The Verulam

SHAKE-SPEARE

JULIUS CAESAR
FROM AMONG THE BOOKS
1857 OF 1930
D. ERNEST LEWIS MCEWEN

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
THE MCEWEN COLLECTION
OF SHAKESPEAREANA
Ancient Rome.
"There was a time when you were more willing to hear Julius Caesar than Queen Elizabeth commended."—Letter to Sir Tobie Matthew.

THE

SHAKE-SPEARE

TRAGEDY OF JULIUS CAESAR.

VERULAM EDITION.

An Essay on Envy.

Edited by EDWIN REED, A. M.
Illustrations by F. K. ROGERS.

BOSTON:
THE COBURN PRESS,
1909.
Copyright
F. K. Rogers
1909

Dr. Thomas F. McLellan
Oct. 22, 1921
## CONTENTS

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Section</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Preface</td>
<td>V</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Introduction</td>
<td>VII</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Historical Characters in the Drama</td>
<td>XI</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act I</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act II</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act III</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act IV</td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Act V</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>References</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Critical Comments</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Index of Words and Phrases Explained</td>
<td>101</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
The "Tragedy of Julius Cæsar" was first published in the 1623 Folio edition of the Shake-speare plays, there being no evidence existing to show with any certainty when it was composed. In 1598 Francis Meres gave a list in his "Palladis Tamia" of thirteen of the Shake-speare plays then in existence, but the "Julius Cæsar" was not one of them. Three years later Weever published a book entitled "The Mirror of Martyrs," in which we find the following lines:

"The many-headed multitude were drawn,
    By Brutus' speech that Cæsar was ambitious,
    When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
    His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious."

It is not unreasonable to infer that these lines were suggested by Mark Antony's speech in Act III., Scene 2, of the "Julius Cæsar." If so, we may conjecturally assign the composition of this great tragedy to between 1598 and 1601.

The play was first given to the world in the Folio of 1623. The text, as there printed, is the only authoritative one in existence; but it was thought in this case advisable to use the modern adaptation as to spelling, punctuation, and text, with the exception of various errors which have been pointed out and corrected.
INTRODUCTION.

The Shake-spearean dramas are studies in human nature. With the exception of the “Tempest,” which has a motive of its own, they develop each a special trait of character. In the “Julius Cæsar,” the trait at the root of the action is Envy. In this play the underlying passion shows itself at the very first. Cæsar had been awarded a triumph for his victory in Spain over the sons of Pompey and their Roman adherents, his previous triumphs having been for victories over aliens only. This explains the opposition of the tribunes at the beginning of Scene I., and why it is introduced therein, that is to say, we see envy here at its birth. Hence we trace it onward as it widens and gathers strength for commission of the crimes whither it naturally leads, and we do not part with it until retributive justice has overtaken alike its agents and its dupes. The drama begins with the beginning of envy against Cæsar among the people of Rome; it ends with the punishment of envy at Philippi. I deem it safe to say that in no other form of composition, and on no other stage of human life, can the baneful influence of this trait be so strongly impressed as it is here on the mind of a reader, provided, of course, that the drama be rightly understood. It is moral philosophy teaching by the most potent of all methods—by example. We now see why editors of “Julius Cæsar,” demanding a hero in it, have demanded in vain. The play has no hero. It is feigned history, in which historical incidents and characters are moulded to suit an unhistorical purpose. That is to say, it carries us into the domain, not of history, but of ethics. “Properly speaking,” says Goethe, “there are no historical personages in poetry. When a poet wishes to represent the moral world as he has conceived it, he does certain individuals he meets
with in history the honor of borrowing their names for the beings he has created.” Cæsar, accordingly, is not a man of flesh and blood in the play. No such man as Shake-speare has depicted him ever existed, and it is utterly futile, even in company with all editors and commentators, to pretend that he did. The Julius Cæsar in the play is but a travesty on Julius Cæsar as he was in life. In the play he is cowardly, pompous, domineering, insolent,—the precise character combined with power to excite envy; in life he was the bravest of the brave, the possessor of the most powerful intellect, always sane and consistent with itself, ever bestowed upon the children of men.

The same distinction is observable in Brutus. In the play, a man commended by friend and foe alike as a model of probity and honor, a self-sacrificing lover of mankind; in life, a grinding merciless money-lender; a husband, divorcing one wife to marry another; a cruel, rapacious governor of provinces; a military commander, promising his soldiers on the eve of a battle as the reward of victory the privilege of looting two large cities, not parties to the contest; and a republican citizen of Rome, who, down to the time of the conspiracy and amid his own loud professions of loyalty to the Republic, was an official and armed supporter of Cæsar against Cato. It was partly, no doubt, in light of these facts, that Dante viewed the character of Brutus, for he tells us that in his visit to the infernal regions he beheld Satan perpetually crunching between the jaws of three mouths, Brutus, Cassius and Judas Iscariot. Brutus hung head downward, writhing and howling.

Shake-speare, on the contrary, draws us a noble Roman, for the purpose of demonstrating before our eyes the power of envy in seducing him.

If I can in any measure turn the attention of readers to the architectural principles upon which these Shake-spearean structures were built, away from the now all-absorbing but frivolous inquiries
where the materials came from, I shall consider myself abundantly rewarded.

The opening scene in the streets of Rome, with the entire population of the city celebrating Cæsar’s triumph, strikes the key-note of the play.

Cf. Bacon: “The times when the stroke or percussion of an envious eye doth most hurt are when the party envied is beheld in glory or triumph.” Cæsar had already been honored with several triumphs, awarded him, however, in consideration of victories over foreign foes only. This one, somewhat reluctantly given, was in consideration of a victory over Roman citizens, over friends of Pompey and of Pompey’s sons, at Munda, in Spain. Consequently it excited, perhaps for the first time in public, a feeling of envy against Cæsar among the citizens of Rome. That is to say, it was intended by the dramatist to mark the beginning of that animosity, that finally led to the assassination of Cæsar. We may now understand why the play is opened with a triumph, and especially with the Munda triumph.”

Cf. Bacon: “The first rule in setting forth these examples of inquiry and invention, is to take each one of them up at its beginning and prosecute it to its end in order that the entire process of the mind therein may thus be duly exhibited.” —Distributio Sperio.

Bacon here means that the inaugurative works which he was purposing to write, as parts of his philosophical system, shall thus one by one, be complete. This applies, of course, to the passion of envy, which he considered the worst of all passions, even styling it “the proper attribute of the devil.” The great object in all his writings, as he often said, was to restore mankind to its original state of happiness, in which, naturally, envy can have no place. Hence his desire to illustrate in every possible way its true character, thus: “The office of dramatic poetry is to educate men’s minds to virtue.”

EDWIN REED.
1. Caius Julius Caesar was born in July, 100 B.C. He belonged to the Julian family, one of the most ancient in Rome, and was made a priest of Jupiter when a mere boy. In 83 B.C. he married Cornelia, the daughter of Cinna, and soon after went to Nicomedes, the king of Bithynia, and subsequently to this won distinction in the Roman campaign in Cicilia. About 76 B.C., while on his way to Rhodes to study oratory under Appolonius Molo, he was captured by pirates, and after being ransomed by his friends, manned a fleet and destroyed them. In 68 B.C. he was elected quaestor at Rome. The same year his wife died, and in 67 B.C. he married Pompeia, a relative of Pompey. He became aedile in 65 B.C., and gained great favour with the people by the splendour of the public games he instituted. In 64 B.C. he was chosen Pontifex Maximus. Becoming praetor in 62 B.C. he was sent a year later as propraetor to Spain, and in the year 60 B.C. was chosen one of the consuls, his daughter Julia soon after becoming the wife of Pompey. He then formed a secret alliance with Pompey and Crassus, known as the first triumvirate. About this time the government of Gaul was decreed to him for five years, and in 58 B.C. his famous Gallic campaigns began. In two years he had subdued the Helvetii, the German Ariovistus, and the Belgic tribes. In 56 B.C. he conquered the rest of Gaul and in 55 he destroyed two German tribes that had tried to establish themselves in the province. He also bridged the Rhine and carried the war into the German territory, and the same year invaded Britain.
The next few years to 51 B.C. were spent in completing the pacification of Gaul. Meantime his daughter who had married Pompey died, and in 50 B.C. the senate, influenced by his enemies, commanded him to disband his army, which he refused to do, he then crossing the Rubicon marching towards Rome, while Pompey, the consuls, and most of the senate fled towards Capua, Pompey escaping into Greece. Caesar then reduced Pompey's followers in Spain to submission, and upon his return to Rome was declared dictator. He afterwards defeated Pompey at the battle of Pharsalia, who escaped into Egypt, where he was cruelly murdered. Caesar, having followed him there, was captivated by Cleopatra, whom he established upon the throne which her brother claimed, and then marched against Pharnaces, king of Pontus, defeating him near Zela, sending to the senate the famous message, Veni, vidi, vici. Returning to Rome in September, 47 B.C., he started the same year for Africa, where he routed the Pompeian forces under Scipio at Thapsus, returning to Rome master of the world, but was soon called into Spain to quell an insurrection headed by the sons of Pompey, whom he utterly defeated at the battle of Munda. This was the last of Caesar's wars, and he henceforth devoted himself to the interests of his country and the world, reforming the calendar, enacting salutary laws, and carrying out great public improvements. The senate had made him imperator for life, and praefectus Morum; and he was already pontifex maximus, or head officer of the religion of the state. Having no children, he had adopted his grand-nephew Octavius as his successor and inheritor of his name. At this point the play begins, his assassination occurring in the year 44 B.C.

2. Octavius Caesar was born at Velitrae, near Rome, in the year 63 B.C., being a grand-nephew of Julius Caesar. After the death of the latter he
claimed the inheritance, but found a rival in Antony, whom he defeated near Modena. The senate, jealous of his growing power, transferred the command of the army to Decimus Brutus; but he was elected consul before reaching the legal age, and formed the triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus, against Marcus Brutus and the other republicans. Then followed the events of the play, ending with the battle of Philippi, 42 B.C. Octavius and Antony soon quarrelled, but were reconciled, and combined their forces against Sextus Pompey, who Octavius defeated while Antony was away in Egypt. Antony’s infatuation for Cleopatra and his neglect of Octavia, the sister of Octavius, led to an irreconcilable breach between the two and the war which ended in his ruin at Actium, 31 B.C. Octavius was now master of the Roman empire, and received the title of Augustus from the senate in 27 B.C. His death occurred in August, 14 A.D.

3. Marcus Antonius was born about 83 B.C., and was somewhat noted for youthful indiscretions, but did good service under Caesar in various campaigns, being after colleague with Caesar in the consulship. His subsequent relations with Cleopatra led to his ruin and suicide after the battle of Actium in the year 30 B.C.

4. Marcus Junius Brutus was born 80 B.C. Cato Uticensis was his maternal uncle, and became his father-in-law. In the civil wars Brutus sided with Pompey; but after the battle of Pharsalia he became the intimate friend of Caesar. The remainder of his history is included in the play. His death by his own hand occurred as related therein.

5. Caius Cassius Longinus was quaestor under Crassus in the disastrous expedition against the Parthians in 53 B.C., but later defeated the Parthians in Syria. He commanded a fleet for Pompey and surrendered to Caesar after the battle of Pharsalia. His subsequent career is shown in the play.
6. **Calpurnia** was the daughter of Lucius Calpurnius Piso, who was consul in 58 B.C. She was married to Caesar in 59 B.C., and was his fourth wife; the other three being Cossutia, Cornelia, and Pompeia. Little else is known of her history beyond what Plutarch narrates and Shake-speare incorporates in the play.

7. **Portia** (or Porcia as the name is also spelt) was the daughter of Cato and the wife of Brutus. Plutarch is the chief authority for the details of her life, and most of these have been made use of by the dramatist.

8. **Publius Servilius Casca.** Of this character we know little except that he was tribune of the people at the time he joined the conspiracy against Caesar, that he fought at Philippi, and that he died soon after the battle.

9. **Caius Trebonius** had been a tribune of the people in 55 B.C., and was also one of Caesar's legates in Gaul. He was elected city praetor in 48 and consul in 45 B.C. He took part in the conspiracy, as described in the play; and in 43 B.C. he was killed at Smyrna by Dollabella.

10. **Quintus Ligarius** fought for Pompey in the civil war, and after Pharsalia renewed the war against Caesar in Africa. Caesar pardoned him, forbidding him to enter Italy, but the eloquence of Cicero's oration (*Pro Ligario*) in his behalf, was the means of revoking the sentence of banishment. His gratitude was afterward shown by his part in the conspiracy.

11. **Decimus Junius Brutus** (the Decius Brutus of the play) had served under Caesar in Gaul, and been commander of his cavalry. He was slain in 33 B.C. by Camillus a Gaul, to whom he had fled for refuge, and who was greatly indebted to him for former favors, and his head was sent to Antony.

12. **Lucius Tillius Cimber** (the Mettulus Cimber of the play) was a partisan of Caesar in the
civil war, but turned against him subsequently and became one of his assassins.

