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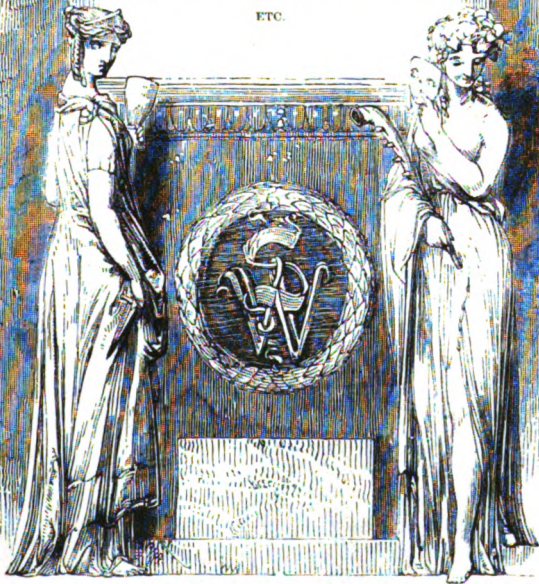


THE
PICTORIAL EDITION
OF
THE WORKS
OF
SHAKSPERE.

EDITED BY
CHARLES KNIGHT.

—
DOUBTFUL PLAYS.

ETC.



LONDON :
R. CLAY, SON, AND TAYLOR, PRINTERS,
BREAD STREET HILL.

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THE SECOND EDITION, REVISED.

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LONDON:
GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS,
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ILLUSTRATIONS

TO

THE SUPPLEMENTAL VOLUME.

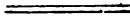


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TITUS ANDRONICUS,

AND

PERICLES;

WITH NOTICES OF THEIR AUTHENTICITY.

SUP. V LO.

B



TITUS
ANDRONICUS.



(Pontine Marshes. Rome.)

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

RESERVING the consideration of the external and internal evidence of the authorship of this tragedy, we here supply the facts connected with its publication, and the supposed period of its original production.

The earliest edition, of which any copy is at present known, of *Titus Andronicus*, appeared in quarto, in 1600, under the following title:—‘The most lamentable Romaine Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times been playde by the Right Honourable the Earle of Pembroke, the Earle of Darbie, the Earle of Sussex, and the Lorde Chamberlaine, theyr Servants. At London, printed by J. R. for Edward White, 1600.’

The next edition appeared in 1611, under the following title:—‘The most lamentable Tragedie of Titus Andronicus. As it hath sundry times beene plaide by the Kings Maiesties Servants. London, printed for Edward White, 1611.’

In the folio collection of 1623 it appears under the title of ‘The lamentable Tragedy of Titus Andronicus.’ It follows *Coriolanus*; and precedes *Romeo and Juliet*.

The copy of the quarto edition of 1600, belonging to Lord Francis Egerton, was collated by Mr. Todd, previous to the publication of the variorum edition of 1803; and the differences between the first and second quartos are inserted by Steevens in that edition. They are very trifling. The variations, on the other hand, between both the quartos, and the folio of 1623, are more important. The second scene of the third act, containing about eighty lines, is only found in the folio; and there are one or two other changes which are evidently the work of an author,

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

and not of an editor or printer. We have, of course, noticed them in our foot-notes. In the quartos, also, we have no division into acts, as in the folio. The stage directions, in each copy, are nearly alike; and these we have copied with scarcely any variation. But, with these exceptions, we may say that the folio of 1623 is printed from the quarto of 1611, as that was probably printed from the quarto of 1600. The accuracy of all the copies is very remarkable.

But Gerard Langbaine, in his 'Account of the English Dramatick Poets,' 1691, says of Titus Andronicus, "This play was first printed 4to, *London*, 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their Servants." This circumstantiality would show that Langbaine had seen such an edition; and his account is confirmed by an entry in the Stationers' Registers, under date of Feb. 6, 1593: "John Danter. A booke entitled a noble Roman Historie of Tytus Andronicus." This entry is accompanied by the following: "Entered also unto him, by warrant from Mr. Woodcock, the ballad thereof." The ballad here entered was most probably that printed by Percy, in his 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' and which we here insert:—

"You noble minds, and famous martiall wights,
That in defence of native country fights,
Give care to me, that ten yeeres fought for Rome,
Yet reapt disgrace at my returning home.

In Rome I lived in fame full threecore yeeres,
My name beloved was of all my peeres;
Full five and twenty valliant sonnes I had,
Whose forward vertues made their father glad.

For when Rome's foes their warlike forces bent,
Against them stille my sonnes and I were sent;
Against the Goths full ten yeeres weary warre
We spent, receiving many a bloudy scarre.

Just two and twenty of my sonnes were slaine
Before we did return to Rome againe;
Of five and twenty sonnes I brought but three
Alive, the stately towers of Rome to see.

When wars were done, I conquest home did bring,
And did present my prisoners to the king,
The queene of Goths, her sons, and eke a Moore,
Which did such murders, like was nere before.

The emperour did make this queene his wife,
Which bred in Rome debate and deadlie strife;
The Moore, with her two sonnes, did growe soe proud,
That none like them in Rome might bee allowd.

The Moore so pleas'd this new-made empress' eie,
That she consented to him secretlye
For to abuse her husband's marriage-bed,
And soe in time a blackamore she bred.

Then she, whose thoughts to murder were inclinde,
Consented with the Moor of bloody minde
Against myselfe, my kin, and all my friendes,
In cruell sort to bring them to their endes.

Soe when in age I thought to live in peace,
Both care and griefe began then to increase:
Amongst my sonnes I had one daughter bright,
Which joy'd and pleased best my aged sight;

My deare Lavinia was betrothed then
To Cæsar's sonne, a young and noble man:
Who in a hunting, by the emperour's wife
And her two sonnes, bereaved was of life.

He, being slaine, was cast in cruel wise
Into a darksome den from light of skies:
The cruel Moore did come that way as then
With my three sonnes, who fell into the den.

The Moore then fetcht the emperour with speed
For to accuse them of the murderous deed;
And when my sonnes within the den were found,
In wrongfull prison they were cast and bound.

But nowe, behold! what wounded most my mind,
The empress's two sonnes of savage kind
My daughter ravished without remorse,
And took away her honour, quite perforce.

When they had tasted of soe sweet a flowre,
Fearing this sweete should shortly turn to sowre,
They cutt her tongue, whereby she could not tell
How that dishonoure unto her befell.

Then both her hands they basely cutt off quite,
Whereby their wickednesse she could not write,
Nor with her needle on her sampler sowe
The bloudye workers of her direfull wo.

My brother Marcus found her in the wood,
Staining the grassie ground with purple blood,
That trickled from her stumpe and bloudlesse armes:
Noe tongue at all she had to tell her harmes.

But when I sawe her in that woefull case,
With teares of bloud I wet mine aged face:
For my Lavinia I lamented more
Then for my two and twenty sonnes before.

When as I sawe she could not write nor speake,
With grief mine aged heart began to breake;
We spred an heape of sand upon the ground,
Whereby those bloudy tyrants out we found.

For with a staffe, without the helpe of hand,
She writt these wordes upon the plat of sand:—
'The lustfull sonnes of the proud empressse
Are doers of this hateful wickednesse.'

I tore the milk-white hairs from off mine head,
I curst the houre wherein I first was bred;
I wisht this hand, that fought for countrie's fame,
In cradle rockt had first been stroken lame.

The Moore, delighting still in villainy,
Did say, to sett my sonnes from prison free,
I should unto the king my right hand give,
And then my three imprisoned sonnes should live.

The Moore I caus'd to strike it off with speede,
Wherewith I grieved not to see it bleed,
But for my sonnes would willingly impart
And for their ransome send my bleeding heart.

But as my life did linger thus in paine,
They sent to me my bootless hand againe,
And therewithal the heades of my three sonnes,
Which filled my dying heart with fresher moanes.

Then past reliefe I upp and downe did goe,
And with my teares writ in the dust my wo:
I shot my arrowes towards heaven hie,
And for revenge to hell did often crye.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The empress then, thinking that I was mad,
Like furies she and both her sonnes were clad,
(She nam'd Revenge, and Rape and Murder they,)
To undermine and heare what I would say.

I fed their foolish veines a certaine space,
Untill my friendes did find a secret place,
Where both her sonnes unto a post were bound,
And just revenge in cruell sort was found.

I cut their throates, my daughter held the pan
Betwixt her stumpe, wherein the bloud it ran:
And then I ground their bones to powder small,
And made a paste for pyes straight therewithall.

Then with their fleshe I made two mighty pyes,
And at a banquet, served in stately wise,
Before the empress set this loathsome meat;
So of her sonnes own flesh she well did eat.

Myselfe bereav'd my daughter then of life,
The empress then I slewe with bloody knife,
And stabb'd the emperor immediatelle,
And then myself: even soe did Titus die.

Then this revenge against the Moore was found,
Alive they sett him halfe into the ground,
Whereas he stood untill such time he starv'd.
And soe God send all murderers may be serv'd.*

Percy has pointed out the variations between this ballad and the tragedy; and inclines to the opinion that the ballad preceded the tragedy, for the reason that it "differs from the play in several particulars; which a simple ballad-writer would be less likely to alter than an inventive tragedian." The terms of the entry of the ballad in the Stationers' Registers—if the ballad printed by Percy be one and the same—would appear to show that the ballad had been in existence longer than the tragedy, for it is assigned by a previous publisher to John Danter, who enters the "booke," or play. We have unquestionable authority, however, that the tragedy was popular as an acted play before 1593, as the ballad may also have had an earlier popularity. Ben Jonson, in the Induction to 'Bartholomew Fair,' first produced in 1614, has a passage which carries the date of Titus Andronicus further back than twenty years from that period:—"He that will swear, Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." We know that Kyd's 'Jeronimo' belongs to the earliest period of our regular drama. It was acted by "the Lord Strange's men" in 1591. Twenty-five years earlier than 1614 would give us the date of 1589 for both plays;—the medium of twenty-five or thirty years would give us the date of 1586-7.

* *Veines*—humours.

PERSONS REPRESENTED

SATURNINUS, son to the late Emperor of Rome.

BASSIANUS, brother to Saturninus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS, a noble Roman.

MARCUS ANDRONICUS, brother to Titus.

LUCIUS,

QUINTUS,

MARTIUS,

MUTIUS,

} sons to Titus Andronicus.

Young LUCIUS, a boy, son to Lucius.

PUBLIUS, son to Marcus, the tribune.

ÆMILIUS, a noble Roman.

ALABUS,

CHIRON,

DEMETRIUS,

} sons to Tamora.

AARON, a Moor.

*A Captain, Tribune, Messenger, and Clown
Goths and Romans.*

TAMORA, Queen of the Goths.

LAVINIA, daughter to Titus Andronicus.

A Nurse, and a black Child.

*Kinmen of Titus, Senators, Tribunes, Officers,
Soldiers, and Attendants.*





ACT I.

SCENE I.—Rome.

Flourish. Enter the Tribunes and Senators, aloft: and then enter SATURNINUS and his Followers at one door, and BASSIANUS and his Followers at the other, with drum and colours.

Sat. Noble patricians, patrons of my right,
Defend the justice of my cause with arms;
And, countrymen, my loving followers,
Plead my successive title with your swords:
[I am his^a first-born son, that was the last
That wore^b the imperial diadem of Rome:
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine age^c with this indignity.

Bass. Romans, friends, followers, favourers of
my right,
If ever Bassianus, Cæsar's son,
Were gracious in the eyes of royal Rome,
Keep then this passage to the Capitol;
And suffer not dishonour to approach
Th' imperial seat; to virtue consecrate,
To justice, continence, and nobility:

^a *Am his.* The folio, *was the.*
^b *Wore.* The quarto, *warc.*
^c *Age—seniority.*

But let desert in pure election shine;
And, Romans, fight for freedom in your choice.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, aloft, with the crown.

Marc. Princes, that strive by factions and by friends
Ambitiously for rule and empery,
Know that the people of Rome, for whom we stand
A special party, have by common voice,
In election for the Roman empery,
Chosen Andronicus, surnamed Pius,
For many good and great deserts to Rome:
A nobler man, a braver warrior,
Lives not this day within the city walls.
He by the senate is accited home,
From weary wars against the barbarous Goths,
That with his sons, a terror to our foes,
Hath yok'd a nation strong, train'd up in arms.
Ten years are spent, since first he undertook
This cause of Rome, and chastised with arms
Our enemies' pride: five times he hath return'd
Bleeding to Rome, bearing his valiant sons
In coffins from the field;

And now at last, laden with honour's spoils,
Returns the good Andronicus to Rome,
Renowned Titus, flourishing in arms.
Let us entreat,—by honour of his name,
Whom worthily you would have now succeed,
And in the Capitol and senate's right,
Whom you pretend to honour and adore,—
That you withdraw you, and abate your strength;
Dismiss your followers, and, as suitors should,
Plead your deserts in peace and humbleness.

Sat. How fair the tribune speaks to calm my thoughts!

Bass. Marcus Andronicus, so I do affy
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy noble brother Titus and his sons,
And her to whom my thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament,
That I will here dismiss my loving friends;
And to my fortunes and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd.

[*Exeunt* Followers of *BASSIANUS*.]

Sat. Friends, that have been thus forward in my right,

I thank you all, and here dismiss you all;
And to the love and favour of my country
Commit myself, my person, and the cause.

[*Exeunt* Followers of *SATURNINUS*.]

Rome, be as just and gracious unto me,
As I am confident and kind to thee.
Open the gates and let me in.

Bass. Tribunes, and me, a poor competitor.

[*Flourish.* *They go up into the Senate-house.*]

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Enter a Captain, and others.

Cap. Romans, make way: the good Andronicus,
Patron of virtue, Rome's best champion,
Successful in the battles that he fights,
With honour and with fortune is return'd,
From where he circumscribed with his sword,
And brought to yoke, the enemies of Rome.

[*Sound drums and trumpets, and then enter two of* *TITUS*' Sons. *After them two Men bearing a coffin covered with black: then two other Sons. After them* *TITUS ANDRONICUS; and then* *TAMOERA, the queen of Goths, and her two Sons, CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, with* *AARON the Moor, and others, as many as can be. They set down the coffin, and* *TITUS* *speaks.*

Tit. Hail, Rome, victorious in thy mourning weeds!

Lo, as the bark that hath discharg'd her freight,
Returns with precious lading to the bay
From whence at first she weigh'd her anchorage,
Cometh Andronicus, bound with laurel boughs,
To re-salute his country with his tears,
Tears of true joy for his return to Rome.
Thou great defender of this Capitol,
Stand gracious to the rites that we intend!
Romans, of five-and-twenty valiant sons,
Half of the number that king Priam had,
Behold the poor remains, alive, and dead!
These that survive let Rome reward with love:
These that I bring unto their latest home,
With burial amongst their ancestors.
Here Goths have given me leave to sheath my sword.

Titus, unkind, and careless of thine own,
Why suffer'st thou thy sons, unburied yet,
To hover on the dreadful shore of Styx?
Make way to lay them by their brethren.

[*They open the tomb.*]

There greet in silence, as the dead are wont,
And sleep in peace, slain in your country's wars:
O sacred receptacle of my joys,
Sweet cell of virtue and nobility,
How many sons of mine hast thou in store,
That thou wilt never render to me more!

Luc. Give us the proudest prisoner of the Goths,

That we may hew his limbs, and on a pile,
Ad manes fratrum, sacrifice his flesh,
Before this earthy^a prison of his bones;
That so the shadows be not unappeas'd,
Nor we disturb'd with prodigies on earth.

Tit. I give him you, the noblest that survives,
The eldest son of this^b distressed queen.

Tam. Stay, Roman brethren, gracious conqueror,

Victorious Titus, rue the tears I shed,
A mother's tears in passion for her son:
And if thy sons were ever dear to thee,
O think my son to be as dear to me.
Sufficeth not, that we are brought to Rome
To beautify thy triumphs, and return
Captive to thee, and to thy Roman yoke;
But must my sons be slaughter'd in the streets,
For valiant doings in their country's cause?
O, if to fight for king and commonweal
Were piety in thine, it is in these.
Andronicus, stain not thy tomb with blood,
Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them then in being merciful:

^a *Earthy*, in both quartos. The folio, *earthly*.

^b *This*, in the folio. The quarto, *his*.

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.

Thrice-noble Titus, spare my first-born son.

Tit. Patient^a yourself, madam, and pardon me.

These are the^b brethren, whom you Goths beheld
Alive and dead, and for their brethren slain
Religiously they ask a sacrifice :
To this your son is mark'd, and die he must,
T' appease their groaning shadows that are gone.

Luc. Away with him, and make a fire straight ;

And with our swords, upon a pile of wood,
Let's hew his limbs till they be clean consum'd.

[*Exeunt* TITUS' Sons with ALARBUS.

Tam. O cruel, irreligious piety !

Chi. Was ever Scythia half so barbarous ?

Demet. Oppose not^c Scythia to ambitious Rome.

Alarbus goes to rest, and we survive
To tremble under Titus' threat'ning look.
Then, madam, stand resolv'd ; but hope withal,
The self-same gods that arm'd the queen of Troy

With opportunity of sharp revenge
Upon the Thracian tyrant in his tent,
May favour Tamora, the queen of Goths,
(When Goths were Goths, and Tamora was queen.)

To quit the bloody wrongs upon her foes.

Enter the Sons of ANDRONICUS again.

Luc. See, lord and father, how we have perform'd

Our Roman rites : Alarbus' limbs are lopp'd,
And entrails feed the sacrificing fire,
Whose smoke, like incense, doth perfume the sky.

Remaineth nought, but to inter our brethren,
And with loud^d larums welcome them to Rome.

Tit. Let it be so, and let Andronicus
Make this his latest farewell to their souls.

[*Flourish.* Sound trumpets, and they lay the coffin in the tomb.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons ;
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here in rest,

Secure from worldly chances and mishaps :
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells,
Here grow no damned grudges ; here are no storms,

No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.

In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

^a Patient—as a verb.

^b The, in the folio. The quarto, their.

^c Not. So the quarto. The folio, me.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. In peace and honour live lord Titus long ;

My noble lord and father, live in fame !

Lo, at this tomb my tributary tears
I render for my brethren's obsequies :
And at thy feet I kneel, with tears of joy
Shed on the earth for thy return to Rome.
O bless me here with thy victorious hand,
Whose fortunes^a Rome's best citizens applaud.

Tit. Kind Rome, thou hast thus lovingly reserved

The cordial of mine age to glad my heart !

Lavinia, live ; outlive thy father's days,
And fame's eternal date, for virtue's praise.

Enter MARCUS ANDRONICUS, SATURNINUS,
BASSIANUS, and others.

Marc. Long live lord Titus, my beloved brother,

Gracious triumpher in the eyes of Rome !

Tit. Thanks, gentle tribune, noble brother Marcus.

Marc. And welcome, nephews, from successful wars,

You that survive, and you that sleep in fame :

Fair lords, your fortunes are alike in all,^b
That in your country's service drew your swords.

But safer triumph is this funeral pomp,
That hath aspired to Solon's happiness,
And triumphs over chance in honour's bed.

Titus Andronicus, the people of Rome,
Whose friend in justice thou hast ever been,
Send thee by me, their tribune and their trust,
This palliament^c of white and spotless hue,
And name thee in election for the empire,
With these our late deceased emperor's sons :
Be *candidatus* then, and put it on,
And help to set a head on headless Rome.

Tit. A better head her glorious body fits,
Than his that shakes for age and feebleness.
What ! should I don this robe, and trouble you ?

Be chosen with proclamations to-day,
To-morrow yield up rule, resign my life,
And set abroad new business for you all ?
Rome, I have been thy soldier forty years,
And led my country's strength successfully,
And buried one-and-twenty valiant sons,
Knighted in field, slain manfully in arms,
In right and service of their noble country ;
Give me a staff of honour for mine age,

^a Fortunes, in the quarto. The folio, fortune.

^b The folio has, "all alike in all."

^c Palliament—robe.

But not a sceptre to control the world!
Upright he held it, lords, that held it last.

Marc. Titus, thou shalt obtain and ask the
emperey.

Sat. Proud and ambitious tribune, canst thou
tell?

Tit. Patience, prince Saturninus.

Sat. Romans, do me right.
Patricians, draw your swords, and sheath them
not

Till Saturninus be Rome's emperor:
Andronicus, would thou wert shipp'd to hell,
Rather than rob me of the people's hearts.

Luc. Proud Saturnine, interrupter of the good
That noble-minded Titus means to thee!

Tit. Content thee, prince, I will restore to thee
The people's hearts, and wean them from them-
selves.

Bass. Andronicus, I do not flatter thee,
But honour thee, and will do till I die:
My faction if thou strengthen with thy friends,
I will most thankful be, and thanks to men
Of noble minds is honourable meed.

Tit. People of Rome, and people's^a tribunes
here,

I ask your voices and your suffrages;
Will you bestow them friendly on Andronicus?

Tribunes. To gratify the good Andronicus,
And gratulate his safe return to Rome,
The people will accept whom he admits.

Tit. Tribunes, I thank you: and this suit I
make,

That you create your emperor's eldest son,
Lord Saturnine, whose virtues will, I hope,
Reflect on Rome as Titan's rays on earth,
And ripen justice in this commonweal:
Then, if you will elect by my advice,
Crown him, and say, 'Long live our emperor!'

Marc. With voices and applause of every sort,
Patricians, and plebeians, we create
Lord Saturninus Rome's great emperor;
And say, 'Long live our emperor, Saturnine!'

[*A long flourish, till they come down.*]

Sat. Titus Andronicus, for thy favours done
To us in our election this day,
I give thee thanks in part of thy deserts,
And will with deeds requite thy gentleness:
And for an onset, Titus, to advance
Thy name, and honourable family,
Lavinia will I make my empress,
Rome's royal mistress, mistress of my heart,
And in the sacred Pantheon^b her espouse:

^a *People's*, in the quarto. The folio, *noble*.

^b *Pantheon*, in the second folio. All the earlier copies
Pantheon.

Tell me, Andronicus, doth this motion please
thee?

Tit. It doth, my worthy lord; and in this
match

I hold me highly honoured of your grace.
And here, in sight of Rome, to Saturnine,
King and commander of our common-weal,
The wide world's emperor, do I consecrate
My sword, my chariot, and my prisoners,—
Presents well worthy Rome's imperial lord:
Receive them then, the tribute that I owe,
Mine honour's ensigns humbled at thy feet.

Sat. Thanks, noble Titus, father of my life!
How proud I am of thee, and of thy gifts,
Rome shall record; and when I do forget
The least of these unspeakable deserts,
Romans, forget your fealty to me.

Tit. Now, madam, are you prisoner to an
emperor; [To TAMORA.]

To him that, for your honour and your state,
Will use you nobly, and your followers.

Sat. A goodly lady, trust me, of the hue
That I would choose, were I to choose anew:
Clear up, fair queen, that cloudy countenance:
Though chance of war hath wrought this change
of cheer,

Thou com'st not to be made a scorn in Rome:
Princely shall be thy usage every way.

Rest on my word, and let not discontent
Daunt all your hopes: madam, he comforts you,
Can make you greater than the queen of Goths;
Lavinia, you are not displeas'd with this?

Lav. Not I, my lord, sith true nobility
Warrants these words in princely courtesy.

Sat. Thanks, sweet Lavinia. Romans, let us go:
Ransomless here we set our prisoners free.
Proclaim our honours, lords, with trump and
drum.

Bass. Lord Titus, by your leave, this maid is
mine. [Seizing LAVINIA.]

Tit. How, sir? are you in earnest then, my
lord?

Bass. Ay, noble Titus, and resolv'd withal
To do myself this reason and this right.

Marc. *Suum cuique* is our Roman justice:
This prince in justice seizeth but his own.

Luc. And that he will and shall, if Lucius live.

Tit. Traitors, avaunt! where is the emperor's
guard?

Treason, my lord! Lavinia is surpris'd.

Sat. Surpris'd? by whom?

Bass. By him that justly may
Bear his betroth'd from all the world away.

[*Exeunt* MARCUS and BASSIANUS, with
LAVINIA.]

Mut. Brothers, help to convey her hence away,

And with my sword I'll keep this door safe.

[*Exeunt* LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Tit. Follow, my lord, and I'll soon bring her back.

Mut. My lord, you pass not here.

Tit. What! villain boy, barr'st me my way in Rome?

Mut. Help, Lucius, help! [*TITUS kills him.*]

Re-enter LUCIUS.

Luc. My lord, you are unjust, and more than so;

In wrongful quarrel you have slain your son.

Tit. Nor thou, nor he, are any sons of mine: My sons would never so dishonour me. Traitor, restore Lavinia to the emperor.

Luc. Dead, if you will, but not to be his wife, That is another's lawful promis'd love. [*Exit.*]

Enter aloft the EMPEROR, with TAMORA and her two Sons, and AARON the Moor.

Sal. No, Titus, no: the emperor needs her not. Nor her, nor thee, nor any of thy stock: I'll trust, by leisure, him that mocks me once; Thee never, nor thy traitorous haughty sons, Confederates all, thus to dishonour me.

Was none in Rome to make a stale but Saturnine?^a

Full well, Andronicus, Agree these deeds with that proud brag of thine, That saidst, I begg'd the empire at thy hands.

Tit. O monstrous! what reproachful words are these?

Sal. But go thy ways; go, give that changing piece

To him that flourish'd for her with his sword: A valiant son-in-law thou shalt enjoy; One fit to bandy with thy lawless sons, To ruffle in the commonwealth of Rome.

Tit. These words are razors to my wounded heart.

Sal. And therefore, lovely Tamora, queen of Goths,

That, like the stately Phœbe 'mongst her nymphs, Dost overshine the gallant'st dames of Rome, If thou be pleas'd with this my sudden choice, Behold I choose thee, Tamora, for my bride, And will create thee empress of Rome. Speak, queen of Goths; dost thou applaud my choice?

^a The second folio has—

“Was there none else in Rome, to make a stale, But Saturnine?”

And here I swear by all the Roman gods,—

Sith priest and holy water are so near, And tapers burn so bright, and everything

In readiness for Hymeneus stand,—

I will not re-salute the streets of Rome, Or climb my palace, till from forth this place I lead espous'd my bride along with me.

Tam. And here, in sight of heaven, to Rome I swear,

If Saturnine advance the queen of Goths, She will a handmaid be to his desires, A loving nurse, a mother to his youth.

Sal. Ascend, fair queen, Pantheon: Lords, accompany

Your noble emperor and his lovely bride, Sent by the heavens for prince Saturnine, Whose wisdom hath her fortune conquered: There shall we consummate our spousal rites.

[*Exeunt* SAT. and his Followers; TAMORA, and her Sons; AARON, and Goths.

Tit. I am not bid to wait upon this bride;— Titus, when wert thou wont to walk alone, Dishonour'd thus, and challenged of wrongs?

Re-enter MARCUS, LUCIUS, QUINTUS, and MARTIUS.

Marc. O Titus, see! O see what thou hast done!

In a bad quarrel slain a virtuous son.

Tit. No, foolish tribune, no: no son of mine,—

Nor thou, nor these, confederates in the deed That hath dishonour'd all our family; Unworthy brother, and unworthy sons!

Luc. But let us give him burial as becomes: Give Mutius burial with our brethren.

Tit. 'Traitors, away! he rests not in this tomb: This monument five hundred years hath stood, Which I have sumptuously re-edified: Here none but soldiers, and Rome's servitors, Repose in fame, none basely slain in brawls: Bury him where you can; he comes not here.

Marc. My lord, this is impiety in you: My nephew Mutius' deeds do plead for him: He must be buried with his brethren.

Quint., Mart. And shall, or him we will accompany.

Tit. And shall! What villain was it spake that word?

Quint. He that would vouch it in any place but here.

Tit. What! would you bury him in my despite?

Marc. No, noble Titus; but entreat of thee To pardon Mutius, and to bury him.

Tit. Marcus, even thou hast struck upon my crest,
And with these boys mine honour thou hast wounded:

My foes I do repute you every one.

So trouble me no more, but get you gone.

Mart. He is not with himself; * let us withdraw.

Quint. Not I, till Mutius' bones be buried.

[*The Brother and the Sons kneel.*]

Marc. Brother, for in that name doth nature plead.

Quint. Father, and in that name doth nature speak.

Tit. Speak thou no more, if all the rest will speed.

Marc. Renowned Titus, more than half my soul!

Luc. Dear father! soul and substance of us all!

Marc. Suffer thy brother Marcus to inter
His noble nephew here in virtue's nest,
That died in honour and Lavinia's cause.
Thou art a Roman, be not barbarous:
The Greeks, upon advice, did bury Ajax,
That slew himself: and wise Laertes' son
Did graciously plead for his funerals:
Let not young Mutius then, that was thy joy,
Be barr'd his entrance here.

Tit. Rise, Marcus, rise!
The dismall'st day is this that e'er I saw,
To be dishonour'd by my sons in Rome:
Well, bury him, and bury me the next.

[*They put MUTIUS in the tomb.*]

Luc. There lie thy bones, sweet Mutius, with
thy friends,
Till we with trophies do adorn thy tomb.

[*They all kneel and say,*

No man shed tears for noble Mutius;
He lives in fame that died in virtue's cause.

[*Execunt all but MARCUS and TITUS.*]

Marc. My lord,—to step out of these sudden^b
dumps,—

How comes it that the subtle queen of Goths
Is of a sudden thus advanc'd in Rome?

Tit. I know not, Marcus: but I know it is;
Whether by device, or no, the heavens can tell;
Is she not then beholding to the man
That brought her for this high good turn so
far?

Yes; and will nobly him remunerate.*

* With himself, in the quarto. The folio omits with.

^b Sudden, in the folio. The quarto, dreary.

^c This line, found in the folio, is wanting in the quarto. It was, probably, not intended to be spoken by Titus, and some recent editors give it to Marcus.

*Enter the EMPEROR, TAMORA and her two Sons,
with the MOOR, at one side; enter at the other
side, BASSIANUS and LAVINIA, with others.*

Sat. So, Bassianus, you have play'd your prize!
God give you joy, sir, of your gallant bride!

Bass. And you of yours, my lord. I say no
more,

Nor wish no less; and so I take my leave.

Sat. Traitor, if Rome have law, or we have
power,

Thou and thy faction shall repent this rape.

Bass. Rape call you it, my lord, to seize my
own,

My true betrothed love, and now my wife?
But let the laws of Rome determine all;
Meanwhile I am possess'd of that is mine.

Sat. 'Tis good, sir; you are very short with
us;

But, if we live, we'll be as sharp with you.

Bass. My lord, what I have done, as best I
may

Answer I must, and shall do with my life.

Only thus much I give your grace to know:

By all the duties that I owe to Rome,

This noble gentleman, lord Titus here,

Is in opinion and in honour wrong'd,

That, in the rescue of Lavinia,

With his own hand did slay his youngest son,

In zeal to you, and highly mov'd to wrath

To be controll'd in that he frankly gave.

Receive him, then, to favour, Saturnine,

That hath express'd himself, in all his deeds,

A father and a friend to thee and Rome.

Tit. Prince Bassianus, leave to plead my
deeds:

'Tis thou, and those, that have dishonour'd me.

Rome, and the righteous heavens, be my judge,

How I have lov'd and honour'd Saturnine.

Tam. My worthy lord, if ever Tamora

Were gracious in those princely eyes of thine,

Then hear me speak, indifferently for all:

And at my suit, sweet, pardon what is past.

Sat. What, madam! be dishonour'd openly,

And basely put it up without revenge?

Tam. Not so, my lord; the gods of Rome
forfend

I should be author to dishonour you.

But on mine honour, dare I undertake

For good lord Titus' innocence in all;

Whose fury not dissembled speaks his griefs;

Then, at my suit, look graciously on him:

Lose not so noble a friend on vain suppose;

Nor with sour looks afflict his gentle heart.

My lord, be rul'd by me, be won at last;

Dissemble all your griefs and discontents :
 You are but newly planted in your throne ;
 Lest then the people, and patricians too,
 Upon a just survey take Titus' part,
 And so supplant us for ingratitude, *
 Which Rome reputes to be a heinous sin,
 Yield at entreats, and then let me alone :
 I'll find a day to massacre them all ;
 And raze their faction and their family,
 The cruel father, and his traitorous sons,
 To whom I sued for my dear son's life ;
 And make them know, what 't is to let a queen
 Kneel in the streets, and beg for grace in vain.

[The preceding fourteen lines are spoken
aside.

Come, come, sweet emperor ; come, Andronicus ;
 Take up this good old man, and cheer the heart
 That dies in tempest of thy angry frown.

King. Rise, Titus, rise ; my empress hath
 prevail'd.

Tit. I thank your majesty, and her, my lord.
 These words, these looks, infuse new life in me.

Tam. Titus, I am incorporate in Rome,
 A Roman now adopted happily,
 And must advise the emperor for his good.
 This day all quarrels die, Andronicus ;
 And let it be mine honour, good my lord,
 That I have reconcil'd your friends and you.
 For you, prince Bassianus, I have pass'd
 My word and promise to the emperor,
 That you will be more mild and tractable :
 And fear not, lords : and you, Lavinia,

* *Us.* So the folio. Recent editors print *you* ; but
 Tamora in her own royal condition associates herself with
 the fortunes of the Emperor. Her proposed revenges, as
 we immediately see, are those of "a queen."

By my advice, all humbled on your knees,
 You shall ask pardon of his majesty.

Linc. We do ; and vow to heaven, and to his
 highness,
 That what we did was mildly, as we might,
 Tend'ring our sister's honour and our own.

Marc. That on mine honour here I do pro-
 test.

Sat. Away, and talk not ; trouble us no
 more.—

Tam. Nay, nay, sweet emperor, we must all
 be friends :

The tribune and his nephews kneel for grace ;
 I will not be denied. Sweet heart, look back.

Sat. Marcus, for thy sake, and thy brother's
 here,

And at my lovely Tamora's entreats,
 I do remit these young men's heinous faults.
 Stand up. Lavinia, though you left me like a
 churl,

I found a friend : and sure as death I swear,^a
 I would not part a bachelor from the priest.
 Come, if the emperor's court can feast two brides,
 You are my guest, Lavinia, and your friends :
 This day shall be a love-day, Tamora.

Tit. To-morrow, an it please your majesty
 To hunt the panther and the hart with me,
 With horn and hound, we'll give your grace
bon-jour.

Sat. Be it so, Titus, and gramercy too.

[*Exeunt.*

^a *Swore*, in the folio. The quarto, *swore*.





ACT II.

SCENE I.—Rome. *Before the Palace.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Now climbeth Tamora Olympus' top,
Safe out of Fortune's shot; and sits aloft,
Secure of thunder's crack or lightning flash,
Advanc'd above pale envy's threat'ning reach:
As when the golden sun salutes the morn,
And, having gilt the ocean with his beams,
Gallops the zodiac in his glistening coach,
And overlooks the highest peering hills;
So Tamora.
Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait,
And virtue stoops and trembles at her frown.
Then, Aaron, arm thy heart, and fit thy
thoughts,
To mount aloft with thy imperial mistress,
And mount her pitch, whom thou in triumph
long
Hast prisoner held, fetter'd in amorous chains,
And faster bound to Aaron's charming eyes
Than is Prometheus tied to Caucasus.

Away with slavish weeds and servile^a thoughts!
I will be bright, and shine in pearl and gold,
To wait upon this new-made empress.
To wait, said I? to wanton with this queen,
This goddess, this Semiramis, this nymph,^b
This syren, that will charm Rome's Saturnine,
And see his shipwrack, and his commonweal's.
Hollo! what storm is this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, braving.

Demet. Chiron, thy years want wit, thy wit
wants edge,
And manners, to intrude where I am grac'd;
And may, for aught thou know'st, affected be.
Chi. Demetrius, thou dost overween in all;
And so in this, to bear me down with braves.
'Tis not the difference of a year or two
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate.

^a *Servile*, in the quarto of 1600; the folio, *idle*, and so the quarto of 1611.

^b *Nymph*, in the quarto of 1600; the folio and the quarto of 1611, *queen*.

I am as able, and as fit, as thou,
To serve, and to deserve my mistress's grace;
And that my sword upon thee shall approve,
And plead my passions for Lavinia's love.

Aaron. Clubs, clubs! these lovers will not
keep the peace.

Demet. Why, boy, although our mother, un-
advis'd,
Gave you a dancing rapier by your side,
Are you so desperate grown to threat your
friends?

Go to; have your lath glued within your sheath,
Till you know better how to handle it.

Chi. Meanwhile, sir, with the little skill I
have,
Full well shalt thou perceive how much I dare.

Demet. Ay, boy, grow ye so brave?

[*They draw.*]

Aaron. Why, how now, lords?
So near the emperor's palace dare you draw,
And maintain such a quarrel openly?
Full well I wot the ground of all this grudge;
I would not for a million of gold
The cause were known to them it most concerns.
Nor would your noble mother, for much more,
Be so dishonour'd in the court of Rome.
For shame, put up.

Demet. Not I, till I have sheath'd
My rapier in his bosom, and, withal,
Thrust those reproachful speeches down his
throat,

That he hath breath'd in my dishonour here.

Chi. For that I am prepar'd, and full resolv'd,
Foul-spoken coward, that thund'rest with thy
tongue,

And with thy weapon nothing dar'st perform.

Aaron. Away, I say!

Now, by the gods that warlike Goths adore,
This petty brabble will undo us all!
Why, lords,—and think you not how dan-
gerous

It is to jet upon a prince's right?

What, is Lavinia then become so loose,

Or Bassianus so degenerate,

That for her love such quarrels may be broach'd,
Without controlment, justice, or revenge?

Young lords, beware; and should the empress
know

This discord's ground, the music would not
please.

Chi. I care not, I, knew she, and all the world,
I love Lavinia more than all the world.

Demet. Youngling, learn thou to make some
meaner choice:

Lavinia is thine elder brother's hope.

SUP. VOL. C

Aaron. Why, are ye mad? or know ye not
in Rome,

How furious and impatient they be,
And cannot brook competitors in love?

I tell you, lords, you do but plot your deaths
By this device.

Chi. Aaron, a thousand deaths would I pro-
pose,

To achieve her whom I love.

Aaron. To achieve her, how?

Demet. Why mak'st thou it so strange?

She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;

She is a woman, therefore may be won;

She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd.

What, man! more water glideth by the mill

Than wots the miller of; and easy it is

Of a cut loaf to steal a shive, we know:

Though Bassianus be the emperor's brother,

Better than he have worn Vulcan's badge.

Aaron. Ay, and as good as Saturninus may.

Demet. Then why should he despair that
knows to court it

With words, fair looks, and liberality?

What, hast not thou full often struck a doe,

And borne her cleanly by the keeper's nose?

Aaron. Why, then, it seems, some certain
snatch or so

Would serve your turns.

Chi. Ay, so the turn were serv'd.

Demet. Aaron, thou hast hit it.

Aaron. Would you had hit it too,

Then should not we be tir'd with this ado.

Why, hark ye, hark ye, and are you such fools

To square for this? would it offend you then

That both should speed?^a

Chi. Faith, not me.

Demet. Nor me, so I were one.

Aaron. For shame, be friends, and join for
that you jar.

'T is policy and stratagem must do

That you affect, and so must you resolve

That what you cannot as you would achieve

You must perforce accomplish as you may:

Take this of me, Lucrece was not more chaste

Than this Lavinia, Bassianus' love.

A speedier course than^b ling'ring languishment

Must we pursue, and I have found the path.

My lords, a solemn hunting is in hand;

There will the lovely Roman ladies troop:

The forest walks are wide and spacious,

And many unfrequented plots there are,

Fitted by kind for rape and villainy:

^a This line is omitted in the folio: the sense is incomplete
without it.

^b Than—in the original copies, *this*.

Single you thither then this dainty doe,
 And strike her home by force, if not by words:
 This way, or not at all, stand you in hope.
 Come, come, our empress, with her sacred^a wit,
 To villainy and vengeance consecrate,
 Will we acquaint with all that we intend;
 And she shall file our engines with advice,
 That will not suffer you to square yourselves,
 But to your wishes' height advance you both.
 The emperor's court is like the house of fame,
 The palace full of tongues, of eyes, of ears:
 The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf, and dull:
 There speak, and strike, brave boys, and take
 your turns.

There serve your lust, shadow'd from heaven's
 eye,

And revel in Lavinia's treasury.

Chi. Thy counsel, lad, smells of no cowardice.

Demet. *Sit fas aut nefas*, till I find the stream
 To cool this heat, a charm to calm these fits.

Per Styga, per manes vehor. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*A Forest.*

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS, his three Sons, and
 MARCUS, making a noise with hounds and
 horns.

Tit. The hunt is up, the morn is bright and
 grey,
 The fields are fragrant, and the woods are green;
 Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
 And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
 And rouse the prince, and ring a hunter's peal,
 That all the court may echo with the noise.
 Sons, let it be your charge, as it is ours,
 To attend the emperor's person carefully:
 I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
 But dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.

*Here a cry of hounds, and wind horns in a peal;
 then enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, BASSIANUS,
 LAVINIA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, and their at-
 tendants.*

Tit. Many good morrows to your majesty;
 Madam, to you as many and as good.
 I promised your grace a hunter's peal.

Sat. And you have rung it lustily, my lords;
 Somewhat too early for new-married ladies.

Bass. Lavinia, how say you?

Lav. I say no: I have been broad awake two hours and more.

Sat. Come on, then; horse and chariots let us
 have,

And to our sport: madam, now shall ye see
 Our Roman hunting.

Marc. I have dogs, my lord,
 Will rouse the proudest panther in the chase,
 And climb the highest promontory top.

Tit. And I have horse will follow where the
 game
 Makes way, and run like swallows o'er the plain.

Demet. Chiron, we hunt not, we, with horse
 nor hound;

But hope to pluck a dainty doe to ground.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Forest.*

Enter AARON.

Aaron. He that had wit would think that I
 had none,

To bury so much gold under a tree,
 And never after to inherit it.

Let him that thinks of me so abjectly
 Know that this gold must coin a stratagem,
 Which, cunningly effected, will beget
 A very excellent piece of villainy:
 And so repose, sweet gold, for their unrest,
 That have their alms out of the empress' chest.

Enter TAMORA.

Tam. My lovely Aaron, wherefore look'st
 thou sad,

When everything doth make a gleeful boast?
 The birds chant melody on every bush;
 The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun;
 The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
 And make a checker'd shadow on the ground:
 Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
 And, whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
 Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
 As if a double hunt were heard at once,
 Let us sit down and mark their yelping^a noise:
 And, after conflict such as was suppos'd
 The wand'ring prince and Dido once enjoy'd,
 When with a happy storm they were surpris'd,
 And curtain'd with a counsel-keeping cave,
 We may, each wreathed in the other's arms,
 Our pastimes done, possess a golden slumber,
 While hounds, and horns, and sweet melodious
 birds,

Be unto us as is a nurse's song
 Of lullaby, to bring her babe asleep.

Aaron. Madam, though Venus govern your
 desires,

Saturn is dominator over mine:

^a Sacred—in the Latin sense, accursed.

^a Yelping. So the folio—commonly, yelling.

What signifies my deadly-standing eye,
My silence, and my cloudy melancholy,
My fleece of woolly hair, that now uncurls
Even as an adder when she doth unroll
To do some fatal execution?
No, madam, these are no venereal signs;
Vengeance is in my heart, death in my hand,
Blood and revenge are hammering in my head.
Hark, Tamora, the empress of my soul,
Which never hopes more heaven than rests in
thee,

This is the day of doom for Bassianus;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day;
Thy sons make pillage of her chastity,
And wash their hands in Bassianus' blood.
Seest thou this letter? take it up, I pray thee,
And give the king this fatal-plotted scroll.
Now question me no more; we are espied:
Here comes a parcel of our hopeful booty,
Which dreads not yet their lives' destruction.

Enter BASSIANUS and LAVINIA.

Tam. Ah, my sweet Moor, sweeter to me than
life!

Aaron. No more, great empress, Bassianus
comes.

Be cross with him; and I'll go fetch thy
sons

To back thy quarrels, whatsoever they be.

Bass. Who have we here? Rome's royal
empress,

Unfurnish'd of her well-beseeming troop?

Or is it Dian, habited like her,

Who hath abandoned her holy groves,

To see the general hunting in this forest?

Tam. Saucy controller of our private steps,
Had I the power that some say Dian had,
Thy temples should be planted presently
With horns as was Actæon's, and the hounds
Should drive upon thy new-transformed limbs,
Unmannerly intruder as thou art!

Lav. Under your patience, gentle empress,
'Tis thought you have a goodly gift in horning,
And to be doubted that your Moor and you
Are singled forth to try experiments:
Jove shield your husband from his hounds to-
day;

'Tis pity they should take him for a stag.

Bass. Believe me, queen, your swarth Cim-
merian

Doth make your honour of his body's hue,
Spotted, detested, and abominable.

Why are you sequestered from all your train?

Dismounted from your snow-white goodly steed,
And wander'd hither to an obscure plot,

C 2

Accompanied but^a with a barbarous Moor,
If foul desire had not conducted you?

Lav. And, being intercepted in your sport,
Great reason that my noble lord be rated
For sauciness: I pray you, let us hence,
And let her 'joy her raven-colour'd love;
This valley fits the purpose passing well.

Bass. The king, my brother, shall have note^b
of this.

Lav. Ay, for these slips have made him noted
long;

Good king, to be so mightily abused!

Tam. Why have I^c patience to endure all this?

Enter CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Demet. How now, dear sovereign, and our
gracious mother,

Why doth your highness look so pale and wan?

Tam. Have I not reason, think you, to look
pale?

These two have 'tic'd me hither to this place,
A barren detested vale, you see it is;

The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful missestoe.

Here never shines the sun; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven:

And when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me here, at dead time of the night,

A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,

Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,

Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.

No sooner had they told this hellish tale,
But straight they told me they would bind me
here,

Unto the body of a dismal yew,

And leave me to this miserable death.

And then they call'd me foul adulteress,

Lascivious Goth, and all the bitterest terms
That ever ear did hear to such effect.

And had you not by wondrous fortune come,

This vengeance on me had they executed:

Revenge it, as you love your mother's life,
Or be ye not henceforth call'd my children.

Demet. This is a witness that I am thy son.

[*Stabs him.*

Chi. And this for me, struck home to show my
strength. [*Stabs him likewise.*

• *Lav.* Ay, come, Semiramis,—nay, barbarous
Tamora!

For no name fits thy nature but thy own.

^a *But.* The edition of 1600 has this word.
^b *Note.* In the folio and quartos, *notices.*
^c *Have I.* The original copies, *I have.*

Tam. Give me thy poniard; you shall know,
my boys,
Your mother's hand shall right your mother's
wrong.

Demet. Stay, madam; here is more belongs to
her;

First thresh the corn, then after burn the straw:
This minion stood upon her chastity,
Upon her nuptial vow, her loyalty,
And with that painted hope braves your mighti-
ness:

And shall she carry this unto her grave?

Chi. An if she do, I would I were an eunuch.
Drag hence her husband to some secret hole,
And make his dead trunk pillow to our lust.

Tam. But when ye have the honey ye desire,
Let not this wasp outlive us both to sting.

Chi. I warrant you, madam, we will make
that sure.

Come, mistress, now perforce we will enjoy
That nice preserved honesty of yours.

Lav. Oh, Tamora! thou bear'st a woman's
face—

Tam. I will not hear her speak; away with
her!

Lav. Sweet lords, entreat her hear me but a
word.

Demet. Listen, fair madam; let it be your
glory

To see her tears, but be your heart to them
As unrelenting flint to drops of rain.

Lav. When did the tiger's young ones teach
the dam?

O, do not learn her wrath; she taught it thee.
The milk thou suck'st from her did turn to
marble;

Even at thy teat thou hadst thy tyranny.
Yet every mother breeds not sons alike;
Do thou entreat her show a woman pity.

[To CHIRON.]

Chi. What! wouldst thou have me prove my-
self a bastard?

Lav. 'T is true; the raven doth not hatch a
lark:

Yet have I heard,—oh could I find it now!—
The lion, mov'd with pity, did endure
To have his princely paws par'd all away.
Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
Oh, be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!

Tam. I know not what it means; away with
her!

Lav. O let me teach thee! For my father's
sake,

That gave thee life when well he might have
slain thee,

Be not obdurate, open thy deaf ears.

Tam. Hadst thou in person ne'er offended
me,

Even for his sake am I pitiless.

Remember, boys, I pour'd forth tears in vain,
To save your brother from the sacrifice;
But fierce Andronicus would not relent:

Therefore, away with her, and use her as you
will;

The worse to her, the better lov'd of me.

Lav. Oh Tamora, be call'd a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place:
For 't is not life that I have begg'd so long;
Poor I was slain when Bassianus died.

Tam. What begg'st thou then? fond woman,
let me go.

Lav. 'T is present death I beg; and one thing
more,

That womanhood denies my tongue to tell:

Oh, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit,
Where never man's eye may behold my body;—
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

Tam. So should I rob my sweet sons of their
fee.

No, let them satisfy their lust on thee.

Demet. Away, for thou hast stay'd us here too
long.

Lav. No grace! no womanhood! Ah, beastly
creature,

The blot and enemy to our general name!

Confusion fall—

Chi. May, then I'll stop your mouth; bring
thou her husband:

[Dragging off LAVINIA.]

This is the hole where Aaron bid us hide him.

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.

Now will I hence to seek my lovely Moor,
And let my spleenful sons this trull deflour.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.—The Forest.

Enter AARON, with QUINTUS and MARTIUS.

Aaron. Come on, my lords, the better foot
before:

Straight will I bring you to the loathsome pit,
Where I espied the panther fast asleep.

Quint. My sight is very dull, whate'er it
bodes.

Mart. And mine, I promise you; were't not for shame,
Well could I leave our sport to sleep awhile.

[MARTIUS falls into the pit.]

Quint. What, art thou fallen? What subtle hole is this,
Whose mouth is cover'd with rude growing briers,
Upon whose leaves are drops of new-shed blood,
As fresh as morning's dew distill'd on flowers?
A very fatal place it seems to me:
Speak, brother, hast thou hurt thee with the fall?

Mart. O brother, with the dismall'st object hurt,*

That ever eye with sight made heart lament.

Aaron. [Aside.] Now will I fetch the king to find them here,

That he thereby may have a likely guess,
How these were they that made away his brother.

[Exit.]

Mart. Why dost not comfort me and help me out

From this unhallow'd and blood-stained hole?

Quint. I am surprised with an uncouth fear;
A chilling sweat o'erruns my trembling joints;
My heart suspects more than mine eye can see.

Mart. To prove thou hast a true-divining heart,

Aaron and thou look down into this den,
And see a fearful sight of blood and death.

Quint. Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart

Will not permit mine eyes once to behold
The thing whereat it trembles by surmise:
Oh, tell me how it is, for ne'er till now
Was I a child, to fear I know not what.

Mart. Lord Bassianus lies embred here,
All on a heap, like to a slaughter'd lamb,
In this detested, dark, blood-drinking pit.

Quint. If it be dark, how dost thou know 't is he?

Mart. Upon his bloody finger he doth wear
A precious ring, that lightens all the hole:
Which, like a taper in some monument,
Doth shine upon the dead man's earthy cheeks,
And shows the ragged entrails of this pit:
So pale did shine the moon on Pyramus,
When he by night lay bath'd in maiden blood.
O, brother, help me with thy fainting hand,—
If fear hath made thee faint, as me it hath,—
Out of this fell devouring receptacle,
As hateful as Cocytus' misty mouth.

* *Hurt.* In the quarto of 1600 only.

Quint. Reach me thy hand, that I may help thee out;

Or, wanting strength to do thee so much good,
I may be pluck'd into the swallowing womb
Of this deep pit, poor Bassianus' grave.

I have no strength to pluck thee to the brink.

Mart. Nor I no strength to climb without thy help.

Quint. Thy hand once more; I will not loose again,

Till thou art here aloft, or I below:

Thou canst not come to me; I come to thee.

[Falls in.]

Enter SATURNINUS and AARON.

Sat. Along with me:—I'll see what hole is here,

And what he is that now is leap'd into it.
Say, who art thou that lately didst descend
Into this gaping hollow of the earth?

Mart. The unhappy son of old Andronicus,
Brought hither in a most unlucky hour,
To find thy brother Bassianus dead.

Sat. My brother dead? I know thou dost but jest:

He and his lady both are at the lodge,
Upon the north side of this pleasant chase;
'T is not an hour since I left him there.

Mart. We know not where you left him all alive,

But out, alas! here have we found him dead.

Enter TAMORA, ANDRONICUS, and LUCIUS.

Tam. Where is my lord the king?

Sat. Here, Tamora, though griev'd with killing grief.

Tam. Where is thy brother Bassianus?

Sat. Now to the bottom dost thou search my wound;

Poor Bassianus here lies murdered.

Tam. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeless tragedy;
And wonder greatly that man's face can fold
In pleasing smiles such murderous tyranny.

[She gives SATURNINE a letter.]

SATURNINUS reads the letter.

“An if we miss to meet him handsomely,—
Sweet huntsman, Bassianus 't is we mean,—
Do thou so much as dig the grave for him;
Thou know'st our meaning: Look for thy reward
Among the nettles at the elder-tree,
Which overshades the mouth of that same pit,
Where we decreed to bury Bassianus.
Do this, and purchase us thy lasting friends.”

Sat. Oh Tamora, was ever heard the like?

This is the pit, and this the elder-tree:
Look, sirs, if you can find the huntsman out,
That should have murder'd Bassianus here.

Aaron. My gracious lord, here is the bag of gold.

Sat. Two of thy whelps, [to TITUS] fell curs
of bloody kind,

Have here bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs, drag them from the pit unto the prison;
There let them bide until we have devis'd
Some never-heard-of torturing pain for them.

Tam. What, are they in this pit? oh wondrous
thing!

How easily murder is discovered!

Tit. High emperor, upon my feeble knee,
I beg this boon, with tears not lightly shed,
That this fell fault of my accursed sons,
Accursed, if the fault be prov'd in them—

Sat. If it be prov'd! you see it is apparent.
Who found this letter, Tamora; was it you?

Tam. Andronicus himself did take it up.

Tit. I did, my lord; yet let me be their
bail:

For by my father's reverent tomb I vow
They shall be ready at your highness' will,
To answer their suspicion with their lives.

Sat. Thou shalt not bail them; see thou follow
me.

Some bring the murder'd body, some the mur-
derers:

Let them not speak a word, the guilt is plain;
For, by my soul, were there worse end than
death,

That end upon them should be executed.

Tam. Andronicus, I will entreat the king:
Fear not thy sons; they shall do well enough.

Tit. Come, Lucius, come; stay not to talk
with them. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*The Forest.*

*Enter DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, with LAVINIA,
her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out.*

Demet. So now go tell, an if thy tongue can
speak,
Who 't was that cut thy tongue and ravish'd
thee.

Chi. Write down thy mind, bewray thy mean-
ing so,

An if thy stumps will let thee play the scribe.

Demet. See, how with signs and tokens she
can scrawl.

Chi. Go home, call for sweet water, wash thy
hands.

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Demet. She hath no tongue to call, nor hands
to wash;

And so, let's leave her to her silent walks.

Chi. An 't were my cause,* I should go hang
myself.

Demet. If thou hadst hands to help thee knit
the cord. [Exeunt DEMET. and CHI.]

Enter MARCUS, from hunting.

Marc. Who is this? my niece, that flies away
so fast?

Cousin, a word; where is your husband?
If I do dream, would all my wealth would wake
me!

If I do wake, some planet strike me down,
That I may slumber in eternal sleep!
Speak, gentle niece; what stern ungentle hands
Have lopp'd, and hew'd, and made thy body
bare

Of her two branches, those sweet ornaments
Whose circling shadows kings have sought to
sleep in,

And might not gain so great a happiness
As have^b thy love? why dost not speak to me?

Alas, a crimson river of warm blood,
Like to a bubbling fountain stirr'd with wind,
Doth rise and fall between thy rosed lips,
Coming and going with thy honey breath.
But sure some Tereus hath deflower'd thee,
And, lest thou shouldst detect him, cut thy
tongue.

Ah, now thou turn'st away thy face for shame!
And, notwithstanding all this loss of blood,
As from a conduit with their issuing spouts,
Yet do thy cheeks look red as Titan's face,
Blushing to be encounter'd with a cloud.
Shall I speak for thee? shall I say, 't is so?
Oh that I knew thy heart, and knew the
beast,

That I might rail at him to ease my mind!
Sorrow concealed, like an oven stapp'd,
Doth burn the heart to cinders where it is.
Fair Philomela, she but lost her tongue,
And in a tedious sampler sew'd her mind.
But, lovely niece, that mean is cut from thee;
A craftier Tereus hast thou met withal,^c
And he hath cut those pretty fingers off,
That could have better sew'd than Philomel.
Oh! had the monster seen those lily hands
Tremble like aspen-leaves upon a lute,
And make the silken strings delight to kiss
them,

* *Cause.* So the old editions. In modern copies, *case*.
^b *Have.* The old copies *has't*. Mr. Dyce adopts *have*,
after Theobald.

^c So the folio. The quarto of 1600,

"A craftier Tereus, cousin, hast thou met."

He would not then have touch'd them for his
life.

Or had he heard the heavenly harmony
Which that sweet tongue hath made,
He would have dropp'd his knife, and fell asleep,
As Cerberus at the Thracian poet's feet.
Come, let us go, and make thy father blind;

For such a sight will blind a father's eye:
One hour's storm will drown the fragrant meads;
What will whole months of tears thy father's
eyes?

Do not draw back, for we will mourn with thee;
Oh, could our mourning ease thy misery!

[*Exeunt.*]

REGENT NEW READING.

Sc. II. p. 18.—

There are few who will make a study of this disagreeable play; but it is curious to see how it has been tampered with by the Corrector of Mr. Collier's folio, in the transformations from blank verse to couplets. Mr. Collier thinks the passages, as corrected, belong to the time when the play was first written. We think they belong to the period after the Restoration, when rhyming tragedies were in fashion. One parallel example will be sufficient:—

ORIGINAL.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and *grey*,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are *green*;
Uncouple here and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and *ring* a hunter's *peal*,
That all the court may echo with the *noise*.
Sons, let it be your charge, *as it is ours*,
To attend the emperor's person carefully;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day *new* comfort *hath inspir'd*.

CORRECTED FOLIO OF 1632.

The hunt is up, the morn is bright and *gay*,
The fields are fragrant, and the woods are *wide*;
Uncouple here, and let us make a bay,
And wake the emperor and his lovely bride,
And rouse the prince, and *sing* a hunters' *round*,
That all the court may echo with the *sound*.
Sons, let it be your charge, *and so will I*,
To attend the emperor's person carefully;
I have been troubled in my sleep this night,
But dawning day *brought* comfort *and delight*.





[Scene I.]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—Rome. *A Street.*

Enter the Judges and Senators, with MARTIUS and QUINTUS bound, passing on the stage to the place of execution; and TITUS going before, pleading.

Tit. Hear me, grave fathers! noble tribunes, stay!

For pity of mine age, whose youth was spent
In dangerous wars, whilst you securely slept;
For all my blood in Rome's great quarrel shed;
For all the frosty nights that I have watch'd;
And for these bitter tears, which now you see
Filling the aged wrinkles in my cheeks;
Be pitiful to my condemned sons,
Whose souls are not corrupted, as 't is thought.
For two-and-twenty sons I never wept,
Because they died in honour's lofty bed.

[ANDRONICUS lies down, and the Judges pass by him.]

For these, tribunes,^a in the dust I write
My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad
tears;

Let my tears stanch the earth's dry appetite;
My sons' sweet blood will make it shame and
blush.

[*Exeunt* Senators, Tribunes, and Prisoners.]
O earth, I will befriend thee more with rain,
That shall distil from these two ancient urns,^b
Than youthful April shall with all his showers.
In summer's drought I'll drop upon thee still;
In winter, with warm tears I'll melt the snow,
And keep eternal spring-time on thy face,
So thou refuse to drink my dear sons' blood.

Enter LUCIUS, with his weapon drawn.

Oh, reverend tribunes! oh, gentle, aged men!
Unbind my sons, reverse the doom of death;

^a Malone reads, "good tribunes."

^b *Urns*—in the old editions *ruins*. Hammer's correction

And let me say, that never wept before,
My tears are now prevailing orators!

Luc. Oh, noble father, you lament in vain;
The tribunes hear you not, no man is by,
And you recount your sorrows to a stone.

Tit. Ah, Lucius, for thy brothers let me
plead:

Grave tribunes, once more I entreat of you!

Luc. My gracious lord, no tribune hears you
speak.

Tit. Why, 't is no matter, man; if they did
hear

They would not mark me: oh, if they did hear,
They would not pity me:*

Therefore I tell my sorrows bootless^b to the
stones,

Who, though they cannot answer my distress,
Yet in some sort they 're better than the tribunes,
For that they will not intercept my tale:

When I do weep, they, humbly at my feet,
Receive my tears, and seem to weep with me;
And, were they but attired in grave weeds,
Rome could afford no tribune like to these.

A stone is as soft wax,^c tribunes more hard than
stones;

A stone is silent, and offendeth not;
And tribunes with their tongues doom men to
death.

But wherefore stand'st thou with thy weapon
drawn?

Luc. To rescue my two brothers from their
death:

For which attempt, the judges have pronounc'd
My everlasting doom of banishment.

Tit. Oh, happy man, they have befriended
thee:

Why, foolish Lucius, dost thou not perceive
That Rome is but a wilderness of tigers?
Tigers must prey; and Rome affords no prey
But me and mine: how happy art thou, then,
From these devourers to be banished!
But who comes with our brother Marcus here?

Enter MARCUS and LAVINIA.

Marc. Titus, prepare thy noble^d eyes to
weep,

Or, if not so, thy noble heart to break:
I bring consuming sorrow to thine age.

* So the folio of 1623. The quarto of 1600—

"Or, if they did mark,
They would not pity me; yet plead I must,
All bootless unto them."

The quarto of 1611 omits "Yet plead I must," but retains
"All bootless unto them."

^b *Bootless* is omitted in modern editions.

^c *As soft wax.* So the folio: the quartos, "soft as wax."

^d *Noble.* The common reading is *aged*.

Tit. Will it consume me? Let me see it, then.

Marc. This was thy daughter.

Tit. Why, Marcus, so she is.

Luc. Ah me! this object kills me.

Tit. Faint-hearted boy, arise and look upon
her:

Speak, Lavinia, what accursed hand
Hath made thee handless in thy father's sight?

What fool hath added water to the sea?
Or brought a fagot to bright-burning Troy?
My grief was at the height before thou cam'st,
And now, like Nilus, it disdaineth bounds:
Give me a sword, I'll chop off my hands too;
For they have fought for Rome, and all in vain;
And they have nurs'd this woe, in feeding life;
In bootless prayer have they been held up,
And they have serv'd me to effectless use.
Now all the service I require of them
Is that the one will help to cut the other.

'T is well, Lavinia, that thou hast no hands;
For hands, to do Rome service, are but vain.

Luc. Speak, gentle sister, who hath martyr'd
thee?

Marc. Oh, that delightful engine of her
thoughts,

That blabb'd them with such pleasing elo-
quence,

Is torn from forth that pretty hollow cage,
Where, like a sweet melodious bird, it sung
Sweet varied notes, enchanting every ear.

Luc. Oh, say thou for her, who hath done
this deed?

Marc. Oh, thus I found her, straying in the
park,

Seeking to hide herself, as doth the deer
That hath receiv'd some unrecuring wound.

Tit. It was my deer; and he that wounded her
Hath hurt me more than had he kill'd me dead:
For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea,
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him.

This way to death my wretched sons are gone;
Here stands my other son, a banish'd man;
And here my brother, weeping at my woes:
But that which gives my soul the greatest spurn
Is dear Lavinia, dearer than my soul.

Had I but seen thy picture in this plight
It would have maddened me: what shall I do
Now I behold thy lively body so?

Thou hast no hands to wipe away thy tears,
Nor tongue to tell me who hath martyr'd thee:

Thy husband he is dead, and for his death
Thy brothers are condemn'd, and dead by this.

Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks, as doth the honey-dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.

Marc. Perchance, she weeps because they
kill'd her husband:

Perchance, because she knows them innocent.

Tit. If they did kill thy husband, then be
joyful,

Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.

No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;

Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.

Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips,

Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:

Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,

And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain,

Looking all downwards to behold our cheeks

How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry

With miry slime left on them by a flood?

And in the fountain shall we gaze so long

Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,

And made a brine-pit with our bitter tears?

Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?

Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows

Pass the remainder of our hateful days?

What shall we do? let us that have our tongues

Plot some device of further misery

To make us wonder'd at in time to come.

Luc. Sweet father, cease your tears; for at
your grief

See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.

Marc. Patience, dear niece; good Titus, dry
thine eyes.

Tit. Ah, Marcus, Marcus! brother, well I
wote

Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,

For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine
own.

Luc. Ah, my Lavinia, I will wipe thy cheeks.

Tit. Mark, Marcus, mark! I understand her
signs:

Had she a tongue to speak, now would she say

That to her brother which I said to thee.

His napkin, with his true tears all bewet,

Can do no service on her sorrowful cheeks.

Oh, what a sympathy of woe is this;

As far from help as limbo is from bliss!

Enter AARON.

Aaron. Titus Andronicus, my lord the em-
peror

Sends thee this word, that if thou love thy sons,

Let Marcus, Lucius, or thyself, old Titus,

Or any one of you, chop off your hand,
And send it to the king: he, for the same,
Will send thee hither both thy sons alive,
And that shall be the ransom for their fault.

Tit. Oh, gracious emperor! oh, gentle Aaron!

Did ever raven sing so like a lark,

That gives sweet tidings of the sun's uprise?

With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my
hand:

Good Aaron, wilt thou help to chop it off?

Luc. Stay, father; for that noble hand of
thine,

That hath thrown down so many enemies,

Shall not be sent: my hand will serve the turn:

My youth can better spare my blood than you,

And therefore mine shall save my brothers' lives.

Marc. Which of your hands hath not de-
fended Rome,

And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,

Writing destruction on the enemy's castle?*

Oh, none of both but are of high desert:

My hand hath been but idle: let it serve

To ransom my two nephews from their death,

Then have I kept it to a worthy end.

Aaron. Nay, come, agree whose hand shall
go along,

For fear they die before their pardon come.

Marc. My hand shall go.

Luc. By heaven, it shall not go!

Tit. Sirs, strive no more; such wither'd herbs
as these

Are meet for plucking up, and therefore mine.

Luc. Sweet father, if I shall be thought thy
son,

Let me redeem my brothers both from death.

Marc. And for our father's sake, and mother's
care,

Now let me show a brother's love to thee.

Tit. Agree between you; I will spare my
hand.

Luc. Then I'll go fetch an axe.

Marc. But I will use the axe.

[*Exeunt LUCIUS and MARCUS.*]

Tit. Come hither, Aaron; I'll deceive them
both:

Lend me thy hand, and I will give thee mine.

Aaron. If that be called deceit, I will be
honest,

And never, whilst I live, deceive men so:

But I'll deceive you in another sort,

And that you'll say, ere half an hour pass. [*Aside.*]

[*He cuts off TITUS's hand.*]

* *Castle.* Theobald changed this to *casque*. It is probably put for stronghold, power.

* *Like.* The old copies have *is*. Rowe made the change.

Enter LUCIUS and MARCUS.

Tit. Now, stay your strife; what shall be is despatch'd:

Good Aaron, give his majesty my hand;
Tell him, it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers: bid him bury it:
More hath it merited, that let it have.
As for my sons, say I account of them
As jewels purchas'd at an easy price;
And yet dear too, because I bought mine own.

Aaron. I go, Andronicus; and, for thy hand,
Look by-and-by to have thy sons with thee.
Their heads I mean: oh, how this villainy

[*Aside.*

Doth fat me with the very thoughts of it!
Let fools do good, and fair men call for grace,
Aaron will have his soul black like his face.

[*Exit.*

Tit. Oh, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,

And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call: What, wilt* thou kneel with me?
[*To LAVINIA.*

Do, then, dear heart, for heaven shall hear our prayers,

Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms.

Marc. Oh, brother, speak with possibilities^b
And do not break into these deep extremes.

Tit. Is not my sorrow deep, having no bottom?
Then be my passions bottomless with them.

Marc. But yet let reason govern thy lament.

Tit. If there were reason for these miseries,
Then into limits could I bind my woes:
When heaven doth weep, doth not the earth
o'erflow?

If the winds rage, doth not the sea wax mad,
Threat'ning the welkin with his big-swoll'n face?
And wilt thou have a reason for this coil?

I am the sea. Hark how her sighs do blow:^c
She is the weeping welkin, I the earth:

Then must my sea be moved with her sighs;
Then must my earth with her continual tears
Become a deluge, overflow'd and drown'd:
For why, my bowels cannot hide her woes,
But like a drunkard must I vomit them.

Then give me leave, for losers will have leave
To ease their stomachs with their bitter tongues.

^a *With*, in the folio; the quartos, *would*

^b *Possibilities*, in the folio, and quarto of 1611. That of 1600, *possibility*.

^c *Blow*, in the second folio. The earlier copies, *flow*.

Enter a Messenger with two heads and a hand.

Messen. Worthy Andronicus, ill art thou repaid

For that good hand thou sent'st the emperor:
Here are the heads of thy two noble sons,
And here's thy hand in scorn to thee sent back:
Thy griefs their sports: thy resolution mock'd:
That woe is me to think upon thy woes,
More than remembrance of my father's death.

[*Exit.*

Marc. Now let hot *Ætna* cool in Sicily,
And be my heart an ever-burning hell:
These miseries are more than may be borne.
To weep with them that weep doth ease some deal;

But sorrow flouted at is double death.

Luc. Ah, that this sight should make so deep a wound,

And yet detested life not shrink thereat!
That ever death should let life bear his name,
Where life hath no more interest but to breathe!

[*LAVINIA kisses TITUS.*

Marc. Alas, poor heart, that kiss is comfortless,

As frozen water to a starved snake.

Tit. When will this fearful slumber have an end?

Marc. Now farewell flattery: Die, Andronicus;

Thou dost not slumber: see thy two sons' heads,
Thy warlike hand; thy mangled daughter here;
Thy other banish'd son with this dear sight
Struck pale and bloodless; and thy brother, I,
Even like a stony image, cold and numb.

Ah, now no more will I control my^a griefs:
Rend off thy silver hair, thy other hand
Gnawing with thy teeth; and be this dismal sight

The closing up of our most wretched eyes:
Now is a time to storm; why art thou still?

Tit. Ha, ha, ha!

Marc. Why dost thou laugh? it fits not with this hour.

Tit. Why, I have not another tear to shed:
Besides, this sorrow is an enemy,
And would usurp upon my watery eyes,
And make them blind with tributary tears.
Then, which way shall I find revenge's cave?
For these two heads do seem to speak to me,
And threaten me, I shall never come to bliss,
Till all these mischiefs be return'd again,
Even in their throats that have committed them.

^a *My*, in all the early copies. Theobald changed it to *thy*. We see no necessity for the change.

Come, let me see what task I have to do.
 You heavy people, circle me about,
 That I may turn me to each one of you,
 And swear unto my soul to right your wrongs.
 The vow is made. Come, brother, take a head,
 And in this hand the other will I bear.
 And, Lavinia, thou shalt be employ'd in these things.^a

Bear thou my hand, sweet wench, between thy teeth:

As for thee, boy, go get thee from my sight;
 Thou art an exile, and thou must not stay:
 Hie to the Goths, and raise an army there;
 And if you love me, as I think you do,
 Let's kiss and part, for we have much to do.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, MARCUS, and LAVINIA.]

Luc. Farewell, Andronicus, my noble father;
 The wofull'st man that ever liv'd in Rome:
 Farewell, proud Rome, till Lucius come again:
 He leaves^b his pledges, dearer than his life.
 Farewell, Lavinia, my noble sister;
 O, would thou wert as thou tofore hast been!
 But now, nor Lucius, nor Lavinia, lives
 But in oblivion and hateful griefs:
 If Lucius live, he will requite your wrongs,
 And make proud Saturnine and his empress
 Beg at the gates like Tarquin and his queen.
 Now will I to the Goths, and raise a power,
 To be reveng'd on Rome and Saturnine.

[*Exit* LUCIUS.]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Titus's House. A Banquet set out.*^c

Enter TITUS, MARCUS, LAVINIA, and Young LUCIUS, a boy.

Tit. So, so; now sit: and look you eat no more

Than will preserve just so much strength in us
 As will revenge these bitter woes of ours.
 Marcus, unknot that sorrow-wreathen knot;
 Thy niece and I, poor creatures, want our hands,
 And cannot passionate our tenfold grief
 With folded arms. This poor right hand of mine

Is left to tyrannize upon my breast;
 And^d when my heart, all mad with misery,
 Beats in this hollow prison of my flesh,
 Then thus I thump it down.—

^a Things in the folio. The quartos, *arms*.

^b Leaves. The old copies have *loves*. Rowe made the change, which appears judicious.

^c This scene is only found in the folio of 1623. Johnson says it "does not contribute anything to the action." The poet no doubt felt that after such tumultuous action repose was wanting.

^d And. The original has *who*.

Thou map of woe, that thus dost talk in signs!

[*To* LAVINIA.]

When thy poor heart beats with outrageous beating,

Thou canst not strike it thus to make it still.
 Wound it with sighing, girl, kill it with groans;
 Or get some little knife between thy teeth,
 And just against thy heart make thou a hole;
 That all the tears that thy poor eyes let fall
 May run into that sink, and, soaking in,
 Drown the lamenting fool in sea-salt tears.

