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SHAKESPEARE'S

JULIUS CAESAR.

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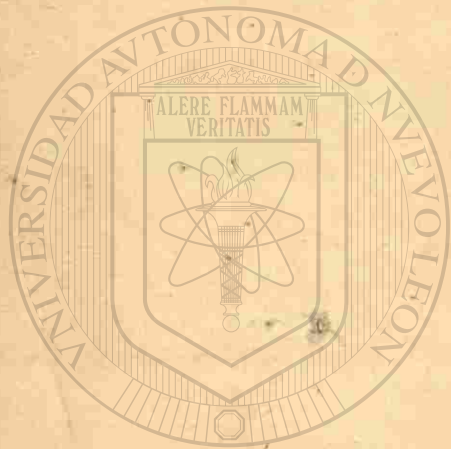
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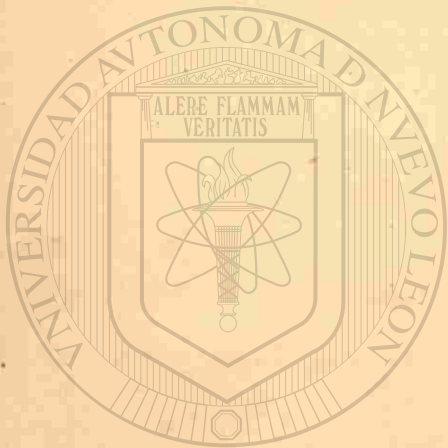
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SHAKESPEARE'S
JULIUS CÆSAR.

WITH
NOTES, EXAMINATION PAPERS, AND PLAN
OF PREPARATION.

(SELECTED.)

By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M.,

Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and author of a "Text-Book on Rhetoric," a "Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English."



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SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS,

WITH NOTES.

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KING LEAR.

MACBETH.

TEMPEST.

HAMLET.

KING HENRY VIII.

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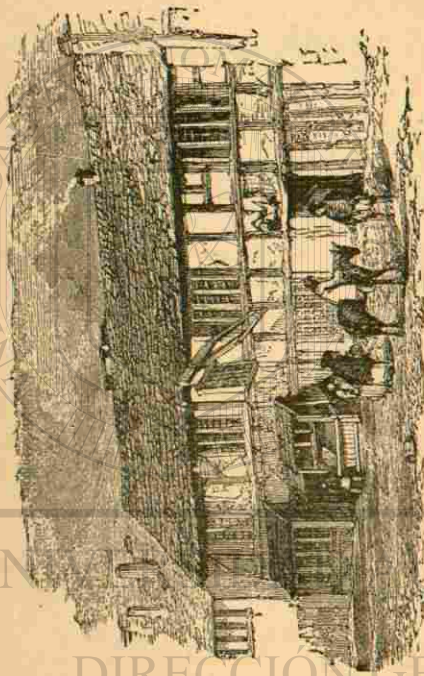
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EDITOR'S NOTE.

THE text here presented, adapted for use in mixed classes, has been carefully collated with that of six or seven of the latest and best editions. Where there was any disagreement those readings have been adopted which seemed most reasonable and were supported by the best authority.

Professor Meiklejohn's exhaustive notes form the substance of those here used; and his plan, as set forth in the "General Notice" annexed, has been carried out in these volumes. But as these plays are intended rather for pupils in school and college than for ripe Shakespearian scholars, we have not hesitated to prune his notes of whatever was thought to be too learned for our purpose, or on other grounds was deemed irrelevant to it. The notes of other English editors have been freely incorporated.

B. K. (R)



THE HOUSE IN WHICH SHAKESPEARE WAS BORN.
From a Drawing by J. W. Archer.

GENERAL NOTICE.

“AN attempt has been made in these new editions to interpret Shakespeare by the aid of Shakespeare himself. The Method of Comparison has been constantly employed; and the language used by him in one place has been compared with the language used in other places in similar circumstances, as well as with older English and with newer English. The text has been as carefully and as thoroughly annotated as the text of any Greek or Latin classic.

“The first purpose in this elaborate annotation is, of course the full working out of Shakespeare's meaning. The Editor has in all circumstances taken as much pains with this as if he had been making out the difficult and obscure terms of a will in which he himself was personally interested; and he submits that this thorough excavation of the meaning of a really profound thinker is one of the very best kinds of training that a boy or girl can receive at school. This is to read the very mind of Shakespeare, and to weave his thoughts into the fibre of one's own mental constitution. And always new rewards come to the careful reader—in the shape of new meanings, recognition of

thoughts he had before missed, of relations between the characters that had hitherto escaped him. For reading Shakespeare is just like examining Nature; there are no hollowesses, there is no scamped work, for Shakespeare is as patiently exact and as first-hand as Nature herself.

"Besides this thorough working-out of Shakespeare's meaning, advantage has been taken of the opportunity to teach his English—to make each play an introduction to the ENGLISH OF SHAKESPEARE. For this purpose copious collections of similar phrases have been gathered from other plays; his idioms have been dwelt upon; his peculiar use of words; his style and his rhythm. Some Teachers may consider that too many instances are given; but, in teaching, as in everything else, the old French saying is true: *Assez n'y a, s'il trop n'y a*. The Teacher need not require each pupil to give him *all* the instances collected. If each gives one or two, it will probably be enough; and, among them all, it is certain that one or two will stick in the memory. It is probable that, for those pupils who do not study either Greek or Latin, this close examination of every word and phrase in the text of Shakespeare will be the best substitute that can be found for the study of the ancient classics.

"It were much to be hoped that Shakespeare should become more and more of a study, and that every boy and girl should have a thorough knowledge of at least one play of Shakespeare before leaving school. It would be one of the best lessons in human life, without the chance of a polluting or degrading experience. It would also have the effect of bringing back into the too pale and formal English of modern times a large number of pithy and

vigorous phrases which would help to develop as well as to reflect vigor in the characters of the readers. Shakespeare used the English language with more power than any other writer that ever lived—he made it do more and say more than it had ever done; he made it speak in a more original way; and his combinations of words are perpetual provocations and invitations to originality and to newness of insight."—J. M. D. MEIFLEJOHN, M.A.,
Professor of the Theory, History, and Practice of Education in the University of St. Andrews.

Shakespeare's Grammar.

Shakespeare lived at a time when the grammar and vocabulary of the English language were in a state of transition. Various points were not yet settled; and so Shakespeare's grammar is not only somewhat different from our own but is by no means uniform in itself. In the Elizabethan age, "Almost any part of speech can be used as any other part of speech. An adverb can be used as a verb, 'They *askance* their eyes;' as a noun, 'the *backward* and abyss of time;' or as an adjective, 'a *seidm* pleasure.' Any noun, adjective, or intransitive verb can be used as a transitive verb. You can 'happy' your friend, 'malice' or 'foot' your enemy, or 'fall' an axe on his neck. An adjective can be used as an adverb; and you can speak and act 'easy,' 'free,' 'excellent;' or as a noun, and you can talk of 'fair' instead of 'beauty,' and 'a pale' instead of 'a paleness.' Even the pronouns are not exempt from these metamorphoses. A 'he' is used for a man, and a lady is described by a gentleman as 'the fairest *she* he has yet beheld.' In the second place, every variety of apparent grammatical inaccuracy meets us. *He* for *him*, *him* for *he*; *spoke* and *took* for *spoken* and *taken*; plural nominatives with singular verbs; relatives omitted where they are now considered necessary; unnecessary antecedents inserted; *shall* for *will*, *should* for *would*, *would* for *wish*; *to* omitted after '*I ought*,' inserted after '*I durst*;' double negatives; double comparatives ('more better,' &c.) and superlatives; *such* followed by *which*, *that* by *as*, *as* used for *as if*; *that* for *so that*; and lastly some verbs apparently with two nominatives, and others without any nominative at all." — Dr. Abbott's *Shakesperian Grammar*.

Shakespeare's Versification.

Shakespeare's Plays are written mainly in what is known as *blank verse*; but they contain a number of riming, and a considerable number of prose, lines. As a rule, rime is much commoner in the earlier than in the later plays. Thus, *Love's Labor's Lost* contains nearly 1,100 riming lines, while (if we except the songs) *Winter's Tale* has none. *The Merchant of Venice* has 124.

In speaking, we lay a stress on particular syllables: this stress is called *accent*. When the words of a composition are so arranged that the accent recurs at regular intervals, the composition is said to be *rhythmical*. In blank verse the lines consist usually of ten syllables, of which the second, fourth, sixth,

eighth, and tenth are accented. The line consists, therefore, of five parts, each of which contains an unaccented syllable, followed by an accented syllable, as in the word *attend*. Each of these five parts forms what is called a *foot* or *measure*; and the five together form a *pentameter*. "Pentameter" is a Greek word signifying "five measures." This is the usual form of a line of blank verse. But a long poem composed entirely of such lines would be monotonous, and for the sake of variety several important modifications have been introduced.

(a) After the tenth syllable, one or two unaccented syllables are sometimes added; as—

"*Me-thought | you said | you nei | ther lend | nor bor | row.*"

(b) In any foot the accent may be shifted from the second to the first syllable, provided two accented syllables do not come together.

"*Pluck' the | young suck' | ing cubs' | from the' | she bear'.*" |

(c) In such words as "yesterday," "voluntary," "honesty," the syllables *-day*, *-ta-*, and *-ty* falling in the place of the accent, are, for the purposes of the verse, regarded as truly accented.

"*Bars' me | the right' | of vol' | un-ta' | ry choos' | ing.*"

(d) Sometimes we have a succession of accented syllables; this occurs with monosyllabic feet only.

"*Why, now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark.*"

(e) Sometimes, but more rarely, two or even three unaccented syllables occupy the place of one; as—

"*He says | he does, | be-ing then | most flat | ter-ed.*"

(f) Lines may have any number of feet from one to six.

Finally, Shakespeare adds much to the pleasing variety of his blank verse by placing the pauses in different parts of the line (especially after the second or third foot), instead of placing them all at the ends of lines, as was the earlier custom.

N. B.—In some cases the rhythm requires that what we usually pronounce as one syllable shall be divided into two, as *fi-er* (fire), *su-er* (sure), *mi-el* (mile), &c.; *too-elve* (twelve), *jaw-ee* (joy), &c. Similarly, *she-on* (tion or sion).

It is very important to give the pupil plenty of ear-training by means of formal scansion. This will greatly assist him in his reading.

PLAN OF STUDY

'PERFECT POSSESSION.'

To attain to the standard of 'Perfect Possession,' the reader ought to have an intimate and ready knowledge of the subject. (See opposite page.)

The student ought, first of all, to read the play as a pleasure; then to read it over again, with his mind upon the characters and the plot; and lastly, to read it for the meanings, grammar, &c.

With the help of the scheme, he can easily draw up for himself short examination papers (1) on each scene, (2) on each act, (3) on the whole play. (See page 161.)

1. The Plot and Story of the Play.

- (a) The general plot;
- (b) The special incidents.

2. The Characters: Ability to give a connected account of all that is done and most of what is said by each character in the play.

3. The Influence and Interplay of the Characters upon each other.

- (a) Relation of A to B and of B to A;
- (b) Relation of A to C and D.

4. Complete Possession of the Language.

- (a) Meanings of words;
- (b) Use of old words, or of words in an old meaning;
- (c) Grammar;
- (d) Ability to quote lines to illustrate a grammatical point.

5. Power to Reproduce, or Quote.

- (a) What was said by A or B on a particular occasion;
- (b) What was said by A in reply to B;
- (c) What argument was used by C at a particular juncture;
- (d) To quote a line in instance of an idiom or of a peculiar meaning.

6. Power to Locate.

- (a) To attribute a line or statement to a certain person on a certain occasion;
- (b) To cap a line;
- (c) To fill in the right word or epithet.

INTRODUCTION

TO

JULIUS CÆSAR.

THIS tragedy embraces two memorable years of Roman history. It commences with the festival of the Lupercalia in February 44 B.C., or in the year of Rome 709. Cæsar had in the preceding autumn returned triumphant from Spain, having defeated the sons of Pompey, and been appointed consul for a period of ten years and dictator for life. To fill the measure of Cæsar's ambition, or of his own adulation, Mark Antony then offered him the regal crown or diadem, which Cæsar reluctantly refused, and in one month afterwards (March 15) the great soldier and statesman fell under the swords of the assassins. The incidents of the conspiracy and death having been depicted with all the dramatist's marvellous power and truth, he hurries over the succeeding events, devoting one short scene to the merciless conscription of the triumvirs, and the drama closes with the battle of Philippi and the death of Brutus, 42 B.C.

The authority relied upon by Shakespeare for his historical facts was Plutarch's *Lives*, translated from the

French of Amyot by Sir Thomas North, and published in 1579. The work was highly popular, and the poet followed it closely, but in one point he departed from it and from the truth of history : he made the Capitol the scene of Cæsar's assassination, whereas it took place in the senate-house, or, as North has it, in 'one of the porches about the theatre where was set up the image of Pompey.' In the delineation of character, also, the poet, though working after the models afforded by Plutarch, introduces some modifications. Cassius was 'marvellous choleric and cruel,' and it was 'certainly thought that he made war and put himself into sundry dangers, more to have absolute power and authority than to defend the liberty of his country.' He was also accused of being rapacious ; 'he would oftentimes be carried away from justice for gain.' The poet ventures a strong allusion to the 'itching palm' of Cassius, but generally he has elevated the character of the astute conspirator, and by investing him with the dignity of a Roman patriot he made him more worthy of being the friend and associate of Brutus. The prompt decision and fiery zeal of Cassius as a republican were not only necessary towards carrying on their great design, but were required to bring out fully the character of Brutus, whom the poet evidently intended to be the hero of the drama. Brutus, noble-minded, generous, and humane, is inferior to Cassius in energy and penetration. His attempts to justify the sacrifice of Cæsar are weak in the extreme. He has no personal enmity towards the dictator, he cannot say that Cæsar's affections 'sway more than his reason,' and he knows that their quarrel will 'bear no

color;' but then he argues that if Cæsar were monarch of Rome he might become dangerous :

'He would be crown'd :—
How that might change his nature, there's the question.'

An ardent love of liberty and deep absorbing sense of public duty, seconded by the persuasions and promptings of the stronger-minded Cassius, overpower the dictates of his conscience and understanding, and he rushes into the crime which he believes is to make Rome free. The fine humanity of Brutus is then awakened. He would do grace to Cæsar's corpse; he would allow Mark Antony to make the funeral oration; he would impose no restraint on the friends of Cæsar; nor would he permit any injustice or corruption in his government. The pure and lofty patriot alone is conspicuous, but he sinks under the power of baser natures, who knew mankind better, and Cæsar's spirit is revenged. Nothing in all Shakespeare is more touching than the picture of Brutus in adversity. The conflict between his philosophy and his tenderness on the death of Portia and the loss of Cassius in battle, his care of his page Lucius, who falls asleep in Brutus's house :

'Enjoy the honey heavy-dew of slumber :
Thou hast no figures, nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains of men!'

and the mental struggle of Brutus preceding his death, are all drawn with indescribable effect, yet with such simplicity as to preclude every idea of appearance of art. Of Cæsar we see but little, and that little is scarcely in keeping with the intellectual character of the original. In the

drama, as in life, the conqueror was sacrificed to Brutus. 'It is possible,' says a recent author, 'to be a very great man, and to be still very inferior to Julius Cæsar, the most complete character, so Lord Bacon thought, of all antiquity. Nature seems incapable of such extraordinary combinations as composed his versatile capacity, which was the wonder even of the Romans themselves. The first general; the only triumphant politician; inferior to none in eloquence; comparable to any in the attainments of wisdom, in an age made up of the greatest commanders, statesmen, orators, and philosophers that ever appeared in the world; an author who composed a perfect specimen of military annals in his travelling carriage; at one time in a controversy with Cato, at another writing a treatise on punning and collecting a set of good sayings; fighting and making love at the same moment, and willing to abandon both his empire and his mistress for a sight of the Fountains of the Nile—such did Cæsar appear to his contemporaries.'*

Shakespeare's drama was first printed in the folio of 1623. It appears in a more accurate form than most of the plays, yet about a score of misprints and minor errors have been removed by the care of successive editors. The usual date of the composition of *Julius Cæsar* is referred to the year 1607, but Mr. Collier has shown good reasons for believing that it was acted before 1603. The subject had previously been dramatized. Gosson mentions a

* Lord Broughton (John Cam Hobhouse) in notes to *Childe Harold*, Canto IV.

play, entitled *The History of Cæsar and Pompey*, in 1579, and in 1582 a Latin play by Dr. Richard Eedes, on the subject of Cæsar's murder, was acted in the university of Oxford. Lord Stirling, in 1604, published a tragedy entitled *Julius Cæsar*. To none of these, so far as can be ascertained, was Shakespeare indebted.—MEIKLEJOHN.