13. **Lucius Cornelius Cinna** was a son of the more famous Roman of the same name. He was a brother-in-law of Caesar, and a son-in-law of Pompey. He was praetor in 44 B. C., when he entered into the conspiracy.

14. **Caius Helvius Cinna**, who, according to Plutarch, was killed by the mob because he was mistaken for the conspirator, was a poet of no mean order, if we may judge of him by the tributes of his contemporaries and the few fragments of his works that have come down to us. He was a companion and friend of Catullus, and is supposed to be the Cinna of Virgil’s ninth Eclogue.

15. The Cicero of the play is of course the great orator (106-43 B. C.), but the slight part he performs calls for no extended account of him here.

16. The young Cato was a son of Cato Uticensis and brother of Portia.

The remaining characters need no special mention.
**DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Character</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Julius Cæsar.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Octavius Cæsar,</strong></td>
<td>Triumvirs, after the death of Julius Cæsar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Marcus Antonius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>M. Æmilius Lepidus,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cícero,</strong></td>
<td>Senators.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Publius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Popilius Lēna,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Marcus Brutus,</strong></td>
<td>Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cassius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Casca,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Trebonius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Ligarius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Decius Brutus,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Metellus Cimber,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cinna,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Flavius,</strong></td>
<td>Tribune.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Marullus,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Artemidorus,</strong></td>
<td>a Sophist of Cnidos.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>A Soothsayer.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Cinna,</strong></td>
<td>a Poet.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Another Poet.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lucilius,</strong></td>
<td>Friends to Brutus and Cassius.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Titinius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Messala,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Young Cato,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Volumnius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Varro,</strong></td>
<td>Servants to Brutus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Clitus,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Claudius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Strato,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Lucius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Dardanius,</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Pindarus,</strong></td>
<td>Servant to Cassius.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Calpurnia,</strong></td>
<td>Wife to Cæsar.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Portia,</strong></td>
<td>Wife to Brutus.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Senators, Citizens, Guards, Attendants, etc.</strong></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Scene.** during a great part of the Play, at Rome; afterwards at Sardis, and near Philippi.

XVI
Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and a rabble of Citizens.

Flavius. 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?

*The dramatist very frequently refers to the working-class in terms of contempt, he being an aristocrat.
Cf. 2 King Henry VI.: "Base dung-hill villains and mechanical."—I., 3, 196.
Also A Midsummer Night's Dream:
"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread."—III., 2, 9.
Also Bacon: "I should think, my lords, that men of birth and quality will leave the practice (of duelling) when it begins to be villified, and not come so low as barbers, surgeons and butchers, and such base mechanical persons."—Charge against Duels.

**This is the only instance in Shake-speare in which the sign of the infinitive, to, has been suppressed with ought. Such suppression was formerly general usage, as it is now with the auxiliaries bid, dare, made, heard, etc.

***A day for laboring, as in the expressions writing-desk, dancing-schools, and Cowper's well-known "Church-going bell." The latter was condemned by the poet Wordsworth.
Cf. Antony and Cleopatra:
"From his all-obeying breath I hear
The doom of Egypt."—III., 13, 77.
Referring to this passage, Mr. Craik observes that these audacities of language are of the very soul of poetry.
†An allusion to English custom on gala days. "Shake-speare turns his Romans into Englishmen, and he does right, for otherwise his nation would not have understood him."
—Goethe.
1 Citizen. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Marullus. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir; what trade are you?
2 Citizen. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler.

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

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

*One of the numerous puns, of which there are more than a thousand in Shakespeare. Cf. The Merchant of Venice: "Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew, Thou makest thy knife keen."

Marullus. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty knave,* what trade?

*From German knabe, boy, a simple designation of sex. Under the rules that govern the development of language, however, the word in English gradually contracted its original meaning. In course of time it came to designate a boy employed as a servant, and generally, as now, a person of unprincipled character. Knave is used in both senses in Shakespeare, and even in the writings of Sir Walter Scott. A male child in Scotland was knave-bairn as late as in 1825.

2 Citizen. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me; yet if you be out, sir, I can mend you.

Marullus. What mean'st thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow?

2 Citizen. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flavius. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

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

Flavius. But wherefore art not in thy shop today?

Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Citizen. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we
make holiday to see Caesar, and to rejoice in his triumph.||

This was Caesar’s fifth and last triumph. It actually took place in October, 45 B.C., and not as represented in the play, at the feast of the Lupercal in the February following. But the drama is not history. To the dramatist an anachronism is of no importance. He lives in a world of his own which he creates. This, indeed, is the meaning of the word poet, from the Greek verb ποιεῖν to create. His aim is to set forth events, not as they have really occurred, but as they may best serve the purpose for which he writes; that is to say, subject to any rearrangement by which they may acquire, in the language of Bacon, “a more ample greatness, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful variety than nature (or history) provides.”

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

*In a Roman triumph the conqueror rode in his chariot, amid the acclamations of the people, from the gate of the city to the Capitol, with prisoners of state, wild animals, and other spoils of war in procession behind him.
Cf. *Antony and Cleopatra:*
"Cleopatra. Now, Iras, what think'st thou,
Thou, an Egyptian puppet, shalt be shown in
Rome, as well as I. Mechanic slaves,
With greasy aprons, rules, and hammers shall
Uplift us to the view, in their thick breaths
Rank of gross diet, shall we be unclouded
And forced to drink their vapor. —V., 2, 207.

**Marullus, in whose mouth this eloquent speech is put, was the tribune who resisted the attempt of Caesar's friends to secure for Caesar the title of King. Finding one of Caesar's statues adorned with a garland to which a diadem had been attached, he, in conjunction with his colleague, indignantly tore it off, and when hirelings shouted the title to Caesar in the streets, he imprisoned them. For these acts he was indeed deprived of his seat in the Senate and sent into exile; but in the play, as we see, he was the first to voice the sentiment that ultimately caused Caesar's death.**

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

See whether their basest metal be not mov'd!†
They vanish tongue-tied in their guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,*
If you do find them deck'd with ceremonies.**

†The distinction between the words metal and mettle, now always observed, was not generally so observed in the time of Shake-speare. They were two forms of one word used interchangeably, whether meaning substance or spirit. It was an ancient doctrine that all human beings were made up of four elements: earth, air, fire, and water, and that they vary in character wholly according to the quality of the earth or metal used in each. The artisans, here addressed, are of a base metal; Brutus, as addressed by Cassius in the next scene is of an honorable or precious metal. Cf. A. and C.: "Cleopatra. I am fire and water; my other elements
I give to baser life."
—V., 2, 288.

*Another deviation from the historical record. According to Plutarch the statues were not robed until the crown had been offered to Caesar, an event not yet reached in the play.

**i.e., with scarfs and badges appropriate to the ceremonies of the day.

Act I. Scene I.

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

*A festival in honor of the God Lupercal, whose wife in the guise of a wolf was believed to have acted the part of a nurse to Romulus and Remus. It was held on the 15th of February annually.

Flavius. 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.

*From the Latin Vulgus, common people, used here in the Latin sense.

||The language of hawking. That is, the plucking of the feathers will restrain him to an ordinary pitch.

A Public Place.

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

Cæsar. Calpurnia!*

*The name of Caesar's wife was properly Calpurnia, but the dramatist called her Calphurnia in the folio, following Plutarch. She was his fourth wife, he having been married to her fifteen years at the time of his death.


Cæsar. Calpurnia! Calpurnia. Here, my lord.
Caesar. Stand you directly in Antonius’ way
When he doth run his course.—Antonius!*

*An allusion to the festivities of the Lupercalia, in the
course of which the priests of the order ran through the most
frequented streets of the city, smiting those who came in
their way. On this occasion a special society had been ini-
tiated in honor of Caesar, with Marc Antony at its head.

Antony. Caesar, my lord!
Caesar. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calpurnia; for our elders say,
The barren, touched in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.
Antony. I shall remember;
When Caesar says ‘Do this,’ it is perform’d.
Caesar. Set on, and leave no ceremony out.*

*Caesar was very careful to observe in public the sanctities
of the Roman religion, without being superstitious himself.
He staked his fortunes and his life on the battlefield of
Munda, although the augurs gave him early notice that in
their sacrifices they had found a beast without a heart. He
neglected a similar augury on the day of his assassination.
He invaded Africa with all the auspices, many times repeated,
against the undertaking. He declared his disbelief in the
immortality of the soul, but in the eyes of the people, and
to serve his personal ends, he was exceedingly scrupulous in
his devotion to the gods, and was said to have crawled up
the steps of the Capitolene temple on his hands and knees
to propitiate one of them.

(Music.

Soothsayer. Caesar!
Caesar. Ha! who calls?
Casca. Bid every noise be still.—Peace yet again!
(Music ceases.

Caesar. Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry, Caesar. Speak; Caesar is turn’d to hear.
Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.*

*In the Roman calendar, the Ides fall on the 15th of
March, May, July, and October, in the other months on the
13th. The name signifies the middle of the month.

Caesar. What man is that?
Brutus. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of
March.
Caesar. Set him before me; let me see his face.
Cassius. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

Cæsar. What say'st thou to me now? Speak once again.

Soothsayer. Beware the ides of March.

Cæsar. He is a dreamer; let us leave him:—pass.

(Sennet.* Exeunt all but Brutus and Cassius.

*Cassius and Brutus were brothers-in-law, Cassius having married Tertulla, half-sister of Brutus. The two men had recently been competitors for the office of chief praetor, in consequence of which some estrangement existed between them. Cassius took advantage of the sentiment naturally inspired by a reconciliation, to begin the work of entangling his friend in the conspiracy against Cæsar. He had learned in conference with others whom he had admitted into the secret, that the co-operation of Brutus was necessary for success.

Brutus. Cassius, Be not deceiv'd; 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 griev'd,— Among which number, Cassius, be you one,—
Nor construe any further my neglect
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

*Altogether upon myself. See Temp. p. 111, note on We
are merely cheated. Cf. Bacon, Adv. of L. II. 1, 4: "narrations
which are merely and sincerely natural;" Id. II., 25, 9:
"which do make men merely aliens and disincorporate
from the Church of God;" Essay 27: "it is a mere and miserable
solitude to want true friends."—Rolle.

From Latin merum, wholly.

Cf. K., Hen. VIII.: "To the mere undoing of all the
kingdom."

Also Bacon: "As for conflagrations and great droughts,
they do not merely dispeople and destroy."—Essay of Vicis-
situde of Things.

**Conflicting emotions: regard for his personal friend
Caesar and the welfare of Rome.

Cassius. 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?

*Thoughts. Cf. Bacon, Adv. of L. I. introd.: "I may
excite your princely cogitations to visit the excellent treas-
ure of your own mind," etc. See also Dan. VII. 28.—Rolle.

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

||Cf. Troilus and Cressida:
"Nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense, behold itself."
—II., 3, 105.

Also Bacon: "The eye without a glass cannot see itself,
but the eye of a wise man may be compared to a glass, for
in it another may see his own image."

Plato's works had not been translated into English in
Shake-speare's time.

Cassius.
'T is 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.
Brutus. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,
That you would have me seek into myself
For that which is not in me?
Cassius. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepar'd to hear;
And, since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I your glass*
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me,|| gentle Brutus:†
Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men, and hug them hard,
And after scandal them;*† or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting**
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

(Flourish and shout.

*The claim made by Cassius that he could show Brutus to Brutus better than Brutus by his own introspective powers of sight could see himself, is thus explained by Bacon: “The light that a man receiveth by counsel from another is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs.”—Essay of Friendship.

“The mind of a wise man is compared to a glass wherein images of all kinds in nature and custom are represented.”—Advancement of Learning (1603-5).

For the second edition of the “Advancement,” printed in the same year as the play, Bacon rewrote the above-quoted sentence as follows:

“The comparison of the mind of a wise man to a glass is the more proper, because in a glass he can see his own image, which the eye itself without a glass cannot do.”

The original of both these parallel passages, however, is in Plato, not then translated into English.

“You may take the analogy of the eye; the eye sees not itself, but from some other things, as, for instance, from a glass; it can also see itself by reflection in another eye.”—First Alcibiades.

||i. e., suspicious of me. On was often used by Shakespeare for of.

Cf. Macbeth: “Have we eaten on the insane root?”
—I., 3, 84.

Ibid: “Banquo’s buried; he cannot come out on’s grave.”
—V., 1, 71.
The word gentle is from Latin gens, well-born, as distinguished from vulgus, the common people. This is the meaning in the designations gentlewoman and gentleman. Jonson, in his famous verses prefixed to the Shake-speareian Folio, opposite the portrait, calls the dramatist "gentle," not to indicate personal refinement of manners, but his rank in society. That is to say, the dramatist also was a lord.

*From Lat. scandalizane, to place a stumbling block in one's way—to tempt to evil. Used by the Romans, as here, in a theological sense.