Marc. Fie, brother, fie! teach her not thus to lay

Such violent hands upon her tender life.

Tit. How now! has sorrow made thee dote already?

Why, Marcus, no man should be mad but I.
 What violent hands can she lay on her life?
 Ah, wherefore dost thou urge the name of hands;—

To bid *Aeneas* tell the tale twice o'er,
 How Troy was burnt, and he made miserable?
 O, handle not the theme, to talk of hands;
 Lest we remember still that we have none.—
 Fie, fie, how frantically I square my talk!
 As if we should forget we had no hands,
 If Marcus did not name the word of hands!—
 Come let's fall to; and, gentle girl, eat this:—
 Here is no drink! Hark, Marcus, what she says;

I can interpret all her martyr'd signs;—
 She says, she drinks no other drink but tears,
 Brew'd with her sorrows, mesh'd upon her cheeks:—

Speechless complainer, I will learn thy thought;
 In thy dumb action will I be as perfect
 As begging hermits in their holy prayers:
 Thou shalt not sigh, nor hold thy stumps to heaven,

Nor wink, nor nod, nor kneel, nor make a sign,
 But I, of these, will wrest an alphabet,
 And, by still practice, learn to know thy meaning.

Boy. Good grandsire, leave these bitter deep laments:

Make my aunt merry with some pleasing tale.
Marc. Alas, the tender boy, in passion mov'd,
 Doth weep to see his grandsire's heaviness.

Tit. Peace, tender sapling; thou art made of tears,

And tears will quickly melt thy life away.—

[*MARCUS strikes the dish with a knife.*]

What dost thou strike at, Marcus, with thy knife?

Marc. At that that I have kill'd, my lord; a fly.

Tit. Out on thee, murderer! thou kill'st my heart;
 Mine eyes are cloy'd with view of tyranny:
 A deed of death, done on the innocent,
 Becomes not Titus' brother: Get thee gone;
 I see thou art not for my company.

Marc. Alas, my lord, I have but kill'd a fly.

Tit. But how, if that fly had a father and mother?

How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
 And buzz lamenting doings in the air!
 Poor harmless fly!
 That, with his pretty buzzing melody,
 Came here to make us merry; and thou hast
 kill'd him.

Marc. Pardon me, sir; 't was a black, ill-favour'd fly,
 Like to the empress' Moor; therefore I kill'd him.

^a *Are* is omitted in the original.

Tit. O, O, O,
 Then pardon me for reprehending thee,
 For thou hast done a charitable deed.
 Give me thy knife, I will insult on him;
 Flattering myself, as if it were the Moor,
 Come hither purposely to poison me.—
 There's for thyself, and that's for Tamora.—
 Ah, sirrah!

Yet, I think we are not brought so low,
 But that, between us, we can kill a fly,
 That comes in likeness of a coal-black Moor.

Marc. Alas, poor man! grief has so wrought
 on him,

He takes false shadows for true substances.

Tit. Come, take away.—Lavinia, go with me:
 I'll to thy closet; and go read with thee
 Sad stories, chanced in the times of old.—
 Come, boy, and go with me; thy sight is young,
 And thou shalt read, when mine begins to dazzle.

[*Exeunt.*]





ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*Before Titus's House.*

Enter TITUS and MARCUS; then Young LUCIUS, and LAVINIA running after him, the boy flying from her with his books under his arm.

Boy. Help, grandsire, help! my aunt Lavinia Follows me everywhere, I know not why. Good uncle Marcus, see how swift she comes! Alas, sweet aunt, I know not what you mean.

Marc. Stand by me, Lucius; do not fear thy aunt.

Tit. She loves thee, boy, too well to do thee harm.

Boy. Ay, when my father was in Rome she did.

Marc. 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. Ay, boy, Cornelia never with more care Read to her son than she hath read to thee,

30

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 or 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.

Marc. 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, and take choice of all my library ;
And so beguile thy sorrow, till the heavens
Reveal the damn'd contriver of this deed.
What book?*

Why lifts she up her arms in sequence thus ?

Marc. 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 that she tosseth so ?

Boy. Grandsire, 't is Ovid's *Metamorphoses* ;
My mother gave it me.

Marc. For love of her that's gone,
Perhaps, she cull'd it from among the rest.

Tit. Soft ! How^b 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 Terens' treason and his rape ;
And rape, I fear, was root of thine annoy.

Marc. See, brother, see ; note how she quotes^c
the leaves.

Tit. Lavinia, wert thou thus surpris'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.

Marc. O, why should nature build so foul a
den,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies ?

Tit. Give signs, sweet girl,—for here are none
but friends,—

What Roman lord it was durst do the deed ?
Or slunk not Saturnine, as Tarquin erst,
That left the camp to sin in Lucrece' bed ?

Marc. Sit down, sweet niece ; brother, sit
down by me.

Apollo, Pallas, Jove, or Mercury,
Inspire me that I may this treason find.
My lord, look here ; look here, Lavinia.

[*He writes his name with his staff, and
guides it with feet and mouth.*

This sandy plot is plain ; guide, if thou canst,

This, after me. I have writ my name,^a
Without the help of any hand at all.

Curs'd be that heart that forc'd us to this shift !
Write thou, good niece, and here display at last,
What God will have discover'd for revenge.
Heaven guide thy pen to print thy sorrows
plain,

That we may know the traitors and the truth !

[*She takes the staff in her mouth, and
guides it with her stumps, and writes.*

Tit. Oh, do ye read, my lord, what she hath
writ ?

' Stuprum, Chiron, Demetrius.'

Marc. What, what ! the lustful sons of Ta-
mora,

Performers of this heinous, bloody deed ?

Tit. *Magni Dominator poli,*

Tam lentus audis scelera ? tam lentus vides ?

Marc. Oh, calm thee, gentle lord ; although
I know

There is enough written upon this earth
To stir a mutiny in the mildest thoughts,
And arm the minds of infants to exclains.

My lord, kneel down with me ; Lavinia, kneel ;
And kneel, sweet boy, the Roman Hector's hope ;
And swear with me,—as with the woful fere,^b

And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame,
Lord Junius Brutus sware for Lucrece' rape,—
That we will prosecute, by good advice,
Mortal revenge upon these traitorous Goths,
And see their blood, or die with this reproach.

Tit. 'T is sure enough, an you knew how ;
But if you hunt these bear-whelps, then beware :
The dam will wake, and if she wind you once,
She's with the lion deeply still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back,
And when he sleeps will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman, Marcus ; let it
alone ;

And, come, I will go get a leaf of brass,
And with a gad of steel will write these words,
And lay it by : the angry northern wind
Will blow these sands like Sibyls' leaves abroad,
And where's your lesson then ? Boy, what say
you ?

Boy. I say, my lord, that if I were a man,
Their mother's bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bondmen to the yoke of Rome.

Marc. Ay, that's my boy ; thy father hath
full oft

For his ungrateful country done the like.

^a Some modern editors read—

"This after me, when I have writ my name."

The Cambridge editors print as above, inserting a stage
direction.

^b *Fere*—a companion, and here a husband. (See Illustrations of Henry IV., Part I., Act 1.)

^a This hemistich is found only in the folio, and is omitted
in some modern editions.

^b *How*. The early copies read *so*. The modern reading
is, *See how*. The pause after *Soft* is a metrical beauty.

^c *Quotes*—observes, searches through.

Boy. And, uncle, so will I, an if I live.
Tit. Come, go with me into mine armoury;
 Lucius, I'll fit thee; and withal, my boy
 Shall carry from me to the empress' sons
 Presents that I intend to send them both:
 Come, come, thou'lt do thy message, wilt thou
 not?

Boy. Ay, with my dagger in their bosoms,
 grandsire.

Tit. No, boy, not so; I'll teach thee another
 course.

Lavinia, come; Marcus, look to my house;
 Lucius and I'll go brave it at the court:
 Ay, marry will we, sir; and we'll be waited on.

[*Exeunt* TITUS, LAVINIA, and Boy.]

Marc. O heavens! can you hear a good man
 groan,
 And not relent, or not compassion him?
 Marcus, attend him in his extasy,
 That hath more scars of sorrow in his heart,
 Than foemen's marks upon his batter'd shield;
 But yet so just, that he will not revenge:
 Revenge, ye heavens, for old Andronicus. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in the Palace.*

Enter AARON, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS *at one door; at another door* Young LUCIUS *and* Attendant, *with a bundle of weapons, and verses written upon them.*

Chi. Demetrius, here's the son of Lucius;
 He hath some message to deliver us.

Aaron. Ay, some mad message from his mad
 grandfather.

Boy. My lords, with all the humbleness I
 may,

I greet your honours from Andronicus;
 And pray the Roman gods confound you both.

[*Aside.*]

Demet. Gramercy, lovely Lucius, what's the
 news?

Boy. That you are both decipher'd, that's
 the news.*

For villains mark'd with rape [*Aside*]. May
 it please you,

My grandsire, well advis'd, hath sent by me
 The goodliest weapons of his armoury,
 To gratify your honourable youth,
 The hope of Rome; for so he bad me say:
 And so I do, and with his gifts present
 Your lordships, that, whenever you have need,

* This line is omitted in the folio; a typographical error, which has arisen through the preceding line ending with the same word.

You may be armed and appointed well,
 And so I leave you both: [*Aside*] like bloody
 villains. [*Exeunt* Boy and Attendant.]

Demet. What's here? a scroll; and written
 round about?

Let's see:

*'Integer vilæ, scelerisque purus,
 Non eget Mauri jaculis, nec arcu.'*

Chi. O't is a verse in Horace; I know it well:
 I read it in the grammar long ago.

Aaron. Ay, just a verse in Horace; * right,
 you have it.

Now, what a thing it is to be an ass!
 Here's no sound jest! the old man hath found
 their guilt,

And sends the weapons wrapp'd about with lines,
 That wound, beyond their feeling, to the quick:
 But were our witty empress well a-foot,
 She would applaud Andronicus' conceit.

But let her rest in her unrest awhile. [*The*
preceding seven lines are spoken aside.]

And now, young lords, was't not a happy star
 Led us to Rome, strangers, and more than so,
 Captives, to be advanced to this height?
 It did me good, before the palace gate,
 To brave the tribune in his brother's hearing.

Demet. But me more good, to see so great a
 lord

Basely insinuate, and send us gifts.

Aaron. Had he not reason, lord Demetrius?

Did you not use his daughter very friendly?

Demet. I would we had a thousand Roman
 dames

At such a bay, by turn to serve our lust,

Chi. A charitable wish, and full of love.

Aaron. Here lacks but for your mother for to
 say Amen.

Chi. And that would she for twenty thousand
 more.

Demet. Come, let us go, and pray to all the
 gods,

For our beloved mother in her pains.

Aaron. Pray to the devils; the gods have
 given us over.

[*Aside. Trumpets sound.*]

Demet. Why do the emperor's trumpets flou-
 rish thus?

Chi. Belike, for joy the emperor hath a son.

Demet. Soft; who comes here?

Enter Nurse, *with a blackamoor child.*

Nurse. Good morrow, lords;

O, tell me, did you see Aaron, the Moor?

* *Ay, just a verse in Horace*—merely a verse in Horace. The common punctuation is, "Ay, just! A verse," &c.

Aaron. Well, more, or less, or ne'er a whit at all,

Here Aaron is; and what with Aaron now?

Nurse. O gentle Aaron, we are all undone! Now help, or woe betide thee evermore!

Aaron. Why, what a caterwauling dost thou keep!

What dost thou wrap and fumble in thine arms?

Nurse. O, that which I would hide from heaven's eye,—

Our empress' shame, and stately Rome's disgrace;

She is deliver'd, lords, she is deliver'd.

Aaron. To whom?

Nurse. I mean she is brought a-bed.

Aaron. Well, God give her good rest! What hath he sent her?

Nurse. A devil.

Aaron. Why, then she is the devil's dam; a joyful issue.

Nurse. A joyless, dismal, black, and sorrowful issue:

Here is the babe, as loathsome as a toad,

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.

The empress sends it thee, thy stamp, thy seal, And bids thee christen it with thy dagger's point.

Aaron. Out, you^a whore! is black so base a hue?

Sweet blowse, you are a beauteous blossom sure.

Demet. Villain, what hast thou done?

Aaron. That which thou canst not undo.

Chi. Thou hast undone our mother.

Aaron. Villain, I have done thy mother.

Demet. And therein, hellish dog, thou hast undone.

Woe to her chance, and damn'd her loathed choice!

Accurs'd the offspring of so foul a fiend.

Chi. It shall not live.

Aaron. It shall not die.

Nurse. Aaron, it must; the mother wills it so.

Aaron. What! must it, nurse? Then let no man but I

Do execution on my flesh and blood.

Demet. I'll broach the tadpole on my rapier's point:

Nurse, give it me; my sword shall soon despatch it.

Aaron. Sooner this sword shall plough thy bowels up.

[Takes the Child from the Nurse.]

^a Out, you is the reading of the folio. The quartos, *Zounds, ye.*

Stay, murtherous 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 scimitar's sharp point That touches this my first-born son and heir.

I tell you, younglings, not Enceladus, With all his threat'ning band of Typhon's brood, Nor great Alcides, nor the god of war, Shall seize this prey out of his father's hands.

What, what! ye sanguine, shallow-hearted boys!

Ye white-lim'd walls! ye ale-house painted signs!

Coal-black is better than another hue,

In that it scorns to bear another hue:

For all the water in the ocean

Can never turn the swan's black legs to white,

Although she lave them hourly in the flood:

Tell the empress from me, I am of age

To keep mine own, excuse it how she can.

Demet. Wilt thou betray thy noble mistress thus?

Aaron. My mistress is my mistress; this, myself;

The vigour, and the picture of my youth:

This before all the world do I prefer;

This, maugre all the world, will I keep safe,

Or some of you shall smoke for it in Rome.

Demet. By this our mother is for ever sham'd.

Chi. Rome will despise her for this foul escape.

Nurse. The emperor, in his rage, will doom her death.

Chi. I blush to think upon this ignominy.^a

Aaron. Why, there's the privilege your beauty bears:

Fie, treacherous hue, that will betray with blushing

The close enacts and counsels of the heart:

Here's a young lad fram'd of another leer.^b

Look, how the black slave smiles upon the father,

As who should say, 'Old lad, I am thine own.'

He is your brother, lords, sensibly fed

Of that self-blood that first gave life to you;

And from that womb, where you imprison'd were,

He is enfranchised and come to light:

Nay, he is your brother by the surer side,

Although my seal be stamped in his face.

Nurse. Aaron, what shall I say unto the empress?

Demet. Advise thee, Aaron, what is to be done,

^a *Ignominy*, in the folio; the quartos, *ignomy*.

^b *Leer*—complexion, hue.

And we will all subscribe to thy advice :
Save thou the child, so we may all be safe.

Aaron. Then sit we down, and let us all consult.

My son and I will have the wind of you :
Keep there ; now talk at pleasure of your safety.

Demet. How many women saw this child of his ?

Aaron. Why, so brave lords : When we^a join
in league

I am a lamb ; but if you brave the Moor,
The chafed^b boar, the mountain lioness,
The ocean swells not so as Aaron storms :
But say again, how many saw the child ?

Nurse. Cornelia the midwife, and myself,
And no one else but the deliver'd empress.

Aaron. The empress, the midwife, and yourself :

Two may keep counsel when the third's away :
Go to the empress, tell her this I said :

[*He kills her.*]

Weke, weke—so cries a pig prepar'd to the spit.

Demet. What mean'st thou, Aaron ? where-
fore didst thou this ?

Aaron. Oh, lord, sir, 't is a deed of policy ;
Shall she live to betray this guilt of ours ?
A long-tongued babbling gossip ! No, lords, no :
And now be it known to you my full intent.
Not far, one Muliteus lives,^c my countryman ;
His wife but yesternight was brought to bed ;
His child is like to her, fair as you are :
Go pack^d with him, and give the mother gold,
And tell them both the circumstance of all,
And how by this their child shall be advanc'd,
And be received for the emperor's heir,
And substituted in the place of mine,
To calm this tempest whirling in the court ;
And let the emperor dandle him for his own.
Hark ye, lords ; ye see I have given her physic,

[*Pointing to the Nurse.*]

And you must needs bestow her funeral ;
The fields are near, and you are gallant grooms :
This done, see that you take no longer days,
But send the midwife presently to me.
The midwife and the nurse well made away,
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.

Chi. Aaron, I see thou wilt not trust the air
with secrets.

Demet. For this care of Tamora,
Herself and hers are highly bound to thee.

[*Exeunt DEMETRIUS and CHIRON, bearing
off the Nurse.*]

^a The ordinary reading was, "all join."

^b Chafed, in the old copies; the variorum reading, chascd.

^c Lites, which is not in the old copies, was inserted by Rowe.

^d Pack—contrive, arrange.

Aaron. Now to the Goths, as swift as swallow
flies ;

There to dispose this treasure in mine arms,
And secretly to greet the empress' friends :
Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you
hence ;

For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave, and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A public Place in Rome.

*Enter TITUS, MARCUS, Young LUCIUS, and other
Gentlemen, with bows, and TITUS bears the
arrows with letters on them.*

Tit. Come, Marcus ; come, kinsmen ; this is
the way :

Sir boy,^a let me see your archery ;
Look ye draw home enough, and 't is there
straight.

Terras Astræa reliquit, be you remember'd,
Marcus.

She's gone, she's fled. Sirs, take you to your
tools ;

You, cousins, shall go sound the ocean,
And cast your nets. Happily, you may find^b
her in the sea ;

Yet there's as little justice as at land !
No ; Publius and Sempronius, you must do it ;
'T is you must dig with mattock and with spade.

And pierce the inmost centre of the earth ;
Then, when you come to Pluto's region,
I pray you, deliver him this petition ;
Tell him it is for justice and for aid,
And that it comes from old Andronicus,
Shaken with sorrows in ungrateful Rome.

Ah, Rome ! well, well, I made thee miserable
What time I threw the people's suffrages
On him that thus doth tyrannize o'er me.
Go, get you gone, and pray be careful all,
And leave you not a man-of-war unsearch'd :
This wicked emperor may have shipp'd her
hence ;

And, kinsmen, then we may go pipe for justice.

Marc. O, Publius, is not this a heavy case,
To see thy noble uncle thus distract ?

Pub. Therefore, my lords, it highly us con-
cerns,

By day and night t' attend him carefully ;

^a The reading of the second folio is, *Sir boy, now.*

^b Find. So the folio, and quarto of 1611 ; that of 1600
catch.

And feed his humour kindly as we may,
Till time beget some careful remedy.

Marc. Kinsmen, his sorrows are past remedy.
Join with the Goths, and with revengeful war
Take wreak on Rome for his ingratitude,
And vengeance on the traitor Saturnine.

Tit. Publius, how now? how now, my masters?

What, have you met with her?

Pub. No, my good lord; but Pluto sends you word,

If you will have revenge from hell you shall:
Marry, for Justice she is so employ'd,
He thinks, with Jove in heaven, or somewhere else,

So that perforce you must needs stay a time.

Tit. He doth me wrong to feed me with delays.

I'll dive into the burning lake below,
And pull her out of Acheron by the heels.
Marcus, we are but shrubs; no cedars we,
No big-bon'd men, fram'd of the Cyclops' size;
But metal, Marcus, steel to the very back,
Yet wrung with wrongs more than our backs
can bear:

And sith there is no justice in earth nor hell,
We will solicit heaven, and move the gods,
To send down justice for to wreak our wrongs.
Come to this gear; you are a good archer, Marcus.

[*He gives them the arrows.*]

Ad Jovem, that's for you; here, *ad Apollinem*:

Ad Martem, that's for myself;
Here, boy, to Pallas; here, to Mercury:
To Saturn, Caius, not to Saturnine.*
You were as good to shoot against the wind.
To it, boy: Marcus, loose when I bid:
Of my word, I have written to effect,
There's not a god left unsolicited.

Marc. Kinsmen, shoot all your shafts into the court:

We will afflict the emperor in his pride.

Tit. Now, masters, draw. Oh, well said,
Lucius!

[*They shoot.*]

Good boy, in Virgo's lap; give it Pallas.

Marc. My lord, I aim a mile beyond the moon;

Your letter is with Jupiter by this.

Tit. Ha, ha! Publius, Publius, what hast thou done?

See, see, thou hast shot off one of Taurus' horns.

Marc. This was the sport, my lord: when Publius shot,

The Bull, being gall'd, gave Aries such a knock,
That down fell both the Ram's horns in the court,
And who should find them but the empress' villain:

She laugh'd, and told the Moor he should not choose

But give them to his master for a present.

Tit. Why, there it goes: God give your lordship joy.*

Enter Clown, with a basket, and two pigeons in it.

Tit. News, news from heaven! Marcus, the post is come.

Sirrah, what tidings? have you any letters?

Shall I have justice? what says Jupiter?

Clown. Ho! the gibbet-maker? he says that he hath taken them down again, for the man must not be hanged till the next week.

Tit. But what says Jupiter, I ask thee?

Clown. Alas, sir, I know not Jupiter:

I never drank with him in all my life.

Tit. Why, villain, art not thou the carrier?

Clown. Ay, of my pigeons, sir; nothing else.

Tit. Why, didst thou not come from heaven?

Clown. From heaven? alas, sir, I never came there. God forbid I should be so bold to press to heaven in my young days! Why, I am going with my pigeons to the tribunal Plebs, to take up a matter of brawl betwixt my uncle and one of the imperial's men.

Marc. Why, sir, that is as fit as can be to serve for your oration; and let him deliver the pigeons to the emperor from you.

Tit. Tell me, can you deliver an oration to the emperor with a grace?

Clown. Nay, truly, sir; I could never say grace in all my life.

Tit. Sirrah, come hither; make no more ado, But give your pigeons to the emperor:

By me thou shalt have justice at his hands.

Hold, hold; meanwhile, here's money for thy charges.

Give me pen and ink.

Sirrah, can you with a grace deliver a supplication?

Clown. Ay, sir.

Tit. Then here is a supplication for you. And when you come to him, at the first approach you must kneel; then kiss his foot; then deliver up your pigeons; and then look for your reward. I'll be at hand, sir; see you do it bravely.

* The old copies read—

"To Saturnine, to Caius, not to Saturnine."
Rowe corrected the passage.

* The quarto of 1600, "his lordship." That of 1611 omits the line, which we print as in the folio.

Clown. I warrant you, sir, let me alone.

Tit. Sirrah, hast thou a knife? Come, let me see it.

Here, Marcus, fold it in the oration,
For thou hast made it like an humble suppliant.
And when thou hast given it the emperor,
Knock at my door, and tell me what he says.

Clown. God be with you, sir; I will. [*Exit.*]

Tit. Come, Marcus, let us go; Publius, follow me. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*Before the Palace.*

Enter SATURNINUS, TAMORA, CHIRON, DEMETRIUS, Lords, and others. The Emperor brings the arrows in his hand that TITUS shot at him.

Sat. Why, lords, what wrongs are these? was ever seen

An emperor in Rome thus overborne,
Troubled, confronted thus; and, for the extent
Of egal justice, used in such contempt?
My lords, you know, as do^a the mighty gods,
However these disturbers of our peace
Buzz in the people's ears, there nought hath
pass'd,

But even with law, against the wilful sons
Of old Andronicus. And what an if
His sorrows have so overwhelm'd his wits;
Shall we be thus afflicted in his wrecks,
His fits, his frenzy, and his bitterness?
And now, he writes to heaven for his redress;
See, here's to Jove, and this to Mercury,
This to Apollo, this to the god of war:
Sweet scrolls to fly about the streets of Rome!
What's this, but libelling against the senate,
And blazoning our injustice everywhere?
A goodly humour, is it not, my lords?
As who would say, in Rome no justice were:
But if I live, his feigned ecstasies
Shall be no shelter to these outrages;
But he and his shall know that Justice lives
In Saturninus' health, whom, if he^b sleep,
He'll so awake, as he in fury shall
Cut off the proud'st conspirator that lives.

Tam. My gracious lord, my lovely Saturnine,
Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
Calm thee, and bear the faults of Titus' age,
Th' effects of sorrow for his valiant sons,
Whose loss hath pierc'd him deep, and scarr'd
his heart;

And rather comfort his distressed plight,

^a *As do.* These words were inserted by Rowe.

^b *He.* So the original copies. The antecedent being considered *Justice*, the modern reading is *she*. The Cambridge editors have retained the original *he*.

Than prosecute the meanest or the best
For these contempts: Why, thus it shall become
High-witted Tamora to glose with all:
But, Titus, I have touch'd thee to the quick,
Thy life-blood out: if Aaron now be wise,
Then is all safe, the anchor's in the port.

[*Aside.*]

Enter Clown.

How now, good fellow, wouldst thou speak with us?

Clown. Yea, forsooth, an your mistership be imperial.

Tam. Empress I am, but yonder sits the emperor.

Clown. 'T is he. God and saint Stephen give you good den; I have brought you a letter and a couple of pigeons here.

[*SATURNINUS reads the letter.*]

Sat. Go, take him away, and hang him presently.

Clown. How much money must I have?

Tam. Come, sirrah, you must be hang'd.

Clown. Hang'd! by'r lady, then I have brought up a neck to a fair end. [*Exit, guarded.*]

Sat. Despiteful and intolerable wrongs!

Shall I endure this monstrous villainy?
I know from whence this same device proceeds:
May this be borne, as if his traitorous sons,
That died by law for murder of our brother,
Have by my means been butcher'd wrongfully?
Go, drag the villain hither by the hair;
Nor age, nor honour, shall shape privilege:
For this proud mock I'll be thy slaughter-man;
Sly frantic wretch, that holpst to make me great,
In hope thyself should govern Rome and me.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Sat. What news with thee, Æmilius?

Æmil. Arm, my lord; Rome never had more cause!

The Goths have gather'd head, and with a power

Of high-resolved men, bent to the spoil,
They hither march amain, under conduct
Of Lucius, son to old Andronicus;
Who threatens in course of this revenge to do
As much as ever Coriolanus did.

Sat. Is warlike Lucius general of the Goths?
These tidings nip me; and I hang the head
As flowers with frost, or grass beat down with
storms:

Ay, now begin our sorrows to approach:

'T is he the common people love so much!

Myself hath often heard them say,
 (When I have walked like a private man,
 That Lucius' banishment was wrongfully,
 And they have wish'd that Lucius were their
 emperor.

Tam. Why should you fear? is not your city
 strong?

Sat. Ay, but the citizens favour Lucius,
 And will revolt from me, to succour him.

Tam. King, be thy thoughts imperious, like
 thy name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
 The eagle suffers little birds to sing,

And is not careful what they mean thereby,
 Knowing that with the shadow of his wing^a

He can at pleasure stint their melody.

Even so mayst thou the giddy men of Rome!
 Then cheer thy spirit: for know, thou emperor,
 I will enchant the old Andronicus,
 With words more sweet, and yet more dangerous
 Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep;
 When as the one is wounded with the bait,
 The other rotted with delicious feed.

^a *Wing.* The originals, *wings.* But the lines are meant
 to rhyme alternately.

Sat. But he will not entreat his son for us.

Tam. If Tamora entreat him, then he will;
 For I can smooth and fill his aged ear
 With golden promises, that, were his heart
 Almost impregnable, his old ears deaf,
 Yet should both ear and heart obey my tongue.
 Go thou before to be our ambassador;

[*To ÆMILIUS.*]

Say that the emperor requests a parley
 Of warlike Lucius, and appoint the meeting,
 Even at his father's house, the old Andronicus.^a

Sat. Æmilius, do this message honourably:
 And if he stand on hostage for his safety,
 Bid him demand what pledge will please him best.

Æmil. Your bidding shall I do effectually.

[*Exit ÆMILIUS.*]

Tam. Now will I to that old Andronicus;
 And temper him, with all the art I have,
 To pluck proud Lucius from the warlike Goths.
 And now, sweet emperor, be blithe again,
 And bury all thy fear in my devices.

Sat. Then go successantly, and plead to him.

[*Exeunt.*]

^a This line is not in the folio, but in the earlier quartos.





ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Plains near Rome.*

Flourish. Enter LUCIUS, with an army of Goths,
with drum.

Luc. Approved warriors, and my faithful
friends,
I have received letters from great Rome,
Which signify what hate they bear their em-
peror,
And how desirous of our sight they are.
Therefore, great lords, be, as your titles witness,
Imperious and impatient of your wrongs;
And wherein Rome hath done you any scathe,
Let him make treble satisfaction.

Goth. Brave slip, sprung from the great An-
dronicus,
Whose name was once our terror, now our com-
fort,
Whose high exploits, and honourable deeds,

Ingrateful Rome requites with foul contempt,
Be bold in us; we'll follow where thou lead'st,
Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day,
Led by their master to the flower'd fields,
And be aveng'd on cursed Tamora:
And, as he saith, so say we all with him.

Luc. I humbly thank him, and I thank you
all.
But who comes here, led by a lusty Goth?

*Enter a Goth, leading AARON with his child in
his arms.*

Goth. Renowned Lucius, from our troops I
stray'd,
To gaze upon a ruinous monastery,
And as I earnestly did fix mine eye
Upon the wasted building, suddenly
I heard a child cry underneath a wall:
I made unto the noise, when soon I heard

The crying babe controll'd with this discourse :
 'Peace, tawny slave, half me, and half thy dam!
 Did not thy hue bewray whose brat thou art,
 Had nature lent thee but thy mother's look,
 Villain, thou mightst have been an emperor.
 But where the bull and cow are both milk-white,
 They never do beget a coal-black calf:
 Peace, villain, peace!'—even thus he rates the
 babe,—

'For I must bear thee to a trusty Goth,
 Who, when he knows thou art the empress' babe,
 Will hold thee dearly for thy mother's sake.'
 With this, my weapon drawn, I rush'd upon him,
 Surpris'd him suddenly, and brought him hither
 To use as you think needful of the man.

Luc. Oh worthy Goth, this is the incarnate
 devil

That robb'd Andronicus of his good hand :
 This is the pearl that pleas'd your empress' eye ;
 And here 's the base fruit of his burning lust.
 Say, wall-eyed slave, whither wouldst thou
 convey

This growing image of thy fiendlike face?
 Why dost not speak? what, deaf? a not a word?
 A halter, soldiers; hang him on this tree,
 And by his side his fruit of bastardy.

Aaron. Touch not the boy, he is of royal
 blood.

Luc. Too like the sire for ever being good.
 First hang the child that he may see it sprawl,
 A sight to vex the father's soul withal.

Aaron. Get me a ladder! Lucius, save the
 child,
 And bear it from me to the empress :
 If thou do this, I'll show thee wond'rous things,
 That highly may advantage thee to hear ;
 If thou wilt not, befall what may befall,
 I'll speak no more, but vengeance rot you all.

Luc. Say on, and if it please me which thou
 speak'st,

Thy child shall live, and I will see it nourish'd.

Aaron. An if it please thee? why, assure
 thee, Lucius,

'T will vex thy soul to hear what I shall speak :
 For I must talk of murders, rapes, and mas-
 sacres,

Acts of black night, abominable deeds,
 Complots of mischief, treason, villainies
 Ruthful to hear, yet piteously perform'd ;
 And this shall all be buried by my death,
 Unless thou swear to me my child shall live.

^a The second folio here inserts *no*.

^b *Get me a ladder.* These words belong to the Moor in all the editions. He may mean, Execute me, but save the child! In modern copies, Lucius is made to call for the ladder.

Luc. Tell on thy mind; I say thy child shall
 live.

Aaron. Swear that he shall, and then I will
 begin.

Luc. Who should I swear by? thou believ'st
 no God;

That granted, how canst thou believe an oath?

Aaron. What if I do not, as indeed I do not:
 Yet, for I know thou art religious,

And hast a thing within thee called conscience,
 With twenty popish tricks and ceremonies,
 Which I have seen thee careful to observe,
 Therefore I urge thy oath; for that I know
 An idiot holds this bauble for a God,
 And keeps the oath which by that God he
 swears;

To that I'll urge him: therefore thou shalt vow
 By that same God, what God soe'er it be,
 That thou ador'st, and hast in reverence,
 To save my boy, to nourish, and bring him up;
 Or else I will discover nought to thee.

Luc. Even by my God I swear to thee I will.

Aaron. First know thou, I begot him on the
 empress.

Luc. Oh most insatiate, luxurious woman!

Aaron. Tut, Lucius, this was but a deed of
 charity,

To that which thou shalt hear of me anon.

'T was her two sons that murder'd Bassianus;
 They cut thy sister's tongue, and ravish'd her,
 And cut her hands off, and trimm'd her as thou
 sawest.

Luc. Oh, detestable villain! call'st thou that
 trimming?

Aaron. Why, she was wash'd, and cut, and
 trimm'd,
 And 't was trim sport for them that had the
 doing of it.

Luc. Oh, barbarous, beastly villains, like thy-
 self!

Aaron. Indeed, I was their tutor to instruct
 them:

That coddling spirit had they from their mother,
 As sure a card as ever won the set:

That bloody mind I think they learn'd of me,
 As true a dog as ever fought at head:

Well, let my deeds be witness of my worth.

I train'd thy brethren to that guileful hole,
 Where the dead corpse of Bassianus lay:

I wrote the letter that thy father found,
 And hid the gold within, the letter mention'd;

Confederate with the queen and her two sons.

And what not done, that thou hast cause to rue,
 Wherein I had no stroke of mischief in it?

I play'd the cheater for thy father's hand;

And, when I had it, drew myself apart,
And almost broke my heart with extreme
laughter.

I pry'd me through the crevice of a wall,
When, for his hand, he had his two sons' heads;
Beheld his tears, and laugh'd so heartily,
That both mine eyes were rainy like to his:
And when I told the empress of this sport,
She swounded almost at my pleasing tale,
And for my tidings gave me twenty kisses.

Goth. What, canst thou say all this, and never
blush?

Aaron. Ay, like a black dog, as the saying is.

Luc. Art thou not sorry for these heinous
deeds?

Aaron. Ay, that I had not done a thousand
more.

Even now I curse the day,—and yet I think
Few come within the compass of my curse,—
Wherein I did not some notorious ill:
As kill a man, or else devise his death;
Ravish a maid, or plot the way to do it;
Accuse some innocent, and forswear myself;
Set deadly enmity between two friends;
Make poor men's cattle break their necks;
Set fire on barns and haystacks in the night,
And bid the owners quench them with their
tears:

Oft have I digg'd up dead men from their graves,
And set them upright at their dear friends'
doors,

Even when their sorrows almost were forgot;
And on their skins, as on the bark of trees,
Have with my knife carved in Roman letters,
'Let not your sorrow die, though I am dead.'
Tut, I have done a thousand dreadful things
As willingly as one would kill a fly;
And nothing grieves me heartily indeed,
But that I cannot do ten thousand more.

Luc. Bring down the devil for he must not
die

So sweet a death as hanging presently.

Aaron. If there be devils, would I were a
devil.

To live and burn in everlasting fire,
So I might have your company in hell,
But to torment you with my bitter tongue!

Luc. Sirs, stop his mouth, and let him speak
no more.

Enter a Goth.

Goth. My lord, there is a messenger from
Rome
Desires to be admitted to your presence.

Luc. Let him come near.

Enter ÆMILIUS.

Welcome, Æmilius: What's the news from
Rome?

Æmil. Lord Lucius, and your princes of the
Goths,

The Roman emperor greets you all by me;
And, for he understands you are in arms,
He craves a parley at your father's house,
Willing you to demand your hostages,
And they shall be immediately deliver'd.

Goth. What says our general?

Luc. Æmilius, let the emperor give his pledges
Unto my father, and my uncle Marcus,
And we will come: march away.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Before TITUS'S House.*

*Enter TAMORA, CHIRON, and DEMETRIUS,
disguised.*

Tam. Thus in this strange and sad habiliment
I will encounter with Andronicus,
And say I am Revenge, sent from below,
To join with him and right his heinous wrongs.
Knock at his study, where they say he keeps,
To ruminat strange plots of dire revenge:
Tell him Revenge is come to join with him,
And work confusion on his enemies.

[*They knock, and TITUS opens his Study door.*]

Tit. Who doth molest my contemplation?
Is it your trick to make me ope the door,
That so my sad decrees may fly away,
And all my study be to no effect?
You are deceiv'd, for what I mean to do
See here in bloody lines I have set down;
And what is written shall be executed.

Tam. Titus, I am come to talk with thee.

Tit. No, not a word: how can I grace my
talk,

Wanting a hand to give it action?^a
Thou hast the odds of me; therefore no more.

Tam. If thou didst know me, thou wouldst
talk with me.

Tit. I am not mad; I know thee well enough.
Witness this wretched stump, witness these crim-
son lines,

Witness these trenches made by grief and care,
Witness the tiring day and heavy night,
Witness all sorrow, that I know thee well
For our proud empress, mighty Tamora:
Is not thy coming for my other hand?

Tam. Know thou, sad man I am not Ta-
mora;

^a *It action.* So the folio. The quartos, *that accora.*

She is thy enemy, and I thy friend.
I am Revenge, sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes:
Come down, and welcome me to this world's
light;

Confer with me of murder and of death.
There's not a hollow cave or lurking-place,
No vast obscurity or misty vale,
Where bloody Murder, or detested Rape,
Can couch for fear, but I will find them out;
And in their ears tell them my dreadful name—
Revenge—which makes the foul offenders quake.

Tit. Art thou Revenge? and art thou sent to
me

To be a torment to mine enemies?

Tum. I am; therefore come down, and wel-
come me.

Tit. Do me some service, ere I come to thee.
Lo, by thy side where Rape, and Murder, stands!
Now give some surance that thou art Revenge;
Stab them, or tear them on thy chariot-wheels;
And then I'll come and be thy waggoner,
And whirl along with thee about the globes.
Provide thee two proper palfreys, as black as
jet,^a

To hale thy vengeful waggon swift away,
And find out murderers^b in their guilty caves.
And when thy car is loaden with their heads,
I will dismount, and by the waggon-wheel
Trot like a servile footman all day long,
Even from Hyperion's rising in the east
Until his very downfall in the sea.
And, day by day, I'll do this heavy task,
So thou destroy Rapine and Murder there.

Tum. These are my ministers, and come with
me.

Tit. Are they thy ministers? what are they
call'd?

Tum. Rape and Murder; therefore called so,
'Cause they take vengeance of such kind of men.

Tit. Good lord, how like the empress' sons
they are,

And you the empress! but worldly men
Have miserable, mad, mistaking eyes.
Oh, sweet Revenge, now do I come to thee,
And, if one arm's embracement will content thee,
I will embrace thee in it by-and-by.

[TITUS closes his door.]

Tum. This closing with him fits his lunacy.
Whate'er I forge to feed his brain-sick fits,
Do you uphold, and maintain in your speeches;

^a Some editors write the line,

"Provide thee proper palfreys, black as jet."

^b *Murderers.* The early copies, *murther.*

For now he firmly takes me for Revenge,
And, being credulous in this mad thought,
I'll make him send for Lucius, his son;
And, whilst I at a banquet hold him sure,
I'll find some cunning practice out of hand
To scatter and disperse the giddy Goths,
Or, at the least, make them his enemies:
See, here he comes, and I must ply my theme.

Enter TITUS.

Tit. Long have I been forlorn, and all for
thee.

Welcome, dread fury, to my woful house;
Rapine, and Murder, you are welcome too.
How like the empress and her sons you are!
Well you are fitted, had you but a Moor!
Could not all hell afford you such a devil?
For well I wot the empress never wags
But in her company there is a Moor;
And, would you represent our queen aright,
It were convenient you had such a devil:
But welcome as you are: What shall we do?

Tum. What wouldst thou have us do, Andro-
nicus?

Demet. Show me a murderer: I'll deal with
him.

Chi. Show me a villian that hath done a rape,
And I am sent to be reveng'd on him.

Tum. Show me a thousand, that have done
thee wrong,

And I will be revenged on them all.

Tit. Look round about the wicked streets of
Rome,

And when thou find'st a man that's like thyself,
Good Murder, stab him; he's a murderer.

Go thou with him; and when it is thy hap

To find another that is like to thee,

Good Rapine, stab him; he is a ravisher.

Go thou with them; and in the emperor's court

There is a queen attended by a Moor;

Well mayst thou know her by thy own propor-
tion,

For up and down she doth resemble thee.

I pray thee do on them some violent death:

They have been violent to me and mine.

Tum. Well hast thou lesson'd us; this shall
we do.

But would it please thee, good Andronicus,

To send for Lucius, thy thrice-valiant son,

Who leads towards Rome a band of warlike
Goths,

And bid him come and banquet at thy house:

When he is here, even at thy solemn feast,

I will bring in the empress and her sons,

The emperor himself, and all thy foes;

And at thy mercy shall they stoop and kneel;
And on them shalt thou ease thy angry heart.
What says Andronicus to this device?

Enter MARCUS.

Tit. Marcus, my brother, 't is sad Titus calls.
Go, gentle Marcus, to thy nephew Lucius:
Thou shalt inquire him out among the Goths.
Bid him repair to me, and bring with him
Some of the chiefest princes of the Goths;
Bid him encamp his soldiers where they are.
Tell him the emperor, and the empress too,
Feast at my house, and he shall feast with them.
This do thou for my love; and so let him,
As he regards his aged father's life.

Marc. This will I do, and soon return again.

[*Exit.*

Tam. Now will I hence about my business,
And take my ministers along with me.

Tit. Nay, nay; let Rape and Murder stay
with me.

Or else I'll call my brother back again,
And cleave to no revenge but Lucius.

Tam. What say you, boys? will you bide
with him,

Whiles I go tell my lord the emperor,
How I have govern'd our determin'd jest?
Yield to his humour, smooth and speak him fair,
And tarry with him till I turn again. [*Aside.*

Tit. I know them all, though they suppose
me mad,

And will o'erreach them in their own devices:
A pair of cursed hell-hounds, and their dam.

[*Aside.*

Demet. Madam, depart at pleasure: leave us
here.

Tam. Farewell, Andronicus; Revenge now
goes

To lay a complot to betray thy foes. [*Exit TAM.*

Tit. I know thou dost; and, sweet Revenge,
farewell.

Chi. Tell us, old man, how shall we be
employ'd?

Tit. Tut! I have work enough for you to do.
Publius, come hither, Caius, and Valentine.

Enter PUBLIUS and others.

Pub. What is your will?

Tit. Know you these two?

Pub. The empress' sons, I take them, Chiron,
Demetrius.

Tit. Fie, Publius, fie; thou art too much
deceiv'd:

The one is Murder, Rape is the other's name;
And therefore bind them, gentle Publius:

Caius, and Valentine, lay hands on them.
Oft have you heard me wish for such an hour,
And now I find it; therefore bind them sure,
And stop their mouths if they begin to cry.^a

[*Exit* TITUS. PUBLIUS, &c., lay hold on
CHIRON and DEMETRIUS.

Chi. Villains, forbear! we are the empress'
sons.

Pub. And therefore do we what we are com-
manded.

Stop close their mouths; let them not speak a
word;

Is he sure bound? look that you bind them fast.^b

Enter TITUS ANDRONICUS with a knife, and
LAVINIA with a basin.

Tit. Come, come, Lavinia; look, thy foes are
bound:

Sirs, stop their mouths; let them not speak to me,
But let them hear what fearful words I utter.

Oh, villains, Chiron and Demetrius!

Here stands the spring whom you have stain'd
with mud;

This goodly summer with your winter mix'd.
You kill'd her husband; and for that vild fault
Two of her brothers were condemn'd to death,
My hand cut off, and made a merry jest;
Both her sweet hands, her tongue, and that
more dear

Than hands or tongue, her spotless chastity,
Inhuman traitors, you constrain'd and forc'd.

What would you say if I should let you speak?
Villains, for shame you could not beg for grace.

Hark, wretches, how I mean to martyr you.

This one hand yet is left to cut your throats,
Whilst that Lavinia 'tween her stumps doth hold

The basin that receives your guilty blood.
You know your mother means to feast with me;

And calls herself Revenge, and thinks me mad.
Hark, villains! I will grind your bones to dust,

And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a coffin^c I will rear,

And make two pasties of your shameful heads,
And bid that strumpet, your unhallow'd dam,

Like to the earth, swallow her own^d increase.
This is the feast that I have bid her to,

And this the banquet she shall surfeit on:
For worse than Philomel you used my daughter;

And worse than Progné I will be reveng'd.
And now prepare your throats: Lavinia, come,

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

^b There is a stage-direction here—*Exeunt*. They perhaps go within the curtain of the secondary stage, so that the bloody scene may be veiled.

^c Coffin—the crust of a raised pie.

^d The folio omits *own*.

Receive the blood; and when that they are dead,
Let me go grind their bones to powder small,
And with this hateful liquor temper it,
And in that paste let their vild heads be bak'd.
Come, come, be every one officious
To make this banquet, which I wish may prove
More stern and bloody than the centaur's feast.

[*He cuts their throats.*]

So; now bring them in, for I'll play the cook,
And see them ready against their mother comes.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—Titus's House. *A Pavilion.*

Enter LUCIUS, MARCUS, and the Goths, with
AARON.

Luc. Uncle Marcus, since 't is my father's
mind

That I repair to Rome, I am content.

Goth. And ours, with thine; befall what
fortune will.

Luc. Good uncle, take you in this barbarous
Moor,

This ravenous tiger, this accursed devil;
Let him receive no sustenance, fetter him,
Till he be brought unto the empress's face,
For testimony of her foul proceedings:
And see the ambush of our friends be strong:
I fear the emperor means no good to us.

Aaron. Some devil whisper curses in mine ear,
And prompt me that my tongue may utter forth
The venomous malice of my swelling heart!

Luc. Away, inhuman dog, unhallow'd slave!
Sirs, help our uncle to convey him in.
The trumpets show the emperor is at hand.

[*Flourish.*]

Sound trumpets. Enter SATURNINUS and
TAMORA, with Tribunes and others.

Sat. What, hath the firmament more suns
than one?

Luc. What boots it thee to call thyself a sun?

Marc. Rome's emperor, and nephew, break
the parle!^b

These quarrels must be quietly debated.
The feast is ready, which the careful Titus
Hath ordained to an honourable end;
For peace, for love, for league, and good to
Rome:

Please you, therefore, draw nigh, and take your
places.

Sat. Marcus, we will. [*Hautboys.*]

^a *Empress*, in the quarto of 1600. The quarto of 1611, and the folio, *emperor's*.

^b Begin the parley.

Enter TITUS, like a cook, placing the meat on
the table; LAVINIA, with a veil over her face;
Young LUCIUS, and others.

Tit. Welcome, my gracious lord; welcome,
dread queen;

Welcome, ye warlike Goths; welcome, Lucius;
And welcome, all; although the cheer be poor,
'T will fill your stomachs; please you eat of it.

Sat. Why art thou thus attir'd, Andronicus?

Tit. Because I would be sure to have all well,
To entertain your highness and your empress.

Tam. We are beholding to you, good Andro-
nicus.

Tit. An if your highness knew my heart, you
were:

My lord the emperor, resolve me this:

Was it well done of rash Virginius,
To slay his daughter with his own right hand,
Because she was enforce'd, stain'd, and de-
flour'd?

Sat. It was, Andronicus.

Tit. Your reason, mighty lord!

Sat. Because the girl should not survive her
shame,

And by her presence still renew his sorrows.

Tit. A reason mighty, strong, and effectual;
A pattern, precedent, and lively warrant,
For me, most wretched, to perform the like.
Die, die, Lavinia, and thy shame with thee,
And with thy shame thy father's sorrow die.

[*He kills her.*]

Sat. What hast thou done, unnatural and
unkind?

Tit. Kill'd her, for whom my tears have
made me blind.

I am as woful as Virginius was,
And have a thousand times more cause than he
To do this outrage; and it is now done.^a

Sat. What, was she ravish'd? tell, who did
the deed?

Tit. Will't please you eat, will't please your
highness feed?

Tam. Why hast thou slain thine only daugh-
ter?

Tit. Not I; 't was Chiron and Demetrius.

They ravish'd her, and cut away her tongue,
And they, 't was they, that did her all this
wrong.

Sat. Go fetch them hither to us presently.

Tit. Why, there they are both, baked in that
pie,

Whereof their mother daintily hath fed,
Eating the flesh that she herself hath bred.

^a This line is omitted in the folio.

"T is true, 't is true, witness my knife's sharp point. [He stabs TAMORA.]

Sat. Die, frantic wretch, for this accursed deed! [He kills TITUS.]

Luc. Can the son's eye behold his father bleed?

There's meed for meed; death for a deadly deed. [He kills SATURNINUS. The people disperse in terror.]

Marc. You sad-fac'd men, people and sons of Rome,

By uproars sever'd, like a flight of fowl
Scatter'd by winds and high tempestuous gusts,
Oh, let me teach you how to knit again
This scatter'd corn into one mutual sheaf,
These broken limbs again into one body;
Lest^a Rome herself be bane unto herself;
And she whom mighty kingdoms curtsy to,
Like a forlorn and desperate castaway,
Do shameful execution on herself.
But if my frosty signs and chaps of age,
Grave witnesses of true expericuce,
Cannot induce you to attend my words,
Speak, Rome's dear friend, [To LUCIUS] as erst
our ancestor,

When with his solemn tongue he did discourse
To love-sick Dido's sad attending ear,
The story of that baleful burning night,
When subtle Greeks surpris'd king Priam's Troy.
Tell us what Sinon hath bewitch'd our ears,
Or who hath brought the fatal engine in
That gives our Troy, our Rome, the civil
wound.

My heart is not compact of flint nor steel,
Nor can I utter all our bitter grief;
But floods of tears will drown my oratory,
And break my very utterance, even in the time
When it should move you to attend me most,
Lending your kind commiseration.
Here is a captain; let him tell the tale;
Your hearts will throb and weep to hear him
speak.

Luc. Then, noble auditory, be it known to you,
That cursed Chiron and Demetrius
Were they that murdered our emperor's brother,
And they it was that ravished our sister;
For their fell faults our brothers were beheaded;
Our father's tears despis'd, and basely cozen'd
Of that true hand that fought Rome's quarrel out,
And sent her enemies unto the grave:
Lastly, myself, unkindly banished;
The gates shut on me, and turn'd weeping out,
To beg relief amongst Rome's enemies,

^a Lest. The originals, *let*.

Who drown'd their enmity in my true tears,
And op'd their arms to embrace me as a friend;
And I am the turn'd forth, be it known to you,
That have preserv'd her welfare in my blood,
And from her bosom took the enemy's point,
Sheathing the steel in my advent'rous body.
Alas, you know I am no vaunter, I;
My scars can witness, dumb although they are,
That my report is just and full of truth.
But soft, methinks I do digress too much,
Citing my worthless praise. Oh, pardon me,
For, when no friends are by, men praise them-
selves.

Marc. Now is my turn to speak: behold this child;

Of this was Tamora delivered,
The issue of an irreligious Moor,
Chief architect and plotter of these woes.
The villain is alive in Titus' house,
Damn'd^a as he is, to witness this is true.
Now judge what cause^b had Titus to revenge
These wrongs, unspeakable past patience,
Or more than any living man could bear.
Now you have heard the truth, what say you,
Romans?

Have we done aught amiss? show us wherein,
And, from the place where you behold us now,
The poor remainder of Andronici
Will hand in hand all headlong cast us down,
And on the ragged stones beat forth our brains,
And make a mutual closure of our house:
Speak, Romans, speak; and if you say we shall,
Lo, hand in hand, Lucius and I will fall.

Emil. Come, come, thou reverend man of Rome,

And bring our emperor gently in thy hand,—
Lucius, our emperor; for well I know,
The common voice do cry it shall be so.

Marc. Lucius, all hail, Rome's royal emperor!^c

Go, go, into old Titus' sorrowful house,
And hither hale that misbelieving Moor,
To be adjudg'd some direful slaughtering death,
As punishment for his most wicked life.

[To Attendants.]

Lucius, all hail to Rome's gracious governor!

Luc. Thanks, gentle Romans! May I govern so,

To heal Rome's harms, and wipe away her woe:

^a Damn'd. The old copies, *And*.

^b Cause. The earliest copies, *course*. The fourth folio gave the correction.

^c This line, and the concluding line of Marcus' speech, are given to the people—"Romans"—by all the modern editors, against the authority of all the original copies. Marcus is the tribune of the people, and speaks authoritatively what "the common voice" has required.

But, gentle people, give me aim awhile,
For nature puts me to a heavy task!
Stand all aloof; but, uncle, draw you near,
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.
Oh, take this warm kiss on thy pale cold lips,

[*Kisses* TITUS.]

These sorrowful drops upon thy blood-stain'd face,
The last true duties of thy noble son.

Marc. Tear for tear, and loving kiss for kiss,
Thy brother Marcus tenders on thy lips.
Oh, were the sum of these that I should pay
Countless and infinite, yet would I pay them.

Luc. Come hither, boy; come, come, and
learn of us

To melt in showers. Thy grandsire lov'd thee well;
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect, then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,

Because kind nature doth require it so:
Friends should associate friends in grief and woe.
Bid him farewell, commit him to the grave,
Do him that kindness and take leave of him.

Boy. O, grandsire, grandsire, even with all
my heart

Would I were dead, so you did live again!
O, Lord, I cannot speak to him for weeping;
My tears will choke me if I ope my mouth.

Enter Attendants with AARON.

Roman. You sad Andronici, have done with
woes!

Give sentence on this execrable wretch,
That hath been breeder of these dire events.

Luc. Set him breast deep in earth, and famish
him:

There let him stand, and rave, and cry for food:
If any one relieves or pities him,
For the offence he dies; this is our doom.
Some stay to see him fasten'd in the earth.

Aaron. Ah! why should wrath be mute, and
fury dumb?

I am no baby, I, that with base prayers
I should repent the evils I have done:
Ten thousand worse than ever yet I did
Would I perform, if I might have my will:
If one good deed in all my life I did,
I do repent it from my very soul.

Luc. Some loving friends convey the emperor
hence,

And give him burial in his father's grave,
My father and Lavinia shall forthwith
Be closed in our household's monument:
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora,
No fun'ral rite, nor man in mournful weeds,
No mournful bell shall ring her burial;
But throw her forth to beasts and birds of^a
prey:

Her life was beastly^b and devoid of pity,
And, being so, shall have like want of pity.
See justice done on^c Aaron, that damn'd Moor,
By whom our heavy haps had their beginning:
Then, afterwards, to order well the state,
That like events may ne'er it ruinate. [*Exeunt.*]

^a *Of*, in the folio. The quartos, *to*.

^b *Beast-like*, in the folio. The quartos, *beastly*.

^c *On*, in the quartos. The folio, *to*.



NOTICE

ON

THE AUTHENTICITY OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

THE external evidence that bears upon the authorship of Titus Andronicus is of two kinds :—

1. The testimony which assigns the play to Shakspeare, wholly, or in part.
2. The testimony which fixes the period of its original production.

The *direct* testimony of the first kind is unimpeachable : Francis Meres, a contemporary, and probably a friend of Shakspeare—a man intimately acquainted with the literary history of his day—not writing even in the later period of Shakspeare's life, but as early as 1598,—compares, for tragedy, the excellence of Shakspeare among the English, with Seneca among the Latins, and says, witness, “for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.”

The *indirect* testimony is nearly as important. The play is printed in the first folio edition of the poet's collected works—an edition published within seven years after his death by his intimate friends and “fellows ;” and that edition contains an entire scene not found in either of the previous quarto editions which have come down to us. That edition does not contain a single other play upon which a doubt of the authorship has been raised ; for even those who deny the entire authorship of Henry VI. to Shakspeare, have no doubt as to the partial authorship.

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Against this testimony of the editors of the first folio, that Shakspeare was the author of *Titus Andronicus*, there is only one fact to be opposed—that his name is not on the title-page of either of the quarto editions, although those editions show us that it was acted by the company to which Shakspeare belonged. But neither was the name of Shakspeare affixed to the first editions of *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, and *Henry IV., Part I.*; nor to the first three editions of *Romeo and Juliet*; nor to *Henry V.* These similar facts, therefore, leave the testimony of Hemings and Condell unimpeached.

But the evidence of Meres that Shakspeare was the author of *Titus Andronicus*, in the same sense in which he assigns him the authorship of *Romeo and Juliet*—that of being the sole author—is supposed to be shaken by the testimony of a writer who came nearly a century after Meres. Malone says—“On what principle the editors of the first complete edition of our poet’s plays admitted this into their volume cannot now be ascertained. The most probable reason that can be assigned is, that he wrote a few lines in it, or gave some assistance to the author in revising it, or in some other way aided him in bringing it forward on the stage. The tradition mentioned by Ravenscroft in the time of King James II. warrants us in making one or other of these suppositions. ‘I have been told’ (says he in his preface to an alteration of this play published in 1687), ‘by some anciently conversant with the stage, that it was not originally his [Shakspeare’s], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters.’” A few lines further on Malone quotes Langbaine, who refers to this tradition; and he therefore ought to have told us what Langbaine says with regard to Ravenscroft’s assertion. We will supply the deficiency. Langbaine first notices an early edition of *Titus Andronicus*, now lost, printed in 1594; he adds—“’Twas about the time of the Popish Plot revived and altered by Mr. Ravenscroft.” Ravenscroft was a living author when Langbaine published his ‘*Account of the English Dramatic Poets*,’ in 1691; and the writer of that account says, with a freedom that is seldom now adopted except in anonymous criticism—“Though he would be thought to imitate the silk-worm, that spins its web from its own bowels; yet I shall make him appear like the leech, that lives upon the blood of men.” This is introductory to an account of those plays which Ravenscroft claimed as his own. But, under the head of Shakspeare, Langbaine says that Ravenscroft boasts, in his preface to *Titus*, “That he thinks it a greater theft to rob the dead of their praise than the living of their money;” and Langbaine goes on to show that Ravenscroft’s practice “agrees not with his protestation,” by quoting some remarks of Shadwell upon plagiarists, who insinuates that Ravenscroft got up the story that Shakspeare only gave some master-touches to *Titus Andronicus*, to exalt his own merit in having altered it. The play was revived “about the time of the Popish Plot,”—1678. It was first printed in 1687, with this Preface. But Ravenscroft then suppresses the original Prologue; and Langbaine, with a quiet sarcasm, says—“I will here furnish him *with part of his Prologue*, which he has *lost*; and, if he desire it, send him the whole:—

‘To-day the poet does not fear your rage,
Shakspear, by him reviv’d, now treads the stage:
Under his sacred laurels he sits down,
Safe from the blast of any critic’s frown.
Like other poets, he’ll not proudly scorn
To own that he but winnow’d Shakspear’s oorn;
So far he was from robbing him of ’s treasure,
That he did add his own to make full measure.’ ”

Malone, we think, was bound to have given us all this—if the subject, of which he affects to make light, was worth the production of any evidence. We believe that, with this

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commentary, the tradition of Edward Ravenscroft will not outweigh the living testimony of Francis Meres.

We now come to the second point—the testimony which fixes the date of the original production of Titus Andronicus. There are two modes of viewing this portion of the evidence; and we first present it with the interpretation which deduces from it that the tragedy was *not* written by Shakspeare.

We have mentioned in our Introductory Notice to this play—but it is necessary to repeat it—that Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ first acted in 1614, says—“He that will swear Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays *yet*, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years. Though it be an ignorance, it is a virtuous and staid ignorance; and, next to truth, a confirmed error does well.” Percy offers the following comment upon this passage, in his ‘Reliques of Ancient Poetry’:—“There is reason to conclude that this play was rather improved by Shakespeare with a few fine touches of his pen, than originally written by him; for, not to mention that the style is less figurative than his others generally are, this tragedy is mentioned with discredit in the Induction to Ben Jonson’s ‘Bartholomew Fair,’ in 1614, as one that had been then exhibited ‘five-and-twenty or thirty years;’ which, if we take the lowest number, throws it back to the year 1589, at which time Shakespeare was but 25: an earlier date than can be found for any other of his pieces.” It is scarcely necessary to point out, that with the views we have uniformly entertained as to the commencement of Shakspeare’s career as a dramatic author, the proof against his authorship of Titus Andronicus thus brought forward by Percy is to us amongst the most convincing reasons for not hastily adopting the opinion that he was not its author. The external evidence of the authorship, and the external evidence of the date of the authorship, entirely coincide: each supports the other. The continuation of the argument derived from the early date of the play naturally runs into the internal evidence of its authenticity. The fact of its early date is indisputable; and here, for the present, we leave it.

We can scarcely subscribe to Mr. Hallam’s strong opinion, given with reference to this question of the authorship of Titus Andronicus, that, “in criticism of all kinds, we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary.”* The *res ipsa* may be looked upon through very different media by different minds: *testimony*, when it is clear, and free from the suspicion of an interested bias, although it appear to militate against conclusions that, however strong, are not infallible, because they depend upon very nice analysis and comparison, must be received, more or less, and *cannot* be doggedly resisted. Mr. Hallam says, “Titus Andronicus is now, by common consent, denied to be, in *any* sense, a production of Shakspeare.” Who are the interpreters of the “common consent?” Theobald, Jonson, Farmer, Steevens, Malone, M. Mason. These critics are wholly of one school; and we admit that they represent the “common consent” of their own school of English literature upon this point—till within a few years the only school. But there is another school of criticism, which maintains that Titus Andronicus is, in *every* sense, a production of Shakspeare. The German critics, from W. Schlegel to Ulrici, agree to reject the “common consent” of the English critics. The subject, therefore, cannot be hastily dismissed; the external testimony cannot be doggedly resisted. But, in entering upon the examination of this question with the best care we can bestow, we consider that it possesses an importance much higher than belongs to the proof, or disproof, from the internal evidence, that this painful tragedy was written by Shakspeare.

* ‘Literature of Europe,’ vol. ii p. 385.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

The question is not an isolated one. It requires to be treated with a constant reference to the state of the early English drama,—the probable tendencies of the poet's own mind at the period of his first dramatic productions,—the circumstances amidst which he was placed with reference to his audiences,—the struggle which he must have undergone to reconcile the contending principles of the practical and the ideal, the popular and the true,—the tentative process by which he must have advanced to his immeasurable superiority over every contemporary. It is easy to place Titus Andronicus by the side of Hamlet, and to say,—the one is a low work of art, the other a work of the highest art. It is easy to say that the versification of Titus Andronicus is not the versification of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. It is easy to say that Titus raves and denounces without moving terror or pity; but that Lear tears up the whole heart, and lays bare all the hidden springs of thought and passion that elevate madness into sublimity. But this, we venture to think, is not just criticism. We may be tempted, perhaps, to refine too much in rejecting all such sweeping comparisons; but what we have first to trace is relation, and not likeness;—if we find likeness in a single “trick and line,” we may indeed add it to the evidence of relation. But relation may be established even out of dissimilarity. No one who has deeply contemplated the progress of the great intellects of the world, and has traced the doubts, and fears, and throes, and desperate plunges of genius, can hesitate to believe that excellence in art is to be attained by the same process through which we may hope to reach excellence in morals,—by contest, and purification,—until habitual confidence and repose succeed to convulsive exertions and distracting aims. He that would rank amongst the heroes must have fought the good fight. *Energy* of all kinds has to work out its own subjection to principles, without which it can never become *power*. In the course of this struggle what it produces may be essentially unlike to the fruits of its after-peacefulness:—for the good has to be reached through the evil—the true through the false—the universal through the partial. The passage we subjoin is from Franz Horn: and we think that it demands a respectful consideration:—

“A mediocre, poor, and tame nature *finds itself* easily. It soon arrives, when it endeavours earnestly, at a knowledge of what it can accomplish, and what it cannot. Its poetical tones are single and gentle spring-breathings; with which we are well pleased, but which pass over us almost trackless. A very different combat has the higher and richer nature to maintain with itself; and the more splendid the peace, and the brighter the clearness, which it reaches through this combat, the more monstrous the fight which must have been incessantly maintained.

“Let us consider the richest and most powerful poetic nature that the world has ever yet seen; let us consider Shakspeare, *as boy and youth*, in his circumscribed external situation,—without one discriminating friend, without a patron, without a teacher,—without the possession of ancient or modern languages,—in his loneliness at Stratford, following an uncongenial employment; and then, in the strange whirl of the so-called great world of London, contending for long years with unfavourable circumstances,—in wearisome intercourse with this great world, which is, however, often found to be little;—but also with nature, with himself, and with God:—What materials for the deepest contemplation! This rich nature, thus circumstanced, desires to explain the enigma of the human being and the surrounding world. But it is not yet disclosed to himself. Ought he to wait for this ripe time before he ventures to dramatise? Let us not demand anything super-human: for, through the expression of error in song, will he find what accelerates the truth; and well for him that he has no other sins to answer for than poetical ones, which later in life he has atoned for by the most glorious excellences!

“The elegiac tone of his juvenile poems allows us to imagine very deep passions in the

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youthful Shakspeare. But this single tone was not long sufficient for him. He soon desired, from that stage 'which signifies the world' (an expression that Schiller might properly have invented for Shakspeare), to speak aloud what the world seemed to him,—to him, the youth who was not yet able thoroughly to penetrate this seeming. Can there be here a want of colossal errors? Not merely single errors. No: we should have a whole drama which is diseased at its very root,—which rests upon one single monstrous error. Such a drama is this Titus. The poet had here nothing less in his mind than to give us a grand Doomsday-drama. But what, as a man, was possible to him in Lear, the youth could not accomplish. He gives us a torn-to-pieces world, about which Fate wanders like a bloodthirsty lion,—or as a more refined and more cruel tiger, tearing mankind, good and evil alike, and blindly treading down every flower of joy. Nevertheless a better feeling reminds him that some repose must be given; but he is not sufficiently confident of this, and what he does in this regard is of little power. The personages of the piece are not merely heathens, but most of them embittered and blind in their heathenism; and only some single aspirations of something better can arise from a few of the best among them;—aspirations which are breathed so gently as scarcely to be heard amidst the cries of desperation from the bloody waves that roar almost deafeningly."

The eloquent critic adds, in a note,—“Is it not as if there sounded through the whole piece a comfortless complaint of the incomprehensible and hard lot of all earthly? Is it not as if we heard the poet speaking with Faust—‘All the miseries of mankind seize upon me!’ Or, with his own Hamlet,—

‘How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world!
Fie on ’t! O, fie! ’t is an unweeded garden
That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
Possess it merely.’

And now, let us bethink ourselves, in opposition to this terrible feeling, of the sweet blessed peacefulness which speaks from out all the poet's more matured dramas; for instance, from the inexhaustibly joyful-minded ‘As You Like It.’ Such a contest followed by such a victory!”

It is scarcely necessary to point out that this argument of the German critic is founded upon the simple and intelligible belief that Shakspeare is, in every sense of the word, the author of Titus Andronicus. Here is no attempt to compromise the question, by the common English babble that “Shakspeare may have written a few lines in this play, or given some assistance to the author in revising it.” This is Malone's opinion, founded upon Ravenscroft's idle tradition; and in his posthumous edition, by Boswell, “those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced are marked with inverted commas.” This was the system which Malone pursued with Henry VI.; and, as we there endeavoured to show, it was founded upon a most egregious fallacy. The drama belongs to the province of the very highest poetical art, because a play which fully realizes the objects of a scenic exhibition requires a nicer combination of excellences, and involves higher difficulties, than belong to any other species of poetry. Taking the qualities of invention, power of language, versification, to be equal in two men, one devoting himself to dramatic poetry, and the other to narrative poetry, the dramatic poet has chances of failure which the narrative poet may entirely avoid. The dialogue, and especially the imagery, of the dramatic poet are secondary to the invention of the plot, the management of the action, and the conception of the characters. Language is but the drapery of the beings that the dramatic poet's imagination has created. They must be placed by the poet's power of combination in the various relations which they must maintain through a long and sometimes complicated action: he must see the whole of that action vividly,

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with reference to its capacity of manifesting itself distinctly to an audience, so that even the deaf should partially comprehend : the pantomime must be acted over and over again in his mind, before the wand of the magician gives the agents voice. When all this is done, all contradictions reconciled, all obscurities made clear, the interest prolonged and heightened, and the catastrophe naturally evolved and matured, the poet, to use the terms of a sister-art, has completed that design which colour and expression are to make manifest to others, with something like the distinctness with which he himself has seen it. We have no hesitation in believing that one of the main causes of Shakspeare's immeasurable superiority to other dramatists is that all-penetrating power of combination by which the action of his dramas is constantly sustained ; whilst in the best pieces of his contemporaries, with rare exceptions, it flags or breaks down into description,—or is carried off by imagery,—or the force of conception in one character overpowers the management of the other instruments—cases equally evidencing that the poet has not attained the most difficult art of controlling his own conceptions. And thus it is that we so often hear Christopher Marlowe, or Philip Massinger,—to name the very best of them,—speaking themselves out of the mouths of their puppets, whilst the characterization is lost, and the action is forgotten. But when do we ever hear the individual voice of the man William Shakspeare ? When does he come forward to bow to the audience, as it were, between the scenes ? Never is there any pause with him, that we may see the complacent author whispering to his auditory—This is not exactly what I meant ; my inspiration carried me away ; but is it not fine ? The great dramatic poet sits out of mortal ken. He rolls away the clouds and exhibits his world. There is calm and storm, and light and darkness ; and the material scene becomes alive ; and we see a higher life than that of our ordinary nature ; and the whole soul is elevated ; and man and his actions are presented under aspects more real than reality, and our control over tears or laughter is taken away from us ; and, if the poet be a philosopher,—and without philosophy he cannot be a poet,—deep truths, before dimly seen, enter into our minds and abide there. Why do we state all this ? Utterly to reject the belief that Shakspeare was a line-maker ;—that, like Gray, for example, he was a manufacturer of mosaic poetry ;—that he made verses to order ;—and that his verses could be produced by some other process than an entire conception of, and power over, the *design* of a drama. It is this mistake which lies at the bottom of all that has been written and believed about the two Parts of 'The Contention of the Houses of York and Lancaster' being polished by Shakspeare into the Second and Third Parts of Henry VI. The elder plays—which the English antiquarian critics persist in ascribing to Marlowe, or Greene, or Peele, or all of them—contain all the action, even to the exact succession of the scenes, all the characterization, a very great deal of the dialogue, including the most vigorous thoughts : and then Shakspeare was to take the matter in hand, and add a thousand lines or two up and down, correct an epithet here and there, and do all this without the slightest exercise of invention, either in movement or characterization ; producing fine lines without passing through that process of inspiration by which lines having dramatic beauty and propriety can alone be produced. We say this, after much deliberation, not only with reference to the Henry VI. and to the play before us, but with regard to the general belief that Shakspeare, in the outset of his career, was a mender of the plays of other men ; or that, in any part of his career, he was associated with other men in writing plays. We know that this is a hazardous assertion, which militates against many received notions, some of which have been very ably set forth ; but we, nevertheless, make it upon conviction. Timon, according to our belief, is the only exception ; and we regard that not as an exception to the principle, because there the characterization of Timon himself is the Shaksperian creation ; and that depends

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extremely little upon the general action, which, to a large extent, is episodical. We say, then, that we hold Malone's principle of marking with inverted commas those passages in which he supposed the hand of Shakspeare may be traced in this play of Titus Andronicus to be based upon a vital error. It is not with us a question whether the passages which Malone has marked exhibit, or not, the critic's poetical taste: we say that the passages could not have been written except by the man, whoever he be, who conceived the action and the characterization. Take the single example of the character of Tamora. She is the presiding genius of the piece; and in her we see, as we believe, the outbreak of that wonderful conception of the union of powerful intellect and moral depravity which Shakspeare was afterwards to make manifest with such consummate wisdom. Strong passions, ready wit, perfect self-possession, and a sort of oriental imagination, take Tamora out of the class of ordinary women. It is in her mouth that we find, for the most part, what readers of Malone's school would call the poetical language of the play. We will select a few specimens (Act II., Scene III.) :—

“ The birds chant melody on every bush ;
The snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun ;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground :
Under their sweet shade, Aaron, let us sit,
And—whilst the babbling echo mocks the hounds,
Replying shrilly to the well-tun'd horns,
As if a double hunt were heard at once,—
Let us sit down.”

Again, in the same scene :—

“ A barren detested vale, you see, it is :
The trees, though summer, yet forlorn and lean,
O'ercome with moss and baleful misseltoe.
Here never shines the sun ; here nothing breeds,
Unless the nightly owl, or fatal raven.
And, when they show'd me this abhorred pit,
They told me, here, at dead time of the night,
A thousand fiends, a thousand hissing snakes,
Ten thousand swelling toads, as many urchins,
Would make such fearful and confused cries,
As any mortal body, hearing it,
Should straight fall mad, or else die suddenly.”

In Act IV., Scene IV. :—

“ King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy name.
Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it ?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby ;
Knowing that, with the shadow of his wing,
He can at pleasure stint their melody.”

And, lastly, where the lines are associated with the high imaginative conception of the speaker, that she was to personate Revenge :—

“ Know thou, sad man, I am not Tamora ;
She is thy enemy, and I thy friend :
I am Revenge ; sent from the infernal kingdom,
To ease the gnawing vulture of thy mind,
By working wreakful vengeance on thy foes.
Come down, and welcome me to this world's light.”

