



UNIVERSITY OF MYSORE

YUVARAJA'S COLLEGE

(A Constituent Autonomous College of the University of Mysore)

MYSURU

DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

SELECTIONS FROM POETRY AND PROSE

(For students of II Semester BSc/BBA/BCA)

(CBCS)

2019-2020 Onwards

Ed. Dr. K. Yeshoda Nanjappa, Professor and Head of the Department

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II SEMESTER BSc/BBA/BCA

Marks : C1+C2 =20

C3 – 80

ENGLISH

Credits: 3

Teaching hours: 4 hours/week

POETRY

1. After Blenheim – Robert Southey
2. The Darkling Thrush– Thomas Hardy
3. A Ballad of Sir Pertab Singh – Sir Henry Newbolt
4. Indian Weavers – Sarojini Naidu
5. Self-Protection – D.H. Lawrence
6. Partition – W.H. Auden
7. Night of the Scorpion – Nissim Ezekiel

PROSE

1. The Gateman's Gift – R.K. Narayan
2. Karma – Kushwant Singh
3. Vanishing Animals – Gerald Durrell
4. Principles of Good Writing – L.A. Hill

LANGUAGE COMPONENT

1. Adverbs and Adjectives
2. Framing Questions
3. One-word Substitutes
4. Voice
5. Construction of Sentences

AFTER BLENHEIM

Robert Southey

*Robert Southey (1774–1843), an English poet of the Romantic school and one of the Lake Poets was a contemporary of Wordsworth and Coleridge. He was also a prolific letter writer, literary scholar, essay writer, historian and biographer. He was made the poet laureate in 1813 and he remained one until his death in 1843. William Wordsworth succeeded him. Although seldom read today, Southey was very popular during his time, both for his poetry and for his excellent biographies, including *Life of Nelson* (1813) and *Life of Wesley*. His lasting contribution to literary history is the children's classic *The Story of the Three Bears*, the original Goldilocks story.*

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun,
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round,
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found;
He came to ask what he had found,
That was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy,
Who stood expectant by;
And then the old man shook his head,
And, with a natural sigh,
"'Tis some poor fellow's skull," said he,
"Who fell in the great victory.

"I find them in the garden,
For there's many here about;
And often when I go to plough,
The ploughshare turns them out!
For many thousand men," said he,
"Were slain in that great victory."

"Now tell us what 'twas all about,"
Young Peterkin, he cries;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes;
"Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for."

"It was the English," Kaspar cried,
"Who put the French to rout;
But what they fought each other for,
I could not well make out;
But everybody said," quoth he,
"That 'twas a famous victory."

"My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly;
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head."

"With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then,
And new-born baby died;
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory."

"They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun;
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory."

"Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,
And our good Prince Eugene."
"Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!"
Said little Wilhelmine.
"Nay... nay... my little girl," quoth he,

"It was a famous victory.
"And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win."
"But what good came of it at last?"
Quoth little Peterkin.
"Why that I cannot tell," said he,
"But 'twas a famous victory."

About the poem

"After Blenheim" is a ballad and an anti-war poem which brings out the horrors of war. The Battle of Blenheim fought between the French and the English in August 1704 witnessed the defeat of the French by the English under the leadership of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene. Thousands of soldiers were killed, wounded and taken prisoners. The battle witnessed large-scale destruction and devastation.

In the poem, Old Kaspar calls the Battle of Blenheim as a remarkable victory for the English while his grandchildren fail to understand how a battle that caused the death of thousands could be called a "great victory". War represents the worst form of human nature – "man's inhumanity to man" and the skulls strewn across the fields of Blenheim stand as testimony to the fact that war can never be a glorious achievement or triumph to man.

Old Kaspar's attitude towards war is like that of the common man's – he can never understand the reason for the war. He only praises the heroism and the exemplary leadership of the Duke of Marlborough. His grandchildren Wilhelmine and Peterkin, on the other hand, in their innocence, fail to understand how a battle that caused the death of thousands could be called a "great victory". The rulers fought for power and glory, for personal advantage, while peasants fled from ravaged fields and burning homes and countless soldiers fell on battlefields. Thus the poem is a scathing criticism of war.

Glossary

Blenheim: Blenheim is a village situated on the left bank of the River Danube in the state of Bavaria in southern Germany. The Battle of Blenheim was fought in 1704 between the French and the Bavarians on one side and the English and the Austrians on the other.

the great/ famous victory: refers to the great victory of the English under the Duke of Marlborough
and Prince Eugene

sported: played

the green: here, meadow or grassland

rivulet: a small stream

slain: killed

ploughshare: the cutting blade of a plough

put to rout: defeated

yon: archaic or old-fashioned for 'that'.

wasted: here, devastated, destroyed

childing: bearing a child

quoth: (archaic) said

Duke of Marlbro: John Churchill, the Duke of Marlborough won a decisive victory against the French
in the Battle of Blenheim in August 1704

Prince Eugene: a successful military commander of Austria

nay: (archaic) no

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. What time of the year is referred to in the opening lines of the poem ?

2. Where was old Kasper sitting?

3. Who do you think was Old Kasper by profession? Identify the line in the poem which reveals
Old Kasper's profession.

4. Who are Peterkin and Wilhelmine ?

5. What did Peterkin find? Where did he find it?

6. What does Old Kaspar refer to by the words, 'the great victory'?

7. Who is Duke Marlbro'?

8. Who was defeated in the Battle of Blenheim?

9. Where did Old Kaspar's father live at the time of war?

10. What happened to Old Kaspar's father during the battle?

11. What was the shocking sight after the Battle of Blenheim was won ?

12. What did Wilhelmine label the war as?

13. What was little Peterkin's question after listening to Kaspar's description of the battle?

14. What was Old Kaspar's answer to Peterkin?

15. What is described as a "famous victory" ?

16. Construct sentences using the following words: slain, famous, victory, praise

THE DARKLING THRUSH

Thomas Hardy

*Thomas Hardy (1840 – 1928), English novelist and poet was born in Dorset, the son of a stonemason. He worked with an architect for a while and found time to read extensively. He wrote fifteen novels, many short stories and poems. He is best known for his novels **The Return of the Native**, **The Mayor of Casterbridge**, and **Tess of the D'Urbervilles**. He wrote many collections of poems in his later life. His dark view of the human condition gave his poems a tinge of sadness.*

I leant upon a coppice gate
When Frost was spectre-grey,
And Winter's dregs made desolate
The weakening eye of day.
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky
Like strings of broken lyres,
And all mankind that haunted night
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be
The Century's corpse outleant,
His crypt the cloudy canopy,
The wind his death-lament.
The ancient pulse of germ and birth
Was shrunken hard and dry,
And every spirit upon earth
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt, and small,
In blast-beruffled plume,
Had chosen thus to fling his soul
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings
Of such ecstatic sound
Was written on terrestrial things

Afar or nigh around,
That I could think there trembled through
His happy good-night air
Some blessed Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

About the poem

Composed in the year 1900, the poem was first published on 29 December 1900 and was originally titled, "The Century's End, 1900". The poem is about the turn of the twentieth century. It mourns the passing of the nineteenth century and also deals with the theme of despair as well as hope.

The poet leaning on the coppice gate looks around at the dreary snow-covered landscape. Words like Frost, "Winter's dregs", "desolate" indicate the winter season. The atmosphere is one of gloominess and desolation. Frost renders the landscape a ghost-like appearance. The leafless branches look like the strings of a broken lyre against the grey sky. The poet continues to engage with the theme of death and despair as he compares the desolate landscape to the Century's corpse thus signifying the end of the nineteenth century. The grey cloudy sky is compared to the tomb or the burial chamber ("crypt") and the sound of the wind is compared to a funeral song ("death lament"). The seed of new life and regeneration remains shrunken and dry in the earth. All mankind troubled by hopelessness and despair confine themselves to the warmth of their homes ("household fires").

Amidst such dismal and cheerless surroundings a voice rises shrill and melodious among the bare branches. An aged, frail and tiny thrush bursts forth in a joyous full-throated song ignoring the surrounding wintery gloom. The poet sees no reason that the bird should sing with such boundless happiness. The frail old bird is a harbinger of spring and his song is an expression of hope and joy at a new beginning as it carries a blessed hope of which only the bird is aware.

Glossary

Darkling: poetic word for "of the darkness"

Thrush: a song bird

coppice gate: a gate on a path leading to the forest ; a woodland gate

Frost: Frost is personified here. It is compared to a ghost. The figure of speech employed is

a metaphor.

Winter's dregs: here, the fallen snow and the frost. Winter is personified in the poem.

spectre- grey : grey like a ghost

desolate: bleak, gloomy

eye of day: the sun

weakening eye of the day: refers to the feeble sun at the end of the cold gloomy day; the figure of speech employed here is a metaphor.

bine stems: stems of climbing plants

Note: A simile is used when the "tangled bine-stems" are compared to "strings of broken lyres."

lyre: a stringed musical instrument

nigh: near (archaic)

Line "all mankind that haunted nigh/ sought their household fires" : people who lived nearby remained indoors in the warmth of their homes

Century's corpse outleant: the earth seemed to be like the dead body of the century. The harsh winter landscape is compared to a corpse. The poem was written in the year 1900 when the century came to an end. Century is personified here.

Note: The poet employs a metaphor when the winter landscape is compared to the corpse of the nineteenth century.

crypt: tomb

canopy: covering

germ: seed

the ancient pulse of germ and birth: refers to the eternal seed of new life and regeneration

fervourless: without passion or enthusiasm

bleak twigs: here, the cheerless small branches of the tree as there are no leaves due to winter

joy illimited: happiness unaffected by the surrounding gloom

evensong: evening song

ecstatic: joyful, full of happiness

frail: feeble, weak

gaunt: thin; bony

blast: strong wind

blast-beruffled plume: feathers ruffled or disturbed by the strong wind

fling his soul: here, sing with boundless joy

carolings: song

nigh: (archaic) near or a short distance away

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. What do the words "eye of the day" refer to ?

2. How is Frost described in the poem?

3. What are compared to strings of broken lyres?

4. What is the cloudy sky compared to ? Mention the figure of speech employed.

5. Describe the song of the thrush in a sentence.

6. Which words, phrases in the poem refer to the harsh winter weather?

7. In the line, "The wind his death lament", the word 'his' refers to _____.

8. What is the winter wind compared to?

9. What does the bird symbolize?

The bird symbolizes hope, joy and change.

10. Why does the poet feel that the bird has little reason to sing?

11. Identify the figure of speech in the words, "like strings of broken lyres".

12. What is the original title of the poem, "The Darkling Thrush"?

13, Construct sentences using the following words: gloomy, lament, frail, ecstatic

A BALLAD OF SIR PERTAB SINGH

Sir Henry John Newbolt

Sir Henry John Newbolt (1862 – 1938) was an English poet, novelist and historian who had a very powerful role as a government adviser with regard to the study of English in England. He was born in Bilston, Wolverhampton, son of the vicar of St Mary's Church, the Rev. Henry Francis Newbolt. His first book was a novel, *Taken from the Enemy* (1892). He is best remembered for his poems "Vitaï Lampada" which means "the torch of life" and "Drake's Drum". Newbolt was knighted in 1915.

In the first year of him that first
Was Emperor and King,
A rider came to the Rose-red House,
The House of Pertab Singh.
Young he was and an Englishman,
And a soldier, hilt and heel,
And he struck fire in Pertab's heart
As the steel strikes on steel.
Beneath the morning stars they rode,
Beneath the evening sun,
And their blood sang to them as they rode
That all good wars are one.
They told their tales of the love of women.
Their tales of East and West,
But their blood sang that of all their loves
They loved a soldier best.
So ran their joy the allotted days.
Till at the last day's end
The Shadow stilled the Rose-red House
And the heart of Pertab's friend.
When morning came, in narrow chest
The soldier's face they lit.
And over his fast-dreaming eyes
Shut down the narrow lid.
Three were there of his race and creed.

Three only and no more:
They could not find to bear the dead
A fourth in all Jodhpore.
“O Maharaj, of your good grace
Send us a Sweeper here:
A Sweeper has no caste to lose
Even by an alien bier.”
“What need, what need ? ” said Pertab Singh,
And bowed his princely head.
“I have no caste, for I myself
Am bearing forth the dead.”
“Maharaj, O passionate heart,
Be wise, bethink you yet:
That which you lose to-day is lost
Till the last sun shall set.”
“God only knows,” said Pertab Singh,
“That which I lose to-day:
And without me no hand of man
Shall bear my friend away.”
Stately and slow and shoulder-high
In the sight of all Jodhpore
The dead went down the rose-red steps
Upheld by bearers four.
When dawn relit the lamp of grief
Within the burning East
There came a word to Pertab Singh,
The soft word of a priest.
He woke, and even as he woke
He went forth all in white,
And saw the Brahmins bowing there
In the hard morning light.
“Alas! Maharaj, alas!
O noble Pertab Singh!
For here in Jodhpore yesterday
Befell a fearful thing.

“A fearful thing,” said Pertab Singh,
“God and my heart know well —
“I lost a friend.”
“More fearful yet I
Went down these steps you past
In sight of all Jodhpore you lost —
O Maharaj ! — your caste.”
Then leapt the light in Pertab’s eyes
As the flame leaps in smoke,
“Thou priest! thy soul hath never known
The word thy lips have spoke.
“My caste! Know thou there is a caste
Above my caste or thine,
Brahmin and Rajput are but dust
To that immortal line:
“Wide as the world, free as the air,
Pure as the pool of death —
The caste of all Earth’s noble hearts
Is the right soldier’s faith.”

About the poem

The poem “A Ballad of Sir Pertab Singh” by Sir Henry John Newbolt, was inspired by the events that followed the death of Lieutenant James Cadell, a young British soldier. Cadell died of typhoid on January 12, 1897. The poem also throws light on an incident from the life of the noble Maharaja of Jodhpur, Sir Pratap Singh (1845 – 1922).

The poem portrays the power of true friendship against barriers like nation, race, caste and colour. A young British soldier visits the palace of the Maharaja in the first year of his reign. The young soldier’s remarkable brilliance attracts Pratap Singh and soon a deep and lasting friendship develops between them. Tragedy befalls when the Englishman dies suddenly. When the funeral is being arranged they could find only three men of the Englishman’s race to bear his coffin. In all Jodhpur they could not find the fourth man. The Englishmen request the Maharaja for a sweeper to bear the coffin, for bearing the coffin of a foreigner meant losing one’s caste. However, Maharaja Pratap Singh offers to carry the coffin himself saying that he has no caste, for a true soldier knows

no caste. He says that far greater than caste is true friendship and the friend that he lost is more precious than the notion of caste that people say he might lose. He decides to be the fourth pallbearer.

With all Jodhpur watching, the noble king – stately and gracious – bears the coffin of his English friend. The next morning the priests tell the Maharaja that a terrible thing had happened in Jodhpur, that the king lost his caste. He replies angrily that the bond between two soldiers is a pure one and that it is beyond the castes of this earth. It takes exceptional courage even if it is for a King to rise above the established constraints of caste. Maharaja Pratap Singh exhibits extraordinary strength of character.

