A

CATALOGUE

OF

THE PICTURES, &c.

IN THE

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,

PALL-MALL.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THE PROPRIETORS,
AND SOLD AT THE PLACE OF EXHIBITION.
M,DCC,XCVII.

1797

PREFACE.

1789.

I CANNOT permit this Catalogue to appear before the Public, without returning my sincere thanks to the numerous Subscribers to this Undertaking, who, with a liberality and a confidence unparalleled on any former occasion, have laid me under the most flattering obligations. I hope, upon inspection of what has been done, and is now doing, the Subscribers will be satisfied with the exertions that have been made, and will think that their confidence has not been misplaced; especially when they consider the difficulties that a great undertaking, like the present, has to encounter in a country where Historical Painting is still but in its infancy—To advance that art towards maturity, and establish an *English School of Historical Painting*, was the great object of the present design.

In the course of many years endeavours, I flatter myself I have somewhat contributed to the establishment of an *English School of Engraving*, These exertions have not been unnoticed at home —But in foreign countries they have been estimated, perhaps, above their value.—When I be-

gan the business of publishing and selling Prints, all the fine Engravings sold in England were imported from foreign countries, particularly from France—Happily, the reverse is now the case: for few are imported, and many are exported, to a great annual amount. I mention this circumstance, because there are of those, who, not putting much value on the advancement of National Taste, still feel the advantage of promoting the Arts, in a commercial point of view.

I flatter myself that the present undertaking, in that, and many other points of view, will essentially serve this country. The more objects of attraction and amusement are held out to Foreigners, that may induce them to visit this Metropolis, the more are our manufactures promoted; for every one, on his return, carries with him some specimen of them: and I believe it will be readily granted, that the Manufactures of this country need only be seen and compared, to be preferred to those of any other—To the great number of Foreigners who have of late visited this country, may in some degree be attributed the very flourishing state of our Commerce; and that great demand for English Manufactures, which at present so universally prevails all over the Continent.—At least, I can with certainty say, I feel the effect of this circumstance in my own branch of business.

That the love of the fine Arts is more prevalent abroad than in this country, cannot be denied; but I still hope to see them attain (advanced in years as I am) such a state of perfection in England, that no man in Europe will be entitled to the name of a Connoisseur, who has not personally witnessed their rapid progress—And that their progress has

been wonderfully rapid in this country, within these twenty years, the whole world will readily allow. —This progress we principally owe to his present Majesty; who, sensible of their importance in every point of view, has cultivated the fine Arts with a success that the annals of no other country, in the same space of time, can produce. The enterprise and liberality of several individuals also have not been wanting to contribute to so great an end.—For my own part, I can with truth say, that the Arts have always had my best endeavours for their success; and my countrymen will I hope give me credit, when I assure them, that where I failed, I failed more from want of Power, than from want of Zeal.

In this progress of the fine Arts, though Foreigners have allowed our lately acquired superiority of Engraving, and readily admitted the great Talents of the principal Painters, yet they have said, with some severity, and I am sorry to say with some truth, that the abilities of our best Artists are chiefly employed in painting Portraits of those who, in less than half a century, will be lost in oblivion—While the noblest part of the Art—HISTORICAL PAINTING—is much neglected. To obviate this national reflection was, as I have already hinted, the principal cause of the present undertaking—An undertaking, that originated in a private company, where Painting was the subject of Conversation.—But as some short account of the rise and progress of the whole work may at a future time be given to the Subscribers, it is not now necessary to say, who first promulgated the plan—who has promoted it—or who has endeavoured to impede its success.——Suffice it to say,

at present, that the Artists, in general, have with an ardour that does them credit, contributed their best endeavours to carry into execution an undertaking, where the national honour, the advancement of the Arts, and their own advantage, are equally concerned.

Though I believe it will be readily admitted, that no subjects seem so proper to form an English School of Historical Painting, as the scenes of the immortal Shakspeare; yet it must be always remembered, that he possessed powers which no pencil can reach; for such was the force of his creative imagination, that though he frequently goes beyond nature, he still continues to be natural, and seems only to do that which nature would have done, had she o'erstepp'd her usual limits—It must not, then, be expected, that the art of the Painter can ever equal the sublimity of our Poet. The strength of Michael Angelo, united to the grace of Raphael, would here have laboured in vain——For what pencil can give to his airy beings " a local habitation, and a name."

It is therefore hoped, that the spectator will view these Pictures with this regard, and not allow his imagination, warmed by the magic powers of the Poet, to expect from Painting what Painting cannot perform.

It is not however meant, to deprecate Criticism —Candid Criticism is the soul of improvement— and those artists who shut their ears against it, must never expect to improve——At the same time, every artist ought to despise and contemn the cavils of Pseudo-critics, who, rather than not attempt to shew their wit, would crush all merit in its bud——The discerning part of the Public,

however, place all these attempts to the true account—malignity.—But as the world was never entirely free from such critics, the present undertaking must expect to have its share.

Upon the merits of the Pictures themselves, it is not for me to speak; I believe there never was a perfect Picture, in all the three great requisites of Composition, Colouring, and Design—It must not therefore be expected that such a phænomenon will be found here.—This much, however, I will venture to say, that in every Picture in the Gallery there is something to be praised, and I hope sufficient marks of merit, to justify the lovers of their country, in holding out the fostering hand of Encouragement to native Genius.—I flatter myself, on the present occasion, that the established Masters will support and increase their former reputation, and that the younger Artists will daily improve, under the benign influence of the Public patronage—They all know, that their future fame depends on their present exertions: for here the Painter's labours will be perpetually under the public eye, and compared with those of his cotemporaries—while his other works, either locked up in the cabinets of the curious, or dispersed over the country, in the houses of the different possessors, can comparatively contribute but little, to his present fortune or future fame.

I must again express my hopes, that the Subscribers will be satisfied with the progress made in this arduous undertaking, for it is to be considered, that works of genius cannot be hurried on, like the operations of a manufactory, and that Engraving, in particular, is a work of very slow and

laborious progress——I confess, I am anxious on this subject, for I could wish the Subscribers to be convinced (of what indeed is the fact) that not a moment of time has been lost.

It happens indeed, unavoidably in this undertaking, that the Artists employed on the 2d, 3d, 4th, 5th, and subsequent Numbers, are as far advanced as those employed on the first. And it is difficult to retard the one, or accelerate the other ——This much, however, the Subscribers may rely on—that every exertion will be made, consistent with that excellence that is aimed at, to publish the first Number with all possible speed, and that after that, the work will go on uninterruptedly.

I cannot conclude this Address, without mentioning the very great assistance the work receives from the unwearied exertions of my nephew and partner, Mr. Josiah Boydell, whose knowledge in the elementary part of Painting, enables him to be of singular service in conducting this undertaking —Indeed his love and enthusiasm for the fine Arts, peculiarly qualify him for the conduct of works of this nature; and without that Love and Enthusiasm for the Arts, such an undertaking can never be carried on with becoming spirit——His numerous avocations in the management of the various branches of our business, particularly in making drawings from the pictures, for the most capital engravings in our Collection—have not allowed him much time to pursue the practical part of Painting—nevertheless, willing to contribute his mite to this great work—(in the management of which he has so considerable a share) he has

made an attempt in this line of the Art. Under these circumstances, I hope the Public will have the candour to receive his performances.

The Typographical part of the Work, (of which a specimen may now be seen) is under the direction of Mr. Nicol, his Majesty's Bookseller, whose zeal for the improvement of Printing in this country is well known——The Types, &c. are made in his own house—and I flatter myself, that, with the assistance he has, in the various branches, upon which the Beauty of Printing depends, he will be able to contribute something towards restoring the reputation of this country in that most useful Art.—At present, indeed, to our disgrace be it spoken, we are far behind every neighbouring nation, many of whom have lately brought the Art of Printing to great perfection.—In his present endeavour, he has had the assistance and advice of some gentlemen, who, were I at liberty to mention their names, would do him honour, and the undertaking credit.

The Public are so well acquainted with the merits of Mr. Steevens, in elucidating the text of our author, that it would be impertinent in me to say a syllable on this part of the subject—I cannot, however, omit mentioning the readiness he has always shewn, to contribute his labours to this National Edition of the Works of Shakspeare.

Shakspeare Gallery,
May 1, 1789.

JOHN BOYDELL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

1790.

To what has been already said, little is to be added.—The satisfaction that the Subscribers in particular, and the Public in general expressed, at the progress of this arduous Work last year, was highly gratifying: And it certainly has (as indeed it ought) redoubled the ardour, of every one concerned in this great National Undertaking.

The Subscribers therefore it is hoped will be satisfied with the exertions of this year; for besides the New Pictures now exhibited, a great number more are still in the hands of the different Artists.

Of the Engravings several Specimens may be seen, in such forwardness, as it is hoped will secure the Publication of the first Number this season. But it is ever to be remembered, that Excellence is more aimed at in this Undertaking than Dispatch.

With regard to any delay that may have taken place in the Typographical part of this Work—it is to be considered, that when the Paper, the Ink, the Types, and the manner of printing the first Sheet of any Work is fixed, all improvement so far as regards that Work, is at an end, as uniformity must be preserved. The delay, therefore, must be altogether in the beginning of a Work, where considerable improvements are attempted.—The principal object of the improvements in the present Work, has been an endeavour to retain the beauty of the best Printing, and yet to avoid the dazzling effect,

which is so distressing to the eye of the Reader, in most of the fine Specimens of that Art.—With what success this attempt of uniting Beauty with Utility has been made, the Public alone must finally determine: And, previous to that determination, it is not necessary, nor perhaps proper, to mention the names of several Gentlemen of the first Talents, who have lent their assistance in the present pursuit, nor even to name the Young Man who cut the Types.—If the object of uniting a certain degree of Beauty, with perfect Utility has been attained, the merit is theirs—If not, the Undertakers are willing to bear the blame.

This much, however, with great truth can be said, that the attempt was made from the most disinterested motives, and has been prosecuted for these two years past at no trifling expence.—All the parties concerned have been much flattered with the approbation of several Gentlemen of the first Taste in the Typographical Art—And, no doubt, the very attempt at improvement will meet the approbation of those who profess Printing; many of whom, but for the hurry of an extensive business, that leaves them no leisure to attend to the improvement of their Art,—would perhaps have performed that with ease, which in the present case has been done with difficulty. The Printing is at present under the direction of a Gentleman, who has already contributed much to the improvement of his profession, and who will now have an opportunity of shewing the World, that we can print as well in England, it is hoped, as they do at Parma, Paris, or Madrid, where undoubtedly they have lately carried the Art to great perfection.

And it will be a peculiar pride to the Undertakers of this Work, if they have been at all instrumental, in establishing a Press in London, that will rival those of foreign Nations.

Concerning the present Exhibition, it is perhaps necessary to say, that several pictures are now added not connected with the Shakspeare plan.—Most of them were painted how-

ever on the same principle, upon which this great Work was originally undertaken—A desire of promoting an Historical School of Painting in England. There is also added a large Collection of high-finished Drawings, and small Copies, which have been made at a very great expence, from some of the first Cabinets of Pictures in this Kingdom, by various young Artists, several of whom have since risen to great eminence.—Some indeed have paid the Debt of Nature, and, from the present Specimens of their Talents, have left this Country to lament their loss.

As most of these Drawings* have been engraved, or are now engraving, they have served at once to encourage that Art in England, and to shew foreign Nations, that we are not so destitute of Taste for the fine Arts, nor so poor in the possession of Pictures, as some of their most eminent Writers have been pleased to represent to us—The fact is, that there are in this country many of the finest Specimens of the best Masters—but not being collected together in public places, nor (as is the case on the Continent) confined to the Capital, Foreigners cannot see them, without visiting the Houses of the Nobility and Gentry, from one end of the Island to the other.

It is not intended however to be denied, that the fine Arts are yet but in their Infancy in this Country. When that circumstance is taken into consideration, and when the merits of the Drawings and Paintings in this Exhibition are duly weighed, it is hoped the travelled Connoisseur will admit, that few Countries, under such circumstances, have produced *at one moment* a superior Exhibition of *National Art*. —And as our Taste for the fine Arts is daily increasing among all ranks of People, this Exhibition will be daily enriched.—There cannot be a stronger proof of this fact, than

* The Pictures and Drawings here alluded to, are now in the Gallery of Mess. Boydell, No. 90, Cheapside.

the very liberal offer of a Lady of high Birth and Accomplishments, to contribute her extraordinary Talents, to add to this Collection—Talents of which her Country ought to be proud, as neither Greece nor Rome, where Sculpture was in its Glory, could, in that department of the fine Arts, boast of a Female Artist.

If by these various additions to the present Exhibition, the entertainment of the Subscribers to THE SHAKSPEARE should be increased, the Undertakers will be amply rewarded —For though it was not originally held out, in the Proposals of this Work, that the Subscribers should be entitled to see the progress of the Paintings, nor at any period to a free admission to the Gallery, much less to an Exhibition of Art, unconnected with the Undertaking; yet the uncommon Confidence reposed in the Undertakers of this Work, by the Subscribers, naturally inspired them with the ambition, which they hope is laudable, of wishing not to be outdone, on the score of Liberality.—And they are happy in foreseeing, that the Subscribers will have a perpetual renovation of their Amusement, by the succession of new Pictures, that will be constantly passing from the Painter to the Engraver, during the progress of this Work.

Shakspeare Gallery,
March 15, 1790.

JOHN BOYDELL.
JOSIAH BOYDELL.
GEORGE NICOL.

THE

ALTO-RELIEVO,

In the Front of the Gallery, towards *Pall-Mall*,

By Mr. BANKS, R. A.

Represents SHAKSPEARE seated on a Rock, between *Poetry* and *Painting*. *Poetry* is on his Right-hand, addressing SHAKSPEARE, and presenting him with a Wreath of Bays, while she celebrates his Praise on her Lyre. Her Head is ornamented with a double Mask, to shew she has bestowed the double power of *Tragedy* and *Comedy* upon her favourite Son. SHAKSPEARE is represented as listening to her with Pleasure and Attention. On his Left is *Painting*, who is addressing the Spectator, with one Hand extended towards SHAKSPEARE's Breast, pointing him out as the proper Object of her Pencil, while he leans his Left-hand on her shoulder, as if accepting her assistance.

PICTURES

IN THE

SHAKSPEARE GALLERY.

No. I.

TEMPEST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Prospero's Cell.

Prospero, Ferdinand, Miranda; a Masque exhibiting Iris, Ceres, Juno, Nymphs; Caliban, Trinculo, and Stephano, at a distance.

Painted by Mr. WRIGHT, of Derby.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
Harmonious charmingly: May I be bold
To think these spirits?
Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
I have from their confines call'd to enact
My present fancies.
Fer. Let me live here ever:
So rare a wonder'd father, and a wife,
Make this place paradise.
[*Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.*
Pro. Sweet now, silence:
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously;
There's something else to do: hush, and be mute,
Or else our spell is marr'd.
Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wand'ring brooks,
With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,
Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land,
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love: be not too late.

Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow and be merry;
Make holiday: your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain Reapers, properly habited: they join with the Nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. *I had forgot that foul conspiracy* [Aside.
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[to the Spirits.] *Well done; avoid;—no more.*

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some passion
That works him strongly.

Mira. Never, till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve:
And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.——Sir, I am vex'd;
Bear with my weakness; my old brain is troubled:
Be not disturb'd with my infirmity:
If thou be pleas'd, retire into my cell,
And there repose; a turn or two I'll walk,
To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mira. We wish your peace.

No. II.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Before Page's House.

Mrs. Page with a letter, Mrs. Ford with another.

Painted by Mr. PETERS.

Mrs. Page. What! have I 'scap'd love-letters in the holiday time of my beauty, and am I now a subject for them? Let me see: [*Reads.*

Ask me no reason why I love you; for though love use reason for his precision, he admits him not for his counsellor: You are not young, no more am I; go to then, there's sympathy: you are merry, so am I; Ha! ha! then there's more sympathy: You love sack, and so do I; would you desire better sympathy? let it suffice thee, mistress Page (at the least, if the love of a soldier can suffice) that I love thee. I will not say, pity me; 'tis not a soldier-like phrase: but I say, love me. By me,

Thine own true knight,
By day or night,
Or any kind of light,
With all my might,
For thee to fight. John Falstaff.

What a Herod of Jewry is this?—O wicked wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to shew himself a young gallant! What an unweigh'd behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard pick'd (with the devil's name) out of my conversation, that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that; I have to shew to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do then; yet, I say, I could shew you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. O woman, if it were not for one trifling respect, I could come to such honour!

Mrs. Page. Hang the trifle, woman; take the honour; What is it?—dispense with trifles;—what is it?

Mrs. Ford. If I would but go to hell, for an eternal moment, or so, I could be knighted.

Mrs. Page. What?—thou liest!—Sir Alice Ford!—These knights will hack; and so thou shouldst not alter the article of thy gentry.

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight:—here, read, read;—perceive how I might be knighted.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking: And yet he would not swear; prais'd women's modesty; and gave such orderly and well-behav'd reproof to all uncomeliness, that I would have sworn his disposition would have gone to the truth of his words: but they do no more adhere, and keep place together, than the hundredth psalm to the tune of *Green Sleeves*. What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be reveng'd on him? I think the best way were to entertain him with hope, till the wicked fire of lust have melted him in his own grease.—Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more) and these are of the second edition; He will print them, out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press, when he would put us two. I had rather be a giantess, and lie under mount Pelion. Well, I will find you twenty lascivious turtles, ere one chaste man.

Mrs. Ford. *Why this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?*

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not: It makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty.—

No. III.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Ford, Shallow, Page, Caius, Sir Hugh Evans, Falstaff as the old woman of Brentford, Mrs. Ford, and Mrs. Page.

Painted by Mr. DURNO.

Ford. Ay, but if it prove true, master Page, have you any way then to unfool me again?—Set down the basket, villain:—somebody call my wife.—You, youth in a basket, come out here!—O, you panderly rascals! there's a knot, a gang, a pack, a conspiracy, against me: Now shall the devil be sham'd. What! wife, I say, come, come forth; behold what honest clothes you send forth to bleaching.

Page. Why, this passes! Master Ford, you are not to go loose any longer; you must be pinion'd.

Eva. Why, this is lunatics! this is mad as a mad dog!

Shal. Indeed, Master Ford, this is not well; indeed.

Enter Mrs. Ford.

Ford. So say I too, sir.—Come hither, mistress Ford:—mistress Ford, the honest woman, the modest wife, the virtuous creature, that hath the jealous fool to her husband;—I suspect without cause, mistress, do I?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven be my witness, you do, if you suspect me in any dishonesty.

Ford. Well said, brazen-face; hold it out.—Come forth, sirrah. [*Pulls the clothes out of the basket.*

Page. This passes.

Mrs. Ford. Are you not ashamed? let the clothes alone.

Ford. I shall find you anon.

Eva. 'Tis unreasonable! Will you take up your wife's clothes? come away.

Ford. Empty the basket, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Why, man, why,——

Ford. Master Page, as I am a man, there was one convey'd out of my house yesterday in this basket: Why may not he be there again? In my house I am sure he is: my intelligence is true; my jealousy is reasonable: Pluck me out all the linen.

Mrs. Ford. If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death.

Page. Here's no man.

Shal. By my fidelity, this is not well, master Ford; this wrongs you.

Eva. Master Ford, you must pray, and not follow the imaginations of your own heart: this is jealousies.

Ford. Well, he's not here I seek for.

Page. No, nor no where else, but in your brain.

Ford. Help to search my house this one time: If I find not what I seek, shew no colour for my extremity, let me for ever be your table-sport; let them say of me, As jealous as Ford, that search'd a hollow walnut for his wife's leman. Satisfy me once more, once more search with me.

Mrs. Ford. What hoa, mistress Page! come you and the old woman down; my husband will come into the chamber.

Ford. Old woman! what old woman's that!

Mrs. Ford. Why, it is my maid's aunt of Brentford.

Ford. A witch, a quean, an old cozening quean! Have I not forbid her my house? She comes of errands, does she? We are simple men; we do not know what's brought to pass under the profession of fortune-telling. She works by charms, by spells, by the figure, and such daubery as this is: beyond our element: we know nothing.——Come down, you witch, you hag, you; come down, I say.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, good, sweet husband; good gentlemen, let him not strike the old woman.

Enter Falstaff in woman's clothes, led by Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Page. Come, mother Prat, come, give me your hand.

Ford. *I'll prat her:—Out of my door, you witch!* [Beats him.] *you rag, you baggage, you poulcat, you ronyon! out! out! I'll conjure you, I'll fortune-tell you.* [Exit Fal.

Mrs. Page. Are you not ashamed? I think you have kill'd the poor woman.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, he will do it:—'Tis a goodly credit for you.

Ford. Hang her, witch!

Eva. By yea and no, I think, the 'oman is a witch indeed; I like not when a 'oman has a great peard; I spy a great peard under her muffler.

Ford. Will you follow, gentlemen? I beseech you follow; see but the issue of my jealousy; if I cry out thus upon no trail, never trust me when I open again.

Page. Let's obey his humour a little further: Come gentlemen. [*Exeunt.*

3

No. IV.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Duke in a Friar's habit, Varrius, Lords, Angelo, Escalus, Lucio, and Citizens. Isabella, Peter, Mariana, Provost, &c.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

Escal. I will go darkly to work with her.

Lucio. That's the way; for women are light at midnight.

Escal. Come on, mistress [*to Isabella.*]; here's a gentlewoman denies all that you have said.

Lucio. My lord, here comes the rascal I spoke of; here with the provost.

Escal. In very good time:—speak not you to him till we call upon you.

Lucio. Mum.

Escal. Come, sir; Did you set these women on to slander lord Angelo? they have confess'd you did.

Duke. 'Tis false.

Escal. How! know you where you are?

Duke. Respect to your great place! and let the devil
Be sometimes honour'd for his burning throne:—
Where is the duke? 'tis he should hear me speak.

Escal. The duke's in us; and we will hear you speak:
Look you speak justly.

Duke. Boldly, at least:—But, O poor souls,
Come you to seek the lamb here of the fox?
Good night to your redress: Is the duke gone;
Then is your cause gone too. The duke's unjust
Thus to retort your manifest appeal,
And put your trial in the villain's mouth,
Which here you come to accuse.

Lucio. This is the rascal; this is he I spoke of.

Escal. Why, thou unreverend and unhallow'd friar!
Is't not enough, thou hast suborn'd these women
To accuse this worthy man; but in foul mouth,
And in the witness of his proper ear,
To call him villain?
And then to glance from him to the duke himself,
To tax him with injustice?—Take him hence;
To the rack with him:—We'll touze you joint by joint,

But we will know this purpose?—What, unjust?
Duke. Be not so hot, the duke
Dare no more stretch this finger of mine, than he
Dare rack his own; his subject am I not,
Nor here provincial: My business in this state
Made me a looker-on here in Vienna,
Where I have seen corruption boil and bubble
Till it o'er-run the stew: laws for all faults;
But faults so countenanc'd, that the strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,
As much in mock as mark.
Escal. Slander to the state! Away with him to prison.
Ang. What can you vouch against him, signior Lucio?
Is this the man that you did tell us of?
Lucio. 'Tis he, my lord. Come hither, good man baldpate: Do you know me?
Duke. I remember you, sir, by the sound of your voice: I met you at the prison in the absence of the duke.
Lucio O, did you so? And do you remember what you said of the duke?
Duke. Most notedly, sir.
Lucio. Do you so, sir? And was the duke a fleshmonger, a fool, and a coward, as you then reported him to be?
Duke. You must, sir, change persons with me, ere you make that my report: you, indeed, spoke so of him; and much more, much worse.
Lucio. O thou damnable fellow! Did not I pluck thee by the nose for thy speeches?
Duke. I protest, I love the duke as I love myself.
Ang. Hark! how the villain would close now, after his treasonable abuses.
Escal. *Such a fellow is not to be talk'd withal: Away with him to prison;—Where is the provost?—away with him to prison; lay bolts enough upon him: let him speak no more:—away with those giglots too, and with the other confederate companion.* [The Provost lays hands on the Duke.
Duke. *Stay, sir; stay a while.*
Ang. *What! resists he? Help him, Lucio.*
Lucio. *Come, sir; come, sir; come, sir; foh, sir: Why, you bald-pated, lying rascal! you must be hooded, must you? show your knave's visage, with a pox to you! show your sheep-biting face, and be hang'd an hour! Will't not off?*
[Pulls off the friar's hood, and discovers the Duke.
Duke. *Thou art the first knave that e'er made a duke.—First, provost, let me bail these gentle three:—*

Sneak not away, sir; [to Lucio.] *for the friar and you Must have a word anon. Lay hold on him.*
Lucio. This may prove worse than hanging.
Duke. What you have spoke, I pardon; sit you down.—
[*To Escalus.*
We'll borrow place of him:—Sir, by your leave: [*To Angelo.*
Hast thou or word, or wit, or impudence,
That yet can do thee office? if thou hast,
Rely upon it till my tale be heard,
And hold no longer out.
Ang. O my dread lord,
I should be guiltier than my guiltiness,
To think I can be undiscernible,
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my passes: Then, good prince,
No longer session hold upon my shame,
But let my trial be mine own confession;
Immediate sentence then, and sequent death,
Is all the grace I beg.
Duke. Come hither, Mariana:—
Say, wast thou e'er contracted to this woman?
Ang. I was, my lord.
Duke. Go take her hence, and marry her instantly:—
Do you the office, friar; which consummate,
Return him here again:—Go with him, provost.

No. V.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Street before the Priory.

Merchant, Angelo, Lady Abbess, Adriana, Courtezan, Duke, Ægeon, Antipholus and Dromio of Syracuse, Antipholus and Dromio of Ephesus, Headsman, &c.

Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

Ægeon. Not know my voice! O, time's extremity;
Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my poor tongue,
In seven short years, that here my only son
Knows not my feeble key of untun'd cares?
Though now this grained face of mine be hid
In sap-consuming winter's drizzled snow,
And all the conduits of my blood froze up;

Yet hath my night of life some memory,
My wasting lamps some fading glimmer left,
My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
All these old witnesses (I cannot err)
Tell me thou art my son Antipholus.
Ant. E. I never saw my father in my life.
Ægeon. But seven years since, in Syracusa, boy,
Thou knowest, we parted: but, perhaps, my son,
Thou sham'st to acknowledge me in misery.
Ant. E. The duke, and all that know me in the city,
Can witness with me that it is not so;
I ne'er saw Syracusa in my life.
Duke. I tell thee, Syracusan, twenty years
Have I been patron to Antipholus,
During which time he ne'er saw Syracusa:
I see, thy age and dangers make thee dote.
Enter Abbess, with Antipholus Syracusan, and Dromio Syracusan.
Abb. *Most mighty duke, behold a man much wrong'd.*
[All gather to see him.
Adr. *I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.*
Duke. *One of these men is Genius to the other.*
And so of these: which is the natural man,
And which the spirit? who deciphers them?
Dro. S. *I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.*
Dro. E. *I, sir, am Dromio; pray, let me stay.*
Ant. S. *Ægeon, art thou not? or else his ghost?*
Dro. S. *O, my old master! who hath bound him here?*
Abb. Whoever bound him, I will loose his bonds,
And gain a husband by his liberty:—
Speak, old Ægeon, if thou be'st the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Æmilia,
That bore thee at a burden two fair sons?
O, if thou be'st the same Ægeon, speak,
And speak unto the same Æmilia!
Ægeon. If I dream not, thou art Æmilia;
If thou art she, tell me, where is that son
That floated with thee on the fatal raft?
Abb. By men of Epidamnum, he, and I,
And the twin Dromio, all were taken up;
But, by and by, rude fishermen of Corinth
By force took Dromio and my son from them.
And me they left with those of Epidamnum:
What then became of them I cannot tell;
I, to this fortune that you see me in.

Duke. Why, here begins his morning story right:
These two Antipholuses, these two so like,
And these two Dromios, one in semblance,—
Besides her urging of her wreck at sea,—
These are the parents to these children,
Which accidentally are met together.
Antipholus, thou cam'st from Corinth first.
Ant. S. No, sir, not I; I came from Syracuse.
Duke. Stay, stand apart; I know not which is which.
Ant. E. I came from Corinth, my most gracious lord.
Dro. E. And I with him.
Ant. E. Brought to this town by that most famous warrior,
Duke Menaphon, your most renowned uncle.
Adr. Which of you two did dine with me to-day?
Ant. S. I, gentle mistress.
Adr. And are not you my husband?
Ant. E. No, I say, Nay, to that.
Ant. S. And so do I, yet did she call me so:
And this fair gentlewoman, her sister, here,
Did call me brother:—What I told you then,
I hope I shall have leisure to make good;
If this be not a dream, I see, and hear.
Ang. That is the chain, sir, which you had of me.
Ant. S. I think it be, sir, I deny it not.
Ant. E. And you, sir, for this chain arrested me.
Ang. I think I did, sir; I deny it not.
Adr. I sent you money, sir, to be your bail,
By Dromio; but I think he brought it not.
Dro. E. No, none by me.
Ant. S. This purse of ducats I receiv'd from you;
And Dromio, my man, did bring them me:
I see, we still did meet each other's man;
And I was ta'en for him, and he for me;
And thereupon these Errors are arose.
Ant. E. These ducats pawn I for my father here.
Duke. It shall not need; thy father hath his life.
Court. Sir, I must have that diamond from you.
Ant. E. There take it; and much thanks for my good cheer.

No. VI.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III. SCENE I.

An Orchard.

Hero, Ursula, and Beatrice.

Painted by Mr. PETERS.

Enter Hero, Margaret, and Ursula.

Hero. Good Margaret, run thee into the parlour:
There shalt thou find my cousin Beatrice
Proposing with the Prince and Claudio:
Whisper her ear, and tell her, I and Ursula
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us:
And bid her steal into the pleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter;—like favourites,
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it:—there will she hide her
To listen our propose: This is thy office,
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone.

Marg. I'll make her come, I warrant you, presently. [*Exit.*

Hero. Now, Ursula, when Beatrice doth come,
As we do trace this alley up and down,
Our talk must only be of Benedick:
When I do name him, let it be thy part
To praise him more than ever man did merit:
My talk to thee must be, how Benedick
Is sick in love with Beatrice: Of this matter
Is little Cupid's crafty arrow made,
That only wounds by hear-say. Now begin;

Enter Beatrice, behind.