The first two of these passages are marked by Malone as the additions of Shakspeare to the work of an inferior poet. If we had adopted Malone's theory we should have marked the

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two other passages ; and have gone even further in our selection of the poetical lines spoken by Tamora. But we hold that the lines could not have been produced, according to Malone's theory, even by Shakspeare. Poetry, and especially dramatic poetry, is not to be regarded as a bit of joiner's work,—or, if you please, as an affair of jewelling and enamelling. The lines which we have quoted may not be amongst Shakspeare's highest things ; but they could not have been produced except under the excitement of the full swing of his dramatic power—bright touches dashed in at the very hour when the whole design was growing into shape upon the canvass, and the form of Tamora was becoming alive with colour and expression. To imagine that the great passages of a drama are produced like “a copy of verses,” under any other influence than the large and general inspiration which creates the whole drama, is, we believe, utterly to mistake the essential nature of dramatic poetry. It would be equally just to say that the nice but well-defined traits of character, which stand out from the physical horrors of this play, when it is carefully studied, were superadded by Shakspeare to the coarser delineations of some other man. Aaron, the Moor, in his general conception is an unmitigated villain—something alien from humanity—a fiend, and therefore only to be detested. But Shakspeare, by that insight which, however imperfectly developed, must have distinguished his earliest efforts, brings Aaron into the circle of humanity ; and then he is a thing which moves us, and his punishment is poetical justice. One touch does this—his affection for his child :—

“Come on, you thick-lipp'd slave, I'll bear you hence ;
For it is you that puts us to our shifts :
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots,
And feed on curds and whey, and suck the goat,
And cabin in a cave ; and bring you up
To be a warrior, and command a camp.”

Did Shakspeare put in these lines, and the previous ones which evolve the same feeling, under the system of a cool editorial mending of a second man's work ? The system may do for an article ; but a play is another thing. Did Shakspeare put these lines into the mouth of Lucius, when he calls to his son to weep over the body of Titus ?—

“Come hither, boy ; come, come, and learn of us
To melt in showers : Thy grandsire lov'd thee well :
Many a time he dan'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy pillow ;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,
Meet and agreeing with thine infancy ;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so.”

Malone has not marked these ; they are too simple to be included in his poetical gems. But are they not full to overflowing of those deep thoughts of human love which the great poet of the affections has sent into so many welcoming hearts ? Malone marks with his commas the address to the tribunes at the beginning of the third act. The lines are lofty and rhetorical ; and a poet who had undertaken to make set speeches to another man's characters might perhaps have added these. Dryden and Tate did this service for Shakspeare himself. But Malone does not mark *one* line which has no rhetoric in it, and does not *look* like poetry. The old man has given his hand to the treacherous Aaron, that he may save the lives of his sons : but the messenger brings him the heads of those sons. It is for Marcus and Lucius to burst into passion. The father, for some space, speaks not ; and then he speaks but one line :—

“When will this fearful slumber have an end ?”

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Did Shakspeare make this line to order? The poet who wrote the line conceived the whole situation, and he could not have conceived the situation unless the whole dramatic movement had equally been his conception: Such things must be wrought out of the red-heat of the whole material—not filled up out of cold fragments.

Accepting Titus as a play produced somewhere about the middle of the ninth decade of the sixteenth century, it possesses other peculiarities than such as we have noticed, which, upon the system of Malone's inverted commas, would take away a very considerable number from the supposed original fabricator of the drama, and bestow them upon the reviser. We must extract a passage from Malone before we proceed to point out these other peculiarities:—"To enter into a long disquisition to prove this piece not to have been written by Shakspeare would be an idle waste of time. To those who are not conversant with his writings, if particular passages were examined, more words would be necessary than the subject is worth; those who are well acquainted with his works cannot entertain a doubt on the question. I will, however, mention one mode by which it may be easily ascertained. Let the reader only peruse a few lines of 'Appius and Virginia,' 'Tancred and Gismund,' 'The Battle of Alcazar,' 'Jeronimo,' 'Selimus, Emperor of the Turks,' 'The Wounds of Civil War,' 'The Wars of Cyrus,' 'Loocrine,' 'Arden of Feversham,' 'King Edward I.,' 'The Spanish Tragedy,' 'Solyman and Perseda,' 'King Leir,' the old 'King John,' or any other of the pieces that were exhibited before the time of Shakspeare, and he will at once perceive that Titus Andronicus was coined in the same mint." What Malone requests to be perused is limited to "a few lines" of these old plays; if he could have bestowed many words upon the subject he would have examined "particular passages." Such an examination has of course reference only to the versification. It is scarcely necessary to say that we do not agree with the assumption that the pieces Malone has mentioned were exhibited "before the time of Shakspeare." It is difficult, if not impossible, to settle the exact time of many of these; but we do know that one of the plays here mentioned belongs to the same epoch as Titus Andronicus. "He that will swear Jeronimo, or Andronicus, are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted at here, as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." We shall confine, therefore, any comparison of the versification of Titus Andronicus entirely to that of 'Jeronimo.'

Titus Andronicus contains very few couplets, a remarkable thing in so early a play. Of 'Jeronimo' one half is rhyme. Of the blank verse of 'Jeronimo' we will quote a passage which is, perhaps, the least monotonous of that tragedy, and which Mr. Collier has quoted in his 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' pointing out that "Here we see trochees used at the ends of the lines, and the pauses are even artfully managed; while redundant syllables are inserted, and lines left defective, still farther to add to the variety."—

"Come, valiant spirits; * you peers of Portugal,
That owe your lives, your faiths, and services,
To set you free from base captivity:
O let our fathers' scandal ne'er be seen
As a base blush upon our free-born cheeks:
Let all the tribute that proud Spain receiv'd,
Of those all captive Portugales deceas'd,
Turn into chafe, and choke their insolence.
Methinks no moiety, not one little thought
Of them whose servile acts live in their graves,
But should raise spleens big as a cannon-bullet
Within your bosoms: O for honour,
Your country's reputation, your lives' freedom,

* Ordinarily pronounced in early dramatic poetry as a monosyllable.

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Indeed your all that may be term'd revenge,
 Now let your bloods be liberal as the sea;
 And all those wounds that you receive of Spain,
 Let theirs be equal to quit yours again.
 Speak, Portugales: are you resolv'd as I,
 To live like captives, or as free-born die!"

We have no hesitation in saying (in opposition to Malone's opinion) that the freedom of versification which is discovered in Titus Andronicus is carried a great deal further than even this specimen of 'Jeronimo;' and we cannot have a better proof of our assertion than this—that Steevens anxiously desired, and indeed succeeded, in reducing several of the lines to the exact dimensions of his ten-syllable measuring-tape. We will give a few parallel examples of the original, and of what Steevens did, and what he wished to do:—

QUARTOS AND FOLIO.

"Rome's readiest champions, repose you here *in rest*.
 "A *barren* detested vale, you see, it is."

"Therefore away *with her*, and use her as you will."
 "Aaron is gone, and my compassionate heart."
 "And make the silken strings delight to kiss them."
 "For these, tribunes, in the dust I write."
 "Soft! How busily she turns the leaves!"
 "Why dost not speak? What, deaf? Not a word?"

"Titus, I am come to talk with thee."
 "Witness this wretched stump, *witness* these crimson lines."

STEEVENS.

"Rome's readiest champions, repose you here."
 "A *bare* detested vale, you see, it is."

("As the versification of this play is by no means *inharmonious*, I am willing to suppose the author wrote, *A bare, &c.*"—STEEVENS.)

"Therefore away, and use her as you will."
 [Untouched, by marvellous forbearance.]
 [Also untouched.]

"For these, *good* tribunes, in the dust I write."
 "Soft! *See* how busily she turns the leaves!"
 "Why dost not speak? What, deaf? *No*: not a word!"

"Titus, I'm come to talk with thee *awhile*."
 "Witness this wretched stump, these crimson lines."

We think that we have done enough, even in these instances, to establish that the Shaksperian versification is sufficiently marked in Titus, even to the point of offending the critic who did not understand it. But the truth of the matter is, that the comparison of the versification of Titus with the old plays mentioned by Malone is altogether a fallacy. Like the Henry VI. it wants, for the most part, the

"Linked sweetness long drawn out"

of the later plays, and so do The Two Gentlemen of Verona, and The Comedy of Errors. But to compare the play, as a whole, even with 'Jeronimo'—and Kyd, in freedom and variety of rhythm, whatever he may want in majesty, is superior to Marlowe—argues, we think, an incompetent knowledge of the things compared. To compare it with the old 'King Lear,' and the greater number of the plays in Malone's list, is to compare the movement of the hunter with that of the horse in the mill. The truth is, that, after the first scene of Andronicus, in which the author sets out with the stately pace of his time, we are very soon carried away, by the power of the language, the variety of the pause, and the especial freedom with which trochees are used at the ends of lines, to forget that the versification is not *altogether* upon the best Shaksperian model. There is the same instrument, but the performer has yet not thoroughly learnt its scope and its power.

Horn has a very just remark on the language of Titus Andronicus:—"Foremost we may recognise with praise the almost never-wearying power of the language, wherein no *shift* is ever used. We know too well how often, in many French and German tragedies, the princes and princesses satisfy themselves to silence with a necessary *Hélas! Oh Ciel! O Schicksal!* (O Fate!) and similar cheap outcries; but Shakspeare is quite another man,

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who, for every degree of pain, knew how to give the right tone and the right colour. In the bloody sea of this drama, in which men can scarcely keep themselves afloat, this, without doubt, must have been peculiarly difficult." We regard this decided language, this absence of stage conventionalities, as one of the results of the power which the poet possessed of distinctly conceiving his situations with reference to his characters. The *Ohs!* and *Ahs!* and *Heavens!* of the English stage, as well as the *O Ciel!* of the French, are a consequence of febleness, exhibiting itself in commonplaces. The greater number of the old English dramatists, to do them justice, had the same power as the author of *Titus Andronicus* of grappling with words which they thought fitting to the situations. But their besetting sin was in the constant use of that "huffing, braggart, puft" language, which Shakspeare never employs in the dramas which all agree to call his, and of which there is a very sparing portion even in *Titus Andronicus*. The temptation to employ it must have been great indeed; for when, in every scene, the fearful energies of the action

"On horror's head horrors accumulate,"

it must have required no common forbearance, and therefore no common power, to prescribe that the words of the actors should not

"Outface the brow of bragging horror."

The son of Tamora is to be killed; as he is led away she exclaims—

"Oh! cruel, irreligious piety!"

Titus kills Mutius: the young man's brother earnestly says—

"My lord, you are unjust."

When Tamora prescribes their terrible wickedness to her sons, Lavinia remonstrates—

"O! Tamora, thou bear'st a woman's face."

When Marcus encounters his mutilated niece there is much poetry, but no raving. When woe upon woe is heaped upon Titus we have no imprecations:—

"For now I stand as one upon a rock,
Environ'd with a wilderness of sea;
Who marks the waxing tide grow wave by wave,
Expecting ever when some envious surge
Will in his brinish bowels swallow him."

In one situation after Titus has lost his hand, Marcus says—

"Oh! brother, speak with possibilities,
And do not break into these deep extremes."

What are the deep extremes? The unhappy man has scarcely risen into metaphor, much less into braggardism:—

"O, here I lift this one hand up to heaven,
And bow this feeble ruin to the earth:
If any power pities wretched tears,
To that I call:—What, wilt thou kneel with me?
Do then, dear heart; for heaven shall hear our prayers:
Or with our sighs we'll breathe the welkin dim,
And stain the sun with fog, as sometime clouds,
When they do hug him in their melting bosoms."

[To LAVINIA

And in his very crowning agony we hear only—

"Why, I have not another tear to shed."

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It has been said, "There is not a shade of difference between the two Moors, Eleazar and Aaron."* Eleazar is a character in 'Lust's Dominion,' incorrectly attributed to Marlowe. Trace the cool, determined, sarcastic, remorseless villain, Aaron, through these blood-spilling scenes, and see if he speaks in—"King Cambyzes' vein," as Eleazar speaks in the following lines:—

"Now, Tragedy, thou minion of the night,
Rhamnusia's pew-fellow, to thee I'll sing
Upon an harp made of dead Spanish bones—
The proudest instrument the world affords;
When thou in crimson jollity shall bathe
Thy limbs, as black as mine, in springs of blood
Still gushing from the conduit-head of Spain.
To thee that never blushest, though thy cheeks
Are full of blood, O Saint Revenge, to thee
I consecrate my murders, all my stabs,
My bloody labours, tortures, stratagems,
The volume of all wounds that wound from me,—
Mine is the Stage, thine the Tragedy."

But enough of this. It appears to us manifest that, although the author of Titus Andronicus did choose—in common with the best and the most popular of those who wrote for the early stage, but contrary to his after-practice—a subject which should present to his comparatively rude audiences the excitement of a succession of physical horrors, he was so far under the control of his higher judgment, that, avoiding their practice, he steadily abstained from making his "verses jet on the stages in tragical buskins; every word filling the mouth like the faburden of Bow bell, daring God out of heaven with that atheist Tamburlaine, or blaspheming with the mad priest of the sun." †

It is easy to understand how Shakspeare, at the period when he first entered upon those labours which were to build up a glorious fabric out of materials that had been previously used for the basest purposes,—without models,—at first, perhaps, not voluntarily choosing his task, but taking the business that lay before him so as to command popular success,—ignorant, to a great degree, of the height and depth of his own intellectual resources,—not seeing, or dimly seeing, how poetry and philosophy were to elevate and purify the common staple of the coarse drama about him,—it is easy to conceive how a story of fearful bloodshed should force itself upon him as a thing that he could work into something better than the dumb show and fiery words of his predecessors and contemporaries. It was in after-years that he had to create the tragedy of passion. Lamb has beautifully described Webster, as almost alone having the power "to move a horror skilfully, to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop, and then step in with mortal instruments to take its last forfeit." Lamb adds, "writers of inferior genius mistake quantity for quality." The remark is quite true; when examples of the higher tragedy are accessible, and when the people have learnt better than to require the grosser stimulant. Before Webster had written 'The Duchess of Malfi' and 'Vittoria Corombona,' Shakspeare had produced Lear and Othello. But there were writers, *not* of inferior genius, who had committed the same mistake as the author of Titus Andronicus—who use blood as they would "the paint of the property man in the theatre." Need we mention other names than Marlowe and Kyd? The "old Jeronimo," as Ben Jonson calls it,—perhaps the most popular play of the early stage, and in many respects, a work of great power,—thus concludes, with a sort of Chorus spoken by a ghost:—

* C. A. Brown's 'Autobiographical Poems of Shakspeare.'

† Greene, 1588.

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"Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
 When blood and sorrow finish my desires.
 Horatio murder'd in his father's bower ;
 Vile Serberine by Pedringano slain ;
 False Pedringano hang'd by quaint device ;
 Fair Isabella by herself misdome ;
 Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stabb'd ;
 The duke of Castille, and his wicked son,
 Both done to death by old Hieronimo,
 Ey Belimperia fallen, as Dido fell ;
 And good Hieronimo slain by himself :
 Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul."

Here is murder enough to match even Andronicus. This slaughtering work was accompanied with another peculiarity of the unformed drama—the dumb show. Words were sometimes scarcely necessary for the exposition of the story ; and when they were, no great care was taken that they should be very appropriate or beautiful in themselves. Thomas Heywood, himself a prodigious manufacturer of plays in a more advanced period, writing as late as 1612, seems to look upon these semi-pageants, full of what the actors call "bustle," as the wonderful things of the modern stage :—"To see, as I have seen, Hercules, in his own shape, hunting the boar, knocking down the bull, taming the hart, fighting with Hydra, murdering Geryon, slaughtering Diomed, wounding the Stymphalides, killing the Centaurs, pashing the lion, squeezing the dragon, dragging Cerberus in chains, and, lastly, on his high pyramides writing *Nil ultra*—Oh, these were sights to make an Alexander."* With a stage that presented attractions like these to the multitude, is it wonderful that the boy Shakspeare should have written a Tragedy of Horrors ?

But Shakspeare, it is maintained, has given us no other tragedy constructed upon the principle of Titus Andronicus. Are we quite sure ? Do we know what the first Hamlet was ? We have one sketch, which may be most instructively compared with the finished performance ; but it has been conjectured, and we think with perfect propriety, that the Hamlet which was on the stage in 1589, and then sneered at by Nash, "has perished, and that the quarto of 1603 gives us the work in an intermediate state between the rude youthful sketch and the perfected Hamlet, which was published in 1604."† When we compare the quarto of 1603 with the perfected play, we have the rare opportunity, as we have formerly stated, "of studying the growth not only of our great poet's command over language—not only of his dramatical skill—but of the higher qualities of his intellect, his profound philosophy, his wonderful penetration into what is most hidden and obscure in men's characters and motives."‡ All the *action* of the perfect Hamlet is to be found in the sketch published in 1603 ; but the profundity of the character is not all there,—very far from it. We have little of the thoughtful philosophy, of the morbid feelings, of Hamlet. But let us imagine an earlier sketch, where that wonderful creation of Hamlet's character may have been still more unformed ; where the poet may have simply proposed to exhibit in the young man a desire for revenge, combined with irresolution—perhaps even actual madness. Make Hamlet a common dramatic character, instead of one of the subtlest of metaphysical problems, and what is the tragedy ? A tragedy of blood. It offends us not now, softened as it is, and almost hidden, in the atmosphere of poetry and philosophy which surrounds it. But look at it merely with reference to the *action* ; and of what materials is it made ? A ghost described ; a ghost appearing ; the play within a play, and that a play of murder ; Polonius killed ; the ghost

* 'An Apology for Actors.'

† 'Edinburgh Review,' vol. lxxi. p. 475.

‡ Introductory Notice to Hamlet.

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again ; Ophelia mad and self-destroyed ; the struggle at the grave between Hamlet and Laertes ; the queen poisoned ; Laertes killed with a poisoned rapier ; the king killed by Hamlet ; and, last of all, Hamlet's death. No wonder Fortinbras exclaims—

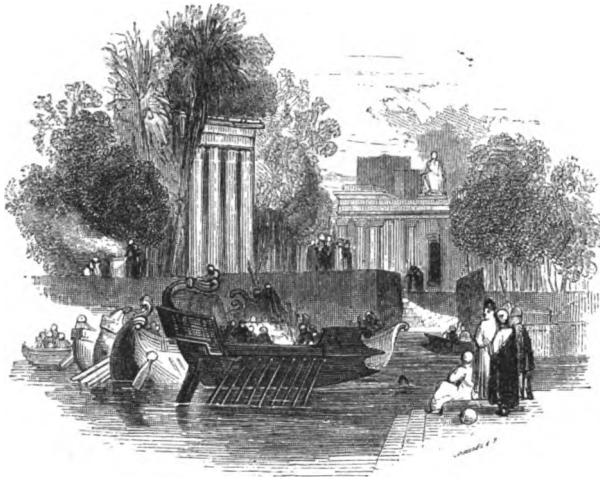
“This quarry cries on havoc.”

Again, take another early tragedy, of which we may well believe that there was an earlier sketch than that published in 1597—Romeo and Juliet. We may say of the delicious poetry, as Romeo says of Juliet's beauty, that it makes the charnel-house “a feasting presence full of light.” But imagine a Romeo and Juliet conceived in the immaturity of the young Shakspeare's power—a tale of love, but surrounded with horror. There is enough for the excitement of an uninstructed audience : the contest between the houses ; Mercutio killed ; Tybalt killed ; the apparent death of Juliet ; Paris killed in the churchyard ; Romeo swallowing poison ; Juliet stabbing herself. The marvel is, that the surpassing power of the poet should make us forget that Romeo and Juliet can present such an aspect. All the changes which we know Shakspeare made in Hamlet, and Romeo and Juliet, were to work out the peculiar theory of his mature judgment—that the terrible should be held, as it were, in solution by the beautiful, so as to produce a tragic consistent with pleasurable emotion. Herein he goes far beyond Webster. His art is a higher art.





PERICLES.



INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THE first edition of *Pericles* appeared in 1609, under the following title:—‘The late and much admired play, called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*. With the true relation of the whole historie, adventures, and fortunes of the said prince: As also the no lesse strange and worthy accidents, in the birth and life of his daughter *Mariana*. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted [by] his Maiesties Seruants at the *Globe* on the *Bank-side*. By *William Shakespeare*. Iurprinted at *London* for *Henry Gosson*, and are to be sold at the sign of the *Sunne* in *Paternoster-row*, &c. 1609.’ In the *British Museum* there are two copies bearing this date; and we mention this to state that there are minute differences in these copies, such as present themselves to a printer’s eye, and show that the types were what is technically called kept standing, to meet a constant demand. Other quarto editions appeared in 1611, in 1619, in 1630, and in 1635. The variations in these from the text of 1609 are very slight. In 1664 *Pericles* first appeared in the folio collection of *Shakspeare’s* works, being introduced into the third edition, whose title-page states—“Unto this impression is added seven plays never before printed in folio.” This folio edition varies very slightly indeed from the quarto of 1635; and that varies, as we have said, very slightly from the original quarto. It is probable that the first edition was printed, without authority, from a very imperfect copy. It was produced, as we see upon the title-page, at *Shakspeare’s* theatre, and it bore his name; but his fellow-shareholders in that theatre did not re-publish it after his death. Had it been re-published in the folio of 1623, we should, most probably, have had a copy very different from that upon which the text must now be founded. All the copies have been carefully collated for the purposes of our own edition; but we have been able to add little to what *Malone’s* careful editorship effected in 1778. The text manufactured by *Steevens* is the received text of modern editions. He went upon his ordinary principle of adjusting the versification to a syllabic regularity, and especially the lines spoken by *Gower*. These he has reduced to octo-syllabic verse, by the most merciless excision of “superfluous” words; and, whilst we lament the perverseness of the man, we cannot but admire the ingenuity with which he has cut his cloth to the exact dimensions, and sewn it together again with surprising neatness. The manipulation of *Steevens* has been carried so far in this play, that it would have been waste of time to have called attention to it in our foot-notes.

The Illustrations to each act contain very full extracts from *Gower’s* ‘*Confessio Amantis*,’ upon which the author of ‘*Pericles*’ founded his legendary drama. The *chronology* of the play belongs to the question of its authenticity.



GOWER.

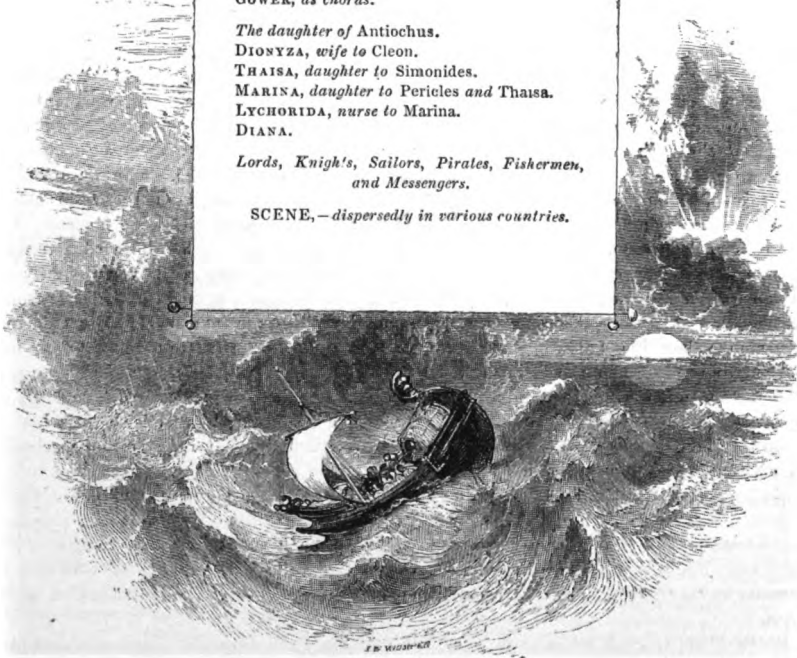
PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, *King of Antioch.*
PERICLES, *Prince of Tyre.*
HELICANUS, } *two Lords of Tyre.*
ESCANES, }
SIMONIDES, *King of Pentapolis.*
CLEON, *Governor of Tharsus.*
LYSIMACHUS, *Governor of Mitylene.*
CERIMON, *a Lord of Ephesus.*
THALIARD, *servant to Antiochus.*
LEONINE, *servant to Dionyza.*
Marshal.
A pander and his wife.
BOULT, *their servant.*
GOWER, *as chorus.*

The daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, *wife to Cleon.*
THAISA, *daughter to Simonides.*
MARINA, *daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.*
LYCHORIDA, *nurse to Marina.*
DIANA.

*Lords, Knights, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen,
and Messengers.*

SCENE,—*dispersedly in various countries.*





ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song of^a old was sung,
 From ashes ancient Gower is come;
 Assuming man's infirmities,
 To glad your ear, and please your eyes.
 It hath been sung, at festivals,
 On ember-eves, and holy-ales;^b
 And lords and ladies, in^c their lives,
 Have read it for restoratives.
 The purchase^d is to make men glorious;

^a *Of.* The early editions, *that*.
^b The early copies, *holy-days*. Farmer suggested *holy-ales*.
^c *In their lives*, in all the copies. During their lives.
^d *Purchase*.—So the original. The primary meaning of *purchase* is to obtain: a *purchase* is a thing obtained. Steevens altered the word to *purpose*. This alteration was unnecessary, for, however obscure the sense, we may accept the word as it is used by Chaucer:—

“To wind and weather Almighty God gives *purchase*;”

SUP. VOL. F

Et bonum, quo antiquius, eo melius.

If you, born in these latter times,
 When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
 And that to hear an old man sing
 May to your wishes pleasure bring,
 I life would wish, and that I might
 Waste it for you, like taper-light.
 This Antioch then, Antiochus the Great
 Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
 The fairest in all Syria;
 (I tell you what mine authors say:)
 The king unto him took a pheere,^a
 Who died and left a female heir,
 So buxom, blythe, and full of face,
 As Heaven had lent her all his grace:

that is, Almighty God provides: what is provided by the poet is to “make men glorious.”

^a *Pheere*. In the originals, *peer*. *Pheere*, or *ferc*, is a mate. See Titus Andronicus, Act IV. Sc. I.

With whom the father liking took,
 And her to incest did provoke;
 Bad child, worse father! to entice his own
 To evil, should be done by none.
 By^a custom, what they did begin
 Was with long use account no sin
 The beauty of this sinful dame
 Made many princes thither frame,
 To seek her as a bedfellow,
 In marriage-pleasures playfellow:
 Which to prevent, he made a law,
 (To keep her still, and men in awe,)
 That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
 His riddle told not, lost his life:
 So for her many a wight did die,
 As yon grim looks do testify.
 What ensues, to the judgment of your eye
 I give, my cause who best can justify. [Exit.]

SCENE I.—*The Palace of Antioch.*

Enter ANTIUCHUS, PERICLES, and Attendants.

Ant. Young prince of Tyre, you have at large
 receiv'd

The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and with a soul
 Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
 Think death no hazard, in this enterprize.

[*Music.*

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothed like a
 bride,^b

For the embracements, even of Jove himself;
 At whose conception (till Lucina reign'd)
 Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence;
 The senate-house of planets all did sit,
 To knit in her their best perfections.

Enter the Daughter of ANTIUCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparel'd like the
 spring,

Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
 Of every virtue gives renown to men!
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever 'ras'd,^c and testy wrath
 Could never be her mild companion.

^a *By.* The originals, *but.*

^b The old copies read,

"Musick, bring in our daughter clothed like a bride."

Musick was evidently a marginal direction.

^c 'Ras'd. The first quarto reads *racte*—the subsequent copies, *racti*. The verb *raze*, or *erase*, was formerly written *rove*, and *racte* was the past participle.

Ye gods that made me man, and sway in love,
 That have inflam'd desire in my breast
 To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
 Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
 As I am son and servant to your will,
 To compass such a boundless happiness!

Ant. Prince Pericles—

Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.

Ant. Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
 With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
 For death-like dragons here affright thee hard:
 Her face, like heav'n, enticeth thee to view
 Her countless glory, which desert must gain:
 And which, without desert, because thine eye
 Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap must
 die.

Yon sometime famous princes, like thyself,
 Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
 Tell thee with speechless tongues, and semblance
 pale,

That, without covering save yon field of stars,
 Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's
 wars;

And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
 For going on Death's net, whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
 My frail mortality to know itself,
 And by those fearful objects to prepare
 This body, like to them, to what I must:
 For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it error.
 I'll make my will then; and, as sick men do
 Who know the world, see heav'n, but feeling
 woe,

Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
 So I bequeath a happy peace to you
 And all good men, as every prince should do;
 My riches to the earth from whence they came;
 But my unspotted fire of love to you.

[*To the Daughter of* ANTIUCHUS.

Thus ready for the way of life or death,
 I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice; read the conclusion
 then;^a

Which read and not expounded, 't is decreed,
 As these before, so thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet, mayst thou prove
 prosperous!

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness?^b

^a The early editions give these lines confusedly:—

"I wait the sharpest blow, (Antiochus.)

Scorning advice; read the conclusion then."

The name of the character was evidently mistaken for a part
 of the dialogue.

^b Of all *say'd yet* is the ancient reading, which Percy sug-
 gested meant—of all who have essay'd yet.

Per. Like a bold champion I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought,
But faithfulness, and courage.

THE RIDDLE.

"I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed:
I sought a husband, in which labour,
I found that kindness in a father.
He 's father, son, and husband mild,
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How they may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you."

Sharp physic is the last: but O, ye powers!
That give heav'n countless eyes to view men's acts,

Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?
Fair glass of light, I lov'd you, and could still,

[*Takes hold of the hand of the Princess.*]

Were not this glorious casket stor'd with ill:
But I must tell you,—now, my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait,
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heav'n down, and all the gods to hearken;

But being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime:
Good sooth, I care not for you.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not, upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expir'd;

Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great king,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould 'braid yourself too near for me to tell it.

Who hath a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut, than shown:

For vice repeated is like the wand'ring wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself:
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear

To stop the air would hurt them. The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills toward heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd^a

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't.

^a Steevens reads *wrong'd*.

Kings are earth's gods: in vice their law's their will;

And if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,
What being more known grows worse, to smother it.—

All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. Heaven that I had thy head! he has found the meaning!

But I will gloze with him. [*Aside.*] Young prince of Tyre,

Though by the tenor of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;^a

Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise:

Forty days longer we do respite you,
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son:
And, until then, your entertain shall be,
As doth befit our honour, and your worth.

[*Exeunt ANT., his Daughter, and Attendants.*]

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin!
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight.
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain, you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where now you're both a father and a son,
By your untimely clasplings with your child
(Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father);
And she an eater of her mother's flesh,
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men
Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun^b no course to keep them from the light.

One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust, as flame to smoke.
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be clogg'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear.

[*Exit.*]

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head;

^a The quartos, *counsel of*; the folio (1664), *caneel off*
^b *Shun*. The original copies, *show*.

He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world, Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathed manner:
And therefore instantly this prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high.
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your highness call?

Ant. Thaliard, you're of our chamber, and our mind

Partakes her private actions to your secrecy;
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him;

It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is it done?

Thal. My lord, 't is done.

Enter a Messenger.

Ant. Enough.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.

Mes. My lord, prince Pericles is fled.

Ant. As thou wilt live, fly after; and like an arrow, shot
From a well experienc'd archer, hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so do thou ne'er return,
Unless thou say'st, prince Pericles is dead.

Thal. My lord, if I can get him within my
pistol's length, I'll make him sure enough: so
farewell to your highness. [*Erit.*]

Ant. Thaliard, adieu! till Pericles be dead,
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Erit.*]

SCENE II.—Tyre.

Enter PERICLES, HELICANUS, and other Lords.

Per. Let none disturb us: why should this
charge of thoughts,—
The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest, as not an hour,
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night,
(The tomb where grief should sleep), can breed
me quiet?*

* In the first line of this speech in the original the word now printed *charge* is *chidge*. Douce thinks the reading of *change* may be supported:—"Let none disturb us; why should this *change* of thoughts [disturb us]?" *Charge* appears to be the likeliest word, in the sense of burthen. But we do not make the sentence end at *charge of thoughts*, as is usually done. *The sad companion* is that *charge*. The passage has been printed thus:—

"Let none disturb us: Why this charge of thoughts?
The sad companion, dull-ey'd melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest is, not an hour," &c.

Malone reads—

Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mines eyes
shun them,

And danger which I feared, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here;
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,
Nor yet the other's distance comfort me:
Then it is thus; the passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be
done,

Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me;—the great Antiochus
(Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great, can make his will his act)
Will think me speaking, though I swear to
silence;

Nor boots it me to say I honour him,^a
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being
known,

He'll stop the course by which it might be
known;

With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the stint of war will look so huge,^b
Amazement shall drive courage from the state;
Our men be vanquish'd, ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd, that ne'er thought
offence:

Which care of them, not pity of myself,
(Who am^c no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend
them,)

Makes both my body pine, and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

1 *Lord.* Joy and all comfort in your sacred
breast!

2 *Lord.* And keep your mind, till you return
to us,

Peaceful and comfortable!

Hel. Peace, peace, and give experience
tongue:

They do abuse the king that flatter him,
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

"By me's so us'd a guest, as not an hour."

In following the original we must understand the verb *be*:—

"Why should, &c.

By me [be] so us'd a guest as not an hour."

^a *Flim* was added by Rowe.

^b *Stint*, "which is the reading of all the copies, has here no meaning," according to Malone. *Outent* is therefore adopted. But what has been said just before?—

"He'll stop the course by which it might be known; "

He will stop it, by the *stint* of war. *Stint* is synonymous with *stop*, in the old writers.

^c *Am.* The original has *one*. Farmer suggested *am*.

To which that blast^a gives heat and stronger glowing;

Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings as they are men, for they may err.
When signior Sooth here doth proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life:
Prince, pardon me, or strike me if you please,
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares
o'erlook

What shipping, and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. Helicanus, thou
Hast moved us: what seest thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our
face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to heaven,
from whence

They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I have power to take thy
life from thee.

Hel. I have ground the axe myself; do but
you strike the blow.

Per. Rise, prithee rise; sit down, thou art no
flatterer;

I thank thee for it; and heaven forbid,
That kings should let their ears hear their faults
chid!^b

Fit counsellor, and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom mak'st a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. To bear with patience
Such griefs as you yourself do lay upon your-
self.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Heli-
caus;

That minister'st a potion unto me,
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me then; I went to Antioch,
Whereas,^c thou know'st, against the face of
death,

I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate;
Are arms^d to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest (hark in thine ear) as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father,
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:^e but thou
know'st this,

'Tis time to fear, when tyrants seem to kiss.

^a Blast—in the original *spark*.

^b *Chid*. The originals have *hid*. Mr. Dyce suggested
the correction, explaining that *lei* means *hinder*.

^c *Whereas*, in the sense of *where*.

^d Which *ars arms*, &c., is here understood.

^e To *smooth* signifies to *flatter*.

Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector: and, being
here,

Bethought me what was past, what might suc-
ceed;

I knew him tyrannous, and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than the years:
And should he doubt it, (as no doubt he doth,)
That I should open to the listening air,
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaide ope,—
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with
arms,

And make pretence of wrong that I have done
him;

When all, for mine, if I may call 't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not inno-
cence:

Which love to all (of which thyself art one,
Who now reprov'st me for it)——

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from
my cheeks,

Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest ere it came;
And finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you have given me
leave to speak,

Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think; you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war, or private treason,
Will take away your life.

Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot;
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life:
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But should he wrong my liberties in my ab-
sence——

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the
earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee then, and to
Tharsus

Intend my travel, where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good,
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can
bear it.

I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one, will sure crack
both:

But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,^a

Tbou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the court.
Here must I kill king Pericles; and if I do it
not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 't is dan-
gerous.—Well, I perceive, he was a wise fellow,
and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask
what he would of the king, desired he might
know none of his secrets. Now do I see he had
some reason for it: for if a king bid a man be a
villain, he is bound by the indenture of his oath
to be one.

Hush, here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, and other Lords of Tyre.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow-peers of Tyre,

Further to question me of your king's departure.
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. How! the king gone! [*Aside.*]

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicens'd of your loves
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch—

Thal. What from Antioch? [*Aside.*]

Hel. Royal Antiochus (on what cause I know not)

Took some displeasure at him, at least he judg'd
so:

And doubting lest he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life or death.

Thal. Well, I perceive

I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But since he's gone, the king sure must please^b
He 'scap'd the land, to perish at the sea.—
I'll present myself. Peace to the lords of Tyre.

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is well come.

Thal. From him I come

With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord hath betook himself to unknown travels;

My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to desire it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Tharsus.

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, and others.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 't will teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to burn at fire in hope to quench it;

For who digs hills, because they do aspire,
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and seen^a with mischief's eyes,

But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?

Our tongues and sorrows do sound deep our woes

Into the air; our eyes do weep, till tongues^b
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder,
that

If heaven slumber, while their creatures want,
They may awake their helpers^c to comfort them.

I'll then discourse our woes felt several years,
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tharsus, over which I have the government,

^a *And seen.* Thus in the original copies. Malone proposed *un-seen*; but Dionyza means to say that here their griefs are but felt and seen with mischief's eyes—eyes of discontent and suffering; but if topp'd with other tales—that is, cut down by the comparison—like groves they will rise higher, be more unbearable.

^b *Tongues,* in all the early editions. Steevens changed the word to *lungs*.

^c *Helpers.* in the original. The modern reading is *helps*.

^a *Convince,* in the sense of *overcome*.

^b The original copies have—

“But since he's gone, the king's seas must please.”

We adopt the principle of Steevens's alteration, who reads—

“But since he's gone, the king *it* sure must please.”

A city, on whom Plenty held full hand,
For riches strew'd herself even in the streets;
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd
the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stor'd full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on, as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. Oh, 't is too true.

Cle. But see what heaven can do! By this
our change,
These mouths, whom but of late, earth, sea, and
air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defil'd for want of use,
They are now starv'd for want of exercise;
Those palates, who, not us'd to hunger's savour,^a
Must have inventions to delight the taste,
Would now be glad of bread, and beg for it;
Those mothers who, to nouzle up their babes,
Thought nought too curious, are ready now
To eat those little darlings whom they lov'd;
So sharp are hunger's teeth, that man and
wife
Draw lots who first shall die to lengthen life:
Here stands a lord, and there a lady weeping;
Here many sink, yet those which see them
fall
Have scarce strength left to give them burial.
Is not this true?

Dio. Our cheeks and hollow eyes do witness
it.

Cle. O let those cities that of Plenty's cup
And her prosperities so largely taste,
With their superfluous riots, hear these tears!
The misery of Tharsus may be theirs.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. Where's the lord governor?

Cle. Here.

Speak out thy sorrows, which thou bring'st in
haste,

For comfort is too far for us to expect.

Lord. We have descried, upon our neighbour-
ing shore,

A portly sail of ships make hitherward.

^a This is Malone's reading. All the early copies have—
"Those palatts, who, not yet too savers younger."

Cle. I thought as much.

One sorrow never comes but brings an heir,
That may succeed as his inheritor;
And so in ours: some neighbouring nation,
Taking advantage of our misery,
Hath^a stuff'd these hollow vessels with their
power,

To beat us down, the which are down already;
And make a conquest of unhappy me,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome.

Lord. That's the least fear; for, by the semblance

Of their white flags display'd, they bring us
peace,

And come to us as favourers, not as foes.

Cle. Thou speak'st like him's untutor'd to
repeat,

Who makes the fairest show, means most deceit.

But bring they what they will, and what they
can,

What need we fear?

The ground's the lowest, and we are half way
there:

Go tell their general, we attend him here,
To know for what he comes, and whence he
comes,

And what he craves.

Lord. I go, my lord.

Cle. Welcome is peace, if he on peace con-
sist;^b

If wars, we are unable to resist.

Enter PERICLES with Attendants.

Per. Lord governor, for so we hear you
are,

Let not our ships, and number of our men,
Be, like a beacon fir'd, to amaze your eyes.
We have heard your miseries as far as Tyre,
And seen the desolation of your streets;
Nor come we to add sorrow to your tears,
But to relieve them of their heavy load;
And these our ships (you happily may think
Are, like the Trojan horse, war-stuff'd^c within,
With bloody views expecting overthrow)
Are stor'd with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life, whom hunger starv'd half
dead.

Omnes. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we will pray for you.

Per. Arise, I pray you, rise;

^a *Hath.* The original copies, *that.*

^b *Consist*—stands on.

^c *War-stuff'd.* This is Steevens's ingenious emendation of
was stuff'd.

Act I.]

PERICLES.

[SCENE IV.]

We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.

Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of heaven and men succeed their
evils!

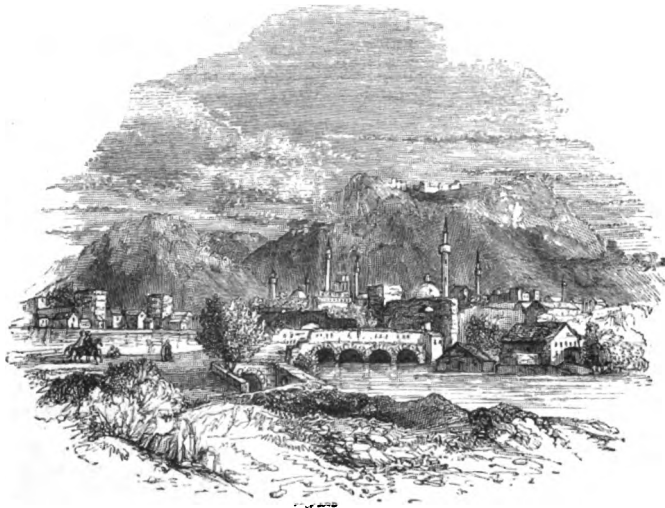
Till when (the which, I hope, shall ne'er be
seen),

Your grace is welcome to our town and us.

Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here
a while,

Until our stars, that frown, lend us a smile.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Antioch.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

To enable the reader to judge how closely the author of *Pericles* has followed the course of the narrative in Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' we shall make some considerable extracts from that poem; following the exact order of the poem, so as to include the events of each Act. It will be unnecessary for us to trace the association by reference to particular scenes and passages. We have modernized the orthography, so that the comparison may be pursued with more facility; and we give an interpretation of some obsolete words:—

"The father, when he understood
That they his daughter thus besought,
With all his wit he cast and sought
How that he might find a let;
And thus a statute then he set,
And in this wise his law he taxeth—
That what man that his daughter axeth,
But if he couth^a his question
Assoil,^b upon suggestion
Of certain things that befell,
The which he would unto him tell,
He should in certain lose his head.

And thus there were many dead,
Their heads standing on the gate,
Till at last, long and late,
For lack of answer in the wise,^c
The remnant, that weren wise,
Eschewden to make essay."

"The king declareth him the case
With stern look, and sturdy cheer.
To him, and said in this manner.
With felony I am up bore,
I eat, and have it nought forbore,
My mother's flesh, whose husband
My father for to seek I fonde,^d
Which is the son of my wife.
Hereof I am inquisitive,
And who that can my tale save,
All quite^e he shall my daughter have
Of his answer; and if he fail
He shall be dead without fail.
For thee, my son, quoth the king
Be well advised of this thing
Which hath thy life in jeopardy."

"This young prince forth he went,
And understood well what he meant,
Within his heart, as he was lered;^f
That for to make him affered^g
The king his time hath so delayed.
Whereof he dradde,^h and was amayedⁱ

^a *Couth*—was able.

^c *In the wise*—in the manner.

^e *Quite*—free.

^g *Affered*—afraid.

^b *Assoil*—answer.

^d *Fonde*—try.

^f *Lered*—taught.

^h *Dradde*—dreaded.

ⁱ *Amayed*—dismayed.

Of treason that he die should,
For he the king his soth^a told:
And suddenly the night's tide,
That more would he not abide,
All privily his barge he hent^b
And home again to Tyre he went.
And in his own wit he said,
For dread if he the king bewray'd,^c
He knew so well the king's heart,
That death ne should he not asterte,^d
The king him would so pursue.
But he that would his death eschew,
And knew all this to fore the hand
Forsake he thought his own land.
That there would he not abide;
For well he knew that on some side
This tyrant, of his felony,
By some manner of treachery
To grieve his body would not leave."

"Antiochus, the great sire,
Which full of rancour and of ire
His heart beareth so, as ye heard,
Of that this prince of Tyre answer'd.

He had a fellow-bachelor,
Which was the privy councillor,
And Taliart by name he hight,
The king a strong poison dight
Within a box, and gold thereto,
In all haste, and bad him go
Straight unto Tyre, and for no cost
Ne spare, till he had lost
The prince, which he would spill.
Au i when the king hath said his will,
This Taliart in a galley
With all haste he took his way.
The wind was good, and sailleth blive,^e
Till he took land upon the rive^f
Of Tyre, and forthwith all anon
Into the burgh he 'gan to gon,
And took his inn, and bode a throw,^g
But for he would not be know,
Disguised then he goeth him out,
He saw the weeping all about,
And axeth what the cause was.

And they him tolden all the case,
How suddenly the prince is go.
And when he saw that it was so,
And that his labour was in vain,
Anon he turneth home again:
And to the king when he came nigh,
He told of that he heard and sihe,^h
How that the prince of Tyre is fled,
So was he come again unsped.

^a *Soth*—truth.

^c *Bewray'd*—discovered.

^e *Blive*—quick.

^g *Throw*—time.

^b *Hent*—took to.

^d *Asterter*—escapes.

^f *Rive*—coast.

^h *Sihe*—saw.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT I.

The king was sorry for a while,
 But when he saw, that with no wile
 He might achieve his cruelty,
 He stint his wrath, and let him be."

* * * * *

"But over this now for to tell
 Of adventures, that befell
 Unto this prince of whom ytold:
 He hath his right course forth hold
 By stern and needle,^a till he came
 To Tharsa, and there his land he name.
 A burges rich of gold and fee
 Was thiike time in that city,
 Which cleped was Strangulio;
 His wife was Dionise also.
 This young prince, as saith the book,
 With him his herbergage^b took;
 And it befell that city so,
 By fore time and then also,

^a *Stern and needle*—stars and compass.

^b *Herbergage*—lodging.

Thurh^a strong famine, which them lad,^c
 Was none that any wheat had.
 Appollinus, when that he heard
 The mischief how the city ferde,^c
 All freely of his own gift,
 His wheat among them for to shift,
 The which by ship he had brought,
 He gave, and took of them right nought.
 But sithen first the world began
 Was never yet to such a man
 More joy made, than they him made;
 For they were all of him so glad,
 That they for ever in remembrance
 Made a figure in resemblance
 Of him, and in common place
 They set it up; so that his face
 Might every manner man behold,
 So that the city was behold.
 It was of laton^d over-gilt;
 Thus hath he not his gift spilt."

^a *Thurh*—through.

^b *Lad*—lead.

^c *Ferde*—terrified.

^d *Laton*—mixed metal.



ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
 His child, I wis, to incest bring :
 A better prince and benign lord,
 That will prove awful both in deed and word.
 Be quiet then, as men should be,
 Till he hath past necessity.
 I'll show you those in trouble's reign,
 Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
 The good, in conversation
 (To whom I give my benizon)
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can .*

* The meaning of this obscure line probably is—thinks all he can speak is as holy writ.

And, to remember what he does,
 Build his statue* to make him glorious :
 But tidings to the contrary
 Are brought to your eyes ; what need speak I ?

Dumb show.

Enter at one door PERICLES talking with CLEON ;

* *Build his statue.* All the old copies read *build* ; but the word has by some been changed to *gild*, because in the 'Confessio Amantis' we find, with regard to this statue—

"It was of laton *over-gilt*."

But before the statue was *gilt* it was erected, according to the same authority :—

"For they were all of him so glad,
 That they for ever in remembrance
 Made a figure in resemblance
 Of him, and in a common place
 They set it up."

Why not then *build* as well as *gild* ?

all the Train with them. Enter at another door a Gentleman, with a letter to PERICLES; PERICLES shows the letter to CLEON; PERICLES gives the Messenger a reward, and knights him.

[Exit PERICLES at one door, and CLEON at another.^a

Good Helicane hath^b stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey, like a drone,
From others' labours; for though he strive
To killen bad, keeps good alive;
And, to fulfil his prince' desire,
Sends word^c of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin,
And had intent to murder him;
And that in Tharsus 't was not best
Longer for him to make his rest:
He, knowing so,^d put forth to seas,
Where when men bin, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above, and deeps below,
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe, is wrack'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is toss'd:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tir'd with doing bad,
Threw him ashore to give him glad:
And here he comes; what shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.^e

[Exit.

SCENE I.—Pentapolis.

Enter PERICLES, wet.

Per. Yet cease your ire, ye angry stars of
heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly
man
Is but a substance, that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me
breath,
Nothing to think on, but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers,
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;

^a We give this *dumb show* literally, as in the original.

^b *Hath*. In the old copies, *that*.

^c *Sends word*. In the old copies, *serv'd one*.

^d In the old copies, *he doing so*.

^e Douce explains this clearly:—"This 'longs the text' is, in Gower's elliptical construction, *this belongs to the text*; I need not comment upon it; you will see it."

And having thrown him from your wat'ry
grave,
Here to have death in peace, is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilche!^a

2 Fish. Ha, come, and bring away the nets.

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now: come
away, or I'll fetch thee with a wannon.

3 Fish. 'Faith, master, I am thinking of the
poor men that were cast away before us even
now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls! it griev'd my heart
to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to
help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce
help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much
when I saw the porpus how he bounced and
tumbled? they say, they are half fish, half flesh;
a plague on them! they ne'er come but I look to
be wash'd. Master, I marvel how the fishes live
in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great
ones eat up the little ones: I can compare our
rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a
plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before
him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful.
Such whales have I heard on o' the land, who
never leave gaping, till they've swallow'd the
whole parish, church, steeple, bells and all.

Per. A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton,
I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should have swallow'd me
too: and when I had been in his belly, I would
have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he
should never have left, till he cast bells, steeple,
church, and parish, up again. But if the good
king Simonides were of my mind—

Per. Simonides?

3 Fish. We would purge the land of these
drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. How from the finny subject^b of the sea
These fishers tell the infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve, or men detect!
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen.

^a *Pilche* is most probably a name; as we have afterwards
Patch-breech. The old copies have "What to pelch?"

^b *Finnny subject*. The original has *fenny*. *Subject* must be
taken as a plural noun.

2 *Fish.* Honest, good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it.^a

Per. You may see, the sea hath cast me on your coast.^b

2 *Fish.* What a drunken knave was the sea, to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,

In that vast tennis-court, hath made the ball
For them to play upon, entreats you pity him;

He asks of you, that never us'd to beg.

1 *Fish.* No, friend, cannot you beg? here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging, than we can do with working.

2 *Fish.* Canst thou catch any fishes then?

Per. I never practis'd it.

2 *Fish.* Nay, then thou wilt starve sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been, I have forgot to know;

But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold; my veins are chill,

And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help:
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buried.

1 *Fish.* Die, quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here; come, put it on, keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays; fish for fasting days, and more'er puddings and flap-jacks; and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 *Fish.* Hark you, my friend, you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 *Fish.* But crave? then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd then?

2 *Fish.* O, not all, my friend, not all; for if

^a This is the reading of the original, and has occasioned some discussion. Does it not mean that the fisherman, laughing at the rarity of being honest, remarks, If it be a day (i.e. a saint's or red-letter day) fits you, search out of (not in) the calendar, and nobody look after it (there, as it would be useless)? Steevens supposes that the dialogue originally ran thus:—

"*Per.* Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen;
The day is rough and thwarts your occupation.

2 *Fish.* Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be not a day fits you, *scratch it out of the calendar, and nobody will look after it.*"

^b This is the reading of the folio.

^c The old copies have *all day*.

all your beggars were whipped, I would wish no better office than to be a beadle. But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exeunt two of the Fishermen.*]

Per. How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 *Fish.* Hark you, sir, do you know where you are?

Per. Not well.

1 *Fish.* Why, I'll tell you; this is called Pentapolis, and our king, the good Simonides.

Per. The good king Simonides, do you call him?

1 *Fish.* Ay, sir, and he deserves so to be called, for his peaceable reign, and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his court distant from this shore?

1 *Fish.* Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and tomorrow is her birthday; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 *Fish.* O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for—his wife's soul.^a

[*Re-enter the two Fishermen, drawing up a net.*]

2 *Fish.* Help, master, help; here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 't will hardly come out. Ha! bots on 't, 't is come at last, and 't is turn'd to a rusty armour!

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it.

Thanks, Fortune, yet, that after all my crosses,
Thou giv'st me somewhat to repair myself;
And, though it was mine own, part of mine heritage

Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge (even as he left his life),
'Keep it, my Pericles, it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death (and pointed to this brace);
For that it sav'd me, keep it; in like necessity,
The which the gods protect thee from! 't may defend thee.'^b

^a We cannot attempt to explain this. There are more riddles in this play than that of Antiochus.

^b The old copies read—

"The which the gods protect thee, *some* may defend thee."

It kept where I kept, I so dearly lov'd it ;
'Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
'Took it in rage, though calm'd they've given it
again :

I thank thee for it ; my shipwrack now 's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in his will.

1 *Fish*. What mean you, sir ?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of
worth,

For it was some time target to a king ;
I know it by this mark ; he lov'd me dearly,
And for his sake, I wish the having of it ;
And that you 'd guide me to your sovereign's
court,

Where with it I may appear a gentleman ;
And if that ever my low fortune 's better,
I'll pay your bounties ; till then, rest your
debtor.

1 *Fish*. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady ?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in
arms.

1 *Fish*. Why, d'ye take it, and the gods give
thee good on 't.

2 *Fish*. Ay, but hark you, my friend ; 't was
we that made up this garment through the rough
seams of the water : there are certain condole-
ments, certain vails. I hope, sir, if you thrive,
you 'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe it, I will ;

By your furtherance I am cloth'd in steel ;
And spite of all the rupture of the sea,
This jewel holds his bidding on my arm ;
Unto thy value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.—
Only, my friend, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.^a

2 *Fish*. We 'll sure provide : thou shalt have
my best gown to make thee a pair ; and I 'll
bring thee to the court myself.

Per. Then honour be but a goal to my will,
This day I 'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II.—*A public Way or Platform, lead-
ing to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it,
for the reception of the King and Princess.*^c

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, and Attend-
ants.

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the
triumph ?

^a *Biding*. The old copies, *buyding*.

^b Covering for the legs.

^c This description of the scene is modern.

1 *Lord*. They are, my liege ;
And stay your coming, to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready ; and our
daughter,

In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature
gat

For men to see, and seeing wonder at.

[*Exit a Lord*.]

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to
express

My commendations great, whose merit 's less.

Sim. 'T is fit it should be so ; for princes are
A model which heaven makes like to itself :
As jewels lose their glory, if neglected,
So princes their renown, if not respected.

'T is now your honour, daughter, to explain^a
The labour of each knight, in his device

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I 'll
perform.

[*Enter a Knight ; he passes over the stage,
and his Squire presents his shield to the
Princess*.]

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer him-
self ?

Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renowned
father ;

And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the sun ;
The word, *Lux tua vita mihi*.

Sim. He loves you well, that holds his life of
you. [*The second Knight passes*.]

Who is the second that presents himself ?

Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father ;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight, that 's conquer'd by a lady :
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu per dulcura que
per fuerça*.^b [*The third Knight passes*.]

Sim. And what 's the third ?

Thai. The third of Antioch ; and his device,
A wreath of chivalry : the word, *Me pompa
provezit apex*.

[*The fourth Knight passes*.]

Sim. What is the fourth ?

Thai. A burning torch that 's turned upside
down ;

The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit*.

Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power
and will,

Which can as well inflame, as it can kill.

[*The fifth Knight passes*.]

Thai. The fifth, an hand environed with
clouds,

^a *Explain*. The old copies read *entertain*.

^b We do not alter the original, in which Spanish and
Italian are mingled.

Holding out gold, that's by the touchstone
tried :

The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*

[*The sixth Knight passes.*]

Sim. And what's the sixth and last, the which
the knight himself

With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his
present

Is a wither'd branch, that's only green at top :
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*

Sim. A pretty moral;

From the dejected state wherein he is,

He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 *Lord.* He had need mean better than his
outward show

Can any way speak in his just commend :

For, by his rusty outside, he appears

To have practis'd more the whipstock than the
lance.

2 *Lord.* He well may be a stranger, for he
comes

To an honour'd triumph, strangely furnish'd.

3 *Lord.* And on set purpose let his armour
rust

Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.

But stay, the knights are coming; we'll with-
draw

Into the gallery.

[*Exeunt.*]

[*Great shouts, and all cry, The mean Knight!*]

SCENE III.—*A Hall of State. A Banquet
prepared.*

*Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, Attendants,
and the Knights from tilting.*

Sim. Knights,

To say you are welcome, were superfluous.

To place upon the volume of your deeds,

As in a title-page, your worth in arms,

Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,

Since every worth in show commends itself.

Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast :

You are princes, and my guests.

Thai. But you, my knight and guest;

To whom this wreath of victory I give,

And crown you king of this day's happiness.

Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by
merit.

Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is
yours;

And here, I hope, is none that envies it.

In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,

To make some good, but others to exceed;

And you're her labour'd scholar. Come, queen
o' the feast,

(For, daughter, so you are,) here take your
place :

Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.

Knights. We are honour'd much by good
Simonides.

Sim. Your presence glads our days; honour
we love,

For who hates honour, hates the gods above.

Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.

Per. Some other is more fit.

1 *Knight.* Contend not, sir; for we are gen-
tlemen,

That neither in our hearts, nor outward eyes,

Envy the great, nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.

Sim. Sit, sir, sit.

By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he not thought upon.*

Thai. By Juno, that is queen of marriage,

All viands that I eat do seem unsavoury,

Wishing him my meat: sure he's a gallant gen-
tleman.

Sim. He's but a country gentleman; has done
no more

Than other knights have done; has broken a
staff,

Or so; so let it pass.

Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.

Per. Yon king's to me, like to my father's
picture,

Which tells me, in that glory once he was;

Had princes sit like stars about his throne,

And he the sun, for them to reverence.

None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,

Did veil their crowns to his supremacy;

Where^b now his son's like a glow-worm in the
night,

The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;

* This speech is usually assigned to Pericles; and in the second line under this arrangement, we read, "she not thought upon." But throughout the remainder of the scene Pericles gives no intimation of a sudden attachment to the Princess. The King, on the contrary, is evidently moved to treat him with marked attention, and to bestow his thoughts upon him almost as exclusively as his daughter. If we leave the old reading, and the old indication of the speaker, Simonides wonders that he cannot eat—"these cates resist me"—although he (Pericles) is "not thought upon." This is an attempt to disguise the cause of his solicitude even to himself. It must be observed that the succeeding speeches of Simonides, Thaisa, and Pericles, are all to be received as soliloquies. In the second speech Simonides continues the idea of "he not thought upon," by attempting to depreciate Pericles—"He's but a country gentleman."

^b Where—whereas.

Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they
crave.

Sim. What, are you merry, knights?

1 *Knight.* Who can be other in this royal presence?

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stor'd* unto the brim,

(As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips,)

We drink this health to you.

Knights. We thank your grace.

Sim. Yet pause a while; you knight doth sit too melancholy,

As if the entertainment in our court
Had not a show might countervail his worth.
Note it not you, Thaisa?

Thai. What is't to me, my father?

Sim. O, attend, my daughter;

Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them:

And princes, not doing so, are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but kill'd are wonder'd
at.

Therefore to make his entrance more sweet,
Here say, we drink this standing bowl of wine
to him.

Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me

Unto a stranger knight to be so bold;
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.

Sim. How! do as I bid you, or you'll move
me else.

Thai. Now, by the gods, he could not please
me better. *[Aside.]*

Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know
of him,

Of whence he is, his name and parentage.

Thai. The king my father, sir, hath drunk to
you.

Per. I thank him.

Thai. Wishing it so much blood unto your
life.

Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge
him freely.

Thai. And further he desires to know of
you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.

Per. A gentleman of Tyre—(my name Peri-
cles;

My education has been in arts and arms;)

* *Stor'd.* The first quarto has *sturd*; the subsequent copies *stir'd*—each the same word.

Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.

Thai. He thanks your grace; names himself
Pericles,

A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.*

Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfor-
tune,

And will awake him from his melancholy.
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other
revels.

Even in your armours, as you are address'd,
Will very well become a soldier's dance:^b

I will not have excuse, with saying, this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads;
Since they love men in arms, as well as beds.

[The Knights dance.]

So, this was well ask'd; 't was so well per-
form'd.

Come, sir; here is a lady that wants breathing
too:

And I have often heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.

Per. In those that practise them, they are,
my lord.

Sim. Oh, that's as much as you would be
denied

[The Knights and Ladies dance.]

Of your fair courtesies.—Unclasp, unclasp;
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done
well,

But you the best. *[To PERICLES.]* Pages and
lights, to conduct

These knights unto their several lodgings:
Yours, sir,

We have given order to be next our own.

Per. I am at your grace's pleasure.

Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love,
For that's the mark I know you level at;
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow, all for speeding do their best.

[Exeunt.]

* In the old editions there is a want of coherence in some parts of this speech. Mr. White thinks a line has been omitted. We give the passage as it stands in the variorum editions.

^b Malone says, "The dance here introduced is thus described in an ancient 'Dialogue against the Abuse of Dancing' (black letter, no date):—

"There is a dance call'd Choria,
Which joy doth testify;
Another called Pyrricke,
Which warlike feats doth try.
For men in armour gestures made,
And leap'd, that so they might,
When need requires, be more prompt
In public weal to fight."

SCENE IV.—Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS and ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes, know this of me,
 Antiochus from incest liv'd not free;
 For which, the most high gods not minding
 longer
 To withhold the vengeance that they had in
 store,
 Due to this heinous capital offence;
 Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
 When he was seated in a chariot of
 An inestimable value, and his daughter
 With him, a fire from heaven came and shrivell'd
 up
 Those bodies, even to loathing; for they so
 stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them^a ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Esca. 'T was very strange.

Hel. And yet but justice; for though
 This king were great, his greatness was no
 guard

To bar heav'n's shaft, but sin had his reward.

Esca. 'T is very true.*Enter three Lords.*

1 Lord. See, not a man in private confer-
 ence,
 Or council, hath respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without re-
 proof.

3 Lord. And curs'd be he that will not second
 it.

1 Lord. Follow me then: lord Helicane, a
 word.

Hel. With me? and welcome: happy day,
 my lords.

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the
 top,

And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs, for what? wrong not your
 prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself then, noble Heli-
 cane;

But if the prince do live, let us salute him,
 Or know what ground's made happy by his
 breath.

If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
 If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;

^a An elliptical construction—all those eyes which ador'd them.

And be resolv'd, he lives to govern us,
 Or dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
 And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's, indeed, the strongest
 in our censure:^a

And knowing this kingdom is without a head,
 (Like goodly buildings left without a roof
 Soon fall to ruin,) your noble self,
 That best know'st how to rule, and how to reign,
 We thus submit unto,—our sovereign.

Omnes. Live, noble Helicane.

Hel. For honour's cause,^b forbear your suf-
 frages:

If that you love prince Pericles, forbear.
 Take I your wish, I leap into the seas,^c
 Where's hourly trouble, for a minute's ease.
 A twelvemonth longer, let me entreat you
 To forbear the absence of your king;
 If in which time expir'd, he not return,
 I shall with aged patience bear your yoke.
 But if I cannot win you to this love,
 Go search like nobles, like noble subjects,
 And in your search spend your adventurous
 worth;

Whom if you find, and win unto return,
 You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not
 yield;

And since lord Helicane enjoineth us,
 We with our travels will endeavour it.^d

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll
 clasp hands;

When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—Pentapolis.

Enter SIMONIDES reading a Letter; the Knights meet him.

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simon-
 ides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let
 you know,

That for this twelvemonth she will not under-
 take

A married life:

Her reason to herself is only known,
 Which from herself by no means can I get.

^a *Censure*—opinion. We believe, says the speaker, that the probability of the death of Pericles is the strongest. He then proceeds to assume that the kingdom is without a head. So the ancient readings, which we follow.

^b *For*—the original has *try*. Mr. Dyce proposed this decided amendment, they are exhorted to forbear for "honour's cause."
^c *Seas*. Malone proposed to read *seat*.

^d It has been added to the old reading.

2 *Knight*. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. 'Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her

To her chamber, that it is impossible.

One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;

This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd, And on her virgin honour will not break.

3 *Knight*. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves. [*Exeunt*.

Sim. So,

They're well despatch'd; now to my daughter's letter:

She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,

Or never more to view nor day nor light.

'Tis well, mistress, your choice agrees with mine;

I like that well:—nay, how absolute she's in 't, Not minding whether I dislike or no!

Well, I do commend her choice,

And will no longer have it be delay'd:

Soft, here he comes;—I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!

Sim. To you as much! Sir, I am beholden to you,

For your sweet music this last night: I do Protest, my ears were never better fed With such delightful pleasing harmony.

Per. It is your grace's pleasure to commend;

Not my desert.

Sim. Sir, you are music's master.

Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.

Sim. Let me ask you one thing. What do you think

Of my daughter, sir?

Per. A most virtuous princess.

Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?

Per. As a fair day in summer; wondrous fair.

Sim. My daughter, sir, thinks very well of you;

Ay, so well, that you must be her master,

And she will be your scholar; therefore look to it.

Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.

Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.

Per. What's here?

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A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?

'Tis the king's subtily to have my life. [*Aside*.

Oh, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,

A stranger and distressed gentleman,

That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,

But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art

A villain.

Per. By the gods I have not;

Never did thought of mine levy offence;

Nor never did my actions yet commence

A deed might gain her love, or your displeasure.

Sim. Traitor, thou liest.

Per. Traitor!

Sim. Ay, traitor.

Per. Even in his throat (unless it be a king), That calls me traitor, I return the lie.

Sim. Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage. [*Aside*.

Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts, That never relish'd of a base descent.

I came unto your court for honour's cause,

And not to be a rebel to her state;

And he that otherwise accounts of me,

This sword shall prove, he's honour's enemy.

Sim. No!—

Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,

Resolve your angry father, if my tongue

Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe

To any syllable that made love to you?

Thai. Why, sir, say if you had, who takes offence

At that would make me glad?

Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so peremptory?

I am glad of it with all my heart. [*Aside*.

I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.

Will you, not having my consent, bestow

Your love, and your affections upon a stranger?

(Who, for aught I know,

May be, nor can I think the contrary,

As great in blood as I myself.) [*Aside*.

Therefore, hear you, mistress; either frame

Your will to mine—and you, sir, hear you,

Either be rul'd by me, or I will make you—

Man and wife;

Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too:

And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy;—

And for a further grief,—God give you joy!—

What, are you both pleas'd?

Thai. Yes, if you love me, sir.

Per. Even as my life, or^a blood that fosters it.

^a Or, in the old copies. Malone reads—
"Even as my life *my* blood," &c.

Even as my life loves my blood. The original answer is clear enough—I love you, even as my life, or as my blood that fosters my life.

Sim. What, are you both agreed?

Both. Yes, if it please your majesty.

Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I'll see you wed:

Then, with what haste you can, get you to bed.

[*Exeunt.*]



[Tyre.]

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT II.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' *continued*.

"When him thought all grace away,
There came a fisher in the way,
And saw a man there naked stond,
And when that he hath understand
The cause, he hath of him great ruth,^a
And only of his poor truth,
Of such clothes as he had
With great pity this lord he clad,
And he him thanketh, as he should,
And saith him that it shall be gold,
If ever he get his state again;
And pray'd that he would him seyn^b
If nigh were any town for him?
He said, Yea, Pentapolim,
Where both king and queen dwellen.
When he this tale heard tellen
He gladdeth him, and gan beseech
That he the way him would teach;
And he him taught, and forth he went,
And prayed God with good intent
To send him joy after his sorrow.
It was not yet passed mid-morrow."

"Then thitheward his way he name,^c
Where soon upon the noon he came.
He eat such as he might get,
And forth anon, when he had eat,
He goeth to see the town about;
And came there as he found a rout
Of young lusty men withal;
And as it should then befall,
That day was set of such assise,
That they should in the land's guise,
As he heard of the people say,
The common game then play:
And cried was, that they should come
Unto the game, all and some
Of them that bend deliver^e and wight,^f
To do such mastery as they might."

"And fell among them into game,
And there he won him such a name,
So as the king himself accounteth
That he all other men surmounteth,
And bare the prise above them all.
The king bade that into his hall,
At supper-time, he shall be brought;
And he came there, and left it nought
Without company alone.
Was none so seemly of person,
Of visage, and of limbs both,
If that he had what to clothe.
At supper-time, nathless,
The king amid all the press
Let clap him up among them all,
And bade his marshal of his hall

To setten him in such degree
That he upon him might see.
The king was soon set and serv'd,
And he which hath his prize deserv'd,
After the king's own word,
Was made begin a middle board,
That both king and queen him sihe.^a
He eat, and cast about his eye,
And saw the lords in estate,
And with himself wax in debate,
Thinking what he had lore;^b
And such a sorrow he took therefore,
That he eat ever still, and thought,
As he which of no meat rought."^c

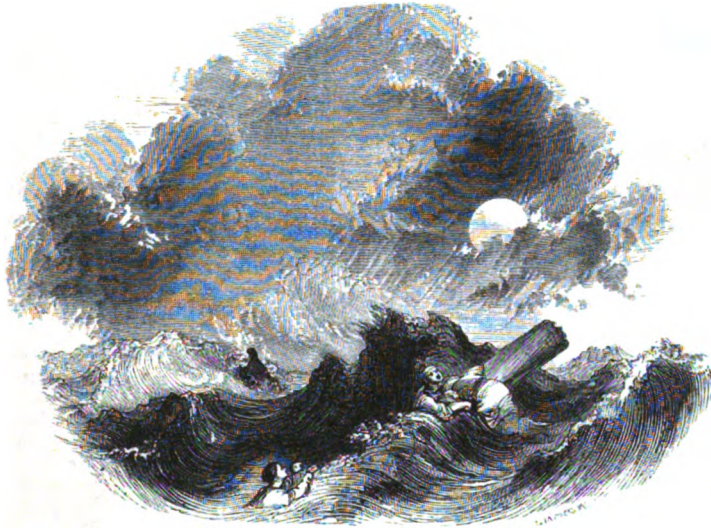
"The king beheld his heaviness,
And of his great gentleness
His daughter, which was fair and good,
And at the board before him stood,
As it was thilke^d time usage,
He bade to go on his message,
And fonde^e for to make him glad,
And she did as her father bade,
And goeth to him the soft pace,
And axeth whence and what he was?
And prayeth he should his thoughts leave.

"When he hath harped all his fill
The king's heat to fulfil,
Away goeth dish, away goeth cup,
Down goeth the board, the cloth was up.
They risen, and gone out of hall.
The king his chamberlain let call,
And bade that he by all way
A chamber for this man purvey,
Which nigh his own chamber be.
It shall be do, my lord, quoth he."

"And when that he to chamber is come,
He hath into his council nome^f
This man of Tyre, and let him see
This letter, and all the privy
The which his daughter to him sent.
And he his knee to ground bent,
And thanketh him and her also;
And ere they went then a two,^g
With good heart, and with good courage,
Of full love and full marriage
The king and he ben whole accorded.
And after, when it was recorded
Unto the daughter how it stood,
The gift of all the world's good.
Ne should have made her half so blithe."

^a *Ruth*—pity. ^b *Seyn*—say. ^c *Name*—takes.
^d *Ben*—e. ^e *Deliver*—nimble. ^f *Wight*—active.

^a *Sihe*—saw. ^b *Lore*—lost. ^c *Rought*—cared.
^d *Thilke*—that same. ^e *Fonde*—try. ^f *Nome*—taken.
^g *A two*—apart.



ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslaked hath the rout ;
 No din but snores, the house about,^a
 Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
 Of this most pompous marriage feast.
 The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
 Now couches from^b the mouse's hole ;
 And crickets sing at the oven's mouth,
 Are^c the blither for their drouth.
 Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
 Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
 A babe is moulded :—Be attent,
 And time that is so briefly spent,

^a *The house about.* In the original, "about the house."

^b *From—before—a short distance off.*

^c *Are.* So the original. Mr. Dyce reads *Aye.*

With your fine fancies quaintly eche ;^a
 What's dumb in show, I'll plain with speech.

Dumb show.

Enter PERICLES and SIMONIDES, at one door, with Attendants ; a Messenger meets them, kneels, and gives PERICLES a letter. PERICLES shows it to SIMONIDES ; the Lords kneel to him.^b Then enter THAISA with child, and LYCHORIDA, a nurse. SIMONIDES shows [his daughter] the letter ; she rejoices : she and PERICLES take leave of her father, and depart.

^a *Eche—eke out.*

^b Malone says, "The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter that he is king of Tyre."

Gow. By many a derne^a and painful perch,
Of Pericles the careful search
By the four opposing coignes,^b
Which the world together joins,
Is made, with all due diligence,
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest. At last from Tyre
(Fame answering the most strange inquire)
To the court of king Simonides
Are letters brought; the tenor these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;
Says to them, if king Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yraved the regions round,
And every one with claps can sound,
"Our heir apparent is a king:
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?"
Brief he must hence depart to Tyre;
His queen with child, makes her desire
(Which who shall cross?) along to go;
(Omit we all their dole and woe:)
Lychorida her nurse she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut; but fortune mov'd,^c
Varies again: the grizzled north
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives.
The lady shrieks, and well-a-near
Doth fall in travail with her fear:
And what ensues in this fell storm,
Shall for itself, itself perform;
I will relate; action may
Conveniently the rest convey:
Which might not what by me is told.—
In your imagination hold
This stage, the ship, upon whose deck
The sea-toss'd Pericles appears to speak. [*Exit.*]

SCENE I.

Enter PERICLES on a ship at sea.

Per. Thou God of this great vast, rebuke
these surges,

^a *Derne*—solitary.
^b *Coignes*. The old copies have *crignes*.
^c *Fortune mov'd*. So the old copies. Steevens reads,
"fortune's mood."