Glossary

Pertab Singh: originally Pratap Singh

a soldier hilt and heel: a true soldier

He struck fire in Pertab's heart/ As the steel strikes on steel : The English soldier sparked a friendship in the heart of Pertab Singh. The friendship that was kindled between them is compared to the spark that is produced when steel strikes steel. A simile is employed.

All good wars are one: the belief that all wars fought for noble causes are glorious and are alike

The Shadow stilled the Rose-red House : here, Shadow is personified. The shadow of grief

brought to an end the joyous friendship between Pertab Singh and the Englishman.

stately: dignified; majestic

immortal: everlasting,

bearers four: the king himself was one of the pallbearers. (a pallbearer is one who helps bear the coffin at a funeral)

alien bier: here, the coffin of an Englishman

till the last sun shall set: here, till the last day of one's life

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. Who is the visitor to the house of Maharaja Pratap Singh?

2. Describe the soldier.

3. What did the Maharaja of Jodhpur and the English soldier tell each other?

4. What happened to the English soldier?

5. How many men of the Englishman's race were there to bear his coffin?

6. What did Pertab Singh tell the Englishmen?

7. Explain the lines, "That which you lose today is lost/Till the last sun shall set".

Maharaja Pratap Singh was told that by bearing the Englishman's coffin, he would lose his caste and that it would be lost for ever.

8. What according to the priests, did the Maharaja lose?

9. In the lines, "Then leapt the light in Pertab's eyes/As the flame leaps in smoke" what is the figure of speech employed?

10. In the words, "dawn relit the lamp of grief", what is the figure of speech employed?
What is grief compared to?

11. Construct sentences using the following words: friendship, immortal, alien, grief

INDIAN WEAVERS

Sarojini Naidu

*Sarojini Naidu (1879-1949), known as the **Nightingale of India**, was born in Hyderabad, the daughter of scientist-philosopher, Aghoranath Chattopadhyaya, and BaradaSundari Devi, a poetess. Her father was the founder of the Nizam College. She joined the Madras University at the age of twelve. At sixteen, she went to England to study at King's College London, and Girton College, Cambridge. She married Dr. Govindarajulu Naidu. In 1905, the first volume of her collection of poems was published as **The Golden Threshold**. Two more volumes were published: **The Bird of Time** (1912) and **The Broken Wing** in (1917). Sarojini Naidu is acclaimed for her contribution in poetry. She was also a freedom fighter. She was the President of Indian National Congress in 1925.*

Weavers, weaving at break of day,
Why do you weave a garment so gay? . . .
Blue as the wing of a halcyon wild,
We weave the robes of a new-born child.

Weavers, weaving at fall of night,
Why do you weave a garment so bright? . . .
Like the plumes of a peacock, purple and green,
We weave the marriage-veils of a queen.

Weavers, weaving solemn and still,
What do you weave in the moonlight chill? . . .
White as a feather and white as a cloud,
We weave a dead man's funeral shroud.

About the poem

The poem "Indian Weavers" subtly depicts the three stages in the life of man by portraying the weavers as weaving different coloured cloth at different times of the day. From the cloth of the color of the halcyon's wing woven at "the break of day" meant for the new born , to the vibrantly coloured cloth of the hues of peacock plumes woven "at fall of night", meant for the marriage veil of a queen, and finally the cloth woven in the "moonlight chill", white as a feather meant for a dead man's shroud, the weavers continue to weave through the day.

Metaphorically the lengths of cloth as woven in different hues at different stages of the day symbolize the essence of human existence.

Glossary

break of day: early morning

gay: here bright, vibrant

halcyon: a bird of the family of kingfisher

plumes: feathers

solemn: serious, grave

shroud: a piece of cloth used to wrap a dead body

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. Mention the three events in the life of man that are referred to in the poem?

2. How is the garment woven for the new-born child?

3. What is the colour of the garment woven for the new-born child compared to?

4. What do the weavers weave at break of day?

5. What are the marriage veils of a queen compared to?

6. At what time of day do the weavers weave the marriage veils of a queen?

7. What is the dead man's funeral shroud compared to?

8. What do the weavers weave in the moonlight?

9. Why do you think the weavers appear solemn and still while they weave in the moonlight?

10. Identify the similes employed in the poem.

11. Identify the words/expressions in the poem which indicate different times of the day.

12. Construct sentences using the following words: solemn, plumes

SELF-PROTECTION

D. H. Lawrence

*David Herbert Lawrence (1885-1930), English novelist, story writer, literary critic and poet is one of the greatest figures in twentieth century literature. He was born in the mining town of Eastwood, Nottinghamshire, the fourth child of Arthur John Lawrence, a barely literate miner and Lydia, a former school teacher. His collected works dwell on the dehumanizing effects of modernity and industrialization. Lawrence is best known for his novels **Sons and Lovers**, **The Rainbow** and **Lady Chatterley's Lover**. Although best known for his novels, he wrote almost 800 poems, most of them relatively short.*

When science starts to be interpretive
It is more unscientific even than mysticism.

To make self-preservation and self-protection the first law of existence
Is about as scientific as making suicide the first law of existence,
And amounts to very much the same thing.

A nightingale singing at the top of his voice
Is neither hiding himself nor preserving himself nor propagating his species;
He is giving himself away in every sense of the word;
And obviously, it is the culminating point of his existence.

A tiger is striped and golden for his own glory.
He would certainly be much more invisible if he were grey-green.
And I don't suppose the ichthyosaurus sparkled like the humming-bird,
No doubt he was khaki-coloured with muddy protective colouration,
So why didn't he survive?

As a matter of fact, the only creatures that seem to survive
Are those that give themselves away in flash and sparkle
And gay flicker of joyful life;
Those that go glittering abroad
With a bit of splendour.

Even mice play quite beautifully at shadows,

And some of them are brilliantly piebald.

I expect the dodo looked like a clod,
A drab and dingy bird.

About the poem

D.H. Lawrence's poem "Self-Protection" puts forward the idea that many of the widely accepted scientific theories are mere myths. Many theories are mere figments of scientists' imagination and only misguide rather than unravel the truth about things. When science starts interpreting nature, the result at times is more unscientific than mysticism. To prove that scientific doctrines often perpetuate myths Lawrence depicts how science fails to encompass the subtleties of natural selection. Charles Darwin in his *Origin of Species* described the process of natural selection. Lawrence in his poem reacts against the evolutionary doctrine that the first law of nature is self-preservation. He maintains that "the only creatures that seem to survive/Are those that give themselves away in flash and sparkle". Science believes that some evolutionary adaptations like camouflage, for instance, equip an animal to survive. But such a theory leaves no space for the creative expression of an animal. Lawrence argues in the poem that the nightingale which neither camouflages or preserves itself, but sings at the top of its voice has managed to survive in nature while the Ichthyosaurus with its muddy protective colouration could not survive. The nightingale which gave itself away in song, and the tiger with its brilliant golden stripes and the vibrantly coloured humming bird all survived and reaped the reward of continued life , while the Ichthyosaurus and the dodo which resembled its surroundings, could not survive and became extinct.

Glossary

propagate: here, to reproduce or multiply

sparkled: shone brightly

clod: a lump of earth

dodo: a flightless bird which resembled a pigeon, it inhabited Mauritius in the Indian Ocean. It

became extinct by about 1680.

Ichthyosaurus: an extinct marine reptile which lived about 250 million years ago . It resembled a

dolphin with large teeth

piebald: here, with different colours

drab: here, of a dull brown colour

dingy: here, dull or unattractive

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. When is science more unscientific than mysticism?

2. When a nightingale is singing at the top of his voice what is it not doing?

3. How is the tiger described in the poem?

4. How did the ichthyosaurus stand in contrast to the humming bird, according to Lawrence?

5. According to Lawrence, which are the creatures which managed to survive in nature?

6. Identify the words used in the poem to describe the colour of mice.

7. Identify the words used to describe the dodo.

8. Construct sentences using the following words: unscientific, joyful, brilliant, survive

PARTITION

W.H. Auden

Wystan Hugh Auden (1907–1973) was an Anglo-American poet, widely considered as one of the greatest literary figures of the 20th century. Auden was born in York, North Yorkshire, the son of George Augustus Auden, a distinguished physician, and Rosalie Auden. The central themes of his poetry are love, politics and citizenship, religion and morals, and the relationship between human beings and the anonymous, impersonal world of nature.

Unbiased at least he was when he arrived on his mission,
Having never set eyes on this land he was called to partition
Between two peoples fanatically at odds,
With their different diets and incompatible gods.
'Time,' they had briefed him in London, 'is short. It's too late
For mutual reconciliation or rational debate:
The only solution now lies in separation.
The Viceroy thinks, as you will see from his letter,
That the less you are seen in his company the better,
So we've arranged to provide you with other accommodation.
We can give you four judges, two Moslem and two Hindu,
To consult with, but the final decision must rest with you.'

Shut up in a lonely mansion, with police night and day
Patrolling the gardens to keep assassins away,
He got down to work, to the task of settling the fate
Of millions. The maps at his disposal were out of date
And the Census Returns almost certainly incorrect,
But there was no time to check them, no time to inspect
Contested areas. The weather was frightfully hot,
And a bout of dysentery kept him constantly on the trot,
But in seven weeks it was done, the frontiers decided,
A continent for better or worse divided.

The next day he sailed for England, where he quickly forgot
The case, as a good lawyer must. Return he would not,

Afraid, as he told his Club, that he might get shot.

About the poem

W.H. Auden's poem "Partition" written in 1966 is a caustic criticism of the act of drawing boundaries to divide the Indian sub-continent into two nations – India and Pakistan. The man commissioned by the British to draw the boundary lines was the British barrister Sir Cyril Radcliffe. Cyril Radcliffe who arrived in India on 8th July 1947 was given only five weeks time to accomplish the stupendous task. After chairing two boundary commissions – one for Punjab and the other for Bengal, he sat down to complete the task. The task was hastily finished by Radcliffe who had never lived in India and who had absolutely no idea of the subcontinent, its people, its religious, linguistic cultural and political complexities. A barrister who played the role of a cartographer, he worked on the boundaries amidst communal tensions and political turmoil. Burdened with out-dated maps and faulty census material, with barely any time for reliable checking of facts or inspection of areas with conflicting interests, Radcliffe demarcated and divided the sub-continent. The boundary line came to be called the Radcliffe line and it tore through the heart of India leaving a bloody trail. The result was an unprecedented number of people fleeing across the borders, millions displaced, slaughtered and mutilated and several hundred thousands succumbing to starvation, exhaustion, cholera and dysentery.

Auden depicts Radcliffe as just a government official commissioned to accomplish the complex task under a tight deadline, shut up in a lonely mansion with no time or inclination to consider the realities of millions of people affected by the boundaries drawn. Though Radcliffe had nothing to do with Partition or its aftermath, the violence that followed was least expected. Radcliffe refused the fee of Rs.40,000 and left India never to return.

Glossary

unbiased: impartial; with no favouritism or prejudice

he: throughout the poem, Cyril Radcliffe remains unnamed

"two peoples fanatically at odds": the reference here is to the Hindus and Muslims

incompatible: here, unable to coexist in harmony

reconciliation: for a reunion or an acceptance of one another in order to live in harmony

Viceroy: Lord Mountbatten, the last British Viceroy

patrolling: police/soldiers/guards moving around an area to see that there is no trouble or crime

assassin: someone who kills an important/famous person

bout: here, a short period of illness

on the trot: continuously busy

frontiers : boundaries

cartographer: a person who draws maps

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. Identify the word in the poem which describes the cartographer's attitude towards the work assigned to him when he came to India ? _____

2. How are the Hindus and the Muslims described in the poem ?

3. What was the only solution left since there was no time for mutual reconciliation or rational debate?

4. Who is Cyril Radcliffe?

5. What was the work assigned to him ?

6. How many judges were given to Radcliffe to assist him in his work ?

7. Who is the viceroy?

8. Why do police patrol the garden of the place where Radcliff is lodged ?

8. What is the state of the maps and Census Returns provided to Radcliffe?

9. How long did Radcliffe take to draw the borders to partition the Indian subcontinent? .

10. Construct sentences using the following words: partition, separation, assassin, decision

NIGHT OF THE SCORPION

Nissim Ezekiel

*Nissim Ezekiel (1924 – 2004) was an Indian Jewish poet, playwright, actor and critic who is often acknowledged as the father of Modern Indian English poetry and given the credit of having ushered a new trend in the post-independence period. Ezekiel started his career with a collection of poems, **A Time to Change**(1959). He received the **Sahitya Academy Award** in 1983 and the **Padma Shri** in 1988. Both urban as well as rural experience constitutes an important part of Ezekiel's works. He was one of the first poets to reflect rural experience in Indian poetry in English. The simplicity of his expression and his themes which evolved from the "ordinariness of events" and his unconventional style give a characteristic Indianness to his writings.*

I remember the night my mother
was stung by a scorpion. Ten hours
of steady rain had driven him
to crawl beneath a sack of rice.

Parting with his poison - flash
of diabolic tail in the dark room -
he risked the rain again.

The peasants came like swarms of flies
and buzzed the name of God a hundred times
to paralyse the Evil One.

With candles and with lanterns
throwing giant scorpion shadows
on the mud-baked walls
they searched for him: he was not found.
They clicked their tongues.

With every movement that the scorpion made his poison moved in Mother's blood,
they said.

May he sit still, they said
May the sins of your previous birth

be burned away tonight, they said.
May your suffering decrease
the misfortunes of your next birth, they said.
May the sum of all evil
balanced in this unreal world

against the sum of good
become diminished by your pain.
May the poison purify your flesh

of desire, and your spirit of ambition,
they said, and they sat around
on the floor with my mother in the centre,
the peace of understanding on each face.
More candles, more lanterns, more neighbours,
more insects, and the endless rain.
My mother twisted through and through,
groaning on a mat.
My father, sceptic, rationalist,
trying every curse and blessing,
powder, mixture, herb and hybrid.
He even poured a little paraffin
upon the bitten toe and put a match to it.
I watched the flame feeding on my mother.
I watched the holy man perform his rites to tame the poison with an incantation.
After twenty hours
it lost its sting.

My mother only said
Thank God the scorpion picked on me
And spared my children.

About the poem

“Night of the Scorpion” is a remarkable narrative poem. The poem opens with the speaker’s memory flashing back to the dark rainy night when a scorpion stung his mother. The news spreads like wildfire and the villagers throng around the mother who is writhing in pain. The effort of the village community to bring solace to the suffering mother is significant. They believe that prayer can ward off evil and pain. Their comments on birth, rebirth, sin, suffering and endurance are typically Indian. There is the holy man who performs his elaborate rituals with incantations. Then there is the reaction of the speaker’s father – complex and contradictory. Though a rationalist and a sceptic, he tries every curse and blessing. Twenty hours later the poison subsides and the mother’s only reaction is that she is thankful that the scorpion picked on her and spared her children. Thus the poem is also about a mother’s selfless love for her children . The poem is brilliant in the way it brings together the elements of Indian reality –superstition and rationality, suffering and communal effort.

