence each for admission, and a shilling extra for a seat in the gallery. Stumbling up the narrow stairway, we find stools, and eagerly glance about. Above us, the open sky; below, the pit, where stands a noisy crowd, talking, shouting, smoking, quarreling, telling stories, reading cheap books that are sold in the theater, and bantering and swearing in a dozen tongues. Along in front of the stage, are booths where women sell apples, nuts, and beer. A rough fellow holding his mug high to drain the last precious drop, catches sight of our old squire, and shouts out to ask why he didn’t bring the goodwife, the lads, and the lasses. Instantly we are the target of all eyes. We are
INTRODUCTION.

prepared for good natured chaffing, but music, from the orchestra box above the projecting stage, suddenly breaks in upon the hubbub, and quiet falls upon the place.

Now we hold our breaths. The play is a new one, "Julius Caesar," by Mr. William Shakespeare, the chief owner of the theater. The heavy curtain parts, and we see that the roof of the stage is hung with black, the sign of tragedy. Something, however, is surely wrong. We have heard that many of the richer patrons sit on the stage, and indeed there are a few seated about its edges, but the middle, too, is thronged with them in their gay clothes and feathered hats, and not a bare-headed togated Roman is in sight. Ere we can correct our false impression, one of the gay cavaliers begins to speak.

"'Hence! home, you idle creatures!'"

he says, and now we know that Shakespeare's actors do not dress like the characters they represent. We hear it whispered that they are too poor on their ninety pounds a year, or less, to buy such elegance, and that they rely on the bounty of the rich, who give them cast-off clothing to wear on the stage.

Having rid ourselves of our false impression, we glance about for the scenery, but see only a placard against the wall at the rear, on which is printed, "ROME, A STREET." Amused at this, we redirect our attention to the actors, and listen to the banter between the two tribunes and the saucy citizens, until the latter vanish "tongue-tied in their guiltiness." The stage being suddenly empty, a boy runs out, takes down the placard and hangs another in its place, which reads, "A PUBLICK PLACE." Before he is fairly off again, there comes a crowd of gallants entering to music. "Calpurnia," says a solemn voice. The procession halts. The music, at a command, ceases. "Calpurnia." "Here, my lord," replies a boyish voice, which, we discover, comes from a figure that looks like a woman's. The solemn voice commands,—

"'Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course.'"

And as we look critically at what seems to be a Roman matron, we make another discovery — that boys take the parts of women.

If we had not been somewhat to the manner born, we should be much surprised at the frequent and violent change of scenes and the
lapses of time between them; and even as it is, we are made to wonder. In the fourth act we jump from Antony's house in Rome to the camp at Sardis, whither, we are left to suppose, the armies have marched, in the meantime. In the fifth act, there are four changes of scene. It is this peculiarity of Shakespeare's plays that make it difficult and expensive to revive them in these days of costly stage productions—a disadvantage not felt when there need be no other scenery than a placard to indicate the place, a table and a few chairs to indicate a tavern, a bed to denote a chamber, and a little platform at the back that is a hill in one play, as in "Julius Caesar," a moonlit balcony in another, as in "Romeo and Juliet," and a secondary stage, as in "Hamlet."

There were, however, objections urged even in Shakespeare's day to this violent disregard of space and time; let us consider them as the play goes on. In the prologue to his "Every Man in His Humor," Ben Jonson says he is not so anxious to please the public that he will represent such impossibilities. In his play he will not try

"To make a child now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up, in one beard and weed,
Past threescore years; or with these rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the trying-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays you will be pleased to see
One such today, as other plays should be;
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas
Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please."

This was just like Jonson—his way was always best, and he was always bragging.

And yet it was not his way, but rather that of the Greeks, whose dramatists paid strict regard to the "Unities" of Time, Place, and Action. That is, the time represented in a play should be one day or less, the place the same throughout the piece, and the action centered about one person, or two, as in the case of two lovers. Whatever occurred elsewhere, or at a former time, should be chanted by a chorus, or narrated by messengers. If Shakespeare had written "Merchant of Venice" in accordance with these restrictions, the only scene acted would be the trial scene; all else would have been chanted or narrated, and the love stories would have been left out. It is easy to see how
much of interest would have been omitted, how much character painting foregone, how many dramatic effects lost. Ben Jonson thought that in adhering to the unities he was sticking close to nature; the wiser but less learned Shakespeare knew that in presenting scenes thrilling with life, widely separated though they were in space and time, he made a stronger effect upon his audiences. Living creatures like nothing so well as life, especially when they see it through the medium of the imagination. They were hard to suit—these full-blooded, passionate people of Elizabeth's era; they sometimes tossed the poet in a blanket, if the play displeased them. It was probably these two men that pleased them most. Jonson was doubtless the more truthful to practical possibilities; but Shakespeare far surpassed him in the picturing of life and character; and this was the reason that the latter, though his reputation for scholarship was far less, excelled the former in popularity. He gave his patrons what they wanted—lovers whose love was hot and jealous, enemies whose hatred ended only with the shedding of blood, people whose passions dominated them and drove them to heroic or to desperate deeds. The characters Shakespeare created lived in the minds of his contemporaries as they do now in ours—as real, living, flesh-and-blood people.

The play is over. We leave the theater with the words,—

"This was the noblest Roman of them all,"

ranging through our minds; we slip back out of dreamland into our own age, thankful that there was a time that could give us a master poet, and sorrowful that the brain which thought so deeply and the heart that felt so much, are now no more.
Gladiators Fighting.
A DAY IN THE LIFE OF AN ARISTOCRATIC ROMAN.

The Roman aristocrats of the days of Caesar were rapidly learning the refinement of luxury and display that was carried to so great extravagance under the empire. The banquets were not so elaborate, the public games not so frequent, so costly, and so bloody as in the later days, and the distribution of money and corn to the populace not so frequent; but the seeds of prodigality had been cast widely, and were flourishing in a soil whose fertility has never been surpassed. In order to understand the manner of living, let us glance at the daily life of one of the great men of the time, at his religion, his house, his family, his slaves, his clients, his pleasures at the public games and the baths, his banquets with his friends, and his life as a senator of Rome.

It is an unusual day for our senator; he is to consult the augurs concerning the possibility of the success of a voyage which one of his freedmen is about to make to the coast of Africa to trade with the natives for ivory. An hour before dawn he is awakened by his favorite slave, who dresses him in his purple-bordered tunica, the garment of his rank, his toga of white wool, which is the street dress of all Roman citizens, and his high shoes, and the two together pass from the sleeping apartment into the atrium, the central room of the house, thence into the vestibule, past the nodding porter, and out of the door. The street is filled with clumsy carts and wagons, loaded with produce for the shops, or hurrying home empty before the morning breaks, since it is against the law for merchandise to be carried through the narrow ways by daylight, unless it is material for public buildings. Avoiding the noisy wheels of traffic, senator and slave pass along to the temple where the master has appointed a meeting with an augur, a priest whose business it is to foretell the future by the flight and the cries of birds. When they arrive, they see the augur standing in the temple enclosure, clothed in the trabea, the robe of his office, and carrying his lituus, a staff with a crook at one end.

Master and slave wait at a respectful distance as the priest watches the east. At the first flush of dawn he raises his lituus and draws a line from east to west, a second through its center from north to south; then four other lines about them to make a square or rectangle divided
into four other squares or rectangles (see the figure). This space and the corresponding space in the sky, is called the *templum*. In the middle the augur erects a small, square tent, and takes his stand exactly in the center (C. in the figure), his face toward the south; his left hand, therefore, at the east, and his right at the west. Then he watches and listens for the flight and the cries of the birds that are supposed to reveal the will of the gods.

The moments fly by. The sun is almost ready to peep above the horizon, when the anxious augur hears to the left of the north and south line, the cry of a raven, and then the melancholy hoot of an owl; an instant later a hawk flies from east to west until he nearly reaches the line, when he veers to the left, and disappears in the south-east. The signs are favorable. Had they appeared to the right of the line, the venture of our senator would have had to be delayed, or perhaps abandoned. "*Aves admittunt,*" announces the augur, "The birds permit it." And the senator and his slave depart rejoicing.

In Cæsar's time, faith in augury was declining; and later, in the days of the empire, it was said that two augurs could not meet each other in the street without laughing in each other's faces. It was difficult, however, for this ancient people to throw off the superstitions that had come down to them from their ancestors. Cæsar himself, though the head of the religious college, expressed his disbelief in them; and even said that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul was a chimera; but yet, so strongly was the old faith rooted in him, that he crawled up the steps of the Capitoline temple on his hands and knees "to appease the Nemesis which frowns on human prosperity," (Merivale) and never got into a carriage without muttering a charm against ill luck. It is said that when he was unlucky enough to stumble while landing on the shore of Africa, he held up the handful of soil he had accidentally grasped, and said, "Africa, thou art mine," thus craftily tricking the gods into making the omen good instead of evil.

As our senator goes home, the wagons have disappeared, except a few that are carrying stone for the construction of the *Curia Julia*, which Julius Cæsar is building in the *Forum*; and the streets are filled with artisans and tradesmen going to their tasks, and with the rabble begin-
ning their day's loafing. It is too early for any of the luxurious nobles to be abroad. Only a solitary stoic stares disapprovingly at the rings on our senator's fingers, and dismisses him from his mind with a contemptuous sniff; for the stoics affected disregard of pleasures; despised griefs too, holding that life should be taken dispassionately and that so long as the "self," or soul, was well, no regard should be paid to things external to it. They disapproved of the luxury that was rife in Rome, and saw in it the decay of the republic.

Before his door our senator meets the freedman who is going upon the voyage, and joyfully repeats to him the words of the augur, "Aves admittunt." Immediately the man posts away to his ship, eager to be gone.

While the slave cleanses his master of the dust of the street, let us glance at the house. It is a long building, a story and a half in height, as we should say. There are no windows below, and only small ones above; and there is little external ornament except a porch in front. The door opens into the vestibule (vestibulum), where the porter sits by the door leading into his lodge, a small room at the right. Thence one passes into the atrium, a great rectangular room, the center of the home; here the household gods, the Lares and Penates, are kept. The
walls are covered with paintings, and are hung with trophies of war. In the center is a marble pool, or cistern (*impluvium*), flush with the floor, and above it, in the roof, is an opening (*compluvium*) of the same size, through which the rain falls, to be caught below. This opening serves, too, as an egress for the smoke of the hearth fire, which is at the farther end of the pool, and whose smoke, blackening the rafters, gave rise to the name *atrium* or "black room." All about the *atrium* are small rooms for the various uses of the house, and beyond is the master's office (*tablinium*), on each side of which is a reception room. Beyond these is the *peristylum*, an open court, with a garden space, surrounded by columns supporting a kind of porch, or balcony. Off this are the dining room and the kitchen, and if the house be large and rich, other rooms whose uses we need not detail.

After the senator has made himself ready for his morning duties he goes to his *tablinum*, and receives two of his clients, men who have given up their citizenship in some foreign city to settle in Roman territory, where, as they have no legal rights, they are obliged to seek the protection of a Roman citizen. The senator listens to their pleas. One wants to arrange for the purchase of a piece of land adjacent to what he now possesses; the other wants redress against a wicked plebeian who has beaten him in a horse trade. They receive their assurances, and depart.

By this time, the senator is very hungry, for it is the third hour of the day; and he is glad to welcome his wife and his children, who come in from the *peristylum* to bid him to breakfast (*ientaculum*). Like himself, his wife is dressed in a *tunica*, the house dress, a light robe reaching to the calves, and gathered below the breast by a girdle. When she goes into the street she wears over this a woolen cloak (*palla*) similar to her husband's *toga*. The son, a youth of thirteen, and the two young daughters, are dressed much like the parents. When the boy goes into the street he wears a *toga* with a purple border (*toga praetexta*), but when he is

---

*The Front of a House* (The second story overhangs the first).
INTRODUCTION.

sixteen, he will exchange this for the robe of pure white wool worn by
men (toga virilis). The daughters may abandon the purple edge only
when they are married.

The family goes to the peristylum, where, after the washing of
hands and a prayer to the household gods, the morning meal is served,
the father reclining on a couch, and the mother and children sitting
around the table. The breakfast is simple, consisting mainly of bread
dipped in wine or spread with honey; to which are added olives and
perhaps other fruits. The meal over, the senator bids his son study
well his Greek for the day, and pay careful heed to his teacher (gram-
maticus), then has himself arrayed in his toga, calls his litter, and is
carried away to a meeting of the senate, which has been called by one
of the consuls to meet in the Curia of Pompey.

The three tribes of the patrician class of Rome were divided into
thirty groups, called curiae, each of which was in turn divided into
gentes, or families. Each curia had its presiding officer; and over all
was a general officer called the curiae maximus; each curia had also its
building, called by the same name. The greatest of these structures
was the Curia Hostilia, built by king Hostilius. This was called the
senate house. It was burnt in the year 52, b. c.; and Faustus Sulla,
the son of the dictator, began on the same spot the Curia Cornelia,
the work on which Cæsar stopped, and began in its place the Curia
Julia. This building was consecrated by Augustus in 29, b. c., long
after Cæsar’s death, and much of the intervening time must have been
spent in its construction. The building to which our senator is bound,
the Curia Pompeii, the scene of Cæsar’s death—not the Capitol, as
Shakespeare says—was in the entrance hall of the theater which this
great Roman built to gain favor with the people and to eclipse the
extravagance of Cæsar’s aedileship. It was the first stone theater built
in Rome, was unequalled in magnificence, and seated forty thou-
sand people. At its consecration, five hundred lions and eighteen
elephants were slaughtered by gladiators in the arena. Pompey did
not succeed so well as he had hoped, for the populace, being in a
mood more merciful than usual, were moved by the piteous cries of the
huge monsters of the jungle, and thought they were appealing for the
protection of the Roman people.

To return to our senator. After he has left the Palatine Hill, the
aristocratic quarter of Rome in which he lives, his road lies along the
Via Sacra (sacred street); thence through the Forum, around the
Capitoline Hill, in a northwesterly direction to the Theater of Pompey (Theatrum Pompeii), in all, a distance of a mile and a half or two miles. By the time he has alighted from his litter and hurried into the meeting place, the senators have taken their benches, the consuls, the praetors, and the tribunes have ascended their platform, and the meeting has been opened by the consuls. When the business of the meeting has been stated, the consuls arise in turn and give their opinions; then the senators themselves, after which all separate into groups for the vote, a bare majority being decisive. There being none but the special business, the senate is adjourned, the presiding officer appoints a committee to draw up the resolution in the proper form to be communicated to the persons concerned, or, if it be a law, to be published by the magistrates at the popular assemblies, then to be inscribed on wood or bronze, and hung up in the temple of Fides (faith).

Thanking the gods for the shortness of the meeting, our senator hurries out, finds his own among the confusion of litters, and is glad to escape from the host of jangling slaves who carry them. On his way home he stops to chat with some friends in the Forum, the great open place surrounded by temples and basilicas (halls of justice and places of public meetings) that is the very center of the Roman world. It lies between the Palatine, the Capitoline, and the Quirinal Hills. Here the people worshiped the gods, had their popular assemblies, and met to discuss their private affairs; and here the judges administered justice. If it be true that all roads lead to Rome, it is equally true that all streets lead to the Forum.

Home again, our senator partakes of the midday lunch (prandium),
at which an abundance of warm and cold dishes, with wine, is served; and after a rest he is carried away to the wooden amphitheater built by Cæsar, where it is the privilege of his rank to sit in the front benches, and view the combats of gladiators and wild beasts. Wearying of the sport, which no longer excites him as it once did, he saunters away from the howling multitude, and seeks the cool of the public baths. His ancestors had been content to bathe their faces, arms, and legs once a day, and the entire body once a week in the lavatrina, a small room placed next the kitchen, where warm water might be easily obtained; but his own times provide public places of bathing, where one may for a quadrans, the smallest piece of money coined, have the luxury of hot and cold water, attendance of slaves, and a place to lounge and chat with his friends. The richness of the buildings, however, and the variety of ways of bathing, have by no means reached the degree attained under the empire.