For look where Beatrice, like a lapwing, runs
Close by the ground, to hear our conference.

Urs. The pleasant'st angling is to see the fish
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:
So angle we for Beatrice; who even now
Is couched in the woodbine coverture.
Fear you not my part of the dialogue.

Hero. *Then go we near her, that her ear lose nothing*
Of the false sweet bait that we lay for it.—

[They advance to the bower.

No, truly, Ursula, she is too disdainful;
I know her spirits are as coy and wild
As haggards of the rock.

Urs. *But are you sure*
That Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?

Hero. So says the prince, and my new-trothed lord.

Urs. And did they bid you tell her of it, madam?

Hero. They did intreat me to acquaint her of it;
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd Benedick,
To wish him wrestle with affection,
And never to let Beatrice know of it.

Urs. Why did you so? Doth not the gentleman
Deserve as full, as fortunate a bed,
As ever Beatrice shall couch upon?

Hero. O god of love! I know he doth deserve
As much as may be yielded to a man:
But nature never fram'd a woman's heart
Of prouder stuff than that of Beatrice;
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on; and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

Urs. Sure, I think so;
And therefore, certainly, it were not good
She knew his love, lest she made sport at it.

Hero. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,
How wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she would spell him backward: if fair-fac'd,
She'd swear, the gentleman should be her sister;
If black, why, nature drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;
If low, an agate very vilely cut:
If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds:
If silent, why, a block moved with none.
So turns she every man the wrong side out;
And never gives to truth and virtue, that
Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

Urs. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

Hero. No; not to be so odd, and from all fashions,
As Beatrice is, cannot be commendable;
But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,
She'd mock me into air; O, she would laugh me
Out of myself, press me to death with wit.

Therefore let Benedick, like cover'd fire,
Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly;
It were a better death than die with mocks:
Which is as bad as die with tickling.
Urs. Yet tell her of it; hear what she will say.
Hero No; rather I will go to Benedick,
And counsel him to fight against his passion:
And, truly, I'll devise some honest slanders
To stain my cousin with. One doth not know,
How much an ill word may empoison liking.
Urs. O, do not do your cousin such a wrong,
She cannot be so much without true judgment
(Having so swift and excellent a wit
As she is priz'd to have,) as to refuse
So rare a gentleman as signior Benedick.
Hero. He is the only man of Italy,
Always excepted my dear Claudio.
Urs. I pray you, be not angry with me, madam,
Speaking my fancy; signior Benedick,
For shape, for bearing, argument, and valour,
Goes foremost in report through Italy.
Hero. Indeed he hath an excellent good name.
Urs. His excellence did earn it, ere he had it.——
When are you married, madam?
Hero. Why every day;—to-morrow. Come, go in,
I'll shew thee some attires; and have thy counsel
Which is the best to furnish me to-morrow.
Urs. She's lim'd, I warrant you; we have caught her, madam.

No. VII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Church.

Don Pedro, Don John, Leonato, Friar, Claudio, Benedick, Hero, and Beatrice.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

Claud. Leonato, stand I here?
Is this the prince? Is this the prince's brother?
Is this face Hero's? Are our eyes our own?
Leon. All this is so: But what of this, my lord?
Claud. Let me but move one question to your daughter:

And by that fatherly and kindly power
That you have in her, bid her answer truly.
Leon. I charge thee do so, as thou art my child.
Hero. O God defend me! how am I beset!—
What kind of catechizing call you this?
Claud. To make you answer truly to your name.
Hero. Is it not Hero? Who can blot that name
With any just reproach?
Claud. Marry, that can Hero;
Hero itself can blot out Hero's virtue.
What man was he talk'd with you yesternight
Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?
Now, if you are a maid, answer to this.
Hero. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord.
Pedro. Why, then are you no maiden.—Leonato,
I am sorry you must hear. Upon mine honour,
Myself, my brother, and this grieved count,
Did see her, hear her, at that hour last night,
Talk with a ruffian at her chamber window;
Who hath, indeed, most like a liberal villain,
Confess'd the vile encounters they have had
A thousand times in secret.
John. Fye, fye! they are
Not to be nam'd, my lord, not to be spoke of;
There is not chastity enough in language,
Without offence, to utter them: Thus, pretty lady,
I am sorry for thy much misgovernment.
Claud. O Hero! what a Hero hadst thou been
If half thy outward graces had been plac'd
About the thoughts and counsels of thy heart!
But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! farewell,
Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!
For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love.
And on my eyelids shall conjecture hang
To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,
And never shall it be more gracious.
Leon. *Hath no man's dagger here a point for me?*
[Hero swoons.
Beat. *Why, how now, cousin! wherefore sink you down?*
John. *Come, let us go: these things, come thus to light, Smother her spirits up.* [Exeunt D. Ped. D. John, and Claud.
Bene. How doth the lady?
Beat. Dead, I think;—Help, uncle;—
Hero! why, Hero!—uncle!—signior Benedick!—
Friar!

Leon. O fate! take not away thy heavy hand!
Death is the fairest cover for her shame,
That may be wish'd for.

No. VIII.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Prison.

Dogberry, Verges, Borachio, Conrade, the Town-Clerk, and Sexton.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE.

Dogb. Is our whole dissembly appear'd?

Verg. O, a stool and a cushion for the sexton!

Sexton. Which be the malefactors?

Dogb. Marry, that am I and my partner.

Verg. Nay, that's certain; we have the exhibition to examine.

Sexton. But which are the offenders that are to be examined? let them come before master constable.

Dogb. Yea, marry, let them come before me.—What is your name, friend?

Bora. Borachio.

Dogb. Pray, write down—Borachio.——Yours, sirrah?

Conr. I am a gentleman, sir; and my name is Conrade.

Dogb. Write down—master gentleman Conrade.——Masters, do you serve God?

Both. Yea, sir, we hope.

Dogb. Write down—that they hope they serve God:—and write God first: for God defend but God should go before such villains!—Masters, it is proved already that you are little better than false knaves; and it will go near to be thought so shortly. How answer you for yourselves?

Conr. Marry, sir, we say, we are none.

Dogb. A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him.—Come you hither, sirrah; a word in your ear, sir; I say to you, it is thought you are false knaves.

Bora. Sir, I say to you, we are none.

Dogb. Well, stand aside.—'Fore God, they are both in a tale:—Have you writ down—that they are none?

Sexton. Master constable, you go not the way to examine; you must call forth the watch that are their accusers.

Dogb. Yea, marry, that's the eftest way;—Let the watch come forth:—Masters, I charge you, in the prince's name, accuse these men.

1 *Watch.* This man said, sir, that Don John, the prince's brother, was a villain.

Dogb. Write down—prince John a villain.—Why this is flat perjury, to call a prince's brother—villain.

Bora. Master constable—

Dogb. Pray thee, fellow, peace! I do not like thy look, I promise thee.

Sexton. What heard you him say else?

2 *Watch.* Marry, that he had received a thousand ducats of Don John, for accusing the lady Hero wrongfully.

Dogb. Flat burglary as ever was committed.

Verg. Yea, by the mass, that it is.

Sexton. What else, fellow?

1 *Watch.* And that count Claudio did mean, upon his words, to disgrace Hero before the whole assembly, and not marry her.

Dogb. *O villain! thou wilt be condemned into everlasting redemption for this.*

Sexton. What else?

2 *Watch.* This is all.

Sexton. And this is more, masters, than you can deny. Prince John is this morning secretly stolen away: Hero was in this manner accused, in this very manner refused, and upon the grief of this, suddenly died.—Master contsable, let these men be bound, and brought to Leonato's; I will go before, and shew him their examination. [*Exit.*

Dogb. Come, let them be opinion'd.

Verg. Let them be in the hands.

Conr. Off, coxcomb!

Dogb. God's my life! where's the sexton? let him write down—the prince's officer, coxcomb.—Come, bind them:——Thou naughty varlet!

Conr. Away! you are an ass, you are an ass.

Dogb. Dost thou not suspect my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he were here to write me down—an ass!—but, masters, remember, that I am an ass!—though it be not written down, yet forget not that I am an ass:—No, thou villain, thou art full of piety, as shall be proved upon thee by good witness: I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, a householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow

enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns, and every thing handsome about him.—Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down—an ass! [*Exeunt.*

No. IX.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Pavilion in the Park near the Palace.

Princess, Rosaline, Maria, Katharine, Lords, Attendants, and a Forester.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

Prin. Was that the king that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?
Boy. I know not; but I think, it was not he.
Prin. Whoe'er he was, he shew'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—
Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?
For. *Here by upon the edge of yonder coppice:*
A stand, where you may make the fairest shoot.
Prin. I thank my beauty; I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st, the fairest shoot.
For. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.
Prin. What, what? first praise me, and again say, no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!
For. Yes, madam, fair.
Prin. Nay, never paint me now;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true;
[*Giving him money.*
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

No. X.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Wood.

Titania, Queen of the Fairies, Bottom, Fairies attending, &c. &c. &c.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Tita. Come sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
Bot. Where's Pease-blossom?
Pease. Ready.
Bot. *Scratch my head Pease-blossom.—Where's monsieur Cobweb?*
Cob. *Ready.*
Bot. *Monsieur Cobweb; good monsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hip'd humble bee on the top of a thistle; and, good monsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, monsieur; and, good monsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior,—Where's monsieur Mustard-seed?*
Must. *Ready.*
Bot. *Give me your neif, monsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your courtesy, good monsieur.*
Must. *What's your will?*
Bot. *Nothing, good monsieur, but to help cavalero Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, monsieur; for methinks, I am marvellous hairy about the face: and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.*
Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?
Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.
Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.
Bot. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.
Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas.

But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
So doth the woodbine the sweet honey-suckle
Gently entwist;—the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
O, how I love thee! how I dote on thee. [*They sleep.*

No. XI.

CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

A Bedchamber.
Imogen in Bed. Iachimo.

Painted by Mr. BARRY, R. A.

Imo. Who's there? my woman Helen?
Lady. Please you, madam.
Imo. What hour is it?
Lady. Almost midnight, madam.
Imo. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou can'st awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee call me. Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly. [*Exit Lady.*
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
Guard me, beseech ye! [*Sleeps. Iachimo from the trunk.*
Iach. *The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense*
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss! one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: the flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights now canopy'd
Under these windows: white and azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

Such, and such pictures;—There the window:—Such
The adornment of her bed:—The arras, figures,
Why, such, and such:—And the contents o'the story,—
Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
Above ten thousand meaner moveables
Would testify, to enrich mine inventory:
O sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her sense but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying!—Come off, come off;—
[*Taking off her bracelet.*
As slippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!
'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
As strongly as the conscience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breast
A mole cinque spotted, like the crimson drops
I'the bottom of a cowslip: Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this secret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treasure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus; here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night! that dawning
May bare the raven's eye: I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here. [*Clock strikes.*
One, two, three,—Time, time!
[*Goes into the trunk. The scene closes.*

No. XII.

OTHELLO.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Platform.

Desdemona, Othello, Iago, Cassio, Roderigo, Emilia, &c.

Painted by Mr. STOTHARD, R. A.

2. *Gent.* They give their greeting to the citadel;
This likewise is a friend.
Cas. See for the news.— [*Exit Gentleman.*
Good ancient, you are welcome;—Welcome, mistress:—
[*To Emilia.*

Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold shew of courtesy. [*Kissing her.*

Iago. Sir, would she give you as much of her lips,
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me,
You'd have enough.

Des. Alas, she has no speech.

Iago. In faith, too much:
I find it still, when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.

Emil. You have little cause to say so.

Iago. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlours, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.

Des. O, fye upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Emil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What would'st thou write of me, if thou should'st praise me?

Iago. O gentle lady, do not put me to't;
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come on, assay:—There's one gone to the harbour?

Iago. Ay, madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise.—
Come, how would'st thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention
Comes from my pate, as bird-lime does from frize,
It plucks out brains and all: But my muse labours,
And thus she is deliver'd.
If she be fair and wise,—fairness, and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd! How if she be black and witty?

Iago. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Emil. How, if fair and foolish?

Iago. She never yet was foolish that was fair;
For even her folly help'd her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh

i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do.

Des. O heavy ignorance!—thou praisest the worst best. But what praise could'st thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed? one, that, in the authority of her merit did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?

Iago. She that was ever fair and never proud:
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lack'd gold—and yet went never gay;
Fled from her wish, and yet said—*now I may*;
She that being anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay, and her displeasure fly;
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight,—if ever such wight were,—

Des. To do what?

Iago. To suckle fools, and chronicle small beer.

Des. O most lame and impotent conclusion?—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor.

Cas. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*aside.*] He takes her by the palm: Ay, well said, whisper: with as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio. Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true: 'tis so, indeed: if such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the sir in. Very good; well kiss'd! an excellent courtesy! 'tis so, indeed. Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!—[*Trumpet.*]—The Moor,—I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello and Attendants.

Oth. *O my fair warrior.*

Des. *My dear Othello!*

Oth. *It gives me wonder great as my content,*

To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest comes such calmness,
May the winds blow till they have waken'd death!
And let the labouring bark climb hills of sea,
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven? If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear,
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.
Des. The heavens forbid,
But that our loves and comforts should increase,
Even as our days do grow!
Oth. Amen to that, sweet powers!—
I cannot speak enough of this content,
It stops me here; it is too much of joy;
And this, and this, the greatest discords be [*Kissing her.*
That e'er our hearts shall make!
Iago. O, you are well tun'd now!
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am. [*Aside.*

No. XIII.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Forest of Arden.
Jaques, Amiens, &c.

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

Duke Sen. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their own confines, with forked heads
Have their round haunches gor'd.
1 *Lord.* Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:

To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
Duke Sen. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 *Lord.* O, yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping in the needless stream;
Poor deer, quoth he, *thou mak'st a testament*
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much: Then, being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends,
'Tis right, quoth he! *thus misery doth part*
The flux of company: Anon, a careless herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
And never stays to greet him: *Ay,* quoth Jaques,
Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens:
'Tis just the fashion: Wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of country, city, court;
Yea, and of this our life; swearing, that we
Are mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
To fright the animals, and to kill them up,
In their assign'd and native dwelling-place.
Duke Sen. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2 *Lord.* We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.
Duke Sen. Shew me the place;
I love to cope him in these sullen fits;
For then he's full of matter.
1 *Lord.* I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

10

No. XIV.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Forest.

Duke Senior, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, Celia, Rosalind, Audrey, Clown, Silvius, Phebe, and Hymen.

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

STILL MUSIC.

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou might'st join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

Ros. *To you I give myself, for I am yours.* [To the Duke.
To you I give myself, for I am yours. [To Orlando.

Duke Sen. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind.

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then,—my love adieu!

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:— [*To the Duke.*
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:— [*To Orlando.*
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she. [*To Phebe.*

11

No. XV.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Baptista's House.

Petruchio, Katharine, Bianca, Hortensio, Baptista, Grumio, and Train.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Pet. Gentlemen and friends, I thank you for your pains:
I know you think to dine with me to-day,
And have prepar'd great store of wedding cheer:
But so it is, my haste doth call me hence,
And therefore here I mean to take my leave.

Bap. Is't possible you will away to-night?

Pet. I must away to-day, before night come:—

Make it no wonder: if you knew my business,
You would intreat me rather go than stay.
And, honest company, I thank you all,
That have beheld me give away myself
To this most patient, sweet, and virtuous wife:
Dine with my father, drink a health to me;
For I must hence, and farewell to you all.

Tra. Let us intreat you stay till after dinner.

Pet. It may not be.

Gre. Let me intreat you.

Pet. It cannot be.

Kath. Let me intreat you.

Pet. I am content.

Kath. Are you content to stay?

Pet. I am content you shall intreat me stay;
But yet not stay, intreat me how you can.

Kath. Now, if you love me, stay.

Pet. Grumio, my horse.

Gru. Ay, sir, they be ready: the oats have eaten the horses.

Kath. Nay, then,
Do what thou canst, I will not go to-day;
No, nor to-morrow, nor till I please myself.
The door is open, sir, there lies your way,
You may be jogging whiles your boots are green;
For me, I'll not be gone till I please myself:
'Tis like, you'll prove a jolly surly groom,
That take it on you at the first so roundly.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; pr'ythee be not angry.

Kath. I will be angry: What hast thou to do?—
Father, be quiet, he shall stay my leisure.

Gre. Ay, marry, sir; now it begins to work.

Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:—
I see, a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.

Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:—
Obey the bride, you that attend on her:
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry,—or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret:
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,

My horse, my ox, my ass, my any thing;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I'll bring mine action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man:
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I'll buckler thee against a million.
[Exeunt Pet. Kath. and Gru.

Bap. Nay, let them go, a couple of quiet ones.
Gre. Went they not quickly, I shall die with laughing.
Tra. Of all mad matches, never was the like!
Luc. Mistress, what's your opinion of your sister?
Bian. That, being mad herself, she's madly mated.
Gre. I warrant him, Petruchio is Kated.

12

No. XVI.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

A Palace.

Leontes, Antigonus, Lords, Attendants, and the infant Perdita.

Painted by Mr. Opie, R. A.

Leo. Thou, traitor, hast set on thy wife to this.—
My child? away with't!—even thou, that hast
A heart so tender o'er it, take it hence,
And see it instantly consum'd with fire;
Even thou, and none but thou. Take it up straight:
Within this hour bring me word 'tis done,
(And by good testimony) or I'll seize thy life,
With what thou else call'st thine. If thou refuse,
And wilt encounter with my wrath, say so;
The bastard brains with these my proper hands
Shall I dash out. Go, take it to the fire;
For thou sett'st on thy wife.
Ant. I did not, sir:
These lords, my noble fellows, if they please,
Can clear me in't.
1 Lord. We can. My royal liege,
He is not guilty of her coming hither.

Leo. You are liars all.
1 Lord. 'Beseech your highness, give us better credit:
We have always truly serv'd you; and beseech
So to esteem of us: And on our knees we beg
(As recompence of our dear services,
Past, and to come,) that you do change this purpose;
Which, being so horrible, so bloody, must
Lead on to some foul issue: We all kneel.
Leo. I am a feather for each wind that blows:—
Shall I live on, to see this bastard kneel
And call me father? better burn it now
Than curse it then. But, be it: let it live:
It shall not neither.—You, sir, come you hither: [*To Ant.*
You that have been so tenderly officious
With lady Margery, your midwife, there,
To save this bastard's life:—for 'tis a bastard,
So sure as this beard's grey—what will you adventure
To save this brat's life?
Ant. Any thing, my lord,
That my ability may undergo,
And nobleness impose: at least, thus much;
I'll pawn the little blood which I have left,
To save the innocent: any thing possible.
Leo. *It shall be possible: Swear by this sword,*
Thou wilt perform my bidding.
Ant. *I will, my lord.*
Leo. *Mark, and perform it; (seest thou?) for the fail*
Of any point in't shall not only be
Death to thyself, but to thy lewd-tongu'd wife;
Whom, for this time, we pardon. We enjoin thee,
As thou art liegeman to us, that thou carry
This female bastard hence; and that thou bear it
To some remote and desert place, quite out
Of our dominions; and that there thou leave it,
Without more mercy, to its own protection,
And favour of the climate. As by strange fortune
It came to us, I do in justice charge thee—
On thy soul's peril, and thy body's torture—
That thou commend it strangely to some place,
Where chance may nurse, or end it. Take it up.
Ant. I swear to do this; though a present death
Had been more merciful.—Come on, poor babe:
Some powerful spirit instruct the kites and ravens
To be thy nurses! Wolves and bears, they say,
Casting their savageness aside, have done

Like offices of pity.—Sir, be prosperous
In more than this deed does require! and blessing,
Against this cruelty, fight on thy side,
Poor thing, condemn'd to loss! [*Exit with the child.*

Leo. No, I'll not rear
Another's issue.

No. XVII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT III. SCENE III.

A desert place near the Sea.

Antigonus torn by a bear; Old Shepherd, Clown, and the infant Perdita, at a distance.

Painted by Mr. WRIGHT.

Enter Clown.

Clo. Hilloa, loa!

Shep. What, are so near? If thou'lt see a thing to talk on when thau art dead and rotten, come hither. What ail'st thou, man?

Clo. I have seen two such sights, by sea and by land:—but I am not to say it is a sea, for it is now the sky; betwixt the firmament and it you cannot thrust a bodkin's point.

Shep. Why, boy, how is it?

Clo. *I would you did but see how it chafes, how it rages, how it takes up the shore! but that's not to the point: O, the most piteous cry of the poor souls! sometimes to see 'em, and not to see 'em: now the ship boring the moon with her main mast; and anon swallow'd with yest and froth, as you'd thrust a cork into a hogshead. And then for the land service—To see how the bear tore out his shoulder-bone; how he cried to me for help, and said his name was Antigonus, a nobleman:—But to make an end of the ship;—to see how the sea flap-dragon'd it:—but, first, how the poor souls roar'd, and the sea mock'd them;— and how the poor gentleman roar'd, and the bear mock'd him, both roaring louder than the sea, or weather.*

Shep. 'Name of mercy, when was this, boy?

Clo. Now, now; I have not winked since I saw these sights: the men are not yet cold under water, nor the bear half dined on the gentleman; he's at it now.

Shep. Would I had been by, to have helped the old man!

Clo. I would you had been by the ship side, to have helped her; there your charity would have lacked footing. [*Aside.*

Shep. Heavy matters! heavy matters! but look thee here, boy. Now bless thyself; thou met'st with things dying, I with things new born. Here's a sight for thee; look thee, a bearing-cloth for a 'squire's child! Look thee here; take up, take up, boy; open't. So, let's see;—It was told me I should be rich by the fairies: this is some changeling———Open't: What's within, boy?

Clo. You're a made old man; if the sins of your youth are forgiven you, you're well to live. Gold! all gold!

Shep. This is fairy gold, boy, and 'twill prove so: up with it, keep it close; home, home, the next way. We are lucky, boy; and to be so still, requires nothing but secrecy.—Let my sheep go:—Come, good boy, the next way home.

N.B. No. XVII.* painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

No. XVIII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Before a Shepherd's Cottage.

Florizel, Perdita, Shepherd, Clown, Mopsa, Dorcas, Servants, Polixenes and Camillo disguised.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Flo. See, your guests approach:
Address yourself to entertain them sprightly,
And let's be red with mirth.

Shep. Fye, daughter! when my old wife liv'd, upon
This day she was both pantler, butler, cook;
Both dame and servant: welcom'd all, serv'd all:
Would sing her song, and dance her turn: now here,
At upper end o'the table, now, i'the middle;
On his shoulder, and his; her face o'fire
With labour; and the thing she took to quench it
She would to each one sip: You are retir'd
As if you were a feasted one, and not
The hostess of the meeting: Pray you, bid

These unknown friends to us welcome; for it is
A way to make us better friends, more known.
Come, quench your blushes, and present yourself
That which you are, mistress o'the feast. Come on,
And bid us welcome to your sheep-shearing,
As your good flock shall prosper.
Per. *Sir, welcome!* [To Pol.
It is my father's will, I shall take on me
The hostessship o'the day:—You're welcome, sir! [To Cam.
Give me those flowers there, Dorcas.—Reverend sirs,
For you there's rosemary, and rue; these keep
Seeming and savour all the winter long:
Grace and remembrance be to you both,
And welcome to our shearing!
Pol. Shepherdess,
(A fair one are you) well you fit our ages
With flowers of winter.
Per. Sir, the year growing ancient,—
Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
Of trembling winter—the fairest flowers o'the season
Are our carnations and streak'd gilly-flowers,
Which some call nature's bastards: of that kind
Our rustic garden's barren; and I care not
To get slips of them.

55

No. XIX.

MACBETH.

ACT I. SCENE III.

A Heath.

Macbeth, Banquo, and three Witches.

Painted by Mr. Fuseli, R. A.

Macb. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.
Ban. How far is't call'd to Forres?—What are these,
So wither'd, and so wild in their attire,
That look not like the inhabitants o'the earth,
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught
That man may question? You seem to understand me,
By each at once her choppy finger laying
Upon her skinny lips. You should be women,
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret
That you are so.

Macb. Speak, if you can;—What are you?
1 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!
2 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!
3 *Witch.* All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.
Ban. Good sir, why do you start, and seem to fear
Things that do sound so fair?—I'the name of truth,
Are ye fantastical, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye shew? My noble partner
You greet with present grace, and great predictions
Of noble having, and of royal hope,
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:
If you can look into the seeds of time,
And say which grain will grow, and which will not,
Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear
Your favours, nor your hate.
1 *Witch.* Hail!
2 *Witch.* Hail!
3 *Witch.* Hail!
1 *Witch.* Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2 *Witch.* Not so happy, yet much happier.
3 *Witch.* Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none.
So all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.
1 *Witch.* Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. *Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more:*
By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence
You owe this strange intelligence? or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.
[Witches vanish.
Ban. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanish'd?
Macb. Into the air; and what seem'd corporal, melted
As breath into the wind.—'Would they had staid!
Ban. Were such things here as we do speak about?
Or have we eaten of the insane root
That takes the reason prisoner?
Macb. Your children shall be kings.
Ban. You shall be king
Macb. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?
Ban. To the self-same tune and words. Who's here?

No. XX.

KING JOHN.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Prison.

Arthur, Hubert, and Attendants.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.
Atten. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.—
Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you; look to't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter Arthur.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.
Hub. Good morrow, little prince.
Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.
Hub. Indeed I have been merrier.
Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed, it's not; and I would to heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.
Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead;
Therefore I will be sudden, and dispatch. [*Aside.*
Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day.
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Shewing a paper.*] How now,
foolish rheum! [*Aside.*
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out of mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect.
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ake,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you;
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you, at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning. Do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleas'd that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench this fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believ'd him; no tongue, but Hubert's.
Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*
[*Re-enter Attendants, with cord, irons, &c.*

Do as I bid you.
Arth. *O save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,*
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.
Hub. *Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.*
Arth. *Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?*
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.
Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.
Atten. I am best pleas'd to be from such a deed.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart;—
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.
Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.
Arth. Is there no remedy?
Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.
Arth. O heaven!—that there were but a moth in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wand'ring hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boist'rous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes;
Let me not hold my tongue; let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes; O, spare mine eyes:
Though to no use but still to look on you!
Lo! by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief.
Being create for comfort, to be us'd
In undeserv'd extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strew'd repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on,
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.
Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.
Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me;
Much danger do I undergo for thee. [*Exeunt.*

No. XXI.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Justice Shallow's Seat in Gloucestershire.

Shallow, Silence, Falstaff, Bardolph, Boy, Mouldy, Shadow, Wart, Feeble, and Bull-calf.

Painted by Mr. DURNO.

Re-enter Falstaff, and Justices.

Fal. Come, sir, which men shall I have?
Shal. Four, of which you please.
Bard. Sir, a word with you:—I have three pound to free Mouldy and Bull-calf.
Fal. Go to; well.

Shal. Come, sir John, which four will you have?

Fal. Do you choose for me.

Shal. Marry, then,——Mouldy, Bull-calf, Feeble, and Shadow.

Fal. Mouldy, and Bull-calf:—For you, Mouldy, stay at home till you are past service:—and for your part, Bull-calf,—grow till you come unto it; I will none of you.

Shal. Sir John, sir John, do not yourself wrong; they are your likeliest men: and I would have you served with the best.

Fal. Will you tell me, master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limb, the thewes, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, master Shallow.—Here's Wart;—you see what a ragged appearance it is: he shall charge you, and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer; come off, and on, swifter than he that gibbets on the brewer's bucket. And this same half-fac'd fellow, Shadow,—give me this man; he presents no mark to the enemy; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife; And, for a retreat,—how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off? O, give me the spare men, and spare me the great ones.——Put me a caliver into Wart's hand, Bardolph.

Bard. Hold, Wart, traverse; thus, thus, thus.

Fal. *Come manage me your caliver. So:—very well:—go to:—very good:—exceeding good.——O, give me always a little, lean, old, chopp'd, bald shot.——Well said, i'faith, Wart: thou'rt a good scab: hold, there's a tester for thee.*

Shal. He is not his craft's-master, he doth not do it right. I remember at Mile-end Green (when I lay at Clement's Inn, I was then Sir Dagonet in Arthur's show) there was a little quiver fellow, and 'a would manage you his piece thus: and 'a would about and about, and come you in, and come you in; *rah, tah, tah,* would 'a say; *bounce,* would 'a say: and away again would 'a go, and again would 'a come;—I shall never see such a fellow.

Fal. These fellows will do well, master Shallow.—God keep you, master Silence; I will not use many words with you:—Fare you well, gentlemen both: I thank you: I must a dozen miles to-night.—Bardolph, give the soldiers coats.

Shal. Sir John, heaven bless you, and prosper your affairs, and send us peace! As you return, visit my house; let our old acquaintance be renew'd: peradventure, I will with you to the court.

Fal. I would you would, master Shallow.

Shal. Go to; I have spoke, at a word. Fare you well,

[*Exeunt Shallow and Silence.*

Fal. Fare you well, gentle gentleman.—On, Bardolph; lead the men away.—[*Exeunt Bardolph, Recruits, &c.*]—As I return, I will fetch off these justices: I do see the bottom of Justice Shallow. Lord, lord, how subject we old men are to this vice of lying! This same starv'd justice hath done nothing but prate to me of the wildness of his youth, and the feats he hath done about Turnbull-street; and every third word a lie, duer paid to the hearer than the Turk's tribute. I do remember him at Clement's Inn, like a man made after supper of a cheese-paring: when he was naked, he was, for all the world, like a fork'd radish; with a head fantastically carved upon it with a knife: he was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick sight were invincible: he was the very genius of famine, yet lecherous as a monkey, and the whores call'd him—Mandrake: he came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the over-scutch'd huswives, that he heard the carmen whistle; and swore—they were his fancies, or his good-nights. And now is this vice's dagger became a 'squire; and talks as familiarly of John of Gaunt, as if he had been sworn brother to him: and I'll be sworn, he never saw him but once in the Tilt-yard: and then he burst his head for crowding among the marshal's men. I saw it; and told John of Gaunt he beat his own name: for you might have truss'd him, and all his apparel, into an eel-skin; the case of a treble hautboy was a mansion for him, a court: and now he has land and beeves. Well; I will be acquainted with him, if I return: and it shall go hard, but I will make him a philosopher's two stones to me: if the young dace be a bait for the old pike, I see no reason in the law of nature, but I may snap at him. Let time shape, and there an end. [*Exeunt.*

15

No. XXII.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

London. The Temple Garden.