Glossary

diabolic: evil; devilish; wicked

peasants came like swarms of flies: The figure of speech used here is a simile. The villagers are compared to flies.

sceptic: a person who doubts accepted beliefs and values.

hybrid: a mixture of herbs

tame: control

lost its sting: here, it means the effect of the poison in the mother’s body diminished

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. Why did the villagers pray to God to paralyse the scorpion?

2. Where was the scorpion when it stung the mother ? What made it crawl there?

3. What did the scorpion do after stinging the mother?

4. What is the poetic device used in the line, "The peasants came like swarms of flies"?

5. How did the peasants attempt to paralyze the scorpion?

6. Why did they search for the scorpion? What was their belief/opinion ?

7. How, according to the peasants, would the mother's sufferings help her?

The mother's suffering would free her of the sins of the previous birth and would also lessen the misfortunes of her next birth, according to the peasants.

8. Describe the peasant community in a sentence.

9. Why is the world considered "unreal" by the peasants?

10. Describe the speaker's father in a sentence.

11. How did the father attempt to relieve his wife's pain?

12. What did the holy man do to neutralize the poison?

13. How long did the poison take to lose its sting?

14. What was the reaction of the mother when she recovered from the sting?

15. What is your comment on the mother's reaction ?

16. Construct sentences using the following words: diminish, purify, rationalist, tame

GATEMAN'S GIFT

R.K. Narayan

*Rasipuram Krishnaswami Narayan (1906–2002) is one of the finest Indian writers writing in English was born in Madras. He studied in Maharaja's College, Mysore. He started his career by contributing to newspapers. A prolific writer, he wrote fifteen novels and more than two hundred short stories. His best known works include **The Guide**, **The Financial Expert**, **Swami and Friends**, and **Malgudi Days** among others. He set his novels and short stories in the fictional South Indian town of Malgudi. His writings reflect the human condition with remarkable simplicity and a touch of humour. A winner of the Sahitya Akademi Award, Padma Vibhushan, he was also nominated for a term in the Rajya Sabha.*

When a dozen persons question openly or slyly a man's sanity, he begins to entertain serious doubts himself. This is what happened to ex-gateman Govind Singh. And you could not blame the public either. What could you do with a man who carried about in his hand a registered postal envelope and asked, 'Please tell me what there is inside?' The obvious answer was: 'Open it and see . . .'

He seemed horrified at this suggestion. 'Oh, no, no, can't do it,' he declared, and moved off to another friend and acquaintance. Everywhere the suggestion was the same, till he thought everyone had turned mad. And then somebody said, 'If you don't like to open it and yet want to know what is inside you must take it to the X-ray Institute.' This was suggested by an ex-compounder who lived in the next street.

'What is it?' asked Govind Singh. It was explained to him. 'Where is it?' He was directed to the City X-ray Institute.

But before saying anything further about his progress, it would be useful to go back to an earlier chapter in his history. After war service in 1914-18, he came to be recommended for a gatekeeper's post at Engladia's. He liked the job very much. He was given a khaki uniform, a resplendent band across his shoulder and a short stick. He gripped the stick and sat down on a stool at the entrance to the office. And when his chief's car pulled up at the gate he stood at attention and gave a military salute.

The office consisted of a staff numbering over a hundred, and as they trooped in and out every day, he kept an eye on them. At the end of the day he awaited the footsteps of the General

Manager coming down the stairs, and rose stiffly and stood at attention, and after he left, the hundreds of staff poured out. The doors were shut; Singh carried his stool in, placed it under the staircase and placed his stick across it. Then he came out and the main door was locked and sealed.

In this way he had spent twenty-five years of service, and then he begged to be pensioned off. He would not have thought of retirement yet, but for the fact that he found his sight and hearing playing tricks on him; he could not catch the Manager's footsteps on the stairs, and it was hard to recognize him even at ten yards. He was ushered into the presence of the chief, who looked up for a moment from his papers and muttered, 'We are very pleased with your work for us, and the company will give you a pension of twelve rupees for life . . .'. Singh clicked his heels, saluted, turned on his heel and went out of the room, his heart brimming with gratitude and pride. This was the second occasion when the great man had spoken to him, the first being on the first day of his service.

Though so little was said, Singh felt electrified on both occasions by the words of his master. In Singh's eyes the chief had acquired a sort of godhood, and it would be quite adequate if a god spoke to one only once or twice in a lifetime.

His life moved on smoothly. The pension together with what his wife earned by washing and sweeping in a couple of houses was quite sufficient for him. He ate his food, went out and met a few friends, slept and spent some evenings sitting at a cigarette shop which his cousin owned.

On the first of every month when he donned his old khaki suit, walked to his old office and received his pension. Sometimes if it was closing he waited on the roadside for the General Manager to come down, and saluted him as he got into his car. There was a lot of time all around him, an immense sea of leisure. In this state he made a new discovery about himself, that he could make fascinating models out of clay and wood dust. The discovery came suddenly, when one day a child in the neighbourhood brought to him its little doll for repair. He not only repaired it but made a new thing of it. This discovery pleased him so much that he very soon became absorbed in it. His back yard gave him a plentiful supply of clay, and the carpenter's shop next to his cousin's cigarette shop sawdust. He purchased paint for a few annas. And lo! he found his hours gliding. He sat there in the front part of his home, bent over his clay, and brought into existence a miniature universe; all the colours of life were there, all the forms and creatures, but of the size of his middle finger; whole villages and towns were there, all the persons he had seen passing before his office when he was sentry there—that beggar woman coming at

midday, and that cucumber-vendor; he had the eye of a cartoonist for human faces. Everything went down into clay. It was a wonderful miniature reflection of the world; and he mounted them neatly on thin wooden slices, which enhanced their attractiveness. He kept these in his cousin's shop and they attracted huge crowds everyday and sold very briskly. More than from the sales Singh felt an ecstasy when he saw admiring crowds clustering around his handiwork.

On his next pension day he carried to his office a street scene (which he ranked as his best), and handed it over the counter to the accountant with the request: 'Give this to the Sahib, please!'

'All right,' said the accountant with a smile. It created a sensation in the office and disturbed the routine of office working for nearly half an hour. On the next pension day he carried another model (children at play) and handed it over the counter.

'Did the Sahib like the last one?'

'Yes, he liked it.'

'Please give this one to him—' and he passed it over the counter. He made it a convention to carry on every pension day an offering for his master, and each time his greatest reward was the accountant's stock reply to his question: 'What did the Sahib say?'

'He said it was very good.'

At last he made his masterpiece. A model of his office frontage with himself at his post, a car at the entrance and the chief getting down: this composite model was so realistic that while he sat looking at it, he seemed to be carried back to his office days. He passed it over the counter on his pension day and it created a very great sensation in the office.

'Fellow, you have not left yourself out, either!', people cried, and looked admiringly at Singh. A sudden fear seized Singh and he asked, 'The master won't be angry, I hope?'

'No, no, why should he be?' said the accountant, and Singh received his pension and went home.

A week later when he was sitting on the *pyol* kneading clay, the postman came and said, 'A registered letter for you . . .' 'For me!' Any letter would have upset Singh; he had received less than three letters in his lifetime, and each time it was a torture for him till the contents were read out. Now a registered letter! This was his first registered letter. 'Only lawyers send registered letters, isn't it so?'

'Usually,' said the postman.

'Please take it back. I don't want it,' said Singh.

'Shall I say "Refused"?' asked the postman. 'No, no,' said Singh. 'Just take it back and say you have not found me . . .'

'That I can't do . . .'

Singh seemed to have no option but to scrawl his signature and receive the packet. He sat gloomily—gazing at the floor. His wife who had gone out and just returned saw him in this condition and asked, 'What is it?' His voice choked as he replied, 'It has come.' He flung at her the registered letter. 'What is it?' she asked. He said, 'How should I know. Perhaps our ruin . . .'

He broke down. His wife watched him for a moment, went in to attend to some domestic duty and returned, still found him in the same condition and asked, 'Why not open it and see, ask someone to read it?' He threw up his arms in horror. 'Woman, you don't know what you are saying. It cannot be opened. They have perhaps written that my pension is stopped, and God knows what else the Sahib has said . . .'

'Why not go to the office and find out from them?'

'Not !! I will never show my face there again,' replied Singh. 'I have lived without a single remark being made against me, all my life. Now!' He shuddered at the thought of it. 'I knew I was getting into trouble when I made that office model . . .'

After deeper reflection he said,

'Every time I took something there, people crowded round, stopped all work for nearly an hour. . . That must also have reached the Sahib's ears.'

He wandered about saying the same thing, with the letter in his pocket. He lost his taste for food, wandered about unkempt, with his hair standing up like a halo—an unaccustomed sight, his years in military service having given him a habitual tidiness. His wife lost all peace of mind and became miserable about him. He stood at crossroads, clutching the letter in his hand. He kept asking everyone he came across, 'Tell me, what is there in this?' but he would not brook the suggestion to open it and see its contents.

So Singh found his way to the City X-ray Institute at Race Course Road. As he entered the gate he observed dozens of cars parked along the drive, and a Gurkha watchman at the gate. Some people

were sitting on sofas reading books and journals. They turned and threw a brief look at him and resumed their studies. As Singh stood uncertainly at the doorway, an assistant came up and asked, 'What do you want?' Singh gave a salute, held up the letter uncertainly and muttered, 'Can I know what is inside this?' The assistant made the obvious suggestion. But Singh replied, 'They said you could tell me what's inside without opening it—'. The assistant asked, 'Where do you come from?' Singh explained his life, work and outlook, and concluded, 'I've lived without remark all my life. I knew trouble was coming—' There were tears on his cheeks.

The assistant looked at him curiously as scores of others had done before, smiled and said, 'Go home and rest. You are not all right . . . Go, go home.'

'Can't you say what is in this?' Singh asked pathetically. The assistant took it in his hand, examined it and said, 'Shall I open it?' 'No, no, no,' Singh cried, and snatched it back. There was a look of terror in his eyes. The assembly looked up from their pages and watched him with mild amusement in their eyes. The assistant kindly put his arms on his shoulder and led him out.

'You get well first, and then come back. I tell you—you are not all right.'

Walking back home, he pondered over it. 'Why are they all behaving like this, as if I were a madman?' When this word came to his mind, he stopped abruptly in the middle of the road and cried, 'Oh! That's it, is that it?—Mad! Mad!' He shook his head gleefully as if the full truth had just dawned upon him. He now understood the looks that people threw at him. 'Oh! oh!', he cried aloud. He laughed. He felt a curious relief at this realization.

'I have been mad and didn't know it . . .' He cast his mind back. Every little action of his for the last so many days seemed mad; particularly the doll-making. 'What sane man would make clay dolls after twenty five years of respectable service in an office?'

He felt a tremendous freedom of limbs, and didn't feel it possible to walk at an ordinary pace. He wanted to fly. He swung his arms up and down and ran on with a whoop. He ran through the Market Road. When people stood about and watched he cried, 'Hey, don't laugh at a madman, for who knows, you will also be mad when you come to make clay dolls,' and charged into their midst with a war cry.

When he saw children coming out of a school, he felt it would be nice to amuse their young hearts by behaving like a tiger. So he fell on his hands and knees and crawled up to them with a growl. He went home in a terrifying condition. His wife, who was grinding chilli in the back yard, looked up and asked, 'What is this?'

His hair was covered with street dust; his body was splashed with mud. He could not answer because he choked with mirth as he said, 'Fancy what has happened!' 'What is it?' 'I'm mad, mad.' He looked at his work-basket in a corner, scooped out the clay and made a helmet of it and put it on his head. Ranged on the floor was his latest handiwork. After his last visit to the office he had been engaged in making a model village. It was a resplendent group: a dun road, red tiles, green coconut trees swaying, and the colour of the saris of the village women carrying water pots. He derived the inspiration for it from a memory of his own village days. It was the most enjoyable piece of work that he had so far undertaken. He lived in a kind of ecstasy while doing it. 'I am going to keep this for myself. A memento of my father's village,' he declared. 'I will show it at an exhibition, where they will give me a medal.'

He guarded it like a treasure: when it was wet he never allowed his wife to walk within ten yards of it. 'Keep off, we don't want your foot dust for this village . . .'

Now, in his madness, he looked down on it. He raised his foot and stamped everything down into a multicoloured jam. They were still half-wet. He saw a donkey grazing in the street. He gathered up the jam and flung it at the donkey with the remark:

'Eat this if you like. It is a nice village . . .'

 And he went out on a second round.

This was a quieter outing. He strode on at an even pace, breathing deeply, with the clay helmet on, out of which peeped his grey hair, his arms locked behind, his fingers clutching the fateful letter, his face tilted towards the sky. He walked down the Market Road, with a feeling that he was the sole occupant of this globe: his madness had given him a sense of limitless freedom, strength and buoyancy. The remarks and jeers of the crowds gaping at him did not in the least touch him. While he walked thus, his eye fell on the bulb of a tall street lamp. 'Bulb of the size of a papaya fruit!' he muttered and chuckled.

It had been a long cherished desire in him to fling a stone at it. He picked up a pebble and threw it with good aim. The shattering noise of glass was as music to his ears. A policeman put his hand on his shoulder. 'Why did you do it?' Singh looked indignant. 'I like to crack glass papaya fruit, that is all,' was the reply. The constable said, 'Come to the station.'

'Oh, yes, when I was in Mesopotamia they put me on half-ration once,' he said, and walked onto the station. He paused, tilted his head to the side and remarked, 'This road is not straight . . .'

A few carriages and cycles were coming up to him. He found that everything was wrong about them. They seemed to need some advice in the matter. He stopped in the middle of the road, stretched out his arms and shouted, 'Halt!' The carriages stopped, the cyclists jumped off and Singh began a lecture: 'When I was in Mesopotamia—I will tell you fellows who don't know anything about

anything.' The policeman dragged him away to the side and waved to the traffic to resume. One of the cyclists who resumed jumped off the saddle again and came towards him with, 'Why! It is Singh, Singh, what fancy dress is this? What is the matter?' Even through the haze of his insane vision Singh could recognize the voice and the person—the accountant at the office. Singh clicked his heels and gave a salute.

'Excuse me, sir, didn't intend to stop you. You may pass . . .'

He pointed the way generously, and the accountant saw the letter in his hand.

He recognized it although it was mud-stained and crumpled.

'Singh, you got our letter?'

'Yes, sir—Pass. Do not speak of it . . .'

'What is the matter?' He snatched it from his hand. 'Why haven't you opened it!'

He tore open the envelope and took out of it a letter and read aloud:

'The General Manager greatly appreciates the very artistic models you have sent, and he is pleased to sanction a reward of one hundred rupees and hopes it will be an encouragement for you to keep up this interesting hobby.'

It was translated to him word for word, and the enclosure, a cheque for one hundred rupees, was handed to him. A big crowd gathered to watch this scene. Singh pressed the letter to his eyes. He beat his brow and wailed, 'Tell me, sir, am I mad or not?'

'You look quite well, you aren't mad,' said the accountant. Singh fell at his feet and said with tears choking his voice, 'You are a god, sir, to say that I am not mad. I am so happy to hear it.'

