

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 patler? And what
other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be or we will fall for
it."

The object of these oratorical efforts has been achieved. Immortal Cæsar has atoned with his blood for his ambitious aiming at the crown. 'Lean and hungry' Cassius has beheld the poisonous seed he had so cleverly sown in the fertile mind of Brutus take root and spread upwards in the most infamous of regicides.

Cæsar living, called forth from Marullus and Brutus and Cassius a profusion of speeches stout and vehement, energetic and artful and powerful. Cæsar dead, roused up the dormant oratorical power of Antony and inspired him with subject matter for the sublimest, noblest and most magnificent oration the world has ever been given.

How shall we pronounce on his honourable, manly, defiant, yet art-

ful and flattering language when he beholds for the first time the body of dead Cæsar. Or what shall we say of his cleverness, when in knitting up the hollow truce with the conspirators he shakes the bloody hand of each and, through with that ceremony, cries out in language that lulls to sleep the suspicions of the conspirators:

"Gentlemen all,—alas, what shall I say?—
My credit now stands on such slippery grounds,
That one of two bad ways you must
conceit me
Either a coward or a flatterer.—"

With what inexpressible feelings and emotions do we read the closing words of the speech in which he chides himself for taking part with the enemies of his beloved Cæsar! We feel transported beyond ourselves as Mark Antony apostrophizes his dead friend and the world:

"Pardon me, Julius! Here was't
thou lay'd, brave hart;
Here did thou fall; and here thy
butchers stand,
Sign'd in thy spoil, and crimson'd in
thy death,—
O world, thou was't the forest to
this hart;
And this indeed, O world, the heart
of thee.—
How like a deer, stricken by many
princes,
Dost thou lie here!"

This passage, however, is but an introduction to Antony's maiden speech of which Brutus was unwittingly the cause in permitting him to 'speak the order of Cæsar's funeral'. We grieve to think that Brutus' permission was the death of his own cause, but our sorrow is not unalloyed with joy, when we con-