A VARIORUM EDITION OF GEORGE CHAPMAN'S

The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey

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By

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Introduction v

I 1

II 5

III 10

IV 18

The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey

Textual Notes. 77

Explanatory Notes 86

Bibliography 114

INTRODUCTION

The purpose of this study is to prepare a variorum edition of George Chapman's The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey. In order to do this, all* editions of the play have been analyzed from critical, literary, and grammatical points of view. In addition, all known criticisms available regarding this historical drama have been consulted.

Chapter I deals with the life of George Chapman; Chapter II outlines the writings of this author; Chapter III presents the literary excellences and shortcomings of The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey, and Chapter IV is a textual history of the tragedy.

Following these chapters is an edition which presents Chapman's words, so far as they can be ascertained, together with modern punctuation. Then come the textual notes and explanatory notes.

For their ever-ready help and never-failing and invaluable counsel during the long period of time I spent in preparing this thesis, I owe the deepest obligations to Dr. David S. Berkeley, adviser, and contributor to the thesis; Dr. Agnes N. Berrigan, assistant adviser; Prof. George H. White, former adviser and contributor, and Dr. A.C. Edwards, former adviser.

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* There have been six editions of The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey. Five of these editions were analyzed for this study. The first quarto could not be obtained, but all authorities consulted state that Quarto I, with the exception of the title page, is the same as the second quarto.

I

According to Charles Lamb, George Chapman approached the nearest to William Shakespeare in an age notable for great dramatic writing.[1] Chapman is also like Shakespeare in that almost nothing is certainly known of his life. Arthur Henry Bullen, writing in the Dictionary of National Biography, states that Chapman was born in Hitchin in Hertfordshire. Evidence for this assertion he finds in Chapman's statement, Euthymiae Raptus, or the Teares of Peace, 1609, alluding to the fact that he had been reared near Hitchin; further corroboration for this point, Mr. Bullen finds in a statement of William Browne, second book of Britannia's Pastorals, where Chapman is styled "the learned Shepheard of faire Hitchin hill."[2] Although this evidence probably points to the truth, it is obviously too slender a foundation for Mr. Bullen's unqualified statement. Anthony à Wood's opinion that Chapman belonged to a family of that name resident at Stone-Castle, Kent, depends only on his own authority;[3] and Wood is not esteemed an altogether trustworthy historian.

The date of Chapman's birth has been variously fixed. Wood gives the year 1557 as the date of his birth,[4] but Bullen gives 1559 with the support of a portrait prefixed to The Whole Works of Homer on which this inscription

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[1] Charles Lamb, Selected Essays, Boston, 1904, p. 282.

[2] Arthur Henry Bullen, "George Chapman," Dictionary of National Biography, London, 1921-22, IV, 47.

[3] Ibid.

[4] Ibid.

is found: "Georgius Chapmannus Homeri Metaphrastes, Aeta: LVII MDCXVI." On this ground, one may assume with some certainty that the poet was born in 1559.

Chapman's parentage is not certainly known. Bullen conjectures that he was the son of Thomas and Joan Chapman, the former being a freeholder in the Hundred of Hitchin.[5]

For about sixteen years after 1559, nothing definitely is known about Chapman. It has been suggested by Wood, ever fertile in conjecture, that about the year 1574 Chapman spent some time at Oxford and later studied at Cambridge. Of the alleged Oxford years, Wood writes: "He [Chapman] was observed to be most excellent in the Latin and Greek tongue, but not in logic or philosophy, and therefore I presume that that was the reason he took no degree there."[6] Joseph Warton in his History of English Poetry makes the undocumented remark that Chapman spent two years at Trinity College, Oxford.[7] Despite these authorities, nothing is certainly known of Chapman's education, and even his proficiency in Greek has been challenged.[8]

It is supposed that Chapman, after receiving his university training, traveled in Germany and became conversant with the German language. Sir Adolphus William Ward founds this assumption on the belief that Chapman based the play entitled Alphonsus Emperor of Germany on a composition of a certain

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5 Arthur Henry Bullen, "George Chapman," DNB, IV, 47. Pearson (Chapman's Dramatic Works, London, 1873, I, vii) points out that the Hitchin Registers began in the year 1562: this fact prevents our arriving (by means of this source) at certain knowledge of Chapman's parentage.

6 Quoted by Arthur Henry Bullen, DNB, IV, 47.

7 Ibid.

8 Ibid., IV, 49.

German writer.[9] William Lyon Phelps has also mentioned with considerable reservation the point that the use of German in Alphonsus may signify Chapman's travel in Germany.[10] Some authorities, however, have noted marked differences in Alphonsus from the dramatic works which are unquestionably Chapman's. Consequently, there is no factual proof that Alphonsus can be attributed to Chapman,[11] and the inference that Chapman traveled in Germany remains unsupported conjecture.

In Chapman's first extant publication, The Shadow of Night, two poetical hymns which bear the date 1594, there is a detailed description of Sir Francis Vere's campaign in the Netherlands. On the strength of this descriptive passage, Ward believes that Chapman may have been a volunteer serving under Vere in the Low Countries.[12] Wood conjectures that during the period that intervened before Chapman's first publication he was fighting in the Low Countries or was a schoolmaster at Hitchin.[13] It need hardly be added that the remarks above are based upon questionable evidence and unsupported assertions.

Toward the end of the century, as Chapman was rapidly approaching his fortieth year, he appeared on the London scene and professed dramatic poetry. Pearson remarks: "Some entries in Henslowe's Diary would lead us to the conclusion that the earliest plays of Chapman, though acted, remained in manuscript."[14] The earliest entry concerning Chapman in Henslowe's Diary

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9 Sir Adolphus William Ward, History of English Dramatic Literature, London, 1899, II, 428.

10 William Lyon Phelps, ed., George Chapman, selected, New York, 1904, p. 12.

11 Arthur Henry Bullen, "George Chapman," DNB, IV, 47.

12 Ward, op. cit., II, 410.

13 Bullen, op. cit., IV, 48.

14 John Pearson, Chapman's Dramatic Works, London, 1873, I, vii.

is dated February 12, 1595/6; on this day The Blind Beggar of Alexandria was first produced.[15] In 1598 Francis Meres' Wit's Treasury remarks Chapman as one of the best writers of comedies and tragedies.[16] Thereafter, Chapman's life is dated by his publications, the subject of the next section of this thesis.

The poet-dramatist died in the parish of St. Giles-in-the-Field on May 12, 1634, and was buried on the south side of St. Giles churchyard. The monument erected to him by Inigo Jones is still standing. According to Pearson

> the inscription (which has been effaced by time and was some years since imperfectly, at least as regards the date, recut) does not tally with that given by Wood, but runs thus: -
>
> Georgius Chapman
> Poeta
> M D C XX [sic]
> Ob honorem
> Bonarum Literarum
> Familari
> Suo Hoc Mon;
> D.S.P.F.C.[17]

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[15] Arthur Henry Bullen, "George Chapman," DNB, IV, 48.

[16] Ibid.

[17] John Pearson, Chapman's Dramatic Works, I, xxvn.

II

George Chapman's comedies were written between 1596 and 1606 and his tragedies perhaps between 1603 and 1613. He first comes to light, however, as a writer of philosophical poetry, with his earliest extant publication being a poem entitled The Shadow of Night, 1594. This was followed by a group of metaphysical hymns, written in 1595, which include "Ovid's Banquet of Sense," "Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy," "The Amorous Zodiac," and translations of some Latin poems. In 1596, similar poems were written, including "De Guiaia" and "Carmen Epicum."

On February 12, 1595/6 his first extant comedy, The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, was produced. This was published in 1598, the year that he completed Marlowe's Hero and Leander. Incidentally, his hand has also been traced in Fletcher and Massinger's Bloody Brother.

Chapman's next comedy, An Humorous Day's Mirth (published in 1599), produced in 1597 by the Admiral's Company, is a satire on husbands and wives, anticipating the essential characteristics of the humor play which Ben Jonson later developed. The poet-dramatist's name occurs repeatedly in Henslowe's Diary during this period. They are The Isle of a Woman, afterwards called The Fount of New Fashions (October 1598 - January 1599); Four Kings (October 1598 - January 1599); A Tragedy of Bengemens Plotte (October 1598 - January 1599); The World Runs on Wheels, afterwards called All Fools but the Fool (January - July 1599), and A Pastoral Tragedy (July 1599). All these plays are either lost or not extant in their original forms. Henslowe's Diary further reveals that Chapman received an advance of forty shillings on July 17, 1599, for A Pastoral Tragedy, and that The World Runs on Wheels was

printed in 1605 after being revised in 1604 under the new title All Fools but the Fool.

A lost play, The Old Joiner of Aldgate, belongs to the year 1600. Charlemagne, circa 1600, was a tragic play ascribed to Chapman. It was lost until 1918 and was published from a Chapman original manuscript in 1920.

During the period from 1598 until 1616 Chapman became absorbed with what he considered his chief work, The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets, in his Iliads and Odysses. A first installment toward the complete translation was published in 1598. This initial portion was titled Seaven Bookes of the Iliades of Homer, Prince of Poets. A dedication is made to the Earl of Essex. Later in the same year he published Achilles Shield, Translated as the other seaven Bookes of Homer, out of his eighteen bookes of Iliades. During 1609, or shortly thereafter, Chapman published Homer, Prince of Poets: translated according to the Greeke in twelve Bookes of his Iliads. This book is dedicated to Prince Henry. The complete translation of the Iliad was published in April 1611. Then Chapman published translations of twenty-four books of the Odyssey in 1614. This publication is dedicated to Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset. Finally, in 1616, The Iliad and Odyssey translations were combined in a volume titled The Whole Works of Homer, Prince of Poets, in his Iliads, and Odysses. In 1624 Chapman concluded his Homeric translations with the publication of The Crowne of All Homer's Workes, Batrachomyomachia or the Battaile of Frogs and Mise. Another publication of all these translations, in complete compilation and titled The Whole Works of Homer, was released in 1625.

During this period and afterwards, the Chapman dramas were written at uneven intervals. Sir Gyles Goosecappe, an anonymous drama produced in the

autumn of 1601, is either a Chapman play or the product of someone closely imitating his style. In 1605 Chapman collaborated with Ben Jonson and John Marston to produce Eastward Hoe, a play containing remarks considered uncomplimentary to King James and the Scots. This play brought about the imprisonment of Chapman and Marston, and Jonson voluntarily joined them in their confinement. The three poets were released, presumably because Chapman enjoyed high favor with the Court.

Chapman's comedy The Gentleman Usher, registered in 1605 as A Book Called Vincentio and Margaret and published in 1606, was apparently written between 1602 and 1604 for the Children of the Chapel. Monsieur D'Olive (published in 1606) was apparently written by Chapman about 1604. The Second Maiden's Tragedy and Two Wise Men and all the Rest Fools (the latter being printed in 1619) are both ascribed to Chapman, too, but there is no basic proof and apparently no justifiable reason for this.[1]

Two other comedies were written by Chapman before the end of his career. They are May-Day (printed in 1611) and The Widow's Tears (printed in 1612).

Chapman's comedies have often been described as "pot-boilers,"[2] and it is in the field of tragedy that he primarily takes rank. His four chief tragedies are these: Bussy d'Ambois, which may have been written as early as 1598 but was not published until 1607; The Revenge of Bussy d'Ambois, published in 1613; and The Conspiracy, followed by The Tragedy of Charles, Duke of Byron, both published in 1608.

The Byron plays were banned becaused of protestations by the French ambassador. In these plays Chapman brought Henry IV of France, who was still

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[1] Arthur Henry Bullen, "George Chapman," Dictionary of National Biography, IV, 48.

[2] U. M. Ellis-Fermor, The Jacobean Drama, London, 1936, p. 54.

alive, into enacted representation upon the stage, and in The Conspiracy he had the Queen of France berate her consort's mistress and administer a box on her ear. Queen Elizabeth of England was also impersonated in the Byron plays.

During this period and until November 16, 1612, Chapman's patron was Prince Henry. On this date Prince Henry died, and Chapman soon afterwards lost his position as sewer-in-ordinary, for Prince Charles refused to be Chapman's patron. Nor did Chapman receive from King James the life pension promised to him by Prince Henry. Since there was no patron to support Chapman, he underwent a period of poverty and debt.

In spite of this, he continued with his writings and completed a masque which was performed by the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn for the Princess Elizabeth's wedding celebrations. Then from 1614 to 1631 Chapman does not appear to have written anything for the stage, unless it was a hasty version of Chabot, Admiral of France, which was licensed in 1635 and printed in 1639. This play is credited to both George Chapman and James Shirley. A comedy entitled The Ball (licensed 1632, printed 1639) is also credited to Shirley and Chapman.[3]

From 1614 to 1631 Chapman was occupied with his translations of Homer, Hesiod, Juvenal, Musaeus, Petrarch, and others. His only completely poetical work after 1613 was Andromeda Liberata, which was written for the marriage of his new patron Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, to the divorced Lady Essex.

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3 Sir Adolphus William Ward, History of English Dramatic Literature, London, 1899, II, 44. Ward conjectures that Chabot was outlined by Chapman and revised by Shirley. As to The Ball, Ward points to a comment by F. G. Fleay in English Drama, II, 241, that The Ball was an old play of Chapman's written in 1604 c., and that the last three acts were rewritten and altered by Shirley.

In 1617 the Earl of Somerset was sentenced to prison, and Chapman again lost a patron. Although Chapman remained faithful to Somerset even after his downfall, this did not prevent the poet-dramatist's dedicating his translation of Hesiod's Georgies to Sir Francis Bacon, who sentenced Somerset to Prison.

Little more is known of the writings of George Chapman. During his latter years he wrote a lengthy fragment titled Invective written by Mr. George Chapman against Mr. Ben Jonson. Apparently he quarreled with Jonson because the latter criticized his scholarship in a note written in the margin of a copy of The Whole Works of Homer.

Ward, writing of Chapman's last years, states:

> The last work, however, published with his name in his lifetime was the tragedy of Caesar and Pompey, 1631, not known to have been acted and the revision of an earlier play.[4]

There are two other tragedies which are usually included among Chapman's work. They were not printed until twenty years after his death. Then both of them appeared during 1654 with his name attached to them. One of these, Alphonsus Emperor of Germany, was acted at the Blackfriars on May 5, 1636; the other, Revenge for Honour, may have been written by a Henry Glapthorne, according to Fleay, who points out that it was entered in the registers in 1653 under the name Henry Glapthorne.[5]

With the exception of Fleay's feeble attempt to prove that Chapman was Shakespeare's coadjutor for the writing of Julius Caesar, and Jonson's colleague for Poetaster,[6] no other writings have been ascribed to Chapman.

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[4] Sir Adolphus William Ward, History of English Dramatic Literature, II, 445.

[5] F. G. Fleay, English Drama, II, 326, quoted in ibid., II, 432, footnote 1.

[6] F. G. Fleay, English Drama, II, 22-3, quoted in Harley Granville-Barker and G. B. Harrison, A Companion to Shakespeare Studies, New York, 1940, p. 172.

III

Although George Chapman's Caesar and Pompey is possibly the least known of his plays and, so far as can be ascertained, has never been produced on the stage, there is much to be commended in this so-called tragedy.

Critics have recognized that Chapman's "rarest jewels of thought and verse detachable from the context lie embedded in the tragedy of Caesar and Pompey, whence the finest of them were first extracted by the unerring and unequaled critical genius of Charles Lamb."[1]

For example, in Act III, Scene 1, lines 12 - 14, when Pompey declares that the coming fight at Pharsalia is to be the touchstone of his fortunes and that all shall share in whatever success he obtains, he uses the following simile:

> But like so many Bees have brought me home
> The sweet of whatsoever flowers have grown
> In all the meads and gardens of the world.

Or again in Act V, when the defeated Pompey enters in disguise and tests the fidelity of his wife Cornelia by disparaging himself and asking her whether she could submit herself to her husband even though he were fallen, Cornelia replies: 'If he submit himself cheerfully to his fortune.' Then Pompey, flinging off his disguise, folds Cornelia in his arms and exclaims: 'O gods, was I ever great till this minute.' As they both

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[1] Encyclopaedia Britannica, Chicago, 1949, V, 240.

accept the change in fortune, resolving to rise above adversity, Pompey states that they are

> . . . like rooms that fight
> With windows gainst the wind, yet let in light.
> (Act V, Scene i, lines 232 - 233)

Among the other outstanding similes of the play is the lion simile in Act II, Scene ll, lines 20 - 33, spoken by Nuntius, who as chorus tells how Pompey has fled from Rome and Caesar is in pursuit. Pompey turns and attacks his pursuer

> . . . as in Lybia an aged lion,
> Urg'd from his peaceful covert, fears the light,
> With his unready and diseas'd appearance,
> Gives way to chase awhile and coldly hunts
> Till with the youthful hunter's wanton heat
> He all his cool wrath frets into a flame,
> And then his sides he swinges with his stern,
> To lash his strength up, lets down all his brows
> About his burning eyes, erects his mane,
> Breaks all his throat in thunders, and to wreak
> His hunter's insolence, his heart even barking,
> He frees his fury, turns, and rushes back
> With such a ghastly horror that in heaps
> His proud foes fly, and he that station keeps.

In addition to such splendid figures of speech, there are fine parallel structures, such as that which occurs at the beginning of Act II when Fronto, a ragged beggar, in a soliloquy tells of his wretched state and his knavery and is about to hang himself. To him appears a strange monster from the infernal regions who gives his name as Ophioneus, one of the fallen angels. He urges Fronto to desist from his purpose since the present is the "only time that ever was for a rascal to live in." (Act II, Scene i, lines 25 - 26) Ophioneus bids Fronto to

> . . . equivocate with the sophister, prate
> With the lawyer, scrape with the usurer, drink with the
> Dutchman, swear with the Frenchman, cheat with the
> Englishman, brag with the Scot, and turn all this to religion.
> Hoc est regnum Deorum Gentibus.
> (Act II, Scene i, lines 113 - 116)

The "rarest jewels of thought" referred to in Caesar and Pompey in the biographical article in the Encyclopaedia Britannica reflect Stoicism. "Only a just man is a free man," from the title page of the tragedy, is practically the same wording in the last line spoken by Cato, "Just men are only free, the rest are slaves." (Act V, Scene ii, l. 177) These Stoical words from Cato, a man described as being one whom neither "fair words" nor "rewards" can "corrupt," are the core of the philosophy of the play. Throughout the tragedy the idea of the just man standing alone, fearless and free against all encroaching tyranny, is stressed. Statilius, one of Cato's followers, expresses the thought in these words after it is learned that Caesar has been victorious at Pharsalia:

> Why was man ever just but to be free
> Gainst all injustice and to bear about him
> As well all means to freedom every hour,
> As every hour he should be arm'd for death,
> Which only is his freedom?
> (Act IV, Scene v, lines 47 - 51)

Athenodorus, another of Cato's friends, does not believe at first that man is free to elect death; but Cato convinces him with this argument:

> As Nature works in all things to an end,
> So in th' appropriate honour of that end
> All things precedent have their natural frame:
> And therefore is there a proportion
> Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes;
> For else there could not be in their creation
> Always or for the most part that firm form
> In their still like existence that we see
> In each full creature. What proportion then
> Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
> And therefore the mortabilty to which
> A man is subject rather is a sleep
> Than bestial death, since Sleep and Death are call'd
> The twins of Nature. For if absolute death
> And bestial seize the body of a man,
> Then is there no proportion in his parts,
> His soul being free from death, which otherwise
> Retains divine proportion. For as sleep

No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end:
So death (twin-born of sleep), resolving all
Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the spritely soul
When in a second life their beings given
Holds their proportion firm in highest heaven.

Ath. Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
Our souls again to heaven?

Cato. Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings:
'Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which tied to earth shall fetch up earth and seas.'
And what's that golden chain but our pure souls?
A golden beam of him let down by him
That govern'd with his grace and drawn by him,
Can hoist this earthy body up to him,
The sea and air and all the elements
Compress'd in it; not while 'tis thus concrete,
But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.
(Act IV, Scene v, lines 97 - 136)

Then when Cato realizes that Caesar is the physical conqueror, he refuses to be a slave to a "tyrant," preferring suicide instead. As Parrott writes:

> Cato has never been stronger in body and spirit than in his last hours. It is not fear of being led in triumph that impels him to suicide, but a high scorn of seeming to accept his life from the conqueror. He beats down with irresistible force the arguments and prayers of those who would have him live, and his last words as he falls on his sword ring like the trumpet call that announces the entry of a monarch into some new dominion:
>
> Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her, heaven,
> The earth, the air, the seas I know, and all
> The joys and horrors of their peace and wars,
> And now will see the Gods' state and the stars.[2]

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[2] Thomas Marc Parrott, ed., The Plays and Poems of George Chapman, London, 1910, I, 662.

In spite of these "rarest jewels of thought and verse detachable from the context," it is also just to note the comment that "the lofty and labouring spirit of Chapman may be said rather to shine fitfully through parts than steadily to pervade the whole; they show nobly altogether as they stand, but even better by help of excerpts and selections."[3] The truth of this remark can be noted in the lack of unity in the play. Chapman has titled his drama The Tragedy of Caesar and Pompey and begins Act I with a debate in the Senate between these two great historical personages. Thus the focal point of interest appears to be Caesar and Pompey. As the play progresses, however, it is the Stoical Cato who emerges as the hero. But this philosophical Roman who represents the "only a just man is a free man" idea makes an exit from the play in Act II, Scene iv, and does not again appear until the latter half of Act IV. In the interim Chapman deals with the struggle between Caesar and Pompey, becoming involved with scenes of action, such as the events of the battle of Pharsalia. After defeat, Pompey reflects the Stoical doctrines until he is murdered. Then, as Cato enters the play again, all attention focuses on him. Until he commits suicide, Cato is the Stoic protagonist who embodies the philosophical ideas of the play. Thus the focal point of interest shifts among the three principal characters, Caesar, Pompey, and Cato, in such a diffused manner that the play lacks unity.

That Chapman attempts to justify Cato's suicide in the one hundred and sixty-two lines devoted to it in the tragedy is quite obvious. But the question arises, "Does a man who commits suicide because he is a perfect

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[3] "George Chapman," Encyclopaedia Britannica, Chicago, 1949, V, 240.

Stoic become a great tragic figure in a drama?" The answer is "no." Cato had already resigned himself to suicide in preference to living under Caesar's dictatorship and he caused Caesar's victory to be an empty one (by this suicidal act). According to the Aristotelian interpretation of a tragic hero, he must have a weakness which leads to his being overcome by circumstances. A man like Cato, with no tragic flaw, could not emerge as a tragic hero.

There is, however, a kind of tragic meaning created by the death of Pompey earlier in the play. But there is an inconsistency in Chapman's drawing of Pompey. When this great historical figure is brought into the action in Act I, he asserts his love for Rome but shows, at the same time, a personal jealousy of Caesar. His tragic flaw shows up in the battle of Pharsalia when he prefers to be overcome by Caesar rather than be branded as a coward. Pride causes him to lose this battle. Pompey then undergoes a personal change in that he becomes a Stoic. Until he is murdered he projects the philosophy which Cato consistently advocates throughout the drama. Thus the Pompey who talks with his wife about high ideals and who appears to have none of the materialistic qualities of the Pompey introduced at the beginning of the play appears to be another character. So it would be difficult to vindicate Chapman's distortion of character for the sake of philosophy.

As to the character of Caesar, the words of Thomas Marc Parrott in his introduction to the play might well be quoted. He states:

> Chapman has succeeded . . . with the figure of Caesar . . . it is not too much to say that he has come nearer the Caesar of Plutarch than Shakespeare has done. Shakespeare's portrait of Caesar as an elderly, pompous, and valetudinarian tyrant is singularly unconvincing. Chapman's conception of him as a favorite of fortune - "some have said she was the page of Caesar" - eloquent, energetic, generous, loth

> to spill blood, quick to repair an error,
> and supremely confident in his destiny, is a much
> truer likeness of 'the mightiest Julius.'[4]

In spite of this, however, Chapman makes of Caesar a tyrant, and the chief Stoical lines of the play are spoken as a defense against the policies and tactics of Caesar. This great Roman conquerer, it is pointed out, would rob such men as Cato of their spiritual independence. As Parrott writes:

> No clash of warring factions, no fall of empires, no loss of outward hopes - such is Chapman's teaching - can deprive the just man of his spiritual freedom:
> This freedom, it is interesting to note, rests in Cato's case upon profound religious conviction. There is an effective contrast drawn in the play between Caesar's superstitious belief in the gods as disposers of outward events and Cato's reliance upon their eternal and unchanging justice.[5]

If one considers this play primarily from the philosophical point of view, as no doubt Chapman intended it to be considered, Caesar would emerge as third in importance, with Pompey, who becomes a Stoic, taking second-place honors. While it is true that Caesar and Pompey dominate the greatest number of scenes, Cato, who actually forges to the front in only two scenes, formulates the Stoical ideas which pervade the so-called tragedy. Thus he emerges as the principal character.

Since the play is obscure, badly printed, full of puzzles and loose dramatic construction, it is difficult to analyze thoroughly in a critical light. But it is perhaps safe to state, in the words of U.M. Ellis-Fermor, that because of the spiritual uncertainty of the period in which Chapman

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[4] Thomas Marc Parrott, ed., The Plays and Poems of George Chapman, London, 1910, I, 658.

[5] Ibid.

wrote Caesar and Pompey, the passages on immortality in the tragedy are "detached from their setting" and seem to be "more and more the strained emphatic speech of a man arguing to convince himself."[6]

Concerning Chapman's Caesar and Pompey as a whole, Sir Adolphus Ward states that the last act "both as developing Cato's philosophy and as exhibiting with some dramatic force the anxieties of Pompey's wife Cornelia and her fleeting recovery of the husband whom she is to lose forever," seems superior in execution to the rest of the play, "which shows more unevenness in the treatment of its theme."[7]

The source of nearly all the incidents in Chapman's so-called tragedy is to be found in the lives of Caesar, Pompey, and Cato the Younger, as given in North's Plutarch. At times Chapman disregards his source, but so far as the main historical action is concerned, the poet-dramatist is faithful to the recordings in Plutarch's Lives.

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[6] U.M. Ellis-Fermor, The Jacobean Drama, London, 1936, p. 53.

[7] Sir Adolphus William Ward, History of English Dramatic Literature, London, 1899, II, 422.

In the dedication to the first 1631 publication of Caesar and Pompey, George Chapman states that this drama was written "long since," and never "touched it at the stage." This statement has brought about conjecture on the part of research scholars as to when the play was actually written.