On the next pension day he turned up spruce as ever at the office counter. As they handed him the envelope they asked, 'What toys are you making now?'

'Nothing, sir. Never again. It is no occupation for a sane man . . .'

 he said, received his pension and walked stiffly out of the office.

Glossary:

slyly – cunningly

sanity – common sense

acquaintance – an associate; a known person

resplendent – bright and colourful

miniature – small; tiny

usher in – cause or mark the start of something new

contemplation – deep thought

pliant – easily bent

ecstasy – great happiness; joy

handiwork – the making of things by hand

masterpiece – a work of art

frontage – the front of a building

jeers: here, insulting remarks

unkempt – untidy ; disorderly

halo – a circle of light surrounding the head of a holy person; a circle of light round the sun or moon.

In this context,

unaccustomed – not used to; unfamiliar

pathetically – pitifully

gleefully – happily; cheerfully

indignant: here, offended or angry

buoyancy – here, cheerfulness

memento – reminder or token

wail: cry

spruce as ever – spruce is an evergreen tree that never loses its leaves, here the expression refers
to neat or smart appearance

sane man: sensible man

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. What did Govind Singh carry about in his hand ?

2. What did Govind Singh request everyone he met ?

3. Where did the ex-compounder direct Singh to go to find out what is in the sealed envelope?

4. Where did Govind Singh work as a gateman?

5. What was Govind Singh given on his appointment as a gateman ?

6. How long did Govind Singh serve at Englandia's ?

7. What did Govind Singh do on the first day of every month after his retirement ?

8. When did Govind Singh discover his talent for making models ?

9. What was the first model that Singh carried as a gift for the Sahib ?.

10. What did the postman bring Govind Singh ?

11. What did Govind Singh imagine that the registered letter conveyed?

12. What did Govind Singh do when he saw the bulb of the street lamp?

13. Who found Govind Singh on the middle of the road disrupting traffic? What did he tell him ?

14. What did the letter contain ?

A letter of appreciation and -----

15. Construct sentences using the following words: miniature, masterpiece, gleefully,
resplendent

KARMA

Khushwant Singh

*Khushwant Singh (1915 – 2014) one of India's best known writers was also a columnist and a prolific journalist. He was also a lawyer and a political commentator and social critic. He was also the Editor of the Illustrated Weekly of India and the Editor of the Hindustan Times. His works include both fiction and non-fiction. His novel, **Train To Pakistan**, published in 1956, won him international acclaim. It deals with the Partition of India. His work, **A History of the Sikhs** is considered a classic. He was honoured with **Padma Bhushan** (1974) and **Padma Vibhushan** (2007). He was also a member of the Rajya Sabha from the year 1980 to 1986.*

Khushwant Singh's short story takes the reader back to the colonial pre-Independence India, when many western-educated Indians took pride in their English education and aped the British. Sir Mohan Lal, an anglophile, is proud of his Oxford education and faultless English accent and rarely speaks Hindustani. He had acquired the manners and appearance of the upper-class English during his five-year stay abroad and detests mingling with native Indians. During a train travel he is humiliated and man-handled by two drunken, crude and uneducated English soldiers. They strike him on the face, fling his things out of the train and throw him out of the first class reserved compartment.

Sir Mohan Lal looked at himself in the mirror of a first-class waiting room at the railway station. The mirror was obviously made in India. The red oxide at its back had come off at several places and long lines of translucent glass cut across its surface. Sir Mohan smiled at the mirror with an air of pity and patronage.

"You are so very much like everything else in this country—inefficient, dirty, indifferent," he murmured.

The mirror smiled back at Sir Mohan.

"You are a bit all right, old chap," it said. "Distinguished, efficient—even handsome. That neatly trimmed moustache, the suit from Saville Row with the carnation in the buttonhole, the aroma of eau de cologne, talcum powder and scented soap all about you! Yes, old fellow, you are a bit of all right."

Sir Mohan threw out his chest, smoothed his Balliol tie for the umpteenth time, and waved a good-by to the mirror.

He glanced at his watch. There was still time for a quick one.

"Koi hai?"

A bearer in white livery appeared through a wire-gauze door.

“Ekchota,” ordered Sir Mohan and sank into a large cane chair to drink and ruminate.

Outside the waiting room Sir Mohan Lal’s luggage lay piled along the wall. On a small gray steel trunk, Lachmi, Lady Mohan Lal, sat chewing a betel leaf and fanning herself with a newspaper. She was short and fat and in her middle forties. She wore a dirty white sari with a red border. On one side of her nose glistened a diamond nose ring and she had several gold bangles on her arms. She had been talking to the bearer until Sir Mohan had called him inside. As soon as he had gone, she hailed a passing railway coolie.

“Where does the zenana stop?”

“Right at the end of the platform.”

The coolie flattened his turban to make a cushion, hoisted the steel trunk on his head, and moved down the platform. Lady Lal picked up her brass tiffin carrier and ambled along beside him. On the way she stopped by a hawker’s stall to replenish her silver betel-leaf case, and then joined the coolie. She sat down on her steel trunk (which the coolie had put down) and started talking to him.

“Are the trains very crowded on these lines?”

“These days all trains are crowded, but you’ll find room in the zenana.”

“Then I might as well get over the bother of eating.”

Lady Lal opened the brass carrier and took out a bundle of cramped chapattis and some mango pickle. While she ate, the coolie sat opposite her on his haunches, drawing lines in the gravel with his finger.

“Are you travelling alone, sister?”

“No, I am with my master, brother. He is in the waiting room. He travels first class. He is a vizier and a barrister, and meets so many officers and Englishmen in the trains—and I am only a native woman. I can’t understand English and don’t know their ways, so I keep to my zenana interclass.”

Lachmi chatted away merrily. She was fond of a little gossip and had no one to talk to at home. Her husband never had any time to spare for her. She lived in the upper story of the house and he on the ground floor. He did not like her poor, illiterate relatives hanging about his bungalow, so they never came.

The signal came down and the clanging of the bell announced the approaching train. Lady Lal hurriedly finished off her meal. She got up, still licking the stone of the pickled mango. She went to the public tap to rinse her mouth and wash her hands. After washing, she dried her mouth and

hands with the loose end of the sari, and walked back to her steel trunk, thanking the gods for the favor of a filling meal.

The train steamed in. Lachmi found herself facing an almost empty interclass zenana compartment next to the guard's van, at the tail end of the train. The rest of the train was packed. She heaved her squat, bulky frame through the door and found a seat by the window. She produced a two-anna bit from a knot in her sari and dismissed the coolie. She then opened her betel case and made herself two betel leaves charged with a red-and-white paste, minced betel-nuts, and cardamoms. These she thrust into her mouth until her cheeks bulged on both sides. Then she rested her chin on her hands and sat gazing idly at the jostling crowd on the platform.

The arrival of the train did not disturb Sir Mohan Lal's sangfroid. He continued to sip his Scotch and ordered the bearer to tell him when he had moved the luggage to a first-class compartment. Excitement, bustle, and hurry were exhibitions of bad breeding, and Sir Mohan was eminently well-bred. He wanted everything orderly. In his five years abroad, Sir Mohan had acquired the manners and attitudes of the upper classes. He rarely spoke Hindustani. When he did, it was like an Englishman's—only the very necessary words and properly anglicized. But he fancied his English, finished and refined at no less a place than the University of Oxford. He was fond of conversation, and like a cultured Englishman, he could talk on almost any subject—books, politics, people. How frequently had he heard English people say that he spoke like an Englishman!

Sir Mohan wondered if he would be travelling alone. It was a cantonment and some English officers might be on the train. His heart warmed at the prospect of an impressive conversation. He never showed any sign of eagerness to talk to the English, as most Indians did. He would retire to his corner by the window and get out a copy of *The Times*. He would fold it in a way in which the name of the paper was visible to others while he did the crossword puzzle. *The Times* always attracted attention. Someone would like to borrow it when he put it aside with a gesture signifying "I've finished with it." Perhaps someone would recognize his Balliol tie, which he always wore while travelling. That would open a vista leading to a fairyland of Oxford colleges, masters, dons, tutors, boat races, and Rugged matches. If both *The Times* and the tie failed, Sir Mohan would "Koi hai" his bearer to get the Scotch out. Whisky never failed with Englishmen. Then followed Sir Mohan's handsome gold cigarette case filled with English cigarettes. English cigarettes in India? How on earth did he get them? Sure he didn't mind? And Sir Mohan's understanding smile—of course he didn't. But could he use the Englishman as a medium to commune with his dear old England? Those five years of gray bags and gowns, of sports blazers and mixed doubles, of dinners at the

Inns of Court ... Five years of a crowded, glorious life. Worth far more than the forty-five in India with his dirty, vulgar countrymen.

Sir Mohan's thoughts were disturbed by the bearer's announcing the installation of the sahib's luggage in a first-class coupe next to the engine. Sir Mohan walked to his cope with a studied gait. He was dismayed. The compartment was empty. With a sigh, he sat down in a corner and opened the copy of *The Times* he had read several times before.

Sir Mohan looked out of the window down at the crowded platform. His face lit up as he saw two English soldiers trudging along, looking in all the compartments for room. They had their haversacks slung behind their backs, and walked unsteadily. Sir Mohan decided to welcome them, even though they were entitled only to travel in second class. He would speak to the guard.

One of the soldiers came up to the last compartment and stuck his face through the window. He surveyed the compartment and noticed the unoccupied berth.

"'Ere, Bill" he shouted. "One 'ere."

His companion came up, also looked in, and looked at Sir Mohan.

"Get the nigger out," he muttered to his companion.

They opened the door, and turned to the half-smiling, half-protesting Sir Mohan.

"Reserved!" yelled Bill.

"Janta—reserved. Army—fauji," exclaimed Jim, pointing to his khaki shirt.

"Ekdumjao—get out!"

"I say, I say, surely," protested Sir Mohan in his Oxford accent.

The soldiers paused. It almost sounded like English, but they knew better than to trust their inebriated ears. The engine whistled and the guard waved his green flag.

They picked up Sir Mohan's suitcase and flung it onto the platform. Then followed his thermos flask, bedding, and *The Times*. Sir Mohan was livid with rage.

"Preposterous, preposterous," he shouted, hoarse with anger. "I'll have you arrested. Guard, guard!"

Bill and Jim paused. It did sound like English, but it was too much of the King's for them.

"Keep yer ruddy mouth shut!" And Jim struck Sir Mohan flat on the face.

The engine gave another short whistle and the train began to move. The soldiers caught Sir Mohan by the arms and flung him out of the train. He reeled backward, tripped on his bedding, and landed on the suitcase.

"Toodle-oo!"

Sir Mohan's feet were glued to the earth and he lost his speech. He stared at the lighted windows of the train going past him in quickening tempo. The tail end of the train appeared with a red light and the guard, standing in the open doorway with flags in his hands.

In the interclass zenana compartment was Lachmi, fair and fat, on whose nose the diamond nose ring glistened against the station lights. Her mouth was bloated with betel saliva that she had been storing up to spit as soon as the train had cleared the station. As the train sped past the lighted part of the platform, Lady Lal spat and sent a jet of red dribble flying across like a dart.

Glossary

translucent: semi-transparent

patronage: here, with an air of superiority

carnation: a small flower traditionally worn by the English in the buttonhole of the jacket or coat

Saville Row: a fashionable shopping centre in London

aroma: sweet smell, fragrance

eau de cologne: a perfume

Balliol : Balliol college is one of the oldest colleges of Oxford University, founded in 1263 by
John de Balliol

ruminant: meditate

summon: an order to someone to come

zenana: here, ladies' compartment

ambled along: walked along at a slow pace

replenish: here, refill

nocturnal: pertaining to night

squat: short and thick

sang froid: (French) composure and calmness shown during difficult situations

vista: possibility, prospect

dons: lecturers

boat races: annual boat races between Oxford and Cambridge Universities

rugger: slang word for rugby football

Inns of Court: Law societies in London

coupe: a cabin in a railway compartment for two passengers

trudging along: walking wearily

haversack: a canvas bag carried on the back or over the shoulder, especially by soldiers

inebriated: drunken;

livid with rage: red with anger

the King's as: the King's English, standard English

ruddy: here it means bloody

bloated: swollen, stuffed, full

dribble: a small stream of liquid

dart: a small missile that is fired

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. Sir Mohan Lal's impression of India was that everything in the country was _____,
_____ and _____.

2. What are the three words that Mohan Lal uses to describe himself ?

3. Who is Lachmi in the story ?

4. What does the word zenana refer to in the story ?

5. What did Lachmi carry in her brass tiffin carrier ?

6. Why does Lachmi travel in the zenana ?

7. How does Sir Mohan Lal speak Hindustani ?

8. Sir Mohan Lal's education was at _____.

9. What was the comment of the English about Sir Lal's manner of speaking English ?

9. Name the newspaper that Sir Lal always carried while travelling.

10. Who were the two people who got into the first class compartment? What did Sir Lal decide to do when he saw them ?

11. What did the English soldiers do after getting into the first class compartment ?

12. Construct sentences using the following words: visible, impressive, gossip, efficient

VANISHING ANIMALS

Gerald Durrell

*Gerald Malcolm Durrell (1925 – 1995) British naturalist, conservationist, and writer was born in Jamshedpur, India. Later the family moved to the Mediterranean island of Corfu. He founded what is now called the Durrell Wildlife Conservation Trust and the Jersey Zoo on the Channel Island of Jersey in 1958, to save wild animals from extinction. It continues to remain dedicated to supporting conservation and animal protection while also engaging in scientific research. He is best remembered for his much acclaimed books based on his life as a zookeeper and naturalist. His books include non-fiction works, **Encounters with Animals**, **The Garden of the Gods** and **My Family and Other Animals**.*

Some time ago, I was watching what must be the strangest group of refugees in this country, strange because they did not come here for the usual reasons, driven by either religious or political persecution from their country. They came here quite by chance, and in doing so they were saved from extermination. They are the last of their kind, for in their country of origin their relatives were long ago hunted down, killed and eaten. They were, in fact, a herd of Pere David deer.

Their existence was first discovered by a French missionary, one Father David, during the course of his work in China in the early eighteen hundreds. In those days China was as little known, zoologically speaking, as the great forests of Africa, and so Father David, who was a keen naturalist, spent his spare time collecting specimens of the flora and fauna to send back to the museum to the Paris. In 1865 his work took him to Peking, and while he was there he heard a rumour that there was a strange herd of deer in the Imperial Hunting Park, just south of the city. This park had been for centuries a sort of combined hunting and pleasure ground for the Emperors of China, a great tract of land completely surrounded by a high wall forty-five miles long. It was strictly guarded by Tartar soldiers, and no one was allowed to enter or approach it. The French missionary was intrigued by the stories he heard about these peculiar deer, and he was determined that, guards or no guards, he was going to look inside the walled park and try to see the animals for himself. One day he got his opportunity and was soon lying up on top of the wall, looking down into the forbidden park and watching the various game animals feeding among the trees below him. Among them was a large herd of deer, and Father David realised that he was looking at an animal he had never seen before, and one which was, very probably, new to science.

