School Shakespeare

JULIUS CÆSAR

Lancelot S. Anderson.

Temple School Shakespeare

Julius Cæsar

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JULIUS CÆSAR

WITH NOTES, INTRODUCTION AND GLOSSARY

EDITED BY

F. ARMYTAGE-MORLEY, M.A., D.C.L.

WITH FIVE ILLUSTRATONS

BY

T. H. ROBINSON

And Many Illustrations in the Introduction and Glossary from Contemporary Prints

NEW YORK

HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY

1904

THE TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

Introduction.

Life of Shakespeare—Birth and Parentage.—The play of *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar* was written by WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, who was born at Stratford-on-Avon, Warwickshire, on the 22nd or 23rd April 1564. The latter date has been accepted as the more likely, an old tradition stating that he died on the anniversary of his

The Village of Wilmecote or Wincot in 1852.

birth, and we know beyond question his death occurred on April 23rd, 1616. His father, John Shakespeare, belonged to a family which had given generations of substantial yeomen to the Midland districts of England. At the time of the poet's birth John was a prosperous "general merchant" in agricultural produce. Corn, malt, hides, wool, leather, hay are named among the wares in which he dealt. Aubrey, the first biographer of Shakespeare, styled the father of the latter "a butcher." Others have classed him as a "glover." Possibly, like colonial storekeepers of the present day, he may have united many branches of trade in himself, so as to consult the convenience of rural customers coming from a distance.

In 1557 John married a local heiress, Mary, younger daughter of Robert Arden, a prosperous farmer of Wilmcote, in the parish of Aston Cantlowe, near Stratford. To John she brought the estate of Asbies, a property of some fifty acres, in Wilmecote, with a house upon it.

Early Years.—William was the third child but the eldest son. The house of his birth is still extant but greatly modified. It is one of the two attached dwellings in Henley Street, Stratford,

Shakespeare's Birthplace, 1769.
(*From the Gentleman's Magazine.*)

now held by the Corporation of that town on behalf of the subscribers to the public fund. Amid domestic comfort, and a certain degree of affluence, Shakespeare's childhood was spent. His father's civic promotion had been unusually rapid. He had passed through all the various offices in quick succession, from that of "ale-taster" in 1557 to "bailiff" in 1568. In the latter year he entertained two companies of players—the "Queen's" and the "Earl or Worcester's" men—probably for the first time in the history of the burgh. In September 1571 he became Chief Alderman, the highest civic position attainable, and held it until September 1572.

John Shakespeare's Reverses.—About Michaelmas (October) of the latter year adversity of some unknown kind

seems to have fallen upon the busy merchant. His prosperity declined. He was unable to contribute to the customary civic levies for the relief of the poor, etc., his property had to be mortgaged to his brother-in-law, Edmund Lambert, and at last he was deprived of his seat in the Council on the ground of irregularity in attendance.

Shakespeare's Education.—During the first seven or eight years of his life William had probably known a fair measure of

Court yard of the Grammar School, Stratford.
(*From an engraving by Fairholt.*)

domestic comfort. He would be sent, as was usual, to the Free Grammar School at Stratford, an old "foundation" re-organised by Edward VI. His teachers there would in all likelihood be Walter Roche, who was succeeded by Thomas Hunt in 1577, while the "matter" of the instruction imparted would be almost wholly classical. After the boys had gone through the Accidence (*cf. Merry Wives of Windsor*, IV. i.) and *Lily's Latin Grammar*, along with the *Sententiae Pueriles*, they passed on to the study of Ovid, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Seneca, Cicero, Terence and Plautus, while Baptist Mantuanus, the popular Renaissance poet, was widely read as an introduction to Virgil. Greek was rarely taught in the provinces, and there are no traces of its having formed part of the school course in Stratford until later. That the system of education pursued in Shakespeare's case was thorough is evident from those scenes in *Love's Labour's*

Lost where Holofernes appears, and also in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* where Sir Hugh Evans is introduced examining his pupil in the early pages of the Accidence. French, likewise, formed one of the branches in which the poet attained considerable proficiency, as the dialogues in that language in *Henry V.* undeniably prove. Some writers have found difficulty in accounting for Shakespeare's marvellous fund of information by the amount of school training that had fallen to his lot. But he had received a sound middle-class education, and had profited by it, as Shakespeare alone could profit. During this period, any boy possessing that marvellous union of keen faculty with receptive capacity characteristic of him, must have amassed, through the medium of the senses alone, just such a vast store of information as he acquired. Sir Walter Scott's mind was constituted on somewhat similar lines, and in age he could repeat entire pages of ballads which he had heard only once recited in early youth.

Shakespeare begins Work.—Shakespeare's schooldays probably lasted from 1571-1577. At thirteen, owing to his father's increasing commercial difficulties, the boy was removed from school, and according to one tradition was apprenticed to his father's business, according to another, bound to a butcher. To this myth, Aubrey makes the addition, that when the future dramatist killed a calf he was wont to make a speech and do it in high style.

Shakespeare's Marriage.—The events of those five years 1577-1582 are wrapped in a mist of obscurity. There can be little doubt, however, they must have been years of steady mental growth and the acquisition of stores of knowledge. When next we hear of him he was assuming responsibilities that were to influence the whole of his after career. In November 1582 he married Anne, youngest daughter of Richard Hathaway of Shottery, near Stratford, who, like Robert Arden, the poet's grandfather, was a substantial yeoman-farmer. There is some ground at least for thinking that the union was not a happy one, for the wife was the senior by eight years of her husband. The reference in *Twelfth Night* (II. iv. 29) to a parallel case has often been regarded as suggested by his own state.

Shakespeare leaves Stratford for London.—In

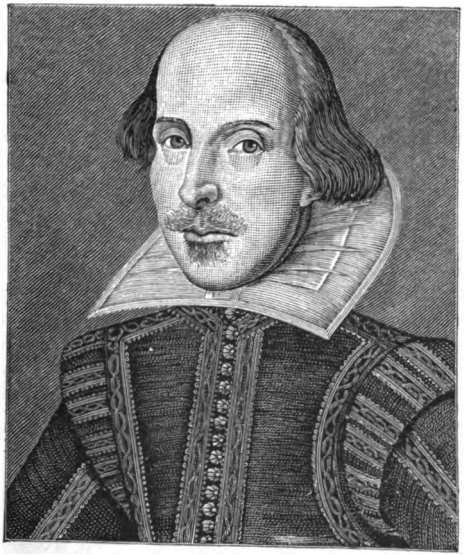
1583 their first child Susanna was born, followed in February 1585 by the twins Hamnet and Judith, and early next year the poet in all likelihood withdrew from Stratford. That he was compelled to leave his native town in consequence of his share in a poaching raid over the estates of Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, is proved a myth by the fact that the Charlecote deer forest was not in existence at the time. Certainly Sir Thomas Lucy was an extensive game-preserver, and, as Lee says, "owned at Charlecote a warren in which a few harts may have found a home, but there

Ann Hathaway's Cottage, 1827.

was no deer forest there." The tradition goes on to say that Lucy, having prosecuted and punished Shakespeare, the latter retaliated in a satire so bitter in tone that the local magnate's wrath was increased to such a degree against its author, that the latter judged it expedient to withdraw from the district for a time. Whether due to this cause, or to the increasing expenses of a young family, towards the support of which he could contribute but little, or to his conviction that continued association with his wife was impossible under existing conditions, certain it is that by 1586 they were living apart, and the poet was either in London or directing his steps thither.

His First Position in London.—Tradition reports many tales, obviously fictions, as to his employment during the six years between 1586 and 1592. By one narrator he is said to have been a schoolmaster, by another a soldier in the Low Countries, by a third a vintner's drawer, by a fourth a holder of horses in front of the theatres, and so forth. The most probable of all such tales is that which states that he had been recommended to the players by some of those Stratford friends they had made during their visits there, and that he was employed as prompter's assistant or "call-boy" at Burbage's playhouse, "The Theatre."

The Lot of the Elizabethan Player.—If Shakespeare arrived in London in 1586, he would find two theatres in existence, viz., "THE THEATRE," erected in 1576 in Shoreditch by James Burbage, father of the great tragic actor, and "THE CURTAIN," built about the same time as the other in Moorfields. Both were without the City boundaries, as the Corporation of London would not permit playhouses within the municipality. To the former of these Shakespeare became attached, and in the company he then joined—the Earl of Leicester's—he remained until he quitted the stage. Actors in those days were all obliged to shelter themselves under the name of some leading personage. By an Act of Parliament passed in 1571 (14 Eliz., Cap. 2), they were enjoined, if they would escape being treated as rogues and vagabonds, to procure a license to pursue their calling from the monarch, from a peer of the realm, or from some high official of the Court. Both Elizabeth and the leading nobles of the time, however, were so liberal in granting permits that no player of any standing had difficulty in procuring the license which gave him a social *status*. There were at least six companies of adult actors playing at this time, and owning the licenses respectively of the Earls of Leicester, Oxford, Sussex and Worcester, the Lord Admiral (Charles Lord Howard), while one of them held the permit of the Queen, and was called the "Queen's Servants" or company of players. In addition, there were three companies of licensed boy-actors, formed from the choristers of St Paul's and the Chapel Royal, also from Westminster School. Between the adult and the boy-players intense rivalry existed, and the dramatists took sides in the dispute. For instance, the most of Lyly's plays are stated on the title-pages



WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The Droeshout Portrait

to have been produced by "Her Majesty's Children and the Children of Paul's."

The Company to which Shakespeare belonged.—Shakespeare's company was, as we have seen, licensed by the Earl of Leicester. On the death of the latter, Lord Strange (afterwards Earl of Derby) issued their licenses, and when he died in 1594 the first and second Lords Hunsdon—both of whom successively held the office of Lord Chamberlain—took the company under their protection. After the accession of James I. to the throne of England, he became their patron, and they were henceforth called "The King's Players."

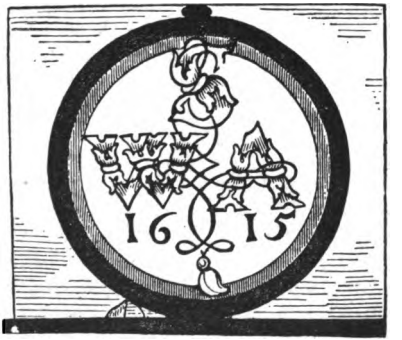
Shakespeare's Work in connection with the Theatre.—Subordinate though the position might be in which Shakespeare commenced his dramatic career, his surpassing genius would not be long in asserting itself and raising him rapidly up the successive rungs in the social as well as the dramatic ladder. As an actor, his success was said to have been only mediocre, but that estimate was a comparative one, based on the high standard of Burbage and Alleyn, and influenced moreover by the splendour of Shakespeare's own success in dramatic composition. Contemporary report passed this criticism upon his playing, that he performed parts of a regal and dignified character with a majestic impressiveness that was most effective.

From Editor to Dramatist.—But it was as an adapter and reviser of other men's plays to meet contemporary tastes and circumstances that Shakespeare proved of such signal service to his company, and almost imperceptibly he passed from redactor or editor into dramatist. His life henceforward, as far as its facts have reached us to-day, was really summed up in the production of the successive dramas in the great Shakespearian cycle. There is little else to chronicle from 1592, when the first undeniable contemporary references to him occur, to the time of his death in 1616. Of his career independent of his plays, suffice to say that he appeared along with his company before the Queen at Greenwich in 1594, his name being mentioned second on the list. In 1596, on the death of his son Hamnet, he probably visited Stratford, and afforded material assistance to his old father, for henceforth John

Shakespeare's monetary troubles come to an end, and he even applied to the College of Heralds for a "Coat of Arms." The application was not successful until 1599, but there can be little doubt that both the proposal and the suggestion as to device and motto proceeded from the poet.

Shakespeare purchases "New Place" and adjoining Lands—In the following year renewed evidences of prosperity were furnished. Shakespeare purchased New Place, the largest house in Stratford, which, after having repaired and otherwise improved it, he let for a term of years. A few years later he purchased from his neighbours, the Combes, on two several occasions, property to the extent of 127 acres of pasture and arable land adjoining the house.

Becomes a Shareholder in the "Globe."—In 1599 Richard and Cuthbert Burbage, having built the "Globe Theatre" on the Bankside, in part at least from the materials of the old "Theatre," leased out for a term of twenty-one years, shares in the revenue accruing from the new house, "to those deserving men, Shakespeare, Hemings, Condell, Phillips and others." The shares were sixteen in number, and of these Shakespeare probably held two. They of course entailed responsibility for providing a share of the current working expenses of the theatre.



A piece of glass, W.A.S. (William and Anne Shakespeare?) supposed to have come from New Place.

Shakespeare at the Zenith of his Powers and Fame.—John Shakespeare died in 1601, and William, as the eldest son, inherited the two houses in Henley Street, the only portion of the property of the elder Shakespeare or his wife, as Mr Sydney Lee points out, which had not been alienated to creditors.

To his mother the poet granted the life-rent of one of them, but she did not long survive her husband, and in 1608 she too passed away. In March 1603 Queen Elizabeth closed her long and glorious reign. Exactly a year later, *i.e.* in March 1604, James I. made his State entry into London, and on that occasion nine actors belonging to the King's Players walked in the procession, each clad in a scarlet robe. First on the list, stands the name of William Shakespeare. In 1605 William D'Avenant was christened, the son of John D'Avenant of the *Crown Inn*, and Shakespeare stood as godfather. This babe was afterwards to become celebrated in literature as a Restoration dramatist, under the name of Sir William D'Avenant.

Marriage of Susanna Shakespeare.—That Shakespeare was not only a capable but even a keen man of business has frequently been asserted. Of this no better proof is needed than the investments he chose for his money. Land or house property was invariably his preference. In one case, however, he deviated from his rule, when in 1605 he purchased the unexpired term of thirty-one years of a ninety-two years' lease of a portion of the tithes of Stratford and district. Susanna Shakespeare, the poet's eldest daughter, was married in June 1607 to Dr John Hall of Stratford, who was yet to achieve fame as a physician and as author of a medical work of note in its day—*Select Observations*. The poet was tenderly attached to her and to her husband. This is proved by the terms of his will. To them he left the bulk of his property and appointed them the executors of his estate, besides entrusting to them the care of his wife.

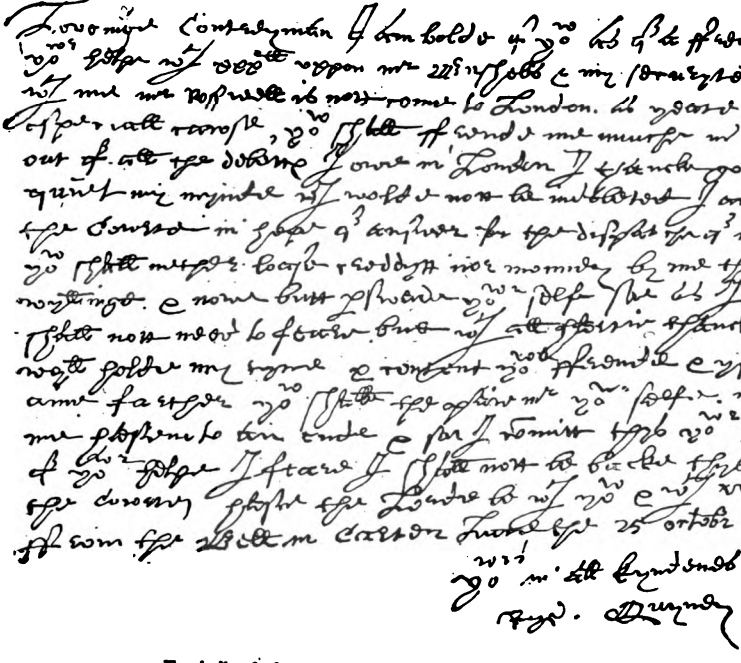
Shakespeare retires to Stratford.—In 1611 Shakespeare appears to have left London and retired to Stratford. His life had been a strenuously busy one, and he may have felt the approach of premature old age. Besides, his dramatic work was complete. With that calm, common-sense insight into the inmost soul of things native to him, he may have realised that his plays constituted "a full-orbed whole," that his creative period was ended, and that any additions to his works might only weaken not strengthen his hold on the public. From 1611 to 1616 he lived the life of a Warwickshire country gentleman, attending to his property and paying

periodical visits to London. In 1613 his third brother, Richard, died, followed eighteen months later by the poet's intimate friend, John Combe. Whether or not Shakespeare regarded these as warnings to set his house in order, whether or not he felt old age approaching, is unknown, but he seems to have had the idea that his life was not likely to reach the allotted span. Early in January 1616 he gave orders to prepare his will, just a week or two before his younger daughter Judith's marriage to Thomas Quiney, vintner, son of that Richard Quiney whose letter to the poet with respect to the loan of a sum of money is still extant. Almost before the will could be engrossed and the legal formalities completed, he was stricken down, and on the 23rd April 1616 the light of life for him went out, who more than any other son of man that ever lived has a prescriptive right to the title, "the intellectual monarch of the human race."

Signature of Shakespeare from the deed mortgaging his house in Blackfriars, on March 11, 1612-3, now in the British Museum.

The Growth of Shakespeare's Genius.—The development of the genius of William Shakespeare should be traced altogether independent of the facts of his career. We have therefore preferred to tell the story of his life first, thereafter to trace the growth of his many-sided mind in his dramas. Shakespeare is unquestionably the most extraordinary intellectual being the world has known. His genius consisted in the absolute equality or equipoise which existed between his imaginative and his intellectual natures. Had either been present in larger measure than the other, he might have become a profound philosopher or a great poet, but he never would have risen to the supreme heights of a *Hamlet*, an *Othello*, a *Macbeth* and a *Lear*.

Shakespeare's genius, therefore, developed with steady and equable persistence along the parallel lines of *supreme imaginative*



Facsimile of a letter from Richard Quiney t› Shakespeare, soliciting a loan, 1598.

faculty and *supreme intellectual capacity*. To the former we owe his marvellous works; to the latter his equally marvellous fund of knowledge.

Shakespeare's Productive Period may be said to have lasted about twenty years—in other words, from *circa* 1591–*circa* 1611, and falls naturally into four great epochs or divisions. These are:—

CHRONOLOGY OF THE PLAYS.

I.—The Epoch of his Early Work, 1591-1593.

When his touch was still to some extent uncertain, and his art was still susceptible to influence from such powerful writers as Marlowe and Lyly.

Love's Labour's Lost, 1591.
Two Gentlemen of Verona, 1591.
Comedy of Errors, 1592.
Romeo and Juliet, 1592.
Henry VI., 1592.
Richard III., 1593.
Richard II., 1593.
Titus Andronicus, 1593.

Intermediate Epoch of the Poems.

Venus and Adonis, 1593.
Lucrece, 1594.

II.—The Epoch of his Maturing Art—the Period of the great "Comedies" and the "Histories," 1594-1601.

The Merchant of Venice, 1594.
King John, 1594.
Midsummer Night's Dream, 1594-1595.
All's Well that Ends Well, 1595.
The Taming of the Shrew, 1595.
Henry IV., 1597.
Merry Wives of Windsor, 1598.
Henry V., 1598.
Much Ado about Nothing, 1599.
As You Like It, 1599.
Twelfth Night, 1600.
Julius Cæsar, 1601.

III.—The Epoch of his Mature Art—the Period of the great Problem Plays, 1602-1609.

Hamlet, 1602.	King Lear, 1607.
Troilus and Cressida, 1603.	Timon of Athens, 1608.
Othello, 1604.	Pericles, 1608.
Measure for Measure, 1604.	Antony and Cleopatra, 1608.
Macbeth, 1606.	Coriolanus, 1609.

Intermediate Epoch of the Sonnets, 1608-1609.

IV.—The Epoch of Reposeful Contemplation, 1610-1611.

Cymbeline, 1610. The Tempest, 1611.
The Winter's Tale, 1611.

Plays completed by Others after his Retirement.

Cardenio, 1611. Henry VIII., 1612.
Two Noble Kinsmen, 1612.

Such is a sketch of the development of Shakespeare's genius as furnished to us by the internal evidence of the works themselves. Let us now proceed to the examination of that play to which our study is more especially to be devoted in this volume.

Shakespeare's Birth-place, 1899.

The Play.

Date of Composition.—The text of *Julius Cæsar* has come down to us in a singularly perfect state. From this fact some critics argue that the play may have been printed from the author's original MS. Be this as it may, no direct or positive external evidence exists to assist us in arriving at any definite conclusion as to the date when it was written. We must therefore fall back on negative and indirect evidence. There is no reference in any contemporary records to its having been produced on the stage, and it is not mentioned by Meres in *Palladis Tamia* as amongst the works of Shakespeare. The presumption is, therefore, that it must have been written subsequent to September 7, 1598, when that sketch of English literature, painting and music, bearing the name "F. Meres" was entered at Stationers' Hall. On the other hand, Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs*, or the *Life and Death of Sir John Oldcastle*, published in 1601, contains certain lines wherein the references to Antony's funeral oration are too specific to be applicable to any other play :—

> "The many headed multitude were drawn
> By Brutus' speech that Cæsar was ambitious :
> When eloquent Mark Antonie had shown
> His vertues, who but Brutus then was vicious ?"

Now the "orations" of Brutus and Antony, though mentioned, do not appear in Plutarch ; they are among the few instances in which Shakespeare departs from his authorities. The inference accordingly is unavoidable that *Julius Cæsar* was already a popular piece when Weever's *Mirror of Martyrs* was written. Upon this evidence alone we might date the play as having been written late in 1599 or early in 1600. Herford, following Halliwell, is inclined to place it as late as 1601, arguing that Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* was the response of the latter to the audacious attempt of the man of "little Latin and less Greek" to poach on what the "rare Ben" may have considered his special classical preserves. We shall not be much in error, therefore,

if, in view of all this evidence, we regard the drama as having been written between the close of the year 1599 and the early months of 1601—a period of only some fifteen months.

Sources whence the Materials for the Plot were drawn.—The story of the "Death of Cæsar" had been a popular one among the predecessors and older contemporaries of Shakespeare. A piece named the *Fall of Cæsar*, and dealing with the facts of the life both of Cæsar and Pompey, was performed at Whitehall in 1562. Another, entitled *Cæsar Interfectus*, the work of a Dr. P. Eedes, was represented at Oxford in 1582. In his *School of Abuse*, moreover, Gosson indirectly refers to a *Cæsar and Pompey* having been popular in his day (1579), while there is still more definite mention made of plays on Julius Cæsar in *Henslowe's Diary*, 1594, *Mirror of Policie*, 1598, and Heywood's *Apology for Actors* (1612), while Polonius undoubtedly refers to the great popularity of the subject when he says: "I did enact Julius Cæsar—: I was killed i' the Capitol; Brutus killed me" (*Hamlet*, III. ii. 94). As late as 1604, probably before the intelligence of Shakespeare's mighty achievement had crossed the Border, Sir William Alexander, afterwards Earl of Stirling, produced his tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* at Edinburgh. There are curious points of resemblance between some of the speeches of Brutus and of Cæsar in the dramas of Shakespeare and Alexander, but these similarities may possibly result from both writers having gone to the same source for their materials. This "source" was the monumental work of Plutarch, viz., his *Parallel Lives of Illustrious Greeks and Romans*, and more particularly those of Cæsar, Brutus, and Antony, as translated by Bishop Amyot from Greek into French, and retranslated from French into English by Sir Thomas North. A new edition had appeared in 1595, and was probably the one used by Shakespeare, as there are certain expressions employed by our dramatist which are absent from the first edition of 1579.

Although in some details Shakespeare followed Plutarch with a closeness that was almost slavish, as for example in the speech of Portia to Brutus, in the dialogue between Cæsar and Decius Brutus, and in the speech of Lucilius to Antony concerning Brutus, yet he embellished and idealised all he borrowed.

Almost all the incidents found in Plutarch are retained in the drama, while of those scenes which are distinctively Shakespeare's, the principal are, the great speeches of Brutus and Antony to the populace, the monologue of Brutus in the Second Act, and the superb quarrel scene in Act IV., where the dramatist condenses into the limits of one interview the sayings and doings of two entire days. Another point of difference between the "Lives" and the drama, is that the assassination takes place in the Capitol and not in the Curia. It was of course in the Senate House and not in the Capitol that Pompey's statue stood, erected in his honour for having beautified that part of the city with a theatre and sundry fine porticoes.

