JULIUS CAESAR

EDITED BY
MABEL TUTTLE FRUSH

ROW, PETERSON & COMPANY
JULIUS CAESAR

EDITED WITH
HISTORICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES, SUGGESTIONS
ON LITERARY INTERPRETATION, LESSON HELPS,
AND STAGE DIRECTIONS

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INTRODUCTION

In selecting Julius Cæsar to form one of the numbers of this Shakespearean series, I have been prompted by a recognition of certain specific needs, rather than an appreciation of dramatic and literary values.

It is not only the most popular of Shakespeare's dramas but by reason of its theme it makes a stronger appeal to the children than any of the other tragedies, and is more easily understood. Pupils will readily see that both Cæsar and Brutus, in their different ways, were striving to accomplish the same purpose: suppress greed, injustice, and government corruption generally. Attention can profitably be called to the extravagance of the age, the mad pursuit of pleasure and various problems involving the country's progress and social welfare, all of which bear more than a passing resemblance to conditions, which nearly two thousand years later are engaging the attention of public spirited men and women in our own country. The progressive teacher will quickly recognize the special opportunities to instill lessons in patriotism, stimulate an interest in public questions, and reveal the worth of civic virtues.

Then there are the ethical values. No other Shakespearean drama offers such a wealth of opportunities to teach lessons of vital worth in character building. Most vividly has the poet revealed the part truth, honor and integrity play in a career, and the inevitable tragedy which follows the violation of these virtues. These lessons are so apparent it is hardly necessary to
dwell upon them, and it is always well to remember that the aversion to moralizing is general.

Although primarily designed for class room work, it is hoped that the teacher will give a dramatic presentation of at least some of the scenes, and to further facilitate this suggestions for a simple staging are offered in the appendix.

I wish to take this opportunity of expressing to Miss Janet D. Reid of the Warren School, Chicago, and to Miss Eva Smedley, Principal of the Noyes Street School, Evanston, my gratitude for helpful suggestions offered during the preparation of this manuscript.

MABEL TUTTLE FRUSH.
On Henley street, in the village of Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, England, there stands a little two-story building in which was born William Shakespeare, the greatest of all English authors. The exact date of his birth is unknown, but the old parish register in the village church shows that he was christened on April 26, 1564. Since children were then generally christened at the age of three days, he is supposed to have been born on April 23. That happens also to have been the day of his death, which occurred in 1616.

He was the eldest son of John and Mary Shakespeare, and the third child in a family of eight. During his childhood his people appear to have been in fairly comfortable circumstances, but later his father, who was a small shopkeeper, and at one time mayor of Stratford, met with reverses.

Of the early years of Shakespeare very little is known. He received but limited schooling, and it is not known what occupation he followed before going to London.

In November, 1582, at the age of eighteen, the poet was married to Anne Hathaway, who was seven years his senior. She was also a native of Stratford parish, having been born in Shottery, a little village now noted as the site of the "Anne Hathaway Cottage," in which she passed her girlhood. Three children were born of this marriage: Susanna, Hamnet and Judith, the last two twins. The daughters survived their father, but Hamnet died at the age of twelve.
In his early twenties Shakespeare went to London, where he spent the greater part of the time until he retired in 1610. He was connected with the theatre in various capacities, and had written eighteen dramas before he was thirty-four. Success attended his efforts, and he became the owner of some valuable property, including "New Place," one of the finest residences in Stratford. He was residing there at the time of his death, which occurred at the age of fifty-two years. He is buried in Stratford church, whence doubtless his remains would have been transferred to Westminster long ago were it not for the inscription above the crypt.

Good frend for Iesys sake forbeare
to digg the dust encloased here.
Blest be ye man ye spares thes stones.
And curst be he ye moves my bones.
HISTORICAL SETTING

Two thousand years ago the Roman empire controlled the world. One by one she had gradually conquered the more important nations of the earth, seizing their wealth and taking their citizens captive. No other nation had such generals, statesmen and orators, and the world has never known greater.

Ancient Rome. This mighty empire had its beginning in Rome, the capital of Italy, which was founded by Romulus in 753 B.C. That was hundreds of years before the discovery of printing or the art of book-making, and as few records were kept then the early history of the city is largely legendary. Rome is located about fifteen miles from the Mediterranean sea. The original site of the city was the seven hills on the east bank of the Tiber, the second largest river in Italy. There are still to be found well-preserved ruins of some of the ancient buildings, while the great galleries of the city contain many interesting works of art of that period.

The Forum. All the public squares of Rome were called forums, but the largest of these was called The Forum, and the ruins of this magnificent old square are now one of the most interesting sights of Italy’s capital. It was adorned with statues of the heroes and kings of Rome and beautiful ornamental sculpture, and surrounding it were various public buildings of such perfect proportion and design they are still regarded as masterpieces of architecture. At one end was a rostrum or pulpit, from which were delivered many of the
greatest orations ever heard. It was here the people assembled on all great public occasions.

The Early Republic. During the first two or three hundred years Rome was ruled by kings, of whom there were seven, Romulus having been the first. At last the people grew tired of their tyranny, and, under the rule of Tarquinius Superbus, overthrew the monarchy and established a republic.

The leader in this revolt was a patrician named Lucius Junius. He was a very clever man and knew that the success of his undertaking depended upon carefully-laid and skilfully-executed plans. It required time to perfect his arrangements, and he was constantly in danger of arousing the suspicions of the king. To avoid this possibility he pretended to be an idiot, and, as he was believed really to have lost his reason, he was nicknamed Brutus, which means stupid. When later the people realized how much they owed to his clever deception, the name which had been applied to him in ridicule came to signify great honor, and was borne with pride by his descendants.

The Patricians and Plebeians. When the republic was established there were two parties in Rome, the patricians or nobles, founded by Romulus, and the plebeians or common people. Naturally the patricians, who were educated people of wealth, were the stronger and more influential, and when the king was overthrown they assumed the government of the country. The heads of their families composed the senate and from their number were chosen two consuls, who were the leaders in all matters of government. The constitution was very broad, however, and granted to the people many privileges. All the laws were made in the Comitia, an assembly of all the male citizens, and they
also chose the consuls, who were elected annually. The rights of the plebeians were further protected by officers known as Tribunes of the People, in whom was vested considerable authority, their special duty being to prevent the patricians from imposing upon the common people. At first there were only two of these officers, but their number was gradually increased until there were ten.

Revolt of the Plebeians. Although they were enjoying far greater freedom than under the rule of the king, the plebeians were not satisfied. They sought representation in the senate and demanded that their party be recognized as eligible to the consulship. Their insistence became more urgent as, year by year, they witnessed the senate assume greater authority, and the country was in constant turmoil. In time the plebeians increased in strength and numbers until the patricians were compelled to recognize their power and accede to their demands.

Activities of the People. For several centuries after the founding of the republic the Roman government remained pure, but increasing wealth and power brought corruption. The people gave less and less attention to agriculture and kindred pursuits with each conquest of the army. The farms became deserted and the sons of the common people were drawn into the army. War and the love of conquest crowded out every other ambition. The patrician families, who were yearly enriched by the plunder from the conquered countries, lived in the greatest luxury. Their only thought was pleasure and they indulged in the wildest extravagances, their mode of living ultimately demoralizing all classes of society.

Pompey the Great. In the first Century before Christ
there was born in one of the patrician families of Rome a boy, who was destined to be one of the world’s great military leaders. His name was Pompey, and by reason of his many successes he was later surnamed the Great. When still a young man he went to Asia, where he made extensive conquests, returning to Rome with many captives and richly laden with spoils. As was customary on such occasions, the senate decreed a Triumph for him. Beautiful arches were erected over the street through which he marched. The houses were gayly decorated with banners and flags, and the streets and public squares were thronged with people in their best attire. We are told it took two days for this procession to pass a given place, which enables us to form some conception of its magnitude. The people paid Pompey every homage, vying with each other to do him honor. He was pronounced the greatest of all Roman generals, and his statue decorated the Forum and other public places. As a further evidence of regard he was appointed consul, the highest office in the republic. This honor did not satisfy him, however. Pompey was very ambitious and secretly aspired to be dictator, although he was hardly qualified to meet the requirements of such a position. But doubtless he would have realized his ambition, regardless of his unfitness, had it not have been for another Roman general, whose remarkable conquests in the west threatened to overshadow the achievements of Pompey.

Caius Julius Cæsar, Pompey’s rival, was the greatest man of ancient Rome. Shakespeare pronounced him “the foremost man of all the world,” which without doubt he was, for he has never been surpassed either as a soldier or a statesman. He possessed a brilliant mind and excelled in everything he undertook, his fear-
lessness being matched by his determination. Although he was not without faults, they were overshadowed by his many noble qualities, and he will ever be ranked as one of the wisest and bravest of men.

**Characteristics.** Julius Caesar was born in the year 100 B.C., and was a member of one of the old patrician families. But unlike many of his class he had great sympathy for the common people, saw their needs and recognized their rights. His keen foresight, judgment and intelligence showed him that in them, not in the nobles, lay the country's strength. Ignorant and superstitious, they were easily swayed in their opinions, but they recognized in Cæsar a powerful friend and benefactor. The very qualities which won him favor with the masses naturally made him unpopular with the ruling class. But Cæsar possessed to an unusual degree that attribute which always distinguishes the truly great: the ability to make men serve his purpose. It was this power which enabled him to conquer a nation, and then win the stanch support and loyalty of its people, as he did in Gaul.

**Early Public Service.** Cæsar chose a military career, and in early manhood distinguished himself in the Asiatic wars, gaining rapid promotion. Later he aspired to various civil offices, and in order better to qualify himself to meet their requirements he subsequently studied law and oratory. His ready understanding and keen intelligence won him quick recognition in both vocations, particularly in oratory in which he ranked second to Cicero only. He also distinguished himself as an author. In any capacity in which he served Cæsar readily won favor with all but his rivals, who were ever jealous of his achievements. Not only was he blessed with unusual foresight, but he possessed
the rare faculty of knowing just when and how to meet a difficult situation, either on the field of battle or in civic affairs. Having capably filled various lesser offices at last he was made consul, and while serving in this capacity instituted many reforms. As a consul's term was for a year only and he could not be re-elected for ten years, it was impossible for him to accomplish very much permanent good.

Military Conquests. At the expiration of his term of office Cæsar went with his army into Gaul, where he remained for nine years. He not only conquered that people, but also the Belgians and certain German tribes, and twice he invaded Britain. He had been promised the consulship when again eligible to that office, and having completed his conquests in the west prepared to return home. Cæsar's ambition was as great as his ability, but his purposes were not selfish. He aspired to the highest office in the government, but he was prompted by a desire to serve that government. He was as able to estimate his own abilities as those of his contemporaries, and knew full well that he was better qualified to serve the best interests of the people than any other man in Rome. The republic, through corruption and the abuse of power, had become a farce, and the country was ruled by the senate. A more corrupt body never existed. They would stoop to anything to gain their ends, and by means of bribes prevented any interference on the part of the people. Great wealth was constantly being poured into the treasury, but the bulk of it subsequently passed into possession of the senators. Prudent and wise beyond his time, Cæsar plainly foresaw what the ultimate outcome of this must be. It was clear to his splendid vision that it was too late to revive the republic, and
if the government were to be preserved, the power in the hands of the senators must be given to one man, who would see that all the states and the conquered nations enjoyed equal privileges. This arrangement he knew would meet the approval of the people generally, but not, of course, of the ruling body. He aspired to this office and knowing himself capable of meeting its responsibilities began directing his plans to that end.

Defeat of Pompey. The reform measures introduced by Cæsar during the period of his consulship had not met with the favor of the majority in power, and they determined if possible to prevent his re-appointment. Such an achievement presented many difficulties, for he was known invariably to accomplish what he undertook, and the size and loyalty of his army made him a formidable foe.

At last certain of the senators instigated Pompey, who was then consul, to demand that Cæsar resign the government of Gaul, abandon his army and return home. Cæsar replied by rapidly marching his troops toward Rome. Pompey with his followers fled to Asia, where he raised an army and prepared to wage war. He was pursued by Cæsar, at whose hands he met a terrible defeat in Greece. His army destroyed, abandoned by the majority of his followers and deserted by his allies, Pompey escaped to Egypt, where he was treacherously slain. Thus ended the life of a man who a few short months before had been the hero of a nation.

Other generals then took up the cause, but all were defeated, and having conquered the sons of Pompey, who held the Roman province of Spain, Cæsar returned to Rome. The senate had decreed a Triumph for him, but it bore little resemblance to that of Pompey, for
not having waged war against a foreign nation he had brought back with him neither captives nor spoils.

The Conqueror's Honors. Despite his mighty victory Cæsar still had hosts of enemies, many of them men who owed their positions to his favor. Like all great men he was envied by the ambitious but less capable, who were always seeking something in his life to criticize. Failing in this they turned to invention and exaggeration.

Although not entirely ignorant of the envy and jealousy he had created, Cæsar had no sense of fear, and assumed his duties with no thought or consideration for anything but the work he wished to accomplish. The senate made him dictator for life, with the title of Imperator, and the right to choose his successor. A statue was erected to him in the capitol, inscribed "Cæsar the demigod." His image was to be borne in the procession of the gods and the seventh month of the year was named in honor of him.

His Enemies. Such authority in the hands of one man filled many of the people with apprehension. They remembered the stories told of the kings who ruled Rome before the days of the republic. Chief among those who feared too great power had been given Cæsar were Brutus, a descendant of Lucius Junius, and Cassius. Brutus was held in high regard by Cæsar, to whom more than any one else he was indebted for the success of his public career. But Brutus was a visionary, with high ideals and impracticable theories, and although he had not forgotten his debt to Cæsar, he felt he owed a greater obligation to Rome. He was a man of fine honor and integrity, and was held in high esteem by the Romans, whose confidence he had won by faithful public service. Cassius,
on the other hand, was of an envious disposition, ever ready to take offense and quick to resent a wrong, whether real or imaginary. His every act was prompted by selfishness, and if treachery were necessary to accomplish his purpose he never hesitated to employ it.

Thus it will be seen that many trials and difficulties awaited Cæsar, whose motives were wrongly construed and misunderstood even by those he held dearest. Much of this he knew, but it did not shake his purpose. Determination had ever marked his way, and he fearlessly resolved steadily to pursue the course he had undertaken.
TRIUMPH OF CAESAR

Mantegna
SUGGESTIONS FOR TEACHERS

The author does not presume to offer any plan for the teaching of Shakespeare, because a method that will produce highly satisfactory results in the hands of one teacher, may prove entirely ineffectual as employed by another. The personality of the instructor counts for more in the teaching of literature than in any other subject, and this is especially true in regard to Shakespeare.

Interesting the Pupil. If the teacher is thoroughly familiar with the text, and a sufficiently ardent admirer of Shakespeare to be independent of the opinions of the commentators and critics, her enthusiasm will radiate to the class and awaken a response in the most indifferent pupil. Once the interest of the students has been aroused it will increase, if their attention is confined to the characters, dramatic development and the plot sequence. Pupils in schools below college should be made lovers of Shakespeare, not critical students, and the only way to achieve this end is to avoid detailed analysis. Literature is not science and should not be subjected to laboratory methods. The understanding of the text presents quite enough difficulties to the average pupil, without his mind being encumbered with the date of the production, sources of the plot, changes in the text, and other, to him, irrelevant data. It is likewise advisable to minimize the importance of note-books. If a student is interested he will likely take notes, and if he is not the insistence on notes will not tend to fire his enthusiasm.
Textual Study. Acquainted with the preliminary conditions and setting of the play, pupils are ready for the actual study of the text. Generally speaking it is advisable for the teacher to give the first reading of each assignment. At the close, attention should be called to such words or phrases as, in her opinion, are likely to prove too difficult for independent study. The assistance or suggestions she offers for their mastery should be largely determined by the aptitude of the class. Here again caution must be exercised not to make the word and phrase study too detailed. It is not advisable to spend much time in clearing up obscure phrases, their meaning will gradually come as the pupil becomes familiar with the drama, particularly in the dialogue reading. The essential thing is that the class acquire an intelligent appreciation of each incident in the development of the plot and of the characters.