'Shakespeare was, as I believe, conversant with the better class of English literature which the reign of Elizabeth afforded. Among other books, the translation by North of Amyot's Plutarch seems to have fallen into his hands about 1567 [some years earlier]. It was the source of three tragedies founded on the lives of Brutus, Antony, and Coriolanus, the first bearing the name of Julius Cæsar. In this the plot wants even that historical unity which the romantic drama requires; the third and fourth acts are ill connected; it is deficient in female characters, and in that combination which is generally apparent amidst all the intricacies of his fable. But it abounds in fine scenes and fine passages; the spirit of Plutarch's Brutus is well seized, the predominance of Cæsar himself is judiciously restrained, the characters have that individuality which Shakespeare seldom misses; nor is there, perhaps, in the whole range of ancient and modern eloquence a speech more fully realizing the perfection that orators have striven to attain than that of Antony.'—HALLAM.

'I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on

me the belief of his genius being superhuman than the scene between Brutus and Cassius [Act IV. sc. 3]. In the Gnostic heresy it might have been credited with less absurdity than most of their dogmas, that the Supreme had employed him to create, previously to his function of representing, characters.'—COLERIDGE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,

MARCUS ANTONIUS,

M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS,

} *Triumvirs after the death of
JULIUS CÆSAR.*

CICERO,

PUBLIUS,

POPILIUS LENA,

} *Senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,

CASSIUS,

CASCA,

CINNA,

TREBONIUS,

} *Conspirators against JULIUS
CÆSAR.*

LIGARIUS,

DECIUS BRUTUS,

METELLUS CIMBER,

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *Tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS of *Chios*, a teacher of *Rhetoric.*

CINNA, a *Poet*; another *Poet*; a *Soothsayer.*

LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, *Young CATO*, and

VOLUMINIUS, *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO, CLITUS, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS, and

DARDANIUS, *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPHURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*

PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE.—ROME; SARDIS; and near PHILIPPI.

JULIUS CÆSAR

ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius.

FENCE! home, you idle creatures,
get you home; [you not,
Is this a holiday? What, know
Being mechanical, you ought not
walk,

Upon a laboring-day, without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art
thou?

1 Cit. 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?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

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MARCUS ANTONIUS,

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What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?

2 Cit. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine work-
man, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me
directly.

2 *Cit.* 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?

2 *Cit.* 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?

2 *Cit.* Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with all. 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

2 *Cit.* Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, 30 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?
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 climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops, 40
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong 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* Citizens.]

See, wher 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
70 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.—*The same. A public Place.*

Enter, in procession, with music, CÆSAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPHURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following; among them a Soothsayer.

Cæs. Calphurnia,—

Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.

Cæs. Calphurnia,— [Music ceases.]

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 Calphurnia: for our elders say,
The barren, touch'd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

80 When Cæsar says, *Do this*, it is perform'd.

Cæs. Set on; and leave no ceremony out.

[*Music.*]

Sooth. Cæsar!

Cæs. Ha! who calls?

Casca. Bid every noise be still:—peace
yet again. [Music ceases.]

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. 20

Cæs. 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.*]

Cæs. Will you go see the order of the
course?

Bru. Not I.

Cæs. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some
part 30

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires; I'll
leave you.

Cæs. 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. Vexèd I am,

40 Of late, with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself, [viors :
Which give some soil, perhaps, to my beha-
But let not therefore my good friends be
grieved ; [one ;

(Among which number, Cassius, be you
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 ; [buried

By means whereof this breast of mine hath
50 Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.
Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face ?

Bru. No, Cassius : for the eye sees not it-
self

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,
60 (Except immortal Cæsar,) speaking of Brutus,

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. 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. 70
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus :

Were I a common laughèr, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester ; 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 ? 80
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,
90 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:

100 For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Dar'st 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 stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor, [der
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoul-
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 120
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 [books,

Mark him, and write his speeches in their
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, 130
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 nar-
row 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, 140
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and *Cæsar*: what should be in that
Cæsar? [than yours?

Why should that name be sounded more
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as
well; [them;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with
Brutus will start a spirit as soon as *Cæsar*.

[*Shout*.

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! [bloods!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble
When went there by an age, since the great
flood, [man?
But it was famed with more than with one
When could they say, till now, that talk'd of
Rome, [man?
That her wide walls encompass'd but one
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

160 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
As easily as a king.

Bru. That you do love me I am nothing
jealous; [aim;
What you would work me to I have some
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. 170

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
Have struck but thus much show of fire from
Brutus.

Re-enter CÆSAR and his Train.

Bru. 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 180
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day.

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:
Calphurnia'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.
Cas. Antonius!

Ant. *Cæsar*?

Cas. Let me have men about me that are
fat; [nights:
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o'
Yond *Cassius* has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are danger-
ous. 190

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,

200 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 anything.

Such men as he be never at heart's ease Whiles they behold a greater than themselves;

210 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.

[*Exit CÆSAR and his train. CASCA stays behind.*]

Casca. You pulled me by the cloak: would you speak with me?

Bru. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.

That Cæsar looks so sad?

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

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

220

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.

230

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 loth 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 chapped hands,

240

and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of noisome breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, 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.

250 *Cas.* But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?

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 use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

260 *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 anything

amiss, he desired their worships to think it 270 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 anything?

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.

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. 290

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 is he 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

300 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 dispos'd: therefore 'tis meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes:
310 For who so firm that cannot be seduced?

Cæsar 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 ob-
scurely

Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at;
And, after this, let *Cæsar* seat him sure;

320 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 *Cæsar*
home? [so?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you
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 riv'd 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. 10
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 anything more wonder-
ful?

Casca. A common slave (you know him
well by sight) [burn

Held up his left hand, which did flame and
Like twenty torches join'd; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.

Besides, (I have not since put up my sword,)
Against the Capitol I met a lion, 20
Who glar'd upon me, and went surly by

Without annoying me : and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformèd 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,
30 *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-disposèd time :
But men may construe things, after their
fashion, [selves.
Clean from the purpose of the things them-
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 distur-
bèd sky
Is not to walk in.

40 *Casca.* Farewell, Cicero.
[Exit CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

Cas. Casca, by your voice.

Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what
night is this!

Cas. A very pleasing night to honest men,
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens men-
ace so?

Cas. 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 unbracèd, 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.

Cas. 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 won-
To see the strange impatience of the heav-
ens :

But, if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding
ghosts, [kind,

Why birds and beasts, from quality and
Why old men fool and children calculate;
Why all these things change from their or-
dinance,

Their natures, and pre-formed faculties,
To monstrous quality;—why you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these
spirits,

70 To make them instruments of fear and warn-
Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night; [roars
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and
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 Cæsar that you mean; is it
not, Cassius?

80 *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, [its;
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spir-
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed they say the senators to-
morrow

Mean to establish Cæsar 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;

90 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: 100

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 110
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
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.

120 *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

130 In favor's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

Casca. Stand close awhile, for here comes
one in haste.

Cas. 'Tis Cinna, I do know him by his
gait;
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Me-
tellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay'd for, Cin-
na?

Cin. I am glad on't. What a fearful night
is this! [sights.]

There's two or three of us have seen strange

Cas. Am I not stay'd for? Tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could

140 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, 150
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 offence 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. 160

[Exit.]

ACT II.

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

WHAT, Lucius! ho!
I cannot, by the progress of the
stars, [Lucius, I say!—
Give guess how near to day.—
Lucius, 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 question. [Lucius, I der;
It is the bright day that brings forth the ad-
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—
That;—

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

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

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

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

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

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

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal'd up; and, I am sure, 40
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[*Gives him the letter.*]
Bru. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March? 40

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

Luc. I will, sir. [Exit.

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

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

Such instigations have been often dropp'd

o Where I have took them up.

Shall Rome, &c. Thus must I piece it out;
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?
What! Rome?

My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a
king.

Speak, strike, redress!—Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make
thee promise,

If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.
[Knock within.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: some-
body knocks. [Exit Lucius.

60 Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is

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

Re-enter Lucius.

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

Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

Luc. No, sir, there are more with him.

Bru. Do you know them?

Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about
their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.

Bru. Let them enter.

[Exit Lucius.

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

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

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

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

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your
rest:

Good morrow, Brutus. Do we trouble you?

Bru. I have been up this hour; awake all
night.

Know I these men that come along with you?

Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no
man here

But honors you: and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself

Which every noble Roman bears of you.

This is Trebonius.

Bru. He is welcome hither.

Cas. This, Decius Brutus.

Bru. He is welcome too.

Cas. This, Casca; this, Cinna; and this,
Metellus Cimber.

Bru. They are all welcome.

What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?

Cas. Shall I entreat a word? [*They whisper.*]

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

Casca. No.

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

That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

Casca. You shall confess that you are both
deceived.

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

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

He first presents his fire; and the high east 110
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

Bru. Give me your hands all over, one by
one.

Cas. And let us swear our resolution.

Bru. No, not an oath: if not the face of
men, [abuse,—

The sufferance of our souls, the time's
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed;

So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But if these,

As I am sure they do, bear fire enough 120
To kindle cowards, and to steel with valor

The melting spirits of women; then, country-
men,

What need we any spur but our own cause

To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans, that have spoke the
word,

And will not palter? and what other oath

Than honesty to honesty engag'd

That this shall be, or we will fall for it?

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

Old feeble carrions, and such suffering souls 130

That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear

Such creatures as men doubt: but do not stain

The even virtue of our enterprise,

Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,

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

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

140 Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.

Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound
him?

I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.

Cin. No, by no means.

Met. O let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit ap-
pear,

But all be buried in his gravity.

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

150 For he will never follow anything
That other men begin.

Cas. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

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

Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:

And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,

Stir up their servants to an act of rage,

And after seem to chide them. This shall
make

Our purpose necessary, and not envious:

Which so appearing to the common eyes,

We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers. 180

And for Mark Antony, think not of him;

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

When Cæsar's head is off.

Cas. Yet I fear him: ®

For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar,—

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

If he love Cæsar, all that he can do

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

And that were much he should; for he is given

To sports, to wildness, and much company.

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

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

Bru. Peace! count the clock.

Cas. The clock hath stricken three.

Treb. 'Tis time to part.

Cas. But it is doubtful yet

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

For he is superstitious grown of late;

Quite from the main opinion he held once

Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies;

It may be these apparent prodigies,

The unaccustom'd terror of this night,

200 And the persuasion of his augurers

May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

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

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

That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,

And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,

Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:

But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

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

Let me work:

210 For I can give his humor the true bent;

And I will bring him to the Capitol.

Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.

Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the 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; [reasons;

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

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

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

Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and 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. 230

Enter PORTIA.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

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

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

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've un-
gently, Brutus, [per,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at sup-
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
240 Musing and sighing, with your arms across:
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks:
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your
head,

And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot:
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not;
But, with an angry wattle of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled; and,
withal,
250 Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with every
man.

It will not let you eat nor talk nor sleep;
And, could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my
lord,

Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

Bru. I am not well in health, and that is all.

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in
health,

He would embrace the means to come by it.

260 Bru. Why, so I do:—good Portia, go to
bed.

Por. Is Brutus sick? and is it physical
To walk unbracèd, and suck up the humors

Of the dank morning? What, is Brutus sick?
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed,
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurg'd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus;
You have some sick offence within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of: and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once commended beauty, 270
By all your vows of love, and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy; and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

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

Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus, 280

Is it excepted I should know no secrets

That appertain to you? Am I yourself

But, as it were, in sort or limitation;

To keep with you at meals, comfort your heart

And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in
the suburbs

Of your good pleasure?

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife;

As dear to me as are the ruddy drops

That visit my sad heart.

290 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
 them;

300 I have made strong proof of my constancy,
 Giving myself a voluntary wound [tience,
 Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with pa-
 And not my husband's secrets?

Bru. O ye gods,
 Render me worthy of this noble wife!
 [Knocking within.

Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a
 while;

And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the charactery of my sad brows:—
 Leave me with haste. [Exit PORTIA.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius, who is't that knocks?

310 *Luc.* Here is a sick man that would speak
 with you.

Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake
 of.—

Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?

Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble
 tongue.

Bru. O, what a time have you chose out,
 brave Caius, [sick!
 To wear a kerchief? Would you were not

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

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand,
 Ligarius,
 Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.

Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow be-
 fore,

320 I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
 Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
 Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
 My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
 And I will strive with things impossible;
 Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

Bru. A piece of work that will make sick
 men whole.

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

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

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

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

Bru. Follow me then.
 [Exeunt.

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

Cæs. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:

Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out,
Help, ho! They murder Cæsar! Who's within?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

Cæs. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,

And bring me their opinions of success.

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter CALPHURNIA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Are to the world in general, as to Cæsar.

Cal. When beggars die, there are no comets seen; [of princes.

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death
Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths:

The valiant never taste of death but once. 30
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

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

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.

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

Cæs. The gods do this in shame of cowardice;

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

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

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

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

Enter DECIVS.

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

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

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

Cæs. And you are come in very happy
time

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

Cal. Say he is sick.

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

To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

Dec. Most mighty Cæsar, let me know
some cause,

Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so. 70

Cæs. The cause is in my will, I will not
come;

That is enough to satisfy the senate.

But, for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know;
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with a hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it.
And these does she apply for warnings and
portents

80 Of evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue, spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood; and that great men shall

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

Cæs. And this way have you well ex-
pounded it. 90

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say:

And know it now; the senate have concluded To give, this day, a crown to mighty Cæsar. If you shall send them word you will not come, [mock

Their minds may change. Besides, it were a Apt to be render'd, for some one to say
Break up the senate till another time.
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.

200 If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
Lo, Cæsar is afraid?

Pardon me, Cæsar: for my dear, dear love To your proceeding bids me tell you this; And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now,
Calphurnia!

I am ashamed I did yield to them.—
Give me my robe, for I will go:—

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS,
CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.—

210 What, Brutus, are you stirr'd so early too?
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you
lean.—

What is't o'clock?

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis stricken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up. Good morrow, Antony.

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.

Cæs. Bid them prepare within:—

I am to blame to be thus waited for.—
Now, Cinna:—now, Metellus:—what, Trebonius!

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

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

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

And we, like friends, will straightway go
Bru. [*aside.*] That every like is not the
same, O Cæsar,

The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street near the*
Capitol. ®

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper.

Art.

Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus

loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,
ARTEMIDORUS.

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,

10 And as a suitor will I give him this.

My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.

If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live:
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

[Exit.

SCENE IV.—*The same. Another part of
the same street, before the House of Brutus.*

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

Por. I pr'ythee, boy, run to the senate-
house;

Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.

Why dost thou stay?

Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and
here again, [there.—

Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do
O constancy, be strong upon my side!

Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and
tongue!

I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.

How hard it is for women to keep counsel!—

Art thou here yet?

30 *Luc.* Madam, what should I do?

Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?

And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord
look well,

For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Pr'ythee, listen well.

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

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

20

Enter Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:

Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is't o'clock?

Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

Sooth. Madam, not yet; I go to take my
stand

To see him pass on to the Capitol.

Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast
thou not?

Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please
Cæsar

To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's in-
tended towards him?

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

Good morrow to you. Here the street is nar-
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,

30

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.

[Exit.

Por. I must go in.—Ah me! how weak a
thing

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

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

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The same. The Capitol; the
Senate sitting.*

*A crowd of people in the street leading to the Capitol;
among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer.
Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS,
CASCA, DECIVS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CIN-
NA, ANTONY LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and
others.*

Cæsar.

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 numble suit.

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

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

Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?

Pub. Sirrah, give place. 10

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

Come to the Capitol.

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

Pop. I wish your enterpris- 10-day may
thrive.

Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius!

Pop. Fare you well.
[Advances to CÆSAR.

Bru. What said Popilius Lena?

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

I fear our purpose is discovered.

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

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

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

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death :
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
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vention. ®

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

Bru. Cassius, be constant:

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. CÆSAR
and the Senators take their seats.*]

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. [amiss]

Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now
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, [ing.]

Low-crooked curtsies, and base spaniel-fawn-
Thy brother by decree is banished; [him,
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for

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, 50
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 mov'd if I were as
you: [me:]

If I could pray to move, prayers would move
But I am constant as the northern star, 60
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality

There is no fellow in the firmament.

The skies are painted with unnumber'd
sparks,

They all are 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 apprehen- 60
sive;

Yet, in the number, I do know but one,
That unassailable holds on his rank,

Unshak'd of motion: and, that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this,— 70

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 stabs CÆSAR in the neck. CÆSAR catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by MARCUS BRUTUS.]