**Make professions of friendship.

Brutus. What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king.*

*It is said Caesar, finding the cry (coming from hirelings only) to be unpopular, answered as though the people had simply mistaken his name: "I am not king, but Caesar."

Cf. Bacon: "Caesar did extremely affect the name of king, and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation to salute him king."—Advancement of Learning.

It must not be assumed that Caesar's desire for the title of king was due to vanity or a thirst for more power. The Senate had already in this respect been very gracious to him, for it had at different times decreed that he should be called Imperator, Dictator, and father of his country. But these titles were not hereditary; no one of them, with the rank to which its possessor was entitled, could be transmitted to an heir; as it happened, however, Caesar's grandnephew, whom he was educating for the purpose, succeeded by his talents to everything that his uncle may have desired for him, under the name of Augustus Caesar.

Cassius. Ay, do you fear it?

Then must I think you would not have it so.

Brutus. 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 in 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.

*On indifferently, cf. Bacon, Adv. of L. II. introd.: "I for my part shall be indifferently glad either to perform myself, or accept from another, that duty of humanity." See also Cor. II., 2, 19.—Rolfe.

Cassius. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
Act I. Scene II.

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, 'Dar'st thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in,
And bade him follow; so, indeed, he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
But ere we could arrive the point propos'd,
Cæsar cried, 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink.'**
I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,||
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
Did I the 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: 't is 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.)
*Countenance, face, whether prepossessing or not, as in well-favored, ill-favored, etc.

**In this speech Cassius makes an elaborate comparison between himself and Caesar, and wishing to excite envy in Brutus, he includes Brutus also in his comparison.

Cf. Bacon: "Envy is ever joined with the comparing of a man's self, and where there is no comparison, no envy." — Essay of Envy.

This disparagement of Caesar is quite in accordance with Bacon's Precept, "the art of hope to attain to another's virtue, will seek to come at even hand by depressing another's fortune." — Essay of Envy. No more effective disclosure of the blinding effects of envy can be conceived than that which Cassius betrays to us here. Caesar's wonderful exploits in swimming have been noted by Tuchonius and Plutarch. When hard pressed by the enemy on one occasion in Egypt, he promptly leaped into the sea and swam, it is said, a quarter of a mile to one of his ships. Drawing his rich coat-armor after him by his teeth, and holding his military record above his head with one arm, while he swam with the other.

||The Romans claimed to be descendants of Aeneas, who, according to tradition, bore an aged father on his shoulders from burning Troy, when that city was taken by the Greeks. Virgil's "Aenid" gives an account of his subsequent wanderings and final settlement in Italy.

||*Cf. Cymbeline:

"We scarce are men and you are Gods." — V., 2.

Also, Bacon: "Let a man only consider what a difference there is between the life of men in the most civilized provinces of Europe and in the wildest and most barbarous districts of New India; he will feel it to be great enough to justify the saying that 'man is a god to man.'" — Novum Organum.

Cf. Bacon: "Homo homini deus." — Er. Ad. 47. (Man is man's god.)—Prom. No. 42 (1594).

"A king is a mortal god on earth." — Ess. Of a King.
"Kings are earth's gods.—Per. 1., 1.
"We scarce are men, and you are gods." — Cymb. V., 2.

†An allusion to soldiers abandoning their colors in battle.

‡The possessive pronoun, its, was struggling into existence in the time of Shake-speare. The struggle did not end until the close of the sixteenth century, when the useful monosyllable triumphed. Previously the genitive of he and it, masculine and feminine alike, was his, as here in the text. During the transitional period two other intermediate forms came temporarily into use, its and it's. All four are found in Shake-speare; we give an example of each:

His.—"Every nice offence should bear his comment." — Julius Caesar, IV., 3, 8.
It's.—"How sometimes Nature will betray it's folly." — Ib. I., 2, 151.
Its.—“Heaven grant us its peace.”

The passage last quoted is the sole instance in which its occurs in the 1623 Folio of Shake-speare. Not one is found in the authorized version of the Bible, printed in 1611. Milton, fifty years later, somewhat carefully avoided the new word, often preferring her, as applied to inanimate objects, to the more consistent neuter pronoun now in regular use.

*Caesar’s speeches were remarkable for eloquence and force. Bacon quotes from several of them in his “Advancement of Learning,” and adds that “such speeches are properly preserved in books.”

†The word temper is here used in its ancient sense of bodily temperament. Caesar was not a strong man physically. He is described by Plutarch as slender, delicate, and subject to violent headaches and fits of epilepsy.

Brutus. Another general shout!
I do believe that these applauses are
For some new honours that are heap’d on Cæsar.

Cassius. 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.’||

(Shout.

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

*The reference is to a celebrated brazen statue erected
on the island of Rhodes, B.C. 280. No authority exists
for the common belief that it bestrode the entrance to the
harbor, as implied in the text.

*It was an old belief, confirmed by Aristotle, that every
physical body that has motion has sense. Accordingly the
planets, having their own proper motions apart from the
starry heavens, were regarded as intelligent, and therefore
as exerting a direct influence on the affairs of men. And
it was also believed that whichever star was predominant at
the moment of a man's birth, that was his star, directing
and controlling his destiny. The promulgation of the Coper-
nican theory in 1543 gave this doctrine its deathblow, but
many eminent men continued to hold it until long after
Shake-speare's time. Even as late as the reign of Charles II.
in England an astrologer was summoned before a committee
of the House of Commons to testify concerning future events.

Cf. Bacon: "Astrology is in most parts without founda-
tion even. It is so full of superstition that scarce anything
can be discovered in it."

"Ignorance on this point drove some of the ancient philos-
ophers to suppose that a soul is infused into all bodies with-
out distinction; for they could not conceive how there can
be motion without sense, or sense without a soul."—Die
Augmentis (1623).

It is also seen that the dramatist repudiated the doctrine
of planetary influences in the play of Julius Caesar, which
was first published in 1623.

"Chiefly the mould of a man's fortune is in himself."—
Essay of Fortune (1607-12).

It was Bacon's opinion that the influence of the stars is
exerted, not on individual men, but directly on masses of
men, though he made an exception in favor of certain per-
sons who, he said, "are more susceptible, and of softer wax,
as it were, than the rest of their species."

It is clear that Cassius would not have been included by
him in his excepted class.

*||*In the folio, "more then yours;" and then is the in-
variable form in that edition, as in Bacon, Hooker, etc.
Usage had varied. Wyclif has then for both than and then,
while Tyndale has then for both. Milton has than for then
in the Hymn on the Nativity, 88.

"Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below."

—Rolfe.
Caesar Returning from the Games.

ACT I.—SCENE II.
Belief in the existence of a class of invisible beings, good and bad, inhabiting the world, and far outnumbering the human race, was until modern times wellnigh universal. They were regarded in Europe as the descendants of Adam by a wife named Lisbeth, whom he married before he married Eve. Goethe introduced her as one of the characters in Faust. It was customary for men to invoke them with the name of saints and other important personages. This was publicly done in a church in Spain as late as 1876, a young woman lying in convulsions and foaming at the mouth before the altar, while the spirit was being exorcised by a priest.

Cf. 1 King Henry IV.: "Glendowin. I can call spirits from the vasty deep."
Hotspur. Why, so can I, or so can any man.
Glen. But will they come when you do call them?"
—III., 1, 54.

*||The flood referred to is Deucalion's, both authors seeming to agree that one man only was then living in the world.
Cf. Bacon: "The poets relate that when the inhabitants of the old world were utterly extinguished by the universal deluge, none remained except Deucalion and Pyrrha."—Wisdom of the Ancients.

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

*See M. of V. p. 132, note on 43. The superlative rathest is found in Bacon, Colours of Good and Evil, I.: "whome next themselves they would rathest commend."—Rolfe.

Cassius.
I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

Enter CAESAR and his train.

Brutus. The games are done, and Cæsar is returning.
Cassius. 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.
Brutus. 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.
Cassius. Casca will tell us what the matter is.
Cæsar. Antonius!
Antony. Cæsar?
Cæsar. 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.*

*Cf. Bacon: "Princes, being full of thought and prone to suspicions, do not easily admit to familiar intercourse men that are perspicacious and curious, whose minds are always on the watch and never sleep."—Wisdom of the Ancients (1609).

Antony. Fear him not, Cæsar; he's not dangerous.
He is a noble Roman and well given.
Cæsar. Would he were fatter!—But I fear him not.
Yet if my name were liable to fear,
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men: he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music:
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit
That could be mov'd to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
While they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be fear'd
Than what I fear; for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.
(Sennet. Exeunt Cæsar and his train. Casca remains.

Casca. You pull’d me by the cloak; would you speak with me?
Brutus. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanc’d to-day,
That Cæsar looks so sad.
Casca. Why, you were with him, were you not?
Brutus. I should not then ask Casca what had chanc’d.
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.
Brutus. What was the second noise for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Cassius. They shouted thrice; what was the last cry for?
Casca. Why, for that too.
Brutus. 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.*

*Cf. Bacon: "Caesar did extremely affect the name of king; and some were set on, as he passed by, in popular acclamation, to salute him king; whereupon, finding the cry weak and poor he put it off thus, in a kind of jest."—Advancement of Learning (1603-5).

This account was undoubtedly taken, directly or indirectly, from Plutarch, where it is given as follows:

"Caesar, dressed in a triumphal robe, seated himself in a golden chair at the rostra, to view this ceremony (celebration of the Lupercalia). Antony... went up and reached to Caesar a diadem wreathed with laurel. Upon this there was a shout, but only a slight one, made by the few who were stationed there for that purpose; but when Caesar refused it, there was universal applause. Upon the second offer, very few, and upon the second refusal, all again, applauded. Caesar, finding it would not take, rose up and ordered the Crown to be carried into the Capitol. Caesar’s statues were afterward found with royal diadems on their heads."—Life of Julius Caesar.

North’s English translation of Plutarch’s “Lives” was published in 1579; Bacon’s “Advancement of Learning” in 1605; Shakespeare’s play of “Julius Caesar” in 1623. It is susceptible of easy proof, as Judge Holmes in his “Authorship of Shake-speare” shows, that the narration in the play did not come directly from Plutarch, but either from the “Advancement” or from the pen of the author of “Ad-
The play follows the ideas of Bacon rather than those of Plutarch, and adopts the very peculiarities of Bacon’s expressions, wherein they differ from North’s ‘Plutarch,’ as, for instance, in these:
‘Caesar refused it.’—Plutarch.
‘He put it off thus.’—Bacon.
‘He put it off with the back of his hand, thus.’—Shakespeare.
‘There was a shout, but only a slight one.’—Plutarch.
‘Finding the cry weak and poor.’—Bacon.
‘What was that last cry for?’—Shakespeare.
—Plutarch.

‘In a kind of jest.’—Bacon.
‘It was mere foolery.’—Shakespeare.

(Plutarch has nothing to correspond with these last expressions. The author of the play plainly followed Bacon.)

Again, North’s ‘Plutarch’ speaks of a laurel crown having ‘a royal band or diadem wreathed about it, which in old time was the ancient mark or token of a king;’ in the play it is called a ‘crown’ or ‘one of these coronets,’ but never a diadem, while in Bacon, it is the ‘style and diadem of a king;’ whence it would seem clear that Bacon followed Plutarch rather than the play.”—The Authorship of Shakespeare, page 286.

Cassius. Who offer’d him the crown?
Casca. Why, Antony.
Brutus. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.
Casca. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it; it was mere foolery, I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown;—yet ’t was not a crown neither, ’t was one of these coronets;—and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still as he refused it, the rabblement shouted, and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty nightcaps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown, that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swooned, and fell down at it. And, for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.*

*Cf. Bacon: “If such foul smells be made by art and by the hand, they consist chiefly of man’s flesh or sweat
putrefied; for they are not those stinks which the nostrils straight abhor and expel, that as most pernicious.

"And these empoisonments of air are the more dangerous in meetings of people, because the much breath of people doth further the reception of the infection."—Natural History (1622-25).

**Cassius.** But, soft, I pray you. What! did Cæsar swoon?

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

**Brutus.** 'T is very like; he hath the falling sickness.

**Cassius.** 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.

**Brutus.** What said he when he came unto himself?

**Casca.** Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut.—An I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said any thing amiss, he desired their worship to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, 'Alas, good soul!'—and forgave him with all their hearts. But there's no heed to be taken of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their mothers, they would have done no less.

**Brutus.** And after that he came thus sad away?

**Casca.** Ay.

**Cassius.** Did Cicero say any thing?

**Casca.** Ay, he spoke Greek.

**Cassius.** 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 my 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.

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

*Casca.* No, I am promised forth.

*Cassius.* Will you dine with me to-morrow?

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

*Cassius.* Good; I will expect you.

*Casca.* Do so. Farewell, both. (Exit Casca.

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

*Cassius.* 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.

*Brutus.* 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.

*Cassius.* I will do so;—till then, think of the world.— (Exit Brutus.

Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honourable metal may be wrought*
From that it is dispos'd: therefore it is meet
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd?
Cæsar doth bear me hard, but he loves Brutus;
If I were Brutus now, and he were Cassius,
He should not 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.
"The most excellent metal, gold, is of all other the most pliant and most enduring to be wrought; so of all living and breathing substances the perfectest (man) is the most susceptible."—Helps for the Intellectual Powers (1596-1604). Dixon's "Francis Bacon and His Shake-speare," p. 173.

**Act I. Scene II.**

*Thunder and lightning. Enter, from opposite sides, CASCA, with his sword drawn, and CICERO.*

**Cicero.** Good even, Casca. Brought you Cæsar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

**Casca.** Are not you mov'd, when all the sway of earth Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,

I have seen tempests when the scolding winds

Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

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.

**Cicero.** 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 have not since put up my sword—

Against the Capitol I met a lion,

Who glar'd upon me and went surly by

Without annoying me; and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women

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 noonday 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.*

*Region, clime. Cf. II. Rich. IV., 1, 130: "in a Christian climate;" and Bacon, Adv. of L. I. 6, 10: "the southern stars were in that climate unseen." The word is used as a verb in W. T., V., 1, 170: "whilst you Do climate here."—Rolfe.

Cicero. 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.  
Cicero. Good night, then, Casca; this disturbed sky  
Is not to walk in.  
Casca. Farewell, Cicero. (Exit Cicero.  

Enter CASSIUS.

Cassius. Who's there?  
Casca. A Roman.  
Cassius. Casca, by your voice.  
Casca. Your ear is good. Cassius, what night is this!  
Cassius. A very pleasing night to honest men.  
Casca. Who ever knew the heavens menace so?  
Cassius. 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 bar'd my bosom to the thunder-stone;  
And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open  
The breast of heaven, I did present myself  
Even in the aim and very flash of it.  
Casca. But wherefore did you so much tempt the heavens?
Act I. Scene III.

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

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

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

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

Casca. Indeed, they say, the senators to-morrow
Mean to establish Caesar as a king;
And he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
In every place, save here in Italy.

Cassius. 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.

*Cf. Bacon: "Iactare jugum."—Eras. Ad. 798. (To shake the yoke.)—Prom. No. 692 (1594).
“We shall shake off our slavish yoke.”—Rich. II., II., 1.
“Bruised under the yoke of tyranny.”—R. III., IV., 2.
The Promus notes referred to in various places are taken from Bacon’s private collection of notes made about the year 1594, and are now at the British Museum in manuscript form. They were first published in book form by Mrs. Pott in 1883.

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

Cassius. And why should Caesar 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.

(Go not up bare-legged into the mountains. Arm yourself against the difficulties you may meet with in the mode of life you mean to adopt.)—Prom. No. 894 (1594).
“Armed to bear the tidings of calamity.”—R. II., III., 2.
“I am armed against the worst.”—3 Hen. VI., IV., 1.

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.
Act I.  Scene III.

Cassius. There's a bargain made. Now know you, Casca, I have mov'd already Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans To undergo with me an enterprise Of 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.

Enter CINNA.

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

Cassius. 'T is Cinna; I do know him by his gait: He is a friend.—Cinna, where haste you so?

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

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

*"One united with us in our enterprise" (Craik). Cf. Bacon, Adv. of L., II., 2, 12: "not incorporate into the history." See Gr. 342 and 187. The folio has "To our Attempts," which is retained by K. and the Camb. ed. The correction is Walker's.—Rolfe.

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

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

Cinna. Yes, you are.—

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

Cassius. 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?

Cinna. 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.

_Cassius._ 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.

_Cassius._ 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.)
Rome. BRUTUS'S Orchard.

Enter BRUTUS.

Brutus. 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.

Lucius. Call'd you, my lord?

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

Lucius. I will, my lord. (Exit.

Brutus. It must be by his death; and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crown'd;—
How that might change his nature, there's the ques-
tion.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder,
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—

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.

*Cf. Bacon: "Affections behold merely the present; rea-
son the future. Therefore, the present filling the imagina-
tion more, reason is commonly vanquished; but after that
force of eloquence and persuasion have made things future
and remote appear as present, then upon the revolt of the
imagination reason prevaleth."—Advancement of Learning
(1603-5).
The author of the play had investigated the relative
strength of the affection and the reasoning faculty.

**"The method of discovering truth, now in vogue, is to
fly at once from the senses and particulars to the most
general axioms, rather than by a gradual and unbroken
ascent; for the mind longs to spring up to positions of higher
generality, that it may find rest there; and so, after a little
while, wearies of experiment."—Novum Organum (1620).
Bacon called his philosophical method a ladder (Scala In-
tellectus), and declared that every sincere inquirer after
truth must mount it, round by round, to the top, and rest
there. In no other way, as he taught, can one safely climb
to a broad generalization. If, however, the searcher after
truth should leap higher, or—
"Unto the ladder turn his back,"
he will become "weary of experiment;" in other words,
(Shake-speare's), he will—
"scorn the base degrees
By which he did ascend."
This leads to error. Brutus (or the author who created
the character of Brutus) certainly understood the difference
between "Anticipation of Mind," and "Interpretation of
Nature," as laid down in the "Novum Organum."

Enter LUCIUS.
Lucius. 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.

Brutus. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
Is not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?†
†Brutus, awaking early on the morning of the fifteenth,
or Ides, of March, and uncertain what day it was, had the
following colloquy (as Shake-speare wrote it) with his valet:
“Brutus. Get you to bed again, it is not day.
   Is not tomorrow, boy, the first of March?
Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar and bring me word.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.”

Editor Lewis Theobald (1733), unable to comprehend how Brutus could commit such an error as to mistake the fifteenth of March for the first, promptly substituted for the latter the word Ides, and has been followed by editors generally from that time to the present, a period of one hundred and seventy-two years. Probably none of them ever heard that under the operation of the old calendar, which did not terminate until January 1st, 46 B.C., the Roman year had been advancing at the rate of eleven minutes and fourteen seconds per annum against true time for hundreds of years. Theobald (the hero of the Dunciad) also tampered with Lucius’ reply, making Lucius say that March had wasted fourteen instead of fifteen days, because it was very early in the morning of the fifteenth when Lucius spoke. In this respect also he has been followed by other editors, though none of them could hardly have been ignorant that the law recognizes no parts of days. The author of the play was a lawyer.

The Earl of Beaconsfield once seriously asked the question, “Did Shake-speare ever write a single whole play?” A safe answer, considering the parts that editors have taken and that they still take in correcting (!) Shake-speare, would be, no.

Lucius. I know not, sir.
Brutus. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Lucius. I will, sir. (Exit.
Brutus. 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, etc. Speak, strike, redress!’—
‘Brutus, thou sleep’st; awake!’
Such instigations have been often dropp’d
Where I have took them up.
‘Shall Rome, etc.’ Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man’s awe? What!
Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call’d a king.
‘Speak, strike, redress!’ Am I entreated
To speak and strike?—O Rome! I make thee prom-
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, March is wasted fifteen days.

(Knocking within.

Brutus. 'T is 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.

Enter LUCIUS.

Lucius. Sir, 't is your brother Cassius at the door, Who doth desire to see you.

Brutus. Is he alone?

Lucius. No, sir; there are moe with him.

Brutus. Do you know them?

Lucius. 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.

Brutus. Let 'em enter.—

(Exit Lucius.

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

Enter CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, and TREBONIUS.
The Conspirators in Brutus' Garden.

ACT II.—Scene I.
Act II. Scene I.

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

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

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

Brutus. He is welcome hither.

Cassius. This, Decius Brutus.

Brutus. He is welcome too.

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

Brutus. They are all welcome.— What watchful cares do interpose themselves Betwixt your eyes and night?

Decius. Shall I entreat a word? (They whisper.)

Casca. Here lies the east; doth not the day break here?

Cinna. No.

Casca. 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 deceiv'd.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises; Which is a great way growing on the south, Weighing the youthful season of the year. Some two months hence up higher toward the north He first presents his fire, and the high east Stands as the Capitol, directly here.*

*Not a single editor of the play or commentator on it has, so far as we know, ventured a word to explain the grounds of this disputation among the conspirators or even to account for its existence (1906). The difference of opinion was due, as we have already intimated, to the recent introduction of a new calendar, by which nearly eighty days had been added to the civil year, to make it coincide with the course of the sun. The conspirators had simply spoken from the points of view of different calendars. Cf. Bacon: "So we receive from him, as a Monument both of his power and learning, the then reformed computation of the year; well expressing that he took it to
be as great a glory to himself to observe and know the law of the heavens as to give law to men upon the earth."—
Advancement of Learning (1605).

Brutus. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
Cassius. And let us swear our resolution.
Brutus. 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 engag'd That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,* Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain The even virtue of our enterprise, Nor the insuppressive metal 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.

*Caryl, crafty, as in Cor., IV., 1, 33: "cautelous baits and practice." Cf. the noun cautel in Ham., I., 3, 15: "no soil nor cautel doth besmirch The virtue of his will." Cotgrave (Fr. Dict. 1611) defines cautelle thus: "A wile, cautell, slight; a craftie reach, or fetch, guilefull devise or endeuor; also craft, subtiltie, trumperie, deceit, cousenage." Cf. Bacon, Adv. of L., II., 21, 9: "frauds, cautels, impostures."—Rolfe.

Cassius. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
Casca. Let us not leave him out.
Cinna. No, by no means.  

Metellus. O, let us have him, for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opinion,
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds.
It shall be said his judgment rul'd our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.

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

Cassius. Then leave him out.

Casca. Indeed, he is not fit.

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

Cassius. Decius, well urg'd.—I think it is not meet
Mark Antony, so well belov'd of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar. We shall find of him
A shrewd contriver, and you know his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.

Brutus. 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 murtherers. And for Mark Antony, think not of him; For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm When Cæsar's head is off.

Cassius. Yet I fear him, For in the ingrafted love he bears to Cæsar— Brutus. 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.

*Thought used to mean "anxiety, melancholy," and to think, or take thought, "to be anxious, despondent." Cf. A. and C. III., 13, 1: "Cleopatra. What shall we do, Enobarbus? Enobarbus. Think, and die;" Holland, Camden's Ireland: "the old man for very thought and grief of heart pined away and died;" Bacon, Hen. VII.: "Hawis . . . dyed with thought, and anguish." See also i Sam., IX., 5, and Matt. VI., 25.—Rolfe.

Trebonius. There is no fear in him; let him not die; For he will live and laugh at this hereafter. (Clock strikes.

Brutus. Peace! count the clock.
Cassius. The clock hath stricken three.
Trebonius. 'T is time to part.
Cassius. 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.

*"Omens or signs deduced from sacrifices, or other ceremonial rites" (Malone). Cf. Bacon, Adv. of L. II., 10, 3: "ceremonies, characters, and charms," where the word means superstitious rites.—Rolfe.

**These manifest portents. Apparent is used in its emphatic sense (clearly appearing), not in its weaker one (merely appearing, or seeming). Cf. 1 Hen. IV. II., 4, 292: "this open and apparent shame;" K. John IV., 2, 93: "It is apparent foul play; and 't is shame That greatness should so grossly offer it."
Act II. Scene I.

See also Bacon, Ess. 40 (ed. 1625): "Overt, and Apparent vertues bring forth Praise; But there be Secret and Hidden Vertues, that bring Forth Fortune."—Rolfe.

Decius. Never fear that. If he be so resolv'd, I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear That unicorns may be betray'd with trees, And bears with glasses, elephants with holes, Lions with toils, and men with flatterers:*
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers, He says he does, being then most flattered. Let me work;
For I can give his humour the true bent, And I will bring him to the Capitol.

*Steevens says: "Unicorns are said to have been taken by one who, running behind a tree, eluded the violent push the animal was making at him so that its horn spent its force on the trunk and stuck fast, detaining the beast until he was despatched by the hunter, and that bears are reported to have been surprised by means of a mirror, which they would gaze on, affording their pursuers an opportunity of taking a surer aim. This circumstance, I think, is mentioned by Claudius. Elephants are seduced into pitfalls, lightly covered with hurdles and turf, on which a proper bait to tempt them was exposed. See Pliny's Natural History, book VIII."

Also Bacon: "The people like to be flattered."—Praise of Knowledge (1592).

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

Brutus. By the eighth hour; is that the uttermost?

Cinna. Be that the uttermost, and fail not then.

Metellus. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard, Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey; I wonder none of you have thought of him.

Brutus. 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.

Cassius. 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.

Brutus. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily. Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untir'd spirits and formal constancy:
And so, good morrow to you every one.—

(Exeunt all but Brutus.

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

Enter PORTIA.

Portia. Brutus, my lord!

Brutus. 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.

Portia. 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 asked you what the matter was,
You star'd upon me with ungentle looks.
I urg'd you further; then you scratch'd your head,
And too impatiently stamped 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.

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

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

Brutus. Why, so I do.—Good Portia, go to bed.

Portia. 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.