Parrott points out that the so-called tragedy was licensed by "Herbert and entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 18, 1631," and that it was published the same year. It is also mentioned by Parrott that Fleay in his Biographical Chronicles dates Chapman's writing of the play as "not later than 1608, based upon an old play of 1594 mentioned by Henslowe under the date of November 8, 1594." Parrott concludes his conjectures with this statement: "My own opinion, based upon somewhat intangible evidence of style and rhythm, is that the play was composed about the time of, probably a little later than, The Revenge of Bussy, i.e., in 1612-13."[1]

Felix E. Schelling in Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642, asserts that the Roman drama must have been written later than 1607,[2] and A.C. Swinburne in George Chapman believes the date of writing to be 1604.[3] Horace Howard Furness, Jr., however, assigns the date of composition of Caesar and Pompey to a

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1 Thomas Marc Parrott, ed., The Plays and Poems of George Chapman, London, 1910, I, 655.

2 Felix E. Schelling, Elizabethan Drama, 1558-1642, Boston, 1908, II, 12-13.

3 A. C. Swinburne, George Chapman, London, 1875, p. 172.

period between 1594 and 1598 on this evidence:

> In Act II, sc. 1, Fronto, the ragged thief, says: ' - as if good clothes Were knacks to know a knave,' which seems to be a reference to the title of the comedy A Knack to Know a Knave, acted by Alleyn's players, and published in 1594. . . . its alliterative title doubtless caught the fancy of the town and made it become a stock-phrase . . . . The other limiting date, 1596, is that of Chapman's earliest extant play, The Blind Beggar of Alexandria, first printed in 1598; had Caesar and Pompey been subsequent to this, I think that it would have 'touched it at the stage,' which Chapman declares was not the case.[4]

Later in the same commentary, Furness indicates that the first three acts of the play may have been written by Chapman much "earlier than the last two," pointing to the fact that the last two acts appear to express thoughts in a much maturer fashion.[5]

Thus it can be concluded that the date of composition of Caesar and Pompey is not certainly known. The two early quartos of this play were both published in 1631.

As far as can be determined, the first quarto, which was licensed on May 18, 1631, is represented by only two existing copies. Parrott states that one of these is known as the Malone copy at the Bodleian and the other is a copy acquired by the British museum in 1907.[6]

The title page of the first copy states: The Warres of Pompey and Caesar. Out of whose events is evicted this proposition, Only a just man is a freeman. By G. C. Godfrey Emondson and Thomas Alchorne, MDCXXXI.

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4 A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, The Tragedies of Julius Caesar, Edited by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., London, 1913, p. 455.

5 Ibid.

6 Thomas Marc Parrott, ed., The Plays and Poems of George Chapman, London, 1910, I, 663.

The second quarto has this title page: Caesar and Pompey: A Roman Tragedy, declaring their Warres. Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition, Only a just man is a freeman. By George Chapman. London. Printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Godfrey Emondson and Thomas Alchorne. MDCXXXI.

Parrott points out that the freshness of the blocks of the first quarto indicates that it is the first edition, and he conjectures: "As I have not found any variation between the two [quartos] in the text, I take it that the title-page alone was changed as the edition was going through the press. The former is the much rarer of the two."[7]

The second quarto shows lack of revision, and there are either author's or printer's errors on nearly every page. For example, Act V, Scene ii, line 181, in Quarto Two has the word "basted" for "blasted"; Act V, Scene ii, line 120, in Quarto Two is "We professe not that knowledge" for "We possess not that knowledge"; Act III, Scene ii, line 76, in Quarto Two has "in an spirit" for "in any spirit"; Act II, Scene iv, line 105, in Quarto Two has "suspection" for "suspect." Careless punctuation is also in evidence in Quarto Two. For example, "zany, war" in Act IV, Scene i, line 97, and "No stay but their wild errors" in Act V, Scene ii, line 107, should obviously be "zany war" and "No, stay but their wild errors."

The third edition of the play appeared in 1653. The title page of this quarto declares that Caesar and Pompey was acted at Blackfriars. Parrott points out that this "might, no doubt, be taken as a bookseller's flourish to promote the sale," and further states that such an assertion should not outweigh George Chapman's statement that "never touched it at the stage."[8]

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7 Thomas Marc Parrott, ed., The Plays and Poems of George Chapman, London, 1910, I, 663.

8 Ibid., p. 656.

There is some evidence, however, that the so-called historical tragedy may have been enacted on the stage. This evidence lies in the fullness of the stage directions. For example, in Act II, Scene i, Fronto is introduced as "all ragged in an overgrown red beard, black head, with a halter in his hand," and Ophioneus is pictured as having "the face, wings, and tail of a dragon; a skin coat all speckled on the throat." Throughout the play, too, there are numerous directions for the actors to follow. Parrott's conclusion that Chapman may have prevented the play from being performed after it had been rehearsed at Blackfriars is not completely satisfactory, but any answer would be mere conjecture.

Apparently the 1653 edition, with the exception of the title page which has only a change from the word freeman on, which reads: As it was Acted at the Black-Fryers. Written by George Chapman. London. Printed in the Yeare 1653. By the true Copie, is old sheets of Quarto Two bound together and placed under new binding with a new title page added. These pages are difficult to read because of the dim printing or aged sheets.

The next printing of Caesar and Pompey appeared in 1873, being edited by John Pearson. It is included in Volume III of Pearson's The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman. Although this is stated to be an exact reproduction of the original, there are mistakes made by either the printer or the editor. For example, in the dedication the word "dimimution" appears for "diminution" (dedication, page 125, line 11). On page 134 in the Pearson edition, Act I, Scene i, line 105, the word "tten" appears for "then." Many commas and other punctuation marks have been added or subtracted from the original text without any apparent reason.

The next edition of the play is that of R. H. Shepherd in Chapman's Works - Plays in 1874. In the Shepherd edition, the first attempt to modernize the play is made. Apparently Shepherd modernized Caesar and Pompey from studying

one of the 1631 copies instead of the Pearson edition, for the Pearson errors do not appear in the Shepherd edition. Most of the punctuation errors (as adjudged by modern, not seventeenth-century standards) are still to be found in the Shepherd edition although Shepherd professes to modernize the punctuation. In some instances Shepherd has made incorrect word modernizations. For example, in Act II, Scene v, line 44, Shepherd has straight for the Quarto Two word fraight, when it is obvious from the meaning of the line that fraight is a variant for freight. Some of the stage directions are also shifted in the Shepherd edition, thus confusing the action. For example, in Act I, Scene ii, line 213, the stage direction He draws and all draw is shifted to line 212, thus making it appear that Pompey instead of Caesar is the first to draw a sword.

The next modernization of Caesar and Pompey was effected by Thomas Marc Parrott in a printed edition issued in 1910. The title of the book containing this modernization is The Plays and Poems of George Chapman, The Tragedies. In addition to modernizing the play, Parrott has divided the play into scenes, whereas the other editions had Act I, Scene i, for every act. Parrott has apparently indicated a new scene each time the stage directions indicate that the stage is cleared of the actors or that the locale of the play has been shifted from one scene to another. He has also included a Dramatis Personae, which is the first ever printed. Names which are confusing in the other editions are clarified by Parrott. While in many respects the Parrott edition is the most readable of all the editions, it, too, is filled with errors, notably in punctuation. For example, such a past pasticiple as "stroke" in Act III, Scene ii, line 13, of the Parrott edition should be modernized as "struck." Parrott's modernization in Act V, Scene 1, lines 212-14, which reads,

> And, for earth's greatness,
> All heavenly comforts rarefies the air.
> I'll therefore live in dark.

might be more comprehensible by shifting the comma after "greatness" to after "air," and taking "for" as "because."

On the whole, however, the plan which Parrott has used for modernizing Caesar and Pompey leaves little to be desired. An introduction, chiefly historical, contains some comments of general appreciation. There is also an elaborate commentary included in the introduction which traces sources of the play and compares the tragedy with similar works by Chapman and other playwrights. The commentary reveals a vast amount of running down the allusions of Chapman's widely-ranging mind, as do the explanatory notes prepared by Parrott; but to do this is far easier than to disentangle Chapman's often crabbed thoughts. Parrott has frankly given up in many cases and in many others has fallen short of the truth. In general, however, his explanations, his textual notes, and explanatory notes are helpful and precise.

The present text, a modernization prepared for this thesis, was written after all preceding editions had been read and notes taken on the differences in punctuation, wording, and interpretation of lines. Many new interpretations have been placed upon lines by elucidation of obscure words and by emendations primarily in punctuation. The reasons for these changes are fully explained in each instance in the textual notes or explanatory notes. In order to have as complete textual notes and explanatory notes as possible, the editor of the present text has incorporated all that have been compiled by other authorities and has added many which have been overlooked by other editors. The Dramatis Personae presented in the Parrott edition has been included in toto, with such correct forms as Sextus for the son of Pompey and Septimius for his murderer. In addition to the Parrott textual notes and explanatory notes, source material and notes compiled by Kern and Koeppel, notes and criticisms of the Parrott edition textual notes and explanatory notes by George G. Loane in two articles

entitled "Notes on Chapman's Plays," and evaluative material by Horace Howard Furness, Jr., in his A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare, The Tragedy of Julius Caesar, have also been included in the textual notes and explanatory notes of the present edition.

THE TRAGEDY OF CAESAR AND POMPEY

To

The Right Honourable, His Exceeding Good

Lord,

THE EARL OF MIDDLESEX, &c.

Though, my good lord, this martial history suffer the division of acts and scenes, both for the more perspicuity and height of the celebration, yet never touched it at the stage; or if it had (though some may perhaps causelessly impair it) yet would it, I hope, fall under no exception in your lordship's better-judging estimation, since scenical representation is so far from giving just cause of any least diminution, that the personal and exact life it gives to any history, or other such delineation of human actions, adds to them lustre, spirit, and apprehension: which the only section of acts and scenes makes me stand upon thus much, since that only in some precisianisms will require a little prevention, and the hasty prose the style avoids, obtain to the more temperate and staid numerous elocution some assistance to the acceptation and grace of it. Though ingenuously my gratitude confesseth, my lord, it is not such as hereafter I vow to your honour, being written so long since, and had not the timely ripeness of that age, that, I thank God, I yet find no fault withal for any such defects.

Good my lord, vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit some slight glances at this, till some work of more novelty and fashion may confer this the more liking of your honour's more worthy deservings; to which his bounden affection vows all services.

Ever your lordship's

Geo. Chapman.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Julius Caesar

Mark Antony

Pompey

Sextus, Pompey's son

Marcus Cato

Portius, his son

Athenodorus, a philosopher

Statilius, a disciple of Cato

Cleanthes, the Physician of Cato

Marcus Brutus

Minutius, Metellus, Marcellus, — tribunes

Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, — Roman nobles

The two Lentuli, Crassinius, Acilius, — soldiers of Caesar

Achillas, Septimius, — murderers

Salvius, Marcilius, Butas, — servants of Cato

Drusus, servant of Cornelia

Fronto, a ruined knave

Ophioneus, a devil

The Kings of Iberia, Thessaly, Cicilia, Epirus, Thrace

The two Consuls

Nuntius

A Soothsayer

A Shipmaster

A Sentinel

Two Scouts

Senators

Citizens

Soldiers

Ruffians

Lords and Citizens of Utica

Ushers

Pages

Cornelia, wife of Pompey

Cyris, his daughter

Telesilla, Laelia, — maids of Cornelia

The Argument

Pompey and Caesar bring their armies so near Rome that the Senate except against them. Caesar unduly and ambitiously commanding his forces; Pompey more for fear of Caesar's violence to the State than moved with any affectation of his own greatness. Their opposite pleadings out of which admirable narrations are made which yet not conducing to their ends, war ends them. In which at first Caesar is forced to fly, whom Pompey not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding conqueror, his victory was prevented, and he unhappily dishonoured. Whose ill fortune his most loving and learned wife Cornelia travailed after, with pains solemn and careful enough; whom the two Lentuli and others attended, till she miserably found him and saw him monstrously murthered.

Both the Consuls and Cato are slaughtered with their own invincible hands, and Caesar (in spite of all his fortune) without his victory victor.

ONLY A JUST MAN IS A FREE MAN

ACT I, SCENE i

[A Room in Cato's House.]

Cato, Athenodorus, Portuus, Statilius

Cato. Now will the two suns of our Roman heaven,
Pompey and Caesar, in their tropic burning,
With their contention, all the clouds assemble
That threaten tempests to our peace and empire,
Which we shall shortly see pour down in blood—
Civil and natural, wild and barbarous turning.
Ath. From whence presage you this?
Cato. From both their armies,
Now gather'd near our Italy, contending
To enter severally: Pompey's brought so near
By Rome's consent for fear of tyrannous Caesar;
Which Caesar, fearing to be done in favour
Of Pompey and his passage to the empire,
Hath brought on his for intervention.
And such a flock of puttocks follow Caesar,
For fall[ings] of his ill-disposed purse
(That never yet spar'd cross to aquiline virtue),
As well may make all civil spirits suspicious.
Look how against great rains a standing pool
Of paddocks, toads, and water-snakes put up
Their speckled throats above the venomous lake,

Croaking and gasping for some fresh-fall'n drops,
To quench their poison'd thirst, being near to stifle
With clotter'd purgings of their own foul bane:
So still where Caesar goes there thrust up head
Impostors, flatterers, favourites, and bawds,
Buffoons, intelligencers, select wits,
Close murtherers, mountebanks, and decay'd thieves,
To gain their baneful lives' reliefs from him,
From Britain, Belgia, France, and Germany,
The scum of either country (choos'd by him,
To be his black guard and red agents here)
Swarming about him.
Por. And all these are said
To be suborn'd, in chief, against yourself;
Since Caesar chiefly fears that you will sit
This day his opposite, in the cause for which
Both you were sent for home, and he hath stol'n
Access so soon here; Pompey's whole rest rais'd
To his encounter, and, on both sides, Rome
In general uproar.
Stat. /To Athenodorus/ Which, sir, if you saw,
And knew, how for the danger all suspect
To this your worthiest friend (for that known freedom
His spirit will use this day gainst both the rivals -
His wife and family mourn, no food, no comfort
Allow'd them for his danger) you would use *
Your utmost powers to stay him from the Senate
All this day's session.
Cato. He's too wise, Statilius;
For all is nothing.
Stat. Nothing, sir? I saw
Castor and Pollux Temple thrust up full
With all the damn'd crew you have lately nam'd,
The market-place and suburbs swarming with them;
And where the Senate sit, are ruffians pointed
To keep from entering the degrees that go
Up to the Bench all other but the Consuls,
Caesar and Pompey, and the Senators;
And all for no cause but to keep out Cato
With any violence, any villany.
And is this nothing, sir? Is his one life,
On whom all good lives and their goods depend
In Rome's whole Empire, all the justice there
That's free and simple, all such virtues too,
And all such knowledge, nothing, nothing, all?
Cato. Away, Statilius! how long shall thy love
Exceed their knowledge of me and the gods
Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right? Have not I
Their powers to guard me in a cause of theirs?
Their justice and integrity included *
In what I stand for? He that fears the gods
For guard of any goodness, all things fears -

Earth, seas, and air, heaven, darkness, broad daylight,
Rumour and silence and his very shade;
And what an aspen soul hath such a creature!
How dangerous to his soul is such a fear!
In whose cold fits is all heaven's justice shaken
To his faint thoughts, and all the goodness there,
Due to all good men by the gods' own vows,
Nay, by the firmness of their endless being;
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them, for his goodness
Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
O never more, Statilius, may this fear
Taint thy bold bosom for thyself or friend,
More than the gods are fearful to defend.
Ath. Come, let him go, Statilius, and your fright;
This man hath inward guard past your young sight.
Exeunt /Portius, Athenodorus and Statilius/.

Enter Minutius, manet Cato.

Cato. Welcome come stand by me in what is fit
For our poor city's safety, nor respect
Her proudest foe's corruption, or our danger
Of what seen face soever.
Min. I am yours.
But what, alas, sir, can the weakness do,
Against our whole state - of us only two?
You know our statists' spirits are so corrupt
And servile to the greatest, that what crosseth
Them or their own particular wealth or honour
They will not enterprise to save the Empire.
Cato. I know it; yet let us do like ourselves. Exeunt.

/SCENE ii

The Forum, before the Temple of Castor and Pollux/

Enter some bearing axes, bundles of rods, bare, before two Consuls; Caesar and Metellus, Antony and Marcellus, in couples; Senators, People, Soldiers, etc., following. The Consuls enter the degrees with Antony and Marcellus, Caesar staying awhile without with Metellus, who hath a paper in his hand.

Caes. /to Metellus/. Move you for ent'ring only
Pompey's army;
Which if you gain for him, for me all justice
Will join with my request of ent'ring mine.
Met. /to Caesar/. 'Tis like so, and I purpose to enforce it.
Caes. But might we not win Cato to our friendship
By honouring speeches nor persuasive gifts?
Met. Not possible!
Caes. Nor by enforcive usage?

Met. Not all the violence that can be us'd
Of power or set authority can stir him,
Much less fair words win or rewards corrupt him;
And therefore all means we must use to keep him
From off the Bench.
Caes. Give you the course for that;
And if he offer entry, I have fellows
Will serve your will on him at my given signal.
They ascend.

Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, with papers. Enter the lists, ascend and sit. After whom enter Cato, Minutius, Athenodorus, Statilius, Portius.

Cato. He is the man that sits so close to Caesar,
And holds the law there, whispering; see the coward
Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked.
I'll part their whispering virtue.
1/st Cit./ Hold, keep out!
2/nd Cit./ What, honoured Cato? Enter, choose thy place.
Cato /To his friends./ Come in.
He draws him in and sits betwixt Caesar and Metellus.
Away, unworthy grooms.
3/rd Cit./ No more!
Caes. What should one say to him?
Met. He will be Stoical.
Cato. Where fit place is not given, it must be taken.
4/th Cit./ Do, take it, Cato; fear no greatest of them!
Thou seek'st the people's good, and these their own.
5/th Cit./ Brave Cato! What a countenance he puts on!
Let's give his noble will our utmost power.
6/th Cit./ Be bold in all thy will; for being just,
Thou mayst defy the gods.
Cato. Said like a god.
Met. We must endure these people.
Caes. Do; begin.
Met. /Rising./ Consuls, and reverend Fathers, and ye people,
Whose voices are the voices of the gods: *
I here have drawn a law, by good consent,
For ent'ring into Italy the army
Of Rome's great Pompey, that, his forces here
As well as he, great Rome may rest secure
From danger of the yet still smoking fire
Of Catiline's abhorr'd conspiracy:
Of which the very chief are left alive,
Only chastis'd but with a gentle prison.
Cato. Put them to death, then, and strike dead our fear,
That well you urge, by their unfit survival
Rather than keep it quick, and two lives give it
By entertaining Pompey's army, too,
That gives as great cause of our fear as they.

For their conspiracy only was to make
One tyrant over all the state of Rome;
And Pompey's army, suffer'd to be enter'd,
Is to make him or give him means to do so.
Met. It follows not.
Cato. In purpose; clearly, sir,*
Which I'll illustrate with a clear example.
If it be day, the sun's above the earth;
Which follows not (you'll answer) for 'tis day
When first the morning breaks; and yet is then *
The body of the sun beneath the earth;
But he is virtually above it, too,
Because his beams are there; and who then knows not
His golden body will soon after mount.
So Pompey's army enter'd Italy;
Yet Pompey's not in Rome; but Pompey's beams —
Who sees not there? And consequently he
Is in all means enthron'd in th' empery.
Met. Examples prove not; we will have the army
Of Pompey enter'd.
Cato. We? Which 'we' intend you?
Have you already bought the people's voices?
Or bear our Consuls or our Senate here
So small love to their country that their wills
Beyond their country's right are so perverse
To give a tyrant here entire command?
Which I have prov'd as clear as day they do,
If either the conspirators surviving
Be let to live or Pompey's army enter'd;
Both which beat one sole path and threat one danger.
Caes. Consuls, and honour'd Fathers: the sole entry
Of Pompey's army I'll not yet examine;
But for the great conspirators yet living,
(Which Cato will conclude as one self danger
To our dear country and deter all, therefore,
That love their country from their lives' defence)
I see no reason why such danger hangs
On their sav'd lives, being still safe kept in prison
And since close prison to a Roman freeman
Tenfold torments more than directest death,
Who can be thought to love the less his country,
That seeks to save their lives? And lest myself
(Thus speaking for them) be unjustly touch'd
With any less doubt of my country's love,
Why, reverend Fathers, may it be esteem'd
Self-praise in me to prove myself a chief
Both in my love of her and in desert
Of her like love in me? For he that does
Most honour to his mistress well may boast
(Without least question) that he loves her most.
And though things long since done were long since known
And so may seem superfluous to repeat,
Yet being forgotten, as things never done,

Their repetition needful is, in justice,
T'inflame the shame of that oblivion,
For, hoping it will seem no less impair
To others' acts to truly tell mine own,
(Put all together),I have pass'd them all
That by their acts can boast themselves to be
Their country's lovers: first, in those wild kingdoms
Subdu'd to Rome by my unwearied toils,
Which I dissavag'd and made nobly civil;
Next, in the multitude of those rude realms
That so I fashion'd and to Rome's young Empire
Of old have added,then the battles number'd
This hand hath fought and won for her, with all
Those infinites of dreadful enemies
I slew in them: twice fifteen hundred thousand,
(All able soldiers) I have driven at once
Before my forces, and in sundry onsets
A thousand thousand of them put to sword.
Besides, I took in less than ten years' time
By strong assault above eight hundred cities,
Three hundred several nations in that space
Subduing to my country; all which service,
I trust, may interest me in her love,
Public and general,enough to acquit me
Of any self-love, past her common good,
For any motion of particular justice
(By which her general empire is maintain'd)
That I can make for those accused prisoners,
(Which is but by the way that so the reason *
Metellus makes for ent'ring Pompey's army)
May not more weighty seem than to agree
With those imprison'd nobles' vital safeties;
Which granted, or but yielded fit to be,
May well extenuate the necessity
Of ent'ring Pompey's army.
    Cato. All that need
I took away before and reasons gave
For a necessity to keep it out,
Whose entry, I think, he himself affects not,
Since, I as well think, he affects not th' Empire,
And both those thoughts hold; since he loves his country,
In my great hopes of him, too well to seek
His sole rule of her, when so many souls
So hard a task approve it; nor my hopes
Of his sincere love to his country build
On sandier grounds than Caesar's; since he can
As good cards show for it as Caesar did
And quit therein the close aspersion
Of his ambition, seeking to employ
His army in the breast of Italy.
    Pom. Let me not thus /Imperial Bench and Senate,/
Feel myself beat about the ears and toss'd

With others' breaths to any coast they please;
And not put some stay to my errors in them.
The gods can witness that not my ambition
Hath brought to question th' entry of my army,
And therefore not suspected the effect
Of which that entry is suppos'd the cause,
Which is a will in me to give my power
The rule of Rome's sole Empire; that most strangely
Would put my will in others' powers, and powers
(Unforfeit by my fault) in others' wills.
My self-love, out of which all this must rise,
I will not wrong the known proofs of my love
To this my native city's public good,
To quit or think of, nor repeat those proofs,
Confirm'd in those three triumphs I have made
For conquest of the whole inhabited world,
First Afric, Europe, and then Asia,
Which never Consul but myself could boast.
Nor can blind Fortune vaunt her partial hand
In any part of all my services,
Though some have said she was the page of Caesar,
Both sailing, marching, fighting, and preparing
His fights in very order of his battles;
The parts she play'd for him inverting nature,
As giving calmness to th' enraged sea,
Imposing summer's weather on stern winter,
Winging the slowest foot he did command,
And his most coward making fierce of hand,
And all this ever when the force of man
Was quite exceeded in it all, and she
In th' instant adding her clear deity.
Yet her for me I both disclaim and scorn,
And where all fortune is renounc'd, no reason
Will think one man transferr'd with affectation
Of all Rome's empire, for he must have fortune
That goes beyond a man; and where so many
Their handfuls find with it, the one is mad
That undergoes it; and where that is clear'd,
Th' imputed means to it, which is my suit
For entry of mine army, I confute.

Cato. What rests then, this of all parts being disclaim'd?

Met. My part, sir, rests, that, let great Pompey bear
What spirit he lists, 'tis needful yet for Rome
That this law be establish'd for his army.

Caes. 'Tis then as needful to admit in mine
Or else let both lay down our arms, for else
To take my charge off and leave Pompey his. *
You wrongfully accuse me to intend
A tyranny amongst ye and shall give
Pompey full means to be himself a tyrant.

Ant. Can this be answer'd?

1st Con. Is it then your wills
That Pompey shall cease arms?

Ant. What else?
Omnes. No, no!
2nd Con. Shall Caesar cease his arms?
Omnes. Ay, ay!
Ant. For shame!
Then yield to this clear equity, that both
May leave their arms.
Omnes. We indifferent stand.
Met. Read but this law, and you shall see a difference
'Twixt equity and your indifferency;
All men's objections answer'd. Read it, notary.
Cato. He shall not read it.
Met. I will read it then.
Min. Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vain,
Pretending cause for Pompey's army's entry,
That only by thy complices and thee
'Tis forg'd to set the Senate in an uproar.
[He snatches the bill.]
Met. I have it, sir, in memory and will speak it.
Cato. Thou shalt be dumb as soon.
Caes. Pull down this Cato,
Author of factions, and to prison with him. He draws,
[Senate.] Come down, sir! and all draw.
Pom. Hence, ye mercenary ruffians!
1st Con. What outrage show you? Sheathe your insolent swords
Or be proclaim'd your country's foes and traitors.
Pom. How insolent a part was this in you,
To offer the imprisonment of Cato,
When there is right in him (were form so answer'd
With terms and place) to send us both to prison,
If of our own ambitions we should offer
Th' entry of our armies; for who knows
That, of us both, the best friend to his country
And freest from his own particular ends
(Being in his power), would not assume the Empire,
And having it, could rule the State so well
As now 'tis govern'd for the common good?
Caes. Accuse yourself, sir, (if your conscience urge it)
Or of ambition, or corruption,
Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,
And sound not me with your lead.
Pomp. Lead? 'Tis gold,
And spirit of gold, too, to the politic dross
With which false Caesar sounds men, and for which
His praise and honour crowns them. Who sounds not
The inmost sand of Caesar? For but sand
Is all the rope of your great parts affected.
You speak well and are learn'd; and golden speech
Did Nature never give man but to gild
A copper soul in him; and all that learning
That heartily is spent in painting speech,

Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.
But y'ave another praise for temperance,
Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate,
For so you must be, at least in your meals,
Since y'ave a malady that ties you to it
For fear of daily falls in your aspirings;
And your disease the gods ne'er gave to man
But such a one as had a spirit too great
For all his body's passages to serve it,
Which notes the excess of your ambition,
The malady chancing where the pores and passages
Through which the spirit of a man is borne
So narrow are, and strait, that oftentimes
They intercept it quite and choke it up.
And yet because the greatness of it notes
A heat mere fleshly, and of blood's rank fire,
Goats are of all beasts subject'st to it most.
Caes. Yourself might have it, then, if those faults cause it;
But deals this man ingeniously to tax
Men with a frailty that the gods inflict?
Pom. The gods inflict on men diseases never,
Or other outward maims, but to decipher,
Correct, and order some rude vice within them:
And why decipher they it, but to make
Men note and shun and tax it to th' extreme?
Nor will I see my country's hopes abus'd
In any man commanding in her Empire,
If my more trial of him makes me see more
Into his intricacies, and my freedom
Hath spirit to speak more than observer servile.
Caes. Be free, sir, of your insight and your speech
And speak and see more than the world besides;
I must remember I have heard of one
That (fame gave out) could see through oak and stone,
And of another set in Sicily
That could discern the Carthaginian navy
And number them distinctly, leaving harbour,
Though full a day and night's sail distant thence.
But these things, reverend Fathers, I conceive,
Hardly appear to you worth grave belief;
And therefore since such strange things have been seen
In my so deep and foul detractions
By only lyncean Pompey, who was most
Lov'd and believ'd of Rome's most famous whore,
Infamous Flora? by so fine a man
As Galba, or Sarmentus? any jester
Or flatterer may draw through a lady's ring?
By one that all his soldiers call in scorn
Great Agamemnon or the king of men -
I rest unmov'd with him; and yield to you
To right my wrongs or his abuse allow. *
Cato. My lords, ye make all Rome amaz'd to hear.