If Shakespeare was largely indebted to Plutarch for his facts and the suggestion of ideas, the matchless style and forceful expression are all the poet's own.

The Scene of Action.—The scene where the action of the play is represented as transpiring, is first at Rome (Acts I., II., III. and IV. Sc. i.); then at Sardis (Act IV. Sc. ii. and iii.); finally at Philippi (Act V.). Rome, at the time of the fall of the Republic, was a seething cauldron of political unrest. The ancient social cleavage between patrician and plebeian had slowly but surely disappeared. Julius Cæsar, on the plains of Pharsalia, shattered the last remnant of belief in the doctrine, dear to the Roman aristocrats from the days of Coriolanus, that a palladium was cast by some protecting divinity over the patrician order, safeguarding it from all possible attack by the plebs. In Pompey the last martyr to the cause of Republican oligarchism had perished on the sands of Egypt, and a new order of things was coming into existence. Julius Cæsar, despite all his unparalleled versatility and supreme genius, was in many respects only a political Opportunist of a very high order. He could be all things to all men, if so be he advanced his own interests. To the upholders of the ancient *régime*, to men who were true Republicans, not Opportunists masquerading as such, Cæsar's policy of humouring all the social elements to gain his own ends must have been invincibly repugnant. The old doctrine, "*Each one for the Whole*," by faithful adherence to which Rome had overcome all her rivals, and according to which the lives and

interests of individual men were esteemed of secondary moment in comparison with the welfare of the Whole, was being deliberately superseded by Cæsar in favour of that other maxim, which is the essence of Cæsarism, "*The Whole for One.*" There is little ground for surprise, then, that "the divine Julius" should have met his death. The wonder is he escaped so long. To men of the type of Brutus, drastic remedies were deemed requisite to meet desperate needs, and had the lives of half the Senate been demanded as the price of the preservation of their much-loved Republic, these men would not have shrunk from paying it or perishing in the attempt. Shakespeare, therefore, with fine artistic instinct, strikes the first note of warning in the opening scene of the play, where Flavius and Marullus rebuke the rabble for their fickleness in forgetting Pompey for Cæsar; and every scene thereafter lays stronger stress on the Republican detestation of Cæsar's too apparent absolutism. Rome, then, is the real scene of the play all through. Even when the action is proceeding at Sardis and Philippi, we feel that it is the impalpable and impersonal, but none the less omnipotent spirit of "Cæsarism," present in Rome, that is pulling the political strings and riveting the fetters on freedom.

Duration of the Action.—The historic period embraced by the action of the drama covers a space of about three years, viz., from October B.C. 45 (Cæsar's triumph) to October (?) B.C. 42, when the battle of Philippi was fought. The stage action represents the occurrences of six days, with considerable intervals between them. The following table will be of service in tracing the time occupied by the development of the plot:—

Day I.—Act I. Sc. i. and ii., with an interval of one month following.
Day II.—Act I. Sc. iii.
Day III.—Acts II. and III., followed by an indefinite interval.
Day IV.—Act IV. Sc. i., with indefinite interval following.
Day V.—Act IV. Sc. ii. and iii., interval probably of a day.
Day VI.—Act V.

The action is exceedingly swift in its evolution. The rapidity wherewith, after the murder of Cæsar, the day of reckoning is seen approaching, conveys the impression of some relentless Até,

having constituted itself the avenger of Cæsar, hurrying on the day of doom by making the victims themselves its auxiliaries in accelerating their own destruction.

Analysis of the Play.—While the drama as a whole must be admitted to be one of Shakespeare's greatest, outside the circle of the unapproachable quartette, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *King Lear* and *Othello*, on the other hand, we must not lose sight of the fact that it manifests grave faults in construction, and in point of rounded completeness of dramatic interest cannot be held to compare with *Antony and Cleopatra*, or even with *Coriolanus*. The catastrophe is already seen to be pending when we learn that "Brutus and Cassius are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome" (Act III. Sc. ii. 273). Yet if the plot, as a whole, cannot be unreservedly commended, the skill wherewith the dramatist has compressed several distinct threads of incident into one main strand (as for example in the quarrel scene) is worthy of the highest praise. Let the student peruse the scene in question, and then let him betake himself to Plutarch and read over the references to the interview and the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius, to the interruption by Phaonius, the poet of the play, to the second interview of the two Generals on the following day, when Cassius reproaches Brutus for having condemned Lucius Pella, and finally to the reception of the news of the death of Portia, and he will obtain a better idea than can be given by any text-book, of the unerring artistic skill with which Shakespeare condensed all these incidents into the limits of one marvellous scene. In a word, the dramatist's art in dealing with great masses of details, and sifting the essential from the accessorial, was never more triumphantly manifested than in this play.

Internally, the drama is instinct with throbbing human interest from start to finish. Though we may be conscious of grave faults in construction, and of anachronistic blemishes in the play, such as Cæsar asking "What is't o'clock?" or Casca meeting lions "against the Capitol," or Lucius describing the conspirators to Brutus as having "their hats plucked about their ears, and half their faces buried in their cloaks," and so forth, such blemishes indeed as the scholarly Jonson would never have permitted to find a place in *Cataline* or *Sejanus*, yet

while we may yawn over, and mayhap on occasion skip the pages in either of the latter plays, where is he who dares to miss a line in *Julius Cæsar?* Jonson wrote with his pen dipped in the ink of intellectualism and advanced scholarship, Shakespeare in that of human sympathy and human interests. The one wrote for the scholar in his study, the other for his fellow-men of all times, tastes and tongues.

Analysis of the Characters.—When we come to analyse the characters of this great play, we are immediately confronted with one of the most perplexing enigmas in Shakespearean criticism, an enigma not less difficult of solution than his delineation of Achilles and the other Grecian heroes in *Troilus and Cressida*. It occurs in the presentation of the title-character of the play. **Julius Cæsar** is the nominal hero of it, but he is depicted in such a way as to render him not only far from being the most prominent personage, but even in some measure, as the object of contempt. Yet Shakespeare, both in the play itself and elsewhere in his dramas, has shown that he was fully cognisant of the splendid qualities alike of nature and of intellect, with which the great Dictator was endowed. Cassius even has to admit his nobility when he grudgingly says :—

> ". . . 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."

Brutus is more definite in his remarks :—

> ". . . to speak truth of Cæsar,
> I have not known when his affections swayed
> More than his reason."

In 3 *Henry VI.*, V. v. 53, the emphatic statement is made "he *was* a man"; in *Richard III.*, III. i. 69, he is styled

> ". . . a famous man ;
> With what his valour did enrich his wit,
> His wit set down to make his valour live,"

while in *Measure for Measure*, III. ii. 45 ; *Cymbeline*, II. iv. 20, III. i. 49 ; *Henry V.*, V. chorus ; *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. vi.

14, and other places, there is full manifestation made of Shakespeare's realisation of Cæsar's political, intellectual, social and even moral greatness. Yet what are the facts? In the play before us "the mightiest Julius," "the Colossus that did bestride the world" (Act I. Sc. ii. 135), is represented as a vain, thrasonical boaster, one who covets absolute power, but dreads to take the proffered crown lest the acceptance of it should be *caviare* to the general (Act I. Sc. ii. 220-278). His speech has the imperious ring of the would-be autocrat (Act III. Sc. i. 39), who is a monarch in all but name, but shrinks from putting the effervescent enthusiasm of the fickle rabble to the test by assuming the insignia of royalty. Accordingly Gervinus thinks that Shakespeare's aim was to portray Cæsar as spoiled by victory, and over-intoxicated with success and excess of power. He had united in himself honours and authority never before held by one man. He had been five times Consul and four times Dictator, and at the moment when he fell was about to be made Dictator for life. He had also been advanced to the tribunitian power, which among other advantages rendered his person inviolable, so that anyone attacking him committed high treason. Instead of the Censorship, he had been endowed with a new office (with extended authority) called *Præfectus Morum*. His opinion was as *Princeps Senatus* always asked first in that august assembly, while his effigy was struck on the coins. He was declared exempt from the laws, and had semi-divine honours paid him. In these circumstances, then, is there cause for wonder that he should manifest signs that the ancient Republican simplicity so dear to Brutus and others was no longer cultivated by him. It is this weaker side of a great man which Shakespeare seizes upon and emphasises. He reveals, with strokes of rare subtlety and keen incisiveness, the prolonged "process" which had made Cæsar the absolutist he is, viz., the almost servile worship of Antony (Act I. Sc. ii. 10), the perpetual flattery of the Senate (Act III. Sc. i. 33), and great men of Rome, the applause of the populace (Act I. Sc. ii. 244), etc. He then holds up the product of all these influences in the "Cæsar," who is the victim of his own superstitious fears (Act II. Sc. ii. 5), swayed alternately by Calpurnia's entreaties (Act II. Sc. ii. 53) not to go to the Senate that day, but to send a message stating he was

sick, and by his own desire to receive fresh honours; and who finally bursts out with the sarcastic rejoinder to her and Decius Brutus :—

> ". . . shall Cæsar send a lie?
> Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far,
> To be afeared to tell grey beards the truth?
> Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come."

When Decius asks that "some cause" may be given lest the Senate should laugh at him for bringing such an excuse, Cæsar replies in the true spirit of the Eastern despot :—

> "The cause is in my will; I *will* not come;
> That is enough to satisfy the Senate."
>
> (Act II. Sc. ii. 70.)

Yet when Decius indicates how Calpurnia's dreams may be interpreted in a more favourable light (Act II. Sc. ii. 83), and hints that Cæsar may regret not going, as the Senate had concluded to offer him the crown once more; nay when the subtle tempter further suggests that his enemies might hint Cæsar was afraid and might bandy such jests as, "Break up the Senate till Cæsar's wife has better dreams" (Act II. Sc. ii. 93-101), the man who boasts that he is "as constant as the northern star, of whose true fixed and resting quality there is no fellow in the firmament" (Act III. Sc. ii. 60-65), changes his mind again, and goes to the Senate House and to his death.

What was Shakespeare's object in representing Cæsar in such a light? Many explanations have been offered; such as the dramatist's deficient classical knowledge, his desire to discourage revolutionary ideas and the like. But the most probable explanation, the one, in fact, which most completely meets all the circumstances of the case, is that Shakespeare aimed at teaching the doctrine, that "Cæsarism" or autocracy tempered by intelligence —an absolutism or personal despotism, in a word, such as Cæsar manifested in *his* rule and the Tudor sovereigns displayed in theirs—was more beneficial to the great mass of the people, than a Republicanism which, by its very nature, was impersonal, caring more for the enunciation of principles than the bettering of persons. The lesson had to be taught that "Cæsarism" was independent of individuals, that "the man Julius" might have

many faults and might be destroyed by the daggers of the conspirators, but that "the spirit of Cæsar" or "Cæsarism" was imperishable, and was sufficiently potent to overwhelm in utter ruin, the very men, who dreamed they destroyed the principle when they slew the person in whom it chanced to be temporarily incarnated. As has been aptly remarked by the author of *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, "The infirmities of the Dictator in the flesh are merely the foil to his irresistible might when set free from physical trammels. What picture of Cæsar, as conqueror or statesman, could have left so ineffaceable an impression of his unique place in the world's history as this awe-inspiring spectacle of his spirit, a silent impalpable force, scattering destruction among his foes?"

Brutus and Cassius.—These two characters are conceived and executed in Shakespeare's happiest vein. The one is the foil to the other, and to be accurately understood they must be considered together. Brutus is one of the noblest as it is one of the most natural of our great dramatist's portraits of historic personages. The *vraisemblance* is absolute. From a few scattered hints in Plutarch, the genius of Shakespeare has evolved a personality at once simple in its love of candour, truth, honourable dealings and straightforwardness in all things, yet highly complex in the manifoldness of the emotions which affect it, in the variety of the motives stimulating it towards action along given lines, and in the philosophic principles which it has adopted as its rule of life. A Stoic philosopher and a man of the most blameless political and social character, Brutus lives for learning and personal culture. His existence flows on tranquilly and peacefully, its even tenour broken only by such rare events as the election of his friends to fill the offices of State. At such a time these friends realise the worth and value of his support, inasmuch as large numbers of people are proud to follow the direction and lead of one who

> ". . . 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."
>
> (Act I. Sc. iii. 157-160.)

But herein lies the danger of such a leader. Brutus is a student not a statesman, a philosopher not a politician. He is therefore incapable of accurately gauging either what is the best medicine for the social *malaise*, or of discerning the true proportions of the revolution then accomplished by Cæsar. He resembles Hamlet in this characteristic, that he is a scholar suddenly hurried from his books and placed in the forefront of a great enterprise demanding the most consummate qualities of leadership, and far-seeing practical sagacity to know when and where to strike. The Republican cause was already doomed when he joined it, but Brutus accelerated the downfall.

Cassius, on the other hand, was a born leader, a man of action as opposed to a man of thought, and had his advice been followed the conspiracy might have terminated differently. For plotters to be troubled with scruples and qualms of conscience is tantamount to putting a knife to the throat of their own enterprise. Cassius at first advised the slaughter of Antony along with Cæsar (Act II. Sc. i. 156), next that he should not be allowed to pronounce the funeral oration of the dead Dictator (Act III. Sc. i. 232). In both matters he was over-ruled by Brutus; but both the courses of action advocated by the humane Brutus were in the light of after-knowledge seen to be deadly errors. Shakespeare's portrait of Cassius, though not so complex in conception nor so psychologically minute in finish as the other, is clear-cut and definite. He was revealed as the advocate of a theory of Republican liberty, which, though agreeing with that of Brutus in essentials, was better adapted to meet the needs peculiar to the time, inasmuch as it was based upon a practical study of these needs, not on a fanciful conjecture of their cause, founded on assumption in place of observation. Cassius resembled Cæsar in being a wary Opportunist, and the fact was only in keeping with the eternal fitness of things that Cæsar should dislike Cassius (Act I. Sc. ii. 194) as much as Cassius disliked Cæsar. They were men essentially diverse in genius, temperament, inclinations and tastes.

The only other male personage worthy of detailed mention is that of **Antony.** There is absolutely no likeness between the somewhat faint and hazy outlines which appear in Plutarch, and the brilliant character, instinct with life, colour and genius, that

occupies so prominent a place on the stage of Shakespeare's immortal work. The conception which the dramatist formed of "Cæsar's other self" was to some extent evolved out of his own consciousness, yet scattered hints from Plutarch and elsewhere guided him in forming a judgment as to the subtler qualities of Antony's nature, without which the picture might not have been so ideally perfect as now it is. The description Antony gives of himself (Act III. Sc. ii. 221)—

> "I am no orator, as Brutus is:
> But as you know me all, a plain blunt man
> That love my friend"—

is in curious contrast with what Plutarch says, "Men of sense and virtue (as Cicero observes) could not but condemn his nocturnal revels, his enormous extravagance, his scandalous lewdness, his sleeping in the day, his walks to work off the effects of debauchery, and his entertainments on the marriages of players and buffoons." Yet the hints in Plutarch's three "Lives" as to his great military capacity—for Julius Cæsar gave him the command of the left wing at Pharsalia, while he himself commanded the right—as to his extraordinary affability towards and influence over the soldiers, as to his moderation and clemency at junctures when extravagance and cruelty would scarcely have been reprehended, were all noted and worked up as subordinate details in the composition of a character which stands out as the most complex and interesting of the play. This is not the place to note the differences and similarities between the "Antony" of this drama and the hero of the *Antony and Cleopatra*. Suffice to say they are in some points absolutely distinct men. Let us conclude this sketch of Antony, by quoting Professor Herford's apt contrast between Plutarch's and Shakespeare's portraits: "Plutarch's Antony is a scheming soldier who carries his way by practical sagacity and ruthless cruelty; Shakespeare's is, in addition to all this, a consummate artist, and an artist by temperament as well as by his technical mastery of effect." The speech of Antony over the body of Cæsar (Act III. Sc. ii. 78-267) is one of the most marvellous examples of "accusing by excusing" and of condemning while seemingly lauding, which occurs in the literature of the world.

The other characters of the play are mere lay figures, with the exception of **Portia** and **Calphurnia**, or more correctly **Calpurnia**. They also are designed as foils to one another, the high-souled devotion and rigorous self-restraint, the far-seeing sagacity and cool resourcefulness of the former, who gloried in being Cato's daughter and Brutus's wife (Act II. Sc. i. 295) and daily sought to render herself more worthy of the honour (Act II. Sc. iv. 6), contrasting vividly with the querulous over-fondness and hysterical agitation, the foolish superstition and inconvenient insistence of the latter;—

> "What mean you, Cæsar? think you to walk forth?
> You *shall* not stir out of your house to-day."
> (Act II. Sc. ii. 8.)

Such a speech could only be uttered by a woman who was naturally overbearing and dictatorial, and had to be kept in her place. Calpurnia is a woman whose presence would have been no strength to her husband, for her emotions dominated both her judgment and her will (*cf.* Act II. Sc. ii. 8-110); Portia, on the other hand, had such complete control over all her faculties, and so utilised them to assist her husband, that pain itself and the maladies of the body were forgotten in the high resolve of proving a worthy auxiliary to him.

> ". . . 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."
> (Act II. Sc. ii. 43.)

Metrical Analysis.—For the student who would obtain a thorough insight into any play of Shakespeare, an intimate acquaintance with what may be termed the Rules of Shakespearian Prosody is absolutely indispensable. By the knowledge of these we are not only enabled to read the text with intelligence and appreciation, but are assisted thereby in determining the approximate date when each play was written.

Some students make the mistake of imagining that having learned to scan and to write Latin and Greek verse with some degree of ease, they are thereby qualified to proceed with the study of Shakespearian Metres. This is a dangerous fallacy,

and has led to many deplorable mistakes. English and classical verse are essentialiy different both as regards *principle* and *practice*. The principle of measuring the lines is different, and this is only the initial step, after which the two methods diverge ever more widely. The classical system was to divide the lines into a certain number of feet called "quantities" and represented by the symbols "– long" and "⏑ short," as for example :—

"quādrŭpĕ/dāntĕ pŭ/trēm sŏnĭ/ q ătŭ/ūngĭ lă/cāmpum."
(*Virgil, Æneid*, Bk. VIII. l. 596.)

English metre is entirely different, and is regulated wholly by *stress* or *accent*—stress being the emphasis placed by the voice on certain syllables of words when we are pronouncing them. The difference between "stress" or "no stress," otherwise between *accented* or *non-accented* syllables is marked by ′ = *stress* or *accent* (*i.e.*, the *acute* accent passing from right to left) and ` = *no-stress* or *unaccented* (*i.e.*, the *grave* accent passing from left to right). The prosodic symbols are *a* = *stressed* or *accented*, and *x* = *unstressed* or *unaccented*. Bearing these initial maxims in mind we go on to speak about Shakespearian Metre.

Normal Shakespearian Metre.—The Normal Shakespearian Metre is known as *Blank Verse*, and is the familiar *heroic measure* of five feet of two syllables each, the second syllable in each taking the *accent*, or emphasis of the voice, called the *stress*. Familiar instances of this measure are to be found in *Paradise Lost* and *Goldsmith's Traveller*. Take the following specimens :—

"Wè bóth/hàve féd/às wéll/ànd wé/càn bóth/."
x = unstr.; *a* = stress. *x a x a x a x a x a*
(Act I. Sc. ii. 98.)

"Wìth lóss/òf E′/dèn tíll/onè gréat/èr mán/."
x a x a x a x a x a
(*Paradise Lost*, Bk. I. l. 4.)

From the above examples the fact will be noted that in *Heroic* or *Blank Verse*, when it is absolutely faultless, there should be *ten* syllables, each pair of syllables constituting *one* foot and making in all *five* feet. In each foot the first syllable is *unstressed* or *unaccented* and is therefore either unmarked or marked with

the accent ` or the symbol *x*, while the second syllable, on which the emphasis of the voice falls, *is stressed* or *accented*, and bears the accent ' or the symbol *a*. Blank Verse is often called *Iambic Pentameter*, and the symbol for this kind of verse, Blank or Heroic Verse, otherwise Iambic Pentameter, is 5*xa*.

Exceptions.—The Normal Shakespearian Metre, however, is not always maintained. There are numerous exceptions. These may be summarised as follows :—

(1.) *The Weak Stress*, when the emphasis laid on any syllable in a line is not equal to that laid on the others—for example :—

"Endúre/thè wín/tèr's cóld/às wéll/às hé/."
(Act I. Sc. ii. 99.)

The ear at once tells us that in this line the second foot has a weak stress, the syllable "win," being less emphatic than the others. The student should remember that the first *foot* in verse is generally stressed, also that two stressed syllables rarely, if ever, come together, and that there is generally an emphatic stress on the third and fifth feet. The weak stress occurs most frequently in the *second* and *fourth* feet, and in connection with prepositions, or when liquid consonants and vowels come together.

(2.) *The Inversion of Stress.*—This occurs when the accent or stress in any foot, in place of falling as usual on the second syllable, falls on the first.

"Wé shàll/bè cáll'd/púrgèrs/nòt múr/dèrérs/."
a x x a a x x a x a

Inversion usually takes place after a pause. As the pause is customarily found at the end of a line, it is generally on the first foot of the following line that this *emphasis*, which Abbot calls the "*pause-accent*," occurs. In the middle of a line pause-accents often follow emphasised monosyllables, *i.e.*,—

"A'ccóu/tréd ás/'I wás/I' plún/gèd ín/."
(Act I. Sc.ii. 105.)

(3.) *Double Endings.*—The next exception to the normal Shakespearian Metre of a ten-syllabled line of five stressed or accented feet, is the *double ending*. This is the introduction into the measure of an additional unstressed syllable.

It usually occurs at the end of the line, such an example as the following being one in point :—

"A's wéll/às I'/dò knów/yoùr oút/wàrd fá/*vour.*"
(Act I. Sc. ii. 91.)

or this :—

"A'nd mén/arè flésh/ànd blood/ànd áp/prèhén/*sive.*"
(Act III. Sc. i. 67.)

The extra syllable is seldom a monosyllable, and still more rarely an emphatic monosyllable. The reason is that as in English we have no enclitics (viz., words or particles which by always following another word become so united to it as to seem a part of it), the least emphatic of our monosyllables in themselves are generally found to be prepositions and conjunctions. These carry the attention *forward* in place of *backward*, and are therefore inconsistent with a pause, while, in addition, they are, in conjunction, to some extent emphatic. (*Cf.* Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 454-455.) Such extra syllables are called *Double or Feminine Endings.* In Shakespeare's earlier plays the extra syllable is rarely found; in his later plays it becomes increasingly frequent.

(4.) *Light and Weak Endings.*—The fourth set of exceptions to the normal metre is to be found in the *light endings* and *weak endings. Light endings* are monosyllables on which the voice can in some slight degree rest, as, for instance, the parts of the auxiliary verbs, *be, have, will, shall, can, do;* also pronouns, such as, *I, we, thou, you, he, she, they, who, which;* and conjunctions, like *when, where, while,* etc. *Weak endings* are those monosyllables over which the voice passes without any rest or stress, viz., such words as the prepositions, *at, by, for, from, in, of, on, to, with;* also the conjunctions, *and, but, if, nor, or, than, that,* etc. Of the former class take the lines :—

"An'd lét/oùr heárts/ás súb/'tle más/ters dó,
Stìr úp/thèir sér/vànts tó/an' áct/òf ráge/."
(Act II. Sc. i. 175.)

or these :—

"'I wíll/nòt dó/thèm wróng/'I rá/thèr choóse/
Tò wróng/thè déad/tò wróng/my 'sélf/an'd yóu/
Thàn I'/will wróng/sùch hón/oùrá/blè mén/."
(Act III. Sc. ii. 130-132.)

and of the latter class :—

"Whò gláred/ùpón/mè and/wènt súr/ly' by/
Wìthoút/an'nòy/in'g mé/"

or these :—

"O'f brò/thèrs' tém/pèr, dó/rèceíve/yòu ín/
Wìth áll/kìnd lòve/góòd thóughts/an'd/rev/èren'ce/."
(Act III. Sc. i. 175.)

In the earlier plays both *light* and *weak endings* are almost unknown ; in the later ones they become ever more frequent the nearer Shakespeare came to the end of his career.

Unstopped Blank Verse.—Another characteristic of the Shakespearian measures is what is called *Unstopped Blank Verse*. If there occurs any pause in the sense, however slight, the line so distinguished is termed "*stopped*" or "*end stopped*." In Shakespeare's early plays, the sense, so to speak, was brought to a "pause" at the end of each line—as in the following passage :—

"Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits :
Were't not affection claims thy tender days,
To the sweet glances of thy honoured love,
I rather would entreat thy company."
(*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, I. i. 2.)