Cæs. Et tu, Brute?—Then fall, Cæsar.

[*Dies.* The Senators and people retire in confusion.]

Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!

Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cæs. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,—

80

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;

90

There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cæs. And leave us, Publius; lest that the
people, [chief.

Rushing on us, should do your age some mis-
Bru. Do so;—and let no man abide this
deed

But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

Cæs. Where is Antony?

Tre. Fled to his house amazed: [run,
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and
As it were doomsday.

Bru. Fates! we will know your pleasures:—

That we shall die we know; 'tis but the time, 100
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

Cæs. 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: 110

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!*

Cæs. Stoop, then, and wash.—How many
ages hence

Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er
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.

Dec. What, shall we forth?

Cas. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of
Rome.

Bru. Soft, who comes here?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. A friend of Antony's.
Thus, Brutus, 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, honor'd him, and loved
him.

130

*If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath 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,*

*Thorough the hazards of this untrod state,
With all true faith.* So says my master An-
tony.

Bru. Thy master is a wise and vallant
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.

Serv. I'll fetch him presently.

[Exit.]

140

Bru. I know that we shall have him well
to friend.

Cas. 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? [spoils,
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, 150
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,

160 Fulfil 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:

170 Our hearts you see not, they are pitiful;
And pity to the general wrong of Rome
(As fire drives out fire, so pity, pity)
Hath done this deed on Cæsar. For your
part, [Antony:
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Our arms in strength of amity, and our
hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and rever-
ence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any
man's

In the disposing of new dignities.

180 *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;—

Yours, Cinna;—and, my valiant Casca,
Though last, not least in love, yours, good
Trebonyus.

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? 200

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; [stand,

Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters
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.—

210 How like a deer, stricken 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, Cæsar.

220 Sway'd from the point, by looking down on
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;

230 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: [moved
Know you how much the people may be
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, [ers!]

That I am meek and gentle with these butch-
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever liv'd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hands that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—

24

250

260

Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby
lips [tongue,—

To beg the voice and utterance of my
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,— [hold
That mothers shall but smile when they be-
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
270 All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Atë 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.

280 *Serv.* He did receive his letters, and is
coming:

And bid me say to you by word of mouth,—
[*Seeing the body.*] O Cæsar!

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,
Begin 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; 290
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this
course

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 CÆSAR's body.*]

SCENE II.—*The same. The Forum.*

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS and a throng of Citizens.

Cit. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

Bru. Then follow me, and give me audi-
ence, friends.—

Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.—

Those that will hear me speak, let them stay
here;

Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
Of Cæsar's death.

I Cit.

I will hear Brutus speak.

2 *Cit.* I will hear Cassius; and compare
their reasons,

10 When severally we hear them rendered.

*(Exit CASSIUS with some of the Citizens.
BRUTUS goes into the Rostrum.)*

3 *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 Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love to
Cæsar was no less than his. If, then, that
friend demand why Brutus rose against
20 Cæsar, this is my answer.—Not that I loved
Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all
slaves; than that Cæsar were dead, to live
all free men? As Cæsar 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?
30 If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who
is here so vile that will not love his coun-

try? If any, speak; for him have I offended.
I pause for a reply.

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. 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 en-
forced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR's body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark An-
tony: who, though he had no hand in his
death, shall receive the benefit of his dying,
40 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.

Citizens. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto
his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with
shouts and clamors. 50

Bru. My countrymen,—

2 *Cit.* Peace; silence! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho! [alone,

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his
speech [tony,
Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark An-
By our permission, is allow'd to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,
Save I alone, till Antony have spoke. [Exit.

60

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark An-
tony.

3 *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.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake
He finds himself beholding to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'Twere best he speak no harm of
Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace; let us hear what Antony can
say.

70

Ant. You gentle Romans—

Citizens. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

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 Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault;
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.

Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,
(For Brutus is an honorable man; 80
So are they all, all honorable men;) 80
Come I to speak in Cæsar'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 Cæsar seem ambitious? [wept:
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff: 90
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 am-
bition?

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; 100
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn
for him?

O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with
me;

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks there is much reason in
his sayings.

2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.* Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.

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

110 Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to
speak.

Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar
might

Have stood against the world; now lies he
And none so poor to do him reverence.

O masters! if I were disposed to stir

120 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

Cæsar,
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,)

130 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.

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

Citizens. 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;

140 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!

4 *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 [fear it.

Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do

150 4 *Cit.* They were traitors: honorable men!
Citizens. The will! the testament!

2 *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?

Citizens. Come down.

160 *2 Cit.* Descend. [*He comes down.*]

3 Cit. You shall have leave.

4 Cit. A ring; stand round.

1 Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 Cit. Room for Antony;—most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Citizens. 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;

170 '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-belovèd Brutus
stabb'd;

And, as he pluck'd his cursèd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors to be resolv'd

If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lovèd
180 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 statua, [fell.
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!

190 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

[here,
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with
traitors.

1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!

2 Cit. O noble Cæsar!

3 Cit. O woeful day!

4 Cit. O traitors, villains!

1 Cit. O most bloody sight!

2 Cit. We will be revenged.

Citizens. Revenge! about!—seek!—
burn!—fire!—kill!—slay!—let not a traitor
live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 Cit. Peace there:—hear the noble An-
tony.

2 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.

210 They that have done this deed are honorable;
 What private griefs they have, alas ! I know
 not, [orable;
 That made them do it; they are wise and hon-
 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
 220 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, [tus,
 And bid them speak for me: but, were I Bru-
 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.

Citizens. We'll mutiny!

230 1 *Cit.* We'll burn the house of Brutus!

3 *Cit.* Away, then: come, seek the conspir-
 ators!

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear
 me speak.

Citizens. 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.

Citizens. 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, 240

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar!—we'll revenge
 his death.

3 *Cit.* O royal Cæsar!

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Citizens. Peace, ho!

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his
 walks,

His private arbors, and new-planted or-
 chards

On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
 And to your heirs forever; common pleas-
 ures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves. 250

Here was a Cæsar! When comes such an-
 other?

1 *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.

2 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, any-
 thing. [*Exeunt Citizens, with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work! Mischief, thou art
afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!—

Enter a Servant.

260

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, [vius.

270 How I had moved them. Bring me to Octa-
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same. A Street.*

Enter CINNA, the Poet.

Cin. I dreamt to-night that I did feast with
Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

Enter Citizens.

1 *Cit.* What is your name?

2 *Cit.* Whither are you going?

3 *Cit.* Where do you dwell?

4 *Cit.* Are you a married man or a bache-
lor?

2 *Cit.* Answer every man directly.

1 *Cit.* Ay, and briefly.

4 *Cit.* Ay, and wisely.

3 *Cit.* Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name?—Whither am I
going? Where do I dwell? Am I a mar-
ried man or a bachelor? Then, to answer
every man directly and briefly, wisely and
truly; *wisely*, I say I am a bachelor.

2 *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 fu-
neral.

1 *Cit.* As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 *Cit.* That matter is answered directly.

4 *Cit.* For your dwelling,—briefly.

Cin. *Briefly*, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 *Cit.* Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. *Truly*, my name is Cinna.

1 *Cit.* Tear him to pieces, he's a conspira-
tor.

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

4 *Cit.* Tear him for his bad verses, tear him
for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna, the conspirator.

2 *Cit.* It is no matter, his name's Cinna;

16

20

30

pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. 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 Room in Antony's House.*

ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

Antony.

THESSE many, then, shall die; their names are prick'd.

Oct. Your brother too must die: consent you, Lepidus?

Lep. I do consent—

Oct. Prick him down, Antony.

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 Cæsar'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 abject orts and imitations,

pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands. To Brutus', to Cassius', burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'; away; go!

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A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds On abject orts and imitations,

Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
 Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
 40 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, [out;
 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.

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

SCENE II.—*Before Brutus's Tent, in the
 Camp near Sardis.*

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Sol-
 diers: TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them.

Bru. Stand, ho!

Luc. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius
 near?

Luc. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come
 To do you salutation from his master.

[PINDARUS gives a letter to BRUTUS.

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, Lu-
 cilius;

How he received you, let me be resolvd.

Luc. 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 hast 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 met-
 tle:

But, when they should endure the bloody spur,
 They fall their crests, and, like deceitful
 jades,

Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Luc. They mean this night in Sardis to be
 quarter'd;

The greater part, the horse in general,
 Are come with Cassius. [*March within.*

Bru. Hark, he is arrived:—
 March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Within. Stand!

Cas. Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine enemies? [brother?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides wrongs;

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. Lucius, do you the like; and let no man

50 Come to our tent, till we have done our conference.

Lucilius and Titinius, guard our door.

Exeunt.

SCENE III.—*Within the Tent of Brutus.*

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 speak this,

Or, by the gods, this speech were else your

Bru. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,

And chastisement doth therefore hide his

Cas. Chastisement!

Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember!

Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?

20 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 hon-
ors [thus?—

For so much trash as may be grasp'd
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,

30 To hedge me in; I am a soldier, ay,
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 my-
self; [further.

Have mind upon your health, tempt me no

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?

40 Shall I be frighted 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? [crouch

Must I observe you? Must I stand and
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, [ter,

I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laugh-
When you are waspish.

Cas. Is it come to this? 50

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. 60

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 ;—

70

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 [trash
 From the hard hands of peasants their vile
 By any indirection ! I did send
 To you for gold to pay my legions, [Cassius ?
 Which you denied me : was that done like
 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 !

80

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not :—he was but a fool
 That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath
 riv'd my heart :

A friend should bear his friend's infirmities,
 But Brutus makes mine greater than they
 are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise 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.

90

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius,
 come,
 Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
 For Cassius is a-weary of the world :
 Hated by one he loves ; braved by his broth-
 er ;
 Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults ob-
 served,
 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 dag-
 ger,

And here my naked breast ; within, a heart 100
 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 Cæsar ; for, I know,
 When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst
 him better

Than ever thou lov'dst 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 yokèd with a lamb
 That carries anger as the flint bears fire ;
 Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark,
 And straight is cold again.

110

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 you not love enough to bear with me, [gave me

When that rash humor which my mother Makes me forgetful?

120 *Bru.* Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so. [Noise within.

Poet. [within.] Let me go in to see the generals; [meet

There is some grudge between them, 'tis not 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? [be;

Love, and be friends, as two such men should For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.

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

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

Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.

Bru. I'll know his humor, when he knows his time: [fools?

What should the wars do with these jiggig 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.

[*Exeunt LUCILIUS and TITINIUS*.

Bru. *Lucius*, a bowl of wine. [Exit *LUCIUS*. 140

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 upon my absence, 150

And grief that young Octavius with Mark
Antony [her death
Have made themselves so strong;—for with
That tidings came;—with this she fell dis-
tract,

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 tapers.

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:—

160 Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell the cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' love.

[*Drinks.*

Re-enter TITINIUS and MESSALA.

Bru. Come in, Titinius.—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 self-same
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.

Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of
her?

Bru. Nothing, Messala.

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: [ner-

For certain she is dead, and by strange man-

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 forc'd, 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-aided, and encouraged;

From which advantage shall we cut him off,
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

210 *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;
tune;

Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat; 220
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We will 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, my gown. [*Exit LUCIUS.*]
Farewell, good Messala;—

Good night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius, 230
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. ®

[*Exit* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, and MESSALA.

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'er-
watch'd.

240 *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.

Bru. I will not leave it so: lie down, good
sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for
so:

250 I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[VAR. and CLAU. 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. 260

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 slum-
ber!

Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music?—Gentle knave, good
night; *[thee.]*

I will not do thee so much wrong to wake
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instru-
ment; *[night.—]*

I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good 270
Let me see, let me see:—is not the leaf
turn'd down

Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

[He sits down.]

How ill this taper burns!

Enter the Ghost of CÆSAR.

Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition. *(R)*
It comes upon me!—Art thou anything?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some
devil. *[stare?]*

That mak'st my blood cold, and my hair to
Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

- 280 *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.—
 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.—
 290 *Lucius, awake!*
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criest out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius.— Sirrah, Claudius! [*To VARRO.*] Fellow thou! awake!
Var. My lord?
 300 *Clau.* My lord?
Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Var., Clau. Did we, my lord?
Bru. Ay; saw you anything?
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.

Octavius.

NOW, Antony, our hopes are answered: [*come down,*]
 You said the enemy would not
 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.*]

Drum. *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. [words.]

Make forth ; the generals would have some

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows : is it so, coun-
trymen ? [do.]

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you

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 stolen 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 : 40

You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd
like hounds, [feet ;

And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's
Whilst damn'd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O 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 : 50

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,
 60 Young man, thou couldst not die more honor-
Cas. A peevish school-boy, 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. My lord.

[*BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart.*]

Cas. Messala,—

Mes. What says my general?

70 *Cas.* Messala,

This is my birthday; as this very day
 Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Mes-
 sala:

Be thou my witness that, against my will,
 As Pompey was, am I compelled 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.

80 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.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly; 90
 For I am fresh of spirit, and resolved
 To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. [*advancing.*] 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 incer-
 tain,

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 determin'd to do?

100 *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 pa-
 tience,

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
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,

110 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!

120 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.—The same. Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. 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 enclos'd.

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 these my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.

Cas. Titinius, if thou lov'st 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 not'st about the field.—
[Exit PINDARUS.]

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. Titinius is enclosed round about
 With horsemen that make to him on the
 spur; *[him;*

30 Yet he spurs on.—Now they are almost on
 Now, Titinius!—Now some 'light: O, he
 'lights too:— *[for joy.]*

He's ta'en;—*[Shout]* and hark! they shout

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!

Enter PINDARUS.

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! *[sword]*
 Now be a freeman; and, with this good
 That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search
 this bosom. *[hilt;]*

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the
 And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now,
 Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art re-
 venged,

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 Octa-
 vius.
 Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
 As Cassius' legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cas-
 sius,

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,

60 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! [men
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of
The things that are not? O error, soon con-
ceived,

70 Thou never com'st 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 envenomèd,
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.*]

80 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't thee? Didst thou not hear
their shouts?

Alas, thou hast misconstru'd, everything.

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' 90
heart. [*Dies.*]

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 Cæsar, 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 100
Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe
more tears

To this dead man than you shall see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his
body;

His funerals 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

110 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, 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!

[*Charges the enemy.*]

Bru. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for
Brutus.

[*Exit, charging the enemy. CATO is overpowered, and falls.*]

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.

1 *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.

1 *Sold.* We must not.—A noble prisoner!

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

1 *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;

20

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 everything is chanc'd. [*Exeunt.*]

30

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 torchlight: but,
my lord,
He came not back; he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the
word;

It 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.—

[Whispers him.]

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to
thee? *[tates.]*

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he medi-

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 see'st the world, Volumnius, how it
goes;

Our enemies have beat us to the pit.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volum-

ninius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school
together;

Even for that our love of old, I pr'ythee,
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. 30

Bru. Farewell to you—and you;—and you,
Volumnius.—

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
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: 40

Night hangs upon my 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.
[Exit CLITUS, DARDANIUS, and VOLUMNIUS.]

I pr'ythee, 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?

50

Str. Give me your hand first: fare you
well, my lord.

Bru. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now
be still:

I kill'd not thee with half so good a will.

[He runs on his sword, and dies.]

Alarum; retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?

Mes. My master's man.—Strato, where is
thy master?

Str. 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,

60

That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.

Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain
them.—

Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?

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

Oct. Do so, good Messala.

Mes. How died my master, Strato?

Str. 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!*

70

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.

80

[Exeunt.]

8

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NOTES.

The following contractions are employed in the notes: O. E. = Old English; O. Fr. = Old French; Gr. = Greek; Lat. = Latin; Cf. = confer (compare); Abbott = Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearean Grammar*; Cl. P. S. = Clarendon Press Series; and Co. S. = Collins's Series. Notes without name appended are Prof. Meiklejohn's.

ACT FIRST.

SCENE I.

3. **Mechanical** = mechanics or artisans.—**Ought not walk.** This is the only instance in Shakespeare where *ought* is not followed by *to*. After the verbs *bid*, *see*, *make*, *hear*, *tell*, and others, we have at present no *to*; because with these verbs the old infinitives in *an* remained longer in use. And Dr. Abbott points out that, in the Elizabethan period, there was much inconsistency in the use or omission of the *to*.

4. **A laboring-day** = a working day. The word *laboring* is not here an adj. or participle, but a gerund or verbal noun, like *frying-pan*, *walking-stick*, *working-dress*, *riding-coat*, &c. (= pan for frying, &c.)—Without the sign. There was no such sumptuary law among the Romans.

10. **In respect of** = in comparison with.

11. **A cobbler** = a botcher or bungler.