Which wash both heaven and hell; and thou
that hast
Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
Having call'd them from the deep! O still
Thy deaf'ning, dreadful thunders; gently quench
Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes!—O how, Ly-
chorida,
How does my queen?—Thou storm, venom-
ously,
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—The seaman's whistle
Is as a whisper in the ear of death,
Unheard.—Lychorida!—Lucina, O
Divinest patroness, and midwife,^a gentle
To those that cry by night, convey thy deity
Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the
pangs
Of my queen's travails!—Now, Lychorida—

Enter LYCHORIDA.

Lyc. Here is a thing too young for such a
place,
Who, if it had conceit, would die, as I
Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
Of your dead queen.

Per. How! how, Lychorida!

Lyc. Patience, good sir, do not assist the
storm.

Here's all that is left living of your queen,
A little daughter; for the sake of it,
Be manly, and take comfort.

Per. Oh ye gods!

Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
And snatch them straight away? We, here
below,

Recall not what we give, and therein may
Use honour with you.

Lyc. Patience, good sir,
Even for this charge.

Per. Now, mild may be thy life!

For a more blust'rous birth had never babe:
Quiet and gentle thy conditions!

For thou art the rudeliest welcom'd to this
world,

That e'er was prince's child. Happy what fol-
lows!

Thou hast as chiding a nativity,
As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can
make,

To herald thee from the womb:
Even at the first, thy loss is more than can
Thy portage quit, with all thou canst find here.—
Now the good gods throw their best eyes upon it!

^a *Midwife*. The old copies, *my wife*.

Enter two Sailors.

1 *Sail.* What! courage, sir! God save you.

Per. Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;
It hath done to me the worst. Yet for the love

Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
I would it would be quiet.

1 *Sail.* Slack the bolins there; thou wilt not,
wilt thou? Blow and split thyself.

2 *Sail.* But sea-room, an the brine and cloudy
billow kiss the moon, I care not.

1 *Sail.* Sir, your queen must overboard; the
sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
lie till the ship be clear'd of the dead.

Per. That's your superstition.

1 *Sail.* Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath
been still observed; and we are strong in, astern.*
Therefore briefly yield her; for she must over-
board straight.

Per. Be it as you think meet.—Most wretched
queen!

Lyc. Here she lies, sir.

Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my
dear;

No light, no fire: the unfriendly elements
Forgot thee utterly; nor have I time
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze;^b
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-remaining^c lamps, the belching whale
And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
Lying with simple shells. O, Lychorida,
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin coffin:^d lay the babe
Upon the pillow; hie thee, whiles I say
A priestly farewell to her: suddenly, woman.

* *Strong in, astern.* The original copies have, "we are strong in *eastern*." Steevens first proposed to read, "we are strong in *credence*;" and subsequently, "we are strong in *earnest*." Boswell would read, "we are strong in *custom*." It appears to us that the sailor, at such a moment, was not very likely to enter into an explanation of his superstition. He believes in it; and he points out the danger. Thus Malone receives "we are strong in *eastern*" as, "there is a strong easterly wind." Will not the slightest change give a nautical sense, with the conciseness of nautical language? All that one of the sailors wants is "sea-room." The ship, as we learn immediately, is off the coast of Tharsus. The sailor dears the coast, and the ship is driving upon it, unmanageable—answering not the helm:—We are strong in [driving strongly in shore] *astern*.

^b *Ooze.* The originals have *oore*. Steevens made the ingenious correction.

^c *And aye-remaining.* The originals have "The aye-remaining." Malone made the alteration, which gives a clear meaning, monuments being surrounded with constantly-burning lamps.

^d *Coffin, and coffer,* are words of the same original meaning. Subsequently, Cerimon says to Thaisa—

"Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer."

2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest beneath the
hatches, caul'd and bitumed ready.

Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast
is this?

2 *Sail.* We are near Tharsus.

Per. Thither, gentle mariner;
Alter thy course for Tyre.^a When canst thou
reach it?

2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.

Per. O make for Tharsus.

There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
Cannot hold out to Tyrus; there I'll leave it
At careful nursing. Go thy ways, good ma-
riner;

I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—Ephesus. *A room in Cerimon's
house.*

*Enter CERIMON, a Servant, and some persons
who have been shipwrecked.*

Cer. Philemon, ho!

Enter PHILEMON.

Phil. Doth my lord call?

Cer. Get fire and meat for these poor men;
It hath been a turbulent and stormy night.

Ser. I have been in many; but such a night
as this,

Till now, I ne'er endur'd.

Cer. Your master will be dead ere you re-
turn;

There's nothing can be minister'd to nature,
That can recover him. Give this to the 'pothe-
cary,

And tell me how it works. [*To PHILEMON.*]

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Good morrow.

2 *Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.

Cer. Gentlemen, why do you stir so early?

1 *Gent.* Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon
the sea,

Shook as the earth did quake;

The very principals^b did seem to rend,

And all to topple: pure surprise and fear

Made me to leave the house.

2 *Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so
early;

'T is not our husbandry.

^a Pursue not the course for Tyre.

^b *Principals.* The strongest timbers of a building.

Cer. O you say well.

1 Gent. But I much marvel that your lordship, having Rich tire about you, should at these early hours

Shake off the golden slumber of repose :
It is most strange,
Nature should be so conversant with pain,
Being thereto not compell'd.

Cer. I held it ever,
Virtue and cunning^a were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches : careless heirs
May the two latter darken and expend ;
But immortality attends the former,
Making a man a god. 'T is known, I ever
Have studied physic, through which secret
art,

By turning o'er authorities, I have
(Together with my practice) made familiar
To me and to my aid, the bless'd infusions
That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones ;
And I can speak of the disturbances
That nature works, and of her cures ; which
gives me

A more content in course of true delight
Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
Or tie my pleasure up in silken bags,
To please the fool and death.^b

2 Gent. Your honour hath through Ephesus
pour'd forth
Your charity, and hundreds call themselves
Your creatures, who by you have been restor'd :
And not your knowledge, your personal pain,
but even

Your purse, still open, hath built lord Cerimon
Such strong renown as never shall decay.

Enter two Servants with a Chest.

Ser. So ; lift there.

Cer. What's that ?

Ser. Sir,
Even now did the sea toss upon our shore
This chest ; 't is of some wrack.

Cer. Set it down, let's look upon it.

2 Gent. 'T is like a coffin, sir.

Cer. Whate'er it be,
'T is wondrous heavy. Wrench it open straight ;
If the sea's stomach be o'ercharg'd with gold,
It is a good constraint of Fortune it belches upon
us.

^a *Cunning*—knowledge.

^b So, in Measure for Measure—

“ Merely thou art death's fool,
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet runn'st toward him still.”

2 Gent. It is so, my lord,

Cer. How close 't is caul'd and bitum'd !
Did the sea cast it up ?

Ser. I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
As toss'd it upon shore.

Cer. Wrench it open ;
Soft—it smells most sweetly in my sense.

2 Gent. A delicate odour.

Cer. As ever hit my nostril ; so,—up with it.
Oh you most potent gods ! what's here ? a corse !

1 Gent. Most strange !

Cer. Shrouded in cloth of state !
Balm'd and entreasur'd with full bags of spices !
A passport too ! Apollo, perfect me
In the characters ! [*He reads out of a scroll.*

“ Here I give to understand
(If e'er this coffin drive a-land),
I, king Pericles, have lost
This queen, worth all our mundane cost.
Who finds her, give her burying,
She was the daughter of a king :
Besides this treasure for a fee,
The gods requite his charity ! ”

If thou liv'st, Pericles, thou hast a heart
That even cracks for woe ! This chanc'd to-
night.

2 Gent. Most likely, sir.

Cer. Nay, certainly to-night ;

For look how fresh she looks !—They were too
rough

That threw her in the sea. Make a fire within ;
Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.

Death may usurp on nature many hours,
And yet the fire of life kindle again

The o'erpress'd spirits. I have heard of an
Egyptian

That had nine hours lien dead,

Who was by good appliance recovered.

Enter a Servant with napkins and fire.

Well said, well said ; the fire and cloths.—

The rough and woeful music that we have,
Cause it to sound, 'beseech you.

The viol^a once more ;—How thou stirr'st, thou
block !—

The music there.—I pray you, give her air ;—
Gentlemen, this queen will live :

Nature awakes ; a warmth breathes out of her ;
She hath not been entranc'd above five hours.

See how she 'gins to blow into life's flower again !

1 Gent. The heavens, through you, increase
our wonder,

And set up your fame for ever.

^a *The viol.* So the first quarto. The second and subsequent editions, *the viol.*

Cer. She is alive; behold,
Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
Which Pericles hath lost,
Begin to part their fringes of bright gold;
The diamonds of a most praised water
Do appear, to make the world twice rich. O
live,
And make us weep to hear your fate, fair crea-
ture,
Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
Thai. O dear Dianna,
Where am I? Where's my lord? What world
is this?
2 Gent. Is not this strange?
1 Gent. Most rare.
Cer. Hush, my gentle neighbours;
Lend me your hands: to the next chamber bear
her.
Get linen; now this matter must be look'd to,
For her relapse is mortal. Come, come,
And Esculapius guide us!

[*Exeunt, carrying her away.*]

SCENE III.—Tharsus. *A Room in Cleon's
House.*

*Enter PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, LYCHORIDA,
and MARINA.*

Per. Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be
gone;
My twelve months are expir'd, and Tyrus stands
In a litigious peace. You and your lady
Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
Make up the rest upon you!

Cle. Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt
you mortally,
Yet glance full wond'ringly on us.*

Dion. O your sweet queen!
That the strict fates had pleas'd you had brought
her hither,
To have bless'd mine eyes with her!

Per. We cannot but obey
The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
Must be as 't is. My gentle babe, Marina,
(Whom, for she was born at sea, I have nam'd
so,)

Here I charge your charity withal,
Leaving her the infant of your care, beseeching
you

* This is Steevens's reading. The originals have *shakes* (not shafts), and *hawi* (not hurt). The use of *glance* decides the value of the correction. Some would read *wand'ringly*.

To give her princely training, that she may be
Manner'd as she is born.

Cle. Fear not, my lord; but think,
Your grace, that fed my country with your
corn,
(For which the people's prayers still fall upon
you,)

Must in your child be thought on. If neglecton
Should therein make me vile, the common body,
By you reliev'd, would force me to my duty:
But if to that my nature need a spur,
The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
To the end of generation!

Per. I believe you;
Your honour and your goodness teach me to it,
Without your vows. Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.* So I take my leave:
Good madam, make me blessed in your care
In bringing up my child.

Dion. I have one myself,
Who shall not be more dear to my respect,
Than yours, my lord.

Per. Madam, my thanks and prayers.

Cle. We'll bring your grace even to the edge
o' the shore;
Then give you up to the mask'd Neptune, and
The gentlest winds of heaven.

Per. I will embrace
Your offer. Come, dearest madam.—O, no tears,
Lychorida, no tears:
Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
You may depend hereafter.—Come, my lord.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—Ephesus. *A Room in Cerimon's
House.*

Enter CERIMON and THAISA.

Cer. Madam, this letter, and some certain
jewels,
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command. Know you the character?

Thai. It is my lord's. That I was shipp'd at
sea
I well remember, even on my yearning time;
But whether there delivered or no,

* The original has "unsister'd shall this heir." He will not marry; she shall be unsister'd. But when Pericles in the fifth act discovers his daughter, he will "clip to form" what makes him "look so dismal;" and beautify what for "fourteen years no razor touched." Steevens has the merit of this construction of the passage. Malone explains to *show will* is to show willingness; Mr. Dyce reads to *show it in it*, —that he looks uncomely in it.

By the holy gods, I cannot rightly say ;
 But since king Pericles, my wedded lord,
 I ne'er shall see again, a vestal livery
 Will I take me to, and never more have joy.

Cer. Madam, if this you purpose as you
 speak,
 Diana's temple is not distant far,

Where you may 'bide until your date expire :^a
 Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
 Shall there attend you.

Thai. My recompense is thanks, that 's all ;
 Yet my good will is great, though the gift small.

[*Exeunt.*

^a Until you die.



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT III.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' continued.

"**THEY** axen when the ship is come?
From Tyre, anon answered some.

And over this they saiden more,
The cause why they come for
Was for to seek, and for to find,
Appollinus, which is of kind
Their liege lord; and he appeareth,
And of the tale which he heareth
He was right glad; for they him told
That for vengeance, as God it would,
Antiochus, as men may wete,^a
With thunder and lightning is sore smete.^b
His daughter hath the same chance,
So be they both in o^c balance."

* * * * *
"Lychorida for her office
Was take, which was a nourrice,
To wend with this young wife,
To whom was shape a woeful life.
Within a time, as it betid,
When they were in the sea amid,
Out of the north they saw a cloud:
The storm arose, the winds loud
They blewen many a dreadful blast,
The welkin was all overcast.
The dark night the sun hath under,
There was a great tempest of thunder.
The moon, and eke the stars both,
In black clouds they them clothe,
Whereof their bright look they hid.
This young lady wept and cried,
To whom no comfort might avail:
Of child she began travall,
Where she lay in a cabin close.
Her woeful lord from her arose,
And that was long ere any morrow,
So that in anguish and in sorrow
She was deliver'd all by night,
And dead in every man's sight.
But nathless for all this woe
A maid child was bore tho.^d"

* * * * *
"The master shpman came and pray'd,
With other such as be therein,
And said that he may nothing win
Again the death, but they him rede,^e
He be well ware, and take heed
The sea by way of his nature
Receive may no creature,
Within himself as for to hold
The which is dead; for this they would,
As they councillen all about,
The dead body casten out:
For better it is, they saiden all,
That it of her so befall,
Than if they shoulden all spill."

* * * * *
"I am, quoth he, but one alone;
So would I not for my person
There fell such adversity,
But when it may no better be,
Do then thus upon my word:
Let make a coffer strong of board,

That it be firm with lead and pitch.
Anon was made a coffer such
All ready brought unto his hand;
And when he saw, and ready found
This coffer made, and well enclowed,
The dead body was besowed
In cloth of gold, and laid therein."

* * * * *
"I, king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Do all manner men to wit,
That hear and see this letter writ,
That, helpless without rede,^a
Here lieth a king's daughter dead;
And who that happeth her to find,
For charity take in his mind,
And do so that she be begrave,^b
With this treasure which he shall have."

* * * * *
"Right as the corpse was thrown on land,
There came walking upon the strand
A worthy clerk, a surgeon.
And eke a great physician,
Of all that land the wisest one,
Which hight master Cerymon:
There were of his disciples some.
This master to the coffer is come,
And peyseth^c there was somewhat in,
And bade them bear it to his inn,
And goeth himself forth withal.
All that shall fall, fall shall."

* * * * *
"They laid her on a couch soft,
And with a sheet warmed oft.
Her cold breast began to heat,
Her heart also to flack^d and beat.
This master hath her every joint
With certain oil and balm anoint,
And put a liquor in her mouth,
Which is to few clerks couth,^e
So that she covereth at the last.
And first her eyen up she cast;
And when she more of strength caught,
Her arms both forth she straight,^f
Held up her hand, and piteously
She spake, and said, Ah! where am I?
Where is my lord? What world is this?
As she that wot nought how it is."

* * * * *
"My daughter Thayse, by your leave,
I think shall with you bileave^g
As for a time; and thus I pray
That she be kept by all way:
And when she ha'v of age more,
That she be set to books' lore.
And this avow to God I make,
That I shall never for her sake
My beard for no liking shave,
Till it befall that I have,
In convenable time of age,
Beset her unto marriage."

^a *Wete*—know.

^c *O*—one.

^d *Tho*—then.

^b *Smete*—smitten.

^e *Rede*—advise.

^a *Rede*—counsel; perhaps here medical aid.

^b *Begrave*—buried.

^c *Peyseth*—considereth.

^d *Flack*—flutter.

^e *Couth*—known.

^f *Straight*—stretched.

^g *Bilave*—leave behind.



ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.^a

Gow. Imagine Pericles arriv'd at Tyre,
 Welcom'd and settled to his own desire.
 His woeful queen we leave at Ephesus,
 Unto Diana there a votaress.
 Now to Marina bend your mind,
 Whom our fast-growing scene must find
 At Tharsus, and by Cleon train'd
 In music, letters; who hath gain'd
 Of education all the grace,
 Which makes her both the heart and place

^a In the early quartos there is no division into acts and scenes, which first occurs in the folio of 1664. In that edition this chorus, and the two following scenes, belong to Act III.

Of general wonder.^a But, alack!
 That monster Envy, oft the wrack
 Of earned praise, Marina's life
 Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
 And in this kind hath our Cleon
 One daughter, and a wench full grown,^b
 Even right for marriage rite; this maid
 Hight Philoten: and it is said
 For certain in our story, she
 Would ever with Marina be.

^a The old copies have—

“Which makes *high* both the *art* and place.”

^b The old copies read,

“And in this kind our Cleon hath
 One daughter and a full-grown wench.”

Steevens transposed the words to produce the rhyme.

Be't when she^a weav'd the sleided silk
 With fingers long, small, white as milk;
 Or when she would with sharp needl wound
 The cambric, which she made more sound
 By hurting it; or when to the lute
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute
 That still records^b with moan; or when
 She would with rich and constant pen
 Vail to her mistress Dian; still
 This Philoten contends in skill
 Will absolute Marina: so
 The dove of Paphos might with the crow
 Vie feathers white. Marina gets
 All praises, which are paid as debts,
 And not as given. This so darks
 In Philoten all graceful marks,
 That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
 A present murderer does prepare
 For good Marina, that her daughter
 Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
 The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
 Lychorida, our nurse, is dead,
 And cursed Dionyza hath
 The pregnant instrument of wrath
 Prest^c for this blow. The unborn event
 I do commend to your content:
 Only I carry winged time
 Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;
 Which never could I so convey,
 Unless your thoughts went on my way.
 Dionyza doth appear,
 With Leonine, a murderer.

[Exit.

SCENE I—Tharsus. *An open place near the sea-shore.*

Enter DIONYZA and LEONINE.

Dion. Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do it.

'T is but a blow, which never shall be known.
 Thou canst not do a thing in the world so soon,
 To yield thee so much profit. Let not con-
 science,
 Which is but cold, inflaming love i' thy bosom,
 In flame too nicely;^d nor let pity, which
 Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
 A soldier to thy purpose.

^a *She.* The old copies, *they.*

^b *Records*—makes music—sings.

^c *Prest*—ready.

^d Much of this scene, though evidently intended to be metrical, is printed as prose in the old copies. This passage runs thus: "Let not conscience, which is but cold, *in flaming thy love bosom*, inflame too nicely." The passage was usually printed "*in flame* love in thy bosom." We gain a better construction by departing less from the original.

Leon. I'll do 't; but yet she is a goodly creature.

Dion. The fitter then the gods above should have her.

Here she comes weeping for her only mistress' death.^a

Thou art resolv'd?

Leon. I am resolv'd.

Enter MARINA, with a basket of flowers.

Mar. No: I will rob Tellus of her weed,
 To strew thy green^b with flowers: the yellows,
 blues,

The purple violets, and marigolds,
 Shall as a carpet^c hang upon thy grave,
 While summer days do last. Ah me! poor
 maid,

Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
 This world to me is like a lasting storm,
 Whirring me from my friends.

Dion. How now, Marina! why do you keep alone?

How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not

Consume your blood with sorrowing; you have
 A nurse of me. Lord! how your favour's
 chang'd

With this unprofitable woe!

Come, give me your flowers, e'er the sea mar
 them.^d

Walk with Leonine; the air's quick there,
 And it pierces and sharpens the stomach. Come,
 Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.

Mar. No, I pray you;

I'll not bereave you of your servant.

Dion. Come, come;

I love the king your father, and yourself,
 With more than foreign heart. We every day
 Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
 Our paragon to all reports thus blasted,

^a Malone prints this,

"Here she comes weeping for her only mistress.
 Death—thou art resolv'd."

Percy suggested that the passage should be altered to "weeping for her *old nurse's* death." We follow the original; though probably *mistress* is a misprint for *nourice*.

^b *Green*, in the quartos. The folio of 1664, *grave*. See the next note.

^c *Carpet*. So the old copies. The modern reading was *chapel*. But it is evident that the poet was thinking of the *green* mound that marks the last resting-place of the humble, and not of the sculptured tomb to be adorned with wreaths. Upon the grassy grave Marina will hang a *carpet* of flowers—she will *strew* flowers, she has before said. The *carpet* of Shakspeare's time was a piece of tapestry, or embroidery, spread upon tables; and the real flowers with which Marina will cover the grave of her friend might have been, in her imagination, so intertwined as to resemble a carpet, usually bright with the flowers of the needle.

^d *Them*. The early copies read *it*; and Malone has,

"Give me your *wreath* of flowers, ere the sea mar it."
 The change of *it* to *them* is less violent.

He will repent the breadth of his great voyage ;
Blame both my lord and me, that we have ta'en
No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
Walk, and be cheerful once again ; reserve*
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old. Care not for me ;
I can go home alone.

Mar. Well, I will go ;
But yet I have no desire to it.

Dion. Come, come, I know 't is good for you.
Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least ;
Remember what I have said.

Leon. I warrant you, madam.

Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a
while ;

Pray walk softly, do not heat your blood :
What ! I must have a care of you.

Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.

Exit DIONYZA.

Is this wind westerly that blows ?

Leon. South-west.

Mar. When I was born the wind was north.

Leon. Was 't so ?

Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never
fear,

But cried, ' Good seamen,' to the sailors, galling
His kingly hands with hauling of the ropes ;
And, clasping to the mast, endur'd a sea
That almost burst the deck.

Leon. When was this ?

Mar. When I was born.

Never was waves nor wind more violent ;
And from the ladder-tackle washes off
A canvas-climber : ' Ha ! ' says one, ' wilt out ? '
And with a dropping industry they skip
From stem to stern : the boatswain whistles, and
The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

Leon. Come, say your prayers.

Mar. What mean you ?

Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
I grant it : pray ; but be not tedious,
For the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
To do my work with haste.

Mar. Why will you kill me ?

Leon. To satisfy my lady.

Mar. Why would she have me kill'd ?

Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
I never did her hurt in all my life ;
I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn,
To any living creature : believe me, la,
I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly :
I trod upon a worm against my will,
But I wept for it. How have I offended,

Wherein my death might yield her any profit,
Or my life imply her any danger ?

Leon. My commission

Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.

Mar. You will not do 't for all the world, I
hope.

You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
When you caught hurt in parting two that
fought :

Good sooth, it show'd well in you ; do so now :
Your lady seeks my life ;—come you between,
And save poor me, the weaker.

Leon. I am sworn,
And will despatch.

Enter Pirates whilst she is struggling.

1 *Pirate.* Hold, villain ! [*LEON. runs away.*

2 *Pirate.* A prize ! a prize !

3 *Pirate.* Half-part, mates, half-part. Come,
let's have her aboard suddenly.

[*Exit Pirates with MARINA.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

Re-enter LEONINE.

Leon. These roguing thieves serve the great
pirate Valdes ;

And they have seiz'd Marina. Let her go ;
There 's no hope she 'll return. I 'll swear she 's
dead,

And thrown into the sea.—But I 'll see further ;
Perhaps they will but please themselves upon
her,

Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Mitylene. A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Boul't.

Boul't. Sir.

Pand. Search the market narrowly ; Mitylene
is full of gallants. We lost too much money this
mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of crea-
tures. We have but poor three, and they can
do no more than they can do ; and they with
continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let 's have fresh ones, what-
e'er we pay for them. If there be not a con-
science to be used in every trade, we shall never
prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true : 't is not our bringing

* *Reserve*—preserve.

up of poor bastards, as I think I have brought up some eleven——

Boult. Ay, to eleven, and brought them down again. But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwhole-some o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him; she made him roast-meat for worms:—but I'll go search the market. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why, to give over, I pray you? Is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity; nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 't were not amiss to keep our door hatched. Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling; but here comes Boult.

Enter the Pirates, and BOULT dragging in MARINA.

Boult. Come your ways. [*To MARINA.*] My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 *Pirate.* O sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone thorough for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and hath excellent good clothes; there's no farther necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters; you shall have your money presently. Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt Pander and Pirates.*]

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her; the colour of her hair, complexion, height, her age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, 'He that will give most, shall have her first.' Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were

as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit BOULT.*]

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!

(He should have struck, not spoke;) or that these pirates,

Not enough barbarous, had but overboard
Thrown me, for to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are lit into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault, to 'scape his hands,
where I

Was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions. You shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you are a young foolish sapling, and must be bowed as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up.—Boult's returned.

Enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I prithee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. 'Faith they listened to me, as they would have hearkened to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so watered, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow, with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do

you know the French knight that cowers i' the hams?

Bawd. Who? monsieur Veroles.

Boult. Ay; he offered to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease hither: here he doth but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. Pray you, come hither a while. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me; you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; to despise profit where you have most gain. To weep that you live as you do makes pity in your lovers: Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere^a profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quenched with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true i' faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame, which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it? Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels, as my giving out of her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,

Untied I still my virgin knot will keep.
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana?
Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*]

^a *Mere*—absolute—certain.

SCENE IV.—*A Room in CLEON's House at Tharsus.*

Enter CLEON and DIONYZA.

Dion. Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

Cle. O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
The sun and moon ne'er look'd upon!

Dion. I think you'll turn a child again.

Cle. Were I chief lord of all this spacious world,

I'd give it to undo the deed. O lady,
Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
To equal any single crown o' the earth,
I' the justice of compare! O villain Leonine,
Whom thou hast poison'd too!

If thou hadst drunk to him, it had been a kindness

Becoming well thy face: what canst thou say,
When noble Pericles shall demand his child?

Dion. That she is dead. Nurses are not the fates,

To foster it, nor ever to preserve.

She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?

Unless you play the pious innocent,
And for an honest attribute, cry out,
'She died by foul play.'

Cle. O, go to. Well, well,
Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the good:
Do like this worst.

Dion. Be one of those that think
The pretty wrens of Tharsus will fly hence,
And open this to Pericles. I do shame
To think of what a noble strain you are,
And of how coward a spirit.

Cle. To such proceeding
Who ever but his approbation added,
Though not his pre-consent,^a he did not flow
From honourable courses.

Dion. Be it so then:
Yet none doth know, but you, how she came
dead,

Nor none can know, Leonine being gone.
She did disdain my child, and stood between^b
Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin
Not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me
thorough;

And though you call my course unnatural,
You not your child well loving, yet I find,

^a *Pre-consent.* The first quarto has *prince consent*; the second quarto, *whole consent*, Steevens made the judicious alteration.

^b *Disdain.* Mr. Dyce would read *distain*.

It greets me as an enterprise of kindness,
Perform'd to your sole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it!

Dion. And as for Pericles,
What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
And even yet we mourn: her monument
Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
In glittering golden characters express
A general praise to her, and care in us
At whose expense 't is done.

Cle. Thou art like the harpy,
Which, to betray, dost, with thine angel's face,
Seize with thine eagle's talons.

Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
Doth swear to the gods that winter kills the
flies:

But yet I know you 'll do as I advise.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Enter GOWER, before the Monument of MARINA
at Tharsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest
leagues make short,

Sail seas in cockles, have, and wish but for 't;
Making (to take your imagination)

From bourn to bourn, region to region.

By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language, in each several clime
Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech
you,

To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach
you,

The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,
(Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.

Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and high estate,
Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
Old Helicanus goes along behind.^a

Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have
brought

This king to Tharsus (think his pilot thought;
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow
on),

To fetch his daughter home, who first is
gone.

Like notes and shadows see them move a
while;

Your ears unto your eyes I 'll reconcile.

^a In the old copies these lines are thus misplaced:—

“Old Helicanus goes along behind
Is left to governe it: you beare in mind
Old Escanes whom Helicanus late
Advanc'd in time to great and hie estate.”

Dumb show.

*Enter PERICLES at one door, with all his train;
CLEON and DIONYZA at the other. CLEON
shows PERICLES the tomb [of MARINA];
whereat PERICLES makes lamentation, puts
on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion departs.*

Gow. See how belief may suffer by foul
show!

This borrow'd passion stands for true old
woe;

And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through, and biggest tears
o'ershow'r'd,

Leaves Tharsus, and again embarks. He
swears

Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit^a
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on MARINA'S
monument.*]

“The fairest, sweetest, best, lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus; the king's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does, and swears she'll never stint,
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.”

No vizer does become black villainy,
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be ordered
By lady Fortune; while our scene^b must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day,
In her unholy service. Patience then,
And think you now are all in Mitylene. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—Mitylene. *A Street before the
Brothel.*

Enter, from the Brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* Did you ever hear the like?

2 *Gent.* No, nor never shall do in such a place
as this, she being once gone.

1 *Gent.* But to have divinity preach'd there!
did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 *Gent.* No, no. Come, I am for no more
bawdy-houses: shall we go hear the vestals sing?

^a Please you wit—be pleased to know.

^b Scene. In the old copies, *steare.*

1 *Gent.* I'll do anything now that is virtuous, but I am out of the road of rutting, for ever.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.—The same. *A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, and BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her, she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fic, fie upon her; she is able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd, or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master-reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the devil, if he should cheapen a kiss of her.

Boult. 'Faith I must ravish her, or she'll dis-furnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. 'Faith, there's no way to be rid on 't, but by the way to the pox. Here comes the lord Lysimachus, disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now? How a dozen of virginities?

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless your honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 't is the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity? Have you that a man may deal withal and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would—but there never came her like in Mitylene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your honour knows what 't is to say, well enough.

Lys. Well; call forth, call forth.

Boult. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, prithee?

Boult. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a number to be chaste.

Enter MARINA.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk;—never plucked yet, I can assure you. Is she not a fair creature?

Lys. 'Faith she would serve after a long voyage at sea. Well, there's for you; leave us.

Bawd. I beseech your honour, give me leave: a word, and I'll have done presently.

Lys. I beseech you, do.

Bawd. First, I would have you note, this is an honourable man.

[*To MARINA, whom she takes aside.*]

Mar. I desire to find him so, that I may worthily note him.

Bawd. Next, he's the governor of this country, and a man whom I am bound to.

Mar. If he governs the country, you are bound to him indeed; but how honourable he is in that, I know not.

Bawd. Pray you, without any more virginal fencing, will you use him kindly? He will line your apron with gold.

Mar. What he will do, graciously I will thankfully receive.

Lys. Have you done?

Bawd. My lord, she's not pac'd yet; you must take some pains to work her to your manage. Come, we will leave his honour and her together. [*Exeunt Bawd, Pander, and BOULT.*]

Lys. Go thy ways.—Now, pretty one, how long have you been at this trade?

Mar. What trade, sir?

Lys. What I cannot name but I shall offend.

Mar. I cannot be offended with my trade. Please you to name it.

Lys. How long have you been of this profession?

Mar. Ever since I can remember.

Lys. Did you go to it so young? Were you a gamester at five, or at seven?

Mar. Earlier too, sir, if now I be one.

Lys. Why, the house you dwell in proclaims you to be a creature of sale.

Mar. Do you know this house to be a place of such resort, and will come into it? I hear say, you are of honourable parts, and are the governor of this place.

Lys. Why, hath your principal made known unto you who I am?

Mar. Who is my principal?

Lys. Why your herb-woman; she that sets seeds and roots of shame and iniquity. O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand aloof for more serious wooing. But I protest to

thee, pretty one, my authority shall not see thee, or else, look friendly upon thee. Come, bring me to some private place. Come, come.

Mar. If you were born to honour, show it now; If put upon you, make the judgment good That thought you worthy of it.

Lys. How's this? how's this?—Some more; —be sage.

Mar. For me, that am a maid, though most ungentle

Fortune have plac'd me in this loathsome sty,
Where since I came, diseases have been sold
Dearer than physic,—O that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest
bird

That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd
thou couldst.

Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold
for thee:

Perserver still in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue,
And I doubt not but thy training hath been
noble.

Hold; here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou hear'st
from me

It shall be for thy good.

[As *LYSIMACHUS* is putting up his purse,
BOULT enters.

Boult. I beseech your honour, one piece for
me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damned door-keeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink and overwhelm you. Away. [*Exit.*]

Boult. How's this? We must take another
course with you. If your peevish chastity,
which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest
country, under the cope, shall undo a whole
household, let me be gelded like a spaniel.
Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken
off, or the common hangman shall execute it.
Come your way. We'll have no more gentle-
men driven away. Come your ways, I say.

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Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has
here spoken holy words to the lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to
stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with
her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as
cold as a snow-ball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. *Boult*, take her away; use her at thy
pleasure. crack the glass of her virginity, and
make the rest malleable.

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of
ground than she is, she shall be ploughed.

Mar. Hark, hark, ye gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her. Would
she had never come within my doors! Marry
hang you! She's born to undo us. Will you
not go the way of womenkind? Marry come
up, my dish of chastity with roscmary and bays!

[*Exit Bawd.*]

Boult. Come, mistress; come your way with
me.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

Boult. To take from you the jewel you hold
so dear.

Mar. Prithee, tell me one thing first.

Boult. Come now, your one thing?

Mar. What canst thou wish thine enemy to
be?

Boult. Why, I could wish him to be my mas-
ter, or rather, my mistress

Mar. Neither of these are yet so bad as thou
art,

Since they do better thee in their command.

Thou hold'st a place, for which the pained'st
fiend

Of hell would not in reputation change:

Thou art the damn'd door-keeper to every
coyst'rel

That comes inquiring for his tib;

To the choleric fisting of every rogue thy ear

Is liable; thy food is such

As hath been belch'd on by infected lungs.

Boult. What would you have me do? go to
the wars, would you? where a man may serve
seven years for the loss of a leg, and have not
money enough in the end to buy him a wooden
one?

Mar. Do anything but this thou doest. Empty
Old receptacles, or common sewers of filth;
Serve by indenture to the common hangman;

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Any of these ways are better yet than this :
 For what thou professest, a baboon, could he
 speak,
 Would own a name too dear. That the gods
 would safely
 Deliver me from this place ! Here, here 's gold
 for thee.

If that thy master would gain aught by me,
 Proclaim that I can sing, weave, sew, and dance,
 With other virtues, which I 'll keep from boast ;
 And I will undertake all these to teach.
 I doubt not but this populous city will
 Yield many scholars.

Boult. But can you teach all this you speak
 of ?

Mar. Prove that I cannot, take me home
 again,
 And prostitute me to the basest groom
 That doth frequent your house.

Boult. Well, I will see what I can do for
 thee : if I can place thee, I will.

Mar. But amongst honest women ?

Boult. 'Faith, my acquaintance lies little
 amongst them. But since my master and mis-
 tress have bought you, there 's no going but by
 their consent : therefore I will make them ac-
 quainted with your purpose, and I doubt not
 but I shall find them tractable enough. Come,
 I 'll do for thee what I can ; come your ways.

[*Exeunt.*]



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT IV.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' *continued.*

" And for to speak how that it stood
Of Thaysse his daughter, where she dwelleth
In Tharee, as the chronique telleth.
She was well kept, she was well looked,
She was well taught, she was well booked;
So well she sped in her youth
That she of every wisdom couth,
That for to seek in every land
So wise another no man found,
Ne so well taught at man's eye;
But woe-worth, ever falls envy."

" The treason and the time is shape,
So fell it that this churlish knape
Hath led this maiden where he would
Upon the strand, and what she should
She was a drad; and he out braid a
A rusty sword, and to her said,
Thou shalt be dead: alas, quoth she,
Why shall I so? So thus, quoth he,
My lady Dionise hath bade
Thou shalt be murder'd in this stede.

This maid then for fear shrihte,^b
And for the love of God all-might
She pray'th, that for a little stound^c
She might kneel upon the ground
Toward the heaven, for to crave
Her woeful soul that she may save.
And with this noise and with this cry
Out of a barge fast by,
Which hid was there on scomerfare,
Men start out, and weren ware
Of this felon: and he to go,
And she began to cry tho,^d

^a *Braid*—started, drew.
^c *Stound*—moment.

^b *Shrihte*—shrieked.
^d *Tho*—then.

Ha, mercy, he.p. for God's sake!
Into the barge they her take,
As thieves should, and forth they went."

* * * * *

" If so be that thy master would
That I his gold increase should,
It may not fall by this way;
But suffer me to go my way
Out of this house, where I am in,
And I shall make him for to win
In some place else of the town,
Be so it be of religion,
Where that honest women dwell.
And thus thou might thy master tell,
That when I have a chamber there,
Let him do cry ay wide-where^a
What lord that hath his daughter dear,
And is in will that she shall lere^b
Of such a school as is true;
I shall her teach of things new,
Which that none other woman can
In all this land."

* * * * *

" Her epitaph of good assise^c
Was writ about, and in this wise
It spake: O ye that this behold,
Lo, here lieth she, the which was hold
The fairest, and the flower of all,
Whose name Taysis men call.
The king of Tyre, Appollinus,
Her father was: now lieth she thus.
Fourteen year she was of age
When death her took to his viage.^d"

^a *Wide-where*—far and near.
^c *Assise*—situation.

^b *Lere*—learn.
^d *Viage*—journey.



ACT V.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Marina thus the brothel scapes, and chances
 Into an honest house, our story says.
 She sings like one immortal, and she dances
 As goddess-like to her admired lays:
 Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her needl
 composes
 Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, branch, or
 berry;
 That even her art sisters the natural roses;
 Her inkle, silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
 That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
 Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
 She gives the cursed bawd. Here we her place,
 And to her father turn our thoughts again,

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Where we left him on the sea. We there him
 lost:

Whence driven before the winds he is arriv'd
 Here where his daughter dwells; and on this
 coast

Suppose him now at anchor. The city striv'd
 God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from
 whence

Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
 His banners sable, trimm'd with rich ex-
 pense;

And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
 In your supposing once more put your sight.
 Of heavy Pericles think this his bark:

Where, what is done in action, more, if might,
 Shall be discover'd; please you sit and hark.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE I.—*On board PERICLES' ship off Mitylene. A close Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it; PERICLES within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the Tyrian vessel.*

Enter two Sailors, one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the other to the barge; to them HELICANUS.

Tyr. Sail. Where is the lord Helicanus? He can resolve you. [*To the Sailor of Mitylene.*] O, here he is. Sir, there is a barge put off from Mitylene, and in it is Lysimachus the governor, who craves to come aboard. What is your will?

Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.

Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?

Hel. Gentlemen, there is some of worth would come aboard; I pray, greet them fairly.

[*The Gentlemen and the two Sailors descend, and go on board the barge.*]

Enter from thence LYSIMACHUS, attended; the Tyrian Gentlemen, and the two Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir, this is the man that can, in aught you would, resolve you.

Lys. Hail, reverend sir! The gods preserve you!

Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am, And die as I would do.

Lys. You wish me well.

Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,

Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us, I made to it, to know of whence you are.

Hel. First, what is your place?

Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.

Hel. Sir, our vessel is of Tyre, in it the king; A man, who for this three months hath not spoken

To any one, nor taken sustenance, But to prorogue his grief.

Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

Hel. Sir, it would be too tedious to repeat; But the main grief springs from the loss Of a beloved daughter and a wife.

Lys. May we not see him?

Hel. You may,

But bootless is your sight; he will not speak to any.

Lys. Yet let me obtain my wish.

Hel. Behold him, sir. [*PERICLES discovered.*]

This was a goodly person,
Till the disaster that, one mortal night,^a
Drove him to this.

Lys. Sir, king, all hail! the gods preserve you! Hail,
Royal sir!

Hel. It is in vain; he will not speak to you.

Lord. Sir, we have a maid in Mitylene, I durst wager,
Would win some words of him.

Lys. 'T is well bethought.
She, questionless, with her sweet harmony,
And other chosen attractions, would allure,
And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
Which now are midway stopp'd:
She is all happy as the fairest of all,
And, with her fellow-maids, is now upon
The leafy shelter that abuts against
The island's side.

[*Whispers one of the attendant Lords. Exit Lord in the barge of LYSIMACHUS.*]

Hel. Sure all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit

That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness

We have stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you,
That for our gold we may provision have,
Wherein we are not destitute for want,
But weary for the staleness.

Lys. O, sir, a courtesy,
Which if we should deny, the most just gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so inflict our province.—Yet once more
Let me entreat to know at large the cause
Of your king's sorrow.

Hel. Sit, sir, I will recount it to you.
But see, I am prevented.

Enter from the barge, Lord, MARINA, and a young Lady.

Lys. O here's the lady that I sent for. Welcome, fair one!
Is't not a goodly presence?

Hel. She's a gallant lady.

Lys. She's such a one, that were I well assur'd
Came of a gentle kind, and noble stock,
I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed.

Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty^b

^a *Night.* The old copies, *wight*.

^b *Bounty.* The old copies have *beauty*. Stevens made the correction.

Expect even here, where is a kingly patient :
If that thy prosperous and artificial feat^a
Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
As thy desires can wish.

Mar. Sir, I will use
My utmost skill in his recovery,
Provided none but I and my companion
Be suffer'd to come near him.

Lys. Come, let us leave her,
And the gods make her prosperous !

[*MARINA sings.*

Lys. Mark'd he your music ?

Mar. No, nor look'd on us.

Lys. See, she will speak to him.

Mar. Hail, sir ! my lord,
Lend ear.

Per. Hum, ha !

Mar. I am a maid,
My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
But have been gaz'd on like a comet : she
speaks,

My lord, that, may be, hath endur'd a grief
Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
My derivation was from ancestors
Who stood equivalent with mighty kings :
But time hath rooted out my parentage,
And to the world and awkward casualties
Bound me in servitude.—I will desist ;
But there is something glows upon my cheek,
And whispers in mine ear, 'Go not till he
speak.'

[*Aside.*

Per. My fortunes—parentage—good parent-
age—

To equal mine !—was it not thus ? what say you ?

Mar. I said, my lord, if you did know my
parentage,

You would not do me violence.

Per. I do think so. Pray you, turn your eyes
upon me.

You are like something, that—What country-
woman ?

Here of these shores ?^b

Mar. No, nor of any shores :
Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
No other than I appear.

Per. I am great with woe, and shall deliver
weeping.

My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a
one

My daughter might have been : my queen's
square brows ;

^a *Feat.* The old copies, *fat.* Percy suggested *feat.*

^b *Shores.* The old copies, *shewes.*

Her stature to an inch ; as wand-like straight ;
As silver-voic'd ; her eyes as jewel-like,
And cas'd as richly : in pace another Juno ;
Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them
hungry,
The more she gives them speech. Where do
you live ?

Mar. Where I am but a stranger : from the
deck

You may discern the place.

Per. Where were you bred ?
And how achiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to owe ?^a

Mar. If I should tell my history, it would
seem

Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.

Per. Prithee speak ;
Falseness cannot come from thee, for thou look'st
Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
For the crown'd Truth to dwell in : I'll believe
thee,

And make my senses credit thy relation,
To points that seem impossible ; for thou look'st
Like one I lov'd indeed. What were thy friends ?
Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,
(Which was when I perceiv'd thee,) that thou
can'st

From good descending ?

Mar. So indeed I did.

Per. Report thy parentage. I think thou
said'st

Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal
mine,

If both were open'd.

Mar. Some such thing I said, and said no
more

But what my thoughts did warrant me was likely.

Per. Tell thy story ;

If thine, consider'd, prove the thousandth part
Of my endurance, thou art a man, and I
Have suffer'd like a girl : yet thou dost look
Like Patience, gazing on kings' graves, and
smiling

Extremity out of act. What were thy friends ?
How lost thou them ?^b Thy name, my most
kind virgin ?

Recount, I do beseech thee ; come, sit by me.

Mar. My name is Marina.

Per. O, I am mock'd,
And thou by some incensed god sent hither
To make the world to laugh at me.

Mar. Patience, good sir, or here I'll cease.

^a *Own—own.*

^b *Them* is not found in the old copies.

Per. Nay, I'll be patient;
Thou little knowest how thou dost startle me,
To call thyself Marina.

Mar. The name was given me
By one that had some power; my father and a
king.

Per. How! a king's daughter, and call'd
Marina?

Mar. You said you would believe me;
But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
I will end here.

Per. But are you flesh and blood?
Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy-
motion?

Well; speak on. Where were you born?^a
And wherefore call'd Marina?

Mar. Call'd Marina,
For I was born at sea.

Per. At sea? who was thy mother?

Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
Who died the very minute I was born,
As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
Deliver'd weeping.

Per. O, stop there a little!
This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be
My daughter buried. [*Aside.*] Well;—where
were you bred?

I'll hear you more, to the bottom of your story,
And never interrupt you.

Mar. You'll scarce^b believe me; 't were best
I did give o'er.

Per. I will believe you by the syllable
Of what you shall deliver. Yet give me leave—
How came you in these parts? where were you
bred?

Mar. The king, my father, did in Tharsus
leave me;
Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do 't,
A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
Brought me to Mitylene. But, good sir, whither
Will you have me? Why do you weep? It may
be

You think me an impostor; no, good faith;
I am the daughter to king Pericles,
If good king Pericles be.

^a Malone reads,

"Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
Motion!—Well; speak on. Where were you born?"

This reading was probably adopted from the desire to avoid
an alexandrine. A "fairy motion" appears to us in the
poet's best manner.

^b You'll scarce. The old copies have you scorn. Malone
made the change.

Per. Ho, Helicanus!

Hel. Calls my lord?

Per. Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
Most wise in general; tell me, if thou canst,
What this maid is, or what is like to be,
That thus hath made me weep?

Hel. I know not; but
Here is the regent, sir, of Mitylene
Speaks nobly of her.

Iys. She never would tell her parentage;
Being demanded that, she would sit still and
weep.

Per. O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me,
O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
And drown me with their sweetness. O come
hither,

Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tharsus,
And found at sea again!—O Helicanus,
Down on thy knees, thank the holy gods as loud
As thunder threatens us: This is Marina.—
What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
Though doubts did ever sleep.

Mar. First, sir, I pray, what is your title?

Per. I am Pericles of Tyre; but tell me now
My drown'd queen's name: as in the rest you
said,

Thou hast been god-like perfect, the heir o'
kingdoms,
And another like to Pericles thy father.

Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter, than
To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
Thaisa was my mother, who did end
The minute I began.

Per. Now, blessing on thee, rise; thou art
my child.
Give me fresh garments. Mine own, Helicanus,
she is;^a

Not dead at Tharsus, as she should have been,
By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge,
She is thy very princess.—Who is this?

Hel. Sir, 't is the governor of Mitylene,
Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
Did come to see you.

Per. I embrace you.
Give me my robes; I am wild in my beholding.

^a Malone prints the passage thus:—

"Mine own Helicanus,
She is not dead," &c.
Steevens omits *she is*.

O heavens bless my girl! But hark, what music's this?

Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
How sure you are my daughter.—But what music?

Hel. My lord, I hear none.

Per. None?

The music of the spheres: list, my Marina.

Iys. It is not good to cross him; give him way.

Per. Rarest sounds do ye not hear?

Iys. Music?^a My lord, I hear—

Per. Most heavenly music:

It nips me unto list'ning, and thick slumber
Hangs on mine eyes; let me rest. [*He sleeps.*]

Iys. A pillow for his head.

So leave him all. Well, my companion-friends,
If this but answer to my just belief,
I'll well remember you.^b

[*Exeunt* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA,
and attendant Lady.]

SCENE II.—The same.

PERICLES on deck asleep; DIANA appearing to him as in a vision.

Dia. My temple stands in Ephesus; hie thee thither,

And do upon mine altar sacrifice.

There, when my maiden priests are met together,
Before the people all

Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife:

To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
And give them repetition to the like.

Perform my bidding, or thou liv'st in woe:

Do 't, and be happy: by my silver bow

Awake, and tell thy dream. [*DIANA disappears.*]

Per. Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,
I will obey thee!—Helicanus!

Enter LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, and MARINA.

My purpose was for Tharsus, there to strike

Th' inhospitable Cleon; but I am

For other service first: toward Ephesus

Turn our blown sails; eftsoons I'll tell thee why. [*To* HELICANUS.]

Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,

And give you gold for such provision

As our intents will need?

Iys. Sir,

^a Mr. Dyce makes this a stage-direction; but surely the music was in the imagination of Pericles, and not to be heard by those on the stage or by the audience.

^b Malone thinks this sentence should be spoken by Marina to her female companions.

With all my heart; and when you come ashore,
I have another suit.^a

Per. You shall prevail,

Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
You have been noble towards her.

Iys. Sir, lend me your arm.

Per. Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter GOWER, before the Temple of DIANA at Ephesus.

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;

More a little, and then dumb.

This, my last boon, give me,

(For such kindness must relieve me,)

That you aptly will suppose

What pageantry, what feats, what shows,

What minstrelsy, what pretty din,

The regent made in Mitylin,

To greet the king. So he has thriv'd,

That he is promis'd to be wiv'd

To fair Marina; but in no wise,

Till he had done his sacrifice,

As Dian bade: whereto being bound,

The interim, pray you, all confound.

In feather'd briefness sails are fill'd,

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.

At Ephesus, the temple see,

Our king, and all his company.

That he can hither come so soon,

Is by your fancy's thankful doom. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Temple of DIANA at Ephesus; THAISA standing near the altar, as high priestess; a number of Virgins on each side; CERIMON and other Inhabitants of Ephesus attending.*

Enter PERICLES with his Train; LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, and a Lady.

Per. Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,

I here confess myself the king of Tyre;

Who, frighted from my country, did wed

At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa.

At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth

A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,

Wears yet thy silver livery. She, at Tharsus

Was nurs'd with Cleon; whom at fourteen years

He sought to murder: but her better stars

Brought her to Mitylene; against whose shore

Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,

^a *Suit.* The old copies have *steight*.

Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
Made known herself my daughter.

Thai. Voice and favour!—
You are, you are—O royal Pericles!—

[*She faints.*
Per. What means the woman? she dies! help,
gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
If you have told Diana's altar true,
This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'T is most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady;—O, she's but o'er-
joy'd.

Early in blust'ring morn this lady was
Thrown upon this shore. I op'd the coffin;
Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and
plac'd her

Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to
my house,

Whither I invite you. Look, Thaisa is
Recovered.

Thai. O, let me look!

If he be none of mine, my sanctity
Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
But curb it, spite of seeing. O, my lord,
Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
Like him you are: Did you not name a tempest,
A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposed dead
And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.—
When we with tears parted Pentapolis,
The king, my father, gave you such a ring.

[*Shows a ring.*
Per. This, this; no more, you gods! your pre-
sent kindness
Makes my past miseries sports: You shall do
well,

That on the touching of her lips I may
Melt, and no more be seen. O come, be buried
A second time within these arms.

Mar. My heart
Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.

[*Kneels to THAISIA.*
Per. Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy
flesh, Thaisa;

Thy burthen at the sea, and call'd Marina,
For she was yielded there.

Thai. Bless'd, and mine own!

Hel. Hail, madam, and my queen!

Thai. I know you not.

Per. You have heard me say, when I did fly
from Tyre,

I left behind an ancient substitute.

Can you remember what I call'd the man?

I have nam'd him oft.

Thai. 'T was Helicanus then.

Per. Still confirmation:

Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.

Now do I long to hear how you were found;

How possibly preserv'd; and whom to thank,
Besides the gods, for this great miracle.

Thai. Lord Cerimon, my lord; this man,
through whom

The gods have shown their power; that can
from first

To last resolve you.

Per. Reverend sir, the gods
Can have no mortal officer more like

A god than you. Will you deliver how
This dead queen re-lives?

Cer. I will, my lord.
Beseech you, first go with me to my house,
Where shall be shown you all was found with
her;

How she came plac'd here within the temple;
No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Diana!
I bless thee for thy vision, and will offer
Night-oblations to thee. Thaisa,
This prince, the fair-betrothed of your daughter,
Shall marry her at Pentapolis. And now,
This ornament that makes me look so dismal,
Will I, my lov'd Marina, clip to form;
And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.*

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good
credit,

Sir, that my father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him! Yet there,
my queen,

We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
Will in that kingdom spend our following days;
Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.

Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay,
To hear the rest untold.—Sir, lead the way.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter, you
have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward;

* We follow some alterations by Malone, of the old text,
which, without these, is hopelessly obscure.

In Pericles, his queen and daughter, seen
 (Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen)
 Virtue preserv'd from fell destruction's blast,
 Led on by heaven, and crown'd with joy at last.
 In Helicanus may you well descry
 A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
 In reverend Cerimon there well appears,
 The worth that learned charity eye wears.
 For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
 Had spread their cursed deed, and honour'd
 name

Of Pericles, to rage the city turn;
 That him and his they in his palace burn.
 The gods for murder seem'd so content
 To punish them;^a although not done, but
 meant.
 So, on your patience ever more attending,
 New joy wait on you! Here our play hath
 ending.

[Exit GOWER.]

^a *This is omitted in the old copies.*



ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

Extracts from Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' concluded.

" A MESSENGER for her is gone,
And she came with her harp on hand;
And she said them, that she would fonde^a
By all the ways that she can
To glad with this sorry man.
But what he was she wist nought,
But all the shyp her hath besought,
That she her wits on him despend,^b
In aunter^c if he might amend,
And say it shall be well acquit.

When she hath understanden it
She goeth her down, there as he lay,
Where that she harpeth many a lay,
And like an angel sang withal.
But he no more than the wall
Took heed of anything he heard.

And when she saw that he so ferde^d
She falleth with him into words,
And telleth him of sundry bordes.^e
And asketh him demands strange,
Whereof she made his heart change;
And to her spech his ear he laid,
And hath marvel of that she said.
For in proverb and in problem
She spake, and bade he should deme^f
In many a subtille question;
But he for no suggestion
Which toward him she could stere,^g
He would not o^h word answer,
But as a madman at the last,
His head weeping away he cast,
And half in wrath he bade her go:
But yet she would nought do so;
And in the dark forth she goeth
Till she him toucheth, and he wrothe,ⁱ
And after her with his hand
He smote: and thus when she him found
Diseased, courteously she said,—
Avoy,^k my lord, I am a maid;
And if ye wist what I am,
And out of what lineage I came,
Ye would not be so salvage.
With that he soberth his courage,
And put away his heavy cheer.
But of them two a man may lere
What is to be so sibbe^l of blood
None wist of other how it stood,

^a Fonde—try.

^c Aunter—adventure.

^e Bordes—countries.

^h O—one.

^k Avoy—avoid.

^b Despend—would expend.

^d Ferde—fared.

^f Deme—judge. ^g Stere—stir.

ⁱ Wrothe—was angry.

^l Sibbe—related.

And yet the father at last
His heart upon this maid cast,
That he her loveth kindly;
And yet he wist never why,
But all was known ere that they went;
For God, which wot their whole intent,
Their hearts both he discloseth.
This king unto this maid opposeth,
And asketh first, what is her name,
And where she learned all this game,
And of what kin that she was come?
And she, that hath his words nome,^a
Answereth, and saith, My name is Thaise,
That was some time well at ease.
In Tharse I was forth draw and fed,
There learned I till I was sped,
Of that I can: my father eke,
I not where that I should him seek:
He was a king men told me.
My mother drown'd was in the sea.
From point to point all she him told
That she hath long in heart hold,
And never durst make her moan
But only to this lord alone,
To whom her heart cannot hele,^b
Turn it to woe, turn it to weal,
Turn it to good, turn it to harm.

And he then took her in his arm;
But such a joy as he then made
Was never seen: thus be they glad
That sorry hadden be to for^c.
From this day forth fortune hath sworn
To set them upward on the wheel:
So goeth the world, now woe, now weal.^d

* * * * *

" With worthy knights environed,
The king himself hath abandoned
Into the temple in good intent.
The dooms up, and in he went,
Where as, with great devotion
Of holy contemplation
Within his heart, he made his shrift,
And after that a rich gift
He offereth with great reverence;
And there in open audience
Of them that stooden all about
He told them, and declareth out
His hap, such as him is befall:
There was no thing forget of all.

^a Nome—taken.

^b Hele—hide.

^c To for—before.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF ACT V.

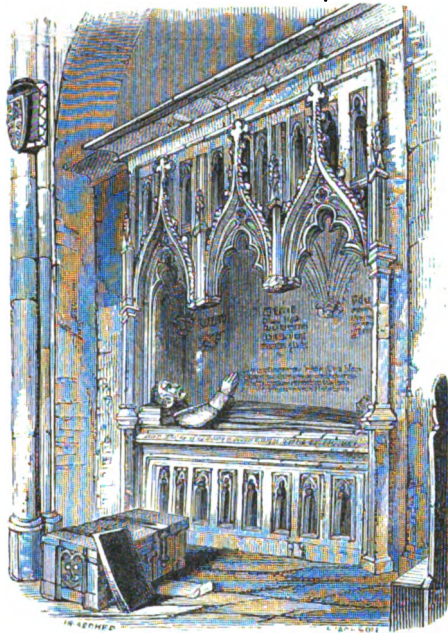
His wife, as it was God's grace,
Which was professed in the place
As she that was abbess there,
Unto his tale hath laid her ear.
She knew the voice, and the visage:
For pure joy, as in a rage,
She stretch'd unto him all at once,
And fell a swoon upon the stones
Whereof the temple-floor was paved.
She was anon with water laved,
Till she came to herself again,
And then she began to seyn—
Ah, blessed be the high soonde,^a
That I may see mine husband,
Which whilom he and I were one."

* * * * *

^a *Soonde*—gift.

"Attaint they weren by the law,
And doomed for to hang, and draw,
And brent, and with the wind to blow,
That all the world it might know.
And upon this condition
The doom in execution
Was put anon without fail.
And every man hath great marvel
Which heard tellen of this chance,
And thanketh God's purveyance,
Which doth mercy forth with justice.
Slain is the murd'rer, and murd'ress,
Through very truth of righteousness;
And through mercy safe is simpless,^a
Of her, whom mercy preserveth.
Thus hath he well, that well descriveth."

^a *Simpless*—simplicity.



[Gowet's Monument.]

NOTICE

ON

THE AUTHENTICITY OF PERICLES.

THE *external* testimony that Shakspeare was the author of Pericles would appear to rest upon stronger evidence, as far as regards the fact of publication, than that which assigns to him the authorship of Titus Andronicus. That play was not published as his work till after his death : Pericles was published with Shakspeare's name as the author during his lifetime. But this evidence is not decisive. In 1600 was printed 'The first part of the true and honourable history of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle, &c. Written by William Shakspeare ;' and we should be entitled to receive that representation of the writer of 'Sir John Oldcastle' as good evidence of the authorship, were we not in possession of a fact which entirely outweighs the bookseller's insertion of a popular name in his title-page. In the manuscript diary of Philip Henslowe, preserved at Dulwich College, is the following entry :—"The 16th of October, 99. Received by me Thomas Downton or Philip Henslowe, to pay Mr. Monday, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway, for The first part of the Lyfe of Sir Jhon Ouldcastell, and in earnest of the Second Pte, for the

NOTICE ON THE AUTHENTICITY OF

use of the company, ten pound, I say received 10 lb."* The title-page of *Pericles*, in 1609, might have been as fraudulent as that of 'Sir John Oldcastle' in 1600.

The play of *Pericles*, as we learn by the original title-page, was "sundry times acted by his Majesty's servants at the Globe." The proprietary interest in the play for the purposes of the stage (whoever wrote it) no doubt remained in 1623 with the proprietors of the Globe Theatre—Shakspeare's fellow-shareholders. Of the popularity of *Pericles* there can be no doubt. It was printed three times separately before the publication of the folio of 1623; and it would have been to the interest of the proprietors of that edition to have included it amongst Shakspeare's works. Did they reject it because they could not conscientiously affirm it to be written by him, or were they unable to make terms with those who had the right of publication? There was an entry at Stationers' Hall on the 20th of May, 1608, by Edward Blount, of "The book of *Pericles Prynce of Tyre*;" and Blount at the same time enters "A book called *Anthony and Cleopatra*." But *Pericles* was first published by Henry Gosson. Blount was one of the proprietors of the folio of 1623. He seems to have possessed the right of printing *Pericles* in 1608; and he probably assigned it to Gosson, who (upon a similar probability) subsequently assigned it to S. S. (Simon Stafford?), who printed it in 1611, and who again assigned it to Thomas Pavier, who printed it in 1619. A question then naturally arises, whether Blount, the proprietor of the folio, was unable to recover back what he had assigned as a separate publication; and whether the non-admission, therefore, of *Pericles* in the folio of 1623 was not wholly a commercial matter, depending upon the claim to copyright. It is obvious that this is a question which is not likely to be decided.

It is a most important circumstance, with reference to the authenticity of *Titus Andronicus*, that Meres, in 1599, ascribed that play to Shakspeare. We have no such testimony in the case of *Pericles*; but the tradition which assigns it to Shakspeare is pretty constant. Malone has quoted a passage from "The Times displayed, in Six Sestiads," a poem published in 1646, and dedicated by S. Shephard to Philip Earl of Pembroke :—

" See him, whose tragic scenes Euripides
Doth equal, and with Sophocles we may
Compare great Shakspeare : Aristophanes
Never like him his fancy could display :
Witness The Prince of Tyre, his *Pericles* :
His sweet and his to be admired lay
He wrote of lustful Tarquin's rape, shows he
Did understand the depth of poesie."

Six years later, another writer, J. Tatham, in verses prefixed to Richard Brome's '*Jovial Crew*,' 1652, speaks slightly of Shakspeare, and of this particular drama :—

" But Shakspeare, the plebeian driller, was
Founder'd in his *Pericles*, and must not pass."

Dryden, in his prologue to Charles Davenant's '*Circe*,' in 1675, has these lines :—

" Your Ben and Fletcher, in their first young flight
Did no *Volpone*, nor no *Arbaces*, write ;
But hopp'd about, and short excursions made
From bough to bough, as if they were afraid
And each was guilty of some slighted maid."

* Boswell's '*Malone*,' vol. iii. p. 329.

PERICLES.

Shakspeare's own Muse his Pericles first bore;
The Prince of Tyre was elder than the Moor.
'T is miracle to see a first good play:
All hawthorns do not bloom on Christmas-day."

The mention of Shakspeare as the author of Pericles in the poems printed in 1646 and 1652 may in some respect be called traditional; for the play was not printed after 1635 till it appeared in the folio of 1664. Dryden, most probably, read the play in that folio edition. In 1691 Langbaine receives the play without any doubt of the authorship; but he also accepts, as written by Shakspeare, the six other doubtful plays which appeared in the folio of 1664. On the other hand, Gildon, in 1709, in his remarks subjoined to Rowe's edition, treats Pericles as a genuine play by Shakspeare; but of the six other ascribed plays he says, they "are none of Shakespeare's, nor have anything in them to give the least ground to think them his." Rowe himself speaks more cautiously: "It is owned that some part of Pericles certainly was written by him, particularly the last act."

Before we proceed to the internal evidence of the authenticity of Pericles, it will be necessary to ascertain the date of its production. The title-page of the first edition calls it "The late and much admired play." In modern phraseology "the late" would be *the new* or *the recent*. That edition was printed in 1609. The play was entered at Stationers' Hall in 1608. There are other circumstances leading to the belief that, about the period of its publication, Pericles was a new play, in some sense of the word. Malone has extracted six lines from a metrical pamphlet entitled 'Pimlyco,' which he originally thought was printed in 1596, but subsequently found bore the date of 1609. They are as follow:—

"Amazed I stood, to see a crowd
Of civil throats stretch'd out so loud:
As at a *new play*, all the rooms
Did swarm with gentles mix'd with grooms;
So that I truly thought all these
Came to see *Shore* or *Pericles*."

Malone quotes these lines, not to fix the date of the play, but to show that it is mentioned "as a very popular performance." Mr. Collier holds that this passage from 'Pimlyco' is decisive as to the date: "In this year (1609) it is actually spoken of by the anonymous author of *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-cap*, as a new play."* Receiving, as Mr. Collier does, the metrical tract of 'Pimlyco' as first published in 1609 (although Malone says "it might have been a republication"), there is a very obvious question suggested by the last of these six lines, which Mr. Collier has not adverted to in the elaborate particulars which he has so industriously collected on the subject of Pericles. That question is this—Was *Shore* as well as *Pericles* a *new play* in 1609? Mr. Collier shall himself answer that question in his extracts from, and observations upon, Henslowe's Diary, preserved at Dulwich College, which Malone had previously noticed:—"The '*Jane Shore*,' assigned to Chettle and Day in January, 1601-2, was only a revival of an older play, as Henslowe then gave forty shillings to those poets, in order that 'the booke of Shoare' might be 'now newly written for the Earl of Worcester's players.'"† In Malone the entry stands under date March, 1602-3: "Jane Shore, by Henry Chettle and John Day." Here we have the unquestionable fact that in 1602, or in 1603, *Shore* was brought out by Henry Chettle and John Day; and yet in 1609, if the date of 'Pimlyco' is to be relied upon, it was a *new play*. What, then, is the argument worth, that the lines in 'Pimlyco' show that *Pericles* was first produced in or about

* 'Farther Particulars,' &c., p. 31.
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† 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' p. 91.

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1609? "The anonymous author of *Pimlyco, or Runne Red-cap,*" has proved too much. Is the entry at Stationers' Hall in 1608 more decisive? We think not; for the first entry of *Romeo and Juliet*, printed in 1597, is made in 1606, at which time the entry was also made of *Love's Labour's Lost*, printed in 1598. Is the expression upon the title-page of 1609. "*The late and much admired play,*" more decisive? We think not. For in the edition of 1619 it is still "*The late and much admired play;*" in 1630 still the same · in 1635 still the same. If the evidence of '*Pimlyco*' had not broken down, the collateral evidence of the entry at Stationers' Hall, and of the title-page of 1609, might have strengthened that direct testimony. Of themselves they prove little. The first known edition of *Titus Andronicus* bears the date of 1600; and of that edition only one copy is supposed to be in existence. But Langbaine, a hundred and fifty years ago, mentions a copy bearing the date of 1594. The date of 1600, therefore, is no evidence as to the date of the play's production. So it may be with the *Pericles* of 1609; for "the late" upon that title-page might have been copied from some previous edition now lost; as the title-page of that of 1619 was a copy of that of 1609. But Mr. Collier has one other witness to produce: "I think the piece of evidence I am now about to introduce must be considered decisive. It is a prose novel, *founded upon Shakespeare's Pericles*, in consequence, in all likelihood, of the great run it was experiencing. . . . It must have been hastily put together, and published while *Pericles* was enjoying extraordinary popularity, in order to forestal the appearance of the printed play, because Nat. Butter, the bookseller, hoped to derive a profit from the desire of people to read a story which on the stage was so remarkably attractive. Had the play not then been a *new production*, and had it not been 'fortunate' by being performed in 'oft-crammed theatres,' Butter would have had no inducement to enter into the speculation." Mr. Collier then subjoins the title-page, which we copy: '*The Painfull Aduentures of Pericles Prince of Tyre. Being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet John Gower. At London. Printed by T. P. for Nat: Butter. 1608.*' Although we admit that there cannot be a doubt that this remarkable tract is, as it professes to be, "A true history of *the Play of Pericles*"—that is, a reduction of the play into a story-book—we are sceptical enough not to receive the other words of that title-page, "as it was lately presented," as an absolute proof that the play was then a new production. The play was popular as an acting drama a hundred years after this. *Pericles* was one of Betterton's favourite parts. In 1629, when Jonson wrote his famous ode, "Come, leave the loathed stage," he adverts to *Pericles* as a play so popular that it kept the stage to the exclusion of what he considered better performances:—

" No doubt some mouldy tale,
Like *Pericles*, and stale
As the shrieve's crusts, and nasty as his fish,—
Scraps out of every dish,
Thrown forth, and rak'd into the common tub,—
May keep up the Play-club.
There, sweepings do as well
As the best-order'd meal;
For who the relish of these guests will fit,
Needs set them but the alms-basket of wit."

In Owen Feltham's Answer to Jonson's Ode, *Pericles* is again mentioned, with an inference that its plot is offensive to a critical judgment:—

" Your jests so nominal
Are things so far beneath an able brain,
As they do throw a stain

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Through all th' unlikely plot, and do displeas
As deep as Pericles."

We hold, therefore, that if Butter's story-book had borne the same date as Pavier's third edition of *Pericles*, namely, 1619, in the same way that the continued popularity of *Pericles* demanded that third edition, and allowed it to be called "the late and much-admired play," so the story-book might even then have said, 'The true History of the Play of *Pericles*, as it was lately presented.' By parity of reasoning, the story-book of 1609 might have reference to a play which was a new play in 1602, according to the testimony of that honest witness, 'Pimlycco,' who tells us that he was in a crowd where gentlemen were mixed with grooms, as though they came to see a new play, 'Shore,' or 'Pericles.' That other unexceptionable witness, Mr. Henslowe, we have called to prove that 'Shore' was a new play in 1602. We therefore cannot receive the indirect testimony that *Pericles* was a new play in 1609, any more than we should receive the same testimony that 'Shore' was a new play in 1609.

But what, in the natural construction of the language of the writer of 'Pimlycco,' was a new play? 'Shore' and 'Pericles,' according to him, are new plays. But Henslowe has left it upon record that in 1602 he gave the large sum of forty shillings to two poets, that "the book of Shoare might be now newly written." There was an old book of 'Shore,' then, which was to be modernized,—in which the action, probably, was to be kept, but the dialogue was to be rendered acceptable to a more critical audience than had been familiar with it in its original state. In this sense of the word was 'Shore' a new play. It is in this sense of the word that *Pericles*, whether produced when 'Shore' was produced, or some seven years later, was a new play. In our original Introductory Notice to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* we incidentally mentioned our belief that *Pericles* was a very early play of Shakspeare's, saying, "We have Dryden's evidence that

'Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore.'

Mr. Collier has been kind enough to notice this opinion; although, of course, he differs from us: "Malone was mistaken in supposing that there was an older edition of '*Pimlycco*' than that of 1609. It was then first published, and not in 1596. If *Pericles* had been produced before 1590, as the Editor of the '*Pictorial Shakspeare*' conjectures, it would not have been mentioned as a new play even in 1596, much less in 1609." * But 'Shore' was "mentioned as a new play;" and we know that it was not a new play, in the strict sense of the term. The parts that were "now newly written" of *Pericles* might have entitled it to be called a new play; just as the parts "now newly written" of 'Shore' might have entitled that to be called a new play. We hold it to be impossible that Shakspeare could have written *Pericles*, for the first time, in the seventeenth century, although he then might have written parts of it for the first time. This opinion is not manifestly inconsistent with our former and our continued belief in what Mr. Collier calls "Dryden's *obiter dictum*," that

"Shakspeare's own muse his *Pericles* first bore."

Mr. Collier says, "I do not at all rely upon Dryden's evidence farther than to establish the belief as to the authorship entertained by persons engaged in theatrical affairs after the Restoration." But is such evidence wholly to be despised? and must the belief be necessarily dated "after the Restoration?" Dryden was himself forty-four years of age when he wrote the line in question. He had been a writer for the stage twelve years. He was the friend of Davenant, who wrote for the stage in 1626. Of the original

* 'Farther Particulars,' Note, p. 31.

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actors in Shakspeare's plays Dryden himself might have known, when he was a young man,—John Lowin, who kept the Three Pigeons inn at Brentford, and died very old, a little before the Restoration; and Joseph Taylor, who died in 1653, although, according to the tradition of the stage, he was old enough to have played Hamlet under Shakspeare's immediate instruction; and Richard Robinson, who served in the army of Charles I., and has an historical importance through having been shot to death by Harrison, after he had laid down his arms, with this exclamation from the stern republican, "Cursed is he that doth the work of the Lord negligently." It is impossible to doubt, then, that Dryden was a competent reporter of the traditions of the stage, and not necessarily of the traditions that survived after the Restoration. We can picture the young poet, naturally anxious to approach as closely to Shakspeare as possible, taking a cheerful cup with poor Lowin in his humble inn, and listening to the old man's recital of the recollections of his youth amidst those scenes from which he was banished by the violence of civil war and the fury of puritanical intolerance. We accept, then, Dryden's assertion with little doubt; and we approach to the examination of the *internal* evidence of the authenticity of *Pericles* with the conviction that, if it be the work of Shakspeare, the foundations of it were laid when his art was imperfect, and he laboured somewhat in subjection to the influence of those ruder models for which he eventually substituted his own splendid examples of dramatic excellence.

There is a very striking passage in Sidney's 'Defence of Poesy,' which may be taken pretty accurately to describe the infancy of the dramatic art in England, being written some four or five years before we can trace any connexion of Shakspeare with the stage. The passage is long, but it is deserving of attentive consideration:—

"But they will say, how then shall we set forth a story which contains both many places and many times? And do they not know that a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience? Again, many things may be told which cannot be showed: if they know the difference betwixt reporting and representing. As for example, I may speak, though I am here, of Peru, and in speech digress from that to the description of Calicut: but in action I cannot represent it without Pacolet's horse. And so was the manner the ancients took by some *Nuntius*, to recount things done in former time, or other place.

"Lastly, if they will represent an History, they must not (as Horace saith) begin above, but they must come to the principal point of that one action which they will represent. By example this will be best expressed. I have a story of young Polydorus, delivered, for safety's sake, with great riches, by his father Priamus, to Polymnestor king of Thrace, in the Trojan war time. He, after some years, hearing of the overthrow of Priamus, for to make the treasure his own, murdereth the child; the body of the child is taken up; Hecuba, she, the same day, findeth a sleight to be revenged most cruelly of the tyrant. Where, now, would one of our tragedy-writers begin, but with the delivery of the child? Then should he sail over into Thrace, and to spend I know not how many years, and travel numbers of places. But where doth Euripides? Even with the finding of the body, leaving the rest to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. This needs no farther to be enlarged; the dullest wit may conceive it."