The first class-reading should not be interrupted for textual explanations. Such difficulties as were not disposed of prior to the reading should be postponed until its close.

Reading by Parts. The advisability of beginning the dialogue study before the drama has been read through is a matter to be left to the discretion of the teacher. It does not seem generally advisable, however, to begin reading by parts until the pupils are familiar with the entire plot, otherwise they cannot intelligently apprehend their respective roles. Certainly no memorizing should be required until character assignments have been made, as it is impossible for pupils to appreciate the full beauty and significance of the lines unless the words are illuminated by the emotional content revealed through the action of mind on mind in the character interpretation.
Written Work. It may be doubted whether pupils are benefited to any appreciable extent by writing themes on the characters, their motives, etc., as of necessity these are only too often simply a compilation of the ideas of others. Informal class room discussions, however, where the pupils are encouraged to express their personal views are very helpful. The ability to think while on his feet and to express his ideas definitely and graphically is quite as essential a part of a pupil’s education as the ability to write, and is not generally given the consideration it should receive. A composition which calls for personal preferences is likewise valuable.

In the matter of examinations the “best method” is the one which meets the teacher’s individual ideas of the fundamental purpose in the study of Literature. It hardly appears just, however, to attempt to gauge a pupil’s knowledge, understanding and appreciation of a drama save by comparing his intellectual estimate with his vocal interpretation of the author’s thought.
SUGGESTIONS ON LITERARY INTERPRETATION

It is impossible in the limited space here allotted to give more than a few general suggestions on literary interpretation. Those here offered are for the most part just broad working principles, designed to assist the teacher in obtaining a more intelligent reading of the lines. In some instances, however, specific suggestions have been given on the interpretation of a few of the more difficult passages.

Thought Reading. The reading of verse, even blank verse, offers many difficulties to children, who are usually disposed to read lines rather than thoughts. Much can be done to overcome this tendency by having the pupils read rapidly around the class, each reading one thought.

Where a passage contains many modifying clauses, it is well to have the pupil omit these until he has mastered the principal thought, then add the modifiers one by one. He will thus not only grasp the idea of subordinating modifying clauses to the main theme, but will more readily acquire the ability to differentiate values.

Inversion always offers difficulties, but these can usually be overcome by having the pupil transpose the sentence into its direct form. When the correct reading has been established, again invert the phrase or sentence, using the same inflections.

Vocal Interpretation. The teaching of no other subject, unless it is vocal music, requires as close observa-
tion and criticism of self on the part of the instructor as that of reading. This does not mean that the teacher should cultivate a studied nicety of speech or an affected quality of voice, but it does necessitate an appreciation of distinct enunciation, clear articulation and a pleasantly modulated voice. Owing to a natural disposition to imitate, children unconsciously acquire the speech and voice of their teacher, this is especially true of her manner of reading.

It is commonly observed that the reading voice of the average child is distinguished by a quality entirely unknown to his speaking voice. This voice is generally acquired through an effort to obey the teacher's injunction to "read louder." In order to make himself heard, the pupil naturally takes a higher pitch, giving his tone a hard metallic quality, which makes his reading sound artificial. The carrying power of a voice no less than its beauty is largely dependable upon its resonance and overtones, qualities not to be found in the so called "public school voice," which also lacks the flexibility necessary to variety in expression. The fact that a pupil cannot be heard is more often due to poor enunciation and faulty articulation than the tone.

It is not sufficient to call the pupil's attention to his fault, he must be assisted in finding his correct pitch. One of the most satisfactory methods of accomplishing this is to have him read some simple sentence, which would naturally be read in the middle register, as "I went home at noon," or "School is dismissed at three o'clock," at several different pitches. The suggestion, "Tell me that," is also helpful. It is advisable to impress upon the minds of the children that correct tone placing is as essential to the quality of a speaking voice as to that used in singing. The principles learned
in the music lesson can always be profitably applied in the reading class.

Poor articulation is one of the most prevalent faults to be noted in the average reading class. Except when due to physical conditions this is usually attributable to a disregard of vowel values, the slurring of certain consonant combinations, or the clipping of final letters. Shakespeare should never be employed for any purpose but the teaching of Shakespeare, but a little attention on the part of an observant teacher will enable her to locate the pupil's difficulty, and she can readily devise or select a mechanical exercise of full-voweled words, difficult consonant combinations, or troublesome final syllables, the practice of which will assist the pupil in overcoming his habit.

Many of Brutus' speeches in the "Orchard Scene" are addressed to himself. This subjective quality of tone is very difficult for the amateur, but it can be acquired by resorting to the mechanical device of having the pupil take a reflective attitude (weight on heel of back foot, eye unfocused, as if looking inward) and say, "Let me see," endeavoring at the same time to recollect something he has really forgotten. The difference in tonal quality will readily be recognized.

The lines "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!" and "Give me some drink, Titinius," Act I, Scene II, are especially difficult, but can be mastered if given with the idea of reading "down the breath." With the giving out of the breath the chest drops, producing a feeling of physical lassitude. The teacher, however, should never call a pupil's attention to the mechanics necessary to produce an effect, but work through the imagination by having him recall the sensation experienced at some time when frightened or ill, thus awakening the true
physical emotion which results in a corresponding vocal response.

**Breathing.** Unless the reading class follows the singing lesson or physical exercises it is advisable to devote at least two minutes to breathing exercises. This will serve to stimulate the thought and improve the voice work. When pupils get out of breath while reading or breathe in the wrong place, they should be cautioned to breathe at the end of the thought. It is especially necessary to heed this injunction when reading the swimming incident related by Cassius in Act I, Scene II; full, deep breathing being necessary to express the vitality of youth, and physical action, so splendidly suggested by the rhythm and short phrases.

**Inflections.** The teacher should not require the pupils to imitate her reading, but she should bring out the thought or obtain the inflection desired by questions. For example line 145, Act I, Scene II, is seldom read correctly: "Men at some time are masters of their fates," not "masters of their fates." If the pupil puts the stress on the latter word, the question, "Men are at some time what?" will usually bring the correct inflection. Should it fail the teacher can read the line, omitting the word "masters" which the pupil should supply. He should then be requested to read the entire line. Care must be exercised not to make these drills too long; for expression is a matter of emotional and intellectual development and cannot be forced. The fuller intellectual appreciation that gradually comes from familiarity with the drama, invariably results in tonal variety and better inflections. This method of questioning is necessary to bring out the meaning of the last
four lines of the same speech, Cassius’ peroration, which also calls for great emotional intensity.

Antony’s oration is replete with irony, but the irony should never be permitted to obtrude itself, as it frequently does as read by many amateurs and some professionals. They apparently fail to recognize the delicacy of Antony’s position, or the fact that he is a finished diplomat, whose speech is in reality a subtile rebuttal of Brutus’ argument.

There is always an artful variation in the expression, “Brutus is an honorable man,” consistent with the idea conveyed in the remark just preceding, but this is given through fine shadings of tone and delicate inflections, not through emphasis. Otherwise its constant repetition would antagonize the mob, not yet won to Antony’s cause. The substitution of another word, as honest or truthful for honorable, will sometimes assist a pupil in acquiring the inflection necessary to the expression, and when the tonal quality is recognized it can be applied to the original word.

To give the full expressional value to a word, it is necessary not only to have a knowledge of its ordinary meaning, but an appreciation of all that is implied in the context. This is particularly true of verbs and adverbs; adjectives can be depended upon to take care of themselves.

Subordinate the personal pronouns, except where emphasis is necessary to mark a distinction. It is particularly necessary that this rule be observed in the usage of the possessive *my*, which in Shakespeare is read *mi*, except when contrasted with *thy*.

**Speech Tunes.** A drill in speech tunes, illustrating that it is not what we say, but the way we say it which
makes us agreeable or offensive, is a splendid preparation for Antony's oration. For example take the following sentence:

Edith came home last year. Parts of the sentence of equal value.

*Edith* came home last year. Compels attention upon the person.

Edith came *home* last year. Fixes attention upon the place.

Edith came home *last* year. Sets out the particular year.

She came home *last year*. Emphasizes the time.

To illustrate the infinite variations and shades of thought which are conveyed through tone, ask the pupil a question to be answered with the monosyllable "yes" or "no," in anger, fear, pleasure, etc. For example: "Did you go to the woods Saturday?" Let the first "Yes" indicate he had a pleasant day; the second, that he went without permission and fears punishment; the third, that he did not enjoy himself; and the fourth, that he has disobeyed and is defiant.

This drill will be found especially helpful as a preparation for some of the speeches in the Tent Scene, particularly for Cassius' "Chastisement," and "I, an itching palm!"

**Thought Analysis.** One of the most difficult speeches in this play is that of Marullus addressed to the citizens, Act I, Scene I, line 34. It offers such a splendid drill in grouping, sequence and subordination, that had it been designed specially it could hardly have been better adapted to the purpose. A careful analysis of the speech shows four distinct group sections: the first three lines are a reproachful interrogation; the next two an in-
vective; there follows a restrospective description; and
the whole ends in a denunciation.

Calling the pupil’s attention to this division not only
enables him to grasp the idea of variety in emotional
expression, but develops the habit of closer thought
analysis. A satisfactory rendition of the ten lines begin-
ning with 39, as of all other descriptive passages, requires
clear visualizing and an appreciation of the cumulative
effects of sequence in both thought and tone. Where the
pupil’s mental pictures seem to be blurred, the teacher
should assist him in visualizing by a few pertinent
questions.

Care should be taken to ensure an accurate knowledge
of the meaning of each word, and of the ability to clearly
differentiate: as for instance, between towers and battle-
ments. Ask him to visualize a building, then in his
imagination see some one endeavoring to attain its highest
point while reading the lines, ‘‘Have you clim’d walls,
etc.’’ It is better, as previously suggested, to omit the
modifying clauses until the pupil can subordinate them
to the main theme. Where a pupil is unusually deficient
in imagination it is well to have him recall some holiday
celebration he has witnessed, always appealing to the
everyday experiences in stimulating the visualizing
powers or the emotions.

The interpretation of the long speeches of Cassius in
Act I, Scene II, will also be very much improved if
subjected to an analysis similar to the above. This is
especially true in regard to the one beginning with line
96, one of the finest passages in the entire drama, but too
long for a public performance, unless well given. It is
impossible to even suggest the delicate shadings of tone
and subtile inflections employed by Cassius in his effort
to win Brutus to his cause, but much variety can be obtained by a careful analysis of the thought. Each will bring its corresponding change of color: mental subtleties being expressed through delicate shadings of tone.

The ellipsis, which Shakespeare employs with such marvelous effect, presents difficulties both intellectual and expressional. The two most notable examples of the use of this figure in the present drama are Cicero's "Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?" and Casca's, "Hold, my hand," Act I, Scene III. The most satisfactory method of mastering the difficulties offered in these speeches is to have the pupil supply the words omitted, thus the first would read: "What, saw you any thing more (that was) wonderful?" and the second, "Hold, (here is) my hand." They will soon recognize the necessity of supplying the verbal omission through the tone and inflection.

Line 69 in the last scene is frequently read as if to night were tonight. To avoid this, have the pupil think into when he reads to, or if necessary substitute the former word, until he has caught the right inflection. But it is better, where possible, to have the pupil "think" the word, as it not only affords a good mental drill, but makes his reading less mechanical.

Character Assignments. Before beginning the dramatic action the teacher should see that each pupil has a definite idea of the character he is to impersonate, and is able to form a distinct mental picture of it.

It is generally advisable on beginning the study of a character to make the assignment to the pupil qualified to give the best interpretation. Each member of the class, however, should be given an opportunity to impersonate as many roles as possible, the assignments being made regardless of sex. Always encourage originality in
impersonation, at the same time holding the pupil true to the generally accepted idea of the character.

In making assignments for the general class-room work, after the initial study, pupils can be benefited in innumerable ways if they are assigned characters for which they are not well suited. For instance let the shy, modest girl and diffident boy play Caesar or Cassius, and the aggressive, conceited boy or girl take the role of Antony or Brutus.

Several pupils should be assigned the same role for each recitation, care being exercised in the dialogue arrangement that weak pupils do not play opposite. It is always advisable, if possible, to close the recitation with the strongest pupils impersonating the various roles.

In the dialogue work the teacher should insist from the first upon the intelligent attention of the character addressed to the one speaking. To listen with as keen attention and interest to a speech with which one is perfectly familiar as if hearing it for the first time is more difficult than to speak lines. The dramatic intensity of a scene is as dependent upon the responsiveness of the silent characters as upon the expression of the speaker, their sympathetic attention not only serving to stimulate his emotion, but adding to the vividness and reality of the play.

Observe the colons; they always indicate a movement, change of key, or some stage business.

All aphorisms, maxims, or great moral truths, as for example, "Men at some time are masters of their fates," should be given to the front, never addressed to those on the stage, for their appeal is universal.
CHARACTERS REPRESENTED

**Julius Cæsar.**

Octavius Cæsar, Marcus Antonius, M. Æmilius Lepidus, Cicero, Publius, Popilius Lena, Marcus Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Trebonius, Ligarius, Decius Brutus, Metellus Cimber, Cinna, Flavius and Marullus, Tribunes.

**A Soothsayer.**

Triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.

Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, Young Cato, Volumnius, Varro, Clitus, Claudius, Strato, Lucius, Dardanius, Pindarus, Servant to Cassius.

**Friends to Brutus and Cassius.**

Servants to Brutus.

Calpurnia, Wife to Cæsar.

Portia, Wife to Brutus.

**Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.**

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.

Scene: Rome; the neighborhood of Sardis; the neighborhood of Philippi.
It was a radiant day in early spring, and the streets of Rome were thronged with gayly dressed people. The air rang with their merriment, and their feet kept time to lively strains of music. It was the day of Cæsar's Triumph, which happened also to be the feast of Lupercal. This festival was held annually in honor of Lupercus, god of the Shepherds, who was thought to keep the wolves from the sheep. The city was gay with flags and banners, beautiful arches spanning the streets through which the procession was to pass. There were flowers everywhere, and on the busts and statues of Cæsar were hung trophies he had brought from the wars. Among the statues of the kings and heroes of Rome, Cæsar had placed one of himself. And some one, hoping to find favor with the Great Dictator, had decorated it with a crown of laurel, adorned with a white ribbon which was the badge of royalty.

Although it was a feast day and a victory was being celebrated, which marked the restoration of peace after five years of civil war, the people of Rome were not all in a holiday mood. There were mutterings of discontent, and much criticism of Cæsar for celebrating his defeat of Pompey's sons with a triumph, such as was decreed only after the conquest of a foreign nation. The memory of the Great Pompey was dear to many in Rome, and there were those who feared the power given Cæsar, knowing it to herald the passing of the republic.

But the working people were out in their gala attire, bent on having a good time. They were not burdened with the sorrows of days past, nor borrowing trouble from those to come, it was intended they should be happy today, and they were crowding all the pleasure possible into the hours. Ignorant and illiterate, easily influenced, and always ready to be swayed in their opinions, tomorrow they might be ready to stab Cæsar, but today they
were paying him homage. Into their lowly lives came few pleasures, and the joys of a holiday were not to be ignored. There were to be games and sports, music, and unlimited food, all provided at Cæsar's expense, so in gratitude they did him honor.

In those days the law forbade a mechanic to appear on the street on a working-day unless arrayed in the garb of his calling. But this was a holiday, and there was not to be seen a man whose dress was indicative of his trade. It was impossible to tell a carpenter from a shoemaker, or a blacksmith from a stone-mason.

Among those who objected to the rule of Cæsar were two of the tribunes of Rome, Marullus and Flavius. Walking along the street bent upon the discharge of their duties, they met a group of mechanics arrayed in their best, laughing and exchanging rude jests. Resenting the indignity he felt this holiday cast upon the memory of Pompey, Flavius sharply addressed them.

ACT I

SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter Flavius, Marullus, and certain Commoners.

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

First Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?
You, sir, what trade are you?

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


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

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

Sec. Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Mar. What mean'st thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

Sec. Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday, to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph.

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?

What tributaries follow him to Rome,

To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?

You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!

O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,

Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft

Have you climb'd up to walls and battlements,

To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,

Your infants in your arms, and there have sat

The live-long day, with patient expectation,

To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:

And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

*Flav.* Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault,
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

*[Exeunt all the Commoners.]*

See, whêr their basest metal be not mov'd;
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 ceremony.