12. **Directly** = straightforwardly. Shakespeare in the same way uses *roundly*.

15. **Naughty** = good for naught or nothing.—**Knave**, not in the bad modern sense, but = fellow. In O. E. (as in modern German, *Knabe*) it simply meant a boy. Sir John Mandeville calls Mahomet 'a poure knave.'

16. *Beseech*, a compound of *seek*. Another compound is *forsooke* (= give up seeking), with the O. E. pronunciation of *seek*.—Be not out. Cf. *fall out*.
17. If you be out (here used in the second of the two senses), that is, at heels. Cf. *out at elbows*.
23. Women's = tradeswomen's.
24. Surgeon. The old form was *chirurgion*, from Gr. *cheir*, the hand, and *ergon*, a work.
25. Recover, used in the two senses of *recover* and *re-cover*.
26. Neat's-leather = ox-leather. Neat is the O. E. word for *cattle*, and is still found in Scotland in the form of *nout*. Cf. *neat's-foot oil*.
29. To see Caesar. Caesar had just returned from Spain, triumphant over the sons of Pompey in the battle of *Munda*, in the spring of 45 B.C.
35. Bonds. From *bind* come also *band*, *bundle*, *woodbine*, &c.
38. Pompey, son of Cneius Pompeius Strabo, born 106 B.C. and assassinated in 48. Co. S.
41. Infants. From Lat. *in*, not, and *fari*, to speak. From the same root come *fable*, *fate* (the thing spoken), *fatal*, *fame*, *infamous* (= not to be spoken of).
44. But = merely or only.
46. Tiber . . . her. Shakespeare makes the Tiber feminine; but the Romans made it masculine.—That = so that.
47. Replication = echo or reverberation. From Lat. *replico*, I fold or turn back.
50. Cull out = pick out as.
55. Intermit = put aside.
56. Needs. An old genitive. Cf. *straightways*, *else* (= *elles*), *backwards*, &c.
59. Tiber banks. So we have in the Fifth Act, 'Philippi fields;' and in other plays, 'Pisa walls,' 'Cyprus wars,' 'music vows,' the 'region kites.' (See Abbott, sect. 22.)
60. Till the lowest stream. That is, till the stream at its lowest be increased by your tears until it touches the top of the banks. A hyperbole of the strongest kind.

62. Metal, another form of the word *mettle*; both from Gr. *metallon*, a mine.
64. Capitol. The temple of Jupiter Optimus Maximus and citadel of Rome (Capitolium), to which a victorious general, entering the city in triumph, rode to return thanks to Jupiter.
65. Disrobe. A laurel crown, tied with a white fillet, had been placed upon the statues of Cæsar.
66. Ceremonies, that is, trophies and scarfs. Crowns had also been placed on Cæsar's statues.
68. Lupercal. One of the most ancient Roman festivals, celebrated annually in honor of Lupercus, the god of fertility. It was held on the 15th of February, near the Lupercal, at the foot of the Mons Aventinus, where Romulus and Remus were said to have been found with their nurse, the she-wolf. The Luperci, or priests, sacrificed goats and young dogs, and, cutting the skins into thongs, they ran with them through the city, touching and striking men and women. This act was a symbolic purification of the land, and the touching was a purification of men.
71. Vulgar, from Lat. *vulgus*, the common people.
74. Pitch, highest flight of a hawk.
76. Servile, such as befits slaves. (From Lat. *servus*, a slave.)

SCENE 2.

7. Elders = forefathers.
9. Sterile curse = curse of sterility. Cæsar was now childless.
15. The press = the crowd. Cf. Chaucer:
'Fly from the presse, and dwell with soothfastnesse.'

See also Mark ii. 4.

19. The Ides. The Roman method of reckoning the days of the month was very peculiar. The first of each month was called *Kalends* (*Kalendār*); the Nones (*Nonas*) on the 5th (but on the 7th in March, May, July, and October); and the Ides (*Idus*) eight days later than the Nones. From these three fixed points the Romans counted *backwards*. Thus the 30th of January was *three* days (taking in

both the day counted *from* and the day counted *to*) before, or the *third day* before, the Kalends of February; and so on. The Ides of March, May, July, and October fell on the 15th day.—**Sennet**, a piece of martial music, or a set of notes played on a trumpet as a signal for a procession to move.

25. **Order of the course**, the manner in which the procession is marshalled, and the direction in which it is led.

28. **Gamesome**, inclined for frolic.

29. **Spirit**, turn of mind.—**Quick** = lively.

34. **As** = that. Still in use by uneducated people throughout England. Shakespeare frequently uses it as a relative pronoun in this and other plays.—**Show of love**, proofs of affection.

35. **You bear . . . a hand**, you are too distant and unfriendly. The metaphor is borrowed from horsemanship.

39, 40. **Vexed I am . . . with passions, &c.** I have been troubled by conflicting emotions.

41. **Conceptions . . . to myself**, thoughts or ideas which concern me only.—**Proper** = peculiar. So we have in Shakespeare, 'their proper selves,' 'my proper hand.'

42. **Soil, tarnish, stain**.—**Behaviors**. Shakespeare frequently uses the plural where the singular is generally employed.

49. **By means whereof** = and through this mistake.

54. **Just** = quite true.

59. **Where** = of instances in which.—**Respect** = highest note or distinction.

62. **His**, written carelessly for *their*. Cl. P. S.

71. **Be not jealous on me** = be not suspicious of me. So we also find in Shakespeare, 'revenged on her death,' 'fond on her,' 'command upon me.'

72. **Did use** = were accustomed.

73. **To stale**, make stale or common.

76. **After** = afterwards.—**Scandal**, speak evil of.

77. **Profess myself** = show I profess friendly feeling for any one at a banquet.

78. **Rout**, a mixed assembly.—**Hold** = consider, or look upon me as.

85. **General good**, welfare of the public at large.

87. **Indifferently** = impartially.

88. **Speed** = prosper. Cf. *God-speed*, a phrase very common in Bunyan.

91. **Outward favor** = personal appearance.

95. **I had as lief, I would prefer**. *Had* is here an old subjunctive, like the German *hätte*; and *lief* (O. E. *leaf*) is an old adj. meaning *dear*.

101. **Chafing with**, that is, lashing the banks with violence, as if angry with them for restraining it.

104. **Yonder**, an old comparative of *yon*. (Cf. Ger. *jen-er*.) The *d* is intrusive, and serves as a cushion between the two liquids *n* and *r*.

109. **Hearts of controversy**, with hearts that opposed and fought against the violence of the stream.

110. **Arrive**, arrive at, reach; Lat. *adripere*, to come to the bank (*ripa*). So Dr. Abbott (sect. 198) gives in Milton, 'to creep the ground,' 'to tower the sky;' and in Shakespeare, 'aspire the clouds,' 'parted Pentapolis,' 'depart the city,' &c.

112. **Eneas**, son of Anchises and Venus. At the sack and burning of Troy, he carried off his father Anchises on his shoulders.

122. **Color fly**, that is, became white. The metaphor is taken from cowardly soldiers flying from their colors.

124. **His** = its; the neut. poss. pron. is rarely used by Shakespeare. It is not to be found in the Bible of 1611. Its use became general only in the latter half of the 17th century.

128. **Temper**, constitution of body, temperament.

130. **Get the start of** = outstrip.—**The majestic world**, in contrast to 'a man of such a feeble temper;' just as in line 134 it is 'the narrow world,' while Caesar is a Colossus. Cl. P. S.

136. **A Colossus**. The Colossus at Rhodes, one of the seven wonders of the world. It was an immense brazen statue that spanned the entrance to the harbor of Rhodes (the chief city in the island of Rhodes, in the Ægean Sea), and under the legs of which the ships entering the harbor had to sail. It was 105 feet high, and was ascended by a winding staircase. The name of this statue became a

generic name for any very large statue; and hence, too, the meaning of the word colossal.

140. **Our stars**, the planets seen in the heavens at the time of one's birth.

141. **Underling** is a double diminutive. *El* we find in *pickrel, lossel, &c.* *Ing* was in O. E. = son of. The two together now mark a contemptuous diminutive, as in *lordling, witting, weakling*; but not always, since we have *darling* (= *dearling*), *yearling, foundling, &c.*

146. **Conjure**, try to raise the dead by means of them, as ancient conjurers pretended to do.

151. **Breed**, connected with *brood, brew, bird, broth-er, &c.*—**Noble blood**, patricians of high lineage, men of renown.

152. **Since the great flood** of Deucalion and Pyrrha.

156. **Rome indeed, and room.** *Room* was the old pronunciation of *Rome*, even up to the beginning of this century. Earl Russell, who died in 1877, always said *Room*.

159. **Brutus.** Junius Brutus, the first Roman consul, was created after the expulsion of the kings, and from him the Marcus Brutus in the play claimed descent.

Brook'd, tolerated; perhaps derived from the O. E. word *brucan*, Ger. *brücken*, to use, enjoy. *Brucan* had also the meaning of *to digest*; and this would agree best with the meaning in the passage, *to stomach*.

160. **Eternal** = with perpetual dominion.—**Keep his state** = his high position of governing power.

162. **Nothing jealous** = I have no reason to doubt that you love me. For this adverbial use of *nothing*, compare 1 *Henry IV.* (III. i):

'And that would set my teeth nothing on edge.' (Abbott, sect. 55.)

163. **Work me to** = incite me to do.—**Aim** = idea or guess.

165. **For this present** (supply) time.

166. **So** = provided that.

171. **Chew** = ruminate, ponder deeply over.

173. **Repute** = account. *To* is frequently by Shakespeare omitted and inserted in the same sentence.

174. For these we should now use *such*.—**As** = that or which.

181. **Proceeded** = taken place, happened.—**Worthy.** Shakespeare very frequently uses *worthy* without *of*.

184. **A chidden train** = a company of men who have been scolded.

186. **Ferret . . . eyes**, that is, eyes of a red color, with a keen sight like those of the animal.

193. **Sleep o' nights.** 'O' was used in older English for 'during'; and we still have it in the phrase *of a sudden*. 'He comes here of a Sunday,' is usual in the south of England. (See Abbott, sect. 176.)

197. **Well-given** = well-disposed.

199. **Yet, if my name &c.**, yet if a man who bears such a name as I were capable of fear.

204. **He hears no music**, he does not care about music; so in the *Merchant of Venice* (V. i. 83-88):

'The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus;
Let no such man be trusted.'

205. **Seldom** is one of two old dat. plurals we have in the language. The other, now found only in verse, is *whilom*.

206. **Scorn'd his spirit**, despised himself.

208. **Be**, used instead of *are*, for the sake of euphony. *Be* is English; *are* is a Danish word, formerly *er*.

209. **Whiles**, an O. E. gen., so long as, while; O. E. *hwil*, time. Hence the phrase, *to while away the time*.

213. **For this ear is deaf.** This, like Cicero's ferret eyes, is a touch of Shakespeare's own. CL. P. S.

218. **Sad**, grave, weighed down with thought. From the verb *set*. Sir John Mandeville talks of a *sad stone* = *close set* in the grain.

223. **Second.** An ordinal from Latin, instead of one formed from *two*. It comes from *sequor*, to follow; hence

= that ordinal which follows the first. Hence too the words *sequel, consequence, &c.*

229. **Marry** = Marie or Mary, an appeal to the Virgin Mary.

230. **Other** = the other. — **Honest**, used in a patronizing kind of way, still to be heard in many parts of our island.

239. **Fain**, joyfully, gladly. O. E. *fægen*, joyful. An O. E. hard *g* was frequently changed into an *z*, as from *naget* and *haget* we have *nail* and *hail*.

241. **Loth**, unwilling. O. E. *lath*. — **To lay his fingers off it**, to keep from fingering or touching it.

242. **By** = aside. — **Still** = continually.

243. **Rabblement**, a noisy crowd; Dutch *rabbelen*, to gabble. *Rabblement* is a hybrid word. It is a Teutonic word with a Latin suffix, *mentum*.

244. **Chapped hands**, from working hard; hardly applicable to the Roman rabblement, who did no work at all.

247. **Swooned**. Other editions have *sounded*. The *d* comes after the liquid, as in *sound* (from Fr. *son*), *thunder* from O. E. *thuner*, *gender* from Fr. *genre*. *To swoon* is to escape from consciousness; a diminutive is *swindle* = to escape from the consciousness of others.

251, 252. **The market-place, the Forum.** — **At mouth**. Cf. *at ease*. Compare the phrase *at mouth* with others from Shakespeare, *at door, at palace, at bright, on knees*.

253. **The falling-sickness, epilepsy.** The *Comitia*, or general assembly of the Roman people, was stopped if any one present was attacked by this illness; hence the disease was called *Mortuus comitialis*. Suetonius in his *Life of Julius Cæsar*, states that 'he was on two occasions attacked by the comitial sickness during the course of public business.'

264. **Plucked me.** This is a vivid and colloquial use of the word *me*, and is called by some grammarians the *dativus ethicus*. Shakespeare is very fond of it. Thus, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (IV. iv.), he says: 'He steps me to her trencher and steals her capon's leg.' So, too, 'peels me,' 'knocks me,' &c. — **Ope** = open. — **Doublet** = outer garment. — **An, if.**

265. **Occupation.** The word is here used with a sneering reference to himself, and seems to have a double meaning. 'If I had been a mechanic, like the others,' and 'If I had been a practical man, with an eye for an opportunity.'

268. **Worship** = worthship. The word *ship* is found in several forms in English. It is the noun from the verb *shape* (O. E. *scyppan*). With *land* it appears as *scape* (*land-scape*; Milton writes *landskip*); in other words as *ship* in *lordship, &c.*

282. **It was Greek** = quite unintelligible. Though here, as in other places, Casca talks with an assumed ignorance, for, like other well-educated Romans, he knew Greek.

287. **I am promised forth**, I am previously engaged.

289. **Your mind hold**, you are still inclined to have my company.

294. **Quick mettle** = a lively fellow.

297. **However, although.** — **Tardy form** (*form* used here as it is nowadays employed), slow way of speaking and acting. Shakespeare is fond of throwing the emphatic noun into the form of an adjective. Thus he speaks of the 'shady stealth' (= stealing shadow) of a dial; and in the *Merchant of Venice*, the 'sad ostent' of Antonio means 'the appearance of sadness.'

298. **Sauce**, from Latin *salsum*, something salted. The *l* has been changed into *u*, as in *saumon, chaud* (= *calidus*), *beau* (= *bellus*), &c.

299. **Digest.** Get to know the meaning of.

301. **And so it is** = exactly so.

305. **Of the world** = present state of political affairs.

308. **From that it is disposed**, supply *to*.

309. **Likes.** We have a few English adjectives used as nouns in the plural, as *goods, greens, &c.* In some parts of England the phrase is still found, 'the likes of you.'

310. **Seduce.** From Latin *ducere*, to lead, and *se*, aside.

313. **He should not humor me**, should not influence me nor try to change my mind by taking notice of my likings or dislikings.

314. **Hands, handwritings.**

319. **Seat him**, a reflective verb = sit.

320. **Endure.** 'We will either shake him or endure worse days in suffering the consequences of our attempt.'

SCENE 3.

1. **Brought you Cæsar home?** = Did you escort Cæsar to his house? Cl. P. S.

3. **Sway of earth.** All the steady and equable movement of the earth. The *y* represents an old hard *g*, which reappears in *swagger*.

4. **Unfirm, unsteady, unstable.** *Un* is the English negative prefix; *in* is the Latin. But *unfirm* here is = not firm; while *infirm* would be = weak.

6. **Riv'd, modern form *ripen*, which is never used by Shakespeare.** Danish *rive*. From this verb comes *rift*; as from *thrive* we have *thrift*; from *drive*, *drift*, &c.

8. **Exalted with** = raised as high as. From Latin *altus*, high.

14. **Anything more wonderful.** Supply 'that was' after *more*. Dr. Abbott thinks it means, 'more wonderful than usual;' Delius, 'more wonderful than what you have already told me.' — **More** = else, says another.

16. **Left.** From *leave*. The left hand is the hand that is not used, that is *left*.

18. **Unscorch'd.** From Latin *cortex*, *corticis*, bark; Low Latin *excorticare*, to take the bark off; O. Fr. *escorcher*; Fr. *écorcer*.

20. **Against** = over against, or right opposite to.

21. **Who glar'd.** 'Who' is often used of animals, particularly in similes when they are compared to men. (See Abbott, sect. 264.)

22. **Drawn upon a heap** = drawn together into a mass. — **Ghastly.** This word is connected with *ghost*, *aghost*, *gust*, *yeast*, *geyser*; and the German *geist*. The root idea seems to be something that *moves*.