Father David soon found out that the deer were strictly protected, and for anyone caught harming or killing them the sentence was death. He knew that any official request he might put

forward for a specimen would be politely refused by the Chinese authorities, so he had to use other, less legal methods to get what he wanted. He discovered that the Tartar guards occasionally improved their rather sparse rations by the addition of a little venison; they were well aware what the penalty for their poaching would be if they were caught, and so, in spite of the missionary's pleadings, they refused to sell him the skins and antlers of the deer they killed, or indeed anything that might be evidence of their crime. However, Father David did not give up hope, and after a considerable time he was successful. He met some guards who were either braver or perhaps poorer than the rest, and they obtained for him two deer skins, which he triumphantly shipped off to Paris. As he had expected, the deer turned to be an entirely new species, and so it was named, in honour of its discoverer, the Pere David deer—Father David's deer.

Naturally, when zoos in Europe heard about this new kind of deer they wanted a specimen for exhibition, and after protracted negotiations the Chinese authorities rather reluctantly allowed a few of the animals to be sent to the Continent. Although no one realised it at the time, it was this action that was to save the animals. In 1895, thirty years after the Pere David deer first became known to the world, there were great floods around Peking; the Hun-Ho river overflowed its banks and caused havoc in the countryside, destroying the crops and bringing the population to near starvation. The waters also undermined the great wall round the Imperial Hunting Park. Parts of it collapsed, and through these gaps the Pere David deer escaped into the surrounding countryside, where they were quickly killed and eaten by the hungry peasants. So the deer perished in China, and the only ones left were the handful of live specimens in the various zoos in Europe.

Shortly before this disaster overtook the deer in China, a small herd of them had arrived in England. The present Duke of Bedford's father had, on his estate at Woburn in Bedfordshire, a wonderful collection of rare animals, and he had been most anxious to try to establish a herd of this new Chinese deer there. He bought as many specimens as he could from the Continental zoos, eighteen in all, and released them in his park. To the deer this must have seemed like home from home, for they settled down wonderfully, and soon started to breed. Today, the herd that started with eighteen now numbers over a hundred and fifty animals, the only herd of Pere David deer in the world.

When I was working at Whipsnade Zoo four newly-born Pere David deer were sent over from Woburn for us to hand-rear. They were delightful little things, with long gangling limbs over which they had no control and strange slanted eyes that gave them a distinctly Oriental appearance. To begin with, of course, they did not know what a feeding-bottle was for, and we had to hold them firmly between our knees and force them to drink. They had to be fed once during night, at midnight,

and again at dawn, and so we worked out a system of night duties, one week on, one week off, between four keepers. I must say that I rather enjoyed the night duties.

At one point the path led past the wolf wood, two acres or so of pines, dark and mysterious, with the moonlight silvering the trunks and laying dark shadows along the ground through which the wolf pack danced on swift, silent feet, like a strange black tide, swirling and twisting along the trunks. As a rule they made no sound, but occasionally you would hear them panting gently, or the sudden the snap of jaws and a snarl when one wolf barged against another.

Then you would reach the stable and light the lantern. The baby deer would hear you and start moving restlessly in their straw beds, bleating tremulously. As you opened the door they rushed forward, wobbling on their unsteady legs. Then came the exquisite moment when the teat was pushed into their mouth and they sucked frantically at the warm milk, their eyes staring, bubbles gathering like a moustache at the corner of their mouths. There is always a certain pleasure to be gained from bottle-feeding a baby animal, if only from its whole-hearted enthusiasm and concentration on the job. But in the case of these deer there was something else as well. In the flickering light of the lantern, while the deer sucked and slobbered over the bottles, I was very conscious of the fact that they were the last of their kind.

At Whipsnade I had to look after another group of animals which belong to a species now extinct in the wild state, and they were some of the most charming and comic animals I have ever had anything to do with. They were a small herd of white-tailed gnus.

The white-tailed gnu is a weird creature to look at: if you can imagine an animal with the body and legs of a finely built pony, a squat blunt face with very wide-spaced nostrils, a heavy mane of white hair on its thick neck, and a long white sweeping plume of a tail. The buffalo horns curve outward and upward over the eyes, and the animal peers at you from under them with a perpetually indignant and suspicious expression. If the gnu behaved normally, this appearance would not be so noticeable, but the animal does not behave normally.

In the mornings, when I went to feed them, it always took me twice as long as it should have done because the gnus would start performing for me, and the sight was so ludicrous that I would lose all sense of time. They would prance and twist and buck, gallop, rear and pirouette, and while they did so they would throw their slim legs out at extraordinary and completely un-anatomical angles, and swish and curve their long tails as a circus ringmaster uses his whip. In the middle of the wild dance they would suddenly stop dead and glare at me, uttering loud, indignant belching snorts at my laughter. I watched them dancing their swift, wild dance across the paddock and they

reminded me, in their antics and attitudes, of some strange heraldic creature from an ancient coat-of-arms, miraculously brought to life, prancing and posturing on a field of green turf.

It is difficult to imagine how anyone had the heart to kill these agile and amusing antelopes. However, the fact remains that the early settlers of South Africa found in the white-tailed gnu a valuable source of food, and so the great herds of high spirited creatures were slaughtered unmercifully. The antelope contributed to its own downfall in an unusual way. They are incorrigibly curious creatures and so when they saw the ox draw wagons of the early settlers moving across the veldt they simply had to go and investigate. They would dance and gallop round the wagons in circles, snorting and kicking their heels, and then suddenly stopping to stare. Naturally, with these habits of running away and then stopping to stare before they were out of range, they were used by enterprising "sportsmen" for rifle practice. So they were killed, and their numbers decreased so rapidly that it is amazing that they did not become extinct. Today there are under a thousand of these charming animals left alive, and these are split up into small herds on various estates in South Africa. If they were to become extinct, South Africa would have lost one of the most amusing and talented of her native fauna, an antelope whose actions could enliven any landscape, however dull.

Unfortunately, the Pere David deer and the white-tailed gnu are not the only creatures in the world that are nearly extinct. The list of creatures that are altogether, and others that have almost vanished, is a long and melancholy one. As man has spread across the earth he has wrought the most terrible havoc among the wild life by shooting, trapping, cutting, and burning the forest, and by the callous and stupid introduction of enemies where there were no enemies before.

Take the dodo, for example, the great ponderous waddling pigeon, the size of a goose that inhabited the island of Mauritius. Secure in its island home, these bird had lost the power of flight since there were no enemies to fly from, and, since there were enemies, it nested on the ground in complete safety. But, as well as losing the power of flight, it seems to have lost the power of recognising an enemy when it saw one, for it was apparently an extremely tame and confiding creature. Then man discovered the dodos' paradise in about 1507, and with him came his evil familiars: dogs, cats, pigs, rats and goats. The dodo surveyed these new arrivals with an air of innocent interest. Then the slaughter began. The goats ate the undergrowth which provided the dodo with cover; dogs and cats hunted and harried the old birds; while pigs grunted their way round the island, eating the eggs and young and the rats followed behind to finish the feast. By 1681 the fat, ungainly and harmless pigeon was extinct—as dead as the dodo.

All over the world the wild fauna has been whittled down steadily and remorselessly, and many lovely and interesting animals have been so reduced in numbers that, without protection and help, they can never re-established themselves. If they cannot find sanctuary where they can live

and breed undisturbed, their numbers will dwindle until they join the dodo, the quagga, and the great auk on the long list of extinct creatures.

Of course, in the last decade or so much has been done for the protection of wild life: sanctuaries and reserves have been started, and the reintroduction of a species into areas where it had become extinct is taking place. In Canada, for instance, beavers are now reintroduced into certain areas by means of aeroplane. The animals are put in a special box attached to a parachute, and when the plane flies over the area it drops the cage and its beaver passenger out. The cage floats down on the end of the parachute and when it hits the ground it opens automatically and the beaver then makes its way to the nearest stream or lake.

But although much is being done, there is still a very great deal to do. Unfortunately, the majority of useful work in animal reservation has been done mainly for animals which are of some economic importance to man, and there are many obscure species of no economic importance which, although they are protected on paper, as it were, are in actual fact being allowed to die out because nobody, except a few interested zoologists, consider them important enough to spend money on.

As mankind increases year by year, and as he spreads farther over the globe burning and destroying, it is some small comfort to know that there are certain private individuals and some institutions who consider that the work of trying to save and give sanctuary to these harried animals is of some importance. It is important work for many reasons, but perhaps the best of them is this; man, for all his genius, cannot create a species, nor can he recreate one he has destroyed. There would be a dreadful outcry if anyone suggested obliterating, say, the Tower of London, and quite rightly so; yet a unique and wonderful species of animal which has taken hundreds of thousands of year to develop to the stage we see today, can be snuffed out like a candle without more than a handful of people raising a finger or a voice in protest. So, until we consider animal life to be worthy of the consideration and reverence we bestow upon old books and pictures and historic monuments, there will always be the animal refugee living a precarious life on the edge of extermination, dependent for existence on the charity of a few human beings.

Glossary

intrigued: puzzled

venison: deer meat

poaching: hunting animally illegally

protracted: long-drawn

gangling : thin and tall; bony

avalanche: sudden slipping down of a mass of snow; here it refers to the sudden appearance of a large number of deer

brambles: thorny shrubs

squat : short and thick

bebop: a kind of jazz music developed in the 1940s in the United States

ludicrous : ridiculous; provoking laughter

pirouette: whirl or spin around gracefully as in a ballet

veldt: open grassland

ponderous: heavy; slow-moving

obscure: hidden, unnoticed

snuffed out: blown out; ended

precarious: insecure; uncertain

whittled down: reduced or eliminated gradually

quagga: a type of Zebra without stripes below the neck, which have been hunted to extinction in the 19th century.

Great auk: a species of flightless birds which became extinct in the 19th century

Gnu: also called the wildebeest; belongs to the family of antelopes

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. What are referred to as the “strangest group of refugees” by Gerald Durrell?

2. What happened to the Pere David deer in their country of origin, China?

3. Who first discovered the existence of the Pere David deer ?

4. What was the Imperial Hunting Park in China used for?

5. Who was Father David ?

6. Describe the Imperial Hunting Park in a sentence?

7. What was the punishment given to those who killed or harmed the Pere David deer?

8. What caused the Pere David deer to perish in China?

9. Where are the only herd of Pere David deer found today ?

10. Name the zoo at which Gerald Durrell worked . _____

11. Name the animal which is extinct in the wild and is conserved at Whipsnade.

12. Why were the gnus slaughtered by the early settlers in South Africa ?

13. Name the island that the dodo once inhabited.

14. Describe the dodo in a sentence.

15. When did the dodo become extinct? _____

16. Where did the dodo nest ?

17. What are the three extinct animals Gerald Durrell refers to in his essay?

18. Which is the animal that has been reintroduced in some areas in Canada? What is the means used to reintroduce it ?

19. The idiom "as dead as a dodo" means _____ (in one word).

20. Construct sentences using the following words: sparse, starvation, extinct, inhabit

PRINCIPLES OF GOOD WRITING

L.A. Hill

Lesile Alexander Hill (1918 –), a renowned essayist, was born in Greece, educated at Cambridge University and worked for the British Council in Greece. His works include, essays on trends in educational practice, guide to correct English and teaching English as a second language. The essay “Principles of Good Writing” gives us the basic features of good writing.

To write well, you have to be able to write clearly and logically, and you cannot do this unless you can think clearly and logically too. If you cannot do this yet, you should train yourself to do it by taking particular problems and following them through, point by point, to a solution, without leaving anything out and without avoiding any difficulties that you meet.

For example, you may take the problem, ‘What do I mean when I say that I am free person?’ and then try to find a solution like something along the following lines: ‘Am free to do anything I like? No, I am not free to fly to Mars, for example. My freedom is limited to what is possible. Am I then free to do anything that it is possible for me to do? No, I am not free to kill my neighbour, for example. My freedom is limited to what is possible and legal. But am not in fact free to kill my neighbour provided I can do it without being found out? Well, yes, in fact I am. My freedom is therefore limited to what is possible and legal, unless I can avoid being found out in something illegal. Why are there legal limitations to my freedom? Because if I were free to do harm to others, thereby limiting their freedom, they too would be free to do me harm; and under these conditions, I would have less chance of freedom than if I and everybody else accepted certain legal limitations on our freedom in order to protect the latter against arbitrary interference by others. Etc.’

At first, you may find clear, step-by-step thought very difficult. You may find that your mind continually wanders. But practice will improve your ability to think clearly and logically.

In order to increase your vocabulary and to improve your power of expression, you should read widely and carefully, and keep a notebook in which to write down words and expressions that particularly strike you; for example, sparkle, glitter, twinkle, blaze, gleam,; butcher-blue eyes, relax into delicious indolence. Use a good dictionary to help you with the exact meanings and uses of words.

Always remember that regular and frequent practice is essential if you are to learn to write well. You learn to write by writing. It is no good waiting until you have an inspiration before you write. Even with the most famous writers, inspiration is rare. Writing is 99 per cent hard work and 1 per cent inspiration, so the sooner you get into the habit of disciplining yourself to write, the better.

If you keep your eyes and ears open, you will find plenty of things to write about around you. Often a little piece of conversation heard in the street can start you thinking along interesting new lines. Imagine that you are a stranger who is not familiar with the things that you see around, and start from there.

Read the news paper carefully. Every day there are examples of human joy and human tragedy in it which can give you ideas for articles, essays or short stories.

Keep notebook in which to put down things that you notice, or ideas that come to you when you are out walking, when you are reading a book or a magazine, or at any other time. Some people get ideas in the bath, or when they wake up during the night. Unless they write these ideas down at once, they often forget them.

Try to develop a warm, human understanding of people, their problems, their joys and their sorrows, so that you are genuinely interested in everyone you meet and every incident you see. You will then find material for your work as a writer where before you could perhaps see nothing of interest.

To be a successful writer, you must write interestingly; but different kinds of people have different interests, and it is most unlikely that you will be able to appeal to all of them. You therefore have to know exactly what type of reader you are writing for, and exactly what kinds of things interest such a reader.

By carefully reading magazines which are written for particular kinds of readers (e.g. women's magazines, magazines for teenagers, magazines for well-educated men), you can find out the things that interest particular types of readers.

Most people are interested in the present. Even when they read about the past are the future, it is the latter's connections with, or relevance to, the present that particularly interests them. You should therefore choose subjects of topical interest – the latest fashions in some particular field, problems which worry people nowadays, and so on. You should write about Christmas when people are making preparations for festival, and about summer holidays when the summer is approaching.

As much as possible, choose subjects of which you have personal experience. You will be able to write on these much more convincingly and, with greater authority than on subjects about which you have only second-hand information.

Presentation is of very great importance in good writing. Your opening paragraph should arrest the reader's attention and show him what you are writing about and why. If you are going to give the reader some information, tell him what subject you are going to deal with. If you are going to argue in support of a particular point of view, say what this point of view is. There is no harm in startling the reader in this first paragraph by putting forward a new and apparently paradoxical point of view, provided you have convincing arguments to support it in the rest of what you write.

The main body of your piece of writing should collect together and present the ideas promised in the first paragraph, or give good arguments to support the view put forward there. You should come to the point at once, say what you promised to say, avoiding irrelevant material, and then finish.

