

If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or
no;
For Brutus, as you know, was
Cæsar's angel."

Then with consummate skill he goes on to paint the kind regards and the love Cæsar entertained for Brutus, contrasting it most artistically with the unkind, ungrateful attitude of the latter towards his benefactor. How perfectly are his words adapted to touch the hearts of his hearers! Words fail to express with sufficient strength the beauty of this passage. But this can be said with more especial good reason, of his last noble utterance. Let the reader consider it for himself.

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

The answers and piteous exclamations of the citizens were a full guarantee to Antony, of the effect his words had taken on the mob. But he was not yet satisfied. He had not yet urged to the full bent of his mind. The contents of Cæsar's will were yet to be disclosed to them. But, before bringing forward this propitious document, he artfully endeavors to extenuate the faults of the conspirators, and to deprecate his own power as an orator, compared with the elo-

quence of Brutus. And then he ingeniously adds:

"But were I Brutus,
And Brutus, Antony, there were an
Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and
put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that would
move
The stones of Rome to rise and
mutiny."

Then comes the reading of the will. Antony stays the vengeful Romans and reminds them of the will. Nothing more was needed to strengthen the already vehement passions of the mob. They rush forth blindly to do, they know not what, while Anthony, in calm security could say:

"Now let it work,—Mischief, thou
art a foot.
Take thou what course thou wilt!"—

With this noble oration of Antony I would be inclined to terminate my essay, but justice to the great genius of Shakespeare compels me to mention one more notable instance of the prevalence of oratory in this tragedy—the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius (Act IV, Scene III). The relative merit of this quarrel is a subject of great discussion. Dr. Johnson thought it "somewhat cold and unaffecting", while Coleridge a literary critic of acknowledged ability says of it, "I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than this scene."

However, be its virtual merit what it may, when taken and considered in connection with the preceding passages it forms a most fitting conclusion for a series of oratorical gems.

A mere nothing on the part of Cassius started the contention. Bru-