Between this notion which Sidney had formed of the propriety of a tragedy which should understand "the difference betwixt reporting and representing," there was a long space to be travelled over, before we should arrive at a tragedy which should make the whole action manifest, and keep the interest alive from the first line to the last, without any

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"reporting" at all. When Hamlet and Othello and Lear were perfected, this culminating point of the dramatic art had been reached. But it is evident that Sidney described a state of things in which even the very inartificial expedient of uniting description with representation had not been thoroughly understood, or at least had not been generally practised. The "tragedy-writers" begin with the delivery of the young Polydorus, and travel on with him from place to place, till his final murder. At this point Euripides begins the story, leaving something to be told by the spirit of Polydorus. It is not difficult to conceive a young dramatic poet looking to something beyond the "tragedy-writers" of his own day, and, upon taking up a popular story, inventing a machinery for "reporting," which should emulate the ingenious device of Euripides in making the ghost of Polydorus briefly tell the history which a ruder stage would have exhibited in detail. There was a book no doubt familiar to that young poet; it was the 'Confessio Amantis, the Confessyon of the Louer,' of John Gower, printed by Caxton in 1493, and by Berthelet in 1532 and 1554. That the book was popular, the fact of the publication of three editions in little more than half a century will sufficiently manifest. That it was a book to be devoured by a youth of poetical aspirations, who can doubt? That a Chaucer and a Gower were accessible to a young man educated at the grammar-school at Stratford we may readily believe. That was not a day of rare copies; the bountiful press of the early English printers was for the people, and the people eagerly devoured the intellectual food which that press bestowed upon them. 'Appollinus, The Prince of Tyr,' is one of the most sustained, and, perhaps, altogether one of the most interesting, of the old narratives which Gower introduced into the poetical form. What did it matter to the young and enthusiastic reader that there were Latin manuscripts of this story as early as the tenth century; that there is an Anglo-Saxon version of it; that it forms one of the most elaborate stories of the 'Gesta Romanorum?' What does all this matter even to us, with regard to the play before us? Mr. Collier says, "The immediate source to which Shakespeare resorted was probably Laurence Twine's version of the novel of 'Appollonius King of Tyre,' which first came out in 1576, and was afterwards several times reprinted. I have before me an edition without date, 'Imprinted at London by Valentine Simmes for the Widow Newman,' which very likely was that used by our great dramatist."* Mr. Collier has reprinted this story of Laurence Twine with the title—'Appollonius, Prince of Tyre; upon which Shakespeare founded Pericles.' We cannot understand this. We have looked in vain throughout this story to find a single incident in Pericles, suggested by Twine's relation, which might not have been equally suggested by Gower's poem. We will not weary our readers, therefore, with any extracts from this narrative. That the author of Pericles had Gower in his thoughts, and, what is more important, that he felt that his audience were familiar with Gower, is, we think, sufficiently apparent. Upon what other principle can Gower perpetually take up the dropped threads of the action? Upon what other principle are the verses spoken by Gower, amounting to several hundred lines, formed upon a careful imitation of his style; so as to present to an audience at the latter end of the sixteenth century some notion of a poet about two centuries older? It is perfectly evident to us that Gower, and Gower only, was in the thoughts of the author of Pericles.

We call the play before us by the name of PERICLES, because it was so called in the first rudely printed copies, and because the contemporaries of the writer, following the printed copies, so called it in their printed books. But Malone has given us an epigram of Richard Flecknoe, 1670, 'On the Play of the Life of PYROCLUS.' There can be little

* 'Farther Particulars,' p. 36.

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doubt, we think, as Steevens has very justly argued, that Pyrocles was the name of the hero of this play. For who was Pyrocles? The hero of Sidney's 'Arcadia.' Steevens says, "It is remarkable that many of our ancient writers were ambitious to exhibit Sidney's worthies on the stage; and when his subordinate agents were advanced to such honour, how happened it that Pyrocles, their leader, should be overlooked?" To a young poet, who, probably, had access to the 'Arcadia,' in manuscript, before its publication in 1590, the name of Pyrocles would naturally present itself as worthy to succeed the somewhat unmanageable Appollinus of Gower; and that name would recommend itself to an audience who, if they were of the privileged circles, such as the actors of the Blackfriars often addressed, were familiar with the 'Arcadia' before its publication. After 1590 the 'Arcadia' was the most popular work of the age.

It will be seen, then, that we advocate the belief that 'Pyrocles,' or 'Pericles,' was a very early work of Shakspeare, in some form, however, different from that which we possess. That it was an early work we are constrained to believe; not from the evidence of particular passages, which may be deficient in power or devoid of refinement, but from the entire construction of the dramatic action. The play is essentially one of movement; which is a great requisite for dramatic success; but that movement is not held in subjection to a unity of idea. The writer, in constructing the plot, had not arrived to a perfect conception of the principle "That a tragedy is tied to the laws of Poesy, and not of History, not bound to follow the story, but having liberty either to feign a quite new matter, or to frame the history to the most tragical convenience." But with this essential disadvantage we cannot doubt that, even with very imperfect dialogue, the action presented a succession of scenes of very absorbing interest. The introduction of Gower; however inartificial it may seem, was the result of very profound skill. The presence of Gower supplied the unity of idea which the desultory nature of the story wanted; and thus it is that, in "the true history" formed upon the play which Mr. Collier has analysed, the unity of idea is kept in the expression of the title-page, "as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient poet, John Gower." Nevertheless, such a story we believe could not have been chosen by Shakspeare in the seventeenth century, when his art was fully developed in all its wondrous powers and combinations. With his perfect mastery of the faculty of representing, instead of recording, the treatment of a story which would have required perpetual explanation and connexion would have been painful to him, if not impossible.

Dr. Drake has bestowed very considerable attention upon the endeavour to prove that Pericles ought to be received as the indisputable work of Shakspeare. Yet his arguments, after all, amount only to the establishment of the following theory: "No play, in fact, more openly discloses the hand of Shakspeare than Pericles, and fortunately his share in its composition appears to have been very considerable; he may be distinctly, though not frequently, traced, in the first and second acts; after which, *feeling the incompetency of his fellow-labourer*, he seems to have assumed almost the entire management of the remainder, nearly the whole of the third, fourth, and fifth acts bearing indisputable testimony to the genius and execution of the great master."* This theory of companionship in the production of the play is merely a repetition of the theory of Steevens: "The *purpurei panni* are Shakspeare's, and the rest the productions of some inglorious and forgotten playwright." We have no faith whatever in this very easy mode of disposing of the authorship of a doubtful play—of leaving entirely out of view the most important part of every drama, its action, its characterization, looking at the whole merely as a col-

* 'Shakspeare and his Times,' vol. ii. p. 268.

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lection of passages, of which the worst are to be assigned to some *âme damnée*, and the best triumphantly claimed for Shakspeare. There are some, however, who judge of such matters upon broader principles. Mr. Hallam says, "Pericles is generally reckoned to be in part, and only in part, the work of Shakspeare. From the poverty and bad management of the fable, the want of any effective or distinguishable character, for Marina is no more than the common form of female virtue, such as all the dramatists of that age could draw, and a general feebleness of the tragedy as a whole, I should not believe the structure to have been Shakspeare's. But many passages are far more in his manner than in that of any contemporary writer with whom I am acquainted."* Here "the poverty and bad management of the fable"—"the want of any effective or distinguishable character," are assigned for the belief that the structure could not have been Shakspeare's. But let us accept Dryden's opinion that

"Shakspeare's own muse his Pericles first bore,"

with reference to the original structure of the play, and the difficulty vanishes. It was impossible that the character of the early drama should not have been impressed upon Shakspeare's earliest efforts. Sidney has given us a most distinct description of that drama; and we can thus understand how the author of Pericles improved upon what he found. Do we therefore think that the drama, as it has come down to us, is presented in the form in which it was first written? By no means. We agree with Mr. Hallam that in parts the language seems rather that of Shakspeare's "second or third manner than of his first." But this belief is not inconsistent with the opinion that the original structure was Shakspeare's. No other poet that existed at the beginning of the seventeenth century—perhaps no poet that came after that period, whether Massinger, or Fletcher, or Webster—could have written the greater part of the fifth act. Coarse as the comic scenes are, there are touches in them unlike any other writer but Shakspeare. Horn, with the eye of a real critic, has pointed out the deep poetical profundity of one apparently slight passage in these unpleasant scenes:—

"Mar. Are you a woman?"

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?"

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman."

Touches such as these are not put into the work of other men. Who but Shakspeare could have written

"The blind mole casts

Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell, the earth is throng'd

By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for 't."

And yet this passage comes naturally enough in a speech of no very high excellence. The *purpurei panni* must be fitted to a body, as well for use as for adornment. We think that Shakspeare would not have taken the trouble to produce these costly robes for the decoration of what another had essentially created. We are willing to believe that, even in the very height of his fame, he would have bestowed any amount of labour for the improvement of an early production of his own, if the taste of his audiences had from time to time demanded its continuance upon the stage. It is for this reason that we think that the Pericles of the beginning of the seventeenth century was the revival of a play written by Shakspeare some twenty years earlier.

* 'History of Literature,' vol. iii. p. 569.



THE
TWO NOBLE
KINSMEN.



INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

THIS play was first printed in 1634, with the following title:—'The Two Noble Kinsmen: presented at the Blackfriars by the King's Majesties servants, with great applause: written by the memorable Worthies of their Time, Mr. John Fletcher, and Mr. William Shakspeare, Gent. Printed at London, by Tho. Cotes, for John Waterson, and are to be sold at the signe of the Crowne, in Paul's Church-Yard, 1634.' In the first folio edition of the works of Beaumont and Fletcher, in 1647, this play did not appear. In the second folio it is reprinted, with very slight alterations from the quarto. That second folio contains the following notice:—"In this edition you have the addition of no fewer than seventeen plays more than were in the former, which we have taken the pains and care to collect, and print out of 4to. in this volume, which for distinction sake are marked with a star in the catalogue of them facing the first page of the book."—(*Preface*.) The *Two Noble Kinsmen* is so marked.

Without prejudging the question as to Shakspeare's participation in the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, we have thought it the most satisfactory course to print the play entire. The reader will be better prepared for entering upon the examination of the authorship, after its perusal; and we think that in itself it will abundantly repay him. We hardly need an apology for this course, when Coleridge has said, "I can scarcely retain a doubt as to the first act's having been written by Shakspeare;" and when Charles Lamb says, "That Fletcher should have copied Shakspeare's manner in so many entire scenes (which is the theory of Steevens) is not very probable; that he could have done it with such facility is, to me, not certain."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

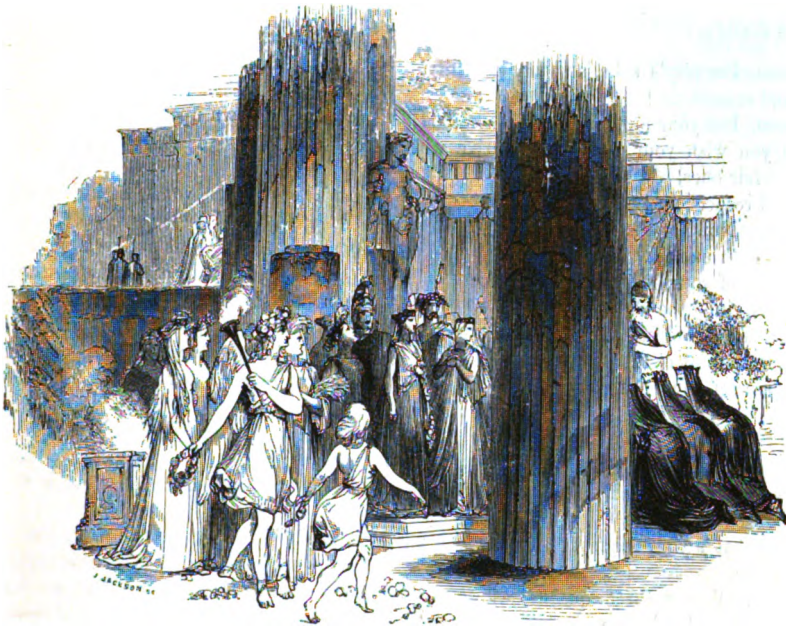
THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
 PALAMON, } *The Two Noble Kinsmen, in love*
 ARCITE, } *with Emilia.*
 PERITHOUS, *an Athenian general.*
 VALERIUS, *a Theban nobleman.*
 ARTESIUS, *an Athenian Captain.*
Six valiant Knights.
Herald.
Gaoler.
Wooer to the Gaoler's Daughter.
Doctor.
 Brother, } *to the Gaoler.*
 Friends, }
 GERROLD, *a schoolmaster.*

HIPPOLYTA, *bride to Theseus.*
 EMILIA, *her sister.*
Three Queens.
Gaoler's Daughter, in love with Palamon.
Servant to Emilia.

A Taborer, Countrymen, Soldiers, Nurses,
&c.

SCENE.—ATHENS; and in part of the
First Act, THEBES.





ACT I.

SCENE I.

Enter HYMEN, with a torch burning; a Boy, in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after HYMEN, a Nymph, encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then THESEUS, between two other Nymphs, with wheaten chaplets on their heads; then HIPPOLYTA, the bride, led by PERITHOUS, and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her, EMILIA, holding up her train.^a

SONG.

Roses, their sharp spines being gone,
Not royal in their smells alone,
But in their hue;
Maiden-pinks of odour faint,
Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,
And sweet thyme true.

^a This is the original stage-direction; with the exception that Hippolyta, by a manifest error in the old copies, is led by Theseus.

Primrose, first-born child of Ver,
Merry spring-time's harbinger,
With her bells dim;
Oxlips in their cradles growing,
Marigolds on death-beds blowing,
Larks'-heels trim.

All, dear Nature's children sweet,
Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,
Blessing their sense! [*Strew flowers.*]
Not an angel of the air,^a
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be^b absent hence.

The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor
The boding raven, nor chough hoar,^c
Nor chatt'ring pie,
May on our bridehouse perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly!

^a *Angel* is used for bird. Dekker calls the Roman eagle "the Roman angel."—*Gifford's Massinger*, vol. i. p. 36.

^b *Be*. The early copies, *is*.

^c *Clough* he is the reading of the old editions.

Enter three Queens, in black, with veils stained, with imperial crowns. The first Queen falls down at the foot of THESEUS; the second falls down at the foot of HIPPOLYTA; the third before EMILIA.

1 *Queen.* For pity's sake, and true gentility's, Hear, and respect me!

2 *Queen.* For your mother's sake, And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,

Hear, and respect me!

3 *Queen.* Now for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd

The honour of your bed, and for the sake Of clear virginity, be advocate For us, and our distresses! This good deed Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses All you are set down there.

The. Sad lady, rise!

Hip. Stand up!

Emi. No knees to me!

What woman I may stead that is distress'd, Does bind me to her.

The. What's your request? Deliver you for all.

1 *Queen.* We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before

The wrath of cruel Creon; who endure The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites, And pecks of crows, in the foul fields of Thebes. He will not suffer us to burn their bones, To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence Of mortal loathsomeness from the bless'd eye Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds With stench of our slain lords. Oh, pity, duke! Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword, That does good turns to the world; give us the bones

Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them; And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note That for our crowned heads we have no roof Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's, And vault to everything!

The. Pray you kneel not:

I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd Your knees to wrong themselves. I have heard the fortunes

Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting

As wakes my vengeance and revenge for them.

King Capaneus was your lord: the day That he should marry you, at such a season As now it is with me, I met your groom By Mars's altar; you were that time fair,

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Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses, Nor in more bounty spread her; your wheaten wreath

Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you

Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman

(Then weaker than your eyes) laid by his club, He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide, And swore his sinews thaw'd: oh, grief and time,

Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 *Queen.* Oh, I hope some god, Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood, Whereto he'll infuse power, and press you forth Our undertaker!

The. Oh, no knees, none, widow! Unto the helmeted Bellona use them, And pray for me, your soldier.—Troubled I am.

[Turns away.]

2 *Queen.* Honour'd Hippolyta, Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong

As it is white, wast near to make the male To thy sex captive; but that this thy lord (Born to uphold creation in that honour First nature styl'd it in) shrunk thee into The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing

Thy force and thy affection; soldieress, That equally canst poise sternness with pity, Who now, I know, hast much more power on him

Than ever he had on thee; who ow'st his strength,

And his love too, who is a servant for The tenor of thy speech; dear glass of ladies, Bid him that we, whom flaming war doth scorch, Under the shadow of his sword may cool us! Require him he advance it o'er our heads; Speak 't in a woman's key, like such a woman As any of us three; weep ere you fail; Lend us a knee;

But touch the ground for us no longer time Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!

Tell him, if he in the blood-siz'd field lay swoll'n,

Showing the sun his teeth, grinning at the moon, What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, say no more! I had as lief trace this good action with you As that whereto I'm going, and never yet Went I so willing way. My lord is taken

Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 *Queen.* Oh, my petition was
[*Kneels to EMILIA.*

Set down in ice, which by hot grief uncandied
Melts into drops; so sorrow wanting form
Is press'd with deeper matter.

Emi. Pray stand up;
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 *Queen.* Oh, woe!
You cannot read it there; there through my
tears,

Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold them! Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the earth,
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
'To catch one at my heart. Oh, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you!
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in 't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you
were

The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy
you,

To instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;
(Such heart-pierc'd demonstration!) but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity
Though it were made of stone: pray have good
comfort!

Thes. Forward to the temple! leave not out
a jot

Of the sacred ceremony.

1 *Queen.* Oh, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your supplicants' war! Remember that your
fame

Knolls in the ear o' the world: what you do
quickly

Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditations; your preme-
ditating

More than their actions; but (oh, Jove!) your
actions,

Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch: think, dear duke,
think

What beds our slain kings have!

2 *Queen.* What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 *Queen.* None fit for the dead!

Those that with cords', knives', drams' precipi-
tance,^a

Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 *Queen.* But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating sun,
And were good kings when living.

Thes. It is true: and I will give you comfort,
To give your dead lords graves:
The which to do must make some work with
Creon.

1 *Queen.* And that work now presents itself
to the doing:

Now 't will take form; the heats are gone to-
morrow;

Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat; now he is secure,
Not dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.

2 *Queen.* Now you may take him,
Drunk with his victory.

3 *Queen.* And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The prim'st for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we despatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock!

1 *Queen.* Dowagers, take hands!
Let us be widows to our woes! Delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All. Farewell!

2 *Queen.* We come unseasonably; but when
could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war;^b it more imports me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 *Queen.* The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, oh, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall^c

^a This is usually printed—

"Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance."

We give "cords," &c., as genitive cases to "precipitance."

^b War. The early copies, was.

^c Fall—an active verb.

Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being
able

To make Mars spurn his drum? Oh, if thou
couch

But one night with her, every hour in 't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to.

Hip. Though much unlike
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think
Did I not, by the abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their sur-
feit

That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,
Prorogue this business we are going about, and
hang

Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service!

All Queens. Oh, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee. [*To EMILIA.*]

Emi. If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature, which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you anything, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray stand up!
I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me. Perithous,
Lead on the bride. Get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not anything
In the pretended celebration. Queens,
Follow your soldier, as before; hence you,
And at the banks of Aulis meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger look'd.—Since that our theme is
haste,

I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip;
Sweet, keep it as my token. Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.

[*Exit* ARTESIUS.]

Farewell, my beauteous sister! Perithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on 't!

Per. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall want till your return.

Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement. Once more, farewell all!

1 *Queen.* Thus dost thou still make good the
tongue o' the world.

2 *Queen.* And earn'st a deity equal with Mars.

3 *Queen.* If not above him; for,
Thou, being but mortal, mak'st affections bend
To godlike honours; they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.

Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!

[*Flourish.*]

Now turn we towards your comforts. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city,
Thebes, and the temptings in 't, before we further
Sully our gloss of youth:

And here to keep in abstinence we shame
As in incontinence: for not to swim
In the aid of the current, were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 't would bring us to an
eddy

Where we should turn or drown; if labour
through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example: what strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! Scars, and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends, honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now
flurtd
By peace, for whom he fought! Who then shall
offer

To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and retain anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:

Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?

Pal. Yes; I pity
Decays where'er I find them; but such most,
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.

Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
(Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
it is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good 's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump^a
As they are, here were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.

Pal. It is in our power
(Unless we fear that apes can tutor 's) to
Be masters of our manners: what need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith? or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceiv'd; sav'd too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? Or let me know,
Why mine own barber is unblest'd, with him
My poor chin too, for 't is not scissard just
To such a favourite's glass? What canon is
there

That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle 't in my hand, or to go tiptoe
Before the street be foul? Either I am
The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace! These poor
slight sores

Need not a plantain; that which rips my bosom
Almost to the heart's —

Arc. Our uncle Creon.

Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose success
Makes Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power there 's nothing: almost puts^b
Faith in a fever, and deifies alone
Volatile chance—who only attributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act; commands men's
service,

^a Jump—just—exactly.

^b This passage is ordinarily printed—

“A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Make Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assur'd,
Beyond its power; there's nothing almost puts,” &c.

Seward suggested the punctuation which we have adopted
in the third line; but by leaving the plural nominative
successes, he left the remainder of the sentence unintelligible
—at least to modern readers, who require strict grammatical
construction.

And what they win in 't, boot and glory too:
That fears not to do harm; good dares not: let
The blood of mine that 's sib^a to him be suck'd
From me with leeches: let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!

Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his court, that we may nothing
share

Of this loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must
Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.

Pal. Nothing truer
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heav'nly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods.—Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The king calls for you; yet be leaden-
footed,

'Till his great rage be off him. Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.

Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what 's the matter?

Val. Theseus (who where he threats appals)
hath sent

Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.

Arc. Let him approach:
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth (the case is each of ours),
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assur'd
'T is bad he goes about?

Pal. Leave that unreason'd!
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon.
Yet, to be neutral to him, were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.

Arc. So we must.
Is 't said this war 's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?

Val. 'T is in motion;
The intelligence of state came in the instant
With the defier.

Pal. Let 's to the king; who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture

Should be as for our health; which were not spent,

Rather laid out for purchase: but, alas,
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?

Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter PERITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and EMILIA.

Per. No further!

Hip. Sir, farewell: Repeat my wishes
To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
To dure^a ill-dealing fortune. Speed to him!
Store never hurts good governors.

Per. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. My precious
maid,

Those best affections that the Heav'ns infuse
In their best-temper'd pieces, keep enthron'd
In your dear heart!

Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed
The great Bellona I'll solicit: and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advis'd she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

Hip. In 's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women
That have sod their infants in (and after eat
them)

The brine they wept at killing 'em; then if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Per. Peace be to you,
As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring. [*Exit.*]

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! Since his depart, his sports,
Though craving seriousness and skill, past
slightly

His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one^b business in his hand, another

^a *Dure*. So the original, for *endure*. Some read *cure*; others, *dare*.

^b *One* is suggested by M. Mason. The original has *ore*.

Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so diff'ring twins. Have you observ'd
him

Since our great lord departed?

Hip. With much labour,
And I did love him for 't. They two have
cabin'd

In many as dangerous, as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents, whose roaring tyranny and power
I th' least of these was dreadful: and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was
lodg'd,

Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of
love

Tied, weav'd, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,
May be outworn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.

Emi. Doubtless
There is a best, and Reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted

Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow;
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' th'
moon

(Which then look'd pale at parting) when our
count

Was each eleven.

Hip. 'Twas Flavina.

Emi. Yes.

You talk of Perithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely
season'd,

More buckled with strong judgment, and their
needs

The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I
And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things inno-
cent,

Lov'd for we did, and like the elements
That know not what, nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance; our souls
Did so to one another: what she lik'd,
Was then of me approv'd; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment; the flower that I would
pluck

And put between my breasts (oh, then but be-
ginning

To swell about the blossom), she would long
'Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix-like
They died in perfume: on my head no toy

But was her pattern; her affections^a (pretty,
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking; had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd
one

From musical coinage, why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn (rather dwell
on),

And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal,
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard, has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may
be

More than in sex dividual.

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I am sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point
(Though in 't I know thou dost believe thyself)
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loaths even as it longs. But sure, my
sister,

If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance,
That we, more than his Perithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.

Emi. I am not against your faith; yet I con-
tinue mine. [Exit.

SCENE IV.

A Battle struck within; then a Retreat; Flourish.
Then enter THESEUS, victor; the three Queens
meet him, and fall on their faces before him.

1 *Queen.* To thee no star be dark!

2 *Queen.* Both Heav'n and earth
Friend thee for ever!

3 *Queen.* All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry 'amen' to 't!

Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the
mounted heav'ns

View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them
With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply 't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even^b each thing

^a *Affections*—what she affected—liked.

^b *Even*—make even.

Our haste does leave imperfect: so adieu,
And Heav'n's good eyes look on you!—What
are those? [Exit Queens.

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be
judg'd

By their appointment; some of Thebes have
told us

They are sisters' children, nephews to the king.

Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the
war,

Like to a pair of lions, smear'd with prey,
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was 't that prisoner
told me,^a

When I inquir'd their names?

Herald. With leave, they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.

Thes. 'T is right; those, those.

They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been
taken

When their last hurts were given, 't was pos-
sible

They might have been recover'd; yet they
breathe,

And have the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use 'em.
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern
us

Much more than Thebes is worth. Rather than
have them

Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,
Sound and at liberty, I would them dead;

But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have
them

Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air (to them unkind), and
minister

What man to man may do; for our sake more:
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in a mistress' task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
'T hath set a mark which Nature could not
reach to

Without some imposition, sickness in will
Or wrestling strength in reason. For our love
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender!^b—Lead into the city:

^a This is Mr. Dyce's judicious reading.

^b Since we printed this play entire in our first edition of the Pictorial Shakspeare, Mr. Dyce, in his edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, has brought a higher critical skill

Where having bound things scatter'd, we will
post
To Athens 'fore our army. [Exeunt.

SCENE V.

*Enter the Queens with the Hearses of their
Husbands, in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

Urns and odours bring away,
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying!
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours, through the wild air flying:

towards clearing up some difficulties of the text, than was shown by the previous editors, Seward and Weber. In the eight lines, beginning "Since I have known," and ending at "tender," we have adopted Mr. Dyce's text.

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick ey'd Pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes.
We convent, &c.

3 *Queen.* This funeral path brings to your
household's grave:^a

Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 *Queen.* And this to yours!

1 *Queen.* Yours this way! Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end!

3 *Queen.* This world 's a city, full of straying
streets;
And death 's the market-place, where each one
meets. [Exeunt severally.

^a *Household's grave.* So the quarto. The ordinary reading is *household graves.* Each king had one grave.





ACT II.

SCENE I.

Enter GAOLER and WOOR.

Gaoler. I may depart with a little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number o' minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be! Marry, what I have (be't what it will) I will assure upon my daughter at the day o' my death.

Woor. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I'll estate your daughter, in what I have promised.

Gaoler. Well, we'll talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full

* *Depart with—part with.*

promise of her? When that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Woor. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter DAUGHTER.

Gaoler. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here, on the old business: but no more o' that now. So soon as the court-hurry is o'er, we'll have an end of 't, in the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they're princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. It is pity they are in prison, and 't were pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed: the prison itself is proud of them: and they have all the world in their chamber. *

Gaoler. They're famed to be a pair of absolute men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grice^a above the reach of report.

Gaoler. I heard them reported, in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they'd have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Gaoler. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me, they've no more sense of their captivity, than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet, sometime, a divided sigh, martyred as 't were in the deliverance, will break from one of them; when th' other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooc. I ne'er saw them.

Gaoler. The duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they. What the reason of it is, I know not.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE above.

Look, yonder they are! that is Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite's the lower of the twain: you may perceive a part of him.

Gaoler. Go to, leave your pointing! They'd not make us their object: out of their sight!

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them!
Lord, the difference of men! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter PALAMON and ARCITE, in Prison.^b

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?

Arc. How do you, sir?

Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery, And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners

I fear for ever, cousin.

Arc. I believe it; And to that destiny have patiently

Laid up my hour to come.

Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,

Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?

Where are our friends, and kindreds? Never more

Must we behold those comforts; never see The hardy youths strive for the games of honour, Hung with the painted favours of their ladies, Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,

And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite, Even in the wagging of a wanton leg, Out-stripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,

Ere they have time to wish 'em ours. Oh, never Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour, Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses, Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now, (Better the red-ey'd god of war ne'er ware) Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust, And deck the temples of those gods that hate us; These hands shall never draw them out like lightning,

To blast whole armies more!

Arc. No, Palamon, Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,

And here the graces of our youths must wither, Like a too-timely spring; here age must find us, And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried; The sweet embraces of a loving wife,

Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids, Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us; No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see, To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them

Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say, Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!

The fair-ey'd maids shall weep our banishments,

And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune, Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done

To youth and nature: this is all our world; We shall know nothing here but one another; Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes; The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it; Summer shall come, and with her all delights, But dead, cold winter must inhabit here still!

Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,

That shook the aged forest with their echoes, No more now must we halloo; no more shake Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,

^a The folio of 1679 has *grief*; the quarto has *greise*. *Grice* is a step.

^b The position of Palamon and Arcite in the prison, with the power of observing what passes in the garden when Emilia enters, implies a double action which requires the employment of the secondary stage. See *Othello*, Act v.

Stuck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant
uses

(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish; we shall die,
(Which is the curse of honour!) lastly,
Children of grief and ignorance.

Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere^a blessings,
If the gods please to hold here,—a brave
patience,

And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!

Pal. Certainly,
'T is a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twin'd together: 't is most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.

Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
That all men hate so much?

Pal. How, gentle cousin?

Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men.
We are young, and yet desire the ways of
honour;

That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? and here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, ac-
quaintance;

We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine; this place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us: here, with a little
patience,

We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek
us;

The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth; were we at liberty,
A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave^b our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,

^a *Mere*—absolute.

^b *Grave* is the word of the early copies. M. Mason proposes to read *chance*—that is, separate—the acquaintance of two friends. Mr. Dyce's reading of *Grave*,—the simple substitution of a *G* for a *C*—gives a clear and improved meaning, which we gladly adopt.

Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.

Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite) almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!

'T is like a beast, methinks. I find the court
here,

I'm sure a more content; and all those plea-
sures,

That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 't is but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with
him,

What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones! Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
Shall I say more?

Arc. I would hear you still.

Pal. You shall.
Is there record of any two that lov'd
Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;

Enter EMILIA and her Servant.

And after death our spirits shall be led
To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir!

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in 't.
What flower is this?

Serv. 'T is call'd Narcissus, madam.
Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
To love himself: were there not maids enough?

Arc. Pray, forward.

Pal. Yes.

Emi. Or were they all hard-hearted?

Serv. They could not be to one so fair.

Emi. Thou wouldst not?

Serv. I think I should not, madam.

Emi. That's a good wench!
But take heed to your kindness though!

Serv. Why, madam?

Emi. Men are mad things.

Arc. Will you go forward, cousin?

Emi. Canst not thou work such flowers in
silk, wench?

Serv. Yes.

Emi. I'll have a gown full of them; and of these;
This is a pretty colour: will 't not do
Rarely upon a skirt, wench?

Serv. Dainty, madam.

Arc. Cousin! Cousin! How do you, sir?
Why, Palamon!

Pal. Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.

Arc. Why, what's the matter, man?

Pal. Behold, and wonder!
By Heav'n, she is a goddess!

Arc. Ha!

Pal. Do reverence.
She is a goddess, Arcite!

Emi. Of all flowers,
Methinks a rose is best.

Serv. Why, gentle madam?

Emi. It is the very emblem of a maid:
For when the west wind courts her gently,
How modestly she blows, and paints the sun
With her chaste blushes! when the north comes
near her,

Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
She locks her beauties in her bud again,
And leaves him to base briers.

Serv. Yet, good madam,
Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
She falls for it: a maid,
If she have any honour, would be loth
To take example by her.

Emi. Thou art wanton.

Arc. She's wondrous fair!

Pal. She's all the beauty extant!

Emi. The sun grows high; let's walk in.
Keep these flowers;

We'll see how near art can come near their
colours,

I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh
now.

Serv. I could lie down, I'm sure.

Emi. And take one with you?

Serv. That's as we bargain, madam.

Emi. Well, agree then. [*Exit with Serv.*]

Pal. What think you of this beauty?

Arc. 'T is a rare one.

Pal. Is 't but a rare one?

Arc. Yes, a matchless beauty.

Pal. Might not a man well lose himself, and
love her?

Arc. I cannot tell what you have done; I
have,
Beshrew mine eyes for 't! Now I feel my
shackles.

Pal. You love her then?

Arc. Who would not?

Pal. And desire her

Arc. Before my liberty.

Pal. I saw her first.

Arc. That's nothing.

Pal. But it shall be.

Arc. I saw her too.

Pal. Yes; but you must not love her.

Arc. I will not, as you do; to worship her,
As she is heavenly, and a blessed goddess:
I love her as a woman, to enjoy her;
So both may love.

Pal. You shall not love at all.

Arc. Not love at all! who shall deny me?

Pal. I that first saw her; I that took possessio
First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovest her,
Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
If thou once think upon her!

Arc. Yes, I love her;

And if the lives of all my name lay on it,
I must do so; I love her with my soul.

If that will lose you, farewell, Palamon!

I say again, I love; and, in loving her, maintain

I am as worthy, and as free a lover,

And have as just a title to her beauty,

As any Palamon, or any living,

That is a man's son.

Pal. Have I call'd thee friend?

Arc. Yes, and have found me so. Why are
you mov'd thus?

Let me deal coldly with you; am not I
Part of your blood, part of your soul? you have
told me

That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

Pal. Yes.

Arc. Am not I liable to those affections,
Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall
suffer?

Pal. You may be.

Arc. Why then would you deal so cunningly,
So strangely, so unlike a Noble Kinsman,
To love alone? Speak truly; do you think me
Unworthy of her sight?

Pal. No; but unjust

If thou pursue that sight.

Arc. Because another

First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
And let mine honour down, and never charge?

Pal. Yes, if he be but one.

Arc. But say that one

Had rather combat me?

Pal. Let that one say so,

And use thy freedom! else, if thou pursuest her,
Be as that cursed man that hates his country,
A branded villain!

Arc. You are mad.

Pal. I must be,
Till thou art worthy: Arcite, it concerns me;
And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
And take thy life, I deal but truly.

Arc. Fie, sir!
You play the child extremely: I will love her,
I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
And all this justly.

Pal. O, that now, that now,
Thy false self, and thy friend, had but this for-
tune,
To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
Our good swords in our hands, I'd quickly teach
thee

What 't were to fleh affec'ion from another!
Thou 'rt baser in it than a cutpurse.
Put but thy head out of this window more,
And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to 't!

Arc. Thou dar'st not, fool; thou canst not;
thou art feeble.
Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
And leap the garden, when I see her next,

Enter Gaoler.

And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.

Pal. No more; the keeper's coming: I shall
live

To knock thy brains out with my shackles.

Arc. Do.

Gaoler. By your leave, gentlemen.

Pal. Now, honest keeper?

Gaoler. Lord Arcite, you must presently to
the duke:

The cause I know not yet.

Arc. I am ready, keeper.

Gaoler. Prince Palamon, I must awhile be-
reave you
Of your fair cousin's company.

[*Exit with ARCITE.*

Pal. And me too,
Even when you please, of life.—Why is he sent
for?

It may be, he shall marry her: he's goodly;
And like enough the duke hath taken notice
Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
Why should a friend be treacherous? If that
Get him a wife so noble, and so fair,
Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more
I would but see this fair one. Blessed garden.
And fruit, and flowers more blessed, that still
blossom

As her bright eyes shine on ye! 'Would I were,
For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
In at her window! I would bring her fruit
Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure
Still as she tasted should be doubled on her;
And, if she be not heav'nly, I would make her
So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
And then I'm sure she'd love me.

Enter Gaoler.

How now, keeper!

Where's Arcite?

Gaoler. Banished. Prince Perithous
Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
Upon this kingdom.

Pal. He's a blessed man!
He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
The bold young men, that, when he bids them
charge,

Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,*
If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
And if he lose her then, he's a cold coward:
How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
Were I at liberty, I would do things
Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
And seek to ravish me.

Gaoler. My lord, for you
I have this charge too.

Pal. To discharge my life?

Gaoler. No; but from this place to remove
your lordship;

The windows are too open.

Pal. Devils take them,
That are so envious to me! Prithee kill me!

Gaoler. And hang for't afterward?

Pal. By this good light,
Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.

Gaoler. Why, my lord?

Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting scurvy news
continually,

Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.

Gaoler. Indeed you must, my lord.

Pal. May I see the garden?

Gaoler. No.

Pal. Then I'm resolv'd I will not go.

Gaoler. I must
Constrain you then; and, for you're dangerous,
I'll clap more irons on you.

* Fortune—a chance.

Pal. Do, good keeper.
I'll shake 'em so, you shall not sleep;
I'll make you a new morris. Must I go?
Gaoler. There is no remedy.
Pal. Farewell, kind window!
May rude wind never hurt thee! Oh, my lady,
If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
Dream how I suffer! Come, now bury me.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. Banish'd the kingdom? 'T is a benefit,
A mercy, I must thank them for; but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 't was a studied punishment, a death
Beyond imagination! Such a vengeance,
That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
Could never pluck upon me. Palamon,
Thou hast the start now; thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy
window,
And let in life into thee; thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty,
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
Twenty to one he'll come to speak to her;
And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton.
Come what can come,
The worst is death; I will not leave the king-
dom:
I know my own is but a heap of ruins,
And no redress there: if I go, he has her.
I am resolv'd: another shape shall make me,
Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Enter four Country People; one with a Garland before them.

1 *Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
2 *Coun.* And I'll be there.
3 *Coun.* And I.
4 *Coun.* Why then, have with ye, boys! 't is but a chiding;
Let the plough play to-day! I'll tickle 't out
Of the jades' tails to-morrow.

1 *Coun.* I am sure
To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
But that's all one; I'll go through, let her
mumble.

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3 *Coun.* Do we all hold against the maying?
4 *Coun.* Hold! what should ail us?
3 *Coun.* Arcas will be there.
2 *Coun.* And Sennois,
And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danc'd
Under green tree; and ye know what wenches.
Ha!
But will the dainty *domine*, the schoolmaster,
Keep touch, do you think? for he does all, ye
know.

3 *Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail:
Go to!
The matter is too far driven between
Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
And she must see the duke, and she must dance
too.

4 *Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
2 *Coun.* All the boys in Athens
Blow wind i' th' brcech on us; and here I'll be,
And there I'll be, for our town; and here again,
And there again. Ha, boys, heigh for the
weavers!

1 *Coun.* This must be done i' th' woods.
4 *Coun.* Oh, pardon me!
2 *Coun.* By any means; our thing of learn-
ing says so;
Where he himself will edify the duke
Most pariously in our behalfs: he's excellent
i' th' woods;
Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no
cry.

3 *Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every
man to 's tackle!
And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any
means,
Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,
And God knows what may come on 't!

4 *Coun.* Content: the sports
Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and
hold!

Arc. By your leaves, honest friends! Pray
you, whither go you?

4 *Coun.* Whither! why, what a question's
that!

Arc. Yes, 't is a question to me that know
not.

3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.

2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it
not?

* When we open Beaumont and Fletcher's works we encounter grossnesses entirely of a different nature from those which occur in Shakspeare. They are the result of impure thoughts, not the accidental reflection of loose manners. They are meant to be corrupting. We have four lines after *mumble* conceived in this spirit; and we omit them without hesitation. No one has thought that these comic scenes were written by Shakspeare.

Arc. Not far, sir.
 Are there such games to-day?
 1 *Coun.* Yes, marry are there;
 And such as you ne'er saw: the duke himself
 Will be in person there.

Arc. What pastimes are they?
 2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running. 'T is a
 pretty fellow.

3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?

Arc. Not yet, sir.

4 *Coun.* Well, sir,

Take your own time. Come, boys!

1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
 This fellow has a vengeance-trick o' th' hip;
 Mark, how his body's made for 't!

2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though
 If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
 He wrestle? He roast eggs. Come, let's be
 gone, lads! [*Exeunt* Countrymen.]

Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
 I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
 The best men call'd it excellent; and run
 Swifter than wind upon a field of corn
 (Curling the wealthy ears) e'er flew!^a I'll venture,

And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
 Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
 And happiness prefer me to a place
 Where I may ever dwell in sight of her? [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daugh. Why should I love this gentleman?
 'T is odds

He never will affect me: I am base,
 My father the mean keeper of his prison,
 And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
 To be his whore is witless. Out upon 't!
 What pushes are we wenches driven to,
 When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw
 him;

I, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
 He has as much to please a woman in him,
 (If he please to bestow it so) as ever
 These eyes yet look'd on: next, I pitied him;
 And so would any young wench, o' my con-
 science,

That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhead
 To a young handsome man: then, I lov'd him,

^a The ordinary reading was,

"And run,
 Swifter the wind upon a field of corn
 (Curling the wealthy ears) ne'er flew."

The original has *than*, which has been altered to *the*. By changing *ne'er* to *e'er* we obtain a better construction.

Extremely lov'd him, infinitely lov'd him!
 And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
 But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
 Lord, what a coil he keeps! To hear him
 Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
 And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoker
 Was never gentleman: when I come in
 To bring him water in a morning, first
 He bows his noble body, then salutes me thus:
 'Fair gentle maid, good morrow; may thy
 goodness

Get thee a happy husband!' Once he kiss'd me;
 I lov'd my lips the better ten days after:
 'Wuld he would do so ev'ry day! He grieves
 much,

And me as much to see his misery:
 What should I do to make him know I love
 him?

For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventur'd
 To set him free? what says the law then?
 Thus much for law or kindred! I will do it,
 And this night, or to-morrow, he shall love
 me. [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—*A short flourish of cornets, and shouts within.*

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PERITHOUS, EMILIA,
 and ARCITE with a Garland, &c.

Thes. You have done worthily; I have not
 seen,

Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews:
 Whate'er you are, you run the best and wrestle,
 That these times can allow.

Arc. I am proud to please you.

Thes. What country bred you?

Arc. This; but far off, prince.

Thes. Are you a gentleman?

Arc. My father said so;
 And to those gentle uses gave me life.

Thes. Are you his heir?

Arc. His youngest, sir.

Thes. Your father
 Sure is a happy sire then. What proves you?

Arc. A little of all noble qualities:
 I could have kept a hawk, and well have hol-
 loa'd

To a deep cry of dogs; I dare not praise
 My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew
 me

Would say it was my best piece; last, and
 greatest,

I would be thought a soldier.

Thes. You are perfect.

Per. Upon my soul, a proper man!

Emi. He is so.
Per. How do you like him, lady?
Hip. I admire him :
 I have not seen so young a man so noble
 (If he say true) of his sort.
Emi. Believe,
 His mother was a wondrous handsome woman :
 His face, methinks, goes that way.
Hip. But his body
 And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
Per. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
 Breaks through his baser garments.
Hip. He 's well got, sure.
The. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
 To purchase name, and do my ablest service
 To such a well-found wonder as thy worth ;
 For only in thy court, of all the world,
 Dwells fair-cy'd Honour.
Per. All his words are worthy.
The. Sir, we are much indebted to your
 travel,
 Nor shall you lose your wish. Perithous,
 Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Per. Thanks, Theseus !—
 Whate'er you are, you 're mine ; and I shall give
 you
 To a most noble service, to this lady,
 This bright young virgin : pray observe her
 goodness.
 You've honour'd her fair birthday with your
 virtues,
 And, as your due, you 're hers ; kiss her fair
 hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you 're a noble giver.—Dearest
 beauty,
 Thus let me seal my vow'd faith : when your
 servant
 (Your most unworthy creature) but offends you,
 Command him die, he shall.
Emi. That were too cruel.
 If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see 't :
 You 're mine ; and somewhat better than your
 rank I'll use you.
Per. I 'll see you furnish'd : and because
 you say
 You are a horseman, I must needs entreat
 you
 This afternoon to ride ; but 't is a rough one.
Arc. I like him better, prince ; I shall not
 then
 Freeze in my saddle.
The. Sweet, you must be ready ;
 And you, Emilia ; and you, friend ; and all ;
 To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance

To flow'ry May, in Dian's wood. Wait well,
 sir,
 Upon your mistress. Emily, I hope
 He shall not go afoot.
Emi. That were a shame, sir,
 While I have horses. Take your choice ; and
 what
 You want at any time, let me but know it :
 If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
 You 'll find a loving mistress.
Arc. If I do not,
 Let me find that my father ever hated,
 Disgrace and blows.
The. Go, lead the way ; you 've won it ;
 It shall be so : you shall receive all dues
 Fit for the honour you have won ; 't were wrong
 else.
 Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
 That, if I were a woman, would be master ;
 But you are wise. [*Flourish.*]
Emi. I hope too wise for that, sir. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daugh. Let all the dukes and all the devils
 roar,
 He is at liberty. I 've ventur'd for him ;
 And out I've brought him to a little wood¹
 A mile hence. I have sent him, where a cedar,
 Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane
 Fast by a brook ; and there he shall keep close,
 Till I provide him files and food ; for yet
 His iron bracelets are not off. Oh, Love,
 What a stout-hearted child thou art ! My father
 Durst better have endur'd cold iron than done it.
 I love him beyond love, and beyond reason,
 Or wit, or safety. I have made him know it ;
 I care not ; I am desperate. If the law
 Find me, and then condemn me for 't, some
 wenches,
 Some honest-hearted maids, will sing my dirge,
 And tell to memory my death was noble,
 Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
 I purpose, is my way too : sure he cannot
 Be so unmanly as to leave me here.
 If he do, maids will not so easily
 Trust men again : and yet he has not thank'd me
 For what I have done ; no, not so much as kiss'd
 me ;
 And that, methinks, is not so well ; nor scarcely
 Could I persuade him to become a freeman.
 He made such scruples of the wrong he did
 To me and to my father. Yet I hope,
 When he considers more, this love of mine

Will take more root within him : let him do
 What he will with me, so he use me kindly.
 For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
 And to his face, no man. I'll presently
 Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
 And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
 So he be with me, by him, like a shadow,

I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the hubbub
 Will be all o'er the prison : I am then
 Kissing the man they look for. Farewell,
 father!
 Get many more such prisoners, and such
 daughters,
 And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to
 him! *[Exit.]*





ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cornets in sundry places. Noise and hallooing, as of People a-maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. The duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several land. This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay
it

To the heart of ceremony. Oh, queen Emilia,
Fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks o' the mead or garden!
yea,

We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, oh,
jewel

Of the wood, of the world, hast likewise bless'd
a place

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With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between
And chop on some cold thought!—Thrice blessed
chance,

To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless of 't! Tell me, oh, lady Fortune,
(Next after Emily my sovereign,) how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous
morn

(The prim'st of all the year) presents me with
A brace of horses; two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried. Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes.

And therein wretched, although free: but if
Thou knew'st my mistress breath'd on me, and
that

I ear'd her language, liv'd in her eye, oh, coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

*Enter PALAMON, as out of a Bush, with his
Shackles; bends his fist at ARCITE.*

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these
signs

Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! Oh, thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token! falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her
thine?

I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment,* that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Nor worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away—

Arc. Dear cousin Palamon—

Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat!

Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast, any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to
This gentleness of answer: 't is your passion
That thus mistakes; the which to you being
enemy,

Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish, and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me, and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray be pleas'd
To show in generous terms your griefs, since
that

Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well
advertis'd
How much I dare: you've seen me use my
sword

Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your
silence

Should break out, though i' the sanctuary.

Pal. Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well

Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's
not fair,

If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose, when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would
fly

Were they not tied.

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear, which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me:
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword
(Though it be rusty), and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say
That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry't; and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from earth, they shall get none but
this,

That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house.
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but,
'Arcite,

I am in plight!' there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. Oh, you heav'ns, dare any
So noble bear a guilty business? None
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon—

Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't.

[*Wind horns of cornets.*

Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your musit,* lest this match between us
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; fare-
well:

I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you,
Take comfort, and be strong

Pal. Pray hold your promise,
And do the deed with a bent brow; most
certain

* The original has, "enter your music." Seward reads
"muse quick," explaining *muse* to be "the muse of a hare."
Weber adopts *muse*, but omits *quick*. We substitute *musit*,
which has the same meaning. See note on Venus and Adonis.

You love me not : be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language : by this air,
I could for each word give a cuff ; my stomach
Not reconcil'd by reason.

Arc. Plainly spoken.

Yet pardon me hard language : when I spur
My horse, I chide him not ; content and anger

[*Wind horns.*]

In me have but one face. Hark, sir ! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet : you must guess
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven ; and I know your office
Unjustly is achiev'd.

Arc. I've a good title,
I am persuaded : this question, sick between us,
By bleeding must be cur'd. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word :
You are going now to gaze upon my mistress ;
For, note you, mine she is—

Arc. Nay, then—
Pal. Nay, pray you !—

You talk of feeding me to breed me strength :
You are going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on ; there you
have

A vantage o'er me ; but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake* I meant ; is
gone

After his fancy. 'T is now well-nigh morning ;
No matter ! 'would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world !—Hark ! 't is a
wolf :

In me hath grief slain fear, and, but for one
thing,

I care for nothing, and that 's Palamon :
I reckon not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I halloo'd for him ?
I cannot halloo : if I whoop'd, what then ?

If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night ; why may 't
not be.

They have made prey of him ? He has no
weapons ;

* The original has *brake*. M. Mason suggested *brake*.

He cannot run ; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in
them

A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces ; they howl'd many toge-
ther,

And then they fed on him : so much for that !
Be bold to ring the bell ; how stand I then ?
All's char'd* when he is gone. No, no, I lie ;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape ;
Myself to beg, if I priz'd life so much
As to deny my act ; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens.—I am mop'd :
Food took I none these two days ;
Sipp'd some water ; I have not clos'd mine eyes,
Save when my lids scower'd off their brine.

Alas,

Dissolve, my life ! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself !
Oh, state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd !—So, which
way now ?

The best way is the next way to a grave :
Each errant step beside is torment. Lo,
The moon is down, the crickets chirp, the
screech-owl

Calls in the dawn ! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in : but the point is this,
An end, and that is all. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Enter ARCITE, with Meat, Wine, and Files.

Arc. I should be near the place. Ho, cousin
Palamon !

Enter PALAMON.

Pal. Arcite ?

Arc. The same : I've brought you food and
files.

Come forth, and fear not ; here 's no Theseus.

Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.

Arc. That 's no matter ;
We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take cou-
rage ;

You shall not die thus beastly ; here, sir, drink !
I know you're faint ; then I'll talk further
with you.

Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.

Arc. I might ;

* *All's char'd*. Weber says that th's means "my task is done,"—*char* being used in the sense of a task. *Char* is a turn—a job of work. Mr. Dyce (note in 'Love's Cure,' Act III. Sc. II.), shows that early writers used *char'd* in the sense of *dispatch'd*.

But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good
now,

No more of these vain parleys! Let us not,
Having our ancient reputation with us,
Make talk for fools and cowards. To your
health!

Pal. Do.

Arc. Pray sit down then; and let me entreat
you,

By all the honesty and honour in you,
No mention of this woman! 't will disturb us;
We shall have time enough.

Pal. Well, sir, I 'll pledge you.

Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds
good blood, man.

Do not you feel it thaw you?

Pal. Stay; I 'll tell you after a draught or
two more.

Arc. Spare it not; the duke has more, coz.
Eat now!

Pal. Yes.

Arc. I am glad you have so good a stomach.

Pal. I am gladder I have so good meat to 't.

Arc. Is 't not mad lodging here in the wild
woods, cousin?

Pal. Yes, for them that have wild consciences.

Arc. How tastes your victuals? Your hunger
needs no sauce, I see.

Pal. Not much:

But if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.

What is this?

Arc. Venison.

Pal. 'T is a lusty meat.

Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches

We have known in our days! The lord-steward's
daughter;

Do you remember her?

Arc. After you, coz.

Pal. She lov'd a black-hair'd man.

Arc. She did so: well, sir?

Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite;
and—

Arc. Out with it, faith!

Pal. She met him in an arbour:

What did she there, coz? Play o' the virginals?

Arc. Something she did, sir.

Pal. Made her groan a month for 't;
Or two, or three, or ten.

Arc. The marshal's sister

Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,

Else there be tales abroad: you 'll pledge her?

Pal. Yes.

Arc. A pretty brown wench 't is! There was
a time

When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,

SUP. VOL. L

And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale.—
Heigh-ho!

Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
That sigh was breath'd for Emily: base cousin,
Dar'st thou break first?

Arc. You 're wide.

Pal. By Heav'n and earth, there 's nothing in
thee honest!

Arc. Then I 'll leave you: you are a beast
now.

Pal. As thou mak'st me, traitor.

Arc. There 's all things needful; files, and
shirts, and perfumes:

I 'll come again some two hours hence, and
bring

That that shall quiet all.

Pal. A sword and armour?

Arc. Fear me not. You are now too foul:
farewell!

Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.

Pal. Sirrah—

Arc. I 'll hear no more! [*Exit.*]

Pal. If he keep touch, he dies for 't! [*Exit.*]

SCENE IV.

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daugh. I 'm very cold; and all the stars are
out too,

The little stars, and all that look like aglets:

The sun has seen my folly. Palamon!

Alas, no; he 's in heav'n!—Where am I now?—

Yonder 's the sea, and there 's a ship; how 't
tumbles!

And there 's a rock lies watching under water;

Now, now, it beats upon it! now, now, now!

There 's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they
cry!

Spoom her before the wind,* you 'll lose all else!

Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys!

Good night, good night; you 're gone!—I 'm
very hungry:

'Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell
me

News from all parts o' the world; then would I
make

A carrack of a cockle-shell, and sail

By east and north-east to the king of pigmies,

For he tells fortunes rarely. Now my father,

Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice

To-morrow morning; I 'll say never a word.

* *Spoom.* The original has *upon*. There have been
several attempts to render this proper nautical language.
Weber reads, "spoom her before the wind," which Mr. Dyce
adopts.

SONG.

For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee:
 And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine eye.
 Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.
 He's buy me a white cut, forth for to ride,
 And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide.
 Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.

Oh, for a prick now, like a nightingale,
 To put my breast against! I shall sleep like a
 top else. [Exit.]

SCENE V.

Enter GERROLD, four Countrymen (and the Bavian*), two or three Wenches, with a Taborer.

Ger. Fie, fie!
 What tediousity and disensanaty
 Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
 Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
 And, by a figure, ev'n the very plum-broth
 And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
 And do ye still cry 'where,' and 'how,' and
 'wherefore?'
 Ye most coarse frieze capacities, ye jape^b judg-
 ments,
 Have I said 'thus let be,' and 'there let be,'
 And 'then let be,' and no man understand me?
Pro Deum, medius fidius; ye are all dunces!
 For why, here stand I; here the duke comes;
 there are you,
 Close in the thicket; the duke appears; I meet
 him,
 And unto him I utter learned things,
 And many figures; he hears, and nods, and
 hums,
 And then cries 'rare!' and I go forward; at
 length
 I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
 As once did Meleager and the boar,
 Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
 Cast yourselves in a body decently,
 And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys!
 1 Coun. And sweetly we will do it, master
 Gerrold.
 2 Coun. Draw up the company. Where's the
 taborer?
 3 Coun. Why, Timothy!
 Tab. Here, my mad boys; have at ye!
 Jer. But I say where's their women?
 4 Coun. Here's Friz and Maudlin.
 2 Coun. And little Luce with the white legs,
 and bouncing Barbary.

* Fletcher uses this term for a character in the morris-dance.
^b *Jape*. The original has *jave*. Seward reads *sleave*. As
 no one can explain *jave*,—and *sleave*, the sleeve of silk, is
 almost meaningless,—we substitute *jape*,—belonging to a
 buffoon, a *japer*. Mr. Dyce would read *jane*, the stuff called
jean.

1 Coun. And freckled Nell, that never fail'd
 her master.
 Ger. Where be your ribands, maids? Swim
 with your bodies,
 And carry it sweetly, and deliverly;
 And now and then a favour and a frisk.
 Nell. Let us alone, sir.
 Ger. Where's the rest o' th' music?
 3 Coun. Dispers'd as you commanded.
 Ger. Couple then,
 And see what's wanting. Where's the Ba-
 vian?
 My friend, carry your tail without offence
 Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
 You tumble with audacity and manhood;
 And when you bark, do it with judgment.
 Bav. Yes, sir.
 Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* Here's a woman
 wanting.
 4 Coun. We may go whistle; all the fat's
 i' th' fire!
 Ger. We have,
 As learned authors utter, wash'd a tile;
 We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.
 2 Coun. This is that scornful piece, that
 scurvy hilding,
 That gave her promise faithfully she would be
 here,
 Cicely, the sempster's daughter.
 The next gloves that I give her shall be dog's
 skin;
 Nay, an she fail me once—You can tell, Arcas,
 She swore by wine and bread, she would not
 break.
 Ger. An eel and woman,
 A learned poet says, unless by the tail
 And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
 In manners this was false position.
 1 Coun. A fire ill take her! does she flinch
 now?
 3 Coun. What
 Shall we determine, sir?
 Ger. Nothing;
 Our business is become a nullity.
 Yea, and a woful, and a piteous nullity.
 4 Coun. Now, when the credit of our town
 lay on it,
 Now to be frampal!
 Go thy ways: I'll remember thee, I'll fit
 thee!

Enter Gaoler's DAUGHTER.

Daugh. The George slow came from the south,
 From the coast of Barbary-a.
 And there he met with brave gallants of war,
 By one, by two, by three-a.

Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!
 And whither now are you bound-a?
 Oh, let me have your company
 Till I a come to the Sound-a!

There was three fools, fell out about an howlet:
 The one said 't was an owl,
 The other he said nay,
 The third he said it was a hawk,
 And her bells were cut away.

3 *Coun.* There is a dainty mad woman,
 master,
 Comes i' th' nick; as mad as a March hare!
 If we can get her dance, we 're made again:
 I warrant her, she 'll do the rarest gambols!
 1 *Coun.* A mad woman? We are made, boys!
Ger. And are you mad, good woman?
Daugh. I would be sorry else;
 Give me your hand.

Ger. Why?
Daugh. I can tell your fortune:
 You are a fool. Tell ten: I 've pos'd him.
 Buz!

Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
 Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we
 dance, ho?

I know you; you 're a tinker: sirrah tinker,
 Stop no more holes, but what you should.

Ger. Dii boni! A tinker, damsel?
Daugh. Or a conjurer:

Raise me a devil now, and let him play
Qui passa o' th' bells and bones!

Ger. Go, take her,
 And fluently persuade her to a peace.
*Atque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec
 ignis—*

Strike up, and lead her in.

2 *Coun.* Come, lass, let 's trip it.

Daugh. I 'll lead. [*Wind horns.*]

3 *Coun.* Do, do.

Ger. Persuasively, and cunningly; away,
 boys! [*Exeunt all but GERROLD.*]

I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
 And mark your cue. Pallas inspire me!

*Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA,
 ARCITE, and Train.*

Thes. This way the stag took.

Ger. Stay, and edify!

Thes. What have we here?

Per. Some country sport, upon my life, sir.

Thes. Well, sir, go forward: we will edify.

Ladies, sit down; we 'll stay it.

Ger. Thou doughty duke, all hail! all hail,
 sweet ladies!

Thes. This is a cold beginning.

Ger. If you but favour, our country pastime
 made is.

We are a few of those collected here,
 That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
 And to say verity, and not to fable,
 We are a merry rout, or else a rabble,
 Or company, or by a figure, chorus,
 That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
 And I that am the rectifier of all,
 By title, Pedagogus, that let fall
 The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
 And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
 Do here present this machine, or this frame:
 And, dainty duke, whose doughty dismal fame
 From Dis to Dedalus, from post to pillar,
 Is blown abroad: help me, thy poor well-willer,
 And with thy twinkling eyes, look right and
 straight

Upon this mighty *morri*—of mickle weight:
Is—now comes in, which being glew'd together
 Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came
 hither,

The body of our sport of no small study.
 I first appear, though rude, and raw, and muddy,
 To speak before thy noble grace, this tenor:
 At whose great feet I offer up my penner.*
 The next, the lord of May, and lady bright,
 The chambermaid, and servingman, by night
 That seek out silent hanging: then mine host,
 And his fat sponse, that welcome to their cost
 The galled traveller, and with a beck'ning
 Inform the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
 Then the beast-eating clown, and next the
 fool,

The Bavian, with long tail, and eke long tool;
Cum nullis aliis, that make a dance;
 Say 'ay,' and all shall presently advance.

Thes. Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine!
Per. Produce.

Ger. Intrate filii! Come forth, and foot it.

Enter Countrymen, &c. They dance.

Ladies, if we have been merry,
 And have pleas'd ye with a derry,
 And a derry, and a down,
 Say the schoolmaster 's no clown.
 Duke, if we have pleas'd thee too,
 And have done as good boys should do,
 Give us but a tree or twain
 For a Maypole, and again,
 Ere another year run out,
 We 'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

* *I* is omitted in the original. Weber reads *one*.

* *Penner*—case for holding pens.

Thes. Take twenty, domine.—How does my sweetheart?

Hip. Never so pleas'd, sir.

Emi. 'T was an excellent dance; And, for a preface, I never heard a better.

Thes. Schoolmaster, I thank you. One see them all rewarded!

Per. And here's something to paint your pole withal.

Thes. Now to our sports again!

Ger. May the stag thou hunt'st stand long, And thy dogs be swift and strong!

May they kill him without letts, And the ladies eat's dowsets!

Come, we are all made! [*Wind horns.*
Dii Deaque omnes! ye have danc'd rarely,
wenches. [*Ereunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter PALAMON from the Bush.

Pal. About this hour my cousin gavè his faith To visit me again, and with him bring Two swords and two good armours; if he fail He's neither man, nor soldier. When he left me, I did not think a week could have restor'd My lost strength to me, I was grown so low And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,

Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself, With this refreshing, able once again To out-dure danger. To delay it longer Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,

That I lay fatt'ing, like a swine, to fight, And not a soldier: therefore this bless'd morn'ing

Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses, If it but hold, I kill him with: 't is justice: So, Love and Fortune for me! Oh, good morrow!

Enter ARCITE, with armours and swords.

Arc. Good morrow, noble kinsman!

Pal. I have put you To too much pains, sir.

Arc. That too much, fair cousin, Is but a debt to honour, and my duty.

Pal. 'Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish you

As kind a kinsman, as you force me find A beneficial foe, that my embraces Might thank you, not my blows.

Arc. I shall think either, Well done, a noble recompense.

Pal. Then I shall quit you.

Arc. Defy me in these fair terms, and you show

More than a mistress to me: no more anger, As you love anything that's honourable!

We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,

And both upon our guards, then let our fury, Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us; And then to whom the birthright of this beauty Truly pertains (without upbraidings, scorns, Despising of our persons, and such poutings, Fitter for girls and schoolboys) will be seen, And quickly, yours, or mine. Will 't please you arm, sir?

Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet, And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,

And every day discourse you into health, As I am spar'd: your person I am friends with, And I could wish I had not said I lov'd her, Though I had died; but loving such a lady, And justifying my love, I must not fly from 't.

Pal. Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy, That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee: I'm well and lusty; choose your arms!

Arc. Choose you, sir.

Pal. Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it

To make me spare thee?

Arc. If you think so, cousin, You are deceiv'd; for, as I am a soldier, I'll not spare you!

Pal. That's well said!

Arc. You will find it.

Pal. Then, as I am an honest man, and love With all the justice of affection, I'll pay thee soundly! This I'll take.

Arc. That's mine then;

I'll arm you first.

Pal. Do. Pray thee tell me, cousin, Where gott'st thou this good armour?

Arc. 'T is the duke's; And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?

Pal. No.

Arc. Is't not too heavy?

Pal. I have worn a lighter; But I shall make it serve.

Arc. I'll buckle 't close.

Pal. By any means.

Arc. You care not for a grand-guard?*

Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive

You would fain be at that fight.

* *Grand-guard*—armour for equestrians.

Arc. I'm indifferent.
Pal. Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle Through far enough!
Arc. I warrant you.
Pal. My casque now!
Arc. Will you fight bare-arm'd?
Pal. We shall be the nimbler.
Arc. But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
Prithee take mine, good cousin,
Pal. Thank you, Arcite.
 How do I look? am I fall'n much away?
Arc. Faith, very little; Love has us'd you kindly.
Pal. I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.
Arc. Do, and spare not!
 I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.
Pal. Now to you, sir!
 Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite, Thou wor'st that day the three kings fell, but lighter.
Arc. That was a very good one; and that day, I well remember, you outdid me, cousin; I never saw such valour: when you charg'd Upon the left wing of the enemy, I spur'd hard to come up, and under me I had a right good horse.
Pal. You had indeed;
 A bright-bay, I remember.
Arc. Yes. But all Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me, Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little I did by imitation.
Pal. More by virtue;
 You're modest, cousin.
Arc. When I saw you charge first, Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder Break from the troop.
Pal. But still before that flew The lightning of your valour. Stay a little! Is not this piece too strait?
Arc. No, no; 't is well.
Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
 A bruise would be dishonour.
Arc. Now I'm perfect.
Pal. Stand off then!
Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
Pal. I thank you, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
 Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
 For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me! [They bow several ways; then advance and stand.

Arc. And me, my love! Is there aught else to say?
Pal. This only, and no more: thou art mine aunt's son,
 And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
 In me, thine, and in thee, mine: my sword Is in my hand, and if thou killest me The gods and I forgive thee! If there be A place prepar'd for those that sleep in honour, I wish his weary soul that falls may win it. Fight bravely, cousin; give me thy noble hand.
Arc. Here, Palamon. This hand shall never more
 Come near thee with such friendship.
Pal. I commend thee.
Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
 For none but such dare die in these just trials.
 Once more, farewell, my cousin!
Pal. Farewell, Arcite! [Fight. [Horns within; they stand.
Arc. Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us!
Pal. Why?
Arc. This is the duke, a-hunting as I told you;
 If we be found, we're wretched; Oh, retire, For honour's sake and safety, presently Into your bush again, sir! We shall find Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin, If you be seen you perish instantly, For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me, For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
 And say we had a noble difference, But base disposers of it.
Pal. No, no, cousin;
 I will no more be hidden, nor put off This great adventure to a second trial. I know your cunning, and I know your cause. He that faints now shame take him! Put thyself
 Upon thy present guard—
Arc. You are not mad?
Pal. Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
 Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me, I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
 I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury Thee, and all crosses else.
Arc. Then come what can come, Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well Die, as discourse, or sleep: only this fears me, The law will have the honour of our ends. Have at thy life!

Pal. Look to thine own well, Arcite!
[*Fight again. Horns.*]

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, and Train.

Thes. What ignorant and mad malicious traitors

Are you, that, 'gainst the tenor of my laws,
Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
Without my leave, and officers of arms?
By Castor, both shall die!

Pal. Hold thy word, Theseus.
We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
Of thee and of thy goodness: I am Palamon,
That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
Think well what that deserves! and this is
Arcite;

A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
A fals'er ne'er seem'd friend: this is the man
Was begg'd and banish'd; this is he contemns
thee,

And what thou dar'st do; and in this disguise,
Against thy own edict, follows thy sister,
That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia,
(Whose servant, if there be a right in seeing,
And first bequeathing of the soul to, justly
I am;) and, which is more, dares think her
his.

This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
I call'd him now to answer: if thou beest,
As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
The true decider of all injuries,
Say, 'Fight again!' and thou shalt see me,
Theseus,

Do such a justice, thou thyself wilt envy;
Then take my life; I'll woo thee to 't.

Per. Oh, Heaven,
What more than man is this!

Thes. I've sworn.
Arc. We seek not
Thy breath of mercy, Theseus. 'T is to me
A thing as soon to die, as thee to say it,
And no more mov'd. Where this man calls me
traitor,

Let me say thus much: if in love be treason,
In service of so excellent a beauty,
As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
As I have serv'd her truest, worthiest;
As I dare kill this cousin, that denies it;
So let me be most traitor, and you please me.
For scorning thy edict, duke, ask that lady
Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
Stay here to love her; and if she say traitor,
I am a villain fit to lie unburied.

Pal. Thou shalt have pity of us both, oh,
Theseus,

If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
As thou art just, thy noble ear against us;
As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
Let 's die together at one instant, duke!
Only a little let him fall before me,
That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.

Thes. I grant your wish; for, to say true,
your cousin
Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
Being no more than his. None here speak for
them!

For, ere the sun set, both shall sleep for ever.

Hip. Alas, the pity! now or never, sister,
Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
Will bear the curses else of after-ages,
For these lost cousins.

Emi. In my face, dear sister,
I find no anger to them, nor no ruin;
The misadventure of their own eyes kills them:
Yet that I will be woman, and have pity,
My knees shall grow to the ground but I'll get
mercy.

Help me, dear sister! in a deed so virtuous,
The powers of all women will be with us.
Most royal brother—

Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage—

Emi. By your own spotless honour—

Hip. By that faith,
That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave
me—

Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
By your own virtues infinite—

Hip. By valour,
By all the chaste nights I have ever pleas'd
you—

Thes. These are strange conjurings!

Per. Nay, then I'll in too:
By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady—

Emi. By that you would have trembled to
deny

A blushing maid—

Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
In which you swore I went beyond all women,
Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus—

Per. To crown all this, by your most noble
soul,

Which cannot want due mercy! I beg first.

Hip. Next hear my prayers!

Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir!

Per. For mercy!

Hip. Mercy!

Emi. Mercy on these princes!

Thes. You make my faith reel: say I felt
Compassion to them both, how would you place
it?

Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banish-
ments.

Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have
pity,

But want the understanding where to use it.

If you desire their lives, invent a way
Safer than banishment: can these two live,
And have the agony of love about them,
And not kill one another? Every day
They'd fight about you; hourly bring your
honour

In public question with their swords: be wise
then,

And here forget them! it concerns your credit,
And my oath equally: I have said, they die.
Better they fall by the law than one another.
Bow not my honour.

Emi. Oh, my noble brother,
That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
Beside, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
Not made in passion neither, but good heed.

Thes. What is it, sister?

Per. Urge it home, brave lady!

Emi. That you would ne'er deny me anything
Fit for my modest suit, and your free granting:
I tie you to your word now; if you fail in't,
Think how you maim your honour;
(For now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
To all but your compassion;) how their lives
Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion!^a
Shall anything that loves me perish for me?
That were a cruel wisdom! do men prune
The straight young boughs that blush with thou-
sand blossoms,
Because they may be rotten? Oh, duke The-
seus,
The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
And all the longing maids that ever lov'd,
If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
And, in their funeral songs for these two cousins,
Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
Till I am nothing but the scorn of women:
For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish
them!

^a We adopt a suggestion of M. Mason. The original has, "name, opinion." *Opinion* is used in the sense of reputa-
tion.

Thes. On what conditions?

Emi. Swear them never more
To make me their contention, or to know me,
To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
To one another.

Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
Before I take this oath! Forget I love her?
Oh, all ye gods, despise me then! Thy banish-
ment

I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
Our swords and cause along; else never trifle,
But take our lives, duke. I must love, and will;
And for that love, must and dare kill this cousin,
On any piece the earth has.

Thes. Will you, Arcite,
Take these conditions?

Pal. He's a villain then!

Per. These are men!

Arc. No, never, duke; 't is worse to me than
begging,

To take my life so basely. Though I think
I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
The honour of affection, and die for her,
Make death a devil.

Thes. What may be done? for now I feel
compassion.

Per. Let it not fall again, sir.

Thes. Say, Emilia,

If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
Content to take the other to your husband?
They cannot both enjoy you; they are princes
As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
As ever Fame yet spoke of; look upon them,
And if you can love, end this difference
I give consent; are you content, too, princes?

Both. With all our souls.

Thes. He that she refuses
Must die then.

Both. Any death thou canst invent, duke.

Pal. If I fall from that mouth, I fall with
favour,

And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

Arc. If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed
me,

And soldiers sing my epitaph.

Thes. Make choice then.

Emi. I cannot, sir; they're both too excellent:
For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

Hip. What will become of them?

Thes. Thus I ordain it:
And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
Or both shall die!—You shall both to your
country:

And each within this month, accompanied

With three fair knights, appear again in this place,

In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,
Before us that are here, can force his cousin
By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
He shall enjoy her; the other lose his head,
And all his friends: nor shall he grudge to fall,

Nor think he dies with interest in this lady:
Will this content ye?

Pal. Yes. Here, cousin Arcite,
I'm friends again till that hour.

Arc.

I embrace you.

Thes. Are you content, sister?

Emi. Yes: I must, sir;
Else both miscarry.

Thes. Come, shake hands again then!
And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.

Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.

Thes. Come, I'll give ye
Now usage like to princes and to friends.
When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*





ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Enter GAOLER and a Friend.

Gaoler. Hear you no more? Was nothing said of me

Concerning the escape of Palamon?
Good sir, remember!

1 Friend. Nothing that I heard;
For I came home before the business
Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
Ere I departed, a great likelihood
Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta,
And fair-ey'd Emily, upon their knees
Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the duke
Methought stood staggering whether he should
follow

His rash oath, or the sweet compassion

Of those two ladies; and to second them,
That truly noble prince Perithous,
Half his own heart set in too, that I hope
All shall be well: neither heard I one question
Of your name, or his 'scape.

Enter Second Friend.

Gaoler. Pray Heav'n, it hold so!

2 Friend. Be of good comfort, man! I bring
you news,

Good news.

Gaoler. They're welcome.

2 Friend. Palamon has clear'd you,
And got your pardon, and discover'd how
And by whose means he 'scap'd, which was
your daughter's,

Whose pardon is procur'd too; and the prisoner

(Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness)
Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
A large one, I'll assure you.

Gaoler. You're a good man,
And ever bring good news.

1 *Friend.* How was it ended?

2 *Friend.* Why, as it should be; they that
never begg'd

But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted.
The prisoners have their lives.

1 *Friend.* I knew 't would be so.