Your last paragraph or sentence should bring what you have written to a neat, satisfying end, leaving with a clear idea of what you have been saying.

To write interestingly, you must yourself be intensely interested in what you are writing, and you must convey this feeling of eagerness to your readers. You must also believe intensely in what you are writing, and convince your readers of your honesty. You cannot arouse their interest and sympathy unless they feel that you yourself are interested, and that you feel strongly about what you are saying.

Do not, however, force upon the reader those of your own private problems which few, if any, other people share. People are very interested in problems which they too face, or which they may easily have to face in the near future, but they do not want to read the personal complaints and protests of someone whom they consider a crank, or whom they suspect of being mentally unbalanced.

Do not strive to create an impression. Forget about yourself, think only of the reader, and write naturally, avoiding self-consciousness. If you have something interesting to write about and can express it clearly, simply and with the human touch, it is sure to appeal to some classes of readers. But if you deliberately try to copy a style which is not your own, this will quickly become obvious to the reader, he will feel that you are not sincere, and he will not go on reading what you have written. As you read more and more works written in a particular style, your own will gradually change; but this will be a natural process, and your new style will be yours, because it comes up from your unconscious, unlike a style which you are deliberately copying.

This does not mean that you should not cultivate vivid expression. If you train yourself to see and hear things keenly and responsively, as an artist or a musician does, you will be able to describe them vividly, yet without artificially.

It is best to write simply and in a conversational tone. Clean, plain English is the fashion these days, and an elaborate, decorated style is quite date. Avoid jargon (e.g. *re your letter to hand* meaning 'with reference to the letter which I have received from you') and officialese (e.g. *it is apprehended that* meaning 'I suppose'), hackneyed expressions (e.g. *Adam's ale* for 'water' and *do one's level best* for 'do the best one can'), rhetorical flourishes (e.g. *This is a subject of great importance to many people nowadays, and therefore one which I feel I should discuss seriously and honestly*). The reader knows whether he thinks it important or not; and he certainly does not need to be told that, if it is of great importance, it deserves to be discussed seriously and honestly. Avoid empty verbiage (e.g. *I feel obliged to add that, doubtless, many people appreciate that it is a matter of the greatest importance that information about possible cases of cruelty to children should be passed on to the appropriate authorities immediately*, in which the first 20 words are empty verbiage) and circumlocutions (e.g. *I will cause investigations to be made with a view to ascertaining the information*, instead of 'I will find out').

Prefer the concrete to the abstract word whenever possible, be definite, call a spade a spade, and avoid euphemisms. The latter have been called the Cult of Cosiness, which means the pretence that everything is all right when it is not. In Hitler's Germany, for example, the expression *special treatment* was used as a euphemism for torture and murder of the most savage kind.

Avoid stating the obvious; e.g. your readers do not want to be told that aeroplane sometimes crash, or that children learn from their parents as well as from their teachers.

Use the same style throughout whatever you are writing. If you are writing formally, do not introduce slang expressions,; and if you are writing in a conversational style, do not introduce literary or learned expressions. A mixture of styles, such as the following, is absurd: 'In the absence, on home leave, of my boss, your application for sympathetic consideration of your claim to a pension has been pushed on to me. I have had no alternative but to give it the thumbs down, owing to the fact that your old man had ceased to be in the service of Her Majesty when he kicked the bucket.'

If, while you are writing, you cannot think of the right word at once, it is a good idea to put in another, or to leave a blank, so as not to interrupt your flow of thought. Then, when you have finished, you can go back and find exactly the right word for what you were trying to say.

In any case, read your work over critically after you have finished it, replacing weak, vague, inexact words by others which say just what you mean.

Glossary:

arbitrary : based on opinion and not on reason

indolence : laziness; idleness

relevance : significance ; importance

topical : of interest at the present time

startling : surprising; astonishing

paradoxical : contradictory

crank : an abnormal or eccentric person

cultivate : here, to teach or refine oneself

jargon : technical language understood only by a particular group and not by others

officialese : formal and obscure style of writing characteristics of some government
officials

apprehend : here, to understand

hackneyed : repeated too often, overused

rhetorical : here, excessively ornamental

flourishes : here, unnecessary decorations

verbiage : using an excess of unnecessary words

circumlocution : roundabout or indirect way of expressing something

ascertain: to find out

abstract: here, not having a concrete form

call a spade a spade: The phrase is an idiom which means, to speak plainly and in a straight
forward manner

euphemism : an inoffensive or indirect expression that is substituted for one that is
considered unpleasant or too harsh

cult : here, a particular system of beliefs
cosiness : a state of being at ease or in comfort
ocularly perusing : a way of saying 'seeing'
lineaments: lines; distinctive features of the face
estranged : separated
debarred: not allowed
gratification: satisfaction; fulfilment
ministering : attending to the wants and needs of others
remote : here, separated
melancholy: sad; depressing
course : the route along which something or someone travels
appertaining to : here, belonging to
slang : words or expressions that are not accepted in dignified language
considerable : a large part
conversational : relating to informal spoken language or conversation
absurd: meaningless; nonsensical
give it the thumbs down : reject
Old man : informal term for 'father'
In the service of Her majesty ; employed by the British government
kick the bucket : (colloquial) to die

Comprehension

Answer the questions in a word, phrase or a sentence or two each:

1. To write well, one should be able to write _____ and _____.
2. What, according to L.A. Hill, would practice improve?

3. What should one do to increase one's vocabulary and improve one's power of expression?

4. What should be used to help us with the exact meanings and uses of words?

5. According to L.A. Hill, writing is 99 percent _____ and 1 percent _____.

6. How should one write to be a successful writer ?

7. _____ is of very great importance in good writing.

8. What is the best tone one should adopt to write ?

9. What, according to Hill, should be avoided while writing? (mention any three)

10. Construct sentences using the following words: freedom, conversation, frequent, protect

LANGUAGE COMPONENT

ADJECTIVES

Identify the Adjectives in the following sentences:

1. Chess is an intellectual game.
2. I had never in my life seen such magnificent paintings.
3. He wrote an account of his early life.
4. There is little tea in the kettle.
5. I lost an expensive watch.
6. Wise people save for the rainy day.
7. We ought to begin with the easiest exercises.
8. The old prisoner did not beg for mercy.
9. He has been learning Sanskrit for several years.
10. The old woman has poor eyesight.
11. She worked at the factory to educate her young children.
12. Stephen Hawking was a brilliant astrophysicist.
13. Watching the play was an enriching experience.
14. I enjoyed the horror movie.
15. A range of lofty mountains surrounded the green valley.
16. He was deeply hurt by his harsh words.
17. It is best to write in simple English.
18. Presentation is of great importance in good writing.
19. The heavy boxes were loaded into the truck.
20. There is sufficient food in the kitchen for everybody.
21. We bought ripe mangoes.

22. The coffee smells good.
23. They are not wealthy people.
24. *The Times* is a daily newspaper.
25. The man cooked a delicious meal.
26. He is a very talkative person.
27. The song of the frail old bird is an expression of hope.
28. The man was in serious trouble for breaking rules.
29. Radcliffe completed a complex task .
30. The train arrived ten minutes late.

ADVERBS

Identify the Adverbs in the following sentences:

1. We seldom go out in the evening.
2. The dark room smelt strongly of chemicals.
3. The Indian army fought the terrorists heroically.
4. The buses run hourly.
5. The neem saplings have grown rapidly.
6. Someone pulled the bell violently. .
7. The weather here is extremely cold.
8. He greeted us in a friendly manner.
9. *The Times* is published daily.
10. The train will arrive soon.
11. The old man slept soundly after speaking to his son.
12. He rarely comes to the office on time.
13. The pot is nearly full.
14. The books were neatly stacked in bookcases.
15. He analysed the book critically.
16. Read the newspaper carefully.

17. We have been working continuously for many hours.

18. He listened to the lecture attentively.

FRAMING QUESTIONS

Frame questions so as to get the underlined words as answers:

1. He is looking for the missing documents.

2. The strange asked the boy for some food.

3. The Director interviewed the graduates.

4. The students knew the answers.

5. The Director will meet them at the museum.

6. We are going to meet the doctors.

7. The students are going to Delhi for a week.

8. There are about hundred people in the queue.

9. My classmates have gone to the bank to pay the fees.

10. The hostel is about a mile from the college.

11. He came to Mysore to meet his grandparents.

12. The visitors wanted to go to the theatre.

13. The tourists have gone to see the Palace.

14. Someone broke the window pane.

15. He wants to buy a copy of Shakespeare's plays.

16. She is wearing a new helmet.

17. The children have been to the zoo.

18. The pilot says we are going to land in an hour.

19. The Jones family plans to go to London this year.

20. He intends to go to the cinema this evening.

21. She burst into tears on hearing the news.

22. The medicines are being sold in Bangalore.

23. The play will be enacted in Kalamandira.

24. He is clever at solving problems.

25. The minister will announce the relief for the flood victims.

ONE WORD SUBSTITUTES

Give one word substitutes for the following:

1. fertile area in a desert-----
2. official counting of population -----
3. a document written by hand rather than typed or printed -----
4. figure to made to resemble a human form to frighten birds away from fields -----
5. document permitted to travel abroad -----
6. notice of death(s) especially in the news paper -----
7. banning sale of intoxicating drinks -----
8. medicine which controls or stops the effects of poison -----
9. the act of taking one's own life -----
10. an account of a person's life written by himself -----
11. a person who is in a foreign country to do religious work ---- a missionary
12. a period of a thousand years -----
13. a period of hundred years-----
14. a person who kills an important/famous person for political/religious reasons-----
15. that which is fit to be eaten -----
16. a person who dies for a cause -----
17. a person who leads a wandering life ---- a nomad
18. a period of ten years -----
19. a person who abstains from alcohol -----
20. a person who does not believe in the existence of god -----
21. a person who believes in god -----

22. one who enters a country for settlement -----
23. one who hates all mankind -----
24. one who designs buildings -----
25. a person who knows many languages -----
26. someone who is hundred years old -----
27. one who loves all mankind -----
28. one who looks at the brighter side of things -----
29. one who looks at the darker side of the things -----
30. one who sells flowers -----
31. one who sells meat-----
32. absence of rain for a long time -----
33. a place where dead bodies are kept-----
34. a place where dead bodies are burnt-----
35. speech made without preparation -----
36. a system of reading and writing for the blind-----
37. that which can be read -----
38. that which can be seen -----
39. that which cannot be read-----
40. that which causes death -----
41. that which catches fire easily -----
42. a person who cannot read and write -----
43. to declare by a signature that a document is correct and true -----
44. a person who is against war and violence -----
45. one who is forced to flee his country to escape war, violence or persecution -----
46. one who lives at the same period of time as another -----
47. one who loves one's country -----
48. a person who travels on foot -----

49. that which can be heard -----

ACTIVE AND PASSIVE VOICE

Exercise I: Change the voice of the verb in the following sentences:

1. He writes short stories.

2. She helps the poor and the needy.

3. We expect good news.

4. Ravi does not drive a car.

5. Children love chocolates.

6. The girl is plucking the flowers.

7. She is drying the clothes.

8. The mob is ransacking the office.

9. The boys are flying kites.

10. He is painting the wall red.

11. I have done my duty.

12. They have sold the house and the car.

13. The boys have not broken the window pane.

14. The thieves have assaulted the old man.

15. He has brought the raincoat .

16. The clerk kept us waiting.

17. The children enjoyed the magic show.

18. The company employed ten technicians.

19. The watchman had opened the gate.

20. His father had given him a cell phone.

Exercise II: Change the voice of the verb in the following sentences:

21. I shall buy this book.

22. He will do the work efficiently.

23. Read the report.

24. Carry the books to the class.

25. Do not beat the dog.

26. Do the work at once.

27. Write a letter.

28. One should keep one's promises.

29. They know the truth.

30. The citadel has been captured by the enemy.

31. The made him the leader.

32. A lesson will be learnt by Ravi.

33. The coastal town was destroyed by the tsunami.

34. The story had been narrated by my grandmother.

35. The clown was laughed at by the little girl.

36. We shall be criticised by everyone.

37. The telegraph wires have been cut by miscreants.

38. Let this lesson not be forgotten.

39. The crops have been ruined by the rain.

40. The village was flooded by the river.

41. He is being deceived by his own friends.

42. They kept us waiting.

43. Switch off the lights at ten.

44. The new watch had been given to me by my father.

45. Let the poem be recited.

46. The teacher punished the students.

Exercise III : Change the voice of the verb in the following sentences:

1. Who teaches you to play the piano?

2. Have you typed the essay ?

3. Why did the teacher punish you ?

4. Have you paid the fees ?

5. Does the grocer sell sugar ?

6. Has Ravi written this poem ?

7. Are they harvesting mangoes ?

8. Did the fire destroy the village?

JULIUS CAESAR

William Shakespeare

ACT I SCENE I. Rome. A street.

Enter FLAVIUS, MARULLUS, and certain Commoners

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?

First Commoner 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?

Second Commoner 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.

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

MARULLUS What trade, thou knave? Thou naughty knave, what trade?

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

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

Second Commoner Why, sir, cobble you.

FLAVIUS Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

Second Commoner Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir,

a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper men as ever trod upon 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?

Second Commoner 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.

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.

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 all the Commoners

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

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

FLAVIUS It is no matter; let no images
Be hung with Caesar'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 Caesar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.
Exeunt

SCENE II. A public place.

Flourish. Enter CAESAR; ANTONY, for the course; CALPURNIA, PORTIA, DECIUS BRUTUS, CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, and CASCA; a great crowd following, among them a Soothsayer

CAESAR Calpurnia!

CASCA Peace, ho! Caesar speaks.

CAESAR Calpurnia!

CALPURNIA Here, my lord.

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

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.

Flourish

Soothsayer Caesar!

CAESAR Ha! Who calls?

CASCA Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

CAESAR Who is it in the press that calls on me?
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry 'Caesar!' Speak; Caesar is turn'd to hear.

Soothsayer Beware the Ides of March.

CAESAR What man is that?

BRUTUS A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

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

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

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

Soothsayer Beware the ides of March.

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

Sennet. Exeunt all except BRUTUS and CASSIUS

CASSIUS Will you go see the order of the course?

BRUTUS Not I.

CASSIUS I pray you, do.

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

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

BRUTUS Cassius,
Be not deceived: if I have veil'd my look,
I turn the trouble of my countenance
Merely upon myself. Vexed I am
Of late with passions of some difference,
Conceptions only proper to myself,
Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors;
But let not therefore my good friends be grieved--
Among which number, Cassius, be you one--
Nor construe any further my neglect,
Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,
Forgets the shows of love to other men.

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?

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

CASSIUS 'Tis just:
And it is very much lamented, Brutus,
That you have no such mirrors as will turn
Your hidden worthiness into your eye,
That you might see your shadow. I have heard,
Where many of the best respect in Rome,
Except immortal Caesar, 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 prepared to
hear:
And since you know you cannot see yourself
So well as by reflection, I, your glass,
Will modestly discover to yourself
That of yourself which you yet know not of.
And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laugher, or did use
To stale with ordinary oaths my love
To every new protester; if you know
That I do fawn on men and hug them hard
And after scandal them, or if you know
That I profess myself in banqueting
To all the rout, then hold me dangerous.