Pom. Away, I'll hear no more; I hear it thunder.
My lords, all of you that love the good of Rome,
I charge ye, follow me; all such as stay
Are friends to Caesar and their country's foes.
Caes. Th' event will fall out contrary, my lords.
1st Con. /to Caesar./ Go, thou are a thief to Rome.
Discharge thine army
Or be proclaim'd forthwith her open foe.
2nd Con. Pompey, I charge thee, help thy injur'd country
With what powers thou hast arm'd and levy more.
The Ruffians. War, war, O Caesar!
Senate and People. Peace, peace, worthy Pompey!

ACT II, SCENE i

/Before the Walls of Rome./

Enter Fronto, all ragged, in an overgrown red beard, black head, with a halter in his hand, looking about.

Fron. Wars, wars, and presses fly in fire about;
No more can I lurk in my lazy corners
Nor shifting courses, and with honest means
To rack my miserable life out - more -
The rack is not so fearful. When dishonest
And villainous fashions fail me, can I hope
To live with virtuous or to raise my fortunes
By creeping up in soldierly degrees?
Since villainy, varied thorough all his figures,
Will put no better case on me than this,
Despair, come seize me! I had able means
And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections,
Plung'd in all riot and the rage of blood,
In full assurance that being knave enough,
Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,
I needs must have enough while this world lasted.
Yet, since I am a poor and ragged knave,
My rags disgrace my knavery so that none
Will think I am /a/ knave - as if good clothes
Were knacks to know a knave when all men know
He has no living; which knacks since my knavery
Can show no more, and only show is all
That this world cares for. I'll step out of all
The cares 'tis steep'd in. He offers to hang himself.

Thunder, and the gulf opens, flames issuing, and Ophioneus ascending, with the face, wings, and tail of a dragon, a skin coat all speckled on the throat.

Oph. Hold, rascal, hang thyself in these days? The only time that ever was for a rascal to live in!

Fron. How chance I cannot live then?
Oph. Either th'art not rascal nor villain enough, or else thou dost not pretend honesty and piety enough to disguise it.
Fron. That's certain, for every ass does that. What art thou?
Oph. A villain worse than thou.
Fron. And dost breathe?
Oph. I speak, thou hear'st; I move, my pulse beats fast as thine.
Fron. And wherefore liv'st thou?
Oph. The world's out of frame - a thousand rulers wresting it this way and that, with as many religions; when, as heaven's upper sphere is moved only by one, so should the sphere of earth be; and I'll have it so.
Fron. How canst thou? What art thou?
Oph. My shape may tell thee.
Fron. No man?
Oph. Man? No, spawn of a clot, none of that cursed crew, damned in the mass itself, plagued in his birth, confined to creep below and wrestle with the elements, teach himself tortures, kill himself, hang himself; no such galley-slave, but at war with heaven, spurning the power of the gods, command/ing/ the elements.
Fron. What may'st thou be then?
Oph. An endless friend of thine--an immortal devil.
Fron. Heaven bless us!
Oph. Nay then, forth go, hang thyself, and thou talk'st of heaven once.
Fron. I have done. What devil art thou?
Oph. Read the old stoic Pherecides, that tells thee me truly and says that I, Ophioneus (for so is my name) -
Fron. Ophioneus? What's that?
Oph. Devilish serpent, by interpretation - was general captain of that rebellious host of spirits that waged war with heaven.
Fron. And so were hurled down to hell.
Oph. We were so, and yet have the rule of earth. And cares any man for the worst of hell then?
Fron. Why should he?
Oph. Well said. What's thy name now?
Fron. My name is Fronto.
Oph. Fronto? A good one; and has Fronto lived thus long in Rome? lost his state at dice? murthered his brother for his means? spent all? run thorough worse offices since? been a promoter? a purveyor? a pander? a sumner? a sergeant? an intelligencer? and at last hang thyself? *
Fron. /aside./ How the devil knows he all this?
Oph. Why, thou art a most green plover in policy, I perceive, and mayst drink colts-foot, for all thy horse-mane beard: 'slight, what need hast thou to hang thyself, as if there were a dearth of hangmen in the land? Thou liv'st

in a good cheap state; a man may be hanged here for a little
or nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation?
Fron. My idle, dissolute life is thrust out of all his corners
by this searching tumult now on foot in Rome
* * * Caesar now and Pompey
Are both for battle: Pompey (in his fear
Of Caesar's greater force) is sending hence
His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

Enter Pompey running over the stage with his wife and children, Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius, Pages; other Senators, the Consuls and all following.

See, all are on their wings, and all the city
In such an uproar, as if fire and sword
Were ransacking and ruining their houses.
No idle person now can lurk near Rome -
All must to arms or shake their heels beneath
Her martial halters, whose officious pride
I'll shun and use mine own swinge. I be forc'd
To help my country, when it forceth me
To this past-helping pickle?
Oph. Go to. Thou shalt serve me: Choose thy profession
and what cloth thou wouldst wish to have thy coat cut out on.
Fron. I can name none.
Oph. Shall I be thy learned consul?
Fron. None better.
Oph. Be an archflamen then to one of the gods.
Fron. Archflamen? What's that?
Oph. A priest.
Fron. A priest? That ne'er was clerk?
Oph. No clerk? What then?
The greatest clerks are not the wisest men.
Nor skills it for degrees in a knave or a fool's preferment.
Thou shalt rise by fortune: let desert rise leisurely enough and
by degrees; fortune prefers headlong and comes like riches to
a man; huge riches being got with little pains, and little
with huge pains. And for discharge of the priesthood,
what thou want'st in learning thou shalt take out in good-
fellowship: thou shalt equivocate with the sophister, prate
with the lawyer, scrape with the usurer, drink with the
Dutchman, swear with the Frenchman, cheat with the
Englishman, brag with the Scot, and turn all this to religion.
Hoc est regnum Deorum gentibus.
Fron. All this I can do to a hair.
Oph. Very good. Wilt thou show thyself deeply learned,
too: and to live licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter?
Fron. Not for hell?
Oph. For hell? Soft, sir; hop'st thou to purchase hell
with only dicing or whoring away thy living, murthering thy
brother, and so forth? No, there remain works of a higher
hand and deeper brain to obtain hell. Think'st thou earth's

great potentates have gotten their places there with any single act of murther, poisoning, adultery, and the rest? No. 'Tis a purchase for all manner of villainy, especially; that may be privileged by authority, coloured with holiness, and enjoyed with pleasure.

Fron. O this were most honourable and admirable!

Oph. Why such an admirable, honourable villain shalt thou be.

Fron. Is't possible?

Oph. Make no doubt on't; I'll inspire thee.

Fron. Sacred and puissant! He kneels.

Oph. Away! Companion and friend, give me thy hand. Say, dost not love me? art not enamoured of my acquaintance?

Fron. Protest I am.

Oph. Well said. Protest, and 'tis enough. And know for infallible, I have promotion for thee, both here and hereafter, which not one great one amongst millions shall ever aspire to. Alexander nor great Cyrus retain those titles in hell that they did on earth.

Fron. No?

Oph. No. He that sold sea-coal here shall be a baron there; he that was a cheating rogue here shall be a justice of peace there; a knave here, a knight there. In the mean space learn what it is to live, and thou shalt have chopines at commandment to any height of life thou canst wish.

Fron. I fear my fall is too low.

Oph. Too low, fool? Hast thou not heard of Vulcan's falling out of heaven? Light o' thy legs, and no matter though thou halt'st with thy best friend ever after, 'tis the more comely and fashionable. Better go lame in the fashion with Pompey, than never so upright, quite out of the fashion with Cato.

Fron. Yet you cannot change the old fashion, they say, and hide your cloven feet.

Oph. No? I can wear roses that shall spread quite over them.

Fron. For love of the fashion, do then.

Oph. Go to! I will hereafter.

Fron. But for the priesthood you offer me, I affect it not.

Oph. No? What say'st thou to a rich office then?

Fron. The only second means to raise a rascal in the earth.

Oph. Go to. I'll help thee to the best i' th' earth then, and that's in Sicilia, the very storehouse of the Romans, where the Lord Chief Censor there lies now a dying, whose soul I will have; and thou shalt have his office.

Fron. Excellent! Was ever great office better supplied?

Exeunt.

[SCENE ii

Enter Nuntius.]

Nuntius. Now is the mighty Empress of the earth,
Great Rome, fast lock'd up in her fancied strength,
All broke in uproars, fearing the just gods
In plagues will drown her so abused blessings.
In which fear, all without her walls fly in,
By both their jarring champions rushing out;
And those that were within as fast fly forth.
The Consuls both are fled without one rite
Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,
As ever heretofore their custom was
When they began the bloody frights of war.
In which our two great soldiers now encount'ring,
Since both left Rome, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,
Pompey (not willing yet to hazard battle
By Cato's counsel urging good cause) fled;
Which firing Caesar's spirit, he pursu'd
So home and fiercely that great Pompey, scorning
The heart he took by his advised flight,
Despis'd advice as much as his pursuit.
And as in Lybia an aged lion,
Urg'd from his peaceful covert, fears the light,
With his unready and diseas'd appearance,
Gives way to chase awhile and coldly hunts
Till with the youthful hunter's wanton heat
He all his cool wrath frets into a flame,
And then his sides he swingeswith his stern
To lash his strength up, lets down all his brows
About his burning eyes, erects his mane,
Breaks all his throat in thunders, and to wreck
His hunter's insolence his heart even barking,
He frees his fury, turns, and rushes back
With such a ghastly horror that in heaps
His proud foes fly, and he that station keeps.
So Pompey's cool spirits, put to all their heat
By Caesar's hard pursuit, he turn'd fresh head
And flew upon his foe with such a rapture
As took up into furies all friends' fears,
Who, fir'd with his first turning, all turn'd head,
And gave so fierce a charge their followers fled,
Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,
And after, set out such a tragedy
As all the princes of the earth may come
To take their patterns by the spirits of Rome.

[Exit Nuntius.]

[SCENE iii

A Battlefield near Dyrrhachium.]

Alarm, after which enter Caesar, following Crassinius calling to the Soldiers.

Cras. Stay coward/s/, fly ye Caesar's fortunes?
Caes. Forbear, Crassinius; we contend in vain
To stay these vapours and must raise our camp.
Cras. How shall we rise, my lord, but all in uproars,
Being still pursu'd?

Enter Acilius.

/Acil./ The pursuit stays, my lord,
Pompey hath sounded a retreat, resigning
His time to you to use in instant raising
Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where Fortune
May good amends make for her fault to-day.
Caes. It was not Fortune's fault, but mine, Acilius,
To give my foe charge, being so near the sea,
Where well I knew the eminence of his strength
And should have driven th' encounter further off,
Bearing before me such a goodly country,
So plentiful and rich, in all things fit
To have supplied my army's want with victuals,
And th' able cities, too, to strengthen it,
Of Macedon and Thessaly, where now
I rather was besieg'd for want of food,
Than did assault with fighting force of arms.

Enter Antony, Vibius, with others.

Ant. See, sir, here's one friend of your foes recover'd.
Caes. Vibius? In happy hour!
Vib. For me unhappy!
Caes. What, brought against your will?
Vib. Else had not come.
Ant. Sir, he's your prisoner, but had made you his
Had all the rest pursu'd the chase like him;
He drave on like a fury, past all friends
But we, that took him quick in his engagement.
Caes. O Vibius, you deserve to pay a ransom
Of infinite rate; for had your general join'd
In your addression or known how to conquer,
This day had prov'd him the supreme of Caesar.
Vib. Known how to conquer? His five hundred conquests
Achiev'd ere this day make that doubt unfit
For him that flies him; for of issues doubtful,
Who can at all times put on for the best.
If I were mad, must he his army venture
In my engagement? Nor are generals ever
Their powers' disposers by their proper angels
But trust against them, oftentimes, their councils,
Wherein, I doubt not, Caesar's self hath err'd
Sometimes, as well as Pompey.

Caes. Or done worse
In disobeying my council, Vibius,
Of which this day's abused light is witness
By which I might have seen a course secure
Of this discomfiture.
Ant. Amends sits ever
Above repentance; what's done, wish not undone;
But that prepared patience that, you know,
Best fits a soldier charg'd with hardest fortunes
Asks still your use, since powers, still temperate kept,
Ope still the clearer eyes by one fault's sight
To place the next act in the surer right.
Caes. You prompt me nobly, sir, repairing in me
Mine own stay's practice, out of whose repose
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc'd me
Thus far beyond my temper: but, good Vibius,
Be ransom'd with my love and haste to Pompey,
Entreating him from me that we may meet;
And for that reason, which I know this day
Was given by Cato for his pursuit's stay,
(Which was prevention of our Roman blood)
Propose my offer of our hearty peace;
That being reconcil'd and mutual faith
Given on our either part, not three days' light
May further show us foes, but (both our armies
Dispers'd in garrisons) we may return
Within that time to Italy such friends
As in our country's love contain our spleens.
Vib. 'Tis offer'd, sir, above the rate of Caesar
In other men but, in what I approve,
Beneath his merits; which I will not fail
T'enforce at full to Pompey nor forget
In any time the gratitude of my service.
Vibius salutes Antony and the other and exit.
Caes. Your love, sir, and your friendship!
Ant. This prepares
A good induction to the change of Fortune
In this day's issue if the pride it kindles
In Pompey's veins makes him deny a peace
So gently offer'd; for her alter'd hand
Works never surer from her ill to good.
On his side she hath hurt, and on the other
With other changes, then when means are us'd
To keep her constant, yet retire refus'd.
Caes. I try no such conclusion but desire
Directly peace. In mean space I'll prepare
For other issue in my utmost means;
Whose hopes now resting at Brundusium,
In that part of my army with Sabinus,
I wonder he so long delays to bring me
And must in person haste him if this even
I hear not from him.
Cras. That, I hope, flies far

Your full intent, my lord, since Pompey's navy,
You know, lies hovering all alongst those seas
In too much danger, for what aid soever
You can procure to pass your person safe.
Acil. Which doubt may prove the cause that stays
Sabinus;
And if with shipping fit to pass your army,
He yet strains time to venture, I presume
You will not pass your person with such convoy
Of those poor vessels as may serve you here.
Caes. How shall I help it? Shall I suffer this
Torment of his delay and rack suspicions
Worse than assur'd destructions through my thoughts?
Ant. Past doubt he will be here: I left all order'd,
And full agreement made with him to make
All utmost haste, no least let once suspected.
Caes. Suspected? What suspect should fear a friend
In such assur'd straits from his friend's enlargement?
If 'twer his soldiers' safeties he so tenders,
Were it not better they should sink by sea
Than wrack their number, king, and cause ashore?
Their stay is worth their ruin (should we live),
If they in fault were; if their leader, he
Should die the deaths of all. In mean space, I
That should not, bear all. Fly the sight in shame
Thou eye of Nature, and abortive Night
Fall dead amongst us! With defects, defects
Must serve proportion: justice never can
Be else restor'd nor right the wrongs of man. Exeunt.

[SCENE iv]

The Camp of Pompey.

Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius.

Pom. This charge of our fierce foe the friendly gods.
Have in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back
With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd
Of two and thirty ensigns forc'd from him,
Two thousand soldiers slain.
Cato. O boast not that;
Their loss is yours, my lord.
Pom. I boast it not
But only name the number.
Gab. Which right well
You might have rais'd so high that on their tops
Your throne was offer'd ever t'overlook
Subverted Caesar, had you been so blest
To give such honour to your captains' counsels

As their alacrities did long to merit
With proof-ful action.
Dem. O, 'twas ill neglected.
Stat. It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet
Th' event so clear is to confute.
Pom. If 'twere,
Our likeliest then was not to hazard battle,
Th' adventure being so casual, if compar'd
With our more certain means to his subversion;
For finding now our army amply stor'd
With all things fit to tarry surer time,
Reason thought better to extend to length
The war betwixt us that his little strength
May by degrees prove none; which urged now
(Consisting of his best and ablest soldiers)
We should have found at one direct set battle
Of matchless valours their defects of victual
Not tiring yet enough on their tough nerves;
Where, on the other part, to put them still
In motion and remotion here and there,
Enforcing them to fortifying still
Wherever they set down, to siege a wall,
Keep watch all night in armour - their most part
Can never bear it by their years' oppression,
Spent heretofore too much in those steel toils.
Cato. I so advis'd and yet repent it not,
But much rejoice in so much saved blood
As had been pour'd out in the stroke of battle,
Whose fury thus prevented comprehends
Your country's good, and Empire's, in whose care
Let me beseech you that in all this war
You sack no city subject to our rule,
Nor put to sword one citizen of Rome
But when the needful fury of the sword
Can make no fit distinction in main battle?
That you will please still to prolong the stroke
Of absolute decision to these jars,
Considering you shall strike it with a man
Of much skill and experience, and one
That will his conquest sell at infinite rate
If that must end your difference; but I doubt
There will come humble offer on his part
Of honour'd peace to you for whose sweet name
So cried out to you in our late-met Senate.
Los/t/no fit offer of that wished treaty.
Take pity on your country's blood as much
As possible may stand without the danger
Of hindering her justice on her foes,
Which all the gods to your full wish dispose. [Going.]
Pom. Why will you leave us? Whither will you go
To keep your worthiest person in more safety
Than in my army so devoted to you?

Cato. My person is the least, my lord, I value;
I am commanded by our powerful Senate
To view the cities and the kingdoms situate
About your either army, that, which side
Soever conquer, no disorder'd stragglers,
Puff'd with the conquest or by need impell'd
May take their swinge more than the care of one
May curb and order in these neighbour confines.
My chief pass yet resolves for Utica.
Pom. Your pass, my truest friend and worthy father,
May all good powers make safe and always answer
Your infinite merits with their like protection;
In which I make no doubt but we shall meet
With mutual greetings or for absolute conquest,
Or peace preventing that our bloody stroke;
Nor let our parting be dishonour'd so
As not to take into our noblest notice
Yourself, to Athenodorus most learned and admired father,
Whose merits, if I live, shall lack no honour.
Portius, Statilius, though your spirits with mine
Would highly cheer me, yet ye shall bestow them
In much more worthy conduct; but love me
And wish me conquest for your country's sake.
Stat. Our lives shall seal our loves, sir, with worst deaths
Adventur'd in your service.
Pom. Y'are my friends.
Exeunt Cato, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius.
These friends thus gone, 'tis more than time we minded
Our lost friend Vibius.
Gab. You can want no friends:
See, our two Consuls, sir, betwixt them bringing
The worthy Brutus.
Enter two Consuls leading Brutus betwixt them.
1st Con. We attend, my lord,
With no mean friend to spirit your next encounter,
Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths
Brought in his conduct.
2nd Con. And though never yet
He hath saluted you with any word
Or look of slenderest love in his whole life
Since that long time since of his father's death
By your hand author'd; yet, see, at your need
He comes to serve you freely for his country.
Pom. His friendly presence, making up a third
With both your persons, I as gladly welcome
As if Jove's triple flame had gilt this field
And lighten'd on my right hand from his shield.
Brut. I well assure myself, sir, that no thought
In your ingenious construction touches
At the aspersion that my tender'd service
Proceeds from my despair of elsewhere safety;
But that my country's safety, owning justly

My whole abilities of life and fortunes,
And you the ablest fautor of her safety,
Her love, and (for your love of her) your own
Only makes sacred to your use my offering.
Pom. Far fly all other thought from my construction
And due acceptance of the liberal honour
Your love hath done me, which the gods are witness
I take as stirr'd up in you by their favours,
Nor less esteem it than an offering holy;
Since, as of all things man is said the measure,
So your full merits measure forth a man.
1st Con. See yet, my lord, more friends.
2nd Con. Five kings, your servants.

Enter five Kings.

Iber. Conquest and all grace crown the gracious Pompey,
To serve whom in the sacred Roman safety
Myself, Iberia's king, present my forces.
Thes. And I that hold the tributary throne
Of Grecian Thessaly submit my homage
To Rome and Pompey.
Cic. So Cilicia too.
Ep. And so Epirus.
Thrace. Lastly, I from Thrace
Present the duties of my power and service.
Pom. Your royal aids deserve of Rome and Pompey
Our utmost honours. O, may now our Fortune
Not balance her broad breast 'twixt two light wings,
Nor on a slippery globe sustain her steps;
But as the Spartans say the Paphian queen
(The flood Eurotas passing) laid aside
Her glass, her ceston, and her amorous graces,
And in Lycurgus' favour arm'd her beauties
With shield and javelin; so may Fortune now,
The flood of all our enemy's forces passing
With her fair ensigns and arriv'd at ours,
Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shoes,
Her faithless and still-rolling stone spurn from her,
And enter our powers, as she may remain
Our firm assistant; that the general aids,
Favours, and honours you perform to Rome
May make her build with you her endless home.
Omnes. The gods vouchsafe it, and our cause's right.
Dem. What sudden shade is this? Observe, my lords,
The night, methinks, comes on before her hour.
Thunder and lightning.
Gab. Nor trust me if my thoughts conceive not so.
Brut. What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest shafts
Along air's middle region!
1st Con. They presage
Unusual tempests.

2nd Con. And 'tis their repair
That timeless darken thus the gloomy air.
Pom. Let's force no omen from it but avoid
The vapours' furies now by Jove employ'd.

[Exeunt.]

[SCENE v

The Bank of the River Anius

Thunder continued, and Caesar enters disguised.]

[Caes.] The wrathful tempest of the angry night
Where hell flies muffled up in clouds of pitch,
Mingled with sulphur, and those dreadful bolts
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery
Hath rous'd the Furies, arm'd in all their horrors
Up to the envious seas, in spite of Caesar.
O night, O jealous night of all the noblest
Beauties and glories, where the gods have stroke
Their four digestions from thy ghastly chaos,
Blush thus to drown them all in this hour sign'd
By the necessity of fate for Caesar.
I, that have ransack'd all the world for worth
To form in man the image of the gods,
Must like them have the power to check the worst
Of all things under their celestial empire,
Stoop it and burst it, or break through it all
With use and safety till the crown be set
On all my actions that the hand of Nature,
In all her worst works aiming at an end
May in a masterpiece of hers be serv'd
With tops and state fit for his virtuous crown;
Not lift arts thus far up in glorious frame
To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.
This river Anius (in whose mouth now lies
A pinnace I would pass in to fetch on
My army's dull rest from Brundusium)
That is at all times else exceeding calm
By reason of a purling wind that flies
Off from the shore each morning, driving up
The billows far to sea; in this night yet
Bears such a terrible gale, put off from sea,
As beats the land-wind back and thrusts the flood
Up in such uproar that no boat dare stir.
And on it is dispers'd all Pompey's navy
To make my peril yet more envious.
Shall I yet shrink for all? Were all yet more,
There is a certain need that I must give
Way to my pass; none known that I must live.

Enter Master of a ship with Sailors.

Mast. What battle is there fought now in the air
That threats the wrack of nature?
Caes. Master, come!
Shall we thrust through it all?
Mast. What lost man
Art thou in hopes and fortunes that dar'st make
So desperate a motion?
Caes. Launch, man, and all thy fears' freight disavow;
Thou carriest Caesar and his fortunes now. [Exeunt.]

ACT III, SCENE i

[The Camp of Pompey.]

Pompey, two Consuls, five Kings, Brutus, Gavinius, Demetrius.

[Pom.] Now to Pharsalia, where the smarting strokes
Of our resolv'd contention must resound.
My lords and friends of Rome, I give you all
Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,
Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crown)
Can crown your favours with and serve the hopes
Of my dear country to her utmost wish:
I can but set up all my being to give
So good an end to my forerunning acts,
The powers in me that form'd them having lost
No least time since in gathering skill to better,
But like so many bees have brought me home
The sweet of whatsoever flowers have grown
In all the meads and gardens of the world.
All which hath grown still as the time increas'[d]
In which 'twas gather'd and with which it stemm'd,
That what decay soever blood inferr'd
Might with my mind's store be supplied and cheer'd:
All which, in one fire of this instant fight,
I'll burn and sacrifice to every cinder
In sacred offering to my country's love;
And, therefore, what event soever sort
As I no praise will look for but the good
Freely bestow on all (if good succeed);
So if adverse fate fall, I wish no blame,
But th' ill befall'n me made my fortune's shame,
Not mine, nor my fault.
1st Con. We too well love Pompey
To do him that injustice.
Brut. Who more thirsts
The conquest than resolves to bear the foil?
Pom. Said Brutus-like! Give several witness all
That you acquit me whatsoever fall.

2nd Con. Particular men particular fates must bear:
Who feels his own wounds less to wound another:
Thes. Leave him the worst whose best is left undone;
He only conquers whose mind still is one.
Ep. Free minds, like dice, fall square whate'er the cast.
Iber. Who on himself sole stands, stands solely fast.
Thrace. He's never down whose mind fights still aloft.
Cil. Who cares for up or down when all's but thought?
Gab. To things' events doth no man's power extend.
Dem. Since gods rule all - who anything would mend?
Pom. Ye sweetly ease my charge, your selves unburthening.
Return'd not yet our trumpet sent to know
Of Vibius' certain state?
Gab. Not yet, my lord.
Pom. Too long protract we all means to recover
His person quick or dead; for I still think
His loss serv'd fate before we blew retreat,
Though some affirm him seen soon after fighting.
Dem. Not after, sir, I heard, but ere it ended.
Gab. He bore a great mind to extend our pursuit
Much further than it was; and serv'd that day
(When you had, like the true head of a battle,
Led all the body in that glorious turn)
Upon a far-off squadron that stood fast
In conduct of the great Mark Antony
When all the rest were fled; so past a man
That in their tough receipt of him I saw him
Thrice break through all with ease and pass as fair
As he had all been fire and they but air.
Pom. He stuck at last, yet, in their midst it seem'd.
Gab. So have I seen a fire-drake glide at midnight
Before a dying man to point his grave,
And in it stick and hide.
Dem. He comes yet safe.