2 *Friend.* But there be new conditions, which
you'll hear of

At better time.

Gaoler. I hope they're good.

2 *Friend.* They're honourable;
How good they'll prove, I know not.

Enter Wooer.

1 *Friend.* 'T will be known.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?

Gaoler. Why do you ask?

Wooer. Oh, sir, when did you see her?

2 *Friend.* How he looks!

Gaoler. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
When did she sleep?

1 *Friend.* These are strange questions.

Gaoler. I do not think she was very well;
for, now

You make me mind her, but this very day
I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
So far from what she was, so childishly,
So sillily, as if she were a fool,
An innocent! and I was very angry.
But what of her, sir?

Wooer. Nothing but my pity;

But you must know it, and as good by me
As by another that less loves her.

Gaoler. Well, sir?

1 *Friend.* Not right?

2 *Friend.* Not well?

Wooer. No, sir; not well:

'T is too true, she is mad.

1 *Friend.* It cannot be.

Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.

Gaoler. I half suspected

What you have told me; the gods comfort her!
Either this was her love to Palamon,
Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
Or both.

Wooer. 'T is likely.

Gaoler. But why all this haste, sir?

Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was
angling

In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
From the far shore, thick set with reeds and
sedges,

As patiently I was attending sport,
I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
'T was one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own skill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not
Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down
And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
I saw it was your daughter.

Gaoler. Pray go on, sir!

Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only
I heard her

Repeat this often: 'Palamon is gone,
Is gone to the wood to gather mulberries;
I'll find him out to-morrow.'

1 *Friend.* Pretty soul!

Wooer. 'His shackles will betray him, he'll
be taken;

And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,
A hundred black-ey'd maids that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, of daffillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,
And all we'll dance an antic 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon.' Then she talk'd of you,
sir;

That you must lose your head to-morrow morn-
ing,

And she must gather flowers to bury you,
And see the house made handsome: then she
sung

Nothing but 'Willow, willow, willow;' and be-
tween

Ever was, 'Palamon, fair Palamon!'

And 'Palamon was a tall young man!' The
place

Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless
tresses,

A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
That methought she appear'd like the fair
nymph

That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
Newly dropp'd down from heav'n! Rings she
made

Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
The prettiest posies; 'Thus our true love's tied';
'This you may loose, not me;' and many a one:
And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd
And with the same breath smil'd, and kiss'd
her hand.

2 *Friend*. Alas, what pity 't is!

Wooser. I made in to her;
She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I
sav'd her,
And set her safe to land; when presently
She slipp'd away, and to the city made,
With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three, or four,
I saw from far off cross her, one of them
I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
And fell, scarce to be got away; I left them
with her,

Enter BROTHER, DAUGHTER, and others.

And hither came to tell you. Here they are!
Daugh.

'May you never more enjoy the light,' &c.

Is not this a fine song?

Broth. Oh, a very fine one!

Daugh. I can sing twenty more.

Broth. I think you can.

Daugh. Yes, truly can I; I can sing the
Broom,

And Bonny Robin. Are not you a tailor?

Broth. Yes.

Daugh. Where's my wedding-gown?

Broth. I'll bring it to-morrow.

Daugh. Do, very rearly;^a I must be abroad
else,

To call the maids, and pay the minstrels;
For I must lose my maidenhead by cock-light;
'T will never thrive else. [*Sings*.

'Oh, fair, oh, sweet,' &c.

Broth. You must e'en take it patiently.

Gaoler. 'T is true.

Daugh. Good e'en, good men! Pray did you
ever hear

Of one young Palamon?

Gaoler. Yes, wench, we know him.

Daugh. Is 't not a fine young gentleman?

Gaoler. 'T is love!

Broth. By no means cross her; she is then
distemper'd

Far worse than now she shows.

1 *Friend*. Yes, he's a fine man.

Daugh. Oh, is he so? You have a sister?

1 *Friend*. Yes.

Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell
her so,

For a trick that I know: you had best look to
her,

For if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,

^a *Rearly*—early. Gay, in his 'Shepherd's Week,' uses
rear as a provincial word, in this sense. The original has
rarely.

And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him; but I laugh
at 'em,

And let 'em all alone; is 't not a wise course?

1 *Friend*. Yes.^a

Daugh. They come from all parts of the duke-
dom to him

I'll warrant you.

Gaoler. She's lost, past all cure!

Broth. Heav'n forbid, man!

Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.

1 *Friend*. Does she know him?

2 *Friend*. No; 'would she did!

Daugh. You're master of a ship?

Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. Where's your compass?

Gaoler. Here.

Daugh. Set it to the north;

And now direct your course to the wood, where
Palamon

Lies longing for me; for the tackling

Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!

All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 't is up, the wind
is fair,

Top the bowling; out with the mainsail!

Where is your whistle, master?

Broth. Let's get her in.

Gaoler. Up to the top, boy.

Broth. Where's the pilot?

1 *Friend*. Here.

Daugh. What kenn'st thou?

2 *Friend*. A fair wood.

Daugh. Bear for it, master; tack about!

[*Sings*.

'When Cynthia with her borrow'd light,' &c.

[*Exeunt*.

SCENE II.

Enter EMILIA, with two pictures.

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that
must open

And bleed to death for my sake else: I'll
choose,

And end their strife; two such young handsome
men

Shall never fall for me: their weeping mothers,
Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heav'n,
What a sweet face has Arcite! If wise Nature,

^a We omit some lines here, for the same reason as we
have previously stated. The tendency of Fletcher is to
destroy his own high merits by a wanton indulgence in
pruriency. He loses nothing by occasional omissions; not,
however, regulated by over-fastidiousness.

With all her best endowments, all those beauties
She sows into the births of noble bodies,
Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
She would run mad for this man: what an
eye!

Of what a fiery sparkle, and quick sweetness,
Has this young prince! here Love himself sits
smiling;

Just such another wanton Ganymede
Set Jove afire, and enforc'd the god
Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him
A shining constellation! what a brow,
Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
Arch'd like the great-ey'd Juno's, but far
sweeter,
Smoother than Pelops' shoulder! Fame and
Honour,

Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
Pointed in heav'n, should clap their wings, and
sing

To all the under-world, the loves and fights
Of gods and such men near 'em. Palamon
Is but his foil; to him, a mere dull shadow;
He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
As if he'd lost his mother; a still temper,
No stirring in him, no alacrity;
Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile.
Yet these that we count errors may become
him:

Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
Oh, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?
I am a fool, my reason is lost in me;
I have no choice, and I have lied so lewdly,
That women ought to beat me. On my
knees

I ask thy pardon, Palamon! Thou art alone,
And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,
These the bright lamps of beauty, that com-
mand

And threaten love, and what young maid dare
cross 'em?

What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
Has this brown manly face! Oh, Love, this
only

From this hour is complexion; lie there, Arcite!
Thou art a changeling to him, a mere gipsy,
And this the noble body—I am sotted,
Utterly lost! my virgin's faith has fled me,
For if my brother but e'en now had ask'd me
Whether I lov'd, I had run mad for Arcite;
Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
Stand both together! Now, come, ask me,
brother,—

Alas, I know not! ask me now, sweet sister;

I may go look! What a mere child is fancy,
That, having two fair gawds of equal sweet-
ness,
Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!

Enter a Gentleman.

How now, sir?

Gent. From the noble duke, your brother,
Madam, I bring you news: the knights are
come!

Emi. To end the quarrel?

Gent. Yes.

Emi. 'Would I might end first!

What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
With blood of princes? and my chastity
Be made the altar, where the lives of lovers
(Two greater and two better never yet
Made mothers joy) must be the sacrifice
To my unhappy beauty?

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PERITHOUS, and
Attendants.*

Thes. Bring them in
Quickly by any means. I long to see them.—
Your two contending lovers are return'd,
And with them their fair knights: now, my fair
sister,

You must love one of them.

Emi. I had rather both,
So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

Enter Messenger.

Thes. Who saw them?

Per. I a while.

Gent. And I.

Thes. From whence come you, sir?

Mess. From the knights.

Thes. Pray speak,

You that have seen them, what they are.

Mess. I will, sir,

And truly what I think: six braver spirits
Than these they've brought, (if we judge by
the outside,)

I never saw, nor read of. He that stands
In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
Should be a stout man, by his face a prince
(His very looks so say him); his complexion
Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet
noble,

Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of
dangers;

The circles of his eyes show fire^a within him,
 And as a heated lion, so he looks;
 His hair hangs long behind him, black and
 shining
 Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and
 strong;
 Arm'd long and round: and on his thigh a
 sword
 Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
 To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
 Was never soldier's friend.

Thes. Thou hast well describ'd him.

Per. Yet a great deal short,
 Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.

Thes. Pray speak him, friend.

Per. I guess he is a prince too,
 And, if it may be, greater; for his show
 Has all the ornament of honour in 't.
 He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke
 of,

But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
 Is (as a ripe grape) ruddy; he has felt,
 Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
 To make this cause his own; in 's face appears
 All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
 And when he's angry, then a settled valour
 (Not tainted with extremes) runs through his
 body,

And guides his arm to brave things; fear he
 cannot,

He shows no such soft temper; his head's
 yellow,

Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick twin'd, like ivy
 tops,

Not to undo with thunder; in his face
 The lively of the warlike maid appears,
 Pure red and white, for yet no beard has bless'd
 him;

And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
 As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
 His nose stands high, a character of honour,
 His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.

Emi. Must these men die too?

Per. When he speaks, his tongue
 Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
 Are as a man would wish them, strong and
 clean;

He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
 His age some five-and-twenty.

Mess. There's another,
 A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming

^a *Fire-fair* in the original. A modern reading is *far*, implying deep-seated eyes. *Fair* might be received in the sense of *clear*; but the expression "wi hin him" implies something more. Mr. Dyce suggests the unexceptionable reading of *far*.

As great as any; fairer promises
 In such a body yet I never look'd on.

Per. Oh, he that's freckle-fac'd?

Mess. The same, my lord:
 Are they not sweet ones?

Per. Yes, they're well.

Mess. Methinks,
 Being so few, and well dispos'd, they show
 Great, and fine art in Nature. He's white-
 hair'd,

Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
 Next to an auburn; tough, and nimble set,
 Which shows an active soul; his arms are
 brawny,

Lin'd with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
 Gently they swell, like women new-conceiv'd,
 Which speaks him prone to labour, never faint-
 ing

Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
 But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-ey'd,
 Which yields compassion where he conquers;
 sharp

To spy advantages, and where he finds 'em,
 He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
 Nor takes none; he's round-fac'd, and when he
 smiles

He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
 About his head he wears the winner's oak,
 And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
 His age, some six-and-thirty. In his hand
 He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.

Thes. Are they all thus?

Per. They're all the sons of honour.

Thes. Now, as I have a soul, I long to see
 them!

Lady, you shall see men fight now.

Hip. I wish it,
 But not the cause, my lord: they would show
 Bravely about the titles of two kingdoms;
 'T is pity love should be so tyrannous.

Oh, my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
 Weep not, till they weep blood, wench! it must
 be.

Thes. You've steel'd 'em with your beauty.
 Honour'd friend,

To you I give the field; pray order it
 Fitting the persons that must use it!

Per. Yes, sir.

Thes. Come, I'll go visit them: I cannot stay
 (Their fame has fir'd me so) till they appear!
 Good friend, be royal!

Per. There shall want no bravery.

Emi. Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever
 wins,
 Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [Exit.

SCENE III.

Enter GAOLER, WOOER, and DOCTOR.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the moon than at other some, is it not?

Gaoler. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little, altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world, and a better; and what broken piece of matter so'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she forces every business withal, fits it to every question.

Enter DAUGHTER.

Look, where she comes! you shall perceive her behaviour.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on 't was 'down-a down-a;' and penned by no worse man than Giraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical too, as ever he may go upon 's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here? poor soul!

Gaoler. Even thus all day long.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of; you must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits (as there's a sight now), we maids that have our livers perished, cracked to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine; then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him—mark me—then!

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further!

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barleybreak, we of the blessed: alas, 't is a sore life they have i' th' other place! If one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us!

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'T is not an engrafted madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport!^a

[*Sings.*

'I will be true, my stars, my fate,' &c.

[*Exit DAUGHTER.*

^a We have again been compelled to employ the pruning-knife. Our edition is for general readers, as well as for

Gaoler. What think you of her, sir?

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind, which I cannot minister to.

Gaoler. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Gaoler. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pennyworth on 't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses; they may return, and settle again to execute their pre-ordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in, than be permitted. Take upon you (young sir, her friend) the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love; this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness; sing to her such green songs of love, as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense: all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing; desire to eat with her, carve her, drink to her, and still among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; learn what maids have been her companions and play-pheers;^a and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested for him: it is a

critical students. The essential difference between Shakspeare and Fletcher makes it necessary to adopt a different course with reference to the two writers. It is not a false reverence for Shakspeare that calls upon an editor to leave his text unchanged; but a just discrimination between the quality of what is offensive in him and in other writers of his age. Coleridge has defined this difference with his usual philosophical judgment:—"Even Shakspeare's grossness—that which is really so, independently of the increase in modern times of vicious associations with things indifferent—(for there is a state of manners conceivable so pure, that the language of Hamlet at Ophelia's feet might be a harmless rallying, or playful teasing, of a shame that would exist in Paradise)—at the worst, how diverse in kind is it from Beaumont and Fletcher's! In Shakspeare it is the mere generalities of sex, mere words for the most part, seldom or never distinct images, all head-work, and fancy-drolleries; there is no sensation supposed in the speaker. I need not proceed to contrast this with Beaumont and Fletcher."

^a *Play-pheers*—playfellows.

falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what are now out of square in her, into their former law and regiment: I have seen it approved, how many times I know not;

but to make the number more, I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success, which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort. [*Exeunt.*]





ACT V.

SCENE I.

Enter THESEUS, PERITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, and Attendants.

Thes. Now let them enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers! Let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling in-
cense

To those above us! Let no due be wanting!
[*Flourish of cornets.*]

They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love them.

Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, and their Knights.

Per. Sir, they enter.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted ene-
mies,

You royal germane foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers
(The all-fear'd gods) bow down your stubborn
bodies!

Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And as the gods regard ye, fight with justice!
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.

Per. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt THES. and Train.*]

Pal. The glass' is running now that cannot
finish

Till one of us expire: think you but thus;
That were there aught in me which strove to
show

Mine enemy in this business, were 't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself; then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our
kindred,

Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist
we

The sails that must these vessels port ev'n where
The heavenly Limiter pleases.

Pal. You speak well:
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin.
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!
Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir!
[*Exeunt PAL. and his Knights.*

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension,
Which still is further off it, go with me
Before the god of our profession. There
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails: you know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great
feat

Must put my garland on, where she sticks
The queen of flowers; our intercession then
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron
Brimm'd with the blood of men; give me your
aid,

And bend your spirits towards him:—

[*They kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast
turn'd

Green Neptune into purple; [whose approach]^a
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast field
Unearthed skulls proclaim; whose breath blows
down

The teeming Ceres' foison; who dost pluck
With hand armpotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both mak'st and
break'st

The stony girths of cities; me, thy pupil,

^a The words in brackets are not in the original copies, but were added by Seward. As something is evidently wanting, the addition is judicious.

Youngest follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styl'd the lord o' the day! Give me, great
Mars,

Some token of thy pleasure!

[*Here they fall on their faces as formerly,
and there is heard clanging of armour,
with a short thunder, as the burst of a
battle, wheresupon they all rise, and bow
to the Altar.*

Oh, great corrector of enormous times,
Shaker of o'er-rank states, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The earth when it is sick, and cur'st the world
Of the plurisy^a of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly. Let us go! [*Exeunt.*

*Enter PALAMON and his Knights, with the
former observance.*

Pal. Our stars must glisten with new fire,
or be

To-day extinct: our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard. To the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party! [*Here they kneel.*
Hail, sovereign queen of secrets! who hast
power

To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Ev'n with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst
make

A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that may'st force the king
To be his subjects' vassal, and induce
Stale gravity to dance; the polled bachelor
(Whose youth, like wanton boys through bon-
fires.

Have skipp'd thy flame) at seventy thou canst
catch,

And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? To Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him; the
huntress,

All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh; take to thy grace

^a *Plurisy*—used by the old poets for fulness.

Me thy vow'd soldier! who do bear thy yoke
 As 't were a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
 Than lead itself, stings more than nettles:
 I've never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
 Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, would not
 Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practis'd
 Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
 Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
 Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
 At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
 To large confessors, and have hotly ask'd them
 If they had mothers?—I had one, a woman,
 And women 't were they wrong'd. I knew a
 man

Of eighty winters (this I told them), who
 A lass of fourteen bridged; 't was thy power
 To put life into dust; the aged cramp
 Had screw'd his square foot round,
 The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
 Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes
 Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was
 life

In him seem'd torture; this anatomy
 Had by his young fair pheeer a boy, and I
 Believ'd it was his, for she swore it was,
 And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
 To those that prate, and have done, no compa-
 nion;

To those that boast, and have not, a defier;
 To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
 Yea, him I do not love that tells close offices
 The foulest way, nor names concealments in
 The boldest language: such a one I am,
 And vow that lover never yet made sigh
 Truer than I. Oh, then, most soft sweet god-
 dess,

Give me the victory of this question, which
 Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
 Of thy great pleasure!

[*Here music is heard, doves are seen to
 flutter; they fall again upon their
 faces, then on their knees.*

Oh, thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
 In mortal bosoms, whose chace is this world,
 And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
 For this fair token! which being laid unto
 Mine innocent true heart, arms in assurance

[*They bow.*

My body to this business. Let us rise
 And bow before the goddess! Time comes on.

[*Exeunt.*

[*Still music of records.*

*Enter EMILIA in white, her hair about her shoul-
 ders, a wheaten wreath; one in white holding*

*up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one
 before her carrying a silver hind, in which is
 convey'd incense and sweet odours, which be-
 ing set upon the Altar, her Maids standing
 aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and
 kneel.*

Emi. Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant
 queen,

Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
 Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
 As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights
 Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
 Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,
 Am humbled 'fore thine altar. Oh, vouchsafe,
 With that thy rare green eye, which never yet
 Beheld thing maculate, look on thy virgin!
 And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear
 (Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
 Ne'er enter'd wanton sound) to my petition,
 Season'd with holy fear! This is my last
 Of vestal office; I am bride-habited,
 But maiden-hearted; a husband I have ap-
 pointed,

But do not know him; out of two I should
 Choose one, and pray for his success, but I
 Am guiltless of election of mine eyes;
 Were I to lose one (they are equal precious),
 I could doom neither; that which perish'd
 should

Go to 't unsentenc'd: therefore, most modest
 queen,

He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me,
 And has the truest title in 't, let him
 Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant,
 The file and quality I hold, I may
 Continue in thy band!

[*Here the hind vanishes under the Altar,
 and in the place ascends a rose-tree,
 having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows
 Out from the bowels of her holy altar
 With sacred act advances! But one rose?
 If well inspir'd, this battle shall confound
 Both these brave knights, and I a virgin flower
 Must grow alone unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instru-
 ments, and the rose falls from the tree.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends! Oh,
 mistress,

Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
 I think so; but I know not thine own will:
 Unclasp thy mystery! I hope she's pleas'd;
 Her signs were gracious.

[*They curtsy, and exeunt*

SCENE II.

Enter DOCTOR, GAOLER, and WOOPER (in habit of PALAMON).

Doctor. Has this advice I told you done any good upon her?

Wooper. Oh, very much: the maids that kept her company Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon; Within this half-hour she came smiling to me, And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her: I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

Doctor. 'T was well done! twenty times had been far better; For there the cure lies mainly.

Wooper. Then she told me She would watch with me to-night, for well she knew

What hour my fit would take me.

Doctor. Let her do so.

Wooper. She would have me sing.

Doctor. You did so?

Wooper. No.

Doctor. 'T was very ill done, then: You should observe her ev'ry way.

Wooper. Alas! I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way.

Doctor. That's all one, if you make a noise: Pray bring her in, and let's see how she is.

Gaoler. I will, and tell her her Palamon stays for her. [Exit.

Doctor. How old is she?

Wooper. She's eighteen.

Doctor. She may be; But that's all one, 't is nothing to our purpose.

Enter GAOLER, DAUGHTER, and MAID.

Gaoler. Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child; And has done this long hour, to visit you.

Daugh. I thank him for his gentle patience; He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.

Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me?

Gaoler. Yes.

Daugh. How do you like him?

Gaoler. He's a very fair one.

Daugh. You never saw him dance?

Gaoler. No.

Daugh. I have often: He dances very finely, very comely; And, for a jig, come cut and long tail to him! He turns you like a top.

Gaoler. That's fine indeed.

Daugh. He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,

And that will founder the best hobby-horse (If I have any skill) in all the parish:

And gallops to the tune of 'Light o' love:'

What think you of this horse?

Gaoler. Having these virtues, I think he might be brought to play at tennis.

Daugh. Alas, that's nothing.

Gaoler. Can he write and read too?

Daugh. A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts

Of all his hay and provender: that ostler Must rise betime that cozens him. You know The chestnut mare the duke has?

Gaoler. Very well.

Daugh. She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;

But he is like his master, coy and scornful.

Gaoler. What dowry has she?

Daugh. Some two hundred bottles And twenty strike of oats: but he'll ne'er have her;

He lisp in's neighing, able to entice A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.

Doctor. What stuff she utters!

Gaoler. Make curtsy; here your love comes!

Wooper. Pretty soul, How do you? That's a fine maid! there's a curtsy!

Daugh. Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.

How far is 't now to the end o' the world, my masters?

Doctor. Why, a day's journey, wench.

Daugh. Will you go with me?

Wooper. What shall we do there, wench?

Daugh. Why, play at stool-ball. What is there else to do?

Wooper. I am content, If we shall keep our wedding there.

Daugh. 'T is true; For there I will assure you we shall find Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture

To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish; Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow, And that would be a blot i' the business.

Are not you Palamon?

Wooper. Do you not know me?

Daugh. Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing

But this poor petticoat, and two coarse smocks.

Wooper. That's all one; I will have you.

Daugh. Will you surely f

Wooser. Why do you rub my kiss off?
Daugh. 'T is a sweet one,
 And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
 Is not this your cousin Arcite?
Doctor. Yes, sweetheart;
 And I am glad my cousin Palamon
 Has made so fair a choice.
Daugh. Do you think he'll have me?
Doctor. Yes, without doubt.
Daugh. Do you think so too?
Gaoler. Yes.
Daugh. We shall have many children.—Lord,
 how you're grown!
 My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
 Now he's at liberty; alas, poor chicken,
 He was kept down with hard meat, and ill
 lodging,
 But I will kiss him up again.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. What do you here?
 You'll lose the noblest sight that e'er was seen.
Gaoler. Are they i' the field?
Mess. They are:
 You bear a charge there too.
Gaoler. I'll away straight,
 I must ev'n leave you here.
Doctor. Nay, we'll go with you:
 I will not lose the fight.
Gaoler. How did you like her?
Doctor. I'll warrant you within these three
 or four days
 I'll make her right again. You must not from
 her,
 But still preserve her in this way.
Wooser. I will.
Doctor. Let's get her in.
Wooser. Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
 And then we'll play at cards.* [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PERITHOUS, and Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Per. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
 Than this decision: every blow that falls
 Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
 The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
 A bell, than blade: I will stay here:

* This scene, as it stands in the original, contains improprieties of thought far more corrupting than any indelicacies of language alone. We have pursued the same course as in two previous instances.

It is enough my hearing shall be punish'd
 With what shall happen ('gainst the which
 there is
 No deafing), but to hear, not taint mine eye
 With dread sights it may shun.
Per. Sir, my good lord,
 Your sister will no further.
Thes. Oh, she must:
 She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
 Which sometime show well-pencill'd: Nature
 now
 Shall make and act the story, the belief
 Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be
 present;
 You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
 To crown the question's title.
Emi. Pardon me;
 If I were there, I'd wink.
Thes. You must be there;
 This trial is as 't were i' the night, and you
 The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct;
 There is but envy in that light, which shows
 The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
 The dam of Horror, who does stand accurs'd
 Of many mortal millions, may ev'n now,
 By casting her black mantle over both,
 That neither could find other, get herself
 Some part of a good name, and many a murder
 Set off whereto she's guilty.
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
 Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
 You are the treasure, and must needs be by
 To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
 The title of a kingdom may be tried
 Out of itself.
Thes. Well, well, then, at your pleasure!
 Those that remain with you could wish their
 office
 To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister!
 I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
 By some small start of time: he whom the gods
 Do of the two know best, I pray them he
 Be made your lot!
 [*Exeunt THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PERITHOUS, &c.*]
Emi. Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
 Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
 In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
 Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
 Has a most menacing aspect; his brow

Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on ;
Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts ; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object ; melancholy
Becomes him nobly ; so does Arcite's mirth ;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry ; those darker humours
that .

Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.

[*Cornets. Trumpets sound as to a Charge.*

Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof ! Arcite may win me ;
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite, to
The spoiling of his figure. Oh, what pity
Enough for such a chance ! If I were by,
I might do hurt ; for they would glance their
eyes

Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,
Which crav'd that very time ; it is much better

[*Cornets. Cry within, A Palamon !*

I am not there ; oh, better never born
Than minister to such harm !—What is the
chance ?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. The cry's a Palamon.

Emi. Then he has won. 'T was ever likely :
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the primest of men. I prithee run,
And tell me how it goes.

[*Shout, and cornets ; cry, A Palamon !*

Serv. Still Palamon.

Emi. Run and inquire. Poor servant, thou
hast lost !

Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left : why so, I know not ;
I had no end in 't else ; chance would have it
so.

[*Another cry and shout within, and Cornets.*

On the sinister side the heart lies : Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. This burst of
clamour

Is sure the end o' the combat.

Enter Servant.

Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's
body

Within an inch o' the pyramid, that the cry
Was general a Palamon ; but anon,
Th' assistants made a brave redemption, and
The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphos'd
Both into one—Oh, why ? there were no woman
Worth so compos'd a man ! Their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
[*Cornets. Cry within, Arcite, Arcite !*
To any lady breathing.—More exulting !
Palamon still !

Serv. Nay, now the sound is Arcite.

Emi. I prithee lay attention to the cry ;

[*Cornets. A great shout and cry, Arcite,
victory !*

Set both thine ears to the business.

Serv. The cry is
Arcite, and victory ! Hark ! Arcite, victory !
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe : God's 'lid, his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him ! it
could

No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters,
That drift winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry ; yet I knew not
Why I did think so : our reasons are not pro-
phets,

When oft our fancies are. They're coming off :
Alas, poor Palamon ! [*Cornets.*

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PERITHOUS, AR-
CITE as Victor, Attendants, &c.*

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. Fairest Emilia,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight : he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands !
Receive you her, you him ; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay !

Arc. Emilia,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought ; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. Oh, lov'd sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed ; surely the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike ! His
behaviour

So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead : if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your
Arcite

Did not lose by 't ; for he that was thus good,

Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the
higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by and by out-breasted, that the sense
Could not be judge between them: so it far'd
Good space between these kinsmen; till heav'ns
did

Make hardly one the winner. Wear the gar-
land

With joy that you have won! For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch them; let it here be done.
The scene 's not for our seeing: go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow. Arm your prize:^a
I know you will not lose her. Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver. [*Flourish.*

Emi. Is this winning?
Oh, all you heav'nly powers, where is your
mercy?

But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort, thus unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for 't!

Thea. So it is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned,*
GAOLEB, Executioner, *and* Guard.

Pal. There 's many a man alive that hath
outliv'd
The love o' the people; yea, i' the self-same
state
Stands many a father with his child: some
comfort

We have by so considering; we expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still,
Have their good wishes; we prevent
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For grey approachers; we come tow'rds the gods
Young, and unwappen'd,^b not halting under
crimes

^a *Arm your prize*—offer your arm to the lady you have won.
^b *Unwappen'd*. The originals have *unwapper'd*. Without
knowing exactly the meaning of the word *wappen'd*, we would
receive the epithet here as the opposite to that in Timon—
"That makes the *wappen'd* widow wed again."

Mr. Dyce retains *unwapper'd* in the sense of unworn, not
debilitated.

Many and stale; that sure shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with them,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kins-
men,

Whose lives (for this poor comfort) are laid
down,

You've sold them too, too cheap.

1 Knight. What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'erweigh us.

2 Knight. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tott'ring fortune,
Who at her certain'st reels!

3 Knight. Come; who begins?
Pal. Ev'n he that led you to this banquet
shall

Taste to you all. Ah-ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see 't done now for ever. Pray, how does
she?

I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Gaoler. Sir, she 's well restor'd,
And to be married shortly.

Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on 't! 't is the latest thing
I shall be glad of; prithee tell her so;
Commend me to her, and to piece her portion
Tender her this.

1 Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all!

2 Knight. Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right good creature, more to me deserving
That I can quite or speak of!

All Knights. Commend us to her.

[*Give their purses.*

Gaoler. The gods requite you all,
And make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu! and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking. [*Lies on the block.*

1 Knight. Lead, courageous cousin!

2 Knight. We'll follow cheerfully.

[*A great noise within, crying, Run, save,
hold!*

Enter in haste a Messenger.

Mess. Hold, hold! oh, hold, hold, hold!

Enter PERITHOUS *in haste.*

Per. Hold, ho! it is a cursed haste you
made,

If you have done so quickly.—Noble Palamon,

The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou art yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be,
When Venus I've said is false? How do things
fare?

Per. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter!

Pal. What
Hath wak'd us from our dream?

Per. List then! Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance: on this horse is Arcite,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins*
Did rather tell than trample; for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if 't pleased his
rider

To put pride in him: as he thus went counting
The stinty pavement, dancing as 't were to the
music

His own hoofs made (for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin), what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not; the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will, bounds, comes on
end,

Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery, to dis-seat
His lord that kept it bravely: When nought
serv'd,

When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor
diff'ring plunges

Dis-root his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
On end he stands,

That Arcite's legs being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's
wreath

Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 't is, that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much de-
sires

To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears!

* *Calkins*—the hinder parts of a horse's shoe, which are turned up.

*Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE
in a Chair.*

Pal. Oh, miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty! Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words! I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy
hand;

Farewell! I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin!
One kiss from fair Emilia! 'T is done:

Take her. I die! [*Dies.*]

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!
Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince; blessed
souls be with thee!

Thou art a right good man; and while I live
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought; even
very here

I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Our thanks that you are living.
His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well: your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose you;
The powerful Venus well hath grac'd her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Has vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice. Bear this hence!

Pal. Oh, cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love, but loss of dear love!

Thes. Never Fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd tri-
umphs,

The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restor'd
her,

As your stol'n jewel, and desir'd your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my
justice

Take from my hand, and they themselves be-
come

The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers* from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two

* *Lovers*—companions, friends.

Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
 The funeral of Arcite; in whose end
 The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
 And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
 But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry,
 As glad of Arcite; and am now as glad,
 As for him sorry. Oh, you heav'nly charmers,

What things you make of us! For what we lack
 We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
 Are children in some kind. Let us be thank-
 ful

For that which is, and with you leave dispute
 That are above our question! Let's go off,
 And bear us like the time! [*Flourish. Exeunt.*]



NOTICE

ON

THE AUTHORSHIP OF THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

THE title-page of the original edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* sets forth, as we have seen, that it was "written by the memorable worthies of their time, Mr. John Fletcher and Mr. William Shakspeare." This was printed in 1634, nine years after the death of Fletcher, and eighteen years after the death of Shakspeare. The play was not printed in the first collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher's works, in 1647, for the reason assigned in the 'Stationer's Address.' "Some plays, you know, written by these authors were heretofore printed; I thought not convenient to mix them with this volume, which of itself is entirely new." The title-page of the quarto of 1634 is, therefore, the only direct external evidence we possess as to Shakspeare's participation in this play; and that evidence in itself would certainly not warrant us in reprinting it, for the first time, in a collection of Shakspeare's works. Nor have we to offer any contemporary notice of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which refers to this question of the co-authorship. The very prologue and epilogue of the play itself are silent upon this point. We have not printed these, because they are, except in a passage or two, unimportant in themselves, have no poetical merit, and present some of those loose allusions which, as we approach those days when principles of morality came into violent conflict, rendered the stage so justly obnoxious to the Puritans. The epilogue, speaking of the play, says—

"It has a noble breeder, and a pure,
A learned, and a poet never went
More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
Chaucer (of all admired) the story gives;
There constant to eternity it lives!"

And it then adds—

"If we let fall the nobleness of this,
And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
How will it shake the bones of that good man,
And make him cry from under-ground, 'Oh, fan
From me the witless chaff of *such a writer*
That blasts my bays, and my fam'd works makes lighter
Than Robin Hood!'"

The expression "such a writer" is almost evidence against the double authorship. It implies, too, that, if Fletcher were the author, the play was presented before his death; for if the players had produced the drama after his death, they would have probably spoken of him (he being its sole author) in the terms of eulogy with which they accompanied the performance of 'The Loyal Subject';—

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“ We need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-instruct you who did write
This worthy story, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter and intent
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will speak the maker : And to do him right
Would ask a genius like to his ; the age
Mourning his loss, and our now-widow'd stage
In vain lamenting.”

The inferences, therefore, to be deduced from the prologue to *The Two Noble Kinsmen* (supposing Fletcher to be concerned in this drama),—that it was acted during his lifetime, and that he either claimed the sole authorship, or suppressed all mention of the joint authorship,—are to be weighed against the assertion of the title-page, that it was “written by the two memorable worthies of their time.” We are thrown upon the examination of the internal evidence, then, without any material bias from the publication of the play or its stage representation. But if the evidence of the title-page is not valid for the assignment of any portion of the play to Shakspeare, neither is it valid as a proof of the co-operation of Fletcher in the work. The first editors of the collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher do not print *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, as well as seventeen other plays, because it had been printed before in a separate shape. The publishers of the second edition, of 1679, do print it, that the collection may be “perfect and complete,” and contain “all, both tragedies and comedies, that were ever writ by our authors ;” and in this way they reprint ‘*The Coronation*,’ first published in 1640, with the name of Fletcher, although, in 1652, Shirley distinctly claimed it in a list of his works. If we reject, then, upon the external evidence, Shakspeare’s claim to a portion of the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, we must reject Fletcher’s claim, as supported by the same evidence ; and for a satisfactory solution of both questions we must rely upon the *internal* evidence.

Before the first builders-up of that wondrous edifice the English drama, lay the whole world of classical and romantic fable, “where to choose.” One of the earliest, and consequently least skilful, of those workmen, Richard Edwards, went to the ancient stores for his ‘*Damon and Pythias*,’ and to Chaucer for his ‘*Palamon and Arcyte*.’ We learn from Wood’s MSS. that when Elizabeth visited Oxford, in 1566, “at night the Queen heard the first part of an English play, named ‘*Palæmon, or Palamon Arcyte*,’ made by Mr. Richard Edwards, a gentleman of her chapel, acted with very great applause in Christ Church Hall.” An accident happened at the beginning of the play by the falling of a stage, through which three persons were killed—a scholar of St. Mary’s Hall, and two who were probably more missed—a college brewer and a cook. The mirth, however, went on, and “afterwards the actors performed their parts so well, that the Queen laughed heartily thereat, and gave the author of the play great thanks for his pains.”* It is clear that the fable of Chaucer must have been treated in a different manner by Edwards than we find it treated in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. We have another record of a play on a similar subject. In Henslowe’s ‘*Diary*’ we have an entry, under the date of September, 1594, of ‘*Palamon and Arsett*’ being acted four times. It is impossible to imagine that *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is the same play. Here then was a subject adapted to a writer who worked in the spirit in which Shakspeare almost uniformly worked. It was familiar to the people in their popular poetry ; it was familiar to the stage. To arrive at a right judgment regarding the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, we must examine the play line by line in its relation to ‘*The Knight’s Tale*’ of Chaucer. The examination cannot be ill bestowed if it bring any of our readers into more direct acquaintance with the great master of English

* Nichols’s ‘*Progresses of Queen Elizabeth*,’ vol. i. pp. 210, 211.

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verse, whose poem of 'Palamon and Arcite,' although it was acknowledged by its author to be "known lite" in his own days, when abridged into his 'Knight's Tale' furnished to Dryden in his translation (he himself calls his poem a translation) a subject for "the most animated and most harmonious piece of versification in the English language;"* and, in a revived taste for our old poetry, will itself always be admired for its force, its simplicity, its majesty, and its just proportion.

'The Knight's Tale' of Chaucer opens with the return to Athens of the "duke that highté Theseus," after he had

"conquer'd all the regne of Feminie,
That whilom was ycleped Scythia,
And wedded the freshe queen Hypolita,
And brought her home with him to his countrey
With muchel glory and great solemnitie,
And eke her youngé sister Emelie."

The Two Noble Kinsmen opens with Theseus at Athens, in the company of Hippolyta and her sister, proceeding to the celebration of his marriage with the "dreaded Amazonian." Their bridal procession is interrupted by the

"three queens, whose sovereigns fall before
The wrath of cruel Creon."

In Chaucer the suppliants are a more numerous company. As Theseus was approaching Athens,

"He was 'ware, as he cast his eye aside,
Where that there kneeled in the highé way
A company of ladies tway and tway,
Each after other, clad in clothés black;
But such a cry and such a woe they make,
That in this world n'is creature living
That ever heard such another waimenting."

Briefly they tell their tale of woe, and as rapidly does the chivalrous duke resolve to avenge their wrongs:—

"And right anon, withouten more abode,
His banner he display'd, and forth he rede
To Thebes ward, and all his host beside."

The Queen and her sister remained at Athens. Out of this rapid narration, which occupies little more than a hundred lines in Chaucer, has the first scene of The Two Noble Kinsmen been constructed. Assuredly, the reader who opens that scene for the first time will feel that he has lighted upon a work of no ordinary power. The mere interruption of the bridal procession by the widowed queens—the contrast of their black garments and their stained veils with the white robes and wheaten chaplets and hymeneal songs with which the play opens—is a noble dramatic conception; but the poet, whoever he be, possesses that command of appropriate language which realizes all that the imagination can paint of a dramatic situation and movement; there is nothing shadowy or indistinct, no vague explanations, no trivial epithets. When the First Queen says—

"Oh, pity, duke!
Thou purger of the earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to the world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them:"

we know that the thoughts which belong to her condition are embodied in words of no

* Warton.

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common significancy. When the Second Queen, addressing Hippolyta, "the soldieress," says,—

*"Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off!"*

we feel that the poet not only wields his harmonious language with the decision of a practised artist, but exhibits the nicer touches which attest his knowledge of natural feelings, and employs images which, however strange and unfamiliar, are so true that we wonder they never occurred to us before, but at the same time so original that they appear to defy copying or imitation. The whole scene is full of the same remarkable word-painting. There is another quality which it exhibits, which is also peculiar to the highest order of minds—the ability to set us thinking—to excite that just and appropriate reflection which might arise of itself out of the exhibition of deep passions and painful struggles and resolute self-denials, but which the true poet breathes into us without an effort, so as to give the key to our thoughts, but utterly avoiding those sententious moralizings which are sometimes deemed to be the province of tragedy. When the Queens commend the surrender which Theseus makes of his affections to a sense of duty, the poet gives us the philosophy of such heroism in a dozen words spoken by Theseus:—

*"As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title."*

The first appearance, in Chaucer, of Palamon and Arcite is when they lie wounded on the battle-field of Thebes. In *The Two Noble Kinsmen* the necessary conduct of the story, as a drama, requires that the principal personages should be exhibited to us before they become absorbed in the main action. It is on such occasions as these that a dramatist of the highest order makes his characters reveal themselves, naturally and without an effort; and yet so distinctly, that their individual identity is impressed upon the mind, so as to combine with the subsequent movement of the plot. The second scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* appears to us somewhat deficient in this power. It is written with great energy; but the two friends are energetic alike; we do not precisely see which is the more excitable, the more daring, the more resolved, the more generous. We could change the names of the speakers without any material injury to the propriety of what they speak. Take, as an opposite example, Hermia and Helena, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where the differences of character scarcely required to be so nicely defined. And yet in *description* the author of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* makes Palamon and Arcite essentially different:—

*"Arcite is gently visag'd: yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspect; his brow
Is grav'd, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 't is not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts; long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled, as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness, merry; those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling."*

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This is noble writing ; and it is quite sufficient to enable the stage representation of the two characters to be well defined. Omit it, and omit the recollections of it in the reading, and we doubt greatly whether the characters themselves realize this description : they are not self-evolved and manifested. The third scene, also, is a dramatic addition to the tale of Chaucer. It keeps the interest concentrated upon Hippolyta, and especially Emilia ; it is not essential to the action, but it is a graceful addition to it. It has the merit, too, of developing the character of Emilia, and so to reconcile us to the apparent coldness with which she is subsequently content to receive the triumphant rival, whichever he be, as her husband. The Queen and her sister talk of the friendship of Theseus and Perithous. Emilia tells the story of her own friendship, to prove

“That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.”

This, in some sort, modifies the subsequent position of Emilia, “bride-habited, but maiden-hearted.” Her description of her early friendship has been compared to the celebrated passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* :—

“Is all the counsel that we two have shar'd,” &c.

Seward, the editor of *Beaumont and Fletcher*, makes this comparison, and prefers the description in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. Weber assents to this preference. We have no hesitation in believing the passage in the play before us to be an imitation of the passage in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, and therefore inferior in quality ; we do not think that Shakspeare would thus have repeated himself.

In Chaucer, Theseus makes swift work with Creon and with Thebes :—

“With Creon, which that was of Thebes king,
He fought, and slew him manly as a knight
In plain batáille, and put his folk to flight ;
And by assault he won the city after,
And rent adown both wall, and spar, and rafter ;
And to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their husbands that were slain,
To do th' obsequies, as was then the guise.”

It is in the battle-field that Palamon and Arcite are discovered wounded :—

“Not fully quick ne fully dead they were,
But by their cote-armure and by their gear
The heralds knew them well in special.”

The incident is literally followed in the play, where the herald says, in answer to the question of Theseus, “They are not dead ?”—

“Nor in a state of life : Had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 't was possible
They might have been recover'd ; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.”

In Chaucer, Theseus is to the heroic friends a merciless conqueror :—

“He full soon them sent
To Athens, for to dwellen in prison
Perpetual, he n'oldé no ransom.”

But in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* he would appear to exhibit himself as a generous foe, who, having accomplished the purposes of his expedition, has no enmity with the honest defenders of their country :—

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"The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others; all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste! their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth."

The fifth scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is a scenic expansion of a short passage in Chaucer:—

"But it were all too long for to devise
The greaté clamour and the waimenting
Which that the ladies made at the brenning
Of the bodies."

The epigrammatic ending of the scene is perhaps familiar to many:—

"This world's a city, full of straying streets;
And death's the market-place, where each one meets."

Pursuing the plan with which we set out, of following the course of Chaucer's story—and our reasons for adopting this plan we shall hereafter have to explain—we pass over all those scenes and parts of scenes which may be called the underplot. Such in the second act is the beginning of Scene I. In Chaucer we learn that—

"In a tow'r, in anguiah and in woe,
Dwellen this Palamon and eke Arcite
For evermore, there may no gold them quite."

The old romantic poet reserves his dialogue for the real business of the story, when the two friends, each seeing Emilia from the prison-window, become upon the instant defying rivals for her love. This incident is not managed with more preparation by the dramatist; but the prelude to it exhibits the two young men consoling each other under their adverse fortune, and making resolutions of eternal friendship. It is in an attentive perusal of this dialogue that we begin to discover that portions even of the great incidents of the drama have been written by different persons; or that, if written by one and the same person, they have been composed upon different principles of art. We have had occasion previously to mention a little work of great ability, printed in 1833, entitled 'A Letter on Shakspeare's Authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.' The writer of that letter is now commonly understood to be the accomplished Professor of Rhetoric in the University of Edinburgh, William Spalding, Esq.; and although we have reason to believe that his opinions on this particular question have undergone some change or modification, it would be unjust, not only to the author, but to our readers, not to notice with more than common respect the opinions of a writer who, although then a very young man, displayed a power of analysis and discrimination which marked him as belonging to a high school of criticism. Mr. Spalding assumes that a considerable portion of this drama was unquestionably the production of Shakspeare; that the underplot was entirely by a different hand; but that the same hand, which was that of Fletcher, was also engaged in producing some of the higher scenes of the main action. The whole of the first act, according to the traditional opinion, he holds to have been written by Shakspeare. The dialogue before us, in the first scene of the second act, and the subsequent contest for the love of Emilia, he assigns to Fletcher. We quote his words with reference to the first part of this scene:—"The dialogue is in many respects admirable. It possesses much eloquence of description, and the character of the language is smooth and flowing; the versification is good and accurate, frequent in double endings, and usually finishing the sense with the line; and one or two allusions occur, which, being favourites of Fletcher's, may be in themselves a strong presumption of his authorship; the images too have in some instances a want of distinctness

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in application, or a vagueness of outline, which could be easily paralleled from Fletcher's acknowledged writings. The style is fuller of allusions than his usually is, but the images are more correct and better kept from confusion than Shakspeare's; some of them indeed are exquisite, but rather in the romantic and exclusively poetical tone of Fletcher than in the natural and universal mode of feeling which animates Shakspeare. The dialogue too proceeds less energetically than Shakspeare's, falling occasionally into a style of long-drawn disquisition which Fletcher often substitutes for the quick and dramatic conversations of the great poet. On the whole, however, this scene, if it be Fletcher's (of which I have no doubt), is among the very finest he ever wrote; and there are many passages in which, while he preserves his own distinctive marks, he has gathered no small portion of the flame and inspiration of his immortal friend and assistant." He adds,—“In this scene there is one train of metaphors which is perhaps as characteristic of Fletcher as anything that could be produced. It is marked by a slowness of association which he often shows. Several allusions are successively introduced; but by each, as it appears, we are prepared for, and can anticipate, the next: we see the connection of ideas in the poet's mind through which the one has sprung out of the other, and that all are but branches, of which one original thought is the root. All this is the work of a less fertile fancy and a more tardy understanding than Shakspeare's: he would have leaped over many of the intervening steps, and, reaching at once the most remote particular of the series, would have immediately turned away to weave some new chain of thought.” We shall presently advert to the differences of style thus clearly pointed out.

We are now arrived at a part of the tale where the poetry of Chaucer assumes the dramatic form. The description of Emilia walking in the garden, the first sight of her by Palamon, and his imaginative love, the subsequent prostration of his heart before the same vision by Arcite,—are all told with wonderful spirit by the old poet. The entire passage is too long for extract, but we give some lines which will show that the energy of Chaucer imposed no common task of rivalry upon him who undertook to dramatize this scene of passion:—

“This Palamon 'gan knit his browés tway.
 ‘It were,’ quod he, ‘to thee no great honour
 For to be false, ne for to be traytour
 To me, that am thy cousin and thy brother
 Ysworn full deep, and each of us to other,
 That never for to dien in the pain,
 Till that the death departen shall us twain,
 Neither of us in love to hinder other,
 Ne in none other case, my levé brother;
 But that thou shouldest truly further me
 In every case as I should further thee.
 This was thine oath, and mine also, certain;
 I wot it well, thou dar'st it not withsain:
 Thus art thou of my counsel out of doubt,
 And now thou wouldest falsely been about
 To love my lady, whom I love and serve,
 And ever shall till that mine hearté starve.

“‘Now certés, false Arcite, thou shalt not so:
 I lov'd her first, and toldé thee my woe
 As to my counsel, and my brother sworn
 To further me as I have told beforn,
 For which thou art ybounden as a knight
 To helpen me, if it lie in thy might,
 Or ellés art thou false I dare well say'n.
 This Arcita full proudly spake again.

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“ ‘Thou shalt,’ quod he, ‘be rather false than I,
And thou art false, I tell thee utterly;
For *par amour* I lov’d her first ere thou.’ ”

It is a remarkable circumstance that one of the conditions of the friendship of the young men—the chivalric bond,

“Neither of us in love to hinder other,”—

so capable of dramatic expansion, has been passed over by the writer of this scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. The story is followed in Arcite being freed; but in Chaucer he returns to Thebes, and after a long absence comes to the court of Theseus in disguise. The unity of time is preserved in the drama, by making him a victor in athletic sports, and thus introduced to the favour of Theseus and the service of Emilia. In Chaucer, Palamon, after seven years’ durance,

“By helping of a friend brake his prison.”

The gaoler’s daughter is a parasitical growth around the old vigorous tree.

Palamon is fled to the woods. Arcite has ridden to the fields to make his *May-garland*; and his unhappy friend, fearful of pursuit, hears him, unknown, sing—

“Mayé, with all thy flowrés and thy green,
Right welcome be thou fairé freshé May,
I hope that I some green here getten may.”

The old poet continues, with his inimitable humour :—

“When that Arcite had roamed all his fill,
And sungen all the roundel lustily,
Into a study he fell suddenly,
As do these lovers in their quainté gears,
Now in the crop, and now down in the brees,
Now up, now down, as bucket in a well.”

The lover gives utterance to his lamentations; his rival hears him, and starts out of the bushes with, “False Arcite, false traitor!” Arcite proposes that they should determine their contention by mortal combat on the following day :—

“Here I will be founden as a knight,
And bringen harness right enough for thee,
And choose the best, and leave the worst for me:
And meat and drinké this night will I bring.”

The corresponding scene in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is finely written. There is a quiet strength about it which exhibits very high art. The structure of the verse, too, is somewhat different from that of the prison scene between the friends. But still we have no difficulty in believing that it might be written by the author of that previous scene. The third scene, where Arcite comes to Palamon “with meat, wine, and files,” is merely the carrying out of the action promised in the previous interview. It is unnecessary for the dramatic movement. We quite agree with Mr. Spalding in his estimate of this scene—that it is not very characteristic of either Shakspeare or Fletcher, but that it “leans towards Fletcher; and one argument for him might be drawn from an interchange of sarcasms between the kinsmen, in which they retort on each other former amorous adventures: such a dialogue is quite like Fletcher’s men of gaiety.” The combat itself takes place in the sixth scene. The passage in Chaucer upon which this scene is founded possesses all his characteristic energy. The hard outline which it presents is in some degree a natural consequence of its force and clearness :—

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“ And in the grove, at time and place yset,
This Arcite and this Palamon been met.
Tho changen 'gan the colour in their face ;
Right as the hunter in the regne of Thrace
That standeth at a gappé with a spear,
When hunted is the lion or the bear,
And heareth him come rushing in the greves,
And breaking both the boughés and the leaves,
And think'th, 'Here com'th my mortal enemy,
Withouten fail he must be dead or I ;
For either I must slay him at the gap,
Or he must slay me, if that me mishap.'
So fareden they in changing of their hue,
As far as either of them other knew.
There n'as no good day, ne no saluing,
But straight withouten wordés rehearsing,
Everich of them help to armen other
As friendly as he were his owen brother ;
And after that with sharpé spearés strong
They foinden each at other wonder long.”

It is upon the “everich of them help to armen other” that the dramatist has founded the interchange of courtesies between the two kinsmen. The conception and execution of this scene are certainly very graceful ; but the grace is carried somewhat too far to be natural. The dramatic situation is finely imagined ; but in the hands of a writer of the highest power it might, we think, have been carried beyond the point of elegance or even of beauty ; it might have been rendered deeply pathetic, upon the principle that at the moment of mortal conflict the deep-seated affection of the two young men would have grappled with the chimerical passion which each had taken to his heart, and would have displayed itself in something more eminently tragic than the constrained courtesy of the scene before us. It is this power of dealing with high passions which appears to us to be most wanting in the scenes where passion is required. It is answered, that those scenes are written by Fletcher, and not by Shakspeare. Of this presently. The interruption to the combat by Theseus and his train ; the condemnation of the rivals by the duke ; the intercession of Hippolyta and Emilia ; and the final determination that the knights should depart and within a month return accompanied by other knights to contend in bodily strength for the fair prize—these incidents are founded pretty closely upon Chaucer, with the exception that the elder poet does not make Theseus decree that the vanquished shall die upon the block. The scene has no marked deviation in style from that which precedes it.

The supposed interval of time during the absence of the knights is filled up by Chaucer with some of the finest descriptions which can be found amongst the numberless vivid pictures which his writings exhibit. In the *Two Noble Kinsmen* the whole of the fourth act is occupied with the progress of the underplot ; with the exception of the second scene, which commences with the long and not very dramatic soliloquy of Emilia upon the pictures of her two lovers, and is followed by an equally undramatic description by a messenger of the arrival of the princes and of the qualities of their companions. This description is founded upon Chaucer. We pass on to the fifth act.

Chaucer has wonderfully described the temples of Venus, of Mars, and of Diana. The dramatist has followed him in making Arcite address himself to Mars, Palamon to Venus, and Emilia to Diana. Parts of these scenes are without all doubt the finest passages of the play, surpassed by very few things indeed within their own poetical range. The addresses of Arcite to Mars, and of Emilia to Diana, possess a condensation of thought, a strength of imagery, and a majesty of language, almost unequalled by the very highest

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masters of the art ; but they as properly belong to the epic as to the dramatic division of poetry. The invocation of Palamon to Venus, although less sustained and less pleasing, is to our minds more dramatic : it belongs more to romantic poetry. The nobler invocations are cast in a classical mould. The combat scene is not presented on the stage. The absence of it is certainly managed with very great skill. Emilia refuses to be present ; she is alone ; the tumult is around her ; rumour upon rumour is brought to her ; she attempts to analyse her own feelings ; and we must say that she appears to be thinking more of herself than is consistent with a very high conception of female excellence. Arcite is eventually the victor. Palamon and his friends appear on the scaffold, prepared for death. Then comes the catastrophe of Arcite's sudden calamity in the hour of triumph ; and this again is description. The death of Arcite is told by Chaucer with great pathos ; and the address of the dying man to Emilia is marked by truth and simplicity infinitely touching :—

“ What is this world ? what asken men to have ?
 Now with his love, now in his coldé grave—
 Alone—withouten any company.
 Farewell, my sweet,—Farewell, mine Emily !
 And softé take me in your armés tway
 For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.
 I have here with my cousin Palamon
 Had strife and rancour many a day agone
 For love of you, and for my jealousy ;
 And Jupiter to wis my soulé gie,
 To spoken of a servant properly,
 With allé circumstances truély,
 That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
 Wisdom, humbles, estate, and high kindred,
 Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
 So Jupiter have of my soulé part,
 As in this world right now ne know I none
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon,
 That serveth you, and will do all his life ;
 And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
 Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.”

The dramatic poet falls short of this :—

“ Take Emilia,
 And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand ;
 Farewell ! I have told my last hour. I was false,
 Yet never treacherous : Forgive me, cousin !
 One kiss from fair Emilia ! 'T is done :
 Take her. I die !”

In this imperfect analysis of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, as compared with the ‘Palamon and Arcite’ of Chaucer, we have necessarily laid aside those scenes which belong to the underplot, namely, the love of the gaoler's daughter for Palamon, her agency in his escape from prison, her subsequent madness, and her unnatural and revolting union with one who is her lover under these circumstances. The question which we have here to examine is, whether Shakspeare had any concern with the authorship of this play ; and it is perfectly evident that this underplot was of a nature not to be conceived by him, and further not to be tolerated in any work with which he was concerned. Had he made “the friend” who delivered Chaucer's Palamon from prison to appear on the stage as a woman, she would have been a timid, confiding, self-denying, spirit-bound woman, which character he of all men could represent best ; and not a creature of mere sexual affection. Assuming

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that he wrote any part of the play, we may safely lay aside this part as having his participation or concurrence. Our inquiry is then reduced to narrower limits. We have to ask what portion of the original poem of Chaucer Shakspeare is supposed to have dramatized, and what portion was the work of a coadjutor. The stage tradition was, that he wrote the first act. The searching analysis of Mr. Spalding leads to the conclusion that he wrote all that relates to the main story in the first and fifth acts, and a scene of the third act; amounting to little short of half the play. To Fletcher is assigned the remainder. Mr. Spalding says that an attentive study of this drama from beginning to end "would convince the most sceptical mind that two authors were concerned in the work; it would be perceived that certain scenes are distinguished by certain prominent characters, while others present different and dissimilar features." These differences, Mr. Spalding has justly shown in the case of Fletcher as compared with Shakspeare, are so striking, that "we are not compelled to reason from difference in *degree*, because we are sensible of a striking dissimilarity in *kind*. We observe ease and elegance of expression opposed to energy and quaintness; brevity is met by dilation; and the obscurity which results from hurry of conception has to be compared with the vagueness proceeding from indistinctness of ideas; lowness, narrowness, and poverty of thought are contrasted with elevation, richness, and comprehension: on the one hand is an intellect barely active enough to seek the true elements of the poetical, and on the other a mind which, seeing those finer relations at a glance, darts off in the wantonness of its luxuriant strength to discover qualities with which poetry is but ill fitted to deal." This is strikingly and truly put. Yet, be it observed, it has reference only to the drapery of the dramatic action and characterization—the condensation or expansion of the thought—the tameness or luxuriance of the imagery—the equable flow or the involved harmony of the versification. The real body of a drama is its action and characterization. It is the constant subordination of all the ordinary poetical excellences to the main design, to be carried on through the agency of different passions, temperaments, and humours, that constitutes the dramatic art. To judge of a question of authorship, and especially of such a question with reference to Shakspeare, we must not only take into consideration the resemblances in what we call style (we use this for the want of a more comprehensive word), but in the management of the action and the development of the characters. Such inquiries as these are not without their instruction, if they lead us by analysis and comparison to a better appreciation of what constitutes the highest qualities of art. The best copy of a picture is necessarily inferior to the original; but we may better learn the value of the original by a close examination of the copy;—and this is the position which we are about to take up in the question of the authorship of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*. We hold that in parts it bears a most remarkable resemblance to Shakspeare in the qualities of detached thought, of expression, of versification; and not so with reference to Shakspeare's early and unformed style, but to the peculiarities of his later period. But we hold, at the same time, that the management of the subject is equally *unlike* Shakspeare; that the poetical form of what is attributed to him is for the most part epic, and not dramatic; that the action does not disclose itself, nor the characters exhibit their own qualities.

The fact that amongst the extraordinary multitude of plays produced in the palmy half-century of the stage, a very great many were composed upon the principle of a division of labour between two, and sometimes three and even four writers, is too satisfactorily established for us to consider that the difficulties attending upon such a partnership would produce imperfect and fragmentary performances where there was not the closest friendship. It is probable, however, that the intimate social life of the poets of that day, many of whom were also actors, led to such a joint invention of plot and character as would enable two or

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more readily to work upon a defined plan, each bringing to the whole a contribution from his own peculiar stores. The ordinary mixture too of the serious and comic portions of a drama facilitated such an arrangement ; and the general introduction of an underplot, sometimes very slightly hung upon the main action, would still further render the union even of more than two writers not a very difficult thing to manage. It must be considered too that the dramatists of that age were all, or very nearly all, thoroughly familiar with stage business. As we have said, many of them were actors ; and the literary employment of those who were not so was, if we may use the term, so professional, that it was as necessary for them to be as familiar with the practice of the theatre as for a lawyer to know by daily habit the rules of court. All these circumstances made such dramatic partnerships comparatively easy to manage. But we must not cease to bear in mind that these arrangements must always have had especial reference to the particular capacities and excellences of the persons so united, as known by experience, or suggested by their own promptings of what they were most fitted to accomplish. Let us apply these considerations to the case before us.

Shakspeare and Fletcher, we will assume, agree to write a play on the subject of Chaucer's tale of 'Palamon and Arcite.' It is a subject which Shakspeare in some respects would have rejoiced in. It was familiar to many of his audience in the writings of England's finest old poet. It was known to the early stage. It was surrounded with those romantic attributes of the old legendary tale which appear to have seized upon his imagination at a particular period of his life, and that not an early one. But, above all, it was a subject full of deep feeling,—where overwhelming passions were to be brought into contact with habitual affections ; a subject, too, not the less interesting because it required to be treated with great nicety of handling. It may be presumed, that if such a partnership had been proposed by Fletcher to Shakspeare (the belief that Shakspeare would have solicited Fletcher's assistance is not very probable), the younger poet would have offered to the great master of dramatic action, to the profound anatomist of character, to him who knew best how to give to the deepest and most complicated emotions their full and appropriate language—his own proper task of exhibiting the deep friendship, the impassioned rivalry, the terrible hatred, and the final reconciliation of the two heroes of the tale. The less practised poet might have contented himself with the accessory scenes, those of the introduction and of the underplot. Now, according to the just belief which has been raised upon the dissimilarities of style, Fletcher has not only taken the underplot, but all, or nearly all, the scenes that demanded the greatest amount of dramatic power, the exhibition of profound emotion in connexion with nice distinction of character. It was not the poetical faculty alone that was here wanting—that power which Fletcher possessed of expressing somewhat ordinary thoughts in equable and well-rounded verse, producing agreeable sensations, but rarely rising into the sublime or the pathetic, and never laying bare those hidden things in the nature of man which lie too deep for every-day philosophy, but when revealed become truths that require no demonstration. Shakspeare, on the contrary, according to the same just belief as to the internal evidence of style, takes those parts which require the least dramatic power,—the descriptive and didactic parts ; those which, to a great extent, are of an epic character, containing, like a poem properly epic, set and solemn speeches, elaborate narration, majestic invocations to the presiding deities. There can be no doubt as to the high excellence of these portions of the work. But is such a division of labour the natural one between Shakspeare and Fletcher ? If it be said that Shakspeare left portions of a posthumous play which Fletcher finished, we have the same objection differently applied. The internal evidence of style would lead us to assign the first and last acts to Shakspeare. The course of the action would of necessity adhere pretty

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closely to the tale of Chaucer ; and thus the beginning and the end might have been written without any very strict reference to what was to come between, provided the subject were in the hands of an author who would look at the completeness of the narrative as the main thing to be worked out. Shakspeare might have made the preliminary scenes as full as we find them in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* ; but when we look at the conciseness with which Chaucer gives the same scenes, and hurries on to the more dramatic parts of the subject, we do not very readily believe that Shakspeare would have taken the opposite course. Skilful as he is in the introduction of his subjects, in the preparation with which he brings the mind into the proper state for comprehending and feeling the higher interests which are to be developed, he comes in almost every case, with that decision which is a quality of the highest genius, to grapple with the passions and characters of the agents who are to work out the events ; and when he has done this, and has our imaginations completely subdued to his power, he delays or precipitates the catastrophe,—sometimes lingering in some scene of gentleness or repose to restore the balance of feeling, and to keep the tragic within the limits of pleasurable emotion,—and sometimes clearing away by a sudden movement all the involutions of the plot, shedding his sunlight on all the darkness of character, and yet making this unexpected dénouement the only one compatible with truth and nature. It was out of Shakspeare's own power, we believe, because incompatible with those principles of art which were to him as an unerring instinct, to produce the last scenes of a play before he had worked out the characterization which would essentially determine the details of the event. The theory that Shakspeare left a portion of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, which, after his death, was completed by Fletcher, is one which, upon a mature consideration of the subject, we are constrained to reject ; although it has often presented itself to us as the most plausible of the theories which would necessarily associate themselves with the belief that Shakspeare had written a considerable portion of this play.

In his specimens of 'English Dramatic Poets,' Charles Lamb selects from *The Two Noble Kinsmen* nearly all the first scene of the first act, part of the scene between Emilia and Hippolyta in the same act, and the dialogue between Palamon and Arcite, before Emilia comes into the garden, in Act II. The latter scene, he says, "bears indubitable marks of Fletcher : the two which precede it give strong countenance to the tradition that Shakspeare had a hand in this play." These and other passages, he adds, "have a luxuriance in them which strongly resembles Shakspeare's manner *in those parts of his plays where, the progress of the interest being subordinate, the poet was at leisure for description.*" Upon a principle, then, of arranged co-operation with Fletcher, Shakspeare had produced only those parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in which the interest is subordinate, and which should resemble his manner when he was at leisure for description. This is the main point which, with every deference for the opinion founded upon a comparison of style, that Shakspeare was associated in this play with Fletcher, we venture to urge as evidence that ought to be impartially taken in support of the opinion that Shakspeare was not concerned in it at all. Our own judgment, as far as the question of style is concerned, very nearly coincides with that of the author of the ingenious 'Letter' to which we have several times referred ; but, on a careful examination of the whole question, we are inclined to a belief that Shakspeare did not participate in the authorship. We do not, on the other hand, go along with Tieck, who, with somewhat of an excess of that boldness with which his countrymen pronounce opinions upon the niceties of style in a foreign language, says of this play, "I have never been able to convince myself that a single verse has been written by Shakspeare. The manner, the language, the versification is as thoroughly Fletcher as any other of his pieces. If Shakspeare had the capability of altering his language so variously as we here see, yet he nowhere presents exaggerations of

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thought and feeling in soft and flowing speeches, which is the characteristic of Fletcher.”* This is to mistake the question at issue. Nobody has ever supposed that Shakspeare wrote the parts that are commonly assigned to Fletcher; and therefore nobody accused him of putting exaggerated thoughts in soft and flowing speeches. If Tieck, however, considers the scenes of the first act, to which he distinctly alludes, to be in Fletcher's natural and habitual manner, he maintains a theory which in our opinion is more untenable than any which has been proposed upon this question. Steevens holds that the play is for the most part a studied imitation of Shakspeare by Fletcher. But if he has imitated style, he has also imitated character; and that most weakly. The Gaoler's daughter is a most diluted copy of Ophelia; the Schoolmaster, of Holofernes; the clowns, with their mummery, of the “rude mechanicals” of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. This very circumstance, by the way, is evidence that there was no distinct concert between Shakspeare and Fletcher as to the mode in which the subject should be treated. We agree with Lamb, that Fletcher, with all his facility, could not have so readily gone out of his habitual manner to produce an imitation of Shakspeare's condensed and involved style. He frequently copies Shakspeare in slight resemblances of thought; but the manner is always essentially different. These scenes in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are not in Fletcher's manner; it was not very probable, even if he had the power, that he would write them in imitation of Shakspeare. We believe that Shakspeare did not write them himself. We are bound, therefore, to produce a theory which may attempt, however imperfectly, to reconcile these difficulties; and we do so with a due sense of the doubts which must always surround such questions, and which in this case are not likely to be obviated by any suggestion of our own, which can pretend to little beyond the character of a mere conjecture, not hurriedly adopted, but certainly propounded without any great confidence in its validity.

We hold, then, that Fletcher, for the most part, wrote the scenes which the best critical opinions concur in attributing to him: we hold, also, that he had a coadjutor who produced for the most part the scenes attributed by the same authorities to Shakspeare: but we hold, further, that this coadjutor was *not* Shakspeare himself.

Coleridge has thrown out a suggestion that parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* might have been written by Jonson. He was probably led into this opinion by the classical tone which occasionally prevails, especially in the first scene, and in the invocations of the fifth act. The address to Diana,—

“Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow,”—

at once reminds us of

“Queen and huntress, chaste and fair;”

more perhaps from the associations of the subject than from Jonson's manner of treating it. But Coleridge goes on to state that the main presumption for Shakspeare's share in this play rests upon the construction of the blank verse. He holds that construction to be evidence either of an intentional imitation of Shakspeare, or of his own proper hand. He then argues, from the assumption that Fletcher was the imitator, that there was an improbability that *he* would have been conscious of the inferiority of his own versification, which Coleridge calls “too poetic minus-dramatic.” The improbability, then, that Fletcher imitated Shakspeare in portions of the play, writing other portions in his own proper language and versification, throws the critic back upon the other conjecture, that

* *Alt-Englisches Theater, oder Supplemente zum Shakspeare.*

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Shakspeare's own hand is to be found in it. But then again he says, "The harshness of many of these very passages, a harshness unrelieved by any lyrical inter-breathings, and still more the want of profundity in the thoughts, keep me from an absolute decision." We state these opinions of Coleridge with reference to what we must briefly call the style of the different parts, to show that any decision of the question founded mainly upon style is not to be considered certain even within its own proper limits. We have rested our doubts principally upon another foundation; but, taken together, the two modes of viewing the question, whether as to style or dramatic structure, require that we should look out for another partner than Shakspeare in producing this work in alliance with Fletcher. Coleridge appears to have thought the same when he threw out the name of Jonson; but we cannot conceive that, if he had pursued this inquiry analytically, he would have abided by this conjecture. Jonson's proper versification is more different from Shakspeare's than perhaps that of any other of his contemporaries; and we doubt if his mind was plastic enough, or his temper humble enough, to allow him to become the imitator of any man. We request our readers to compare the following invocation by Jonson, from 'Cynthia's Revels,' with the invocation to Mars in the fifth act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; and we think they will agree that the versification of Jonson, in a form in which both the specimens are undramatic, is essentially different:—

"Phœbus Apollo, if with ancient rites,
And due devotions, I have ever hung
Elaborate pœans on thy golden shrine,
Or sung thy triumphs in a lofty strain,
Fit for a theatre of gods to hear;
And thou, the other son of mighty Jove,
Cyllenian Mercury, sweet Maia's joy,
If in the busy tumults of the mind
My path thou ever hast illumined,
For which thine altars I have oft perfum'd,
And deck'd thy statues with discolour'd flowers:
Now thrive invention in this glorious court,
That not of bounty only, but of right,
Cynthia may grace, and give it life by sight."

Here is no variety of pause; the couplet with which the speech concludes is not different from the pairs of blank-verse which have gone before, except in the rhyming of the tenth syllables. But there is another writer of that period who might have been associated with Fletcher in the production of a drama, and did participate in such stage partnerships; who, from some limited resemblances to Shakspeare that we shall presently notice, might without any improbability be supposed to have written those portions of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which are *decidedly* and *essentially* different from the style of Fletcher. We select, though probably not the best selection we could make, a passage of the same general character as the invocations so often mentioned, and which may be compared also with Jonson's address to Apollo. It is an invocation to Behemoth:—

"Terror of darkness! oh thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal, on dark earth,
And hurl'st instructive fire about the world,
Wake, wake, the drowsy and enchanted night,
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle:
Oh, thou great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams, whose eyes are made
To shine in darkness, and see ever best

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Where men are blindest ! open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that for fear
Of some ill it includes would fain lie hid,
And rise thou with it in thy greater light."

The writer of this invocation, which we select from the tragedy of 'Bussy D'Ambois,' is George Chapman.

Webster, in his dedication to 'Vittoria Corombona,' speaks of "that full and heightened style of Master Chapman," in the same sentence with "the laboured and understanding works of Master Jonson." It is in the "full and heightened style" that we shall seek resemblances to parts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, rather than in the "laboured and understanding works." We are supported in this inquiry by the opinion of one of the most subtle and yet most sensible of modern critics, Charles Lamb :—"Of all the English playwrights, Chapman perhaps approaches nearest to Shakspeare in the descriptive and didactic, in passages which are less purely dramatic. Dramatic imitation was not his talent. He could not go out of himself, as Shakspeare could shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences, but in himself he had an eye to perceive and a soul to embrace all forms. He would have made a great epic poet, if, indeed, he has not abundantly shown himself to be one ; for his 'Homer' is not so properly a translation as the stories of Achilles and Ulysses re-written." Our theory is, that the passages which have been ascribed to Shakspeare as a partner in the work of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* are essentially "descriptive and didactic ;" that to write these passages it was not necessary that the poet should be able to "go out of himself ;" that they, for the most part, might enter into the composition of a great epic poem ; that the writer of these passages was master, to a considerable extent, of Shakspeare's style, especially in its conciseness and its solemnity, although he was ill fitted to grapple with its more dramatic qualities of rapidity or abruptness ; that also, unlike most of the writers of his day, who sought only to please, he indulged in the same disposition as Shakspeare, to yield to the prevailing reflection which the circumstances of the scene were calculated to elicit ; and, lastly, that his intimate acquaintance with the Greek poets fitted him to deal more especially with those parts of the tale of 'Palamon and Arcite' in which Chaucer, in common with all the middle-age poets, built a tale of chivalry upon a classical foundation. We can understand such a division of labour between Fletcher and Chapman, as that Fletcher should take the romantic parts of the story, as the knight-errantry, the love, the rivalry, the decision by bodily prowess,—and that Chapman should deal with Theseus and the Amazons, the lament of the three Queens (which subject was familiar to him in 'The Seven against Thebes' of the Greek drama), and the mythology which Chaucer had so elaborately sketched as the machinery of his great story.

Lord Byron somewhere says, speaking of his own play of 'Sardanapalus,' "I look upon Shakspeare to be the worst of models, though the most extraordinary of writers." We think, if Shakspeare be the worst of models, it is *because* he is the most extraordinary of writers. His prodigious depth of thought, his unbounded range of imagery, his intense truth of characterization, are not to be imitated. The other qualities, which might remain as a model, lie beneath the surface. Imitate, if it be possible, the structure of his verse ; the thought and the imagery are wanting, and the mere versification is a lifeless mass. Dryden says, in his preface to 'All for Love,' "In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakspeare." Open the play at any part, and see if the imitation has produced a resemblance. Rowe tells us that 'Jane Shore' is an imitation of Shakspeare. It is a painted daub of the print-shops imitating the colouring of Titian. Otway pieced Romeo and Juliet into his 'Caius Marius,' where the necessity for imitation was actually forced upon him, in making a *cento* of Shakspeare's lines and his own ; and yet the last

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speech of the Romeo of Otway's tragedy substitutes these three lines in the place of "Thus with a kiss I die :"—

"This world's gross air grows burthensome already,
I am all a god; such heavenly joys transport me,
That mortal sense grows sick, and faints with lasting."