The event of our senator's day is now approaching— cena, or dinner, with one of his aristocratic friends. He retires to his house beforehand, makes his toilet, not forgetting to take an emetic so that he may be fully prepared for a difficult gastronomic feat, orders his attendant slave to carry the colored tunic (vestis cenatoria) he is to wear at his friend's
table, also a towel for drying his hands and for carrying the gift or favor he expects to receive, and with fresh slaves for his litter, again takes the street. Having arrived at his host's dwelling, he is admitted with his slave, who is to serve him at table, is met by the master of the house and the other guests, changes his toga for the gaudy tunic, has his street sandals exchanged for lighter ones, and goes with the party to the dining room (triclinium) adjoining the peristyle. Here the nomenclator, a slave whose duty, among other things, is to place the guests at table and to name the dishes as they are served, assigns him to the place of honor next his host, for rank is a matter of vital importance at the best Roman dinners. The table (mensa) is square, and has couches on three sides, the fourth being left open for the approach of the slaves who serve. On the right-hand couch reclines the host, with his wife at his right, and perhaps one of their children beyond her; at his left, on the middle couch, reclines his chief guest with two others, and three more on the left couch, making in all a group of nine, the usual number for a dinner party. Water is brought by the slaves, and the guests wash their hands and dry them on their towels.

After an invocation to the gods, the dinner begins. It is divided into three parts; the first, called by several names (promulsis, gustatio, gus-
tus, frigida mensa), is rather to whet the appetite than to satisfy hunger, and consists of crabs, boiled eggs, mushrooms, salads, vegetables with piquant sauces, and olives, all of which are washed down with mulsum, a blend of wine and honey. As these viands are served, the guests lie flat upon their breasts across the couches, within easy reach of the tables; they eat with spoons or with their fingers, for table knives and forks are yet to be invented. Again water is poured upon the hands of the guests, and they are ready for the second, the substantial part of the meal.

This is the cena proper, which consists of several courses, usually three, and sometimes as many as seven. The dishes are served artistically arranged on wooden and silver trays; a special slave (scissor) carves the meats on the open side of the table. It would be wearisome to detail the many dishes served at the dinners of the wealthy, at this and especially at later times; extravagant millionaires are said to have vied with each other in loading their boards with all the delicacies provided by earth, sea, and air, and in paying the highest prices for skilled cooks. It is said that the Romans knew fifty ways in which to prepare pork; and under the empire, some dishes were prepared so elaborately that
even the most fastidious gourmands could not tell what they were eating. Wine, mixed with warm or cold water, is the drink for this part of the meal, and it is taken sparingly, lest the taste be blunted.

At the end of the second part of the cena proper, water is again brought for the guests’ hands; a silence falls upon the scene, while prayer is offered to the Lares, after which the third part of the banquet (mensae secundae) is served—cakes, pastry, and fruits.

Now begins the heavy drinking (commissatio). The guests are crowned with wreaths, and one is chosen master of the drinking (magister bibendi). He determines what proportion of water there shall be to the wine, and the amount each guest shall drink. Now the guests, having their hunger fully satisfied, recline on their sides, supporting themselves on their left arms, chat volubly, listen to the music of flute and lyre, laugh at the jests of hired entertainers, and watch the mimics and dancing girls, thus whiling away the hours in the enjoyment of rest and good feeding.

The dinner has been a long one, lasting perhaps from the ninth to the thirteenth hour; the guests leave the triclinium, unsteadily no doubt, are again clothed in their togas, and shod with street sandals, thank their host for the pleasure and the present he has given them, and depart. They drowse as they bob along in their litters, and the slaves who carry them call down curses on the heavy wagons that block the streets. No sooner home than to bed. Our Roman aristocrat’s day is over.
THE METER OF THE PLAY.

Meter is not an invention of man. It is suggested in a hundred natural ways—by the regular movement of the feet in marching and dancing, by the sound of oars in their locks, and by the beat of the hoofs of galloping horses. Poetry and music probably had their origin in the ceremonial dances about the altars of the ancient gods, and in the stories soldiers told of their deeds as they marched or rode to war. At such times the heart exults, the emotions rise to a high pitch, and the words naturally fall in with the rhythm. Verse feet of two beats, as the iamb and the trochee, probably came from marching and dancing, while those of three, as the anapest and the dactyl, were doubtless suggested by a horse's canter. No poem in English affords a better galloping movement than Tennyson's "Northern Farmer." As the old man rides along the road with his son by his side, he tries to persuade the boy to marry a girl who is rich. He says,—

"Dosn't thou 'ear my 'verse's legs, as they canters awaïy?
Proputty, proputty, proputty—that's what I 'ears 'em saïy."

It can not be overlooked, too, that the word, "proputty," has another natural poetical quality, onomatopœia; it is the very sound of the horse's hollow hoof-beat on the hard road. This same dactylic measure is that of Longfellow's "Evangeline."

Shakespeare used the two-syllable measure; his lines have five feet, and are usually without rime. The technical name for this measure, is blank verse, or rimeless iambic pentameter.

An iambic foot (\( \sim \)) has its first syllable unaccented, and its second one accented; thus, in the line,—

\[
\text{When beg | gars die | there are | no com | ets seen,}
\]

we find five feet, each of which receives an accent on the second syllable only. The skillful poet, however, avoids using only iambic feet, for the effect would be as monotonous as the ticking of a clock. Thus in the line,—

\[
\text{We are | two li | ons lit | ter'd in | one day |}
\]

we see that the first foot has its first syllable accented, the second has both, the fourth neither, and the fifth both, while the third is the only one that is regular, that is, iambic.

The consideration of the line leads to the observation that there are three kinds of syllables that receive the stress of voice called by the gen-
eral name of accent. First, there are words of more than one syllable, like "litter'd," that have an accent on one syllable, and like "anticipation," that have two, or even more accents. Second, there are words that require emphasis because they are important in the expression of the thought; and third, there are those that have a greater quantity of sound than is usual. Thus the words "we," "two," and "one" must be emphasized because an expressive reading so demands, while in the line,—

\[ \text{His pri} \mid \text{vate ar} \mid \text{bors and} \mid \text{new plant} \mid \text{ed or} \mid \text{chards}, \]

the syllables "bors" and "chards," though not accented, have a greater length and amount of sound, and therefore are given stress. It would be easy to multiply examples from the play. One more may be noticed in the line,—

\[ \text{Like a} \mid \text{phan tas} \mid \text{ma, or} \mid \text{a hid} \mid \text{eous dream}. \]

The word "phantasma" receives the accent on the second syllable, but the first has distinct quantity.

With these lines for illustration, proceed to mark the scansion of lines, marking long or accented, all syllables that have accent, emphasis or quantity, and the rest short, or unaccented; then divide the line into feet. You will find that several kinds of feet are frequently substituted for the iambic foot. They are the trochee (~.), the spondee (~), the pyrrhic (~), the anapest (~). There is much more to be learned of Shakespeare’s meter than can be mentioned here, but one more thing must be said—that he often has an extra syllable at the end of a line, as in that which contains the word "orchards," and in this,—

\[ \text{I hear} \mid \text{a tongue} \mid \text{shriller} \mid \text{than all} \mid \text{the mu} \mid \text{sic.} \]

This variation of the meter prevents monotony, as does also the distribution of pauses. The earlier writers in blank verse made so many pauses at the ends of lines that the rhythm was spoiled. This, Shakespeare carefully avoids. It is to be noticed, too, that there are many short lines, as "Be gone," that the ending -tion is often pronounced in two syllables, as,—

\[ \text{The na} \mid \text{ture of} \mid \text{an in} \mid \text{surrec} \mid \text{tion}, \]

and that final -ed is often sounded.

To conclude, it must be remembered that in expressive reading little thought of the meter need be taken. Read the lines just as you would prose, except for the endings, -tion and -ed, when they require the changes indicated, and except for a few differences in Shakespeare’s accent of words. Otherwise the scansion takes care of itself.
CHRONOLOGY FROM THE TIMES OF THE GRACCHI TO THE BATTLE OF PHILIPPI.

B. C.

133. Tiberius Gracchus, the champion of the people, slain.
121. Death of Caius Gracchus, brother of the former.
111–106. Jugurthan War, in which Metellus and Marius were the successful Roman generals.
106. Cicero born.
102. Marius overcomes the Teutones at Aix (Aquæ Sextiae) in Gaul.
101. Marius overcomes the Cimbri at Vercellæ.
100. Cæsar born.
90–88. Social War, in which the Latin states contest for Roman suffrage.
88. Sulla drives Marius from Rome.
87. Marius returns; bloody proscription.
83. Sulla returns; another proscription.
79. Sulla abdicates.
88–84. First Mithridatic War, fought by Sulla.
84–82. Second Mithridatic War, fought by Murena.
74–64. Third Mithridatic War, fought by Lucullus and Pompey.
73–71. War with the gladiators, Spartacus being their leader.
67–66. Pompey overcomes the pirates.
64–62. Conspiracies of Catiline.
63. Cicero consul.
60. First Triumvirate—Cæsar, Pompey, and Crassus.
59. Caius Julius Cæsar consul.
49. Cæsar crosses the Rubicon; gains Italy, Sardinia, Sicily, and Spain.
48. Battle of Pharsalia, Pompey killed in Egypt.

xxviii
48-47. Cæsar in Egypt.

47. Battle of Zela, in Pontus, in which Cæsar overcomes Pharnaces, the son of Mithridates, and sends to the Senate the famous dispatch, "Veni, vidi, vici."

46. Battle of Thapsus, in Africa, in which Cæsar finally defeats the army of Pompey.

45. Battle of Munda, in Spain, in which Cæsar overthrows Pompey's sons. (This is the victory for which he was given the triumph mentioned in the play.)

44. Cæsar assassinated, on the ides of March.

43. Second Triumvirate—Antonius, Octavius (Augustus), and Lepidus.

42. Battle of Philippi, in which the triumvirs overcome Brutus and Cassius.
JULIUS CAESAR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>JULIUS CAESAR,</th>
<th>OCTAVIUS CAESAR,</th>
<th>M. ANTONIUS,</th>
<th>M. AEMILIUS LEPIDUS,</th>
<th>JULIUS CAESAR,</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>triumvirs after</td>
<td>the death of</td>
<td></td>
<td>Julius Caesar,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CICERO,</td>
<td>PUBLIUS,</td>
<td>POPILIUS LENA,</td>
<td>MARCUS BRUTUS,</td>
<td>CASSIUS,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>senators</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CASCA,</td>
<td>TREBONIUS,</td>
<td>LIGARIUS,</td>
<td>DECIUS BRUTUS,</td>
<td>METELLUS CIMBER,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>conspirators against</td>
<td>Julius Caesar,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CINNA,</td>
<td>FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, tribunes.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Soothsayer,</td>
<td>ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, a teacher of</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Rhetoric.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Cinna, a poet.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Another Poet.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>LUCILIUS,</td>
<td>TITINIUS,</td>
<td>MESSALA,</td>
<td>YOUNG CATO,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>VOLUMNIUS,</td>
<td>VARRO,</td>
<td>CLITUS,</td>
<td>CLAUDIUS,</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>STRATO,</td>
<td>LUCIUS,</td>
<td>DARDANIUS,</td>
<td>PINDARUS, servant to Cassius.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>friends to Brutus and Cassius,</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>SENATORS, CITIZENS, GUARDS, ATTENDANTS, &amp;c.</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

ACT I.

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners.

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? what! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession? Speak, what trade art thou?

First Com. 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?
Sec. Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.


Sec. Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave, what trade?

Sec. Com. 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!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman’s matters, nor woman’s matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neat’s leather have gone upon my handiwork.

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

Sec. Com. 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?
ACT I.  SCENE I.

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 Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
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 Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[Exeunt all the Commoners.

See, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied 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.  
    *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.  

**Scene II.**  
_A public place._

*Flourish._ Enter Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia, Portia, Decius, Cicero, Brutus, Cassius, and Casca; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer._

    Cæs. Calpurnia!  
    Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.  
    Cæs. Calpurnia!  
    Cal. Here, my lord.  
    Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius’ way, When he doth run his course. Antonius!  
    Ant. Cæsar, my lord?  
    Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.
ACT I.    SCENE II.

Ant.    I shall remember: When Cæsar says “do this,” it is perform’d.

Cæs.    Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[Flourish.

Sooth.    Cæsar!

Cæs.    Ha! who calls?

Casca.    Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

Cæs.    Who is it in the press that calls on me?

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

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.    Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

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 show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru.

Cassius,
Be not deceived: 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,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,
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,
ACT I. SCENE II.

Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus
And groaning underneath this age’s yoke,
Have wish’d that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Br. 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 prepared 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 on me, gentle Brutus:
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protestor; if you know
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 honor in one eye and death i’ the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favor.
Well, honor 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 Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me ‘Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?’ Upon the word,
Accoutred 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 stemmed it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, ‘Help me, Cassius, or I sink!’
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
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 color fly,
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 cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
As a sick girl. Ye gods! it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.]

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors 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 and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable 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;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar.
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 shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls 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 that would have brook’d
The eternal devil 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 moved. 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:
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.

_Cas._ I am glad that my weak words
ACT I. SCENE II.

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus. 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.

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

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: Calpurnia’s cheek is pale; and Cicero Looks with such ferret and such fiery 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: 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! But I fear him not: Yet if my name were liable to fear, 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 music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While 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.

[Scenct. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train but Casca.]

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

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

Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not? 219

Bru. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered 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 offered 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 neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hanged 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;—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 offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopt hands and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded 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 swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed 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 used to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?

Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I 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 worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried ‘Alas, good soul!’ and forgave him with all their hearts: but there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed 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.
ACT I. SCENE II.

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. Farewell, both. [Exit.
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 enterprise,
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. I will do so: till then, think of the world.

[Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: 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; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. 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
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar 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 Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of
earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening 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—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 ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
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 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. Farewell, Cicero.  [Exit Cicero.

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?
Casca. A Roman.
Casca. Your ear is good.  Cassius, what night is this!
Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men.
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?
Casca. 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 bared 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.

Casca. 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,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preformed faculties,
To monstrous quality, why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
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
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?
Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs 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 show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar 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.

[Thunder still.

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
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. 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:
Be factious for redress 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 moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-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
In favor’s like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, 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 stay'd 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 stay'd 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.

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

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. Rome. Brutus' orchard.

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? 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 ques-
tion.
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: and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereo 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 degrees
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,
Could 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.

[Give 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
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.

[Knocking within.

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, 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, Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are moe 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 'em enter. [Exit Lucius.

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest 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
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 the Conspirators, 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 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?

[Brutus and Cassius whisper.

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

Ciu. 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
ACT II. SCENE I.

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,
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. But if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause,
To prickle 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 engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautious,
Old feeble carriions 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 enterprise,
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
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 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 ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried 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.

_Dic._ Shall no man else be touch'd but only _Caesar_?

_Cas._ Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of _Caesar_,
Should outlive _Caesar_: 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 _Caesar_ 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;
For Antony is but a limb of _Caesar_:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of _Caesar_;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by _Caesar_'s spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar 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 'em. 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 Caesar's arm
When Caesar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him;
For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar—

Bru. Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Caesar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
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 Caesar 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 prodiges,
The unaccustom’d terror 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 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 flattered.
Let me work;
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 uttermost?

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:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I’ll fashion him.

Cas. The morning comes upon’s: we’ll leave you,
Brutus.

And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
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.

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 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 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 wafture 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
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.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbraced 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 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, 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.

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, comfort your bed,  
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs  
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,  
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.  

_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.  
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 'em:  
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 awhile;  
And by and by thy bosom shall partake  
The secrets of my heart.  
All my engagements I will construe to thee,  
All the character of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste.  [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

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! Would you were not sick!

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 before,
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.** *Caesar's house.*

*Thunder and lightning.* Enter *Caesar*, in his night-gown.

*Cæs.* Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calpurnia 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 Calpurnia.*

*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.

*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,
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;
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 Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

Caes. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Caesar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Caesar.

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

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

Caes. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
 Caesar 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 consumed 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.

Cæs. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, 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:
Can not, 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 afeard 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.

Caes. 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:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuę,
Which, like a fountain with an 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; 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 Calpurnia’s dream is signified.

Caes. 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 Caesar.
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 Caesar’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.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
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?

Bru. Cæsar, ’tis strucken 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: _[Aside]_ and so near will I be,  
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._ _[Aside]_ That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,  
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!  _[Exeunt._

**Scene III.**  _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,  
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. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, 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, Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst 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. Prithee, listen well; I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray, And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the 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.

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 praetors, 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. Ay me, how weak a thing
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 severally.]
ACT III.

Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

A crowd of people; among them Artemidorus and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter Cæsar, Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Antony, Lepidus, Popilius, Publius, and others.

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer] 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.

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 served.
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 goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.

[Advances to Cæsar.]
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise 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 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.

Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cas. 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
An humble heart:—

[Kneeling.
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
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 court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Why 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.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
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 moved, 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;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshaked of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show 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?

_Casca_. Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.

_Cæs_. Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.

_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.

_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: so tell them, Publius.

_Cas_. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
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 amazed:
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 abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
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 states 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 their country liberty.
What, shall we forth?

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.

Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony’s.

Thus 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 honor him; Say I fear’d Cæsar, honored him, and loved him. If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him, and be resolved How Cæsar has deserved 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 Through the hazards of this untrod state With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

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 honor, Depart untouch’d.

I’ll fetch him presently. [Exit.

I know that we shall have him well to friend.

I wish we may: but yet have I a mind
That fears him much; and my misgiving still
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

_Bru._ But here comes Antony.

_Re-enter 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 else must be let blood, who else is rank:
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,
Fulfill 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—
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part, To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony: Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts 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 appeased 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, 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,
Sign’d in thy spoil, and crimson’d in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken 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 compact 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.

_[Aside to Brutus]_ You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?

_Bru._ By your pardon; I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show 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.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic 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 choked with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc,' and let slip the dogs of war;
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,
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 chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
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 Caesar's body.

Scene II. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. 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 'em stay here;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Caesar's death.

First Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.

Sec. 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 pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, 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 Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? 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.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar’s body.

Here comes his body, mourned 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 which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Sec. Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

Fourth Cit. Cæsar’s better parts
Shall be crown’d in Brutus.

First Cit. We’ll bring him to his house with shouts and clamors.

Brutus. My countrymen,

Sec. Cit. Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.
First 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.

First Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair; We’ll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.
Ant. For Brutus’ sake, I am beholding to you.
[ Goes into the pulpit.

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
Third Cit. He says for Brutus’ sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
Fourth Cit. ’Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
Third Cit. Nay, that’s certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say. 
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men —
Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable 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 honorable 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 judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Caesar has had great wrong.

Third Cit. Has he, masters?

I fear there will a worse come in his place.

Fourth Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Caesar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honorable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Caesar;
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 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.

*Fourth Cit.* We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

*All.* The will! the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

*Ant.* Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved 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!

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

*Ant.* Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.

*Fourth Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!

*All.* The will! the testament!

*Sec. 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 show you him that made the will. Shall I descend? and will you give me leave? All. Come down. Sec. Cit. Descend.

[He comes down from the pulpit. Third Cit. You shall have leave. Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round. First Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body. Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony. Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off. Several 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 resolved If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no; For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel: Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved 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 statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, 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: 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.

_First Cit._ O piteous spectacle!
_Sec. Cit._ O noble Cæsar!
_Third Cit._ O woful day!
_Fourth Cit._ O traitors, villains!
_First Cit._ O most bloody sight!
_Sec. Cit._ We will be revenged.
_All._ Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live!

_Ant._ Stay, countrymen.

_First Cit._ Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

_Sec. 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 honorable;
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
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 public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, 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;
Show 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
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

_All._ We'll mutiny.

_First Cit._ We'll burn the house of Brutus.

_Third Cit._ Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

_Ant._ Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.

_All._ Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

_Ant._ Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
You have forgot the will I told you of.

_All._ 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.

_Sec. Cit._ Most noble Cæsar! We'll revenge his death.

_Third Cit._ O royal Cæsar!
_Ant._ Hear me with patience.
_All._ Peace, ho!

_Ant._ Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; 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?
First Cit._ Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.

Take up the body.

_Sec. Cit._ Go fetch fire.
_Third Cit._ Pluck down benches.
_Fourth Cit._ Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[Exeunt citizens with the body.

_Ant._ Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!"
ACT III.  SCENE III.  

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

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 anything.

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 moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.

SCENE III.  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.

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

Fourth Cit. Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third 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.

Sec. 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.

First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrand: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go!

[Exeunt.]
ACT IV.

Scene I. A house in Rome.

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—


Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister’s son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.

But, Lepidus, go you to Caesar’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 honors on this man,

To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
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 tried 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.
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 abjects, orts, and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled 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 combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

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

[Exeunt.

Scene II. Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Lucius, and Soldiers; Titinius and Pindarus meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
To do you salutation from his master.

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
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 honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius,
How he received you: let me be resolved.

Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.

Bru. Thou has described
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 show 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?

_Lucil._ They mean this night in Sardis to be quar-
ter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.  

[Low march within.

_Bru._  Hark!  he is arrived.

March gently on to meet him.

_Enter Cassius and his powers._

_Cas._ Stand, ho!
_Bru._ Stand, ho!  Speak the word along.
_First Sol._ Stand!
_Sec. Sol._ Stand!
_Third Sol._ 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 wrong;  
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. Brutus's tent.

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 should bear his comment.  

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 speaks this,  
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honors 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? 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 honors  
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;  
I’ll not endure it: you forget yourself,  
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,  
Older in practice, abler than yourself  
To make conditions.

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 frightened 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 show 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 humor? 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.
    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 lived, he durst not thus have moved 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 denied 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 denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer’d Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

*Cas.* I denied you not.

*Bru.* You did.

*Cas.* I did not: he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart:
A friend should bear his friend’s infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

*Bru.* I do not, till you practice them on me.

*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; braved by his brother;
Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
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;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar: for I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
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 humor which my mother gave me

Makes me forgetful?

*Bru.* Yes, Cassius, and from henceforth, 120

When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,

He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

*Poet.* [Within.] Let me go in to see the generals;

There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet

They be alone.

*Lucil.* [Within.] You shall not come to them.

*Poet.* [Within.] Nothing but death shall stay me.

_Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius._

*Cas.* How now! what's the matter?

*Poet.* For shame, you generals! what do you mean?

Love, and be friends, as two such men should be;

For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye. 130

*Cas.* Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!

*Bru.* Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!

*Cas.* Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion.

*Bru.* I'll know his humor, when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!

Cas. Away, away, be gone! [Exit Poet.
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. [Exit Lucilius and Titinius
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [Exit Lucius.
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 'scaped 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.
Cas. And died so?
Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.
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'erswell the cup;
I can not drink too much of Brutus' love. [Drinks.

Bru. 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.

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 selfsame tenor.

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 died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.

Cas. Cicero one!

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

Bru. No, Messala.
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?

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, farewell, 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 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 forced affection;
For they have grudged us contribution:  
The enemy, marching along by them,  
By them shall make a fuller number up,  
Come on refresh’d, new-added, and encouraged;  
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,  
That we have tried 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,  
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! [*Enter Lucius.*] My gown. [*Exit*
ACT IV. SCENE III.

Lucius.] Farewell, 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. Everything is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.
Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.
Bru. Farewell, every one.
[Exeunt all but Brutus.

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'erwatch'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.
JULIUS CAESAR

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.

[Varro and Claudius 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 awhile,
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. It was well done; and thou shalt sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee.

[Music, and a song.
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;
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?
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 makest my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.

_Ghost._ Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

_Bru._ Why comest thou?

_Ghost._ To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

_Bru._ Well; then I shall see thee again?

_Ghost._ Ay, at Philippi.

_Bru._ 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!

_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 criedst 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!
[To Varro] 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; 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 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, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. Prepare you, generals:  
The enemy comes on in gallant show;  
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,  
And something to be done immediately.

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.

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;  
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 show’d your teeth like apes, and fawn’d like hounds,  
And bow’d like bondmen, kissing Cæsar’s feet;  
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind  
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

_Cas._ Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:  
This tongue had not offended so to-day.  
If Cassius might have ruled.

_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 thirty wounds  
Be well avenged, or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst 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 couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
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.

Lucil. [Standing forth] My lord?

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.

Cas. Messala!

Mes. [Standing forth.] What says my general?

Messala, This is my birth-day; as this very day
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
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.

_Mcs._ Believe not so.

_Cas._ I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

_Bru._ Even so, Lucilius.

_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?

_Bru._ Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
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
Through 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 farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, 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, farewell, 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.]
Scene II.  The same.  The field of battle.

Alarum.  Enter Brutus and Messala.

Bru.  Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills Unto the legions on the other side.  [Loud alarum.  Let them set on at once; for I perceive But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing, And sudden push gives them the overthrow.  Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.  [Exeunt.

Scene III.  Another part of the field.

Alarums.  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 enclosed.

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.  Look, look, Titinius; Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Tit.  They are, my lord.

Cas.  Titinius, if thou lov'est 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 assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

_Tit._ I will be here again, even with a thought. [Exit.

_Cas._ Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou notest about the field.

[**Pindarus ascends the hill.**

This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?

_Pin._ [Above.] O my lord!

_Cas._ What news?

_Pin._ [Above.] O my Lord!

_Cas._ What news?

_Pin._ [Above.] 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. [**Shout.**] And, hark! 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!

[**Pindarus descends.**

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 shouldst 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 ’t is now, Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Cæsar, thou art revenged, 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? 
_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 show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest 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 sight.

_Tit._ Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.

[Exit Messala.

_Hi_ 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.  

[Kills himself.]

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 Caesar, thou art mighty yet!  
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords  
In our own proper entrails.  

[Low alarums.]

Cato. Brave Titinius!  
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!  
Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?  
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!  
It is impossible that ever Rome  
Should breed thy fellow.  
Friends, I owe moe tears  
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.  
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.  
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:  
His funeral shall not be in our camp,  
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;  
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.  
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:  
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night  
We shall try fortune in a second fight.  

[Exeunt.]
Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then Brutus, young 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!

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;

Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!

[Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?

Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;

And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:

There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honor'd in his death.

First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!

Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; 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 whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [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 show’d the torch-light, but, my lord,
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. [Whispering.
ACT V. SCENE V.

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

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 seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Low alarums.
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 prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, 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. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;

7
Farewell to thee, too, Strato. Countrymen, My heart doth joy that yet in all my life 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 labor’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 prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;  
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor 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. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.]  

Caesar, now be still:  
I kill’d not thee with half so good a will. [Dies.  


Oct. What man is that?  

Mes. My master’s man. Strato, where is thy master?
ACT V. SCENE V.

Strat. 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 honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus, That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them. # Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

Strat. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Strat. I held the sword, and he did run on it.

Mes. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, That did the latest service to my master.

Ant. This was the noblest Roman of them all: All the conspirators, save only he, 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!'

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 honorably. So call the field to rest; and let's away, To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.

L.of C.
NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

ACT I.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. An obscure street in Rome. Extending from the left to the center of the stage, and parallel with the footlights, is a row of low houses; two of them have projecting upper stories; the middle one has a shop on each side of the door; in the windows of one of these, images are displayed for sale; in the other, fruits and vegetables; a bunch of chickens, with their legs tied together, lies by the door. At the middle of the stage the street turns diagonally, running toward the back and the right, and here one sees the houses on both sides. The small upper windows are open, and in one is seen a slave woman with a child in her arms. Over the houses, in the distance, rises the Capitoline Hill, crowned with temples. At the bend of the street, several boys are playing, stopping occasionally to listen to the indistinct shouts of the people who are out for a holiday. Pedestrians pass to and fro; a litter is carried by. The curtains part, a woman puts out her head and speaks to the slaves, who turn about, go down the diagonal part of the street, and disappear. From the same direction, the shouts grow louder, and the noisy rabble, in holiday attire, appear. When they reach the bend in the narrow way, windows and doors are suddenly filled with people; from the left come the two tribunes, Flavius and Marullus. The play begins.

3. What word in this line is used in an unusual sense?
5 and 6. The tribunes are public officers, and "gentlemen." The "commoners" are workingmen and the rabble.

What differences in dress and manner can you fancy? Also, what difference in mood for several speeches?

9. What are the two most emphatic words in this line?

Shakespeare likes to play on words. What two meanings has "cobbler"? Find all the plays on words in the speeches of the Second Commoner, and consider what words must be emphasized to make them emphatic.
28. The tribune can not be so stupid as to misunderstand these jokes. Why, then, does he affect to do so?
32. How do the citizens greet the witticisms of their comrade?
33. The tone of the scene changes here. Why and how?
35. When a Roman general returned from a conquest, a public celebration called a triumph was held in his honor.
38. Pompey and Caesar had once been friends, and with Crassus had formed the First Triumvirate. Political jealousy at last made them enemies, Caesar overcame Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, and Pompey soon after met his death in Africa. Caesar afterward defeated his rival's sons at Munda, in Spain, and it was in honor of this victory that he was given the triumph here mentioned. Flavius and Marullus were of the party of Pompey.
40. What anachronism in this line?
42. Scan this line.
46. Taking this line as an example of the imaginative language of Marullus, select all the figures in the speech.
53. What is the effect of this short line?
55. This last sentence is put in an unusual way. Express it in your own language, being careful not to omit any idea.
This is a good speech to commit to memory.
57. Scan this line.
Is Flavius in just the same humor as Marullus? What is the difference in the tone of their voices? Was it argument that induced the citizens to depart?
65. This line and the next show one of the customs of the triumph.
68. Lupercus was the god of fertility. The Lupercalia, a feast in his honor, was held in the month of February.

GENERAL QUESTIONS.

1. Is this scene a good introduction to the play? 2. Can you forecast what is to be the theme of the story? 3. Is the scene less good as an introduction because Caesar does not appear in it? 4. Do you think the commoners are entirely won over to the opinions of the tribunes? If not, why do they go away in silence? 5. Contrast their manner of coming upon the scene with that of their departure. 6. What manners and customs of the Roman people are suggested in the scene? 7. The play is a tragedy. Why did Shakespeare begin it with a comedy scene?
Scene II.

Suggestion of Scene. Suppose the scene to be in the Forum before the northern end of the Basilica Julia, which was built by Cæsar. As much of the building as the narrow limits of the stage will allow us to see, stretches from the left and front to the middle and back of the stage. We see two arcades, one above the other, with round arches and square columns; in each of the open spaces above is a statue. To the right and a little beyond the basilica, we see the majestic Temple of Saturn, with its white stone columns. Here was stored the public treasure which Cæsar plundered, with the consent of the subservient Senate, when he invaded Rome. A curse had been pronounced against anyone who should take this money for any other purpose than to repel an invasion of the Gauls; but Cæsar defended himself by saying that he had subdued the Gauls, and that fear of an invasion was forever at an end. The tribune Metellus stood before the door to protect the treasure, but Cæsar quelled him with threats, had the door broken open with pickaxes, and distributed the money, giving five mine to each of his soldiers, and three hundred sesterces to each citizen. Perhaps we heighten the fatalistic tenor of the play by this selection of scene, for when we hear the soothsayer say, “Beware the Ides of March,” we remember the curse.

The arcades of the basilica, and the steps of the temple are crowded with cheering people. From the right, across the open space, comes the advance guard of Cæsar’s train—the noisy rabble we have seen before, led by the two facetious citizens, wholly forgetful of the fact that they had a half hour before vanished “tongue-tied in their guiltiness.” The shouting suddenly rises to a tumultuous crescendo; great Cæsar appears—a tall spare man, with pale face and piercing dark eyes, aquiline nose, scanty hair: there is no beard upon his delicate, almost effeminate face; his head is crowned with a wreath of laurel. Beside him is Antony, wearing only a cloth about his loins, and perhaps a leopard skin over his shoulder; in his hand he carries a leather thong. Behind them come Calpurnia and the rest of the train.

1. With what kind of voice do you fancy Cæsar speaks—loud or soft, fast or slow?

2. What effect does the sudden silence have on the audience? Remember that Shakespeare is always striving for forcible effects.
3. Antony was the head of one of the colleges of Luperci, or priests of Lupercus. It was their custom on the feast day to run through the streets nearly naked, striking all they met with the thongs of leather that they carried. According to the popular belief, women who had had no children might have their desire in this respect if they held out their hands to be struck by the thong of the priests. Cæsar and Calpurnia had had no children; hence his request.

11. A flourish is a sudden strain of music intended as a prelude.

12. Shakespeare is very skillful in showing, casually, by the speeches of his people, their manner of speech and dress as well as their characters. What is there a few lines further on to show the soothsayer's tone?

17. Why does Cæsar speak of himself in the third person?

18. The soothsayer is dressed in robes, and carries a lituus. (See in introduction the account of "A Day in the Life of an Aristocratic Roman.") Before he speaks, he has been making mysterious motions with his lituus, as if drawing lines on the sky. The effect of the sudden silence is again to be considered.