*Cf. Bacon: “The fasion of Dr. Hect, to the dames of
Lond, your way is to be sicker.”—Prom. No. 1458 (1594).
“A sick man’s appetite, who desires most that which would
increase his evil.”—Cor. I., 1.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.

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

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

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

*Cf. Bacon: “I ever liked the Galinists, that deal with
good compositions, and not the Paracelsians, that deal with
these fine separations.”—Letters to Cecil (1595).

“Both of Galen and Paracelsus.”—All’s Well, II., 3 (1623).

Shakespeare’s conception of the circulation of the blood,
as well as Bacon’s, was that held by scientific medical schools
before the time of Servetus, is such as had been taught.
by Hippocrates, Galen and Paracelsus, namely, that the blood ebbs and flows between the heart and the extremities of the body, not by a circuitous motion (outward by the arteries and back by the veins), but to and fro, or up and down, by each route independently. This corresponds to the description of the process given in King John:

"Melancholy
    Had baked thy blood and made it heavy thick,
    Which else runs tickling up and down the veins."
—III., 3.

Neither in Bacon's writings or the plays do we find any mention of Servetus or Harvey, but frequent references to Hippocrates, Galen, and Paracelsus in both.

"Of the different functions of the arteries and veins Shakespeare does not seem to have had any knowledge." (Nor did Bacon).—Elze's Life of Wm. Shake-speare, p. 400.

Portia. 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?

Brutus. 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 character of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste.—
(Exit Portia.

Enter LUCIUS and LIGARIUS.

Lucius. Here is a sick man that would speak with you.

Brutus. Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spake of.—
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Ligarius. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.

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

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

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

Ligarius. By all the gods that Romans bow before, I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, deriv'd from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjur'd up My mortified spirit. Now bid me run.
And I will strive with things impossible,
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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

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

Brutus. That must we also. What it is, my Caius, I shall unfold to thee as we are going To whom it must be done.

Ligarius. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fir'd I follow you,
To do I know not what;* but it sufficeth That Brutus leads me on.


Brutus. Follow me, then. (Exeunt.

A Room in CÆSAR'S Palace.

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

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

Enter a SERVANT.

Servant. My lord?
Cæsar. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.

Servant. I will, my lord. (Exit.

Enter CALPURNIA.

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

Cæsar. 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.

Calpurnia. 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 yawned and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

*Cf. Bacon: “Sicut audivimus sic vidimus.—Ps. xlviii. 8.
(As we have heard, so have we seen.)—Prom. 224 (1594).

“Buck. I would you had heard
The traitor speak.
May. Your Grace’s words shall serve
As well as I had seen and heard him speak.”
—R. III., III., 5.

“Bot. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man
hath not seen . . . what my dream was.”—M. N. D: IV., 1.

Cæsar. What can be avoided
Whose end is purpos’d by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
Calpurnia. When beggars die, there are no comets seen;
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

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

*Cf. Bacon: "I do wonder at the Stoics, that accounted themselves to hold the masculine virtues, esteeming other sects delicate, tender and effeminate, they should urge and advise men to the meditation of death. Was not this to increase the fear of death, which they professed to assuage? Ought they not to have taught men to die as if they should life, and not to live as though they continually should die. More manfully thought the voluptuous sect that counted it as one of the ordinary works of nature."—Essex Device (c. 1592).

Enter a SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

Servant. 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.

Cæsar. 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.

Calpurnia. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.*
Do not go forth to-day. Call it my fear
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day;
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.

*Cf. Bacon: "When the augur brought Cæsar word that the entrails were not favorable, he murmured in a low voice,
"they will be more favorable when I choose;" which speech did not long precede the misfortune of his death. For this extremity of confidence is ever as unlucky as unhallowed." — De Augmentis (1622).

_Cæsar._ 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._

_Decius._ Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar;

I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

_Cæsar._ 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.

_Calpurnia._ Say he is sick.

_Cæsar._ Shall Cæsar send a lie? Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far, To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?— Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.

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

_Cæsar._ 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 dream'd to-night she saw my statua,* Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts, Did run pure blood, and many lusty Romans Came smiling and did bathe their hands in it; And these does she apply for warnings and portents And evils imminent, and on her knee Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

*Last night; as in III., 3, 1 below. See M. of V. p. 142.

In this line the folio has "Statue," and also in III., 2, 186 below: "Even at the Base of Pompeyes Statue;" but in both passages the editors, with very few exceptions, have given statua, a form of the word common in the time of S. both in poetry and prose. Bacon, for example, uses it in Essays 27, 37, and 45, in Adv. of L. II., 1, 2; 22, 1; 23, 36 ("a statue of
Act II. Scene II.

Caesar’s”), and repeatedly (if not uniformly) elsewhere. See Gr. 487. Some print “statuè”—Rolfe.

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

Cæsar. And this way have you well expounded it. Decius. 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.

*Cf. Bacon: “With Julius Caesar, Decimus Brutus had obtained that interest, as he set him down, in his testament, for heir in remainder, after his nephew. And this was the man that had power with him, to draw him forth to his death. For when Caesar would have discharged the Senate, in regard to some ill presages, and especially a dream of Calpurnia, this man lifted him gently by the arm out of his chair, telling him he hoped he would not dismiss the Senate till his wife had dreamt a better dream.”—Essay of Friendship (1625).

Cæsar. 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, METELUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, and CINNA. And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

Publius. Good morrow, Cæsar.
Julius Cæsar.

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 sameague which hath made you lean.—
What is 't o'clock?
  Brutus.  Cæsar, 't isstrucken eight.
  Cæsar.  I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY.

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is notwithstanding up.—Good morrow, Antony.
  Antony.  So to most noble Cæsar.
  Cæsar.  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.
  Trebonius.  Cæsar, I will.—(Aside)  And so near
will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.
  Cæsar.  Good friends, go in, and taste some wine
with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together.
  Brutus.  (Aside)  That every like is not the same,
  O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!  (Exeunt.

A Street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a Paper.

Artemidorus.  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 Caesar. 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 Caesar 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 Caesar, thou mayst live; If not, the fates with traitors do contrive. (Exit.

*Safe from the attacks of envy. Cf. T. and C. II., 2, 212: "Whilst emulation in the army crept." In the Rheims version of the Bible (1582), Acts VII., 9 reads, "And the patriarchs through emulation sold Joseph into Egypt.” Bacon, like S., uses the word in both a good and a bad sense.—Rolfe.

Another Part of the same Street, before the House of Brutus.

Enter PORTIA and LUCIUS.

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

Lucius. To know my errand, madam.

Portia. 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?

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

Portia. 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?
   Lucius. I hear none, madam.
Portia. Prithee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.
Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.
Enter the SOOTHSAYER.
Portia. Come hither, fellow. Which way hast thou been?
Soothsayer. At mine own house, good lady.
Portia. What is 't o'clock?
Soothsayer. About the ninth hour, lady.
Portia. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?
Soothsayer. Madam, not yet; I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.
Portia. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?
Soothsayer. 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.
Portia. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?
Soothsayer. 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.
Portia. 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.)
The Capitol; the Senate sitting.

A crowd of People in the Street leading to the Capitol; among them ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish. Enter CÆSAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others.

Cæsar. The ides of March are come.
Soothsayer. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.
Artemidorus. Hail, Cæsar! Read this schedule.
Decius. Trebonius doth desire you to o'er-read, At your best leisure,* this his humble suit.

*Cf. Bacon: "Yf yow he at leasure."—Prom. No. 1375 (1594).
“If your lordship were at leisure.”—Ham. V., 2.
“If your leisure served.”—M. Ado. III., 2.
“Had you such leisure.”—R. III., I., 2.

Artemidorus. O, Cæsar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.
Cæsar. What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.
Artemidorus. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.
Cæsar. What! is the fellow mad?
Publius. Sirrah, give place.
Cassius. What! urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.
CÆSAR enters the Capitol, the rest following. All the Senators rise.
Popilius. I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
Cassius. What enterprise, Popilius?
Popilius. Fare you well. (Advances to Cæsar.
Brutus. What said Popilius Lena?
Cassius. He wish'd to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discovered.
Brutus. Look, how he makes to Cæsar; mark him.
Cassius. 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.
Brutus. Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
Cassius. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you,
Brutus,
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.
(Exeunt Antony and Trebonius. Cæsar and
the Senators take their seats.
Decius. Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
Brutus. He is address'd; press near and second
him.
Cinna. Casca, you are the first that rears your
hand.
Casca. Are we all ready?
Cæsar. What is now amiss
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
Metellus. Most high, most mighty, and most puiss-
ant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart.—
(Kneeling. Cæsar.
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 curtsies, 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.  

Metellus. 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?  

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

Cæsar. What, Brutus!  

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

Cæsar. I could be well mov'd, if I were as you;  
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me:  
But I am constant as the northern star,  
Of whose true-fix'd and resting quality  
There is no fellow in the firmament.  
The skies are painted with unnumber'd sparks;  
They are all fire, and every one doth shine;  
But there's but one in all doth hold his place.  
So in the world; 't is furnish'd well with men,  
And men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive;  
Yet, in the number, I do know but one  
That unassailable holds on his rank,*  
Unshak'd of motion: and that I am he,  
Let me a little show it, even in this,—  
That I was constant Cimber should be banish'd,  
And constant do remain to keep him so.  

*Cf. Bacon: "He (Julius Caesar) referred all things to himself, and was the truest center of his own actions."—Character of Julius Caesar (circa 1601).  

Cinna. O Cæsar!—  

Cæsar. Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?  
Decius. Great Cæsar,—  

Cæsar. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?  
Casca. Speak, hands, for me.
(Casca stabs Cæsar in the neck. Cæsar catches hold of his arm. He is then stabbed by several other Conspirators, and at last by Marcus Brutus.

Cæsar. Et tu, Brute!—Then, fall, Cæsar.

(Dies. The Senators and People retire in confusion.

Cinna. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!—Run hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

Cassius. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out, 'Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!'

Brutus. People, and senators! be not affrighted; Fly not; stand still:—ambition's debt is paid.

Casca. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

Decius. And Cassius too.

Brutus. Where's Publius?

Cinna. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

Metellus. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's

Should chance—Brutus. Talk not of standing.—Publius, good cheer;

There is no harm intended to your person,

Nor to no Roman else: so tell them, Publius.

Cassius. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people

Rushing on us should do your age some mischief.

Brutus. Do so;—and let no man abide this deed

But we the doers.

Enter TREBONIUS.

Cassius. Where is Antony?

Trebonius. Fled to his house amaz'd.

Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run, As it were doomsday.

Brutus. Fates! we will know your pleasures:

That we shall die, we know; 't is but the time,

And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

*Cf. Bacon: "Philosophers have increased the fear of death in offering to cure it. For when they would have a
man's whole life to be but a discipline or preparation to die, they must needs make men think that it is a terrible enemy against whom there is no end of preparing.”—Advancement of Learning (1603-5).

“He that lives in fear doth die continually.”—Letter to Rutland (1596).

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

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

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

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

Decius. What! shall we forth?

Cassius. 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.


Servant. 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 lov'd him. If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony May safely come to him and be resolv'd
How Cæsar hath deserv'd to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Through the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

Brutus. 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.

Servant. I'll fetch him presently. (Exit Servant.

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

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

Enter Antony.

Brutus. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.

Antony. 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.

Brutus. 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
In the Capitol.

ACT III—SCENE I.
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 An-
tony;*  
Our arms in strength of malice, and our hearts  
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in,  
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.  

(A tame argument. To kill with a leaden sword.)—Prom.  
No. 725 (1594).  
"You leer upon me, do you? There's an eye  
Wounds like a leaden sword."  
—L. L. L., V., 2.  
"Your wit is as blunt as the fencer's foils, which hit and  
hurt not."—M. Ado, V., 2.  

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

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

Antony. I doubt not of your wisdom.  
Let each man render me his bloody hand:  
First, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;—  
Next, Cais Cassius, do I take your hand;—  
Now, Decius Brutus, yours;—now yours, Metel-
lus;—  
Yours, Cinna;—and my valiant Casca, yours;—  
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Tre-
bonius.  

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

*Cf. Bacon: “They came about him unarmed, and as a stag at bay.”—Essex Device (1592). No mention of this in Plutarch.

Cassius. Mark Antony,—

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

Cassius. 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?

Anthony. 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.

Brutus. 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.

Anthony. 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.  

_Brutus._ You shall, Mark Antony.  

_Cassius._ Brutus, a word with you.—  

(Aside) You know not what you do. Do not consent  
That Antony speak in his funeral.  
Know you how much the people may be mov'd  
By that which he will utter?  

_Brutus._ 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.  

_Cassius._ I know not what may fall; I like it not.  

_Brutus._ 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.  

_Antony._ Be it so;  
I do desire no more.  

_Brutus._ Prepare the body then, and follow us.  

(Exeunt all but Antony.  