A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius, with others.

Pom. O Vibius, welcome; what, a prisoner
With mighty Caesar, and so quickly ransom'd?
Vib. Ay, sir; my ransom needed little time
Either to gain agreement for the value
Or the disbursement, since in Caesar's grace
We both concluded.
Pom. Was his grace so free?
Vib. For your respect, sir.
Pom. Nay, sir, for his glory;
That the main conquest he so surely builds on
(Which ever is forerun with petty fortunes)
Take not effect by taking any friend
From all the most my poor defence can make
But must be complete by his perfect own.

Vib. I know, sir, you more nobly rate the freedom
He freely gave your friend than to pervert it
So past his wisdom, that knows much too well
Th' uncertain state of conquest, to raise frames
Of such presumption on her fickle wings
And chiefly in a loss so late and grievous;
Besides, your forces far exceeding his,
His whole powers being but two and twenty thousand
And yours full four and forty thousand strong:
For all which yet he stood as far from fear
In my enlargement as the confident glory
You please to put on him and had this end
In my so kind dismission that as kindly
I might solicit a sure peace betwixt you.
Pom. A peace! Is't possible?
Vib. Come, do not show
This wanton incredulity too much.
Pom. Believe me I was far from such a thought
In his high stomach: Cato prophesied then.
What think my lords our Consuls and friend Brutus?
(Both Consuls) An offer happy!
Brut. Were it plain and hearty.
Pom. Ay, there's the true inspection to his prospect.
Brut. This strait of his perhaps may need a sleight
Of some hid stratagem to bring him off.
Pom. Devices of a new forge to entrap me!
I rest in Caesar's shades, walk his strow'd paths,
Sleep in his quiet waves? I'll sooner trust
Hibernian bogs and quicksands and Hell mouth
Take for my sanctuary: in bad parts,
That no extremes will better, Nature's finger
Hath mark'd him to me to take heed of him.
What thinks my Brutus?
Brut. 'Tis your best and safest.
Pom. This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare
To make our war the bloodier, whose fit fear
Makes me I dare not now, in thoughts maturer
Than late inclin'd me, put in use the counsel
Your noble father Cato, parting, gave me,
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood
This battle hazards now that must cost more.
1st Con. It does, and therefore now no more defer it.
Pom. Say all men so?
Omnes. We do!
Pom. I grieve ye do.
Because I rather wish to err with Cato
Than with the truth go of the world besides;
But since it shall abide this other stroke,
Ye Gods, that our great Roman Genius
Have made not give us one day's conquest only,
Nor grow in conquests for some little time
As did the Genius of the Macedons,

Nor be by land great only, like Laconians';
Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' Athenians';
Nor slowly stirr'd up, like the Persian angel;
Nor rock'd asleep soon, like the Ionian spirit.
But made our Roman Genius fiery, watchful,
And even from Rome's prime join'd his youth with hers,
Grow as she grew, and firm as earth abide
By her increasing pomp at sea and shore,
In peace, in battle, against Greece as well
As our barbarian foes; command yet further,
Ye firm and just gods, our assistful angel
For Rome and Pompey, who now fights for Rome,
That all these royal laws to us and justice
Of common safety may the self-love drown
Of tyrannous Caesar, and my care for all
Your alters crown with endless festival.

Exeunt.

SCENE ii

The Camp of Caesar.

Caesar, Antony, a Soothsayer, Crassinius, Acilius, with others

Caes. Say, sacred Soothsayer, and inform the truth,
What liking hast thou of our sacrifice?
Sooth. Imperial Caesar, at your sacred charge
I drew a milk-white ox into the temple,
And turning there his face into the east
(Fearfully shaking at the shining light)
Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
When I began to greet him with the stroke
That should prepare him for the holy rites,
With hideous roars he laid out such a throat
As made the secret lurkings of the god
To answer, echo-like, in threat'ning sounds:
I stroke again at him; and then he slept,
His life-blood boiling out at every wound
In streams as clear as any liquid ruby.
And there began to alter my presage
The other ill signs showing th' other fortune
Of your last skirmish, which, far opposite now,
Proves ill beginnings good events foreshow.
For now, the beast cut up and laid on th' alter,
His limbs were all lick'd up with instant flames,
Not like the elemental fire that burns
In household uses, lamely struggling up
This way and that way winding as it rises,
But, right and upright, reach'd his proper sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.
Caes. And what may that presage?
Sooth. That even the spirit

Of heaven's pure flame flew down and ravish'd up
Your offering's blaze in that religious instant,
Which shows th' alacrity and cheerful virtue
Of heaven's free bounty, doing good in time,
And with what swiftness true devotions climb.
Omnes. The gods be honour'd!
Sooth. O behold with wonder!
The sacred blaze is like a torch enlighten'd,
Directly burning just above your camp!
Omnes. Miraculous!
Sooth. Believe it, with all thanks,
The Roman Genius is alter'd now;
And arms for Caesar.
Caes. Soothsayer, be for ever
Reverenc'd of Caesar. O Marc Antony,
I thought to raise my camp and all my tents
Took down for swift remotion to Scotussa.
Shall now our purpose hold?
Ant. Against the gods?
They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we
Must add our parts and be in th' use as free.
Cras. See, sir, the scouts return.

Enter two scouts.

Caes. What news, my friends?
1st Scout. Arm, arm, my lord, the vaward of the foe
Is rang'd already!
2nd Scout. Answer them, and arm!
You cannot set your rest of battle up
In happier hour; for I this night beheld
A strange confusion in your enemy's camp,
The soldiers taking arms in all dismay
And hurling them again as fast to earth,
Every way routing as th' alarm were then
Given to their army. A most causeless fear
Dispers'd quite through them.
Caes. Then 'twas Jove himself
That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.
Cras. Other presages of success, my lord,
Have strangely happen'd in the adjacent cities
To this your army; for in Tralleis
Within a temple built to Victory
There stands a statue with your form and name,
Near whose firm base, even from the marble pavement,
There sprang a palm-tree up in this last night
That seems to crown your statue with his boughs,
Spread in wrapt shadows round about your brows.
Caes. The sign, Crassinius, is most strange and graceful.
Nor could get issue but by power divine;
Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides
Of never such kind promise of success
Perform it without tough acts of our own;

No care, no nerve the less to be employ'd,
No offering to the gods, no vows, no prayers:
Secure and idle spirits never thrive
When most the gods for their advancements strive.
And therefore tell me what abodes thou build'st on
In an /y/ spirit to act enflam'd in thee,
Or in our soldiers' seen resolv'd addresses.
Cras. Great and fiery virtue! And this day
Be sure, great Caesar, of effects as great
In absolute conquest; to which are prepar'd
Enforcements resolute from this arm'd hand,
Which thou shalt praise me for, alive or dead.
Caes. Alive, ye gods, vouchsafe; and my true vows
For life in him -- great heaven, for all my foes
Being natural Romans!--so far jointly hear
As may not hurt our conquest; as with fear,
Which thou already strangely hast diffus'd
Through all their army which extend to flight
Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.
Ant. 'Tis time, my lord, you put in form your battle.
Caes. Since we must fight then and no offer'd peace
Will take with Pompey, I rejoice to see
This long-time-look'd-for and most happy day,
In which we now shall fight with men, not hunger;
With toils, not sweats of blood through years extended,
This one day serving to decide all jars
'Twixt me and Pompey. Hang out of my tent
My crimson coat-of-arms to give my soldiers
That ever-sure sign of resolv'd-for fight.
Cras. These hands shall give that sign to all their longings. Exit Crassinius.
Caes. /To Antony./ My lord, my army, I think best to order
In three full squadrons of which let me pray
Yourself would take on you the left wing's charge;
Myself will lead the right wing and my place
Of fight elect in my tenth legion;
My battle by Domitius Calvinus
Shall take direction.

The coat-of-arms is hung out, and the soldiers shout within .

Ant. Hark, your soldiers shout
For joy to see your bloody coat-of-arms
Assure their fight this morning.
Caes. A blest even
Bring on them worthy comforts! And, ye gods,
Perform your good presages in events
Of fit crown for our discipline and deeds
Wrought up by conquest that my use of it
May wipe the hateful and unworthy stain
Of 'tyrant' from my temples, and exchange it

For fautor of my country: ye have given
That title to those poor and fearful fowls
That every sound puts up in frights and cries,
Even then when all Rome's powers were weak and heartless,
When traitorous fires and fierce barbarian swords,
Rapines, and soul-expiring slaughters fill'd
Her houses, temples, all her air and earth.
To me then (whom your bounties have inform'd
With such a spirit as despiseth fear
Commands in either fortune, knows, and arms
Against the worst of fate and therefore can
Dispose blest means encourag'd to the best)
Much more vouchsafe that honour; chiefly now,
When Rome wants only this day's conquest given me
To make her happy, to confirm the brightness
That yet she shines in over all the world,
In empire, riches, strife of all the arts,
In gifts of cities and of kingdoms sent her,
In crowns laid at her feet, in every grace
That shores, and seas, floods, islands, continents,
Groves, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce:
All which I, victor, will increase, I vow,
By all my good, acknowledg'd given by you.

[Exeunt.]

ACT IV, SCENE i

[The Camp of Pompey.]

Pompey, in haste, Brutus, Gabinius, Vibius following

[Pom.] The poison, steep'd in every vein of empire
In all the world, meet now in only me,
Thunder and lighten me to death and make
My senses feed the flame, my soul the crack.
Was ever sovereign captain of so many
Armies and nations so oppress'd as I
With one host's headstrong outrage, urging fight,
Yet fly about my camp in panic terrors,
No reason under heaven suggesting cause:
And what is this but even the gods deterring
My judgment from enforcing fight this morn?
The new-fled night made day with meteors
Fir'd over Caesar's camp and fall'n in mine
As pointing out the terrible events
Yet in suspense; but where they threat their fall,
Speak not these prodigies with fiery tongues
And eloquence that should not move but ravish
All sound minds from thus tempting the just gods
And spitting out their fair premonishing flames
With brackish rheums of ruder and brainsick number?

What's infinitely more--thus wild, thus mad,
For one poor fortune of a beaten few
To half so many staid and dreadful soldiers,
Long train'd, long foughten, able, nimble, perfect
To turn and wind advantage every way,
Increase with little, and enforce with none,
Made bold as lions, gaunt as famish'd wolves,
With still-serv'd slaughters and continual toils.
Brut. You should not, sir, forsake your own wise counsel,
Your own experienc'd discipline, own practice,
Own god-inspired insight to all changes
Of Protean fortune and her zany, war,
For hosts and hells of such; what man will think
The best of them not mad, to see them range
So up and down your camp, already suing
For offices fall'n by Caesar's built-on fall
Before one stroke be struck? Domitius, Spinther,
Your father Scipio, now preparing friends
For Caesar's place of universal bishop?
Are you th' observed rule and vouch'd example,
Who ever would commend physicians
That would not follow the diseas'd desires
Of their sick patients; yet incur yourself
The faults that you so much abhor in others?
Pom. I cannot, sir, abide men's open mouths,
Nor be ill spoken of; nor have my counsels
And circumspections turn'd on me for fears
With mocks and scandals that would make a man
Of lead a lightning in the desperat'st onset
That ever trampled under death his life.
I bear the touch of fear for all their safeties,
Or for mine own! Enlarge with twice as many
Self-lives, self-fortunes, they shall sink beneath
Their own credulities before I cross them.
Come, haste, dispose our battle!
Vib. Good, my lord;
Against your Genius war not for the world.
Pom. By all worlds he that moves me next to bear
Their scoffs and imputations of my fear
For any cause shall bear this sword to hell.
Away, to battle! Good, my lord; lead you
The whole six thousand of our young Patricians,
Plac'd in the left wing to environ Caesar.
My father Scipio shall lead the battle,
Domitius the left wing, I the right,
Against Mark Antony. Take now your fills,
Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills. Exeunt.

[SCENE ii

The Battlefield of Pharsalia.]

Alarm, excursions of all: the five Kings driven over the stage, Crassinius chiefly pursuing. At the door enter again the five Kings. The battle continued within.

Ep. Fly, fly, the day was lost before 'twas fought.
Thes. The Romans fear'd their shadows.
Cic. Were there ever
Such monstrous confidences as last night
Their cups and music show'd, before the morning
Made such amazes ere one stroke was struck?
Iber. It made great Pompey mad. Which who could mend?
The gods had hand in it.
Thrace. It made the Consuls
Run on their swords to see't. The brave Patricians
Fled with their spoiled faces, arrows sticking
As shot from heaven at them.
Thes. 'Twas the charge
That Caesar gave against them.
Ep. Come away,
Leave all, and wonder at this fatal day.

Exeunt.

The fight nearer; and enter Crassinius, a sword as thrust through his face; he falls. To him Pompey and Caesar fighting Pompey gives way, Caesar follows, and enters at another door.

Caes. Pursue, pursue; the gods foreshow'd their powers,
Which we gave issue, and the day is ours.
Crassinius? O, look up. He does, and shows
Death in his broken eyes, which Caesar's hands
Shall do the honour of eternal closure.
Too well thou kept'st thy word, that thou this day
Wouldst do me service to our victory,
Which in my life or death I should behold
And praise thee for; I do and must admire
Thy matchless valour; ever, ever rest
Thy manly lineaments which in a tomb,
Erected to thy noble name and virtues
I'll curiously preserve with balms and spices
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields
Inscrib'd with this true [scroll] of funeral:

Epitaph.

Crassinius fought for fame and died for Rome,
Whose public weal springs from this private tomb.

Enter some taking him off, whom Caesar helps.

[SCENE iii

Another Part of the Battlefield.]

Enter Pompey, Demetrius, with black robes in their hands, broad hats, etc.

Pom. Thus have the gods their justice, men their wills,
And I, by men's wills rul'd, myself renouncing,
Am by my Angel and the gods abhorr'd,
Who drew me like a vapour up to heaven,
To dash me like a tempest gainst the earth.
Oh, the deserved terrors that attend
On human confidence! Had ever men
Such outrage of presumption to be victors
Before they arm'd? To send to Rome before
For houses near the market-place; their tents
Strow'd all with flowers and nosegays, tables cover'd
With cups and banquets, bays, and myrtle garlands
As ready to do sacrifice for conquest
Rather than arm them for fit fight t' enforce it!
Which, when I saw, I knew as well th' event
As now I feel it, and because I rag'd
In that presage (my Genius showing me clearly
As in a mirror all this cursed issue),
And therefore urg'd all means to put it off
For this day or from these fields to some other,
Or from this ominous confidence till I saw
Their spirits settled in some graver knowledge
Of what belong'd to such a dear decision,
They spotted me with fear, with love of glory
To keep in my command so many kings,
So great an army--all the hellish blastings
That could be breath'd on me to strike me blind
Of honour, spirit, and soul. And should I then
Save them that would in spite of heaven be ruin'd
And in their safeties ruin me and mine
In everlasting rage of their detraction?
Dem. Your safety and own honour did deserve
Respect past all their values. O, my lord,
Would you--
Pom. Upbraid me not; go to, go on!
Dem. No; I'll not rub the wound. The misery is
The gods for any error in a man
(Which they might rectify and should because
That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong
To be thus insolent, thus grac'd, thus blest.
Pom. Oh, the strange carriage of their acts by which
Men order theirs and their devotions in them,
Much rather striving to entangle men
In pathless error than with regular right
Confirm their reason's and their piety's light.

For now, sir, whatsoever was foreshown
By heaven or prodigy--ten parts more for us,
Forewarning us, deterring us and all
Our blind and brainless frenzies, than for Caesar--
All yet will be ascrib'd to his regard
Given by the gods for his good parts, preferring
Their gloss (being stark impostures) to the justice,
Love, honour, piety of our laws and country;
Though I think these are arguments enow
For my acquittal that for all these fought.
Dem. Y'are clear, my lord,
Pom. Gods help me, as I am.
Whatever my untouch'd command of millions
Through all my eight and fifty years hath won,
This one day in the world's esteem hath lost.
So vile is praise and dispraise by event;
For I am still myself in every worth
The world could grace me with had this day's even
In one blaze join'd with all my other conquests.
And shall my comforts in my well-known self
Fail me for their false fires, Demetrius?
Dem. Oh no, my lord!
Pom. Take grief for them as if
The rotten-hearted world could steep my soul
In filthy putrefaction of their own,
Since their applauses fail me, that are hisses
To every sound acceptance? I confess
That till th' affair was past my passions flam'd;
But now 'tis helpless, and no cause in me
Rest in these embers my unmoved soul
With any outward change this distich minding;
'No man should more allow his own loss woes
(Being past his fault) than any stranger does.'
And for the world's false lives and airy honours,
What soul that ever lov'd them most in life
(Once sever'd from this breathing sepulchre)
Again came and appear'd in any kind
Their kind admirer still, or did the state
Of any best man here associate?
And every true soul should be here so sever'd
From love of such men as here drown their souls
As all the world does, Cato sole /excepted/;
To whom I'll fly now, and my wife in way
(Poor lady and poor children, worse than fatherless)
Visit and comfort. Come, Demetrius,
They disguise themselves.
We now must suit our habits to our fortunes,
And since these changes ever chance to greatest
* * * * * nor desire to be
(Do Fortune to exceed it what she can)
A Pompey or a Caesar, but a man. Exeunt.

[SCENE iv

Another Part of the Field.]

Enter Caesar, Antony, Acilius, with soldiers.

Caes. Oh, we have slain, not conquer'd! Roman blood
Perverts th' event, and desperate blood let out
With their own swords. Did ever men before
Envy their own lives since another liv'd
Whom they would wilfully conceive their foe
And forge a tyrant merely in their fears
To justify their slaughters? Consuls? Furies!
Ant. Be, sir, their faults their griefs! The greater number
Were only slaves that left their bloods to ruth,
And altogether but six thousand slain.
Caes. However many, gods and men can witness
Themselves enforc'd it much against the most
I could enforce on Pompey for our peace.
Of all slain yet, if Brutus only liv'd
I should be comforted, for his life sav'd
Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.
But much I fear his death because, the battle
Full sticken now, he yet abides unfound.
Acil. I saw him fighting near the battle's end,
But suddenly give off, as bent to fly.

Enter Brutus.

Ant. He comes here; see, sir.
Brut. I submit to Caesar
My life and fortunes.
Caes. A more welcome fortune
Is Brutus than my conquest.
Brut. Sir, I fought
Against your conquest and yourself and merit.
[I must acknowledge] a much sterner welcome.
Caes. You fought with me, sir, for I know your arms
Were taken for your country, not for Pompey.
And for my country I fought, nothing less
Than he or both the mighty- stomach'd Consuls;
Both whom, I hear, have slain themselves before
They would enjoy life in the good of Caesar.
But I am nothing worse, how ill soever
They and the great authority of Rome
Would fain enforce me by their mere suspicions.
Lov'd they their country better than her Brutus,
Or knew what fitted noblesse and a Roman

With freer souls than Brutus? Those that live
Shall see in Caesar's justice and whatever
Might make me worthy both their lives and loves,
That I have lost the one without my merit,
And they the other with no Roman spirit.
Are you impair'd to live and joy my love?
Only requite me, Brutus; love but Caesar
And be in all the powers of Caesar, Caesar.
In which free wish I join your father, Cato;
For whom I'll haste to Utica and pray
His love may strengthen my success to-day. Exeunt.

SCENE v

A Room in Cato's House in Utica.

Portius in haste, Marcilius, bare, following. Portius discovers a bed and a sword hanging by it, which he takes down.

Mar. To what use take you that, my lord?
Por. Take you
No note that I take it nor let any servant
Besides yourself, of all my father's nearest,
Serve any mood he serves with any knowledge
Of this or any other. Caesar comes
And gives his army wings to reach this town,
Not for the town's sake, but to save my father,
Whom justly he suspects to be resolv'd
Of any violence to his life before
He will preserve it by a tyrant's favour.
For Pompey hath miscarried and is fled.
Be true to me and to my father's life
And do not tell him, nor his fury serve
With any other.
Mar. I will die, my lord,
Ere I observe it.
Por. O, my lord and father!

Enter Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius. Cato with a book in his hand.

Cato. What fears fly here on all sides? What wild looks
Are squinted at me from men's mere suspicions
That I am wild myself and would enforce
What will be taken from me by the tyrant:
Ath. No. Would you only ask life, he would think
His own life given more strength in giving yours.
Cato. I ask my life of him!
Stat. Ask what's his own
Of him he scorns should have the least drop in it
At his disposure!
Cato. No, Statilius.
Men that have forfeit lives by breaking laws

Or have been overcome may beg their lives;
But I have ever been in every justice
Better than Caesar and was never conquer'd
Or made to fly for life as Caesar was,
But have been victor ever to my wish
Gainst whomsoever ever hath oppos'd;
Where Caesar now is conquer'd in his conquest
In the ambition he till now denied,
Taking upon him to give life, when death
Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous self;
No right, no power given him to raise an army,
Which in despite of Rome he leads about
Slaughtering her loyal subjects like an outlaw;
Nor is he better. Tongue, show, falsehood are
To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd,
Vainglory, villainy, and, at best you can,
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.
My fame affirm my life receiv'd from him!
I'll rather make a beast my second father.
Stat. The gods avert from every Roman mind
The name of slave to any tyrant's power!
Why was man ever just but to be free
Gainst all injustice and to bear about him
As well all means to freedom every hour,
As every hour he should be arm'd for death,
Which only is his freedom?
Ath. But, Statilius,
Death is not free for any man's election
Till nature or the law impose it on him.
Cato. Must a man go to law then when he may
Enjoy his own in peace? If I can use
Mine own myself, must I, of force, reserve it
To serve a tyrant with it? All just men
Not only may enlarge their lives but must
From all rule tyrannous or live unjust.
Ath. By death must they enlarge their lives?
Cato. By death.
Ath. A man's not bound to that.
Cato. I'll prove he is.
Are not the lives of all men bound to justice?
Ath. They are.
Cato. And therefore not to serve injustice:
Justice itself ought ever to be free,
And therefore every just man being a part
Of that free justice should be free as it.
Ath. Then wherefore is there law for death?
Cato. That all
That know not what law is nor freely can
Perform the fitting justice of a man
In kingdoms' common good may be enforc'd.
But is not every just man to himself
The perfect'st law?

Ath. Suppose!
Cato. Then to himself
Is every just man's life subordinate.
Again, sir, is not our free soul infus'd
To every body in her absolute end
To rule that body? In which absolute rule
Is she not absolutely empress of it?
And being empress may she not dispose
It and the life in it at her just pleasure?
Ath. Not to destroy it!
Cato. No, she not destroys it
When she dislives it that their freedoms may
Go firm together like their powers and organs
Rather than let it live a rebel to her,
Profaning that divine conjunction
'Twixt her and it; nay, a disjunction making
Betwixt them worse than death, in killing quick
That which in just death lives: being dead to her,
If to her rule dead; and to her alive,
If dying in her just rule.
Ath. The body lives not
When death hath reft it.
Cato. Yet 'tis free and kept
Fit for rejunction in man's second life,
Which dying rebel to the soul is far
Unfit to join with her in perfect life.
Ath. It shall not join with her again.
Cato. It shall.
Ath. In reason shall it?
Cato. In apparent reason.
Which I'll prove clearly.
Stat. Hear, and judge it, sir!
Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
So in th' appropriate honour of that end
All things precedent have their natural frame:
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes;
For else there could not be in their creation
Always or for the most part that firm form
In their still like existence that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subject rather is a sleep
Than bestial death, since Sleep and Death are call'd
The twins of Nature. For if absolute death
And bestial seize the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soul being free from death, which otherwise
Retains divine proportion. For as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion

'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter
To give up forms to souls, which is their end:
So death (twin-born of sleep), resolving all
Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the spritely soul
When in a second life their beings given
Holds their proportion firm in highest heaven.
Ath. Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
Our souls again to heaven?
Cato. Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings:
'Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which tied to earth shall fetch up earth and seas.'
And what's that golden chain but our pure souls?
A golden beam of him let down by him
That govern'd with his grace and drawn by him,
Can hoist this earthy body up to him,
The sea and air and all the elements
Compress'd in it; not while 'tis thus concrete,
But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.
Ath. Your happy exposition of that place
(Whose sacred depth I never heard so sounded)
Evicts glad grant from me you hold a truth.
Stat. Is't not a manly truth and mere divine?
Cato. 'Tis a good cheerful doctrine for good men.
But, son and servants, this is only argu'd
To spend our dear time well, and no life urgeth
To any violence further than his owner
And graver men hold fit. Let's talk of Caesar;
He's the great subject of all talk, and he
Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready?
Mar. It is, my lord.
Cato. Why then, let's in and eat;
Our cool submission will quench Caesar's heat.
Stat. Submission? Here's for him. [Makes gesture of contempt.]
Cato. Statilius,
My reasons must not strengthen you in error,
Nor learn'd Athenodorus' gentle yielding.
Talk with some other deep philosophers,
Or some divine priest of the knowing gods
And hear their reasons: in meantime, come sup.

Exeunt. Cato going out arm-in-arm betwixt Athenodorus and Statilius.

ACT V, SCENE i

[The Island of Lesbos, near the shore.]

Enter Ushers with the two Lentuli, and [Sextus] before Cornelia; Cyris, Telesilla, Laelia, Drusus, with others following. Cornelia, [Sextus], and the two Lentuli reading letters.

Cor. So may my comforts for this good news thrive,
As I am thankful for them to the gods.
Joys unexpected and in desperate plight
Are still most sweet and prove from whence they come
When earth's still moonlike confidence in joy
Is at her full, true joy descending far
From past her sphere and from that highest heaven
That moves and is not mov'd. How far was I
From hope of these events when fearful dreams
Of harpies tearing out my heart, of armies
Terribly joining, cities, kingdoms falling,
And all on me, prov'd sleep not twin to death
But, to me, death itself? Yet making then,
These letters, full of as much cheerful life,
I found clos'd in my hand. O gods, how justly
Ye laugh at all things earthly, at all fears
That rise not from your Judgments, at all joys
Not drawn directly from yourselves and in ye!
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him, ruin.
Why write great learned men, men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, belief,
Undaunted spirits, inexorable fate
And all fear treading on; 'tis all but air:
If any comfort be, 'tis in despair.

1st Len. You learned ladies may hold anything.

2nd Len. Now, madam, is your walk from coach come near
The promontory, where you late commanded
A sentinel should stand to see from thence
If either with a navy brought by sea
Or train by land, great Pompey comes to greet you
As in your letters, he near this time promis'd.

Cor. Oh may this isle of Lesbos, compass'd in
With the Aegaean sea that doth divide
Europe from Asia (the sweet literate world
From the barbarian), from my barbarous dreams
Divide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2nd Len. He's busied now with ordering offices.
By this time, madam, sits your honour'd father
He looks in his letter.
In Caesar's chair of universal bishop.
Domitius Aenobarbus is made Consul,
Spinther his consort; and Phaonius
Tribune, or Praetor.