*Mar.* May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

*Flav.* It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about,
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick,
These growing feathers pluck'd from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

*[Exeunt.*
Scene II. A public place.

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

Caesar. Calpurnia!

Casca. Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

Caesar. Calpurnia!

Cal. Here, my lord.

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

Ant. Caesar, my lord?

Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius, To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say, The barren, touched in this holy chase, Shake off their sterile curse.

Ant. I shall remember:

When Caesar says "do this," it is perform'd.

Caesar. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [Flourish.

Sooth. Caesar!

Caesar. Ha! who calls?

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

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

I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,

Cry "Caesar!" Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.

Caesar. What man is that?

Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

Caesar. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Casca. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Caesar.

Caesar. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.

Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cas. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.

[Sennet. Exeunt all except Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. Will you go to see the order of the course?

Bru. Not I.

Cas. I pray you, do.

Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I’ll leave you.

Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.

Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceiv’d: if I have veil’d my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexèd I am

As the procession moved forward, Brutus and Cassius stepped aside. Despite a marked difference in their ideas and principles of life these men had been stanch friends and close companions for many years. Brutus’ gentle nature and frank manner won him hosts of friends and he was popular with all classes; but Cassius, although a man of keener mentality and greater ability, did not readily inspire confidence in those he met and he attracted few people. His intimacy with Brutus was largely due, in all probability, to their relationship, Cassius having married Junia, a sister of Brutus.

When Cæsar came into power Brutus and Cassius were rivals for the chief prætorship of Rome, an office very similar to that of judge in our day, Brutus winning the appointment through Cæsar’s favor. This incident served to strengthen the dislike of Cassius for Cæsar, whose increasing power and popularity he deeply resented. He had been a loyal and faithful follower of Pompey, under whom he had enjoyed many favors, and had been in charge of part of the forces of that great general at Pharsalia,
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behavior;
But let not therefore my good friends be griev'd—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

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

_Bru._ No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection,—by some other thing.

_Cas._ 'Tis just;
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn

where they met their final defeat at the hands of Cæsar, to whom Cassius surrendered. Proud and ambitious, it was deeply humiliating to Cassius to serve under a man, whose ability he felt to be no greater, if equal, to his own. Cæsar, whose understanding of human nature was too sound to lead him far astray in his judgment of men, felt this and questioned the purposes of Cassius, having little confidence in his loyalty.

His failure to win the prætorship had not only served to further embitter the spirit of Cassius but led him to direct all his energies toward overthrowing Cæsar's power. Closely watchful of those about him, he had observed the changed manner of Brutus: his continuous air of preoccupation, poorly veiled resentment of Cæsar's remarks and seemingly critical contemplation of the dictator's conduct in the senate. Readily alert to the advantage this might give in the development of his plan, Cassius overlooked the coldness which had arisen between him and Brutus, after the latter became prætor, and artfully planned to win his confidence.
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,  
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,  
Where many of the best respect in Rome,  
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 prepar’d to hear:  
And since you know you cannot see yourself  
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,  
Will modestly discover to yourself  
That of yourself which you yet know not of.  
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:  
Were I a common laugher, or did use  
To stale with ordinary oaths my love  
To every new 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?
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’ th’ other,
And I will look on both indifferently,  
For let the gods so speed me as I love  
The name of honor more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,  
As well as I do know your outward favor.  
Well, honor is the subject of my story.  
I cannot tell what you and other men  
Think of this life; but, for my single self,  
I had as lief not be as live to be  
In awe of such a thing as I myself.  
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:  
We both have fed as well, and we can both  
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:  
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,  
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,  
Cæsar said to me, '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 plungèd in  
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.  
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it  
With lusty roar'd, and we did buffet it  
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;  
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,  
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'  
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,  
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder  
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber  
Did I the tirèd Cæsar. And this man  
Is now become a god, and Cassius is  
A wretched creature and must bend his body,  
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.  
He had a fever when he was in Spain,  
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 't is true, this god did shake:
His coward lips did from their color fly,
And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
Alas, it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"
As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
A man of such a feeble temper should
So get the start of the majestic world
And bear the palm alone. [Shout. Flourish.

Bru. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honors that are heap'd on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world
Like a Colossus, and we petty men
Walk under his huge legs and peep about
To find ourselves dishonorable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;
Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;
Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,
"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar."

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art sham'd!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood,
But it was fam'd with more than with one man?
When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
That her wide walls encompass’d but one man? 
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough, 
When there is in it but one only man. 
O, you and I have heard our fathers say, 
There was a Brutus once that would have brook’d
The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome 
As easily as a king.

**Br.** That you do love me, I am nothing jealous; 
What you would work me to, I have some aim: 
How I have thought of this and of these times, 
I shall recount hereafter; for this present, 
I would not, so with love I might entreat you, 
Be any further mov’d. What you have said 
I will consider; what you have to say 
I will with patience hear, and find a time 
Both meet to hear and answer such high things. 
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: 
Brutus had rather be a villager 
Than to repute himself a son of Rome 
Under these hard conditions as this time 
Is like to lay upon us.

**Cas.** I am glad that my weak words 
Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus. 

**Br.** The games are done and Caesar is returning. 

**Cas.** As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve; 
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you 
What hath proceeded worthy note to-day. 

**Re-enter Caesar and his Train.**

**Br.** I will do so. But, look you, Cassius, 
The angry spot doth glow on Caesar’s brow, 
And all the rest look like a chidden train: 
Calpurnia’s cheek is pale; and Cicero 
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes 
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being cross’d in conference by some senators.

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Caes. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar?
Caes. Let me have men about me that are fat:
Sleek-headed men and such as sleep o’ nights:
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.
Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he’s not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Caes. Would he were fatter! But I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock’d himself and scorn’d his spirit
That could be mov’d to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart’s ease
Whilest they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear’d
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think’st of him.

[Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and all his Train, but Casca.

Casca was another of the senators who were bitterly opposed to the rule of Cæsar, but he endeavored to conceal his dislike of the Dictator behind a rude and careless indifference of manner. He possessed a keen mind but a coarse and cruel nature, and knowing him to be one who would ably serve his purpose, Cassius determined to win him to the cause.
Casca. You pull'd 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 chanc'd. 225

Casca. Why, there was a crown offer'd him: and being offer'd 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 offer'd him thrice?

Casca. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting by mine honest neighbors shouted.

Cas. Who offer'd him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be hang'd as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet 't was not a crown neither, 't was 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 offer'd it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offer'd it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refus'd it, the rabblement shouted and clapp'd their chapp'd hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and utter'd such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refus'd 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.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swoon?
Casca. He fell down in the market-place, and foam’d at mouth, and was speechless.
Bru. 'T is 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 pleas’d and displeas’d them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.
Bru. What said he when he came unto himself?
Casca. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceiv’d the common herd was glad he refus’d the crown, he pluck’d me ope his doublet and offer’d them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, If he had done or said any thing amiss, he desir’d their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried “Alas, good soul!” and forgave him with all their hearts: but there’s no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabb’d their mothers, they would have done no less.
Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?
Casca. Ay.
Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?
Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.
Cas. To what effect?
Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I’ll ne’er look you
i’ th’ face again: but those that understood him smil’d 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 promis’d forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

Casca. Ay, if I be alive and your mind hold and your dinner worth the eating.

Cas. Good: I will expect you.

Casca. Do so. Farewell, both. [Exit.]

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!

He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So 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
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 it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc’d?
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 obscurely
Caesar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Caesar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.

Scene III. The same. A street.

Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides,
Casca, with his sword drawn, and Cicero.

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you mov'd, 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

Almost a month had passed since the feast of Lupercal, when
Caesar refused the crown offered by Antony. During that time
the Great Dictator had introduced various measures which would
benefit the people. He had also instituted some public reforms,
and was ready to put into execution a number of improvements,
which would greatly promote the welfare and progress of the
country. Among his plans was one for diverting the Tiber, in
order to insure a safe and easy passage for all merchants who
traded in Rome. He also intended to reclaim for agricultural
purposes vast tracts of marshes, thus providing employment for
thousands of men, and increasing the country's farming lands
by the addition of hundreds of acres of rich, tillable soil. It was
likewise his purpose to build vast break-waters along the shores
of the Mediterranean, to prevent the sea from washing in upon
the land, and there were to be built new ports and harbors.

Despite the capable manner in which he was directing the
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threat’ning clouds:
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

*Cic.* Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?

*Casca.* A common slave—you know him well by
sight—

Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join’d, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain’d unscorch’d.
Besides—I ha’ not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who 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.

government, Cæsar was still held in ill favor by the majority of
the Roman Senators, and every reform he introduced called forth
fresh criticism. During the passing weeks his enemies had not
been idle, but had quietly tried to arouse a spirit of discontent,
and turn those favorably disposed toward Cæsar against him.

It was the night of the 14th of March, and a terrible storm
was sweeping over Rome. It seemed as if the earth would be
torn asunder by the mighty peals of thunder, and the heavens
were rent with flashes of lightning, as if the gods angered beyond
endurance were threatening to destroy the world. Those whose
business called them forth told of strange experiences, and history
has recorded stories of remarkable happenings on that night.
Casca, who was always brave in his relations with man, was
possessed by a terrible fear, as with drawn sword, wild-eyed and
breathless he rushed into the public square, where he encountered
Cicero.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit
Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons; they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

Cic. Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
But men may construe things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.

Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbèd sky
Is not to walk in.
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 menace 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 bar'd 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 case yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool, and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance
Their natures and preform'd faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infus'd them with these spirits,
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'T is Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

Cas. Let it be who it is: for Romans now
Have thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
But, woe the while; our fathers' minds are dead,
And we are govern'd with our mothers' spirits;
Our yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

Casca. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish 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;
Cassius from bondage will deliver Cassius:
Therein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong;
Therein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
Nor stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
Nor airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
Can be retentive to the strength of spirit;
But life, being weary of these worldly bars,
Never lacks power to dismiss itself.
If I know this, know all the world besides,
That part of tyranny that I do bear
I can shake off at pleasure. [Thunder still.]

Casca. So can I:
So every bondman in his own hand bears
The power to cancel his captivity.

Cas. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
Poor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep:
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws: what trash is Rome,
What rubbish and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made. But I am arm’d,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

Casca. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering tell-tale. Hold, my hand:
Be factious for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

Cas. There’s a bargain made.

Now know you, Casca, I have mov’d 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
Is favor’d like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

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

Cas. ’T is 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? Metellus Cimber?

Cas. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stay’d for, Cinna?

Cin. I am glad on ’t. What a fearful night is this!
There’s two or three of us have seen strange sights.

Cas. Am I not stay’d for? tell me.

Cin. Yes, you are.

O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor’s chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus’ statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey’s porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

Cin. All but Metellus Cimber; and he’s gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me.

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey’s theatre.

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.

Brutus had known neither peace nor rest since his conversation with Cassius. Tormented by doubts and fears, he was unable to decide whether his duty demanded that he sacrifice Caesar to save Rome, or Rome to save Caesar. Suspicion once aroused finds proof of its worst fears, and Caesar’s enemies took care all his faults and mistakes were known to Brutus. Each day brought the praetor letters, unsigned and written by different hands, urging him to action; while the artful speeches of Cassius had flattered him into believing that the people of Rome looked to him to save them from the bondage of kingly rule. He knew not what to do. The raging of the storm and his troubled conscience made sleep impossible, so arising from his bed he passed into the garden. The blackness of the night and the mutterings of the thunder and flashes of lightning only increased his doubt and foreboding, and deciding to seek comfort in the pages of a book, he called the lad who served him.
ACT II

Scene I. Rome. Brutus’s orchard.

Enter Brutus.

Bru. What, Lucius, ho!
I cannot by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. Lucius, I say!
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.
When, Lucius, when? awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter Lucius.

Luc. Call’d you, my lord?

Bru. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here.

Luc. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Bru. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown’d:
How that might change his nature, there’s the question.
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that;—
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
I have not known when his affections sway’d
More than his reason. But ’tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition’s ladder,
Where to the climber upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend. So Caesar 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,
Would run to these and these extremities:
And therefore think him as a serpent’s egg
Which, hatch’d, would, as his kind, grow mischievous,
And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.

Searching the window for a flint, I found
This paper, thus seal’d up; and, I am sure,
It did not lie there when I went to bed.

[Give him the letter.

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.

Is not to-morrow, boy, the Ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

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

Luc. I will, sir.

[Exit.

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.

[Open the letter and reads.

“Brutus, thou sleep’st: awake, and see thyself.
Shall Rome, etc. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep’st: awake!”
Such instigations have been often dropp’d
Where I have took them up.

“Shall Rome, etc.” 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 fifteen days.

Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate; somebody knocks.

[Knocking within.

Exit Lucius.

Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream:
The Genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrection.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.

Bru. Is he alone?

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

They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou put thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Cinna,
Metellus Cimber, and Trebonius.*

*Cas.* I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?

*Bru.* I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?

*Cas.* Yes, every man of them, and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself.
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.

*Bru.* He is welcome hither.

*Cas.* This, Decius Brutus.

*Bru.* He is welcome too.

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

*Bru.* They are all welcome.

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

*Cas.* Shall I entreat a word?

*[Brutus and Cassius whisper.*

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

*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 deceiv’d.

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
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.

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

*Cas.* And let us swear our resolution.

*Bru.* No, not an oath: if not the face of men, The sufferance of our souls, the time’s abuse,—

If these be motives weak, break off betimes, And every man hence to his idle bed; So let high-sighted tyranny range on, Till each man drop by lottery. But if these, As I am sure they do, bear fire enough To kindle cowards and to steel with valor The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen, What need we any spur but our own cause, To 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 cautelous, Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor th’ insuppressive mettle of our spirits, To think that or our cause or our performance Did need an oath.

*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 appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

_Bru._ O, name him not: let us not break with him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.

_Cas._ Then leave him out.

_Casca._ Indeed he is not fit.

_Dec._ Shall no man else be touched’d but only Cæsar?

_Cas._ Decius, well urg’d: I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov’d 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.

_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,
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 ’em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious:
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be call’d purgers, not murderers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than 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; 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, And the persuasion of his augurers, May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

Dec. Never fear that: if he be so resolv’d, I can o’ersway him; for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betray’d with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils and men with flatterers; But when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered. Let me work;
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
    Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
    Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
    Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
    Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
    Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
    Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we'll leave you,
    Brutus.
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
    Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily:
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one.

[Exeunt all but Brutus.

Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,
Which busy care draws in the brains of men:
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

    Por. Brutus, my lord! 240
    Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.
    Por. Nor for yours neither. You 've ungently,
    Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight, at supper,
You suddenly arose, and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across,
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks;
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted; yet you answer'd not,
But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometimes 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.

Br. 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.

Br. 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 unpurgèd 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 charge you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, yourself, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men to-night
Have had resort to you: for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
Even from darkness.

*Bru.* Kneel not, gentle Portia.

*Por.* I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation.

*Bru.* You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.

*Por.* If this were true, then should I know this secret.

I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but withal
A woman well-reputed, Cato’s daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father’d and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose ’em:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband’s secrets?

*Bru.* O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [Knocking within.
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in awhile;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the character of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [Exit Portia.] Lucius, who’s that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius with Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.
Bru. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.
Boy, stand aside. Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O, what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief! Would you were not sick!
Lig. I am not sick, if Brutus have in hand-
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv’d from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur’d up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What’s to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir’d I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me, then. [Exeunt.

It was the Ides of March. The dawn’s breaking was a relief to the terrified citizens of Rome, although now and then there was yet to be heard the rumbling of the thunder. But gradually
Scene II. Cæsar's house.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar in his night-gown.

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

Enter a Servant.

Serv. My lord?

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

Serv. I will, my lord. [Exit.

Enter Calpurnia.

Cal. What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

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

Cal. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
. . . . graves have yawn’d, and yielded up their dead;
it grew fainter, the sky cleared and the day shone fresh and bright, nature appearing all the more glowing and brilliant after indulging to the full the fury of her wrath. It would seem as if she were sharing in the conspiracy planned under cover of her darkness; her calm radiance dispelling fears and inviting confidence, like the smiling faces of the men pledged to crime. But the people, filled with fear and superstition, could not forget the terrors of the night past. Strange sights and unusual experiences had taken on fresh horror with repeated telling, and still loomed hideous, not even the light of day serving to dispel their terror.
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 predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.

