

"It is not meet you know how
 Cæsar loved you: . . .
 'Tis good you know not that you are
 his heirs;
 For, if you did, O, what would
 come of it!"

Antony, however, is too cunning and strategical, now that he has enlisted the sympathies of the mob, to let slip any opportunity of improving his advantage. Hence he readily seizes the favorable opportunity afforded him by the vociferous impatience of the mob, to climax by a bold stroke his preceding ironical utterances and thus aim a crushing blow at the cause of the conspirators.

For Antony,—as the reader must have noticed in perusing the oration—when speaking of the conspirators in general, and of Brutus in particular, designates them as 'honourable men.' Hitherto, the citizens—owing, no doubt, to their sympathizing more or less with the conspirators, as much as to the fact that Antony prudently avoided emphasizing these words—failed to perceive the intense irony the expression embodies. But now that the will has rendered Cæsar an object of public endearment, we may easily conceive the effect of Antony's juxtaposing these biting words:

"I have o'ershot myself to tell you
 of it:
 I fear I wrong the *honourable men*
 Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar;
 I do fear it."

We now arrive in Antony's speech at that peculiar part which in any important oration calls for the presence of the true artist—I refer to the address to the feelings and the appeal to the heart. Hitherto, Antony has made it his object to root out the impression under which Brutus by his discourse had made

upon the populace—"That Cæsar was ambitious." It is true, however, that roused the people by means of the will to look upon Cæsar as the noblest personage in Rome, and to cry out against the conspirators as 'traitors,' 'villians' and 'murderers,' but still all seems as secondary to this magnificent passage. All that precedes seems intended to make the mob feel more keenly the pathetic utterances of this piece.

As for the passage itself, it is, perhaps, the grandest, noblest and most sublime evidence of oratorical ability, in Antony's, or indeed in any oration of its kind. In the power and ability shown by Antony, in his tender sympathetic portrayal of Cæsar's wounds, and in the compassionate outbursts and sublimity of language which make the people in spite of themselves bewail Cæsar's misfortunes and resolve to avenge them, it is beyond comparison.

At the very opening of his speech, Antony makes an appeal which would certainly not be lost on a people so characterized by their love for patriotism, as were the ancient Romans. He points to Cæsar's bloody mantle, and reminds them that Cæsar first put it on

"The day he overcame the Nervii."

Then, one by one he points out the prints of the conspirators' daggers, and when he comes to Brutus', mark the magnificent language he uses:

"Through this the well-beloved
 Brutus stabb'd;
 And, as he pluck'd his cursed steel
 away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar
 follow'd it,—
 As rushing out of doors, to be re-
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