_Antony._ 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 hands that shed this costly blood!  
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
Which like dumb mouths do ope their ruby lips  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue:
A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use,
And dreadful objects so familiar,
That mothers shall but smile when they behold
Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war,
All pity chok'd with custom of fell deeds;
And Cæsar's spirit ranging for revenge,
With Ate by his side come hot from hell,
Shall in these confines with a monarch's voice
Cry 'Havoc!' and let slip the dogs of war;
That this foul deed shall smell above the earth
With carrion men groaning for burial.—

Enter a Servant.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not?

Servant. I do, Mark Antony.

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

Servant. He did receive his letters and is coming,
And bid me say to you, by word of mouth—
O Cæsar!— (Seeing the body."

Antony. 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?

Servant. He lies to-night within seven leagues of Rome.

Antony. Post back with speed, and tell him what hath chanc'd.

Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
Into the market-place: there shall I try,
In my oration, how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;
According to the which thou shalt discourse
To young Octavius of the state of things.
Lend me your hand. (Exeunt with Cæsar's body.)
Act III. Scene II.

The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens.

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

Brutus. 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.

1 Citizen. I will hear Brutus speak.

2 Citizen. 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.

3 Citizen. The noble Brutus is ascended. Silence!

Brutus. 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.

*That is, judge me. See Much Ado, p. 139. Cf. Ham. I., 3, 69: "Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment;" Bacon, Adv. of L. II., introd., 15: "many will conceive and censure that some of them are already done," etc. —Rolfe.

†Cf. Bacon: "I confess I love some things much better than I love your lordship, as the Queen's service, her quiet and contentment, her honor, her favor, the good of my country."—Letter to Essex (1600).

Bacon took part with the government in the prosecution of Essex, and in the course of the proceedings he was charged by Essex with personal delinquency in doing so. Brutus took part in the murder of Caesar, and he also was charged by Caesar ("et tu, Brute") with personal delinquency. The defence in both cases was, not only in thought but also in diction, the same. And the play was written immediately after the trial and execution of Essex in 1601. Says Dr. Furnivall:

"What made Shake-speare produce this historical play in 1601? We know its date by an extract from Weever's Mirror of Martyrs, 1601, no doubt written when the play was quite fresh in people's minds:

'The many-headed multitude were drawn
By Brutus' speech, that Caesar was ambitious;
When eloquent Mark Antony had shown
His virtues, who but Brutus then was vicious?"

"As there is nothing in Plutarch's Lives that could have suggested this, Weever must have known Shake-speare's play. What happened in England in 1601 to make Shake-speare anxious to enforce the lesson of it? Why, Essex's ill-judged rebellion against Queen Elizabeth on Sunday, Feb. 8, 1601. He, the Queen's most petted favorite and general, broke out in armed rebellion against her in London. His outbreak was ridiculously ill-advised. He was taken prisoner, tried, and executed on Feb. 25, 1601. And I cannot doubt that this rebellion was the reason of Shake-speare's producing his Julius Caesar in 1601."—Introduction to the Leopold Shake-speare, p. 67.

All. None, Brutus, none.

Brutus. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar 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 Caesar'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 daggar for myself when it shall please my country to need my death.

All. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 Citizen. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 Citizen. Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 Citizen. Let him be Cæsar.

4 Citizen. Cæsar's better parts

Shall now be crown'd in Brutus.

1 Citizen. We 'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours.

Brutus. My countrymen,—

2 Citizen. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.

1 Citizen. Peace, ho!

Brutus. 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.

1 Citizen. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 Citizen. Let him go up into the public chair;

We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up.

Antony. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.

4 Citizen. What does he say of Brutus?

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

4 Citizen. 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 Citizen. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 Citizen. Nay, that's certain; We are blest that Rome is rid of him.*

"As Cicero said, 'Caesar does not refuse, but rather demands, to be called a tyrant, as he really is.'"—Advancement of Learning (1603-5).

2 Citizen. Peace, let us hear what Antony can say. Antony. You gentle Romans,—
All. Peace, ho! let us hear him. Antony. 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 ransom 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 judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason!—Bear with me;**
The Forum.

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


Cf. Bacon: “Ill, to man’s nature as it stands perverted,  
hath a natural motion strongest in continuance; but good,  
as a forced motion, strongest at first.”—Essay of Innovations (1625).


**Cf. Bacon: “Bear with that.”—Prom. No. 312 (1594).  
“You must bear with me.”—Lear, IV., 7.

1 Citizen. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

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

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

4 Citizen. Mark’d ye his words? He would not take the crown;

Therefore ’t is certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

3 Citizen. There’s not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.

4 Citizen. Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

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

O masters! if I were dispos’d to stir  
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,  
I should do Brutus wrong and Cassius wrong,  
Who, you all know, are 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; ’t is his will.  
Let but the commons hear this testament,—  
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,—
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.

4 Citizen. We 'll hear the will. Read it, Mark An-
tony.

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

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

4 Citizen. Read the will! we 'll hear it, Antony!
You shall read us the will! Cæsar's will!

Antony. 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.

4 Citizen. They were traitors! Honourable men!

All. The will! the testament!

2 Citizen. They were villains, murtherers! The
will! Read the will!

Antony. 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.

2 Citizen. Descend.

(He comes down from the pulpit.

3 Citizen. You shall have leave.

4 Citizen. A ring; stand round.

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

2 Citizen. Room for Antony!—most noble An-
tony!
Antony. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Antony. 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;
'T was on a summer’s evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius’ dagger through,
See what a rent the envious Casca made;
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb’d;
And as he pluck’d his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow’d it,
As rushing out of doors, to be résolv’d
If Brutus so unkindly knock’d, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar’s angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar lov’d him!
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For, when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors’ arms,
Quite vanquish’d him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey’s statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish’d over us.
O, now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar’s vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr’d, as you see, with traitors.
  1 Citizen. O, piteous spectacle!
  2 Citizen. O, noble Cæsar!
  3 Citizen. O, woful day!
  4 Citizen. O, traitors, villains!
  1 Citizen. O, most bloody sight!
  2 Citizen. We will be reveng’d!
All. Revenge! About! Seek! Burn! Fire! Kill!
Slay! Let not a traitor live!
Antony. Stay, countrymen.
1 Citizen. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
2 Citizen. We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Antony. 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.
1 Citizen. We 'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 Citizen. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.

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

All. Peace, ho! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Antony. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.

Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserv'd your loves?
Alas, you know not!—I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
All. Most true;—the will!—let's stay, and hear the will.
Antony. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.  
To every Roman citizen he gives,  
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.  

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

3 Citizen. O, royal Cæsar!  
Antony. Hear me with patience.  
All. Peace, ho!  
Antony. 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 forever, common pleasures,  
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.  
Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?  

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

2 Citizen. Go, fetch fire.  

3 Citizen. Pluck down benches.  

4 Citizen. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.  

(Exeunt Citizens, with the body.  

Antony. Now let it work. Mischief, thou art afoot,  
Take thou what course thou wilt!—How now, fellow?  

Enter a SERVANT.  

Servant. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.  
Antony. Where is he?  
Servant. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.  
Antony. 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.  
Servant. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius  
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.  
Antony. Belike they had some notice of the people,  
How I had mov'd them. Bring me to Octavius.  

(Exeunt.
A Street.

Enter CINNA the Poet.

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

Enter CITIZENS.

1 Citizen. What is your name?
2 Citizen. Whither are you going?
3 Citizen. Where do you dwell?
4 Citizen. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?
2 Citizen. Answer every man directly.*

*Cf. Bacon: “Answer directly; you mean as you would direct me.”—Prom. No. 208 (1594).
“Answer me directly.”—1 Hen. IV., II., 3.

1 Citizen. Ay, and briefly.
4 Citizen. Ay, and wisely.
3 Citizen. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cinna. What is my name? Whither am I going?
Where do I dwell? Am I a married man or a bach-
elor? Then to answer every man directly and
briefly, wisely and truly. Wisely, I say, I am a
bachelor*

*Cf. Bacon. “but yet he was reputed one of the wise men that
made answer to the question when a man should marry: A young
man not yet, an elder man not at all.”

Ess. of Marriage and single life.

2 Citizen. That ’s as much as to say, they are
fools that marry;—you ’ll bear me a bang for that,
I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cinna. Directly, I am going to Cæsar’s funeral.
1 Citizen. As a friend, or an enemy?

Cinna. As a friend.
2 Citizen. That matter is answered directly.
4 Citizen. For your dwelling,—briefly.
Cinna. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.
3 Citizen. Your name, sir, truly.
Cinna. Truly, my name is Cinna.
1 Citizen. Tear him to pieces, he's a conspirator.
Cinna. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.
4 Citizen. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.
Cinna. I am not Cinna the conspirator.
2 Citizen. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.
3 Citizen. Tear him, tear him! Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius': away! go! (Exuent.

The characteristics of the multitude are shown in this and previous scenes where they are represented.
"The rabble call him lord; * * * caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds."

Hamlet. iv. 5. (1604).

Though it do well, I do not relish well their loud applause." Meas. for Meas. i. 1. (1623).

Cf. Bacon. "Phocion, when the people applauded him more than usual, asked, whether he had done wrong." De Augmentis. (1622).
A Room in Antony's House. ANTONY, OCTAVIUS, and LEPIDUS, seated at a table.

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

Octavius. Your brother too must die. Consent you, Lepidus?

Lepidus. I do consent.

Octavius. Prick him down, Antony.

Lepidus. Upon condition Publius shall not live, Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

Antony. 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.

Lepidus. What, shall I find you here?

Octavius. Or here or at the Capitol.

(Exit Lepidus.

Antony. 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?

Octavius. So you thought him, And took his voice who should be prick'd to die In our black sentence and proscription.

Antony. 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.

Octavius. You may do your will;
But he's a tried and valiant soldier.

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

*Cf. Bacon: "Diogenes' opinion is to be accepted who
commended them, which could give unto the mind (as is
used in horsemanship) the shortest stop or turn."—Advance-
ment of Learning (1603-5).

In this play Antony compares Lepidus with his horse, both
being creatures he can turn or stop at will. Bacon para-
phrases a Greek passage (not then translated into English)
from Diogenes, in which we find the same comparison of
a man's mind with a horse under control of a master.

**Cf. Bacon: "Every man after his fashen."—Prom. No.
955 (1594).

"Do it in their own fashion."—L. L. L. V., 2.

Octavius. 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.
Before the Tent of Brutus, in the Camp near Sardis.

Drum. Enter Brutus, Lucilius, Titinius, and Soldiers; Pindarus meeting them; Lucilius at a distance.

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

(Pindarus gives a letter to Brutus.

Brutus. 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.


“What’s done cannot be undone”—Macb. V., 1.
“Look, what is done cannot now be amended.”—R. III., IV., 4.

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

Brutus. He is not doubted.—A word, Lucilius:
How he receiv’d you, let me be resolv’d.

Lucilius. With courtesy, and with respect enough,
But not with such familiar instances,
Nor with such free and friendly conference,
As he hath us’d of old.
Brutus. Thou hast describ'd
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?
Lucilius. They mean this night in Sardis to be
quarter'd;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius. (March within.
Brutus. Hark, he is arriv'd.—
March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and SOLDIERS.

Cassius. Stand, ho!
Brutus. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
1 Soldier. Stand.
2 Soldier. Stand.
3 Soldier. Stand.
Cassius. Most noble brother, you have done me
wrong.
Brutus. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I mine en-
emies?
And, if not so, how should I wrong a brother?
Cassius. Brutus, this sober form of yours hides
wrongs,
And when you do them—
Brutus. 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.
Cassius. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges off
A little from this ground.
Brutus. Lucius, 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.

Within the Tent of Brutus.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS.

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

Brutus. You wrong’d yourself to write in such a
case.

Cassius. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear his comment.

Brutus. 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.

Cassius. I an itching palm?
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

Brutus. The name of Cassius honours this corrup-
tion,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

Cassius. Chastisement!

Brutus. Remember March, the ides of March re-
member!

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.

*Cf. Bacon: "Let us turn our consideration, and behold justice, the sacred virtue."—Essex Device (1592).

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

*Brutus. Go to; you are not, Cassius.

*Brutus. I am.

*Cassius. I say you are not.

*Cassius. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.

*Brutus. Away, slight nian!

*Cassius. Is 't possible?

*Brutus. Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frightened when a madman stares?

*Cassius. O ye gods, ye gods! Must I endure all this?*

*Brutus. 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.

*Cassius. Is it come to this?

*Brutus. 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.

*Cassius. You wrong me every way, you wrong me,
Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Brutus. If you did, I care not.
Cassius. When Cæsar liv’d he durst not thus have mov’d me.
Brutus. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him.
Cassius. I durst not?
Brutus. No.
Cassius. What? durst not tempt him?
Brutus. For your life you durst not.
Cassius. Do not presume too much upon my love; I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Brutus. 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!