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

Cæs. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come.

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurerers?

Serv. They would not have you to stir forth to-day:
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
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.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We’ll send Mark Antony to the senate-house;
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

_Cæs._ Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

_Enter Decius._

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

_Dec._ Cæsar, all hail! good morrow, worthy Cæsar: I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

_Cæs._ And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greetings 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 afeard to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

_Dec._ Most mighty Cæsar, let me know some cause,
Lest I be laugh’d at when I tell them so.

_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:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and porténts,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg’d that I will stay at home to-day.

Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bath’d,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia’s dream is signified.

Cæs. And this way have you well expounded it.

Dec. I have, when you have heard what I can say;
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render’d, for some one to say,
\textit{Break up the senate till another time,}
\textit{When Cæsar’s wife shall meet with better dreams.}
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
\textit{Lo, Cæsar is afraid?}
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this;
And reason to my love is liable.

Cæs. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calpurnia!
I am ashamed I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Cæsca,
Trebonius \textit{and} Cinna.
And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

Cæs. Welcome, Publius.

What, Brutus, are you stirr’d so early too?
Good morrow, Casca. Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.
What is 't o'clock?

_Bru._ Cæsar, 't is strucken eight.

_Cæs._ I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

_Enter Antony._

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

_Ant._ So to most noble Cæsar.

_Cæs._ Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

_Treb._ Cæsar, I will: [Aside] and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

_Cæs._ Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.

_Bru._ [Aside.] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[Exeunt.

**Scene III. A street near the Capitol.**

Probably the only man in Rome, besides the conspirators, who had any knowledge of the crime to be perpetrated that day was Artemidorus, a teacher of Greek philosophy. He numbered among his pupils many of the foremost young men of the capital and doubtless from one of them had received a hint of the conspiracy. Loyal to Cæsar, he determined to warn him, but was in doubt how to accomplish his purpose. He first thought of telling him of the danger threatening, but, owing to the difficulty of obtaining an audience with the Great Dictator, soon abandoned this plan.
After careful meditation, he decided to write a letter, wording it as briefly and directly as possible.

Afraid to entrust his precious message to another, Artemidorus determined to deliver it to Cæsar himself, and early started for the senate-house, his way chancing to lead by the home of Brutus. As he slowly walked along the old philosopher thoughtfully read and pondered the message he had written.

_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 be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover, _Artemidorus._

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulation.
If you read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.  

[Exit.

_Scene IV. Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus._

_Enter Portia and Lucius._

_Por._ I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone:
Why dost thou stay?

True to his word, before leaving home that morning Brutus had confided to Portia the conspirators’ plan, and the part he was to take in it. Little had she suspected a secret of that nature, and her horror of the deed no less than her fear for Brutus had almost exhausted her endurance. Wrought to the most intense pitch by anxiety and suspense, she found it impos-
Luc. To know my errand, madam.

Por. I would have had thee there, and here again, 5
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?

Luc. Madam, what should I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well. 15
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Luc. I hear none, madam.

Por. Prithee, listen well; 20
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter Artemidorus.

Por. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been?
Art. At mine own house, good lady.

Por. What is 't o'clock?

Art. About the ninth hour, lady.

Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Art. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

sible to remain longer within the house and passed into the street. She started with every sound, the murmuring breath of the wind seeming to her over-strained ears to bear the sounds of that dreaded affray. Unable longer to endure the suspense of uncertainty, she summoned Lucius, intending to dispatch him on some trivial errand to the capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Art. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

Por. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended to-
wards him?

Art. None that I know will be, much that I fear may
change.

Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along. [Exit.

Por. I must go in. Ay me, how weak a thing
The heart of woman is! O Brutus,
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise!
[To herself.] Sure, the boy heard me: [To Lucius]

Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint!
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.

[Exeunt severally.]
ACT III

SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

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

Cæs. [To the Soothsayer.] The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

Cæsar's superstitious fears of the night had been dispelled by the pleasantries of his early guests, and surrounded by these traitorous friends, who had smilingly partaken of his hospitality, he started for the senate-house. Save for the thoughtful, troubled countenance of Brutus, there was nothing unusual in the manner of any of these men, each of whom was armed and fully prepared to perform his part in the day's deed.

It was forbidden by law to take arms into the senate-house, but as this was before the discovery of paper, each senator was provided with an iron stylus used to write on the wax tablets on which they kept their records, and in the cases used to carry these the conspirators had concealed their weapons.

The deed itself had been so carefully planned by Cassius, there was little possibility of its miscarrying. Upon Trebonius had devolved the duty of getting Antony out of the senate-house on any possible pretext which might occur to him. As soon as the meeting was called to order Metellus Cimber was to present to Cæsar a petition asking for the pardon and restoration of his brother Publius. Brutus and Cassius were then to urge their pleas for the exile, Decius adding his request to theirs. At a given signal Casca, who was to gradually draw near as if awaiting an opportunity to press his suit, was to give the first blow. They had decided upon this particular petition because they knew it would not only never be granted, but that their persistent and urgent appeals would anger Cæsar.
Scene 1] JULIUS CAESAR 73

Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cæs. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
Scene changes to the Senate-House, the Senate sitting.
Enter Cæsar with his train, the conspirators, and
others.
Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cæs. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[Advances to Cæsar.
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cæs. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverèd.
Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cæs. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cæs. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.

Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.

Casca. Are we all ready?

Caes. What is now amiss

That Caesar and his senate must redress?

Met. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant

Caesar,

Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,— [Kneeling.

Caes. I must prevent thee, Cimber.

These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordination and first decree
Into the play of children. Be not fond,
To think that Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banish'd:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar 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 Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

Bru. I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Caesar;
Desiring thee that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.

Caes. What, Brutus!

Cas. Pardon, Caesar; Caesar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.

Caes. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you:
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks,
They are all fire and every one doth shine;
But there's but one in all doth hold his place:
So in the world; 'tis furnish'd well with men,
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;
Yet in the number I do know but one
That unassailable holds on his rank,
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,
Let me a little show it, even in this;
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,
And constant do remain to keep him so.

*Cin.* O Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

*Dec.* Great Cæsar,—

*Cæs.* Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

*Casca.* Speak, hands, for me!

[Casca and the other Conspirators stab Cæsar.

*Cæs.* Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Cæsar! [Dies.

Closer and closer they had pressed about Cæsar, their appeals purposely taking a form they knew to be most distasteful to him. Angered at last by their persistence, he impatiently arose from his chair and waved them back. It was the moment for which they had been waiting, and Metellus Cimber hastily pulled Cæsar's cloak from his shoulders. Casca, who was standing behind, then spoke and at the same time stabbed Cæsar in the back of the neck. The wound was but slight, and catching the handle of the dagger, Cæsar cried out to Casca, who called to the other conspirators. All was confusion. The suddenness of the attack, and the manner of it, rendered those who would have given aid powerless. Quickly acting upon the signal of their leader, the other conspirators hurled themselves upon Cæsar with drawn daggers. He threw himself from side to side, in an in
Cin. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
"Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"
Bru. People and senators be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed,
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony
Treб. Fled to his house amaz'd:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:

stinct of self-preservation, resisting their attack as best he could
with his iron stylus, which he thrust into the arm of one of his
assailants. It is said he continued to defend himself until
attacked by Brutus, then throwing his robe over his face, he
cried, "Thou, too, Brutus!" and fell at the base of Pompey's
statue, pierced by twenty-three wounds.
The senators and people who had been watching the progress
of this unexpected assault with fascinated horror, retired in wild
confusion as Cæsar fell, not knowing who might be the next
victim.
That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time
And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

*Cas.* Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

*Bru.* Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridg'd
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry Peace, freedom and liberty!

*Cas.* Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!

*Bru.* How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!

*Cas.* So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.

*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.

*Enter a Servant.*


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

    Bru. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman;
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied; and, by my honor,
Depart untouch’d.

    Serv. I’ll fetch him presently. [Exit.

    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?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunken 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 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,
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:
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,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers’ temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man’s
In the disposing of new dignities.

Bru. Only be patient till we have appeas’d
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.
Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O, 't is true:
If then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble! in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bay'd, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in thy lethe.
O world, thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world, the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!

Cas. Mark Antony,—

Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius;
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.

Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compact mean you to have with us?
Will you be prick'd in number of our friends;
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was, indeed,
Sway'd from the point, by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.

Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek: And am moreover suitor that I may Produce his body to the market-place; And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend, Speak in the order of his funeral.

Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.

Cas. Brutus, a word with you. [Aside to Bru.] You know not what you do: do not consent That Antony speak in his funeral: Know you how much the people may be mov'd By that which he will utter?

Bru. By your pardon; I will myself into the pulpit first, And show the reason of our Cæsar's death: What Antony shall speak, I will protest He speaks by leave and by permission, And that we are contented Cæsar shall Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies. It shall advantage more than do us wrong.

Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.

Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body. You shall not in your funeral speech blame us, But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar, And say you do 't by our permission; Else shall you not have any hand at all About his funeral: and you shall speak In the same pulpit whereto I am going, After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;

I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[Exeunt all but Antony.

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livèd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,—
Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue—
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiar
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter’d with the hands of war;
All pity chok’d with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar’s spirit, ranging for revenge,
With Até by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch’s voice
Cry “Havoc,” and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Serv. I do, Mark Antony.

Ant. Cæsar did write for him to come to Rome.

Serv. He did receive his letters, and is coming;
And bid me say to you by word of mouth—

O Cæsar!—

[Seeing the body.

Ant. Thy heart is big, get thee apart and weep.
Passion, I see, is catching; for mine eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand in thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming?

Serv. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.
Ant. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc’d:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [Exeunt with Cæsar’s body.]

Scene II. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of Citizens.

Citizens. We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.
Cassius, go you into the other street,
And part the numbers.
Those that will hear me speak, let ’em stay here;

The perpetrators of crime seldom fail to omit from their plans some one thing of such importance that it eventually leads to their undoing. Whether this is due to chance or Eternal Justice we do not know, but it stamps crime as stupid, for in the end right prevails. Thus while the conspirators had carefully arranged every detail of their assault on Cæsar, they had neglected to make any provision for continuing the government of Rome, which was now without a head.

Everywhere was confusion. Singly and in groups the people were making their way toward the senate-house and the Forum. All business had been suspended: workmen dropped their tools; servants left unfinished duties; slaves abandoned their tasks, and all hurried into the street. Those who had just heard the news were seeking information from those who had witnessed the deed or talked with some one who had. Slaves spoke to great patricians
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reason shall be rend’red
Of Cæsar’s death.

_First Cit._ I will hear Brutus speak.
_SEC. CIT._ I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,

When severally we hear them rend’red.

_EXIT Cassius, with some of the Citizens. Brutus goes into the pulpit.

_THIRD CIT._ The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

_BRU._ Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my

and noblemen addressed mechanics, for that leveler of humanity, a common sorrow, had borne down the lines of caste.

The conspirators passed from the senate-chamber into the streets of the panic-stricken city, carrying their unshielded daggers in their blood-stained hands. Wisely had they chosen Brutus to lead their little band, for the other senators were none too popular with the people; but he was held almost as dear as the dead Cæsar. The throng quietly gave way for them to pass on to the Forum, then hastened after them. It was the assembly place of the people on all great occasions. Many a time had they gathered there to hear Cæsar; now Brutus was hastening hither to tell them why he and his confederates had deemed it to the interest of the people, and the world at large, to take the life of that same Cæsar.

It was not a loud or clamorous multitude awaiting the conspirators at the Forum, for the people had not yet reached that point of excitement. Still suffering from the shock of their surprise, they were not able to realize Cæsar was dead. But their very silence and orderliness, low spoken words and grief-filled faces told of passions that, once released, would not be checked until they had satisfied to the full their wrath and desire for revenge. The sight of the conspirators with their red hands, stained robes and daggers aroused them to a realization of what had happened, and their low-spoken words gave place to sullen mutterings, their mutterings to bold demands for reasons of the deed.
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 Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I lov’d Cæsar less, but that I lov’d Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar lov’d me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All. None, Brutus, none.

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 enroll’d in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar’s body. Here comes his body, mourn’d by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart,—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have
the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

_All._ Live, Brutus! live, live!

_First Cit._ Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

_Sec. Cit._ Give him a statue with his ancestors.

_Third Cit._ Let him be Cæsar.

_Fourth Cit._ Cæsar's better parts

Shall be crown'd in Brutus,

_First Cit._ We'll bring him to his house

With shouts and clamors.

_Bru._ My Countrymen,—

_Sec. Cit._ Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

_First Cit._ Peace, ho!

_Bru._ Good countrymen, let me depart alone,

And, for my sake, stay here with Antony:

Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech

Tending to Cæsar's glories; which Mark Antony,

By our permission, is allow'd to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

_First Cit._ Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

_Third Cit._ Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

_Ant._ For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

_[Goes into the pulpit._

_Fourth Cit._ What does he say of Brutus?

_Third Cit._ He says, for Brutus' sake,

He finds himself beholding to us all.

_Fourth Cit._ 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

_First Cit._ This Cæsar was a tyrant.

_Third Cit._ Nay, that's certain:

We are blest that Rome is rid of him.
Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with 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;
So are they all, all honorable men—
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?
When that the poor have cri'd, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?  
O 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.  

_First Cit._ Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.  

_Sec. Cit._ If thou consider rightly of the matter,  
Cæsar has had great wrong.  

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

_Fourth Cit._ Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;  
Therefore 't is certain he was not ambitious.  

_First Cit._ If it be found so, some will dear abide it.  
_Sec. Cit._ Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.  

_Third Cit._ There's not a nobler man in Rome than _Antony:_  

_Fourth Cit._ Now mark him, he begins again to speak.  

_Ant._ But yesterday the word of Cæsar might Have stood against the world; now lies he there,  
And none so poor to do him reverence.  
O masters, if I were dispos'd to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are honorable men:  
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose  
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,  
Than I will wrong such honorable men.  
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;  
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:  
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

_Fourth Cit._ We 'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.

_All._ The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.

_Ant._ Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!

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

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

_Fourth Cit._ They were traitors: honorable men!

_All._ The will! the testament!

_Sec. Cit._ They were villains, murderers: the will!
read the will.

_Ant._ You will compel me, then, to read the will? Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

_Several Cit._ Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.

Third Cit. You shall have leave.

[Antony comes down.

Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round.

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

Sec. Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

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

Several Cit. Stand back; room; bear back.

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his 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 lov'd 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,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,

[—Lifting Caesar's mantle.

Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!
Sec. Cit. O noble Caesar!
Third Cit. O woful day!
Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!
First Cit. O most bloody sight!
Sec. Cit. We will be reveng'd.
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill! Slay!

Let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.
Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;  
Show you sweet Cæsar’s wounds, poor poor dumb mouths,  
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,  
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony  
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue  
In every wound of Cæsar that should move  
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

_All._ We’ll mutiny.  
_First Cit._ We’ll burn the house of Brutus.  
_Third Cit._ Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.  

_Ant._ Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.  
_All._ Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!  
_Ant._ Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:  
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv’d your loves?  
Alas, you know not: I must tell you, then:  
You have forgot the will I told you of.  
_All._ Most true. The will! Let’s stay and hear the will.  

_Ant._ Here is the will, and under Cæsar’s seal  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.  

_Sec. Cit._ Most noble Cæsar! We’ll revenge his death.  
_Third Cit._ O royal Cæsar!  
_Ant._ Hear me with patience.  
_All._ Peace, ho!  
_Ant._ Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,  
His private arbors and new-planted orchards,  
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,  
And to your heirs forever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?  

_First Cit._ Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[Exeunt Citizens with the body.]

Antony had so worked upon the feelings of his hearers that they had grown into a mob, lawless and unrestrained. Bearing aloft the bier on which rested the form of him whose sufferings and wrongs had so inflamed their passions, the people rushed into the street, leaving the great Forum echoing with the sound of their fury and rage.