The Romans computed time from the Kalends, the first day of the month, the Nones, or the ninth day before the Ides; and the Ides, which were the fifteenth of March, May, July, and October, and the thirteenth of the other months.

20. Is this demand of Cæsar's merely Shakespeare's device to get the man out where the audience can see him, or is it to be supposed that Cæsar had some good reason for wanting to look him in the eye? If the latter, what was it?

22. What is the emphatic word here? What phase of Cæsar's character appears here?

24. Could Cæsar have given this decision without seeing the man?

A sennet is a signal given by a trumpeter for the actors to leave or to go upon the stage.

Consider the effect of this sudden departure of all but Brutus and Cassius.

26. The first words of Brutus show one element of his character. What is it?

28, 29. Keeping in mind Shakespeare's habit of putting a thought in the unusual way, turn this speech and the next two into your own language, and note the difference. It will be well to write out your paraphrase with great care.
40. "Passions of some difference" means conflicting desires; Brutus cannot determine which of two or more things he ought to do or think.
41, 42. Brutus says that his thoughts concern himself alone, and that he has seemed silent and unfriendly because he has been absorbed in them.
45. Scan the line, remembering that Shakespeare does not always place the accent of a word where we place it.
55. Turn this sentence into your own words. See whether you can express the same idea clearly, and yet in as few words.
59. Many of "the best respect" means those people who are held in the highest estimation.
60. The words "except immortal Caesar," should be read in a lower tone than the rest of the speech, and should have a marked pause before and after them. Why?
During this whole conversation, one of the speakers watches the other furtively. You can at this point, no doubt, tell which one it is, and why.
62. Which is the most emphatic word?
65. What is the quality that Brutus denies having?
66. Does "therefore" introduce Cassius's conclusion to what Brutus has said, or to what he himself has said? What do you detect here of Cassius's state of mind?
71. "Jealous" means suspicious.
72. Cassius means,—If I were a common, insincere, trifling fellow who swears warm friendship to each new acquaintance, etc.
78. Consider the effect of this shout of the distant rabble intruding upon the quiet of the scene.
80. Does Cassius reply instantly, or does he pause before he speaks? Why? What is the emphatic word in the line? Is not the line capable of an unusually varied modulation?
85-89. The character of the two men appears as the dialogue proceeds, and here is revealed the chief thing to be observed of Brutus. What is it? Put the sentence into your own words, without the figure. You will then see how Shakespeare's imagination has strengthened the thought.
91. "Your outward favor" means your personal appearance.
95, 96. Here Cassius touches the chief element of his own character.
He now comes to the subject that burdens his heart; his manner becomes more vehement, his gestures nervous, his voice intense, and his face distinctly shows his emotion.

During the speech, is Brutus calm or agitated?

105. "Accoutred" means dressed, or armed.
106. "Lustily" means vigorous.
108. The story of Æneas is told in Virgil's "Æneid."
109. Scan the line, remembering that Shakespeare sometimes makes two syllables of a word that has but one.
110. Probably an allusion to a soldier fleeing from his colors.
111. "Bend" means glance.
112. "His" in Shakespeare's time was neuter as well as masculine.
113. Fancy Cassius's disgust as he says, "as a sick girl." Read the words after his manner, and note the movement of your lips and nose. The sneer is an evolution of the snarl of an animal; it is the human way of showing the teeth. With the words "Ye gods," Cassius changes his tone. How?

115. The Greeks and the Romans gave a palm branch to athletes as a sign of victory. Similar expressions have arisen in a similar way. Chaucer says of the miller, one of the characters in his "Canterbury Tales,"—"At wrastling he wold bere away the ram." "To take the cake" is a slang phrase in our times. Its origin is too well known to require explanation.

Are this shout and flourish more or less impressive than the first?

116. An allusion to the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the ancient world.

117. Cassius lowers his voice here, speaks more slowly, and probably comes nearer Brutus and looks him in the eye. Why?

118. What is Fate? How did the Greeks and the Romans personify it.

119. The star that was rising at the time a man was born, was supposed to govern his destiny.

120. What does "sounded" mean?

121. What is it to "conjure" and to "start a spirit"?

122. Cassius is here in the very torrent of his passion. Does his voice rise again?

123. One word in this line was evidently pronounced differently in Shakespeare's time. Explain.
This was Lucius Junius Brutus, who drove out king Tarquinius Superbus.

159–161. This means,—The former Brutus would have endured the devil as his ruler as willingly as he would a king. What does "eternal" mean?

162. "Jealous" has been defined in this scene.

163. "Aim" means guess or supposition.

167. In the words "further moved" we find another of Shakespeare's casual hints as to the manner of one of his characters. Brutus has noticed Cassius's heat, and remarks upon it.

171. Explain "chew upon this." What figure is there in the expression?

176, 177. Another casual hint such as is mentioned in the note on line 167. The good actor makes the most of such helps.

180. Here Shakespeare anticipates the character of one of his people. We know something of Casca before we see him.

184. The student should observe constantly how well Shakespeare selects just the right word for the right place. What word in this line is especially well selected?

186. A ferret has red eyes.

192. Shakespeare got the material for this play from Sir Thomas North's translation of Plutarch's Lives, which was published in 1579. Any one who reads the lives of Cæsar and Brutus as they appear therein, cannot help being struck with Shakespeare's faithfulness to most of the facts in the case, and at times to the very language, and also with the way in which he has fused life and personality into the lives by turning historical narrative into vivid conversation. The following are the originals of the speech beginning in this line and that beginning in line 198.

"Cæsar also had Cassius in great jealousy, and suspected him much; wherefore he said on a time to his friends, What will Cassius do, think ye? I like not his pale looks. Another time... he answered them again, As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, quoth he, I never reckon of them: but these pale-visaged and carrion lean people, I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius." — From the Life of Cæsar.
198. Is Cæsar convinced by what Antony says? His answer, “Would he were fatter,” is characteristic. Why?

213. Notice how artfully Shakespeare draws the conversation to a close; Cæsar’s allusion to his deaf ear gives the opportunity for his yielding the stage to the three conspirators.

What do you fancy Cæsar’s tone and manner during these speeches? Does he look at Cassius or at Antony? If the former, does he look straight at him or from the corner of his eye? Is he serious or mirthful?

219. Why does Casca begin this and other speeches with “why”?

231. In former times people swore by the Virgin Mary, but the word was corrupted to “marry,” and the original meaning of the word was forgotten; just as now small boys say “Jiminy,” not knowing that it is an old Roman oath, “Gemini,” which means the twins, Castor and Pollux.

235. In this speech the actor sometimes adds to the naturalness by pausing after the word “these,” and using a little exclamation or grunt, as if trying to think of the word; thus, “These—eh—coronets.”

“Chopt” means chapped.

250. Cæsar was subject to fits of epilepsy. Notice how quickly Cassius takes up the statement that Cæsar swooned, and how artfully he uses it in his next speech.

This incident of Cæsar’s swoon did not happen at this time, but before one of his battles in Africa. Why did Shakespeare introduce it here? Was he writing history or a play?

264. Notice how Shakespeare phrases his ideas. “He plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut,” is not our way of expressing the idea.

265. “An” in Shakespeare’s time meant if.

266. “Occupation” means trade. Why would it have made any difference with Casca if he had been a mechanic?

268. Casca probably imitates Cæsar’s voice and manner here, putting a great deal of hypocrisy into them.

Was not Casca a cynic?

283. Cæsar deprived Marullus and Flavius of their tribuneships.

289. This speech would be insulting if Brutus had made it. Why is it not when Casca speaks it?
It would be interesting to look up Plutarch’s account of the offering of a crown to Caesar. See the life of Antony or of Cæsar.

295. Scan the line. Why does Cassius praise Casca in just this manner?

298–300. Consult the question on line 289, and then put this sentence into your own words.

“Stomach” probably has the sense of willingness.

“Digest” here means to bear.

307. Cassius means that Brutus is honorable, but that he can be persuaded to do a thing that is dishonorable. Was it more dishonorable for Brutus to conspire against Caesar than for Cassius himself?

308. “Therefore, etc.,” means that people of noble minds should associate with those of noble minds. Does not Cassius here make an unfortunate reflection upon himself?

319, 320. The scene ends with a rime. This is common in Shakespeare. It was a signal to the audience that the scene was at an end, and probably to a stage hand to come out, take down the placard that indicated the place (in this case, “A public place”), and hang up another. Here, however, the scene does not change, but time is supposed to pass, and a storm has come up.

Scene III.

The scene is the same as the one before it, except that a storm has come, and the stage is dark save for frequent flashes of lightning. People run to and fro in fear until Cicero speaks.

6. "Rived" means riven. Does the word "knotty" add anything to the force of the line?

7. The word "ambitious" is well selected. Why?

What do you find in this speech that concerns the religious beliefs of the Romans?

23. What is the best-selected word in the line? What does it add to the picture?

31, 32. Casca means to say that he does not believe these things are natural, but that they are signs of evil about to fall upon the country wherein they occur.

34. Scan this line. Express it and the next in your own words.

42. A is to be understood before night.

43. What is Cassius's hidden meaning?

44. Casca ignores the remark, which is in keeping with his charac-
ter. Why? See the previous scene, line 293.

45. "Unbraced" means unbuttoned. This is an anachronism. Why?

49. "Thunder-stone" means thunderbolt.

50. "Cross" means zigzag.

Why has Cassius so recklessly braved the fury of the elements? Do you detect a little pretension on his part?

57. The rest of the speech reveals what "sparks of life" are meant.

61. What word is well selected?

63. Does the word "gliding" help the picture?

64. This means,—Why birds and beasts do things that are unnatural.

65. This means,—Why old men act the fool, and children think deeply.

66. "Ordinance" means their natural ways or customs.

68. "Monstrous quality" means unusual, mysterious condition.

71. Explain "monstrous state."

79. This speech of Casca, and the preceding and the following one of Cassius, are quite in keeping with their characters. Why?

86. The Sibylline books, according to popular belief,—for they had
long ago been destroyed — stated that the Romans might conquer the Parthians if they were led by a king. It was therefore proposed to make Cæsar king over all Roman dominions except Italy. See Plutarch’s “Julius Cæsar.”

89. Cassius has two meanings in this line. What are they? With what manner does he look at Casca as he makes the statement? Contrast his look with that of Casca. Why does he not make the rest of the speech correspond with the other meaning?

103. Has Cassius mentioned Cæsar before to Casca? What emboldens him to do so now?

111. “But, O grief,” etc. Is Cassius still uncertain of Casca’s sympathy?

114. How would you express the idea contained in the words, “My answer must be made”?

117. “Fleering” means grinning.

124. Express this line in as few words as possible, and observe how Shakespeare has condensed the thought.

126. “Pompey’s Porch” was a part of the theater he had built for the people.

128, 129. “Complexion” and “favor” both mean appearance.


143. Brutus was prætor at this time.

146. On “Old Brutus” see note on Scene II, l. 159.

155. “Is ours.” Shakespeare was thinking of the three parts collectively; hence the singular verb.

159. What was the thing the alchemists spent their lives trying to do?

162. “Conceited” means conceived.

General Questions. 1. Does Cassius persuade Casca by precisely the same means he used with Brutus? 2. Find evidence of Casca’s bluntness. 3. Is honesty characteristic of blunt people? 4. Find further evidence of Cassius’s craftiness. 5. Find evidence of the superstitions of the time. Are there any similar ones now? 6. In the second scene, Casca’s speeches are in prose; why are they here in verse?

General Questions on the Act. 1. The first scene is an introduction. How would you describe the second? 2. Is the third scene of the same or of a different character? 3. Can the relative importance of Brutus and Casca in the play be determined by the time and effort Cassius takes to persuade them? Do you think the difference in the character
of the two men has something to do with it? 4. Shakespeare usually divides his plays into five steps, an act to each. How much of the story is set forth in this first act of "Julius Caesar"?

ACT II.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene is in Brutus's orchard or garden. At the right, half screened by a yew tree, is the end of the house, which has a small porch with two stone columns before it. At the left and rear is a wooden summer-house, whose roof is supported by four columns; within it is a table, on which burns a Roman lamp. A bench is on each side of the table. Before the summer-house a fountain, surrounded by a bed of narcissus, spouts a little jet of water into the cool night air. At the extreme left, extending from front to rear, is a grape arbor. A stone walk runs from the porch to the middle of the open space, widens into a circle, which incloses a bunch of rose bushes in full bloom, turns diagonally to the left and rear, and curves gently to the side of the summer-house. Three olive trees grow near the back of the garden; and a row of cypress running parallel with the inclosing wall, in which is a gate, extends across from left to right. Beyond the wall are seen the roofs of Rome, among them that of a temple. The sound of rumbling carts and the voices of the drivers are heard for a moment, and once or twice the careless and happy laughter of young men as they pass in the street,—all emphasizing the silence within the garden, where Brutus stands before the fountain, looking up into the night sky.

1. Considering the dramatic effect, do you see any reason why Brutus should not make his shouts to Lucius very loud? The boy enters, of course, rubbing his eyes, and perhaps stumbling from the heaviness of sleep.

7. The "taper" may have been a candle, or perhaps a Roman lamp—a vessel with a handle and a spout; from the latter protruded a wick that soaked up the oil within the lamp.

10. What is the antecedent of "it"?

11, 12. What do you understand by "personal cause" and "for the general"?

15. In what sense is "craves" used? What is the syntax of "that"?

16. Has "grant" its modern meaning?
19. "Remorse" means the self-restraint that comes from pity.
26. "Degrees" means steps.
29. "Will bear no color" means will not appear just.

It will be an excellent exercise to study out this speech carefully, and then write it down in your own words, being careful to express literally, if possible, all that Shakespeare expresses figuratively, and to use plain phrases in place of what we may call literary phrases. In this way you will get a clearer conception of the excellence of Shakespeare's English than you had before, and you will improve your own power of expression.

40. See note on Act I, Scene II, line 18.
44. "Exhalations" means meteors.
53. Brutus believed that he was descended from Lucius Junius Brutus, but this is in doubt.

59. This line is an example of Shakespeare's literary phrasing; the expression is the reverse of commonplace. Does it contain a figure?
66. "The Genius, etc.," means the mind and the body; Brutus finds it difficult to compel himself to do the bloody deed that his judgment tells him should be done.

70. Brutus's sister Junia was the wife of Cassius.
72. "Moe," more, is the comparative of many.
73. The Romans sometimes wore hats, especially when they traveled; but they usually covered their heads by drawing up the folds of their togas.

76. "Favor" means personal appearance. The word has passed out of modern English; but one hears it sometimes in country districts, as,—This boy favors (resembles) his father.
83. What does "path" mean?
84. "Erebus" was a part of the lower world.

The conspirators enter through the gate, and come through the row of cypress trees, meeting Brutus by the summer-house. Fancy their movements as Cassius introduces them.

86. What does the line mean? Do you detect in it and the speech beginning in line 90 any characteristic of Cassius that you have noticed before?
98, 99. This means,—What cares keep you from your sleep?
101. What is the purpose of the next four speeches?
114. 

NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

103, 104. The poets have done their best in descriptions of dawn. This one is short and simple, but beautiful. Shakespeare’s best, perhaps, is to be found in the third act of “Romeo and Juliet.” As they watch the east, Romeo says to Juliet,—

“Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night’s candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.”

112. How does the grouping of the men change here? What does the second shaking of hands signify?

113. Scan the line.

115. What does “sufferance” mean?

117. Explain the full force of “idle.”

118. Explain “high-sighted tyranny.”

119. What does “lottery” mean here?

123, 124. Express this question in your own language, without the figure of speech.

127. Explain the line.

129. “Cautelous” means crafty.

130. What does “carrians” mean? Note how much Shakespeare could express in one word.

133. “Even” means faultless.

135. What word would you be likely to use instead of the first “or”? Make an abstract of this speech; that is, state Brutus’s thoughts briefly in your own way.

141. Cassius suddenly changes the subject. Why? What do you fancy his expression and his attitude as he listens?

148. What does “whit” mean? Express this line and the next, leaving out the figure.

150-152. This speech, considered merely as a bit of character reading, might rather have been spoken by another person in the play. Who is it?

164. “Envy” means spite, hatred.

177. Has “chide” its usual meaning?

180. “Purgers” means healers.