Cassius. I denied you not.
Brutus. You did.
Cassius. I did not; he was but a fool That brought my answer back.—Brutus hath riv’d my heart;
A friend should bear a friend’s infirmities, But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Brutus. I do not, till you practise them on me.
Cassius. You love me not.
Brutus. I do not like your faults.
Cassius. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
Brutus. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

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

*Pluto was better to him than Pallas.”—History of
Henry VII. (1621).

"Plutus, the god of gold, is but his steward.”—Timon of
Athens, I., 1 (1623).

Both authors carefully distinguish between Pluto, god of
mines, and Plutus, god of gold. Bacon certainly could not
have made a mistake of this kind, for he probably was the
most thorough student of ancient mythology that ever lived.
He expounded some of the prominent myths of Greece and
Rome in a book entitled "De Sapientia Veterum," and pub-
lished in 1609. In the passage from his “History of Henry
VII.,” quoted above, he means that King Ferdinand of Spain
was more fortunate, after the death of Isabella, as owner of
mines than as civil governor. It is, to say the least, re-
markable that classical scholars, editing the drama of Julius
Cæsar, should have changed the name of the god from
Pluto, as it was plainly printed in the Folios, to Plutus, on
the ground that Shake-speare had blundered. Mrs. C. F. A.
Windle, of San Francisco, was the first to point out this
singular misconception.

Brutus. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Oo 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.
Cassius. Hath Cassius liv'd To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus, When grief and blood ill-temper'd vexeth him? Brutus. When I spoke that I was ill-temper'd too. Cassius. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand. Brutus. And my heart too. Cassius. O Brutus!— Brutus. What 's the matter? Cassius. Have not you love enough to bear with me, When that rash humour which my mother gave me Makes me forgetful? Brutus. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth, When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, He 'll think your mother chides, and leaves you so. (Noise within. Poet. (Within) Let me go in to see the generals: There is some grudge between 'em; 't is not meet They be alone. Lucilius. (Within) You shall not come to them. Poet. (Within) Nothing but death shall stay me. Enter POET, followed by LUCILIUS and TITINIUS. Cassius. 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. Cassius. Ha, ha! how vilely doth this cynic rhyme! Brutus. Get you hence, sirrah! saucy fellow, hence! Cassius. Bear with him, Brutus; 't is his fashion. Brutus. I 'll know his humour when he knows his time. What should the wars do with these jigging fools!— Companion, hence! Cassius. Away, away! be gone! (Exit Poet. Brutus. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders Prepare to lodge their companies to-night.
Cassius. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you, Immediately to us.  (Exeunt Lucilius and Titinius.  
Brutus. Lucius, a bowl of wine. 
Cassius. I did not think you could have been so angry. 
Brutus. O Cassius, I am sick of many griefs! 
Cassius. Of your philosophy you make no use, If you give place to accidental evils. 
Brutus. No man bears sorrow better.—Portia is dead. 
Cassius. Ha! Portia?  
Brutus. She is dead. 
Cassius. How scap’d I killing when I cross’d you so?—* 
O, insupportable and touching loss!— Upon what sickness? 
*Scape is commonly printed as a contraction of escape, but we find it also in prose; as in Bacon, Adv. of L. II., 14, 9: “such as had scaped shipwreck,” etc.  S. uses it much oftener than escape.  See Wb. s. v.—Rolfe. 
Brutus. 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. 
Cassius. And died so? 
Brutus. Even so. 
Cassius. O ye immortal gods! 
Enter LUCIUS, with wine and tapers. 
Brutus. Speak no more of her.—Give me a bowl of wine.— In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.  (Drinks.  
Cassius. 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. 
Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.  
Brutus. Come in, Titinius.—Welcome, good Mes- sala.—
Now sit we close about this taper here,  
And call in question our necessities.  
  Cassius. Portia, art thou gone?  
  Brutus. 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.  
  Messala. Myself have letters of the selfsame ten-  
  our.  
  Brutus. With what addition?  
  Messala. That by proscription and bills of outlawry,  
Octavius, Antony, and Lepidus  
Have put to death an hundred senators.  
  Brutus. Therein our letters do not well agree;  
Mine speak of seventy senators that died  
By their proscriptions, Cicero being one.  
  Cassius. Cicero one?  
  Messala. Cicero is dead,  
And by that order of proscription.—  
Had you your letters from your wife, my lord?  
  Brutus. No, Messala.  
  Messala. Nor nothing in your letters writ of her?  
  Brutus. Nothing, Messala.  
  Messala. That, methinks, is strange.  
  Brutus. Why ask you? Hear you aught of her in yours?  
  Messala. No, my lord.  
  Brutus. Now, as you are a Roman, tell me true.  
  Messala. Then like a Roman bear the truth I tell;  
For certain she is dead, and by strange manner.  
  Brutus. Why, farewell, Portia.—We must die,  
Messala.  
With meditating that she must die once,  
I have the patience to endure it now.  
  Messala. Even so great men great losses should endure.  
  Cassius. I have as much of this in art as you,  
But yet my nature could not bear it so.  
  Brutus. Well, to our work alive. What do you think
Of marching to Philippi presently?

Cassius. I do not think it good.

Brutus. Your reason?

Cassius. 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.

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

*Cf. Bacon: "In the third place, I set down reputation because of the peremptory ti's and currents it hath, which, if they be not taken in their due time, are seldom recovered."—Advancement of Learning (1603-5).

"Particular conspiracies have their periods of time, within
which, if they be not taken, they vanish."—Charge against Owen (1615).

"If you had not been shortsighted, you might have made more use of me; but that tide is passed."—Letter to Coke (1601).

"You are as well seen in the periods and tides of estates (states) as in your own circle and way."—Letter to Cecil (1602).

"Occasion ... turneth the handle of the bottle first to be received, and after that the belly, which is hard to clasp."—Essay of Delays (1625).

"Occasion turneth the bald noddle after she hath presented her locks in front, and no hold taken."—Ibid.

"We may say of Nature what is usually said of Fortune, that she hath a lock before but none behind."—Scala Intellectus.

The "Advancement of Learning" was first printed in 1605; "Troilus and Cressida" in 1609; "Othello," 1622; "Julius Caesar," 1623; "Essay of Delays," 1625. The "Letter to Coke" was written in 1601, and the "Speech against Owen" delivered in 1615.

The sentiment expressed in the above-quoted passages seems to have been a favorite one with both authors, appearing, however, in Bacon first. The figure common to "Othello," and the Essay, is of classical origin, the ancients having erected a statue to Occasion as a goddess, in which the fore part of the head was furnished with a lock of hair, while the back part was bald. The significance of this was pointed out in the Latin writings of Phaedrus, Cardan, and Erasmus, and in the French of Rabelais. With the possible exception of Phaedrus, these works we know were familiar to Bacon, though none of them had then been translated into English.

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

Brutus. 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?

Cassius. No more. Good night! Early to-morrow will we rise and hence.

Brutus. Lucius, my gown.—(Exit Lucius.) Fare-well, good Messala!—

Good night, Titinius!—Noble, noble Cassius, Good night, and good repose!

Cassius. O my dear brother, This was an ill beginning of the night; Never come such division 'tween our souls! Let it not, Brutus.
Enter LUCIUS, with the gown.

Brutus. Every thing is well.

Cassius. Good night, my lord!

Brutus. Good night, good brother!

Titinius, Messala. Good night, lord Brutus!

Brutus. Farewell, every one!—

(Exeunt Cassius, Titinius, and Messala.

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?

Lucius. Here, in the tent.

Brutus. What! thou speak'st drowsily?

Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'erwatch'd.

Call Claudius and some other of my men;

I 'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.

Lucius. Varro and Claudius!

Enter VARRO and CLAUDIUS.

Varro. Calls my lord?

Brutus. 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.

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

Brutus. I will not have it so: lie down, good sirs;

It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—

Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;

I put it in the pocket of my gown.

(Servants lie down.

Lucius. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.

Brutus. 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?

Lucius. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.

Brutus. It does, my boy;

I trouble thee too much, but thou art willing.

Lucius. It is my duty, sir.

Brutus. I should not urge thy duty past thy might;

I know young bloods look for a time of rest.

Lucius. I have slept, my lord, already.

Brutus. 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 murtherous 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.
(He sits down. Enter the Ghost of Ĉæsar.
How ill this taper burns!—Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of my eyes
That shapes this monstrous apparition.
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing?
Art thou some god, some angel, or some devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my hair to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
Ghost. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
Brutus. Why com'st thou?
Ghost. To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.
Brutus. Well; then I shall see thee again?
Ghost. Ay, at Philippi.
(ghost vanishes.
Brutus. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then.—
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest.*
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Boy! Lucius!—Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!—
Claudius!

*From Bacon: "As in infection and contagion from body
to body, it is most certain that the infection is received by
the body passive, but yet is by the strength and good dis-
position thereof repulsed and wronght out before it is formed
into a disease; so much the more in impressions from mind
to mind, or from spirit to spirit, the impression taketh, but
is encountered and overcome by the mind and spirit, which
is passive, before it work any manifest effect."—Sylva Syl-
varum (1622-25).

This story is told by Plutarch as follows:
"He thought he heard one come unto him, and, casting
his eye towards the door of his tent, he saw a wonderful
strange and monstrous shape of a body coming towards him
and said never a word. So Brutus boldly asked what he
was, a God or a man, and what cause brought him thither.
The Ghost of Caesar.

ACT IV.—SCENE III.
The spirit answered him, 'I am thy evil spirit, Brutus, and thou shalt see me by the city of Philippi.' Brutus, being no otherwise afraid, replied again unto it, 'Well, then, I shall see thee again.' The spirit presently vanished away.'

It appears now, as Mr. James very cleverly points out, that Shake-speare's account of this apparition differs in one important particular from Plutarch's; namely, it represents Brutus as at first affected by fear, and then, on recovery from the fear, immediately losing sight of his unwelcome visitor. That is, the ghost, being simply the creature of a disordered imagination, fled as soon as the mind of Brutus resumed its natural courage. This result is in exact accordance with Bacon's definition as given above.

Lucius. The strings, my lord, are false.
Brutus. He thinks he still is at his instrument.—Lucius, awake!

Lucius. My lord!
Brutus. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
Lucius. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
Brutus. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing?
Lucius. Nothing, my lord.
Brutus. Sleep again, Lucius.—Sirrah, Claudius! Fellow thou! awake!

Varro. My lord!
Claudius. My lord!
Brutus. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep?
Varro, Claudius. Did we, my lord?
Brutus. Ay; saw you any thing?
Varro. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
Claudius. Nor I, my lord.
Brutus. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius;
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
Varro, Claudius. It shall be done, my lord.  

(Exeunt.)
The Plains of Philippi.

Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, and their Army.

Octavius. 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.

*Their battalions, or forces. Cf. Hen. V. IV., chor. 9: "Each battle sees the other's unber'd face," Bacon, Ess. 58: "they were more ignorant in ranging and arraying their batailes, etc."—Rolfe.

Antony. 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 't is not so.

*With a gallant show of courage carrying with it terror and dismay" (Malone): with "bravery in show or appearance, which yet is full of real fear or apprehension" (Craik). The latter interpretation agrees better with what follows. For bravery equals bravado, cf. Bacon, Ess. 57: "To seek to extinguish anger utterly, is but a bravery of the Stoicks." For fearful equals timorous, faint-hearted, see V. and A. 677: "Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs"—the creatures being "the timorous flying hare" (called "the fearful flying hare" in 3 Hen. VI., II., 5, 130), the fox and the roe. See also Judges VII., 3, Matt. VIII., 26, etc.—Rolfe.

Enter a Messenger.

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

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

*Octavius.* Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.

*Antony.* Why do you cross me in this exigent?

*Octavius.* I do not cross you; but I will do so.

(March.

*Drum.*

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

*Brutus.* They stand and would have parley.

*Cassius.* Stand fast, Titinius; we must out and talk.

*Octavius.* Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?

*Antony.* No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.

Make forth; the generals would have some words.

*Octavius.* Stir not until the signal.

*Brutus.* Words before blows; is it so, country-men?

*Octavius.* Not that we love words better, as you do.

*Brutus.* Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.

*Antony.* In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words;
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar’s heart,
Crying, ‘Long live! Hail, Cæsar!’

*Cassius.* Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.

*Antony.* Not stingless too.

*Brutus.* O, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stolen their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.

*Antony.* 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!

*Cf. Bacon: "The first wound was given him on the neck by Casco, that stood behind his chair."—Essex Device (1592).

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

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

Brutus. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitor's hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Octavius. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.

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

Cassius. A peevish schoolboy, worthless of such honour,
Join'd with a masker and a reveller.
Antony. Old Cassius still!

Octavius. 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.

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

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

Lucilius. My lord!

(Brutus and Lucilius talk apart.
Cassius. Messala!

Messala. What says my general?

Cassius. Messala, This is my birthday; 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.

*Cf. Bacon: Epicurus, accommodating and subjecting his natural to his moral philosophy (as appears from his own words), would not willingly admit any opinion that depressed or hurt the mind, and troubled, or disturbed that Enthusia of his, which he had adopted from Democritus. And so, being more fond of enjoying the sweets of thought than patient of the truth, he fairly threw off the yoke, and rejected both the necessity of Fate and the fear of the Gods.”—De Augmentis (1622).