[Sextus comes forward]with a letter.

Sex[x .] These were only sought
Before the battle, not obtain'd; nor moving
My father but in shadows.

Cor. Why should men
Tempt fate with such firm confidence, seeking places
Before the power that should dispose could grant them?
For then the stroke of battle was not struck.

1st Len. Nay, that was sure enough. Physicians know
When sick men's eyes are broken they must die.
Your letters telling you his victory
/Lost/ in the skirmish, which I know hath broken
Both the eyes and heart of Caesar: for as men
Healthful through all their lives to grey-hair'd age,
When sickness takes them once they seldom 'scape:
So Caesar, victor in his general fights
Till this late skirmish, could no adverse blow
Sustain without his utter overthrow.

/Enter a Sentinel./

2nd Len. See, madam, now, your sentinel; inquire.
Cor. Seest thou no fleet yet, sentinel, nor train
That may be thought great Pompey's?
Sent. Not yet, madam.
1st Len. Seest thou no travellers address'd this way
In any number on this Lesbian shore?
Sent. I see some not worth note, a couple coming
This way on foot that are not now far hence.
2nd Len. Come they apace, like messengers with news?
Sent. No, nothing like, my lord; nor are their habits
Of any such men's fashions, being long mantles
And sable-hued, their heads all hid in hats
Of parching Thessaly, broad-brimm'd, high-crown'd.
Cor. These serve not our hopes.
Sent. Now I see a ship,
A kenning hence, that strikes into the haven.
Cor. One only ship?
Sent. One only, madam, yet.
Cor. That should not be my lord.
1st Len. Your lord? No, madam.
Sent. She now lets out arm'd men upon the land.
2nd Len. Arm'd men? With drum and colours?
Sent. No, my lord;
But bright in arms, that bear half-pikes or bead-hooks.
1st Len. These can be no plumes in the train of Pompey.
Cor. I'll see him in his letter once again.
Sent. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

Enter Pompey and Demetrius /disguised./

Dem. See your princess, sir, come thus far from the city in her coach to encounter your promis'd coming about this time in your last letters.
Pom. The world is alter'd since, Demetrius,
/They offer to go by./
1st Len. See, madam, two Thessalian augurs, it seems by their habits. Call and inquire if either by their skills or travels they know no news of your husband.
Cor. My friends, a word!

Dem. With us, madam?
Cor. Yes. Are you of Thessaly?
Dem. Ay, madam, and all the world besides.
Cor. Your country is great.
Dem. And our portions little.
Cor. Are you augurs?
Dem. Augurs, madam? Yes, a kind of augurs, alias wizards, that go up and down the world teaching how to turn ill to good.
Cor. Can you do that?
Dem. Ay, madam; you have no work for us, have you? No ill to turn good, I mean?
Cor. Yes, the absence of my husband.
Dem. What's he?
Cor. Pompey the Great.
Dem. Wherein is he great?
Cor. In his command of the world.
Dem. Then he's great in others. Take him without his addition, 'Great,' what is he then?
Cor. Pompey.
Dem. Not your husband then?
Cor. Nothing the less for his greatness.
Dem. Not in his right; but in your comforts he is.
Cor. His right is my comfort.
Dem. What's his wrong?
Cor. My sorrow.
Dem. And that's ill.
Cor. Yes
Dem. Y'are come to the use of our profession, madam: would you have that ill turn'd good, that sorrow turn'd comfort?
Cor. Why, is my lord wrong'd?
Dem. We profess not that knowledge, madam: suppose he were.
Cor. Not I!
Dem. You'll suppose him good?
Cor. He is so.
Dem. Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd; for all goodness is wrong'd in this world.
Cor. What call you wrong?
Dem. Ill fortune, affliction.
Cor. Think you my lord afflicted?
Dem. If I think him good, madam, I must. Unless he be worldly good, and then either he is ill or has ill; since, as no sugar is without poison, so is no worldly good without ill, even naturally nourish'd in it like a household thief, which is the worst of all thieves.
Cor. Then he is not worldly, but truly good.
Dem. He's too great to be truly good; for worldly greatness is the chief worldly goodness; and all worldly goodness (I proved before) has ill in it, which true good has not.
Cor. If he rule well with his greatness, wherein is he ill?

Dem. But great rulers are like carpenters that wear their rules at their backs still; and therefore to make good your true good in him y'ad better suppose him little or mean; for in the mean only is the true good.

Pom. But every great lady must have her husband great still or her love will be little.

Cor. I am none of those great ladies.

1st Len. She's a philosophress, augur, and can turn ill to good as well as you.

Pom. I would then not honour but adore her. Could you submit yourself cheerfully to your husband, supposing him fallen?

Cor. If he submit himself cheerfully to his fortune.

Pom. 'Tis the greatest greatness in the world you undertake.

Cor. I would be so great if he were.

Pom. In supposition.

Cor. In fact.

Pom. Be no woman but a goddess then and make good thy greatness. (Revealing himself.) I am cheerfully fallen; be cheerful.

Cor. I am and welcome as the world were clos'd
In these embraces.

Pom. Is it possible.
A woman losing greatness still as good
As at her greatest? O gods, was I ever
Great till this minute!

Ambo Len. Pompey?

Pom. View me better!

Ambo Len. Conquer'd by Caesar?

Pom. Not I, but mine army.
No fault in me, in it; no conquest of me;
I tread this low earth as I trod on Caesar.
Must I not hold myself, though lose the world?
(Nor lose I less: a world lost at one clap;
'Tis more than Jove ever thunder'd with.)
What glory is it to have my hand hurl
So vast a volley through the groaning air?
And is't not great to turn griefs thus to joys,
That break the hearts of others?

Ambo Len. O, 'tis Jove-like!

Pom. It is to imitate Jove, that from the wounds
Of softest clouds beats up the terriblest sounds.
I now am good, for good men still have least,
That 'twixt themselves and God might rise their rest.

Cor. O, Pompey, Pompey, never 'Great' till now!

Pom. O, my Cornelia, let us still be good,
And we shall still be great; and greater far
In every solid grace than when the tumor
And bile of rotten observation swell'd us.
Griefs for wants outward are without our cure,
Greatness, not of itself, is never sure.

Before we went upon heaven, rather treading
The virtues of it underfoot in making
The vicious world our heaven, than walking there--
Even here, as knowing that our home, contemning
All forg'd heavens here rais'd, setting hills on hills.
Vulcan from heaven fell; yet on's feet did light
And stood no less a god than at his height.
At lowest, things lie fast; we now are like
The two poles propping heaven, on which heaven moves,
And they are fix'd and quiet; being above
All motion far, we rest above the heavens.
Cor. Oh, I more joy t'embrace my lord, thus fix'd,
Than he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.
1st Len. Miraculous standing in a fall so great!
Would Caesar knew, sir, how you conquer'd him
In your conviction!
Pom. 'Tis enough for me
That Pompey knows it. I will stand no more
On others' legs nor build one joy without me.
If ever I be worth a house again
I'll build all inward; not a light shall ope
The common outway; no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door will I use there;
But raise all plain and rudely, like a rapier
Against the false society of men
That still batters
All reason piecemeal, and, for earthy greatness,
All heavenly comforts rarefies to air.
I'll therefore live in dark, and all my light,
Like ancient temples, let in at my top.
This were to turn one's back to all the world
And only look at heaven. Empedocles
Recur'd a mortal plague through all his country
With stopping up the yawning of a hill,
From whence the hollow and unwholesome south
Exhal'd his venom'd vapour. And what else
Is any king, given over to his lusts,
But even the poisn'd cleft of that crack'd mountain
That all his kingdom plagues with his example?
Which I have stopp'd now and so cur'd my country
Of such a sensual pestilence:
When therefore our diseas'd affections,
Harmful to human freedom and, storm-like,
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit
Take in another way; like rooms that fight
With windows gainst the wind yet let in light.
Ambo Len. My lord, we serv'd before but now adore you.
Sent. My lord, the arm'd men I discover'd lately
Unshipp'd and landed now are trooping near.
Pom. What arm'd men are they?

1st Len. Some, my lord, that lately
The sentinel discover'd but not knew.
Sent Now all the sea, my lords, is hid with ships:
Another promontory flanking this,
Some furlong hence, is climb'd and full of people
That easily may see hither, it seems looking
What these so near intend: take heed, they come.

Enter Achillas, Septi/mi/us, Salvius, with soldiers.

Ach. Hail to Rome's great commander to whom Aegypt
(Not long since seated in his kingdom by thee
And sent to by thee in thy passage by)
Sends us with answer, which withdraw and hear.
Pom. I'll kiss my children first.
Se/x/. Bless me, my lord!
Pom. I will, and Cyris, my poor daughter too.
Even that high hand that hurl'd me down this low
Keep you from rising high! I hear; now tell me.
I think, my friend, you once serv'd under me.
Sept/mi/us only nods with his head.
Nod only, not a word deign? What are these?
Cornelia, I am now not worth men's words.
Ach. Please you receive your aid, sir?
Pom. Ay, I come.
Exit Pompey. They draw and follow.
Cor. Why draw they? See, my lords; attend them,
ushers!

/Exeunt the two Lentuli, and Demetrius with the Ushers./

Se/x/. Oh they have slain great Pompey!
Cor. Oh my husband!
Se/x/.
Cyr. Mother, take comfort!

Enter Pompey bleeding.

O, my lord and father!
Pom. See, heavens, your sufferings! Is my country's love
The justice of an empire, piety,
Worth this end in their leader? Last yet, life,
And bring the gods off fairer: after this
Who will adore or serve the deities?
He hides his face with his robe.

Enter the Murtherers.

Ach. Help hale him off and take his head for Caesar.
Se/x/. Mother, O save us! Pompey, O my father!
/Exeunt Murderers with Pompey./

Enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding, and kneel about Cornelia.

1st Len. Yet falls not heaven? Madam, O make good
Your late great spirits! All the world will say
You know not how to bear adverse events,
If now you languish.
Omnes. Take her to her coach.
They bear her out.

[SCENE ii

A Room in Cato's House in Utica.]

Cato with a book in his hand.

[Cato.] O beastly apprehenders of things manly
And merely heavenly! They, with all the reasons
I us'd for just men's liberties to bear
Their lives and deaths up in their own free hands,
Fear still my resolution; though I seem
To give it off like them and now am won
To think my life in law's rule, not mine own,
When once it comes to death, as if the law
Made for a sort of outlaws must bound me
In their subjection; as if I could
Be rack'd out of my veins to live in others,
As so I must, if others rule my life
And public power keep all the right of death;
As if men needs must serve the place of justice,
The form and idol, and renounce itself,
Ourselves, and all our rights in God and goodness,
Our whole contents and freedoms to dispose
All in the joys and ways of arrant rogues!
No stay but their wild errors to sustain us!
No forges but their throats to vent our breaths,
To form our lives in and repose our deaths!
See, they have got my sword. Who's there?

Enter Marcilius bare.

Mar. My lord!
Cato. Who took my sword hence? Dumb? I do not ask
For any use or care of it but hope
I may be answer'd. Go, sir, let me have it. [Exit Marcilius.]
Poor slaves, how terrible this death is to them!
If men would sleep they would be wroth with all
That interrupt them, physic take to take
The golden rest it brings, both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps, all friends consenting
In those kind invocations, praying all

'Good rest the gods vouchsafe you,' but when Death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes (that's nothing worse,
But better, being more rich and keeps the store;
Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor),
O how men grudge and shake and fear and fly
His stern approaches; all their comforts taken
In faith and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
That watch their wakings in an endless life,
Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their sense
Sustain'd but for an hour! Be all the earth
Rapt with this error, I'll pursue my reason
And hold that as my light and fiery pillar
Th' eternal law of heaven and earth no firmer.
But while I seek to conquer conquering Caesar,
My soft-spleen'd servants overrule and curb me.
[He knocks, and [Butas] enters.]
Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword
Where late I left it? Dumb, too? Come another!

Enter Cleanthes.

Where's my sword hung here?
Cle. My lord, I know not.
Cato. The rest come in there! [Enter Marcilius.]
Where's the sword I charg'd you
To give his place again? I'll break your lips ope.
Spite of my freedom, all my servants, friends,
My son and all will needs betray me naked
To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce
And bear-like, mankind of the blood of virtue.
O gods, who ever saw me thus contemn'd?
Go, call my son in, tell him that the less
He shows himself my son, the less I'll care
To live his father.

Enter Athenodorus, Portius; Portius kneeling; [Butas],

Cleanthes and Marcilius by him.

Por. I beseech you, sir,
Rest patient of my duty, and my love;
Your other children think on, our poor mother,
Your family, your country.
Cato. If the gods
Give over all, I'll fly the world with them.
Athenodorus, I admire the changes
I note in heavenly providence. When Pompey
Did all things out of course, past right, past reason,
He stood invincible against the world;
Yet now his cares grew pious, and his powers
Set all up for his country, he is conquered.
Ath. The gods' wills secret are, nor must we measure
Their chaste-reserved deeps by our dry shallows.
Sufficeth us, we are entirely such
As 'twixt them and our consciences we know

Their graces in our virtues shall present
Unspotted with the earth to th' high throne
That overlooks us. For this giant world,
Let's not contend with it when heaven itself
Fails to reform it, why should we affect
The least hand over it in that ambition?
A heap 'tis of digested villany;
Virtue in labour with eternal chaos
Press'd to a living death and rack'd beneath it,
Her throes unpitied, every worthy man
Limb by limb sawn out of her virgin womb
To live here piecemeal tortur'd; fly life then!
Your life and death made precedents for men. Exit.

Cato. Ye hear, my masters, what a life this is
And use much reason to respect it so.
But mine shall serve ye. Yet restore my sword,
Lest too much ye presume, and I conceive
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's Statilius?

Por. I think, sir, gone with the three hundred Romans
In Lucius Caesar's charge to serve the victor.

Cato. And would not take his leave of his poor friend?
Then the philosophers have stoop'd his spirit,
Which I admire in one so free and knowing,
And such a fiery hater of base life,
Besides being such a vow'd and noted foe
To our great conqueror. But I advis'd him
To spare his youth and live.

Por. My brother Brutus
Is gone to Caesar.

Cato. Brutus? Of mine honour
(Although he be my son-in-law) I must say
There went as worthy and as learn'd a precedent
As lives in Rome's whole rule for all life's actions;
And yet your sister Portia (his wife)
Would scarce have done this. But, for you, my son,
However Caesar deals with me, be counsell'd
By your experienc'd father not to touch
At any action of the public weal
Nor any rule bear near her politic stern:
For to be upright and sincere therein
Like Cato's son, the time's corruption
Will never bear it; and to soothe the time,
You shall do basely and unworthy your life,
Which to the gods I wish may outweigh mine
In every virtue, howsoever ill
You thrive in honour.

Por. I, my lord, shall gladly
Obey that counsel.

Cato. And what needed you
Urge my kind care of any charge that nature
Imposes on me? Have I ever shown
Love's least defect to you or any dues

The most indulgent father, being discreet,
Could do his dearest blood? Do you me right
In judgment and in honour and dispense
with passionate nature: go, neglect me not,
But send my sword in. Go, 'tis I that charge you.
Por. O, my lord and father! [To the others.] Come, advise me. Exeunt.
Cato. What have I now to think on in this world?
No one thought of the world: I go each minute
Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedom.
The next world and my soul then let me serve
With her last utterance that my body may
With sweetness of the passage drown the sour
That death will mix with it: the Consuls' souls,
That slew themselves so nobly, scorning life
Led under tyrants' sceptres, mine would see.
For we shall know each other and past death
Retain those forms of knowledge learn'd in life;
Since, if what here we learn we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time.
And that our souls in reason are immortal
Their natural and proper objects prove,
Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that object ever is referr'd
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employ'd.
And that true object must her powers obtain
To which they are in nature's aim directed,
Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object
Which possibly she never can aspire.

Enter a Page with his sword, taken out before.

Page. Your sword, my lord.
Cato. Oh, is it found? Lay down
Upon the bed, my boy. [Exit Page.] Poor men! a boy
Must be presenter; manhood at no hand
Must serve so foul a fact; for so are call'd,
In common mouths, men's fairest acts of all.
Unsheathe! Is't sharp? 'Tis sweet! Now I am safe;
Come Caesar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her, heaven.
The earth, the air, and seas I know and all
The joys and horrors of their peace and wars,
And now will see the gods' state and the stars.
He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius at another side of the stage with his sword drawn; Portius, [Butas], Cleanthes, and Marcilius holding his hands.
Stat. Cato? My lord?
Por. I swear, Statilius,
He's forth, and gone to seek you, charging me

To seek elsewhere, lest you had slain yourself;
And by his love entreated you would live.
Stat. I swear by all the gods, I'll run his fortunes.
Por. You may, you may; but shun the victor now
Who near is and will make us all his slaves.
Stat. He shall himself be mine first and my slaves'. Exit.
Por. Look, look in to my father! Oh I fear
He is no sight for me to bear and live. Exit.
Omnes 3. O ruthful spectacle!
Cle. He hath ripp'd his entrails.
/But/. Search, search; they may be sound.
Cle. They may and are.
Give leave, my lord, that I may sew them up,
Being yet unperish'd.
Cato. Stand off; now they are not.
He thrusts him back and plucks out his entrails.
Have he my curse that my life's least part saves;
Just men are only free, the rest are slaves. /Dies./
/But/. Mirror of men!
Mar. The gods envied his goodness.

Enter Caesar, Antony, Brutus, Acilius, with Lords and Citizens of Utica.
Caes. Too late, too late, with all our haste! O Cato,
All my late conquest and my life's whole acts,
Most crown'd, most beautified, are b/l/asted all
With thy grave life's expiring in their scorn.
Thy life was rule to all lives; and thy death
(Thus forcibly despising life) the quench
Of all lives' glories.
Ant. Unreclaimed man!
How censures Brutus his stern father's fact?
Brut. 'Twas not well done.
Caes. O censure not his acts;
Who knew as well what fitted man as all men.

Enter Achillas, Septimius, Salvius, with Pompey's head
All /three/ kneeling. Your enemy's head, great Caesar!
Caes. Cursed monsters,
Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp
Let any dare to view it; far as noblesse
The den of barbarism flies and bliss
The bitterest curse of vex'd and tyranniz'd nature,
Transfer it from me. Born the plagues of virtue,
How durst ye poison thus my thoughts? To torture
/With/ them with instant rapture.
Omnes 3. Sacred Caesar!
Caes. Away with them; I vow by all my comforts
Who slack seems or not fiery in my charge
Shall suffer with them.
All the soldiers. Out, base murtherers;
Tortures, tortures for them!

Omnes 3. Cruel Caesar!
Caes. Too mild with any torture.
Hale them out.
Brut. Let me crave
The ease of my hate on their one curs'd life.
Caes. Good Brutus, take it; O you cool the poison
These villains flaming pour'd upon my spleen
To suffer with my loathings. If the blood
Of every common Roman touch'd so near,
Shall I confirm the false brand of my tyranny
With being found a fautor of his murther
Whom my dear country choos'd to fight for her?
Ant. Your patience, sir; their tortures well will quit you.
Brut. Let my slaves' use, sir, be your precedent.
Caes. It shall, I swear; you do me infinite honour.
O Cato, I envy thy death since thou
Envied'st my glory to preserve thy life.
Why fled his son and friend Statilius?
So far I fly their hurt that all my good
Shall fly to their desires. And, for himself,
My lords and citizens of Utica,
His much renown of you quit with your most;
And by the sea upon some eminent rock
Erect his sumptuous tomb, on which advance
With all fit state his statue, whose right hand
Let hold his sword, where may to all times rest
His bones as honour'd as his soul is blest.

FINIS.

In the following explanatory notes and textual notes, these abbreviations are used for the six editions of George Chapman's Caesar and Pompey: Q. represents the first three editions or quartos which were printed from the same type; P. represents the Pearson edition; S. represents the Shepherd edition, and Pa. the Parrott edition. No letter is used to represent the text included as a portion of this thesis.

Textual Notes

Dedication, line 6: Q. has "diminution"; so does S. and Pa.; P. has "dimimution." This text prints "diminution."

Dedication, line 12: The first five texts print "ingeniously"; Pa. has "ingenously." This text prints "ingenuously."

Dedication, line 15: The first five texts print "any old defects"; Pa. has "any such defects." This text prints "any such defects."

I, i, 1 - 4: Parrott omits comma here, but I believe him to be in error. His reading apparently means that the two suns of heaven decree that all the clouds assemble. In this sense clouds is the subject of assemble. Retention of the comma after contention, as in the first five texts, suggests will as auxiliary of assemble, ordinary future, with suns the subject of the sentence. This reading states that the contention of Caesar and Pompey will assemble, i.e., will bring together, all the clouds.

I, i, 5: "blood - Civil and natural, wild and barbarous turning": Here I have used a dash after blood instead of the comma of the previous texts. The dash is used to clarify the meaning of the succeeding line, which, in my opinion, should be of parallel structure with civil turning to wild and natural turning to barbarous. Civil and natural would thus be substantives.

I, i, 15: "Q. For fall of his ill-disposed purse. A syllable has evidently dropped out of the line. Brereton (loc. cit.) proposes to read (so) ill-disposed; I suggest fallings, i.e., 'droppings'." (Pa. 677) I follow Parrott here.

I, i, 39: "I insert the stage direction /To Athenodorus/ ." (Pa. 677)

I, i, 41 - 2: "In Q. the parenthesis includes the words from for to danger, l. 44. But it is plain that the phrase, his wife . . . mourn, depends on knew, l. 40, and belongs outside the parenthesis." (Pa. 677)

I, i, 82: "Probably we should read more that for the Q. more then; but see the preceding note on this passage, p. 665." (Pa. 677)

I, i, stage direction after line 84: Parrott has inserted Exeunt /Portius, Athenodorus and Statilius/. This text follows example. Throughout the play, this text has utilized the stage directions inserted by Parrott, and more have been inserted.

I, ii: "In the stage direction before this scene I have substituted, as throughout the play, the modern form Antony for the Q. Anthonius." (Pa. 677)

I, ii, 1 and 4: "I have marked the speeches beginning with these lines as asides. The whole dialogue as far as l. 15 is, of course, an aside between Caesar and Metellus." (Pa. 677)

I, ii, 9: The first four texts have "authoitry" for "authority." S. and Pa. correct this error, and this text uses the correction.

I, ii, 18: "Q. Hold, keep out. Q. assigns this speech to 1, which S. expands to 1st Co., as if 1st Consul, cf. l. 197. This is, of course, wrong, as the Consuls are friends of Cato, and the speaker is evidently trying to prevent his entrance, cf. I, i, 51 - 5. The speeches in this passage assigned in Q. to 1,2,3,4,5, and 6 (11, 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, and 27) are by various characters not precisely designated; 1 is apparently one of the ruffians of I, i, 51; 2, one of the people; 3 is, perhaps, a senator, addressing the ruffians; 4,5, and 6 may also be senators, or, perhaps, rather citizens. S. designates them all as 1st, 2nd, etc., Co. I think it is simpler to designate them as citizens, a term which includes at once the ruffians and Cato's friends among the people and Senate." (Pa. 677 - 678)

I, ii, 30: "I have inserted the stage - direction rising." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 110 - 1. "Q. includes the words I slew to soldiers within the parenthesis, putting a semicolon after them. (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 135: Q. has "courtry"; P., S., and Pa. have "country"; this latter spelling is used in this text.

I, ii, 193: "Q. To take. Perhaps we should read You take, and put a period after his." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 201: "Perhaps we should read armies for Q. armes; but if arms be pronounced as a dissyllable, the metre will be correct." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 209: "I have inserted the stage direction, he snatches the bill, from the source, Plutarch, Cato, 28." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 213: "Come down, sir. Q. assigns this speech to Gen.; but there is no character in the play to whom this abbreviation will apply. Following a suggestion of Mr. Brereton, I take it to be a misprint for Sen., i.e., Senators. The words are then addressed to Caesar, who has drawn his sword on Cato. The stage direction in ll. 212 - 3, He draws and all draw, comes in Q. after the two lines into which l. 213 is there divided; S. shifts it to come after Pompey's words, thus making him the first to draw. But it is plain from the context that Caesar draws first, and his 'mercenary ruffians' follow his example." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 256: "Q. subject'st. S. alters to subject; but the double superlative should be retained." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 258: "Q. ingeniously. See note on Bussy, III, ii, 107, p. 565. (ingenuous - ingenious) These two are mere variants of the same word in Elizabethan English. I prefer the sense of A, and therefore print ingenuous." (Pa. 678) There is no need to change "ingeniously" to "ingenuously," as Parrott does.

I, ii, 283: "Q. beleeu'e. I take this to mean believ'd, i.e. trusted in; but there may be some corruption in the text." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 291: "Q. My Lords; S. needlessly alters to My lord. Cato is addressing both Caesar and Pompey." (Pa. 678)

I, ii, 297: "I have inserted the stage direction to Caesar." (Pa. 678)

II, i, 11: Q. and P. have "sease"; S. and Pa. have changed this to "seize," which is the spelling used in this text.

II, i, 19: S. and Pa. insert an a before "knave," which is also done in this text.

II, i, 19: "Q. thinke I am knave. S. inserts the a which has dropped out before knave." (Pa. 678)

II, i, 25 - 82: "Q. prints this passage as if it were verse, but it is plainly prose." (Pa. 678)

II, i, 50: Pa. changes "command" to "command /ing/"; this change adds sense to the line.

II, i, 70 - 73: Pa. changes the ? used after each phrase in these lines to commas; this change takes away the dramatic impact of these lines. I have used a ? after each phrase as in the first five texts.

II, i, 83: "Q. has a dash (-) in this line. I take it that a cut has been made here, which has left the line imperfect." (Pa. 678)

II, i, 96 - 8: "Q. prints as verse, the lines ending with profession, coat, and on. S. prints the last two of these lines as one. But I think the passage is prose." (Pa. 678)

II, i, 107 - 117: "Q. prints this passage as doggrel verse. I take it to be prose. The same holds good of the following speeches of Ophioneus to the close of the scene." (Pa. 678)

II, i, 127: Q. has "adutery," which is obviously a misprint; Pa. changes this to "adultery."

II, i, 154: Pa. modernizes "Light o' thy legs" for "Light a thy legs;" this change is retained.

II, i, 154 - 5: "Q. Though thou; P. misprints Thou thou." (Pa. 678)

II, ii, 11: "Q. bloody frights. Perhaps we should read sights, fights, or rites for frieghts; but I have preferred to let the text stand." (Pa. 678)

II, ii, 43: "After this line I have inserted Exit Nuntius, and marked a new scene." (Pa. 678)

II, iii, 1 - 2: "Q. crass. Stay cowherd, fly ye Caesar's fortunes?" (Pa. 678)

Caes. Forbeare, foolish Crassinius, we contend in vaine.