183-189. Contrast the attitude and the manner of the two men. Keep in mind Brutus’s opinion of Antony, and determine whether he is right here.
191. Consider this also in the light of subsequent events.

192. The Romans had water-clocks, but these did not strike. This is an anachronism. Shakespeare often makes mistakes of this kind. Can you excuse him for it?

195. Allusion is made to this in the introduction.

202. Decius, or Decimus, Brutus was very intimate with Cæsar; Plutarch says that Cæsar made him his heir. He was entirely capable, then, of passing judgment upon Cæsar.

204. The unicorn was a fabulous horse with a long straight horn in the middle of his forehead, which he was accustomed to drive through his enemies. One might escape him by standing against a tree, and jumping aside when the beast made his charge, and the long horn would stick into the wood and hold him fast.

205. Bears, it was said formerly, would stand still if the reflection of a mirror were thrown into their eyes, and the hunter might take aim at leisure. Elephants are caught in pitfalls covered with brush.


207, 208. Do you regard this flattery gross or subtle?

213. The Romans divided the day and the night into twelve hours each. The day began at sunrise and ended at sunset; the hours of the day in summer were therefore longer than in winter.

215. What motive does Metellus wish to appeal to in Caius Ligarius? Is it worthy of a man who is going to commit a murder in the name of patriotism?

218. Can you excuse Brutus for taking up with the proposal?

225. Express this sentence in your own way.

227. "Formal constancy" means polite dignity, such as is the habit of gentlemen at all times.

The conspirators glide silently away, and Brutus is again alone. Let us fancy that he walks up and down for a time in silent thought; after he has called to Lucius and commented upon his sound sleeping, he resumes his pacing to and fro, and finally stops still, eyes cast down, completely lost in his meditations. Portia comes from the door, pauses a moment in the little porch, silently approaches him and lays her hand upon his shoulder. He is startled; then caresses her, and speaks with gentle reproof.

256. As Portia pleads, does Brutus repeat any of the signs of impatience she has described?

257. Was this a fit reply for a man who was so devoted to the truth that he thought it unnecessary to take an oath?
261. What does “physical” mean here?
262. “Unbraced” has been explained before.
266. “Rheumy” means conducive to colds and catarrh.
268. Do you give Portia credit for great penetration?
270. Here, as in so many places in Shakespeare’s plays, the line tells incidentally the action of the person.
271. “Charm” means conjure.
276–278. Here again we find directions to the players. Explain.
279. Notice how Portia turns the word “gentle” upon Brutus. Have you observed anything like this before?
288. Scan the line.
288–290. Notice how these lines appeal to the emotions and to the imagination. This is what makes them poetry.
295. Cato was Brutus’s uncle; Portia and Brutus were therefore cousins.
297. Scan the line.
300. Plutarch says that Portia, unwilling to ask the revelation of the secret from Brutus until she had given some proof of her courage and strong will, took a little razor, such as barbers use to cut nails with, and cut a great gash in her thigh.
308. “Charactery” means written characters. Explain its use here.
320–326. What is the reason that Ligarius joins the conspiracy?
323. Here is an allusion to conjuring. Explain it.
327. What is the hidden meaning here? And in the next line too?
330, 331. Considering the matter from a dramatic standpoint, why does not Brutus tell him now?
331. “Set on your foot” means,—Begin the work.

13. Do you see where Shakespeare might have made this scene longer?  
14. What effect on the audience has too long a scene?  
15. In the writing of a play, the dramatist must take care to arouse and to sustain the curiosity of his audience. By what means has Shakespeare succeeded thus far?

Scene II.

_Suggestion of Scene._ The scene is in the _atrium_, and the observer looks from front to rear through the open rooms. (See illustration in introduction.) In the blackness of night little can be seen, except when brilliant flashes of lightning seem to send a beam of fire down through the rectangular opening in the roof; then the cistern in the middle of the room, the statues about the walls, and a few chairs of antique pattern are visible for the instant. The thunder is appalling; the house is in an uproar; one can hear the cries and the whimperings of frightened servants in the rear. In the periods of darkness and profound silence, one can see the feeble blaze of the hearth fire beyond the cistern. Suddenly a white-robed figure appears; and a calm but tense voice is heard.

1–3. In the second part of Shakespeare's "King Henry IV," occurs the line,—"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown." What here suggests the line?

5. For Cæsar's opinion of his country's religion, see the introduction.

Contrast Cæsar's and Calpurnia's manner.

10–12. Can you find any excuse for this bragging?


14. In place of "one," we would say *some one*.

16. The "watch" means the watchman. This is another instance of Shakespeare's introduction of the customs of his own country into others.

22. "Hurtled" means clashed to and fro.

25. "Use" means custom.

Notice how well Shakespeare selects the portentous incidents that make the desired effect upon the audience. What is this effect? Why is the speech good poetry?

26–29. Does Cæsar believe in Fate? What was his attitude toward it?
32-37. It was a belief of Cæsar’s that the proper way to enjoy life is not to be afraid of death; and he lived up to his belief.

39. The custom of foretelling events by the appearance of the entrails of beasts is not mentioned in the introduction, but it is sufficiently hinted at here.

41-48. Again, is this bragging?

49. State this in your own words.

55, 56. Fancy that Cæsar yields with a sigh, and with a gesture of irritation, as if to say, “Well, I’ll have no peace unless I do yield.”

58. Decius says, “Good morrow.” It is evident that the sun has arisen and the time for the meeting of the senate has almost come. We already know that the conspirators have agreed to come by the eighth hour. All this time Shakespeare passes over in a few short speeches: It was his custom to ignore time and space in this manner. Do you see any good reason for his doing so?

60-64. Cæsar here shows another kind of courage than that which enabled him to face death. What is it? Has he showed it or failed to show it before in this scene?

71, 72. With what tone and gesture would Cæsar express his feeling?

76. “Statue” has three syllables.

89, 90. It was formerly the custom, on the execution of a noble or a martyr, to dip handkerchiefs in the blood, and wear them thus colored (tinctured, stained) as relics and badges (cognizances). Again Shakespeare is thinking of England.

What qualities of Decius are shown in the speech and his next?

92-104. What line in this speech has the most contempt and ridicule in it? What motives does Decius give to Cæsar for breaking his word to Calpurnia? Are they sufficient?

99. The following quotation from North’s translation of Plutarch’s life of Cæsar, will be interesting: —

“He (Decius Brutus) fearing that if Cæsar did adjourn the session that day, the conspiracy would out, laughed the soothsayers to scorn, and reproved Cæsar, saying: That he gave the Senate occasion to mislike with him, and that they might think he mocked them, considering that by his commandment they were assembled, and that they were ready willingly to grant him all things, and to proclaim him king of all the provinces of the empire of Rome out of Italy, and that he should wear his diadem in all other places both by sea and land. And furthermore, that if any man should tell them from him, they should depart for that present time, and return again when Calpurnia should have
better dreams: what would his enemies and ill-willers say, and how could they like of his friends’ words?”

Note how closely Shakespeare adheres to the facts, and in places even to the language of his authority.

103. “Proceeding” means career, public welfare.
104. This line means that he has spoken more freely than is reasonable, but he has done so because he loves Cæsar.
105–107. Do you think the reasoning of Decius has convinced Calpurnia? What is her look when Cæsar says he will go? Why does she say no more? What opinion of Cæsar does his yielding give you? In the following speeches see the conspirators with their masks of friendship on, hiding their enmity with “smiles and affability.” Which one plays the hypocrite best? Which one least successfully?

110. Cæsar jokes with Antony. Where else in the play have we noticed that the two are on particularly good terms?

118, 129. Express this speech in your own words.

“Yearns” means grieves.

General Questions. 1. What new do you observe in the character of Cæsar? 2. In what respects are Portia and Calpurnia alike? In what unlike? 3. This scene is less than half the length of the preceding one. Is it therefore less important? 4. Which may be longer—an intense or a quiet scene? 5. What step in the story is accomplished in the scene?

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. Suppose the scene to be the broad steps leading up the Capitoline Hill from the Forum. On the left are the walls of the Temple of Concord, and on the right the Career, or prison, a small low building, without claims to beauty. High up one sees two or three walls and a temple, crowning the hill. Artemidorus stands reading and looking out upon the Forum, waiting for Cæsar and his train to appear.

7. “Security gives way to conspiracy” suggests the popular saying, “Shakespeare never repeats.” It is true that he never repeats a character, but he frequently repeats a thought. Compare the expression quoted with the following from “Macbeth”:

“... And you all know, security
Is mortal’s chiefest enemy.”

11. A “suitor” is one who has a request to make.
12, 13. Express these lines in your own words.
14, 15. Do not fail to make the lines rime. How was Fate personified by the Romans?

**General Questions.** 1. Show that the last line maintains the curiosity of the audience. 2. Shakespeare here makes Caesar's life hang on a very slender thread; if Artemidorus fails to warn him, he will fall a victim to the conspirators. Here and elsewhere are allusions to Fate. Do they add anything of mystery or power to the play?

**Scene IV.**

*Stagon. Suggestion of Scene. The direction in the text is to make this scene the same as the preceding one. We take the liberty, however, of changing this, and of thinking that Brutus lived on the aristocratic Palatine Hill. The scene is a street gently sloping to the right. It is paved with stone. One sees a wide stone mansion with a pillared porch and at the left a garden wall, beyond which trees rise. The porter sits in the doorway, drowsing in the sun. Suddenly Portia, clad in her tunic, brushes past the porter, followed by Lucius. She rushes into the street, looks fearfully up and down, puts her hand to her ear to listen, and addresses the boy in a tumult of words."


6, 7. "Constancy" means firmness of character, such as, for example, Portia had shown in giving herself the voluntary wound. Has she any more need of it now than before? Why did she want a mountain set between her heart and her tongue?

23. What time was this in our way of counting the hours?

42. In what tone does Portia say, "Sure, the boy heard me"? Explain the reason for the rest of the sentence.

**General Questions on the Act.** 1. What one of the five steps of the story is set forth in the act? 2. Because of the length of the play and the frequent change of scene, modern players frequently omit scenes or combine two or more into one. Could any scene in this act be spared?
Could any two oe combined? 3. The conspirators have agreed to kill Cæsar, the ruler of Rome. Have they provided any means of governing the state after his death? 4. Why is it necessary for them to do so? 5. Pick out the passages that you like best. Can you tell why you like them? 6. In what ways does poetry differ from prose? 7. Have you detected any differences between Shakespeare and other poets whom you have read? 8. Do you think he believed in Fate? 9. Does he make Fate have little or much to do with the life of Julius Cæsar? 10. Why does Shakespeare have both comedy and tragedy in his scenes? 11. In these two acts, which predominates—comedy or tragedy?

ACT III.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. Cæsar was not killed in the Capitol, as Shakespeare says, but in the Curia of Pompey, a portion of the great theater that stood near the Campus Martius. The scene is before a great porch; four or five stone steps, the full length of the stage, rise from near the front, to the porch floor, from which three equidistant, massive columns rise, supporting a heavy roof. Within the shade and coolness are visible the seats prepared for the Senate; they stand in semicircles about Cæsar's chair, which rests upon a low platform at the left. A little to the right of this, and very near the steps leading down to the street, is the statue of Pompey, Cæsar's dead rival. A great crowd of people passes before the porch, many of them senators, who slowly ascend the steps and seek their seats or stand in little groups to chat. From the left comes a throng led by Artemidorus and the Soothsayer; a great shout from the right brings them to a stop just below Pompey's statue. The advance guard of Cæsar's retinue, a noisy rabble, now enters shouting, upon the right, and following is the great man himself, accompanied by the conspirators. As Cæsar sees the Soothsayer standing upon the steps of the theater waving his wand, he stops; quiet falls upon the multitude; the scene begins.

In his Life of Cæsar, Plutarch makes the following observation:—

"The place where the murder was prepared, and where the Senate were assembled, and where also there stood up an image of Pompey dedicated by himself amongst other ornaments which he gave unto the theater: all these were manifest proofs that it was the ordinance of some god, that made this treason to be executed, especially in that very
place. It is also reported that Cassius . . . beholding the image of Pompey, before they entered into the action of their traitorous enterprise: he did softly call upon it to aid him."

1, 2. The following quotation from the same will show how truthful Shakespeare has been to Plutarch's account, and how skilfully he has turned history into drama: —

"There was a certain soothsayer that had given Cæsar warning long time afore, to take heed of the day of the Ides of March, (which is the fifteenth of the month) for on that day he should be in great danger. That day being come, Cæsar, going into the Senate-house and speaking merrily unto the soothsayer, told him, The Ides of March be come: So they be, softly answered the soothsayer, but yet they are not past."

Note that Plutarch mentions the Soothsayer in but one place, while Shakespeare has him appear twice, the first time with the warning (Act I, Scene II), and this second time. Why is Shakespeare's, the dramatic, way, better than Plutarch's, the historic, way? To ask the same question in different words, What do the audience think when they see Cæsar and the soothsayer meet for the second time, and hear them speak to each other?

6. The following quotation is also from Plutarch's Life of Cæsar: —

"And one Artemidorus also born in the Isle of Gnidos, a doctor of rhetoric in the Greek tongue, who by means of his profession was very familiar with certain of Brutus's confederates, and therefore knew the most part of all their practices against Cæsar: came and brought him a little bill written with his own hand, of all that he meant to tell him. He marking how Cæsar received all the supplications that were offered him, and that he gave them straight to his men that were about him, pressed nearer to him, and said: Cæsar, read this memorial to yourself, and that quickly, for they be matters of great weight, and touch you nearly. Cæsar took it of him, but could never read it, though he many times attempted it, for the number of people that did salute him: but holding it still in his hand, keeping it to himself, went on withal into the Senate-house."

8. Comparing this line with the quotation above, observe the way Shakespeare in this case has changed the fact. Is his way better from a dramatic standpoint?

13–26. The following is the original from Plutarch's Life of Brutus: —

"When Cæsar came out of his litter: Popillius Lænas, that had talked before with Brutus and Cassius, and had prayed the gods they might bring this enterprise to pass: went unto Cæsar, and kept him a long while with a talk. Cæsar gave good ear unto him. Wherefore
the conspirators (if so they should be called) not hearing what he said to Caesar, but conjecturing by that he had told them a little before, that his talk was none other but the very discovery of their conspiracy: they were afraid every man of them, and one looking in another's face, it was easy to see that they were all of a mind, that it was no tarrying for them till they were apprehended, but rather that they should kill themselves with their own hands. And when Cassius and certain others clapped their hands on their swords under their gowns to draw them: Brutus marking the countenance and gesture of Lænas, and considering that he did use himself rather like an humble and earnest suitor, than like an accuser: he said nothing to his companion (because there were many among them that were not of the conspiracy) but with a pleasant countenance encouraged Cassius. And immediately after, Lænas went from Caesar, and kissed his hand: which showed plainly that it was for some matter concerning himself, that he had held him so long in talk."

What enterprise was Popillius thinking of when he said he wished it might thrive? Notice again, that the success of the conspiracy hangs on a very slender thread. What is it? What other one has been mentioned? Do not both appear here? Why do they make the situation more dramatic?

17. Scan.

26. Why does Trebonius draw Antony away? Does the action not show that the conspirators had a higher opinion of Antony than one of them expressed in a former scene?

31. In the description of the scene we left Caesar standing on the steps of the porch. Where is he as he pronounces this line?

33. "Puissant" means powerful.

38. "Pre-ordinance" means unalterably determined beforehand.

39-42. "Fond" means foolish. What does "rebel" mean? Express this sentence in your own words.

As Caesar speaks this speech, what are his looks and gestures? What is the attitude of Metellus? What are the looks and movements of the other conspirators?

59. "If I could pray, etc." means,—If I could pray others to change their opinions, then I could change my own.


Would this speech of Caesar's tend to strengthen or to weaken the determination of the conspirators to kill him? Compare this speech with Act II, Scene II. Has Caesar here told the truth about himself?

74. Would the dramatic effect be stronger if Caesar should rise here?
The following is the close of Plutarch's description of the scene as it appears in his Life of Cæsar:—

"Men report also that Cæsar did defend himself against the rest, running every way with his body: but when he saw Brutus with his sword drawn in his hand, then he pulled his gown over his head, and made no more resistance, and was driven either casually, or purposely, by the counsel of the conspirators, against the base whereupon Pompey's image stood, which ran all of a gore-blood till he was slain. Thus it seemed that the image took just revenge of Pompey's enemy, being thrown down on the ground at his feet, and yielding up his ghost there, for the number of wounds he had upon him. For it is reported that he had three-and-twenty wounds upon his body: and divers of the conspirators did hurt themselves, striking one body with so many blows."