On and on they went, bearing the mutilated body not of Cæsar the tyrant; but Cæsar the demi-god; Cæsar the hero and father of his country. Some proposed to carry the body to the Temple of Jupiter on the Capitol hill, and others suggested making a funeral pyre of the senate-house. While they were wildly arguing what to do, there rushed from among the crowd two young, unknown soldiers, with lighted torches which they touched to the trappings of the bier, then disappeared. This incident added to the excitement of the people, who in their ignorant superstition thought the soldiers were Castor and Pollux, two of their gods, who were credited with having saved the republic on more than one occasion. They were now assured they were right, for they had the approval of the gods, and the wildest excitement prevailed. Everything available was used to make a funeral pyre, the people out-rivalling each other in contributing to it their dearest possessions. Soldiers threw in their spears and lances, women bits of highly prized finery, musicians their instruments, scholars their books, and children their toys. The glare of the firelight, roar and heat of the flames increased the excitement of the people until they were frenzied, and snatching brands from the great pyre they rushed toward the homes of the conspirators, bent on destruction. Cæsar dead swayed the hearts of that vast multitude as Cæsar living never had.

Alone in the silent square, his face aglow with the triumph of victory, Antony listened to the receding shouts of the angry populace.
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!  

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar’s house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him:
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say, Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of the people,
How I had mov’d them. Bring me to Octavius.

[Exeunt.

On leaving the Forum, Antony hurried to the home of the dead Dictator to discuss questions of state with Octavius Cæsar, heir of the Great Julius, and Lepidus, who was to have succeeded Cæsar as governor of Gaul. His grief for Cæsar did not tend to make Antony any the less ambitious or blind him to the advantages of power, as Cassius had foreseen. His splendid defense of his dead friend was an open declaration of enmity to the assassins, but he had no fears, for he was in high favor with the populace now, and felt confident of his power to remain so.

There were now two opposing factions in the city, one headed by some of the foremost men of the government, and the other by a youth not yet twenty-one years of age. When Cæsar was made dictator he was given the power to appoint his successor, and had chosen his grand-nephew and adopted son, Octavius Cæsar, the son of his niece. Shortly before his assassination Cæsar had summoned Octavius to Rome, where on his arrival the young man found a state of affairs requiring the advice of men of wider experience. These he found in the persons of Antony and Lepidus with whom he formed what was afterwards known as the Triumvirate, the three dividing between them the Roman empire. Flattered by his success in influencing the people, and
assured he knew how to retain their favor, Antony tried to dictate to his colleagues. At first he entirely ignored the opinions of the young Octavius, but he soon discovered that the man destined to be the Emperor Augustus possessed rare power and ability; Lepidus, however, he ever held in contempt, despite his splendid military record.

These three men, self-elected to direct the affairs of the empire, decided to execute every one who had opposed the elder Cæsar. This resolution afforded opportunity to dispose of many personal enemies, and as a result more than three hundred of the nation's best men were put to death, largely to avenge personal grievances. They did not even spare the members of their own families, whom they yielded up in a process of exchange. Octavius consented to sacrifice his friend and benefactor, Cicero, the great orator, to satisfy the revenge of Antony, who in turn gave his uncle Lucius to Lepidus, while Lepidus yielded his brother Paulus to Octavius. The assumption of authority and disregard of citizens' rights on the part of the Triumvirate won for them the fear and hatred of the people of Rome, for as Cicero said, "The tyrant is dead, but tyranny still lives."

It was at a meeting held at the home of Antony about nineteen months after Cæsar's death, that the rulers each submitted a list of those they thought should die.
ACT IV

Scene I. A house in Rome.

Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, seated at a table.

Ant. These many, then, shall die; their names are prick’d.

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

Lep. I do consent,—


Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,

Who is your sister’s son, Mark Antony.

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

But, Lepidus, go you to 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 abjects, arts and imitations,
Which, out of use and stal'd by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him,
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things:—Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combin'd,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclos'd,
And open perils surest answered.

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

[Exeunt.

To save themselves from the mob infuriated by Antony's speech,
the conspirators had fled from Rome and were now scattered
through different parts of the empire. Brutus and Cassius had
secretly escaped to the East, but owing to their hurried departure
Scene II. Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus' tent.

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

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is come To do you salutation from his master.
Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus, In his own change, or by ill officers, Hath given me some worthy cause to wish

had been unable to make any provision for the future. Moneyless and without arms, soldiers or ships, they were not prepared to fight their enemies, which they knew sooner or later they would have to do. But Cassius was a splendid organizer, and Brutus through his honor and integrity was able to win many to their cause, so they now had an army that would enable them to fight Antony and Octavius for the empire.

Warm personal regard and unity of purpose naturally could not at all times prevent friction between men of as strong opinions and different views as Brutus and Cassius, particularly amid the hardships incident to their adventurous life in the East. The innumerable difficulties arising from their hazardous undertaking, united with the petty irritations of everyday intercourse, had not only served to emphasize recognized weaknesses but revealed others hitherto unsuspected in the characters of each. Their common interests and mutual dependence had heretofore restrained them, but things had at last reached the point where an open rupture seemed unavoidable.

Cassius, who was the elder, had always held Brutus in deep regard, honoring him for his fine sense of integrity and splendid standards of life, which he conscientiously followed. But thoroughly practical, he had little sympathy with many of Brutus' ideals, being too familiar with men and the world to have any mistaken theories about their principles or designs. An ardent advocate of personal liberty and a finished politician, he had few
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honor.

Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he receivèd you, let me be resolvèd.

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

Bru. Thou hast described
scruples about the methods he employed in gaining his ends, if
he felt they assured success.

The impractical Brutus was a visionary philosopher, possessing
too fine a moral nature to rightly read men, correctly judge
their deeds, or foresee their possible motives. Naturally, one of
his principles found much that was objectionable in Cassius' methods, yet they were no worse than those practiced by other
generals and political leaders of the period.

The success they had experienced in the East, their well
organized army and the means to conduct their campaign were
a tribute to the business sagacity and foresight of the practical
Cassius rather than the idealism of Brutus. Grasping and
merciless in his dealings, Cassius had accumulated a large trea-
ure by plundering and exacting heavy ransoms from prisoners.
Brutus, who released the majority of his prisoners without ran-
soms, did not have the means to pay his soldiers. He sought to
borrow it from Cassius, who grudgingly gave him a small amount.
Deeply humiliated, Brutus resented his action, while Cassius took
offence at Brutus for condemning one of his favorite officers for
accepting bribes. In the eyes of Brutus such an act on the part
of a member of their command was a disgrace, but to Cassius,
whose sense of honor was not so high as that of Brutus, it was
not important. Thus a coldness had arisen between them which
threatened serious injury to their cause, when one day in the
camp near Sardis, Cassius notified Brutus he was coming to hold
a conference with him.
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle:
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis to be quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.

Bru. Hark! he is arriv'd.

[Low march within.

March gently on to meet him.

Enter Cassius and his powers.

Cas. Stand, ho!

Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Sol. Stand!

Sec. Sol. Stand!

Third Sol. Stand!

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

Bru. Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?

And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?

Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides 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.
Scene III]  JULIUS CAESAR  101

Cas.  Pindarus,  
Bid our commanders lead their charges off  
A little from this ground.  

Bru.  Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man  
Come to our tent till we have done our conference. 
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.  

[Exeunt. 

Scene III.  Brutus' tent. 

Enter Brutus and Cassius. 

Cas.  That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this: 
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella  
For taking bribes here of the Sardians; 
Wherein my letter, praying on his side, 
Because I knew the man, was 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 last. 

Bru.  The name of Cassius honors this corruption,  
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head. 

Cas.  Chastisement! 

Bru.  Remember March, the ides of March remember: 
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?  
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab, 
And not for justice?  What, shall one of us, 
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

_Cas._ Brutus, bay not me;
I’ll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

_Bru._ Go to; you are not, Cassius.

_Cas._ I am.

_Bru._ I say you are not.

_Cas._ Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no farther.

_Bru._ Away, slight man!

_Cas._ Is ’t possible?

_Bru._ Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

_Cas._ O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?

_Bru._ All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart
break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humor? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I’ll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.

_Cas._ Is it come to this?

_Bru._ You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
  Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me,
  Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say "better"?
  Bru. If you did, I care not.
  Cas. When Caesar liv'd, he durst not thus have mov'd
       me.
  Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted
       him.
  Cas. I durst not!
  Bru. No.
  Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
  Bru. For your life you durst not.
  Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
  Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection: I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not: he was but a fool that brought
My answer back. Brutus hath 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.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; brav’d by his brother;
Check’d like a bondman; all his faults observ’d,
Set in a note-book, learn’d, and conn’d by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus’ mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be’st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

Bru. Sheathe your dagger:

Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius, you are yokèd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;  
Who, much enforcèd, shows a hasty spark, 
And straight is cold again.

_Cas._  Hath Cassius liv'd
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?  
 _Bru._  When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
_Cas._  Do you confess so much?  Give me your hand.
 _Bru._  And my heart too.
_Cas._  O Brutus!  
 _Bru._  What's the matter?  
_Cas._  Have not you love enough to bear with me,  
When that rash humor which my mother gave me  
Makes me forgetful?
 _Bru._  Yes, Cassius; and, from henceforth,  
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,  
He 'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
 _Lucius_ , a bowl of wine!
_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 'scap'd I killing when I cross'd you so?  
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?
 _Bru._  Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony  
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death  
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,  
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.
_Cas._  And died so?
JULIUS CAESAR

[Act IV

Bru. Even so. O ye immortal gods! 155

Cas. 

Enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

Bru. Speak no more of her. Give me a bowl of wine. In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.

Cas. My heart is thirsty for that noble pledge.
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o’erswell the cup; I cannot drink too much of Brutus’ love.

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [Exit Lucius.

Enter Titinius with Messala.

Welcome, good Messala.

Now sit we close about this taper here, And call in question our necessities.

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.

Messala, I have here receivèd 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?

Mes. That, methinks, is strange.

Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?

Mes. No, my lord.

Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.

Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell: For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.

Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala: With meditating that she must die once, I have the patience to endure it now.

Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure. 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: 'T is 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 grudg'd us contribution: The enemy, marching along by them, By them shall make a fuller number up, Come on refresh'd, new-added, and encourag'd; From which advantage shall we cut him off, If at Philippi we do face him there, These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

Bru. Under your pardon. You must note beside, That we have tried the utmost of our friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune:
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

Cas. Then, with your will, go on:
We 'll along ourselves, and meet them at Philippi.

Bru. The deep of night is crept upon our talk,
And nature must obey necessity;
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?

Cas. No more. Good night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.

Bru. Lucius! [Enter Lucius.] My gown. [Exit
Lucius.] Farewell, good Messala:
Good night, Titinius. Noble, noble Cassius,
Good night, and good repose.

Cas. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.

Bru. Every thing is well.
Cas. Good night, my lord.
Bru. Good night, good brother.

Tit. Mes. Good night, Lord Brutus.

Bru. Farewell, every one. [Exeunt all but Brutus.

Re-enter Lucius, with the gown.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
Scene III]  JULIUS CAESAR

Luc. Here in the tent.

Bru. What, thou speak’st drowsily? Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o’erwatch’d.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I’ll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Luc. Varro and Claudius!

Enter Varro and Claudius.

Var. Calls my lord?

Bru. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep;
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.

Var. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.

Bru. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.
Look, Lucius, here ’s the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.

[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.

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 murd’rous slumber,
Lay’st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night; I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee: If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument; I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night. Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.

Enter the Ghost of Caesar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here? I think it is the weakness of mine eyes That shapes this monstrous apparition. It comes upon me. Art thou any thing? Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil, That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare? Speak to me what thou art.

Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why com'st 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.

Lucius, awake!

Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Julius Cæsar

Scene III

Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[To Var.] Fellow thou, awake!

Var. My lord?

Clau. My lord?

Bru. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?

Var. Clau. Did we, my lord?

Bru. Ay: saw you any thing?

Var. No, my lord, I saw nothing.

Clau. Nor I, my lord.

Bru. Go and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord.

[Exeunt.]
ACT V

Scene I. The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their Army.

Oct. Now, Antony, our hopes are answeréd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regions;
It proves not so: their battles are at hand;
They mean to warn us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face

Brutus and Cassius with their armies had made the march
from Sardis and were now encamped on one side of the plains
of Philippi: Cassius' camp being opposite Antony's, and that of
Brutus opposite Octavius'. Brutus, who was anxious for the
restoration of peace, had insisted on meeting the enemy immedi-
ately; but owing to the many ill-omens, which had served to
dishearten the soldiers, Cassius thought it advisable to postpone
the encounter for a time. But again the wish of Brutus prevailed,
and on their tents had been hung the scarlet military coats,
signalling their preparation for battle.

On the opposite plain Octavius and Antony with their army
were closely observing the movements of the enemy. Their
common interest was the only bond of union between these two
men, Antony continuing to treat with contempt the ideas of the
young Cæsar, who, although hardly half the former's age had
already revealed a man's judgment and capabilities on more than
one occasion.
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;  
But 't is 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, Caesar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

Oct. Stir not until the signal.

Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.

Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes,  

Octavius.

Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:

Witness the hole you made in Caesar's heart,  
Crying 'Long Live! hail, Caesar!'

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?
JULIUS CAESAR

Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnèd Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!

Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have rul'd.

Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three and thirty wounds
Be well aveng'd; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.

Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

Bru. O, if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.

Cas. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller!

Ant. Old Cassius still!

Oct. Come, Antony, away!
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth:
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.

[Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.]
Cos. Why, now, blow wind, swell billow and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.

Bru. Ho, Lucilius! hark, a word with you.

Lucil. [Standing forth.] My Lord? 75

[Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.]

Cas. Messala!

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

Cas. Messala,

This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compell’d to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong
And his opinion: now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perch’d,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers’ hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone;
And in their steads do ravens, crows and kites,
Fly o’er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem
A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.

Mes. Believe not so.

Cas. I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolv’d
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus.
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But since the affairs of men rest still uncertain,
Let 's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

Bru. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile,
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent
The time of life: arming myself with patience
To stay the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.

Cas. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome?

Bru. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome;
He bears too great a mind. But this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not.
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

Cas. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made.

Bru. Why, then, lead on. O, that a man might know
The end of this day's business ere it come!
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known. Come, ho! away!

[Exeunt.]
Scene II. The same. The field of battle.

Alarum. Enter Brutus and Messala.

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

Scene III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn’d enemy:

The battle was being waged and as the hostile forces were nearly equal, the contest promised to be a sharp and bitter struggle. Brutus was in command of the right wing, which should have been given to Cassius by reason of his greater ability and wider experience. Although he had met with several repulses, his forces were rapidly overcoming those of Octavius, and, assured of victory, he wrote messages to the different commanders ordering a united attack to be made at a given signal, then summoned Messala.

On the other part of the field, where the forces of Cassius were pitted against those of Antony, conditions were favoring the Roman legions. Hard pressed by the steady, onward movement of Antony’s forces and dismayed by the strength of their attack, Cassius’ soldiers became confused, mistook the commands of their leaders and began retreating before the enemy’s advance. Seeing only defeat before them the cavalry broke and fled, and the rapidly thinning ranks of the infantry began to waver, then turned and ran. Cassius did all in his power to rally his troops and inspire fresh courage in them, even snatching a standard from the hand of a retreating ensign, whom he slew. With Titinius, his faithful aide, he withdrew to a hill, commanding a view of the entire field.
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 those my tents where I perceive the fire?  

_Tit._ They are, my lord.  

_Cas._ Titinius, if thou lovest 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.  

_[Pindarus ascends the hill._  

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

_Pin._ [Above.] O my lord!  

_Cas._ What news?  

_Pin._ [Above.] Titinius is enclosed round about  
With horsemen, that make to him on the spur;  
Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him.  
Now, Titinius! Now some ’light. O, he ’lights too.
He’s ta’en. [Shout.] And, hark! they shout for joy.

Cas. Come down, behold no more.

O, coward that I am, to live so long,

To see my best friend ta’en before my face!

PINDARUS descends.

Come hither, sirrah:

In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;

And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,

That whatsoever I did bid thee do,

Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath;

Now be a freeman: and with this good sword

That ran through Cæsar’s bowels, search this bosom.

Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts;

And, when my face is cover’d, as ’tis now,

Guide thou the sword. [Pindarus stabs him.] Cæsar, thou art reveng’d,

Even with the sword that kill’d thee. [Dies.