Earls of Somerset, Suffolk, and Warwick; Richard Plantagenet, Vernon, and another Lawyer.

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

Plant. Great lords, and gentlemen, what means this silence?
Dare no man answer in a case of truth?
Suf. Within the Temple-hall we were too loud;
The gardens here is more convenient.
Plant. Then say at once, if I maintain'd the truth;
Or, else, was wrangling Somerset in the error?
Suf. 'Faith, I have been a truant in the law;
I never yet could frame to it my will;
And therefore frame the law unto my will.
Som. Judge you, my lord of Warwick, then between us.
War. Between two hawks, which flies the higher pitch;
Between two dogs, which hath the deeper mouth;
Between two blades, which bears the better temper:
Between two horses, which doth bear him best,
Between two girls, which hath the merriest eye,—
I have, perhaps, some shallow spirit of judgment:
But in these nice sharp quillets of the law,
Good faith, I am no wiser than a daw.
Plant. Tut, tut, here is a mannerly forbearance:
The truth appears so naked on my side,
That any purblind eye may find it out.
Som. And on my side it is so well apparell'd,
So clear, so shining, and so evident,
That it will glimmer through a blind man's eye.
Plant. *Since you are tongue-ty'd, and so loath to speak,*
In dumb significants proclaim your thoughts:
Let him that is a true-born gentleman,
And stands upon the honour of his birth,
If he suppose that I have pleaded truth,
From off this brier pluck a white rose with me.
Som. *Let him that is no coward, nor no flatterer,*
But dare maintain the party of the truth,
Pluck a red rose from off this thorn with me.

War. I love no colours; and without all colours
Of base insinuating flattery,
I pluck this white rose with Plantagenet.
Suf. I pluck this red rose with young Somerset,
And say withal, I think he held the right.
Ver. Stay, lords, and gentlemen, and pluck no more,
Till you conclude—that he upon whose side
The fewest roses are cropp'd from the tree,
Shall yield the other in the right opinion.
Som. Good master Vernon, it is well objected;
If I have fewest, I subscribe in silence.
Plant. And I.
Ver. Then for the truth and plainness of the case,
I pluck this pale and maiden blossom here,
Giving my verdict on the white rose side.
Som. Prick not your finger as you pluck it off;
Lest, bleeding, you do paint the white rose red,
And fall on my side so against your will.
Ver. If I, my lord, for my opinion bleed,
Opinion shall be surgeon to my hurt,
And keep me on the side where still I am.
Som. Well, well, come on. Who else?
Lawyer. Unless my study and my books be false,
The argument you held was wrong in you; [*To Somerset.*
In sign wherof, I pluck a white rose too.
Plant. Now, Somerset, where is your argument?
Som. Here, in my scabbard; meditating that,
Shall dye your white rose in a bloody red.

16

No. XXIII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Cardinal Beaufort's Bed Chamber.

King Henry, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

K. Henry. How fares my lord? speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.
Car. If you be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,

Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.
K. Henry. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
When death's approach is seen so terrible!
War. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.
Car. Bring me unto my trial when you will.
Dy'd he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whe'r they will or no?—
O! torture me no more, I will confess.—
Alive again? then show me where he is;
I'll give a thousand pound to look upon him.—
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.—
Comb down his hair; look! look! it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul!—
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.
K. Henry. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O, beat away the busy meddling fiend,
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. *See, how the pangs of death do make him grin!*
Sal. *Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.*
K. Henry. *Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!—*
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies, and makes no sign:—O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Henry. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.——
Close up his eyes, and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

No. XXIV.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

The Palace in London.

King Edward, the Queen, with the young Prince, Clarence, Glocester, and Hastings.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

K. Edw. Once more we sit in England's royal throne,
Re-purchas'd with the blood of enemies.

What valiant foemen, like to autumn's corn,
Have we mow'd down, in tops of all their pride!
Three dukes of Somerset, three-fold renown'd
For hardy and undoubted champions:
Two Cliffords, as the father and the son,
And two Northumberlands; two braver men
Ne'er spurr'd their coursers at the trumpet's sound:
With them, the two brave bears, Warwick and Montague,
That in their chains fetter'd the kingly lion,
And made the forest tremble when they roar'd.
Thus have we swept suspicion from our seat,
And made our footstool of security.——
Come hither, Bess, and let me kiss my boy.——
[Taking the child.
Young Ned, for thee, thine uncles, and myself
Have in our armours watch'd the winter's night;
Went all afoot in summer's scalding heat,
That thou might'st repossess the crown in peace;
And of our labours thou shalt reap the gain.
Glo. *I'll blast his harvest if your head were laid;*
For yet I am not look'd on in the world.
This shoulder was ordained so thick, to heave;
And heave it shall some weight, or break my back:
Work thou the way,—and thou shalt execute. [Aside.
K. Edw. Clarence and Gloster, love my lovely queen:
And kiss your princely nephew, brothers both.
Clar. The duty that I owe unto your majesty,
I seal upon the lips of this sweet babe.
K. Edw. Thanks, noble Clarence; worthy brother, thanks.
Glo. And that I love the tree from whence thou sprangst,
Witness the loving kiss I give the fruit:—
To say the truth, so Judas kiss'd his master;
And cry'd—all hail! when as he meant—all harm. } [*Aside.*
K. Edw. Now am I seated as my soul delights,
Having my country's peace, and brothers' loves.

18

XXV.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT III. SCENE I.

London.

Prince of Wales, Duke of York his brother, Dukes of Gloster and Buckingham, Cardinal Bourchier, Lord Hastings, Lord Mayor, and his train

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Buck. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of York.

Prince. *Richard of York! how fares our loving brother?*

York. *Well, my dread lord; so must I call you now.*

Prince. *Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours:*
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

Glo. *How fares our cousin, noble lord of York?*

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth:
The prince, my brother, hath outgrown me far.

Glo. He hath, my lord,

York. And therefore is he idle?

Glo. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then is he more beholden to you than I.

Glo. He may command me, as my sovereign;
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

Glo. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift! O! that's the sword to it.

Glo. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O then, I see you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Glo. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Glo. What, would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Glo. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My lord of York will still be cross in talk:—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

Buck. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning and so young is wonderful.

Glo. My gracious lord, wil't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham,
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower, and welcome you.

York. What, will you go unto the Tower, my lord?

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Glo. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost:
My grandam told me he was murder'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Glo. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord, and with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower.

No. XXVI.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Richard, Bolingbroke, &c.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Enter York and his Dutchess.

Dutch. My lord, you told me, you would tell the rest.
When weeping made you break the story off
f our two cousins coming into London.

York. Where did I leave?

Dutch. *At that sad stop, my lord,*
Where rude misgoverned hands, from windows' tops,
Threw dust and rubbish on king Richard's head.

York. *Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke,*

Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seem'd to know,—
With slow but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cry'd—God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imag'ry, had said at once,—
Jesu, preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!
Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bare-headed, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he past along.
Dutch. Alas, poor Richard! where rides he the while?
York. As in a theatre, the eyes of men,
After a well-grac'd actor leaves the stage,
Are idly bent on him that enters next,
Thinking his prattle to be tedious:
Even so, or with much more contempt, men's eyes
Did scowl on Richard; no man cry'd, God save him;
No joyful tongue gave him his welcome home:
But dust was thrown upon his sacred head;
Which with such gentle sorrow he shook off,—
His face still combating with tears and smiles,
The badges of his grief and patience,—
That had not God for some strong purpose, steel'd
The hearts of men, they must perforce have melted,
And barbarism itself have pitied him.
But heaven hath a hand in these events;
To whose high will we bound our calm contents.
To Bolingbroke are we sworn subjects now,
Whose state and honour I for aye allow.

19

No. XXVII.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

The Royal Children; Dighton and Forrest, the Murderers.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Tyr. The tyrannous and bloody act is done;
The most arch deed of piteous massacre
That ever yet this land was guilty of.

Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
To do this ruthless piece of butchery,
Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
Melting with tenderness and mild compassion,
Wept like two children in their deaths' sad story.
O thus, quoth Dighton, *lay the gentle babes —*
Thus, thus, quoth Forrest, *girdling one another*
Within their alabaster innocent arms:
Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
Which, in their summer beauty, kiss'd each other.
A book of prayers on their pillow lay;
Which once, quoth Forrest, *almost chang'd my mind;*
But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd:
When Dighton thus told on—*we smother'd*
The most replenished sweet work of nature
That, from the prime creation, e'er she fram'd.—
Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse;
They could not speak: and so I left them both,
To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

N. B. This picture was painted before the present work was undertaken: but has been deemed by the best judges highly deserving of a place in it.

20

No. XXVIII.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Titus's House.

Titus Andronicus, Marcus Andronicus, and young Lucius, pursued by Lavinia.

Painted by Mr. KIRK.

Boy. *Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia*
Follows me every where, I know not why.—
Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes!
Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.
Mar. *Stand by me, Lucius, do not fear thine aunt.*
Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.
Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome, she did.
Mar. What means my niece Lavinia by these signs?
Tit. Fear her not, Lucius: Somewhat doth she mean;
See, Lucius, see, how much she makes of thee:

Somewhither would she have thee go with her.
Ah, boy, Cornelia never with more care
Read to her sons, than she hath read to thee,
Sweet poetry, and Tully's orator.
Canst thou not guess wherefore she plies thee thus?
Boy. My lord, I know not, I, nor can I guess,
Unless some fit of frenzy do possess her:
For I have heard my grandsire say full oft,
Extremity of griefs would make men mad;
And I have read, that Hecuba of Troy
Ran mad, through sorrow: That made me to fear;
Although, my lord, I know my noble aunt
Loves me as dear as e'er my mother did,
And would not, but in fury, fright my youth:
Which made me down to throw my books, and fly,
Causeless, perhaps. But, pardon me, sweet aunt:
And, madam, if my uncle Marcus go,
I will most willingly attend your ladyship.
Mar. Lucius, I will. [*Lavinia turns over the books which Lucius has let fall.*
Tit. How now, Lavinia?—Marcus, what means this?
Some book there is that she desires to see:—
Which is it, girl, of these? open them, boy.—
But thou art deeper read, and better skill'd;
Come, take choice of all my library,
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.——
Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus?
Mar. I think she means, that there was more than one
Confederate in the fact.—Ay, more there was:
Or else to heaven she heaves them for revenge.
Tit. Lucius, what book is it that she tosseth so?
Boy. Grandsire, 'tis Ovid's Metamorphosis;
My mother gave it me.
Mar. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps she cull'd it from among the rest.
Tit. Soft! see how busily she turns the leaves?
Help her: What would she find? Lavinia, shall I read?
This is the tragic tale of Philomel,
And treats of Tereus' treason and his rape;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.
Mar. See, brother, see; note how she quotes the leaves.
Tit. Lavinia, wer't thou thus surpriz'd, sweet girl,
Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Forc'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy woods!—

See, see!——
Ay, such a place there is, where we did hunt,
(O, had we never, never hunted there!)
Pattern'd by that the poet here describes,
By nature made for murders and for rapes.
Mar. O, why should nature build so foul a den,
Unless the gods delight in tragedies!

No. XXIX.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Lear's Palace.

Lear, Cornwall, Albany, Goneril, Regan, Cordelia, King of France, Kent, Attendants, &c.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Lear. To thee and thine, hereditary ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kingdom;
No less in space, validity, and pleasure,
Than that confirm'd on Goneril.—Now, our joy,
Although the last, not least: to whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be interess'd, what can you say to draw
A third, more opulent than your sisters? Speak.
Cor. Nothing, my lord.
Lear. Nothing?
Cor. Nothing.
Lear. Nothing can come of nothing: speak again.
Cor. Unhappy that I am, I cannot heave
My heart into my mouth. I love your majesty
According to my bond; nor more nor less.
Lear. How, how, Cordelia? mend your speech a little,
Lest it may mar your fortunes.
Cor. Good my lord,
You have begot me, bred me, lov'd me: I
Return those duties back as are right fit;
Obey you, love you, and most honour you.
Why have my sisters husbands, if they say
They love you, all? Haply, when I shall wed,
That lord whose hand shall take my plight, shall carry
Half my love with him, half my care and duty.

Sure, I shall never marry like my sisters
To love my father all.
Lear. But goes this with thy heart?
Cor. Ay, my good lord.
Lear. So young, and so untender?
Cor. So young, my lord, and true.
Lear. *Let it be so.—Thy truth then be thy dower:*
For, by the sacred radiance of the sun,
The mysteries of Hecate, and the night;
By all the operations of the orbs,
From whom we do exist and cease to be;
Here I disclaim all my paternal care,
Propinquity, and property of blood;
And as a stranger to my heart and me,
Hold thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian,
Or he that makes his generation messes
To gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
Be as well neighbour'd, pitied, and reliev'd
As thou, my sometime daughter.
Kent. *Good my liege,—*
Lear. *Peace, Kent!*
Come not between the dragon and his wrath:
I lov'd her most, and thought to set my rest
On her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!
[To Cordelia.
So be my grave my peace, as here I give
Her father's heart from her!—Call France.—Who stirs?
Call Burgundy.——Cornwall and Albany,
With my two daughters' dowers digest this third:
Let pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
I do invest you jointly with my power,
Pre-eminence, and all the large effects
That troop with majesty. Ourself, by monthly course,
With reservation of an hundred knights,
By you to be sustain'd, shall our abode
Make with you by due turns. Only we still retain
The name, and all the additions to a king;
The sway, revenue, execution of the rest,
Beloved sons, be yours: which to confirm,
This coronet part between you. [*Giving the crown.*
Kent. Roya Lear,
Whom I have ever honour'd as my king,
Lov'd as my father, as my master follow'd,
As my great patron thought on in my prayers,—
Lear. The bow is bent and drawn, make from the shaft.

Kent. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart: be Kent unmannerly
When Lear is mad.

No. XXX.

KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Part of a Heath, with a Hovel.

Lear, Kent, Fool; Edgar disguised as a Madman, and Gloster, with a Torch.

Painted by Mr. WEST, R. A.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter;
The tyranny of the open night's too rough
For nature to endure. [*Storm still.*
Lear. Let me alone.
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Wilt break my heart?
Kent. I'd rather break my own: Good my lord, enter.
Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much, that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thoud'st shun a bear;
But if thy flight lay toward the raging sea,
Thoud'st meet the bear i'the mouth. When the mind's free,
The body's delicate: the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand
For lifting food to't?—But I will punish home:—
No, I will weep no more.——In such a night
To shut me out!——Pour on, I will endure——
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril;——
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave you all—
O, that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that——
Kent. Good my lord, enter here.
Lear. Pr'ythee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease;
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more.—But I'll go in—

In, boy; go first.—[*To the Fool.*] You houseless poverty,—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray, and then I'll sleep.—
[*Fool goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides,
Your loop'd and window'd raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel;
That thou may'st shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

Edg. [*within.*] Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom! [*The Fool runs out from the hovel.*

Fool. Come not in here nuncle; here's a spirit. Help me, help me!

Kent. Give me thy hand —Who's there?

Fool. A spirit, a spirit; he says his name's poor Tom.

Kent. What art thou that dost grumble there i'the straw? Come forth.

Enter Edgar, disguised as a madman.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

Edg. Who gives any thing to poor Tom? whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, over bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and haltars in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inch'd bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor:—Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold.—O, do, de, do, de, do, de.—Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the fould fiend vexes:—There could I have him now,—and there,—and there,—and there again, and there. [*Storm still.*

Lear. What, have his daughters brought him to this pass?———
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst thou give them all?

Fool. Nay, he reserved a blanket, else we had been all shamed.

Lear. Now, all the plagues that in the pendulous air
Hang fated oe'r men's faults, light on thy daughters!

Kent. He hath no daughters, sir.

Lear. Death, traitor! nothing could have subdu'd nature
To such a lowness, but his unkind daughters.——
Is it the fashion, that discarded fathers
Should have thus little mercy on their flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this flesh begot
Those pelican daughters.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill;—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo.

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o'the foul fiend: Obey thy parents: keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.—Toms a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curl'd my hair, wore gloves in my cap, serv'd the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her: swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and wak'd to do it. Wine lov'd I deeply; dice dearly, and in woman, out-paramour'd the Turk: false of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand; hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women: Keep thy feet out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind; Says suum, mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by. [*Storm still.*

Lear. *Why, thou wert better in thy grave than to answer with thy uncovered body this extremity of the skies.—Is man no more than this? Consider him well: Thou owest the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume:—Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated!—Thou art the thing itself: unaccommodated man is no more but such a poor, bare, forked animal as thou art.—Off, off, you lendings: Come, unbutton here.—* [Tearing off his clothes.

Fool. Pr'ythee, nuncle, be contented; this is a naughty night to swim in—Now a little fire in a wild field were like an old lecher's heart; a small spark, all the rest of his body cold.—Look, here comes a walking fire.

Edg. This is the foul fiend *Flibbertigibbet:* he begins at curfue, and walks till the first cock; he gives the web and

the pin, squints the eye, and makes the hare-lip; mildews the white wheat, and hurts the poor creature of the earth.

Saint Withold footed thrice the wold;
He met the night-mare, and her ninefold:
Bid her alight,
And her troth plight,
And, Aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!

Kent. How fares your grace?

Enter Gloster, with a torch.

Lear. What's he?

Kent. Who's there? what is't you seek?

Glo. What are you there? Your names?

Edg. Poor Tom, that eats the swimming frog, the toad, the tadpole, the wall-newt, and the water; that in the fury of his heart, when the foul fiend rages, eats cow-dung for salads; swallows the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks the green mantle of the standing pool; who is whipt from tything to tything, and stock'd, punish'd, and imprison'd; who hath had three suits to his back, six shirts to his body, horse to ride, and weapon to wear,——

But mice and rats, and such small deer,
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.

Beware my follower: Peace, Smolkin! peace, thou fiend!

Glo. What, hath your grace no better company?

Edg. The prince of darkness is a gentleman; Modo he's call'd, and Mahu.

Glo. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is grown so vile, That it doth hate what gets it.

Edg. Poor Tom's a-cold.

Glo. Go in with me; my duty cannot suffer To obey in all your daughters' hard commands; Though their injunction be to bar my doors, And let this tyrannous night take hold upon you; Yet have I ventur'd to come seek you out, And bring you where both fire and food is ready.

23

No. XXXI.

KING LEAR.

ACT V. SCENE III.

A Camp, near Dover.

Lear, with Cordelia dead; Edgar, Albany, and Kent. Regan, Goneril, and Edmund, dead.

Painted by Mr. BARRY, R. A.

PROFESSOR OF PAINTING TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Enter a Gentleman hastily, with a bloody knife.

Gent. Help! help! O help!

Edg. What kind of help?

Alb. Speak, man.

Edg. What means that bloody knife?

Gent. 'Tis hot, it smokes; It came even from the heart of——

Alb. Who, man? speak.

Gent. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister By her is poison'd: she hath confess'd it.

Edm. I was contracted to them both! all three Now marry in an instant.

Alb. Produce their bodies, be they alive or dead!— This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble, Touches us not with pity.—— [*Exit Gent.*

Enter Kent.

Edg. Here comes Kent, sir.

Alb. O! 'tis he. The time will not allow the compliment Which very manners urges.

Kent. I am come To bid my king and master aye good-night; Is he not here?

Alb. Great thing of us forgot: — Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?— Seest thou this object, Kent? [*The bodies of Goneril and Regan are brought in.*

Kent. Alack, why thus?

Edm. Yet Edmund was belov'd: The one the other poison'd for my sake, And after slew herself.

Alb. Even so.—Cover their faces.

Edm. I pant for life:—Some good I mean to do,
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send,—
Be brief in it,—to the castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear, and on Cordelia.—
Nay, send in time.
Alb. Run, run, O, run——
Edg. To whom, my lord? Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve.
Edm. Well thought on; take my sword,
Give it the captain.
Alb. Haste thee for thy life. [*Exit Edgar.*
Edm. He hath commission from thy wife and me,
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair.
Alb. The gods defend her! bear him hence awhile.
[*Edmund is borne off.*

Enter Lear, with Cordelia dead in his arms; Edgar, Officer, and others.

Lear. *Howl, howl, howl, howl!—O, you are men of stones!*
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack: O, she is gone for ever!—
I know when one is dead, and when one lives;
She'd dead as earth:—Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then she lives.

No. XXXII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I. SCENE V.

A Hall in Capulet's House.

Romeo, Juliet, Nurse, Capulet, &c. with the Guests and the Maskers.

Painted by Mr. MILLER.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, gentlemen! ladies, that have their toes
Unplagu'd with corns, will have a bout with you.—
Ah ha, my mistresses! which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she
I'll swear, hath corns. Am I come near you now?
You are welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day,
That I have worn a visor; and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear,

Such as would please:—'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone.
You are welcome, gentlemen.—Come, musicians, play.
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and they dance.*
More light, ye knaves; and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot,—
Ah, sirrah, this unlook'd-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin Capulet;
For you and I are past our dancing days.
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.
1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much:
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five-and-twenty years, and then we mask'd.
2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more: his son is elder, sir;
His son is thirty.
1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
Rom. What lady's that which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight.
Serv. I know not, sir.
Rom. O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright!
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear:
Beauty too rich for use; for earth too dear!
So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand:
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight!
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
Tyb. This, by his voice, should be a Montague:—
Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What, dares the slave
Come hither, cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honour of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
1 *Cap.* Why, how now, kinsman? wherefore storm you so?
Tyb. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain, that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
1 *Cap.* Young Romeo, is't?
Tyb. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.

1 *Cap.* Content thee, gentle coz; let him alone;
He bears him like a portly gentleman;
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth:
I would not, for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my house, do him disparagement:
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence, and put off these frowns:
An ill beseeming semblance for a feast.
Tyb. It fits, when such a villain is a guest.
I'll not endure him.
1 *Cap.* He shall be endur'd;
What, goodman boy!—I say, he shall:—Go to:——
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him!—God shall mend my soul——
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop; you'll be the man
Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
1 *Cap.* Go to, go to,
You are a saucy boy:—Is't so, indeed?——
This trick may chance to scathe you—I know what.
You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time——
Well said my hearts:—You are a princox; go:—
Be quiet, or—More light, more light, for shame!
I'll make you quiet; What!——Cheerly my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting.
I will withdraw: but this intrusion shall
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall. [*Exit.*
Rom. *If I profane with my unworthy hand* [To Juliet.
This holy shrine, the gentle fine is this——
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
Rom. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do?
They pray, grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
Jul. Saints do not move, though grant for prayers' sake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take.
Thus from my lips, by yours, my sin is purg'd. [*Kissing her.*

Jul. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.
Rom. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urg'd!
Give me my sin again.
Jul. You kiss by the book.
Nurse. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother?
Nurse. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talk'd withal;
I tell you—he that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chinks.
Rom. Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.
Rom. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest.
1 *Cap.* Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards——
Is it e'en so? Why, then I thank you all:
I thank you, honest gentleman: good night.
More torches here!—Come on then, let's to-bed.
Ah, sirrah, [*To* 2 *Cap.*] by my fay, it waxes late:
I'll to my rest. [*Exeunt.*

25

No. XXXIII.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Juliet on her Bed.

Capulet, Lady Capulet, Paris, Friar, Nurse, Musicians, &c.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For shame, bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
Nurse. She's dead, deceas'd; she's dead, alack the day!
La. Cap. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead, she's dead.
Cap. Ha! let me see her:—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled, and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
Accursed time! unfortunate old man.

Nurse. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woeful time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.
**Enter Friar Lawrence, and Paris, with Musicians.*
Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath death lain with thy bride.—See, there she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowered by him.
Death is my son-in-law, death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded! I will die,
And leave him all; life leaving, all is death's.
Par. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
La. Cap. Accurs'd unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour that e'er time saw
In lasting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my sight.
Nurse. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day! most woeful day
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this!
O woeful day, O woeful day!
Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most detestable death, by thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel thee, quite overthrown!——
O love! O life!—not life, but love in death!
Cap. Despis'd, distress'd, hated, martyr'd, kill'd!——
Uncomfortable time! why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child!—my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou!—alack! my child is dead;
And, with my child, my joys are buried!

Fri. *Peace, ho, for shame! confusion's cure lives not*
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid: now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought—was her promotion:
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanc'd;

And weep ye now, seeing she is advanc'd
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O, in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well marry'd, that lives marry'd long;
But she's best marry'd, that dies marry'd young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church:
For though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Cap. All things, that we ordained festival,
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments, to melancholy bells;
Our wedding cheer, to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns, to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a bury'd corse,
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in,—and, madam, go with him;—
And go, sir Paris;—every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave:
The heavens do lowr upon you, for some ill;
Move them no more, by crossing their high will.

No. XXXIV.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

The Platform before the Palace at Elsineur.
Hamlet, Horatio, Marcellus, and the Ghost.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; O, answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance! but tell,

Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cerements? why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,—
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we, fools of nature,
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means.
Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.
Hor. Do not, my lord,
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again:—I'll follow it.
Hor. What, if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea?
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? think of it:
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still:—
Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord,
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Hor. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Némean lion's nerve.—— [*Ghost beckons.*
Still am I call'd.—Unhand me, gentlemen;—
[Breaking from them.

By heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me:—
I say, away:—Go on,————I'll follow thee.
[Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after:—To what issue will this come?
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

56

No. XXXV.

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE I.

The inchanted Island: before the Cell of Prospero.
Prospero and Miranda.

Painted by Mr. ROMNEY.

Mira. If by your art, my dearest father, you have
Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:
The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,
But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,
Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd
With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creature in her,
Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
Had I been any god of power, I would
Have sunk the sea within the earth, or ere
It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
The freighting souls within her.
Pro. Be collected;
No more amazement: tell your piteous heart
There's no harm done.

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Enter Ariel.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee?
Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship; now on the beak,
Now in the waist, the deck, in every cabin,
I flam'd amazement: Sometimes I'd divide,
And burn in many places; on the top-mast,
The yards and boltsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet and join: Jove's lightnings, the precursors
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight out-running were not: the fire, and cracks
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.
Pro. My brave spirit!
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil
Would not infect his reason?
Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad, and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: All, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-starting (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd; cry'd, *Hell is empty,*
And all the devils are here.
Pro. Why, that's my spirit!
But was not this nigh shore?
Ari. Close by, my master.

57

No. XXXVI.

TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

The inchanted Island: before the Cell of Prospero.
Prospero, Miranda, Caliban, and Ariel.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil himself
Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!
Enter Caliban.
Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. *For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have cramps,*
Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.
Cal. *I must eat my dinner.*
This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; would'st give me
Water with berries in't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that did so!—All the charms
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.
Pro. *Thou most lying slave,*
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honour of my child.
Cal. *Oh ho, oh ho!—'would it had been done!*
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.
Pro. Abhorred slave;
Which any print of goodness will not take,
Being capable of all ill! I pity'd thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confin'd into this rock,
Who had'st deserv'd more than a prison.
Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on't
Is, I know how to curse. The red plague rid you
For learning me your language!
Pro. Hag-seed, hence;

Fetch us in fewel; and be quick, thou wert best
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps,
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar,
That beasts shall tremble at thy din.
Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [*Aside.*
It would controul my dam's god, Setebos,
And make a vassal of him.
Pro. So, slave, hence! [*Exit Cal.*

27

No. XXXVII.

TEMPEST.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Chess.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Mira. *Sweet lord, you play me false.*
Fer. *No, my dearest love,*
I would not for the world.
Mira. *Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should wrangle;*
And I would call it fair play.

28

No. XXXVIII.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

A Forest.

Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Painted by Mrs. ANGELICA KAUFFMAN ZUCCHI, R. A.

Enter Valentine.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns:
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,

Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless,
Lest growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was!
Repair me with thy presence, Silvia;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain!—
What hallooing and what stir is this to-day?
These are my mates, that make their wills their law,
Have some unhappy passenger in chase:
They love me well; yet I have much to do
To keep them from uncivil outrages.
Withdraw thee, Valentine. Who's this comes here?
[*Steps aside.*

Enter Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you
(Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
To hazard life, and rescue you from him
That would have forc'd your honour and your love.
Vouchsafe me for my meed, but one fair look;
A smaller boon than this I cannot beg:
And less than this, I'm sure you cannot give.
Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear!
Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*Aside.*
Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am!
Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came;
But, by my coming, I have made you happy.
Sil. By thy approach thou mak'st me most unhappy.
Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your presence.
[*Aside.*
Sil. Had I been seized by a hungry lion,
I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
Rather than have false Protheus rescue me.
O, heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
Whose life's as tender to me as my soul;
And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjur'd Protheus;
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.
Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to death,
Would I not undergo for one calm look!
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
When women cannot love, where they're belov'd!
Sil. When Protheus cannot love where he's belov'd.
Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith

Into a thousand oaths; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.
Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou had'st two,
And that's far worse than none; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one:
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend!

Pro. In love,
Who respects friend?

Sil. All men but Protheus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier; at arms' end;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love, force you.

Sil. *O heaven!*

Pro. *I'll force thee yield to my desire.*

Val. *Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch;*
Thou friend of an ill fashion!

Pro. *Valentine!*

Val. *Thou common friend, that's without faith or love*
(For such is a friend now); treacherous man!
Thou hast beguil'd my hopes; nought but mine eye
Could have persuaded me: Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive; thou would'st disprove me.
Who should be trusted, when one's own right hand
Is perjur'd to the bosom? Protheus,
I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
The private wound is deepest! O time, most accurst!
'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst!

29

No. XXXIX.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Anne Page, Slender, and Simple.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE.

Re-enter Anne Page.

Shal. Here comes fair mistress Anne;—would I were young, for your sake, mistress Anne.

Anne. The dinner is on the table; my father desires your worship's company.

Shal. I will wait on him, fair mistress Anne.

Eva. Od's plessed will! I will not be absence at the grace. [*Exeunt Shal. and Evans.*

Anne, *Will't please your worship to come in, sir?*

Slen. *No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily: I am very well.*

Anne. *The dinner attends you, sir.*

Slen. *I am not a hungry, I thank you, forsooth:—Go sirrah, for all you are my man, go wait upon my cousin Shallow.* [Exit Simple.] *A justice of peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.*

Anne. *I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.*

Slen. *I'faith, I'll eat nothing: I thank you as much as tho' I did.*

Anne. *I pray you, sir, walk in.*

Slen. *I had rather walk here, I thank you:* I bruis'd my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence; three veneys for a dish of stew'd prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i'the town?