27. **Bird of night, the screech-owl.**

29. **Hoot, from *hut*, begone.** Compare *hafl* and *shaft*; *whip* and *sweep*; *cry* and *scream*; *ramble* and *scramble*; *lean* and *slender*; *heave* and *shove*; and many others.

31. **Portentous** = things of portent or evil omen. From Latin *pro*, forth, and *tendere*, to stretch.

32. **Climate, country.** — **Point upon, indicate.** 'In Shakespeare's time the word *climate* had no reference to differences of temperature.' (Craik.)

33. **Strange-disposed** = strangely disposed.

34. **Construe things . . . fashion,** explain things in their own way.

35. **Clean, &c., quite away from and contrary to their real meaning.**

45. **What night** = what a night. Shakespeare frequently omits *a* after *what*, in the sense of *what kind of*. (Abbott, sect. 86.)

47. **Submitting me unto, taking my chance of.**

48. **Unbraced.** Shakespeare, in matters of dress, speaks of the costume of his own time. Cl. P. S.

49. **The thunder-stone** = thunder-bolt.

50. **Cross** = zigzag. So, in *King Lear* (IV. vii. 35), we have:—

'The most terrible and nimble stroke.'

55. **Tokens.** From the verb *teach*. The *ch* in *teach* was originally a guttural, which appears as *gh* in *taught*, and as *z* in *token*. Connected with the Gr. *deik-nymi*, I point out, and the Latin *doc-eo*, I teach, and *digitus*, a finger.

60. **Cast yourself in wonder** = dress yourself in wonder = throw yourself into wonder as into a robe. Cl. P. S.

61. **Strange impatience, strange, unsettled state of the heavens.**

64. **From quality and kind, contrary to their real nature; analogous to, a wall off the perpendicular, where a preposition and noun = an adjective.**

65. **Fool, play the fool.** — **Calculate, reflect, or become unnaturally reflective.** *From* is frequently used by Shakespeare in the sense of *apart from, away from*. Thus in *Hamlet*, 'Anything so overdone is *from* the purpose of playing.' (Abbott, sect. 158.)

67. **Pre-formed faculties, faculties intended by original design for certain special ends.** Cl. P. S.

68. **Monstrous quality** = the quality or condition of monsters.

71. **Monstrous state** = state in an abnormal condition.

77. **Prodigious grown, grown portentous.**

80. Let it be who it is. It is of no consequence who it is.
81. Thews, sinews; the word *thigh*, O. E. *theoh*, is related to it.

82. Woe the while! Alas for the evil time on which we have fallen. *While* is here in the dative case, as in the phrase *Woe is me!* (= to me).

84. Sufferance, what we endure.

89. Where I will wear = in what place, that is, in his heart.—Then = in that case.

94. Dungeon, so called because it was in the donjon or keep, the most secure place in a castle.

95. Retentive to, capable of keeping in.

102. Cancel, to put an end to by scoring thickly with lines drawn lattice-fashion, hence obliterating the warrant of committal of a prisoner; Fr. *canceler*; Low Lat. *cancellus*, from *cancelli*, lattices; diminutive of *cancer*, a crab. Hence also *chancel*, *chancellor*, whose seat was enclosed with lattice-work.

108. Trash, according to Wedgwood, originally meant the clippings of trees, hence any worthless stuff.

109. Offal (= *off-fall*, what falls off), refuse; the entrails of cattle and sheep, which, containing much fatty matter, would, if thrown upon a fire, tend to increase the blaze.

114. My answer must be made. I must be answerable, or take the consequences.

116. 117. Such . . . that. We would now say 'such . . . as.' But '*such—that*' is common in Shakespeare. See Abbott, sect. 279.—Fleering, jeering, gibing.—Hold, my hand = here is my hand as a pledge.

118. Be factious, get up a faction, or opposition party.—Griefs, grievances.

123. Undergo = undertake.

124. Honorable-dangerous. Such compound epithets are usual with Shakespeare. Thus we find 'More active-valiant' or 'More valiant-young' (1 Henry IV., V. i.), 'crafty-sick,' 'senseless-obstinate,' 'silly-stately,' &c. (Abbott, sect. 2.)—Consequence, result.

126. In Pompey's porch, the meeting place of the conspirators.

128. The element = the sky.

129. In favor = in appearance.

131. Stand close, keep out of sight. *Close* is from Lat. *claudo*, I shut, through the French. Hence *close* and *clause* are the same word in different forms. From the same root we have *enclose*, *close* (a cathedral close), &c.

132. Gait, from the verb *go*. From the same root come *gate* (a place one goes through), *gang* (a set of men who go together), *gaiters* (things to go or walk in).

135. Incorporate to, one who has a hand in, or is privy to—a fellow-conspirator.

136. Stay'd for, expected.

137. I am glad on 't. This is said in reply to the first remark, that Casca is 'one of us.'

138. There's two or three. 'When the subject is as yet "future," and, as it were, unsettled, the third person singular may be regarded as the normal inflection.'

142. Be you content, calm yourself, keep cool.

143. Prætor's chair, where the *prætor urbanus*, or city magistrate, sat to try cases. The *prætor urbanus* was the chief magistrate in the administration of justice.

144. Where Brutus may but find it, where Brutus alone or only may find it. Dr. Abbott thinks the phrase is = 'cannot but find.' But Professor Craik very happily conjectures that *but* is a misprint for *best*.

148. Is at the beginning of a question has often in Shakespeare many subjects attached to it. See 138.

151. Bestow = stow away or place.

155. Is ours; three parts, or the sum of three parts, forms the subject to *is*.

156. Next encounter (= meeting), yields him ours, next meeting makes him completely one of our party.

157. O, he sits high, &c. O, he is very popular.

159. Alchemy, which changes inferior metals into gold. *Al-kimia*, in Arabic, meant the black art. *Al* is the Arabic article, which we find in *Alwan*, alcohol (= the spirit), *algebra* (= *al-gabr*, the putting together of broken things), *alligator* (= Spanish *el lagarto*, Lat. *lacertus*, the lizard), and many others.

162. Conceited, formed a good idea of.

ACT SECOND.

SCENE I.

Orchard = garden.

1. What, an interjection.
3. Give guess how near to day, guess how near daylight it is.
10. It (the delivery of Rome from tyranny) must be by his (Caesar's) death.
11. Spurn = be angry with.
12. For the general, on account of the community at large, the people. Cf. *Hamlet* (II. ii. 457): 'For the play, I remember, pleased not the million; 'twas caviare to the general.'
14. The bright day = the sunshine of prosperity. — Brings forth from its lurking-place.
15. Craves = calls for or demands. A *craven* is a man who has craved for his life, hence a *coward*. — Wary walking, cautious movements. — Crown him? — that = yes, or grant that we do. So the French *oui* (O. Fr. *oil*) = *illud*, that.
17. Do danger with = do mischief with.
19. Remorse, tender feeling, compassion.
21. A common proof, a matter of common experience.
24. Round, Chaucer has *rong*; Scotch *rang*.
26. Degrees, steps.
28. Prevent, hinder him from doing so. — Quarrel, a cause of complaint against Caesar.
29. Will bear no color = can carry upon the face of it no colorable pretext for putting him out of the way.
30. Fashion it thus, put it in this way. — Augmented, Caesar's power increased.
31. These and these extremities = such and such lengths.
32. Think, look upon.
33. As his kind. This may either mean 'according to his nature,' or 'like the rest of his species.'
47. Redress our grievances.
49. Instigations, from Lat. *instigo*, to prick on. The *stig* in *instigo* is found also in the Greek *stigma* and the Lat. *stimulus*.

51. Piece it out, make it into a whole.
52. One man's awe = the awe of or for one man. The subjective genitive is here used instead of the objective with *of*. Cf. *God's fear* = the fear of God.
56. I make thee promise, I make a promise to thee, or I promise thee (dative).
59. March is wasted, &c., fourteen days of March are passed.
64. Motion, impulse towards it.
65. Phantasma, a creature of the imagination. From Greek *phainō*, I show. Hence also *phantasy* (contracted into *fancy*), *phantom*, *phantastic*, *phenomenon*, &c.
66. The Genius and the mortal instruments, the reasonable soul and the bodily powers. Cl. P. S.
68. Suffers = undergoes.
69. The nature of, &c., a kind of insurrection.
70. Your brother (-in-law) Cassius. The wife of Cassius was Junia, sister of Brutus.
72. Alone = all one. 'All there are one.' So *only* = one-ly; and *lone* = al-one.
73. Pluck'd about = pulled down over.
75. That = so that. — May discover. *May* originally meant *to be able*; and we still have this meaning in the two nouns from it, *might* and *main*.
76. Any mark of favor, features.
77. Faction, band of conspirators.
78. Sham'st thou = art thou ashamed. The O. E. *scamian* was always intransitive.
79. Evils = evil things.
83. Semblance, from Lat. *similis*, through the Fr. *sembler*. The *b* is introduced between the two liquids *m* and *l*. — Path = walk or march openly. Cl. P. S.
84. Erebus, the third of the five divisions of Hades — the unseen world.
85. From prevention, from being found out.
86. Are too bold upon your rest, have too intrusively broken your slumbers.
90. And (there is) no man.
98. Watchful cares = cares that keep you awake.
104. Fret, O. E. *fretten*, to eat, the Low German form of

the High German *fressen*, to eat (said of animals). In Chaucer's time it simply meant to eat:—

'The sow the fretene child right in the cradle.'

107. Growing on = getting nearer to.
 108. Weighing = considering. — Youthful season, spring; month—March; day—15th.
 110. Presents his fire, shows his rays.
 115. The sufferance of our souls, what our souls suffer.
 116. Break off betimes, go away at once.
 117. Hence, be off.—Idle, where he may lie in idleness. Unoccupied. Co. S.
 118. High-sighted tyranny, tyranny with lofty looks.
 119. Drop by lottery = fall and die by the chance determination of the tyrant—as accidentally, to all appearance, as if he had drawn lots.—These = these considerations which I have urged.
 123. What = why.
 124. Other bond (need we).
 125. Secret Romans = that of secret Romans.—Secret, men who can keep a secret; modern form *secretive*.
 126. Palter, to trifle, babble, equivocate. Low German *palte*, rags; hence also *paltry*. Cf. *Macbeth* (V. viii. 20):

'And be those juggling fiends no more believed,
 That palter with us in a double sense;
 That keep the word of promise to the ear,
 And break it to the hope.'

127. Honesty to honesty engag'd = honest men engaged to honest men.
 129. Swear, used here transitively.—Cautelous = suspicious, not to be misled.
 130. Carrions, carcasses, a contemptuous epithet; Fr. *carogne*, Lat. *carnem*.
 132. Doubt, from Lat. *aubito*, from *duo*, two. Cf. Germ. *zweifel*, from *zwei*.
 133. Even, stainless, unblemished, without a flaw.
 134. Insuppressive, that cannot be kept under or subdued.
 135. To think = by thinking.—Our cause (which is

so good), or our performance (the resolute way in which we will act in fighting against tyranny), need any oath to keep us up to the mark.

138. Several bastardy. Each individual drop of blood is to be considered as guilty of a separate (*several*) act of ill-faith, which proves it to be illegitimate.

139. Particle. From Latin *particula*, a diminutive of *pars*, a part. The Fr. *parcel* comes from *particella*.

141. Sound. There are four words of this spelling in our language. *Sound*, from Latin *sonus*, a sound (Chaucer always writes *soun*); *sound* (= whole), from Latin *sanus* (hence *sanity*, &c.); *sound*, a narrow strait (said to come from O. E. *sund* = *sumd* = what can be swum across); and *sound*, to measure the depth of, from Low Lat. *subundare*, to put under the wave.

142. Stand very strong, be very much on our side.

144. Silver suggests *purchase* and *buy*. Cf. P. S.

147. Rul'd our hands, directed or influenced us.

148. No whit = in nothing. O. E. *nô wîht*, no thing.

150. Let us not break with him, let us not communicate our plans to him. In modern English it would have been: 'Let us not break (the matter) to him.'

157. We shall find of him, that is, in him.

158. A shrewd contriver, a clever and mischievous schemer. The original meaning of *shrewd* seems to have been *evil*, *mischievous*; then *cautious*.

164. Envy, malice. Cf. *Merchant of Venice* (IV. i. 10):

'Carry me out of his envy's reach.'

165. Limb. From O. E. *limpan*, to belong. The *b* is intrusive, and probably is a survival from the old plural *limbru*. So *lamb*, from *lambru*.

169. Come by = come at, get possession of; still in use.

175. Subtle, a contraction of *subtile*, from Latin *subtilis*, finely woven, from *texo*, I weave.

180. Purgers, purifiers of the land from tyranny. Cf. 'Pride's Purge'; that is, the clearing out of the Long Parliament by Colonel Pride.

187. Take thought, fall into a melancholy state, become subject to care. Cf. 1 Samuel ix. 5: 'Let us return; lest

my father leave caring for the asses, and take thought for us.' And *Hamlet* (IV. v. 188):

* *Thought* and affliction, passion, hell itself
She turns to favor and to prettiness.'

188. That were much he should. It would be a hard thing for him to do.

190. There is no fear in, we need not be afraid of, &c. Here *fear* is used in the *objective*, not in the *subjective* sense.

196. Quite (away) from. Cf. *King John* (IV. i.):

'I am best pleased to be from such a deed.'

—Main opinion, strong opinion.

197. Fantasy, imagination; now shortened into fancy.

—Ceremonies, religious rites.

* 198. Apparent prodigies, prodigies which are *appearing*. Here the participial ending *ent* (= Lat. *ens*) has its real force.

200. Augurers (more commonly *augurs*), soothsayers—a kind of prophets who judged of coming events by the notes and flight of birds, the behavior of the sacred chickens while pecking their corn, &c. From Lat. *avis*, a bird.

203. O'ersway. Persuade him over to a different course.

204. Unicorns betray'd with trees, &c. These devices are described by Pliny. The unicorn (rhinoceros, or rather monoceros) was taken by the hunter running behind a tree, against which the animal rushed violently, and his horn stuck in the tree. A mirror was placed before the bear; and while he gazed on it, the hunter was enabled to take surer aim. Elephants were betrayed into holes slightly covered over.

206. Toils, nets, traps, pitfalls. From Fr. *toile*, cloth; from Lat. *tela*, a web, from *texo*, I weave.

212. There. At Caesar's house, not at the Capitol.

213. Uttermost is a comparative + two superlatives. *Utter*, the comparative of *ut* or *out*; and *ema*, an old superlative, with *est*. Cf. *uppermost*.

216. Who = because he. Cf. *Dear* (V. iii. 48). — *Bate* (from Lat. *reor*, *ratius*, *verri*, to think) is used also by Shakespeare in the sense of *to value*. Here it means *to blame* or *chide*.

218. By him. By his house.

220. Fashion him. Shape him to our purposes.

224. Fresh and merrily. In a case like this, only the latter adverb has the adverbial termination.

225. Put on, betray.

227. Formal constancy, dignified or besitting self-possession.

235. Commit. Often used by Shakespeare in the sense of *entrust*. Thus, *Midsommer Night's Dream* (II. ii.): 'Commit yourself into the hands of one that loves you not.'

237. Ungently, unkindly.

238. Yesternight, last night; Scotch yestereen = yesterday-evening.

240. Across, folded.

245. Yet . . . yet = still . . . still.

246. Wafture, waving. *Wave* is also used by Shakespeare as = to beckon. From *wave* comes *waft*; as from *drive*, *drift*; *rice*, *rift*, &c.

253. Shape, personal appearance.

254. Condition, temper, disposition.

255. Dear my lord = my dear lord, not an uncommon transposition. Dr. Abbott, sect. 13, says: 'The possessive adjectives, when unemphatic, are sometimes transposed, being readily combined with nouns, like the Fr. *monsieur*, *milord*.' And he gives: 'Good my brother,' 'sweet my mother,' 'poor our sex,' 'good your highness,' 'good my girl.'

259. Come by it, be restored to health.

261. Physical = belonging to physis; that is, hygienic—tending to health.

263. Dank, a form of *damp*.

264. Wholesome, from *heal*, and connected with *health*, *healthy*, &c.

265. Contagion = infection, pestilence. So Shakespeare speaks of 'contagious fogs,' 'contagious breath,' &c.

266. Rheumy, tending to colds, catarrhs, rheumatism, &c.—Unpurged = unpurified.

268. Sick offence, cause of harm.

271. I charm you, I beseech you by charms. *Charm* comes through Fr., from the Lat. *carmen*, a song. Milton

hence uses it in its literal sense when he speaks of 'the charm of early birds.'