Context and metre show that we should read cowards and transpose foolish from l. 2 to l. 1." (Pa. 678)

II, iii, 39: "Q. Counsailes. S. prints counsels; but I think the sense demands councils, i.e., of war. So also in l. 42." (Pa. 678)

II, iii, 68: "Q. 'Tis offerd, Sir. 'bove the rate. S. emends above." (Pa. 679)

II, iii, 73: "This prepares. Q. prints as the first words of the next line." (Pa. 679)

II, iii, 99: Q. has "sould," which Pa. had changed to "Should," the adaptation for this text.

II, iii, 105: "Q. what suspection. For this very doubtful word I suggest suspect, a noun used elsewhere by Chapman (Gentlemen Usher, IV, iv, 103), which also restores the metre." (Pa. 679)

II, iii, 110 - 2: "The passage as punctuated in Q. is very confusing:

> Their stay is worth their ruine, should we live,
> If they in fault were? if their leader! he
> Should dye the deaths of all;

S. retains the question mark in l. 111, but this merely indicates an exalamation, and, like the exclamation mark in the same line, is meant to give emphasis to the passage." (Pa. 679)

II, iii, 113: "After all, Q. has only a comma." (Pa. 679)

II, iv, 1: The first four texts have "firiendly." S. and Pa. have correctly spelled this as "friendly," which is also the spelling in this text.

II, iv, 54: Pa. changes "lose" to "los/t/." Parrott appears to be in error.

II, iv, 58: "After this line I have inserted the stage direction, going." (Pa. 679)

II, iv, 79: "I have inserted to Athenodorus to make it plain whom Pompey is addressing." (Pa. 679)

II, iv, 86: Q. has "Sat." for "Stat."

II, iv, 104: Pa. uses "ingenuous" for "ingenious"; there is no reason for this change. "Witty" is the meaning intended.

II, iv, 105: I agree with Pa. and use "suspect" for "suspection."

II, iv, 120: Q. and P. have "Hib." for "Iber."; S. and Pa. correct this error.

II, v, 36: "Q. were all, yet more? As in II, iii, 111, the question mark merely denotes emphasis. So in l. 40 Q. has master?" (Pa. 679)

II, v, 44: "Q. fraight. S. prints straight, but I think it is a mere variant for freight." (Pa. 679)

III, i, 15: "Q. as the time encrease. Read increas'd. Chapman probably wrote encreast, from which the misprint of the Q. would be easy." (Pa. 679)

III, i, 69: "Q. we both concluded. Perhaps we should read were both; but see note above, p. 670. (Pa. 679)

III, i, 90 - 1: "Come . . . much. Q. and P. print these words as one line. P. and S. omit much, following some copies of Q. (iMalone, 241, and Brit. Mus., C. 12, g.5). But the word appears in all other copies that I have seen, and is evidently required by the context. (iOne of the copies at the Bodleian.)" (Pa. 679)

III, i, 92: "P. misprints Tom. for Pom(pey)." (Pa. 679)

III, i, 94: Pa. substitutes "/Both Consuls/" for "Omnes," the latter being too general in meaning.

III, i, 95: "Q. gives the first part of this line to Omn(es); but it is plain that Brutus does not join with the Consuls in these words." (Pa. 679)

III, i, 98: "Q. Of some hid. Perhaps we should read Or some. In some copies of Q. the f is faint; in iMalone, 164, it is wanting." (Pa. 679)

III, i, 138: "Q. crown'd. So P. and S.; but the context seems to require crown to correspond with drown in l. 136." (Pa. 679)

III, ii, i: Q. has "southsayer," and S. and Pa. substitutes "soothsayer" for this. This text uses "soothsayer."

III, ii, 13: The six printed texts have "stroke"; this text has "struck."

III, ii, 117: S. and Pa. change "fowles" to "souls"; this text retains "fowls."

III, ii, 76: "Q. in an spirit. P. and S. print any, which, is, no doubt, right." (Pa. 679)

III, ii, 90: "Q. assigns this line to Anth. P. misprints Cnth, and S. alters to Cr(assinius)." (Pa. 679)

III, ii, 101: "I have inserted the stage direction, To Antony." (Pa. 679)

III, ii, 109: "Q. A blest even. P. misprints O blest." (Pa. 679)

III, ii, 117: "Q. fowles. P. misprints fowles, and S. alters to souls." (Pa. 679)

III, ii, 127: "P. blest means. S. needlessly alters to best." (Pa. 679)

IV, i, 20: "Q. ruder; S. emends metris causa, to rude." (Pa. 679)

IV, i, 32: S. emends "zany, war" to "zany war." This text uses "zany, war."

IV, i, 43: "After patients Q. has a question mark, but the clause is not interrogative; who, l. 41, refers to Pompey. (Pa. 679)

IV, i, 53: "After self-fortunes Q. has a question mark, but this seems plainly an error, perhaps caught from the question mark after own, l. 52, which I have altered to an exclamation mark." (Pa. 679)

IV, ii, 4: "Q. puts a question mark after show'd but this makes nonsense of the sentence." (Pa. 679)

IV, ii, 27: "Q. soule of funeral; the emendation scroll, i.e., 'inscription,' I think makes sense of an otherwise unintelligible passage." (Pa. 679)

IV, iii, 29: "Q. puts a question mark after ruin'd; but it plainly belongs after detraction, l. 31." (Pa. 679)

IV, iii, 34: "Q. puts a question mark after you, but I think a dash is better, as Pompey interrupts this speech." (Pa. 679)

IV, iii, 67 - 9: "Q. puts question marks after own, l. 67, me, l. 68, and acceptance, l. 69. Only the last is needed." (Pa. 679)

IV, iii, 84: "Q. accepted, S. emends excepted, which is plainly right." (Pa. 680)

IV, iii, 90: "Something seems to have dropped out of this line." (Pa. 680)

IV, iv, 9: "The copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, has blood; all others bloods, which I have therefore retained." (Pa. 680)

IV, iv, 14: "Q. Of all slaine, yet, if Brutus only liv'd. S. cancels the comma after yet; I think it better to cancel the comma after slaine." (Pa. 680)

IV, v, 111: Q. prints "sease"; Pa. uses "seize," which is plainly right.

IV, v, 123: "Q. Holds their proportion. P. misprints Holds this." (Pa. 680)

V. i, "In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene Q. has Septimius. S. retains this, but I have altered to Sextus as the context shows that this is the son of Pompey, not his murderer. The latter enters after l. 243 where Q. has Enter Achillas, Septius. Septius is an evident abbreviation for Septimius, and I have made the necessary alteration. It is not at all likely that such a scholar as Chapman confused Sextus Pompey with Septimius the murderer." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 6: "After full Q. has a period." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 13: "Q. making, an evident misprint for waking, which P. prints. (Pa. 680)

V, i, 42: "In this line Q. has the stage direction Septimius (read Sextus) with a letter. This does not indicate an entrance, but only that Sextus comes forward and joins in the dialogue." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 51: Q. prints "lost," which Pa. changes to /left/. I follow Q.

V, i, 57: "After this line I have inserted the stage direction Enter a Sentinel. S. does not note this entry, and assigns the speeches in ll. 60,63-4, etc., to Se., the same abbreviation that he uses for Sextus, thus making a confusion which does not exist in the Q., which assigns them to Sen." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 75: "Q. yet. So S.; but I feel sure yet is a misprint for that, probably written yt." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 79: "In the stage direction after this line I have inserted the word disguised." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 80 - 2: "Q. prints as verse, the lines ending, the, comming, and letters." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 84 - 6: "Q. prints as verse, the lines ending seemes, by their, and husband." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 94: "Augurs, madam . . . alias. P. prints these words in italics. They are roman in Q." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 120 - 1: "P. wrongly assigns this speech to Cor(nelia). In l. 120 S. reads possess for Q. profess, an error which has crept into this text." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 120: Pa. changes "professe" to "possess"; I leave the word as "Profess," which, I believe, is the meaning Chapman wished to convey.

V, i, 159: "I have inserted the stage direction Revealing himself." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 161 - 5: "These lines of regular verse are printed as prose by S." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 172: "Before ever Brereton would insert hath. This seems to me unnecessary; more may be pronounced as a dissyllable." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 196 - 7: "Q. has a comma after quiet; and a semicolon after farre. I think the sense demands a transposition of these points." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 211 - 4: "Something may have been lost in l. 211. After piecemeal, l. 212, Q. has a period. I prefer a comma, taking for as a preposition." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 244: "Instead of Ach(illas) as in Q., P. prints Arch. as the name of the speaker." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 256: "I have inserted the stage direction, Exeunt, etc., after this line." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 259: "Q. prints See heavens your sufferings. This is intelligible, but I think the context shows that Pompey is appealing to the heavens, and I have punctuated accordingly." (Pa. 680)

V, i, 265: "I have inserted the stage direction, Exeunt Murderers with Pompey, after this line." (Pa. 680)

V, ii, 28: "Physick, take to take": Parrott changes the Q. reading to "take, to take"; I have retained the Q. reading and modernized the wording to "Physic, take to take."

V, ii, 46: "Following Dr. Kern's suggestion, I have altered the name in the stage direction after this line from Q. Brutus to Butas. See Cato, 70; so also in ll. 59, 162, 173, 178." (Pa. 680)

V, ii, 103: "president": Q. and P. have "president"; S. and Pa. change the word to "precedent." This text has precedent.

V, ii, 120 - 1: "Q. Have I ever showne Loves least defect to you? or any dues. The question mark after you destroys the connexion, since dues is in the possessive plural after defect." (Pa. 680)

V, ii, 122: Q. misprints the word "indulgent," using "iddulgent."

V, ii, 126: S. misprints "Co." for "Por."

V, ii, 127: "Q. assigns this speech to Por(tius). P. misprints Cor., and S. abbreviates Co. I have inserted the stage direction in this line." (Pa. 680)

V, ii, 130: "Q. that may fit. Perhaps we should read that may let, i.e., hinder." (Pa. 680)

V, ii, 151: "Q. Lay downe. S. emends Lay't (i.e., the sword) down. I doubt if this is necessary." (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 158: "Q. receive her heaven. So S., but plainly Cato is invoking heaven to receive her, i.e. his soul." (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 177: "I have inserted the stage direction Dies." (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 181: "Q. are basted. P. blasted, which is, no doubt, correct. (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 188: "In the stage direction after this line Q. has Achilius. S. reads Acilius, confusing the soldier of Caesar with the murderer of Pompey, Achillas." (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 189: "I have inserted three after All to show that it is the three murderers who kneel.

195 - 6: Q. to torture
Them with instant rapture.

Evidently something has been lost before Them. Brereton suggests Bear. I think the word with may have originally begun the line, and have been struck out by a proof reader who took it for an anticipation of the with before instant." (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 201: "Q. gives the words cruel Caesar to Omn(es). I read Omnes 3, as in l. 196." (Pa. 681)

V, ii, 202: "It is just possible that the phrase Hale them out which is printed as a stage-direction may have been meant as a speech. It occurs in Q. in the middle of the line, but in italics, so that it is probably a stage direction, and I have accordingly transferred it to the margin." (Pa. 681)

Explanatory Notes

"Dedication. The Earl of Middlesex: Lionel Cranfield, 1575-1645, first Earl of Middlesex. A London citizen remarkable for his administrative ability; he was presented to James I's attention by Northampton, and rose rapidly, not only by his own merits, but by the favour of Buckingham. He became Treasurer, and was made Earl of Middlesex in 1622. Incurring Buckingham's displeasure during the latter's absence in Spain, the Duke induced the Commons to impeach him in 1624. He was convicted, though apparently on slight evidence, of mismanagement and corruption, heavily fined, and remanded to private life. He 'entertained his friends bountifully, neighbours hospitably, poor charitably'. I find no other trace than this dedication of his connexion with Chapman.

"Causelessly impair it: derogate without just cause from its aesthetic worth.

"Scenical representation: performance of a play on the stage.

"The only section . . . thus much: 'the mere fact of its division into acts and scenes makes me insist upon to such a degree'.

"Numerous elocution: metrical language, poetry.

"Some work: it is not likely that this refers to any particular work of Chapman's. At any rate he published nothing between 1631, which we may assume as the date of this dedication, and his death in 1634.

Dramatis Personae

"Sextus: the younger son of Pompey, present with his mother at the murder of Pompey.

"Athenodorus: a Stoic mentioned in Cato, 10. Cato visited him in Pergamus, and, bringing him back to Rome, installed him in his house, where he spent the rest of his life, Strabo, Geography, XIV, v. 14.

"The two Lentuli: mentioned in Pompey, 73, as taken on board with Pompey on his flight to Lesbos. Chapman makes them attendants of Cornelia at Lesbos.

"Crassinius: Caius Crassinius, or Crassinianus (Caesar, 44; Pompey, 71), a centurion in Caesar's army.

"Acilius: an Acilius, a soldier of Caesar's, is mentioned in Caesar, 16, as distinguishing himself in the sea-fight off Massilia; but he could hardly have been present in the campaign against Pompey. Marcus Acilius is mentioned in the Civil War, III, 16, as a lieutenant of Caesar.

"Achillas: an Egyptian, who sat in the council that decided on the murder of Pompey, and superintended the execution of the deed, Pompey, 77, 78.

"Septimius: a centurion in the Egyptian army, who had formerly served under Pompey, the first of the murderers to strike him, Pompey, 78, 79.

"Salvius: a centurion in the Egyptian army, associated with Septimius in the murder of Pompey, Pompey, 78-9.

"Marcilius: a slave of Cato. The name is not mentioned by Plutarch.

"Butas: Kern's emendation for Brutus. Cato employed him as 'chief in all public matters', Cato, 70.

"Drusus: a mute character who only appears in the stage direction before V, i, As he is introduced with the maids of Cornelia, I take him to be her servant, but no such name appears in Plutarch's narrative.

"Ophioneus: see note on II, i, 57.

"The two consuls: the consuls for the year 49 B.C. were L. Cornelius Lentulus and C. Claudius Marcellus.

"Cornelia: daughter of Metellus Scipio, betrothed to the younger Crassus, who was slain by the Parthians, and later the wife of Pompey.

"Cyris: Chapman seems to have invented this strange name for Pompey's daughter. A daughter by his third wife, Mucia, was called Pompeia; the infant daughter of his fourth wife, Julia, died a few days after her mother's death in childbed.

"Telesilla and Laelia: mute figures who appear only in V, i, apparently the serving-maids of Cornelia." (Parrott Notes, 663-664)

"The Argument: both the consuls slaughtered with their own hands. This is an invention of Chapman's. Lentulus was murdered in Egypt shortly after the death of Pompey; nothing certain is known as to the death of Marcellus, but he seems to have fallen in the war. See Cicero, Phillipic, XIII, 14." (Pa., 664)

I. "Here Koeppel remarks: 'A material which Chapman could create out of a rich tradition (cf. Langbaine, p. 62: see Suetonius' life of Julius Caesar, Plutarch's lives of Pompey, Caesar, and Cato, Velleius Paterculus, Florus, Dion and Lucan). He has taken a bold course, to rework the authentic history with the freedom permitted to the artist.'

"In general it must be conceded that Chapman in Act I struggles with the free form of his material, but also this material is not entirely the authentic history as it comes from Suetonius, Plutarch, Velleius Paterculus, and so forth, but for the chief moments, especially as in the later acts only Plutarch's Cato Minor, Caesar, and Pompeius are the source, and indeed there are parts of this source of our poet that have been worked up with such skill that Koeppel's meaning needs clarification." (Kern, p. 8. Berkeley translation)

I, i: "The place is evidently Cato's house; the time immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War; but Chapman borrows some details from an earlier period." (Pa., 664)

"This is played in Cato's house and shows us that Chapman wanted above all else to place Cato in the foreground of interest. He is the personality who gives unity to the whole play. This unity will often be freely broken later to the great disadvantage of the whole piece; first in Acts IV and V does Cato approach us again. Our scene materially depends on Cato Minor 27. Just as in Plutarch we stand here on the evening previous to a senate session in which it is to be considered whether Pompey with his army should come to the protection of Rome before the conspiracy of Cataline . . . . Chapman had a happy conception when he selected as the introduction for his piece the episode which in Plutarch lies far before the outbreak of war. Corresponding to the biography Cato's friends stay by him in great sorrow until Minutius, Cato's friend in office, takes him to the senate meeting . . . . The blending of different strands otherwise quite foreign shows Chapman creatively at work in this part. His poetic skill is clearest revealed in the saying of Cato. Without reserve he takes his standpoint between the parties of Caesar and Pompey. Caesar is the more detestable to him of the two rivals. (Cato's refusal to obey the warnings of his friends concerning the armed hordes, his desire to do his duty, and to raise his voice in the senate--all this is according to Plutarch.) Cato's fearlessness also emphasizes the sources." (Kern, pp. 8-10. Berkeley translation)

I, i, 31. "blacke guard": the lowest menials of a royal or a noble household, who had charge of pots and pans and other kitchen utensils, and rode in the wagons conveying these during journeys from one residence to another. b. Those who held a similar position in the army. c. The vagabond, loafing, or criminal class of a community. (NED, I, 893) "aquiline": of, or belonging to an eagle; eagle-like; esp. of the nose or features; curved like an eagle's beak, hooked. (NED, I, 422)

I, i, 18-23. The figurative concreteness of this passage is at variance with the abstract and generalized diction characteristic of this play. (Berkeley)

I, i, 14. "Puttocks": a bird of prey usually applied to the kite or glede (Milvus ictinus or regalis); Applied opprobriously to a person, as having some attribute of the kite (e.g., ignobleness, greed). (NED, VII, 1658)

I, i, 15. "fall/ings/": a dropping or windfall. (Used in Yorkshire Tragedy, 1608, I, i, 15) (NED, IV, 46)

I, i, 16: "Cross . . . aquiline virtue." A cross is a coin stamped with the figure of a cross. Chapman uses the word "aquiline" as a laudatory epithet in contrast with the puttocks, l. 14, nourished by Caesar's bounty.

I, i, 18-23: Cf. An Invective against Ben Jonson:
their blood standing lakes,
Green-bellied serpents and black-freckled snakes
Crawling in their unwieldy clotter'd veins. Poems, p. 432."
(Pa. 664.)

I, i, 40-4: "This account of the anxiety of Cato's friends and family is taken from Cato, 27. It belongs properly to a time long before the outbreak of the Civil War, when Cato was preparing to oppose the suggestion of Metellus to recall Pompey and his army from Asia." (Pa. 664)

I, i, 48: "Castor and Pollux temple: a temple on the south side of the Forum, where the people were to meet to vote on the proposal of Metellus." (Pa. 664)

I, i, 53: "The Bench: Chapman's translation, used here for the Latin rostra from which the speakers addressed the assembly in the Forum." (Pa. 665)

I, i, 54: "degrees": a step in an ascent or descent; one of a flight of steps; a step or rung of a ladder. (NED, III, 148)

I, i, 67-70: "This passage is translated, as Kern has shown, from Plutarch, De Superstitione, e: Qui deos metuit, omnia metuit, terram, mare, aerem, coelum, tenebras, lucem, rumorem, silentium, somnium. It is interesting to note that Chapman has inserted the phrase for guard of any goodness to explain the nature of the 'fear of the gods' which he is speaking of i.e., distrust in their protection of goodness." (Pa. 665)

I, i, 80-2: "'May this fear, or distrust of the gods' watchful care of goodness, no more infect your mind than the gods themselves are infected by fear in their defence of the good'." (Pa. 665)

I, i, 85: "Minutius Thermus, Cato's colleague, roused him from sleep and accompanied him to the Forum on the occasion of his opposition to Metellus." (Pa. 665)

I, i, 91. "statists": One skilled in state affairs; one having political knowledge, power or influence; a politican, a statesman. Very common in 17th Century. Now arch. 1584. Sidney in A. Collins S. Lett. (1746) I, i, 64 "When he plais the Statist, wringing very unlukkili some of Machiavels Axiomes to serve his Purpos then indeed; then he tryumphes." (NED, IX, i, 864)

I, ii: "The scene is a compound of Plutarch's account of the session of the Senate immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War, Caesar, 30, and of the debate in the Forum on the proposal of Metellus, Cato, 27-9. Chapman borrows many incidents from the latter to give distinction to the person and behaviour of Cato, who does not seem to have played a conspicuous part in the former." (Pa. 665)

"This is a piece that Chapman could create out of a rich tradition. (Cf. Langbaine, p. 62: See Suetonius's Life of Julius Caesar, Plutarch's Lives of Pompey, Caesar, and Cato, Velleius Paterculus, Florus, Dion, and Lucan.) He has made a bold attack to revise authentic history with the freedom permitted to the artist. In reality Pompey had already left the eternal city as Caesar entered Rome with his troops in 49 B. C. but the drama sits us in the first act in a senate session in which the three chief actors of the tragedy, Caesar, Pompey, and Cato are seated opposite each other and attack each other with words before they seize arms. The consuls and the senate finally declare for Pompey, in response to historical truth, and Pompey has all the sympathy of the dramatist; during this Caesar is handled as a peace-breaker favored by fortune." (Emil Koeppel, Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's Philip Massinger's und John Ford's, Strassburg: Karl J. Trubner, 1897, p. 67. Berkeley Translation)

"In the first scene Plutarch's Cato Minor 27 gave only the frame for Chapman's broader treatment; thus follows the first part of the second scene, which leads us into the meeting, already narrower in this place. In the drama we observe: Caesar has won Metellus to come to an understanding with him concerning the meeting of the senate. Both consider once again the moves by which they might bring the senate to permit not Pompey but Caesar to march into Rome with his troops. Indeed, Plutarch does not directly say that Caesar and Metellus compounded so that one would intercede for the other, but has the reality otherwise: Metellus sat by Caesar in the senate, Cato sat between them so that he could hinder their talking to one another; this was unsuitable for Chapman to follow. The dramatized account shows the following: Cato in the senate ridicules Caesar:

> See the coward/Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked (Cf. Cato Minor 27) (Kern, p. 12. Berkeley translation)

I, ii, stage direction. "bundles of rods": (L. fascēs with sing. fascis in same sense of bundle) - A bundle of rods bound up with an axe in the middle and its blade projecting. These rods were carried by lictors before the superior magistrates at Rome as an emblem of their power. (NED, IV, 81)

I, ii, 1-3: "Caesar appears to have supported the proposal of Metellus, Cato, 27; but, as the time, 62 B.C., was four years before his command of the army in Gaul, without the ulterior purpose that Chapman here assigns him." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 4. "fellowes": in a bad sense, an accomplice. Contemptuously, a person of no esteem or worth. Shakespeare, Richard III, V, iii, 325. "A paltry fellow, Long kept in Britaine at our Mother's cost, A Milke-sop." (NED, IV, 143-145)

I, ii, 16-17. "'When Cato saw the temple of the Dioscuri surrounded by armed men and the steps guarded by gladiators . . . he turned to his friends and said: "O the daring and cowardly men to collect such a force of soldiery against a single man unarmed and defenceless", Cato, 27.'" (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 18. "With this ironic speech, cf. Monsieur's words in The Revenge of Bussy, I, i, 180." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 20: "The stage direction in this line comes from Cato, 27, as are the applauding voices in the lines immediately following." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 21. "He will be Stoicall": means unmoved by desires; of a person, resembling a Stoic in austerity, indifference to pleasure and pain, repression of all feeling, and the like. (NED, IX, i, 1001)

I, ii, 30-1: "Cf. Bussy, III, ii, 25-26." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 30-31. "And ye people, whose voices are the voices of the Gods": This motto comes to mind - "Vox populi est vox dei."