Messala. Believe not so.

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

Brutus. Even so, Lucilius.

Cassius. 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?
Brutus. 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.

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

Brutus. 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.

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

Brutus. 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.)

*Cf. Bacon: "What shall be the end?"—Prom. 280 (1594).
"To what end?"—M. Ado, II., 3.
"Is this the promised end?"—Lear, V., 3.

SCENA SECUNDA

The Field of Battle.

Alarum. Enter BRUTUS and MESSALA.
Brutus. 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.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS.

Cassius. 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.

Titinius. O Cassius, Brutus gave the word too early,
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly; his soldiers fell to spoil,
 Whilst we by Antony are all enclos'd.

Enter PINDARUS.

Pindarus. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off!
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord!
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!

Cassius. This hill is far enough.—Look, look,

Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?

Titinius. They are, my lord.

Cassius. Titinius, if thou lov'st me,
Mount thou my horse and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again, that I may rest assur'd
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

Titinius. I will be here again even with a thought.

(Exit.
Cassius. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field.—

(Pindarus goes up.

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?

Pindarus. (Above) O my lord!
Cassius. What news?

Pindarus. 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;—
and, hark!
They shout for joy.

(Cassius. 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 comes down.

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 hilt;
And when my face is cover'd, as 't is now,
Guide thou the sword.—Cæsar, thou art reveng'd,
Even with the sword that kill'd thee. (Dies.

Pindarus. 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.

Enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA.

Messala. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
Titinius. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.  
Messala. Where did you leave him?  
Titinius. All disconsolate,  
With Pindarus his bondman, on this hill.  
Messala. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?  
Titinius. He lies not like the living. O, my heart!  
Messala. Is not that he?  
Titinius. 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.**  

*Cf. Bacon: “Ut esse Phoebi rubrius lumen solet  
Jam jam codentis.”—Prom. No. 171 (1594).  
(As the light of Phoebus is wont to be redder when he is setting.)  
“The weary sun hath made a golden set,” etc.—Rich. III.,  
V., 3.  
**See II., 2, 6 above. Bacon (Adv. of L. II., 4, 2) speaks of “the successes and issues of actions.”—Rolfe.  

Messala. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.—  
O hateful Error, Melancholy’s child!  
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men  
The things that are not? O Error, soon conceiv’d,  
Thou never com’st unto a happy birth,  
But kill’st the mother that engender’d thee.  
Titinius. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pin-  

Darus?  
Messala. 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.  

*Cf. Bacon: “A seditious slander, like to that the poet  
Speaketh of, a venomous dart that hath both iron and poison.”  
—Charge against St. John (1615).  
Both authors describe an evil report, thrust into the ears,  
as a steel or iron dart, envenomed.
Titinius. Hie you, Messala, And I will seek for Pindarus the while.— (Exit Messala.) Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius? Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they Put on my brows this wreath of victory, And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts? Alas! thou hast misconstrued every thing. But hold thee, take this garland on thy brow; Thy Brutus 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. (Dies.)

Alarum. Enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS, young CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS.


Brutus. 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! Brutus. Are yet two Romans living such as these?— The last of all the Romans, fare thee well! It is impossible that ever Rome Should breed thy fellow.—Friends, I owe moe tears To this dead man than you shall see me pay.— I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.— Come, therefore, and to Thassos send his body; His funerals shall not be in our camp, Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;— And come, young Cato; let us to the field.— Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.— 'T is three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night We shall try fortune in a second fight. (Exeunt.)
Act V. Scene IV.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarum. Enter, fighting, Soldiers of both Armies; then BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS, and others.

Brutus. Yet, countrymen, O, yet hold up your heads!
Cato. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field.—
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
A foe to tyrants, and my country’s friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!

(Charges the enemy.

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

(Exit, charging the enemy. Cato is overpowered, and falls.

Lucilius. 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.
1 Soldier. Yield, or thou diest.

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

(Offering money.

Kill Brutus, and be honour’d in his death.
1 Soldier. We must not.—A noble prisoner!
2 Soldier. Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta’en.
1 Soldier. I’ll tell the news.—Here comes the general.—

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta’en, Brutus is ta’en, my lord.
Antony. Where is he?
Lucilius. 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.

Antony. 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 chanc'd.

(Exeunt.

Another Part of the Field.

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

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

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

Brutus. Sit thee down, Clitus. Slaying is the word;
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.

(Whispering.

Clitus. What! I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

Brutus. Peace then! no words.

Clitus. I 'll rather kill myself.

Brutus. Hark thee, Dardanius! (Whispers him.

Dardanius. Shall I do such a deed?

Clitus. O Dardanius!

Dardanius. O Clitus!

Clitus. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

Dardanius. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.
Clitus. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,  
That it runs over even at his eyes.  
Brutus. Come hither, good Volumnius; list a word.  
Volumnius. What says my lord?  
Brutus. 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.  
Volumnius. Not so, my lord.  
Brutus. 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.  
Volumnius. That ’s not an office for a friend, my lord.  
Brutus. 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 my eyes; my bones would rest,  
That have but labour’d to attain this hour.  
(Alarum. Cry within, ‘Fly, fly, fly!’  
Clitus. Fly, my lord, fly!  
Brutus. Hence, I will follow.—  
(Exeunt Clitus, Dardanius, and Volumnius.  
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord.  
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honour in it:
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
   Strato. Give me your hand first; fare you well, my lord.
   Brutus. Farewell, good Strato.—Cæsar, now be still;
I kill’d not thee with half so good a will.
   (He runs on his sword, and dies.

Alarum. Retreat. Enter OCTAVIUS, ANTONY,
   MESSALA, LUCILIUS, and the Army.

   Octavius. What man is that?
   Messala. My master’s man.—Strato, where is thy master?
   Strato. 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.
   Lucilius. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast prov’d Lucilius’ saying true.
   Octavius. All that serv’d Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me?
   Strato. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.*

   *Cf. Bacon, Adv. of L. II., 21, 1: “And if it be said, that
the cure of men’s minds belongeth to sacred divinity, it is
most true; but yet moral philosophy may be preferred unto
her as a wise servant and humble handmaid.” Here Craik
thinks it means “to transfer, or hand over,” but it merely
implies the transfer. Messala, of course, could not recom-
mend his servant to a new master without giving up his
own claim upon him.—Rolfe.

   Octavius. Do so, good Messala.
   Messala. How died my master, Strato?
   Strato. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
   Messala. Octavius, then take him to follow thee,
That did the latest service to my master.
   Antony. 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’!

*From Bacon: “How to extinguish envy he knew excellently well, and thought it an object worth purchasing even by the sacrifice of dignity; and being in quest of real power, he was content during the whole course of his life to decline and put by all the empty show and pomp and circumstance of it, thus throwing the envy upon others; until at last, whether satiated with power or corrupted by flattery, he aspired likewise to the Eternal emblems therof, the name of King and the Crown, which turned to his destruction.”

In one of Bacon’s letters to Sir Toby Matthew, written in 1609, he refers to this tract on the “Character of Julius Caesar” as having been in existence, at least in an early draft, for several years. It seems probable, therefore, that the prose study and the play (circa 1601) were substantially of the same date.

Cf. Bacon: “Nemo virtuti invidiam reconciliaverit prae-
ter mortem.” (No one but death can reconcile envy to virtue.)—Prom. No. 69 (1594).

Octavius. 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, ordered honourably.—
So, call the field to rest, and let ’s away,
To part the glories of this happy day. (Exeunt.
REFERENCES.

Francis Bacon, Advancement of Learning.
" " Charge against St. John.
" " Charge against duels.
" " Charge against Owen.
" " Character of Julius Caesar.
" " De Augmentis.
" " Essays.
" " Essex Device.
" " History of Henry VII.
" " Letter to Cecil.
" " Letter to Coke.
" " Letter to Essex.
" " Letter to Rutland.
" " Novum Organum.
" " Natural History.
" " Praise of Knowledge.
" " Promus Notes.
" " Sylvarum
" " Wisdom of the Ancients.

Dixon’s Francis Bacon and his Shake-speare.
Elze’s Life of Shakespeare.
Holmes’s Authorship of Shake-speare.
Leopold’s Shakespeare.
Sidney’s Apologie for Poetrie.
Plutarch’s Lives.
First Alcibiades.
Rolle’s Julius Caesar.

CRITICAL COMMENTS.

“Hardly one of the speeches put in Caesar’s mouth can be regarded as historically characteristic; taken altogether, they are little short of a downright caricature. As here represented, Caesar is little better than a grand, strutting piece of puff paste; and when he speaks, he is very much in the style of a glorious vapourer and braggart, full of lofty airs and mock thunder.”—Henry N. Hudson.

Mr. Hudson did not fail, however, to catch a
glimpse of the truth, for he added:

"Yet we have ample proof that Shakespeare understood Caesar thoroughly, and that he regarded him as 'the noblest man that ever lived in the tide of times.' It is clear that the poet's course did not proceed at all from ignorance or misconception of the man."—Ibid.

That is to say, the Caesar of the play, even in the opinion of this Shake-spearean, was not the Caesar of our histories, and was never intended by the dramatist to be represented as such. But why Caesar was actually placed before us as a "piece of puff paste" in the play, as Mr. Hudson says he was, we are not informed.

"The lesson of 'Julius Caesar' is that vengeance, death, shall follow rebellion for insufficient cause, for misjudging the political state of one's country, and misjudging the means—taking unlawful ones to attain your ends.

"The Caesar of the play is not the great conqueror of Britain (did Shake-speare make him despicable for that?), but Caesar old, decaying, failing both in health and mind. His long success had ruined his character, had turned his head."—Frederic I. Furnwall, 1877.

"The character of Caesar in our play has been much blamed. He is declared to be unlike the idea conceived of him from his Commentaries; it is said that he does nothing and only utters a few pompous, thrasonical, grandiloquent words, and it has been asked whether this be the Caesar that 'did awe the world?' The poet, if he intended to make the attempt of the republicans his main theme, could not have ventured to create too great an interest in Caesar; it was necessary to keep him in the background, and to present that view of him which gave a reason for the conspiracy. According even to Plutarch, whose biography of Caesar is acknowledged to be very imperfect, Caesar's character
altered much for the worse shortly before his death, and Shakespeare has represented him according to this suggestion. With what reverence Shakespeare viewed his character as a whole we learn from several passages of his works, and even in this play from the way in which he allows his memory to be respected as soon as he is dead.”—Gervinus.
### INDEX OF WORDS AND PHRASES EXPLAINED.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Word/Phrase</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Aeneas, descendants of</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>affections swayed</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>answer directly</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Antonius</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>apparent prodigies</td>
<td>34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>at the stake</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ambition's ladder</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bad air</td>
<td>18</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>banqueting</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>battailes</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>bear with me</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>best leisure</td>
<td>47</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>blood, circulation of</td>
<td>37</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>brave hart</td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cæsar, a God</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; tyrant</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; coward lips of</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; crown offered</td>
<td>17</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; disparagement of</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; ghost of</td>
<td>82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; name of king</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; religion of</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; speeches of</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; unassailable</td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Calpurnia,</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassius and Brutus, related</td>
<td>7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>&quot; from bondage</td>
<td>23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cassius' day is set</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cautelous</td>
<td>32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>censure me</td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ceremonies,</td>
<td>4, 34</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>chariot wheels</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>cogitations</td>
<td>8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>colossus,</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>confidence,</td>
<td>41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>courage,</td>
<td>84</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dangerous, such men are</td>
<td>16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>darts envenomed</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>death,</td>
<td>41, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diogenes,</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>disrobe the images</td>
<td>4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>dreams,</td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>emulation,</td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>end is known,</td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>envy, of great Cæsar,</td>
<td>97</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Epicurus,</td>
<td>87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>evil that men do</td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>fashion,</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>favour,</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flatterers,</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>flood,</td>
<td>13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>force,</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>gentle Brutus,</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>heard and seen</td>
<td>40</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>his lustre,</td>
<td>11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am a bachelor</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I am armed,</td>
<td>24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I your glass,</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I know not what</td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ides of March,</td>
<td>6, 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>incorporate,</td>
<td>25</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>indifferently,</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>jealous on me</td>
<td>9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>justice's sake</td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>knabe,</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>labouring-day,</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>leaden points,</td>
<td>53</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lupercal,</td>
<td>5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marullus, mechanical,</td>
<td>4, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>mender of bad soles, merely upon myself, metal,</td>
<td>2, 7</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>more than yours, multitude, the</td>
<td>13, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ordinary pitch, ought not walk,</td>
<td>5, 1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>passions of difference, Pluto &amp; Plutus, point upon, prefer me,</td>
<td>7, 75, 22, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>rather be a villager, reflection, Rome, love of</td>
<td>15, 8, 57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE McEWEN COLLECTION
OF SHAKESPEAREANA