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,

Durst I have done my will. O Cassius,

Far from this country Pindarus shall run,

Where never Roman shall take note of him. [Exit.

Re-enter TITINIUS with MESSALA.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius: for Octavius

Is overthrown by noble Brutus’ power,

As Cassius’ legions are by Antony.

Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.

Mes. Where did you leave him?

Tit. All disconsolate,

With Pindar us his bondman, on this hill.

Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?

Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!

Mes. Is not that he?

Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more.  O setting sun,  
As in thy red rays thou dust sink to night,  
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;  
The sun of Rome is set!  Our day is gone;  
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done!  
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.  

_Mes._  Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.  
O hateful error, melancholy's child,  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not?  O error, soon conceiv'd,  
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 envenomed  
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus  
As tidings of this sight.  

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

[Exit Messala.  
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?  
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they  
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,  
And bid me give it thee?  Didst thou not hear their  
shouts?  
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!  
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;  
Thy Brutus did me give it thee, and I  
Will do his bidding.  Brutus, come apace,  
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.  
By your leave, gods:—this is a Roman's part:  
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.  

[Kills himself.
Alarum. Re-enter Messala, with Brutus, young Cato, Strato, Volumnius, and Lucilius.

Bru. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie?

Mes. Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

Bru. Titinius' face is upward.

Cato. He is slain.

Bru. O Julius Caesar, thou art mighty yet!

Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [Low alarums.

Cato. Brave Titinius!

Look, whèr he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?

The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!

It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe 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 Thasos 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

We shall try fortune in a second fight. [Exeunt.

Scene IV. Another part of the field.

Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies; then

Brutus, young Cato, Lucilius and others.

Bru. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!

Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?

I will proclaim my name about the field:

I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;  
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

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

[Exit.

Lucil. O young and noble Cato, art thou down?  
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius;  
And mayst be honor'd, being Cato's son.

First Sol. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:  
There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;

[Offering money.

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

First Sol. We must not. A noble prisoner!

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

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

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. Where is he?

Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy  
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:

The gods defend him from so great a shame!

When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How everything is chanced.

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

Enter Brutus, Dardanius, Clitus, Strato, and Volumnius.

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord, He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

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

It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus. [Whispers. 5

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. 10

Dar. Shall I do such a deed?

Cli. O Dardanius!

Dar. O Clitus!

Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief, That it runs over even at his eyes.

Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.

Vol. What says my lord?

Bru. Why, this, Volumnius: The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me Two several times by night; at Sardis once,

His troops scattered and fleeing, Lucilius captured, and young Cato fallen, Brutus knew all possible hope of victory was gone, and with some of his faithful aides withdrew a little from the field. He foresaw what the end must shortly be, but listened to the battle shouts of the on-coming enemy with the perfect calm and serenity of spirit, which ever characterized him in times of great trial. Soon he must face the ignominy of becoming the prisoner of a fellow countryman. There was but one escape from this humiliation, and, his decision already made, he now awaited the moment of action.
And, this last night, here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.

_vol.

Not so, my lord.

Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.

Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [Low alarums.
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves,
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.

_vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.

[Alarum still.

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.

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

Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato. Countrymen,
My heart doth joy that yet in all my life
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day
More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest,
That have but labor'd to attain this hour.

[Alarum. Cry within, 'Fly, fly, fly!'

_cli. Fly, my lord, fly.

Bru. Hence! I will follow.

[Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.

I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smack of honor in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?

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

Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [Runs on his sword.] 55

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


Oct. What man is that?

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

Str. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala: 60

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,

That thou hast prov’d Lucilius’ saying true. 65

Oct. All that serv’d 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!"
Oct. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie,
Most like a soldier, order'd honorably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away
To part the glories of this happy day. [Exeunt.]
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Pronunciation</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Antonius</td>
<td>(an-tō'ni-us)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Artemidorus</td>
<td>(är'tē-me-dō'rus)</td>
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<td>Ate</td>
<td>(ah'tay)</td>
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<td>Brutus</td>
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<td>Cæsar</td>
<td>(sē'zär)</td>
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<td>Calpurnia</td>
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<td>Castor</td>
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<td>Cinna</td>
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<td>(klâ'di-us)</td>
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<td>(klī-tus)</td>
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<td>Epicurus</td>
<td>(ep-i-kū'rus)</td>
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<td>Thassos</td>
<td>(thās'sos)</td>
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<td>Trebonius</td>
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<td>Varro</td>
<td>(varō)</td>
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<tr>
<td>Volumnius</td>
<td>(vō-lum'ni-us)</td>
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</table>

**NOTES**

**ACT I, Scene 1.**

3. It is interesting to know that elsewhere in Shakespeare *ought* is always followed by *to*.
11. *Cobbler*, a term then applied to all unskilled workmen, regardless of their trade.
12. *Directly*, plainly, in a straightforward manner.
27. *Proper*, estimable.
35. *Rome* was pronounced *room* in Shakespeare's day, and should be so read in this drama.
47. The Tiber is "Father Tiber" as the Mississippi is the "Father of Waters," but in the poet's day the gender of the possessive pronoun was frequently confused when thus employed.
48. Replication, echo.
56. Intermit, in the sense of remit, meaning to abate.
63. Whêr, a contraction of whether, occurring elsewhere in this drama.
66. The images were the busts and statues of Cæsar.
67. Deck'd with ceremony, decorated for the occasion.
69. The feast of Lupercal was a religious festival held on the 15th of February, in honor of Lupercus, the Roman Pan, primarily known as the god of the shepherds, because he was thought to keep away the wolves. It was his wife, the deified she-wolf, Luperca, who mothered the infant Romulus, the founder of Rome. February, so called from Februus, a surname of Lupercus, was then the last month of the Roman year, and this festival was regarded as an occasion of religious expiation and purification.
71. Trophies, mementoes of the war and decorations in honor of Cæsar and his victories.
72. Vulgar, common people.

ACT I, Scene 2

9. Antony was a priest in one of the religious orders of Rome which participated in "the holy course," a prominent feature of the feast of Lupercal. These men, clad only in the skin of a wild animal, ran through the city carrying in their hands leather thongs, with which they struck those they met on their way. It was believed that if a woman who wished to become a mother were to be struck by a priest running in this chase she would realize her desires, so Cæsar having long wished for an heir, which he had been denied, thus cautioned Calpurnia and Antony.

20. Shakespeare's Cæsar is deaf in the left ear, but there is no reference in history to such an affliction.
21. For convenience in calculation the old Roman calendar was divided into nones and ides, the latter being the 15th of March, May, July, and October, and the 13th of all other months.
23. Soothsayer, a truthteller, one who foretells future events.
32. Gamesome, sportive, frolicsome.
33. Quick, lively, animated.
38. An indiscriminate use of as for that, occurring elsewhere in this drama.
44. Merely, only, entirely.
45. Shakespeare employs the word *passions* in speaking of moods and the emotions generally.

In his youth Brutus came under the influence of his uncle, Cato, who bore Cæsar such an intense hatred that he committed suicide rather than live under his rule. Brutus' relations with Cæsar had led him to form an entirely different opinion of the dictator, until recently when Cæsar's conduct at various times had seemed to confirm Cato's prophecy. Naturally the views of his uncle had influenced Brutus, making him suspicious and filling him with doubt and fear as to Cæsar's purposes.

47. **Soil perhaps to my behavior**, mars my behavior.

53. Mistook for *mistaken* not uncommon in Shakespeare, but doubtless here employed to avoid the extra syllable.

59. *'Tis just, quite true.*

64. **Best respect**, best repute, most highly respected, estimable.

76. **Jealous**, frequently employed by Shakespeare in the sense of suspicious. The use of *on* for *of* quite common in the poet's day.

77. **Common laugher**, a jovial man, one who holds his friendships lightly.

78. **Stale**, cheapen.

Cassius is here assuring Brutus that he does not cheapen his love by lightly giving it to all who seek his regard. Neither does he flatter and make much of people, then speak ill of them; nor does he make his friendship common by pledges it to all he meets.

82. **Profess**, pledge his friendship.

94. **Speed**, favor, bless, or prosper. Frequent in Shakespeare.

97. **Favor**, appearance, feature and countenance frequently employed in the same sense by the poet.

101. **Lief**, gladly, willingly. Pronounced the same as live.

114. **Sinews**, thaws and muscles, all the same in Shakespeare.

118. **Æneas**, one of the heroes of Troy.

120. **Anchises**, a prince of the royal house of Troy and father of Æneas.

130. His, form of the neuter possessive until the latter part of the 16th century, when *its* was introduced into the language.

135. **Temper**, temperament, constitution.

142. **Colossus**, refers to the statue of *Apollo* at Rhodes, which fable credits with having stood astride the mouth of the port, huge vessels passing between its legs.
146. A reference to the old astrological theory regarding the influence on a man's fortunes of the planet under which he was born.

150. Meaning, Brutus looks as well, sounds as well, and contains as many letters as Caesar.

153. Will start a spirit, certain names in ancient times were supposed to possess the power to conjure up spirits.

165. Refers to Lucius Junius.


187. Proceeded, occurred.

203. Well given, well intentioned.

204. Plutarch records that once when friends cautioned Caesar about Antony, he replied, "As for those fat men and smooth-combed heads, I never reckon of them; but these pale-visaged and carrion-lean people," meaning Cassius, "I fear them most."

222. Sad, grave, serious.

227. Back of his hand, a weak gesture, only employed when we wish to put things by temporarily. Had Caesar rejected the crown with the palm of his hand, Antony would hardly have presumed to offer it again.

234. Marry, the name of the Virgin Mary invoked in oaths, frequently used in the poet's time to express surprise and contempt.

236. Honest, expresses Casca's contempt for the populace.

260. Falling-sickness, epilepsy.

271. Pluck'd me ope his doublet, 'pluck'd ope his doublet.' Me superfluous, a form of redundancy not uncommon among the poets of the period.


Man of any occupation, probably means one not only skillful with sharp tools but accustomed to acting and thinking quickly.

290. Cicero was a politician, cautious and farsighted. He delivered his remarks in Greek, a language unknown to the common people, to prevent their misconstruing his statements. It was an uncertain period; there were two factions in Rome, and wisely he had no intention of immediately declaring his views. We know Casca to have been acquainted with Greek, nor, despite many commentators to the contrary, do his remarks here indicate he was not. What Casca intends to imply is that Cicero's carefully chosen words, beautiful phrases and splendid delivery produced a strong impression; but his remarks were not intelligible
to Casca, not because they were in Greek, but because the meaning was too artfully veiled for his slow mind to grasp it. Casca was not quick-witted, so it was Greek to him as well as the common people.

291. Marullus and Flavius were deprived of their tribuneships.  
301. Blunt, here apparently means dull, possibly curt or abrupt.  
319. Bears me hard, distrusts, endures with a grudge.

ACT I, Scene 3

1. Did you accompany him home.  
3. Sway, order, system.  
15. You would know him to be a common slave by his appearance.

23. Drawn upon a heap, drawn together in a crowd.  
30. Casca was referring to the Epicureans, who explained all uncommon happenings by attributing them to natural causes.  
32. Shakespeare several times employs the word climate in the sense of country or region.  
35. Meaning man’s superstition and fear may lead him to attach a moral significance to conditions resulting from the operation of natural laws and forces.  
45. Meaning what a night is this.  
51. Unbracèd, unfastened.  
52. Thunder-stone, thunder bolt.  
53. Cross blue lightning, zigzag.  
63. Case yourself in wonder, assume an expression and attitude of wonder.

65. Cassius was an Epicurean, and as such attached no moral significance to the storm, but speaks as if he regarded it to be a warning of the gods to bring himself into closer sympathy with the superstitious, fear-shaken Casca, whose confidence he is seeking to gain.

67. Quality is characteristics. Kind is nature. When birds and beasts change their characteristics or nature, as did the lion and owl.

68. Fool, idle their time away.

69. The meaning here is rather confused, but the idea is consider why these birds and animals, even old men and children change from what is natural, ordained or intended, to the unusual.  
71. Monstrous, abnormal, unnatural. Frequent in Shakespeare.
86. **With** frequently used in Shakespeare's time in the sense of *by* or *on.*

98. **Retentive,** restrain or repress.

110. **Hinds,** probably used in a double sense of female deer and domestic servant or peasant.

116. Cassius purposely speaks as if in doubt of Casca's sympathy to draw him out.

121. **Hold, my hand,** meaning, *Hold, here is my hand.*

**Fleering,** one who artfully obtains the confidence of another, then mockingly betrays it.

122. Shakespeare several times employs griefs in the sense of *grievances* in this drama.

129. Unusual hyphenated words, as *honorable-dangerous,* meaning an enterprise of honorable yet dangerous consequences, are frequently to be noted in this drama.

136. **Close,** concealed.

150. The office of praetor was very similar to that of judge in our day. Brutus and Cassius had been rival candidates for the post of chief praetor of Rome, Brutus winning the appointment through Caesar's favor.

166. **Alchemy,** the ideal art by means of which ancient scientists and magicians sought to change the baser metals into gold.

169. **Conceited,** estimated.

**ACT II, Scene 1.**

12. **General,** the public cause.

14. It is well known that on bright days snakes come out to bask in the sun, and Brutus here wonders if the sunshine of royalty will not bring forth the serpent in Caesar.

19. **Remorse** is doubtless conscience, while **affections** refers to the emotions, as elsewhere in Shakespeare, and **reason** is judgment.

21. **Common proof,** common experience or observation.

26. **Base degrees,** lower steps. Degree is here employed in its early sense of step, while base as elsewhere in Shakespeare means lower.

28. **Quarrel,** cause.

44. **Exhalations,** has reference to the flashes of lightning.
NOTES

Shakespeare elsewhere employs the noun and also the verb in referring to meteors or meteoric lights.

66. **Genius** doubtless refers to the spiritual nature, man's guiding genius, while the mortal instruments are the physical powers and emotions.

75. Shakespeare arrays the conspirators in the garb of gentlemen of the Elizabethan period.

87. **Erebus**, a place of darkness, through which according to mythology, the spirits of the dead passed on their way to Hades.

88. **Prevention**, discovery.

111. As instead of *where*.

113. **Weighing**, considering.

115. **High**, perfect.

119. It has been suggested by some commentators this should read the *fate* of men, but it might also refer to the changed expression to be noted in the faces of a liberty-loving people suddenly brought under the rule of a tyrant.

120. Shakespeare employs **sufferance** in the sense of *suffering*.

123. **Tyranny** here as elsewhere in this drama means royalty.

124. Brutus has in mind the uncertainty of life experienced by the subjects of tyrants in the Orient, where the most trivial offences were punishable by death.

131. **Palter**, resort to trickery.

134. **Cautelous**, treacherous, deceitful.

139. **Insuppressive**, insuppressible.

152. **Break with him**, confide in him.

160. **Of for in**.

167. **Envy**, malice, hatred.

191. Meaning all Antony can do is to grieve himself to death, and he is much too fond of life, happy and care-free to do that.

208. Decius Brutus, supposedly a cousin of Marcus Brutus, was one of Cæsar's most efficient, highly trusted and favorite aides, and on opening the Dictator's will he was found to be second heir. The place he occupied in the affections of Cæsar, Shakespeare has accorded Marcus Brutus.

210. Refers to the ancient reputed method of catching wild animals. To catch unicorns the hunter would stand before a tree, until the animal, running at full speed, was almost upon him when he would spring behind the tree. The unicorn would thus thrust his horns so far into the tree that it was impossible for
him either to defend himself or escape. Elephants were enticed into pitfalls; and mirrors were placed before bears, who would then be shot while gazing at themselves.

201. In his earlier years, Cæsar was a follower of Epicurus, the Greek philosopher, but as he grew older he came to have more faith in signs and omens, and on more than one occasion is known to have sought the opinion of the gods before deciding upon a course of action. It was simply a human desire to be guided by the judgment of a higher authority, found in those days in the interpretations of the augurs, and the strange ceremonies offered by the priests to many gods.

224. **By him, by his house.**

237. **Fantasies**, cares, real or imagined.

257. **Humor**, here means mood or temper.

261. **Condition** is disposition.