275. **Heavy with sorrow.**

276. **Had resort to,** came to visit.

283. **Sort,** in some degree, in a kind of way.—**Limitation,** within certain bounds.

286. **In the suburbs** = not in your heart, not in the centre.

297. **Father'd.** A past participle made out of a noun. Cf. *landed, talented, broad-acred, &c.*

299. **Have made strong proof of my constancy,** have put my strength of will to a severe proof. His wife Portia was the daughter of Cato, whom Brutus married being his cousin, not a maiden, but a young widow after the death of her first husband, Bibulus, by whom she had also a young son called Bibulus, who afterwards wrote a book of the acts and gests of Brutus, extant at this present day. This young lady being excellently well seen in philosophy, loving her husband well, and being of a noble courage, as she was also wise: because she would not ask her husband what he ailed, before she had made some proof by herself: she took a little razor, such as barbers occupy to pare men's nails, and, causing her maids and women to go out of her chamber, gave herself a great gash withal in her thigh, that she was straight all of a gore blood: and incontinently after a vehement fever took her, by reason of the pain of her wound. Then perceiving her husband was marvellously out of quiet, and that he could take no rest, even in her greatest pain of all, she spake in this sort unto him: "I being, O Brutus," said she, "the daughter of Cato, was married unto thee, to be partaker with thee of thy good and evil fortune. Now for thyself, I can find no cause of fault in thee touching our match: but for my part, how may I show my duty towards thee and how much I would do for thy sake, if I cannot constantly bear a secret mischance or grief with thee, which requireth secrecy and fidelity? I confess that a woman's wit commonly is too weak to keep a secret safely; but yet, Brutus, good education and the company of virtuous men have some power to reform the defect of nature. And for myself, I

have this benefit moreover, that I am the daughter of Cato, and wife of Brutus. This notwithstanding, I did not trust to any of these things before, until that now I have found by experience that no pain or grief whatsoever can overcome me."

305. **Partake** = part take.

307. **All my engagements,** all I am pledged to others to do.—**Construe,** explain.

308. **The character of,** the marks or lines of thought traced. From *Gr. character,* a mark engraved; from *chiarasso,* I engrave.

311. **Caius Ligarius,** a mortal enemy of Cæsar's.

313. **Vouchsafe,** deign to accept.

315. **Wear a kerchief,** badge of a sick person. *Kerchief* is from French *couvertis,* to cover, and *chief,* the head.

321. **Discard my sickness,** Ligarius throws off his kerchief. *Discard,* originally, to throw useless cards out of the hand.

323. **Exorcist.** The general meaning attached to this word is one who lays spirits. Shakespeare always uses it in an opposite sense, one who raises them.

324. **Mortified spirit,** the spirit that was dead within me.

327. **Whole,** quite well.

331. **To whom** = to him to whom.—**Set on your foot** = lead on.

SCENE 2.

1. **Nor heaven nor earth have been.** Shakespeare generally uses the singular, but sometimes the plural with *nor, nor.*

5. **Present** = immediate.

6. **Success,** good fortune. *Success* (from Lat. *succedere,* to come after) means literally *issue* or *result.* Shakespeare has both the phrases *bad success* and *good success.*

11. **Ne'er look'd but on my back;** that is, they had not the daring to confront me.

13. **I never stood on ceremonies,** I never attached any importance to religious signs, such as those seen and reported by augurs.

21. **Drizzled blood.** In *Hamlet* (I. i. 117) we find 'dews

of blood.' *Drizzle* seems to be a continuative from *drip* (whence also *dribble*). Cf. *turn, trundle; wade, waddle; shove, shuffle, &c.*

22. *Hurtled, clashed*, as with weapons coming heavily together.

25. Use, custom, usage, ordinary occurrence.

27. *Whose end* = the end of which. The subjective genitive *whose* is employed for the objective genitive.

29. *Blaze forth, proclaim* in the sky. *Darius* says the word here has two senses. From O. E. *blaese*, a torch; from *blasan*, to blow. Hence also *blazon*, to trumpet forth. Another form seems to be *blare*. Cf. *chair* and *chaise; rear* and *rise*.

39. *Entrails*. Fr. *entrailles*, from Gr. *entera*, intestines.

49. *Consum'd in confidence* = used up in rashness.

67. *Afear'd, afraid*. Both forms are found in Shakespeare. — *Graybeards*, the senators; word used in a contemptuous sense.

71. *The cause is in my will*. 'Stat pro ratione voluntas.'

75. *Stays, keeps, detains*. *Stay* is generally in Shakespeare an intransitive verb; but he frequently makes it transitive, in the sense of *to keep from falling, to keep back, to detain, &c.*

76. *To-night*, said of the night just past.

89. *Cognizance*, a heraldic emblem worn by the members of a particular family or party. In a technical sense, 'tinctures' are the metals, colors, and furs of heraldry.

91. *Expound*, a form of *expone* (from Lat. *expono*, I explain), by the addition of *d*. Cf. *sound* from Lat. *son-us*.

93. *And know it now*: 'and' here = and therefore. *Know* is in the imperative mood. — *Concluded* = determined or resolved.

96. *A mock, a jibe, a piece of ridicule or derision*.

97. *Apt to be render'd*, likely to be made.

103. *Proceeding* = to your political life or career.

104. *And reason to my love is liable*, my reason is under the control of, and subservient to, my love.

108. *Publius*, perhaps the nephew of Mark Antony.

110. *Stirr'd* = up, out of bed.

119. *I am to blame, I ought to be blamed*.

128. *That every like is, &c.*, that things which look like one another are not the same. *Cæsar* said *like friends*, and *Brutus* regrets that they are not really friends. The adjective *like* is used as a noun. Cf. *Measure for Measure* (II. iv.):—

'Say what you can, my false o'erweighs your true.'

(See *Abbott*, sect. 5.)

129. *Yearsn, grieves*. Probably from O. E. *yrnian*, to grieve. It is frequently confounded with *yearn*, to long for, which comes from *geornian*, and which we find in *Genesis* (xliii. 30): 'His bowels did yearn upon his brother.' Shakespeare *always* uses the word in the sense of *to grieve* or *wee*; and in the old editions it is spelled *ern* or *earn*.

SCENE 3.

7. *Security* = freedom from care, false confidence. The word comes from the Lat. *sine cura*, without care. *Sine* is shortened into *se*, and this gives the adjective *securus*, which originally had the subjective sense of 'free from care,' not the objective modern sense of *safe*. The two meanings are well illustrated in a line of *Ben Jonson's*:—

Men may securely sin, but safely never.'

— Gives way to conspiracy, allows conspiracies to be formed, makes room for them.

8. *Lover* = friend.

12. *Emulation, jealous or malicious rivalry*. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* (II. ii.):—

'Whilst emulation in the army crept.'

14. *The Fates*—*Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos*—divinities of the unavoidable.—*Contrive, hatch plots*.

SCENE 4.

Brutus has in the meantime told the secret of the conspiracy to his wife, who is distracted by the possession of it. She sends off the errand-boy without having first given him any message.

7. **Constasy**, firmness of purpose, of which she had boasted to her husband.

18. **Bustling rumor**, noise of tumult. *Rumor* is here used in its primary sense of *noise*.

20. **Sooth**, in sooth; lit. in truth, from O. E. *sodh*, true.

31. **Know'st thou**. 'Thou' towards strangers who were not inferiors was an insult. 'If thou *thouest* him thrice, it shall not be amiss' (*Twelfth Night*, III. ii.) is the advice given to Sir Andrew Aguecheek when on the point of writing a challenge. — **Harm's intended** = that is intended. Cf. the expression, 'We speak that we do know, and testify that we have seen.'

37. **Void** = open.

42. **Brutus hath a suit**. This is said to lull any suspicions that the boy might be disposed to form from the strange conduct of Portia.

45. **Merry** had a wider sense in Shakespeare's time. An ordinary compliment was, 'God rest you merry.'

ACT THIRD.

SCENE I.

The murder of Caesar took place in the Curia of Pompey, not in the Capitol. But this historical error was a time-honored one in England.

3. **Schedule**, a small leaf of paper. From Lat. *schedula*, the diminutive of *scheda*, a strip of papyrus.

4. **O'er-read**, read and attentively consider.

8. **Ourselves**. *Self* is here a noun. It is used for *myself* in Shakespeare by persons of high rank. Cf. *Richard II.* (I. iv.):—

'We will ourselves in person to this war.'

—**Serv'd** = attended to.

10. **Sirrah**. Dr. Schmidt remarks that this word is never found in the plural, and that it is 'a compellation

used in addressing comparatively inferior persons.' **Give place** = make room, get out of this place.

18. **Makes to Caesar**, advances towards him. Cf. *Sonnet LX. i.* :—

'As the waves make towards the pebbled shore.'

19. **Sudden**, quick in execution. Cf. *King John* (IV. i.), 'Therefore I will be sudden and despatch.' — **Prevention**, for Casca was to strike first. Shakespeare uses *prevent* (Lat. *prevenire*, to come before) in its primary and literal sense, as we find it in the *Prayer-book*, 'Prevent us, O Lord, in all our doings.' Cf. *Hamlet* (II. ii. 305), 'So shall my anticipation prevent your discovery.' And in this play (V. i. 105).

21. **Cassius or Caesar, &c.** = Neither Cassius nor Caesar shall ever turn back alive. Either Cassius or Caesar shall never return alive. Cf. P. S.

23. **Constant**, steady, firm in mind.

28. **Presently** = now or immediately. But Shakespeare also uses it in the modern sense of *shortly, soon*. — **Prefer**, present.

29. **Address'd** = ready.

30. **Rears**, raises. The word is a form of *raise*. Cf. *chair, chaise*; O. E. *isen, iron*; *use, cure*, &c. The phenomenon of *r* changed into *s* is still more common in Latin, as *gero, gessi*; *uro, ussi*; *arbor* and *arbos*, &c. The most usual meaning in Shakespeare is that here.

36. **Couchings**, humiliating and cringing attitudes, prostrations. Shakespeare also uses it in the sense of to 'fawn in order to obtain something.'

38. **Pre-ordinance and first decree**, what has been ordained and decreed since the creation of man.

39. **Law of children** = mere childish caprices. — **Be not (so) fond**, do not be so foolish as.

42. **With** = by. This is a very frequent use of *with* in Shakespeare. Thus in *Much Ado* (V. i.), 'We had our two noses snapped off with two old men'; and in *Twelfth Night* (I. v.), 'I saw him put down with an ordinary fool.' And such phrases as 'Backed with France,' 'Torn to pieces with a bear,' and 'Marred with traitors.'

43. Low-crooked, bending low.
47. Know . . . satisfied.

'Know Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.'

Ben Jonson gives us another version of this passage—'Many times he [Shakespeare] fell into those things could not escape laughter: as when he said in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause." Again, in the Induction to *The Staple of News*, Jonson makes *Prologue* say, "Cry you mercy, you never did wrong but with just cause." It was somewhat invidious and ungracious in Jonson to publish such a comment after Shakespeare's death, and many years after the publication of the play, in which no such passage appears. It may have been altered, or the blunder may have been that of a player when Jonson happened to be in the theatre. Gifford supposed Shakespeare to have originally written the passage thus:—

'If thou dost bend, and pray, and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.'

Met. Cæsar, thou dost me wrong.

Cæs. Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause.'

The passage, as it now stands, Gifford set down as the 'botchery' of the players, and it wanted, he said, both congruity and poetry. It is extremely improbable that the players should have made any such alteration, Jonson's criticism not being published before 1623, and there is in reality no incongruity in the passage. Cæsar asks what is amiss that he must redress, upon which Metellus comes forward. Cæsar then interrupts him, and assuming that Metellus wished to sue on behalf of his brother, who had been banished, he spurns him away; adding

'Know Cæsar doth not wrong: nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.'

51. *Repealing* (Lat. *re*, back, and *appello*, I call) = recalling from exile, a very frequent meaning in Shakespeare. Cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (V. iv.):—

'Repeal thee home again.'

54. *Freedom of repeal* = liberty to come back, permission for Publius Cimber's recall from banishment. *Freedom* is here used in the sense of *franchise* or *warranted right*.

57. *Enfranchisement*, recall from banishment. Generally used by Shakespeare in the sense of *release from prison or slavery*, or of *recall from exile*.

58. *Well mov'd* = easily persuaded. — *As* = such a one as.

59. *If I could pray to move*, if my prayers could have influence over others. If I could pray others to move from their purpose, as you do. Cl. P. S.

61. *Resting* = not subject to motion or change.

65. *One in all*. The pole or northern star.

67. *Apprehensive*, of quick intelligence. Shakespeare never uses it in the modern sense of *fearful*. Sometimes it means *imaginative*.

69. *Holds on his rank* = keeps his place, and hence is firm in his purpose.

70. *Unshak'd of motion*, unshaken in his motion.

71. *This* = this case.

74. *Olympus*. The eastern part of the great chain of mountains which formed the northern boundary of ancient Greece. The extreme eastern part was more specifically called Olympus. Its shape was that of a blunt cone, about 9,700 feet high, and covered with perpetual snow. It was the chief seat of the gods.

75. *Bootless kneel*, kneel to no purpose. The word *bootless* is connected with the O. E. *betan*, to make good or *bet*; *boot*, to boot, booty, &c.

78. *Speak, hands*. Casca invokes the aid of his hands to strike a trusty blow.

79. *Et tu, Brute!* = And you too, Brutus! According to Suetonius, Cæsar never uttered a word when the conspirators were despatching him. *Et tu, Brute!* This expression is not in Plutarch, but it occurs in the old play, *The True Tragedy of Richard Duke of York*, on which the Third Part of *King Henry VI.* was founded: '*Et tu, Brute, wilt thou stab Cæsar too!*'

80. *Pulpits*, the rostra, from which the orators addressed the people. These stood in the Forum. They were called

rostra (beaks), because they were adorned with the beaks of ships and other naval trophies. In III. ii. 61, the phrase *public chair* is used.

88. **Confounded** . . . **mutiny**, dazed with this uproar or commotion.

92. **Nor to no** = nor to any. The genuine English custom is to make negatives intensify each other; the Latin idiom is to make them nullify each other. Milton prefers the Latin usage: 'Nor did they not perceive him' = They did see him. But Chaucer has as many as four negatives in one couplet:—

'He never yit no vilanye ne salde
In al his life unto no maner wight.'

95. **Abide this deed**, await the consequences of this deed.

99. **As, if.**—**Doomsday**, the day of doom, or judgment. *Doom* comes from the O. E. *deoman*, which gives also *deem* and *dampster* (the old word for *judge*, which is French, from Lat. *ius*, right, and *dico*, I utter).

101. **Stand upon**, attach importance to.

108. **Besmear**. The ordinary function of the prefix *be* is to change an intransitive into a transitive verb, as *deu*, *bedew*; *moan*, *bemoan*; *weep*, *beweep*. But here it merely intensifies.

114. **Accents** = language.

116. **Pompey's basis**, the plinth, or pedestal, on which Pompey's statue stood.

118. **Knot**, band, because knit together in unity of feeling. *Knit* also gives *net*; but the *k* has dropped from the older form *knēt*.

123. **A friend of Antony's**. After Caesar's assassination, the conspirators, according to Plutarch, retired to the Capitol, whither they were followed by Antony's son.

132. **Resolv'd** = informed.

137. **Thorough** = through, spelt so when a dissyllable. Shakespeare frequently uses this form for *through*.—**Untrud state** which we have now entered upon.

142. **Satisfied**, convinced.

144. **Well to friend**, as a good friend to our party. Cf. the German *zum Freunde*. Shakespeare frequently uses to in this way.

145. **A mind**, a presentiment.

146. **And my misgiving**, &c., my presentiment of evil always turns out to be very much to the purpose, and is therefore to be regarded. Cf. P. S.—**Still** = constantly.

151. **Little measure**, the size of Caesar's corpse.

153. **Let blood**, bled to death, murdered. Shakespeare uses this phrase four times. The most striking passage is in *Richard III.* (III. i.):—

'Tell him, Catesby,
His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries
To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret castle.'

—**Rank**, quite diseased, and therefore requiring blood-letting.

158. **Ye . . . you**. *Ye* is the usual nominative, and *you* the objective, in older Eng. Dr. Abbott says, sect. 236, 'Ye seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties, and rhetorical appeals.' But, if an unaccented syllable or an unemphatic pronoun is wanted, *ye* is used.

159. **Reek**. O. E. *rec*. The Low-German form of the High-German *Rauch*. So Edinburgh is called 'Auld Reekie,' and the capital of Iceland, 'Reikiavik' = Smoke Town.

160. **Fulfil your pleasure**, do what you will with me. *Were I to live a thousand years*.