Anne. I think there are, sir; I heard them talk'd of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England.—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slen. That's meat and drink to me now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times, and have taken him by the chain: but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it pass'd:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em! they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

No. XL.

58

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Angelo's House.

Escalus, a Justice, Elbow, Froth, Clown, Officers, &c.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE.

Elb. Come, bring them away: if these be good people in a commonweal, that do nothing but use their abuses in common houses, I know no law: bring them away.

Ang. How now, sir! What's your name? and what's the matter?

Elb. If it please your honour, I am the poor Duke's constable, and my name is Elbow: I do lean upon justice, sir, and do bring in here before your good honour two notorious benefactors.

Ang. Benefactors? Well; what benefactors are they? are they not malefactors?

Elb. If it please your honour, I know not well what they are: but precise villains they are, that I am sure of; and void of all profanation in the world that good christians ought to have.

Escal. This comes off well; here's a wise officer.

Ang. Go to: What quality are they of? Elbow is your name? Why dost thou not speak, Elbow.

Clown. He cannot, sir, he's out at elbow.

Ang. What are you, sir?

Elb. He, sir? a tapster, sir; a parcel-bawd; one that serves a bad woman; whose house, sir, was, as they say, pluck'd down in the suburbs; and now she professes a hot-house, which, I think, is a very ill house too.

Escal. How know you that?

Elb. My wife, sir, whom I detest before heaven and your honour——

Escal. How! thy wife?

Elb. Ay, sir; whom, I thank heaven, is an honest woman;—

Escal. Dost thou detest her therefore?

Elb. I say, sir, I will detest myself also, as well as she, that this house, if it be not a bawd's house, it is pity of her life, for it is a naughty house.

Escal. How dost thou know that, constable?

Elb. Marry, sir, by my wife; who, if she had been a woman cardinally given, might have been accused in fornication, adultery, and all uncleanness there.

Escal. By the woman's means?

Elb. Ay, sir, by mistress Overdone's means: but as she spit in his face, so she defy'd him.

Clown. Sir, if it please your honour, this is not so.

Elb. Prove it before these varlets here, thou honourable man; prove it.

Escal. Do you hear how he misplaces? [*To Angelo.*

Clown. Sir, she came in great with child; and longing (saving your honour's reverence) for stew'd prunes; sir, we had but two in the house, which at that very distant time stood, as it were, in a fruit-dish, a dish of some three-pence; your honours have seen such dishes; they are not China dishes, but very good dishes.

Escal. Go to, go to; no matter for the dish, sir.

Clown. No, indeed, sir, not of a pin; you are therein in the right: but to the point:—As I say, this mistress Elbow, being, as I say, with child, and being great-belly'd, and longing, as I said, for prunes; and having but two in the dish, as I said, master Froth here, this very man, having eaten the rest, as I said, and, as I say, paying for them very honestly;—for, as you know, master Froth, I could not give you three-pence again.

Froth. No, indeed.

Clown. Very well: you being then, if you be remembered, cracking the stones of the foresaid prunes.

Froth. Ay, so I did, Indeed.

Clown. Why, very well: I telling you then, if you be remembered, that such a one, and such a one were past cure of the thing you wot of, unless they kept very good diet, as I told you.

Froth. All this is true.

Clown. Why, very well, then.

Escal. Come, you are a tedious fool:—to the purpose.—What was done to Elbow's wife, that he hath cause to complain of?—come me to what was done to her.

Clown. Sir, your honour cannot come to that yet.

Escal. No, sir, nor I mean it not.

Clown. Sir, but you shall come to it, by your honour's leave: And, I beseech you, look into master Froth here, sir, a man of fourscore pound a year; whose father died at Hallowmas.—Was't not at Hallowmas, master Froth?

Froth. All-hallond eve.

Clown. Why, very well; I hope here be truths: He, sir, sitting, as I say, in a lower chair, sir;—'twas in the *Bunch of Grapes*, where, indeed, you have a delight to sit: Have you not?

Froth. I have so; because it is an open room, and good for winter.

Clown. Why, very well then;—I hope here be truths.

Ang. This will last out a night in Russia,
When nights are longest there.—I'll take my leave,
And leave you to the hearing of the cause;
Hoping, you'll find good cause to whip them all.

Escal. I think no less: Good morrow to your lordship.

[*Exit Angelo.*

Now, sir, come on; what was done to Elbow's wife, once more?

Clown. Once, sir? there was nothing done to her once.

Elb. I beseech you, sir, ask him what this man did to my wife.

Clown. I beseech your honour, ask me.

Escal. Well, sir, what did this gentleman to her?

Clown. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face:—Good master Froth, look upon his honour; 'tis for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clown. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clown. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clown. I'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: Good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He's in the right. Constable, what say you to it?

Elb. First, an it like you, the house is a respected house; next, this is a respected fellow; and his mistress is a respected woman.

Clown. By this hand, sir, his wife is a more respected person than any of us all.

Elb. *Varlet, thou liest; thou liest, wicked varlet; the time is yet to come that she was ever respected with man, woman, or child.*

Clown. *Sir, she was respected with him before he marry'd with her.*

Escal. *Which is the wiser here? Justice or Iniquity?—Is this true?*

Elb. *O thou caitiff! O thou varlet! O thou wicked Hannibal! I respected with her before I was marry'd to her! If ever I was respected with her, or she with me, let not your worship think me the poor duke's officer.—Prove this, thou wicked Hannibal, or I'll have mine action of battery on thee.*

Escal. If he took you a box o'the ear, you might have your action of slander too.

Elb. Marry, I thank your good worship for it: What is't your worship's pleasure I shall do with this wicked caitiff?

Escal. Truly, officer, because he hath some offences in him, that thou would'st discover if thou could'st, let him continue in his courses till thou knowest what they are.

Elb. Marry, I thank your worship for it:—Thou seest, thou wicked varlet now, what's come upon thee; thou art to continue now, thou varlet; thou art to continue.

Escal. Where were you born, friend! [*To Froth.*

Froth. Here in Vienna, sir,

Escal. Are you of fourscore pounds a year?

Froth. Yes, an't please you, sir.

Escal. So.—What trade are you of, sir? [*To the Clown.*

Clown. A tapster; a poor widow's tapster.

Escal. Your mistress's name?

Clown. Mistress Overdone.

Escal. Hath she had any more than one husband?

Clown. Nine, sir: Overdone by the last.

Escal. Nine!—Come hither to me, master Froth. Master Froth, I would not have you acquainted with tapsters; they will draw you, master Froth, and you will hang them. Get you gone, and let me hear no more of you.

No. XLI.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Puck.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Puck. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal.
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob;
And on her wither'd dew-lap pour the ale:
The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And *tailor* cries, and falls into a cough,
And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loffe;
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear,
A merrier hour was never wasted there.——
But room, Faery, here comes Oberon.

No. XLII.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Puck.

Painted by Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,

LATE PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Puck. *Through the forest have I gone,*
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

30

No. XLIII.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. A Grove, and Lawn, before Portia's House.
Jessica, Lorenzo, and Stephano.

Painted by Mr. HODGES, R. A.

Lor. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter;—why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand;
And bring your music forth into the air.— [*Exit Servant.*
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: Look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims:
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.—

31

No. XLIV.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT V. SCENE III.

King, Countess, Lafeu, Lords, Attendants, &c. Bertram guarded, Diana, and Widow.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Enter Helena and Widow.

King. Is there no exorcist,
Beguiles the truer office of mine eyes?
Is't real that I see?
Hel. No, my good lord;
'Tis but a shadow of a wife you see;
The name, and not the thing.
Ber. Both, both; oh, pardon!
Hel. *Oh, my good lord, when I was like this maid,*
I found you wond'rous kind. There is your ring;
And, look you, here's your letter:—This it says,
When from my finger you can get this ring,
And are by me with child,—*This is done:*
Will you be mine, now you are doubly won?
Ber. If she, my liege, can make me know this clearly,
I'll love her dearly, ever, ever dearly.
Hel. If it appear not plain, and prove untrue,
Deadly divorce step between me and you!—
O, my dear mother, do I see you living?
Laf. Mine eyes smell onions, I shall weep anon:—Good Tom Drum, lend me a handkerchief: So, I thank thee; wait on me home, I'll make sport with thee: Let thy court'sies alone, they are scurvy ones.
King. Let us from point to point this story know,
To make the even truth in pleasure flow.———
If thou be'st yet a fresh uncropped flower, [*To Diana.*
Choose thou thy husband, and I'll pay thy dower;
For I can guess, that, by thy honest aid,
Thou kept'st a wife herself, thyself a maid.———
Of that, and all the progress, more and less,
Resolvedly more leisure shall express:
All yet seems well; and, if it end so meet,
The bitter past, more welcome is the sweet.

32

No. XLV.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Olivia's House.

Olivia, Maria, and Malvolio.

Painted by Mr. RAMBERG.

Enter Olivia and Maria.

Oli. I have sent after him: He says, he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow of him?
For youth is bought more oft, than begg'd or borrow'd.
I speak too loud.———
Where is Malvolio?—he's sad and civil,
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes.—
Where is Malvolio?

Mar. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner.
He is sure possest, madam.

Oli. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

Mar. No, madam,
He does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best
To have some guard about you, if he come;
For, sure the man is tainted in his wits.

Oli. Go, call him hither.—I'm as mad as he.

Enter Malvolio.

If sad and merry madness equal be.—
How now, Malvolio?

Mal. *Sweet lady, ho ho.* [Smiles fantastically.

Oli. *Smil'st thou?*
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

Mal. *Sad, lady? I could be sad: This does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering—But what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is:* Please one, and please all.

Oli. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

Mal. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs.
It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed.
I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

Oli. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

Mal. To bed? Ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

Oli. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so, and kiss thy hand so oft?

Mar. How do you, Malvolio?

Mal. At your request? Yes; nightingales answer daws.

Mar. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

Mal. Be not afraid of greatness: 'Twas well writ.

Oli. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

Mal. Some are born great,—

Oli. Ha?

Mal. Some achieve greatness,———

Oli. What say'st thou?

Mal. And some have greatness, thrust upon them.

Oli. Heaven restore thee!

Mal. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings;—

Oli. Thy yellow stockings?

Mal. And wish'd to see thee cross-garter'd.

Oli. Cross-garter'd?

Mal. Go to: thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so;—

Oli. Am I made?

Mal. If not, let me see thee a servant still.

Oli. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

No. XLVI.

59 TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Street.

Duke, Viola, Antonio, Officers, Olivia, Priest, and Attendants,

Painted by Mr. HAMILTON, R. A.

Enter Olivia and Attendants.

Duke. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth,———
But for thee, fellow, fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth had tended upon me;
But more of that anon.——Take him aside.

Oli. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.

Vio. Madam?

Duke. Gracious Olivia.—

Oli. What do you say, Cesario?—Good my lord,—
Vio. My lord would speak, my duty hushes me.
Oli. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat and fulsome to mine ear,
As howling after music.
Duke. Still so cruel?
Oli. Still so constant, lord.
Duke. What! to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and inauspicious altars
My soul the faithful'st offerings hath breath'd out,
That e'er devotion tender'd! What shall I do?
Oli. Even what it please, my lord, that shall become him.
Duke. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to the Egyptian thief, at point of death,
Kill what I love: a savage jealousy,
That sometimes savours nobly? But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favour,
Live you the marble-breasted tyrant still:
But this your minion, whom, I know, you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crowned in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief:
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove. [*Going.*
Vio. And I, most jocund, apt and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die. [*Following.*
Oli. Where goes Cesario?
Vio. After him I love,
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife:
If I do feign, you witnesses above,
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
Oli. Ah me, detested! how am I beguil'd!
Vio. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
Oli. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?—
Call forth the holy father. [*Exit an Attendant.*
Duke. Come away. [*To Viola.*
Oli. Whither, my lord?—Cesario, husband, stay.
Duke. Husband?
Oli. Ay, husband; can he that deny?
Duke. Her husband, sirrah?
Vio. No, my lord, not I.

Oli. Alas, it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety:
Fear not, Cesario, take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art, and then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—O welcome, father!

Re-enter Attendant and Priest.

Father, I charge thee by thy reverence,
Here to unfold (though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe) what thou dost know
Hath newly past between this youth and me.
Priest. *A contract of eternal bond of love,*
Confirm'd by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthen'd by interchangement of your rings;
And all the ceremony of this compact
Seal'd in my function by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travell'd but two hours.
Duke. O thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy case?
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her: but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.
Vio. My lord, I do protest,——
Oli. O, do not swear;
Hold little faith, though thou hast too much fear.

33

XLVII.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Plain near Shrewsbury.

Prince Henry, Hotspur, and Falstaff.

Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

Enter Hotspur.

Hot. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
P. Henry. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
Hot. My name is Harry Percy.
P. Henry. Why, then I see
A very valiant rebel of the name.

I am the prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.

Hot. Nor shall it, Harry, for the hour is come
To end the one of us: And would to God
Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

P. Henry. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;
And all the budding honours on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

Hot. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. Well said, Hal! to it, Hal!—Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Enter Douglas; he fights with Falstaff, who falls down as if he were dead, and exit Douglas. Hotspur is wounded, and falls.

Hot. *O, Harry, thou hast robb'd me of my youth:*
I better brook the loss of brittle life
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:—
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O, I could prophecy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of death
Lies on my tongue:—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for—— [*Dies.*

P. Henry. For worms, brave Percy: Fare thee well, great heart!—
Ill weav'd ambition, how much art thou shrunk!
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom, for it was too small a bound;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough;—This earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman,
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal:—
But let my favours hide thy mangled face;
And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remember'd in thy epitaph;—

[*He sees Falstaff on the ground.*

What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell!
I could have better spar'd a better man.
O, I should have a heavy miss of thee,
If I were much in love with vanity,
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.—
Imbowell'd will I see thee by and by:
Till then, in blood by noble Percy lie. [*Exit.*

Falstaff rising slowly.

Fal. Imbowell'd! If thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: To die, is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man: but to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is—discretion: in the which better part, I have saved my life. Zounds, I am afraid of this gun-powder Percy, though he be dead. How if he should counterfeit too, and rise! I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure: yea, and I'll swear I kill'd him. Why may not he rise, as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes; and nobody sees me.—Therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him.*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes Hotspur on his back.*

34

No. XLVIII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

The Palace at Westminster.

King Henry asleep; Prince of Wales.

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

Enter Westmoreland.

West. Health to my sovereign! and new happiness
Added to that that I am to deliver!
Prince John, your son, doth kiss your grace's hand:

Mowbray, the bishop Scroop, Hastings, and all,
Are brought to the correction of your law;
There is not now a rebel's sword unsheath'd,
But peace puts forth her olive every where.
The manner how this action hath been borne,
Here, at more leisure, may your highness read;
With every course in his particular.

K. Henry. O Westmoreland, thou art a summer bird,
Which ever in the haunch of winter sings
The lifting up of day. Look! here's more news.

Enter Harcourt.

Har. From enemies heaven keep your majesty:
And, when they stand against you, may they fall
As those that I am come to tell you of!
The earl of Northumberland, and the lord Bardolph,
With a great power of English, and of Scots,
Are by the sheriff of Yorkshire overthrown:
The manner and true order of the fight,
This packet, please it you, contains at large.

K. Henry. And wherefore should these good news make me sick?
Will fortune never come with both hands full,
But write her fair words still in foulest letters?
She either gives a stomach, and no food—
Such are the poor in health; or else a feast,
And takes away the stomach—Such are the rich
That have abundance, and enjoy it not.
I should rejoice now at this happy news;
And now my sight fails, and my brain is giddy:—
O me! come near me, now I am much ill. [*Swoons.*

P. Humph. Comfort, your majesty!

Cla. O my royal father!

West. My sovereign lord, cheer up yourself; look up!

War. Be patient, princes; you do know these fits
Are with his highness very ordinary.
Stand from him, give him air; he'll straight be well.

Cla. No, no; he cannot long hold out these pangs:
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in,
So thin, that life looks through, and will break out.

P. Humph. The people fear me; for they do observe
Unfather'd heirs, and loathly births of nature:
The seasons change their manners; as the year
Hath found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Cla. The river hath thrice flow'd, no ebb between:

And the old folk, time's doting chronicles,
Say, it did so a little time before
That our great grandsire, Edward, sick'd and dy'd.

War. Speak lower, princes, for the king recovers.

P. Humph. This apoplexy will, certain, be his end.

K. Henry. I pray you, take me up, and bear me hence
Into some other chamber. Softly, pray.

[*They convey the king to an inner part of the room, and place him on a bed.*]

Let there be no noise made, my gentle friends,
Unless some dull and favourable hand
Will whisper music to my weary spirit.

War. Call for the music in the other room.

K. Henry. Set me the crown upon my pillow here.

War. His eye is hollow, and he changes much.

Cla. Less noise, less noise.

Enter Prince Henry.

P. Henry. Who saw the duke of Clarence?

Cla. I am here, brother, full of heaviness.

P. Henry. How now! rain within doors, and none abroad!
How doth the king?

P. Humph. Exceeding ill.

P. Henry. Heard he the good news yet?
Tell it him.

P. Humph. He alter'd much upon the hearing it.

P. Henry. If he be sick
With joy, he will recover without physic.

War. Not so much noise, my lords:—sweet prince, speak low;
The king your father is dispos'd to sleep.

Cla. Let us withdraw into the other room.

War. Will't please your grace to go along with us?

P. Henry. No: I will sit and watch here by the king.

[*Exeunt all but P. Henry.*

Why doth the crown lie there upon his pillow,
Being so troublesome a bed-fellow?
O polish'd perturbation! golden care!
That keep'st the ports of slumber open wide
To many a watchful night! sleep with it now!
Yet not so sound, and half so deeply sweet,
As he whose brow with homely biggen bound,
Snores out the watch of night. O majesty!
When thou dost pinch thy bearer, thou dost sit
Like a rich armour worn in heat of day,
That scalds with safety. By his gates of breath

There lies a downy feather, which stirs not:
Did he suspire, that light and weightless down
Perforce must move.—My gracious lord! my father!—
This sleep is sound, indeed; this is a sleep
That from this golden rigol hath divorc'd
So many English kings. *Thy due, from me,*
Is tears, and heavy sorrows of thy blood;
Which nature, love, and filial tenderness,
Shall, O dear father, pay thee plenteously:
My due from thee is this imperial crown;
Which, as immediate from thy place and blood,
Derives itself to me. Lo, here it sits—
[*Putting it on his head.*
Which heaven shall guard: and put the world's whole strength
Into one giant arm, it shall not force
This lineal honour from me: This from thee
Will I to mine leave, as 'tis left to me. [*Exit.*

K. Henry. Warwick! Gloster! Clarence!

Re-enter Warwick, and the rest.

Cla. Doth the king call?

War. What would your majesty? How fares your grace?

K. Henry. Why did you leave me here alone, my lords?

Cla. We left the prince my brother here, my liege,
Who undertook to sit and watch by you.

K. Henry. The prince of Wales? Where is he? let me see him:
He is not here.

War. This door is open: he is gone this way.

P. Humph. He came not through the chamber where we stay'd.

K. Henry. Where is the crown? who took it from my pillow?

War. When we withdrew, my liege, we left it here

K. Henry. The prince hath ta'en it hence;—go seek him out.
Is he so hasty, that he doth suppose
My sleep my death?—
Find him, my lord of Warwick; chide him hither.
[*Exit War.*
This part of his conjoins with my disease,
And helps to end me.—See, sons, what things you are!
How quickly nature falls into revolt
When gold becomes her object!
For this the foolish over-careful fathers
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,

Their bones with industry;
For this they have engrossed and pil'd up
The canker'd heaps of strange-achieved gold?
For this they have been thoughtful to invest
Their sons with arts and martial exercises;
When, like the bee, tolling from every flower
The virtuous sweets;
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,
We bring it to the hive; and, like the bees,
Are murder'd for our pains. This bitter taste
Yield his engrossments to the ending father.

Re-enter Warwick.

Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath determin'd me?

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks!
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,
That tyranny which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.

K. Henry. But wherefore did he take away the crown?



No. XLIX.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Archdeacon of Bangor's House, in Wales.
Hotspur, Worcester, Mortimer, and Owen Glendower.

Painted by Mr. WESTAL, R. A.

Glend. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again,—that, at my birth,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes;
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields.
These signs have mark'd me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do shew,
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living,—clipp'd in with the sea,
That chides the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,—
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me?
And bring him out, that is but woman's son,

Can trace me in the tedious ways of art,
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
Hot. I think there is no man speaks better Welsh:—
I will to dinner.
Mort. Peace, cousin Percy; you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I: or so can any man:
But will they come, when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil.
By telling truth; Tell truth, and shame the devil.—
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn, I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come,
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power; thrice, from the banks of Wye,
And sandy-bottom'd Severn, have I sent him,
Booteless home, and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here's the map; Shall we divide our right,
According to our threefold order ta'en?
Mort. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits, very equally;
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assign'd:
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore,
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower:—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn;
Which being sealed interchangeably,
(A business that this night may execute,)
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you, and I,
And my good lord of Worcester, will set forth,
To meet your father, and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days:—
Within that space, [*to Glen.*] you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighbouring gentlemen.
Glend. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords,

And in my conduct shall your ladies come:
From whom you now must steal, and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed,
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
Hot. *Methinks, my moiety, north from Burton here,*
In quantity equals not one of yours:
See, how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half moon, a monstrous cantle out.
I'll have the current in this place damm'd up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run,
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
Glend. *Not wind? it shall, it must; you see, it doth.*
Mort. *Yea, but mark,*
How he bears his course, and runs me up
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposed continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
Wor. *Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,*
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
Hot. *I'll have it so; a little charge will do it.*
Glend. *I will not have it alter'd.*
Hot. *Will not you?*
Glend. *No, nor you shall not.*
Hot. *Who shall say me nay?*
Glend. *Why, that will I.*
Hot. *Let me not understand you then,*
Speak it in Welsh.
Glend. I can speak English, lord, as well as you;
For I was train'd up in the English court:
Where, being but young, I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament;
A virtue that was never seen in you.
Hot. Marry, and I'm glad of it with all my heart;
I had rather be a kitten, and cry—mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers:
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;
And that would set my teeth nothing on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry;
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Glend. Come, you shall have Trent turn'd.
Hot. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark ye me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?

36

No. L.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE V.

A Field of battle, near Towton in Yorkshire.

King Henry. Son that had killed his Father—Father that had killed his Son. Queen, Prince of Wales, and Exeter, in the Distance.

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

K. Henry. This battle fares like to the morning's war,
When dying clouds contend with growing light;
What time the shepherd, blowing of his nails,
Can neither call it perfect day nor night.
Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
Forc'd by the tide to combat with the wind:
Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
Forc'd to retire by fury of the wind:
Sometime, the flood prevails; and then, the wind:
Now, one the better; then, another best;
Both tugging to be victors, breast to breast,
Yet neither conqueror, nor conquered:
So is the equal poise of this fell war.
Here on this mole-hill will I sit me down.
To whom God will, there be the victory!
For Margaret, my queen, and Clifford too,
Have chid me from the battle; swearing both,
They prosper best of all when I am thence.
'Would I were dead! if God's good will were so:
For what is in this world but grief and woe?
O God! methinks, it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain:
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run;

How many make the hour full complete;
How many hours bring about the day;
How many days will finish up the year;
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the time:
So many hours must I tend my flock;
So many hours must I take my rest:
So many hours must I contemplate;
So many hours must I sport myself;
So many days my ewes have been with young;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean;
So many years ere I shall sheer the fleece:
So minutes, hours, days, months, and years,
Past over to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah, what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O, yes, it doth; a thousand fold it doth.
And to conclude,—the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates,
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.
Alarum. Enter a son that has killed his Father, dragging in the dead body.
Son. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.—
This man, whom hand to hand I slew in fight,
May be possessed of some store of crowns:
And I, that haply take them from him now,
May yet ere night yield both my life and them
To some man else, as this dead man doth me.—
Who's this?—Oh God! it is my father's face,
Whom in this conflict I unawares have kill'd.
O heavy times, begetting such events!
From London by the king was I press'd forth;
My father, being the earl of Warwick's man,
Came on the part of York, press'd by his master;
And I, who at his hands receiv'd my life,
Have by my hands of life bereav'd him.—

Pardon me, God, I knew not what I did!—
And pardon, father, for I knew not thee!—
My tears shall wipe away these bloody marks;
And no more words, till they have flow'd their fill.

K. Henry. O piteous spectacle! O bloody times!
Whilst lions war, and battle for their dens,
Poor harmless lambs abide their enmity.—
Weep, wretched man, I'll aid thee tear for tear:
And let our hearts and eyes, like civil war,
Be blind with tears, and break, o'ercharg'd with grief.

Enter a Father, who has killed his Son, with the body in his arms.

Fath. Thou that so stoutly hast resisted me,
Give me thy gold, if thou hast any gold;
For I have bought it with an hundred blows.—
But let me see:—Is this our foeman's face?
Ah, no, no, no, it is mine only son!
Ah, boy, if any life be left in thee,
Throw up thine eye; see, see, what show'rs arise,
Blown with the windy tempest of my heart,
Upon thy wounds, that kill mine eye and heart!—
O, pity, God, this miserable age!
What stratagems, how fell, how butcherly,
Erroneous, mutinous, and unnatural,
This deadly quarrel daily doth beget!—
O boy, thy father gave thee life too soon,
And hath bereft thee of thy life too late!

K. Henry. Woe, above woe! grief, more than common grief!
O, that my death would stay these ruthful deeds!
O pity, pity, gentle heaven, pity!——
The red rose and the white are on his face,
The fatal colours of our striving houses:
The one, his purple blood right well resembles;
The other, his pale cheeks, methinks, present:
Wither one rose, and let the other flourish!
If you contend, a thousand lives must wither.

Son. How will my mother, for a father's death,
Take on with me, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

Fath. How will my wife, for slaughter of my son,
Shed seas of tears, and ne'er be satisfy'd!

K. Henry. How will the country, for these woful chances,
Mis-think the king, and not be satisfy'd!

Son. Was ever son, so ru'd a father's death?

Fath. Was ever father, so bemoan'd his son?

K. Henry. Was ever king so griev'd for subjects' woe?
Much is your sorrow; mine, ten times so much.

Son. I'll bear thee hence, where I may weep my fill.
[*Exit with the body.*

Fath. These arms of mine shall be thy winding-sheet;
My heart, sweet boy, shall be thy sepulchre:
For from my heart thine image ne'er shall go.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so obsequious will thy father be,
Sad for the loss of thee, having no more,
As Priam was for all his valiant sons.
I'll bear thee hence; and let them fight that will,
For I have murder'd where I should not kill.
[*Exit with the body.*

K. Henry. Sad-hearted men, much overgone with care,
Here sits a king more woful than you are.

Alarums. Excursions. Enter Queen Margaret, Prince of Wales and Exeter.

Prince. Fly, father, fly! for all your friends are fled,
And Warwick rages like a chafed bull:
Away! for death doth hold us in pursuit.

Queen. Mount you, my lord, towards Berwick post amain:
Edward and Richard, like a brace of greyhounds,
Having the fearful flying hare in sight,
With fiery eyes, sparkling for very wrath,
And bloody steel grasp'd in their ireful hands,
Are at our backs: and therefore hence amain.

Exe. Away! for vengeance comes along with them:
Nay, stay not to expostulate; make speed;
Or else come after, I'll away before.

K. Henry. Nay, take me with thee, good sweet Exeter;
Not that I fear to stay, but love to go
Whither the queen intends. Forward; away! [*Exeunt.*

No. LI.

60

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

York-Place.

Cardinal Wolsey, Lord Sands, Anne Bullen, King Henry, &c.

Painted by Mr. STOTHART.

Wol. You are welcome, my fair guests: that noble lady,
Or gentleman, that is not freely merry,
Is not my friend. This to confirm my welcome;
And to you all good health. [*Drinks.*

Sands. Your grace is noble:—
Let me have such a bowl may hold my thanks,
And save me so much talking.

Wol. My lord Sands,
I am beholden to you: cheer your neighbours.—
Ladies, you are not merry. Gentlemen,
Whose fault is this?

Sands. The red wine first must rise
In their fair cheeks, my lord; then we shall have them
Talk us to silence.

Anne. You are a merry gamester, my lord Sands.

Sands. Yes, if I make my play.
Here's to your ladyship: and pledge it, madam,
For 'tis to such a thing—

Anne. You cannot shew me.

Sands. I told your grace, they would talk anon.

[*Drums and Trumpets within, chambers discharged.*

Wol. What's that?

Cham. Look out there, some of you. [*Exit a Servant.*

Wol. What warlike voice?
And to what end is this?—Nay, ladies, fear not;
By all the laws of war, you are privileg'd.

Re-enter Servant.

Cham. How now? what is't?

Serv. A noble troop of strangers?
For so they seem: They have left their barge, and landed,
And hither make, as great ambassadors
From foreign princes.

Wol. Good lord chamberlain,

Go, give them welcome, you can speak the French tongue;
And, pray receive them nobly, and conduct them
Into our presence, where this heaven of beauty
Shall shine at full upon them:—Some attend him.—

[*All arise, and tables removed.*

You have now a broken banquet; but we'll mend it.
A good digestion to you all: and, once more,
I shower a welcome on you:—Welcome all.

Hautboys. Enter the king, and others, as maskers, habited like Shepherds, usher'd by the Lord Chamberlain. They pass directly before the Cardinal, and gracefully salute him.

A noble company! What are their pleasures?

Cham. Because they speak no English, thus they pray'd
To tell your grace:—That, having heard by fame
Of this so noble and so fair assembly
This night to meet here, they could do no less,
Out of the great respect they bear to beauty,
But leave their flocks; and, under your fair conduct,
Crave leave to view these ladies, and entreat
An hour of revels with them.

Wol. Say, lord chamberlain,
They have done my poor house grace; for which I pay them
A thousand thanks, and pray them take their pleasures.

[*Ladies choose for the dance. King and Anne Bullen.*

King. The fairest hand I ever touch'd! O, beauty,
Till now I never knew thee. [*Music. Dance.*

Wol. My lord.—

Cham. Your grace?

Wol. Pray tell them thus much from me:
There should be one amongst them, by his person,
More worthy this place than myself; to whom,
If I but knew him, with my love and duty
I would surrender it.