268. Shakespeare employs **physical** in the sense of wholesome.

269. **Humors** refers to those ills, such as fever or ague, then supposed to be contracted in the damp chill of the early morning hours.

273. In the poet's time the word **rheum** applied to any discharge from the nose, eyes or lungs; **rheumy** therefore probably refers to those ailments directly affecting the organs mentioned, or possibly rheumatism.

313. **Charactery** is defined as writing by characters or strange marks. Brutus means therefore that he will reveal to her the secret which has wrought such a change in his expression and manner.

320. Refers to the bandage Ligarius wore about his head.

328. **Exorcist**, one possessing the power to call up spirits by magical power.

329. **Mortified spirit**, my spirit which was dead.

ACT II, Scene 2.

6. Their opinion of what is going to occur whether it be good or ill.

13. Meaning I never attached any significance to **signs** or **omens**.

21. **Hurtle**, to clash, to rush violently, noisily.

24. **Beyond all use**, out of the usual, uncommon.
29. That is they apply no more to Cæsar than people generally.

40. The ancients regarded the breast as the seat of bravery.

92. Cognizance is here employed in the sense of relics or tokens, such as are preserved of the saints and martyrs.

99. Mock, jest or joke.

107. Decius, apologizing for presuming to offer advice, means that the deference reason or custom demands him to pay Cæsar is subject to that love which has no thought save the other's welfare.

111. Publius was not one of the conspirators, and his arrival at this hour was simply a coincidence.

134. Like usually means the same as, but Brutus is distressed on reflecting that here it does not.

ACT II, Scene 4.

7. Security frequently develops over-confidence and negligence, thus preparing a way for conspiracy.

12. Meaning virtue is always exposed to the malicious deeds of envious rivals.

ACT III, Scene 1.

25. Plutarch says a senator called Popilius Lena, after pleasantly greeting Brutus and Cassius, said, "I pray the gods you may go through with that you have taken in hand; but, withal, dispatch, I read you, for your enterprise is bewrayed."

43. Pre-ordinance, an ordinance or law already established. A decree in Roman law was the decision of an emperor, such a decision becoming a part of the imperial constitution, just as the decisions of the court in certain cases in our own country are used as a guide in rendering a judgment in all similar cases. Cæsar means that were he to grant their plea his act would detract from the dignity of the law by turning it into the play of children, who change their games to suit their fancy.

44. Fond, foolish. That is be not so foolish as to think, etc.

56. To repeal, that is to recall by repealing.

76. Unshak'd of motion, unmoved, not subject to emotion.

81. Olympus, mountain home of the gods.

83. Bootless, without profit or success.

103. Abide, be responsible or suffer for.

131. What, here used as we would employ well.
134. The doubling of superlatives and comparatives, likewise negatives, not uncommon in Shakespeare's time.


160. This was the second time Brutus and Cassius had differed in their opinion of Antony, whom Cassius' shrewd understanding of human nature enabled him to read correctly, as later events proved. But Brutus, whose actions were always guided by honest and honorable impulses was not suspicious; while Cassius, who gained his ends by indirect methods, suspected others of doing the same.

166. **Be let blood,** murdered. **Rank,** possessing too great authority or power.

174. **Apt** in the sense of *ready.*

192. Again the practical-minded, clear-sighted Cassius reveals his splendid understanding of human nature. He knew Mark Antony to be too matter-of-fact and ambitious to be deeply impressed by Brutus' idealism, in his remarks about "kind love, good thoughts, and reverence."

207. **Conceit me,** conceive of me, imagine.

221. **Lethe,** a poetic term for death.

228. **Shall,** in the old sense of *must.*

229. **Modesty,** moderation.

232. It was customary at that time to make up lists of prominent citizens and when it was desired for any purpose to distinguish certain ones the margin of the papyrus opposite their names was pricked.

234. **Therefore,** for that reason, to that end.

253. Cassius did not deem it advisable to permit Antony to speak at Cæsar's funeral under any circumstances, especially doubting the wisdom of allowing him to speak last. Unthinking minds are not reached through their reason, but through their emotions, and he knew how easily the people were influenced, and how readily they accepted the opinions of the last speaker. He also knew how great a power Antony could exercise over his hearers, how quickly he could appeal to their sympathies, how easily win their hearts.

282. **Limbs of men** has called forth a great difference of opinion on the part of the commentators, some maintaining it should be minds. It doubtless means that the curse shall spread to the people of this time and possibly to succeeding generations.

291. **Até** was the goddess of discord and mischief.
293. Havoc was an expression employed in battle in ancient times permitting the soldiers to indulge in the most brutal destruction. This signal was never given save at the command of the general-in-chief, who was oftentimes the monarch.

ACT III, Scene 2.

14. Lovers, a synonym for friend.
17. Censure, judge. Frequent.
40. Extenuated, undervalued.
41. Enforced, not exaggerated or magnified.
52. Cæsar subsequently became the title of the ruler of Rome, but was not such at this time.
97. Cæsar paid into the public treasury much of the money raised by his military campaign in Gaul, which act was not customary among the military leaders of that period.
103. Lupercal, day of the feast of Lupercal.
129. The lowliest of the low, he is now beneath the reverence of the most humble citizen.
142. Napkins, handkerchiefs.
181. Cæsar's victory over the Nervii, a tribe of ancient Gaul, was his most notable military exploit.
183. Envious, in the old sense of malicious.
205. Marr'd is mangled. With again employed as by.
228. Wit, formerly employed in the sense of understanding.
250. Drachma, a Greek coin equivalent to about nineteen cents in our time. Each citizen thus received fourteen dollars, practically equivalent to one hundred dollars now.
267. Forms, long seats or benches.

ACT IV, Scene 1.

5. Shakespeare has here been guilty of a historical error, according to Plutarch who states this was Lucius Cæsar, not Publius, and Antony's maternal uncle instead of his nephew.
7. Damn, often employed in the sense of condemn.
13. Unmeritable, undeserving.
40. The man Antony describes is without the finer elements of imagination or artistic appreciation, and lacking initiative and the keener powers of discrimination, he is guided in his tastes by the judgment of other people.
45. **Levying powers**, raising forces. **Make lead**, lead forth an army.

*ACT IV, Scene 2.*

7. IIl officers, dishonest or untrustworthy officers.
25. **Hot at hand** means hot in hand, difficult to control.
28. They *let fall* their crests.
50. **Enlarge**, give expression to your grief.

*ACT IV, Scene 3.*

5. **Slighted off**, we would now omit the *off*.
8. **Nice** here employed in the sense of *small, petty*.
21. Meaning who among the conspirators was such a villain as to have stabbed Cæsar for any reason save the public good.
35. **Go to** is employed in a variety of senses, as *hush up, come on*, or *be off*.
43. **Choler** is wrath, unreasonable anger.
81. **Indirection**, trickery, dishonorable means.
86. **Rascal**, meaning worthless. **Counters**, imitation coins used in calculating. Brutus thus expresses his contempt for gold and silver and all other mediums of exchange.
104. **Brav’d**, defied.
110. **Plutus**, the god of wealth, supposed by the ancient Romans to have control over the gold of the world.
118. **Dishonor shall be humor.** Meaning hereafter when you are guilty of a dishonorable act I shall attribute it to a whim or the weakness of the moment.
164. **Call in question**, consider or discuss.
198. **Alive**, probably to our work which is urgent, or concerned with the living.
229. **Ventures**, that which has been adventured or risked.
254. **Knave**, a term of tender familiarity used in addressing those of lower rank, just as one might now say “little beggar.”
282. **Mace** was formerly employed for sceptre.
289. The coming of a ghost was supposed to make the lights burn dimly.
323. **Betimes**, before time, early, in good season.
ACT V, Scene 1.

4. The word battle was frequently employed for army, especially when the men were arranged for action. It is here used in the plural because Brutus and Cassius each had an army, but they co-operated in action.

5. Warn, challenge.

10. Fearful bravery, probably bravery born of fear, bravado.

21. I will do so, meaning "I will do as I have said."

35. Posture, probably nature or quality. Are, carelessness.

36. Hybla, a city of ancient Sicily noted for the fine flavor of its honey.

56. Cæsar is generally supposed to have had but twenty-three wounds, but it has been claimed that Antistius, the physician summoned to attend him at his home, found thirty-five.

71. Stomachs, appetites.

82. Refers to the battle of Pharsalia, where, against his better judgment, Pompey was forced into action by the impatience of his officers, and although the number of his troops exceeded those of Cæsar, he was defeated. It was there Cassius surrendered to Cæsar.

87. Ensign, means either the flag or bearer of it.

106. Reason, consider.

ACT V, Scene 3.

23. Yonder troops, Messala and his escort.

40. Cassius here reveals that quality of character which had won Brutus' admiration.

43. Parthia, a country in western Asia which formed the nucleus of the Parthian empire. It was a powerful nation and frequently engaged in war with ancient Rome.

49. Hilts, the plural form often employed in the poet's time in the singular sense. Also true of funeral, line 115 this scene.

114. Thasos, an island in the Aegean sea, and a free city under the Romans.

118. Labeo and Flavius are not listed in the characters of the drama because they have not speaking roles. Labeo was one of the assassins of Cæsar.

120. The poet here represents the battles as occurring the same day, but Brutus' final contest came twenty days later.
2. Plutarch states that Brutus thought no great number of men had been slain in the battle, but to make certain one Statilius promised to go through the enemy's lines. If all were well he was to lift up his torch, and then return with all speed. Long after he had given the signal Brutus said, "If Statilius be alive, he will come again," but already this brave spy had been captured and slain.

50. Good respect, well esteemed, of good repute.
66. Entertain, receive into his service.
68. Prefer, refer, recommend.

STUDY HELPS.

ACT I, Scene 1.

1. Comment on the characters of Flavius and Marullus. Were they justified in thus addressing the citizens? Does their anger make them appear weak, or is it suited to the dignity of their office? Why?
2. What is the significance of "barest metal?"
3. Were the citizens "tongue-tied in their guiltiness?"
4. Comment on the Second Citizen. Who is shown to better advantage, he or Marullus?
5. Give examples of puns from this scene.
Make a list of all the words with which you are unfamiliar in this scene and define them. Are any employed in an unusual sense?

ACT I, Scene 2.

1. What is your impression of Cæsar? How was he affected by the soothsayer's words?
2. What was troubling Brutus?
3. To what did Cassius attribute the change in the manner of Brutus?
4. How does Cassius regard Cæsar? To what do you attribute his attitude?
5. What was Cæsar's opinion of Cassius? Mark Antony's?
6. What are Casca's most striking characteristics? How was
he impressed by the incident of the crown? What is his opinion of Cæsar? How does he regard Antony?

7. Why does Cassius invite Casca to dine with him?

8. What particular quality in Casca's nature appeals to Brutus? To Cassius?

9. Who appears to best advantage in this scene? Why?

Explain the following lines considered in their relation to the context:

Stemming it with hearts of controversy. (115)
Bear the palm alone. (137)
Bestrade the narrow world. (141)
Thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods. (157)
Than to repute himself a son of Rome. (179)
Ferret and such fiery eyes. (192)
If my name were liable to fear. (205)
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From what it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For whom so firm that cannot be seduc'd? (315)
For we shall shake him, or worse days endure. (328)

Note the words with which you are unfamiliar, observing their meaning and use in the text.

ACT I, Scene 3.

1. Who is the most dignified character in this chapter? What quality do you admire in him? Why?

2. What do you think of Casca here? What do you regard as his most prominent characteristic? How did his recital impress Cicero?

3. What did Cicero mean when he asked Casca if he saw "anything more wonderful?"

4. What is the "bird of night?"

5. How did the storm affect Cassius? Why did he attach any significance to the night's happenings? What man does he compare to the night?

6. Do you note anything unusual in lines 161 and 162?

Explain the following lines:

Riv'd knotty oaks. (6)
To be exalted with the threatening clouds. (8)
Not sensible of fire. (18)
ACT II, Scene 1.

1. What is your impression of Brutus in this scene? What particular quality in him calls forth your admiration?

2. Comment on Lucius.

3. What change, if any, is to be noted in Brutus' opinion of Cæsar since the day of the triumph?

4. What, in your opinion, was the true motive of Cassius in organizing the conspiracy? Of Decius, Cinna, Metellus Cimber, and Casca in joining it?

5. What is your impression of Decius?

6. What particular quality of character do the conspirators possess in common? Why were they anxious to have Brutus join them?

7. Describe the character of Portia. What do you consider to be her most admirable quality? Comment freely. In which lines does she most clearly reveal her strength of character?

8. What is your opinion of Ligarius? Judging by his conversation with Brutus what do you consider to have been his motive in joining the conspiracy?

Explain the following lines:
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly. (4)
To spurn at him. (11)
That craves wary walking. (15)
Will bear no color for the thing he is. (29)
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse. (120)
The melting spirits of women. (127)
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity. (150)
Let not our looks put on our purpose. (231)
Why you are heavy. (282)
    Set on your foot;
And with a heart new-fired I follow you. (337)
Make a list of all the unfamiliar words, carefully noting their meaning and usage in the text.

ACT II, Scene 2.

1. What is your impression of Calpurnia? Whom do you admire the more, her or Portia? Why?
2. What do you think of Cæsar in this scene? What change, if any do you note in his manner? To what do you attribute it?
3. How do you regard the conduct of Decius?
   Explain the following lines:
   Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods. (27)
   Have I in conquest stretch’d mine arm so far. (69)
   For warnings, and portents,
   And evils imminent. (83)
Make a list of all unfamiliar words, explaining their meaning and carefully noting their usage in the text.

ACT III, Scene 1.

1. Why did Decius wish to prevent Artemidorus from presenting his schedule? What was Publius’ purpose in assisting him?
2. Comment on Cassius’ manner in the early portion of this scene.
3. What is your impression of Cæsar here?
4. Can you name any other ruler who was assassinated while directing the nation’s affairs with wisdom and intelligence?
5. To which star does Cæsar refer in line 71?
6. Why does Brutus tell Mark Antony that for him their swords “have leaden points?”
7. What, if any, difference do you note in the motives of the conspirators? Comment freely.
8. Why did Antony bid his servant appeal to Brutus rather than Cassius?
9. What is your impression of Antony here? Wherein did Brutus and Cassius differ in their opinion of him? With whom do you agree? Why?
Explain the following lines:
That will be thaw'd from the true quality. (46)
	'tis but the time,
And drawing days out, that men stand upon. (110)
And we will grace his heels
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome. (134)
I know that we shall have him well to friend. (157)
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.  (160)
My credit stands on such slippery ground
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me. (206)
Shall it grieve thee dearer than thy death. (211)
Here wast thou bay'd brave hart. (219)
Our reasons are so full of good regard. (240)
Carefully note all unfamiliar words, studying their meaning and usage in the text.

1. How does Brutus' speech impress you? What is your opinion of it as a defense of their deed? Wherein lies its greatest strength? How did it affect the people? How would it have impressed a more cultured and intelligent audience?
2. Why did Brutus insist upon the citizens remaining to hear Antony?
3. Was Antony's task greater than that of Brutus? Why?
4. Wherein does his oration differ from that of Brutus? Which is the stronger? Why? How did Antony appeal to the people? How did Brutus?
5. What of the character of Caesar as described by Antony? Wherein did his estimate of the man differ from that of Brutus? To what do you attribute this difference of opinion? Which character is the more consistent with history?
6. What do you think would have been the result if Brutus had spoken last?
7. Was it Antony's purpose to pay tribute to Caesar or to vanquish the conspirators?
8. How do you think he felt regarding his own safety? Why?
Explain the following lines:
What cause withholds you, then, to mourn for him? (111)
Let but the commons hear this testament. (139)
The dint of pity. (202)
What private griefs they have, alas, I know not. (220)
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing. (276)
Carefully note all new words, studying their meaning and usage in text.

ACT IV, Scene 1.

1. What is your impression of Octavius here? Comment on his attitude toward Antony and Lepidus? How does he regard the latter?
2. What is Antony’s opinion of Lepidus?
3. Which of these men do you admire the most? Why?

Explain the following lines:
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads. (22)
His corporal motion governed by my spirit. (36)
Our best friends made, our means stretch’d. (47)
How covert matters may be best disclosed. (49)
For we are at the stake. (51)
Millions of mischief. (54)

Make a list of all words with which you are not familiar, carefully study their meaning and use in the text.