Flourish, and shout

BRUTUS What means this shouting? I do fear, the
people
Choose Caesar for their king.

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 i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently,
For let the gods so speed me as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

CASSIUS I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story.
I cannot tell what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Caesar; 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,
Caesar said to me 'Darest thou, Cassius, now
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?' Upon the word,
Accoutred as I was, I plunged in
And bade him follow; so indeed he did.
The torrent roar'd, and we did buffet it
With lusty sinews, throwing it aside
And stemming it with hearts of controversy;
But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
Caesar cried 'Help me, Cassius, or I sink!'
I, as Aeneas, our great ancestor,
Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Caesar. And this man
 Is now become a god, and Cassius is
 A wretched creature and must bend his body,
 If Caesar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake: 'tis true, this god did shake;
 His coward lips did from their colour fly,
 And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world
 Did lose his lustre: I did hear him groan:
 Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans
 Mark him and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas, it cried 'Give me some drink, Titinius,'
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world
 And bear the palm alone.

Shout. Flourish

BRUTUS Another general shout!
 I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heap'd on Caesar.

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 Caesar: what should be in that 'Caesar'?
 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 Caesar.
 Now, in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Caesar feed,
 That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
 When went there by an age, since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man?
 When could they say till now, that talk'd of Rome,
 That her wide walls encompass'd but one man?
 Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O, you and I have heard our fathers say,

There was a Brutus once that would have brook'd
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
 As easily as a king.

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 moved. What you have said
 I will consider; what you have to say
 I will with patience hear, and find a time
 Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
 Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this:
 Brutus had rather be a villager
 Than to repute himself a son of Rome
 Under these hard conditions as this time
 Is like to lay upon us.

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

BRUTUS The games are done and Caesar 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.

Re-enter CAESAR and his Train

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

CASSIUS Casca will tell us what the matter is.

CAESAR Antonius!

ANTONY Caesar?

CAESAR 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.

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

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

*Sennet. Exeunt CAESAR and all his Train, but
CASCA*

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

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

CASCA Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRUTUS I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

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

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, everytime gentler than other, and at every putting-by mine honest neighbours shouted.

CASSIUS Who offered 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 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets;--and, as I told you, he put it by once: but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again: but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by: and still as he refused it, the rabblement hooted and clapped their chapped hands and threw up their sweaty night-caps and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Caesar refused the crown that it had almost choked Caesar; 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.

CASSIUS But, soft, I pray you: what, did Caesar swooned?

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

BRUTUS 'Tis very like: he hath the failing sickness.

CASSIUS No, Caesar 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, Caesar 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 anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried 'Alas, good soul!' and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken of them; if Caesar 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 anything?

CASCA Ay, he spoke Greek.

CASSIUS To what effect?

CASCA Nay, an I tell you that, Ill ne'er look you i' the face again: but those that understood him smiled atone another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too: MARULLUS and FLAVIUS, for pulling scarfs off Caesar'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

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

Exit

SCENEIII. The same. A street.

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

CICERO Good even, Casca: brought you Caesar home?

Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth

Shakes like a thing unfirm? O Cicero,
 I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
 Have rived the knotty oaks, and I have seen
 The ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam,
 To be exalted with the threatening clouds:
 But never till to-night, never till now,
 Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
 Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
 Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
 Incenses them to send destruction.

CICERO Why, saw you anything more wonderful?

CASCA A common slave--you know him well by sight--
 Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
 Like twenty torches join'd, and yet his hand,
 Not sensible of fire, remain'd unscorch'd.
 Besides--I ha' not since put up my sword--
 Against the Capitol I met a lion,
 Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
 Without annoying me: and there were drawn
 Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
 Transformed with their fear; who swore they saw
 Men all in fire walk up and down the streets.
 And yesterday the bird of night did sit
 Even at noon-day upon the market-place,
 Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
 Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
 'These are their reasons; they are natural;'
 For, I believe, they are portentous things
 Unto the climate that they point upon.

CICERO Indeed, it is a strange-disposed time:
 But men may construe things after their fashion,
 Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
 Come Caesar 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 bared my bosom to the thunder-stone;
 And when the cross blue lightning seem'd to open
 The breast of heaven, I did present myself
 Even in the aim and very flash of it.

CASCA But wherefore did you so much tempt the
 heavens?

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

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 cast yourself in wonder,
 To see the strange impatience of the heavens:
 But if you would consider the true cause
 Why all these fires, why all these gliding ghosts,
 Why birds and beasts from quality and kind,
 Why old men fool and children calculate,
 Why all these things change from their ordinance
 Their natures and preformed faculties
 To monstrous quality,--why, you shall find
 That heaven hath infused them with these spirits,
 To make them instruments of fear and warning
 Unto some monstrous state.

Now could I, Casca, name to thee a man
 Most like this dreadful night,
 That thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars
 As doth the lion in the Capitol,

A man no mightier than thyself or me
In personal action, yet prodigious grown
And fearful, as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA 'Tis Caesar that you mean; is it not,
Cassius?

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 tomorrow
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

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 Caesar! But, O grief,
Where hast thou led me? I perhaps speak this
Before a willing bondman; then I know

My answer must be made. But I am arm'd,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

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

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

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

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

Enter CINNA

Cinna, where haste you so?

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

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

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 praetor'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

ACT II SCENE I. 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
 question.

It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
 And that craves wary walking. Crown him?--that;--
 And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
 That at his will he may do danger with.
 The abuse of greatness is, when it disjoins
 Remorse from power: and, to speak truth of Caesar,
 I have not known when his affections sway'd
 More than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,
 That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
 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 Caesar may.
 Then, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
 Will bear no colour for the thing he is,
 Fashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
 Would run to these and these extremities:
 And therefore think him as a serpent's egg
 Which, hatch'd, would, as his kind, grow
 mischievous,
 And kill him in the shell.

Re-enter LUCIUS

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?

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, & c. Speak, strike, redress!
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake!
Such instigations have been often dropp'd
Where I have took them up.
'Shall Rome, & c.' Thus must I piece it out:
Shall Rome stand under one man's awe? What,
Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was call'd a king.
'Speak, strike, redress!' Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome, I make thee promise:
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS Sir, March is wasted fourteen days.

Knocking within

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

Exit LUCIUS

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

Re-enter LUCIUS

LUCIUS Sir, 'tis 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,
Shamest thou to show thy dangerous brow by night,
When evils are most free? O, then by day
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none,
conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou path, thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention.

*Enter the conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA,
DECIUS BRUTUS, CINNA, METELLUS
CIMBER, and TREBONIUS*

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 honours 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?

CASSIUS Shall I entreat a word?

BRUTUS and CASSIUS whisper

DECIUS BRUTUS Here lies the east: doth not the day break here?

CASCA No.

CINNA O, pardon, sir, it doth; and yon gray lines That fret the clouds are messengers of day.

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

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 engaged,
That this shall be, or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor the insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that 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.

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

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 BRUTUS Shall no man else be touch'd
but only Caesar?

CASSIUS Decius, well urged: I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Caesar,
Should outlive Caesar: we shall find of him
A shrewd contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all: which to prevent,
Let Antony and Caesar fall together.

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 Caesar:
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
We all stand up against the spirit of Caesar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, that we then could come by Caesar's spirit,
And not dismember Caesar! But, alas,
Caesar must bleed for it! And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;

Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
 Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
 And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
 Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
 And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
 Our purpose necessary and not envious:
 Which so appearing to the common eyes,
 We shall be call'd purgers, not murderers.
 And for Mark Antony, think not of him;
 For he can do no more than Caesar's arm
 When Caesar's head is off.

CASSIUS Yet I fear him;
 For in the ingrafted love he bears to Caesar--

BRUTUS Alas, good Cassius, do not think of him:
 If he love Caesar, all that he can do
 Is to himself, take thought and die for Caesar:
 And that were much he should; for he is given
 To sports, to wildness and much company.

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 'Tis time to part.

CASSIUS But it is doubtful yet,
 Whether Caesar will come forth to-day, or no;
 For he is superstitious grown of late,
 Quite from the main opinion he held once
 Of fantasy, of dreams and ceremonies:
 It may be, these apparent prodigies,
 The unaccustom'd terror of this night,
 And the persuasion of his augurers,
 May hold him from the Capitol to-day.

DECIUS BRUTUS Never fear that: if he be so
 resolved,
 I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
 That unicorns may be betray'd with trees,
 And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
 Lions with toils and men with flatterers;
 But when I tell him he hates flatterers,

He says he does, being then most flattered.
 Let me work;
 For I can give his humour the true bent,
 And I will bring him to the Capitol.

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 CIMBER Caius Ligarius doth bear
 Caesar 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 untired spirits and formal constancy:
 And so good morrow to you every one.

Exeunt all but BRUTUS

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

Enter PORTIA

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 ask'd you what the matter was,
 You stared upon me with ungentle looks;
 I urged you further; then you scratch'd your head,
 And too impatiently stamp'd with your foot;
 Yet I insisted, yet you answer'd not,
 But, with an angry wafture of your hand,
 Gave sign for me to leave you: so I did;
 Fearing to strengthen that impatience
 Which seem'd too much enkindled, and withal
 Hoping it was but an effect of humour,
 Which sometime hath his hour with every man.
 It will not let you eat, nor talk, nor sleep,
 And could it work so much upon your shape
 As it hath much prevail'd on your condition,
 I should not know you, Brutus. Dear my lord,
 Make me acquainted with your cause of grief.

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 to resort to you: for here have been
 Some six or seven, who did hide their faces
 Even from darkness.

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

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 awhile;
 And by and by thy bosom shall partake
 The secrets of my heart.
 All my engagements I will construe to thee,
 All the character of my sad brows:
 Leave me with haste.

Exit PORTIA

Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter LUCIUS with LIGARIUS

LUCIUS He 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, derived from honourable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortified spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?

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-fired I follow you,
To do I know not what: but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.

BRUTUS Follow me, then.

Exeunt

SCENE II. CAESAR's house.

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

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

Thrice hath Calpurnia in her sleep cried out,
'Help, ho! they murder Caesar!' Who's within?

Enter a Servant

Servant My lord?

CAESAR 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, Caesar? think you
to walk forth?
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.

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

CALPURNIA Caesar, I never stood on ceremonies,
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelped in the streets;
And graves have yawn'd, and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought upon the clouds,
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air,
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Caesar! these things are beyond all use,
And I do fear them.

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

CALPURNIA When beggars die, there are no
comets seen;

The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.

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

Re-enter Servant What say the augurers?

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.

CAESAR The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Caesar should be a beast without a heart,
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Caesar shall not: danger knows full well
That Caesar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions litter'd in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Caesar shall go forth.

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

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

Enter DECIUS BRUTUS

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

DECIUS BRUTUS Caesar, all hail! good morrow,
worthy Caesar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.

CAESAR 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, falsen:
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
CALPURNIA Say he is sick.

CAESAR Shall Caesar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretch'd mine arm so far,
To be afraid to tell graybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Caesar will not come.

DECIUS BRUTUS Most mighty Caesar, let me
know some cause,
Lest I be laugh'd at when I tell them so.

CAESAR The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate.
But for your private satisfaction,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calpurnia here, my wife, stays me at home:
She dreamt to-night she saw my statua,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood: and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it:
And these does she apply for warnings, and portents,
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begg'd that I will stay at home to-day.

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

CAESAR And this way have you well expounded
it.

DECIUS BRUTUS I have, when you have heard
what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded
To give this day a crown to mighty Caesar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be render'd, for someone to say
'Break up the senate till another time,
When Caesar's wife shall meet with better dreams.'
If Caesar hide himself, shall they not whisper
'Lo, Caesar is afraid'?

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

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

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

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUBLIUS Good morrow, Caesar.

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

BRUTUS Caesar, 'tis stricken eight.

CAESAR 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 Caesar.

CAESAR 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 Caesar, I will:

Aside

and so near will I be,
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.

CAESAR 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
Caesar,
The heart of Brutus yearns to think upon!

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street near the Capitol.

Enter ARTEMIDORUS, reading a paper

ARTEMIDORUS 'Caesar, beware of Brutus; take
heed of Cassius;
come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna, trust not
Trebonius: mark well MetellusCimber: 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

**SCENE IV. 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 Caesar 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 Caesar 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 Caesar, hast thou not?

Soothsayer
That I have, lady: if it will please Caesar
To be so good to Caesar 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 Caesar at the heels,
Of senators, of praetors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Caesar as he comes along.

Exit

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

Exeunt severally

**ACT III SCENE I. Rome. Before the Capitol;
the Senate sitting above.**

*A crowd of people; among them
ARTEMIDORUS and the Soothsayer. Flourish.*

*Enter CAESAR, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA,
DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER,
TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS,
POPILIUS, PUBLIUS, and others*

CAESAR [To the Soothsayer] The ides of March are come.

Soothsayer Ay, Caesar; but not gone.

ARTEMIDORUS Hail, Caesar! read this schedule.

DECIUS BRUTUS Trebonius doth desire you to o'er read,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ARTEMIDORUS O Caesar, read mine first; for mine's a suit
That touches Caesar nearer: read it, great Caesar.

CAESAR What touches us our self shall be last served.

ARTEMIDORUS Delay not, Caesar; read it instantly.

CAESAR What, is the fellow mad?

PUBLIUS Sirrah, give place.

CASSIUS What, urge you your petitions in the street?
Come to the Capitol.

CAESAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following

POPILIUS I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.

CASSIUS What enterprise, Popilius?

POPILIUS Fare you well.

Advances to CAESAR

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 Caesar; mark him.

CASSIUS Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known,
Cassius or Caesar 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 Caesar doth not change.

CASSIUS Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus.
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.

Exeunt ANTONY and TREBONIUS

DECIUS BRUTUS Where is Metellus Cimber?
Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Caesar.

BRUTUS He is address'd: press near and second him.

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

CAESAR Are we all ready? What is now amiss
That Caesar and his senate must redress?

METELLUS CIMBER Most high, most mighty,
and most puissant Caesar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart,--

Kneeling

CAESAR 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 Caesar bears such rebel blood
That will be thaw'd from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean, sweet words,
Low-crooked court'sies and base spaniel-fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banished:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Caesar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

METELLUS CIMBER Is there no voice more
worthy than my own

To sound more sweetly in great Caesar's ear
For the repealing of my banish'd brother?

BRUTUS

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

CAESAR What, Brutus!

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

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

CINNA O Caesar,--

CAESAR Hence! wilt thou lift up Olympus?

DECIUS BRUTUS Great Caesar,--

CAESAR Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA Speak, hands for me!

*CASCA first, then the other Conspirators and
 BRUTUS stab CAESAR*

CAESAR Et tu, Brute! Then fall, Caesar.

Dies

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 stiff: ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DECIUS BRUTUS And Cassius too.

BRUTUS Where's Publius?

CINNA Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

METELLUS CIMBER Stand fast together, lest
 some friend of Caesar'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.

Re-enter TREBONIUS

CASSIUS Where is Antony?