Cham. I will, my lord.

[*Cham. goes to the company, and returns.*

Wol. What say they?

Cham. Such a one, they all confess
There is, indeed; which they would have your grace
Find out, and he will take it.

Wol. Let me see then.—
By all your good leaves, gentlemen;—Here I'll make
My royal choice.

King. You have found him, cardinal:
You hold a fair assembly: you do well, lord;

You are a churchman, or, I'll tell you, cardinal,
I should judge now unhappily.
Wol. I am glad
Your grace is grown so pleasant.
King. My lord chamberlain,
Pr'ythee, come hither: What fair lady's that?
Cham. An't please your grace, sir Thomas Bullen's daughter,
The viscount Rochford, one of her highness' women.
King. By heaven, she is a dainty one.—Sweet heart,
I were unmannerly, to take you out
And not to kiss you.—A health gentlemen;
Let it go round.
Wol. Sir Thomas Lovel, is the banquet ready
I'the privy chamber?
Lov. Yes, my lord.
Wol. Your grace,
I fear, with dancing is a little heated.
King. I fear, too much.
Wol. There's fresher air, my lord,
In the next chamber.
King. Lead in your ladies, every one.——Sweet partner,
I must not yet forsake you:—Let's be merry;—
Good my lord cardinal, I have half a dozen healths
To drink to these fair ladies, and a measure
To lead them once again; and then let's dream
Who's best in favour.—Let the music knock it.
[*Exeunt with trumpets.*

No. LII.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

The Palace.

Enter trumpets, sounding; then two Aldermen, Lord Mayor, Garter, Cranmer, Duke of Norfolk with his marshall's staff, Duke of Suffolk, two noblemen bearing great standing bowls for the christening gifts; then four noblemen bearing a canopy, under which the Duchess of Norfolk, godmother, bearing the child richly habited in a mantle, &c. Train borne by a Lady: then follows the Marchioness of Dorset, the other godmother, and ladies. The troop pass once about the stage, and Garter speaks.

Painted by Mr. PETERS.

Gart. Heaven, from thy endless goodness, send prosperous life, long, and ever happy, to the high and mighty princess of England, Elizabeth!

Flourish. Enter King and Train.

Cran. [*Kneeling.*] And to your royal grace, and the good queen,
My noble partners, and myself, thus pray;—
All comfort, joy, in this most gracious lady,
Heaven ever laid up to make parents happy,
May hourly fall upon ye!
King. Thank you, good lord archbishop:
What is her name?
Cran. Elizabeth.
King. Stand up, lord.— [*The King kisses the child.*
With this kiss take my blessing: God protect thee!
Into whose hand I give thy life.
Cran. Amen.
King. My noble gossips, ye have been too prodigal:
I thank ye heartily; so shall this lady,
When she has so much English.
Cran. *Let me speak, sir,*
For Heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find them truth.
This royal infant (heaven still move about her!)
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be
(But few now living can behold that goodness)
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed; Sheba was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her:
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be lov'd and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: Good grows with her:
In her days, every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine, what he plants: and sing

The merry songs of peace to all neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her,
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: But as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,
Her ashes new create another heir,
As great in admiration as herself,
So shall she leave her blessedness to one
(When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness)
Who, from the sacred ashes of her honour,
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was.
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were the servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him;
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour, and the greatness of his name
Shall be, and make new nations: He shall flourish,
And like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To all the plains about him;—Our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

King. Thou speakest wonders.

Cran. She shall be to the happiness of England,
An aged princess; many days shall see her,
And yet no day without a deed to crown it.
'Would I had known no more! but she must die;
She must, the saints must have her: yet a virgin,
A most unspotted lily, shall she pass
To the ground, and all the world shall mourn her.

King. O, lord archbishop,
Thou hast made me now a man: never, before
This happy child, did I get any thing:
This oracle of comfort has so pleas'd me,
That, when I am in heaven, I shall desire
To see what this child does, and praise my maker.—
I thank ye all.—To you, my good lord mayor,
And your good brethren, I am much beholden:
I have received much honour by your presence,
And ye shall find me thankful. Lead the way, lords;—
Ye must all see the queen, and she must thank ye,
She will be sick else. This day, no man think
He has business at his house, for all shall stay;
This little one shall make it holiday. [*Exeunt.*

37

No. LIII.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

The Palace in Alexandria.

Antony, Cleopatra, Eros, Charmian, Iras, &c. &c.

Painted by Mr. TRESHAM.

Ant. Hark, the land bids me tread no more upon't;
It is asham'd to bear me! Friends,—come hither;
I am so lated in the world, that I
Have lost my way for ever:—I have a ship
Laden with gold; take that, divide it; fly,
And make your peace with Cæsar.

Omnes. Fly! not we.

Ant. I have fled myself; and have instructed cowards
To run and shew their shoulders.—Friends, begone:
I have myself resolv'd upon a course,
Which has no need of you; begone:
My treasure's in the harbour, take it.—O,
I follow'd that I blush to look upon:
My very hairs do mutiny; for the white
Reprove the brown for rashness, and they them
For fear and doting.—Friends, begone; you shall
Have letters from me to some friends, that will
Sweep your way for you. Pray you, look not sad,
Nor make replies of loathness: take the hint
Which my despair proclaims; let that be left
Which leaves itself: to the sea-side straightway:
I will possess you of that ship and treasure.
Leave me, I pray, a little: 'pray you now:—
Nay, do so; for, indeed, I have lost command,
Therefore, I pray you.—I'll see you by and by.

Enter Eros and Cleopatra, led by Charmian and Iras.

Eros. Nay, gentle madam, to him.—Comfort him.

Iras. Do, most dear queen.

Char. Do! Why, what else.

Cleo. Let me sit down. O Juno!

Ant. No, no, no, no, no.

Eros. See you here, sir?

Ant. O fye, fye, fye!

Char. Madam,——

Iras. Madam! O good empress!

Eros. Sir, sir,——

Ant. Yes, my lord, yes;—he, at Philippi, kept

His sword even like a dancer, while I struck
The lean and wrinkled Cassius; and 'twas I
That the mad Brutus ended: he alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war:—Yet now.—No matter.
Cleo. Ah, stand by.
Eros. *The queen, my lord, the queen.*
Iras. *Go to him, madam; speak to him;*
He is unquality'd with very shame.
Cleo. *Well then.—Sustain me:—O!*
Eros. *Most noble sir, arise; the queen approaches;*
Her head's declin'd, and death will seize her: but
Your comfort makes the rescue.
Ant. *I have offended reputation;*
A most unnoble swerving.
Eros. Sir, the queen.
Ant. O, whither hast thou led me, Egypt? See,
How I convey my shame out of thine eyes,
By looking back on what I have left behind
'Stroy'd in dishonour.
Cleo. O my lord, my lord!
Forgive my fearful sails! I little thought
You would have follow'd.
Ant. Egypt, thou knew'st too well,
My heart was to thy rudder ty'd by the strings,
And thou should'st tow me after: O'er my spirit
Thy full supremacy thou knew'st; and that
Thy beck might from the bidding of the gods
Command me.
Cleo. O! my pardon!
Ant. Now I must
To the young man send humble treaties, dodge
And palter in the shifts of lowness; who
With half the bulk o'the world play'd as I pleas'd,
Making, and marring fortunes. You did know,
How much you were my conqueror; and that
My sword, made weak by my affection, would
Obey it on all cause.
Cleo. Pardon, pardon!
Ant. Fall not a tear, I say; one of them rates
All that is won and lost: Give me a kiss;
Even this repays me.—We sent our school-master;
Is he come back?—Love, I am full of lead:
Some wine, within there, and our viands:—Fortune knows,
We scorn her most, when most she offers blows. [*Exeunt.*

No. LIV.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

A Wood.

Timon, Alcibiades, Phrynia, and Tymandra.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

Alc. What art thou there? speak.
Tim. A beast, as thou art. The canker gnaw thy heart,
For shewing me again the eyes of man!
Alc. What is thy name? Is man so hateful to thee,
That art thyself a man!
Tim. I am *misanthropos*, and hate mankind.
For thy part, I do wish thou wert a dog,
That I might love thee something.
Alc. I know thee well;
But in thy fortunes am unlearn'd and strange.
Tim. I know thee too: and more, than that I know thee,
I not desire to know. Follow thy drum;
With man's blood paint the ground, gules, gules:
Religious canons, civil laws are cruel:
Then what should war be? this fell whore of thine
Hath in her more destruction than thy sword,
For all her cherubim look.
Phr. Thy lips rot off!
Tim. I will not kiss thee: then the rot returns
To thine own lips again.
Alc. How came the noble Timon to this change?
Tim. As the moon does, by wanting light to give:
But then renew I could not, like the moon:
There were no suns to borrow of.
Alc. Noble Timon,
What friendship may I do thee?
Tim. None, but to
Maintain my opinion.
Alc. What is it Timon?
Tim. Promise me friendship, but perform none: If
Thou wilt not promise, the gods plague thee,
For thou art a man! if thou dost perform,
Confound thee, for thou art a man!
Alc. I have heard in some sort of thy miseries.
Tim. Thou saw'st them when I had prosperity.
Alc. I see them now; then was a blessed time.

Tim. As thine is now, held with a brace of harlots.
Tyman. Is this the Athenian minion, whom the world
Voic'd so regardfully?
Tim. Art thou Tymandra?
Tyman. Yes,
Tim. Be a whore still! they love thee not, that use thee;
Give them diseases, leaving with thee their lust.
Make use of thy salt hours: season the slaves
For tubs and baths; bring down rose-cheek'd youth
To the tub-fast, and the diet.
Tyman. Hang thee, monster!
Alc. Pardon him, sweet Tymandra; for his wits
Are drown'd and lost in his calamities.—
I have but little gold of late, brave Timon,
The want whereof doth daily make revolt
In my penurious band: I have heard, and griev'd,
How cursed Athens, mindless of thy worth,
Forgetting thy great deeds, when neighbour states,
But for thy sword and fortune, trod upon them,—
Tim. I pr'ythee beat thy drum, and get thee gone.
Alc. I am thy friend, and pity thee, dear Timon.
Tim. How dost thou pity him, whom thou dost trouble?
I had rather be alone.
Alc. Why, fare thee well:
Here is some gold for thee.
Tim. Keep it, I cannot eat it.
Alc. When I have laid proud Athens on a heap,—
Tim. Warr'st thou 'gainst Athens?
Alc. Ay, Timon, and have cause.
Tim. The gods confound them all in thy conquest! and
Thee after, when thou hast conquer'd!
Alc. Why me, Timon?
Tim. That, by killing of villains, thou wast born
To conquer my country.
Put up thy gold: go on—here's gold,—go on;
Be as a planetary plague, when Jove
Will o'er some high-vic'd city hang his poison
In the sick air: Let not thy sword skip one:
Pity not honour'd age for his white beard;
He is an usurer: Strike me the counterfeit matron;
It is her habit only that is honest,
Herself's a bawd: Let not the virgin's cheek
Make soft thy trenchant sword; for those milk-paps,
That through the window-bars bore at men's eyes,
Are not within the leaf of pity writ;

But set them down horrible traitors: Spare not the babe,
Whose dimpled smiles from fools exhaust their mercy;
Think it a bastard, whom the oracle
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse: Swear against objects:
Put armour on thine ears, and on thine eyes;
Whose proof, nor yells of mothers, maids, nor babes,
Nor sight of priests in holy vestments bleeding,
Shall pierce a jot. There's gold to pay thy soldiers:
Make large confusion: and, thy fury spent,
Confounded be thyself! Speak not, begone.
Alc. Hast thou gold yet? I'll take the gold thou giv'st me,
Not all thy counsel.
Tim. Dost thou, or dost thou not, heaven's curse upon thee!
Phr. and Tym. Give us some gold, good Timon. Hast thou more?
Tim. Enough to make a whore forswear her trade,
And to make whores, a bawd. *Hold up, you sluts,*
Your aprons mountant: You are not oathable—
Although, I know, you'll swear, terribly swear,
Into strong shudders, and to heavenly agues,
The immortal gods that hear you,——spare your oaths,
I'll trust to your conditions: Be whores still;
And he whose pious breath seeks to convert you,
Be strong in whore, allure him, burn him up;
Let your close fire, predominate his smoke,
And be no turn-coats: Yet may your pains, six months,
Be quite contrary: And thatch your poor thin roofs
With burdens of the dead;—some that were hang'd,
No matter:—wear them, betray with them: whore still;
Paint till a horse may mire upon your face:
A pox of wrinkles!
Phr. and Tym. Well, more gold;—What then?—
Believe't, that we'll do any thing for gold.
Tim. Consumption sow
In hollow bones of man; strike their sharp shins,
And marr men's spurring. Crack the lawyer's voice,
That he may never more false title plead,
Nor sound his quillets shrilly: hoar the flamen,
That scolds against the quality of flesh,
And not believes himself: down with the nose,
Down with it flat: take the bridge quite away
Of him, that is particular to foresee,
Smells from the general weal: make curl'd-pate ruffians bald:
And let the unscarr'd braggarts of the war

Derive some pain from you: Plague all;
That your activity may defeat and quell
The source of all erection.—There's more gold:—
Do you damn others, and let this damn you,
And ditches grave you all!

Phr. and Tym. More counsel with more money, bounteous Timon.

Tim. More whore, more mischief first; I have given you earnest.

Alc. Strike up the drum towards Athens. Farewell Timon;
If I thrive well, I'll visit thee again.

Tim. If I hope well, I'll never see thee more.

Alc. I never did thee harm.

Tim. Yes, thou spok'st well of me.

Alc. Call'st thou that harm?

Tim. Men daily find it.
Get thee away, and take thy beagles with thee.

Alc. We but offend him.—Strike. [*Drum beats. Exeunt.*

38

No. LV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Diomed, Cressida, Troilus, and Ulysses.

Painted by Mrs. ANGELICA KAUFFMAN ZUCCHI, R. A.

Enter Troilus and Ulysses, at a distance.

Ulys. Stand where the torch may not discover us.

Enter Cressida.

Troi. Cressid comes forth to him!

Dio. How now, my charge?

Cre. Now, my sweet guardian!—Hark!
A word with you. [*Whispers.*

Troi. Yea, so familiar!

Ulys. She will sing any man at first sight.

Ther. And any man
May sing her, if he can take her cliff; she's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember! yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then;
And let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What should she remember?

Ulys. List!

Cre. Sweet honey Greek, tempt me no more to folly.

Dio. Nay, then.———

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Pho! pho; come tell a pin: You are forsworn.—

Cre. In faith I cannot; What would you have me do?

Dio. What did you swear you would bestow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, sweet Greek.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience!

Ulys. How now, Trojan?

Cre. Diomed.—

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy better must.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madness!

Ulys. You are mov'd, prince: let us depart, I pray you,
Lest your displeasure should enlarge itself
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly; I beseech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you!

Ulys. Now, good my lord, go off.
You flow to great destruction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, stay.

Ulys. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, stay; by hell, and all hell's torments,
I will not speak a word.

Dio. And so, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger.

Troi. Doth that grieve thee?
O wither'd truth!

Ulys. Why, how now lord?

Troi. By Jove, I will be patient.

Cre. Guardian!—why, Greek!

Dio. Pho, pho! adieu: you palter.

Cre. In faith, I do not; come hither once again.

Ulys. You shake, my lord, at something; will you go?
You will break out.

Troi. *She strokes his cheek!*

Ulys. *Come, come.*

Troi. Nay, stay; by Jove I will not speak a word:
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience:—stay a little while.

Dio. But will you then?

Cre. In faith, I will, la; never trust me else.

Dio. Give me some token for the surety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one.
Ulys. You have sworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, my lord;
I will not be myself, nor have cognition
Of what I feel; I am all patience.

39

No. LVI.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Monument belonging to the Capulets.

Romeo and Paris dead; Juliet and Friar Laurence.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Rom. Thou detestable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open.
[*Breaking up the monument.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
Par. This is that banish'd haughty Montague,
That murder'd my love's cousin!—with which grief,
It is supposed, the fair creature dy'd,—
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.— [*Advances.*
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die.
Rom. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.—
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man,
Fly hence and leave me;—think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth,
Heap not another sin upon my head,
By urging me to fury:—O, be gone!
By heaven, I love thee better than myself:
For I come hither arm'd against myself:
Stay not, be gone;—live, and hereafter say—
A madman's mercy bade thee run away.
Par. I do defy thy conjurations,
And do attach thee as a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
Page. O lord! they fight: I will go call the watch.
[*Exit Page.*

Par. O, I am slain! [*falls.*]—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*
Rom. In faith, I will:—Let me peruse this face:—
Mercutio's kinsman, noble county Paris:—
What said my man, when my betossed soul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, Paris should have marry'd Juliet:
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O, give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's book!
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave,—
A grave? O, no, a lantern, slaughter'd youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interr'd.
[*Laying Paris in the monument.*
How oft, when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry? which their keepers call
A lightning before death: O, how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath suck'd the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.—
Tybalt, ly'st thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To sunder his that was thine enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah, dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial death is amorous;
And that the lean abhorred monster keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I will still stay with thee;
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; O, here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!—

Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!
Here's to my love!—[*Drinks.*] O, true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus, with a kiss I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Laurence, with a lantern, crow, and spade.

Lau. Saint Francis be my speed? how oft to-night
Have my old feet stumbled at graves! Who's there?

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Lau. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond', that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeless sculls! as I discern,
It burneth in the Capels' monument.

Balth. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.

Lau. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Lau. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Lau. Go with me to the vault.

Balth. I dare not; sir:
My master knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did stay to look on his intents.

Lau. Stay then, I'll go alone:—Fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear some ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did sleep under this yew tree here,
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.

Lau. Romeo?— [*Advances.*
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolour'd by this place of peace!—
[*Enters the monument.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what, Paris too?
And steep'd in blood! Ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance!—
The lady stirs.

Jul. [wakening.] *O comfortable friar! where is my lord?*
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am:—Where is my Romeo? [Noise without.

Lau. *I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest*
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep;
A greater power than we can contradict

Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away:
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too; come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns;
Stay not to question, for the watch is coming;
Come, go, good Juliet,—[*noise again.*] I dare no longer stay. [*Exit.*

40

No. LVII.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Falstaff.

Falstaff goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.

Painted by Mr. PETERS.

Enter Falstaff.

Fal. *Have I caught* thee, *my heavenly jewel?*—Why, now let me die, for I have lived long enough; this is the period of my ambition: O this blessed hour!

Mrs. Ford. O sweet sir John!

Fal. Mistress Ford, I cannot cog, I cannot prate, mistress Ford. Now shall I sin in my wish: I would they husband were dead; I'll speak it before the best lord, I would make thee my lady.

Mrs. Ford. I your lady, sir John! alas, I should be a pitiful lady.

Fal. Let the court of France shew me such another: I see how thine eye would emulate the diamond: Thou hast the right arched bent of the brow, that becomes the shiptire, the tire-valiant, or any tire of Venetian admittance.

Mrs. Ford. A plain kercheif, sir John: my brows become nothing else: nor that well neither.

Fal. Thou art a traitor to say so: thou would'st make an absolute courtier: and the firm fixture of thy foot would give an excellent motion to thy gait, in a semi-circled farthingale. I see what thou wert, if fortune thy foe were not: nature is thy friend: Come, thou canst not hid it.

Mrs. Ford. Believe me, there's no such thing in me.

Fal. What made me love thee? let that persuade thee, there's something extraordinary in thee. Come, I cannot cog, and say, thou art this and that, like a many of these lisping hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's ap-

parel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple-time: I cannot: but I love thee: none but thee; and thou deservest it.

Mrs. Ford. Do not betray me, sir; I fear you love mistress Page.

Fal. Thou might'st as well say, I love to walk by the Counter-gate; which is as hateful to me as the reek of a lime-kiln

Mrs. Ford. Well, heaven knows how I love you; and you shall one day find it.

Fal. Keep in that mind; I'll deserve it.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I must tell you, so you do; or else I could not be in that mind.

Rob. [*within.*] Mistress Ford, mistress Ford! here's mistress Page at the door, sweating, and blowing, and looking wildly, and would needs speak with you presently.

Fal. She shall not see me; I will ensconce me behind the arras.

Mrs. Ford. Pray you, do so; she's a very tattling woman. [*Falstaff hides himself.*

Enter Mrs. Page, and Robin.

What's the matter? how now?

Mrs. Page. O mistress Ford, what have you done? you are ashamed, you are overthrown, you are undone forever!

Mrs. Ford. What's the matter, good mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. O well-a-day, mistress Ford! having an honest man to your husband, to give him such cause of suspicion!

Mrs. Ford. What cause of suspicion?

Mrs. Page. What cause of suspicion?—Out upon you! —how am I mistook in you!

Mrs. Ford. Why, alas! what's the matter?

Mrs. Page. Your husband's coming hither, woman, with all the officers in Windsor, to search for a gentleman, that, he says, is here now in the house, by your consent, to take an ill advantage of his absence: You are undone.

Mrs. Ford. Speak louder.—[*Aside.*] 'Tis not so, I hope.

Mrs. Page. Pray heaven it be not so, that you have such a man here; but 'tis most certain your husband's coming with half Windsor at his heels, to search for such a one. I come before to tell you; If you know yourself clear, why, I am glad of it; but if you have a friend here, convey, convey him out. Be not amaz'd; call all your senses to you; defend your reputation, or bid farewell to your good life for ever.

Mrs. Ford. What shall I do?—There is a gentleman,

my dear friend; and I fear not mine own shame, so much as his peril: I had rather than a thousand pound he were out of the house.

Mrs. Page. For shame, never stand *you had rather*, and *you had rather*; your husband's here at hand, bethink you of some conveyance: in the house you cannot hide him.—O, how have you deceived me!—Look, here is a basket; if he be of any reasonable stature, he may creep in here; and throw foul linen upon him, as if it were going to bucking; Or, it is whiting-time, send him by your two men to Datchet mead.

Mrs. Ford. He's too big to go in there: What shall I do?

Re-enter Falstaff.

Fal. Let me see't, let me see't! O let me see't! I'll in, I'll in:—follow your friend's counsel:—I'll in.

Mrs. Page. What, sir John Falstaff! Are these your letters, knight.

Fal. *I love thee, and none but thee;—help me away; let me creep in here; I'll never—*

[He goes into the basket; they cover him with foul linen.

Mrs. Page. *Help to cover your master, boy: Call your men, mistress Ford:—You dissembling knight!*

Mrs. Ford. What, John, Robert, John! Go take up these clothes here, quickly: Where's the cowlstaff? look how you drumble: carry them to the laundress in Datchet mead; quickly, come.

No. LVIII.

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Oberon, Queen of the Fairies, Puck, Bottom, and Fairies attending, &c.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Ob. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity.
For meeting her of late, behind the wood,
Seeking sweet savours for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her, and fall out with her:
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers:
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds

Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowret's eyes,
Like tears, that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had, at my pleasure, taunted her,
And she, in mild terms, begg'd my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformed scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain;
That he awaking when the others do,
May all to Athens back again repair;
And think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen;
Be as thou wast wont to be;
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
See, as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen.
Queen. *My Oberon! what visions have I seen!*
Methought, I was enamour'd of an ass.
Ob. *There lies your love.*
Queen. *How came these things to pass?*
O, how mine eyes doth loath his visage now!
Ob. *Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—*
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Queen. Music, ho! music; such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Ob. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me.
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark.

Ob. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Queen. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals, on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

No. LIX.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Shylock's House.

Shylock, Jessica, and Launcelot.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—
What, Jessica?—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me:—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out:—
Why, Jessica! I say.
Laun. Why, Jessica!
Shy. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
Laun. Your worship was wont to tell me, I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you? What is your will?
Shy. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica?
There are my keys:—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me:
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house:—I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
Laun. I beseech you, sir, go; my young master doth expect your reproach.
Shy. So do I his.
Laun. And they have conspired together.—I will not say, you shall see a masque; but if you do, then it was not for

nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last, at six o'clock i'the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. *What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:*
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces:
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night:
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.

Laun. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window, for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit Laun.*

Shy. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?

Jes. His words were, farewell, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough? but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild-cat; drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*

Jes. Farewell: and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

No. LX.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

A Forest.

Orlando, and Oliver.

Painted by Mr. RAPH^L. WEST.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you,
He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befel! he threw his eye aside,
And, mark, what object did present itself!
Under an old oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly
Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast,
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That liv'd 'mongst men.

Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.

Ros. But to Orlando;—Did he leave him there,
Food to the suck'd and hungry lioness?

Oli. Twice did he turn his back, and purpos'd so:
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him; in which hurtling,
From miserable slumber I awak'd.

Cel. Are you his brother?

Ros. Was it you he rescu'd?

Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?

Oli 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.

Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?—

Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,

As how I came into that desert place;——
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array, and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripp'd himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cry'd, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recover'd him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,
Dy'd in this blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

42

No. LXI.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Lord's House.
Sly, with Lord and Attendants; some with apparel, bason, and ewer, and other appurtenances.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE.

Sly. For God's sake, a pot of small ale.
1 *Serv.* Will't please your lordship drink a cup of sack?
2 *Serv.* Will't please your honour taste of these conserves?
3 *Serv.* What raiment will your honour wear to-day?
Sly. I am Christophero Sly; call not me—honour, nor lordship: I ne'er drank sack in my life: and if you give me any conserves, give me conserves of beef: Ne'er ask me what raiment I'll wear; for I have no more doublets than backs, no more stockings than legs, nor no more shoes than feet; nay, sometimes, more feet than shoes, or such shoes as my toes look through the overleather.
Lord. Heaven cease this idle humour in your honour!
O, that a mighty man, of such descent,
Of such possessions, and so high esteem,
Should be infused with so foul a spirit!

Sly. What, would you make me mad! Am not I Christopher Sly, old Sly's son of Burton-heath; by birth a pedlar, by education a card-maker, by transmutation a bear-herd, and now by present profession a tinker? Ask Marian Hacket, the fat ale-wife of Wincot, if she know me not; if she say I am not fourteen-pence on the score for sheer ale, score me up for the lying'st knave in Christendom. What, I am not bestraught: Here's——
3 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your lady mourn.
2 *Serv.* O, this it is that makes your servants droop.
Lord. Hence comes it that your kindred shun your house,
As beaten hence by your strange lunacy.
O, noble lord, bethink thee of thy birth:
Call home thy ancient thoughts from banishment,
And banish hence these abject lowly dreams:
Look, how thy servants do attend on thee,
Each in his office ready at thy beck.
Wilt thou have music? hark! Apollo plays, [*Music.*
And twenty caged nightingales do sing:
Or wilt thou sleep? we'll have thee to a couch,
Softer and sweeter than the lustful bed
On purpose trimm'd up for Semiramis.
Say, thou wilt walk; we will bestrew the ground:
Or wilt thou ride? thy horses shall be trapp'd,
Their harness studded all with gold and pearl.
Dost thou love hawking? thou hast hawks will soar
Above the morning lark: Or wilt thou hunt?
Thy hounds shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill echoes from the hollow earth.
1 *Serv.* Say, thou wilt course: thy greyhounds are as swift
As breathed stags: ay, fleeter than the roe.
2 *Serv.* Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And Cytherea all in sedges hid;
Which seem to move and wanton with her breath,
Even as the waving sedges play with wind.
Lord. We'll show thee Io, as she was a maid;
And how she was beguiled and surpris'd,
As lively painted as the deed was done.
3 *Serv.* Or Daphne, roaming through a thorny wood;
Scratching her legs, that one shall swear she bleeds:
And at that sight shall sad Apollo weep,
So workmanly the blood and tears are drawn.

Lord. Thou art a lord, and nothing but a lord:
Thou hast a lady far more beautiful
Than any woman in this waning age.
1 *Serv.* And, till the tears, that she hath shed for thee,
Like envious floods, o'er ran her lovely face,
She was the fairest creature in the world;
And yet she is inferior to none.
Sly. *Am I a lord? and have I such a lady?*
Or do I dream? or have I dream'd till now?
I do not sleep: I see, I hear, I speak:
I smell sweet savours, and I feel soft things:
Upon my life, I am a lord, indeed;
And not a tinker, nor Christophero Sly.—
Well, bring our lady hither to our sight:
And once again, a pot o' the smallest ale.
2 *Serv.* Will't please your mightiness to wash your hands?
[*Servants present an ewer, bason and napkin.*
O, how we joy to see your wit restor'd!
O, that once more you knew but what you are!
These fifteen years you have been in a dream;
Or, when you wak'd, so wak'd as if you slept.
Sly. These fifteen years! by my fay, a goodly nap.
But did I never speak of all that time?
1 *Serv.* O, yes, my lord: but very idle words:—
For though you lay here in this goodly chamber,
Yet would you say, ye were beaten out of door;
And rail upon the hostess of the house;
And say, you would present her at the leer,
Because she brought stone jugs, and no seal'd quarts:
Sometimes, you would call out for Cicely Hacket.
Sly. Ay, the woman's maid of the house.
3 *Serv.* Why, sir, you know no house, nor no such maid;
Nor no such men as you have reckon'd up,—
As Stephen Sly, and old John Naps of Greece,
And Peter Turf, and Henry Pimpernell;
And twenty more such names and men as these,
Which never were, nor no man ever saw.
Sly. Now, Lord be thanked for my good amends!
All. Amen.
Sly. I thank thee; thou shalt not lose by it.
Enter Page, as a lady, with attendants.
Page. How fares my noble lord?
Sly. Marry, I fare well: for here is cheer enough.
Where is my wife?
Page. Here, noble lord; what is thy will with her?

Sly. Are you my wife, and will not call me—husband?
My men should call me—lord, I am your good-man,
Page. My husband and my lord, my lord and husband:
I am your wife in all obedience.
Sly. I know it well: What must I call her?
Lord. Madam.
Sly. Al'ce Madam, or Joan Madam?
Lord. Madam, and nothing else; so lords call ladies.
Sly. Madam, wife, they say, that I have dream'd, and slept
Above some fifteen years or more.
Page. Ay, and the time seems thirty unto me;
Being all this time abandon'd from your bed.
Sly. 'Tis much;——Servants, leave me and her alone.—
Madam, undress you, and come now to bed.
Page. Thrice noble lord, let me entreat of you,
To pardon me yet for a night or two;
Or if not so, until the sun be set:
For your physicians have expressly charg'd,
In peril to incur your former malady,
That I should yet absent me from your bed:
I hope this reason stands for my excuse.
Sly. Ay, it stands so, that I may hardly tarry so long.
But I would be loath to fall into my dreams again: I will therefore tarry, in despite of the flesh and the blood.