161. **Apt to die**, fit for death, ready to die.

163. **By** (= beside) **Cæsar**.—**By you**, the means of his death.

172. The first **Fire** is a dissyllable; the second a monosyllable.—**Pity** (drives out) **pity**—pity for Rome causes us to have no pity towards her enemy.

176. **In**, into our hearts. *In* in older Eng. was frequently used for *into*, and is so still in Lancashire, and in such phrases as 'He threw it in the well.'

178. **Voice shall be as strong**, opinion shall have as much weight.

180. **Appease**, from Fr. *appaiser*; Lat. *pac*, peace. The Lat. verb *pacare*, to bring to peace, gives the Fr. *payer*, to pay; the original meaning being, that by payment the creditor is brought to a state of peace.

182. Deliver, tell.
193. Conceit me, think that I am. *Conceit* is never used by Shakespeare in the modern sense. He uses it with four meanings: *conception, invention, mental power, or parts*. So, in still older English, 'Dan Chaucer is a conceited clerk' = an educated person (clerk) of great ability.
197. Dearer, more keenly or acutely. Shakespeare uses the adjective *dear* of disagreeable feelings also. Cf. *Love's Labor's Lost* (V. ii.):—
- 'Deafed with the clamor of their own dear groans.'
- 203, 204. Close in terms = come to terms. Cf. the ordinary phrase, 'To close with.'
205. Bay'd, brought to bay, as a hunted creature by hounds.
207. Sign'd, marked by wounds.—Spoil appears to be a technical term for the division of the prey after it has been taken.—*Lethes*. Delius supposes that, as Shakespeare elsewhere uses *Lethes* for one of the rivers of the infernal world, he here applies the term to the blood as the stream or river of death. But he may have derived it from the Lat. *letum*, death. Pope reads *death*.
- 208, 209. Hart . . . heart, a play upon words, called by Coleridge a miserable quibble.
214. Modesty, moderation.
217. Prick'd in, marked amongst. The ceremony of pricking is still used in nominating sheriffs.
219. Therefore = for that purpose.
222. Upon (the strength of) this hope.
224. Savage. From Fr. *sauvage*; low Lat. *silvaticus*; Lat. *silva*, a wood. Spenser always writes *salvage*. The great forests in the valley of the Amazon are called *Selvas*.
225. Regard, consideration, capable of favorable consideration.
231. In the order of, &c., in the regular course of the ceremonies which follow each other in order during the funeral.
236. Utter, a verb from *out* or *at*. There are very few verbs in the English language formed from particles by suffixes. Such particles cling most usually to other verbs,

- as *doff* (= do off), *don* (= do on), *dout* (= do out), &c.—By your pardon, with your leave.
242. True rites = genuine and usual rites.
244. Fall, happen. The more usual form is *befall*. Shakespeare sometimes drops the *be*, while he employs the verb as having the force of that prefix.
258. In the tide of times, since the tide of time began to flow. The original meaning of *tide* was *time*; and it is the Low-German form of the High-German *Zeit*. It was afterwards appropriated to the regular flow of the sea. Shakespeare sometimes uses it in its older sense. Cf. *King John* (III. i.):—
- 'Set
Among the high tides in the calendar.'
261. Ope = open.
265. Cumber, lie heavy on, and vex.
270. All pity (being) chok'd.—With custom = by the usualness.—Fell = fierce or savage.
272. Ate, the goddess of mischief. 'Where did Shakespeare get acquainted with this divinity; whose name does not occur, I believe, in any Latin author!' (Cruik.) In the Greek tragic writers she is the goddess of vengeance. She is four times mentioned by Shakespeare.
274. Havoc, from Welsh *hafog*, destruction; to cry havoc meant that no quarter was to be given to a vanquished enemy. The word is by some said to be connected with *hawke*, O. E. for hawk.—Let slip, as hounds are slipped from the leash. In an old book on the Art of Hunting (*Art of Venerie*) this sentence occurs: 'We let slip a greyhound, and we cast off a hound.'—Dogs of war. In the Prologue to *Henry V.*, Shakespeare calls 'famine, sword, and fire' the hounds of war.
276. Groaning for burial. It is not an uncommon thing in some parts of the country still to say of a corpse which begins to show signs of decomposition that 'it calls out loudly for the earth.' Cf. P. S.
284. Passion, deep grief, sorrow.

285. **Beads.** The word comes from O. E. *biddan*, to pray. Hence the old phrase 'bidding his beads' = saying his prayers. Hence also *bedeman*, *beadle*, &c.

290. **No Rome of safety.** Play upon the word *room* and the pronunciation of *Rome*.

293. **The market-place**—the Forum Romanum, which occupied the low ground extending from the Capitoline Hill towards the low ridge of the Velia. Co. S.

294. **Take,** look upon or think of.

SCENE 2.

1. **Satisfied** = have satisfaction and good reasons for the assassination of Caesar.

10. **Severally** = separately.

11. **Is ascended.** Verbs of motion in Shakespeare's time were construed with the verb 'to be,' not with the verb 'to have.' Cf. V. iii. 25 of this play. Shakespeare writes 'Is escaped,' 'is entered into,' 'are marched up,' 'is rode,' 'is stolen away,' 'am declined.' (See Abbott, sect. 295.)

13. Brutus was a Stoic, and disdained popular arts. He was brought up by his uncle Cato in the old austere Roman manner. He neither showed emotion nor cared to excite it. It was said of him that, in speaking Greek, he preferred the brief, compressed (Laconic) mode of the Lacedaemonians. This speech is quite in that character.—**Lovers, friends.**

16. **Censure me, judge my acts.** In most instances in Shakespeare the noun *censure* means simply *opinion*, and the verb simply *to estimate*. In very few passages has it the modern meaning of *blame*.

17. **Awake your senses** = keep your ears on the watch (= wake).

25. **There is.** A plural noun or nouns with a sing. verb is very common in Shakespeare. But, in fact, *es* was a plural in Old English; it was the plural of verbs in the Northern Dialect. Trevisa (writing in the 14th century) mentions that the English language was 'a-deled a thré'—that is, into three dialects, the Northern, the Midland, and the Southern. The Northern formed the plural of its verbs in *es*; the Midland in *en*; and the Southern in *eth*.

35, 36. **The question, &c.** How and why he was assassinated is formally explained and registered in the Capitol.

—**Extenuated,** lessened. (From Latin *extenuo*, I make thin.)

37. **Offences enforced,** his sins too glaringly exposed, or exaggerated.

55. **Grace, honor.**

58. **Not a man depart.** 'This optative use of the subjunctive, dispensing with *let, may, &c.* gives great vigor to the Shakespearian line.' (Abbott, sect. 365.) And he quotes *Othello* (I. ii.) :—

'Judge me the world.'

61. **Chair,** the rostra or 'pulpit' from which Brutus had just spoken.

63. **Beholding** = beholden, indebted. The form *beholding* is found in Shakespeare nineteen times; but *beholden* not once (except in two quarto editions of one play—the play of *Richard III.*)

72. **To bury Caesar.** As when Shakespeare talks of Caesar's 'doublet,' the clock striking, &c., so here he uses the customs of his own country. In Rome, bodies were burned.

75. **So let it be with Caesar;** that is, let Caesar's goodness be buried with him.

78. **Answer'd, atoned for.**

85. **Brutus is an honorable man:** Antony constantly brings this statement of *opinion* regarding Brutus's character opposite to the statement of some *fact* favorable to Caesar; and thus prepares the way for lessening and at length destroying the value of it.

87. **The general coffers,** the public treasury.

89. **When that.** *So, as, and that* were used as suffixes to interrogatives for the purpose of turning them into relatives. Thus *whoso, whereas, when that.* In the same way we have *if that, though that, lest that, &c.* (See Abbott, sect. 287.)

93. **The Lupercal** was a cave in which Romulus and Remus, according to tradition, were found. In this passage, 'on the Lupercal' means 'on the Lupercalia' = during the feast of, &c.

118. And none so poor to do him reverence, 'And (there is) none to do him reverence so poor (as himself).' (Craik.) But the meaning given by Delius is, 'And even the poorest man thinks himself too good—too superior—to show him any respect.'

125. Than I will wrong. The construction requires *than to do wrong*.

126. Parchment. From Lat. *Pergamena* (*charta*, paper), from Pergamus, in Asia Minor, where it was invented.

128. Testament. Lat. *testamentum*, from *testis*, a witness. The phrase *will* and *testament* is one of those double phrases—composed of English and Latin words—such as *assemble and meet together*, *dissemble nor cloak*, *aid and abet*, *nature and kind*, *hunting and venery*, &c.

129. I do not mean to read. Here A. excites their curiosity and thus, unconsciously to themselves, makes his hearers desirous of his friendship.

134. Bequeath. The transitive verb from the intransitive *quoth*. The noun from it, *bequest*, seems to have taken its ending under Latin influence, probably from some confusion with *quest* (from *quero*, I seek).

—Issue = children.

143. I have o'ershot myself. I have gone too far.

150. Whose daggers. Here he calls up a strong and visible image of the actual stabbing, in order to excite disgust. The Fourth Citizen is by this time quite conquered.

166. Bear back = press back.

171. He overcame the Nervii. This battle was fought 57 B.C. It was perhaps the most desperate fight in which Caesar was ever engaged. The Nervii—according to Plutarch, 'the stoutest warriors of all the Belgæ'—lived in French Flanders and Hainault in Belgium. Plutarch adds, 'They were all in a manner slain in the field.' Antony thus appeals to the Romans' love of conquest and military fame.

177. As rushing = as if rushing. —To be resolv'd = to be informed if it were *Brutus* who, &c.

190. Flourish'd = triumphed. Schmidt explains it as meaning 'brandished a sword.' But it simply means 'to thrive and be prosperous,' while the rest of the state had 'fallen down.'

192. Dint = impression. The primary meaning is a *stroke*; the secondary, an *impression of a blow*.

195. Marr'd = hacked, mangled.

202. About! Let us be off.

208. Good friends. Antony now restrains them for a little, that he may make their rage greater.

215. I am no orator. Brutus had spoken in a stiff and formal manner; Antony's speech was the merest talk—the art which conceals art.

219. Wit = ability. The earliest meaning is simply knowledge, or the power of knowing. Hence the senses were called the *five wits*. See *Romeo and Juliet* (I. iv.) Then it came to mean internal sense, as in *Much Ado about Nothing* (III. v.): 'His arts are not so blunt.' Sometimes it means in Shakespeare the *imaginative faculty*, as in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (IV. ii.): 'It is past the wit of man to say what dream it was.' Or it means *common-sense*, as in *Two Gentlemen of Verona* (IV. iv.): 'If I had not had more wit than he.' And so the word has gradually narrowed down to its modern meaning.

221. Right on = in a straightforward way.

241. Seventy-five drachmas, about £25s.

243. On this side Tiber. Caesar's gardens and pleasure-grounds were on the Janiculan Mount, on the farther side of the Tiber, not on the side on which the Forum stood, where Antony's speech was delivered. North's Plutarch led Shakespeare wrong.

250. To walk abroad (in). Cf. 'Arrive the point proposed,' I. ii. 110.

265. Upon a wish, as soon as I have wished him.

SCENE 3.

2. Charge my fantasy = fill or burden my imagination.

3. Forth = out of.

9. Directly = straightforwardly.

12. You were best, it were best for you. The old phrase, 'Me were better,' which was = 'It were better for me,' was mistakenly changed into 'I were better.' And then 'You were better' and 'You were best' were introduced.

In the same way, the modern 'If you please' is not always seen to be = 'If it please you.'

18. You'll bear me a bang for that, I owe you one, or you will have a clout from me for that.

24. For your dwelling, tell us where you live.

34. Turn him going, send him ' to the right-about.

ACT FOURTH.

SCENE I.

The real scene of the meeting was not Rome, but an islet in the Reno, near Bologna, about 300 miles north from Rome.

6. Damn him, condemn him to death. Cf. P. S.

12. Slight, unmeritable = insignificant and undeserving. The word *unmeritable* is found in only one other place in Shakespeare, *Richard III* (III. vii.)

13. Three-fold world Europe, Asia, and Africa.

15. So you thought him fit to have a share in the empire.

17. Proscription. In this proscription there were put to death 2,000 knights and 300 senators.

27. Graze in commons. *In* is frequently used by Shakespeare for *on*. Cf. *Measure for Measure* (IV. ii.): 'There is written in your brow honesty and constancy;' and *Troilus and Cressida* (IV. ii.): 'Would he were knocked in the head.'

30. Appoint, order, assign. Cf. the phrase 'Armed and appointed will' frequently used by Shakespeare. — *Pro- vender* = *probanda*, from Latin *proberere*, to furnish, through the Fr. *provenir*.

31. It, used contemptuously.

32. To wind, turn, wheel round.

33. His corporal motion = the motion of his body.

34. Taste, sense.

37. Abject orts and imitations. *Abject*, in the literal Latin sense, *cast away* (from *abjicere*, to throw away). *Ort* is a word that occurs four times in Shakespeare. "It is a compound word, made up of Old Dutch *oor*, cognate with

O. E. *or*, signifying *without* or *out*, and Du. *eten*, cognate with Eng. *eat*. It means *what is left in eating*, an *out-morsel*, so to speak."—Skeat.

38. Stal'd = made common.

39. Begin his fashion, are the beginning of a new fashion to him.

40. Property, mere appendage, a piece of stage furniture. A property-man is one who has the charge of the appendages about a theatre.

42. Levying powers, raising troops.—*Make head*. Shakespeare uses the phrases *raise head*, *make head*, and *gather head*, for to collect an army.

44. Sretch'd out = to the utmost.

46. How. The verb *consult*, upon which *how* depends, must be extracted from *sit in council*.

47. Answer'd, met.

48. At the stake, as a bear or bull that is baited by dogs.

51. Millions of mischief. So Shakespeare has 'a million of manners' (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. i.); 'a million of beating;' and we speak of the *million* for the *multitude*.

SCENE 2.

7. In his own change of disposition towards me.

12. Regard and honor towards you.

13. Doubted, suspected.

14. Resolv'd = informed.

16. Familiar instances, signs, tokens, or marks of familiarity.

23. Hot at hand, hard to be curbed or held in.

25. Should endure = come to endure.

26. They fall = let fall. Shakespeare frequently uses *fall* as a transitive verb.—*Jade*, a worthless or ill-trained horse.

28. Sardis, once the capital of Lydia, stood at the foot of Mount Tmolus, on the river Pactólus. It is now a heap of ruins.

40. Sober form, unruffled countenance. Shakespeare frequently uses *form* for *behavior*.

41. Be content, calm yourself.

42. Griefs = grievances.
 45. Wrangle, a continuative from *wring*. *Wring* has, as an old past participle, the adjective *wrong*.
 46. Enlarge = dwell upon them at large, state this to me in full.
 48. Charges, divisions, troops the commanders have charge of.
 49. A little from = away from.

SCENE 3.

1. That you have wrong'd me. The opening of this quarrel scene—one of the poet's most magnificent efforts—was suggested by North: 'The next day after, Brutus, upon complaint of the Sardiens, did condemn and note Lucius Pella for a defamed person, that had been a prator of the Romans, and whom Brutus had given charge unto. . . . Now, as it commonly happeneth in great affairs between two persons, both of them having many friends and so many captains under them, there ran tales and complaints betwixt them. Therefore, before they fell in hand with any other matter, they went into a little chamber, and bade every man avoid, and did shut the doors to them. Then they began to pour out their complaints one to the other, and grew hot and loud, earnestly accusing one another, and at length fell both a weeping.'

2. Noted, put a mark or stigma upon, branded with disgrace.
 4. Praying on his side, taking his part.
 5. Slighted off = put aside with easy contempt.
 8. Nice, trifling, petty, insignificant.—Bear his comment, be animadverted on. (See Abbott, sect. 356.)
 10. Condemn'd to have, condemned for having.—An itching palm, a greedy desire for money. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida* (II. i.):—

*My fingers itch' (to strike).

11. Mart, make traffic of. *Mart* is a contracted form of *market*.
 20. What villain, who of those that touched his body

was such a villain that he stabbed for any other motive than justice? Cl. P. S.