But Shakespeare, as his art became more untrammelled, and he attained greater control over the materials wherewith he worked, indulged more and more in *unstopped blank verse*. This (as is remarked by the editor of *The Tempest* in this series) implies that the sense passing over from the one line into the other, carries the rhythm along with it. The pauses, instead of always falling at the end of the line, fall upon other parts of it. This is particularly the case when the final word of an unstopped line chances to be either a *light ending* or a *weak ending*. As an example of *unstopped blank verse*, let us take the following from *Julius Cæsar* :—

"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."
(Act III. Sc. i. 291.)

The Rhymed Couplet.—Another departure from the Normal Shakespearian Metre is in the use of the *Rhymed Couplet*. This generally is employed to end a scene or some great declamatory passage, though in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* and the earlier plays it appears in other connections, and very much more frequently than was the case later. The couplet must be studied in close association with *unstopped blank verse*, because one result of this mode was that it practically insisted there should be a "pause" of the sense, if not at the end of the first line of the couplet, certainly at the end of the second. Take he following :—

> "And after this let Cæsar seat him sure ;
> For we will shake him or worse days endure."
> (Act I. Sc. ii. 324-325.)

In order that the pupil may have these rules in a conveniently condensed form, we reprint here the summary of them contained in the introduction to *The Tempest* in this same series.

1. If Rhyme is present in a marked degree, the play probably has been written early in Shakespeare's life.

2. If Rhyme is little present or almost absent, the date of composition is likely to have been late.

3. A Stopped Line or Couplet is one where the sense and the rhythm are wholly contained within that line or couplet.

4. An Unstopped Line or Couplet is one where the sense is not wholly contained in that line or couplet, but runs over into the next or succeeding lines.

5. The presence, in any abundance, of Stopped Lines and Couplets in a play constitutes an argument in favour of the play being of early date ; while the presence of Unstopped Lines and Couplets, or, in other words, when the sense overruns the limits of the *line* or *couplet*, creates the presumption that the play is of late date.

6. Light Endings or monosyllables on which the voice rests slightly, are also a sign of an early date of composition.

7. Weak Endings or monosyllables whereon the voice can find no place to rest, are evidence of a late date.

8. The presence of Double or Feminine Endings, in other words of an extra foot at the end of the line, is strong presumption of late date.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
MARCUS ANTONIUS,
M. ÆMIL. LEPIDUS, } *triumvirs after the death of Julius Cæsar.*

CICERO,
PUBLIUS,
POPILIUS LENA, } *senators.*

MARCUS BRUTUS,
CASSIUS,
CASCA,
TREBONIUS,
LIGARIUS,
DECIUS BRUTUS,
METELLUS CIMBER,
CINNA, } *conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*

FLAVIUS and MARULLUS, *tribunes.*

ARTEMIDORUS of Cnidos, *a teacher of Rhetoric.*

A Soothsayer.

CINNA, *a poet.* Another Poet.

LUCILIUS,
TITINIUS,
MESSALA,
Young CATO,
VOLUMNIUS, } *friends to Brutus and Cassius.*

VARRO,
CLITUS,
CLAUDIUS,
STRATO,
LUCIUS,
DARDANIUS, } *servants to Brutus.*

PINDARUS, *servant to Cassius.*

CALPURNIA, *wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *wife to Brutus.*

Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Rome; the neighbourhood of Sardis; the neighbourhood of Philippi.*

The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar.

ACT FIRST.

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 labouring 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.

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

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

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

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

Mar. What meanest thou by that? mend me, thou saucy fellow!

Sec. Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Sec. Com. (Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl): I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon neats-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, whether their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I: disrobe the images,
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.

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

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

Scene II.

A public place.

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

Cæs. Calpurnia!
Casca. Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks.
[*Music ceases.*
Cæs. Calpurnia!
Cal. Here, my lord.
Cæs. Stand you directly in Antonius' way,
When he doth run his course. Antonius!
Ant. Cæsar, my lord?
Cæs. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Ant. I shall remember:
When Cæsar says 'do this,' it is perform'd.
Cæs. Set on, and leave no ceremony out. [*Flourish.*
Sooth. Cæsar!
Cæs. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!
Cæs. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Cæsar.' Speak; Cæsar is turn'd to hear.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. What man is that?
Bru. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.
Cæs. Set him before me; let me see his face.

Cas. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.
Cæs. What say'st thou to me now? speak once again.
Sooth. Beware the ides of March.
Cæs. He is a dreamer; let us leave him: pass.
[*Sennet. Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.*
Cas Will you go see the order of the course?
Bru. Not I.
Cas. I pray you, do.
Bru. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part
Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.
Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;
I'll leave you.
Cas. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:
I have not from your eyes that gentleness
And show of love as I was wont to have:
You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand
Over your friend that loves you.
Bru. Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviours;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—
Among which number, Cassius, be you one—
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.
Cas. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion;
By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried
Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

Bru. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself
But by reflection, by some other things.

Cas. 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus,
And groaning underneath this age's yoke,
Have wish'd that noble Brutus had his eyes.

Bru. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?

Cas. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
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 honour in one eye and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life, but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well, and we can both
Endure the winter's cold as well as he:
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Cæsar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Æneas our great ancestor

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the tired Cæsar: and this man
Is now become a god, and Cassius is
A wretched creature and must bend his body
If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
He had a fever when he was in Spain,
And when the fit was on him, I did mark
How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
His coward lips did from their colour 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 honours 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 dishonourable graves.
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
Brutus, and Cæsar: what should be in that Cæsar?
Why should that name be sounded more than yours?
Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

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

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

Cas. I am glad that my weak words

Have struck but thus much show of fire from Brutus.

Bru. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.

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

Re-enter Cæsar and his Train.

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

Cas. Casca will tell us what the matter is.

Cæs. Antonius!

Ant. Cæsar?

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

Ant. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman and well given.

Cæs. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself and scorn'd his spirit

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles 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. You pull'd me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

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

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

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

Casca. Why, there was a crown offered him: and being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, thus: and then the people fell a-shouting.

Bru. What was the second noise for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Cas. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

Casca. Why, for that too.

Bru. Was the crown offered him thrice?

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

Cas. Who offered him the crown?

Casca. Why, Antony.

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

Casca. I can as well be 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 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets:—and, as I told you, he put it by once: but for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chopped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it: and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

Cas. But, soft, I pray you: what, did Cæsar swound?

Casca. He fell down in the market-place and foamed at mouth and was speechless.

Bru. 'Tis very like: he hath the falling-sickness.

Cas. No, Cæsar hath it not: but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

Casca. I know not what you mean by that, but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him according as he pleased and displeased them, as they 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 perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. An I had been a man of any

occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

Bru. And after that, he came, thus sad, away?

Casca. Ay.

Cas. Did Cicero say any thing?

Casca. Ay, he spoke Greek.

Cas. To what effect?

Casca. Nay, an I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads; but for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

Cas. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca?

Casca. No, I am promised forth.

Cas. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

Cas. Good; I will expect you.

Casca. Do so: farewell, both. [*Exit.*

Bru. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school.

Cas. So 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 honourable mettle may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore, it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humour 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
Cæsar's ambition shall be glanced at:
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure.
[*Exit*

Scene III.

A street.

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

Cic. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home?
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?
Casca. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
To be exalted with the threatening clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.
Cic. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful?
Casca. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword—
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me and went surly by
Without annoying me: and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women
Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
And yesterday the bird of night did sit

Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
'These are their reasons: they are natural':
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate that they point upon.

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

Casca. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow.

Cic. Good night then, Casca: this disturbed sky
Is not to walk in.

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

Enter Cassius.

Cas. Who's there?

Casca. A Roman.

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 unbraced, Casca, as you see,
Have bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
The breast of heaven, I did present myself
Even in the aim and very flash of it.

Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?

It is the part of men to fear and tremble
When the most mighty gods by tokens send
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.

Cas. You are dull, Casca, and those sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do want,
Or else you use not. You look pale and gaze
And put on fear and cast yourself in wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
But if you would consider the true cause
Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
Why old men fool and children calculate,
Why all these things change from their ordinance,
Their natures and preformed faculties
To monstrous quality,—why, you shall find
That heaven hath infused them with these spirits
To make them instruments of fear and warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
Most like this dreadful night,
That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
As doth the lion in the Capitol,
A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

Casca. 'Tis 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 moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honourable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know, by this, they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets;
And the complexion of the element
In favour's like the work we have in hand,
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

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

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

Enter Cinna.

Cinna, where haste you so?

Cin. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber?

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

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

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

Cin. Yes, you are.
O Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

Cas. Be you content: good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it, and throw this

In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done,
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

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

Cas. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit Cinna.*
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: (three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.)

Casca. O, he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear 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. [*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

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 Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections sway'd
More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
But when he once attains the upmost round,
He then unto the ladder turns his back,
Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may.
Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
Will bear no colour 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.
[*Gives him the letter.*

Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?

Luc. I know not, sir.

Bru. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Luc. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
Give so much light that I may read by them.
[*Opens the letter and reads.*
'Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
Shall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!'
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, &c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress.' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise,
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days. [*Knocking within.*

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

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are pluck'd about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favour.
Bru. Let 'em enter. [*Exit Lucius.*
They are the faction. O conspiracy,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then, by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,

Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

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

Cas. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
Bru. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you?
Cas. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honours 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 grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
Casca. You shall confess that you are both deceived.
Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south,
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire, and the high east

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 valour
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 engaged
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 the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance
Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath pass'd from him.
Cas. But what of Cicero? shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.

Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cin. No, by no means.
Met. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
Bru. O, name him not: let us not break with him,
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
Cas. Then leave him out.
Casca. Indeed he is not fit.
Dec. Shall no man else be touch'd but only Cæsar?
Cas. Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
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 resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betray'd with trees
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils and men with flatterers:
But when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flattered.
Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
Cas. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
Bru. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
Cin. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.
Met. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
Bru. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons;
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
Cas. The morning comes upon 's: we 'll leave you, Brutus:
And, friends, disperse yourselves: but all remember
What you have said and show yourselves true Romans.
Bru. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily;
Let not our looks put on our purposes,
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.
[*Exeunt all but Brutus.*
Boy! Lucius! Fast asleep? It is no matter;
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber:
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies,

Which busy care draws in the brains of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter Portia.

Por. Brutus, my lord!

Bru. Portia, what mean you? wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commit
Your weak condition to the raw cold morning.

Por. Nor for yours neither. You've ungently, Brutus,
Stole from my bed: and yesternight at supper
You suddenly arose and walk'd about,
Musing and sighing, with your arms across;
And when I ask'd you what the matter was,
You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
But with an angry wafture of your hand
Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
Fearing to strengthen that impatience
Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
And could it work so much upon your shape
As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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

Por. Brutus is wise, and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.

Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed.

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

Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' mistress, not his wife.

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

KNEEL NOT, GENTLE PORTIA.

Act II. Sc. i.

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 a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:
Leave me with haste. [*Exit Portia.*] 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 honour.

Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,
Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
Lig. By all the gods that Romans bow before,
I here discard my sickness! Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
Bru. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
Lig. But are not some whole that we must make sick?
Bru. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee, as we are going
To whom it must be done.
Lig. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
Bru. Follow me then. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

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.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fight 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 death;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;

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

Re-enter Servant.

What say the augurers?

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

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

Enter Decius.

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

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

Cæs. And you are come in very happy time,
To bear my greeting to the senators

And tell them that I will not come to-day:
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 statuë,
Which like a fountain with an hundred spouts
Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans
Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings and portents
And evils imminent: and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.
Dec. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics and cognizance.
This by Calpurnia's dream is signified.
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
'Break up the Senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Cæsar is afraid'?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.

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

Enter Publius, Brutus, Ligarius, Metellus, Casca, Trebonius, and Cinna.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Pub. Good morrow, Cæsar.

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

Bru. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

Cæs. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter Antony.

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

Ant. So to most noble Cæsar.
Cæs. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna: now, Metellus: what, Trebonius!
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.
Treb. Cæsar, I will. [*Aside*] And so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
Cæs. Good friends, go in and taste some wine with me;
And we like friends will straightway go together.
Bru. [*Aside*] That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street near the Capitol.

Enter Artemidorus, reading a paper.

Art. 'Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Trebonius; mark well Metellus Cimber: Decius Brutus loves thee not: thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men, and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou beest not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee!

Thy lover, ARTEMIDORUS.'

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this.
My heart laments that virtue cannot live

Out of the teeth of emulation.
If thou read this, O Cæsar, thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive. [*Exit.*

Scene IV.

Another part of the same street, before the house of Brutus.

Enter Portia and Lucius.

Por. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.
Why dost thou stay?
Luc. To know my errand, madam.
Por. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.
O constancy, be strong upon my side,
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue!
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might.
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!
Art thou here yet?
Luc. Madam, what should I do? 10
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?
Por. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well.
For he went sickly forth: and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him.
Hark, boy! what noise is that?
Luc. I hear none, madam.
Por. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Luc. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing. 20

Enter the Soothsayer.

Por. Come hither, fellow:
Which way hast thou been?
Sooth. At mine own house, good lady.
Por. What is't o'clock?
Sooth. About the ninth hour, lady.
Por. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Sooth. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Por. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Sooth. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.
Por. Why, know'st thou any harm 's intended towards him?
Sooth. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels,
Of senators, of 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!
Sure, the boy heard me: Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. O, I grow faint.
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord;
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee.
[*Exeunt severally.*

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Rome. Before the Capitol; the Senate sitting above.

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

Cæs. The ides of March are come.
Sooth. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Art. Hail, Cæsar! read this schedule.
Dec. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.
Art. O Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer: read it, great Cæsar.
Cæs. What touches us ourself shall be last served.
Art. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæs. What, is the fellow mad?
Pub. Sirrah, give place.
Cas. What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

Cæsar goes up to the Senate-house, the rest following.

Pop. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cas. What enterprise, Popilius?
Pop. Fare you well.
[*Advances to Cæsar.*
Bru. What said Popilius Lena?
Cas. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.

Bru. Look, how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
Cas. Casca,
Be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back,
For I will slay myself.
Bru. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cas. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
[*Exeunt Antony and Trebonius.*
Dec. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Bru. He is address'd: press near and second him.
Cin. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.
Cæs. Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Met. Most high, most mighty and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart:— [*Kneeling.*
Cæs. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools, I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,

I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

Met. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

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

Cæs. What, Brutus!

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

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

Cin. O Cæsar,—

Cæs. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

Dec. Great Cæsar,—

Cæs. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?
Casca. Speak, hands, for me!
[*Casca first, then the other Conspirators and Marcus Brutus stab Cæsar.*
Cæs. Et tu, Brute? Then fall, Cæsar! [*Dies.*
Cin. Liberty! freedom! Tyranny is dead!
Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.
Cas. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out
'Liberty, freedom and enfranchisement!'
Bru. People, and senators, be not affrighted;
Fly not; stand still: ambition's debt is paid.
Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.
Dec. And Cassius too.
Bru. Where 's Publius?
Cin. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.
Met. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—
Bru. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.
Cas. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people
Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.
Bru. Do so: and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter Trebonius.

Cas. Where is Antony?
Tre. Fled to his house amazed:
Men, wives and children stare, cry out and run
As it were doomsday.
Bru. Fates, we will know your pleasures:
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.
Cas. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.
Bru. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place,
And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry 'Peace, freedom and liberty!'
Cas. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted over
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
Bru. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport,
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
Cas. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be call'd
The men that gave their country liberty.
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.

Bru. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
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 honour him;
Say I fear'd Cæsar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him and be resolved
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master 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 honour,
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,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend,
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.

I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
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 appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause
Why I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
Have thus proceeded.

Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
Let each man render me his bloody hand:
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Next, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Now, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;

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

Cas. Mark Antony,—

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

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

Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Sway'd from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all and love you all,
Upon this hope that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle:
Our reasons are so full of good regard
That were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek:
And am moreover suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place,
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.
[*Aside to Bru.*] You know not what you do: do not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be moved
By that which he will utter?
Bru. By your pardon:
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's death:
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permission,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us wrong.
Cas. I know not what may fall; I like it not.
Bru. Mark Antony, here, take you Cæsar's body.
You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,

But speak all good you can devise of Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permission;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral: and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.

Ant. Be it so;
I do desire no more.

Bru. Prepare the body then, and follow us.

[*Exeunt all but Antony.*

Ant. O, pardon me, thou bleeding piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these butchers!
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With 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 chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which, thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. [*Exeunt with 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;
Those that will follow Cassius, go with him;
And public reasons shall be rendered
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 rendered.

[*Exit Cassius, with some of the Citizens.*
Brutus goes into the pulpit.

Third Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence!

Bru. Be patient till the last.

Romans, countrymen, and lovers! hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, 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 loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him; but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; 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 enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.)

Enter Antony and others, with Cæsar's body.

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

All. Live, Brutus! live, live!

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

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

Third Cit. Let him be Cæsar.

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

First Cit. We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

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. [*Exit.*

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

Third Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We 'll hear him. Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake I am beholding to you.
[*Goes into the pulpit.*

Fourth Cit. What does he say of Brutus?

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

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

First Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.

Third Cit. Nay, that 's certain:
We are blest that Rome is rid of him.

Sec. Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans,—

All. Peace, ho! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest —
For Brutus is an honourable man;

So are they all, all honourable 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 honourable 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 cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable 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 honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement: thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

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

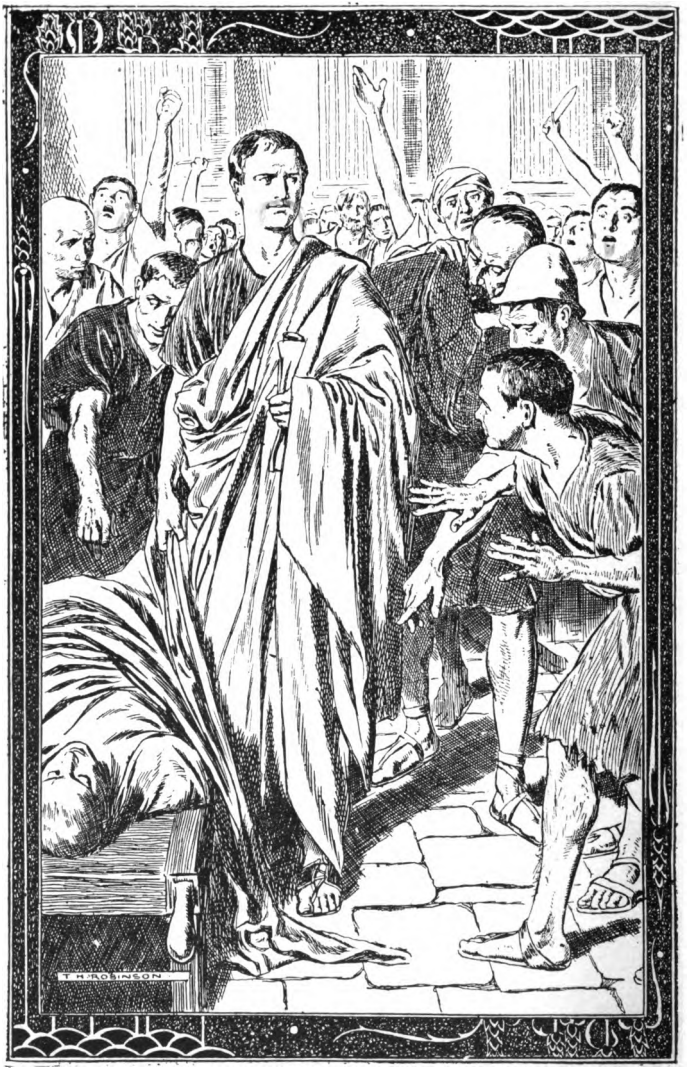
Sec. Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.

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 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
First Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
Sec Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
Third Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
Fourth Cit. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament—
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
Fourth Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,

It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, O, what would come of it!
Fourth Cit. Read the will; we 'll hear it, Antony;
You shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
I have o'ershot myself to tell you of it:
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar; I do fear it.
Fourth Cit. They were traitors: honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
Sec. Cit. They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
Sec. Cit. Descend.
Third Cit. You shall have leave. [*Antony comes down from*
Fourth Cit. A ring; stand round. *the pulpit.*
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 Citizens. Stand back. Room! Bear back.
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'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:



HERE IS HIMSELF, MARR'D, AS YOU SEE, WITH TRAITORS.

Act III. Sc. ii.

Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no:
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Cit. O piteous spectacle!

Sec. Cit. O noble Cæsar!

Third Cit. O woful day!

Fourth Cit. O traitors, villains!

First Cit. O most bloody sight!

Sec. Cit. We will be revenged.

All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

First Cit. Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Sec. Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.

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

All. We'll mutiny.

First Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony. Most noble Antony!

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what:
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas, you know not; I must tell you then:

You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true: the will! Let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
Sec. Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.
Third Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
All. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?
First Cit. Never, never. Come, away, away!
We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.
Sec. Cit. Go fetch fire.
Third Cit. Pluck down benches.
Fourth Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.
[*Exeunt Citizens with the body.*
Ant. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

Enter a Servant.

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 moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

A street.

Enter Cinna the poet.

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

Enter Citizens.

First Cit. What is your name?

Sec. Cit. Whither are you going?

Third Cit. Where do you dwell?

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

Sec. Cit. Answer every man directly.

First Cit. Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Cit. Ay, and wisely.

Third Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

Sec. Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry: you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.
First Cit. As a friend or an enemy?
Cin. As a friend.
Sec. Cit. That matter is answered directly.
Fourth Cit. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
Third Cit. Your name, sir, truly.
Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.
First Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.
Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
Fourth Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
Fourth Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
Third Cit. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! fire-brands: to Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all: some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away, go! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOURTH.

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—
Oct. Prick him down, Antony.
Lep. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Ant. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him.
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.
Lep. What, shall I find you here?
Oct. Or here, or at the Capitol. [*Exit Lepidus.*
Ant. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit,
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?
Oct. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be prick'd to die
In our black sentence and proscription.
Ant. Octavius, I have seen more days than you:
And though we lay these honours on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers slanderous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the business,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And having brought our treasure where we will,
Then take we down his load and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.
Oct. You may do your will;
But he 's a tried and valiant soldier.
Ant. So is my horse, Octavius, and for that
I do appoint him store of provender:
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion govern'd by my spirit.
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so;
He must be taught, and train'd, and bid go forth;

A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abjects, orts and imitations,
Which, out of use and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius,
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers: we must straight make head:
Therefore let our alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, our means stretch'd;
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answered.

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

Scene II.

Camp near Sardis. Before Brutus's tent.

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

Bru. Stand, ho!

Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.

Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius near?

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

Bru. He greets me well. Your master, Pindarus,
In his own change, or by ill officers,
Hath given me some worthy cause to wish
Things done, undone: but if he be at hand,
I shall be satisfied.

Pin. I do not doubt
But that my noble master will appear
Such as he is, full of regard and honour.
Bru. He is not doubted. A word, Lucilius;
How he received you, let me be resolved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with respect enough;
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their 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 arrived: [*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.
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Bru. Lúcius, do you the like, and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Lucilius and Titinius guard our door. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Brutus's tent.

Enter Brutus and Cassius.

Cas. That you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
Bru. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have an itching palm;

To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.

Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Bru. The name of Cassius honours 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 honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.

Cas. Brutus, bait not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in; I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.

Bru. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

Cas. I am.

Bru. I say you are not.

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

Bru. Away, slight man!

Cas. Is 't possible?

Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. O ye gods, ye gods! must I endure all this?
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe you? must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said, an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty

That they pass by me as the idle wind
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
For I can raise no money by vile means:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
By any indirection.) I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answer'd Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts,
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

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

Bru. I do not, till you 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; braved by his brother;

Check'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at 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, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief, and blood ill-temper'd, vexeth him?

Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.

Cas. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.

Bru. And my heart too.

Cas. O Brutus!

Bru. What's the matter?

Cas. Have not you love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour 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.
Poet. [*Within*] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone.
Lucil. [*Within*] You shall not come to them.
Poet. [*Within*] Nothing but death shall stay me.

Enter Poet, followed by Lucilius, Titinius, and Lucius.