TREBONIUS Fled to his house amazed:
 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; 'tis but the time
 And drawing days out, that men stand upon.

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

BRUTUS Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
 So are we Caesar's friends, that have abridged
 His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
 And let us bathe our hands in Caesar'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 Caesar 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 BRUTUS 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

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

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;
Caesar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honour him;
Say I fear'd Caesar, honour'd him and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved
How Caesar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Caesar dead
So well as Brutus living; but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith. So says my master Antony.

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

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.

BRUTUS But here comes Antony.

Re-enter ANTONY

Welcome, Mark Antony.

ANTONY O mighty Caesar! 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 Caesar's death hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if you bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Caesar, 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
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 Caesar. For your part,
To you our swords have leaden points, Mark
Antony:
Our arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts
Of brothers' temper, do receive you in
With all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.

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

BRUTUS Only be patient till we have appeased
The multitude, beside themselves with fear,
And then we will deliver you the cause,
Why I, that did love Caesar 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, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;

Now, Decius Brutus, yours: now yours, Metellus;
 Yours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
 Though last, not last in love, yours, good Trebonius.
 Gentlemen all,--alas, what shall I say?
 My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
 That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
 Either a coward or a flatterer.
 That I did love thee, Caesar, O, 'tis true:
 If then thy spirit look upon us now,
 Shall it not grieve thee dearer than thy death,
 To see thy thy Anthony 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, stricken by many princes,
 Dost thou here lie!

CASSIUS Mark Antony,--

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

CASSIUS I blame you not for praising Caesar 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?

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

ANTONY 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 to BRUTUS

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

BRUTUS
 By your pardon;
 I will myself into the pulpit first,
 And show the reason of our Caesar's death:
 What Antony shall speak, I will protest
 He speaks by leave and by permission,
 And that we are contented Caesar 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 Caesar's
 body.
 You shall not in your funeral speech blame us,
 But speak all good you can devise of Caesar,
 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 hand that shed this costly blood!

Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,--
 Which, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips,
 To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue--
 A curse shall light upon the limbs of men;
 Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
 Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
 Blood and destruction shall be so in use
 And dreadful objects so familiar
 That mothers shall but smile when they behold
 Their infants quarter'd with the hands of war;
 All pity choked with custom of fell deeds:
 And Caesar'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 Caesar, do you not?

Servant I do, Mark Antony.

ANTONY Caesar 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 Caesar!--

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 chanced:
 Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome,
 No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
 Hie hence, and tell him so. Yet, stay awhile;
 Thou shalt not back till I have borne this corse
 Into the market-place: there shall I try
 In my oration, how the people take
 The cruel issue of these bloody men;

According to the which, thou shalt discourse
 To young Octavius of the state of things.
 Lend me your hand.

Exeunt with CAESAR's body

SCENE II. The Forum.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS, and a throng of Citizens

Citizens We will be satisfied; let us be satisfied.

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 Caesar's death.

First Citizen I will hear Brutus speak.

Second 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

Third 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 Caesar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Caesar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Caesar, this is my answer:--Not that I loved Caesar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Caesar were living and die all slaves, than that Caesar were dead, to live all free men? As Caesar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was

valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

All None, Brutus, none.

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 dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

All Live, Brutus! live, live!

First Citizen Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

Second Citizen Give him a statue with his ancestors.

Third Citizen Let him be Caesar.

Fourth Citizen Caesar's better parts Shall be crown'd in Brutus.

First Citizen We'll bring him to his house With shouts and clamours.

BRUTUS My countrymen,--

Second Citizen Peace, silence! Brutus speaks.

First Citizen Peace, ho!

BRUTUS Good countrymen, let me depart alone, And, for my sake, stay here with Antony: Do grace to Caesar's corpse, and grace his speech Tending to Caesar's glories; which Mark Antony, By our permission, is allow'd to make. I do entreat you, not a man depart, Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

Exit

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

Third 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.

Goes into the pulpit

Fourth Citizen What does he say of Brutus?

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

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

First Citizen This Caesar was a tyrant.

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

Second Citizen Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.

ANTONY You gentle Romans,--

Citizens Peace, ho! let us hear him.

ANTONY Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears; I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him. The evil that men do lives after them; The good is oft interred with their bones; So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:

If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
 And grievously hath Caesar answer'd it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest--
 For Brutus is an honourable man;
 So are they all, all honourable men--
 Come I to speak in Caesar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
 But Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.
 He hath brought many captives home to Rome
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
 Did this in Caesar seem ambitious?
 When that the poor have cried, Caesar hath wept:
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
 And Brutus is an 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;
 My heart is in the coffin there with Caesar,
 And I must pause till it come back to me.

First Citizen Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.

Second Citizen If thou consider rightly of the matter,
 Caesar has had great wrong.

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

Fourth Citizen Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
 Therefore 'tis certain he was not ambitious.

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

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

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

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

ANTONY But yesterday the word of Caesar might have stood against the world; now lies he there. And none so poor to do him reverence. O masters, if I were disposed to stir your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage, I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong, who, you all know, are 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 Caesar; I found it in his closet, 'tis his will: Let but the commons hear this testament-- Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read-- And they would go and kiss dead Caesar's wounds And dip their napkins in his sacred blood, Yea, beg a hair of him for memory, And, dying, mention it within their wills, Bequeathing it as a rich legacy Unto their issue.

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

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

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

Fourth Citizen Read the will; we'll hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will, Caesar's will.

ANTONY Will you be patient? will you stay awhile?
 I have o'er shot myself to tell you of it:
 I fear I wrong the honourable men
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Caesar; I do fear it.

Fourth Citizen They were traitors: honourable men!

All The will! The testament!

Second Citizen They were villains, murderers: the will! read the will.

ANTONY You will compel me, then, to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Caesar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?

Several Citizens Come down.

Second Citizen Descend.

Third Citizen You shall have leave.

ANTONY comes down

Fourth Citizen A ring; stand round.

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

Second Citizen Room for Antony, most noble Antony.

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

Several Citizens 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 Caesar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii:
Look, in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Caesar follow'd it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Caesar's angel:
Judge, O you gods, how dearly Caesar loved him!

This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Caesar 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 Caesar fell.
O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Caesar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

First Citizen O piteous spectacle!

Second Citizen O noble Caesar!

Third Citizen O woful day!

Fourth Citizen O traitors, villains!

First Citizen O most bloody sight!

Second Citizen We will be revenged.

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

ANTONY Stay, countrymen.

First Citizen Peace there! hear the noble Antony.

Second 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 Caesar'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 Caesar that should move
 The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

All We'll mutiny.

First Citizen We'll burn the house of Brutus.

Third 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 Caesar thus deserved your loves?
 Alas, you know not: I must tell you then:
 You have forgot the will I told you of.

All Most true. The will! Let's stay and hear the will.

ANTONY Here is the will, and under Caesar's seal.
 To every Roman citizen he gives,
 To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

Second Citizen Most noble Caesar! We'll revenge
 his death.

Third Citizen O royal Caesar!

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 for ever, common pleasures,

To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
 Here was a Caesar! when comes such another?

First 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.

Second Citizen Go fetch fire.

Third Citizen Pluck down benches.

Fourth Citizen Pluck down forms, windows,
 anything.

Exeunt Citizens with the body

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

Enter a Servant How now, fellow!

Servant Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

ANTONY Where is he?

Servant He and Lepidus are at Caesar'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 moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

Exeunt

SCENE III. A street.

Enter CINNA the poet

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

Enter Citizens

First Citizen What is your name?

Second Citizen Whither are you going?

Third Citizen Where do you dwell?

Fourth Citizen Are you a married man or a bachelor?

Second Citizen Answer every man directly.

First Citizen Ay, and briefly.

Fourth Citizen Ay, and wisely.

Third Citizen Ay, and truly, you were best.

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

Second 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 THE POET Directly, I am going to Caesar's funeral.

First Citizen As a friend or an enemy?

CINNA THE POET As a friend.

Second Citizen That matter is answered directly.

Fourth Citizen For your dwelling,--briefly.

CINNA THE POET Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

Third Citizen Your name, sir, truly.

CINNA THE POET Truly, my name is Cinna.

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

CINNA THE POET I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

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

CINNA THE POET I am not Cinna the conspirator.

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

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

Exeunt

ACT IV SCENE I. A house in Rome.

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

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

SCENE II. Camp near Sardis. Before BRUTUS's tent.

Drum. Enter BRUTUS, LUCILIUS, LUCIUS, and Soldiers; TITINIUS and PINDARUS meeting them

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.

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.

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 received you, let me be resolved.

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

BRUTUS Thou hast described
A hot friend cooling: ever note, Lucilius,
When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.
There are no tricks in plain and simple faith;
But hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
Make gallant show and promise of their mettle;
But when they should endure the bloody spur,
They fall their crests, and, like deceitful jades,
Sink in the trial. Comes his army on?

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

BRUTUS Hark! he is arrived.

Low march within

March gently on to meet him.

Enter CASSIUS and his powers

CASSIUS Stand, ho!

BRUTUS Stand, ho! Speak the word along.

First Soldier Stand!

Second Soldier Stand!

Third Soldier Stand!

CASSIUS Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.

BRUTUS Judge me, you gods! wrong I mine enemies?
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 Lucilius, do you the like; and let no man
Come to our tent till we have done our conference.
Let Lucius and Titinius guard our door.

Exeunt

SCENE III. BRUTUS'S TENT.

Enter BRUTUS and CASSIUS

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 letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

BRUTUS You wronged 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 speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.

BRUTUS The name of Cassius honours this
corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.

CASSIUS Chastisement!

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

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

BRUTUS Go to; you are not, Cassius.

CASSIUS I am.

BRUTUS 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 man!

CASSIUS Is't possible?

BRUTUS Hear me, for I will speak.
Must I give way and room to your rash choleric?
Shall I be frighted 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 Caesar lived, he durst not thus
have moved 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 rived my heart:
A friend should bear his 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 awearied of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Cheque'd like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd, and conn'd by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Caesar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him
better
Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.

BRUTUS Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.

CASSIUS Hath Cassius lived
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 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 leave you so.

Poet [Within] Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em, 'tis not meet
They be alone.

LUCILIUS [Within] You shall not come to them.

Poet[Within] Nothing but death shall stay me.
*Enter Poet, followed by LUCILIUS, TITINIUS,
and LUCIUS*

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; 'tis his fashion.

BRUTUS I'll know his humour, when he knows his
time:
What should the wars do with these jiggling 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!

Exit LUCIUS

CASSIUS did not think you could have been so angry.

BRUTUS 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 'scaped I killing when I cross'd you so?
O insupportable and touching loss!
Upon what sickness?

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!

Re-enter LUCIUS, with wine and taper

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

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.

BRUTUS Come in, Titinius!

Exit LUCIUS

Re-enter TITINIUS, with MESSALA

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

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 tenor.

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, defense, and nimbleness.

BRUTUS Good reasons must, of force, give place
to better.

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

CASSIUS Hear me, good brother.

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

And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures.

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!

Enter LUCIUS

My gown.

Exit LUCIUS

Farewell, 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.

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 all but BRUTUS

Re-enter LUCIUS, with the gown

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'er-watch'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.

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

Enter the Ghost of CAESAR

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

GHOST Thy evil spirit, Brutus.

BRUTUS Why comest thou?

GHOST To tell thee thou shalt see me at Philippi.

BRUTUS Well; then I shall see thee again?

GHOST Ay, at Philippi.

BRUTUS Why, I will see thee at Philippi, then.

Exit Ghost

Now I have taken heart thou vanishest:
 Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.
 Boy, Lucius! Varro! Claudius! Sirs, awake!
 Claudius!

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
 criest out?

LUCIUS My lord, I do not know that I did cry.

BRUTUS Yes, that thou didst: didst thou see anything?

LUCIUS Nothing, my lord.

BRUTUS Sleep again, Lucius. Sirrah Claudius!

To VARRO 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 anything?

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

ACT V SCENE I. 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.

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 'tis not so.

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, Caesar, 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, countrymen?

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 Caesar's heart,
Crying 'Long live! hail, Caesar!'

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.

BRUTUSO, yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n 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 Caesar:
You show'd your teeth like apes, and fawn'd like hounds,
And bow'd like bondmen, kissing Caesar's feet;
Whilst damned Casca, like a cur, behind
Struck Caesar on the neck. O you flatterers!

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

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 Caesar's three and thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Caesar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

BRUTUS Caesar, thou canst not die by traitors' 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 [Standing forth] My lord?

BRUTUS and LUCILIUS converse apart

CASSIUS Messala!

MESSALA [Standing forth] What says my general?

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

MESSALA Believe not so.

CASSIUS I but believe it partly;
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
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 uncertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall.
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you then determined to do?

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
Thorough 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:
Forever, and forever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why then, this parting was well made.

CASSIUS Forever, and forever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis 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

SCENE II. The same. 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 demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow.
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down.

Exeunt

SCENE III. Another part of the field.

Alarums. Enter CASSIUS and TITINIUS

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 enclosed.

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 lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops,
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.

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 notest about the field.

PINDARUS ascends the hill

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

PINDARUS [Above] O my lord!

CASSIUS What news?

PINDARUS [Above] Titinius is enclosed round about With horsemen, that make to him on the spur; Yet he spurs on. Now they are almost on him. Now, Titinius! Now some light. O, he lights too. He's ta'en.

Shout

And, hark! they shout for joy.

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 descends Come hither, sirrah: In Parthia did I take thee prisoner; And then I swore thee, saving of thy life, That whatsoever I did bid thee do, Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath; Now be a freeman: and with this good sword, That ran through Caesar's bowels, search this bosom. Stand not to answer: here, take thou the hilts; And, when my face is cover'd, as 'tis now, Guide thou the sword.

PINDARUS stabs him Caesar, thou art revenged, 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

Re-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.

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 conceived, Thou never comest unto a happy birth, But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee!

TITINIUS What, Pindarus! where art thou, Pindarus?

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.

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.

Kills himself

*Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, with BRUTUS,
CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, and LUCILIUS*

BRUTUS Where, where, Messala, doth his body
lie?

MESSALA Lo, yonder, and Titinius mourning it.

BRUTUS Titinius' face is upward.

CATO He is slain.

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

Low alarums

CATO Brave Titinius!
Look, whether he have not crown'd dead Cassius!

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 more tears
To this dead man than you shall see me pay.
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.
Come, therefore, and to Thasos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us. Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato; let us to the field.
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on:
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.

Exeunt

SCENE IV. Another part of the field.

*Alarum. Enter fighting, Soldiers of both armies;
then BRUTUS, 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!

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

Exit

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.

First 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.

First Soldier We must not. A noble prisoner!

Second Soldier Room, ho! Tell Antony, Brutus is ta'en.

First 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 chanced.

Exeunt

SCENE V. 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.

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.

DARDANIUS Shall I do such a deed?

CLITUSO 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 Caesar 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.

Alarum still

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

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 mine 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.

Runs on his sword

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

Dies

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

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 proved Lucilius' saying true.

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

STRATO Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.

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 Caesar;
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!'

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, order'd honourably.
So call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part the glories of this happy day.

Exeunt