I, ii, 39. "a gentle prison": freely, this may mean, "They should be flayed alive, but what do they get--a soft, gentle prison." (gentle means free from violence, severity, or mistreatment; mild)

I, ii, 34-49: "The alleged reason for the proposal of Metellus was that Pompey should protect the city from Catiline, Cato, 26; but the chief conspirators had already been executed, so that the reference to their imprisonment, II, 38-39, is one of Chapman's deliberate inaccuracies." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 40: "Cato's speech in favour of punishing the conspirators is mentioned by Plutarch Cato, 23. As reported by Sallust, Catiline, 52, it has little likeness to the speech in the text." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 61: "Emperie": in wider sense - absolute dominion. Shakespeare, Henry V, I, ii, 226. "Ruling in large and ample Emperie, One France." (NED, II, 126)

I, ii, 73-130: "Caesar's speech in favour of imprisonment rather than death for the Catilinarian conspirators is mentioned by Plutarch, Cato, 22, and Caesar, 7; but Chapman appears also to have taken a hint from the oration as reported by sallust. Compare ll. 81-84, with Catiline, 51. His long eulogy of his own deeds was, of course, never delivered in public, but Chapman has taken the statistics given in ll. 110-116 from Caesar, 15." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 104. "dissavg'd": dissavage - to bring out of a savage condition; to tame, to civilize. (NED, III, 503)

I, ii, 117-29: "A difficult passage which may be paraphrased as follows: 'This service which I have just recounted may show that I love my country enough to be acquitted on any suspicion of selfish interest, contrary to the public good, in the proposal I make for dealing justly (i.e., by imprisonment rather than death) with the accused. This motion is for justice in an individual instance, and the general power of the state is maintained by just dealing in individual cases. Yet my proposal, imprisonment rather than death, is only incidental in order that the cause assigned by Metellus for bringing back Pompey's army (i.e., to crush the conspiracy) may not seem of too great importance to permit the sparing of the prisoner's lives. And if these are spared, we find in them a good reason for bringing back Pompey's army'. Chapman has probably given an intentionally obscure and causistical turn to this speech." (Pa. 665)

I, ii, 135-38: "'He loves his country, as I strongly hope, too well to wish to rule her as a monarch, since the task of government appears hard enough when performed, as at present, by so many, i.e., by the Senate and the elected officials'. (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 148. "errors": the action of roaming or wandering; hence a devious of winding course, a roving, winding. (NED. III, 277)

I, ii, 151: "Not suspected the effect; 'the effect is not to be, should not be, suspected'." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 155-6: "'Would put my supposed desire for absolute rule into the power of others (i.e., by allowing them to vote against the means to accomplish this desire), and my powers (i.e., my army), unforfeited by any fault of mine, under the control of the will of others'." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 157: "My self-love: the object of to quit (i.e., 'acquit') or think of, l. 160." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 161-3: "Three triumphs . . . Asia: Pompey celebrated three triumphs, first for his victories over the Marians and their adherents in Africa, then for

his victories in Spain, and lastly for his conquests in Asia. Plutarch, Pompey, 45, says: "It was the chief thing toward his glory, and what had never before happened to any Roman, that he celebrated his third triumph over the third continent. For though others before him had triumphed three times, Pompey by having gained his first triumph over Libya, his second over Europe, and this the last over Asia, seemed in a manner to have brought the whole world into his three triumphs'." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 167-74: "Plutarch, De Fortuna Romanorum, 6, says this was the belief of Caesar himself: Adeo certus animi erat CÆsar, Fortunam sibi naviganti, peregrinanti, belligeranti, aciem instruenti adesse: cujus essent partes mari tranquilitatem impomere, aestatem hiemi, celeritatem tardissimis, vires segnissimis. I owe this reference to Dr. Kern." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 180: "Transferr'd with affectation: transported by desire." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 191-96. "Caesar's proposition in these lines is based upon the proposal contained in the letter read by Antony before the Senate, Caesar, 30. See the same paragraph for the vote in the Senate as to Pompey and Caesar's dismissing their armies." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 193: "To take, etc.: 'in taking away my office and the army which accompanies it, etc.'." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 202-12: "Here Chapman once more reverts to the debate on the proposition of Metellus. The speech of Metellus, the objections of Minutius and Cato, and the stage direction after l. 209, comes from Cato, 28, except that it was Cato who snatched the bill, and Minutius who laid his hand on the mouth of Metellus to prevent his speaking. Caesar's command to bear Cato to prison comes from another part of Cato's career, when he was opposing the agrarian laws introduced by Caesar as consul, Cato, 33." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 218-19: "Were form . . . place: 'were the upright form of Cato's mind equipped with the titles and offices it deserves' - so, at least, I understand the passage." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 230: "And sound me not with your lead": literal meaning, 'do not attempt to measure me by your own yardstick'; metagphorical, dullness and heaviness of lead, linked with corruption and inefficiency. This gives Pompey excellent opportunity to change the figure to gold. (To make dull and heavy as lead). (NED, VI, 142)

I, ii, 231. "Politique": In a sinister sense, scheming, crafty, cunning, diplomatic, artfully contriving or contrived. 1609. Dekker, Foure Birdes Noah's Arke, Pellican Wks. (Grosart) V, 79. "Breake (O My God) all the snares which daily and howerly this politic hunter (Satan) pitcheth to intrap me." (NED, VII, 1076)

I, ii, 234-5: Cf. "Byron's Tragedy, V, iv, 55." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 241-5: The allusion to Caesar's temperance, and the disease, epilepsy, which necessitated his grugal diet, is from Caesar, 17. The explanation of the cause of this disease in ll. 246-56 seems based on a somewhat confused remembrance of the theories of Hippocrates in De Morbo Sacro, where also the statement

occurs as to the frequency with which goats are attacked by epilepsy, l. 256. See De Morbo Sacro, pp. 47-9, edited by Dietz, Leipzig, 1827." (Pa. 666)

I, ii, 272-7: "Cf. A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda:

I oft have read of one
So sharp-eyed he could see through oak and stone,
Another that high set in Sicily,
As far as Carthage numbered with his eye
The navy under sail, which we dissite
A night and day's sail with winds most fore-right.
Poems, p. 197

The source of these lines is Plutarch's De Communibus Notitiis, 44,5: Lynceus ille dicitur visu per saxum et quercum penetrasse; et quidam in specula Siciliae sedens conspexit Carthaginiensium naves e portu enavigantes, diei noctisque curse inde distantes. The mention of Lynceus in this passage gives Chapman his adjective Lyncean in l. 282." (Pa. 666-667)

I, ii, 282. "Lyncean Pompey": Some of the writers who have used the word Lyncean have perhaps intended a reference to Lynceus, the name of one of the Argonauts, celebrated for his sharp sight; cf. 'a more piercing Linceus sight' -Nashe, Lenten Stuffe, 1599. Of the eyes, sight, etc: resembling that of a lynx, keen; also of persons: lynx-like; sharp-sighted. (NED, VI, 536)

I, ii, 284: "Flora's connexion with Pompey is mentioned in Pompey, 2." (Pa. 667)

I, ii, 285. "Galba and Sarmentus: parasites mentioned by Juvenal, Satire V, 3-4. Chapman translated this satire in or before 1629, when it was published along with his Justification of a Strange Action of Nero." (Pa. 667)

I, ii, 288: "Agamemnon . . . king of men: it should, of course, be 'king of Kings'. Ahenobarbus applied this title to Pompey before the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey, 67." (Pa. 667)

I, ii, 292: "I hear it thunder: Pompey dissolved the assembly which was electing Cato praetor under the pretence that he heard thunder, Cato, 42. As often Chapman here borrows an incident from a quite different connection to heighten this scene." (Pa. 667)

I, ii, 297-300: "The speeches of the consuls are from Pompey, 58-9." (Pa. 667)

II, i: "This is the most perplexing scene of the play. It is almost impossible to reconcile with the idea that Chapman wrote this play with no view to a stage performance. Not only do the elaborate stage directions contradict this idea, but the whole tone of the scene is that of comic relief of such a nature as was demanded by the audience in an early period of the Elizabethan drama. Fleay, Biog. Chron., i, 65, thinks that this scene has been retained from the old play mentioned by Henslowe. This would seem to be supported by the fact that a great part of the scene is written in 'hasty prose', which, according to the Dedication, Chapman avoided in writing this play. Yet the diction of the scene is on the whole strongly reminiscent of Chapman, in the prose as well as in the verse portions. The opening speech is certainly his; the name, Ophicheus, and the allusion to the old Stoic Pherecides, point to

Chapman; and the comment on the diversity of religions, ll. 38-41, must be his. Cf. Revenge of Bussy, V, i, 17-23. Fleay suggests that the old play itself may have been by Chapman; but there is no evidence of this.

"On the whole, I am inclined to think that this scene represents Chapman's hasty rewriting - much of the prose sounds like blank verse in the rough - of some old scene - his own or another's - of farcial conjuration, such as the comic scenes in Dr. Faustus. If so, he must have meant it, as a bit of comic relief in a tragedy destined for the stage, but afterwards, perhaps when he gave up the notion of offering this play to the actors, he dropped the idea of lightening his play in any such manner. This would account for the complete disappearance of Fronto from the action after this scene." (Pa. 667)

Emil Koeppel, writing in Quellen-Studien zu den Dramen George Chapman's, Philip Massinger's und John Ford's, page 67, states, according to a translation by Dr. David S. Berkeley:

The first scene of the second act demonstrates the poet's striving toward independent composition. He seeks to combine with the tragedy a satirical piece: Fronto, a crafty rascal, pimp, robber, and murderer, wishes to hang himself because he fears that the war will put an end to his rascality. From thunder and flames announces Ophioneus, apppearing in the form of a dragon: "Hold, rascal, hand thyself in these days! The only time that ever was for a rascal to live in . (p. 357b)!" - This ugly fellow promises the astonished Fronto a shining career in rascality; disappears without a trace after the conclusion of this scene of the drama. And with him the dragon devil, who, as the learned Chapman lets us know from Ophioneus himself, comes from the theogony of the philosopher Pherekydes (p. 385a). After this, in every way beyond the plan and tone of the drama's scene appears a messenger who reports according to the formula the classic tragedy concerning the first events of the war between Caesar and Pompey in agreement with Plutarch; Chapman permits no more of this Nuntius scene to come to view. (Cf. Fleay, l. c. p. 65; Plutarch's Lives', on which it is entirely founded.) . . ."

II, i, 1. "presses": means a crowd, a throng, a multitude. Shakespeare, Julius Caesar, I, ii, 15. "Who is it in that presse, that calls on me?" (NED, VII, 1315)

II, i, 12. "swinge": away, power, rule, authority, influence; especially, to have or bear swinge, the (full, whole, chief) or all the swinge, etc. (NED, IX, ii, 337)

II, i, 20: "Knacks to know a knave: the anonymous play, A Knack to Know a Knave, was acted at the Rose on June 10, 1592. Fleay holds that we have here an allusion to this play. To follow the usual practice and fix the date of this allusion shortly after the production of the play to which it alludes would be to throw Caesar and Pompey, or this bit of it, at least, back to the very beginning of Chapman's career. This seems manifestly impossible, and I am inclined to think that we have here no allusion to the anonymous play, but simpy a casual use of the common phrase which served as its title." (Pa. 667)

II, i, 57: "The old Stoic Pherecides: Chapman refers to this philosopher in his Gloss to "The Shadow of Night," Poems, p. 9. He was one of the oldest of Greek philosophers, anticipating by several centuries the school of the Stoa. His lost work, Pentemychos, seems to have been a theogony tracing the development of all things from Zeus. In the progress of this evolution Zeus contended with and overcame certain evil forces, among whom was a serpent-god Ophiuneus, Chapman's Ophioneus, who was cast down into the underworld. There is a good account of the teaching of Pherecydes in Gomperz, Greek Thinkers, I, 85, seq." (Pa. 667)

II, i, 57: Pherecydes of Syros (Fragment B4 - Diels, Die Fragmente der Vorsokratiker), who was born much earlier than Heracleitus, told how one army was lined up against another, and reported that Kronos was leader of one, Ophioneus of the other. He tells that their challenges and their struggles were arranged in such a way that whichever of them should fall into Ogenos [i.e., Oceanus] should be vanquished, while those who should drive them off and conquer should obtain the universe. And he says that the same plan is found in the mysteries concerning the Titans and the giants who were purported to fight with the gods, and in those concerning Typhon and Horus and Osiris among the Egyptians." (White translation)

II, i, 69: "Fronto? A good one: the proper name, Fronto, means 'one who has a broad forehead'; but since one of the meanings of frons is 'impudence', this name would be a good one for such a rascal." (Pa. 667)

II, i, 70. "lost his state at dice": state means condition, manner of existing. (NED, IX, i, 849)

II, i, 75: "The plover, like so many other birds, the goose, the woodcock, the ninny-hammer, etc., seems to have served at one time as a type of folly." (Pa. 668)

II, i, 76: "Colts-foot; an infusion made of the leaves of the plant of this name. In The Nice Valour, III, ii, it is spoken of as a beverage popular with young men. (Pa. 668)

II, i, 144-5: "According to Rabelais, II, 30, Epistemon saw Alexander in hell 'amending and patching on clouts upon old breeches and stockings, whereby he got but a very poor living'. Cyrus was a cowherd in hell. The idea goes back to Lucian's Menippus; but the union of the names Alexander and Cyrus may show that Chapman had read Rabelais, who tells how Alexander stole a crown that Cyrus had received as an alms from Epictetus." (Pa. 668)

II, i, 147-151: Cf. John Webster's The White Devil, V, vi, where Flaminco speaks the following lines: "Whither shall I go now? O Lucian, thy ridiculous purgatory! To find Alexander the Great cobbling shoes, Pompey tagging points, and Julius Caesar making hair-buttons! Hannibal selling blades, and Augustus crying garlic! Charlemagne selling lists by the dozen, and King Pepin crying apples in a cart drawn by a horse!" (Berkeley)

II, i, 149. "chopines": a kind of shoe raised above the ground by means of a cork sole and the like; worn about 1600 in Spain and Italy, esp. at Venice, where they were monstrously exaggerated. There is little or no evidence of

their use in England (except on the stage). Shakespeare, Hamlet, II, ii, 445. "Byrlady your Ladiship is neerer Heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a Choppine." (NED, II, 380)

II, i, 160-162: "Oph.: I can wear Roses that shall spread quite over them [his cloven feet]."

Cf. John Webster, The White Devil, V, iii:

Branchiano: I know him by a great rose he wears on's shoe
To hide his cloven foot."

(F. L. Lucas, ed., The Complete Works of John Webster, London, 1927, I, 254: "Large silk rosettes, costing sometimes as much as five pounds, came into fashion at the end of the sixteenth century; and were clearly popular on the stage, for Hamlet asks if he might be given a place in a traveling company if he came in 'a forest of feathers' with 'two Provincial roses' on his shoes - Hamlet, III ii, 291-293. Devils with their cloven hoofs naturally found them particularly convenient wear. Cf. Jonson, The Devil is an Ass, 1616, I, ii)

II, i, 161: "Roses: ribbons gathered in a knot in the form of a rose and worn on the shoes." (Pa. 668)

II, ii: "I think this scene, in which a Nuntius after the fashion of Seneca reports what has happened off the stage, may have been written as a substitute for the preceding scene. Its proper place would seem to be at the beginning of the act." (Pa. 668)

II, ii, 5-11: "'Those who were without Rome hurried from all parts and crowded into the city, and the inhabitants of Rome hastened to leave the city . . . . The consuls fled without even making the sacrifices which were usual before wars', Pompey, 61." (Pa. 668)

II, ii, 20-33: "This long simile is from the Iliad, XX, 164-73:

> As when the harmful king of beasts (sore threaten'd to be slain
> By all the country up in arms) at first makes coy disdain
> Prepare resistance, but at last, when any one hath led
> Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head;
> Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern
> Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs, waddled with stripes to learn
> Their own power; his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,
> Secure of killing.
>
> Chapman's Iliad, pp. 241-2.

See also Pharsalia, I, 205-12, where the simile is applied to Caesar." (Pa. 668)

II, ii, 20: George C. Loane, writing in Notes and Queries, Vol. 184, January 2, 1943, page 16, has the following notation on this magnificent lion simile: "In Caesar and Pompey, II, ii, 20, occurs the simile of Pompey's attack on Caesar. Dr. Parrott's note quotes Chapman's Iliad, XX, 157, ff, . . . with a mere reference to Lucan, I. 205, on Caesar, which I quote:

'Sic quum squalentibus arvis
Aestiferae Libyes viso leo comminus hoste
Sabsedit dubius, totam dum collight iram,
Mox ubi se saevae stimulavit verbere caudae,
Erexitque jubam, et vasto grave murmer haitu
Intremiut.'

It will be seen that Chapman took Libya and the erect mane and perhaps more from Lucan, but his contamination does not end there. In his Iliad, XVII, 108, a lion "lets his rough brows down so low they cover all his eyes"; and the barking heart comes from Odyssey, XX, 14, where Ulysses is compared to a sheep-dog."

II, ii, 34-39: "The reference is to Pompey's successful attack on Caesar at Dyrrachium, Pompey, 65, a further account of which is given in the succeeding scenes." (Pa. 668)

II, iii, 10-20: "Caesar's speech is based upon the reflections ascribed to Caesar by Plutarch during the night after this battle, Caesar, 39. The phrase, bearing before me, is somewhat obscure, but is explained by the original: 'Considering that he had before him a goodly country, rich and plentiful of all things!'." (Pa. 668)

II, iii, 21-72: "This interview with Vibius is an instance of the freedom with which Chapman sometimes handles his source. Plutarch, Pompey, 65, only states that Caesar sent Vibius, a friend of Pompey, with a proposal for peace equivalent to that in ll. 61-6. This message was apparently sent before the fight at Dyrrachium. Chapman has invented the capture of Vibius, Caesar's dismissal of him without a ransom, and his interview with Pompey in the next scene." (Pa. 668)

II, iii, 27." "Quick in his engagement: alive and engaged, or entangled, among his enemies. With this use of engagement, cf. Bussy, V, iv, 9, where engaged is the reading of Q1." (Pa. 668)

II, iii, 29-31. "'Caesar said to his friends as he was retiring, "To-day the victory would be with the enemy, if they had a commander who knew how to conquer"', Caesar, 39. " (Pa. 668)

II, iii, 35: "Put on: venture, like a stake on the board." (Pa. 668)

II, iii, 53: "Mine own stay's practice: an obscure phrase, which in the light of the context may be taken as equivalent to 'the exercise of my steadfastness'." (Pa. 668)

II, iv, 44. "Maine battaile": a pitched battle, as opposed to mere skirmishing, Obs. (NED, VI, 47)

II, iv, 62-70: "Cato did not depart for Utica before the Battle of Pharsalia, but was left by Pompey in charge of the stores at Dyrrachium, Cato,66. Chapman has depqrted from history to make Cato a more independent figure. He has also, n Kern noted, altered the attitude of Pompey toward Cato from that of jealous suspicion to one of absolute confidence, in order to exalt the character of Pompey to the plane of Cato himself." (Pa.669)

II, iv, 89-111: "The interview between Brutus and Pompey is built up from a brief mention in Plutarch, Pompey, 64: 'Brutus, son of the Brutus who was put to death in Gaul, a man of noble spirit who had never yet spoken to Pompey or saluted him because Pompey had put his father to death, now took service under him as the liberator of Rome'. Cf. l. 109. Earlier in the same chapter, Plutarch says that Pompey's cavalry, 'the flower of the Romans and Italians, was seven thousand, distinguished by family and wealth and courage'. There is no mention of its being brought to him by Brutus; this is an invention of Chapman's." (Pa. 669)

II, iv, 109. "Fautor": one who favors; a favorer. An adherent partisan, supporter, abettor. A protector, patron. (NED, IV, 107)

II, iv, 117: "This is the well-known dictum of Protagoras." (Pa. 669)

II, iv, 120-7: "Chapman invents five kings to represent the many kings and princes who assembled in Pompey's camp, Pompey, 64. He makes a somewhat curious choice of names, as Epirus and Cilicia were at this time Roman provinces." (Pa. 669)

II, iv, 129-42: "This elaborate simile is taken direct from Plutarch's De Fortuna Romanorus, 4. Chapman has another version of it in Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymae, 1622:

> O England, let not thy old constant tie
> To virtue and thy English valour lie
> Balanced (like Fortune's faithless brevity)
> 'Twixt two light wings; not leave eternal Vere
> In this undue plight. But much rather bear
> Arms in his rescue and resemble her
> Whom long time thou hast serv'd (the Paphian Queen)
> When (all asham'd of her still-giglet spleen)
> She cast away her glasses and her fans
> And habits of th' effeminate Persians,
> Her ceston and her paintings; and in grace
> Of great Lycurgus took to her embrace
> Casque, lance and shield, and swum the Spartan flood,
> Eurotas, to his aid.
>
> Poems, p. 248.

With l. 139, cf. Byron's Tragedy, I, i, 141-2." (Pa. 669)

II, iv, 134. "ceston": Obs. A belt or girdle for the waist; particularly that worn by a bride of ancient times. Spec. that of Aphrodite of Venus. c. 1611 Chapman, Iliad, XIV, 181. (NED, II, 240)

II, v: "Chapman has added to the dramatic intensity of his work by placing Caesar's attempt to cross the sea to fetch the rest of his army after his defeat at Dyrrachium. As a matter of fact, it preceded this battle, and is so described by Plutarch, Caesar, 38. The stage direction, Caesar disguised, is from this chapter, as is also the description of the River Anius, ll, 24-33, and Caesar's words to the Master, ll. 44-5. Chapman wisely omits the circumstance that Caesar was after all forced by the storm to return. On the other hand, he puts into

Caesar's mouth, ll. 37-8, a saying of Pompey's in somewhat similar circumstances: 'It is necessary to sail; there is no necessity to live', Pompey, 50." (Pa. 669-670)

II, v, 3-4: "Cf. Hymnus in Noctem:
Then like fierce bolts, well ramm'd with heat and cold
In Jove's artillery. Poems, p. 4.

and Bussy, IV, ii, 36-7." (Pa. 670)

II, v, 7-11: "These lines are somewhat obscure, but may, I think, be paraphrased thus: 'O Night, jealous of all the beauties and glories in which the gods have struck (i.e., struck out, evoked) the four elements from they chaos (i.e., the primeval chaos of Night), blush that you drown them thus (i.e., bring back chaos in thy storm) in this hour which Fate has foreordained for Caesar'. With the use of digestions and chaos in l. 9, cf. Revenge of Bussy, V, i, 1-3." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 17: "'That whatever decay has been brought about by my advancing years'." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 34-41: For the style of the speech of the Five Kings, a dramatic device known as stychiomythia is used. The dialogue is broken up in series of alternating lines, here rhymed.

III, i, 36: "Cf. The Widow's Tears, V, iii, 45-6:
Truth's pace is all upright, sound everywhere,
And, like a die, sets ever on a square,
and Chabot, II, iii, 112." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 38-9: "These lines rhymed in Elizabethan pronunciation." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 56: "So past a man: this phrase modifies serv'd, l. 51." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 69: "We both concluded: the sense would be plainer, if we read were for we; but perhaps the passage may be understood as follows: 'We (i.e. Caesar and I) both came to an agreement in his free remission of my ransom'." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 70: "For your respect: 'out of regard for you'." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 83-4: "These numbers are from Pompey, 69, where Caesar's troops are given as 22,000, and Pompey's 'somewhat more than double'. In Caesar, 42, the infantry alone is reconed /sic/ as 22,000 with Caesar, 45,000 with Pompey." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 93: "Cato prophesied: Pompey is said to have remarked this on an earlier occasion, when Caesar first entered Italy, Pompey, 60. Here the reference is to Cato's words in II, iv, 50-2." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 93: "high stomack": Shakespeare also uses this expression at the beginning of Richard II. It means "high-tempered."

III, i, 96: "there's the true inspection to his prospect": inspection in this instance means the action of inspecting or looking narrowly into; care ful scrutiny or survey, close or critical examination. (NED, V, 344)

III, ii, 8: "greet": to receive or meet with demonstrations of welcome is the common meaning of this word, but I believe in this instance the definition for "greet" is assail or attack. (NED, IV, 405)

III, i, 97-8: "A sleight of some hid strategem: possibly we should read a sleight or some, etc; but the passage is intelligible as it stands." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 116-7: "Ward, History of English Dramatic Literature, II, 427, n., calls these lines an ingenious misquotation of Lucan:

Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catons.

Pharsalia, I, 128." (Pa. 670)

III, i, 116-117: "Because I rather wish to err with Cato
Then with the truth go of the world besides":

"This is much more like Cicero's errare malo cum Platone quam cum istis vera sentire than Lucan quoted in Parrott's note." (George G. Loane, "Notes on Chapman's Plays," MLF, XXXIII /April, 1938/, 253.)

III, i, 119-32: "These lines are from De Fortuna Romanorums, II, a section which Chapman had already plundered. See note on Byron's Tragedy, V, II, 178-271. The passage runs as follows: Nimirum magnus ille Romanorum genius, non ad diem unam spirans, aut exiguo tempore vigens, ut Macedomun; neque in terra tantum potens, ut Laconum; aut mari, ut Atheniensum; neque sero commotus, ut Persarum; neque sbbito sopitus, ut Colophoniorum; sed jam inde a principio cum urbe adolescens, unaque cresecens et augens rempublicam, constanter adfuit terra marque, in bellis et pace, adversus barbaros et Greacos." (Pa. 670)

III, ii, 3-32: "The Soothsayer's account of his sacrifice and his inference therefrom is enlarged and altered from Caesar, 43." (Pa. 670)

III, ii, 22-6: "Cf. the parallel passage in The Tears of Peace. 1609:

But as Earth's gross and elemental fire
Cannot maintain itself, out doth require
Fresh matter still to give it heat and light;
And when it is enflam'd mounts not upright,
But struggles in his lame impure ascent,
Now this way works, and then in that way bent,
Not able to aspire to his true sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.

Poems, p. 123."
(Pa. 671)

III, ii, 34-5: "'There was seen in the heavens a fiery torch, which seemed to pass over Caesar's camp, and assuming a bright and flamelike appearance to fall down upon the camp of Pompey', Caesar, 43; cf. IV, i, 12-13. This omen is also mentioned in Pompey, 68." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 40-7: "'At daybreak as Caesar was going to move to Scotussa (a place in Thessaly north of Pharsalia) and the soldiers were engaged in taking down the tents . . . the scouts came with intelligence that they spied many arms in the enemy's encampment moving backwards and forwards, and that there was a movement and noise as of men coming out to battle. After them others came announcing that the vanguard was already putting itself in battle order', Pompey, 68." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 46: "voward": obs. form of vaward. (NED, X, ii, 320)

III, ii, 49-55: "The account of the panic, alluded to again in IV, i, 8, is from Caesar, 43." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 59-65: The prodigy of the palm tree is thus given in North's Plutarch's Lives in the "Life of Caesar." "Caesar had many signs and tokens of victory before this battle, but the notablest of all others that happened to him was in the city of Tralles. For in the temple of Victory, within the same city, there was an image of Caesar, and the earth all about it very hard of itself, and was paved besides with hard stone: and yet some say that there sprang up a palm hard by the base of the same image." (Harvard Classics, XII, 122)

III, ii, 59-65: "This omen is mentioned in Caesar, 47." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 75-82: "The dialogue between Caesar and Crassinius occurs in Pompey, 71, Caesar, 44, with slight verbal differences. I quote from the latter: 'Caesar . . . said: "What hopes have we, Caius Crassinius, and how are our men as to courage?" Crassinius . . . said: "We shall have a splendid victory, Caesar; and you shall praise me whether I survive the day or die"'." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 94-96: "We now shall fight with men, not hunger,
With toils, not sweats of blood through
years extended,
This one day serving to decide all jars.":

"Toil and sweat cannot be contrasted. Read 'toils nor sweats', i.e. not with toils and sweats long continued, but in a single battle. Parrott makes this very correction in The Tragedy of Chabot, II, ii, 88 [but not here]." (George G. Loane, "Notes on Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXIII [April, 1938] 253.)

III, ii, 92-9: "'Caesar observing that the expected day had arrived on which they would have to fight against men, and not aginst hunger and poverty, quickly gave orders to hang out in front of his tent the purple colours, which is the signal for battle among the Romans', Pompey, 68." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 97-98: "Hang out of my tent
My crimson coat-of-arms . . .

The basis for this is in the "Life of Pompey" in North's Plutarch's Lives: "Now Caesar having designed to raise his camp with the morning and move to Scotussa, whilst the soldiers were busy in pulling down their tents, and sending on their cattle and servants before them with their baggage, there came in scouts who brought word that they saw arms carried to and fro in the enemy's camp, and heard a noise and rumming up and down, as of men preparing for battle; not long after there came in other scouts with further intelligence, that the first ranks were already set in battle array. Thereupon Caesar, when he had told them that the wished for day was come at last, when they should fight with men, not with hunger and famine, instantly gave orders for the red colors to be set up before his tent, that being the ordinary signal of battle among the Romans. As soon as the soldiers saw that, they left their tents, and with great shouts of joy ran to their arms." (Harvard Classics, XII, 164) crimsines - crimson; the name of a color; of a deep red, somewhat inclining towards purple. Similar use of such a sign is utilized by Marlowe in Tamburlaine. (NED, II, 1175)

III, ii, 101-7: "Caesar's plan of battle is from Caesar, 44. The word battle in l. 106 is equivalent to 'main division', or 'centre', as in the original." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 107: "The stage direction in this line comes from Pompey, 68, immediately after the passage cited above." (Pa. 671)

III, ii, 116-22: "The allusion is to the geese that saved the Capitol when the city of Rome was held by the Gauls, Livy, V, 47." (Pa. 671)

IV, i: "As Kern has pointed out, this scene stands in sharp contrast to the first scene of Act III. There the Pompey of Chapman's invention, the calm, self-controlled Stoic, decides quietly and cheerfully to hazard the decisive battle with Caesar. Here we have the Pompey of Plutarch, driven against his will by the taunts of his followers to risk a contest, of whose successful issue he has little hope, in order to free himself of the charge of cowardice." (Pa. 671)

IV, i, 19-20: "'Rejecting the clear warning omens of the gods with the nauseous humours of a rude and mad multitude'." (Pa. 671)

IV, i, 21-3: "An obscure passage. I think it means that Pompey's followers indulge in wild anticipations of easy victory because of their previous slight success, one poor furtune, over Caesar's small force, few when compared even with half his present army. According to Chapman, Caesar's army has been increased since the first fight by the force left at Brundusium." (Pa. 671)

IV, i, 21-23: "What's infinitely more - thus wild,
thus mad,
For one poor fortune of a beaten few
To half so many staid and dreadful soldiers."