Cas. How now! What 's the matter?
Poet. For shame, you generals! what do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be:
For I have seen more years, I 'm sure, than ye.
Cas. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme!
Bru. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
Cas. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashion.
Bru. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time:
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
Cas. Away, away, be gone! [*Exit Poet.*
Bru. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cas. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you
Immediately to us. [*Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.*
Bru. Lucius, a bowl of wine! [*Exit Lucius.*
Cas. I did not think you could have been so angry.
Bru. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs.
Cas. Of your philosophy you make no use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
Bru. No man bears sorrow better: Portia is dead.
Cas. Ha! Portia!
Bru. She is dead.
Cas. How 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?

O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

Bru. Impatient of my absence,
And grief that young Octavius with Mark Antony
Have made themselves so strong:—for with her death
That tidings came;—with this she fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire.

Cas. And died so?

Bru. Even so.

Cas. O ye immortal gods!

Re-enter Lucius, with wine and taper.

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

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

Bru. Come in, Titinius! [*Exit Lucius.*

Re-enter Titinius, with Messala.

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

Cas. Portia, art thou gone?

Bru. No more, I pray you.
Messala, I have here received letters,
That young Octavius and Mark Antony
Come down upon us with a mighty power,
Bending their expedition toward Philippi.

Mes. Myself have letters of the self-same tenour.

Bru. With what addition?

Mes. That by proscription and bills of outlawry

Octavius, Antony and Lepidus,
Have put to death an hundred senators.
Bru. Therein our letters do not well agree;
Mine speak of seventy senators that died
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
Cas. Cicero one!
Mes. Cicero is dead,
And by that order of proscription.
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?
Bru. No, Messala.
Mes. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?
Bru. Nothing, Messala.
Mes. That, methinks, is strange.
Bru. Why ask you? hear you aught of her in yours?
Mes. No, my lord.
Bru. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.
Mes. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell:
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.
Bru. Why, farewell, Portia. We must die, Messala:
With meditating that she must die once
I have the patience to endure it now.
Mes. Even so great men great losses should endure.
Cas. I have as much of this in art as you,
But yet my nature could not bear it so.
Bru. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?
Cas. I do not think it good.
Bru. Your reason?
Cas. This it is:
'Tis better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying still,

Are full of rest, defence and nimbleness.

Bru. Good reasons must of force give place to better.
The people 'twixt Philippi and this ground
Do stand but in a forced affection,
For they have grudged us contribution:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refresh'd, new-added and encouraged;
From which advantage shall we cut him off
If at Philippi we do face him there,
These people at our back.

Cas. Hear me, good brother.

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

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

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

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

Bru. Lucius! [*Re-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?
Luc. Here in the tent.
Bru. What, thou speak'st drowsily? 240
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watch'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; 250
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 murderous slumber,
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon my boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knave, good night;
I will not do thee so much wrong to wake thee:
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy instrument;
I'll take it from thee; and, good boy, good night.
Let me see, let me see; is not the leaf turn'd down
Where I left reading? Here it is, I think.
[*Sits down.*

Enter the Ghost of Cæsar.

How ill this taper burns! Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me. Art thou any thing?

Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That makest my blood cold, and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Bru. Why comest thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Bru. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
Bru. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.
[*Exit Ghost.*
Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
Claudius!
Luc. The strings, my lord, are false.
Bru. He thinks he still is at his instrument.
Lucius, awake!
Luc. My lord?
Bru. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Luc. My lord, I do not know that I did cry
Bru. Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see any thing?
Luc. Nothing, my lord.
Bru. Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!
[*To 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;

Ghost: TO TELL THEE THOU SHALT SEE ME AT PHILIPPI.

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Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.

Var. Clau. It shall be done, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIFTH.

Scene I.

The plains of Philippi.

Enter Octavius, Antony, and their army.

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

Ant. Tut, I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a Messenger.

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

Ant. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field.

Oct. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

Ant. Why do you cross me in this exigent?

Oct. I do not cross you; but I will do so. [*March.*

Drum. Enter Brutus, Cassius, and their Army; Lucilius, Titinius, Messala, and others.

Bru. They stand, and would have parley.
Cas. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
Oct. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
Ant. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
Oct. Stir not until the signal.
Bru. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?
Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Cæsar!'
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too.
Bru. O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains, you did not so, when your vile daggers
Hack'd one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O, you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,

If Cassius might have ruled.

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

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

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

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

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

Ant. Old Cassius still!

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

[*Exeunt Octavius, Antony, and their army.*

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

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

Lucil. [*Standing forth*] My lord?

[*Brutus and Lucilius converse apart.*

Cas. Messala!

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

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 resolved
To meet all perils very constantly.

Bru. Even so, Lucilius.

Cas. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
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 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 demeanour in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III.

Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter Cassius and Titinius.

Cas. O, look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turn'd enemy:
This ensign here of mine was turning back;
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
Tit. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

Enter Pindarus.

Pin. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off.
Cas. This hill is far enough. Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
Tit. They are, my lord.
Cas. Titinius, if thou 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 notest about the field.
[*Pindarus ascends the hill.*
This day I breathed first: time is come round,
And where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass. Sirrah, what news?
Pin. [*Above*] O my lord!
Cas. What news?
Pin. [*Above*] 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 revenged,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. [*Dies.*

Pin. So, I am free; yet would not so have been,
Durst I have done my will. O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. *Exit.*

Re-enter Titinius with Messala.

Mes. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Tit. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
Mes. Where did you leave him?
Tit. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.
Mes. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
Tit. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
Mes. Is not that he?
Tit. No, this was he, Messala,
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun,
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set,
The sun of Rome is set! Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews and dangers come; our deeds are done!
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
Mes. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child,
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men
The things that are not? O error, soon conceived,
Thou never comest unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!
Tit. What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?
Mes. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet
The noble Brutus, thrusting this report

Into his ears: I may say 'thrusting' it,
For piercing steel and darts envenomed
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

Tit. Hie you, Messala,
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit Messala.*
Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? 80
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas, thou hast misconstrued every thing!
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding. Brutus, come apace,
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart. 90
[*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 Cæsar, thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*
Cato. Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

Bru. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
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 honour'd, being Cato's son.
First Sold. Yield, or thou diest.

Lucil. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight;
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.
First Sold. We must not. A noble prisoner!
Sec. Sold. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.
First Sold. I'll tell the news. Here comes the general.

Enter Antony.

Brutus is ta'en, Brutus is ta'en, my lord.
Ant. Where is he?
Lucil. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.
Ant. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you,
A prize no less in worth: keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whether Brutus be alive or dead,
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced: [*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

Another part of the field.

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

Bru. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.
Cli. Statilius show'd the torch-light, but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

Bru. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispers.*
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.*
Dar. Shall I do such a deed?
Cli. O Dardanius!
Dar. O Clitus!
Cli. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?
Dar. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Cli. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.
Bru. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.
Vol. What says my lord?
Bru. Why, this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appear'd to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields:
I know my hour is come.
Vol. Not so, my lord.
Bru. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes;
Our enemies have beat us to the pit: [*Low alarums.*
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it.
Vol. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.
[*Alarum still.*

Cli. Fly, fly, my lord; there is no tarrying here.
Bru. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
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 labour'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 snatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
Stra. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
Bru. Farewell, good Strato. [*Runs on his sword.*]
Cæsar, now be still:
I kill'd not thee with half so good a will. [*Dies.*

Alarum. Retreat. Enter Octavius, Antony, Messala, Lucilius, and the Army.

Oct. What man is that?
Mes. My master's man. Strato, where is thy master?
Stra. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala:

The conquerors can but make a fire of him;
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honour by his death.
Lucil. So Brutus should be found. I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
Oct. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
Stra. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
Oct. Do so, good Messala.
Mes. How died my master, Strato?
Stra. 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 honourably.
So call the field to rest, and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day. [*Exeunt.*

THIS WAS THE NOBLEST ROMAN OF THEM ALL.

Act. V. Sc. v.

Notes

[*When the name of a play is not given, the reference will be understood to be to* Julius Cæsar. *It has been thought better to omit pagination in order that the pupil may become familiar with the text rather by Act, Scene and line, which are usually the same in most editions, than by the pages of the volumes, which differ materially.*]

ACT I.

This act is largely devoted to shewing how the conspiracy against Julius Cæsar came to be hatched, and how it spread even amongst those who were ranked in the number of Cæsar's friends.

Scene I. The working men of Rome rebuked by their tribunes.

I. i. 3. **Mechanical**=of the artisan class. *Cf.* Shakespeare's use of the same word in *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 9, "a crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

I. i. 3. **walk**: note the absence of the sign of the infinitive. In Early English the present infinitive was represented by *-en* (A.S. *-an*), so that "to walk" was "walken," and "to be able to walk" was "he can walken," which form, though rare, is found in *Pericles* (II. Prologue, l. 12). The *-en* in time became *e*, and the *-e* gradually became mute, thus reducing "*walken*" to "*walk*." When the *en* dropped into disuse, and *to* was substituted for it, several verbs which we call auxiliary, and which are closely and commonly connected with other verbs, retained the old license of omitting "to," though the infinitival inflection was lost. *Cf.* Ben Jonson, *Sejanus*, III. i. 360, "Suffer him speak no more."

I. i. 4. **Sign of your profession**: this is not a reference to the badges of the mediæval and Elizabethan guilds, as some editors have argued. The phrase simply implies "without your working garments." The men were attired in holiday garb.

I. i. 4. **labouring day**=day of labour: Milton has a similar reference in *Samson Agonistes*, l. 1300—

> "This idol's day hath been to thee no day of rest,
> Labouring thy mind more than the working day thy hands."

I. i. 5. **Speak! what trade art thou**: in connection with this speech

read l. 9, "*You, sir, what trade are you?*" Note the difference of address. "Thou" is generally used by a master to a servant and by a superior to an inferior; but a master or a superior finding fault frequently uses "you" in Shakespeare. The use of "thou" was already growing archaic in Shakespeare's time. *Cf.* Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, pars. 231-232.

I. i. 14. **a mender of bad soles.** The quibble on *soles* and *souls* was a favourite one among Elizabethans, and was more apparent than to us, as the distinction between the words was less marked then than now, *soles* being spelt *soals*. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 123, 1st. folio, "Not on thy soale but on thy soule, harsh Jew."

I. i. 24. **All . . . awl**: the play on the two words was of course intended to tickle the ear of the groundlings. Shakespeare always wrote apparently with an eye to stage effect, never with the idea that his plays would one day be printed.

I. i. 25. **I meddle with . . . awl**: this is a most obscure passage, and Steevens suggests that it should read, "I meddle with no trade; man's matters, nor woman's matters."

I. i. 28, 29. **As proper men as ever trod on neats-leather**: this was a popular saying in Elizabethan days. Shakespeare uses it again in *The Tempest* (II. ii. 63-73). where he makes the drunken Stephano mix the phrases up into the ludicrous jumble "as proper a man as ever went on four legs," and "a present for any emperor that ever went on neat's leather." *Neat* is pure Saxon for an ox, and becomes in Scots *nowt*. Herrick, in the Hesperides, writes—

> "Here thou behold'st thy large sleek *neat*
> Unto the dewlips up in meat."
>
> (*The Country Life*, l. 35.)

I. i. 35. **Cæsar's Triumph**: This was his fifth triumph, and was celebrated to commemorate his victory in Spain over the sons of Pompey, whom he defeated at the Battle of Munda, March 17, B.C. 45.

I. i. 40. **senseless**: here means "without life," not, as at the present day, "destitute of feeling or intelligence." Cf. *Coriolanus*, "O noble fellow, who sensibly outdares his senseless sword" (Act I. Sc. iv. 53).

I. i. 42. **Pompey**: Cneius Pompeius, surnamed the Great (106-148 B.C.), the rival of Cæsar, and the champion of the aristocratic Old Republican party in Rome. He was defeated by Cæsar at *Pharsalia*, B.C. 48, and soon after was treacherously murdered in Egypt.

I. i. 42. **Many a time**: many is here used adverbially. Archbishop Trench thought the phrase to be a corruption of "many of times," as "many-a-man" would be "many of men." But in A.S., whence it is derived, the idiom was "many man" not "many a man." Most of the adjectives which

take "a" after them end in *ch* or *lic* ("like"), an adverbial termination, which has possibly led to "many a" being now considered to have adverbial in place of adjectival force; "a" here is the fragment of O.E. "on."

I. i. 47. **pass the streets**: note the elision of "through." For a similar elliptical use of this verb cf. *King John*, V. vi. 40, "Passing these flats," also *Richard III.*, I. iv. 45, "I pass'd, me thought, the melancholy flood."

I. i. 48. **but** here means **only**: the meaning is that the chariot scarcely had made its appearance when the plaudits commenced. *But* had no fixed place in the Elizabethan sentence.

I. i. 50. **Tiber . . . her banks**: note the feminine pronoun; in Latin poetry the river was always addressed as "Father Tiber," and never was associated with the idea of a feminine divinity, *Cf.* Horace, *Odes*, Bk. I. ii. 13, "Vidimus flavum Tiberim." *That* in this line is equal to "so that."

I. i. 51. **replication**: the echo and re-echo of the shouting.

I. i. 52. **concave shores**: a figure curiously akin to Homer's πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης (poluphloisboio thalasses) *Iliad*, Bk. I. l. 34.

I. i. 54. **cull out**: lit. select and set apart a holiday. This is the only place in Shakespeare where the phrase "cull out" is used. An analogous use is found in *King John*, II. i. 391, "Fortune shall *cull forth* out of one side her happy minion.

I. i. 55. **his way**: "his" here has the force of an antecedent to the relative *that*, viz., "the way of him that comes."

I. i. 56. **Pompey's blood**: not over Pompey himself defeated or slain was the triumph celebrated, for he had been murdered three years before, but over "*those* of Pompey's blood," viz., his sons Cneius and Sextus, who had been defeated at Munda. As the former was murdered at the close of the battle by one of his own men, the reference might also mean to the blood of Pompey's offspring shed on the occasion.

I. i. 62. **sort** = station or class; cf. *Titus Andronicus*, I. i. 230, "voices and applause of every sort, Patricians and Plebeians."

I. i. 63. **Tiber banks**: note that Tiber here has adjectival force. Cf. *Hamlet*, III. i. 164, "the honey of his music vows." There is another instance in this same play, Act V. Sc. v. 19, "here in Philippi fields."

I. i. 66. **whether**: in order to preserve the correct scansion this must be pronounced whe'r—

/Sèe whé'r/thelr bás/est mét/àl bé/nòt movéd.
x a x a x a x a x a

This practice was common among Elizabethans. Ben Jonson in his *Epigrams*, No. 96, addressed to John Donne, writes—

"Who shall doubt, Donne. wh'er I a poet be,
When I dare send my epigrams to thee."

I. i. 70. **ceremonies**: festal garlands and ornaments. The "scarfs" referred to in the next scene, for pulling which off Cæsar's images, Marullus and Flavius were put to silence, would also come under that category. The crowning of Cæsar's statues was another attempt to influence the populace to make him a king. North's *Plutarch* reads, "There were set up images of Cæsar in the city, with diadems on their heads, like kings."

I. i. 72. **The feast of Lupercal**: Lupercus was one of the old Italian deities, afterwards identified with Pan. He is referred to in the *Æneid*, VIII. 344—

"Sub rupe Lupercal,
Parrhaseo dictum Panos de more Lycaei."

In the Palatine Hill there was a cavern sacred to him, where the feast of the Lupercalia was celebrated on the 15th of every February. After offering sacrifices in this improvised temple, the *Luperci*, or priests, ran in a semi-nude state throughout Rome, striking all the persons they met with a leathern thong. This was done to purify the land and its inhabitants from sin. The day of the ceremony was called *dies Februata*, from *februo* to purify. The month was therefore named Februarius. *Cf.* Ovid, *Fasti*, Bk. V. 423.

I. i. 75. **The vulgar**: not only the mob, but the lower orders of the people generally. *Cf.* Horace, *Odes*, Bk. III. i. 1, *Odi profanum vulgus.* Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. ii. 51, "So do our *vulgar* drench their peasant limbs," etc.

I. i. 78. **fly a pitch**: a term in falconry, meaning to fly at a certain level. *Cf.* 1. *Henry VI.*, II. iv. 11, "Between two hawks which flies the higher pitch?"; it is also used metaphorically in *Richard II.*, I. i. 109, "How high a pitch his resolution soars."

SCENE II. The procession to view the running of the Luperci; conversation between Brutus and Cassius regarding Cæsar's aims, finally Casca relates what occurred at the Lupercal when Mark Antony offered the crown to Cæsar.

STAGE DIRECTION. — **Calphurnia**: though Shakespeare certainly wrote the name as above, most modern editors now alter it to Calpurnia.

Decius: for this we should read Decimus Brutus. He was the most cherished of all Cæsar's friends (*Velleius Paterculus*, Bk. II. c. 64). Shakespeare was not alone in reading Decius for Decimus. Cf. *The Tragedy of Julius Cæsar* by the Earl of Stirling, and Holland's translation of Suetonius. The mistake really arose out of North's *Plutarch* (first

edition), says Farmer, which would be an argument for concluding that it was the first edition Shakespeare used.

I. ii. 3-4. **In Antonius' way . . . course.** Antony was one of the priests of the Luperci, and was therefore about to run throughout the part of the town immediately adjoining the Forum or market-place. Cicero says that Cæsar constituted a new order of these *Luperci*, calling them by his own name, *Juliani*, and that Antony was the first who was so entitled.

I. ii. 9. **Shake off**: an example of the figure prolepsis; a future result being spoken of as then present.

I. ii. 9. **Sterile curse**: the curse of sterility.

I. ii. 19. **The Ides of March**: In the Roman calendar the Ides fell on the 15th of March, May, July and October, and on the 13th of the other months. The scansion of this line presents some difficulty. It should run—

a soóth/say'rbíds/you b'wáre/the idés/of Márch/.

I. ii. 24. STAGE DIRECTION—**Sennet**: a flourish of trumpets heralding the approach of persons of rank. It was sometimes spelt *signate*, as in Marlowe's *Edward II.*, and in the dumb show preceding the first part of *Jeronimo*.

I. ii. 28. **Gamesome**: not playful as the meaning now is, but fond of sports and games. Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. vi. 60.

I. ii. 29. **Quick spirit**: that spirit of levity which was in Antony. He was at once a profligate and a man devoted to every kind of sports and games, a strange union in his nature.

I. ii. 33. **As**: has the force here of a relative pronoun, and also in l. 174. Cf. *King Lear*, I. iv. 59, "That ceremonious affection as you were wont."

I. ii. 35. **Stubborn and strange a hand**: too harsh and unfamiliar a manner: "hand" here must be regarded as equivalent to the phrase amongst us of the present day, "to keep too strict a hand over"=authority.

I. ii. 39. **Merely**: simply. It has not the force of "solely," but rather that he wishes the trouble revealed by his countenance should be left to be borne by himself. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. ii. 135, 137—

> "Ah fie, 'tis an unweeded garden
> That grows to seed: things rank and gross in nature
> Possess it *merely*."

I. ii. 40. **Passions of some difference**: conflicting emotions or discordant desires. Cf. *Coriolanus*, V. iii. 200, "Thou hast set thy mercy and thy honour at difference in thee."

I. ii. 41. **Proper to myself**: that concern myself. The true meaning

of the Latin *proprius*. Cf. *Measure for Measure*, I. ii. 128, "Like rats that ravin down their *proper* bane," also Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, III. ii. 1—

"Here have I cause just blame in men to find
That in their *proper* praise too partial be."

I. ii. 42. **Soil**: blemish or fault. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, II. ii. 148.

I. ii. 48. **Passion**: the nature of the feelings from which he was then suffering. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, III. v. 21, "Such sober and unnoted passion."

I. ii. 49. **By means whereof**: in consequence whereof.

I. ii. 52. **The eye sees not itself**: a familiar saying among the Elizabethans. *Cf.* Marston's *Parasitaster or the Fawne*, IV. iii. 159—

"Thus few strike sail until they run on shelf,
The eye sees all things but its proper self."

And Sir John Davies in *Nosce Teipsum*.

". . . The mind is like the eye
Not seeing itself when other things it sees."

I. ii. 58. **Your shadow**: your reflected image.

I. ii. 60. **Many of the best respect in Rome**: note this example of the rhetorical figure of Syndecdoche, by which a part or quality of any thing or person stands for the whole.

I. ii. 61. **Except immortal Cæsar**: this is an ironical parenthetic aside.

I. ii. 62. **His eyes**: there is an ambiguity here as to whether the persons of the best respect desired that Brutus saw things with *their* eyes, or had his own eyes so illumined that he would see as they wished him to see.

I. ii. 69. **Discover**=to reveal or disclose something to another, not merely to perceive it oneself. Cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 4—

"That which I would discover the law of friendship bids me to conceal."

In Chapman's translation of the *Iliad* we read (Bk. I. 70), "Take oath to my *discovery*."

I. ii. 71. **Jealous on me**: note the construction. The meaning is "do not hastily suspect me." "On" was interchanged in Early English with "an" and represents juxtaposition of any kind, metaphorical or otherwise. It was anciently a form of the preposition "an" which was used as an adverbial prefix in such a sentence as "I fall *on* weeping," Ascham's *Scholemaster*, III. 4. We still retain traces of it in such words as "ahead" of old written "on head," as for example in North's *Plutarch*, p. 191, "The people ran *on-head* in tumult." The metaphorical uses of

this preposition have, as Abbott says, been mostly divided between *of*, *in* and *at*. We still retain the phrase "on this" and "on hearing this" where "*on*" means "at the time of." *Cf.* Abbott, § 180.

I. ii. 73. **To stale . . . my love**: to cheapen or render it of small account. *Cf.* later in this play, IV. i. 38, "out of use and staled by other men," also *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 240, "age cannot wither her, nor custom stale her infinite variety."

I. ii. 76. **After**=afterwards. After was almost always used in an adverbial sense in Elizabethan days. We now use "after" only as a preposition, rarely as an adverb, and only after verbs of motion, as "he ran after him."

I. ii. 76. **Scandal**: here means to slander. Cf. *Cymbeline*, III. iv. 62.

I. ii. 77. **Profess myself**: make protestation of friendship.

I. ii. 87. **Indifferently**: without difference, *i.e.*, look on the one with as much calmness as the other. Cf. *Coriolanus*, II. ii. 19, "he waved indifferently 'twixt doing them neither good nor harm."

I. ii. 95. **I had as lief not be as live to be in awe**: note the play on the words *lief* and *live*: the popular meaning of *lief* was willingly. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. 84, "I had as lief have heard the night-raven;" also Ben Jonson, *Every man in his Humour* (III. i. 161), "I had as lief as an angel I could swear as well as that gentleman."

I. ii. 98. **Both fed as well**: *i.e.*, have been brought up as well. As Marshall says, it is a characteristic Roman touch to lay so much stress on physical strength and endurance as Cassius does here.

I. ii. 104. **Swim with me**: Cæsar was a noted swimmer. In Holland's translation of Suetonius there is related the incident where Cæsar, at Alexandria, owing to a sudden sally by the enemy, was driven to take a boat, and this becoming overcrowded, "he lept into the sea, and by swimming almost a quarter of a mile recovered clear the next ship; bearing up his left hand all the while, for fear the writings which he held therein should get wet."

I. ii. 107 ff. *Cf.* the description in *The Tempest* (II. i. 114-120), of Ferdinand swimming ashore as a companion picture to this.

I. ii. 109. **hearts of controversy**: hearts disputing the point with the current whether it was to carry them away or they to prove superior to its force and reach their destination.

I. ii. 110. **Arrive the point**=reach it. Note the absence of the preposition, which is frequently omitted in Shakespeare after verbs of motion. Cf. 3 *Henry VI.*, V. iii. 8, "arrived our coast"; also "that gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds," *Romeo and Juliet*, III. i. 119; "She wandered many a wood," Spenser, *Fœrie Queen*, Bk. I. c. vii. l. 257, or st. 28; "To

creep the ground," "to tower the sky," Milton, *Paradise Lost*, VII. 447 and 529.

I. ii. 112. **Æneas**: one of the Trojan heroes, who, after the fall of Troy, was said to have gone to Italy and become the progenitor of the Roman people. He was reported to have carried his father, Anchises, out of the burning Troy on his shoulders, hence he is always called "the pious Æneas," filial devotion ranking high among the Greeks. Cf. Virgil's *Æneid*, Bk. II. The *Æneid* is the history of his wanderings.