The expression, Et tu, Brute (and thou too, Brutus) is not in Plutarch. There has been much speculation as to its origin.

Notice that Shakespeare makes the murder scene much shorter than does Plutarch. This shows a difference between a history and a play: the actors must make good the omissions. This, of course, makes the time shorter. Do you see why this increases the dramatic effect?

So. The pulpits were the rostra; they will be described in the next scene.

95. "Abide" means take the responsibility of.
97. Has "amazed" its usual sense here?
99. Does not this line show a thought in the mind of Brutus that he has not mentioned before?
101. "Stand upon" means think seriously upon.
112–117. Is this not rather Shakespeare than Cassius and Brutus speaking?
127. Brutus is flattered here as he has been before by Cassius. Does flattery have the desired effect upon him?

Does this speech show Antony to be a coward, or merely a trickster?

147. Cassius means that his suspicions are usually justified, and that he fears Antony. Does his speech throw any light on the previous question?

Notice how short a time Shakespeare allows for the bringing of Antony from his house. Is it right that he should thus ignore time and space?

149. In the speech beginning in this line, what are Antony's attitudes? Where does his tone change? Does he say anything he does
not mean? Does he not, in a part of the speech, display a pretended valor? (Consider lines 142, 143.)

174. Express this idea without the figure.

175. Brutus means that they will receive and protect him as strongly as they would fight against him if he were their enemy.

178, 179. See question on governing the state, at the end of the previous act.

185. Again the question,—Is this cowardice or trickery, or both? Does Antony himself throw any light on the question in the rest of the speech?

197. "Dearer" means more.

205. "Bay'd" means brought to bay.

207. "Lethe," according to Greek mythology, was the river of oblivion. What is the sense of the word here?

212. Fancy the sharp tone of this interruption.


215-218. Is Cassius a sentimental or a practical man?

230. Are not the words, "as becomes a friend," particularly significant here? Why does Antony make the request casually? Why did he not make it as soon as he entered? Does the speech throw any light on a question previously asked?

232. Is Brutus a sentimental man?

240. Scan.

255. The speech beginning in this line gives Antony's answer to the question as to his sincerity. Is it the true answer?

272. "Ate" was the goddess of rash actions, sometimes of revenge. This is a good passage to commit to memory or to write out in your own words. What expression in it is most quoted? What is the secret of its literary excellence?

277. Caesar was the great-uncle of Octavius.

284. Do not the words, "Passion, I see, is catching," forecast something in the next scene?

290. What is the play on words in this line? Where has it appeared before?

General Questions. 1. Has this scene more than one climax? If so, which is the greater? 2. Must all climaxes be noisy—tumultuous? 3. Do you detect a turning point of the play in this scene? Where is it? 4. Have you discovered the main theme of the play? 5. As a spectator of the play, do you want Caesar to be killed? 6. Does the
NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

part Fate plays in the affairs of men, continue to be set forth? 7. Are Fate and Chance the same thing? 8. In Greek mythology there was a goddess called Nemesis; it was her duty to punish crime. The conspirators in this play considered that the accident of Caesar's being killed at the base of Pompey's statue was evidence of her displeasure at Caesar's guilt in the death of Pompey. Do you think Shakespeare intended it to appear so? 9. What passages in the scene have the greatest effect upon your imagination and your feeling? In what ones is the best selection of words? Do you consider these passages best from a literary point of view? 10. Is there any lack of courage among the conspirators? 11. What further differences of opinion are there between Brutus and Cassius? Can you tell whose judgment was the better? 12. What new does the scene reveal in the character of Antony?

Scene II.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene is at the northern end of the Forum. In the foreground, and to the right of the stage, its southern end toward us, is the rostra (so called from the word rostrum, the beak or prow of a ship), or platform from which the orators addressed the people. Set in its front, which we see on our left, is a double row of the bronze prows of ships taken in the battle of Antium in 338 B.C. In the background we see the gray columns of the beautiful but decaying Temple of Concord. A roar of voices is heard. At the left enter Brutus and Cassius, followed by a throng of citizens more inclined, perhaps, to be hostile than friendly. Their words are lost in the tumult. Brutus gestures for silence, and in the hush that follows, speaks.

4. "Part the numbers" means to draw away a part of the crowd.
12. Why does Shakespeare give us the speech of Brutus rather than that of Cassius? In the speech beginning in this line, what two or three sentences appeal to the citizens most powerfully? What does Brutus say against Caesar? What expression is quoted most frequently? Does Brutus appear egotistical? Why are the sentences so precise in their structure? Is the speech an impassioned one? What evidences of fairness do you find in what he says?

37. "Extenuated" means lessened.
38. "Enforced" means exaggerated.

Antony and those with him advance to the end of the rostra, carry-
ing the body of Cæsar on a bier; they set it down and fall back from it, leaving it in full view.

47, 48. This short speech as much as any other in the play, perhaps, shows Shakespeare's contempt for the unthinking mob. Why?

59. "Have spoke" was correct English in Shakespeare's time.

64. Fancy the self-important waggings of the head as the citizens make these short speeches. Which of the citizens is the strongest friend of Brutus?

65. "Beholding" means indebted.

72. This second line of the speech shows that Antony knows how to wheedle the mob. Explain.

74. Scan.

80. In what tone does Antony pronounce this line? How do the citizens receive it? — for their looks and actions must be imagined all through Antony's speeches.

89. Brutus appealed to the reason of the citizens; what is Antony appealing to?

92. Is this line read with the same intonation as line 80?

96. Is this line read with the same intonation as line 76?

97. What is the effect of the word "sure"?

98. This line is probably the effect of some word or action among the mob. What is it?

100. Brutus appeals to their former love of Cæsar, to their constancy — always a powerful plea.

105. What is the crafty purpose of Antony in making this pause?

106–115. If you decided which one of the citizens was most friendly to Brutus, consider now whether Antony has won him?

118. What is the meaning of the line?

122. Again consider how the expression, "honorable men," should be read.

129. How does the mob receive this statement?

131. "In Shakespeare's day handkerchiefs were called napkins. The following is quoted from Plutarch's Life of Brutus:—

"Then Antonius thinking good his (Cæsar's) testament should be read openly, and also that his body should be honorably buried, and not in hugger-mugger, lest the people might thereby take occasion to be worse offended if they did otherwise: Cassius stoutly spake against it. But Brutus went with the motion, and agreed unto it. . . . He (Brutus) agreed that Cæsar's funeral should be as Antonius would have them: the which indeed marred all. For first of all, when Cæsar's tes-
tament was openly read among them, whereby it appeared that he had bequeathed unto every citizen of Rome, seventy-five drachmas a man, and that he left his gardens and arbours unto the people, which he had on this side of the river of Tiber, in the place where now the Temple of Fortune is built: the people then loved him, and were marvellous sorry for him.

Notice how plain and unemotional this is. Notice too, in all that Antony says of the will, how the magic of the poet's imagination has lent life and animation to the prosaic account of the historian.

136, 137. Of what has Antony now convinced the citizens? What are their actions and what the pitch of their voices as they make the demands stated in these two lines?

138. Show from this line that Antony understands human nature.

143. If Antony were speaking to an educated audience, would he say this?

148. What does Antony mean by saying that he has "o'ershot" himself?

156. Why does Antony delay the reading of the will?

168-171. The conquest of the Nervii is told in Cæsar's "De Bello Gallico." Antony was not with him at the time. This is one of Shakespeare's dramatic fictions.

The following quotation is the continuation of the passage quoted above:

"Afterwards when Cæsar's body was brought into the market place, Antonius making his funeral oration in praise of the dead, according to the ancient custom of Rome, and perceiving that his words moved the common people to compassion: he framed his eloquence to make their hearts yearn the more, and taking Cæsar's gown all bloody in his hand, he laid it open to the sight of them all, shewing what a number of cuts and holes it had in it. Therewithal the people fell presently into such a rage and mutiny, that there was no more order kept amongst the common people. For some of them cried out, Kill the murtherers; others plucked up forms, tables, and stalls about the market-place, as they had done before at the tables of Clodius, and having laid them all on a heap together, they set them on fire, and thereupon did put the body of Cæsar, and burnt it in the midst of the most holy places. And furthermore, when the fire was thoroughly kindled, some here, some there, took burning firebrands, and ran with them to the murtherers' houses that had killed him, to set them afire. Howbeit the conspirators foreseeing the danger before, had wisely provided for themselves, and fled."

174-184. The following from Plutarch's Life of Cæsar shows how Brutus was favored by the dictator:
"For Cæsar did not only save his (Brutus's) life, after the battell of Pharsalia when Pompey fled, and did at his request also save many more of his friends besides: but furthermore, he put a marvellous confidence in him. For he had already preferred him to the Praetorship for that year, and furthermore was appointed to be Consul, the fourth year after that, having through Cæsar's friendship, obtained it before Cassius, who likewise made suit for the same: and Cæsar also, as it is reported, said in this contention, Indeed, Cassius hath alleged best reason, but yet shall he not be chosen before Brutus. Some one day accusing Brutus while he practised this conspiracy, Cæsar would not hear of it, but clapping his hand on his body, told them, Brutus will look for this skin, meaning thereby, that Brutus for his vertue, deserved to rule after him, but yet, that for ambition's sake, he would not shew himself unthankful or dishonourable."

175. What word in the line would Antony not have dared to use in the beginning of his oration?

181. "Most unkindest," a double superlative, was quite correct in Shakespeare's time. The "most" was used for the sake of emphasis.

182. What is the most emphatic word in the line?

187. What does Antony imply here?

With what action does Antony bring this speech to a climax?

210–213. Here, as frequently as before, Antony's words are contradicted by his tone and his expression. In rhetoric, what is this called?

211. This line may be described as subtle. What does the word mean?

215. Is Antony sincere in this statement?

217. Perhaps Antony shakes hands with the nearest citizen as he says, "That love my friend." What is the effect on the mob?

In this speech, what is the climax of Antony's professed modesty? With what tone and manner does Antony close this speech?

239–241. In this speech is a place for a very long and very dramatic pause. Where is it?

240–250. What is the nature of Antony's last appeal to the citizens? Is it the most powerful?

259, 260. Fancy Antony's action and tone here. They must be expressive of victory and hope of revenge.

263. Lepidus is usually spoken of as master of the horse. He had been consul with Caesar in 46 B.C. Being near Rome with his army at the time of Caesar's death, he was called to Antony's assistance.

265. What subject upon which frequent questions have been asked, appears in this and the following line?
General Questions: 1. What is the mood of Brutus's speech to the citizens? 2. The moods of Antony's speech are several; he is humble, tearful, sorrowful for his friend, respectful to the conspirators, incipiently ironical towards them, craftily laudatory of Caesar, then more openly so; becoming bolder, he lets his irony appear plainly, and sets the citizens against the conspirators by appealing to the love they (the citizens) once had for Caesar; his grief is then given full sway, his admiration for Caesar's genius is touched upon, and the treachery of the conspirators, especially of Brutus, is strongly stated; modestly professing a forgiving spirit, he seems to counsel against bloodshed, but immediately after regrets that he is not able to move the very stones of Rome to rise and mutiny; finally, he appeals to the self-interest of the mob, and they are thoroughly won. Follow the speech of Antony through, and pick out the lines that express each one of these steps. Indicate, also, where the scene is quiet and where noisy. 3. Where is the climax of irony in the use of the words, "honorable men"? 4. The climax of the scene is in the departure of the citizens with Caesar's body and in Antony's triumphant apostrophe to Mischief. Why does not Shakespeare end the scene here? Why does he add the lines about Octavius and Lepidus? 5. Is it now plainer that there was a turning point in the previous scene?

Scene III.

Suggestion of Scene. Suppose the scene to be the exterior of the Circus Maximus, a building which, as enlarged by Caesar, provided room for 150,000 people to watch the games. The building stood westward of the Palatine Hill. We see only one of the entrances to the huge structure, and its walls towering upward. From the left comes Cinna, the poet; and immediately after, from the right, the excited rabble.

1. The dream and the incident of the scene may be found in Plutarch's Lives of Brutus and of Caesar. The incident happened in the market-place, that is, the Forum; as we have already placed two scenes there, we have chosen the Circus Maximus for the sake of variety.

5-12. Is it absolutely necessary that each of these speeches be heard? Would a mere hubbub make a better dramatic effect?

18. "Bear me a bang" means get a blow from me.
19, 20, 23. "Directly" means without evasion.

*General Questions.* 1. Is it suitable that a part of the scene should be comedy? 2. Why is the scene so much shorter than the two before it? 3. What further evidence of Shakespeare's contempt of the mob do you find?

*General Questions on the Act.* 1. What step or steps of the story are made in this act? 2. Does it not begin to appear that the goddess, Nemesis, has a double task in the play? 3. Can you tell thus far in your reading what is the purpose of the whole play? 4. Is it likely that the purpose of the play would be accomplished as early as the third act? 5. Have the scenes the right proportion of length and intensity? 6. Could one of the scenes be omitted without serious detriment to the play? 7. Brutus evidently thought the murder of Cæsar a moral action. Does it appear so? 8. What did the conspirators fail to take into consideration? 9. Sometimes there are comedy scenes in a tragedy, as in this play, and sometimes there are tragic scenes in a comedy; and one who is reading the piece for the first time may be uncertain, when he reaches the middle, how it is going to "turn out." Of course we know this play is a tragedy; if we did not know it, could we determine at the end of the third act? In other words, could Shakespeare have given a happy ending to the play, leaving the first three acts precisely as they are? In this respect compare "Julius Cæsar" with "Merchant of Venice." Might the latter play have been made to end as a tragedy? 10. Consider as you read on, whether Cæsar has wholly disappeared from the play.

**ACT IV.**

*Scene I.*

*Suggestion of Scene.* Though Plutarch says an island in the river Rhenus (now Reno) was the place of this meeting, let us picture it as Shakespeare intended it—in a house in Rome, again that of Cæsar. The scene is the triclinium, or dining-room. In the center is the great mensa, or table, with the three couches about it; on the table are many dishes and flagons, the remains of a feast which three slaves are clearing away. Sitting on the couch at the right, having before him a small, three-legged table, is Antony, clad in the light-colored tunic of a diner-out. Opposite him, similarly clad, and seated in a highly orna-
mented chair, is Lepidus; while Octavius, a stripling of twenty years, with half his armor on, sits some feet away, keenly and coldly observing the others. Sheets of papyrus, small jars of ink, and several reed-pens lie on the table. In the rear is a great door, through which are seen the columns of the peristyle bathed in the light of the moon, and three officers of the Roman army, who walk to and fro on the stone flagging.

The following quotation from North's Plutarch ("Brutus") will be found interesting:

"The people growing weary now of Antonius's pride and insolency, who ruled all things in manner with absolute power: they desired Brutus might return again, and it was also looked for, that Brutus would come himself in person to play the plays which were due to the people, by reason of his office of Praetorship. But Brutus understanding that many of Cæsar's soldiers which served under him in the wars, and that also had lands and houses given them in the cities where they lay, did lie in wait for him to kill him, and that they daily by small companies came by one and by one into Rome; he durst no more return thither. . . . Now the state of Rome standing in these terms, there fell out another change and alteration, when the young man Octavius Cæsar came to Rome. He was the son of Julius Cæsar's niece, whom he had adopted for his son, and made his heir, by his last will and testament. . . . To begin to curry favour with the common people, he first of all took upon him his adopted father's name, and made distribution among them of the money which his father had bequeathed unto them. By this means he troubled Antonius sorely, and by force of money, got a great number of his father's soldiers together that had served in the wars with him. And Cicero, for the great malice he bore Antonius, did favour his proceedings. . . . So Brutus preparing to go into Asia, news came to him of the great change at Rome. For Octavius Cæsar was in arms, by commandment and authority from the Senate, against Marcus Antonius. But after that he had driven Antonius out of Italy, the Senate then began to be afraid of him, because he sued to be Consul, which was contrary to the law, and kept a great army about him, when the empire of Rome had no need of them. On the other side, Octavius Cæsar perceiving the Senate stayed not there, but turned unto Brutus that was out of Italy, and that they appointed him the government of certain provinces: then he began to be afraid for his part, and sent unto Antonius to offer him his friendships. Then coming on with his army near to Rome, he made himself to be chosen Consul, whether the Senate would or not, when he was yet but a stripling or springal of twenty years old, as himself reporteth in his own commentaries. So when he was Consul, he presently appointed judges to accuse Brutus and his companions, for killing of the noblest person in Rome, and chiefest magistrate, without law or judgment: and made L. Cornificius accuse Brutus, and M. Agrippa, Cassius. So, the parties accused were
condemned, because the judges were compelled to give such sentence. The voice went, that when the herald (according to the custom after sentence given) went up to the chair or pulpit for orations, and proclaimed Brutus with a loud voice, summoning him to appear in person before the judges: the people that stood by sighed openly, and the noblemen that were present hung down their heads, and durst not speak a word. Among them, the tears fell from Publius Silicius' eyes: who shortly after, was one of the proscripts or outlaws appointed to be slain. After that, these three, Octavius Cæsar, Antonius, and Lepidus, made an agreement among 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."