"For 'beaten' - veteran see The Widow's Tears, I, iii, 148. The recent success of Pompey's few veterans against half as many of Caesar's formidable men had maddened the crowd of novices in Pompey's camp." (George G. Loane, "Notes on Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXVIII [October, 1943], 347.)

IV, i, 24-8: "These lines are expanded from a remark of Plutarch, Caesar, 39, as to the savage temper and endurance of the enemy, i.e., Caesar's troops, 'as if they were wild beats'." (Pa. 671)

IV, i, 26: "foughten": ppl. a. Archaic form of pa. pple. of fight v.: foughten field - one in which there is or has been fighting; a battle field. Obs. exc. poet. Of persons: That has fought. In NED, IV, 489, this line from Caesar and Pompey is quoted as an example of the use of the word "foughten."

IV, i, 33: "hels": this might be "heels"; Parrott's reading does not make especially good sense. NED, V, 198, however, gives these forms for "hel" - obs. form of heal, hele, hell.

IV, i, 37-9: "From Pompey, 67. Domitius is L. Domitius Ahenobarbus Spinther, Lentulus Spinther, one of the two Lentuli of the Dramatis Personae; and Scipio is Metellus Scipio, father of Cornelia, Pompey's wife. Universal bishop, l. 39, is Chapman's rendering of Pontifex Maximus, as office held by Caesar for many years." (Pa. 671-672)

IV, i, 40-4: "'Pompey approved of the physician who never gratifies the desires of his patients, and yet he yielded to military advisers who were in a diseased state, through fear of offending, if he adopted healing measures', Pompey, 67." (Pa. 672)

IV, i, 51-2: "An obscure passage. The first clause is an ejaculation, Shall I bear, etc., and is marked as such by the question mark, equivalent to an exclamation mark, in the Q. I take the phrase, enlarge . . . self-fortunes, to be the protasis of a conditional sentence, meaning 'let the risk of lives and fortunes in which my own are included, be twice as great'. (Pa. 672)

IV, i, 60: "Good, my lord: Kern holds that these words are addressed to Vibius, but they are more probably directed to Brutus, the natural leader of the 'young Patricians', cf. II, iv, 92-3. The order of battle in these lines is from Pompey, 69, except that Brutus takes the place of Domitius as leader of the cavalry on the left wing." (Pa. 672)

IV, ii, 7-11: "The charge that Caesar gave is mentioned in Caesar, 45, where it is said that he bade his soldiers thrust their javelins at the eyes and faces of the young patricians." (Pa. 672)

IV, ii, 12: "The death of Crassinius, as described in the stage direction after this line, is from Caesar, 44. On the other hand, the hand-to-hand combat of Caesar and Pompey is Chapman's invention, evidently with an eye to the entertainment of the audience. This is one of the many proofs derived from the stage directions that this play was at one time

meant for public performance. Cf. also the direction for the removal of a corpse at the close of the scene." (Pa. 672)

IV, ii, 16: "His broken eyes: cf. V, i, 48-9." (Pa. 672)

IV, ii, 15-29: "Caesar's speech over the body of Crassinius and his extempore epitaph seem to be Chapman's invention." (Pa. 672)

IV, ii, 25: "curiously": means "skilfully" or "elaborately." NED, II, 1265, gives these definitions: "clever," "expert," "ingenious," "skilful."

IV, iii: "The allusion to a disguise in the stage direction at the beginning of this scene is from Pompey, 72. For the most part, however, the scene is Chapman's invention, and the stoical temper exhibited by his Pompey in defeat is in strong contrast to the lethargy of despair described by Plutarch." (Pa. 672)

IV, iii, 7-14: "These lines are built up on scattered hints from Plutarch. In Pompey, 66, he says that after the battle at Dyrrachium some of Pompey's followers were sending their slaves and friends to Roma to get possession of houses near the Forum with the intention of becoming forthwith candidates for office. In Pompey, 72, there is a description of the Pompeian camp which corresponds almost verbally to Chapman's lines." (Pa. 672)

IV, iii, 34: "I take it that in this line Pompey first interrupts the reproachful speech of Demetrius, and then, recovering his fortitude, bids him continue." (Pa. 672)

IV, iii, 35-54: "The speech of Demetrius and the answer of Pompey may have been suggested to Chapman by Plutarch's report of a conversation between Pompey and the philosopher, Cartippus, after Pharsalia, in which Pompey 'expressed some doubts about Providence', Pompey, 75." (Pa. 672)

IV, iii, 74: "distick": a couple of lines of verse, usually making complete sense and (in modern poetry) riming; a couplet. (NED, III, 523)

IV, iv: "This short scene is mainly built up from Caesar, 46: 'When Caesar saw the bodies of the slain and the slaughter still going on, he said with a groan: "They would have it so". . . . Asinius Pollio says that the chief part of those who were killed were slaves . . . and that not more than six thousand soldiers fell. . . . Caesar pardoned many men of distinction, among whom was Brutus. . . . Caesar is said to have been very much troubled at his not being found, but when Brutus, who had escaped unhurt, presented himself to Caesar, he was greatly pleased'." (Pa. 672)

IV, iv, 9: "The obscure phrase, that left their bloods to ruth, means, I suppose, 'whose spilled blood moves you to pity'." (Pa. 672)

IV, iv, 9: "ruth": Parrott seems to be in error here. The phrase means, I believe, "left their blood to the pity of the conqueror." It is to be remarked that Caesar on this occasion withholds pity and shows contempt for and puzzlement at the behavior of his Roman enemies. (Berkeley)

IV, iv, 36: "noblesse": noble birth or condition; nobility, nobleness. (NED, VI, 171)

IV, iv, 40-1: "'That it is not my fault that I have lost the one, i. e., their love, nor is it in the true Roman spirit that they have lost the other i.e., their lives, inasmuch as they sacrificed them needlessly'." (Pa. 672)

IV, iv, 42: "empair'd": obs. ff. now impair. (NED, III, 125)

IV, iv, 45: "Your father Cato: i.e., father-in-law, as in IV, 63. Brutus had married Portia, Cato's daughter." (Pa. 673)

IV, v: "With this scene the center of interest shifts from Pompey to Cato, who has been absent from the stage since II, iv. Organically this scene should belong to the fifth act, which is mainly devoted to the death of Cato, and the first scene of that act, which concludes the story of Pompey, should come here, but the practice of interlacing threads of interest is common in Elizabethan dramaturgy.

"The stage direction at the beginning of the scene is from Cato, 68." (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 15: "The book mentioned in the stage direction after this line was Plato's Dialogue on the Soul, i.e., the Phaedon, Cato, 68. (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 20-35: "These lines are a mere versification of the answer of Cato to the Utican senate, who wished to supplicate Caesar on his behalf: 'Cato said . . . entreaty belonged to the vanquished, and depreciation of vengeance to those who were wrongdoers; that he had not only been unvanquished all through life, but that he was victorious as far as he chose to be, and had the superiority over Caesar in things honourable and just, and that Caesar was the party who was captured and conquered, for what he used to deny that he was doing against his country long ago he was now convicted of and detected therein', Cato, 64." (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 39-42: "An obscure passage, but it may be paraphrased thus: His (Caesar's) parts, which are so much admired, are outward shows, tongue, show, falsehood, which lead to blood death; they are vainglory, villainy, and rated at their best, they could be maintained with what a truly worthy man would cast away as insignificant, parings. Mr. Brereton suggests that parings means 'the fragmentary good qualities of Caesar, scraps from the manhood that once was his'." (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 45: "The long philosophical argument which begins with this line and goes on till the close of the scene is founded on Plutarch's brief report of the debate on the evening before Cato's suicide: "After supper the drinking went on with much gayety and enjoyment, one philosophical subject after another taking its turn, till at last the enquiry came round to the so-called paradoxes of the Stoics, that the good man alone is free (cf. l. 47) and that all the bad are slaves. Hereupon the Peripatetic making objections . . . Cato broke in with great vehemence, and with a loud and harsh voice maintained his discourse at great length, and displayed wonderful energy, so that no one failed

to observe that he had resolved to end his life', Cato, 67. Chapman has, however, greatly expanded the argument, and after putting into Cato's mouth a genuine stoical defence of suicide, ll. 54-66, goes on to a statement of views on the immortality and resurrection of the body which would have astounded any philosopher of classic times. There can be no doubt, I fancy, that ll. 90-136 embody Chapman's interpretation and defence of the dogma of the resurrection." (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 67-72: "This idea of the superiority of the 'just man' to the law made for the common herd is a commonplace with Chapman. It receives its more emphatic statement a little later on from Cato, V, ii, 8-10." (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 113-4: "The sense of these lines may easily be misunderstood: which refers not to the soul, but to the parts, l. 112, i.e., soul and body; otherwise means here 'in the contrary case', i.e., if it is not absolute and beastlike death to which man is subject; retains is the so-called northern plural, agreeing with its subject, parts." (Pa. 673)

IV, v, 127: "Him that sings: Homer. The two following lines are a condensation of a passage in the Iliad, VIII, 18-26.

> Let down our golden chain
> And at it let all deities their utmost strengths constrain
> To draw me from the earth to heaven: you never shall prevail,
> Though with your most contention ye dare my state assail.
> But when my will shall be disposed to draw you all to me,
> Even with the earth itself and seas ye shall enforced be.
>
> Chapman's Iliad.
> XX

"Lines 130-6 are a curious specimen of the allegorizing treatment of Homer, popular among scholars of the Renaissance, as it was among later Greek commentators. Chapman gives another interpretation of this passage in The Shadow of Night, Poems, p. 6. There is a naive pride in the way Chapman puts into the mouth of Athenodorus, ll, 137-9, an encomium of Chapman's own excellence as an allegorizing commentator." (Pa. 673-674)

IV, v, 142: "With this line Chapman drops the arguments and reverts to his source. After having depressed the company by his evident intention of suicide, Cato attempted to cheer them up and divert their suspicions by talking of other subjects. Cf. Cato, 67." (Pa. 674)

IV, v, 147: "Is supper ready?": this line represents a surprising descent from high philosophy to the immediately concrete and is so abrupt in change of thought that it is humorous. (Berkeley)

IV, v, 149: "Here's for him": I have added as a stage direction [He makes gesture of contempt] in order to clarify the meaning of this line. (Berkeley)

IV, v, 153: "other deep philosophers": Naive pride of Cato may be indicated in this line.

V, i: "This scene is laid in the island of Lesbos, where Cornelia and Sextus Pompey had been staying during the campaign of Pharsalia. Chapman gives her as attendants, in addition to her maids and the slave, Drusus, the two Lentuli, who, as a matter of fact, only came to Lesbos along with Pompey after Pharsalia, Pompey, 73. But this departure from history, is slight in comparison with other freedoms that Chapman has here allowed himself. In the first place, in order to obtain unity of place and of effect, he places the murder of Pompey at Lesbos immediately after his reunion with Cornelia instead of on the shore of Egypt. Again he has totally transformed the character of Cornelia. Instead of the passionate emotional woman, swooning at the sight of her husband and breaking out into wild lamentations, as is recorded by Lucan, Pharsalia, VIII, 50-108, and Plutarch, Pompey, 74, he has made her a philosophress, l. 147, of the Stoic school, and a fit match for Pompey, as Chapman pictures him in the latter part of this play." (Pa. 674)

V, i: "In Lesbos over the sea waits Cornelia, Pompey's wife, looking for her husband, with the two Lentuli, her children Septimius and Cyris, accompanied by the maidservants Telesilla and Laelia, and her servant Drusus. He has sent letters which promise a happy issue of the war and her cares produced by terrible dreams. In her joy she thanks the Gods, for they alone know that which is secret; the mortal has only to look upward and to trust himself to their leadership. The inner resignation to the omniscient gods recalls Cato's words in Act I, i. Lentulus tells her that Pompey busies himself to grant vacant state positions to his dependents; Scipio, her father, he would choose as high priest, Domitius Aenobarbus and Spinther as consuls and Phaonius as tribune or praetor,-The plans taken as Act IV, i, would indicate, Chapman, Pompeius, 67, where nothing is said concerning one Phaonius. Septimius makes the point that these reports originated in the time before the battle and thereby makes Cornelia anxious concerning news. While the first Lentulus seeks to comfort her, the guards (*the abbreviation Se. here stands for sentinel, not for Septimius, as one might suppose according to the indication of persons at the head of the scene) which Cornelia set to spy around for Pompey's ships, announce that two pedestrians in long black mantels with broad-brimmed, high-crowned Thessalian hats approach them. She thereby learns of the approach of a ship, on which armaments appear. In a short time the two wanderers--they are Pompey and Demetrius--approach the group." (Kern, p. 36. Berkeley translation)

V, i, 7-8: "That highest heaven, etc.: the 'primum mobile'." (Pa. 674)

V, i, 14: "These letters: 'the pleasing intelligence that she (Cornelia) had received both by report and by letter had led her to hope that the war was terminated near Dyrrachium, and that all that remained was for Pompey to pursue Caesar', Pompey, 74." (Pa. 674)

V, i, 20-4: "This passage is very obscure, and as it is punctuated in the Q. and in S. is quite unintelligible. I give first the Q. reading:

Why write great learned men? men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe?
Undaunted spirits: inexorable fate
And all feare treading on? 'tis all but ayre,
If any comfort be, 'tis in despaire.

"I think if we consider the situation, and disregard the punctuation of the Q., we may arrive at a fairly satisfactory interpretation. Cornelia has just received good news of her husband, news that inclines her more than ever to trust the gods, ll. 15-9. 'Why', she exclaims, 'do learned men (i.e., the sceptical philosophers), rapt with sacred rage (i.e., carried away by enthusiastic conviction of their own teachings), write concerning confidence, belief, and the undaunted spirits that trample upon fate and fear, that all these things are vain as air, and that there is no comfort save in despair (i.e. in absolute negation of Providence)'. I have repunctuated to bring out this meaning. My friend, Dr. Kennedy, suggests another interpretation: 'Why do learned men, rapt with sacred rage, undaunted spirits, treading on fate and fear, write concerning confidence and belief. These are vain as air; in despair alone is man's true comfort'. This is a possible interpretation, but it does not seem to me to suit the context, nor can I believe that Cornelia in her present mood of joyful hope would say that man's only comfort is in despair." (Pa. 674)

V, i, 20-23: "Why write great learned men, men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, belief
Undaunted spirits, inexorable fate
And all fear treading on, 'tis all but air.":

"Neither Parrott nor his friend Dr. Kennedy seems to have noticed the Virgilian reference, Atque metus omnes et inexorabile fatum Subiecit pedibus, for the great learned men are to them 'skeptical philosophers', and to be rapt with sacred rage is to be 'carried away by enthusiastic conviction of their own teachings'. The sacred rage of poets should be well known. Shakespeare gives NED its first example of the sense, and Chapman its second. A note of interrogation should follow 'treading on'." (George G. Loane, "Notes on Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXIII [April, 1938], 253.)

V, i, 37-42. Cf. IV, i, 34-9: "The Phaonius of l. 41 is Favonius, 'Cato's ape', who appears repeatedly in Plutarch's Pompey, 60, 67, 73, although there is no mention of his having been a candidate for office. The spelling, Phaonius, is found in North's Plutarch. (Pa. 674)

V, i, 71: "kaening": sight or view; range or sight. (NED, V, 673)

V, i, 75: "beade-hooks": Obs. (also beedhood). This word may have been coined by George Chapman. He could have formed it from OE. beadu, battle, war; cf. OE. beadu waepen, weapon of battle, etc. NED, I, 725, defines it as a kind of boat-hook.

V, i, 80-162: "This whole passage telling of the meeting of the disguised Pompey and his attendant with Cornelia, their dialogue, and Cornelia's cheerful reception of her husband, is as different as possible from the account in Plutarch, Pompey, 74, 75. Here, again, Chapman departs from his source to

exalt the Stoic fortitude of his characters." (Pa. 674-675)

V, i, 179: "'That a rest, or balance, might remain due from God to them', a striking anticipation of the last lines of Browning's The Patriot:

> 'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
> Me'? God might question; now instead,
> 'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so."
> (Pa. 675)

V, i, 192-3: "Cf. II, i, 153-4." (Pa. 675)

V, i, 211-3: "A difficult passage. I take that, l. 211, as the subject of rarefies, l. 213, and for earthy greatness as equivalent to 'for the sake of mundane greatness'." (Pa. 675)

I, i, 212-214: "And, for earth's greatness
And heavenly comforts rarefies the air,
I'll therefore live in dark."

"Simpler than Parrott's explanation is to shift the comma after 'greatness' to after 'air', and take 'for' as 'because'." (George G. Loane, "Notes of Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXVIII [October, 1943], 347.)

V, i, 262: "add a reference to Erasmus's Adages, II, 7, 24." (George G. Loane, "Notes on Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXVIII, [October, 1943], 347.)

V, i, 217-21: "Kern points out that this story of Empedocles is found in Plutarch's De Curiosotate, I, Empedocles vero physicus quodam montis haitu, unde gravis et insalubris in planitiem exhalabat auster, obturato, creditus est pestem ea regione exclussisse. The same story appears in Adversus Coloten, 32." (Pa. 675)

V, i, 220: "The hollow and unwholesome South": perhaps South means South-wind and is used as Shakespeare meant it in Cymb. II, ii, 136. "The South-Fog rot him." (NED, IX, i, 481)

V, ii, 2: "merely heavenly": merely means absolutely, entirely, altogether. Obs. (NED, VI, 354)

V, i, 243: The characters introduced in the stage direction after this line are the murderers of Pompey as named by Plutarch, Pompey, 78. (Pa. 675)

V, i, 244: "Aegypt: i.e., Ptolemy, the King of Egypt. His father, Ptolemy Auletes, had been restored to his throne by Gabinius, Pompey's friend, a few years previously. Cf. l. 245." (Pa. 675)

V, 1, 253: "The stage direction after this line is from Pompey, 79." (Pa. 675)

V, i, 258-259: "See, heavens, your sufferings. . . .
Last yet, life,
And bring the gods off fairer.

"'See, heavens, what you suffer to be done," says Parrott. A possible alternative is 'See, heavens, how you suffer in my unmerited ill-treatment; Pompey the just has been wounded.' This would give point to the following words." (George C. Loane, "Notes of Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXIII [April, 1938], 254.)

V, 1, 259: "'See, heavens, what you suffer to be done'. So, at least, I understand the passage." (Pa. 675)

V, i, 264: "After the murder of Pompey his head was cut off to be shown to Caesar, and his trunk left lying on the shore, Pompey, 80." (Pa. 675)

V, ii: "The last of the drama connects logically with the last scene of the preceding act. Now that the wars of Caesar and Pompey are over and Pompey is disposed of, Chapman's interest reverts with redoubled force to Cato, the true, if not the titular, hero of the play, who has been too long kept off the stage. For lofty thought embodied in noble and sonorous verse this scene surpasses all others in the play. It is based, naturally, upon Plutarch's account of the last hours of Cato's life, but Plutarch supplies only the framework. Chapman, while on the whole following his source, rearranges or alters incidents to suit his own purposes and the noble poetry of Cato's monologues, and the speech of Athenodorus, ll, 70-86, is Chapman's own. The whole purpose of the scene is a defence, in dramatic form, on the thesis which Chapman put on the title-page of this play: Only a just man is a free man, and this purpose, it seems to me, the poet triumphantly accomplishes. Had the whole play been written in this vein, it would have been worthier at once of Chapman's genius and of his noble subject." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 6: "Give it off: 'give up, renounce my claim to be master of my own life and death'. Cf. the use of give over in l. 63." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 10: "Their subjection: the forced submission of the outlaws of l. 9." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 15: "With this use of idol, cf. Bussy, IV, i, 16." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 17-9: "To dispose . . . rogues: 'that we may order all our affairs according to the pleasure and after the fashion of errant rogues'." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 22-5: "Cato's noticing the absence of his sword and his inquiry as to who had removed it come from Plutarch, Cato, 68." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 34: "Keeps the store: possesses all abundance." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 43: "fiery pillar": A probable reference to the Old Testament story of the fiery pillar which guided the Israelites through the wilderness. The Pillar is one of the symbols of the Passion.

V, ii, 51-5: "Chapman has properly enough softened down his source here. Pultarch, Cato, 68, relates that when the sword was not brought, after some delay Cato called his slaves one by one and demanded it, and 'striking the mouth of one of them with his fist, he bruised his hand, being in a great passion, and calling aloud that he was surrendered defenceless to the enemy by his son and his slaves'. The phrase, I'll break your lips ope, seems to be Chapman's intentional substitute for the blow recorded by Plutarch." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 79: "That ambition: i.e. to reform the world." (Pa. 675)

V, ii, 82: "Press'd to a living death. Cf, the line in Byron's Tragedy, V, iv, 38, repeated in The Tears of Peace:

A slave bound face to face to Death till death.

Poems, p. 124." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 91-100: "Cato's inquiry for Statilius is recorded by Plutarch, at a somewhat earlier period than here, Cato, 66. The answer given in Plutarch namely, that Statilius had declined to abandon Cato, is quite different from that in the text, which is apparently given to provide a striking entrance for this character, a little later on, stage direction after l. 162. The three hundred Romans, l. 92, are the three hundred Roman merchants and moneylenders whom Cato had constituted as a senate in Utica, Cato, 59, repeatedly mentioned by Plutarch. Lucius Caesar was a kinsman of Julius, and was, no doubt for this reason, sent from Utica to obtain terms from the city after Caesar's victory at Thapsus. See Cato, 66." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 95: "stoop't": fig. send to earth as in hawking.

V, ii, 106-17: "Cato's advice to his son is an expansion of the brief statement of Plutarch, Cato, 66, that he forbade his son to meddle in political matters, 'since circumstances no longer allowed him to act like a Cato, and to act otherwise was base'." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 137-50: "This speech on recognition in the next world and the immortality of the individual soul, no doubt, expresses Chapman's own opinions." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 144-146: "For to that object ever is referred
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employed."

"This is a recurring thought in Chapman, e.g. Eugenia, 423-5."

"Philosophy
Says there is evermore proportion
Betwixt the knowing part and what is known-"

"The note there quoting Aristotle oportet esse analogian inter potentiam cognoscentem et hoc quod cognoscitur. Here the argument is that the soul is immortal because immortality and knowledge are its objects. Parrott has no note." (George G. Loane, "Notes of Chapman's Plays," MLR, XXXIII [April, 1938], 254.)

V, ii, 151-6: "'The sword was sent in by a child, and when Cato received it he drew it and looked at it. Seeing that the point was entire and the edge preserved, he said, "Now I am my own master"', Cato. 70." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 161: "The stage direction after this line and the ensuing dialogue as far as l. 172 represents a slight alteration of the source of Chapman's part for the sake of stage effect. Plutarch, Cato, 70, relates that Cato, 'having some difficulty in dying, fell from the bed, and made a noise by overturning a little abacus that stood by, which his attendants perceiving, called out and his son and his friends immediately ran in'." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 172-7: "Cleanthes: He hath ripped his entrails
Butas: Search, search; they may be found.
Cleanthes: They may, and are.
Give leave, my lord, that I may sew
them up,
Being yet unperish'd."

"How has this ludicrous picture of a search for lost entrails been allowed to stand? Has no one proposed to read 'sound'." (George G. Loane, "Notes on Chapman's Plays, MLR, XXXIII [April, 1938], 254.)

"In Cato Minor, 70, Cato's friends and his son go into the sleeping room as that one falls out of bed in death struggle and noisily overturns a dining table standing there, and their suspicions are confirmed. Our poet motivates the relevation of suicide entirely differently. Statilius with drawn sword is in mind to rush into Cato's room, as one may suppose, to stand by his lord and master. Porcius, Butas, Cleanthes, and Marcilius seek to restrain this half-raging person. At last they succeed in persuading the young man, Cato being away, to search for him and wrestle him out of thoughts of suicide. The expedient helps, Statillius hastens thence, Porcius goes likewise, but commissioning the others to look after his father. This episode is Chapman's

free invention; Statillius, according to Plutarch, among others from the ship has tried to save himself. In the play he remains true to Cato throughout . . . Cato's intestines hang out of his body; the physican, when he sees that they are disordered, strives to order them again and to sew together the would. But Cato pushes him back, tears out his intestines, and with the words: "Just men are only free, the rest are slaves"--(Cato Minor, 67) he gives up the ghost. (Kern, p. 42. Berkeley translation)

V, ii, 179-185: In spite of all dependence on Plutarch the structure here is the poet's own creation. Right after the death of Cato, Caesar walks in with Antonius, Brutus, Acilius, and citizens of Utica and is disturbed that in spite of all haste that he came too late to preserve in Cato the man whose life was all rule and plumb-line. Of this, that Caesar himself came to the place of the deed, the biography says nothing. (Kern, p. 42-44. Berkeley translation)

V, ii, 179-85: "Caesar's entry and speech are founded on Cato, 72: 'As Caesar made most account of Cato, he advanced his force by quick marches. When he heard of his death, it is reported that he said this: "Cato, I grudge thee thy death, since thou hast grudged me thy safety"'. Cf. also ll. 213-4." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 187: "Plutarch, Brutus, 40, relates that just before the battle of Philippi, Brutus told Cassius that he had formerly blamed Cato for killing himself, as thinking it an irreligious act, but that now he was of another mind." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 189-212: "In order to round off his play, Chapman brings the murderers of Pompey into Caesar's presence at Utica. According to Plutarch, Pompey, 80, Caesar turned away from the man who brought him the head of Pompey as from a murderer. He put to death Pothinus, the eunuch who had been an accomplice before the fact in the murder of Pompey, not for this deed, however, but because of a later conspiracy against Caesar, while the latter was in Alexandria. Achillas, the chief of the murderers, was murdered in the course of the Alexandrian war. Cf. Caesar, 49, and Pompey, 80. Chapman's statement that Caesar ordered the murderers to be tortured to death is an invention of his own to satisfy the Elizabethan demand for poetical justice." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 211: "'Let the treatment of my slaves serve as a precedent'. From this it would appear that certain slaves of Brutus had been put to extra-ordinary torture, which he suggests as a precedent for those to be inflicted on the murderers. I find no mention of the torture of Brutus's slaves in Plutarch." (Pa. 676)

V, ii, 218-24: "Caesar's charge to the Uticans comes from Plutarch, Cato, 71, but according to the biographer the citizens did not need any such order. Before Caesar entered the city they gave Cato a splendid funeral, and interred him near the sea, 'where a statue of him now stands with a sword in his hand'." (Pa. 676-677)

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