I. ii. 114. **The old Anchises . . . Tiber**: note this line. This line requires careful attention as regards scanning. There are in reality three syllables too many in it. Even regarded as an Alexandrine, which contains six feet or twelve syllables, it is irregular. In this dilemma it is most convenient to regard the one long line as in reality two short ones, and to scan it as a trimeter couplet. Shakespeare frequently drops into this measure. The line would then read—

"The ol'd/Anch'i/ses beár//so fróm/the wáves/of T'i͡ber."

I. ii. 116. **become a god**: divine honours were decreed to *Julius Cæsar* even in life, and thereafter each of the succeeding Roman Emperors was deified.

I. ii. 122. **coward lips . . . fly**: a curious example of the rhetorical device of *hysteron-proteron*, otherwise putting the cart before the horse, in order to bring in the allusion to a soldier deserting his colours.

I. ii. 123. **bend**=glance, when bent upon an object. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 211.

I. ii. 124. **his**: was used also interchangeably with "its" in Shakespeare, although among the earlier Elizabethans "his" was preferred.

I. ii. 129. **temper**: constitution, habit of body. Cf. *Coriolanus*, V. ii. 98, "You keep a constant *temper*."

I. ii. 130. **Majestic world**: a periphrasis for the Roman Empire according to Warburton. The image is taken from the Olympic Games. There could be only one victor, and he who attained that honour became as celebrated an individual as many a military conqueror.

I. ii. 135-136. **bestride the . . . Colossus**: the allusion is to the Colossus of Rhodes, one of the Seven Wonders of the World. This was a celebrated brazen figure which bestrode the entrance to the harbour of Rhodes, and vessels with all sails set could pass between its legs. It was 70 cubits or 105 feet in height, and was the work of Chares, the disciple of Lysippus, who commenced it about 300 B.C. and was several years in building it. After standing for some seventy or eighty years it was partially demolished by an earthquake in 224 B.C. and was never repaired. Finally,

after remaining in ruins for nearly 900 years, the Colossus was sold by the Saracens in 672 A.D. to a Jewish merchant. Shakespeare refers to it more than once, for instance, in 1 *Henry IV.*, V. i. 123, when Prince Hal says no one but a Colossus could bestride Falstaff if he were stricken down in battle. *Cf.* also *Troilus and Cressida*, V. v. 9; Daniel, *Civil Wars*, Bk. II. st. 6.

I. ii. 140. **Stars**: a reference to the false science of astrology, by which the future was said to be indicated by certain conjunctions of the planets. Men were said to be born under a lucky or an unlucky star according as one or the other of the planets was in the ascendant at their birth. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 182, "a most auspicious star."

I. ii. 141. **Underlings**: mean fellows, occupying subordinate positions. The termination "ling" is a diminutive suffix often suggestive of contempt, as in worldling, hireling, witling, and of immaturity as in yearling, suckling, etc.

I. ii. 142. **What should be**, etc.: should is sometimes used in Shakespeare as though it were the past tense of a verb, "shall" meaning "is to." Something akin to the German *sollen*. *Should* was therefore used in direct questions about the *past* where "shall" was used when the *future* was in question. The use of *should* seems to increase the emphasis of the interrogation, since a doubt about the past implies more perplexity, according to Abbott, than a doubt about the future. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, IV. iii. 401, "where *should* he have this gold?"

I. ii. 146. **Conjure with them**: some of the names of Greek and Roman heroes were accounted so powerful that by using them with certain secret ceremonies the spirits of the dead could be recalled. *Cf.* Peter Martyr, *Loci Communes*, Part III. c. 14, secs. 10-11.

I. ii. 152. **the great flood**: a Roman would of course refer to the flood of Deucalion and Pyrrha. Cf. *Coriolanus*, II. i. 102. "Marcus is proud, who in a cheap estimation is worth all your predecessors since Deucalion."

I. ii. 153. **famed with**: made famous by.

I. ii. 156. **Rome . . . room**: a play on words which occurs again in Act III. Sc. i. 190, and in *King John*, III. i. 180.

I. ii. 159. **A Brutus once**=Lucius Junius Brutus, who, after the outrage upon Lucretia, wife of Collatinus, was instrumental in expelling the Tarquins from being kings of Rome.

I. ii. 160. **eternal**: used here for infernal.

I. ii. 163. **Some aim**=some notion or inkling.

I. ii. 166. **so** is here to be read in the sense "provided that." **Cf.** *Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 314.

I. ii. 171. **Chew upon this** = ruminate upon, or consider it at leisure. *Cf.* Lyly's *Euphues* (Ed. Arber), p. 92, l. 20, "chew up his melancholy."

I. ii. 173. **than to repute himself**: the sign of the infinitive is often omitted in the former of two clauses and inserted in the latter when the finite principal verb is an auxiliary. *Cf.* Bacon's Essay on *Friendship*, (Ed. Arber's *Harmony*), p. 175, l. 19, "A man were better relate himself to a statue than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother."

I. ii. 193. **fat sleek-headed men**: we read in North's *Plutarch*, "Cæsar also had Cassius in great jelousie and suspected him much whereupon he said on a time to his friend 'what will Cassius do . . . I like not his pale lookes.'" Another time when Cæsar's friend complained unto him of Antonius and Dolabella . . . he answered them again, "As for these fat men and smooth-combed heads," quoth he, "I never reckon of them, but these pale-visaged and carion lean people I fear them most, meaning Brutus and Cassius."—*Life of Cæsar.*

I. ii. 194. **Yond**: is really an adverb (A. S. *geond*) but frequently took the place of the demonstrative pronoun "yon." Cf. *Richard II.*, II. iii. 53, "yon tuft of trees."

I. ii. 197. **well given** = well disposed. This is North's word, "Cassius who was Brutus's familiar friend, but not so well given and conditioned as he."

I. ii. 208. **be**: used here for *are*, the only motive, as Dr Wright says, being euphony in order to avoid the disagreeable assonance of "*are* never at hearts ease." *Cf.* a similar instance between "thy sins be forgiven thee" of Matt. ix. 2, 5, and the parallel passage in Luke v. 20, "Thy sins are forgiven thee," the Greek being the same in both cases.

I. ii. 228. **Marry**: originally an expression appealing to the Virgin Mary and gradually corrupted from the name *Marie*. *Marry come up* was at first *Marie go up*, and became corrupted into *marry guep*. Cf. *Hudibras*, I. iii. 202, "Quoth Eccho, marry guep;" also in Ben Jonson, *Bartholomew Fair*, I. i. 548, "Marry gip, goody She Justice."

I. ii. 237. **Neither** after a negative is frequently used to render the statement more emphatic. Cf. *The Tempest*, III. ii. 22, "Nor go neither; but you'll be like dogs and yet say nothing neither."

I. ii. 241. **Lay his fingers off it**: note the curious expression. Cf. *The Tempest*, IV. ii. 251, "lay to your fingers" used in the opposite sense.

I. ii. 243. **Rabblement**; the *mob* as contrasted with the *vulgar*, who were working men. *Cf.* Spenser, *Fœrie Queene*, I. vi. 8, "a rude misshapen monstrous rabblement."

I. ii. 244. **hooted**: cheered or applauded. Dr Wright reads "shouted" here.

I. ii. 253. **At mouth**: the article is often omitted after prepositions in adverbial phrases. *Cf.* "to cabin" (*The Tempest*, I. i. 18), also "spectacles *on nose* and pouch *on side*" (*As You Like It*, II. vii. 159).

I. ii. 255. **Falling sickness** = Epilepsy: *Cf.* North's *Plutarch, Life of Cæsar.*

I. ii. 259. **tagrag**: another name for the rabble. *Cf.* Cotgrave, who gives "riffraff," "shagrag," and "a roguish crue of base and rude bisonians" as synonyms.

I. ii. 262. **true man**: In Shakespeare's day "true man" was the opposite or antithesis to *thief*. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 187.

I. ii. 266. **plucked me ope** = open. The use of *me* here is not to be taken as the "old dative" or the ethical dative. Plucked here has a certain reflexive sense, and the "me" is used simply for the sake of emphasis and to call attention to the speaker's relation to the narrative. It has been called "the narrative dative." Cf. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 10, "he steps *me* to her trenches."

I. ii. 267, **man of any occupation**: man of action, viz., a mechanic.

I. ii. 282-85. **spoke Greek . . . Greek to me.** Cicero was so fond of Greek studies that the common people called him "the Grecian."

I. ii. 299. **quick mettle**: of a lively spirit. Note the construction.

I. ii. 302. **tardy form**: appearance of boorish sloth.

I. ii. 306. **And so it is.** "And" is frequently used to introduce a clause in which the speaker expresses his entire concurrence with what precedes. It therefore is equivalent to "Just so" or "You are right."

I. ii. 310. **I will do so**: viz., "I will go to you:" **think on the world**, *i.e.*, think on the state of the Roman world under the heel of Cæsar.

I. ii. 316. **bear me hard**: bears a grudge against me. It seems to be a literal rendering of the Latin phrase, *aegre ferre*. *Cf.* Ben Jonson, *Cataline*, IV. v. 61, "though he bear me hard I yet must do him right."

I. ii. 318. **He**: may refer either to Brutus or Cæsar. The latter is the better. If we accept the former we make Cassius accuse Brutus of ingratitude towards Cæsar.

I. ii. 319-320. **Several . . . several**: note the difference between these: the first means "differing from each other," the second, "distinct or unconnected with each other." Cf. *King Lear*, I. i. 45; *Hamlet*, V. ii. 20.

SCENE III. The thunderstorm during which Casca, Cicero and Cassius meet and discuss the reason of the fury of the elements.

I. iii. 3. **Sway of earth.** Equable and steady movement of the earth, or as Professor Craik says, "the balanced swing of earth."

I. iii. 4. **Unfirm**: for *infirm* the negative prefix *un* is more emphatic than *in*. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 34.

I. iii. 14 **saw you . . . wonderful**: the question implies "saw you anything more wonderful than usual."

I. iii. 21. **glared**: some editions read glazed, but this is obviously a corruption and was corrected by Rowe, though some editors retain it. **Surly** = surlily.

I. iii 27. **The bird of night** = the owl.

I. iii. 30. **These are their reasons**: that is to say "such and such—naming them—are the reasons."

I. iii. 33. **Strange-disposed** = strangely disposed. Note the use of the adjectival form for the adverbial. *Cf.* later, Act III. Sc. ii. 119, "Some will dear abide it." Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. ii. 99. "'Tis *noble* spoken."

I. iii. 35. **Clean**: entirely, completely. Cf. *Richard III.*, II. iv. 61, "domestic broils clean overblown;" also Isaiah xxiv. 19, "The earth is clean dissolved;" Joshua iii. 17, "Until all the people were passed clean over Jordan." *From* in this same line must be read as meaning contrary to.

I. iii. 42. **What night is this**: note the ellipsis for what a night is this. "A" was frequently omitted in Shakespeare after "what" when it implied "what kind of." Cf. *Cymbeline*, "Jove knows *what man* thou might'st have made."

I. iii. 48. **unbraced**: with his doublet unbuttoned. Julius Cæsar was then played by actors in the dress of the day, not in that of the period represented. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. i. 78, "his doublet all *unbraced*."

I. iii. 49. **Thunder-stone**. The fact was believed by the ancients that a solid body called *brontia* really fell with the lightning and did the damage. They thought that sulphuret of iron, or those rounded nodules of crystallised iron pyrites often found near iron ore, were thunder-stones. Pliny describes it, and Shakespeare must have seen the reference in Holland's translation.

I. iii. 50. **cross blue lightning**: *cross* is often used as an epithet in connection with lightning. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. vii. 35, "most terrible and nimble stroke of quick cross lightning." Herford reads it as "forked."

I. iii. 60. **cast yourself in wonder** = hurriedly dress yourself in. Some editors read "case yourself."

I. iii. 64. **From** = "away from" or "apart from." It is often used in this sense when it stands without a verb of motion.

I. iii. 65. **Why old man . . . calculate**=a very difficult line. The meaning seems to be that assigned by Craik, viz., that not only old men but even fools and children speculated on the future or prognosticated coming events.

I. iii. 67. **preformed faculties**=their pre-ordained functions.

I. iii. 71. **monstrous state**: some abnormal condition or state of things.

I. iii. 81. **thews**: muscles, sinews, and refers to physical strength. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, III. ii. 276, "Care I for the limb, the thews, the stature, the bulk and big assemblage of a man;" also *Hamlet*, I. iii. 12, "nature, crescent, does not grow alone, in thews and bulk." Two words are confused by being spelt alike. In the earlier usage of the language (says Wright) thews always denoted moral qualities or virtues; the A.S. *theaw* signifies custom, manner, and thence we have in Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, "Merchant's Tale," 1542, "She hadde mo goodë thewes than hire vices badde;" also Spenser, *Færie Queen*, I. x. 36, "well upbrought in goodly thewes and godly exercise." But "thews" in the sense of muscles or bodily strength comes from A.S. *theon* to grow, thrive and *theoh*, the thigh, not from *theawas*, a habit. In Layamon's *Brut* (l. 6361) there occurs the line, "monnene strengest of maine and of theauwe of all thissere theode"—"of men strongest of main and of thews of all this land."

I. iii. 95. **be retentive**=can retain. Note the use of the passive form for the active.

I. iii. 109. **offal**: not in the sense in which it is used to-day, viz., the waste parts of an animal or the entrails, but as anything worthless or vile.

I. iii. 117. **fleering tell-tale**: sneering informer. Cf. *Othello*, IV. i. 83, "Mark the fleers, the gibes and notable scorns." Palsgrave defines *fleer* as "to make an yvell contenaunce withe ye mouthe by uncoverynge of ye tethe." **Hold my hand**: that phrase means, "hold, there is my hand in evidence of my good faith."

I. iii. 118. **Be factious**: form a faction or party. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. iii. 128, "You and your husband, Grey, were *factious* for the house of Lancaster."

I. iii. 123. **Undergo with me**: undertake with me. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 554.

I. iii. 124. **Honourable-dangerous**: Shakespeare has several examples of these compound adjectives whereof the first part is a sort of adverb qualifying the second. *Cf.* "sudden-bold" (*Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 107); "Fertile-fresh" (*Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v. 71); "Deep-contemplative" (*As You Like It*, II. vii. 31); "horrible-steep" (*King Lear*, IV. vi. 3).

I. iii. 126. **Pompey's Porch**: a magnificent portico of one hundred columns connected with Pompey's Theatre in the Campus Martius.

I. iii. 129. **in favour's like**=in appearance resembles.

I. iii. 135. **one incorporate to our attempts**: one who has become one with us in our attempts. Shakespeare used this word both as a participle and as an adjective. Here it is employed in the former sense; in *Coriolanus*, I. i. 134, "True is it, my incorporate friends," he used it in the latter.

I. iii. 150. **hie**=**hasten**: A.S. *higian*. *Sonnets*, cliii. l. 12.

I. iii. 159. **Like richest alchemy**. A reference to the false science of alchemy which professed to change the baser metals into gold. Cf. *King John*, III. i. 78, "The glorious sun stays in his course and plays the alchemist."

ACT II.

In this Act Brutus is finally induced to take part in the conspiracy and the details are arranged. He meets the conspirators early in the morning of the day whereon Cæsar's assassination took place. Portia's anxiety and her interview with her husband are also described.

STAGE DIRECTION. **Orchard**: Some editors read "garden." The two words were anciently synonymous. Malone says "few of our ancestors had in the age of Elizabeth any other garden than an orchard. This word was originally written 'hort-yard.'"

II. i. 12. **The general**: the public—the community at large. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 457, "caviare to the *general*." The tenets here attributed to Brutus, the stern republican, that he had no personal cause for dislike to Cæsar, that he even would not object to Cæsar as king provided he would prove as good a king as he had been a dictator, are strangely at variance to what we know of his real character.

II. i. 19. **remorse**=pity, tenderness, not sorrow for wrong-doing. *Cf.* the use of the word in the same sense in *The Tempest*, V. i. 76, "brother mine, that entertained ambition, expelled *remorse* and nature."

II. i. 24. **upmost**=highest: we would read uppermost. The "r" seems to be an intruder, as Wright states, if we take the analogy of "outmost" and "outermost." In Daniel's *Civil Wars* (Bk. IV.) there is a passage bearing a curious likeness to this.

II. i. 29. **will bear no colour**: cannot be made plausible. Cf. *Lucrece*, 267, "Why hunt I then for *colour* or excuse."

II. i. 44. **Exhalations**=meteors. These were supposed to exhale from the earth, drawn up by the heat of the sun. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 13, "Some meteor that the sun exhales."

II. i. 50. **Took**: the preterite form used for the participle. Owing to the tendency to drop the inflection *-en* the Elizabethan authors frequently used the curtailed forms of past participles which are common in Early English. Cf. *Coriolanus*, II. iii. 163, "Have you chose this man;" also *Henry VIII.*, II. iv. 30, "have I not *strove* to love." *See* also later, l. 125 of this scene.

II. i. 65. **phantasma**=a ghost or apparition: existing only in the fancy. *Cf.* Milton, *Paradise Lost*, IV. 813, "forge illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams." *Cf.* Bullokar, *English Expositor*, on the term.

II. i. 66. **The genius and the mortal instruments**=the soul and the physical powers. "Genius" in Shakespeare has many diverse significations, as for example in *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. iii. 19, where it is spoken of as an "angel" or "dæmon," viz., "thy demon, that's thy spirit which keeps thee;" in *Macbeth*, III. i. 56, it is equivalent to "devil," while in *The Tempest*, IV. i. 27, "the strong'st suggestion our worser genius can," it is synonymous with our evil passions.

II. i. 67. **the state of man**=the whole organism known as man. Cf. *King Lear*, III. i. 10, "his little world of man."

II. i. 70. **Your brother Cassius.** He had married the sister of Brutus, Junia, surnamed Tertia. She survived her husband sixty-four years.

II. i. 75. **may**: originally meant "to be able." A.S. *magan* and German *mögen. Cf.* Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, "Knight's Tale," l. 1453, "Now helpe me, ladye, sith ye *may* and *kan*," meaning if you have the power and knowledge or skill.

II. i. 76. **mark of favour**=any visible distinction in feature or dress.

II. i. 78. **shamest thou**=art thou ashamed. Note the intransitive sense here of the verb. The A.S. *sceamian* was rarely used save in an intransitive sense.

II. i. 83. **If thou path**=if thou walk. The intransitive use of a very rare verb. Drayton uses it in the *Polyolbion*, Bk. ii. l. 55, "her passage Wey doth path;" also transitively in his *Heroical Epistles*—"Duke Humphrey to Elinor Cobham," "Pathing Young Henry's unadvised ways."

II. i. 86. **Too bold upon your rest**=too bold in intruding on your rest.

II. i. 104. **That fret the clouds**=that mark them with interlacing lines like fretwork.

II. i. 112. **all over**=without exception.

II. i. 115 **Sufferance . . . abuse**=the suffering we are enduring and the political wrong doing that prevails at this time.

II. i. 118. **high-sighted tyranny**: tyranny with lofty and supercilious looks.

II. i. 119. **each man drop by lottery**: draw the lot assigned by fate.

Perhaps Shakespeare alluded to the custom of decimation, the selection by lot for death of every tenth soldier, when punishment was being meted out for mutiny. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, V. iv. 31.

II. i. 129. **swear**: note the transitive sense of swear when it implies to take an oath: **cautelous**, craftily cautious. *Cautel*, in the sense of deceit, is found in *Hamlet*, I. iii. 15, "no soil nor *cautel* doth besmirch."

II. i. 130, 131. **old feeble carrions . . . welcome wrongs** = carcases, a contemptuous description. Cf. *Henry V.*, IV. ii. 39.

II. i. 133. **even**: stainless, flawless, always maintaining the same standard. *Cf.* Pope's *Eloisa to Abelard*, "desires composed affections ever even."

II. i. 134. **insuppressive**: that cannot be suppressed. Note the passive sense contained in this word. Other adjectives ending in *-ive*, which have a passive signification, are "incomprehensive," that cannot be comprehended, *Troilus and Cressida*, III. iii. 198; "plausive," worthy of being applauded, *Hamlet*, I. iv. 30; "inexpressive," that cannot be expressed, *As You Like It*, III. ii. 10; "respective," worthy of respect, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, IV. iv. 200.

II. i. 135. **To think** = by thinking. The infinitive here stands for the gerund. "To" was originally used not with the infinitive but the gerund in *e*, and like the Latin *ad* with the gerund in *-dum* of the accusative denoted a purpose; thus, *to love* was to *lovene*. Gradually, as "*to*" superseded the proper infinitival inflection, "to" was used in other senses, and for any form of the gerund as well as the infinitive. Thus, "I will not shame myself *to give*(by giving) you this," *Merchant of Venice*, IV. i. 431.

II. i. 136. **Did need** = could need.

II. i. 150. **break with him**: break the matter to him. Cf. *Macbeth*, I. vii. 48, "What beast was't then, that made you break this enterprise to me.'

II. i. 164. **Envy**: here has the sense of ill-will and hatred. *Coriolanus*, III. iii. 3, "Enforce him with his envy to the people." *Cf.* l. 178.

II. i. 187. **take thought**: become sad, give way to melancholy.

II. i. 190. **No fear** = no cause for fear.

II. i. 192. **The clock hath stricken three**: the Romans had clepsydras or water-clocks, but these had no mechanism for striking hours.

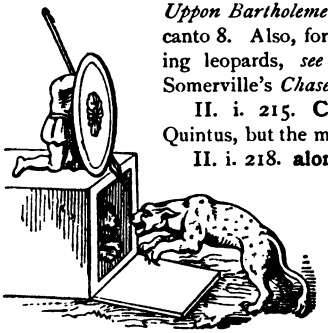
II. i. 196. **The main opinion**: the confident or fixed opinion.

II. i. 198. **Those apparent prodigies**: those prodigies apparent to all.

II. i. 204. **Unicorns**: In Topsell's *History of Beasts* the following information is given, which explains the reference. "He (the unicorn) is an enemy to lions, wherefore, as soon as ever a lion seeth a unicorn, he runneth to a tree for succour, that so when the unicorn maketh force at him, he may not only avoid his horn but also destroy him. For the unicorn . . . runneth against the tree wherein his sharp horn sticketh fast, and the lion

then falleth upon him and killeth him." For a metrical paraphrase of this passage *cf.* Spenser, *Færie Queen*, II. v. 87, or stanza 10; also Chapman's *Bussy D'Ambois*, I. i. 121.

II. i. 204, 205. **bears with glasses, elephants with holes**: this refers to the manner of catching bears and leopards with mirrors, and elephants by digging great pits in the ground, mentioned in *Batman Uppon Bartholeme* (Ed. 1582), p. 384, and Pliny VIII., canto 8. Also, for an example of this method of capturing leopards, *see* the illustration below taken from Somerville's *Chase*, Bk. III. 261.



II. i. 215. **Caius Ligarius**: his real name was Quintus, but the mistake is North's, not Shakespeare's.

II. i. 218. **along by him**: along by his house.

II. i. 219. **fashion him**: shape him to our designs.

II. i. 224. **fresh and merrily**: in the case where two adverbs come together it is not uncommon in Shakespeare to find that one only has an adverbial termination. Cf. *Richard II.*, I. iii. 3, "Spright fully and bold;" *Measure for Measure*, V. i. 36, "bitterly and strange;" *Richard III.*, III. iv. 50, "cheerfully and smooth."

II. i. 227. **formal constancy**: dignified self-possession. Cf. *Macbeth*, II. ii. 68.

II. i. 255. **Dear my lord**: In this transposition the pronoun, as in the case of the French *monsieur*, *milord*, becomes almost one with the noun. Cf. *The Tempest*, IV. i. 204, "Good my lord;" *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 200, "Sweet my mother;" *Troilus and Cressida*, V. ii. 109, "poor our sex."

II. i. 261. **physical**: healthy. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. v. 19.

II. i, 268. **Sickoffence**: cause of hurtful malady.

II. i. 271. **I charm you**: I appeal to you by the charms of my beauty, as magicians by the charms of their art. Cf. *Lucrece*, 1681.

II. i. 307. **construe**: explain; often pronounced "conster."

II. i. 308. **charactery**: the written characters, *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v. 77.

II. i. 312. **how**: an expression of surprise at seeing him so soon. Cf. *King Lear*, I. i. 96, and *Othello*, III. iv. 84.

II. i. 313. **Vouchsafe good morrow**, etc.: note the ellipsis here. The sentence should read, "vouchsafe to receive good morrow." Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. i. 124, "When shall we see again" = see one another again."