43

No. LXII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Paulina's House.

Leontes, Polixenes, Florizel, Perdita, Camillo, Paulina, Lords, and Attendants.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Leo. O grave and good Paulina, the great comfort
That I have had of thee.
Paul. What, sovereign sir,
I did not well, I meant well: All my services
You have paid home: but that you have vouchsaf'd
With your crown'd brother, and these your contracted
Heirs of your kingdoms, my poor house to visit;

It is a surplus of your grace, which never
My life may last to answer.
Leo. O Paulina,
We honour you with trouble; but we came
To see the statue of our queen: your gallery
Have we pass'd through, not without much content
In many singularities; but we saw not
That which my daughter came to look upon,
The statue of her mother.
Paul. As she liv'd peerless,
So her dead likeness, I do well believe,
Excels what ever yet you look'd upon,
Or hand of man hath done; therefore I keep it
Lonely, apart: But here it is: prepare
To see the life as lively mock'd as ever
Still sleep mock'd death: behold, and say, 'tis well.
[*Paulina undraws a curtain, and discovers a statue.*
I like your silence, it the more shows off
Your wonder: But yet speak;—first, you, my liege,
Comes it not something near?
Leo. Her natural posture!—
Chide me, dear stone; that I may say, indeed,
Thou art Hermione: or, rather, thou art she,
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender,
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled; nothing
So aged, as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she liv'd now.
Leo. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty, (warm life,
As now it coldly stands) when first I woo'd her!
I am asham'd: does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it? O royal piece,
There's magic in thy majesty; which has
My evils conjur'd to remembrance; and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee?
Per. And give me leave;
And do not say 'tis superstition, that
I kneel, and then implore her blessing.—Lady,

Dear queen, that ended when I but began,
Give me that hand of yours, to kiss.
Paul. O, patience;
The statue is but newly fix'd, the colour's
Not dry.
Cam. My lord, your sorrow was too sore laid on;
Which sixteen winters cannot blow away,
So many summers, dry: scarce any joy
Did ever so long live; no sorrow,
But kill'd itself much sooner.
Pol. Dear my brother,
Let him, that was the cause of this, have power
To take off so much grief from you, as he
Will piece up in himself.
Paul. Indeed, my lord,
If I had thought, the sight of my poor image
Would thus have wrought you, (for the stone is mine)
I'd not have show'd it.
Leo. Do not draw the curtain.
Paul. No longer shall you gaze on't; lest your fancy
May think anon, it moves.
Leo. Let be, let be.
Would I were dead, but that, methinks, already—
What was he, that did make it?—See, my lord,
Would you not deem, it breath'd? and that those veins
Did verily bear blood?
Pol. Masterly done:
The very life seems warm upon her lip.
Leo. The fixure of her eye has motion in't,
As we are mock'd with art.
Paul I'll draw the curtain;
My lord's almost so far transported, that
He'll think anon, it lives.
Leo. O sweet Paulina,
Make me to think so twenty years together;
No settled senses of the world can match
The pleasure of that madness. Let't alone.
Paul. I am sorry, sir, I have thus far stirr'd you; but
I could afflict you further.
Leo. Do, Paulina;
For this affliction has a taste as sweet
As any cordial comfort.—Still, methinks,
There is an air comes from her; *What fine chisel*
Could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me,
For I will kiss her.

Paul. *Good my lord, forbear:*
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet;
You'll mar it, if you kiss it; stain your own
With oily painting: Shall I draw the curtain?

44

No. LXIII.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE III.

A Field of Battle, betwixt Sandal Castle and Wakefield. Rutland and his Tutor, Clifford and Soldiers.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Rut. Ah, whither shall I fly, to 'scape their hands!
Ah, tutor! look, where bloody Clifford comes!
Enter Clifford and Soldiers.
Clif. Chaplain, away! thy priesthood saves thy life.
As for the brat of this accursed duke,—
Whose father slew my father, he shall die.
Tutor. And I, my lord, will bear him company.
Clif. Soldiers, away with him.
Tutor. *Ah, Clifford! murder not this innocent child,*
Lest thou be hated both of God and man.
[Exit, dragg'd off.
Clif. *How now! is he dead already? Or, is it fear,*
That makes him close his eyes? I'll open them.
Rut. So looks the pent-up lion o'er the wretch
That trembles under his devouring paws:
And so he walks, insulting o'er his prey;
And so he comes, to rend his limbs asunder.—
Ah gentle Clifford, kill me with thy sword.
And not with such a cruel threat'ning look.
Sweet Clifford, hear me speak before I die;—
I am too mean a subject for thy wrath,
Be thou reveng'd on men, and let me live.
Clif. In vain thou speak'st, poor boy; my father's blood
Hath stopp'd the passage where thy words should enter.
Rut. Then let my father's blood open it again:
He is a man, and, Clifford, cope with him.
Clif. Had I thy brethren here, their lives, and thine,
Were not revenge sufficient for me:

No, if I digg'd up thy forefathers' graves,
And hung their rotten coffins up in chains,
It could not slake mine ire, nor ease my heart.
The sight of any of the house of York
Is as a fury to torment my soul;
And 'till I root out their accursed line,
And leave not one alive, I live in hell.
Therefore—— [*Lifting his hand.*
Rut. O, let me pray before I take my death:
To thee I pray; sweet Clifford, pity me!
Clif. Such pity as my rapier's point affords.
Rut. I never did thee harm: Why wilt thou slay me?
Clif. Thy father hath.
Rut. But 'twas ere I was born.
Thou hast one son, for his sake pity me;
Lest, in revenge thereof,—sith God is just,—
He be as miserably slain as I.
Ah, let me live in prison all my days;
And when I give occasion of offence,
Then let me die, for now thou hast no cause.
Clif. No cause?
Thy father slew my father; therefore, die.
[*Clifford stabs him.*
Rut. *Dii faciant, laudis summa sit ista tuæ!* [Dies.
Clif. Plantagenet! I come, Plantagenet!
And this thy son's blood, cleaving to my blade,
Shall rust upon my weapon, 'till thy blood,
Congeal'd with this, do make me wipe off both. [*Exit.*

61

No. LXIV.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

A Park near Middleham Castle, in Yorkshire. Gloster, Hastings, Sir William Stanley, King Edward, and Huntsman.

Painted by Mr. MILLER.

Glo. Now, my lord Hastings, and Sir William Stanley,
Leave off to wonder why I drew you hither,
Into this chiefest thicket of the park.

Thus stands the case: You know, our king, my brother,
Is prisoner to the bishop here, at whose hands
He hath good usage, and great liberty;
And often, but attended with weak guard,
Comes hunting this way to disport himself,
I have advertis'd him by secret means,
That if, about this hour, he make this way,
Under the colour of his usual game,
He shall here find his friends, with horse and men,
To set him free from his captivity.

Enter King Edward, and a Huntsman.

Hunt. *This way, my lord; for this way lies the game.*

K. Edw. *Nay, this way, man; see, where the huntsmen stand.*——

Now, brother of Gloster, lord Hastings, and the rest,
Stand you thus close to steal the bishop's deer?

Glo. Brother, the time and case requireth haste;
Your horse stands ready at the park corner.

K. Edw. But whither shall we then?

Hast. To Lynn, my lord; and ship from thence to Flanders.

Glo. Well guess'd, believe me; for that was my meaning.

K. Edw. Stanley, I will requite thy forwardness.

Glo. But wherefore stay we? 'tis no time to talk.

K. Edw. Huntsman, what say'st thou? wilt thou go along?

Hunt. Better do so, than tarry and be hang'd.

Glo. Come then, away: let's have no more ado.

K. Edw. Bishop, farewell: shield thee from Warwick's frown;
And pray that I may repossess the crown. [*Exeunt.*

No. LXV.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Coriolanus, Aufidius, Virgilia, Volumnia, Young Marcius, Valeria, and Attendants.

Painted by Mr. GAVIN HAMILTON.

Cor. I beseech you, peace;
Or, if you'd ask, remember this before:
The things, I have forsworn to grant, may never
Be held by you denials. Do not bid me

Dismiss my soldiers, or capitulate
Again with Rome's mechanics: Tell me not
Wherein I seem unnatural: Desire not
To allay my rage and revenges, with
Your colder reasons.

Vol. O, no more, no more!
You have said you will not grant us any thing:
For we have nothing else to ask, but that
Which you deny already: Yet we will ask;
That, if you fail in our request, the blame
May hang upon your hardness: therefore hear us.

Cor. Aufidius, and you Volces, mark; for we'll
Hear naught from Rome in private.—Your request?

Vol. Should we be silent and not speak, our raiment
And state of bodies would bewray what life
We have led since thy exile. Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither: since that thy sight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with comforts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow;
Making the mother, wife, and child, to see
The son, the husband, and the father, tearing
His country's bowels out. And to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital: thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort
That all but we enjoy: for how can we,
Alas! how can we for our country pray,
Whereto we are bound; together with thy victor,
Whereto we are bound; Alack! or we must lose
The country, our dear nurse; or else thy person,
Our comfort in the country. We must find
An evident calamity, though we had
Our wish, which side should win: for either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles thorough our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin;
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, 'till
These wars determine: if I cannot persuade thee
Rather to show a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one, thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

Virg. Ay, and mine,
That brought you forth this boy, to keep your name
Living to time.
Boy. He shall not tread on me:
I'll run away till I am bigger, but then I'll fight.
Cor. Not of a woman's tenderness to be,
Requires nor child nor woman's face to see.
I have sat too long. [*Rising.*
Vol. Nay, go not from us thus.
If it were so, that our request did tend
To save the Romans, thereby to destroy
The Volces, whom you serve, you might condemn us,
As poisons of your honour: No; our suit
Is, that you reconcile them: while the Volces
May say, "This mercy we have show'd;" the Romans,
"This we receiv'd;" and each in either side
Give the all-hail to thee, and cry, "Be blest
"For making up this peace!" Thou know'st, great son,
The end of war's uncertain; but this certain,
That if thou conquer Rome, the benefit
Which thou shalt thereby reap, is such a name,
Whose repetition will be dogg'd with curses;
Whose chronicle thus writ,—"The man was noble,
"But with his last attempt he wip'd it out:
"Destroy'd his country, and his name remains
"To the ensuing age, abhorr'd." Speak to me, son:
Thou hast affected the fine strains of honour,
To imitate the graces of the gods;
To tear with thunder the wide cheeks o' the air,
And yet to charge thy sulphur with a bolt
That should but rive an oak. Why dost not speak?
Think'st thou it honourable for a noble man
Still to remember wrongs?—Daughter, speak you:
He cares not for your weeping.—Speak thou, boy;
Perhaps, thy childishness will move him more
Than can our reasons.—There is no man in the world
More bound to his mother; yet here he lets me prate
Like one i' the stocks. Thou hast never in thy life
Show'd thy dear mother any courtesy;
When she (poor hen!) fond of no second brood,
Has cluck'd thee to the wars, and safely home,
Loaden with honours. *Say, my request's unjust,*
And spurn me back: But, if it be not so,
Thou art not honest; and the gods will plague thee,
That thou restrain'st from me the duty, which

To a mother's part belongs.—He turns away:
Down ladies; let us shame him with our knees.
To his surname Coriolanus 'longs more pride,
Than pity to our prayers.—Down: An end;
This is the last:—So we will home to Rome,
And die among our neighbours.—Nay, behold us:
This boy, that cannot tell what he would have,
But kneels, and holds up hands, for fellowship,
Does reason our petition with more strength
Than thou hast to deny't.—Come, let us go:
This fellow had a Volcian to his mother;
His wife is in Corioli, and his child
Like him by chance;—Yet give us our dispatch:
I am hush'd until our city be afire,
And then I'll speak a little.
Cor. Mother, mother!—— [*Holding her by the hands, silent.*
What have you done? Behold, the heavens do ope,
The gods look down, and this unnatural scene
They laugh at. O my mother, mother! O!
You have won a happy victory to Rome:
But for your son,—believe it, O, believe it,
Most dangerously you have with him prevail'd,
If not most mortal to him. But let it come:—
Aufidius, though I cannot make true wars,
I'll frame convenient peace. Now, good Aufidius,
Were you in my stead, would you have heard
A mother less? or granted less, Aufidius!
Auf. I was mov'd withal.

46

No. LXVI.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Windsor Park.

Falstaff (disguised with a buck's head on), Fairies, Mrs. Ford, Mrs. Page, Quickly, Pistol, Sir Hugh Evans, Fenton, and Anne Page.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, A. R.

Fal. The Windsor bell hath struck twelve; the minute draws on: Now, the hot-blooded gods assist me!—Remember, Jove, thou wast a bull for thy Europa; love set on thy

horns.—O powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man; in some other, a man a beast.—You were also, Jupiter, a swan for the love of Leda;—O omnipotent love! how near the god drew to the complexion of a goose?—A fault done first in the form of a beast:—O Jove, a beastly fault! and then another fault in the semblance of a fowl; think on't, Jove; a foul fault.—When gods have hot backs, what shall poor men do? For me, I am here a Windsor stag; and the fattest, I think, i'the forest: send me a cool rut-time, Jove, or who can blame me to piss my tallow; Who comes here? my doe?

Enter Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page.

Mrs. Ford. Sir John? art thou there, my deer? my male deer?

Fal. My doe, with the black scut?—Let the sky rain potatoes; let it thunder to the tune of Green Sleeves; hail kissing-comfits, and snow eringoes; let there come a tempest of provocation, I will shelter me here. [*Embracing her.*

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page is come with me, sweet-heart.

Fal. Divide me like a bride-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now, is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise!

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away. [*They run off.*
Mrs. Page. }

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

Enter Sir Hugh Evans, like a satyr; Mrs. Quickly, and Pistol; Anne Page, as the Fairy Queen, attended by her brother and others, dressed like fairies, with waxen tapers on their heads.

Quick. Fairies, black, grey, green, and white,
You moon-shine revellers, and shades of night,
You orphan heirs of fixed destiny,
Attend your office and your quality.——
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy o-yes.—

Pist. Elves, list your names: silence, you airy toys.
Cricket, to Windsor chimnies shalt thou leap:
Where fires thou find'st unrak'd, and hearths unswept,

There pinch the maids as blue as bilberry:
Our radiant queen hates sluts, and sluttery.

Fal. They are fairies; he that speaks to them, shall die;
I'll wink and couch; No man their works must eye.
[*Lies down upon his face.*

Evans. Where's Pede? Go you, and where you find a maid,
That, ere she sleep, has thrice her prayers said,
Raise up the organs of her fantasy,
Sleep she as sound as careless infancy;
But those, as sleep, and think not on their sins,
Pinch them, arms, legs, backs, shoulders, sides, and shins.

Quick. About, about;
Search Windsor castle, elves, within and out:
Strew good luck, ouphes, on every sacred room;
That it may stand till the perpetual doom,
In state as wholesome, as in state 'tis fit;
Worthy the owner, and the owner it.
The several chairs of order look you scour,
With juice of balm, and every precious flower:
Each fair instalment coat, and several crest
With loyal blazon, evermore be blest!
And nightly, meadow-fairies, look you sing,
Like to the Garter's compass, in a ring:
The expressure that it bears, green let it be,
More fertile-fresh than all the field to see;
And, *Honi Soit Qui Mal y Pense*, write,
In emerald tufts, flowers purple, blue, and white;
Like sapphire, pearl, and rich embroidery,
Buckled below fair knighthood's bending knee:
Fairies use flowers for their charactery.
Away; disperse: but till 'tis one o'clock,
Our dance of custom, round about the oak
Of Herne the hunter, let us not forget.

Evans. Pray you, lock hand in hand; yourselves in order set:
And twenty glow-worms shall our lanterns be,
To guide our measure round about the tree.
But, stay; I smell a man of middle earth.

Fal. Heavens defend me from that Welch fairy! lest he transform me to a piece of cheese!

Pist. Vile worm, thou wast o'er-look'd even in thy birth.

Quick. With trial-fire touch me his finger-end:
If he be chaste, the flame will back descend,
And turn him to no pain; but if he start,
It is the flesh of a corrupted heart.

Pist. *A trial, come.*
Evans. *Come, will this wood take fire?*
[They burn him with their tapers.
Fal. *Oh, oh, oh!*
Quick. *Corrupt, corrupt, and tainted in desire!*
About him, fairies, sing a scornful rhyme:
And, as you trip, still pinch him to your time.

SONG.

Fye on sinful fantasy!
Fye on lust and luxury!
Lust is but a bloody fire,
Kindled with unchaste desire,
Fed in heart; whose flames aspire,
As thoughts do blow them, higher and higher.
Pinch him, faires, mutually;
Pinch him for his villainy;
Pinch him, and burn him, and turn him about,
Till candles, and star-light and moonshine be out.

[During this song, the fairies pinch Falstaff. Doctor Caius comes one way, and steals away a fairy in green; Slender another way, and takes off a fairy in white; and Fenton comes, and steals away Mrs. Anne Page. A noise of hunting is made within. All the fairies run away. Falstaff pulls off his buck's head, and rises.]

Enter Page, Ford, Mrs. Page, and Mrs. Ford. They lay hold on him.

Page. Nay, do not fly: I think, we have watch'd you now;
Will none but Herne the hunter serve your turn?
Mrs. Page. I pray you, come; hold up the jest, no higher:
Now, good Sir John, how like you Windsor wives?
See you these, husband? do not these fair yokes
Become the forest better than the town?
Ford. Now, sir, who's a cuckold, now?—Master Brook, Falstaff's a knave, a cuckoldly knave: here are his horns, master Brook: And, master Brook, he hath enjoyed nothing of Ford's but his buck-basket, his cudgel, and twenty pounds of money; which must be paid to master Brook; his horses are arrested for it, master Brook.
Mrs. Ford. Sir John, we have had ill luck; we could never meet. I will never take you for my love again, but I will always count you my deer.
Fal. I do begin to perceive, that I am made an ass.
Ford. Ay, and an ox too; both the proofs are extant.

Fal. And these are not fairies? I was three or four times in the thought, they were not fairies; and yet the guiltiness of my mind, the sudden surprise of my powers, drove the grossness of the foppery into a received belief, in despite of the teeth of all rhyme and reason, that they were fairies. See now, how wit may be made a Jack-a-lent, when 'tis upon ill employment!

No. LXVII.

RICHARD II.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Parliament House.

K. Richard, Bolingbroke, York, Aumerle, Northumberland, Percy, Fitzwater, Surrey, Bishop of Carlisle, Abbot of Westminster, Herald, &c. and Bagot.

Painted by Mr. M. Brown.

Boling. Fetch hither Richard, that in common view
He may surrender: so we shall proceed
Without suspicion.
York. I will be his conduct. [*Exit.*
Boling. Lords, you that are here under our arrest,
Procure your sureties for your days of answer:
Little are we beholding to your love, [*To Carlisle.*
And little look'd for at your helping hands.

Re-enter York, with King Richard, and Officers bearing the Regalia.

K. Rich. Alack, why am I sent for to a king,
Before I have shook off the regal thoughts
Wherewith I reign'd? I hardly yet have learn'd
To insinuate, flatter, bow, and bend my knee:—
Give sorrow leave a while to tutor me
To this submission. Yet I well remember
The favours of these men: Were they not mine?
Did they not sometime cry, all hail! to me?
So Judas did to Christ: but he in twelve,
Found truth in all, but one; I, in twelve thousand, none.
God save the king!—Will no man say, amen?
Am I both priest and clerk? well then, amen.
God save the king! although I be not he;
And yet, amen, if heaven do think him me,—
To do what service am I sent for hither?

York. To do that office, of thine own good will,
Which tired majesty did make thee offer.—
The resignation of thy state and crown
To Henry Bolingbroke.

K. Rich. *Give me the crown: Here, cousin, seize the crown;*
Here, cousin, on this side, my hand: on that side, thine.
Now is this golden crown like a deep well,
That owes two buckets filling one another;
The emptier ever dancing in the air,
The other down, unseen, and full of water;
That bucket down, and full of tears am I,
Drinking my griefs, whilst you mount up on high.

Bol. I thought, you had been willing to resign.

K. Rich. My crown, I am, but still my griefs are mine:
You may my glories and my state depose,
But not my griefs; still am I king of those.

Bol. Part of your cares you give me with your crown.

46

No. LXVIII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Doll Tearsheet, Falstaff, Henry, and Poins.

Painted by Mr. FUSELI, R. A.

Page. The music is come, sir.

Fal. Let them play;—Play, sirs.—Sit on my knee, Doll. A rascal bragging slave! the rogue fled from me like quick-silver.

Doll. *I'faith, and thou follow'dst him like a church. Thou whoreson little tidy Bartholomew boar-pig, when wilt thou leave fighting o' days, and foining o' nights, and begin to patch up thine old body for heaven.*

Enter behind, Prince Henry and Poins, disguised like drawers.

Fal. Peace, good Doll: do not speak like a death's-head; do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler; he would have chipp'd bread well.

Doll. They say, Poins has a good wit.

Fal. He a good wit? hang him, baboon! his wit is as thick as Tewkesbury mustard; there is no more conceit in him than is in a mallet.

Doll. Why does the prince love him so then?

Fal. Because their legs are both of a bigness: and he plays at quoits well; and eats conger and fennel; and drinks off candles' ends for flap-dragons; and rides the wild mare with the boys; and jumps upon joint-stools; and swears with a good grace; and wears his boot very smooth, like unto the sign of the leg; and breeds no bate with telling of discreet stories: and such other gambol faculties he hath, that show a weak mind and an able body, for the which the prince admits him: for the prince himself is such another; the weight of a hair will turn the scales between their avoirdupois.

47

No. LXIX.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE V.

A Room in the Tower.

Mortimer in a chair, Jailer, and Richard Plantagenet.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

Mor. Kind keepers of my weak decaying age,
Let dying Mortimer here rest himself.—
Even like a man new haled from the rack,
So fare my limbs with long imprisonment;
And these gray locks, the pursuivants of death,
Nestor-like aged, in an age of care,
Argue the end of Edmund Mortimer,
These eyes,—like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,—
Wax dim, as drawing to their exigent:
Weak shoulders, overborne with burth'ning grief;
And pithless arms, like to a wither'd vine
That droops his sapless branches to the ground:
Yet are these feet—whose strengthless stay is numb,
Unable to support this lump of clay,—
Swift-winged with desire to get a grave,
As witting I no other comfort have.—
But tell me, keeper, will my nephew come!

Keep. Richard Plantagenet, my lord, will come:
We sent unto the Temple, to his chamber;

And answer was return'd, that he will come.
Mor. Enough; my soul shall then be satisfy'd.—
Poor gentleman! his wrong doth equal mine.
Since Henry Monmouth first began to reign,
(Before whose glory I was great in arms)
This loathsome sequestration have I had;
And even since then hath Richard been obscur'd,
Depriv'd of honour and inheritance:
But now, the arbitrator of despairs,
Just death, kind umpire of men's miseries,
With sweet enlargement doth dismiss me hence;
I would, his troubles likewise were expir'd,
That so he might recover what was lost.

Enter Richard Plantagenet.

Keep. My lord, your loving nephew now is come.
Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend, is he come?
Plan. *Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,*
Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp:
O, tell me, when my lips do touch his cheeks,
That I may kindly give one fainting kiss.—
And now declare, sweet stem from York's great stock,
Why didst thou say—of late thou wert despis'd?
Plan. First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And in that ease, I'll tell thee my disease.
This day, in argument upon a case,
Some words there grew 'twixt Somerset and me:
Among which terms, he us'd his lavish tongue,
And did upbraid me with my father's death;
Which obloquy set bars before my tongue,
Else with the like I had requited him:
Therefore, good uncle,—for my father's sake,
In honour of a true Plantagenet,
And for alliance' sake,—declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair nephew, that imprison'd me,
And hath detain'd me, all my flow'ring youth,
Within a loathsome dungeon, there to pine,
Was cursed instrument of his disease.
Plan. Discover more at large what cause that was;
For I am ignorant, and cannot guess.
Mor. I will; if that my fading breath permit,
And death approach not ere my tale be done.
Henry the fourth, grandfather to this king,

Depos'd his nephew Richard; Edward's son,
The first begotten, and the lawful heir
Of Edward king, the third of that descent:
During whose reign, the Percies of the north,
Finding his usurpation most unjust,
Endeavour'd my advancement to the throne:
The reason mov'd these warlike lords to this,
Was—for that (young Richard thus removed,
Leaving no heir begotten of his body,)
I was the next by birth and parentage;
For by my mother I derived am
From Lionel duke of Clarence, third son
To king Edward the third, whereas he
From John of Gaunt doth bring his pedigree,
Being but fourth of that heroic line.
But mark; as, in this haughty great attempt,
They laboured to plant the rightful heir,
I lost my liberty, and they their lives.
Long after this, when Henry the fifth,—
Succeeding his father Bolingbroke,—did reign,
Thy father, earl of Cambridge,—then deriv'd
From famous Edmund Langley, duke of York,—
Marrying my sister, that thy mother was,
Again, in pity of my hard distress,
Levied an army; weening to redeem,
And have install'd me in the diadem:
But, as the rest, so fell that noble earl,
And was beheaded. Thus the Mortimers,
In whom the title rested, were suppress'd.
Plan. Of which, my lord, your honour is the last.
Mor. True; and thou seest, that I no issue have;
And that my fainting words do warrant death:
Thou art my heir; the rest, I wish thee gather:
But yet be wary in thy studious care.

No. LXX.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Mother Jourdain, Hume, Southwell, Bolingbroke, and Eleanor.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

Enter Duchess above.

Duch. Well said, my masters; and welcome all. To this geer; the sooner the better.

Boling. Patience, good lady; wizards know their times:
Deep night, dark night, the silent of the night,
The time of night when Troy was set on fire;
The time when screech-owls cry, and ban-dogs howl,
And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves,
That time best fits the work we have in hand.
Madam, sit you, and fear not; whom we raise,
We will make fast within a hallow'd verge.

[*Here they perform the ceremonies appertaining, and make the circle; Bolingbroke, or Southwell, reads.* Conjuro te, &c. *It thunders and lightens terribly; then the Spirit riseth.*

Spir. *Adsum.*

M. Jourd. *Asmath,*
By the eternal God, whose name and power
Thou tremblest at, answer that I shall ask;
For, till thou speak, thou shalt not pass from hence.

Spir. *Ask what thou wilt:—That I had said and done!*

Boling. *First, of the king. What shall of him become?*

[Reading out of a paper.

Spir. *The duke yet lives that Henry shall depose;*
But him outlive, and die a violent death.

[As the Spirit speaks, Southwell writes the answer.

Boling. *What fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?*

Spir. *By water shall he die, and take his end.*

Boling. *What shall befall the duke of Somerset?*

Spir. *Let him shun castles;*
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
Than where castles mounted stand.
Have done, for more I hardly can endure.

Boling. *Descend to darkness, and the burning lake:*
False fiend, avoid! [Thunder and lightning. Spirit descends.

Enter York and Buckingham hastily, with their guards, and others.

York. Lay hands upon these traitors, and their trash.
Beldam, I think, we watch'd you at an inch.—
What, madam, are you there? the king and commonweal
Are deeply indebted for this piece of pains?
My lord protector will, I doubt it not,
See you well guerdon'd for these good deserts.

Duch. Not half so bad as thine to England's king,
Injurious duke; that threat'st where is no cause.

Buck. True, madam, none at all. What call you this?

[*Shewing her the papers.*

Away with them; let them be clapp'd up close,
And kept asunder:—You, madam, shall with us:—
Stafford, take her to thee.— [*Exit Duchess from above.*
We'll see your trinkets here all forth-coming;
All.—Away!— [*Exeunt guards, with South. Boling. &c.*

York. Lord Buckingham, methinks you watch'd her well;
A pretty plot, well chosen to build upon!
Now, pray, my lord, let's see the devil's writ.
What have we here? [*Reads.*
"The duke yet lives, that Henry shall depose,
"But him outlive, and die a violent death."
Why, this is just,
Aio te, Æacida, Romanos vincere posse.
Well, to the rest:
"Tell me, what fate awaits the duke of Suffolk?
"By water shall he die and take his end.—
"What shall betide the duke of Somerset?—
"Let him shun castles,
"Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains,
"Than where castles mounted stand."
Come, come, my lords;
These oracles are hardily attain'd,
And hardly understood.
The king is now in progress towards St. Albans;
With him, the husband of this lovely lady:
Thither go these news, as fast as horse can carry them;
A sorry breakfast for my lord protector.

Buck. Your grace shall give me leave, my lord of York,
To be the post, in hope of his reward.

York. At your pleasure, my good lord.—Who's within there, ho!

49

No. LXXI.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Queen's Apartment.

The Queen, and some of her Women, at work. Cardinals Wolsey and Campeius.

Painted by Mr. PETERS.

Enter Wolsey and Campeius.

Wol. Peace to your highness!
Q. Cath. Your graces find me here part of a housewife;
I would be all, against the worst may happen.
What are your pleasures with me, reverend lords?
Wol. May it please you, noble madam, to withdraw
Into your private chamber, we shall give you
The full cause of our coming.
Q. Cath. Speak it here;
There's nothing I have done yet, o' my conscience,
Deserves a corner: 'Would all other women
Could speak this with as free a soul as I do!
My lords, I care not, (so much I am happy
Above a number,) if my actions
Were try'd by every tongue, every eye saw them,
Envy and base opinion set against them,
I know my life so even: If your business
Seek me out, and that way I am wife in,
Out with it boldly: Truth loves open dealing.
Wol. Tanta est ergà te mentis integritas, regina serenissima,—
Q. Cath. O, good my lord, no Latin;
I am not such a truant since my coming,
As not to know the language I have liv'd in:
A strange tongue makes my cause more strange, suspicious;
Pray, speak in English: here are some will thank you,
If you speak truth, for their mistress's sake:
Believe me, she has had much wrong: Lord Cardinal,
The willing'st sin I ever yet committed,
May be absolv'd in English.
Wol. Noble lady,
I am sorry, my integrity should breed,
(And service to his Majesty and you)
So deep suspicion, where all faith was meant.