1. "Prick'd." The triumvirs had lists of names of prominent citizens, whose cases they were now considering. When it was determined that one should be sent to death, a hole was pricked through the papyrus after his name.

9. What is the meaning of the line?
12. What is the meaning of "unmeritable"?
18. What conclusion does Antony wish to be understood from this line?

34. "Taste" means sense.
36, 37. "One that feeds on abjects, orts, and imitations," is thus explained by Wright,—"one that is satisfied with castaway and broken fragments, things which have been abandoned as worthless, and with aping the manners of others."

40. The word "property" is probably used in the theatrical sense.

44. Can you make the meaning clear by adding a word at the end of the line?

46. Can "covert matters" refer to anything in the scene?
47. "Answered" means met, faced.
48. "At the stake" is an allusion to bear-baiting, which is briefly mentioned in the introduction.

General Questions. 1. Can you find any marked changes in the character of Antony? 2. Has he acquired any of the character, as well as the power, of Julius Cæsar? 3. Do not the speeches of the young Octavius, though short, reveal two or three traits of character? 4. Can anything concerning the relations of Octavius and Antony be foreseen? 5. Is the historical break between the third and the fourth act objec-
tionable from a dramatic standpoint? 6. Is it plain that the act begins, or perhaps continues, a new movement in the play?"

Scene II.

Suggestion of Scene. The scene is within a Roman camp, before that part called the prætorium, or headquarters. This space was regularly two hundred feet square, but it must be much contracted for the purpose of dramatic representation. In this space is Brutus's great tent, in front of which is the altar on which he offers his sacrifices; on our right is the place reserved for the taking of the auspices, and on our left the tribunal, a heap of earth and turf whereon Brutus stands while addressing his troops. Farther to our right is the space called the quæstorium, the quarters of the paymasters and the heavy war-engines: farther upon our left is the forum, a meeting-place of the soldiers. In the background are the regular rows of tents, the lounging soldiers and the horses feeding in orderly rows; while in the distance are seen the roofs and walls of Sardis, above and beyond which is a great mountainous rock crowned with a triple-walled citadel. The blue range of Mount Tmolus disappears in the far background, melting into the sky.

4. Let the scansion determine what syllable of "Pindarurus" is accented.

7. "Change" probably means change of disposition, as from friendship to enmity.


21. Why is "enforced" a well-selected word?

23. "Hot at hand" probably means held chafing under the bit.

30. Why does the "low march within" heighten the effect?

32. The command "Stand, ho!" must be understood as sounding down the lines, to the right of the stage, say, until it is lost in the distance.

37, 38. A sharp contrast is noted at once between the expression and the manner of Cassius, and those of Brutus. What is it?

38. Do you see a sharp reply that Antony or Octavius might have made to this speech, had either heard it? You can answer the question better after having read Scene I of Act V.

40. What do the words "sober form" tell of the manner of Brutus?
42. When Brutus says, "I do know you well," of what particular quality of Cassius is he thinking?

In modern presentations of this play, it is usual to merge this scene into the next; or perhaps to have it presented before a painted curtain near the front of the stage; in this case the suggestion of stage-setting already given, would be used for the following scene, and all the conversation is likely to be held outside the tent. We shall consider the two scenes one, and shall give the general questions for both at the end of Scene III.

Scene III.

For Suggestion of Scene, see final note on previous scene.
2. Does the word "noted" add anything to the idea already expressed in "condemn'd"?
5. What does "slighted off" mean?
8. "Nice," a word much abused, here means trifling.
"His," as before noted, is neuter as well as masculine.
10. The meaning of "itching palm" is plainly hinted at in the next line and a half. Is it an apt phrase?
15, 16. Express these two lines in your own words.
18. Is the repetition of "remember" accidental or intentional?
20. Does Brutus seem to call himself a "villain"?
24. What is the best-selected word in the line?
26. What word in this line is most full of contempt?
28. The meaning of "bait" is to be found in the introduction.
28–32. Notice that Cassius here makes his sentences shorter than those of the last speech of Brutus. Is there any good reason for it? Also, is it plain that one of the speakers is forcing his mood—that is, that he is trying to be angrier than he really is?
32. "Go to" was an exclamation of impatience, equivalent to "come," or perhaps to our slang expression, "Get out!"
35, 36. What action would reinforce the words here?
37. What is the manner of Brutus here?
38. What change now takes place in the manner of Brutus?
39. "Choler" comes from a Greek word meaning bile, which was supposed to be the seat of anger. The word has unusual philological interest.
41. What are the appropriate gesture and tone?
42. Scan.
NOTES AND QUESTIONS.

44. Brutus puts strong emphasis on “I”; why so? Notice the three short questions that follow, and consider the first question asked on lines 28–32.

47. The spleen was supposed to be the seat of the emotions. Express in your own words the sentence that contains the word.

55–57. Cassius is evidently weakening; where did he begin? Show how his manner differs from what it was at first. Are not the lines of his face drawn in a different way?

57. Brutus probably lapses here into his former stoical self-command.

58. Is this true?

60. What word receives the emphasis?

62. What is the emphatic word in the speech of Cassius?

64, 65. What similarity do you find between these lines and lines 278 and 279 in the first scene of the second act?

67. Why is “arm’d” a well-selected word?

73. The drachma was a silver coin, and was worth about nineteen cents.

75. What does “indirection” mean?

80. “Counters” were pieces of metal used in making calculations, and the word is used here with the utmost contempt. Does “rascal” add anything to the effect?

84–86. Cassius has failed to move Brutus by complaints and threats. What method does he now try? “Rived” is the same as riven.

90. What is the emphatic word? What distinction does Brutus make between himself and certain others?

101. “Plutus” is the same as Pluto’s.

In this speech Cassius is evidently making a bid for sympathy. Does he do it in a manly manner? What action accompanies the speech?

107. “Scope” means room.

108. Explain “dishonor shall be humor.”

109–112. Express these lines in your own words, and prove the statement to be true.

114. The verb “vexeth” is singular, though its subject seems plural. The critics explain this and similar cases by saying that Shakespeare intended the compound subject to express a singular idea.

118–122. There is moral cowardice here. Explain.
Does Cassius succeed any better by his second method of moving Brutus than by his first? Has he gained his end? Has he gained anything? What has he lost by the quarrel? How are the two men standing with respect to each other as the quarrel ends?

Has the entrance of the poet, and the attendant noise and confusion a good dramatic effect?

131. The word "cynic" comes from the Greek word for dog, and it means one who snarls. Plutarch does not call the intruder a poet. He was "one Marcus Favonius, that had been a friend and follower of Cato while he lived, and took upon him to counterfeit a philosopher, not with wisdom and discretion, but with a certain bedlam and frantic motion." When this man burst into the presence of the generals, "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 broke their strife at that time, and so they left each other."

(Plutarch's Life of Brutus.)

133. It is not especially sweet and amiable in Cassius to make such a speech at just this time?

134. Paraphrase the line.

135. "Jigging fools" are fools who make jigs, or ballads.

136. "Companion" was a term of contempt.

136. Why does Cassius drive the man out immediately after asking Brutus to bear with him?

141. Why does Cassius recur to the unpleasant subject? Is he not lacking in self-respect?

143. Brutus was a follower of the stoic school. See introduction.

146. Which of the two men shows the more grief?

153. "Distract" means distracted.

154. Plutarch, in his life of Brutus, says Portia "took hot burning coals, and cast them into her mouth, and kept her mouth so close that she choked herself." However, Plutarch does not mention her death in connection with the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius. Why does Shakespeare do so?

Concerning this quarrel, we must turn again to Plutarch, who indeed mentions two quarrels, the first of which ended in tears and in the interruption of Marcus Favonius, already mentioned. The second quarrel is thus narrated in the life of Brutus:

"The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardians, did
condemn and noted Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a prætor of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto: for that he was accused and convicted of robbery and pilfery in his office. This judgment much misliked Cassius: because he himself had secretly (not many days before) warned two of his friends, attainted and convicted of the like offences, and openly had cleared them: but yet he did not therefore leave to employ them in any manner of service as he did before. And therefore he greatly reproved Brutus, for that he would show himself so straight and severe in such a time, as was meeter to bear a little, than to take things at the worst. Brutus, in the contrary manner, answered that he should remember the Ides of March, at which time they slew Julius Cæsar: who neither pilled nor polled the country, but was only a favourer and suborner of all them that did rob and spoil, by his comtenance and authority. And if there were any occasion whereby they might honestly set aside justice and equity: they should have had more reason to have suffered Cæsar's friends, to have robbed and done what wrong and injury they had would, than to bear with their own men. For then said he, they could but have said they had been cowards: and now they may accuse us of injustice, besides the pains we take, and the danger we put ourselves into. And thus may we see what Brutus's intent and purpose was.'

Why did Shakespeare combine both these quarrels into one? Find, in the quotation, some expressions that Shakespeare used in the play. Compare the quotation with the lines 1 and 28 inclusive: account for the superiority of Shakespeare's way of putting the story.

163. Phrase this line your own way.

164. As they seat themselves at a table in the tent, Cassius looks away into vacancy, apparently lost in his apologetic, conciliatory reverie. Does Brutus discover that he is not quite honest in his grief?

177. We are now approaching the end of the fourth act of this tragedy; within two pages we have learned of the death of Portia, and now we hear that Cicero is no more: do you see any reason why Shakespeare so arranged the play as to have these deaths mentioned just at this place?

181. "Writ" was a correct form in Shakespeare's day.

182. Why does Brutus deny any knowledge of Portia's death? What is his manner?

188-190. Show how this speech is in consonance with Brutus's philosophy of life.

192, 193. Phrase Cassius's answer in your own way.

194. "Alive" means with the living.
199. Explain "doing himself offence."
201. Brutus has always shown strong confidence in his own judgment; has it always been justified?
203. Explain "forced affection."
204. Scan. What does the line show of the manner of supporting armies in these times?
216-222. The student should not fail to commit these lines to memory. Why are they good poetry?
226. "Niggard" means to be stingy, or grudging.
231-234. Why does Cassius overdo the matter of reconciliation?
239. "Knave" means boy: it is a degenerate word.
249. Express this line in your own way.
254. Does "heavy" add anything to the force of the line?
256. "An't" means if it.
259. Express the line in your own way.
264. The music begins feebly, and dies away as Lucius falls asleep. Notice the contrast between the stormy opening of the scene and this death-like quiet. Does not the silence rouse expectation of something unusual? Describe Brutus's action during the rest of the speech.
266. A mace was a heavy war-club used during the Middle Ages for breaking armor. Does the word "leaden" add anything to the force of the line?
273. Does not the expression, "How ill this taper burns!" reinforce the feeling aroused by the dying out of the music?
It was believed that at the appearance of a ghost the lights would burn blue.
273-280. The ghost of Cæsar, let us suppose, appears mysteriously at the left, clad in white; Brutus sees it as he snuffs the wick. Considering his courageous character, how does he act? Does he speak slowly or rapidly? in a low tone or a loud one? Does he show great fear? In what tone does the ghost speak?
281. Has not this line, as well as the previous speech of the ghost, a direct bearing on the main theme of the play?
286. Why should Brutus express such a wish?
287. After this silence as of death, and the very appearance of death itself, what is the effect of the loud shouts of Brutus?
293, 295, 301, 302. Explain why Brutus asks these questions.
The passage in the life of Brutus from which Shakespeare made the ghost scene is as follows:—

"But as they both (Brutus and Cassius) prepared to pass over again, out of Asia into Europe: there went a rumour that there appeared a wonderful sign unto him. 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 daytime, 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 despatching 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. So, being ready to go into Europe, one night very late (when all the camp took quiet rest) as he was in his tent with a little light, thinking of weighty matters: he thought he heard one come in to him, and casting his eye towards the door of the tent, that he saw a wonderful strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him, and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him thither. The spirit answered him, I am thy evil spirit, Brutus: and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi. Brutus being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it: Well, then I shall see thee again. The spirit presently vanished away: and Brutus called his men unto him, who told him that they heard no noise, nor saw anything at all. Thereupon Brutus returned again to think on his matters as he did before: and when the day broke, he went unto Cassius, to tell him what vision had appeared unto him in the night."

What expression has Shakespeare quoted exactly? What incident has he added to heighten the dramatic interest? What superstition has he used for the same purpose? Contrast the prose account with the scene in the play, and show what words and expressions in the latter make a strong appeal to the emotions and the imagination. What sentence near the end of Plutarch's account has Shakespeare lengthened and elaborated with strong dramatic effect?

**General Questions.** 1. Has the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius a vital bearing on the general theme of the play? 2. What does it show of the relative strength of the two men? 3. Find a passage in which Brutus correctly estimates the character of Cassius. 4. Where does Cassius begin to weaken? 5. Does Brutus lose any dignity by the quarrel? 6. Which of the two men shows the greater variety of action? 7. In the beginning of the play, Cassius seemed to work Bru-
tus to his own desires; why does he fail here? 8. Modern actors often shorten Shakespeare's scenes, and always, if possible, at a climax; might this one be brought to an end sooner?

General Questions on the Act. 1. What step or steps of the story are accomplished in the act? 2. Does the murder of Cæsar seem to have improved the health of the dying Republic? 3. Do you see any reason why a government should not have more than one head? 4. Do you see the hand of Nemesis in the act? 5. Is the appearance of the ghost of Cæsar a matter of primary, or only of secondary, importance? 6. Show that tenderness was a part of Brutus's character. Has he manifested it before in the play?

ACT V.

Scene I.

Suggestion of Scene. In the foreground the level plain, interrupted on the right by a single rock-crowned hill; in the left distance, the walls of Philippi; in the right distance, the hills, upon whose sides are seen many soldiers and many waving banners. From all sides resound the clamor of two hostile armies and the clangor of arms.

4. What figure in "battles"?
5. "Warn" means to summon to battle. It may be interesting to know that Philippi has more claim to distinction than the defeat of Brutus and Cassius; nearly a hundred years later, the Apostle Paul here preached for the first time in Europe.
7. Explain, "I am in their bosoms."
8. "They could," etc., means,—They could be pleased to slip out of our way.
10. "Bravery" means bravado, assumed courage.
11. Is "fasten" a well-selected word?
14. The "bloody sign," according to Plutarch, was a scarlet coat.
16. What does "softly" imply that slowly would not?
19. "Exigent" means exigency, or emergency.
20. When you consider that Antony was an old and experienced soldier and Octavius a mere boy, what does this show of the latter's character? Has this trait of his appeared before?

The narrow limits of the stage must be taken into consideration here; only the generals, their leading officers, and a few soldiers can
appear; the presence of their armies is made manifest by the tumult on all sides.

24. "On their charge" means when they charge.

33. "Posture" means direction. What mistake in grammar is there in the line?

34. Hybla was a town in Sicily, where the honey was excellent.

45-47. To what does Cassius refer?

48-49. Express in your own words, without the figure.

50. Why so short a line?

52. Explain "goes up."


59. What is the meaning of "strain"?

In what ways does this quarrel differ from that of Brutus and Cassius? Is it possible to tell which speaker is the most bitter? Do the speakers tell the truth of each other? What are their looks and actions?