II. i. 315. **Kerchief:** it was a common practice in Shakespeare's time for the sick to wear a kerchief tied round the head, and he of course described the customs of his own age. Cf. *Fuller's Worthies.*

II. i. 323. **Like an exorcist:** the accent here is on the first syllable.

II. i. 324. **mortified spirit** = spirit that was dead in me. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. 25.

II. i. 326. **whats to do:** note the infinitive active used for the passive. This is often the case in Shakespeare. *Cf.* Sonnets, 129, also later in this same scene, l. 119.

II. i. 331. **To whom:** *i.e*, to him to whom. In 308, "Who's that knocks" = who's that who knocks, there was an instance of the relative absorbed in the demonstrative: we have here an instance of the demonstrative absorbed in the relative.

SCENE II. Interview between Cæsar and Calpurnia.

A Roman Augur (II. ii, 37).

II. ii. 5. **present sacrifice** = do sacrifice immediately. *Measure for Measure*, II. iv. 152, "Sign me a present pardon."

II. ii. 13. stood on ceremonies: attached superstitious regard to prodigies.

II. ii. 18. **yielded up their dead.** *Cf.* Shakespeare's reference to this circumstance in *Hamlet*, I. i. 113—

> " . . . ere the mighty Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets."

The ghosts of the departed were not supposed to be endowed with a voice that could be raised above a whisper. Cf. *Odyssey*, Bk. xxiv. ll. 5-8, and Matthew xxvii. 51-53.

II. ii. 37. **augurer** = correct form augur—those who foretold the future from the entrails of animals. *See* Glossary. For example, *see* illustration.

II. ii. 42-43. **should . . . should:** for the first of these "shoulds" we

now would read "would." Were the clause conditional, the second one ought then to be read "would."

II. ii. 76. **statuë**: this word must be scanned as a trisyllable, as in Act III. Sc. ii. 186 and *Richard III.*, III. vii. 25.

II. ii. 89. **tinctures**: Malone explains this by saying that at the execution of several of our ancient nobility, martyrs, etc., handkerchiefs were "tinctured" or stained with their blood, and preserved as affectionate memorials of the deceased. This also occurred at the execution of both the Earls of Argyll in Edinburgh in 1661 and 1685.

II. ii. 89. **cognizance**=a term in heraldry meaning a distinguishing or device. The Romans would wear their handkerchiefs dipped in Cæsar's blood as badges to indicate they were his followers. Cf. 1 *Henry VI.*, II. iv. 108.

II. ii. 96. **A mock apt to be rendered**: a taunt likely to be cast. Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 213.

II. ii. 103. **Proceeding**: your welfare or success. The true meaning of *procedo* was *to go on ahead*, then to advance, make progress, or increase.

II. ii. 104. **Reason to my love is liable**: my reason is subject to my love and is therefore apt to be influenced unduly by it. *Cf.* for this signification of liable, Act I. Sc. ii. 199.

II. ii. 110. **Are you stirred**: are you astir.

II. ii. 121. **Hour's**: must be scanned as a dissyllable, as is the case in *Love's Labour's Lost*, II. i. 68. In the same way the pronunciation of "fire," "year," "more," etc., vary in accordance with the exigencies of the verse.

II. ii. 128. **Every like is not the same**: mere resemblances are not absolute identities; in other words, "All that glitters is not gold."

SCENE III. The attempt of Artemedorus, the soothsayer, to warn Cæsar.

II. iii. 8. **Gives way**: affords an opportunity to. *Cf.* later, IV. iii. 39 and 2 *Henry IV.*, V. ii. 82, "I gave bold way to my authority."

II. iii. 14. **Emulation**: maliciously jealous rivalry. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 134, "An envious fever of pale and bloodless emulation."

II. iii. 15. **Fates**: the three sisters, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos.

II. iii. 15. **Contrive**: plot.

SCENE IV. We have seen the form which the anxiety of Calpurnia, the wife of Cæsar, took. In this scene we are shown how it affected Portia, the wife of Brutus. As Dr Aldis Wright says, Portia is agitated by possessing what she desired, for she is no Lady Macbeth.

II. iv. 6. **Constancy**: resoluteness, firmness. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. i. 227, 299.

II. iv. 47. **Void**: less crowded. *Cf.* the old name of the ante-room, "the voiding lobby," 2 *Henry VI.*, IV. i. 61; also 2 Kings xviii. 9, "They sat in a void place at the entering in of the gate of Samaria."

ACT III.

This Act is almost entirely occupied with the murder of Cæsar and Antony's great oration over the body.

SCENE I. This scene is devoted to the murder of Cæsar.

III. i. 18. **Makes to Cæsar**: approaches Cæsar. Cf. *The Comedy of Errors*, I. i. 93, "Two ships from far making amain to us."

III. i. 29. **Addressed**: ready. Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, V. i. 107, "The prologue is addressed."

III. i. 30. **Casca . . . you are the first . . . your hand**: note the use of "*your*" here. Modern usage would have enjoined "his" when following "rears," as being the more correct form. But Shakespeare makes the pronoun refer to the first antecedent, the apostrophised Casca, rather than "first." Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 34, "Are not you he that *frights* the maidens of the villagery."

III. i. 35. **Prevent**: stop you by anticipating what you are going to say. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. i. 28.

III. i. 36. **Couchings**: bendings and prostrations; **courtesies**: signs of respect and reverence.

III. i. 38. **Pre-ordinance and first decree**: what has been pre-ordained as his policy from the outset of his administration.

III. i. 39, 40. **Be not fond to think**: be not *so* fond *as* to think. Oftentimes in re'ative constructions, such as *so—as*, *so—that*, one of the two may be omitted. "No woman's heart so big to hold so much," *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 99. Here both words are omitted, a very rare construction.

III. i. 41. **The true quality**: note the use of the definite article in place of the possessive pronoun "its."

III. i. 47, 48. **Know Cæsar doth not wrong . . . satisfied**: these are the famous lines, slightly altered from their original form, to which Ben Jonson called attention in his *Discoveries*. Speaking of Shakespeare he said, "His wit was in his own power, would the rule of it had been so to. Many times he fell into those things which could not escape laughter, as when he said in the person of Cæsar—one speaking to him—'Cæsar, thou dost me wrong,' he replied, 'Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause,' and such like, which were ridiculous." Shakespeare, or his editors, afterwards altered the passage to read as we have it to-day.

III. i. 51. **Repealing of my banished brother**: recalling, or repealing the decree of banishment against his banished brother. We cannot "repeal a person." *Cf.* l. 54, *freedom of repeal* = free recall.

III. i. 67. **Apprehensive** = does not mean liable to fear, but quick of understanding. *Cf.* 2 *Henry IV*, IV. iii. 107, where Falstaff says of Sherris-sack, "it ascends me into the brain . . . makes it apprehensive."

III. i. 69. **Holds on his rank** = maintains his political and social orbit uninfluenced by aught, thus carrying out the idea of the motion of the planets as compared with the immovable pole-star.

III. i. 77. **Et tu, Brute**: this expression does not occur in Plutarch. Shakespeare perhaps took it, as Malone suggests, from the Latin play on *Cæsar's Death* adapted by Dr R. Eedes, acted in Oxford in 1582. The line is also found in *Acolastus, his Afterwit*, by Nicholson, and in the play, *The True Tragedy of Richard, Duke of York*.

III. i. 80. **The common pulpits**: the rostra in the Forum whence public speakers addressed the people. The platforms were erected under the *rostra* or beaks of the Carthaginian galleys captured by C. Duilius at Mylae, 260 B.C.

III. i. 92. **lest that**: note the use of *that*, here employed as an affix to *lest*, so as to impart a more general relative force to the conjunction.

III. i. 96. **But we**—note the use of the nominative here in place of the accusative, "let no man abide . . . but *we*, the doers." *Abide*, of course, implies "accept any responsibility for" or "any penalty following the commission of the deed."

III. i. 122. **most boldest**: note this example of a double superlative. The reason of this peculiarity, which occurs somewhat frequently in Shakespeare, is that the inflections *-er* and *-est*, representing the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives, though still present, had lost some portion of their original force and therefore sometimes received the addition of *more* and *most* for the purpose of greater emphasis. *Cf.* "Most unkindest," Act III. Sc. i. 121; "a more larger list of sceptres," *Anthony and Cleopatra*, III. vi. 76; "more better," *The Tempest*, I. ii. 19. *Cf.* Acts xxvi. 5, "the most straitest sect."

III. i. 137. **untrod state**: the new political era that seemed opening.

III. i. 140. **So**: has the sense here of provided that, and in this connection is used with the future and the subjunctive. *Cf.* Abbott, § 133.

III. i. 144. **A mind** = a presentiment. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 75.

III. i. 146-47. **My misgiving . . . purpose** = my presentiment generally is not far from the truth. **Shrewdly**, as Dr Wright points out, is used as an intensive adverb. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, V. i. 102, "'tis shrewdly ebb'd."

III. i. 152. **must be let blood**: a euphemism for being put to death. Cf. *Richard III.*, III. i. 83.

III. i. 157. **Ye**: in the old forms of the language "ye" is nominative, *you* accusative. This distinction is observed in the Bible, as Dr Abbott points out, but was disregarded by Elizabethan authors, and "ye" seems to be generally used in questions, entreaties and rhetorical appeals.

III. i. 162. **Mean of death** = means of death. Both the singular and plural forms of this word are common in Shakespeare. Cf. *Lucrece*, l. 1045. also *King Lear*, IV. iv. 11. The plural form is sometimes used with a singular verb, "other means was none," *Comedy of Errors*, I. i. 76.

III. i. 172. **As fire drives . . . pity**: our pity and distress at the condition of our State makes us pitiless towards Cæsar. Cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. 7. 54, *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II. 4. 192.

III. i. 196. **dearer** = more bitterly.

III. i. 204. **bayed** = brought to bay; the figure being that of a stag turning on the dogs, but slain by them at last.

III. i. 206. **signed in thy spoil**: bearing the badge of Cæsar's blood. *Cf.* Brutus's speech, *ante*, ll. 105-110. Hunters customarily stained their hands with the blood of the slaughtered deer.

III. i. 206. **lethe** = slaughter. Latin, *letum* or *lethum*, death usually by violent means.

III. i. 217. **pricked** = nominated. *Cf.* Act. IV. Sc. i. 3-16, also 2 *Henry IV.*, III. ii. 162.

III. i. 222. **upon this hope**: relying upon this hope.

III. i. 228. **produce** is here to be taken in its literal signification, to bear forth, Lat. *produco*.

III. i. 243. **It shall advantage us**: it shall be of more profit to us than the opposite course. *Cf.* 1 Cor. xv. 32, "What advantageth it me."

III. i. 272. **Até**: In Greek mythology the Goddess of retribution.

III. i. 274. **Havoc**: Sir William Blackstone stated that in the military operations of old times "*havoc*" was the word used by which declaration was made that no quarter would be given; **let slip**: slips were leathern thongs, or leashes, by which greyhounds were restrained until the moment of their release came, when the leashes were "slipped" from them and they were free to pursue the hare. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. vi. 39.

III. i. 274. **The dogs of war**, as Malone and Steele (*Tatler*, 137) pointed out, were indicated by Shakespeare himself in *Henry V.*, Prologue—

> "Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword and fire
> Crouch for employment."

III. i. 276. **Carrion men**: bodies ready for burial. *Cf.* Act II. Sc. i. 130. **Groaning for burial**: "it is not an uncommon thing," says Wright,

"in some parts of the country still to say of a corpse that shows signs of decomposition that it 'calls loudly for the earth.'"

III. i. 287. Octavius was at that moment supposed to be in Illyria.

III. i. 296. **the which**: note the use of the definite article with the relative pronoun. Cf. *As You Like It*, III. i. 33. This usage also often occurs in Scripture.

SCENE II. This scene is concerned with the orations of Brutus and Antony.

III. ii. 7. **rendered**: the final *-ed* here must be sounded to preserve the scansion.

III. ii. 11. **is ascended**: The preterite tense of verbs of motion was in Shakespeare's time formed with the auxiliary verb "*to be*," not with "have."

III. ii. 16. **censure**: again we have the primitive signification of the word as derived from the Latin *censeo*. It means here not to *blame*, but to judge, 1 *Henry VI.*, V. v. 97.

III. ii. 29. **There is tears**, etc.: note the singular verb with the plural noun. This often happens in Shakespeare, particularly when "there" is used. Cf. *Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 371, "There is no more such masters."

III. ii. 43. **Extenuated . . . enforced**: neither lessened nor magnified. The words are intended to have an opposing or antithetic force as regards each other. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, V. ii. 125, "we will extenuate rather than enforce," for the same kind of antithesis.

III. ii. 59. **Save I alone**: note the construction here, "I alone" being a sort of "nominative absolute" as Wright aptly says.

III. ii. 72. **beholding**: obliged or indebted: used in Scotland to this day. "Beholden to So-and-so for his help" is a familiar phrase.

III. ii. 79. **bury Cæsar**: Shakespeare had probably forgotten that the Romans burned their dead. *See* illustration on a coin of Marcus Aurelius, which gives an example of a funeral-pile.

Coin of Aurelius (III. ii. 79.)

III. ii. 100. **Lupercal**: was a cave, not a hill, as is implied here.

III. ii. 130-32. **I rather choose . . . honourable men**: the construction here is very faulty. In place of "than I will wrong" we must read, "than to wrong.'

III. ii. 138. **napkins**=handkerchiefs. Cf. *ante*, II. ii. 89.

III. ii. 155. **o'ershot myself** = I have gone beyond what I intended: the term is taken from archery. The bowman, in shooting at the target, was said to have "overshot" the others, when he went beyond them.

III. ii. 172. **bear back**: press further back, give more room.

III. ii. 175. **First time ever . . . on**: note the omission of the preposition with the relative, "the first time on which"; or the conjunction, "the first time that."

III. ii. 177. **Nervii**: A strong tribe in Belgic Gaul defeated by Cæsar after a very severe engagement. The general himself had to snatch a sword and buckler from some of the men and encourage his souls by personally taking part in the fighting. *Cf.* Cæsar, *De Bello Gallico*, Bk. II. chaps. xv.-xx. Antony was not engaged in this battle. He did not join Cæsar until three years later.

III. ii. 185. **Cæsar's angel**: as inseparable as his guardian angel.

III. ii. 187. **the most unkindest**: another example of the double superlative. *Cf.* Act III. Sc. i. 122.

III. ii. 192. **Statuë**: note that this word must be scanned as a trisyllable. *Cf.* same pronunciation in *Richard III.*, III. vii. 25.

III. ii. 220. **steal away your hearts**: mislead you by playing on your feelings.

III. ii. 247. **drachmas**: a drachma was equal to a Roman denarius—almost tenpence. *See* Illustration.

III. ii. 254. **On this side Tiber**: but Cæsar's gardens were situated on the Janiculum, on the other side of the river from the Forum. Theobold's emendation, "on that side Tiber," was therefore correct, and should have been followed. Note the omission of the preposition "of."

III. ii. 256. **To walk abroad**: the use of the infinitive here is worthy of note. The phrase in full should be "common pleasures in which to walk abroad," or in the gerundival form, "for walking abroad in."

III. ii. 269. **Belike**: possibly, perhaps.

SCENE III. The fate of Cinna the poet is here recorded.

III. iii. 2. **Unluckily** = untowardly, or in a manner foretelling disaster. Cf. *The Tempest*, V. i. 221.

III. iii 3. **charge my fantasy**: weigh upon my fancy. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 23.

III. iii. 34. **turn him going**: send him about his business.

ACT IV.

This act is devoted to the description of the preparations for the struggle that was pending between Brutus and Cassius on the one side and Octavius, Lepidus and Antony on the other.

SCENE I. In this scene the arrangement is made between the Triumvirate as to what names are to be marked for death.

IV. i. 6. **damn him**: condemn him. The verb *damno* means to condemn, not to consign to damnation. As Wright aptly remarks, were this fact remembered in reading the New Testament, and "condemnation" substituted for "damnation," many erroneous Biblical interpretations would be avoided.

IV. i. 12. **unmeritable**: devoid of merit. Cf. *Richard III.*, III. vii. 155, my desert unmeritable shuns your high request: many adjectives, especially those ending in *ful*, *less*, *ble* and *ive* have both an active and a passive meaning, as for instance we can say, "*a fearful* coward" and "a *fearful* danger."

IV. i. 23. **either**: in order to scan this line *either* must be made a monosyllable; on the other hand, **soldier**, in l. 28, must be taken as a trisyllable.

IV. i. 30. **appoint**: assign. Cf. 1 *Henry IV.*, I. ii. 190.

IV. i. 37. **Abjects, arts, and imitations** = cast-off and castaway articles and worthless things. In *Troilus and Cressida*, V. ii. 158, we have the lines—

> "The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
> The fragments, scraps, the bits and greasy relics
> Of her o'er-eaten faith."

IV. i. 41. **Listen great things**: note the omission of the preposition. It is frequently ellided *after* verbs and adjectives that imply "value," "worth," etc.; and also sometimes *before* the thing heard, after verbs of hearing. "Listen our purpose," *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. i. 12; "List a brief tale," *King Lear*, V. iii. 181.

IV. i. 47. **Surest answered** = most certainly provided for.

IV. i. 48. **at the stake**: an illustration taken from bear-baiting.

SCENE II. The commencement of the misunderstanding between Brutus and Cassius.

IV. ii. 5. **do you salutation**: observe the idiom here—the use of "do" as a transitive verb followed by the indirect object (you) in the dative, and the direct object (salutation) in the accusative.

IV. ii. 7. **in his own change** = by his own change of disposition.

IV. ii. 8. **worthy cause** = sufficient cause. Cf. *Hamlet*, V. ii. 350.

IV. ii. 26. **fall their crests**: let fall or lower their crests. We have here an intransitive verb used as a transitive. Cf. *The Tempest*, II. i. 296, "to fall it on Gonzalo."

IV. ii. 46. **Enlarge your griefs**: give free expression to your complaints.

SCENE III. This scene is occupied with the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius.

IV. iii. 2. **noted**: stamped with disgrace. Lucius Pella had been Roman praetor at Sardis, and had accepted bribes from those who wished to corrupt the fountain of justice.

IV. iii. 5. **Slighted off** = disregarded. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 200.

IV. iii. 8. **nice offence**: every trifling fault, *Richard III.*, III. vii. 175.

IV. iii. 10. **to have**: note the present infinitive used here for the gerund "condemned for having": the same construction prevails with regard to *sell* and *mart*.

IV. iii. 19. **for justice' sake**: for justice's sake—the possessive inflection in dissyllables ending in a sibilant sound is often omitted altogether. *Cf.* "for fashion sake," *As You Like It*, III. ii. 271; "for oath's sake," *Twelfth Night*, III. iv. 326; "for praise sake," *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. i. 37.

IV. iii. 30. **hedge me in**: in restraining my freedom of action. This is another example of the infinitive used for the gerund.

IV. iii. 36. **Have mind upon your health**: this is a threat by Cassius, that unless Brutus takes care, Cassius may forget himself and injure him.

IV. iii. 47. **venom of your spleen**: by mediæval and Elizabethan physiologists the spleen was said to be the source of the emotions. Spleen then is synonymous with any access of emotion. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 178.

IV. iii. 75. **indirection**: must be taken here to mean any miscarriage of justice. Cf. *King John*, III. i. 276.

IV. iii. 80. **Counters**: round pieces of metal, valueless in themselves, employed in making long calculations. Cf. *As You Like It*, II. vii. 63.

IV. iii. 108. **dishonour shall be humour**: dishonour will be esteemed as merely resulting from your natural disposition.

IV. iii. 115. **blood ill-tempered**: hot-blooded. Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy* names the four humours which, according to him, constituted the human temperament. They were, blood, phlegm, choler and melancholy. **Vexeth** being in the singular after the plural subjects is probably due to the fact that they constitute one idea.

IV. iii. 135. **fashion**: must be scanned as a trisyllable like soldier. *Cf.* Act IV. Sc. i. 28.

IV. iii. 146. **give place**: give way.

IV. iii. 155. **tidings**: used by Shakespeare both as a singular and as a plural noun. **Distract**=distracted. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. vi. 288.

IV. iii. 165. **call in question**: take consideration of, investigate. Cf. *Troilus and Cressida*, III. ii. 60.

IV. iii. 184. **writ**=written. Shakespeare uses all three forms of the participle, *writ*, *written* and *wrote*.

IV. iii. 190. **why**: stands here as an interjection expressive of assent and agreement to what has been previously said. Cf. *Coriolanus*, V. i. 15.

IV. iii. 196. **To our work alive**: to our work as living men—in contrast to the conversation just held over the death of Portia. *Cf.* "I must work while it is day," etc., John ix. 4.

IV. iii. 202. **of force**=must needs. Cf. *Love's Labour's Lost*, I. i. 148.

IV. iii. 218-224. **There is a tide . . . . ventures**: this passage was often imitated by Chapman in *Bussy D'Ambois*, I. i. 135, beginning—

> "There is a deep nick in time's restless wheel
> For each man's good."

IV. iii. 224. **ventures**: what we have staked.

IV. iii. 228. **We will niggard**: put on short allowance, *i.e.*, allow nature but little rest. Niggard is never used elsewhere save as an adjective or a substantive. In the *Sonnets* (I. 12) an intransitive use occurs, "niggarding."

IV. iii. 239. **O'erwatched**: been compelled to watch too long. The only other example of this word occurs in *King Lear*, II. ii. 177, "All weary and o'erwatch'd." Note the use of this verb as being an example of Shakespeare's facility in coining new words to suit his purpose.

IV. iii. 262. **Young bloods**: may either mean "young blood" or "young persons." Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, III. iii. 141.

IV. iii. 266. **Leaden mace**: Spenser, *Faerie Queen*, I. iv. 44, has the same image, "Morpheus had with leaden mace."

IV. iii. 280. **Hair to stare**: to start up on end. As Smeaton remarks in *The Tempest* in this series (commenting *in loc.* I. ii. 213), the original idea of *stare* is fixedness or immobility, hence a good idea is conveyed of the horror aroused by the apparition.

IV. iii. 287. **Taken heart again**: *Cf.* Macbeth's speech (III. iv. 107) on the departure of Banquo's ghost.

ACT V.

The last act deals with the issue of the great conflict, the triumph of Cæsarism, the extinction of Republicanism.

SCENE I. The meeting of Brutus and Cassius with Antony and Octavius.

V. i. 4. **Battles**: forces arranged in order of battle. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. vi. 4.

V. i. 14. **Bloody sign of battle**: Shakespeare took that from Plutarch (*Life of Brutus*), "The next morning by break of day the signal of battle was set out in Brutus' and Cassius' camp, which was an arming scarlet coat."

V. i. 32. **The posture . . . are**: note the error that has crept in of a singular subject and a plural verb. Shakespeare has many such examples. It arises from carelessly looking to the number of the nearest substantive in place of the ultimate one.

V. i. 34. **Hybla** was a town of Sicily famed for its bees. The hills around were covered with thyme, which gave a peculiar flavour to the honey.

V. i. 52. **Goes up again**: returns into its sheath. Cf. *The Tempest*, I. ii. 469, "Put thy sword up."

V. i. 60. **More-honourable**=more honourably. Another example of the adjectival form used in the latter of two adverbs for the adverbial. *Cf.* Act I. Sc. iii. 124 and Act V. Sc. v. 71, "general honest."

V. i. 61. **Peevish**: is not fretful or discontented, but headstrong and wayward. *Cf.* Gosson, *Schoole of Abuse* (New edition, p. 27), "We have infinite Poets and Pipers, and such peevishe cattel among us in Englande that live by merrie begging." Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. vi. 4, "He is strange and peevish."

V. i. 71. **As this very day**: *as* is used redundantly with definitions of time, even as ὡς is used in Greek with respect to motion. *As* here is equivalent to "as I may say." *Cf.* Chaucer, "But al that thinge I must as now forbere," Chaucer, *Canterbury Tales*, "Knight's Tale," l. 27.

V. i. 77. **I held Epicurus strong**: I firmly believed in the doctrines of Epicurus. The latter was a great Greek philosopher who founded the sect of Epicureans and maintained that pleasure (or rather that which gives a true and lofty sense of pleasure) was the chief end in life. It was generally opposed to Stoicism.

V. i. 80. **Coming**=as we came, or "to us coming." Sometimes, as Abbott says, a pronoun on which a participle depends can be understood from the pronominal adjective. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*, II. i. 192, "Not helping, death's my fee," for "To me, not helping."