We mention these things to show that men of very high talent have not been able to grapple with Shakspeare's style in the way of imitation. A poet, and especially a contemporary poet, might have formed his own style, in some degree, upon Shakspeare; not only by the constant contemplation of his peculiar excellences, but through the general character that a man of the very highest genius impresses unconsciously upon the aggregate poetry of his age. This we believe to have been the case with Chapman. He was not an imitator of Shakspeare in the ordinary sense of the word; he could not imitate him in his scenes of passion, because he could not "shift at pleasure, to inform and animate other existences." But, in a limited range, he approached Shakspeare, because he had the same earnestness, the same command of striking combinations of language, a rhythm in which harmony is blended with strength, a power of painting scenes by a vivid description, a tendency to reflect and philosophize. All this Shakspeare had, but he had a great deal more. Is that *more* displayed in the scenes of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which have been attributed to him? or, not being present, had Chapman the power of producing these scenes out of his own resources? This is a question which we certainly cannot pretend to answer satisfactorily: all that we can do is to compare a few peculiarities in the first and last acts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* with passages that offer themselves in those of Chapman's works with which we have an acquaintance.

We will begin with a quality which is remarkable enough in passages of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to distinguish them from those written by Fletcher—we mean the presence of general truths and reflections, propounded always with energy, sometimes with solemnity; not dragged in as a moral at the end of a fable, but arising spontaneously out of the habit of the author's mind. Coleridge doubts the *profundity* of these thoughts—and we think he is right. We will place in one column a few of such passages from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*; and, in the other, passages of a similar nature, selected somewhat hastily from three or four of Chapman's plays:—

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"We come unseasonably; but when could Grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd Judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?"

"Oh, you heavenly charmers,
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind."

"Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance!"

CHAPMAN.

"Sin is a coward, madam, and insults
But on our weakness, in his truest valour;
And so our ignorance tames us, that we let
His shadows fright us." *Bussy D'Ambois.*

"O the good God of Gods,
How blind is pride! what eagles we are still
In matters that belong to other men!
What beetles in our own!" *All Fools.*

"O! the strange difference 'twixt us and the stars!
They work with inclinations strong and fatal
And nothing know: and we know all their working,
And nought can do or nothing can prevent."
Byron's Tragedy.

It would be easy to multiply examples of this kind; and it would not be necessary for our purpose to select passages that are very closely parallel. We only desire to show that Chapman is a reflective poet; and that in this respect the tone of thought that may be

NOTICE ON THE AUTHORSHIP OF

found in the first and last acts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* is not incompatible with his habits of composition.

We have already selected an invocation by Chapman, with the intent of showing that his style in this detached and complete form of poetry approaches much more closely to the invocations in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* than the style of Jonson. Chapman appears to us to delight in this species of oratorical verse, requiring great condensation and majesty of expression, and demanding the nicest adjustment of a calm and stately rhythm. He derived, perhaps, this love of invocation, as well as the power of introducing such passages successfully in his dramas, from his familiarity with Homer; and thus for the same reason his plays have more of the stately form of the epic dialogue than the passionate rapidity of the true drama. We will select one invocation from Chapman's translation of the 'Iliad,' that of Agamemnon's prayer in the third book, to show the sources at least which were open to the writer of the invocations in the fifth act of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, for examples of condensation of thought, majesty of diction, and felicity of epithet:—

“ O Jove, that Ida doth protect, and hast the titles won,
Most glorious, most invincible; and thou, all-seeing sun;
All-hearing, all re-comforting; floods, earth, and powers beneath!
That all the perjuries of men chastise even after death;
Be witnesses, and see perform'd, the hearty vows we make.”

These invocations in his 'Homer' have the necessary condensation of the original. In his own inventions in the same kind he is naturally more diffuse; but his diffuseness is not the diffuseness of Fletcher. Take one example:—

“ Now all ye peaceful regents of the night,
Silently-gliding exhalations,
Languishing winds, and murmuring falls of waters,
Sadness of heart, and ominous secureness,
Enchantments, dead sleeps, all the friends of rest,
That ever wrought upon the life of man,
Extend your utmost strengths; and this charm'd hour
Fix like the centre: make the violent wheels
Of Time and Fortune stand; and great existence,
The maker's treasury, now not seem to be.”

The time is past when it may be necessary to prove that Chapman was a real poet. There are passages in his plays which show that he was capable not only of giving interest to forced situations and extravagant characters by his all-informing energy, but of pouring out the sweetest spirit of beauty in the most unexpected places. Take the following four lines as an example:—

“ Here 's nought but whispering with us: like a calm
Before a tempest, *when the silent air*
Lays her soft ear close to the earth to hearken
For that she fears steals on to ravish her.”

Was ever personification more exquisitely beautiful? The writer of these lines, with his wondrous facility, was equal to anything that did not demand the *very* highest qualities for the drama; and those qualities we do *not* think are manifest in the first and last acts of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, rich as these are in excellences within the range of such a writer as Chapman, *especially when his exuberant genius was under the necessary restraint of co-operation with another writer.*

The classical nature of that portion of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* that we think might have been assigned to Chapman might have been treated by a writer not very deeply

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

imbued with the spirit of Greek poetry without the use of any peculiar phrases or epithets which a poet derives from a particular course of reading, as we constantly find in Milton. We will select a very few parallel examples of such from *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and from Chapman's plays and the translation of the *Iliad* :—

TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

The scythe-tusk'd boar.
Blubber'd queens.
Clear-spirited cousin.
The heavenly limiter.
Shaker of o'er-rank states.
Sacred silver mistress.
Oh, you heavenly charmers.

CHAPMAN.

Thy music-footed horse.
His blubber'd cheeks.
Cold-spirited peers.
The heavenly lightener.
Thou mighty shaker of the earth.
Golden-throned queen.
The eternal dwellers.

It would be tedious as well as unnecessary to pursue these details farther. Whoever was the writer of those passages in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* which, on *some* grounds, have with great probability been attributed to Shakspeare, it is clear to us that there were two hands concerned in the production of the play, as dissimilar in their styles as Chapman, as a translator of Homer, is dissimilar to Pope. There is some analogy, however remote it may appear, between the poetical characters of Fletcher and Pope, as compared with writers of greater energy and simplicity; and the differences in kind of this poetical quality may serve as an illustration of the imperfect argument which we thus conclude :—

CHAPMAN.

"They sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round about
them shin'd;
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from
wind,
And stars shine clear; to whose sweet beams, high
prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles thrust up themselves
for shows;
And even the lowly valleys joy to glitter in their
sight,
When the unmeasur'd firmament bursts to disclose
her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen that glad the
shepherd's heart;
So many fires disclos'd their beams, made by the
Trojan part,
Before the face of Ilium; and her bright turrets
show'd:
A thousand courts of guard kept fires: and every
guard allow'd
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats and
hard white corn,
And all did wilfully expect the silver-throned morn."

POPE.

"The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumin'd all the ground;
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light.
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene,
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light:
So many flames before proud Ilium blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays:
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls, and tremble on the spires;
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shed a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umber'd arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn;
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn."

We have only one word to add. Chapman died in the very year that the first edition of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was published, with the name of Shakspeare in the title-page. If the title-page were a bookseller's invention, the name of Shakspeare would be of higher price than that of Chapman.



LOCRINE.



LOCRINE.

THE subject of this tragedy was a favourite with the early poets. We find it in 'The Mirror of Magistrates,' in Spenser, and in Drayton; occupying seven stanzas of 'The Faery Queen' (Book II., Canto 10), and fifty lines of the 'Poly-Olbion.' The legend of Brutus is circumstantially related in Milton's 'History of England,' where the story of Lochrine is told with the power of a poet:—

"After this, Brutus, in a chosen place, builds Troja Nova, changed in time to Trinovantum, now London, and began to enact laws, Heli being then high-priest in Judæa; and having governed the whole isle twenty-four years, died, and was buried in his new Troy. His three sons, Lochrine, Albanact, and Camber, divide the land by consent. Lochrine has the middle part, Lœgria; Camber possessed Cambria, or Wales; Albanact, Albania, now Scotland. But he in the end, by Humber, king of the Hunns, who with a fleet invaded that land, was slain in fight, and his people drove back into Lœgria. Lochrine and his brother go out against Humber; who, now marching onwards, was by them defeated, and in a river drowned, which to this day retains his name. Among the spoils of his camp and navy were found certain young maids, and Estrildis above the rest, passing fair, the daughter of a king in Germany; from

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whence Humber, as he went wasting the sea-coast, had led her captive; whom Loocrine, though before contracted to the daughter of Corineus, resolves to marry. But being forced and threatened by Corineus, whose authority and power he feared, Guendolen the daughter he yields to marry, but in secret loves the other: and oftentimes retiring, as to some private sacrifice, through vaults and passages made under ground, and seven years thus enjoying her, had by her a daughter equally fair, whose name was Sabra. But when once his fear was off, by the death of Corineus, not content with secret enjoyment, divorcing Guendolen, he made Estrildis now his queen. Guendolen, all in rage, departs into Cornwall, where Madan, the son she had by Loocrine, was hitherto brought up by Corineus, his grandfather. And gathering an army of her father's friends and subjects, gives battle to her husband by the river Sture; wherein Loocrine, shot with an arrow, ends his life. But not so ends the fury of Guendolen; for Estrildis, and her daughter Sabra, she throws into a river; and, to leave a monument of revenge, proclaims that the stream be thenceforth called after the damsel's name, which, by length of time, is changed now to Sabrina, or Severn."

In 'Comus' Milton lingers with delight about the same story:—

"There is a gentle nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream,
Sabrina is her name, a virgin pure;
Whilome she was the daughter of Loocrine,
That had the sceptre from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enraged stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
That stay'd her flight with his cross-flowing course."

The tragedy of 'Loocrine' was originally printed in quarto, under the following title:—
'The lamentable Tragedie of Loocrine, the eldest sonne of King Brutus, discoursing the warres of the Britaines and Hunnes, with their Discomfiture: The Britaines victorie, with their Accidents, and the death of Albanact. No less pleasant than profitable. Newly set fourth, ouerseene and corrected, by W. S. London, printed by Thomas Creede. 1595.' It was entered in the books of the Stationers' Company on the 20th of July, 1594. The play concludes with some homespun lines, which, to a certain extent, fix the date:—

"Lo! here the end of lawless treachery,
Of usurpation, and ambitious pride.
And they that for their private amours dare
Turmoil our land, and set their broils abroad,
Let them be warned by these premises.
And as a woman was the only cause
That civil discord was then stirred up,
So let us pray for that renowned maid
That eight-and-thirty years the sceptre sway'd,
In quiet peace and sweet felicity;
And every wight that seeks her grace's smart,
Would that this sword were pierced in his heart!"

The thirty-eighth year of Queen Elizabeth's reign began on the 17th of November, 1595; and it would therefore appear that these lines were written after the entry at Stationers' Hall; and that the piece, if acted at all, was presented in the latter part of the year of which the first edition bears the date. The question then arises, whether the expression in the title-page of that edition, "Newly set fourth, ouerseene and corrected, by W. S." implies that W. S. had corrected and published a play of an elder date; and that involves the further question whether W. S. was the original author, or one who undertook to repair a work that had fallen into his hands. Steevens says,—“Supposing for a moment that W. S. here stood for our great poet's name (which is extremely improbable), these words prove that Shakspeare was not the *writer* of this performance. If it was only set forth, overseen, and corrected, it was not composed, by him.” This is not

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a very logical inference from the words of the title-page ; nor is this an isolated case of prominently setting forth the correction of a play. The following title-page is, we think, an exact parallel to that of 'Lochrine : '—' A pleasant Conceited Comedie called Love's Labours Lost. As it was presented before her Highness this last Christmas. Newly corrected and augmented by W. Shakespeare.' Here the corrector and aug-
menter is the undoubted author ; and so the appearance of W. S. in the title-page of 'Lochrine' as its overseer and corrector, does not prove that "it was not composed" by W. S. We have no earlier trace that W. S. was held to be William Shakspeare than the publication of 'Lochrine' in the folio of 1664. If the publishers of that edition of Shak-
spere's works were misled by the initials W. S., they are not the only persons who have thought that these initials could only belong to the greatest of writers. Shakspeare has been made a political economist upon the strength of them. He was indeed a much better political economist than many of the statesmen of his time ; but he did not in 1581 write 'A compendious or briefe examination of certayne ordinary complaints, &c., by W. S.,' which in the last century was printed with his name. The author of that very able pamphlet was William Stafford. The theory of Steevens with regard to 'Lochrine' is that it was written by Marlowe, who died in 1593 ; that it was entered on the Stationers' books as Marlowe left it ; that some revision was necessary ; and that it was published with the initials of the reviser, William Smith, in 1595. In 1596 William Smith printed a collection of fifty sonnets, entitled, 'Chloris, or the Complaint of the passionate despised Shepheard.' In 'England's Helicon,' printed in 1600, there is a little poem entitled 'Corin's Dream of his fair Chloris,' bearing the initials W. S., which is no doubt by the same William Smith. We extract the first eight lines of this poem :—

" What time bright Titan in the zenith sat,
And equally the fixed poles did heat :
When to my flock my daily woes I chat,
And underneath a broad beech took my seat.
The dreaming god, which Morpheus poets call.
Augmenting fuel to my Ætna's fire,
With sleep possessing my weak senses all,
In apparitions makes my hopes aspire."

In the 'Censura Literaria' (vol. v., p. 113) an account is given of a work printed in 1577, entitled 'The Golden Aphroditis : a pleasant discourse penned by John Grange, gentleman,' in which a poem is also found by W. S., which is thus described :—
"Eighteen commendatory lines succeed, by W. S. This probably was Wm. Smith, the writer of other poesies. Shakspeare it could not be ; both on account of the date, and because he thus useth the commonplace process of compliment employed in that age, in which mythology and personification are made to halt for it." We extract four lines from these commendatory verses :—

" Here virtue seems to check at Vice, and Wisdom Folly taunts ;
Here Venus she is set at nought, and dame Diane she vaunts.
Here Pallas Cupid doth detest, and all his carpet-knights ;
Here doth she show that youthful imps in folly most delights."

Here then was a W. S. appearing as a poet in 1577, and again in 1596. Lochrine, in 1595, is newly set forth, &c., by W. S. The same anonymous person might have written a play in the very early days of the English stage, contemporary with the first perform-
ances of Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Kyd ; he might have revised it and published it in 1595. Very little is known of this author ; nothing of his personal history. A copy or two is in existence of his fifty sonnets ; and, if that be fame, his little book has been sold

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for thirty pounds in our own day. Seventy years after the first publication of 'Lochrine,' it is reprinted in a collection of Shakspeare's works ; but we have not a particle of evidence that it was traditionally ascribed to Shakspeare. The principle which appears to have determined the publishers of our poet's works in 1664 to add to their "impression" a collection of "seven plays never before printed in folio" appears to have been a very simple one. They took all which they found bearing the initials W. S., or the name William Shakspeare, as may be seen from the following table :—

Title of Play.	Initials, or Name, on Title.	Date.
Pericles, Prince of Tyre . . .	William Shakspeare . . .	1609
Tragedie of Lochrine . . .	W. S.	1595
First Part of the Life of Sir John Oldcastle	1. No name or initial . . .	1600
Chronicle Historie of Thomas Lord Cromwell	2. William Shakspeare . . .	1600
The London Prodigall	1. No name or initial . . .	1602
The Puritaine	2. W. S.	1613
A Yorkshire Tragedie	William Shakspeare . . .	1605
	W. S.	1607
	W. Shakspeare	1608

The *name* of Shakspeare affixed to the title of any of these plays cannot, as we have before observed in our notice of Pericles, be received as evidence of the authorship. 'Sir John Oldcastle,' of which two editions were published in 1600 by the same bookseller, the one with Shakspeare's name, the other without (the one without a name being the most correct), was unquestionably not written by Shakspeare, because we have record of a payment to the actual writers. This circumstance compelled us to inquire into the authorship of Pericles, almost wholly with reference to the internal evidence. And upon the same principle we must examine 'The London Prodigal' and 'The Yorkshire Tragedy.' It is manifest that the initials W. S. upon the title-pages of the early copies cannot be received as evidence at all of the authorship, however convenient it might have been for a publisher to accept them as evidence fifty years after Shakspeare's death. W. S. might, without any attempt to convey the notion that 'Lochrine' was written by Shakspeare, have fairly stood for William Smith ; and in the same way the W. S. of 'Thomas Lord Cromwell,' and the W. S. of 'The Puritan' might have represented Wentworth Smith, a well-known dramatic author at the date of the publication of those plays, who wrote many pieces in conjunction with the best poets of that prolific period of the stage. We proceed to an analysis of 'Lochrine,' not, as we would repeat, to attempt any display of ingenuity in finding parallels or contrasts, but, inquiring into the broad principles of Shakspeare's art, to apply something like a test of the genuineness of those productions which have been assigned to him at various periods since they were written, some very loosely and hastily, as we think, and others upon grounds that demand a patient and careful examination.

According to Tieck, 'Lochrine' is the earliest of Shakspeare's dramas. He has a theory that it has altogether a political tendency : "It seems to have reference to the times when England was suffering through the parties formed in favour of Mary Stuart. and to have been written before her execution, while attacks were feared at home, and invasions from abroad." It was corrected by the author, and printed, he further says, in 1595, when another Spanish invasion was feared. We confess ourselves utterly at a loss to recognise in 'Lochrine' the mode in which Shakspeare usually awakens the love of country. The management in this particular is essentially different from that of King John and Henry V. 'Lochrine' is one of the works which Tieck has translated,

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and his translation is no doubt a proof of the sincerity of his opinions; yet he says, frankly enough, "It bears the marks of a young poet unacquainted with the stage, who endeavours to sustain himself constantly in a posture of elevation, who purposely neglects the necessary rising and sinking of tone and effect, and who with wonderful energy endeavours from beginning to end to make his personages speak in the same highly-wrought and poetical language, while at the same time he shakes out all his school-learning on every possible occasion." To reduce this very just account of the play to elementary criticism, Tieck says, first, that the action of the play is not conducted upon dramatic principles; second, that the language is not varied with the character and situation; third, that the poetry is essentially conventional, being the reflection of the author's school-learning. It must be evident to all our readers that these characteristics are the very reverse of Shakspeare. Schlegel says of 'Lochrine,' "The proofs of the genuineness of this piece are not altogether unambiguous; the grounds for doubt, on the other hand, are entitled to attention. However, this question is immediately connected with that respecting Titus Andronicus, and must be at the same time resolved in the affirmative or negative." We dissent entirely from this opinion. It appears to us that the differences are as strikingly marked between 'Lochrine' and Titus Andronicus as between Titus Andronicus and Othello. Those productions were separated by at least twenty years. The youth might have produced Aaron; the perfect master of his art, Iago. There is the broad mark of originality in the characterization and language of Titus Andronicus. The terrible passions which are there developed by the action find their vent in the appropriate language of passion, the bold and sometimes rude outpourings of nature. The characters of 'Lochrine' are moved to passion, but first and last they speak out of books. In Shakspeare, high poetry is the most natural language of passion. It belongs to the state of excitement in which the character is placed; it harmonizes with the excited state of the reader or of the audience. But the whole imagery of 'Lochrine' is mythological. In a speech of twenty lines we have Rhadamanthus, Hercules, Eurydice, Erebus, Pluto, Mors, Tantalus, Pelops, Tithonus, Minos, Jupiter, Mars, and Tisiphone. The mythological pedantry is carried to such an extent, that the play, though unquestionably written in sober sadness, is a perfect travesty of this peculiarity of the early dramatists. Conventional as Greene and Marlowe are in their imagery, a single act of 'Lochrine' contains more of this tinsel than all their plays put together, prone as they are to this species of decoration. In the author of 'Lochrine' it becomes so entirely ridiculous, that this quality alone would decide us to say that Marlowe had nothing to do with it, or Greene either. There is another peculiarity also in 'Lochrine' which distinguishes it as much from Titus Andronicus as it does from the accredited works of the best dramatists of the early period. We allude to the incessant repetitions of a phrase, in the endeavour to be forcible and rhetorical. Sparingly used, all poets know the power of an echo which intensifies the original sound; but we will select a few such passages from 'Lochrine' which are the mere platitudes of weakness and inexperience:—

"These arms, my lords, these never-daunted arms."

"This heart, my lords, this ne'er-appalled heart."

"Accursed stars, damn'd and accursed stars."

"Brutus, that was a glory to us all,

Brutus, that was a terror to his foes."

"For at this time, yea at this present time."

"Casts such a heat, yea such a scorching heat."

"Since mighty kings are subject to mishap

(Ay, mighty kings are subject to mishap)."

"But this foul day, this foul accursed day."

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No doubt we may find this rhetorical form amongst the founders of our drama, and often in an excess which approaches to the ridiculous; take a passage from Greene's 'Orlando Furioso' for example:—

“ Although my country's love, dearer than pearl,
Or mines of gold, might well have kept me back ;
The sweet conversing with my king and friends,
Left all for love, might well have kept me back ;
The seas by Neptune hoised to the heavens,
Whose dangerous flaws might well have kept me back ;
The savage Moors and Anthropophagi,
Whose lands I pass'd, might well have kept me back ;
The doubt of entertainment in the event
When I arriv'd, might well have kept me back ;
But so the fame of fair Angelica
Stamp'd in my thoughts the figure of her love,
As neither country, king, or seas, or cannibals,
Could by despairing keep Orlando back.”

We have the same sort of elaborate repetition in 'Lochrine':—

“ If Fortune favour me in mine attempts,
Thou shalt be queen of lovely Albion.
Fortune shall favour me in mine attempts,
And make thee queen of lovely Albion.”

The latter passage, as well as that of Greene, is evidently part of the system of rhetoric upon which both writers proceeded, although in Greene the management is more spirited. We know of nothing like examples of this system in Shakspeare, except in one playful piece of comedy, where the principle is applied with the greatest nicety of art:—

“ *Bass.* Sweet Portia,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When nought would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.
Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honour to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.”
(Merchant of Venice, Act v.)

Let us, however, proceed to a rapid examination of 'Lochrine,' in its action and characterization.

The dumb-show, as it is called, of 'Lochrine' is tolerably decisive as to the date of the performance. It belongs essentially to that period when the respective powers of action and of words were imperfectly understood; when what was exhibited to the eye required to be explained, and what was conveyed to the imagination of the audience by speech was to be made more intelligible by a sign-painting pantomime. Nothing could be more characteristic of a very rude state of art, almost the rudest, than the dumb-shows which introduce each act of 'Lochrine.' Act I. is thus heralded:

“Thunder and lightning. Enter Ate in black, with a burning torch in one hand, and a bloody sword in the other. Presently let there come forth a lion running after a bear; then come forth an archer, who must kill the lion in a dumb show, and then depart. Ate remains.”

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Ate then tells us, in good set verse, that a mighty lion was killed by a dreadful archer; and the seventeen lines in which we are told this are filled with a very choice description of the lion before he was shot, and after he was shot. And what has this to do with the subject of the play? It is an acted simile:—

“So valiant Brute, the terror of the world,
Whose only looks did scare his enemies,
The archer Death brought to his latest end.
O, what may long abide above this ground,
In state of bliss and healthful happiness!”

In the second act we have a dumb-show of Perseus and Andromeda; in the third “a crocodile sitting on a river’s bank, and a little snake stinging it;” in the fourth Omphale and Hercules; in the fifth Jason, Medea, and Creon’s daughter. Ate, who is the great show-woman of these scenes, introduces her puppets on each occasion with a line or two of Latin, and always concludes her address with “So”—“So valiant Brute”—“So fares it with young Loocrine”—“So Humber”—“So martial Loocrine”—“So Guendolen.” A writer in the ‘Edinburgh Review’ most justly calls Loocrine “a characteristic work of its time.” If we were to regard these dumb-shows as the most decisive marks of its chronology, we should carry the play back to the age when the form of the moralities was in some degree indispensable to a dramatic performance; when the action could not move and develop itself without the assistance of something approaching to the character of a chorus. Thus in ‘Tancred and Gismunda,’ originally acted before Queen Elizabeth in 1568, previous to the first act “Cupid cometh out of the heavens in a cradle of flowers, drawing forth upon the stage, in a blue twist of silk, from his left hand, Vain Hope, Brittle Joy; and with a carnation twist of silk from his right hand, Fair Resemblance, Late Repentance.” We have their choruses at the conclusion of other acts; and, previous to the fourth act, not only “Megera riseth out of hell, with the other furies,” but she subsequently mixes in the main action, and throws her snake upon Tancred. Whatever period, therefore, we may assign to ‘Loocrine,’ varying between the date of ‘Tancred and Gismunda’ and its original publication in 1594, we may be sure that the author, whoever he was, had not power enough to break through the trammels of the early stage. He had not that confidence in the force of natural action and just characterization which would allow a drama to be wholly dramatic. He wanted that high gift of imagination which conceives and produces these qualities of a drama; and he therefore dealt as with an unimaginative audience. The same want of the dramatic power renders his play a succession of harangues, in which the last thing thought of is the appropriateness of language to situation. The first English dramatists, and those who worked upon their model, appear to have gone upon the principle that they produced the most perfect work of art when they took their art entirely out of the province of nature. The highest art is a representation of nature in her very highest forms; something which is above common reality, but at the same time real. The lowest art embodies a principle opposite to nature; something purely conventional, and consequently always uninteresting, often grotesque and ridiculous. ‘Loocrine’ furnishes abundant examples of the characteristics of a school of art which may be considered as the antithesis of the school of Shakspere.

The first scene introduces us to “Brutus carried in a chair.” With him are his three sons, Loocrine, Camber, and Albanact; Corineus and Asaracus, his brothers; Guendolen, the daughter of Corineus; with other personages. Brutus informs the assembly of his approaching death; and his brothers tell him of his great renown; which speeches encourage Brutus to take a very self-satisfying view of the whole course of his life, from

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the period of his flight from Italy to his quelling of the giants of Albion. However, the dying man at last proceeds to business; divides the kingdom amongst his sons, and directs that Loocrine should marry Guendolen. Having effected all this at an expense of words which would be somewhat weakening to a person in health, he very opportunely dies, and his son and brother break out into the following rhapsodies:—

“ *Loc.* Accursed stars, damn'd and accursed stars,
 To abbreviate my noble father's life !
 Hard-hearted gods, and too envious fates,
 Thus to cut off my father's fatal thread !
 Brutus, that was a glory to us all,
 Brutus, that was a terror to his foes,
 Alas ! too soon by Demogorgon's knife
 The martial Brutus is bereft of life :
 No sad complaints may move just *Æacus*.
Cor. No dreadful threats can fear judge *Rhadamanth*.
 Wert thou as strong as mighty *Hercules*,
 That tam'd the huge monsters of the world,
 Play'dst thou as sweet on the sweet-sounding lute
 As did the spouse of fair *Eurydice*,
 That did enchant the waters with his noise,
 And made stones, birds, and beasts, to lead a dance,
 Constrain'd the hilly trees to follow him,
 Thou could'st not move the judge of *Erebus*,
 Nor move compassion in grim *Pluto's* heart ;
 For fatal *Mors* expecteth all the world,
 And every man must tread the way of death.
 Brave *Tantalus*, the valiant *Pelops' aire*,
 Guest to the gods, suffer'd untimely death ;
 And old *Tithonus*, husband to the morn,
 And eke grim *Minos*, whom just *Jupiter*
 Deign'd to admit unto his sacrifice.
 The thund'ring trumpets of bloodthirsty *Mars*,
 The fearful rage of fell *Tisiphone*,
 The boisterous waves of humid ocean,
 Are instruments and tools of dismal death.
 Then, noble cousin, cease to mourn his chance,
 Whose age and years were signs that he should die.
 It resteth now that we inter his bones,
 That was a terror to his enemies.
 Take up the corse, and, princes, hold him dead,
 Who while he liv'd upheld the Trojan state.
 Sound drums and trumpets; march to *Troynovant*,
 There to provide our chieftain's funeral.”

At the end of the first act Loocrine and Guendolen are married; but a comic scene is interposed, in which Strumbo, a cobbler, talks of Cuprit and Dina, and in the same breath of the fourth book of *Lactantius*. It is evident that the author of this play could not produce the lowest buffoonery without making a parade of his book-knowledge.

The second act opens with the arrival of *Humber*, the king of the *Scythians*, with *Estrild* his wife, and *Hubba* his son. The lady is rapturous in her admiration of *Albion*:—

“ The plains, my lord, garnish'd with *Flora's* wealth,
 And overspread with particolour'd flowers,
 Do yield sweet contentation to my mind.
 The airy hills enclos'd with shady groves,
 The groves replenish'd with sweet chirping birds,
 The birds resounding heavenly melody,

LOCRINE.

Are equal to the groves of Thessaly ;
Where Phœbus, with the learned ladies nine,
Delight themselves with music's harmony,
And from the moisture of the mountain-tops
The silent springs dance down with murmuring streams,
And water all the ground with crystal waves.
The gentle blasts of Eurus' modest wind,
Moving the pittering leaves of Silvan's woods,
Do equal it with Tempe's paradise ;
And thus consorted all to one effect,
Do make me think these are the happy isles,
Most fortunate, if Humber may them win."

After strutting about, and talking of Fortune, and Boreas, and Semiramis, and Lucifer, and Penthesilea, these Scythian scholars move forward, and the cobbler appears again upon the scene, and refuses the "press-money" which a captain offers him. Subsequently the Scythians burn the cobbler's house with his wife in it ; but he goes to the wars with Albanact, and has the honour of fighting with the king of the Scythians. Humber is routed ; and talks, as is very natural with people when they are in very great distress, about Briareus, Olympus, and Minerva. However, the tide of battle turns again, and Albanact is routed ; and kills himself, after a denunciation of Fortune, which furnishes the most satisfactory evidence of the greatness of his ambition who was resolved to do so many wonderful things after he had cut his own throat :—

"Curs'd be her charms, damn'd be her cursed charms,
That do delude the wayward hearts of men,
Of men that trust unto her fickle wheel,
Which never leaveth turning upside-down !
O gods, O heavens, allot me but the place
Where I may find her hateful mansion.
I'll pass the Alps to wat'ry Meroe,
Where fiery Phœbus in his chariot,
The wheels whereof are deck'd with emeralds,
Casts such a heat, yea such a scorching heat,
And spoileth Flora of her checker'd grass ;
I'll overturn the mountain Caucasus,
Where fell Chimæra, in her triple shape,
Rolleth hot flames from out her monstrous paunch,
Scaring the beasts with issue of her gorge ;
I'll pass the frozen zone, where icy flakes,
Stopping the passage of the fleeting ships,
Do lie, like mountains, in the congeal'd sea :
Where if I find that hateful house of hers,
I'll pull the fickle wheel from out her hands,
And tie herself in everlasting bands."

He very appropriately concludes with six Latin hexameters before he kills himself. It is difficult to say which is the most ludicrous—the solemn ravings of the hero, or the burlesque of the cobbler and his man.

In the third act Loocrine comes against Humber, and finally defeats him, after a great many words uttered in the same "Ercles' vein." We hopelessly look for any close parallel of the fustian of this play in the accredited works of Greene, or Marlowe, or Kyd, who redeemed their podantry and their extravagance by occasional grandeur and sweetness. The dialogue of 'Loocrine' from first to last is inflated beyond all comparison with any contemporary performance with which we are acquainted. Most readers are familiar with a gentleman who, when he is entreated to go down, says

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“To Pluto’s damned lake, to the infernal deep, with Erebus and tortures vile also.”
The valiant Pistol had, no doubt, diligently studied ‘Loocrine;’ but he was a faint copyist of such sublime as the following :—

“You ugly spirits that in Coeytus mourn,
And gnash your teeth with dolorous laments;
You fearful dogs, that in black Lethe howl,
And scare the ghosts with your wide-open throats;
You ugly ghosts, that flying from these dogs
Do plunge yourselves in Puryflegethon;
Come all of you, and with your shrieking notes
Accompany the Britons’ conquering host.
Come, fierce Erinnya, horrible with snakes;
Come, ugly furies, armed with your whips;
You threefold judges of black Tartarus,
And all the army of your hellish fiends,
With new-found torments rack proud Loocrine’s bones !”

We do not get rid of Humber, who of all the characters excels in this line, until the end of the fourth act; previous to which happy event of his death Loocrine has fallen in love with Estrild, his prisoner; and the lady, after a very brief wooing, requites his love, under the assurance that Queen Guendolen shall do her no harm. The following lines, in which Loocrine describes the arrangements that he has made for the indulgence of his passion, furnish almost the only example of a passage in the play approaching to something like natural and appropriate language :—

“Nigh Durolitum, by the plessant Ley,
Where brackish Thamis alides with silver streams,
Making a breach into the grassy downs,
A curious arch of costly marble fraught
Hath Loocrine framed underneath the ground;
The walls whereof, garnish’d with diamonds,
With opals, rubies, glistering emeralds,
And interlac’d with sun-bright carbuncles,
Lighten the room with artificial day;
And from the Ley with water-flowing pipes
The moisture is deriv’d into this arch,
Where I have plac’d fair Estrild secretly.
Thither eftsoons, accompanied with my page,
I visit covertly my heart’s desire,
Without suspicion of the meanest eye,
For love aboundeth still with policy.
And thither still means Loocrine to repair,
Till Atropos cut off mine uncle’s life.”

In the fifth act we hear of the death of Corineus; upon which Loocrine commands that Estrild shall be queen in the room of Guendolen. The rightful wife, upon hearing of her misfortune, calls upon the winds and the clouds and the sun, and other such allies of tragic personages, to assist her in her distress, and she does not call in vain :—

“Behold the heavens do wail for Guendolen;
The shining sun doth blush for Guendolen;
The liquid air doth weep for Guendolen;
The very ground doth groan for Guendolen.
Ay, they are milder than the Britain king,
For he rejecteth luckless Guendolen.”

LOCRINE.

Her son arrives, and changes her temper in a moment from sorrow to revenge :—

“ Then henceforth farewell womanish complaints !
All childish pity henceforth then farewell !
But cursed Loocrine, look unto thyself ;
For Nemesis, the mistress of revenge,
Sits arm'd at all points on our dismal blades :
And cursed Estrild, that inflam'd his heart,
Shall, if I live, die a reproachful death.”

A battle ensues in which Loocrine is defeated ; but previously the ghost of Corineus appears, and his speech is no unfavourable specimen of the power of the writer :—

“ Behold, the circuit of the azure sky
Throws forth sad throbs, and grievous suspires,
Prejudicating Loocrine's overthrow.
The fire casteth forth sharp darts of flames ;
The great foundation of the triple world
Trembleth and quaketh with a mighty noise,
Presaging bloody massacres at hand.
The wandering birds that flutter in the dark
(When hellish night, in cloudy chariot seated,
Casteth her mists on shady Tellus' face,
With sable mantles covering all the earth)
Now flies abroad amid the cheerful day,
Foretelling some unwonted misery.
The snarling curs of darken'd Tartarus,
Sent from Avernus' ponds by Rhadamanth,
With howling ditties pester every wood.
The wat'ry ladies, and the lightfoot fawns,
And all the rabble of the woody nymphs,
All trembling hide themselves in shady groves,
And shroud themselves in hideous hollow pits.
The boisterous Boreas thund'reth forth revenge :
The stony rocks cry out on sharp revenge :
The thorny bush pronounceth dire revenge.
Now, Corineus, stay and see revenge.”

The last four lines furnish another example of that species of repetition which we have previously noticed. We have four lines very similar in Lodge's 'Wounds of Civil War' :—

“ Thy colour'd wings, steeped in purple blood,
Thy blinding wreath, distain'd in purple blood,
Thy royal robes, wash'd in my purple blood,
Shall witness to the world thy thirst of blood.”

Loocrine and Estrild each kill themselves ; and Sabren, previous to her completion of the tragedy, speaks some lines which, with a few other scattered passages here and there, afford evidence that, if the author possessed little or nothing of what may be properly called dramatic power, he might, could he have shaken off the false learning and extravagance of his school, have produced something which with proper culture might have ripened into poetry :—

“ You mountain nymphs which in these deserts reign,
Cease off your hasty chase of savage beasts !
Prepare to see a heart oppress'd with care ;
Address your ears to hear a mournful style !
No human strength, no work can work my weal,
Care in my heart so tyrant-like doth deal.

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You Dryades, and lightfoot Satyri,
 You gracious fairies, which at even-tide
 Your closets leave, with heavenly beauty stor'd,
 And on your shoulders spread your golden locks;
 You savage bears, in caves and darken'd dens,
 Come wail with me the martial Locrine's death;
 Come mourn with me for beauteous Estrild's death!
 Ah! loving parents, little do you know
 What sorrow Sabren suffers for your thrall."

Can we then believe that 'Locrine' was the earliest work of Shakspeare, as Tieck would believe? or are we to think with Schlegel that it belongs to the same class, and the same hand, as Titus Andronicus? We doubt much whether it is the work of a very young man at all. It is wrought up to the author's conception of a dramatic poem; it has no inequalities; its gross defects were intended to be beauties. It was written unquestionably by one who had received a scholastic training, and who saw the whole world of poetry in the remembrance of what he had read; he looked not upon the heart of men; he looked not even upon the commonest features of external nature. Did Shakspeare work thus in the poems that we *know* he produced when a young man? Assuredly not. If his training had been scholastic, his good sense would have taught him to see something in poetry besides the echo of his scholarship. Nor can 'Locrine' be compared with Titus Andronicus. The faults of that play are produced by the uncontrolled energy which, straining for effect in action and passion, destroys even its own strength through the absence of calmness and repose. Even Shakspeare could not at first perceive the universal truth which is contained in his own particular direction to the players:—"In the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness."

We have already apprised our readers that the opinions we entertain with regard to the authorship of 'Locrine' are directly opposed to those of Tieck, who has translated the play. The passages we have selected are, we think, fair examples of the average character of the poetry; but Tieck has pointed out one passage which he considers demonstrative of the hand of Shakspeare. He supposes that 'Locrine' was enlarged and improved by our poet previous to the edition of 1595; and he says—"In this new edition are doubtless added many verses adapted to the circumstances of the time; but particularly the beautiful rhymed stanzas in the fourth act, which so distinctly remind us of his Sonnets and the Venus and Adonis, that these alone would prove the genuineness of the drama." We subjoin the stanzas:—

"Enter Soldiers, leading in ESTRILD.

Est. What prince soe'er, adorn'd with golden crown,
 Doth sway the regal sceptre in his hand,
 And thinks no chance can ever throw him down,
 Or that his state shall everlasting stand,
 Let him behold poor Estrild in this plight,
 The perfect platform of a troubled wight

Once was I guarded with Mavortial bands,
 Compass'd with princes of the noble blood;
 Now am I fallen into my foemen's hands,
 And with my death must pacify their mood.
 O life, the harbour of calamities!
 O death, the haven of all miseries!

I could compare my sorrows to thy woe,
 Thou wretched queen of wretched Pergamus

LOCRINE.

But that thou view'dst thy enemies' overthrow.
Nigh to the rock of high Caphareus
Thou saw'st their death, and then departedst thence :
I must abide the victors' insolence.

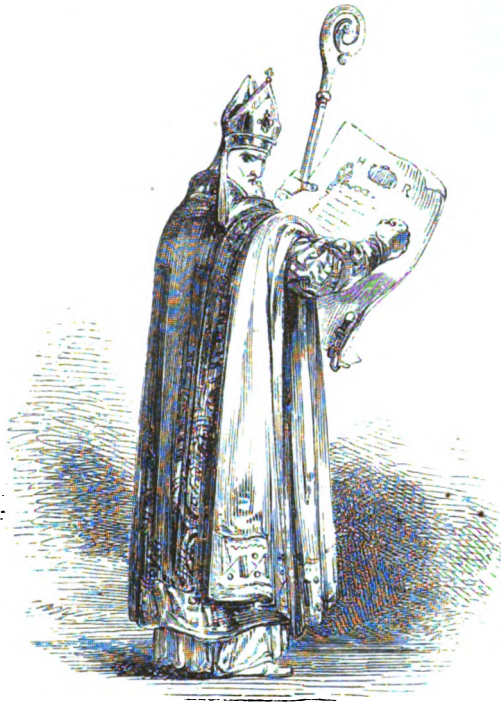
The gods, that pitied thy continual grief,
Transform'd thy corpse, and with thy corpse thy care :
Poor Estrild lives, despairing of relief,
For friends in trouble are but few and rare.
What said I, few ? ay, few, or none at all,
For cruel Death made havoc of them all.

Thrice happy they whose fortune was so good
To end their lives, and with their lives their woes !
Thrice hapless I, whom Fortune so withstood,
That cruelly she gave me to my foes !
O soldiers, is there any misery
To be compar'd to Fortune's treachery !'



SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

PART I



SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

PART I.

THE mode in which some of the German critics have spoken of this play is a rebuke to dogmatic assertions and criticism. Schlegel says—putting ‘Sir John Oldcastle,’ ‘Thomas Lord Cromwell,’ and ‘The Yorkshire Tragedy,’ in the same class—“The three last pieces are not only unquestionably Shakspeare’s, but in my opinion they deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works. . . . ‘Thomas Lord Cromwell’ and ‘Sir John Oldcastle’ are biographical dramas, and models in this species; the first is linked, from its subject, to Henry VIII., and the second to Henry V.” Tieck is equally confident in assigning the authorship of this play to Shakspeare. Ulrici, on the contrary, takes a more sober view of the matter. He says—“The whole betrays a poet who endeavoured to form himself on Shakspeare’s model, nay, even to imitate him, but who stood far below him in mind and talent.” Our own critics, relying upon the internal evidence, agreed in rejecting it. Malone could “not perceive the least trace of our great poet in any part of this play.” He observes that it was originally entered on the Stationers’ registers without the name of Shakspeare; but he does not mention the fact that of two editions printed in 1600 one bears the name of Shakspeare, the other not. The one which has the name says—“As it hath bene lately acted by the Right honorable the

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Earle of Nottingham, Lord High Admirall of England, his Seruants." In 1594 a play of Shakspeare's might have been acted, as, we believe, Hamlet was, at Henslowe's theatre, which was that of the Lord High Admiral his servants; but in 1600 a play of Shakspeare's would have unquestionably been acted by the Lord Chamberlain his servants. However, this conjectural evidence is quite unnecessary. Henslowe, the head of the Lord Admiral's company, as we learn by his diary, on the 16th of October, 1599, paid "for The first part of the Lyfe of Sir Jhon Ouldecastell, and in earnest of the Second Pte, for the use of the company, ten pound;" and the money was received by "Thomas Downton" "to pay Mr. Monday, Mr. Drayton, Mr. Wilson, and Hathaway." We might here dismiss the question of the authorship of this play, did it not furnish a very curious example of the imperfect manner in which it was attempted to imitate the excellence and to rival the popularity of Shakspeare's best historical plays at the time of their original production. It is not the least curious also of the circumstances connected with 'The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle,' that, whilst the bookseller affixed the name of Shakspeare to the performance, it has been supposed that the Falstaff of his Henry IV. was pointed at in the following prologue:—

• "The doubtful title, gentlemen, prefix'd
 Upon the argument we have in hand,
 May breed suspense, and wrongfully disturb
 The peaceful quiet of your settled thoughts.
 To stop which scruple, let this brief suffice:
*It is no pamper'd glutton we present,
 Nor aged counsellor to youthful sin,
 But one, whose virtue shone above the rest,
 A valiant martyr, and a virtuous peer;
 In whose true faith and loyalty, express'd
 Unto his sovereign and his country's weal,
 We strive to pay that tribute of our love
 Your favours merit. Let fair truth be grac'd,
 Since forg'd invention former time defac'd."*

In the Introductory Notice to Henry IV. we have adverted to the opinion that the Sir John Falstaff of Shakspeare's Henry IV. was originally called Sir John Oldcastle; and the question is again touched upon in the Introductory Notice to the Merry Wives of Windsor. The line in the prologue which we have just quoted—

"Since forg'd invention former time defac'd"—

might appear to point to an earlier period of the stage than that in which Shakspeare's Henry IV. was produced. Indeed the old play of 'The Famous Victories' contains the character of Sir John Oldcastle. He is a low ruffianly sort of fellow, who may be called "an aged counsellor to youthful sin;" but he is not represented as "a pampered glutton." In the Notice to Henry IV. we said—"In our opinion, there was either another play besides 'The Famous Victories' in which the name of Oldcastle was introduced, or the remarks of contemporary writers applied to Shakspeare's Falstaff, who had originally borne the name of Oldcastle. The following passage is from Fuller's 'Church History:—"Stage-poets have themselves been very bold with, and others very merry at, the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, whom they have fancied a boon companion, a jovial royster, and a coward to boot. The best is, Sir John Falstaff hath relieved the memory of Sir John Oldcastle, and of late is substituted buffoon in his place." This description of Fuller cannot apply to the Sir John Oldcastle of 'The Famous Victories.' The dull dog of that play is neither a jovial companion nor a coward to boot." We added,— "Whether or not Shakspeare's Falstaff was originally called Oldcastle, Shakspeare was,

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after the character was fairly established as Falstaff, anxious to vindicate himself from the charge that he had attempted to represent the Oldcastle of history. In the epilogue to *The Second Part of Henry IV.* we find this passage:—"For anything I know, Falstaff shall die of a sweat, unless already he be killed with your hard opinions; for Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man." *The Second Part of Henry IV.*, the epilogue of which contains this passage, was entered in the Stationers' registers in 1600, and was published in that year. When '*The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle*' was published in the same year, *Falstaff* is distinctly recognised as the companion of Prince Henry. In that play Henry V. is represented as robbed by the parson of Wrotham, a very queer hedge-priest indeed, bearing the name of Sir John, as if in rivalry of another Sir John; and the following dialogue takes place:—

"*Sir John.* Sirrah, no more ado; come, come, give me the money you have. Despatch; I cannot stand all day.

K. Henry. Well, if thou wilt needs have it, here it is. Just the proverb, one thief robs another. Where the devil are all my old thieves? Falstaff, that villain, is so fat, he cannot get on his horse; but methinks Poins and Peto should be stirring hereabouts.

Sir John. How much is there on't, o' thy word?"

Falstaff is again mentioned in the same scene by the priest, who asserts that the king was once a thief; and in answer to the question "How canst thou tell?" replies,—

"How? because he once robbed me before I fell to the trade myself, when that foul villainous guts, that led him to all that roguery, was in his company there, that Falstaff."

We have here tolerable evidence that Falstaff was "not the man" Oldcastle in 1600. And yet the following very remarkable letter, or dedication, is written some years after:—

"To my noble friend Sir Henry Bourchier :

"Sir Harry Bourchier, you are descended of noble ancestry, and in the duty of a good man love to hear and see fair reputation preserved from slander and oblivion. Wherefore to you I dedicate this edition of *Ocleve*, where Sir John Oldcastle appears to have been a man of valour and virtue, and only lost in his own times because he would not bow under the foul superstition of Papistry, from whence, in so great a light of Gospel and learning, that there is not yet a more universal departure, is to me the greatest scorn of men. But of this more in another place, and in preface will you please to hear me that which follows? A young gentle lady of your acquaintance, having read the works of Shakespeare, made me this question: How Sir John Falstaffe, or Fastolf as it is written in the statute-book of Maudlin College, in Oxford, where every day that society were bound to make memory of his soul, could be dead in Harry the Fifth's time and again live in the time of Harry the Sixth to be banished for cowardice? Where to I made answer that this was one of those humours and mistakes for which Plato banished all poets out of his commonwealth; that Sir John Falstaff was in those times a valiant soldier, as appears by a book in the Herald's office, dedicated unto him by a herald who had been with him, if I well remember, for the space of 25 years in the French wars; that he seems also to have been a man of learning, because in a library of Oxford I find a book of dedicating churches sent from him for a present unto Bishop Wainfleet, and inscribed with his own name. That in Shakespeare's first show of Harry the Fifth, the person with which he undertook to play a buffoon was not Falstaff, but Sir John Oldcastle; and that, offence being worthily taken by personages descended from his title, as peradventure by many others also who ought to have him in honourable memory, the poet was put to make an ignorant shift of abusing Sir John Falstrophe, a man not inferior of virtue, though not so famous in piety as the other, who gave witness unto the trust of our reformation with a constant and resolute martyrdom, unto which he was pursued by the priests, bishops, monks, and friars, of those days. Noble sir, this is all my preface. God keep you, and me, and all Christian people, from the bloody designs of that cruel religion.

"Yours in all observance,

"RICH. JAMES."

This letter is contained in a manuscript preserved in the Bodleian Library, written by Dr. Richard James, who died in 1638. The manuscript to which it is prefixed is entitled *The Legend and Defence of the Noble Knight and Martyr, Sir John Oldcastel,* and

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has been published by Mr. Halliwell, having been pointed out to him by the Rev. Dr. Bliss.*

The "young gentle lady" who, according to this letter, was so well employed in studying Shakspeare's historical plays, read them as many other persons read, without any very accurate perception of what essentially belongs to the province of imagination, and of what is literally true. Whatever similarity there may be in the names of Sir John Falstaff and Sir John Fastolf, the young lady might have perceived that the poet had not the slightest intention of proposing the Fastolf of Henry VI. as the Falstaff of Henry IV. Assuredly the Falstaff that we last see in the closing scene of *The Second Part of Henry IV.*—a jester, surfeit-swelled, old, profane, as the king denounces him—is not the Fastolf that makes his appearance at the battle of Patay, in the *First Part of Henry VI.*, and is subsequently degraded from being a knight of the garter for his conduct on that occasion. In these scenes of Henry VI. Shakspeare drew an historical character, and represented an historical fact. The degradation of Fastolf was in all probability an unjust sentence, as unjust as that pronounced by the worthy writer of the letter in the Bodleian Library, that the wittiest of all Shakspeare's creations was a "buffoon," and that he might be confounded with the very commonplace knight whose only distinction was the garter on his leg. Fastolf was a respectable personage no doubt in his day, but not "sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old Jack Falstaff." It appears to us, therefore, that, in the same manner as the "young gentle lady" and Dr. Richard James, somewhat ignorantly, as we think, confounded Fastolf and Falstaff, so they erred in a similar way by believing that "in Shakespeare's first show of Harry the Fifth, the person with which he undertook to play a buffoon was not Falstaff, but Sir John Oldcastle." Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' speaking of Sir John Falstaff, has the same complaint, as we have seen, against "stage-poets." Now, admitting what appears possible, that Shakspeare in his *Henry IV.* originally had the name of Oldcastle where we now find that of Falstaff, is it likely that he could have meant the champion of the Reformation of Wickliff, who was cruelly put to death for heresy in the fourth year of Henry V., to have been the boon companion of the youthful prince; and who, before the king went to the French wars, died quietly in his bed, "e'en at the turning of the tide?" And yet there is little doubt that, when Shakspeare adopted a name familiar to the stage, he naturally raised up this species of absurd misconception, which had the remarkable fate of being succeeded by a mistake still more absurd, that Falstaff and Fastolf were one and the same. It is, however, extremely probable that there were other plays in which the character of Sir John Oldcastle was presented historically, and falsely presented; that from this circumstance Shakspeare saw the necessity of substituting another name for Oldcastle, and of making the declaration "Oldcastle died a martyr, and this is not the man;" and that the authors of the play before us, 'The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle,' adopted a subject with which the public mind was at that time familiar, and presented Sir John Oldcastle upon the stage, in a manner that would be agreeable to "personages descended from his title," and to the great body of the people "who ought to have him in honourable memory." Whether the reputation of Oldcastle derived much benefit from their labours remains to be seen.

The play opens with a quarrel in the street of Hereford between Lord Herbert, Lord Powis, and their followers; which is put down by the judges, who are holding the assize in the town. The commencement of the conflict, in which blood was shed, is thus described:—

* On the Character of Sir John Falstaff, 1841.

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"Lord Powis detracted from the power of Rome,
Affirming Wickliff's doctrine to be true,
And Rome's erroneous: hot reply was made
By the lord Herbert; they were traitors all
That would maintain it. Powis answered,
They were as true, as noble, and as wise,
As he; they would defend it with their lives;
He nam'd, for instance, sir John Oldcastle,
The lord Cobham: Herbert replied again,
He, thou, and all, are traitors that so hold.
The lie was given, the several factions drawn,
And so enrag'd that we could not appease it."

The second scene introduces us to the Bishop of Rochester, denouncing Lord Cobham (Oldcastle), as an heretic, to the Duke of Suffolk. The bishop is supported by Sir John of Wrotham, whose zeal is so boisterous as to receive the following rebuke from the Duke :—

"Oh, but you must not swear; it ill becomes
One of your coat to rap out bloody oaths."

The king appears to hear the complaint of the churchman; and he promises to send for Oldcastle "and school him privately." In the third scene we have Lord Cobham and an aged servant, and Lord Powis arrives in disguise, and is concealed by Cobham. In the second act we have a comic scene, amusing enough, but anything but original; a sumner arrives to cite Lord Cobham before the Ecclesiastical Court, and the old servant of the noble reformer makes the officer eat the citation. Nashe tells us in his 'Pierce Pennylesse' that he once saw Robert Greene "make an apparitor eat his citation, wax and all, very handsomely served 'twixt two dishes." We have something like the same incident in the play of the 'Pinner of Wakefield.' The scene changes to London, where we have an assembly of rebels who give out that Oldcastle will be their general. In the next scene, which is probably the best sustained of the play, we have Henry and Lord Cobham in conference :—

K. Henry. 'T is not enough, lord Cobham, to submit;
You must forsake your gross opinion.
The bishops find themselves much injured;
And though, for some good service you have done,
We for our part are pleas'd to pardon you,
Yet they will not so soon be satisfied.

Cob. My gracious lord, unto your majesty,
Next unto my God, I do owe my life;
And what is mine, either by nature's gift,
Or fortune's bounty, all is at your service.
But for obedience to the pope of Rome,
I owe him none; nor shall his shaveling priests,
That are in England, alter my belief.
If out of Holy Scripture they can prove
That I am in an error, I will yield,
And gladly take instruction at their hands:
But otherwise, I do beseech your grace
My conscience may not be encroach'd upon.

K. Henry. We would be loth to press our subjects' bodies,
Much less their souls, the dear redeemed part
Of Him that is the ruler of us all:
Yet let me counsel you, that might command.
Do not presume to tempt them with ill words,
Nor suffer any meetings to be had

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Within your house; but to the uttermost
 Disperse the flocks of this new gathering sect.
Cob. My liege, if any breathe, that dares come forth,
 And say, my life in any of these points
 Deserves the attainder of ignoble thoughts,
 Here stand I, craving no remorse at all,
 But even the utmost rigour may be shown."

The Bishop of Rochester appears and denounces Cobham for the contempt shown to his citation; the king reproves the bishop and dismisses Oldcastle in safety. It is evident that the dramatic capabilities of such a scene furnish an occasion for the display of high poetical power. The interview between Henry and his faithful friend and adherent; the anxiety of the reformer to vindicate himself from disloyalty, whilst he honestly supported his own opinions; the natural desire of the king to resist innovation, whilst he respected the virtues of the innovator,—points like these would have been handled by Shakspeare, or one imbued with his spirit, in a manner that would have lived and abided in our memories. The lines that we have quoted, which are the best in the scene, furnish a sufficient proof that the subject was in feeble hands.

The third act opens to us the conspiracy of Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey. The conspirators meet Lord Cobham. The mode in which they introduce their purpose is spirited and dramatic. Cobham has invited them to his house, and promises them hunters' fare and a hunt. Cambridge thus replies, before he presents the paper which discloses the plot:—

Cam. Nay, but the stag which we desire to strike
 Lives not in Cowling: if you will consent,
 And go with us, we'll bring you to a forest
 Where runs a lusty herd; among the which
 There is a stag superior to the rest,
 A stately beast, that, when his fellows run,
 He leads the race, and beats the sullen earth,
 As though he scorn'd it, with his trampling hoofs:
 Aloft he bears his head, and with his breast,
 Like a huge bulwark, counterchecks the wind:
 And, when he standeth still, he stretcheth forth
 His proud ambitious neck, as if he meant
 To wound the firmament with forked horns.

Cob. 'T is pity such a goodly beast should die.

Cam. Not so, sir John; for he is tyrannous,
 And gores the other deer, and will not keep
 Within the limits are appointed him.
 Of late he's broke into a several,
 Which doth belong to me, and there he spoils
 Both corn and pasture. Two of his wild race,
 Alike for stealth and covetous encroaching,
 Already are remov'd; if he were dead,
 I should not only be secure from hurt,
 But with his body make a royal feast."

Cobham then dissembles, and asks—

"Is not this a train laid to entrap my life?"

They offer to swear fidelity; but he requires them only to subscribe the writing. The time and place of meeting are appointed, and they part. Cobham puts the paper in his pocket, and goes off to betray them to the king. The state-morality of the age of Elizabeth might perhaps have made this incident more palatable to an audience of that

SIR JOHN OLDCASTLE.

day than to ourselves ; but we doubt whether Shakspeare would have put this burthen upon the soul of one whom he wished to represent as a hero and a martyr. We have more scenes of the rebels ; followed by the scene which we have already noticed of the parson robbing the king. The same worthy divine is afterwards found in the king's camp, dicing with his majesty ; and then the robbery is discovered, and the robber pardoned. The rebels who were in the field, headed by Sir Roger Acton, are routed. The Bishop of Rochester affirms that they were incited by Cobham, who arrives at the moment of the accusation to prove his loyalty by denouncing Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge. The king is satisfied ; but subsequently the Bishop of Rochester seizes Cobham and confines him in the Tower, from which he very soon escapes. With the exception of a scene in which Cambridge and the other conspirators are seized by the king, the whole of the fifth act is occupied by the wanderings of Cobham and his wife, their disguises, and their escapes. The following scene is happily imagined and gracefully expressed :—

Cob. Come, madam, happily escap'd. Here let us sit ;
This place is far remote from any path ;
And here awhile our weary limbs may rest
To take refreshing, free from the pursuit
Of envious Rochester.

L. Cob. But where, my lord,
Shall we find rest for our disquiet minds ?
There dwell untamed thoughts, that hardly stoop
To such abasement of disdained rags :
We were not wont to travel thus by night,
Especially on foot.

Cob. No matter, love,
Extremities admit no better choice ;
And, were it not for thee, say froward time
Impos'd a greater task, I would esteem it
As lightly as the wind that blows upon us :
But in thy sufferance I am doubly task'd ;
Thou wast not wont to have the earth thy stool,
Nor the moist dewy grass thy pillow, nor
Thy chamber to be the wide horizon.

L. Cob. How can it seem a trouble, having you
A partner with me in the worst I feel ?
No, gentle lord, your presence would give ease
To death itself, should he now seize upon me.

[*She produces some bread and cheese, and a bottle.*
Behold, what my foresight hath underta'en,
For fear we faint ; they are but homely cates ;
Yet, sauc'd with hunger, they may seem as sweet
As greater dainties we were wont to taste.

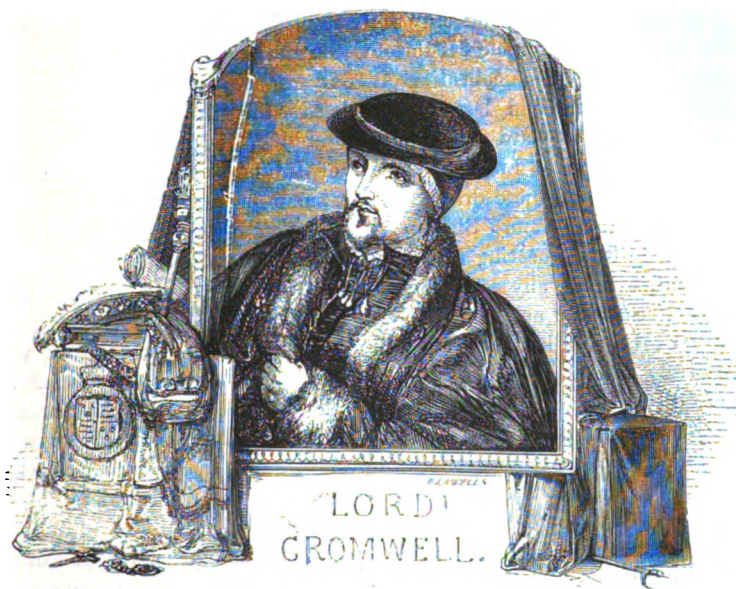
Cob. Praise be to Him whose plenty sends both this
And all things else our mortal bodies need !
Nor scorn we this poor feeding, nor the state
We now are in ; for what is it on earth,
Nay, under heaven, continues at a stay ?
Ebbs not the sea, when it hath overflow'd ?
Follows not darkness, when the day is gone ?
And see we not sometimes the eye of heaven
Dimm'd with o'er-flying clouds ? There's not that work
Of careful nature, or of cunning art,
How strong, how beauteous, or how rich it be,
But falls in time to ruin. Here, gentle madam,
In this one draught I wash my sorrow down. [*Drinks.*]

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The persecuted pair fall asleep ; and a murdered body being found near them, they are apprehended as the murderers and conducted to trial. They are discharged through the discovery of the real murderer ; and fly with Lord Powis into Wales.

It will be evident from this analysis that 'The First Part of Sir John Oldcastle' is entirely deficient in dramatic unity. Shakspeare, in representing a series of historical events, did not of course attempt to sustain that unity of idea which we see so strikingly in his best tragedies and comedies. We have not one great action, but a succession of actions ; and yet, through his wonderful power of characterization, and his skill in grouping a series of events round one leading event, we have a principle upon which the mind can determinately rest, and rightly comprehend the whole dramatic movement. In the play before us there is no distinct relation between one scene and another. We forget the connection between Oldcastle and the events in which he is implicated ; and, when he himself appears on the scene, the development of character, in which a real poet would have luxuriated, is made subordinate to the hurry of the perplexed though monotonous movement of the story. Tho' foughly to understand the surpassing power of Shakspeare in the management of the historical drama, it might be desirable to compare John, or Richard II., or Richard III., or Henry VIII., with this play ; but, after all, the things do not admit of comparison.

THE LIFE AND DEATH
OF
THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.



THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

THE first edition of this play was published in 1602, under the title of 'The Chronicle History of Thomas Lord Cromwell.' No name or initials of any author appear in the title-page. In 1613 appeared 'The true Chronicle Historie of the whole life and death of Thomas Lord Cromwell. As it hath bene sundry times publikely Acted by the Kings Majesties Seruants. Written by W. S.' In 1602 the registers of the Stationers' Company had the entry of "A Booke called the Lyfe and Deathe of the Lord Cromwell, as yt was lately acted by the Lord Chamberleyn his servants." It appears, therefore, that the play was originally performed, and continued to be performed, by the company in which Shakspeare was a chief proprietor. In the Introductory Notice to Henry VIII. we have attempted to show that Shakspeare produced that play as a *new* play in 1613. It is easy to understand why in 1613 it might recommend the sale of 'Thomas Lord Cromwell' to put W. S. on the title-page, whether those initials represented the real writer, or were meant to imply that the writer was William Shakspeare. Beyond these initials there is no external evidence whatever to attribute the play to the great dramatizer of English history.

Schlegel, as we have seen, calls 'Sir John Oldcastle and 'Thomas Lord Cromwell' "biographical dramas, and models in this species." We have no hesitation in affirming

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that a biographical drama, especially such a drama as 'Thomas Lord Cromwell,' is essentially undramatic. 'Oldcastle' takes a portion only of the life of its hero; but 'Cromwell' gives us the story of the man from his boyhood to his execution. The resemblance which it bears to any play of Shakspeare's is solely in the structure of the title; and that parallel holds good only with regard to one play, *Lear*, according to its original title, the 'True Chronicle Historie of the life and death of King Lear and his three Daughters.' In the folio collection of 1623 we have indeed 'The Life and Death of King John,' 'The Life and Death of Richard II.,' 'The Life of King Henry V.,' 'The Life and Death of Richard III.,' and 'The Life of King Henry VIII.' So in the same edition we have 'The Life and Death of Julius Cæsar.' But our readers are perfectly aware that in all these dramas a very small portion of the life of the hero of each is included in the action. Shakspeare knew his art too well to attempt to teach history dramatically by connecting a series of isolated events solely by their relation to a principal agent, without any other dependence. Nothing, for example, can be more complete in itself than the action of Richard II., or that of Henry V., of Richard III., and of Henry VIII. We have in these pieces nearly all the condensation which pure tragedy requires. But in 'Thomas Lord Cromwell,' on the contrary, what Shakspeare would have *told* in a few words, reserving himself for an exhibition of character in the more striking situations, is actually *presented* to us in a succession of scenes that have no relation to any action of deepening interest—chapter upon chapter of which might have been very well spared, if one chapter, that of the elevation and fall of Cromwell, had occupied a space proportioned to its importance.

We begin the drama in the shop of old Cromwell, the blacksmith, at Putney, where young Cromwell, with a want of sense that ill accords with his future advancement, insists that his father's men shall leave off work because their noise disturbs his study. His father comes, and like a sensible and honest man reproves his son for his vagaries; and then the ambitious youth, who proclaims the purpose of his presaging soul, that he will build a palace

"As fine as is king Henry's house at Sheen,"

thus soliloquizes:—

Crom. Why should my birth keep down my mounting spirit?
 Are not all creatures subject unto time,
 To time, who doth abuse the cheated world,
 And fills it full of hodge-podge bastardy?
 There's legions now of beggars on the earth
 That their original did spring from kings;
 And many monarchs now, whose fathers were
 The riff-raff of their age: for time and fortune
 Wears out a noble train to beggary;
 And from the dunghill millions do advance
 To state and mark in this admiring world.
 This is but course, which in the name of fate
 Is seen as often as it whirls about.
 The river Thames, that by our door doth pass,
 His first beginning is but small and shallow;
 Yet, keeping on his course, grows to a sea.
 And likewise Wolsey, the wonder of our age,
 His birth as mean as mine, a butcher's son;
 Now who within this land a greater man?
 Then, Cromwell, cheer thee up, and tell thy soul,
 That thou may'st live to flourish and control."

The young man, who despises work, immediately gets employment without seeking it,—

THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

to be secretary to the English merchants at Antwerp. Then commences the secondary action of the drama, which consists of the adventures of one Banister, an English merchant, who is persecuted by Bagot, a usurer, and relieved by a foreign merchant. It is by no means clear what this has to do with Thomas Lord Cromwell; but it may be satisfactory to know that eventually the usurer is hanged, and the merchant is restored to competence.

It would have been difficult, with all the author's contempt for unity of action, to have contrived to have told the whole story of Cromwell dramatically; and so he occasionally gives us a chorus. The second act thus opens :—

“ Now, gentlemen, imagine that young Cromwell's
In Antwerp, leiger for the English merchants ;
And Banister, to shun this Bagot's hate,
Hearing that he hath got some of his debts,
Is fled to Antwerp, with his wife and children ;
Which Bagot hearing, is gone after them,
And thither sends his bills of debt before,
To be reveng'd on wretched Banister.
What doth fall out, with patience sit and see,
A just requital of false treachery.”

Cromwell has nothing to do with this “just requital of false treachery”—which requital consists in the usurer being arrested for purchasing the king's stolen jewels. Cromwell gets as tired of keeping accounts as he previously was of the din of his father's smithy; so all in a moment he throws up his commission and sets off upon his travels to Italy, having very opportunely met in Antwerp with Hodge, his father's man. And so we get through the second act.

In the third act the capricious lad and his servant are standing penniless upon the bridge at Florence, and their immediate necessities are relieved by the generous Italian merchant who was succouring the distress of the Englishman in the first act. Cromwell is always moving; and he sets off for Bononia, where he rescues, by a stratagem, Russell the Earl of Bedford from the agents of the French king. We have the chorus again in the middle of the act :—

“ Thus far you see how Cromwell's fortune pass'd.
The earl of Bedford, being safe in Mantua,
Desires Cromwell's company into France,
To make requital for his courtesy;
But Cromwell doth deny the earl his suit,
And tells him that those parts he meant to see,
He had not yet set footing on the land;
And so directly takes his way to Spain;
The earl to France; and so they both do part.
Now let your thoughts, as swift as is the wind,
Skip some few years that Cromwell spent in travel;
And now imagine him to be in England,
Servant unto the master of the rolls;
Where in short time he there began to flourish:
An hour shall show you what few years did cherish.”

The scene shifts to London, where Sir Christopher Hales is giving an entertainment to Cardinal Wolsey and Sir Thomas More, with Cromwell waiting on the guests. The sudden preferment of Cromwell to the highest confidence of Wolsey is accomplished with a celerity which was perfectly necessary when the poet had so many events to tell us :—

“ *Wol.* Sir Christopher, is that your man?
Hales. An 't like

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Your grace, he is a scholar, and a linguist ;
One that hath travelled through many parts
Of Christendom, my lord.

Wol. My friend, come nearer : have you been a traveller ?

Crom. My lord,

I have added to my knowledge the Low Countries,
With France, Spain, Germany, and Italy ;
And though small gain of profit I did find,
Yet it did please my eye, content my mind.

Wol. What do you think then of the several states
And princes' courts as you have travelled ?

Crom. My lord, no court with England may compare,
Neither for state, nor civil government.
Lust dwells in France, in Italy, and Spain,
From the poor peasant to the prince's train.
In Germany and Holland, riot serves ;
And he that most can drink, most he deserves.
England I praise not for I here was born,
But that she laughs the others unto scorn.

Wol. My lord, there dwells within that spirit more
Than can be discern'd by the outward eye :—

Sir Christopher, will you part with your man ?

Hales. I have sought to proffer him unto your lordship ;
And now I see he hath preferr'd himself.

Wol. What is thy name ?

Crom. Cromwell, my lord.

Wol. Then, Cromwell, here we make thee solicitor
Of our causes, and nearest, next ourself :
Gardiner, give you kind welcome to the man."

The fourth act opens again with a chorus :—

"Now, Cromwell's highest fortunes do begin.
Wolsey, that lov'd him as he did his life,
Committed all his treasure to his hands,
Wolsey is dead ; and Gardiner, his man,
Is now created bishop of Winchester.
Pardon if we omit all Wolsey's life,
Because our play depends on Cromwell's death.
Now sit, and see his highest state of all,
His height of rising, and his sudden fall.
Pardon the errors are already past,
And live in hope the best doth come at last.
My hope upon your favour doth depend,
And looks to have your liking ere the end."

It was certainly needless for the author to apologize for omitting "*all Wolsey's life* ;" but the apology is curious as exhibiting his rude notions of what was properly within the province of the drama. We have now Cromwell, after the death of Wolsey, become Sir Thomas Cromwell ; and Gardiner makes a sudden resolution that he will have his head. The Florence merchant comes to London in want ; and we presently find him at the hospitable board of Cromwell, with money-bags showered upon him, and his debts paid. We have in this act a scene between Gardiner and Cromwell which, feeble as it is, is amongst the best passages of the play :—

"*Crom.* Good morrow to my lord of Winchester : I know
You bear me hard about the abbey lands.

Gard. Have I not reason, when religion's wrong'd ?
You had no colour for what you have done.

THOMAS LORD CROMWELL.

Crom. Yes, the abolishing of antichrist,
And of his popish order from our realm.
I am no enemy to religion ;
But what is done, it is for England's good.
What did they serve for, but to feed a sort
Of lazy abbots and of full-fed friars ?
They neither plough nor sow, and yet they reap
The fat of all the land, and suck the poor.
Look, what was theirs is in king Hefry's hands ;
His wealth before lay in the abbey lands.

Gard. Indeed these things you have alleg'd, my lord ;
When, God doth know, the infant yet unborn
Will curse the time the abbeyes were pull'd down
I pray now where is hospitality ?
Where now may poor distressed people go,
For to relieve their need, or rest their bones,
When weary travel doth oppress their limbs ?
And where religious men should take them in,
Shall now be kept back with a mastiff dog ;
And thousand thousand ——”

Gardiner suborns witnesses to impute treasonable words to Cromwell, and absolves them yd crucifix and holy water.

The real action of the play commences at the fourth act ; all which precedes might have been told by a skilful poet in a dozen lines. The fifth act presents us the arrest of Cromwell ; and after a soliloquy in the Tower, and a very feeble scene between the unhappy man, Gardiner, and the Dukes of Suffolk and Norfolk, his son is introduced, of whom we have before heard nothing :—

“ *Lieu.* Here is your son, sir, come to take his leave.

Crom. To take his leave ? Come hither, Harry Cromwell.
Mark, boy, the last words that I speak to thee :
Flatter not fortune, neither fawn upon her ;
Gape not for state, yet lose no spark of honour ;
Ambition, like the plague, see thou eschew it :
I die for treason, boy, and never knew it.
Yet let thy faith as spotless be as mine,
And Cromwell's virtues in thy face shall shine :
Come, go along, and see me leave my breath,
And I'll leave thee upon the floor of death.”

Cromwell leaves the stage for his execution with this speech :—

“ *Exec.* I am your deathsman ; pray, my lord, forgive me.

Crom. Even with my soul. Why, man, thou art my doctor,
And bring'st me precious physic for my soul.
My lord of Bedford, I desire of you
Before my death a corporal embrace.
Farewell, great lord ; my love I do commend,
My heart to you ; my soul to heaven I send.
This is my joy, that ere my body fect,
Your honour'd arms are my true winding-sheet.
Farewell, dear Bedford ; my peace is made in heaven.
Thus falls great Cromwell, a poor ell in length,
To rise to unmeasur'd height, wing'd with new strength,
The land of worms, which dying men discover :
My soul is shrin'd with heaven's celestial cover.”