68. Express in your own words, "All is on the hazard."

74. Is there any significance in the fact that Cassius compares himself, in this emergency, to Pompey?

76. When Brutus told Cassius that the spirit of Caesar had appeared to him, Cassius tried to comfort him with the doctrine of the followers of Epicurus, who maintained that ghosts were not real things, but only the creatures of excited minds; they did not, therefore, believe in signs and portents. Cassius now changes his mind. The incident of the eagles is given in Plutarch.

79. "Former" means foremost.

84. "Ravens, crows, and kites" feed on dead bodies.

92. Explain "even so, Lucilius."

93-94. This contradicts what Cassius has said to Messala. What is Cassius's motive?

100. The speech of Brutus beginning in this line and that beginning in line 110, have been much discussed. Cato had killed himself after the battle of Thapsus, because he knew Caesar would defeat him at Utica. Brutus says he thinks the deed of Cato was cowardly, and that he prefers to live and endure what the gods may afflict him with. But when Cassius asks him whether he is willing to be led captive through the streets of Rome, he changes his mind, and resolves upon self-slaughter. His philosophy could not stand the test of experience.

104, 105. "To prevent the time of life" means to kill himself before he has lived the natural time of life.
106. "To stay" means to await.

112-113. What purpose had Shakespeare in writing this sentence? What is its effect on the audience?

120-121. What is the effect of this repetition? Contrast the tones and looks of the two men in this and the quarrel scene.

122-123. If some supernatural power had offered to tell Brutus "the end of this day's business," would he have accepted the offer? Do we mortals really want to know our futures?

General Questions.—1. What speeches in this scene foreshadow the end of the play? 2. Do they indicate whether Brutus and Cassius shall be victorious? 3. Do they show a belief in Fate? 4. Do they have any doubt of the justice of killing Caesar? 5. Do they lose courage?

Scene II.

The scene remains the same throughout the whole act; the different people come on the stage, make their speeches in the tumult of the battle, and go, without the curtain being once lowered.

1. The "bills" were the orders for the battle.

3-5. Express in your own words.

Scene III.

3. The "ensign" is the standard bearer, but "it" in the next line refers to the standard itself.

12. Why will Cassius go no farther?
20. Pindarus goes up the hill that is at the right of the stage.

23-25. Why does Cassius lose hope? Is the cause anything more than the defeat? Did not Cassius know that many battles are won after they are lost?

Notice the action. The scene begins with the wildest noise and fury of battle on all sides; Cassius and Titinius enter running; Pindarus enters running, and in the greatest excitement; Cassius shouts to them in a great voice, and they rush away; then in a little pause in the sound of battle, Cassius pronounces these lines in a low, regretful tone.

33-35. Notice the resemblance between Shakespeare and Plutarch in this passage,—"Desiring too much to live, I have lived to see one of my best friends taken, for my sake, before my face."
45. 46. In this speech, does Cassius admit that he did wrong in killing Cæsar? In what way does the speech foreshadow the end of the play?

The following is from Plutarch's Life of Cæsar:—

"Furthermore, of all the chances that happen unto men upon the earth, that which came to Cassius above all other, is most to be wondered at. For he being overcome in battle at the journey of Philippi, slew himself with the same sword, with which he strake Cæsar."

51. "It is but change" means fortune is even; what we have lost on one side we have gained on another.

57, 58. What is the action here?

59. What is the emphatic word? Express in your own words all the speech beginning in this line, leaving out the figures, and note the difference between your way of expressing the thought and Shakespeare's.

65. Is Cassius's mistake clear at this point in the scene?

67–69. Does not Messala recognize the hand of Nemesis?

74. Why is the word "thrusting" used instead of some more ordinary one, as speaking? Notice that Shakespeare explains, in the rest of the speech, why the word was selected.

80. What is the action here? Where in the play have we seen something like it? Is this also the hand of Fate?

This speech makes clear, if it was not clear before, the mistake Cassius made. Plutarch gives it thus (Brutus):—

"So Cassius himself was at length compelled to fly, with a few about him, unto a little hill, from whence they might easily see what was done in all the plain: howbeit Cassius himself saw nothing, for his sight was very bad, saving that he saw (and yet with much ado) how the enemies spoiled his camp before his eyes. He saw also a great troop of horsemen, whom Brutus sent to aid him, and thought that they were his enemies that followed him: but yet he sent Titinius, one of them that was with him, to go and know what they were. Brutus's horsemen saw him coming afar off, whom when they knew that he was one of Cassius's chiefest friends, they shouted out for joy: and they that were familiarly acquainted with him, lighted from their horses, and went and embraced him. The rest compassed him in round about a-horse-back, with songs of victory and great rushing of their harness, so that they made all the field ring again for joy."

91. In what manner does Brutus enter?
94. Does Brutus admit that he did wrong in killing Cæsar?
96. "Proper" means own, and it emphasizes the word before it; as "very" does in our expression, our very own.
104. Thasos is an island in the Ægean Sea.
106. "Discomfort" means to cause disorder.
109. Did the Romans say "o'clock"?

In this last speech Brutus makes a decided change of manner. Explain.

General Questions. 1. Show two or three places in the scene where Chance, or Fate, shows her hand in a remarkable manner. 2. Quote a line from the scene to show whether Brutus regarded Chance and Fate as the same thing. 3. In the discussion of the play, should we use the word Chance? 4. Why does the suicide of Titinius strengthen the dramatic effect? 5. Where is the climax of the scene? 6. What evidences of the approaching end of the play are to be seen? 7. What part of the scene holds the interest over to the next?

Scene IV.

2. This means, What person is so low born that he does not?
9. According to Plutarch, young Cato was slain in the battle, and fell among many whom he had himself killed.
14. This trick of Lucilius is taken from Plutarch, the only noteworthy change being that Lucilius was taken to Antony, while in the play, Antony is made to enter at the opportune moment. The purpose of the deception is perhaps not so plain in the play as in the history, where it is stated that Lucilius's purpose was to delay the soldiers so that Brutus might escape.

28, 29. What is it in the character of Lucilius that Antony admires?

General Questions. 1. It was Cæsar's misfortune to be betrayed by those whom he considered his friends: has Fate inflicted this misfortune upon Brutus and Cassius (see previous scene) also?

Scene V.

1. What does the expression, "poor remains of friends," imply as to the bodily condition of Brutus and his friends? What of the state of the battle? The fight is still roaring around them as they whisper.
2. "Torch-light" shows, of course, that night is coming on. Statilius had taken a torch and had gone out over the field to see how many of their men were slain.

5. Why are these very short sentences suitable in this place?

7. Why is this short sentence of Clitus very effective?


22–25. Observe the strength of the character of Brutus, even in this hour of death; his life has been a failure, but he will not yield to his enemies. In line 23, what is the effect of the stage direction, "low alarums"? These sounds, of course, are supposed to be heard in the distance — the sound of charging arms, of shouting soldiers, of galloping horses, and in a lower tone than these, the moans of the dying.

30. Up to this time comparative quiet has reigned — the quiet of exhaustion and despair; what change now begins?

31–42. What line in this speech answers a question asked concerning Scene IV? What is there to indicate whether Brutus still believed in the justice of killing Cæsar? What line is the most poetical? What lines have the most feeling? This is a good speech to commit to memory.

46. "Smatch" means taste.

49. Why does this hand-shaking make the scene more pathetic?

50. Would it be right to say that the sentence, "Cæsar, now be still," is the proper end of the play, and that the rest, to use a musical term, is a coda?

55. The Romans sometimes burned dead bodies.

59. To what does Lucilius refer?

60. "Entertain" here means take into service.

61. "Bestow" means spend.


68–72. Plutarch says that Antony frequently made this remark. There is no record, however, of his having done so at this time. Antony sent the ashes of Brutus's body to the latter's mother, Servilia.

68–75. This speech should be committed to memory. Explain the thought in lines 71 and 72.

General Questions. 1. What in the scene shows that Brutus believed in Fate? 2. Did he in his own case, identify Fate with Nemesis, the goddess who punished crimes, and who was usually identified with
Fate? 3. Brutus tells Volumnius that the ghost of Cæsar had appeared to him twice; would the dramatic effect be strengthened if the ghost were made to appear again in this scene? 4. What words mark the climax of the scene? 5. Is this place also the climax of the act? 6. Contrast what Antony and Octavius say here of Brutus, with what they said to him in the first scene. 6. Did not Antony owe Brutus the final eulogy in return for a service — once rendered him?

General Questions on the Act. 1. The play is now finished; what are the events that complete the story and bring it to a logical and dramatic end? 2. If you have been in doubt before, you can probably tell now, what is the theme of the play. Is it single or double? 3. Might not what we have called the turning point in the third act be considered the beginning of a reaction? 4. Point out in the act, the final blows of Fate. 5. What is the climax of the act? 6. Does justice triumph? 7. What passages in the act please you most? Why so? 8. Show in what respects Shakespeare's language excels Plutarch's and the paraphrases you have made.
QUESTIONS FOR FINAL DISCUSSION.

_Cæsar._ 1. Does Shakespeare show us the weak or the strong side of _Cæsar's_ character, or both? 2. If he shows but one, why does he do so? 3. If you have read a biography of _Cæsar_, compare your two impressions of the man. 4. Does _Cæsar_ show, in the play, sufficiently great qualities to justify his high opinion of himself? 5. Can you tell from the play why _Cæsar_ wanted more power? 6. Considering what Antony said in his funeral oration, what other reason than personal ambition might _Cæsar_ have had? 7. Was _Cæsar_ a good reader of human character? 8. Did Rome gain anything by the murder of _Cæsar_? 9. Is _"Julius Cæsar"_ the right name for the play?

_Brutus._ 1. What was Brutus's motive for killing _Cæsar_? 2. Was his reasoning sound and just? 3. What was his chief trait? 4. Was there any difference between his real character and what he supposed it to be? 5. What opinions did Cassius and Antony hold of Brutus? 6. What was the weak trait of his character? 7. Did this have any influence on the events of the play? 8. Was Brutus the leader of the conspirators from the very first? 9. What was Brutus's philosophy of life? 10. Was he always true to his philosophy? 11. What trait of his character appears in the scene with Portia and in the last one with Lucius? 12. Might the play have been named _"Brutus"_?

_Cassius._ 1. What was Cassius's reason for killing _Cæsar_? 2. Was it an honorable motive? 3. Compare Cassius and Brutus in their ability to read men. 4. Did _Cæsar_ judge correctly the character of Cassius? 5. Did Cassius have good judgment about practical affairs? 6. Was his judgment always acted upon? 7. Who had the stronger will, he or Brutus? 8. Who understood himself better, he or Brutus? 8. Was Cassius not at one time the leader of the conspiracy? 9. Why did he cease to be? 10. What was his philosophy of life?

_Antony._ 1. At a certain time a change seems to come over the character of Antony. When did it occur, and why? 2. Was he _"a plain, blunt man"_? 3. Was he a sincere friend of _Cæsar_? 4. Could he influence men of his own rank as he influenced the mob?
QUESTIONS FOR FINAL DISCUSSION. 149

Casca.  1. Did Casca have any personal grudge against Cæsar?  2. What was his motive for joining the conspiracy?  3. Would the word cynical describe him?

Octavius.  1. Does Octavius show any marked ability as a soldier?  2. What trait did he show in the battle?  3. Was it one worthy of the heir of Cæsar?

Po tia and Calpurnia.  1. In what ways were these women alike?  2. Which was the stronger character?  3. Which had the greater influence upon her husband?  4. Might the advice of one of them, if taken, have changed the history of Rome?

The Plot.  1. What were the grounds of the conspiracy?  2. In what act is the purpose of the conspirators accomplished?  3. Can their purpose be the main theme of the play?  4. What new theme begins after Cæsar is murdered?  5. When is this brought to an end?  6. Is this the main theme of the play?  7. Can it be possible that a play may have two themes?  8. Can you make a title for the play that will suggest two themes?  9. What accidents and trivial circumstances have a strong influence in determining the march of events?  10. Where are the strongest climaxes?  11. If there are two themes, must there be a strong climax for each?  12. In what places does Fate seem to be a controlling force?  13. Does Shakespeare intend to identify Fate and Nemesis?  14. Does Shakespeare intend to give the impression that the assassination was a crime?  15. Show that the details of the plot are made the more forcible by the strong contrast between the characters.  16. Is any moral lesson to be drawn from the play?

General Questions.  1. What parts of the play show interesting details of Roman life?  2. What is learned of the religion of the Romans?  3. What speeches in the play do you like best?  4. What passages seem to be most emotional?  5. What are the qualities of a good play?  6. If you were a great actor, what part in "Julius Cæsar" would you like to play?
QUOTATIONS.

(Tell by whom, to whom, and under what circumstances each of the passages quoted was spoken.)

'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.'

"Crown him? — that; —
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with."

"Stoop, Romans, stoop,
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!'"

"Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself and scorn'd his spirit
That could be moved to smile at anything.'"

"Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius."

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

"Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honor, and have respect to mine honor, that you may believe: answer me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge."
"Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,  
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,  
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit."

"If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;  
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made."

"Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touched his body that did stab,  
And not for justice?"

"Cæsar, now be still."

"O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb  
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,  
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark  
And straight is cold again."

"I can not 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."

"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."

"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 the age."

"O murderous slumber,  
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy  
That plays thee music?

"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."
"My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me."

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek headed men and such as sleep o' nights."

"O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free?"

"The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones."

"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
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

"What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good
Set honor in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honor more than I fear death."

"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."

"When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say,
'These are their reasons; they are natural.'"

"Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling; ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony."

"But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament."
“Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended.”

“You are not wood, you are not stones, but men.”

“His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, ‘This was a man!’”

“This was the most unkindest cut of all.”

“Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
As welcome wrongs.”

“Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.”

“If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.”

“I’d rather be a dog and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.”

“But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.”

“Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!”

“O Julius Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!”

“Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.”

“Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.”

“Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.”
LESSONS IN LITERATURE.
Cloth, gilt stamp, 38 illustrations, 418 pages, price $1.00.

SHEPHERD'S VERTICAL SPELLING BLANKS.
For sixteen weeks' term, 36 pages, Single or double ruling, price, per dozen, 48 cents.

VERTICAL SPELLING AND DICTATION BLANKS.
Vertical Script Alphabet, 32 pages, price, per dozen, 48 cents.

CARLYLE'S ESSAY ON BURNS.
Emasculated covers, 104 pages, price 15 cents. Illustrated, with a review prepared by Mr. W. F. Slocum, of the South Division High School, Chicago.

SELECTIONS FROM BURNS'S POEMS AND SONGS.
In two parts, emasculated covers, 100 pages. Price 15 cents. Illustrated with a portrait and views of Scottish scenery.

SELECTIONS FROM PLATO.

SELECTIONS FROM WASHINGTON, LINCOLN, AND BRYANT.

SELECTIONS FROM BROWNING.

SELECTIONS FROM ESSAYS BY LORD BACON.
Emasculated covers, 80 pages, price 15 cents illustrated.

THE PRINCESS.
By Alfred Tennyson. Emasculated covers, 90 pages, price 15 cents. Illustrated.

LAYS OF ANCIENT ROME.

THE ANCIENT MARINER. No. 13.
By Coleridge. With portrait and introduction and twenty seven illustrations descriptive of the text. Emasculated covers, price 15 cents.

FOUR GREAT CLASSICS. No. 10.
Full cloth bound, side stamp, 208 pages, price 40 cents, containing the following selections:

- Burke's Speech on Conciliation. Cloth 20 cents; introduction and synopsis by Joseph Rushton. Paragraphs numbered.


MACAULAY-MILTON-BURKE.
Full cloth bound, side stamp, 400 pages. Price 60 cents, containing:


SELECTIONS FROM HAWTHORNE.

Browning's: Pied Piper of Hamelin. 144 pages, emasculated covers, cloth back, price 15 cents, with portraits, introduction, and an analysis or study on each selection, from the structural standpoint, prepared by Miss Rose M. Kavanaugh, of the Medill School, Chicago, Ill. Paragraphs numbered.

LAKESIDE CLASSICS. No. 27.

Tennyson: Enoch Arden. 136 pages, emasculated covers, cloth back, price 15 cents, with portrait, introduction, and a study on each selection, prepared by Miss Kavanaugh, of the Medill School, Chicago, Ill. Paragraphs numbered.

*In separate volumes, or bound in one volume, cloth, 40 cents.

*Bound in one volume, cloth 60 cents.

Copies of any of above sent postpaid on receipt of price.