30. To hedge me in, to put me under restraint.
 32. Go to, an exclamation of impatience, like our familiar phrase, Get out!
 36. Have mind upon your health, take care of yourself; I shall have to attack you.
 39. Choler, anger. From Gr. *cholē*, bile, adjective *choleric*. Hence *melancholy* = black bile. The disease called *cholera morbus* was supposed to be a derangement of the biliary organs.
 44. Budge, flinch from my resolution.
 45. Observe you, be always watching and adapting myself to your caprices.
 46. Testy = fretful. From O. Fr. *teste*, the head; from Lat. *testa*, a jar. Cf. the Eng. *heady*, for rash.
 47. Venom of your spleen, the poison of your anger. *Venom*, from Lat. *venenum*, poison. *Spleen*. The old writers on physiology made the spleen the seat of the passions and emotions.
 52. Vaunting = boasting. From Low Lat. *vanitare*, from *vanus*, empty.
 75. Indirection, unfair or dishonorable means. Cf. the use of *directly* (= straightforwardly) in I. i. 12. Cf. also Polonius's statement in *Hamlet* (II. i. 66):—

'By indirections find directions out.'

80. To loek = as to loek.—Counters here mean money; literally they are round and flat pieces of bone or metal, used in calculations.—Rascal = literally the scrapings and refuse of anything. Said to come from the Icelandic *raska*, to scrape. A rascal in Shakespeare's time also meant a lean deer not fit to hunt or kill.

85. Riv'd, torn or cleft, instead of *ripen*.
 97. Conn'd by rote, learnt by heart. *Con* is a form of *ken* and of *know*. Both come from O. E. *cunnan*, to know; and this word also gives us the words *cunning*, *can*, *knowledge*, &c. *Rote*, from Lat. *rota*, a wheel.
 101. Plutus, the god of riches.
 107. Scope, free range.

108. **Humor** = a mere passing feeling.
111. **Enforced**, struck with violence.
112. **Straight**, at once.
119. **Rash humor** = quick temper.
121. **Over-earnest** = too eager.
137. **Cynic**, snarling or rude fellow. But the term comes from the Gr. *kuon*, a dog, and was generally applied to the followers of Diogenes, who cultivated rude and familiar manners.
133. **His fashion, manner, a way he has.**
134. **I'll know his humor** = I will acknowledge and make allowance for his humor, when he chooses the proper time to exercise it.
135. **Jigging fools, doggerel rhymsters.** 'In Shakespeare's time a jig did not always mean a dance; it sometimes meant a ballad, and the air to which it was sung.'
136. **Companion** = fellow. The word is used in a contemptuous sense.
150. **Upon** = in consequence of what? — **Impatient . . . grief.** Impatience and grief were the causes of her death. There is here a mixture of two constructions.
153. **Distract.** Shakespeare frequently uses the Latin past participle in its pure Latin form. But we also find English verbs so treated by Shakespeare, as *bloat* for *bloated*; *quit*; *swift*; *wed*; *ingraft* for *ingrafted*. Though Plutarch and numerous other ancient writers give this account of the death of Portia, it is more probable, from the correspondence of Cicero and notices in other works, that she died of a lingering illness after Brutus had left Italy.
169. **Call in question, &c.**, consider the critical position in which we are.
168. **Bending their expedition** = directing their march on Philippi, a city in Macedonia, founded by Philip, father of Alexander the Great; now called Filibah or Felibejik.
176. **Proscriptions.** Here a trisyllable; but two lines lower down a quadrisyllable.
189. **Once** = at some time or other.
192. **In art.** Cassius had learned as much of this *by study* in the Stoic philosophy as Brutus, but his natural strength of mind could not bear it so composedly.

195. **Alive**, with the living; they had been talking about the dead.
199. **Doing himself offence**, doing himself harm. But connect *offence* with *defence* in the next line. *They* will have been, as it were, fighting against themselves; *we* shall be full of the power of defence.
200. **Nimbleness.** From O. E. *niman*, to take; it therefore means *quickness at taking*. The O. E. adjective was *nimol*; and the *b* was introduced between the two liquids *m* and *l*.
201. **Of force** = of necessity.
203. **In a forc'd affection**, not thoroughly well-disposed toward us. *Affection* and *contribution* have both the *tion* as a dissyllable.
204. **Contribution**, supplies of provisions, &c.
206. **By them**, through their country. But the next *by them* = by their help. — **Make a fuller number up** = obtain reinforcements.
212. **Tried the utmost** = put the most extreme pressure upon them.
219. **Bound in shallows** = hemmed in by shallows.
222. **Ventures**, what we have risked. *Venture* was in Shakespeare's time the technical term for a cargo. So the merchants of Bristol called themselves 'Merchant Adventurers.'
224. **The deep of night.** Twice used by Shakespeare for the middle or stillest part of the night.
226. **Niggard with**, take a scanty allowance of. No other writer has ever used *niggard* as a verb; and Shakespeare has used it so only twice.
239. **Knave** = lad. The word *knave* meant in O. E. simply a *boy*, as *Knabe* still does in High-German. It is often used by Shakespeare as a term of endearment, as in such phrases as *my good knave*, or *good my knave*, *gentle knave*, *my friendly knave*, *my pretty knave*, &c. — **O'erwatched** = wearied out with watching. — **Other** = others. (See Abbott, sect. 12.)
249. **Otherwise bethink me**, change my mind.
253. **Much forgetful.** Shakespeare and his contemporaries used *much* with adjectives. We now use it only

with participles. We find in Shakespeare *much guilty, much sea-sick, much ill, much sorry, much unlike, much unequal, much sad, &c.*

260. Young bloods = young people.

265. O murderous slumber. Cf. the celebrated passage in *Henry IV.* (Sec. Part, III. i.):—

'Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night
Deny it to a king?'

266. Mace once used for sceptre.

272. Left = left off.

273. How ill. 'Brutus boldly asked what he was, a god or a man, and what cause brought him hither? The spirit answered, "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.'—NORTH'S *Plutarch.*

278. Stare, stand on end.

280. False. In much the same sense Shakespeare has the phrases *a false gallop, false Latin, false French, false reckonings, false strains, false trait, &c.*

305. Set on his powers betimes, put his troops early in motion.

ACT FIFTH.

SCENE I.

4. Battles, battalions, brigades, or divisions in order of battle.

5. Warn = summon or challenge.

7. Am in their bosoms = am in their confidence, or know what they are going to do.

8. Content, well pleased.—Could = would. Cf. P. S.

10. Fearful bravery, display. *Fearful* is used by Shakespeare in the subjective sense = full of fear; as well as in the modern or objective sense of *terrible*.—By this face, in this manner, by this display.

11. Fasten in our thoughts, make us believe.

17. Even = level.

19. Exigent, emergency, exigency. An adjective for a noun, as frequently happens in Shakespeare.

24. Answer on their charge, attack them when they attack us.

25. Make forth = set out.

33. The posture of, &c. = the direction and force. But Dr. Schmidt suggests *nature*. *Are* is wrong for *is*.

34. Hybla. There were three places of the name in Sicily. It was unknown which of them was famed for honey. The bees fed on the thyme which grew on the hills, hence its exquisite flavor.

41. Fawn'd like hounds. This is based upon Plutarch, 'They all made as though they were intercessors for him, and took Cæsar by the hands, and kissed his head and breast.'

46. This tongue would have been silenced in death if Cassius's advice had been taken.

48. The cause = the business on which we have come.

52. Goes up, is sheathed.

53. Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds. Theobald reduced the number of wounds to three-and-twenty, as given by Plutarch, Appian, and Suetonius. As Shakespeare followed Plutarch so closely in details, the higher number is probably a printer's error.

54. Another Cæsar have added slaughter to = another Cæsar (myself) have fallen by the sword of traitors.

59. Strain = race; from O. E. *strynan*, to beget; still in use, but only applied to dogs, horses, &c.

60. Honorable. Adj. for adverb.

61. A peevish school-boy. Octavius was only twenty-one years of age. *Peevish* has generally in Shakespeare the meaning of *childish and thoughtless*.

62. A masker and a reveller. See I. ii. 203, and II. ii.

116.

63. Old Cassius still. Just the same scornful Cassius as Julius Cæsar described him to me.

66. Stomachs, inclination, appetites.

71. As = on. *As* is apparently used redundantly with

definitions of time (as *ως* is used in Greek with respect to motion). It is said by Halliwell to be an eastern counties' phrase. (See Abbott, sect. 114.)

77. Held Epicurus strong, had great faith in the doctrines of Epicurus. Epicurus (born 342 B.C.) regarded human happiness as the end of philosophy. The *summum bonum* consisted in tranquillity and peace of mind.

78. Do presage = that point out the future.

79. Former = foremost.

82. Consorted = attended.

86. As = as if. (See Abbott, sect. 107.)

87. Canopy. From Greek *κάνοπειον*, a covering against a *kanops*, Gr. for *mosquito*.

89. I but believe it partly = I believe it but partly.

91. Very constantly, with the greatest firmness.

106. Time of life, natural term of our existence.

107. Stay = await. Shakespeare more usually employs *stay* in this sense with *on* or *upon*.

SCENE 2.

1. Bills, notes, written directions, general orders.
3. Set on, attack.

SCENE 3.

3. Ensign, standard-bearer. The word *ensign*, from the Lat. adjective *ensignis*, distinctive or well-marked.

4. It, the standard-eagle, which he carried.

6. Advantage on, instead of *over*.

7. Fell to spoil, began to plunder.

8. Enclos'd, surrounded.

11. Far off, probably for *farre*, the old comparative of *far*, and so found in Chaucer, as *nerre* and *deerre* are for *nearer* and *dearer*.

19. With a thought = quick as thought.

21. Thick = dim.

25. His compass, its circular course.

29. Make to him, &c., that are hastening to him.

38. Swore thee, made thee swear.—Saving of thy life = *in saving thy life*. Saving is here the verbal noun, which

originally ended in *ung*. It was then written with *ing*, and thus frequently confused with the present participle. Prefixed to this was the old preposition *an* (on), which was pared down to *a* ('While the ark was a preparing'), and then vanished altogether.

41. Be a freeman = earn your freedom by putting me to death.

42. Search, pierce.

51. Change, the ups and downs of fortune.

63. Apt, impressionable.

84. Misconstrued = misinterpreted.

88. Regarded, respected.

89. This, the act of suicide, is the *part* (= duty) of a Roman.

96. In = into.—Own proper — a tautology. Shakespeare uses *proper* for *own*, as in *Tempest*. (III. iii. 60): 'Men hang and drown their proper selves.' There are four instances of the double phrase *own proper*.

101. Breed thy fellow, produce another like thee.

104. Thassos, an island now called Thaso, in the Ægean Sea, off the Thracian coast.—The latter touching portion of this grand and truly Roman panegyric is wholly Shakespeare's. The first part is from North: 'So when he was come thither, after he had lamented the death of Cassius, calling him the last of the Romans, being impossible that Rome should ever breed again so noble and valiant a man as he, he caused his body to be buried.'

105. Funerals. Shakespeare uses this word only twice in the plural.

106. It refers to *funerals*.

109. Ere night . . . a second fight. As a matter of fact, the second battle of Philippi was fought twenty days after the first.

SCENE 4.

2. What hastard doth not? Who is so base-born as will not?

8. Know me for Brutus. For this use of *for* cf. *Hamlet* (IV. vii. 2): 'You must put me in your heart for

friend;' and V. i. 196, where Hamlet talks of Yorick: 'A pestilence on him for a mad rogue!'

12. Only I yield to die, I yield only to die. Cf. this position of *only* with that of *but* in V. i. 89.

32. Is chanc'd, has happened or fallen out.

SCENE 5.

13. That noble vessel. Cf. *Winter's Tale* (III. iii.):—

'I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So filled and so becoming.'

And in several passages woman is spoken of as 'the weaker vessel.'

15. List = listen.

42. But labor'd to attain = labored but to attain.

45. Smatch, tincture. This is the only instance of this word in Shakespeare. The word is probably a form of *smack*. Cf. *bake, batch; make, match; wake, watch*.

59. Lucilius' saying true. Lucilius had said (V. iv. 25) that 'no enemy shall ever take alive the noble Brutus.'

60. Entertain them, take them into my service.

61. Bestow = invest, put to use.

62. Prefer = recommend. Cf. *Cymbeline* (IV. ii.): 'The emperor's letters should not sooner than thine own worth prefer thee.'

69. He. Dr. Schmidt says that Shakespeare never uses *see* as a preposition governing the objective, but only as an adverb.

72. Common good to all. 'It was said that Antonius spake it openly divers times, that he thought that of all of them that had slain Cæsar, there was none but Brutus only that was moved to do it as thinking the act commendable of itself; but that all the other conspirators did conspire his death for some private malice or envy that they otherwise did bear unto him.'—NORTH'S *Plutarch*.

78. His bones, his corpse. Shakespeare frequently uses *bones* in this sense.

80. The field, the army in the field.

81. Part = share.

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[The questions in the following Examination Papers are chiefly taken from the papers set by the English Civil Service Commissioners. The teacher or the student can easily draw up as many as he likes on the basis of the scheme for 'Perfect Possession' given on pages —viii. and ix.]

1. Write a short account of the action of the play.
2. Explain and illustrate by quotations the main differences between the characters of Brutus and Cassius.
3. State by whom, of whom, and on what occasions the following lines were uttered:—
 - (a) His coward lips did from their color fly.
 - (b) He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men. . . .
 - (c) Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit.
 - (d) Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds.
 - (e) A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
4. Explain and annotate the following words and phrases: *To stale with ordinary oaths; hearts of controversy; promised forth; cross'd in conference; the cross blue lightning; monstrous quality; the element; men cautious; charactery.*
5. Give six examples of compound adjectives in *Julius Cæsar*.

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6. Give some instances of words formed like *rabblement*.
7. What 'sights' were seen in the streets of Rome before Caesar's death? Quote some of the lines.

B.

1. Write a short account of Antony's speech over the dead body of Caesar.
2. What were (a) the political and (b) the private reasons for the murder of Caesar?
3. State by whom, of whom, and on what occasions the following lines were uttered:—
 - (a) Let not our looks put on our purposes.
 - (b) Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies.
 - (c) O world, thou wast the forest to this hart.
 - (d) I am compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
 - (e) There are no tricks in plain and simple faith.

4. Continue the above quotations.

5. Explain and annotate the following words and phrases: *Performed faculties*; *drop by lottery*; *patter*; *even virtue*; *cognizance*; *fond*; *repeal*; *groaning for burial*; *orts and imitations*; *indirection*; *entertain them*.

6. Write the story of the action in Act V.

7. Quote passages to illustrate Shakespeare's use of *with*; of *that* followed by *as*; of double superlatives and comparatives.

C.

1. State the parts played (a) by Mark Antony, (b) by Casca, and (c) by Strato in the play; and quote some lines uttered by each of them on some critical occasion.

2. In what localities do the events in the different Acts take place? Quote lines to prove your statements.

3. By whom, of whom, and on what occasions were the following lines uttered?

- (a) The angry spot doth glow on Caesar's brow.
- (b) O, he sits high in all the people's hearts.
- (c) So let high-sighted tyranny range on.
- (d) But I am constant as the northern star.
- (e) He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold.
- (f) There is a tide in the affairs of men.
- (g) In Parthia did I take thee prisoner.

4. Annotate the above lines, and continue them.

5. Quote instances of Shakespeare's (a) habit of ellipsis, and (b) use of an adjective for a preposition and a noun (as in *sterile curse*).

6. Explain the following words and phrases: *The replication*; *your passion*; *jealous on me*; *I have some aim*; *well-given*; *quick mettle*; *bear me hard*; *prevent*; *the main opinion*; *liable*; *freedom of repeal*; *d'ershot myself*.

D.

1. Describe briefly the events and actions which take place in the Third Act.

2. Write a short analysis of Mark Antony's speech.

3. By whom, of whom, and on what occasions were the following lines uttered?

- (a) Set honor in one eye and death i' the other.
- (b) Why old men fool and children calculate.
- (c) Our yoke and sufferance shew us womanish.
- (d) She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë.

(e)

One that feeds

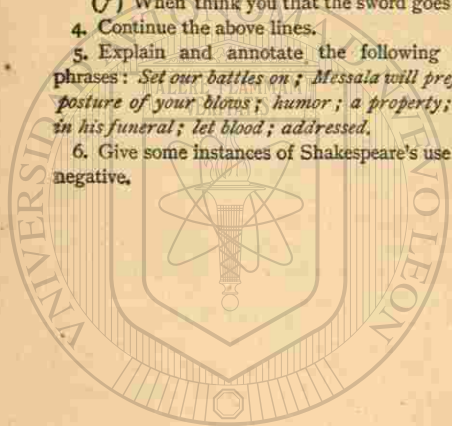
On abject orts and imitations.

(f) When think you that the sword goes up again?

4. Continue the above lines.

5. Explain and annotate the following words and phrases: *Set our battles on; Messala will prefer me; the posture of your brows; humor; a property; beholding; in his funeral; let blood; addressed.*

6. Give some instances of Shakespeare's use of a double negative.



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