V. i. 83. **Consorted us**=accompanied us. Cf. *Macbeth*, II. iii. 141.

V. i. 87. **As**=as if: **sickly prey**: prey doomed or abandoned to destruction, the image being taken from an animal left to die.

V. i. 93. **very constantly**: very firmly and with determination.

V. i. 97. **Let's reason . . . befall**: let us take account of the very worst contingency that might befall us.

V. i. 105. **prevent the time of life**=anticipate the time when life will end. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 61.

V. i. 109. **In triumph**: for example of a Roman general triumphing, *see* illustration.

Roman General Triumph, with Captive led at his Chariot (V. i. 109).

V. i. 114. **Begun**: for began. Both forms were used for the preterite.

V. i. 116. **Therefore**: supply after it "let us."

SCENE II. This scene is introduced seemingly to show how Cassius was defeated by being left without support by Brutus, whose men, having defeated Octavius, pressed on to spoil and neglected their duty.

V. ii. 1. **bills**: notes of instruction.

V. ii. 5. **Sudden push**; sudden charge. Cf. *Macbeth*, V. iii. 20.

SCENE III. The death of Cassius is recorded in this scene.

V. iii. 2. **Myself . . . enemy**: supply "I"—"I have to mine own men turned enemy," referring to the episode of the cowardly standard-bearer. *See* illustration for standard-bearer.

Stand.-bearer. (V. iii. 2).

V. iii. 19. **even with a thought**=as rapidly as a flash of thought. *Cf.* "with a twink" in *The Tempest*, IV. i. 43.

V. iii. 21. **thick**=dim. Cf. *Lucrece*, 782.

V. iii. 29. **With horsemen**: for example of Roman cavalry, *see* illustration.

Roman Cavalry (V. iii. 29).

V. iii. 42. **Search thou**: pierce thou. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, II. iii. 262, "to the bottom dost thou search my wound."

V. iii. 43. **hilts**: note the plural use of the word for a singular object.

Legionary with Lorica (V. iii. 53).

V. iii. 53. **legions**: for example of a legionary with the *lorica* or coat of mail, *see* illustration.

V. iii. 66. **success**: "In Shakespeare's time," says Mr Aldis Wright, "success was a neutral word used in the sense of 'issue,' 'result,' and was generally qualified by some adjective. In present usage the prosperous issue is implied and good success is a redundancy." Cf. *King Lear*, V. iii. 194: also *Macbeth*, I. iii. 90.

V. iii. 71. **Kill'st the mother . . . th e**: an illustration taken from a popular but false superstition that the adder in giving birth to its brood always died.

V. iii. 89. **A Roman's part**=to die with his friend rather than be taken.

V. iii. 99. **The last of all the Romans**: *ultimus Romanorum*. The expression occurs in *Plutarch*.

This use of the vocative is rare in Shakespeare. *Cf.* Suetonius, Bk. III. Cap. lxi.

V. iii. 104. **Thasos**: this was an island in the Ægean, where Cassius at one time had a house. *Cf.* Peter Martyr, *Loci Communes*, Bk. IV., Cap. xlvii.

V. iii. 105. **funerals**: note the plural form of the word; the singular is more frequent in Shakespeare. The only other case of the plural occurs in *Titus Andronicus*, I. i. 381, "plead for his funerals."

SCENE IV. The battle is renewed and ends in the defeat of Brutus.

V. iv. 12. **Only I yield to die** = I yield only in order to die, or on condition of dying. Note the position of the adverb; the Elizabethans took great licence in this. This passage is somewhat obscure, but has been amended by the insertion of the stage direction offering money.

V. iv. 30. **Whether**: in order to keep the scansion right it must be pronounced "whe're," as in Act I. Sc. i. 62; Act V. Sc. iii. 98.

SCENE V. The death of Brutus and the victory of Antony and Octavius.

V. v. 3. **came not**: note the use of the past tense for the perfect, "has not come." Cf. *Much Ado About Nothing*, I. ii. 4, "I can tell you strange news that you yet dreamed not of." *Cf.* Abbott, § 346, 347.

V. v. 42. **have but laboured to attain**: have laboured only to attain. *Cf.* note on Act V. Sc. iv. 12.

V. v. 46. **some snatch** (or *smatch*) = some shade, or tinge or tincture. *Cf.* Earle's *Microcosmographie*, Chap. xxxvi. l. 10 (Dent's *Temple Classics*), "he has some *smatch* of a scholar and yet uses Latin hardly."

V. v. 59. **Lucilius' saying** = another example of an error which has been raised into the dignity of a rule. Owing to the dissonance caused by the three sibilants coming together, one of them has been in verse elided; thus we say "Lucilius' saying" in place of "Lucilius's saying," and this has now passed into currency both in prose and verse.

V. v. 60. **entertain them** = receive them into my service.

V. v. 61. **bestow** = pass, or spend. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, V. ii. 182, "bestow it at your pleasure."

V. v. 62. **prefer** = recommend. Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, II. ii. 155.

V. v. 69. **save only he** = Abbott considers that "save" is here used for "saved" (the participle of to save) and that "he" is the nominative absolute. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 172.

V. v. 78. **his bones** = his corpse.

V. v. 80. **field** = the army then encamped on the field of battle.

Glossary

M.E. = Middle English Lat. = Latin
A.S. = Anglo-Saxon Low Lat. = Low Latin

Abide (verb), be responsible for, stand the consequences of; III. i. 94; III. ii. 119. M.E. *abyen*, to redeem; A.S. *abycgan*, to pay for.

Abject (sub.), anything thrown aside as useless; IV. i. 37. Lat. *abjectus*, part of *abjicere*, to cast away. Cf. *Richard III.*, I. i. 106.

Abridge (verb), to diminish or shorten—used of time; III. i. 104. O.F. *abrigier*, another form of *abrevier*. Lat. *abbreviare*, to curtail. *Merchant of Venice*, I. i. 127.

Accoutred (part.), fully dressed; I. ii. 105. Fr. *accoutrer*; O.F. *accoustrer*, to array.

Addressed (part.), prepared; III. i. 29.

Æneas (prop. name), the Trojan hero, son of Anchises, and legendary founder of Rome. He carried his father from the burning Troy on his shoulders, hence was called "pious Æneas"; I. ii. 112.

Affability (sub.), kindness in deed as well as manner; II. i. 82.

Afloat (verb), voyaging; IV. iii. 222. Cf. *Sonnets*, lxxx. 9.

After (prep.), thereafter or afterwards; I. ii. 76.

Ages (sub.), generations of men; III. i. 111. Lat. *ævum*.

Ague (sub.), the name given to a sort of intermittent fever; II. ii. 113.

Aim (sub.), guess, conjecture; I. ii. 163. From O F *æsmer*, *esmer*, to aim at.

Airless (adj.), wanting fresh air; I. iii. 94.

Alchemy (sub.), the false art of making gold; I. iii. 159. From Arab *al*, the, and *Kimya*, chemistry. With the exception of the *Sonnets* (xxxiii. 4; cxiv. 4) the word is only used in this play.

Allow (verb), permit, grant; III. ii. 64. Low Lat. *allocare*, to allot. Cf. *Cymbeline*, II. iii. 120.

An (conj.), if (followed by indic. as well as the subj. mood); IV. iii. 258.

Angel (sub.), favourite friend, guardian spirit; III. ii. 185. Lat. *angelus*; Gr. ἄγγελος.

Answer (verb), to render account, atone; V. i. 24. A.S. *andswerian*, *andswarian*, to answer.

Apprehensive (adj.), gifted with understanding, intelligent; III. i. 67. Lat. *apprehendo*, to lay hold of. Cf. *All's Well that Ends Well*; I. ii. 61.

Apt (adj.), several shades of meaning; (1) easily influenced; V. iii. 68; (2) prompt, fit; III. i. 60; (3) adapted, appropriate, or becoming; II. ii. 97. Lat. *aptus*, *2 Henry IV.*, I. i. 69.

Argue (verb), to demonstrate by reasoning, to discuss; V. i. 48. Lat. *arguere*, to prove by argument. *Coriolanus*, I. i. 224.

Arrive (verb), to reach; I. i. 110. Fr. *arriver*; Low Lat. *arripare*, to come to land.

Astonish (verb), to paralyse with alarm; I. iii. 56.

Até (prop. name) the goddess of Retribution and of Evil; III. i. 271. Cf. *King John*, II. i. 63.

Audience (sub.), hearing; III. ii. 2. Lat. *audientia*, hearing, from *audire*, to hear.

Augurer (sub.), one who divined the future from such occurrences as the flight of birds; a reader of omens. Shakespeare confounds the augurer (or more properly the augur) with the haruspex, the Etrurian diviners, who foretold coming events from the appearance of the entrails of sacrificed animals; II. i. 200. The illustration in the "Notes" shows the usual dress of the augur.

Awe (verb), to strike with reverence, and hence to keep in subjection; I. ii. 123. A.S. *oga* or *ege*, awe.

Bait (verb), harass, exasperate, as dogs or a bear at a stake; IV. iii. 28. M.E. *baiten*, *beiten*, to make to bite; a "bait" is an enticement to bite; *Macbeth*, V. viii. 29.

Bang (sub.), buffet; III. iii. 18.

Base (sub.), foundation; III. ii. 192. M.E. *bas*; Lat. *basis* and Gr. *βάσις*, a pedestal. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. iv. 71.

Bathe (verb), dip, immerse; III. i. 106. A.S. *bathian*, to bathe, from A.S. *baeth*, a bath. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, IV. ii. 6.

Battle (sub.), division of an army; V. i. 4.

Bay (verb), (1) standing at bay defying attack; III. i. 204; (2) to bark at; IV. iii. 27. The former sense of the term comes from the phrase, *etre aux abois*, to be at bay, the latter from the O.F. *abbayer*, to bark, also Low Lat. *baubari*, to yelp; *Troilus and Cressida*, II. iii. 93; and *Cymbeline*, V. v. 223.

Beads (sub.), tears; III. i. 284.

Bear (verb), has many special idiomatic meanings; (1) bear a hand over = restrain; I. ii. 35; (2) bear hard = cherish enmity against; I. ii. 316; II. i. 215; (3) bear me = get from me, receive at my hands; III. iii. 18.

Befriend (verb), favour; II. iv. 30. Cf. *Timon of Athens*, III. ii. 62.

Beholding (verb), obliged to, under obligations to, beholder, III. ii. 70.

Belike (adv.), as it appears; as it seems to me; III. ii. 275.

Bend (sub.), glance, look; I. ii. 123. M.E. *benden*; A.S. *bendan*, to string a bow, from A.S. *bend*, a band, which comes in turn from *band*, past tense of *bindan*, to bend.

Besmear (verb), dip in, cover, soil; III. i. 107.

Best (adj.), used in courtesy without any distinct or definite sense; "At your best leisure," III. i. 5.

Bestow (verb), lay out, expend; V. v. 61. M.E. *stowen* = to put in a place; A.S. *stow* = a place. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, I. iii. 94.

Bethink, used reflectively and followed by a clause = resolve, come to some conclusion; IV. iii. 251. Used almost in the sense of "methinks." A.S. *thencan*, *thencean*, to think. Cf. *Richard II.*, II. iii. 8.

Betimes (adv.), soon, before it becomes too late; II. i. 116.

Betray (verb), ensnare, entrap; II. i. 204. Prefix *be* and O.F. *trair*, to deliver up, from Lat. *tradere*. The prefix *be* was due to confusion with *bewray*. Cf. *Cymbeline*, I. iii. 29.

Beware (verb), used in transitive sense almost as an interjection. "Take care" (*cf.* Lat. *Cave*), I. ii. 18. It is now written as one word: formerly it stood as "be ware" = be cautious. A.S. *w-aer*, cautious; *Macbeth*, IV. i. 71.

Bills (sub.), written instructions,

note; V. ii. 1. Low Lat. *billa*, from *bulla*, a papal edict.

Bird of night (sub.), owl; I. iii. 26.

Blocks (sub.), any large lump of inanimate matter, hence persons that are destitute of feeling or sympathy; I. i. 40.

Blood (sub.), used in sense of (1) relationship; I. i. 56; (2) association in a great enterprise; IV. iii. 115; (3) young men of spirit and enthusiasm; IV. iii. 262.

Blunt (adj.), unceremonious and without polish; used in opposition to dandified airs; III. ii. 222. M.E. *blunt*, *blont*, allied to Icel. *blunda*, sleep.

Bold (verb), make free with; II. i. 86. M.E. *bold* or *bald*; A.S. *beald*, *bald*. Cf. *Othello*, III. iii. 228.

Bosom (sub.), the depository of secrets; II. i. 305; V. i. 7. M.E. *bosom*; A.S. *bosm*. Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, III. v. 240.

Bound (part.), fated or destined, therefore delayed; IV. iii. 221.

Break (verb), (1) when it takes "off" it signifies to interrupt, to stop; II. i. 116; (2) when it takes "with" or "to" its meaning is to make a disclosure to; II. i. 150; (3) when it takes "up" it signifies to dismiss or adjourn; II. ii. 98. M.E. *breken*, past tense, *brak*, pp. *broken*; A.S. *brecan*, past tense, *braec*, pp. *brocen*. Cf. *Hamlet*, I. i. 40.

Bring (verb), conduct, guide; I. iii. 1. A.S. *bringan*. Cf. *Othello*, V. ii. 337: there is also another sense indicated by Schmidt to "accompany" when the past part. "brought" is used; III. ii. 276.

Brook (verb), endure, suffer; I. ii. 159. A.S. *brucan*, use, enjoy. Cf. *Coriolanus*, I. i. 226.

Budge (verb), submit; IV. iii. 44.

Bustling (part.), stirring, moving hither and thither; II. iv. 18.

Calculate (verb), prophesy coming events; I. iii. 65.

Cancel (verb), annul, destroy; I. iii. 102. Low Lat. *cancellare*, to destroy a deed by drawing a line across it. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. ii. 49.

Carrions (sub.), (1) corrupted flesh: III. i. 275; (2) term of contempt for people of no account; II. i. 130. M.E. *caroigne*, a carcase. Low Lat. *caronia*, a dead body. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 195.

Casca (prop. name), one of the murderers of Cæsar; his features are preserved on the following coin struck by Brutus. He appears only in Act I.

Cast (verb), to assume a state of mind or feeling; I. iii. 60.

Cautelous (adj.), cautious, then false; II. i. 129. From *cautus*, past part. of *cavere*, to beware. Cf. *Coriolanus*, IV. i. 33.

Censure (verb), determine, decide, try; III. ii. 16. Lat. *censeo*, to give an opinion.

Ceremonies (sub.), (1) garlands and drapings of statues at the time of a feast; I. i. 70; (2) any religious service or rite; II. i. 197; (3) divination; II. ii. 13.

Change, used (1) as a trans. verb, "to alter"; I. iii. 66; (2) as an intrans. verb "to be altered"; II. ii. 96; (3) to change colour; III. i. 24. O.F. *changier*; Low Lat. *cambiare*, to change. Cf. *Othello*, I. iii. 388.

Charactery (sub.), writing (Schmidt).

Charge (sub.), (1) expense; IV. i.

9; (2) military post or command; IV. ii. 48; (3) attack; V. i. 24; also as a verb, "to burden"; III. iii. 2.

Chariot (sub.), triumphal car; I. i. 48. O.F. *car;* Lat. *carrus*, a chariot. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. iv. 67.

Charm (verb), to compel to obey; II. i. 271. O.F. *charme;* Lat. *carmen*, a song, then an enchantment.

Chase (verb), race; I. ii. 8.

Check (verb), rebuke; IV. iii. 97. O F. *eschec*, a check. *King Lear*, II. ii. 143.

Chew (verb), to ruminate, to consider seriously; I. ii. 171.

Chide (verb), quarrel; IV. iii. 123. M.E. *cheden;* A.S. *cidan*. *Othello*, II. i. 108.

Choice (adj.), select, excellent; III. i. 163. O.F. *choisir*, to choose. *Hamlet*, III. ii. 274.

Choke (verb), oppress, kill; III. i. 269. M.E. *chowken*, *cheken;* A.S. *ceócian*, to swallow with difficulty.

Chopped (part.), chapped; I. ii. 245.

Clean (adv.), wholly, completely; I. iii. 35.

Close (adv.), (1) pent up in one's self; I. iii. 131; (2) so near as to be in contact; IV. iii. 164; (3) as a verb, to come to an agreement; III. i. 202. M.E. *closen;* O.F. *clos;* Lat. *clausus*, past part. of *claudere*, to shut. *Macbeth*, V. i. 24.

Cobbler (sub.), "a mender of soles" (souls), used punningly; I. i. 11. O.F. *cobler*, *coubler*, to join together.

Cognizance (sub.), that by which anything is known or remembered; II. ii. 89; O.F. *connoissance;* Lat. *cognoscere*, to know.

Colossus (sub.), the great brazen statue erected across the mouth of the harbour of Rhodes. It bestrode the entrance, and ships sailed under it; I. ii. 136. *See* Note.

Come by (verb), to acquire, obtain possession; II. i. 259.

Commit (verb), entrust, surrender; II. i. 235.

Compass (sub.), circle (Schmidt); V. iii. 25. Low Lat. *compassus*, a circuit. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v. 69.

Complexion (sub.), external look or appearance; I. iii. 128. Lat. *complexio*, habit of body. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 474.

Concave (adj.), hollow; I. i. 52.

Conceit (verb), form an idea, judge; I. iii. 162. M.E. *conceit;* O.F. *conceit*, past part. of *concevoir*. *Othello*, III. iii. 149.

Condition (sub.), constitution, state of mind or body; II. i. 236. Cf. 2 *Henry IV.*, III. i. 78.

Confines (sub.), district, territory; III. i. 272. Lat. *confinis*, bordering on. *Richard III.*, IV. iv. 3.

Consort (part.), attend, accompany; V. i. 83.

Constantly (adv.), resolutely; V. i. 92.

Construe (verb), interpret; I. ii. 45; I. iii. 34; II. i. 307. Lat. *construere*, to build together. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 61.

Contrive (verb), plot or plan mischief, with its noun *contriver*, a plotter; II. iii. 16; II. i. 158. O.F. *controver*, to find out.

Controversy (sub.), combat or dispute; I. ii. 109.

Couching (sub.), bowing, lowly kneelings; III. i. 36.

Counters (sub.), round piece of metal used in calculations (Schmidt); IV. iii. 80.

Course (sub.), race, career; I. ii. 4; also progress; III. ii. 266. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, III. ii. 398.

Courtesies (sub.), bending the knee, prostrations, III. i. 36.

Cross-lightning (sub.), forked light-

ning; I. iii. 50. Cf. *King Lear*, IV. vii. 35.

Crouch (verb), cringe; IV. iii. 45. M.E. *crouchen*, allied to *croken*, to bend. From M.E. *crok*, a crook.

Crowd (verb), press; II. iv. 35.

Cull (verb), select = choose out from many; I. i. 53.

Cynic (sub.), a follower of Diogenes, a rough and rude person; IV. iii. 133. Lat. *cynicus*; Gk. κυνικός, doglike, from κύων, a dog.

Damn (verb), pronounce judgment or condemnation upon; IV. i. 6. Lat. *con* and *damno*, to fine, then to condemn. Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra*, I. ii. 24.

Dearer (adv.), an intensive term, heartily, entirely, used often in an evil sense; III. i. 196. *Cf.* M.E. *dere*; A.S. *dcore*, precious. Cf. *King Lear*, I. i. 57.

Decay (verb), to become weak; IV. ii. 20.

Defence (sub.), readiness for combat; IV. iii. 202.

Deliver (verb), utter, communicate; III. i. 181; Low Lat. *deliberare*, to set free.

Discomfort (verb), dishearten, make uneasy; V. iii. 106.

Discover (verb), reveal; I. ii. 69.

Dishonour (sub.), disgrace, ignominy; IV. iii. 109.

Disrobe (verb), divest of their festal ornaments; I. i. 68.

Distract (part.), beside oneself, distraught; IV. iii. 155.

Domestic (adj.), pertaining to one's own nation; III. i. 263.

Doublet (sub.), the inner garment of a man (Schmidt); I. ii. 267.

Drachma, an ancient Grecian silver coin, in value about 9¾d. and a fraction, say nearly 10d.; the name also represents an Attic weight = 66 grs. avoirdupois; III. ii. 247.

Drowsily (adv.), sleepily; IV. iii. 240. A.S. *drusian*, to be sluggish; also *dreosan*, to mourn.

Dull (adj.), indolent, inert, both physically and mentally; I. iii. 57.

Eagerly (adv.), impetuously; V. iii. 7.

Emulation (sub.), envy, jealous rivalry; II. iii. 14.

Enclose (verb), encompass; V. iii. 8.

Encompass (verb), enclose; I. ii. 155.

Encourage (verb), incite, stimulate; IV. iii. 209.

Enforce (verb), urge, ply hard; IV. iii. 112; lay stress upon or compel; III. ii. 43.

Engraft (verb), inoculate; II. i. 184.

Enlarge (verb), relate at length; IV. ii. 46.

Enrolled (part.), registered, entered on record; III. ii. 41.

Ensign (sub.), banner, standard; V. i. 80. Low Lat. *insigna*, a standard; Lat. *insignis*, remarkable. *Cymbeline*, V. v. 480. (*See* illustration.) The standard-bearer was also called the ensign; V. iii. 3.

From a coin of Augustus representing the ensigns of the 20th Legion, the central eagle being the Imperial standard.

Entertain (verb), receive into one's service; V. v. 60.

Envy (sub.), spite, jealous malice; II. i. 164. From this comes the adjective *envious*, malignant, spite-

fully jealous; II. i. 178; III. ii. 179.

Epicurus (sub.), Greek philosopher, who held "pleasure" under certain safeguards and restrictions to be the *summum bonum* of life; V. ii. 77.

Erebus (sub.), Tartarus, hell, the place of complete darkness; II. i. 84.

Eternal (adj.), infernal, used to express extreme abhorrence (Schmidt); I. ii. 160.

Even (adj.), stainlessly pure, without a flaw; II. i. 133; also smooth, plain, as applied to ground; V. i. 17.

Exhalations (sub.), meteors; II. i. 44.

Exigent (sub.), pressing necessity, crisis; V. i. 19.

Exorcist (sub.), one who summons or can raise spirits; II. i. 323.

Expedition (sub.), march of an army; IV. iii. 170.

Extenuate (verb), to undervalue, detract from (Schmidt); III. ii. 42. Lat. *ex* and *tenuis*.

Extremity (sub.), the utmost rigour or cruelty; II. i. 31. Lat. *extremus*, superlative of *exterus*. Cf. *Cymbeline*; III. iv. 17.

Face (sub.), courage; V. i. 10; also as a verb, to meet in front, to oppose; IV. iii. 211. Schmidt says: "The controverted passage in II. i. 114, 'if not the face of men, the sufferance of our souls,' etc., may be understood literally, 'having manly faces,' *i.e.*, looking like men, you ought to act like men."

Factious (adj.), taking a prominent part in a quarrel, dissentient; I. iii. 118.

Faculty (sub.), quality, essential virtue; I. iii. 67. Lat. *facultas*. Cf. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 589.

Fall (verb), (1) occur, take place; III. i. 243; (2) to become; IV. iii. 155; (3) to begin; I. ii. 222; (4) to drop or let fall; IV. ii. 26.

Falling sickness (sub.), epileptic fits; I. ii. 255.

Famed with (phrase), rendered illustrious; I. ii. 153.

Fantasy (sub.), (1) imagination; III. iii. 2; (2) the faculty of imagination to foreshadow the future; II. i. 197; (3) mental image conceits; II. i. 231.

Fashion (sub.), (1) manner, way (Schmidt); I. ii. 180; IV. iii. 135; (2) as a verb, to work from one shape into another; II. i. 30.

Fast (adv.), (1) deeply, soundly; II. i. 229; (2) immovably, unchangeably; V. i. 22; (3) swiftly, quickly; III. i. 201.

Fasten (verb), to put or palm upon by persuasion; V. i. 11.

Favour (sub.), look, aspect; I. iii. 129; also the features; I. ii. 91.

Fear (sub.), dreadfulness; II. i. 190; also fearfulness=awe, dread; I. i. 80; also *fearful bravery*=a courage that is dashed with dread; V. i. 10.

Fell (adj.), savage, cruel; III. i. 269.

Fellow (sub.), an equal, one in the same station; III. i. 62. M.E. *felawe*. Cf. *The Tempest*, II. i. 274.