We come not by the way of accusation,
To taint that honour every good tongue blesses;
Nor to betray you any way to sorrow;
You have too much, good lady: but to know
How you stand minded in the weighty difference
Between the king and you; and to deliver,
Like free and honest men, our just opinions,
And comforts to your cause.
Cam. Most honour'd madam,
My lord of York,—out of his noble nature,
Zeal and obedience he still bore your grace;
Forgetting, like a good man, your late censure
Both of his truth and him, (which was too far,)—
Offers, as I do, in a sign of peace,
His service and his counsel.
Q. Cath. To betray me. [*Aside.*
My lords, I thank you both for your good wills,
Ye speak like honest men, (pray God ye prove so!)
But how to make ye suddenly an answer,
In such a point of weight, so near mine honour,
(More near my life, I fear,) with my weak wit,
And to such men of gravity and learning,
In truth I know not. I was set at work
Among my maids; full little, God knows, looking
Either for such men, or such business.
For her sake that I have been, (for I feel
The last fit of my greatness,) good your graces,
Let me have time and counsel, for my cause;
Alas! I am a woman, friendless, hopeless.
Wol. Madam, you wrong the king's love with these fears;
Your hopes and friends are infinite.
Q. Cath. In England,
But little for my profit: Can you think, lords,
That any Englishman dare give me counsel?
Or be a known friend, 'gainst his highness' pleasure,
(Though he be grown so desperate to be honest,)
And live a subject? Nay, forsooth, my friends,
They that must weigh out my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here;
They are, as all my other comforts, far hence,
In mine own country, lords.
Cam. I would, your grace
Would leave your griefs, and take my counsel.
Q. Cath. How, sir?
Cam. Put your main cause into the king's protection;

He's loving, and most gracious: 'twill be much
Both for your honour better, and your cause;
For, if the trial of the law o'ertake you,
You'll part away disgrac'd.
Wol. He tells you rightly.
Q. Cath. *Ye tell me what ye wish for both, my ruin:*
Is this your christian counsel? Out upon ye!
Heaven is above all yet; there sits a judge,
That no king can corrupt.
Cam. Your rage mistakes us.
Q. Cath. The more shame for ye; holy men I thought ye,
Upon my soul, two reverend cardinal virtues;
But cardinal sins, and hollow hearts, I fear ye;
Mend them for shame, my lords. Is this your comfort?
The cordial that ye bring a wretched lady?
A woman lost among ye, laugh'd at, scorn'd?
I will not wish ye half my miseries,
I have more charity: But say, I warn'd ye;
Take heed, for heaven's sake, take heed, lest at once
The burden of my sorrows fall upon ye.
Wol. Madam, this is a mere distraction;
You turn the good we offer into envy.
Q. Cath. Ye turn me into nothing: Woe upon ye,
And all such false professors! Would ye have me
(If you have any justice, any pity;
If you be any thing but churchmen's habits,)
Put my sick cause into his hands that hates me?
Alas! he has banish'd me his bed already;
His love, too, long ago: I am old, my lords,
And all the fellowship I hold now with him
Is only my obedience. What can happen
To me, above this wretchedness? all your studies
Make me a curse like this.
Cam. Your fears are worse.
Q. Cath. Have I liv'd thus long—(let me speak myself,
Since virtue finds no friends,—a wife, a true one?
A woman (I dare say, without vain-glory,)
Never yet branded with suspicion!
Have I with all my full affections
Still met the king? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded? 'tis not well, lords.
Bring me a constant woman to her husband,
One that ne'er dream'd a joy beyond his pleasure;

And to that woman, when she has done most,
Yet will I add an honour,—a great patience.
Wol. Madam, you wander from the good we aim at.
Q. Cath. My lord, I dare not make myself so guilty,
To give up willingly that noble title
Your master wed me to: nothing but death
Shall e'er divorce my dignities.
Wol. Pray, hear me.
Q. Cath. 'Would I had never trod this English earth,
Or felt the flatteries that grow upon it!
Ye have angels' faces, but heaven knows your hearts.
What will become of me now, wretched lady?
I am the most unhappy woman living.—
Alas! poor wenches, where are now your fortunes?
[*To her women.*
Shipwreck'd upon a kingdom, where no pity,
No friends, no hope; no kindred weep for me,
Almost, no grave allow'd me.—Like the lily,
That once was mistress of the field, and flourish'd,
I'll hang my head and perish.
Wol. If your grace
Could but be brought to know, our ends are honest,
You'd feel more comfort: why should we, good lady,
Upon what cause wrong you? alas! our places,
The way of our profession is against it;
We are to cure such sorrows, not to sow them.
For goodness' sake, consider what you do;
How you may hurt yourself, ay, utterly
Grow from the king's acquaintance, by this carriage.
The hearts of princes kiss obedience,
So much they love it; but, to stubborn spirits,
They swell, and grow as terrible as storms.
I know, you have a gentle, noble temper,
A soul as even as a calm; Pray, think us
Those we profess, peace-makers, friends, and servants.
Cam. Madam, you'll find it so. You wrong your virtues
With these weak women's fears. A noble spirit,
As yours was put into you, ever casts
Such doubts, as false coin, from it. The king loves you;
Beware, you lose it not: For us, if you please
To trust us in your business, we are ready
To use our utmost studies in your service.
Q. Cath. Do what you will, my lords: And, pray, forgive me,
If I have us'd myself unmannerly:

You know, I am a woman, lacking wit
To make a seemly answer to such persons.
Pray, do my service to his majesty:
He has my heart yet: and shall have my prayers,
While I shall have my life. Come, reverend fathers,
Bestow your counsels on me: she now begs,
That little thought, when she set footing here,
She should have bought her dignities so dear. [*Exeunt.*

62

No. LXXII.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Abbey of Leicester.

Wolsey, Northumberland, and Attendants, Abbot of Leicester, &c.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL.

As described by Griffith to Queen Catherine.

Grif. How does your grace?
Cath. O, Griffith, sick to death:
My legs, like loaden branches, bow to the earth,
Willing to leave their burden: Reach a chair:—
So,—now, methinks I feel a little ease.
Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?
Grif. Yes, madam; but, I think, your grace,
Out of the pain you suffer'd, gave no ear to't.
Cath. Pr'ythee, good Griffith, tell me how he dy'd;
If well, he stepp'd before me, happily,
For my example.
Grif. Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.
Cath. Alas, poor man!
Grif. At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodg'd in the abbey: *where the reverend abbot,*
With all his convent, honourably receiv'd him;

To whom he gave these words,—"O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!"
So went to bed, where eagerly his sickness
Pursu'd him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.
Cath. So may he rest; his faults lie gently on him!
Yet thus far, Griffith, give me leave to speak him,
And yet with charity,—He was a man
Of an unbounded stomach, ever ranking
Himself with princes; one, that by suggestion
Ty'd all the kingdom: simony was fair play;
His own opinion was his law: I'the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double,
Both in his words and meaning: He was never,
But where he meant to ruin, pitiful:
His promises were, as he then was, mighty;
But his performance, as he is now, nothing.
Of his own body he was ill, and gave
The clergy ill example.
Grif. Noble madam,
Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues
We write in water. May it please your highness
To hear me speak his good now?
Cath. Yes, good Griffith;
I were malicious else.
Grif. This cardinal,
Though from an humble stock, undoubtedly
Was fashion'd to much honour. From his cradle,
He was a scholar, and a ripe, and good one:
Exceeding wise, fair spoken, and persuading;
Lofty, and sour, to them that lov'd him not;
But, to those men that sought him, sweet as summer.
And though he were unsatisfy'd in getting,
(Which was a sin,) yet in bestowing, madam,
He was most princely: Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning, that he rais'd in you,
Ipswich, and Oxford! one of which fell with him,
Unwilling to outlive the good that did it;
The other, though unfinish'd, yet so famous,

So excellent in art, and still so rising,
That Christendom shall ever speak his virtue.
His overthrow heap'd happiness upon him;
For then, and not till then, he felt himself,
And found the blessedness of being little:
And, to add greater honours to his age
Than man could give him, he dy'd fearing God.
Cath. After my death I wish no other herald,
No other speaker of my living actions,
To keep mine honour from corruption,
But such an honest chronicler as Griffith.
Whom I most hated living, thou hast made me,
With thy religious truth and modesty,
Now in his ashes honour: Peace be with him!—
Patience, be near me still; and set me lower:
I have not long to trouble thee.—Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

50

No. LXXIII.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Imogen, Posthumus, Queen, Cymbeline, &c.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Queen. No, be assur'd, you shall not find me, daughter,
After the slander of most step-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my prisoner, but
Your gaoler shall deliver you the keys
That lock up your restraint. For you, Posthumus,
So soon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his sentence, with what patience
Your wisdom may inform you.
Post. Please your highness,
I will from hence to-day.
Queen. You know the peril:
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you should not speak together. [*Exit.*

Imo. O
Dissembling courtesy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where she wounds!—My dearest husband,
I something fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reserv'd my holy duty) what
His rage can do on me: You must be gone;
And I shall here abide the hourly shot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world
That I may see again.
Post. My queen! my mistress!
O, lady, weep no more; lest I give cause
To be suspected of more tenderness
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'st husband that did e'er plight troth.
My residence in Rome, at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you send,
Though ink be made of gall.

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I shall incur I know not
How much of his displeasure:—Yet I'll move him [*Aside.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends:
Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*
Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!
Imo. Nay, stay a little;
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.
Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death!—Remain, remain thou here
[*Putting on the ring.*
While sense can keep it on! And sweetest, fairest,
As I my poor self did exchange for you,
To your so infinite loss; so, in our trifles
I still win of you: *For my sake, wear this;*

It is a manacle of love; I'll place it
Upon this fairest prisoner. [Putting a bracelet on her arm.
Imo. O, the gods!—
When shall we see again?

Enter Cymbeline, and Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!
Cym. Thou basest thing, avoid! hence, from my sight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthiness, thou dy'st: Away!
Thou art poison to my blood.
Post. The gods protect you!
And bless the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*
Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More sharp than this is.
Cym. O disloyal thing,
That should'st repair my youth; thou heapest
A year's age on me!
Imo. I beseech you, sir,
Harm not yourself with your vexation; I
Am senseless of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.
Cym. Past grace? obedience?
Imo. Past hope, and in despair; that way past grace.
Cym. That might'st have had the sole son of my queen!
Imo. O blest, that I might not! I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.
Cym. Thou took'st a beggar; would'st have made my throne
A seat for baseness.
Imo. No; I rather added
A lustre to it.
Cym. O thou vile one!
Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Posthumus;
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; over-buys me
Almost the sum he pays.
Cym. What! art thou mad?
Imo. Almost, sir: Heaven restore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter; and my Leonatus
Our neighbour shepherd's son!

No. LXXIV.

OTHELLO.

ACT V. SCENE II.

A Bedchamber. Desdemona in Bed, asleep.

Painted by Mr. GRAHAM.

Enter Othello.

Oth. *It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul,—*
Let me not name it, to you, you chaste stars!—
It is the cause.—Yet I'll not shed her blood;
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me: but once put out thy light,
Thou cunning'st pattern of excellent nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat,
That can thy light relume. When I have pluck'd thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree.—
[*Kissing her.*
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice herself to break her sword!—Once more.—
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after: Once more, and this the last:
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep,
But they are cruel tears: This sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes, where it doth love.—She wakes—
Des. Who's there? Othello?
Oth. Ay, Desdemona.
Des. Will you come to bed, my lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to-night, Desdemona?
Des. Ay, my lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime,
Unreconcil'd as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Des. Alas, my lord, what may you mean by that?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit:
No,—heaven forefend!—I would not kill thy soul.
Des. Talk you of killing?

Oth. Ay, I do.
Des. Then, heaven
Have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart!
Des. If you say so, I hope you will not kill me.
Oth. Humph!
Des. And yet I fear you; for you are fatal then,
When your eyes roll so: Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Des. They are loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for that thou dy'st.
Des. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame:
These are portents; but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point to me.
Oth. Peace, and be still!
Des. I will so: What's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief, which I so lov'd, and gave thee,
Thou gav'st to Cassio.
Des. No, by my life and soul;
Send for the man, and ask him.
Oth. Sweet soul, take heed,
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy death-bed.
Des. Ay, but not yet to die.
Oth. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choke the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Then, Lord have mercy on me.
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too?—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd Cassio,
But with such general warranty of heaven
As I might love: I never gave him token.
Oth. By heaven, I saw my handkerchief in his hand.
O perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart
And mak'st me call what I intend to do,—
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him;—Send for him hither,
And let him confess a truth.

Oth. He hath confess'd.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath—us'd thee.
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets then,—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas! he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. O, banish me, my lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet!
Des. Kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive,—
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done,
There is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

51

No. LXXV.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Scene Troy. Cassandra raving.

Painted by Mr. ROMNEY.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans, cry!
Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?
Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.
Cas. [*within.*] Cry, Trojans!
Hect. It is Cassandra.
Enter Cassandra raving.
Cas. *Cry, Trojans, cry! lend me ten thousand eyes,*
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.
Hect. Peace, sister, peace.
Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.

Cry, Trojans, cry! practise your eyes with tears!
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilion stand;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry! a Helen, and a woe:
Cry, cry! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [*Exit.*

52

No. LXXVI.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tower of London.

Painted by Mr. NORTHCOTE, R. A.

K. Rich. Kind Tyrrel! am I happy in thy news?

Tyr. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
Beget your happiness, be happy then,
For it is done.

K. Rich. *But didst thou see them dead?*

Tyr. *I did, my lord.*

K. Rich. *And buried, gentle Tyrrel?*

Tyr. *The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them;*
*But where, to say the truth, I do not know.**

K. Rich. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon at after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Mean time, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyr. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

K. Rich. The son of Clarence have I penn'd up close;

* Here lie the relicks of Edward the Vth, King of England, and Richard Duke of York; who, being confined in the Tower, and there stifled with pillows, were privately and meanly buried, by order of their perfidious uncle, Richard the Usurper; their bones, long inquired after, and wished for, after lying 201 years in the rubbish of the stairs (*i. e.* those lately leading to the Chapel of the White Tower), were, on the 7th of July, 1674, by undoubted proofs, discovered; being buried deep in that place. Charles II. pitying their unhappy fate, ordered these unfortunate princes to be laid among the relicks of their predecessors, in the year 1678.

Vide the Latin inscription on their tomb, in Henry the VIIIth's Chapel, Westminster Abbey.

His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid the world good night.
Now, for I know the Bretagne Richmond aims
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And, by that knot, looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

53

No. LXXVII.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

The Boar's Head Tavern, Eastcheap.
Prince Henry, Falstaff, Poins, &c.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

P. Hen. Here comes lean Jack, here comes bare-bone. How now my sweet creature of bombast? How long is't ago, Jack, since thou saw'st thine own knee?

Fal. My own knee? when I was about thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talon in the waist; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring: A plague of sighing and grief! it blows a man up like a bladder. There's villainous news abroad: here was sir John Bracy from your father; you must to the court in the morning. That same mad fellow of the north, Percy; and he of Wales, that gave Amaimon the bastinado, and made Lucifer cuckold, and swore the devil his true liegeman upon the cross of a Welch hook,—What a plague call you him?—

Poins. O, Glendower.

Fal. Owen, Owen; the same;—and his son-in-law, Mortimer; and old Northumberland; and that sprightly Scot of Scots, Douglas, that runs o'horseback up a hill perpendicular.

P. Hen. He that rides at high speed, and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying.

Fal. You have hit it.

P. Hen. So did he never the sparrow.

Fal. Well, that rascal hath good mettle in him; and will not run.

P. Hen. Why, what a rascal art thou then, to praise him so for running?

Fal. O'horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot, he will not budge a foot.

P. Hen. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

Fal. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more: Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turn'd white with the news; you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackarel.

P. Hen. Why then, 'tis like, if there come a hot June, and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maiden-heads as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

Fal. By the mass, lad, thou say'st true; it is like we shall have good trading that way.—But, tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

P. Hen. Not a whit, i'faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

Fal. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: If thou love me, practise an answer.

P. Hen. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

Fal. *Shall I? content:—This chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.*

P. Hen. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown!

Fal. Well, an the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved.—Give me a cup of sack, to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept, for I must speak in passion, and I will do it in king Cambyses' vein.

P. Hen. Well, here is my leg.

Fal. And here is my speech:—Stand aside, nobility.

Host. This is excellent sport i'faith.

Fal. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

Host. O the father, how he holds his countenance!

Fal. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen, For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes.

Host. O rare! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players, as I ever see.

Fal. Peace, good pint-pot; peace, good tickle-brain.—Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villainous trick of thine eye, and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip, that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point;—Why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher, and eat black-berries? a question not to be ask'd. Shall the son of England prove a thief, and take purses? a question to be ask'd. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest: for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure, but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also:—And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

P. Hen. What manner of man, an it like your majesty?

Fal. A good portly man, i'faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r-lady, inclining to threescore; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff: if that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month?

P. Hen. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

No. LXXVIII.

SECOND PART OF

63 KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

King Henry, and the Prince of Wales.

Painted by Mr. J. BOYDELL.

War. My lord, I found the prince in the next room,
Washing with kindly tears his gentle cheeks;
With such a deep demeanour in great sorrow,

That tyranny, which never quaff'd but blood,
Would, by beholding him, have wash'd his knife
With gentle eye-drops. He is coming hither.
K. Hen. But wherefore did he take away the crown?
Enter Prince Henry.
Lo, where he comes,—Come hither to me, Harry:—
Depart the chamber, leave us here alone.
[*Exeunt Clarence, Prince Humphrey, Lords, &c.*
P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.
K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.
Stay but a little; for my cloud of dignity
Is held from falling with so weak a wind,
That it will quickly drop: my day is dim.
Thou hast stolen that, which, after some few hours,
Were thine without offence; and, at my death,
Thou hast seal'd up my expectation:
Thy life did manifest, thou lov'dst me not,
And thou wilt have me die assured of it.
Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts;
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart,
To stab at half an hour of my life.
What! canst thou not forbear me half an hour?
Then get thee gone, and dig my grave thyself;
And bid the merry bells ring to thine ear,
That thou art crowned, not that I am dead.
Let all the tears, that should bedew my hearse,
Be drops of balm, to sanctify thy head:
Only compound me with forgotten dust;
Give that which gave thee life, unto the worms.
Pluck down my officers, break my decrees;
For now a time is come to mock at form,
Harry the fifth is crown'd:—Up, vanity:
Down, royal state! all you sage counsellors, hence!
And to the English court assemble now,
From every region, apes of idleness!
Now, neighbour confines, purge you of your scum:
Have you a ruffian, that will swear, drink, dance,
Revel the night; rob, murder, and commit
The oldest sins the newest kind of ways;
Be happy, he will trouble you no more:

England shall double gild his treble guilt;
England shall give him office, honour, might:
For the fifth Harry from curb'd licence plucks
The muzzle of restraint, and the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth in every innocent.
O my poor kingdom, sick with civil blows!
When that my care could not withhold thy riots,
What wilt thou do when riot is thy care?
O, thou wilt be a wilderness again,
Peopled with wolves, thy old inhabitants!
P. Hen. *O, pardon me, my liege! but for my tears,*
[kneeling.
The moist impediments unto my speech,
I had fore-stall'd this dear and deep rebuke,
Ere you with grief had spoke, and I had heard
The course of it so far. There is your crown;
And He that wears the crown immortally,
Long guard it yours! If I affect it more,
Than as your honour, and as your renown,
Let me no more from this obedience rise,
(Which my most true and inward-duteous spirit
Teacheth,) this prostrate and exterior bending!
Heaven witness with me, when I here came in,
And found no course of breath within your majesty,
How cold is struck my heart! if I do feign,
O, let me in my present wildness die;
And never live to show the incredulous world
The noble change that I have purposed!
Coming to look on you, thinking you dead,
(And dead almost, my liege, to think you were,)
I spake unto the crown, as having sense,
And thus upbraided it. 'The care on thee depending,
'Hath fed upon the body of my father;
'Therefore, thou, best of gold, art worst of gold.
'Other, less fine in carat, is more precious,
'Preserving life in med'cine potable:
'But thou, most fine, most honour'd, most renown'd,
'Hast eat thy bearer up.' Thus, my most royal liege,
Accusing it, I put it on my head;
To try with it,—as with an enemy,
That had before my face murder'd my father,—
The quarrel of a true inheritor.
But if it did infect my blood with joy,
Or swell my thoughts to any strain of pride;
If any rebel or vain spirit of mine

Did, with the least affection of a welcome,
Give entertainment to the might of it,
Let God for ever keep it from my head!
And make me as the poorest vassal is,
That doth with awe and terror kneel to it!
K. Hen. O my son!
Heaven put it in thy mind, to take it hence,
That thou might'st win the more thy father's love,
Pleading so wisely in excuse of it.
Come hither, Harry, sit thou by my bed;
And hear, I think, the very latest counsel
That ever I shall breathe.———

No. LXXIX.

MACBETH.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A dark Cave. In the middle, a Cauldrŏn boiling. Three Witches, Macbeth, Hecate, &c.

Painted by the late Sir JOSHUA REYNOLDS,
PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Enter Hecate, and other three Witches.

Hec. O, well done! I commend your pains;
And every one shall share i'the gains.
And now about the cauldron sing,
Like elves and fairies in a ring,
Inchanting all that you put in. [*Music.*

SONG.

Black spirits and white,
Red spirits and gray;
Mingle, mingle, mingle,
You that mingle may.

2 Witch. By the pricking of my thumbs,
Something wicked this way comes:—
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Enter Macbeth.

Macb. How now, you secret, black, and midnight hags,
What is't you do?
All. A deed without a name.
Macb. I cónjure you, by that which you profess,
(Howe'er you come to know it), answer me:
Though you untie the winds, and let them fight
Against the churches; though the yesty waves

Confound and swallow navigation up;
Though bladed corn be lodg'd, and trees blown down;
Though castles topple on their warders' heads;
Though palaces, and pyramids, do slope
Their heads to their foundations; though the treasure
Of nature's germins tumble all together,
Even till destruction sicken, answer me
To what I ask you.
1 Witch. Speak.
2 Witch. Demand.
3 Witch. We'll answer.
1 Witch. Say, if thou'dst rather hear it from our mouths,
Or from our masters'?
Macb. Call them, let me see them.
1 Witch. Pour in sow's blood, that hath eaten
Her nine farrow; grease, that's sweaten
From the murderer's gibbet, throw
Into the flame.
All. Come, high, or low;
Thyself, and office, deftly show.
Thunder. An Apparition of an armed head rises.
Macb. Tell me, thou unknown power,—
1 Witch. He knows thy thought;
Hear his speech, but say thou nought.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth! beware Macduff;
Beware the thane of Fife.—Dismiss me:—Enough.
[*Descends.*
Macb. Whate'er thou art, for thy good caution thanks;
Thou hast harp'd my fear aright:—But one word more:—
1 Witch. He will not be commanded: Here's another,
More potent than the first.
Thunder. An Apparition of a bloody child rises.
App. Macbeth! Macbeth! Macbeth!
Macb. Had I three ears, I'd hear thee.
App. Be bloody, bold, and resolute; laugh to scorn
The power of man; for none of woman born
Shall harm Macbeth. [*Descends.*
Macb. Then live, Macduff; what need I fear of thee?
But yet I'll make assurance double sure,
And take a bond of fate: thou shalt not live;
That I may tell pale-hearted fear, it lies,
And sleep in spite of thunder.—What is this,
Thunder. An Apparition of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand, rises.
That rises like the issue of a king;

And wears upon his baby brow the round
And top of sovereignty?
All. Listen, but speak not to't.
App. Be lion-mettled, proud; and take no care
Who chafes, who frets, or where conspirers are:
Macbeth shall never vanquish'd be, until
Great Birnam wood to high Dunsinane hill
Shall come against him. [*Descends.*
Macb. That will never be:
Who can impress the forest; bid the tree
Unfix his earth-bound root? sweet bodements! good!
Rebellious head, rise never, till the wood
Of Birnam rise, and our high-plac'd Macbeth
Shall live the lease of nature, pay his breath
To time, and mortal custom.—Yet my heart
Throbs to know one thing; Tell me (if your art
Can tell so much), shall Banquo's issue ever
Reign in this kingdom?
All. Seek to know no more.
Macb. I will be satisfy'd: deny me this,
And an eternal curse fall on you! let me know:—
Why sinks that cauldron? and what noise is this?
[*Hautboys.*
1 *Witch.* Show! 2 *Witch.* Show! 3 *Witch.* Show!
All. Show his eyes; and grieve his heart;
Come like shadows, so depart.
Eight kings appear, and pass over the stage in order; the last, with a glass in his hand: Banquo following.
Macb. *Thou art too like the spirit of Banquo; down!*
Thy crown does sear mine eye-balls:—And thy hair,
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first:—
A third is like the former:—Filthy hags!
Why do you show me this?—A fourth?—Start, eyes!
What! will the line stretch out to the crack of doom?—
Another yet?—A seventh?—I'll see no more:—
And yet the eighth appears, who bears a glass,
Which shows me many more; and some I see,
That twofold balls and treble sceptres carry:
Horrible sight!—Ay, now, I see, 'tis true;
For the blood-bolter'd Banquo smiles upon me,
And points at them for his.—What, is this so?
1 *Witch.* Ay, sir, all this is so;—But why
Stands Macbeth thus amazedly?—
Come, sisters, cheer we up his sprights,
And show the best of our delights;

I'll charm the air to give a sound,
While you perform your antique round:
That this great king may kindly say,
Our duties did his welcome pay.
[*Music. The Witches dance, and vanish.*
Macb. Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!
Come in, without there!

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64 No. LXXX.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Road by Gadshill.

Prince Henry, Poins, Peto, Falstaff, Gads-hill, Bardolph.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, and Mr. FARINGTON, R. A.

Poins. Come, shelter, shelter; I have remov'd Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gumm'd velvet.
P. Henry. Stand close.
Enter Falstaff.
Fal. Poins! Poins, and be hang'd! Poins!
P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-kidney'd rascal? What a brawling dost thou keep!
Fal. Where's Poins, Hal?
P. Hen. He is walk'd up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Pretends to seek Poins.*
Fal. I am accurst to rob in that thief's company: the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squire further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death for all this, if I 'scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two and twenty years, and yet I am bewitch'd with the rogue's company. If the rascal hath not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hang'd; it could not be else; I have drunk medicines.—Poins!—Hal!—a plague upon you both!—Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. An 'twere not as good a deed as drink, to turn true man, and to leave these rogues, I am the veriest

varlet that ever chew'd with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground, is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough: a plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true to one another! [*They whistle.*] Whew!—A plague upon you all! Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be be hang'd.

P. Hen. Peace, ye fat-guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

Fal. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood, I'll not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again, for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye, to colt me thus?

P. Hen. Thou liest, thou art not colted, thou art uncolted.

Fal. I pr'ythee, good prince Hal, help me to my horse; good king's son.

P. Hen. Out, you rogue, shall I be your ostler?

Fal. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. An I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: When a jest is so forward, and afoot too, —I hate it.

Enter Gads-hill.

Gads. Stand.

Fal. So I do, against my will.

Poins. O, 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye; on with your visors; there's money of the king's coming down the hill, 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

Fal. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

Gads. There's enough to make us all.

Fal. To be hang'd.

P. Hen. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they 'scape from your encounter, then they light on us.

Peto. How many be there of them?

Gads. Some eight, or ten.

Fal. Zounds, will they not rob us?

P. Hen. What, a coward, sir John Paunch?

Fal. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal.

P. Hen. Well, we leave that to the proof.

Poins. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge;

when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

Fal. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hang'd.

P. Hen. Ned, where are our disguises?

Poins. Here, hard by; stand close.

[*Exeunt P. Henry and Poins.*

Fal. Now, my masters, happy man be his dole, say I; every man to his business.

Enter Travellers.

1 *Trav.* Come, neighbour; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill: we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

Thieves. Stand.

Trav. Jesu bless us!

Fal. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: Ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves; they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

1 *Trav.* O, we are undone, both we and ours, for ever.

Fal. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves; are ye undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would, your store were here! On, bacons, on! What, ye knaves? young men must live: You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i'faith.

[*Exeunt Falstaff, &c. driving the Travellers out.*

Re-enter Prince Henry and Poins.

P. Hen. The thieves have bound the true men: Now could thou and I rob the thieves, and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.

Poins. Stand close, I hear them coming.

Re-enter Thieves.

Fal. Come, my masters, let us share, and then to horse before day. An the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no more valour in that Poins, than in a wild duck.

P. Hen. *Your money!* [rushing out upon them.

Poins. *Villains!*

[*As they are sharing, the Prince and Poins set upon them. Falstaff, after a blow or two, and the rest, run away, leaving their booty behind them.*]

P. Hen. Got with much ease. Now merrily to horse:
The thieves are scatter'd, and possess'd with fear
So strongly, that they dare not meet each other:
Each takes his fellow for an officer.
Away, good Ned. Falstaff sweats to death,

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:
Wer't not for laughing, I should pity him.
Poins. How the rogue roar'd! [*Exeunt.*

54

No. LXXXI.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE III.

The Countess of Auvergne's Castle.
Countess, Porter, Talbot, &c.

Painted by Mr. OPIE, R. A.

Enter Messenger, and Talbot.

Mess. Madam, according as your ladyship desir'd
By message crav'd, so is lord Talbot come.
Count. And he is welcome. What! is this the man?
Mess. Madam, it is.
Count. Is this the scourge of France?
Is this the Talbot, so much fear'd abroad,
That with his name the mothers still their babes?
I see, report is fabulous and false:
I thought, I should have seen some Hercules,
A second Hector, for his grim aspect,
And large proportion of his strong-knit limbs.
Alas, this is a child, a silly dwarf:
It cannot be, this weak and writhled shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.
Tal. Madam, I have been bold to trouble you:
But, since your ladyship is not at leisure,
I'll sort some other time to visit you.
Count. What means he now?—Go ask him, whither he goes.
Mess. Stay, my lord Talbot; for my lady craves
To know the cause of your abrupt departure.
Tal. Marry, for that she's in a wrong belief,
I go to certify her, Talbot's here.

Re-enter Porter, with keys.