ACT IV, Scene 2.

1. What do you think of Cassius’ greeting to Brutus? Of the latter’s response? What striking characteristics are thus revealed by each?

Explain the following lines:
He is not doubted. (14)
Let me be resolved. (15)
But not with such familiar instances. (17)
It useth an enforced ceremony. (23)

Note all unfamiliar words, studying their meaning with particular attention to their use in the text.

ACT IV, Scene 3.

1. What do you think of Brutus in this scene? Of Cassius? Who is the stronger, more dignified? Why do you think so?
2. What do you admire most in the character of Brutus? Comment freely upon his grief at Portia’s loss, and his attitude toward death. What do you think of his standards of conduct? What particular qualities do you note in him that are worthy
of emulation? What did he think of Cassius’ conduct? What do you think were his favorite pastimes?

3. How did Cassius feel about Brutus’ criticism? What is your opinion of his honesty? Comment on his standards of conduct. What was his purpose in offering Brutus his sword?

4. Wherein did Brutus and Cassius differ in their views about advancing to Philippi? Whose plan seems to you to have been the better? Why?

Explain the following lines:
Praying on his side. (4)
Are much condemned to have an itching palm. (10)
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head. (17)
To hedge me in. (32)
By any indirection. (81)
Which we will niggard with a little rest. (234)

Make a list of all words with which you are unfamiliar, carefully noting their meaning and usage in the text.

ACT V, Scene 1.

1. What is your impression of Octavius in this scene? Of Antony?

2. How do you think Cassius felt regarding their undertaking?

3. What was the attitude of Brutus? To what do you attribute it?

4. To what did Cassius refer when he said:
   “This tongue had not offended so today,
   If Cassius might have ruled.”

5. Whose and what remarks had Antony in mind when he said: “Old Cassius still.”

Explain the following lines:
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage. (11)
And something to be done immediately. (16)

Make a list of the unfamiliar words, giving careful attention to their meaning and use in the text.

ACT V, Scene 3.

1. Comment freely on Cassius’ bravery and his death. What do you think the general of a modern army would do under similar circumstances?
2. What is your impression of Titinius, Messala, Lucilius, and Cato?
3. Why did Cassius send Titinius to learn “whether yond troops are friend or enemy.”
   Explain the following lines:
   His soldiers fell to spoil. (14)
   And where I did begin, there shall I end. (31)
   Lest it discomfort us. (121)
   Observe the unfamiliar words, carefully studying their meaning and usage.

   ACT V, Scene 4.

   Why does Lucilius say when captured, “Kill Brutus and be honored in his death?”

   ACT V, Scene 5.

   1. Antony pronounced Brutus “the noblest Roman of them all,” what is your opinion? Why do you think so?
   2. What do you think of his idea of patriotism?
   3. What are your favorite lines in the drama?
   4. Which character do you admire the most? Why?
   5. Do you think the play is rightly named? Why?
   Explain these lines:
   According to his virtue let us use him. (82)
   Order’d honorably. (85)
   To part the glories of this happy day. (87)
   Carefully note all new words, giving careful attention to their meaning and usage in the text.
SUGGESTIONS ON STAGING

Although certain traditions govern the staging of the Shakespearean dramas, every actor exercises his individuality through personal preference in the matter of details, which explains the differences to be observed in the business, properties and stage effects in every production.

The directions offered are designed as a general guide for the teacher who has never witnessed a production of the drama, or who has had little experience in the staging of plays.

The following rules should be observed in all stage productions, whether classic or modern:

In entering, the character speaking generally comes second.

Keep the foot nearest the audience back. Only low comedy characters, servants, and soldiers stand with the feet parallel.

Kneel on the knee next to the audience.

In walking lines, the speaker always sets the pace.

In crossings, the character speaking passes in front, setting the pace, the other person yielding his place and taking that of the speaker.

The weight should always be on the forward foot, except in attitudes of meditation or defiance.

Mobs should be arranged in small groups with leaders, who in turn should be under a general leader. This arrangement will lessen the individual responsibility, and prevent the huddling which results from confusion.
Have pupils pace walking lines, those on which they cross, enter and exit, until they learn to step on the strong beat, this mastery of the rhythm not only insures stronger entrances, exits and crossings, but will give greater ease and self-confidence.

If a character rises or sits while speaking, the action should come on the strong word in the sentence.

The Romans did not shake hands as we do, but placed their right hand along the inside of the forearm of the person greeted, clasping it about midway between wrist and elbow.

Always observe a crescendo and diminuendo in shouts, murmurs, etc., of the mob.

The letters R and L (right and left) indicate the position of players on the stage, facing the audience. Down stage is toward the audience, Up stage is from the audience. L is lower, and U is upper. C is center, and R C is right center and L C is left center. The numbers 1, 2, and 3, refer to the entrances on the left and right of stage. R1 and L1 being the entrances nearest the audience on the right and left sides, and R3 and L3 are the entrances farthest up stage.

The numbers refer to the lines of text, and the directions to the business or action which should accompany them.

ACT I

Scene I.

Rome. A Street.

Back stage R and L statues of Cæsar, decorated with wreaths.

Line 1. Flavius R C.
6. First Citizen L C.
7. Marullus (R) crosses while speaking to R C.
Line 10. Second Citizen R C.
13. Second Citizen crosses to L C.
30. "Rejoice in his triumph," shouts of multitude off stage.
34. Marullus (C) "What conquest brings he home?" Mob on stage murmurs.
37. Murmurs of mob grow stronger, change positions, look at one another.
39. A general murmur and buzzing, accompanied by meaning glances.

Scene II.  The Same.  A Public Place.

Flourish. Enter L 3 in procession, Cæsar; Antony, for the course; Calpurnia; Portia; Decius; Cicero; Brutus; Cassius; Casca; Soldiers; and Citizens. Cæsar, Calpurnia, and Portia borne on litters. They lie on their left sides. Cæsar leans on his elbow and forearm; the women support heads with left hand. Soothsayer is in crowd R. Distant murmur of citizens coming from L. Women and girls have garlands and wreaths, which they hang on Cæsar's statues. All exit R 1.

Antony walks on R of Cæsar's litter, passes to L when addressed.

Line 2. Casca on L.
3. "Here, my lord," Calpurnia's litter born to R C, Cæsar's is C.
23. Brutus R.
Line 24. Crowd drops back forcing Soothsayer to front.
25. Cassius R.
28. Exeunt, except Brutus and Cassius; shouts of ‘‘Long live Cæsar!’’
29. Cassius R.
30. Brutus R C.
32. Brutus going L C.
36. Cassius R C ‘‘Brutus, I do observe you now of late’’; Brutus stops L.
56. Cassius ‘‘Tell me,’’ crosses to Brutus L 2.
83. Flourish of trumpets; shouts of ‘‘Long live Cæsar!’’ become louder.
84. Brutus crosses R C looking off 1.
87. Cassius, ‘‘Then must I think,’’ goes down C.
88. Brutus R C, looking off R.
96. Cassius C.
124. Cassius looks at Brutus; then changes his tone.
127. ‘‘How he did shake,’’ questioning glance from Brutus.
137. Shout; flourish.
167. Distant murmurs, crowd dispersing, flourish in distance.
168. Murmurs off R steadily grow louder; procession returning.
183. Cassius finishes speech and crosses to L; Brutus looks off R.
184. ‘‘The games,’’ etc., Brutus still looking off R. ‘‘Cæsar is returning.’’ Approaches Cassius. Cæsar and train enter R 1. Cæsar stops R C and addresses Antony, who is on his L. Exit L 3. Brutus pulls toga of Casca, who is last in the procession.
Line 221. Casca C. (Exits L 3.)
222. Brutus R C. (Exits L 3.)
231. Cassius L C.
261. Cassius gives Brutus a meaning glance.
263. Casca suspiciously glances from one to the other.

ACT II

Scene I. Rome. Brutus' Orchard.

The house is at L 2 and gate at R 3. R C stone garden seat. Enter Brutus as if coming from house. Lucius and Portia both enter from house.

Line 5. On finishing speech, Brutus goes to L C.
10. Brutus down C on "It must be by his death"; pause on "And, for my part."
11. Crosses to seat on "I know no personal cause to spurn at him." Attitude of meditation.
44. Lightning.
59. This knock, one deep thud, as if on an iron gate.
88. Brutus crosses to L C.
89. Cassius approaches. Other conspirators remain in background.
91. Brutus approaches Cassius.
93. "Every man of them," Cassius looks toward conspirators. Conspirators gradually draw near on "And no man here," etc.
105. Cassius goes down L with Brutus.
106. Decius, Casca and Cinna arguing R, looking up stage. Metellus and Trebonius farther up stage R C.
117. Brutus C; Cassius coming L C. First shakes
hands with Casca, who goes to R; Metellus, who goes L; Trebonius, who goes R; Cinna, who goes to L; and Decius, who remains R C.

Line 195. Clock strikes, three low, slow beats, no one speaking until the third has sounded.

220. Conspirators going; Metellus mentions Caius Ligarius; all stop.

230. Brutus follows them to gate. Returning, stops by house to call Lucius. Thoughtfully walking toward bench, when Portia calls. Characters may either sit or stand; but Portia always on L.

277. Portia kneels.

286. Brutus tries to lift her.

287. If sitting, Brutus arises first, then lifts Portia.

292. Takes her into his arms.

309. Releases Portia. This parting must not be hurried.

314. Brutus goes to L C as Portia hurriedly exits on L 2. Ligarius carries a staff very feeble, head bandaged.

326. Ligarius throws aside staff.

341. Brutus gives him his staff, follows him up stage, pausing a moment before the house as if looking for Portia. Two or three times during this scene there should be heard a faint rumbling of distant thunder; but not while Portia is on the stage.

Scene II. Caesar's House.

Thunder and lightning. Enter Cæsar (R 3) in a dressing gown. A bench on L.
7. Turns to exit, stands aside to allow Calpurnia to pass.
9. Crosses to R C.
10. Caesar meets her C; leads her bench L; she sits L and he R. Conspirators enter R 1; Caesar meets them C. All exit R 3, Brutus last.

ACT III

Scene I. Rome. Before the Capitol.

A crowd of people before the Capitol, Artemidorus R; Soothsayer L. A flourish; enter R Caesar's party preceded by soldiers. Caesar, with Lepidus and Antony, followed by Brutus, Cassius, Casca, Decius, Metellus, Trebonius, Cinna, Popilius, Publius, and others. Senators already in chamber, rise and remain standing until Caesar takes his chair. Popilius, Cassius, Brutus, Cinna and Lepidus take seats on L. Metellus, Decius Brutus, Publius, Antony, and Trebonius on R.

88. Cassius L C.
104. Trebonius R 1.
114. Brutus L C.
134. Enter servant R 1; kneels before Brutus L C.
161. Re-enter Antony R 1; running, stops, removes from head light white scarf.
164. Kneels beside body, covers Caesar's face with scarf.
199. Meets senators L C; they exit L 1.
295. Enter servant R 1.
Line 317. Servant at feet of body, Antony at head.
Curtain.

Scene II. The Same. The Forum.

Enter Brutus and Cassius R 1; throng of citizens, both L and R. Great excitement. L 2, a pulpit so arranged that speaker can face audience and look off R. Citizens crowd around front and sides, facing the speakers.

Line 1. Brutus and Cassius R C; Brutus crosses to pulpit.
10. First Citizen crossing from R to L C.
11. Exit Cassius L 1, followed by two or three citizens.
12. Conversation louder; much shifting about; “Silence,” quiets them.
23. “Loved Rome more,” murmurs of doubt and approval.
25. “All free men,” murmurs.
31. “For him have I offended,” murmurs of approval.
33. “For him have I offended.” Pause. No answer.
35. “For him have I offended.” Dead silence.
36. This speech of citizens full and strong.
38. “Shall do to Brutus,” murmurs.
42. Brutus notes approach of Antony off R 1.
66. Exit Brutus L 1, Citizens who started to follow reluctantly return.
Enter Antony R 1 with six or eight soldiers bearing Cæsar’s bier, as Brutus descends from pulpit. Mob keeps up a constant murmur, procession is compelled to push its way. The bier is placed at the foot of the pulpit.

Line 70. "For Brutus' sake," etc. Ascends pulpit
Murmurs.

71. Fourth Citizen holds hand to ear, as if deaf.
78. Murmurs increase.
79. These words hardly heard for the mob.
81. Pause after each noun, in an effort to obtain silence.
85. Strong approval from Citizens.
94. Murmurs.
101. The allegiance of mob wavering, begin to doubt, undecided. Murmurs less emphatic. Antony becomes more zealous.
107. Citizens show by manner, glances, shaking of heads, etc., they are doubtful.
110. A few glances cast at bier, around which they have crowded in efforts to approach pulpit.
116. First Citizen C.
117. Second Citizen R C.
119. Third Citizen L C.
121. Fourth Citizen R.
126. Citizens give close attention.
128. Some of the women sob.
132. Murmurs faintly derisive.
137. "Cæsar's seal," repeated by citizens here and there, a craning of necks and crowding forward.
Line 147. Increased excitement and curiosity. Some hands go up.

148. Growing excitement. All hands go up.

151. Still greater excitement and murmurs "but men," calling forth an excited "yea, yea!"

153. The crowd sways, a marked crescendo of murmurs.

156. Are rapidly becoming uncontrolled.

157. All hands go up at every call to hear the will.

162. The murmurs here show Antony has won.

164. A great shout.

165. This calls forth a "Yes" and "the will, the will."

166. The better poised citizens force back the others, forming a ring about Cæsar’s bier.

169. Almost drag him from the pulpit.

171. Antony descends.

178. Lifts up Cæsar’s mantle. As he points to these imaginary holes the Citizens show how they are emotionally affected by their bodily response.

184. A decided shudder here.


204. Antony uncovers Cæsar’s face. All press about bier. Undertones of anger, sorrow and revenge, during the speeches of the citizens.

212. The greatest excitement prevails, constant murmurs with crescendo and diminuendo effects, people move from place to place, talking to one another.

214. Antony rushes back into the pulpit. The
better poised citizens attempt to restore order.

Line 216. The Second Citizen is a typical mob leader; entirely dominated by his emotions.

218. Antony knows he is adding fuel to fire.
219. Yells of derision.
222. Greater derision. Antony has won. Strong feeling.
241. Antony is almost compelled to shout.
248. All hands up here.

ACT IV

Scene II. Before Brutus' Tent. In Camp near Sardis


Line 2. "Stand," repeated three times off stage, a little fainter each time to give the effect of distance.
14. "He is not doubted," Pindarus goes aside L with Titinius, as Brutus and Lucilius go to R C.
29. Trumpet sounds off L.
33. Sound of marching; enter Cassius accompanied by six or eight soldiers. "Stand,"
repeated off stage as before. Cassius L C, salutes Brutus R C.

**Scene III.**

Enter Brutus and Cassius R 1. Lucius and Titinius, the former assisted by a soldier, are fastening back folds of tent C, table, large candles and two stools inside tent. Brutus sits R of table, Cassius L. Remove their helmets, placing them on table.

- **Line 13.** Cassius rises on this line.
- **18.** "Chastisement," sits, as if overcome with astonishment.
- **30.** Cassius starts with anger as if about to rise.
- **41.** Cassius rises, can hardly control himself.
- **42.** Cassius again sits down.
- **45.** Cassius rises and walks down L.
- **46.** Brutus equally indignant but splendidly poised also rises.
- **54.** Brutus crosses to R.
- **55.** Cassius returns L C.
- **56.** Brutus comes to R C.
- **75.** Both resume their seats, Cassius sitting down first.
- **127.** Both rise; stand C; clasp hands.
- **137.** Brutus sits. Exit Lucius L.
- **138.** Cassius sits.
- **155.** Re-enter Lucius with wine and a taper, lights candles.
- **161.** Exit Lucius L; re-enter Titinius and Messala R.
- **249.** Cassius and Messala exit R. Titinius L.

Varro and Claudius enter from R 3, and later retire to couches on L. Very dim light. Lucius sits on floor R C; Brutus at L of table. Ghost enters R C, Brutus observes it when he snuffs candle, which is between him and ghost.