Ferret (sub.), the animal known by the scientific name of *mustela furo*; I. ii. 186.

Field (sub.), battle or combat; V. v. 80. M.E. *feld*; A.S. *feld*; Dutch, *veldt*. *Antony and Cleopatra*, II. i. 23.

Figure (sub.), idea, imagination; II. i. 231.

Fleering (part. adj.), to make an evil countenance with the mouth by uncovering the teeth (Halliwell); I. iii. 117. M.E. *flerien*, to mock.

Fond (sub.), silly, weak; III. i. 39. M.E. *fond*, more commonly *fonn-ed*, past part. of *fonnen*, to act as a fool, from the M.E. *fon*, *fonne*, a fool. Cf. *Othello*, I. iii. 320.

Force (adv. phrase), "of force" = of necessity ; IV. iii. 203.
Formal (adj.), grave, dignified ; II. i. 227.
Former (adj.), most forward, anterior ; V. i. 80.
Freeman (sub.), one who has freedom of action ; III. ii. 26. M.E. *fre* ; A.S. *freo*.
Fresh (adj used for adv.), brisk, lively ; II. i. 224.
Fret (verb), (1) to be vexed, to chafe ; IV. iii. 42 ; (2) to variegate ; II. i. 104.
fulfil (verb), accomplish ; III. i. 159.
funeral (sub.), solemn burial, obsequies ; III. i. 230. Sometimes used in the plural ; V. iii. 105. Lat. *funeralis*, base of *funus*, burial.

Gamesome (adj.), sportive, gay ; I. ii. 28.
General (adj.), pertaining to all ; I. ii. 132 ; used also as a substantive (1) for the whole ; II. ii. 29 ; (2) the common people ; II. i. 12.
Genius (sub.), the good or evil spirit supposed to direct the actions of men ; II. i. 66. Lat. *genius* = the inborn spirit.
Gentleness (sub.), mildness, kindness ; I. ii. 33.
Ghastly (adj.), pallid through terror ; I. iii. 23. M.E. *gastly* ; A.S. *gaestlic*, terrible.
Glance (verb), hint ; I. ii. 323.
Go up (verb), sheathe, return to scabbard ; V. i. 52
Go to (interj.), equivalent to "come," "hurry," or the like ; IV. iii. 32.
Grace (sub.), reverence, honour ; III. ii.. 62. Lat. *gratia*, from *gratus*, pleasing. *Hamlet*, II. ii. 53 ; adj. *gracious*, beneficent, pious, fortunate ; III. ii. 198. Cf. *Macbeth*, III. i. 66.
Greek (sub.), standing for that which is unintelligible ; I. ii. 286.
Griefs (sub.), causes of complaint ; I. iii. 118 ; sufferings ; III. ii. 217. M.E. *gref* ; O.F. *grief*, burdensome, sad. Lat. *gravis*. Cf. *Pericles*, II. iv. 23.
Guide (verb), govern, handle ; V. iii. 45. M.E. *gyden* ; O.F. *guider*, to guide. Cf. *Henry VIII.*, I. i. 45.
Gusty (adj.), stormy ; I. ii. 100.

Hand (sub.), handwriting ; I. ii. 319. A.S. *hand* or *hond*. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 51.
Have aim (phrase), to guess at, I. ii. 163 ; **have mind**, to take note of ; IV. iii. 36.
Havoc (interjectional expletive), used when the combat was to be so bloody that quarter was neither to be asked nor given ; III. i. 273. (*See* note). A.S. *hafoc*, a hawk.
Head (sub.), an armed force ; IV. i. 42 ; "to make head" is to levy such a force.
Health (sub.), welfare, prosperity ; IV. iii. 36. A.S. *haelth*, health, from *hal*, whole, through *haelan*, to make whole. Cf. *Merchant of Venice*, V. i. 114.
Heavy (adj.), sad, sorrowful ; II. i. 275. M.E. *hevi* ; A.S. *haefig*, heavy (hard to heave). Cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I. i. 136.
Hedge in (verb), confine, restrain, limit ; IV. iii. 30.
High-sighted (part. adj.), supercilious ; II. i. 118.
Hold (verb), (1) to judge, conclude ; I. ii. 78 ; (2) entertain, harbour ; I. ii. 322 ; II. i. 196 ; (3) receive, take ; I. iii. 117 ; V. iii. 85 ; (4) retain his place, III. i. 69.
Honey-heavy (compound word), "honey-heavy dew," the ancient belief was that the dew absorbed the odour of the flowers, and that the bees used it in the manufacture of their honey ; II. i. 230.
Hoot (verb), shout with amazement

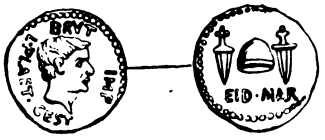
and wonder; I. ii. 244. M.E. *houten*, to hoot.

Humour (sub.), (1) conceit, caprice, fancy; II. i. 250; (2) malicious humour; IV. iii. 109 and 120; (3) moisture, dank dew; II. i. 262. Lat. *humor*.

Hurtle (verb), justle, to crash together; II. ii. 22.

Hybla (prop. name), a town and mountain of Sicily, famous for the honey that is raised there; V. i. 34.

Ides (sub.), the ides fall on the 15th day of March, May, July and October, and on the 13th of all other months; I. ii. 18 ff. (*See* illustration on coin of Brutus.)



Coin referring to "Ides of March."

Images (sub.), refer to the statues of Cæsar erected throughout Rome; I. i. 69.

Incertain (adj.), uncertain; V. i. 96.

Incorporate (verb), unite; I. iii. 135.

Indifferently (adv.), without interest, impartially; I. ii. 87.

Indirection (sub.), wrong courses, dishonest action; IV. iii. 75.

Infirmity (sub.), (1) moral weakness; IV. iii. 86; (2) bodily disease; I. ii. 273. Lat. *infirmus* = not strong.

Insuppressive (adj.), insuppressible, not to be kept down; II. i. 134.

Intermit (verb), suspend; I. i. 59.

Itching (part. adj.), itching palm = accessible to bribes; IV. iii. 10. M.E. iken, icchen, A.S. *giccan*, to itch. *The Tempest*, II. ii. 55.

Jade (sub.), contemptuous term for a broken-down horse; IV. ii. 26.

Jealous (adj.), (1) suspiciously fearful; I. ii. 162; (2) doubtful (with prep.); I. ii. 71.

Joy (verb), to be glad; V. v. 34.

Kerchief (sub.), cloth to cover the head in time of illness; II. i. 315. O.F. *coverchef*, lit. a head covering. Cf. *Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. iii. 59.

Knave (sub.), familiar term for "boy;" IV. iii. 241. M.E. *knawe*. A.S. *enafa*. Cf. *King Lear*, I. i. 21.

Labouring (part. adj.), "a labouring day" = a working day; I. i. 4.

Laugher (sub.), joker, jester; I. ii. 72.

Lay off (phrase), to remove, subtract; I. ii. 242.

Legions (sub.), regiments, then bodies of troops generally; IV. iii. 76. The Roman legion varied from 4200 to 6000 men. From *legere*, to gather, or select a band. Cf. *Cymbeline*, II. iv. 18.

Lethe (sub.), death; III. i. 206; not derived from the river of Hades, but from *letum*, death.

Liable (adj.), subject (Schmidt); II. ii. 104. Fr. *lier*, to lie.

Liberties (sub.), rights, immunities, privileges; V. i. 76.

Lie (verb), stop, remain usually for the night; III. i. 286.

Lief (adv.), "as lief," as readily, as willingly; I. ii. 95. M.E. *leef*; A.S. *leof*. *Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. 84.

Light (verb), to descend, alight, opposed to mount; V. iii. 31.

Like has many meanings: (1) (adj.) resembling; IV. ii. 50; (2) (adv.) probably; I. ii. 175; (3) as a sub. in the sense "every like is not the

same," *i.e.*, every mere resemblance does not entail absolute identity; II. ii. 127.

Low-crooked (adj.), kneelings that bow deep, bendings of the knee; III. i. 43.

Lowliness (sub.), freedom from pride; II. i. 22.

Lupercal (sub.), feast in honour of Lupercus; I. i. 72. *See* note *in loc.*

Mace (sub.), a metal club used as a mark of authority; IV. iii. 268.

Main (adj.), general, strong; II. i. 196. O.F. *maine*, *magne*, chief. Lat. *magnus*, great. *Hamlet*, I. iii. 28.

Marr'd (part.), so changed as to be unrecognisable; III. ii. 201.

Mart (verb), trade; IV. iii. 11. Shortened form of "market." Lat. *mercatus*, traffic; past part. of *mercare*, to trade.

Mask (verb), to conceal; II. i. 81; also V. i. 62. Arabic, *markharat*, a buffoon; Spanish, *mascara*, a masker. *Macbeth*, III. i. 125.

Mechanical (adj.), pertaining to that class of workmen employed in low drudgery, vulgar; I. i. 3.

Meddle (verb), intrude on concerns of others; I. i. 25. M.E. *medlen*, to mix; O.E. *mesler*.

Mettle, also **Metal** (sub.), constitutional disposition, character; I. i. 66; also ardour, high courage; II. i. 134 and IV. ii. 24.

Misgiving (sub.), dread, foreboding fear; III. i. 145.

Modesty (sub.), freedom from exaggeration or excess; III. i. 213.

Monstrous (adj.), against the course of nature; I. iii. 68.

Mortify (verb), to make apathetic and insensible; II. i. 324. Lat. *mors*, death. Cf. *King Lear*, II. iii. 15.

Motive (sub.), reason, cause; II. i. 116.

Move (verb), (1) exasperate; IV. iii. 58; (2) to rouse the feelings in any way; I. i. 66; (3) to address oneself to; I. ii. 167; (4) to march; IV. ii. 45.

Name (sub.), authority; I. ii. 148.

Napkin (sub.), handkerchief; III. ii. 138. M.E. *napekin*, a small cloth.

Native (adj.), genuine. Lat. *nativus*; II. i. 83.

Neats-leather (sub.), the hide of an ox; I. i. 29. M.E. *neet*; A.S. *neát*, an ox. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 125.

Nervii (sub.), a warlike tribe belonging to the Belgic Confederacy, defeated by Cæsar, B.C. 57; III. ii. 177. See *De Bello Gallico*, Bk. II.

New-fired (adj.), inspired with fresh zeal; II. i. 332. Cf. *Sonnets*, cliii. 9.

Nice (adj.), trifling, immaterial; IV. iii. 8.

Niggard (verb), to give with a sparing hand; IV. iii. 228.

Nightgown (sub.), loose gown worn while dressing; II. ii.

Note (verb), dishonour, set a mark on in an ill sense; IV. iii. 2 Lat. *nota*, a mark.

Obscurely (adv.), indirectly; I. ii. 323.

Occupation (sub.), pursuit, daily work; also an operative; I. ii. 268.

Octavius (sub.), the grand-nephew and heir of Julius Cæsar, afterwards known as Augustus; III. i. 276.

O'ershot (verb), go beyond a definite limit; III. ii. 155.

O'ersway (verb), control; II. i. 203.

Offence (sub.), hurt, injury; II. i. 268.

Opinion (sub.), credit, public repute; II. i. 145. Lat. *opinio*, a supposition; *Othello*, I. iii. 225.

Orchard (sub.), garden; III. ii. 253. A.S. *orceard*, older form, *ortgeart* = wort or herb yard. *Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 8.

Orts (sub.), refuse, leavings, fragments; IV. i. 37. M.E. *ortes*; A S. *or*, out, or what is left, and *etan*, to eat. *Lucrece*, 985.

To be out (verb), to quarrel; I. i. 17.

Palter (verb), dodge, shift; II. i. 126.

Part (verb), to separate into shares, to divide; V. v. 81. Lat. *pars*, part.

Passion (sub.), (1) any violent affection of joy or sorrow; I. ii. 48; (2) sadness, sorrow; III. i. 283. From *patior* (*passus*), to suffer. The phrase, "passions of some difference," means conflicting feelings or varying emotions; I. ii. 40.

Path (verb), go, walk; II. i. 83.

Peevish (adj.), capricious, thoughtlessly wayward; V. i. 61. M.E. *peuisch*, *peyuesshe*, perverse. *Taming of the Shrew*, V. ii. 157.

Phantasma (sub.), a day-dream, vision; II. i. 65.

Physical (adj.), salutary, wholesome; II. i. 261. Gk. φυσις (*phusis*), nature.

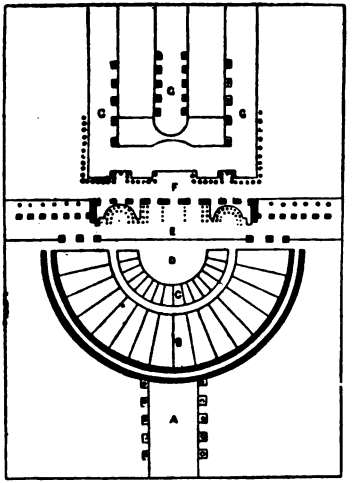
Pitch (sub.), the supreme altitude to which a hawk could soar; I. i. 78.

Pleasure (sub.), demesnes, pleasure grounds; III. ii. 255.

Plucked (part.), pulled down over the head; II. i. 73.

Plutus (sub.), the god of wealth; IV. iii. 102.

Pompey (sub.), Cnaeus Pompeius. Apart from his military exploits he beautified Rome with a fine theatre; I. iii. 152; also a portico or porch in front of the theatre in which the citizens could walk; I. iii. 126. The following is the plan of Pompey's theatre.



Bellori's copy of the ground-plan, of Pompey's theatre, preserved in the Museum of the Capitol. From Fairholt's engraving. (I. iii. 152.)

Posture (sub.), nature, character; V. i. 33.

Practice (sub.), experience, skill; IV. iii. 31. Lat. *practicus*, from Gk. πρακτικος, fit for business. *Macbeth*, V. i. 65.

Prefer (verb), (1) show, or lay before; III. i. 28; (2) address, direct; V. v. 62. Lat. *pre* and *fero*, to bear. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. vii. 160.

Preform (verb), what was planned in the first instance; I. iii. 67.

Prevent (verb), come before, anticipate (Schmidt); II. i. 28; V. i. 105; the substantive *prevention* means hindrance in III. i. 19.

Prick (verb), stimulate, spur; II. i. 124; also to put a mark against; III. i. 216.

Proceed (verb), (1) occur, go forward; I. ii. 181; (2) continue; III. i. 183.

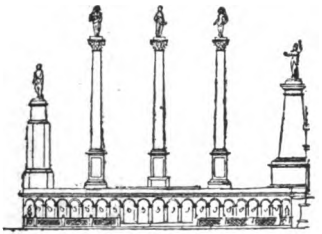
Profess (verb), make protestations of regard; I. ii. 77.

Proper (adj.), (1) fine-looking, nice; I. i. 28; (2) belonging to one's self, own; V. iii. 96.

Property (sub.), something wanted for a particular purpose, an instrument; IV. i. 40.

Proscription (sub.), dooming to death without legal trial; IV. i. 17.

Pulpit (sub.), the *rostrum* or platforms; III. i. 80; called also public chair; III. ii. 68. O.F. *pulpite;* Low Lat. *pulpitum*, a scaffold.



Rostra (III. i. 80).

Purgers (sub.), purifiers, cleansers; II. i. 180. Lat. *purgare.*

Quality (sub.), nature, character; I. iii. 64.

Question (verb), to examine, reason; IV. iii. 165.

Quick (adj.), alert, vivacious; I. ii. 29.

Rabblement (sub.), the mob; I. ii. 244.

Raise (verb), stir up, make to rise; IV. iii. 247. M.E. *risen;* A.S. *risan*, to move.

Range (verb), rove, rove at large; II. i. 118.

Rank (adj.), full-blooded; III. i. 152.

Render (verb), reply. Fr. *rendre*, render; III. i. 184.

Rent (sub.), a yawning wound; III. ii. 179.

Repeal (verb), recall from exile; III. i. 51.

Replication (sub.), echo and re-echo; I. i. 51.

Resolve (verb), inform, free from uncertainty; III. i. 131.

Rest (verb), remain; V. i. 96; A.S. *rest* or *raest*, rest.

Retentive (adj.), confining, restraining; I. iii. 95.

Rheumy (adj.), exuding humid matter, chiefly from the eyes; II. i. 266. Fr. *rheume;* Lat. *rheuma*, a flow of matter.

Rive (verb), tear, split; I. iii. 6. M.E. *riuen;* Icel. *rifa*, to rive. Cf. *Coriolanus*, V. iii. 153.

Round (sub.), step; II. i. 24.

Rumour (sub.), confused indistinct noise; II. iv. 18.

Sad (adj.), grave, serious; I. ii. 217. A.S. *saed*, *sated*, satiated. Cf. *Richard II.*, V. v. 70.

Satisfy (verb), (1) gratify, content; II. ii. 72; (2) free from doubt; III. ii. 1.

Saving (adv.), excepting; V. iii. 38.

Search (verb), (1) examine through and through; II. i. 36; (2) to probe, to sound; V. iii. 42.

Sennet (sub.), flourish of trumpets; I. ii. 24.

Set on (verb), advance; I. ii. 11; go forward; IV. iii. 307.

Several (adj.), (1) distinct; I. ii. 319; (2) particular, special; II. i.

138; (3) diverse, more than of one kind; III. ii. 247.

Shrewd (adv.), maliciously, tricksy; II. i. 158. M.E. *schrewed*, depraved. *Othello*, III. iii. 429.

Sign (verb), to mark, to make distinguishable by stamping; III. i. 206.

Slip (verb), unloose, unleash; III. i. 273.

Snatch or **Smatch** (sub.), a trace or taste, what the French call a *soupçon*; V. v. 46.

Sober (adj.), grave, cool, not rash; IV. ii. 40. Lat. *sobrius*.

Softly (adj.), leisurely, quickly; V. i. 16. A.S. *softe*, also *séfte* (by modification), soft. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV. iv. 8.

Soil (sub.), stain; I. ii. 42.

Sooth (adv.), in truth, truly; II. iv. 20.

Spleen (sub.), a fit of passion, caprice; IV. iii. 47. M.E. *splen*, rage.

Spoil (sub.), the taking of spoil which is afterward to be shared; III. i. 206.

Stand on (verb), attach importance or regard to; II. ii. 13.

Stare (verb), start up, erect (usually spoken of in connection with the hair); IV. iii. 280.

Star (sub.), (1) the celestial body; III. i. 60; (2) the influence which they were supposed to exercise on human fortune; I. ii. 140.

State (sub.), (1) a polity or community; II. i. 67; (2) condition or station; I. iii. 71; (3) the court of a monarch; I. ii. 160.

Statuë (sub.), representation of the human figure; II. ii. 76. It is pronounced as a trisyllable, as in the line, "at the base of Pompey's statue." This was the statue decreed to Pompey by the Senate for having beautified Rome, and which stood in the Curia or Senate House. (III. ii. 189.) The following is an engraving of it.

Pompey's Statue.
From a drawing by Fairholt.
(III. ii. 189).

Stomach (sub.), disposition or desire for any particular course of action; V. i. 66. M.E. *stomak*; O.F. *estomac*; Lat. acc. *stomachum*; Gr. στόμαχος, the gullet.

Suburbs (sub.), outlying parts of a town, outskirts; II. i. 285. In London these were the rendezvous of roughs of all kinds (Schmidt and Nares).

Success (sub.), (1) prosperous outcome of an enterprise; II. ii. 6; (2) result; V. iii. 66. Lat. *succedere*, to follow after.

Sudden (adj.), hasty, without warning; III. i. 19. M.E. *sodain*; O.F. *sodain*; Low Lat. *sulutanus*, sudden. *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 93.

Surly (adv.), sullenly, morosely; I. iii. 21.

Swear (verb), put on oath ; II. i. 129.
Swound (verb), swoon ; I. ii. 249 ; also used as sub. ; I. ii. 248. M.E. *swounen*, *swoghenen*, to swoon.

Tag-rag (sub.), lowest orders of the people, used adjectivally ; I. ii. 259.
Take thought (phrase), become sorrowful, feel sad ; II. i. 187.
Taper (sub.), used generally for a candle ; II. i. 7. M.E. *taper* ; A.S. *tapor*, *taper*, a torch ; Irish *tapar*.
Tarry (verb), stay in expectation ; V. v. 25. M.E. *targen*, to delay (others, *tarien*, to irritate) ; A.S. *tergan*, to vex.
Taste (sub.), manner, way ; IV. i. 34.
Tent (sub.), used for any covering to shelter an army in the field ; IV. iii. 246. Below are some examples of Roman tents from bas-reliefs.

Military Tents.

Thasos (sub.), an island in the Ægean Sea ; V. iii. 104.
These and these (phrase), corresponding to our phrase "so-and-so ;" II. i. 31.
Thick (adj.), applied to the eyes—dim, short-sighted (Schmidt) ; V. iii. 21. M.E. *thikke* ; A.S. *thicce*, thick. Cf. *The Winter's Tale*, I. ii. 269.
Threat (verb), menace ; V. i. 38.
Thunder-stone (sub.), thunderbolt ; I. iii. 49.
Tincture (sub.), stain left by blood ; II. ii. 89.
Toils (sub.), gins, snares ; II. i. 206. M.E. *toil*, disturbance ; O.F. *touiller*, to entangle.
True (adj.), chivalrous, honourable ; I. ii. 262.
True-fixed (adj.), immovable ; III. i. 61.
Tyranny (sub.), any arbitrary exercise of power ; III. i. 78.

Unbraced (adj.), with the doublet buttons unfastened ; I. iii. 48.
Undergo (verb), take upon one's self, perform ; I. iii. 123.
Underling (sub.), menials of the lowest order ; I. ii. 141.
Unfold (verb), communicate ; II. i. 274.
Ungently (adv.), unkindly (Schmidt) ; II. i. 237.
Unicorn (sub.), mythical one-horned animal ; II. i. 204. *See* note *in loc.*
Unluckily (adv.), foreboding disaster ; III. iii. 2.
Unmeritable (adj.), devoid of merit ; IV. i. 12.
Unpurged (adj.), unpurified by the sun's rays of its raw vapours ; II. i. 266.
Untouched (adj.), uninjured ; III. i. 142.
Untrod (adj.), untried, novel ; III. i. 136.
Upmost (adv.), uppermost ; II. i. 24.
Use (sub.), habit, wont ; II. ii. 25 ; also as a verb, to be accustomed ; I. ii. 72.

Vaunt (verb), boast ; IV. iii. 52. O.F., see *vauter*, to boast. Low Lat. *vanitare*, to speak vanity ; 2 *Henry VI.*, I. iii. 87.
Villager (sub.), peasant ; I. ii. 172.
Void (adj.), empty, not occupied, hence open ; II. iv. 37. Lat. *viduus*, bereft.
Vouchsafe (verb), deign ; II. i. 313 ;

formerly two words, vouch, safe = warrant as safe.

Vulgar (sub.), the lower orders—the artisans, as distinguished from the mob; I. i. 74.

Wafture (sub.), act of waving; II. i. 246.

Warn (verb), summon (Schmidt); V. i. 5. A.S. *wearnian*, to take heed, allied to wary.

Weep (verb), pour, drop, the effect of the action used for the action itself; a variety of synecdoche; I. i. 63.

Whet (verb), stimulate, instigate to any course; II. i. 61.

Whole (adj.), sound, uninjured, also in good health; II. i. 327.

Why (inter.), always refers to persons, lit, "Ah, well"; IV. iii. 190.

Wife (sub.), used in plural for "women"; III. i. 97.

Wind (verb), changes one's direction, turn; IV. i. 32.

Wit (sub.), judgment, knowledge; III. ii. 225.

World (sub.), "Society as a whole," as in the phrase, "how wags the world"; I. ii. 310.

Worthless (adj.), valueless, then unworthy; V. i. 61.

Wreath (sub.), the conqueror in triumphing was usually crowned with a "wreath of victory" composed of laurel; V. iii. 82.

Wreath of Victory (V. iii. 82).

Yearn (verb), lament, grieve, long for; II. ii. 129. M.E. *yernen*; A.S. *gyrnan*, to yearn, from *georn*, desirous. Cf. *Henry V.*, II. iii. 3.

Yesternight (sub.), last night; II. i. 238.

Yield (verb), emit, give up; II. ii. 18.

Youthful (adj.), early, "youthful season"; II. i. 108. Cf. *Titus Andronicus*, III. i. 18.