Count. If thou be he, then art thou prisoner.
Tal. Prisoner! to whom?
Count. To me, blood-thirsty lord;
And for that cause I train'd thee to my house.
Long time thy shadow hath been thrall to me,
For in my gallery thy picture hangs:
But now the substance shall endure the like

And I will chain these legs and arms of thine,
That hast by tyranny, these many years,
Wasted our country, slain our citizens,
And sent our sons and husbands captivate.
Tal. Ha, ha, ha!
Count. Laughest thou, wretch? thy mirth shall turn to moan.
Tal. I laugh to see your ladyship so fond,
To think that you have aught but Talbot's shadow,
Whereon to practise your severity.
Count. Why, art not thou the man?
Tal. I am, indeed.
Count. Then have I substance too.
Tal. No, no, I am but shadow of myself:
You are deceiv'd, my substance is not here;
For what you see, is but the smallest part
And least proportion of humanity:
I tell you, madam, were the whole frame here,
It is of such a spacious lofty pitch,
Your roof were not sufficient to contain it.
Count. This is a riddling merchant for the nonce;
He will be here, and yet he is not here:
How can these contrarieties agree?
Tal. *That will I show you presently.*
[He winds a horn. Drums heard; then a peal of ordnance. The gates being forced; enter Soldiers.
How say you, madam? are you now persuaded,
That Talbot is but shadow of himself?
These are his substance, sinews, arms, and strength,
With which he yoketh your rebellious necks;
Razeth your cities, and subverts your towns,
And in a moment makes them desolate.
Count. Victorious Talbot! pardon my abuse:
I find, thou art no less than fame hath bruited,
And more than may be gather'd by thy shape.
Let my presumption not provoke thy wrath;
For I am sorry, that with reverence
I did not entertain thee as thou art.
Tal. Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor misconstrue
The mind of Talbot, as you did mistake
The outward composition of his body.
What you have done, hath not offended me:
Nor other satisfaction do I crave,
But only (with your patience) that we may
Taste of your wine, and see what cates you have;

For soldiers' stomachs always serve them well.
Count. With all my heart; and think me honoured
To feast so great a warrior in my house. [*Exeunt.*

No. LXXXII.

H A M L E T.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Elsinore.

King, Queen, Laertes, Ophelia, &c.

Painted by Mr. WEST, R. A.

PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Laer. How now! what noise is that?
Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with straws and flowers.
O heat, dry up my brains! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.
Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier;*
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:
And in his grave rain'd many a tear!—
Fare you well, my dove!
Laer. *Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,*
It could not move thus.
Oph. *You must sing, Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a. O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.*
Laer. *This nothing's more than matter.*
Oph. *There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; pray you, love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.*
Laer. *A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted.*
Oph. *There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you;—and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy:—I would give you some violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:—They say he made a good end,—*
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy,— [Sings.
Laer. *Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,*
She turns to favour, and to prettiness.
Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God'a mercy on his soul!
And of all christian souls! I pray God. God be wi' you!
[Exit Oph.
Laer. *Do you see this, O God?*
King. Laertes, I must commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction: but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labour with your soul
To give it due content.
Laer. Let this be so;
His means of death, his obscure funeral,—
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal ostentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.
King. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

No. LXXXIII.

CYMBELINE.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Near Milford Haven.

Pisanio and Imogen.

Painted by Mr. JOHN HOPPNER,

PAINTER TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

Imo. Thou told'st me, when we came from horse, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother so
To see me first, as I have now:—Pisanio! Man!
Where is Posthumus? What is in thy mind,
That makes thee stare thus? Wherefore breaks that sigh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond self-explication: Put thyself
Into a haviour of less fear, ere wildness
Vanquish my staider senses. What's the matter?
Why tender'st thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be summer news,
Smile to't before: if winterly, thou need'st
But keep that countenance still.—My husband's hand!
That drug-damn'd Italy hath out-crafted him,
And he's at some hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off some extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Please you, read;
And you shall find me, wretched man, a thing
The most disdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [*reads.*] Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath play'd the strumpet in my bed; the testimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I speak not out of weak surmises; but from proof as strong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou, Pisanio, must act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I shall give thee opportunity at Milford Haven: she hath my letter for the purpose: Where, if thou fear to strike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pander to her dishonour, and equally to me disloyal.

Pis. What shall I need to draw my sword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.—No, 'tis slander;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword; whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. False to his bed! What is it, to be false?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if sleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? that's false to his bed?
Is it?

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I false? Thy conscience witness:—Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dst like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.—Some jay of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him:
Poor I am stale, a garment out of fashion;
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I must be ript:—to pieces with me:—O,
Men's vows are women's traitors! All good seeming,
By thy revolt, O husband, shall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honest men being heard, like false Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought false: and Sinon's weeping
Did scandal many a holy tear; took pity
From most true wretchedness: So, thou, Posthumus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;
Goodly and gallant, shall be false and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honest:
Do thou thy master's bidding: When thou see'st him,
A little witness my obedience: *Look!*
I draw the sword myself: take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy master is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; strike.
Thou may'st be valiant in a better cause;
But now thou seem'st a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile instrument!

Thou shalt not damn my hand.
Imo. Why, I must die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No servant of thy master's: Against self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak hand. Come, here's my heart;—
Something's afore't:—Soft, soft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the scabbard.—What is here?
The scriptures of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to heresy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! You shall no more
Be stomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe false teachers: Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worse case of woe. And thou, Posthumus,
That didst set up my disobedience 'gainst
The king my father, and make me put into contempt
The suits of princely fellows, shalt hereafter find
It is no act of common passage, but
A strain of rareness: and I grieve myself,
To think, when thou shalt be dis-edg'd by her
That thou now tir'st on, how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, dispatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.
Pis. O gracious lady!
Since I receiv'd command to do this business,
I have not slept one wink.
Imo Do't, and to bed then.
Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind first.
Imo. Wherefore then
Didst undertake it? Why hast thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horses' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being absent; whereunto I never
Purpose return? Why hast thou gone so far,
To be unbent, when thou hast ta'en thy stand,
The elected deer before thee?
Pis. But to win time
To lose so bad employment: in the which
I have consider'd of a course; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

THE INFANT SHAKSPEARE,

ATTENDED BY

NATURE AND THE PASSIONS,

Painted by Mr. ROMNEY.

NATURE is represented with her face unveiled to her favourite Child, who is placed between JOY and SORROW.—On the Right-Hand of NATURE are LOVE, HATRED, and JEALOUSY: on her Left-Hand, ANGER, ENVY, and FEAR.

BASSO-RELIEVOS,

By the Honourable Mrs. DAMER.

No. I.

CORIOLANUS.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Menenius, Sicinius, Volumnia, Virgilia, &c.

Enter Coriolanus in Triumph.

All. Welcome to Rome, renowned Coriolanus!
Cor. No more of this, it does offend my heart;
Pray now, no more.
Com. Look, sir, your mother,——
Cor. O!
You have, I know, petitioned all the gods
For my prosperity. [*Kneels.*
Vol. Nay, my good soldier, up;
My gentle Marcius, worthy Caius, and
By deed-achieving honour newly nam'd,
What is it? Coriolanus, must I call thee?
But O, thy wife——
Cor. *My gracious silence, hail!*
Would'st thou have laugh'd had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

No. II.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT V.

Death of Cleopatra.

Char. O, eastern star!
Cleo. Peace, peace!
Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,
That sucks the nurse asleep?
Char. O, break! O, break!
Cleo. As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—
O, Antony!—Nay, I will take thee too——
[*Applying another asp to her arm.*
What should I stay— [*Dies.*

A

CATALOGUE

OF

SMALL PICTURES

Painted for the Shakspeare Gallery, Pall-Mall.

No. I.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Caius, Quickly, Simple, and Rugby.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Caius. O diable, diable! vat is in my closet?—Villainy! *laron!* [*pulling Simple out.*] Rugby, my rapier.
Quick. Good master, be content.
Caius. Verefore shall I be content-a?
Quick. The young man is an honest man.
Caius. Vat shall de honest man do in my closet? dere is no honest man dat shall come in my closet.

No. II.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Evans, Mrs. Page, Quickly, and William.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Evans. Come hither, William; hold up your head; come.
Mrs. Page. Come on, sirrah; hold up your head; answer your master, be not afraid.
Evans. William, how many numbers is in nouns?
Wil. Two.
Quick. Truly I thought there had been one number more; because they say, od's nouns.
Evans. Peace your tatlings.—

No. III.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Mrs. Page, Mrs. Ford, and Falstaff.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Fal. Divide me like a bribe-buck, each a haunch: I will keep my sides to myself, my shoulders for the fellow of this walk, and my horns I bequeath your husbands. Am I a woodman? ha! Speak I like Herne the hunter? Why, now is Cupid a child of conscience; he makes restitution. As I am a true spirit, welcome! [*Noise within.*

Mrs. Page. Alas! what noise?

Mrs. Ford. Heaven forgive our sins!

Fal. What shall this be?

Mrs. Ford. } Away, away.
Mrs. Page. } [*They run off.*

Fal. I think the devil will not have me damn'd, lest the oil that is in me should set hell on fire; he would never else cross me thus.

No. IV.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Valentine, Protheus, Silvia, and Julia.

Painted by Mr. STOTHARD, R. A.

Jul. O good sir, my master charg'd me
To deliver a ring to madam Silvia:
Which out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*Gives a ring.*

Pro. How! let me see:
Why this is the ring I gave to Julia.

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir; I have mistook;
This is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*Shews another ring.*

Pro. But, how cam'st thou by this ring? at my depart
I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root?
O Protheus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou asham'd, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their minds.

No. V.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Olivia, Viola, and Maria.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Oli. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face;
We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

Enter Viola.

Vio. The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me, I shall answer for her: Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty,—I pray you, tell me, if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penn'd, I have taken great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible, even to the least sinister usage.

No. VI.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, and Maria.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me; What o'that?

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight.—Thou had'st need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight; if thou hast her not i'the end, call me Cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me, take it how you will.

Sir To. Come, come; I'll go burn some sack, 'tis too late to go to bed now: come, knight; come, knight.

[*Exeunt.*

No. VII.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Sebastian, Olivia, and Priest.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine: If you mean well,
Now go with me, and with this holy man,
Into the chantry by: there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace: He shall conceal it,
Whiles you are willing it shall come to note;
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth.—What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you:
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father;—And heavens so shine,
That they may fairly note this act of mine! [*Exeunt.*

No. VIII.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Dull, Holofernes, Sir Nathaniel, Jaquenetta, and Costard.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Hol. ——But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you?

Jaq. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Hol. I will overglance the superscript. *To the snow white hand of the most beauteous lady Rosaline.* I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto:
Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron.

No. IX.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Princess and Ladies.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving king?

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that?

Prin. Nothing but this? yes, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

No. X.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Katherine, Petruchio, and Grumio.

Painted by Mr. IBBETSON.

Gru. ——Now I begin: *Imprimis*, we came down a foul hill, my master riding behind my mistress:——

Curt. Both on one horse?
Gru. What's that to thee?
Curt. Why, a horse.
Gru. Tell thou the tale:—But had'st thou not cross'd me, thou should'st have heard how her horse fell, and she under her horse; thou should'st have heard, in how miry a place: how she was bemoil'd; how he left her with the horse upon her; how he beat me because her horse stumbled; how she waded through the dirt to pluck him off me; how he swore; how she pray'd—that never pray'd before; how I cry'd; how the horses ran away; how her bridle was burst; how I lost my crupper;—with many things of worthy memory; which now shall die in oblivion, and thou return unexperienced to thy grave.

No. XI.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Petruchio, Katherine, Hortensio.

Painted by Mr. IBBETSON.

Pet. I say, it is the moon that shines so bright.
Kath. I know, it is the sun that shines so bright.
Pet. Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,
It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,
Or ere I journey to your father's house:—
Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—
Evermore crost, and crost; nothing but crost!
Hor. Say as he says, or we shall never go.
Kath. Forward I pray, since we have come so far,
And be it moon, or sun, or what you please:
And if you please to call it a rush-candle,
Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.
Pet. I say, it is the moon.
Kath. I know, it is the moon.
Pet. Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.
Kath. Then, God be bless'd, it is the blessed sun.—
But sun it is not, when you say it is not;
And the moon changes, even as your mind.
What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;
And so it shall be so, for Katherine.

No. XII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Leontes, Hermione, &c. &c.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Leon. I know't too well.—
Give me the boy; I am glad, you did not nurse him;
Though he does bear some signs of me, yet you
Have too much blood in him.
Her. What is this? sport?
Leon. Bear the boy hence, he shall not come about her;
Away with him:——

No. XIII.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Paulina, Child, Leontes, Antigonus, &c.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Paul. —I'll do my errand.—The good queen,
For she is good, hath brought you forth a daughter;
Here 'tis; commends it to your blessing.
[*Laying down the Child.*

Leon. Out!
A mankind witch! Hence with her, out o'door;
A most intelligencing bawd!

No. XIV.

WINTER'S TALE.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Shepherd's Cot.
Polixenes, Shepherd, Florizel, Perdita, &c.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Pol. Pray, good shepherd, what
Fair swain is this, which dances with your daughter?

Shep. They call him Doricles; and he boasts himself
To have a worthy feeding: but I have it
Upon his own report, and I believe it;
He looks like sooth: He says, he loves my daughter:
I think so too; for never gaz'd the moon
Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read,
As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and, to be plain,
I think, there is not half a kiss to choose,
Who loves another best.

No. XV.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Inn Yard. Gads-hill and Carriers.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Gads. Good morrow carriers. What's o'clock?

1 Car. I think it be two o'clock.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thy lantern, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 Car. Nay, soft, I pray ye; I know a trick worth two of that, i'faith.

Gads. I pr'ythee, lend me thine.

2 Car. Ay, when, canst tell?—Lend me thy lantern, quoth-a?—marry, I'll see thee hang'd first.

No. XVI.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Falstaff rising slowly.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Fal. Imbowell'd! if thou imbowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder me, and eat me too, to-morrow. 'Sblood, 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too.

No. XVII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

King Henry, and Prince Henry.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

P. Hen. I never thought to hear you speak again.

K. Hen. Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought:
I stay too long by thee, I weary thee.
Dost thou so hunger for my empty chair,
That thou wilt needs invest thee with mine honours
Before thy hour be ripe? O foolish youth!
Thou seek'st the greatness that will overwhelm thee.

No. XVIII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY IV.

ACT V. SCENE V.

King and his Train, Falstaff, &c.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Fal. God save thee, my sweet boy!

King. My lord chief justice, speak to that vain man.

Ch. Just. Have you your wits? know you what 'tis you speak?

Fal. My king! my Jove! I speak to thee, my heart!

King. I know thee not, old man: Fall to thy prayers;
How ill white hairs become a fool, a jester!

No. XIX.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE V.

A Room in the Tower.

Mortimer in a chair, Jailers, and Richard Plantagenet.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Mor. Richard Plantagenet, my friend? Is he come?

Plan. Ay, noble uncle, thus ignobly us'd,

Your nephew, late-despised Richard, comes.
Mor. Direct mine arms, I may embrace his neck,
And in his bosom spend my latter gasp.

No. XX.

FIRST PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Joan la Pucelle.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Enter Fiends.

Puc. This speedy and quick appearance argues proof
Of your accustom'd diligence to me.
Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the powerful regions under earth,
Help me this once, that France may get the field.
[*They walk about, and speak not.*
O, hold me not with silence overlong!
Where I was wont to feed you with my blood,
I'll lop a member off, and give it you,
In earnest of a further benefit;
So you do condescend to help me now —
[*They hang their heads.*

No. XXI.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT II. SCENE II.

The Duke of York's Garden.
York, Salisbury, and Warwick.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

War. Then, father Salisbury, kneel we both together;
And, in this private plot, be we the first,
That shall salute our rightful sovereign
With honour of his birthright to the crown.
Both. Long live our sovereign Richard, England's king!
York. We thank you, lords. But I am not your king
Till I be crown'd; and that my sword be stain'd
With heart-blood of the house of Lancaster.

No. XXII.

SECOND PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Queen Margaret, and Suffolk.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

Q. Mar. O, let me entreat thee cease! Give me thy hand,
That I may dew it with my mournful tears;
Nor let the rain of heaven wet this place,
To wash away my woful monuments.
Or could this kiss be printed in thy hand; [*Kisses his hand.*
That thou might'st think upon these by the seal,
Through whom a thousand sighs are breath'd for thee!
So, get thee gone, that I may know my grief.

No. XXIII.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT III. SCENE II.

King Edward, Glocester, Clarence, and Lady Grey.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

K. Edw. Widow, we will consider of your suit;
And come some other time to know our mind.
L. Grey. Right gracious lord, I cannot brook delay:
May it please your highness to resolve me now;
And what your pleasure is, shall satisfy me.

No. XXIV.

THIRD PART OF

KING HENRY VI.

ACT V. SCENE V.

King Edward, Margaret, Gloucester, and Soldiers with the Prince, &c.

Painted by Mr. W. HAMILTON, R. A.

K. Edw. Bring forth the gallant, let us hear him speak:
What? can so young a thorn begin to prick?—

Edward, what satisfaction canst thou make,
For bearing arms, for stirring up my subjects,
And all the trouble thou hast turn'd me to?
Prince. Speak like a subject, proud ambitious York!
Suppose, that I am now my father's mouth;
Resign thy chair, and, where I stand, kneel thou,
Whilst I propose the self-same words to thee,
Which, traitor, thou would'st have me answer to.
Q. Mar. Ah, that thy father had been so resolv'd!
Glo. That you might still have worn the petticoat,
And ne'er have stol'n the breech from Lancaster.
Prince. Let Æsop fable in a winter's night;
His currish riddles sort not with this place.
Glo. By heaven, brat, I'll plague you for that word.

No. XXV.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Wolsey, Duke of Norfolk, Suffolk, and Surry, and the Lord Chamberlain.

Painted by R. WESTALL, R. A.

Wol. —That seal
You ask with such a violence, the king,
(Mine, and your master,) with his own hand gave me:
Bade me enjoy it, with the place and honours,
During my life; and to confirm his goodness,
Tied it by letters patents: Now, who'll take it?

No. XXVI.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Catharine, Griffith, and Patience.

Painted by R. WESTALL, R. A.

Cath. ——— Good Griffith,
Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I nam'd my knell, whilst I sit meditating
On that celestial harmony I go to.

No. XXVII.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT V. SCENE I.

King and Cranmer.

Painted by R. WESTALL, R. A.

Cran. I humbly thank your highness:
And am right glad to catch this good occasion
Most throughly to be winnow'd, where my chaff
And corn shall fly asunder: for, I know,
There's none stands under more calumnious tongues,
Than I myself, poor man.
King. Stand up, good Canterbury;
Thy truth, and thy integrity, is rooted
In us, thy friend: Give me thy hand, stand up.

No. XXVIII.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Hector, Andromache, and Cassandra.

Painted by Mr. KIRKE.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother Hector?
And. Here, sister; arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition,
Pursue we him on knees: for I have dream'd
Of bloody turbulence, and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.
Cas. O, it is true.
Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound!
Cas. No notes of sally, for the heavens, sweet brother.
Hect. Begone, I say; the gods have heard me swear.

No. XXIX.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Tamora, Lavinia, Demetrius, and Chiron.

Painted by Mr. WOODFORD.

Dem. Away; for thou hast staid us here too long.
Lav. No grace? no womanhood? Ah beastly creature!

The blot and enemy to our general name!
Confusion fall—
Chi. Nay, then I'll stop your mouth:—Bring thou her husband; [*Dragging off Lavinia.*
This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him. [*Exeunt.*
Tam. Farewell, my sons: see that you make her sure:
Ne'er let my heart know merry cheer indeed,
Till all the Andronici be made away.

No. XXX.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Demetrius, Chiron, Aaron, Nurse, and Child.

Painted by Mr. KIRKE.

Aar. What, must it, nurse? then let no man but I,
Do execution on my flesh and blood.
Dem. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:
Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon dispatch it.
Aar. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.
[*Takes the Child from the Nurse, and draws.*
Stay, murderous villains! will you kill your brother?
Now, by the burning tapers of the sky,
That shone so brightly when this boy was got,
He dies upon my scymitar's sharp point,
That touches this my firstborn son and heir!

No. XXXI.

KING LEAR.

ACT I. SCENE I.

King of France, Cordelia, Goneril, and Regan.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

France. Bid farewell to your sisters.
Cor. The jewels of our father, with wash'd eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are nam'd. Use well our father;
To your professed bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So farewell to you both.
Gon. Prescribe not us our duties,
Reg. Let your study

Be, to content your lord; who hath receiv'd you
At fortune's alms: You have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
Cor. Time shall unfold what plaited cunning hides;
Who cover faults, at last shame them derides.

No. XXXII.

KING LEAR.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Edgar, Lear, Kent, and Fool.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Edg. Away! the foul fiend follows me!—
Through the sharp hawthorn blows the cold wind.—
Humph! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.
Lear. Hast thou given all to thy two daughters? And art thou come to this?

No. XXXIII.

KING LEAR.

ACT IV. SCENE VII.

Lear, Cordelia, and Kent.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Cor. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me:—
No, sir, you must not kneel.
Lear. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward; and, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you, and know this man;
Yet I am doubtful; for I am mainly ignorant,
What place this is; and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night: Do not laugh at me;
For as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia.
Cor. And so I am, I am.
Lear. Be your tears wet? Yes, 'faith. I pray, weep not:

If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know, you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause, they have not.

No. XXXIV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Juliet, and Nurse.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse,—O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.
Nurse. I am aweary, give me leave awhile;—
Fye, how my bones ache! What a jaunt have I had!
Jul. I would, thou hadst my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak;—good, good nurse, speak.
Nurse. Jesu, What haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see, that I am out of breath?
Jul. How art thou out of breath, when thou hast breath
To say to me—that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay,
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good, or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:
Let me be satisfied, Is't good or bad?

No. XXXV.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT III. SCENE V.

Romeo, Juliet, and Nurse.

Painted by Mr. RIGAUD, R. A.

Nurse. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke; be wary, look about. [*Exit Nurse.*
Jul. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend.
[*Romeo descends.*

Jul. Art thou gone so? my love! my lord! my friend!
I must hear from thee every day i' the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my Romeo.

No. XXXVI.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Angelo and Isabella.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Isab. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me intreat you, speak the former language.
Ang. Plainly conceive, I love you.
Isab. My brother did love Juliet:
And you tell me, that he shall die for it.
Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.
Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.
Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.
Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

No. XXXVII.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Abhorson, Clown, and Provost.

Painted by Mr. SMIRKE, R. A.

Prov. Sirrah, here's a fellow will help you to-morrow in your execution: If you think it meet, compound with him by the year, and let him abide here with you; if not, use him for the present, and dismiss him: He cannot plead his estimation with you; he hath been a bawd.

Abbor. A bawd, sir? Fye upon him, he will discredit our mystery.

Prov. Go to, sir; you weigh equally; a feather will turn the scale. [*Exit.*

Clown. Pray, sir, by your good favour, (for, surely, sir, a good favour you have, but that you have a hanging look,) do you call, sir, your occupation a mystery?

Abbor. Ay, sir; a mystery.

Clown. Painting, sir, I have heard say, is a mystery; and your whores, sir, being members of my occupation, using painting, do prove my occupation a mystery: but what mystery there should be in hanging, if I should be hang'd, I cannot imagine.

No. XXXVIII.

CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Imogen in Bed.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL, R. A.

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'erlabour'd sense
Repairs itself by rest: Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes, ere he waken'd
The chastity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'st thy bed! fresh lily!
And whiter than the sheets! That I might touch!
But kiss; one kiss!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that
Perfumes the chamber thus: The flame o' the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To see the inclosed lights, now canopy'd
Under these windows: White and azure, lac'd;
With blue of heaven's own tinct.—But my design?
To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—

No. XXXIX.

CYMBELINE.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Posthumus, Iachimo, and Philario.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL, R. A.

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted, you have seen all this, (and praise

Be given to your remembrance,) the description
Of what is in her chamber, nothing saves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can, [*pulling out the bracelet.*
Be pale; I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It must be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She stripp'd it from her arm; I see her yet;
Her pretty action did outsell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too: she gave it me,
And said, she priz'd it once.

Post. May be, she pluck'd it off,
To send it me.

Iach. She writes so to you? doth she?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too;
[*gives the ring.*
It is a basilisk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where semblance; love,
Where there's another man: the vows of women
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above measure false!

No. XL.

CYMBELINE.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Imogen in Boy's Clothes.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL, R. A.

Imo. ——————Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial? Yes: no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true: To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie for need; and falsehood

Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o' the false ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis some savage hold:
I were best not call; I dare not call: yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardness ever
Of hardiness is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil, speak; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho!—No answer? then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens! [*She goes into the cave.*

No. XLI.

KING JOHN.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Constance, King Philip, Lewis, &c.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL, R. A.

Pand. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.
Const. Thou art not holy to belie me so;
I am not mad: this hair I tear, is mine;
My name is Constance; I was Geffrey's wife;
Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:
I am not mad;—I would to heaven, I were!
For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:
O, if I could, what grief should I forget!—
Preach some philosophy to make me mad,
And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;
For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,
My reasonable part produces reason
How I may be deliver'd of these woes,
And teaches me to kill or hang myself:
If I were mad, I should forget my son;
Or madly think, a babe of clouts were he:
I am not mad; too well, too well I feel
The different plague of each calamity.

No. XLII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Countess and Helena.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Hel. Then, I confess,
Here on my knee, before high heaven and you,
That before you, and next unto high heaven,
I love your son:—
My friends were poor, but honest; so's my love:
Be not offended; for it hurts not him,
That he is lov'd of me: I follow him not
By any token of presumptuous suit;
Nor would I have him, till I do deserve him;
Yet never know how that desert should be.
I know I love in vain, strive against hope;
Yet, in this captious and intenible sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love,
And lack not to lose still: thus, Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more. My dearest madam,
Let not your hate encounter with my love,
For loving where you do: but, if yourself,
Whose aged honour cites a virtuous youth,
Did ever, in so true a flame of liking,
Wish chastely, and love dearly, that your Dian
Was both herself and Love; O then, give pity
To her, whose state is such, that cannot choose
But lend and give, where she is sure to lose;
That seeks not to find that, her search implies,
But, riddle-like, lives sweetly where she dies.

No. XLIII.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT II. SCENE III.

The King, Helena, Lords, &c.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY. R. A.

Hel. I dare not say, I take you; [*to Ber.*] but I give
Me, and my service, ever whilst I live,
Into your guiding power.—This is the man.

King. Why then, young Bertram, take her, she's thy wife.
Ber. My wife, my liege? I shall beseech your highness,
In such a business give me leave to use
The help of mine own eyes.
King. Know'st thou not, Bertram,
What she has done for me?
Ber. Yes, my good lord;
But never hope to know why I should marry her.

No. XLIV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Borachio, Conrade, and Watchmen.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

1 *Watch.* We charge you in the prince's name, stand.
2 *Watch.* Call up the right master constable: We have here recovered the most dangerous piece of lechery that ever was known in the commonwealth.
1 *Watch.* And one Deformed is one of them; I know him, he wears a lock.
Con. Masters, masters,—
2 *Watch.* You'll be made bring Deformed forth, I warrant you.
Con. Masters,—
1 *Watch.* Never speak; we charge you; let us obey you to go with us.

No. XLV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Antonio, Hero, Beatrice, Claudio, &c.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Claud. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband, if you like of me.

Hero. And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:
[*unmasking.*
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.
Claud. Another Hero?
Hero. Nothing certainer:
One Hero dy'd defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
D. Pedro. The former Hero! Hero that is dead!
Leon. She dy'd, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Mean time let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.

No. XLVI.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Bassanio, Portia, and Attendants.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL, R. A.

Bassanio.

You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair, and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleas'd with this,
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is,
And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll;—Fair lady, by your leave: [*kissing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause, and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing, in a doubt
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I, even so;
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratify'd by you.

No. XLVII.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Shylock, Antonio, Salanio, and Jailer.

Painted by Mr. WESTALL, R. A.

Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond;
I have sworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dst me dog, before thou had'st a cause;
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke shall grant me justice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-ey'd fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit Shy.*

No. XLVIII.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Fishermen of Corinth, &c.

Painted by Mr. WHEATLEY, R. A.

Æge. O, had the gods done so, I had not now
Worthily term'd them merciless to us!
For, ere the ships could meet by twice five leagues,
We were encounter'd by a mighty rock;
Which being violently borne upon,
Our helpful ship was splitted in the midst,
So that, in this unjust divorce of us,
Fortune had left to both of us alike
What to delight in, what to sorrow for.
Her part, poor soul! seeming as burdened
With lesser weight, but not with lesser woe,
Was carried with more speed before the wind;
And in our sight they three were taken up
By fishermen of Corinth, as we thought.

FINIS.

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INDEX

To the Pictures, as numbered on the Frames.

	Large Pictures. No.	Small Do. No.
All's Well that Ends Well	44	42, 43
Antony and Cleopatra	53	
As you like it	13, 14, 60	
Comedy of Errors	5	48
Coriolanus	65	
Cymbeline	11, 73, 83	38, 39, 40
Hamlet	34, 82	
Henry IV. Part I.	47, 49, 77, 80	15, 16
Henry IV. Part II.	21, 48, 68, 78	17, 18
Henry V.		
Henry VI. Part I.	22, 69, 81	19, 20
Henry VI. Part II.	23, 70	21, 22
Henry VI. Part III.	24, 50, 63, 64	23, 24
Henry VIII.	51, 52, 71, 72	25, 26, 27
Julius Cæsar		
King John	20	41
King Lear	29, 30, 31	31, 32, 33
Love's Labour's Lost	9	8, 9
Macbeth	19, 79	
Measure for Measure	4, 40	36, 37
Merchant of Venice	43, 59	46, 47
Merry Wives of Windsor	2, 3, 39, 57, 66	1, 2, 3
Midsummer Night's Dream	10, 41, 42, 58	
Much Ado About Nothing	6, 7, 8	44, 45
Othello	12, 74	
Pericles		
Richard II.	26, 67	
Richard III.	25, 27, 76	
Romeo and Juliet	32, 33, 56	34, 35
Taming of the Shrew	15, 61	10, 11
Tempest	1, 35, 36, 37	
Timon of Athens	54	
Titus Andronicus	28	29, 30
Troilus and Cressida	55, 75	28
Twelfth Night	45, 46	5, 6, 7
Two Gentlemen of Verona	38	4
Winter's Tale	16, 17, 18, 62	12, 13, 14

Fifty-four Large Prints, and Fifty-five Small Prints, are Published from the above Pictures.