It would be a waste of time to attempt to show that ‘Thomas Lord Cromwell’ could not have been written by Shakspeare. Its entire management is most unskilful ; there is

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no art whatever in the dramatic conception of plot or character ; from first to last there is scarcely a passage that can be called poetry ; there is nothing in it that gives us a notion of a writer capable of better things ; it has none of the faults of the founders of the stage, —false taste, extravagance, riches needlessly paraded. We are acquainted with no dramatic writer of mark or likelihood, who was a contemporary of Shakspere, to whom it may be assigned. If W. S. were Wentworth Smith, it must have been unlucky for him in his own time that his initials might excite a comparison with the great master of the stage ; however fortunate he may have been in having descended to after-times in the same volume with ten historical plays that probably first stimulated his weak ambition.

THE LONDON PRODIGAL.



THE LONDON PRODIGAL.

THIS comedy was first published in 1605, with the following title:—‘The London Prodigall. As it was plaide by the Kings Maiesties seruants. By William Shakespeare, London. Printed by T. C. for Nathaniel Butter.’ It was probably written after the death of Elizabeth; for in the second act we have, “I am a commander, sir, under the king.” There is no entry of the play in the Stationers’ registers. Schlegel says, “If we are not mistaken, Lessing pronounced this piece to be Shakspeare’s, and wished to bring it on the German stage.” Tieck also assigns this comedy to Shakspeare. Hazlitt says, “‘Lochrine’ and ‘The London Prodigal,’ if they were Shakspeare’s at all, must have been amongst the sins of his youth.” This is at best a hasty opinion; for there can be no doubt whatever that these two plays belong to different periods, and that each is characteristic of its period. They must have been separated by at least twenty years. If in ‘Lochrine’ we could find any natural power, any of that instinctive knowledge of art, that constitutes genius, we might inquire whether it was possible that the youthful Shakspeare could have produced the work. We find in it, not the faults of a very young man, but the habits which belong to a vicious system, in which the writer has had a complete

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training. We therefore reject it. Putting the date of its publication out of the question, we are satisfied from the general tone of 'The London Prodigal' that it represents the manners of the last years of Elizabeth, or the first of James. If Shakspeare wrote it, therefore, he must have written it after his comic powers were fully matured; after he had produced *Much Ado about Nothing*, *Twelfth Night*, *As You Like It*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. The belief is almost too extravagant to be gravely controverted.

The comedy opens with the arrival from Venice of the merchant Flowerdale senior, who had left his son Matthew under the guardianship of his brother, Flowerdale junior, a London merchant. The uncle tells the father of the reckless course of the young man. The father takes this view of the matter: "Believe me, brother, they that die most virtuous have in their youth lived most vicious; and none knows the danger of the fire more than he that falls into it." This, we undertake to say, is not the morality of Shakspeare: it is a tolerance beyond his tolerance. But it is the morality which prevails in 'The London Prodigal.' The uncle goes on to say that the son is a continual swearer, a breaker of his oaths, a mighty brawler, a great drinker, one that will borrow of any man. The youth knocks at the door; and the father disguised is to be represented as dead. A will is produced by which the son is disinherited; and it is justice to him to say that he displays the same indifference about the loss of fortune as about the death of his father. Old Flowerdale lends him twenty pounds in his assumed character, and agrees to engage with him as a servant. A wooing now commences after a strange fashion. Sir Lancelot Spurcock has three daughters, of whom Luce, the most attractive, has three suitors—Sir Arthur Greenshield, whom she prefers; Oliver, a Devoushire clothier, whom the father patronizes; and young Flowerdale, who is rejected both by father and daughter. A more heartless scoundrel certainly never presented himself in worshipful society. His father being named, he thus speaks of him:

"Ay, God be praised, he is far enough;
He is gone a pilgrimage to Paradise,
And left me to cut a caper against care.
Luce, look on me that am as light as air."

His father, who in his assumed character of a servant is called Kester, is desirous to marry his son to the lady; and he thus devises a plan for overcoming the prudential scruples of Sir Lancelot:

"Presently we'll go and draw a will,
Where we'll set down land that we never saw;
And we will have it of so large a sum,
Sir Lancelot shall entreat you take his daughter.
This being form'd, give it master Weathercock,
And make Sir Lancelot's daughter heir of all;
And make him swear never to show the will
To any one, until that you be dead.
This done, the foolish changing Weathercock
Will straight discourse unto Sir Lancelot
The form and tenor of your testament.
Ne'er stand to pause of it; be rul'd by me:
What will ensue, that shall you quickly see."

The device succeeds. The covetous knight rejects the honest clothier, and Luce is married against her will to the heartless profligate, who thus discloses the nature of his love in confidence to Kester: -

"And thou shalt see, when once I have my dower,
In mirth we'll spend full many a merry hour:
As for this wench, I not regard a pin,
It is her gold must bring my pleasures in."

THE LONDON PRODIGAL

The father and uncle concert to arrest the prodigal on his return from church, that they may try the temper of his wife. The libertine braves it out when this resolve is carried into effect; but the unhappy woman clings to him, now he is her husband, with a tenderness that in the hands of a real poet might have been worked up into subsequent situations of uncommon beauty:—

Sir Lanc. I am cozen'd, and my hopefulest child undone.

M. Flow. You are not cozen'd, nor is she undone.

They slander me; by this light, they slander me.

Look you, my uncle here's an usurer,

And would undo me; but I'll stand in law;

Do you but bail me, you shall do no more:

You, brother Civet, and master Weathercock, do but bail me,

And let me have my marriage-money paid me,

And we'll ride down, and your own eyes shall see

How my poor tenants there will welcome me.

You shall but bail me, you shall do no more:—

And you, you greedy gnat, their bail will serve!

Flow. Jun. Ay, sir, I'll ask no better bail.

Sir Lanc. No, sir, you shall not take my bail, nor his,

Nor my son Civet's: I'll not be cheated, I.

Shrieve, take your prisoner; I'll not deal with him.

Let his uncle make false dice with his false bones;

I will not have to do with him: mock'd, gull'd, and wrong'd!

Come, girl, though it be late, it falls out well;

Thou shalt not live with him in beggar's hell.

Luce. He is my husband, and high heaven doth know

With what unwillingness I went to church;

But you enforc'd me, you compell'd me to it.

The holy churchman pronounc'd these words but now,

'I must not leave my husband in distress:'

Now I must comfort him, not go with you.

Sir Lanc. Comfort a cozen'er! on my curse forsake him.

† *Luce.* This day you caus'd me on your curse to take him.

Do not, I pray, my griev'd soul oppress:

God knows my heart doth bleed at his distress."

The wife refuses to go home with her father; and she is left with her husband and his uncle:—

Luce. O go not yet, good master Flowerdale:

Take my word for the debt, my word, my bond.

M. Flow. Ay, by —, uncle, and my bond too.

Luce. Alas, I ne'er ought nothing but I paid it;

And I can work: alas, he can do nothing.

I have some friends perhaps will pity me:

His chiefest friends do seek his misery.

All that I can or beg, get, or receive,

Shall be for you. O do not turn away:

Methinks, within a face so reverend,

So well experienc'd in this tottering world,

Should live some feeling of a maiden's grief:

For my sake, his father's and your brother's sake,

Ay, for your soul's sake, that doth hope for joy,

Pity my state; do not two souls destroy.

Flow. Jun. Fair maid, stand up: not in regard of him,

But in pity of thy hapless choice,

I do release him. Master sheriff, I thank you;

And, officers, there is for you to drink.

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Here, maid, take this money; there is a hundred angels:
 And, for I will be sure he shall not have it,
 Here, Kester, take it you, and use it sparingly;
 But let not her have any want at all.
 Dry your eyes, niece; do not too much lament
 For him whose life hath been in riot spent:
 If well he useth thee, he gets him friends;
 If ill, a shameful end on him depends. *[Exit FLOWERDALE Jun*

M. Flow. A plague go with you for an old fornicator!
 Come, Kit, the money; come, honest Kit.

Flow. Sen. Nay, by my faith, sir, you shall pardon me.

M. Flow. And why, sir, pardon you? Give me the money,
 you old rascal, or I will make you.

Luce. Pray hold your hands; give it him, honest friend.

Flow. Sen. If you be so content, with all my heart. *[Gives the money.*

M. Flow. Content, sir! 'sblood! she shall be content
 whether she will or no. A rattle-baby come to follow me!
 Go, get you gone to the greasy chuff your father; bring
 me your dowry, or never look on me.

Flow. Sen. Sir, she hath forsok her father and all her
 friends for you.

M. Flow. Hang thee, her friends and father, all together!

Flow. Sen. Yet part with something to provide her lodging.

M. Flow. Yes, I mean to part with her and you; but if I
 part with one angel, hang me at a post. I'll rather throw
 them at a cast of dice, as I have done a thousand of their
 fellows."

The unmitigated villain deserts his wife after this brutality. She is, necessarily, protected by his father; and, disguised as "a Dutch frow," enters into the service of her own married sister. Matthew Flowerdale loses his hundred angels at the gaming-table; robs Spuroock's unmarried daughter upon the highway; is reduced to starvation and beggary; receives alms from his own wife in her Dutch mask; and thus shows how the medicine misfortune has operated upon his soul:—"By this hand, this Dutch wench is in love with me. Were it not admirable to make her steal all Civet's plate, and run away?" Of course the fellow has his deserts. He is about to be taken to prison on a charge of robbery, and on suspicion of having murdered his wife. The Dutch frow, who sees his arrest, throws off her dress, and the following scene quickly leads to a happy conclusion:—

"Luce. I am no trull, neither outlandish frow:
 Nor he nor I shall to the prison go.
 Know you me now? nay, never stand amaz'd.
 Father, I know I have offended you;
 And though that duty wills me bend my knees
 To you in duty and obedience,
 Yet this way do I turn, and to him yield
 My love, my duty, and my humbleness.

Sir Lanc. Bastard in nature! kneel to such a slave!

Luce. O master Flowerdale, if too much grief
 Have not stopp'd up the organs of your voice,
 Then speak to her that is thy faithful wife;
 Or doth contempt of me thus tie thy tongue?
 Turn not away; I am no Æthiop,
 No wanton Cressid, nor a changing Helen;
 But rather one made wretched by thy loss.
 What! turn'st thou still from me? O then
 I guess thee wofull'st among hapless men.

M. Flow. I am indeed, wife, wonder among wives!

THE LONDON PRODIGAL.

Thy chastity and virtue hath infus'd
Another soul in me, red with defame,
For in my blushing cheeks is seen my shame."

Old Flowerdale also throws off his disguise, and the son rejoices in a kind wife and a forgiving father:—

M. Flow. My father! O, I shame to look on him.
Pardon, dear father, the follies that are past.

Flow. Sen. Son, son, I do; and joy at this thy change,
And applaud thy fortune in this virtuous maid,
Whom Heaven hath sent to thee to save thy soul.

Luce. This addeth joy to joy; high Heaven be prais'd.

Weath. Master Flowerdale, welcome from death, good
master Flowerdale. 'T was said so here, 't was said so here,
good faith.

Flow. Sen. I caus'd that rumour to be spread myself,
Because I'd see the humours of my son,
Which to relate the circumstance is needless.
And, sirrah, see

You run no more into that same disease:
For he that's once cur'd of that malady,
Of riot, swearing, drunkenness, and pride,
And falls again into the like distress,
That fever's deadly, doth till death endure:
Such men die mad, as of a calenture.

M. Flow. Heaven helping me, I'll hate the course as hell.

Flow. Jun. Say it, and do it, cousin, all is well.

Sir Lanc. Well, being in hope you'll prove an honest man,
I take you to my favour."

If Shakspeare had chosen such a plot, in which the sudden repentance of the offender was to compensate for the miseries he had inflicted, he would have made the prodigal retain some sense of honour, some remorse amidst his recklessness—something that would have given the assurance that his contrition was not hypocrisy. We have little doubt that the low moral tone of the writer's own mind produced the low morality of the plot and its catastrophe. We see in this play that confusion of principles of which the stage was too long the faithful mirror. In Shakspeare the partition which separates levity and guilt is never broken down; thoughtlessness and dishonour are not treated with equal indulgence. This is quite argument enough to prove that Shakspeare could not have written this comedy, nor rendered the least assistance in its composition. If it exhibited any traces of his wit or his poetry, we should still reject it upon this sole ground.

THE PURITAN.



THE PURITAN.

THE first edition of this comedy was published in 1607, under the following title: 'The Puritaine or the Widdow of Watling-streete. Acted by the Children of Paules. Written by W. S.' The entry of the play appears in the Stationers' registers of the same year. It was printed, as we have seen, in the third edition of Shakspeare's works; and was ascribed to Shakspeare by Gildon in 1702. Gildon probably relied upon its publication as Shakspeare's in the third collected edition of his plays. Our own critics of recent times have uniformly rejected it. Schlegel inclines to the opinion that Shakspeare wrote it; and he produces this curious theory:—"One of my literary friends, intimately acquainted with Shakspeare, was of opinion that the poet must have wished to write a play for once in the style of Ben Jonson, and that in this way we must account for the difference between the present piece and his usual manner. To follow out this idea, however, would lead to a very nice critical investigation." Such an investigation would, we believe, bring us to the conclusion that 'The Puritan' is as unlike Ben Jonson as it is unlike Shakspeare. If it possesses little of the wit, the buoyancy, the genial good humour, the sparkling poetry, the deep philosophy, and the universal characterization of Shakspeare, it wants in the same degree the nice discrimination of shades of character, the sound judgment, the careful management of the plot, the lofty and indignant satire, the firm and gorgeous rhetoric, of Jonson. As a comedy of manners, 'The Puritan' is at once feeble and extravagant.

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

The author cannot paint classes in painting individuals. 'The Puritan' is a misnomer. We have no representation of the formal manners of that class. The family of the Widow of Watling Street is meant to be puritanical, but it is difficult to discover wherein they differ from the rest of the world, except in the coarse exhibition of the loose morality of one of their servants, who professes to lie though he swears not, and is willing to steal if the crime is called by some gentler name. Yet the comedy is not without spirit and interest. The events are improbable, and some of the intrigues are superfluous; but the action seldom lingers; and if the characters seem unnatural, they are sufficiently defined to enable us to believe that such characters did exist, and might have been copied from the life by the author. It is this individual painting that constitutes the essential difference between the comedy of almost every writer as compared with Shakspeare. Old Aubrey said, with a truth which might have been imitated by critics of higher pretension,—“His comedies will remain wit as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum*; now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombities that twenty years hence they will not be understood.”

The first scene introduces us to the widow, ostentatiously weeping for the death of her husband. She is surrounded by a silly son, a brother not over wise, and two daughters of “no characters at all,” except that one vows she will never marry, and the other declares herself entirely of an opposite inclination. The whelp of a son refuses to weep for his father, and the mother thus chides him:—

“*Wid.* O thou past-grace, thou! Out of my sight, thou graceless imp! thou grievest me more than the death of thy father. O thou stubborn only son! Hadst thou such an honest man to thy father—that would deceive all the world to get riches for thee, and canst thou not afford a little salt water! He that so wisely did quite overthrow the right heir of those lands, which now you respect not: up every morning betwixt four and five; so duly at Westminster-hall every term-time, with all his cards and writings, for thee, thou wicked Absalon: O dear husband!”

The widow vows on her knees an awful vow:—

“O may I be the by-word of the world,
The common talk at table in the mouth
Of every groom and waiter, if e'er more
I entertain the carnal suit of man!”

The second scene introduces us to the chief actor in the piece, Pyeboard, a profligate scholar, who unites the professions of a poet and a swindler. Mr. Dyce, in his valuable edition of George Peele's works, says that George Pyeboard is the same as George Peele, “*Peel* signifying a board with a long handle with which bakers put things in and out of the oven.” It is somewhat hard upon the memory of Peele to assume, as some have assumed, that Pyeboard was meant as a portrait of him. The exact date of Peele's death has not been ascertained; but an allusion to his death is made by Meres in 1598. He was no doubt a man of profligate habits; as were too many of the unhappy race of authors in those days, when uncertain occupation and dependence upon the great made them more than usually ready to snatch at passing gratifications. The ‘*Merrie conceited Jests of George Peele, Gentleman, sometime a Student in Oxford*,’ was published in 1627, and in that tract there are two stories told of Peele which are very nearly similar to two of the tricks of Pyeboard in ‘*The Puritan*:’ both may have been mere inventions or exaggerations. In the following passage of ‘*The Puritan*’ there is probably a melancholy truth as to the condition of men of letters in that age. Pyeboard is addressing himself to an old soldier, Skirmish:—

THE PURITAN.

“As touching my profession; the multiplicity of scholars, hatched and nourished in the idle calms of peace, makes them, like fishes, one devour another; and the community of learning has so played upon affections, that thereby almost religion is come about to phantasy, and discredited by being too much spoken of, in so many and mean mouths. I myself, being a scholar and a graduate, have no other comfort by my learning, but the affection of my words, to know how, scholar-like, to name what I want; and can call myself a beggar both in Greek and Latin. And therefore, not to cog with peace, I'll not be afraid to say, 't is a great breeder, but a barren nourisher; a great getter of children, which must either be thieves or rich men, knaves or beggars.

Skir. Well, would I had been born a knave then, when I was born a beggar! for if the truth was known, I think I was begot when my father had never a penny in his purse.

Pye. Puh! faint not, old Skirmish; let this warrant thee—*facilis descensus Avernus*—'t is an easy journey to a knave; thou may'st be a knave when thou wilt: and Peace is a good madam to all other professions, and an errant drab to us. Let us handle her accordingly, and by our wits thrive in despite of her: For since the law lives by quarrels, the courtier by smooth good-morrrows, and every profession makes itself greater by imperfections, why not we then by shifts, wiles, and forgeries? And seeing our brains are our only patrimonies, let's spend with judgment; not like a desperate son and heir, but like a sober and discreet Templar: one that will never march beyond the bounds of his allowance.”

Pyeboard resolves to be a fortune-teller, and proposes to Skirmish to be a conjuror, and so they are to deceive the widow and her family. We are presently introduced in the Marshalsea Prison to Captain Idle, who has committed what he calls a common offence—a highway robbery. Captain Idle is to be released by a stratagem of Pyeboard. The gold chain of Sir Godfrey Plus, the widow's brother, is to be stolen by his puritanical servant, and to be discovered by the instrumentality of the military highwayman. As the action advances the plot thickens. The widow and one of her daughters refuse honest suitors; and when Idle is redeemed from prison (which the knight effects in a moment with the hope of finding his chain) the worthy confederates propose to marry the ladies. The fortune-telling and conjuration scenes are amusing enough, but they will scarcely furnish any extracts. In the end, however, the stratagems of the scholar and the captain are discovered; and the widow and her daughter are rescued from their hands on their way to church to be married. The affections of the ladies are very quickly transferred to other suitors; and so the play ends. The following scene, which occurs in the third act, is one of the incidents which is told, with some variation, of the hero of the 'Merrie conceited Jests.' Pyeboard is under arrest for debt; and he persuades the bailiffs to go with him to a house “to receive five pound of a gentleman for the device of a mask here drawn in this paper.” The following scene ensues:—

“*A Gallery in a Gentleman's House.*

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Who knocks? Who's at door? We had need of a porter.

[*Opens the door.*]

Pye. [Within.] A few friends here. Pray is the gentleman, your master, within?

Ser. Yes; is your business to him? [Servant opens the door.]

Enter PYEBOARD, PUTTOCK, RAVENSHAW, and DOGSON.

Pye. Ay, he knows it, when he sees me: I pray you, have you forgot me?

Ser. Ay, by my troth, sir; pray come near; I'll in and tell him of you. Please you to walk here in the gallery till he comes. [Exit Servant.]

Pye. We will attend his worship. Worship, I think; for so much the posts at his door should signify, and the fair coming-in, and the wicket; else I neither

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

knew him nor his worship : but 't is happiness he is within doors, whatsoe'er he be. If he be not too much a formal citizen he may do me good. [*Aside.*—Serjeant and yeoman, how do you like this house ? Is't not most wholesomely plotted ?

Rav. Troth, prisoner, an exceeding fine house.

Pye. Yet I wonder how he should forget me,—for he never knew me. [*Aside.*] No matter ; what is forgot in you will be remembered in your master. A pretty comfortable room this, methinks : you have no such rooms in prison now ?

Put. O, dog-holes to 't.

Pye. Dog-holes, indeed ! I can tell you, I have great hope to have my chamber here shortly, nay, and diet too ; for he is the most free-heartedest gentleman, where he takes : you would little think it. And what a fine gallery were here for me to walk and study and make verses !

Put. O, it stands very pleasantly for a scholar.

Enter Gentleman.

Pye. Look what maps, and pictures, and devices, and things, neatly, delicately—Mass, here he comes ; he should be a gentleman ; I like his beard well.—All happiness to your worship.

Gent. You are kindly welcome, sir.

Put. A simple salutation.

Rav. Mass, it seems the gentleman makes great account of him.

Pye. I have the thing here for you, sir.—[*Takes the Gentleman apart.*] I beseech you, conceal me, sir ; I'm undone else. [*Aside.*] I have the mask here for you, sir ; look you, sir. I beseech your worship, first pardon my rudeness, for my extremes make me bolder than I would be. I am a poor gentleman, and a scholar, and now most unfortunately fallen into the fangs of unmerciful officers ; arrested for debt, which, though small, I am not able to compass, by reason I am destitute of lands, money, and friends ; so that if I fall into the hungry swallow of the prison, I am like utterly to perish, and with fees and extortions be pinched clean to the bone. Now, if ever pity had interest in the blood of a gentleman, I beseech you vouchsafe but to favour that means of my escape which I have already thought upon.

Gent. Go forward.

Put. I warrant he likes it rarely.

Pye. In the plunge of my extremities, being giddy, and doubtful what to do, at last it was put into my labouring thoughts to make a happy use of this paper ; and to blear their unlettered eyes, I told them there was a device for a mask drawn in 't, and that (but for their interception) I was going to a gentleman to receive my reward for 't. They, greedy at this word, and hoping to make purchase of me, offered their attendance to go along with me. My hap was to make bold with your door, sir, which my thoughts showed me the most fairest and comfortablest entrance ; and I hope I have happened right upon understanding and pity. May it please your good worship, then, but to uphold my device, which is to let one of your men put me out at a back-door, and I shall be bound to your worship for ever.

Gent. By my troth, an excellent device.

Put. An excellent device, he says ; he likes it wonderfully.

Gent. O' my faith, I never heard a better.

Rav. Hark, he swears he never heard a better, serjeant.

Put. O, there's no talk on 't ; he's an excellent scholar, and especially for a mask.

Gent. Give me your paper, your device ; I was never better pleased in all my life : good wit, brave wit, finely wrought ! Come in, sir, and receive your money, sir."

The prisoner, of course, escapes.

There is no doubt considerable truth in this picture : but it is not such truth as we find in Shakspeare ; it belongs to the temporary and the personal, not the permanent and the universal. Such is the characteristic merit of the whole comedy, whatever merit it has.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

INTRODUCTORY NOTICE.

'A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDIE. Not so new, as lamentable and true. Written by W. Shakespeare.' This was the title of the original edition of the play printed in 1608. Upon a subsequent title we have 'All's One, or, One of the four Plaies in one, called a Yorkshire Tragedy.' We may receive 'All's One' as the general title of four short plays represented in the same day and standing in the place of a regular tragedy or comedy. Of the four plays thus presented it is remarkable that 'The Yorkshire Tragedy' is the only one which appears to have been published; that was entered, on the 2nd of May, 1608, on the Stationers' registers, as 'A booke The Yorkshire Tragedy, written by Wylliam Shakespere.' The publisher of the play, Thomas Pavyer, in 1605 entered 'A ballad of lamentable Murther done in Yorkshire, by a Gent. upon two of his owne Children, sore wounding his Wyfe and Nurse.' The fact upon which the ballad and the tragedy are founded is thus related in Stow's 'Chronicle,' under the year 1604:—"Walter Calverly, of Calverly, in Yorkshire, Esquire, murdered two of his young children, stabbed his wife into the body with full purpose to have murdered her, and instantly went from his house to have slain his youngest child at nurse, but was prevented. For which fact at his trial in York he stood mute, and was judged to be pressed to death, according to which judgment he was executed at the castle of York the 5th of August."

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

HUSBAND.

MASTER of a College.

A Knight (a Magistrate).

Several Gentlemen.

OLIVER,

RALPH,

SAMUEL,

} Servants.

Other Servants and Officers.

A little Boy, &c.

WIFE.

Ma'd-Servant.

SCENE,—CALVERLY, in YORKSHIRE.



A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Calverly Hall.*

Enter OLIVER and RALPH.

Oliv. Sirrah Ralph, my young mistress is in such a pitiful passionate humour for the long absence of her love—

Ralph. Why, can you blame her? Why, apples hanging longer on the tree than when they are ripe, makes so many fallings; viz. mad wenches, because they are not gathered in time, are fain to drop of themselves, and then 't is common you know for every man to take them up.

Oliv. Mass, thou say'st true, 't is common indeed! But, sirrah, is neither our young master returned, nor our fellow Sam come from London?

Ralph. Neither of either, as the puritan bawd says. 'Slid, I hear Sam. Sam's come; here he is; tarry;—come i' faith: now my nose itches for news.

R 2

Oliv. And so does mine elbow.

Sam. [*within.*] Where are you there? Boy, look you walk my horse with discretion. I have rid him simply: I warrant his skin sticks to his back with very heat. If he should catch cold and get the cough of the lungs, I were well served, were I not?

Enter SAM.

What, Ralph and Oliver!

Both. Honest fellow Sam, welcome i' faith. What tricks hast thou brought from London?

Sam. You see I am hanged after the truest fashion: three hats, and two glasses bobbing upon them; two rebato wires upon my breast, a cap-case by my side, a brush at my back, an almanack in my pocket, and three ballads in my codpiece. Nay, I am the true picture of a common servingman.

Oliv. I'll swear thou art; thou mayst set up when thou wilt: there's many a one begins

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with less, I can tell thee, that proves a rich man ere he dies. But what's the news from London, Sam?

Ralph. Ay, that's well said; what's the news from London, sirrah? My young mistress keeps such a puling for her love.

Sam. Why, the more fool she; ay, the more ninnyhammer she.

Oliv. Why, Sam, why?

Sam. Why, he is married to another long ago.

Both. I' faith? You jest.

Sam. Why, did you not know that till now? Why, he's married, beats his wife, and has two or three children by her. For you must note, that any woman bears the more when she is beaten.

Ralph. Ay, that's true, for she bears the blows.

Oliv. Sirrah, Sam, I would not for two years' wages my young mistress knew so much; she'd run upon the left hand of her wit, and ne'er be her own woman again.

Sam. And I think she was blessed in her cradle, that he never came in her bed. Why, he has consumed all, pawned his lands, and made his university brother stand in wax for him: there's a fine phrase for a scrivener. Puh! he owes more than his skin is worth.

Oliv. Is 't possible?

Sam. Nay, I'll tell you moreover, he calls his wife whore, as familiarly as one would call Moll and Doll; and his children bastards, as naturally as can be.—But what have we here? I thought 't was something pull'd down my breeches; I quite forgot my two poking-sticks: these came from London. Now anything is good here that comes from London.

Oliv. Ay, far fetched, you know, Sam.—But speak in your conscience i' faith; have not we as good poking-sticks i' the country, as need to be put in the fire?

Sam. The mind of a thing is all; the mind of a thing is all; and as thou said'st even now, far-fetched are the best things for ladies.

Oliv. Ay, and for waiting-gentlewomen too.

Sam. But, Ralph, what, is our beer sour this thunder?

Ralph. No, no, it holds countenance yet.

Sam. Why, then follow me; I'll teach you the finest humour to be drunk in: I learned it at London last week.

Both. I' faith? Let's hear it, let's hear it.

Sam. The bravest humour! 't would do a man good to be drunk in it: they call it knighting in London, when they drink upon their knees.

Both. 'Faith, that's excellent.

Sam. Come, follow me; I'll give you all the degrees of it in order. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter WIFE.

Wife. What will become of us? All will away:

My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house;
And 't is set down by heaven's just decree,
That riot's child must needs be beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits; ill beseeiming
The ancient honour of his house and name?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad,
His fortunes cannot answer his expense,
He sits, and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward; / which
makes him

Appear so dreadful that he frights my heart:
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vex'd his money cannot make them last.
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow.
O, yonder he comes; now in despite of ills
I'll speak to him, and I will hear him speak,
And do my best to drive it from his heart.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Pox o' the last throw! It made five
hundred angels
Vanish from my sight. I am damn'd, I'm
damn'd;

The angels have forsook me. Nay, it is
Certainly true; for he that has no coin
Is damn'd in this world; he is gone, he's gone.

Wife. Dear husband.

Hus. O! most punishment of all, I have a
wife.

Wife. I do entreat you, as you love your soul,
Tell me the cause of this your discontent.

Hus. A vengeance strip thee naked! thou
art cause,

Effect, quality, property; thou, thou, thou! [*Exit.*]

Wife. Bad turn'd to worse; both beggary of
the soul

And of the body;—and so much unlike
Himself at first, as if some vexed spirit
Had got his form upon him. He comes again.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Re-enter HUSBAND.

He says I am the cause: I never yet
Spoke less than words of duty and of love.

Hus. If marriage be honourable, then cuckolds are honourable, for they cannot be made without marriage. Fool! what meant I to marry to get beggars? Now must my eldest son be a knave or nothing; he cannot live upon the fool, for he will have no land to maintain him. That mortgage sits like a snaffle upon mine inheritance, and makes me chew upon iron. My second son must be a promoter,* and my third a thief, or an under-putter; a slave pander. Oh, beggary, beggary, to what base uses dost thou put a man! I think the devil scorns to be a bawd; he bears himself more proudly, has more care of his credit.—Base, slavish, abject, filthy poverty!

Wife. Good sir, by all our vows I do beseech you,
Show me the true cause of your discontent.

Hus. Money, money, money; and thou must supply me.

Wife. Alas, I am the least cause of your discontent;

Yet what is mine, either in rings or jewels,
Use to your own desire; but I beseech you,
As you are a gentleman by many bloods,
Though I myself be out of your respect,
Think on the state of these three lovely boys
You have been father to.

Hus. Puh! bastards, bastards, bastards; begot in tricks, begot in tricks.

Wife. Heaven knows how those words wrong me: but I may

Endure these griefs among a thousand more.
O call to mind your lands already mortgag'd,
Yourself wound into debts, your hopeful brother
At the university in bonds for you,
Like to be seiz'd upon; and——

Hus. Have done, thou harlot,
Whom, though for fashion-sake I married,
I never could abide. Think'st thou, thy words
Shall kill my pleasures? Fall off to thy friends;
Thou and thy bastards beg; I will not bate
A whit in humour. Midnight, still I love you,
And revel in your company! Curb'd in,
Shall it be said in all societies,
That I broke custom? that I flagg'd in money?
No, those thy jewels I will play as freely
As when my state was fullest.

Wife. Be it so,

* * Promoter—informer.

Hus. Nay, I protest (and take that for an earnest),
[*Spurns her.*]

I will for ever hold thee in contempt,
And never touch the sheets that cover thee,
But be divorc'd in bed, till thou consent
Thy dowry shall be sold, to give new life
Unto those pleasures which I most affect.

Wife. Sir, do but turn a gentle eye on me,
And what the law shall give me leave to do,
You shall command.

Hus. Look it be done. Shall I want dust,
And like a slave wear nothing in my pockets
[*Holds his hands in his pockets.*]

But my bare hands, to fill them up with nails?
O much against my blood! Let it be done.
I was never made to be a looker-on,
A bawd to dice; I'll shake the drabs myself,
And make them yield: I say, look it be done.

Wife. I take my leave: it shall. [Exit.]

Hus. Speedily, speedily.
I hate the very hour I chose a wife:
A trouble, trouble! Three children, like three evils,

Hang on me. Fie, fie, fie! Strumpet and bastards!

Enter three Gentlemen.

Strumpet and bastards!

1 *Gent.* Still do these loathsome thoughts jar
on your tongue?

Yourself to stain the honour of your wife,
Nobly descended? Those whom men call mad,
Endanger others; but he's more than mad
That wounds himself; whose own words do
proclaim

Scandals unjust, to soil his better name.

It is not fit; I pray, forsake it.

2 *Gent.* Good sir, let modesty reprove you.

3 *Gent.* Let honest kindness sway so much
with you.

Hus. Good den; I thank you, sir; how do you?
Adieu!

I am glad to see you. Farewell instructions,
admonitions! [Exit Gentlemen.]

Enter a Servant.

How now, sirrah? What would you?

Ser. Only to certify you, sir, that my mistress was met by the way, by them who were sent for her up to London by her honourable uncle, your worship's late guardian.

Hus. So, sir, then she is gone; and so may you be;

But let her look the thing be done she wots of,
Or hell will stand more pleasant than her house
At home. [Exit Servant.]

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Enter a Gentleman.

Gent. Well or ill met, I care not.

Hus. No, nor I.

Gent. I am come with confidence to chide you.

Hus. Who? me?

Chide me? Do't finely then; let it not move me:
For if thou chid'st me angry, I shall strike.

Gent. Strike thine own follies, for 'tis they
deserve

To be well beaten. We are now in private;
There's none but thou and I. Thou art fond
and peevish;

An unclean rioter; thy lands and credit
Lie now both sick of a consumption:

I am sorry for thee. That man spends with
shame,

That with his riches doth consume his name;
And such art thou.

Hus. Peace!

Gent. No, thou shalt hear me further.

Thy father's and forefathers' worthy honours,
Which were our country monuments, our grace,
Follies in thee begin now to deface.

The spring-time of thy youth did fairly promise
Such a most fruitful summer to thy friends,
It scarce can enter into men's beliefs
Such dearth should hang upon thee. We that
see it

Are sorry to believe it. In thy change,
This voice into all places will be hurl'd—
Thou and the devil have deceiv'd the world.

Hus. I'll not endure thee.

Gent. But of all the worst,
Thy virtuous wife, right honourably allied,
Thou hast proclaim'd a strumpet.

Hus. Nay, then I know thee;
Thou art her champion, thou; her private friend;
The party you wot on.

Gent. O ignoble thought!
I am past my patient blood. Shall I stand idle,
And see my reputation touch'd to death?

Hus. It has gall'd you, this; has it?

Gent. No, monster; I will prove
My thoughts did only tend to virtuous love.

Hus. Love of her virtues? there it goes.

Gent. Base spirit,
To lay thy hate upon the fruitful honour
Of thine own bed!

[*They fight, and the HUSBAND is hurt.*]

Hus. Oh!

Gent. Wilt thou yield it yet?

Hus. Sir, sir, I have not done with you.

Gent. I hope, nor ne'er shall do.

[*They fight again.*]

Hus. Have you got tricks? Are you in cunning
with me?

Gent. No, plain and right:
He needs no cunning that for truth doth fight.

[*HUSBAND falls down.*]

Hus. Hard fortune! am I levell'd with the
ground?

Gent. Now, sir, you lie at mercy.

Hus. Ay, you slave.

Gent. Alas, that hate should bring us to our
grave!

You see, my sword's not thirsty for your life:
I am sorrier for your wound than you yourself.
You're of a virtuous house; show virtuous
deeds;

'Tis not your honour, 'tis your folly bleeds.
Much good has been expected in your life;
Cancel not all men's hopes; you have a wife,
Kind and obedient; heap not wrongful shame
On her and your posterity; let only sin be sore,
And by this fall, rise never to fall more.
And so I leave you. [*Exit.*]

Hus. Has the dog left me then,
After his tooth has left me? O, my heart
Would fain leap after him. Revenge, I say;
I'm mad to be reveng'd. My strumpet wife,
It is thy quarrel that rips thus my flesh,
And makes my breast spit blood;—but thou
shalt bleed.

Vanquish'd? got down? unable even to speak?
Surely 'tis want of money makes men weak:
Ay, 'twas that o'erthrew me: I'd ne'er been
down else. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*Another Room in the same.*

Enter WIFE, in a riding-suit, and a Servant.

Ser. 'Faith, mistress, if it might not be pre-
sumption
In me to tell you so, for his excuse
You had small reason, knowing his abuse.

Wife. I grant I had; but, alas,
Why should our faults at home be spread
abroad?

'Tis grief enough within doors. At first sight
Mine uncle could ran o'er his prodigal life
As perfectly as if his serious eye
Had number'd all his follies:
Knew of his mortgag'd lands, his friends in
bonds,
Himself wither'd with debts; and in that minute
Had I added his usage and unkindness,
'Twould have confounded every thought of
good:

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Where now, fathering his riots on his youth,
Which time and tame experience will shake off—
Guessing his kindness to me (as I smooth'd him
With all the skill I had, though his deserts
Are in form uglier than an unshap'd bear),
He's ready to prefer him to some office
And place at court; a good and sure relief
To all his stooping fortunes. 'Twill be a means,
I hope,

To make new league between us, and redeem
His virtues with his lands.

Ser. I should think so, mistress. If he should
not now be kind to you, and love you, and cher-
ish you up, I should think the devil himself
kept open house in him.

Wife. I doubt not but he will. Now prithee
leave me; I think I hear him coming.

Ser. I am gone. [Exit.]

Wife. By this good means I shall preserve
my lands,
And free my husband out of usurers' hands.
Now there's no need of sale; my uncle's
kind:

I hope, if aught, this will content his mind.
Here comes my husband.

Enter HUSBAND.

Hus. Now, are you come? Where's the mo-
ney? Let's see the money. Is the rubbish
sold? those wise-acres, your lands? Why, when?
The money? Where is it? Pour it down; down
with it, down with it: I say, pour't on the
ground; let's see it, let's see it.

Wife. Good sir, keep but in patience, and I
hope my words shall like you well. I bring you
better comfort than the sale of my dowry.

Hus. Ha! what's that?

Wife. Pray do not fright me, sir, but vouch-
safe me hearing. My uncle, glad of your kind-
ness to me and mild usage (for so I made it to
him), hath, in pity of your declining fortunes,
provided a place for you at court, of worth and
credit; which so much overjoyed me—

Hus. Out on thee, filth! over and overjoyed,
when I'm in torment? [Spurns her.] Thou
politic whore, subtler than nine devils, was this
thy journey to nunck? to set down the history
of me, of my state and fortunes? Shall I, that
dedicated myself to pleasure, be now confined in
service? to crouch and stand like an old man i'
the hams, my hat off? I that could never abide
to uncover my head i' the church? Base slut!
this fruit bear thy complaints.

Wife. O, heaven knows

That my complaints were praises, and best
words,

Of you and your estate. Only, my friends
Knew of your mortgag'd lands, and were pos-
sess'd

Of every accident before I came.

If you suspect it but a plot in me,

To keep my dowry, or for mine own good,
Or my poor children's, (though it suits a mother
To show a natural care in their reliefs,)

Yet I'll forget myself to calm your blood:

Consume it, as your pleasure counsels you.

And all I wish even clemency affords;

Give me but pleasant looks, and modest words.

Hus. Money, whore, money, or I'll—

[Draws a dagger.]

Enter a Servant hastily.

What the devil! How now! thy hasty news?

Ser. May it please you, sir—

Hus. What! may I not look upon my dag-
ger? Speak, villain, or I will execute the point
on thee: Quick, short.

Ser. Why, sir, a gentleman from the univer-
sity stays below to speak with you. [Exit.]

Hus. From the university? so; university:—
that long word runs through me. [Exit.]

Wife. Was ever wife so wretchedly beset?

Had not this news stepp'd in between, the point
Had offer'd violence unto my breast.

That which some women call great misery

Would show but little here; would scarce be seen
Among my miseries. I may compare,

For wretched fortunes, with all wives that are.

Nothing will please him, until all be nothing.

He calls it slavery to be preferr'd;

A place of credit, a base servitude.

What shall become of me, and my poor children,
Two here, and one at nurse? my pretty beggars!

I see how ruin with a palsy hand

Begins to shake the ancient seat to dust:

The heavy weight of sorrow draws my lids

Over my dankish eyes: I scarce can see;

Thus grief will last;—it wakes and sleeps with
me. [Exit.]

SCENE IV.—*Another Apartment in the same.*

Enter HUSBAND and the MASTER of a College.

Hus. Please you draw near, sir; you're ex-
ceeding welcome.

Mast. That's my doubt! I fear I come not to
be welcome.

Hus. Yes, howsoever.

Mast. 'Tis not my fashion, sir, to dwell in

long circumstance, but to be plain and effectual ; therefore to the purpose. The cause of my setting forth was piteous and lamentable. That hopeful young gentleman, your brother, whose virtues we all love dearly, through your default and unnatural negligence lies in bond executed for your debt,—a prisoner; all his studies amazed, his hope struck dead, and the pride of his youth muffled in these dark clouds of oppression.

Hus. Umph, umph, umph !

Mast. O you have killed the towardest hope of all our university: wherefore, without repentance and amends, expect ponderous and sudden judgments to fall grievously upon you. Your brother, a man who profited in his divine employments, and might have made ten thousand souls fit for heaven, is now by your careless courses cast into prison, which you must answer for; and assure your spirit it will come home at length.

Hus. O God! oh !

Mast. Wise men think ill of you; others speak ill of you; no man loves you: nay, even those whom honesty condemns, condemn you: And take this from the virtuous affection I bear your brother; never look for prosperous hour, good thoughts, quiet sleep, contented walks, nor anything that makes man perfect, till you redeem him. What is your answer? How will you bestow him? Upon desperate misery, or better hopes?—I suffer till I hear your answer.

Hus. Sir, you have much wrought with me; I feel you in my soul: you are your art's master. I never had sense till now; your syllables have cleft me. Both for your words and pains I thank you. I cannot but acknowledge grievous wrongs done to my brother; mighty, mighty, mighty, mighty wrongs. Within, there !

Enter a Servant.

Hus. Fill me a bowl of wine. [*Exit Servant.*] Alas, poor brother, bruised with an execution for my sake !

Mast. A bruise indeed makes many a mortal sore,

Till the grave cure them.

Re-enter Servant with wine.

Hus. Sir, I begin to you; you've chid your welcome.

Mast. I could have wish'd it better for your sake.

I pledge you, sir :—To the kind man in prison.

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Hus. Let it be so. Now, sir, if you please to spend but a few minutes in a walk about my grounds below, my man here shall attend you. I doubt not but by that time to be furnished of a sufficient answer, and therein my brother fully satisfied.

Mast. Good sir, in that the angels would be pleas'd,

And the world's murmurs calm'd; and I should say, I set forth then upon a lucky day.

[*Exeunt MASTER and Servant.*]

Hus. O thou confused man! Thy pleasant sins have undone thee; thy damnation has beggared thee. That heaven should say we must not sin, and yet made women; give our senses way to find pleasure, which, being found, confounds us! Why should we know those things so much misuse us? O, would virtue had been forbidden! We should then have proved all virtuous; for 'tis our blood to love what we are forbidden. Had not drunkenness been forbidden, what man would have been fool to a beast, and zany to a swine,—to show tricks in the mire? What is there in three dice,* to make a man draw thrice three thousand acres into the compass of a little round table, and with a gentleman's palsy in the hand shake out his posterity thieves or beggars? 'Tis done; I have done 't, i' faith: terrible, horrible misery!—How well was I left! Very well, very well. My lands showed like a full moon about me; but now the moon's in the last quarter,—waning, waning; and I am mad to think that moon was mine; mine, and my father's, and my forefathers'; generations, generations.—Down goes the house of us; down, down it sinks. Now is the name a beggar; begs in me. That name which hundreds of years has made this shire famous, in me and my posterity runs out. In my seed five are made miserable besides myself: my riot is now my brother's gaoler, my wife's sighing, my three boys' penury, and mine own confusion.

Why sit my hairs upon my cursed head?

[*Tears his hair.*]

Will not this poison scatter them? O, my brother's

In execution among devils that
Stretch him and make him give; and I in want,
Not able for to live, nor to redeem him!
Divines and dying men may talk of hell,
But in my heart her several torments dwell;
Slavery and misery. Who, in this case,
Would not take up money upon his soul?

* The game called *passage*, or *pass-dice*, was played with three dice.

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Pawn his salvation, live at interest?
I, that did ever in abundance dwell,
For me to want, exceeds the throes of hell.

Enter a little Boy with a Top and Scourge.

Son. What ail you, father? Are you not well? I cannot scourge my top as long as you stand so. You take up all the room with your wide legs? Puh! you cannot make me afraid with this; I fear no visards, nor bugbears.

[He takes up the Child by the skirts of his long coat with one hand, and draws his dagger with the other.]

Hus. Up, sir, for here thou hast no inheritance left.

Son. O, what will you do, father? I am your white boy.

Hus. Thou shalt be my red boy; take that.
[Strikes him.]

Son. O, you hurt me, father.

Hus. My eldest beggar,
Thou shalt not live to ask an usurer bread;
To cry at a great man's gate; or follow,
'Good your honour,' by a coach; no, nor your brother:

'Tis charity to brain you.

Son. How shall I learn, now my head's broke?

Hus. Bleed, bleed, *[Slabs him.]*
Rather than beg. Be not thy name's disgrace;
Spurn thou thy fortunes first; if they be base,
Come view thy second brother's. Fates! My children's blood

Shall spin into your faces; you shall see,
How confidently we scorn beggary!

[Exit with his Son.]

SCENE V.

A Maid discovered with a Child in her arms; the Mother on a couch by her, asleep.

Maid. Sleep, sweet babe; sorrow makes thy mother sleep:

It bodes small good when heaviness falls so deep,

Hush, pretty boy; thy hopes might have been better.

'Tis lost at dice, what ancient honour won:
Hard, when the father plays away the son!
Nothing but Misery serves in this house;
Ruin and Desolation. Oh!

Enter HUSBAND, with his Son bleeding.

Hus. Where, give me that boy.
[Strives with her for the Child.]

Maid. O help, help! Out, alas! murder, murder!

Hus. Are you gossiping, you prating, sturdy quean?

I'll break your clamour with your neck. Down stairs;

Tumble, tumble, headlong. So:—

[He throws her down, and stabs the Child.]

The surest way to charm a woman's tongue,
Is—break her neck: a politician did it.

Son. Mother, mother; I am kill'd, mother!

[WIFE awakes.]

Wife. Ha, who's that cried? O me! my children,

Both, both, bloody, bloody!

[Catches up the youngest Child.]

Hus. Strumpet, let go the boy; let go the beggar.

Wife. O, my sweet husband!

Hus. Filth, harlot!

Wife. O, what will you do, dear husband?

Hus. Give me the bastard!

Wife. Your own sweet boy—

Hus. There are too many beggars.

Wife. Good my husband—

Hus. Dost thou prevent me still?

Wife. O God!

Hus. Have at his heart.

[Stabs at the Child in her arms.]

Wife. O, my dear boy!

Hus. Brat, thou shalt not live to shame thy house—

Wife. Oh, heaven!

[She is hurt, and sinks down.]

Hus. And perish!—Now be gone:
There's whores enough, and want would make thee one.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. O sir, what deeds are these?

Hus. Base slave, my vassal!

Com'st thou between my fury to question me?

Ser. Were you the devil, I would hold you, sir.

Hus. Hold me?—Presumption! I'll undo thee for it.

Ser. 'Sblood, you have undone us all, sir.

Hus. Tug at thy master?

Ser. Tug at a monster.

Hus. Have I no power? Shall my slave fetter me?

Ser. Nay, then the devil wrestles: I am thrown.

Hus. O villain! now I'll tug thee, now I'll tear thee;

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Set quick spurs to my vassal; bruise him,
trample him.

So; I think thou wilt not follow me in haste.
My horse stands ready saddled. Away, away;
Now to my brat at nurse, my sucking beggar:
Fates, I'll not leave you one to trample on!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE VI.—*Court before the House.*

*Enter HUSBAND; to him the MASTER of the
College.*

Mast. How is it with you, sir?
Methinks you look of a distracted colour.

Hus. Who, I, sir? 'Tis but your fancy.
Please you walk in, sir, and I'll soon resolve
you:

I want one small part to make up the sum,
And then my brother shall rest satisfied.

Mast. I shall be glad to see it: Sir, I'll
attend you. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VII.—*A Room in the House.*

The WIFE, Servant, and Children, discovered.

Ser. Oh, I am scarce able to heave up my-
self,
He has so bruised me with his devilish weight,
And torn my flesh with his blood-hasty spur:
A man before of easy constitution,
Till now hell power supplied, to his soul's
wrong:

O how damnation can make weak men strong!

*Enter the MASTER of the College and two
Servants.*

Ser. O the most piteous deed, sir, since you
came!

Mast. A deadly greeting! Hath he summ'd
up these
To satisfy his brother? Here's another;
And by the bleeding infants, the dead mother.

Wife. Oh! oh!

Mast. Surgeons! surgeons! she recovers
life:—
One of his men all faint and bloodied!

1 Ser. Follow; our murderous master has
took horse
To kill his child at nurse. O, follow quickly.

Mast. I am the readiest; it shall be my charge
To raise the town upon him.

1 Ser. Good sir, do follow him.

[*Exeunt MASTER and two Servants.*]

Wife. O my children.

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1 Ser. How is it with my most afflicted mis-
tress?

Wife. Why do I now recover? Why half live,
To see my children bleed before mine eyes?
A sight able to kill a mother's breast, without
An executioner.—What, art thou mangled too?

1 Ser. I, thinking to prevent what his quick
mischiefs

Has so soon acted, came and rush'd upon him.
We struggled; but a fouler strength than his
O'erthrew me with his arms: then did he bruise
me,

And rent my flesh, and robb'd me of my hair;
Like a man mad in execution,
Made me unfit to rise and follow him.

Wife. What is it has beguil'd him of all grace,
And stole away humanity from his breast?
To slay his children, purpose to kill his wife,
And spoil his servants—

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Please you to leave this most accursed
place:

A surgeon waits within.

Wife. Willing to leave it?
'Tis guilty of sweet blood, innocent blood:
Murder has took this chamber with full hands,
And will ne'er out as long as the house stands.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VIII.—*A High Road.*

Enter HUSBAND. He falls.

Hus. O stumbling jade! The spavin over-
take thee!

The fifty diseases stop thee!

Oh, I am sorely bruised! Plague founder thee!
Thou runn'st at ease and pleasure. Heart of
chance!

To throw me now, within a flight o' the town,
In such plain even ground too! 'Sfoot, a man
May dice upon it, and throw away the meadows.
Filthy beast!

[*Cry within*] Follow, follow, follow.

Hus. Ha! I hear sounds of men, like hue
and cry.

Up, up, and struggle to thy horse; make on;
Despatch that little beggar, and all's done.

[*Cry within*] Here, here; this way, this
way.

Hus. At my back? Oh,
What fate have I! my limbs deny me go.
My will is 'bated; beggary claims a part.
O could I here reach to the infant's heart!

A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

Enter the MASTER of the College, three Gentlemen, and Attendants with Halberds.

All. Here, here; yonder, yonder.

Mast. Unnatural, flinty, more than barbarous!
The Scythians, even the marble-hearted Fates,
Could not have acted more remorseless deeds,
In their relentless natures, than these of thine.
Was this the answer I long waited on?
The satisfaction for thy prison'd brother?

Hus. Why, he can have no more of us than
our skins,

And some of them want but flaying

1 *Gent.* Great sins have made him impudent.

Mast. He has shed so much blood, that he
cannot blush.

2 *Gent.* Away with him; bear him to the
justice's.

A gentleman of worship dwells at hand:
There shall his deeds be blaz'd.

Hus. Why, all the better.
My glory 'tis to have my action known;
I grieve for nothing, but I miss'd of one.

Mast. There's little of a father in that grief:
Bear him away. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.—*A Room in the House of a Magistrate.*

Enter a Knight, and three Gentlemen.

Knight. Endanger'd so his wife? murder'd
his children?

1 *Gent.* So the cry goes.

Knight. I am sorry I e'er knew him;
That ever he took life and natural being
From such an honour'd stock, and fair descent,
Till this black minute without stain or blemish.

1 *Gent.* Here come the men.

Enter MASTER of the College, &c., with the Prisoner.

Knight. The serpent of his house! I am sorry,
For this time, that I am in place of justice.

Mast. Please you, sir—

Knight. Do not repeat it twice; I know too
much:
Would it had ne'er been thought on! Sir, I
bleed for you.

1 *Gent.* Your father's sorrows are alive in me.
What made you show such monstrous cruelty?

Hus. In a word, sir, I have consumed all,
played away long-acre; and I thought it the
charitablest deed I could do, to cozen beggary,
and knock my house o' the head.

Knight. O, in a cooler blood you will repent it.

Hus. I repent now that one is left unkill'd;
My brat at nurse. I would full fain have
wean'd him.

Knight. Well, I do not think, but in to-mor-
row's judgment,
The terror will sit closer to your soul,
When the dread thought of death remembers
you:

To further which, take this sad voice from me,
Never was act play'd more unnaturally.

Hus. I thank you, sir.

Knight. Go, lead him to the gaol:
Where justice claims all, there must pity fail.

Hus. Come, come; away with me.

[*Exeunt HUSBAND, &c.*

Mast. Sir, you deserve the worship of your
place:

Would all did so! In you the law is grace.

Knight. It is my wish it should be so.—
Ruinous man!

The desolation of his house, the blot
Upon his predecessors' honour'd name!
That man is nearest shame, that is past shame.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE X.—*Before Calverly Hall.*

Enter HUSBAND guarded, MASTER of the College, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Hus. I am right against my house,—seat of
my ancestors:

I hear my wife's alive, but much endanger'd.
Let me entreat to speak with her, before
The prison gripe me.

His WIFE is brought in.

Gent. See, here she comes of herself.

Wife. O my sweet husband, my dear dis-
tress'd husband,

Now in the hands of unrelenting laws,
My greatest sorrow, my extremest bleeding;
Now my soul bleeds.

Hus. How now? Kind to me? Did I not
wound thee?

Left thee for dead?

Wife. Tut, far, far greater wounds did my
breast feel;

Unkindness strikes a deeper wound than steel.
You have been still unkind to me.

Hus. 'Faith, and so I think I have;
I did my murders roughly out of hand,
Desperate and sudden; but thou hast devis'd
A fine way now to kill me: thou hast given
mine eyes

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Seven wounds apiece. Now glides the devil
from me,

Departs at every joint; heaves up my nails.
O catch him, torments that were ne'er invented!
Bind him one thousand more, you blessed angels,
In that pit bottomless! Let him not rise
To make men act unnatural tragedies;
To spread into a father, and in fury
Make him his children's executioner;
Murder his wife, his servants, and who not!—
For that man's dark, where heaven is quite
forgot.

Wife. O my repentant husband!

Hus. O my dear soul, whom I too much have
wrong'd;

For death I die, and for this have I long'd.

Wife. Thou shouldst not, be assur'd, for
these faults die

If the law could forgive as soon as I.

[*The two Children laid out.*]

Hus. What sight is yonder?

Wife. O, our two bleeding boys,

Laid forth upon the threshold.

Hus. Here's weight enough to make a heart-
string crack.

O, were it lawful that your pretty souls
Might look from heaven into your father's eyes,
Then should you see the penitent glasses melt,
And both your murders shoot upon my cheeks!
But you are playing in the angels' laps,
And will not look on me, who, void of grace,
Kill'd you in beggary.

O that I might my wishes now attain,
I should then wish you living were again,
Though I did beg with you, which thing I
fear'd:

O, 'twas the enemy my eyes so blear'd!

O, would you could pray heaven me to forgive,
That will unto my end repentant live!

Wife. It makes me even forget all other
sorrows,

And live apart with this.

Off. Come, will you go?

Hus. I'll kiss the blood I spilt, and then
I'll go:

My soul is bloodied, well may my lips be so.

Farewell, dear wife; now thou and I must
part;

I of thy wrongs repent me with my heart.

Wife. O stay; thou shalt not go.

Hus. That's but in vain; you see it must
be so.

Farewell, ye bloody ashes of my boys!

My punishments are their eternal joys.

Let every father look into my deeds,

And then their heirs may prosper, while mine
bleeds. [*Exeunt Hus. and Officers.*]

Wife. More wretched am I now in this distress,
Than former sorrows made me.

Mast. O kind wife,

Be comforted; one joy is yet unmurder'd;
You have a boy at nurse; your joy's in him.

Wife. Dearer than all is my poor husband's life.
Heaven give my body strength, which is yet faint
With much expense of blood, and I will kneel,
Sue for his life, number up all my friends
To plead for pardon for my dear husband's life.

Mast. Was it in man to wound so kind a
creature?

I'll ever praise a woman for thy sake.

I must return with grief; my answer's set;

I shall bring news weighs heavier than the debt.

Two brothers, one in bond lies overthrown,

This on a deadlier execution. [*Exeunt omnes.*]



NOTICE

ON

THE AUTHORSHIP OF A YORKSHIRE TRAGEDY.

THE event upon which this little drama is founded happened in 1604 ; the play was published in 1608. If it were written by Shakspeare then, as his name on the title-page would lead us to believe, it must have been written when he was at the height of his power and of his fame. The question therefore as to his authorship of this play lies within very narrow limits. On the one hand we have the assertion of the publisher, in his entry upon the Stationers' registers, and in the title-page of the book, that Shakspeare was the author : on the other hand, we have to consider the manifest improbability that one who essentially viewed human events and passions through the highest medium of poetry should have taken up a subject of temporary interest to dramatize upon a prosaic principle. The English stage is familiar with works of extensive and permanent popularity which present to the senses the literal movement of some domestic tragedy, in which, from the necessary absence of the poetical spirit, the feelings of the audience are harassed and tortured without any compensation from that highest power of art which subdues the painful in and through the beautiful. 'George Barnwell' and 'The Gamester' are ready examples of tragedies of this class ; and without going into any minute comparisons, it is easy to understand that the principle upon which such works are composed is essentially different from that which presides over Hamlet and Lear and Othello. There was a most voluminous dramatic writer in Shakspeare's time, Thomas Heywood, whose pen was ready to seize upon a subject of passing interest, such as the frantic violence of the unhappy Mr. Calverly. Charles Lamb, after quoting two very pathetic scenes from a tragedy of this writer, 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' says, "Heywood is a sort of *prose* Shakspeare. His scenes are to the full as natural and affecting. But we miss *the poet*, that which in Shakspeare always appears out and above the surface of *the nature*. Heywood's characters, his country gentlemen, &c., are exactly what we see (but of the best kind of what we see) in life. Shakspeare makes us believe, while we are among his lovely creations, that they are nothing but what we are familiar with, as in dreams new things seem old ; but we awake, and sigh for the difference.' We have no doubt that Heywood *could* have written 'The Yorkshire Tragedy ;' we greatly question whether Shakspeare *would* have written it. The play, however, is one of sterling merit in its limited range ; and as it is also a remarkable specimen of a species of drama of which we have very few other examples of the Shaksperian age, we have printed it entire.' It is scarcely necessary for us to enter upon any minute criticism in this place, especially as we shall have to revert to the general principle of the suitability of such a subject to Shakspeare's powers, when we give an account of 'Arden of Feversham,' a tragedy of an earlier date, which has also been imputed to our great poet. A writer in the 'Retro-

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spective Réview,' analyzing the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' says, "There is no reason why Shakspeare should not have written it, any more than why he should." The reason why Shakspeare should not have written it is, we think, to be deduced from the circumstance that he, who had never even written a comedy in which the scene is placed in his own country in his own times, would very unwillingly have gone out of his way to dramatize a real incident of horror, occurring in Yorkshire in 1604, which of necessity could only have been presented to the senses of an audience as a *fact* admitting of very little elevation by a poetical treatment which might seize upon their imaginations. There is, no doubt, in this little drama the evidence of a sound judgment, relying upon the truth of the representation for its effect; and the patience and gentleness of the wife, as contrasted with the selfish ferocity of the husband, add to the intensity of the pain which the representation produces. The Retrospective reviewer further says—"If he (Shakspeare) *had* written it, on the principle of merely dramatizing the known fact, he would not have done it much better than it is here done; and there were many of his contemporaries who could have done it quite as well." We agree with this assertion. If 'The Yorkshire Tragedy' had been done better than it is—that is, if the power of the poet had more prevailed in it—it would not have answered the purpose for which it was intended; it would in truth have been a mistake in art. Shakspeare would not have committed this mistake. But then we doubt whether he would have consented at all to have had a circle drawn around him by the anti-poetical, within which his mastery over the spirits of the earth and of the air was unavailing. There were other men amongst his contemporaries to whom these limits would not have been imprisonment; who might say with Hamlet, "I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space." Thomas Heywood was one of the number. We extract from that writer the concluding scene of 'A Woman Killed with Kindness,' in which a faithless but repentant wife receives when dying the forgiveness of her husband. We request our readers to compare this with the last scene of 'The Yorkshire Tragedy,' in which the murderer of her children, when about to be led to execution, is in the same spirit forgiven by his outraged wife:—

Frankford. How do you, woman?

Mrs. Anne. Well, Mr. Frankford, well; but shall be better
I hope within this hour. Will you vouchsafe
(Out of your grace and your humanity)
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?

Frankford. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 't is grip'd by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold.

Mrs. Anne. Amen, amen.
Out of my zeal to heaven, whither I'm now bound,
I was so impudent to wish you here;
And once more beg your pardon. Oh! good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, O pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurp'd upon my knees,
That kneel I cannot, but on my heart's knees,
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, O pardon me.

Frankford. As freely from the low depth of my soul
As my Redeemer hath forgiven his death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee; and, in mere pity of thy weak estate
I'll wish to die with thee.

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All. So do we all.

Nicholas. So will not I ;

I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.

Sir Francis. O, Mr. Frankford, all the near alliance

I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee :

You are my brother by the nearest way ;

Her kindred has fall'n off, but yours doth stay.

Frankford. Even as I hope for pardon at that day,

When the great Judge of heaven in scarlet sits,

So be thou pardon'd. Though thy rash offence

Divorc'd our bodies, thy repentant tears

Unite our souls.

Sir Charles. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford,

You see your husband hath forgiven your fall ;

Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul.

Susan. How is it with you ?

Sir Francis. How d'ye feel yourself ?

Mrs. Anne. Not of this world.

Frankford. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.

My wife, the mother to my pretty babes !

Both those lost names I do restore thee back,

And with this kiss I wed thee once again :

Though thou art wounded in thy honour'd name,

And with that grief upon thy deathbed liest,

Honest in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.

Mrs. Anne. Pardon'd on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free,

Once more : thy wife dies thus embracing thee. [Dies.]

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IN 1592 was first published 'The lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent.' Subsequent editions of this tragedy appeared in 1599 and 1633. Lillo, the author of 'George Barnwell,' who died in 1739, left an unfinished tragedy upon the same subject, in which he has used the play of the 16th century very freely, but with considerable judgment. In 1770 the 'Arden of Feversham' originally published in 1592 was for the first time ascribed to Shakspeare. It was then reprinted by Edward Jacob, a resident of Feversham (who also published a history of that town and port), with a preface, in which he endeavours to prove that the tragedy was written by Shakspeare, upon the fallacious principle that it contains certain expressions which are to be found in his acknowledged works. This is at once the easiest and the most unsatisfactory species of evidence. Resemblances such as this may consist of mere conventional phrases, the common property of all the writers of a particular period. If the phrases are so striking that they must have been first created by an individual process of thought, the repetition of them is no proof that they have been twice used by the same person.

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Another may have adopted the phrase, perhaps unconsciously. General resemblances of style lead us into a wider range of inquiry; but even here we have a narrow enclosed ground compared with the entire field of criticism, which includes not only style but the whole system of the poet's art. It has been recently said of this play, "Arden of Feversham, a domestic tragedy, would, in point of absolute merit, have done no discredit to the early manhood of Shakspeare himself; but, both in conception and execution, it is quite unlike even his earliest manner; while, on the other hand, its date cannot possibly be removed so far back as the time before which his own style had demonstrably been formed."* Tieck has translated the tragedy into German, and he assigns it with little hesitation to Shakspeare. Ulrici also subscribes to this opinion; but he makes a lower estimate of its merit than his brother critic. The versification he holds to be tedious and monotonous, and the dialogue, he says, is conducted with much exaggeration of expression. The play appears to us deserving of a somewhat full consideration. It was printed as early as 1592, and was most probably performed several years earlier; the event which forms its subject took place in 1551. What is very remarkable too for a play of this period (and in this opinion we differ from Ulrici), there is very little extravagance of language; and the criminal passion in all its stages is conducted with singular delicacy. There are many passages too which aim to be poetical, and are in fact poetical; but for the most part they want that vivifying dramatic power which makes the poetry doubly effective from its natural and inseparable union with the situation which calls it forth, and the character which gives it utterance. The tragedy is founded upon a real event, which had been popularly told with great minuteness of detail; and the dramatist has evidently thought it necessary to present all the points of the story, and in so doing has of course sometimes divided and weakened the interest. Of invention, properly so called, there is necessarily very little; but there is still some invention, and that of a nature to show that the author had an imaginative conception of incident and character. Upon the whole, we should be inclined to regard it as the work of a young man; and the question then arises whether that young man was Shakspeare. If 'Arden of Feversham,' like the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' had been founded upon an event which happened in Shakspeare's mature years, that circumstance would have been decisive against his being in any sense of the word the author. But whilst we agree with the writer in the 'Edinburgh Review' that "both in conception and execution it is quite unlike even his earliest manner," we are not so confident that "its date cannot possibly be removed so far back as the time before which his own style had demonstrably been formed." Whether it be due to the absorbing nature of the subject, or to the mode in which the story is dramatically treated, we think that 'Arden of Feversham' cannot be read for the first time without exciting a very considerable interest; and this interest is certainly not produced by any violent exhibitions of passion, any sudden transitions of situation, or any exciting display of rhetoric or poetry; but by a quiet and natural succession of incidents, by a tolerably consistent, if not highly forcible, delineation of character, and by equable and unambitious dialogue, in which there is certainly less extravagance of expression than we should readily find in any of the writers for the stage between 1585 and 1592. Do we then think that 'Arden of Feversham' belongs to the early manhood of Shakspeare? We do not think so with any confidence; but we do think that, considering its date, it is a very remarkable play, and we should be at a loss to assign it to any writer whose name is associated with that early period of the drama, except to Shakspeare. In questions of this nature there may be a conviction resulting from an examination of the whole evidence, the reasons for which cannot be satisfactorily communicated to others.

* Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi. p. 471.

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But we are less anxious to make our readers think with us than to enable them to think for themselves; and we shall endeavour to effect this object in the analysis to which we now proceed.

The murder of Arden of Feversham must have produced an extraordinary and even permanent sensation in an age when deeds of violence were by no means unfrequent. Holinshed's 'Chronicle' was first published in 1577; the event happened twenty-six years before, but the writer of the 'Chronicle' says, "The which murder, for the horribleness thereof, although otherwise it may seem to be but a private matter, and therefore as it were impertinent to this history, I have thought good to set it forth somewhat at large, having the instructions delivered to me by them that have used some diligence to gather the true understanding of the circumstances." The narrative in Holinshed occupies seven closely printed columns, and all the details are brought out with a remarkable graphic power. We have no doubt that this narrative strongly seized upon the imagination of the writer of the play. To judge correctly of the poetical art of that writer we must follow the narrative step by step. The relative position of the several parties is thus described.—

"This Arden was a man of a tall and comely personage, and matched in marriage with a gentlewoman, young, tall, and well favoured of shape and countenance, who chancing to fall in familiarity with one Mosbie, a tailor by occupation, a black swart man, servant to the Lord North, it happened this Mosbie upon some mistaking to fall out with her; but she being desirous to be in favour with him again, sent him a pair of silver dice by one Adam Foule, dwelling at the Flower-de-luce, in Feversham. After which he resorted to her again, and oftentimes lay in Arden's house; and although (as it was said) Arden perceived right well their mutual familiarity to be much greater than their honesty, yet because he would not offend her, and so lose the benefit he hoped to gain at some of her friends' hands in bearing with her lewdness, which he might have lost if he should have fallen out with her, he was contented to wink at her filthy disorder, and both permitted and also invited Mosbie very often to lodge in his house. And thus it continued a good space before any practice was begun by them against Master Arden. She at length, inflamed in love with Mosbie, and loathing her husband, wished, and after practised, the means how to hasten his end."

The first evidence of a sound judgment in the dramatist is the rejection of the imputation of the chronicler that Arden connived at the conduct of his wife from mercenary motives. In the opening scene he puts Arden in a thoroughly different position. The play opens with a dialogue between Master Arden and his friend Master Franklin, in which Franklin exhorts him to cheer up his spirits because the king has granted him letters-patent of the lands of the abbey of Feversham. This is the answer of Arden:—

"Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;
And but for thee, how odious were this life,
That shows me nothing, but torments my soul;
And those foul objects that offend mine eyes,
Which make me wish that, for this veil of heaven,*
The earth hung over my head and cover'd me!
Love-letters post 'twixt Mosbie and my wife,
And they have privy meetings in the town:
Nay, on his finger did I spy the ring
Which, at our marriage, the priest put on:
Can any grief be half so great as this?"

Presently Arden breaks out into a burst of passion, and Franklin thus counsels him:—

"Be patient, gentle friend, and learn of me
To ease thy grief and save her chastity:
Entreat her fair; sweet words are fittest engines
To raze the flint walls of a woman's breast:

* For—instead of.

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In any case be not too jealous,
Nor make no question of her love to thee,
But, as securely, presently take horse,
And lie with me at London all this term;
For women, when they may, will not,
But, being kept back, straight grow outrageous."

Alice, the wife of Arden, enters; and he accuses her, but mildly, of having called on Mosbie in her sleep; the woman dissembles, and they part in peace. We have then the incident of the silver dice sent to the paramour by Adam of the Flower-de-luce. The chronicler has represented Alice as the principal agent in procuring the murder of her husband; and the dramatist has, it appears to us with considerable skill, shown the woman from the first under the influence of a headlong passion, which cannot stop to conceal its purposes, which has no doubts, no suspicions, no fears. The earnestness with which she proceeds in her terrible design is thoroughly tragic; and her ardour is strikingly contrasted with the more cautious guilt of her chief accomplice. She avows her passion for Mosbie to the landlord of the Flower-de-luce; she openly prompts Arden's own servant Michael to murder his master, tempting him with a promise to promote his suit to Mosbie's sister. The first scene between Mosbie and Alice is a striking one:—

Mosbie. Where is your husband?

Alice. 'T is now high water, and he is at the quay.

Mosbie. There let him: henceforward, know me not.

Alice. Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths?

Is this the fruit thy reconciliation buds?
Have I for this given thee so many favours,
Incurr'd my husband's hate, and out, alas!
Made shipwreck of mine honour for thy sake?
And dost thou say, henceforward know me not?
Remember when I lock'd thee in my closet,
What were thy words and mine? Did we not both
Decree to murder Arden in the night?
The heavens can witness, and the world can tell,
Before I saw that falsehood look of thine,
'Fore I was tangled with thy 'ticing speech,
Arden to me was dearer than my soul,—
And shall be still. Base peasant, get thee gone,
And boast not of thy conquest over me,
Gotten by witchcraft and mere sorcery.
For what hast thou to countenance my love,
Being descended of a noble house,
And match'd already with a gentleman,
Whose servant thou may'st be?—and so, farewell.

Mosbie. Ungentle and unkind Alice, now I see
That which I ever fear'd, and find too true:

*A woman's love is as the lightning flame,
Which even in bursting forth consumes itself.*
To try thy constancy have I been strange
Would I had never tried, but liv'd in hopes!

Alice. What needs thou try me, whom thou never found false?

Mosbie. Yet, pardon me, for love is jealous.

Alice. So lists the sailor to the mermaid's song;
So looks the traveller to the basilisk.
I am content for to be reconcil'd,
And that I know will be mine overthrow.

Mosbie. Thine overthrow? First let the world dissolve.

Alice. Nay, Mosbie, let me still enjoy thy love,
And, happen what will, I am resolute."

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It is impossible to doubt, whoever was the writer of this play, that we have before us the work of a man of no ordinary power. The transitions of passion in this scene are true to nature; and, instead of the extravagant ravings of the writers of this early period of our drama, the appropriateness of the language to the passion is most remarkable. There is poetry too, in the ordinary sense of the word, but the situation is not encumbered with the ornament. We would remark also, what is very striking throughout the play, that the versification possesses that freedom which we find in no other writer of the time but Shakspeare. Ulrici holds a contrary opinion, but we cannot consent to surrender our judgment to a foreign ear. There is too in this scene the condensation of Shakspeare, that wonderful quality by which he makes a single word convey a complex idea:—

“Is this the fruit thy reconciliation *buds*?”

is an example of this quality. The whole scene is condensed. A writer of less genius, whoever he was, would have made it thrice as long. The guilty pair being reconciled, Mosbie says that he has found a painter who can so cunningly produce a picture that the person looking on it shall die. Alice is for more direct measures—for a poison to be given in her husband's food. Here again the ‘Chronicle’ is followed:—

“There was a painter dwelling in Feversham, who had skill of poisons, as was reported; she therefore demanded of him whether it were true that he had such skill in feat or not? And he denied not but that he had indeed. Yea, said she, but I would have such a one made as should have most vehement and speedy operation to despatch the eater thereof. That can I do, quoth he; and forthwith made her such a one.”

The painter enters, and his reward, it appears, is to be Susan Mosbie. The painter is a dangerous and wicked person, but he speaks of his art and of its inspiration with a high enthusiasm:—

“For, as sharp-witted poets, *whose sweet verse*
Make heavenly gods break off their nectar-draughts,
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth,
 Use humble promise to their sacred muse;
 So we, that are the poets' favourites,
 Must have a love. Ay, love is the painter's muse,
 That makes him frame a speaking countenance,
 A weeping eye that witnesseth heart's grief.”

The conference is interrupted by the entrance of Arden, of whom Mosbie readily asks a question about the abbey-lands. The following scene ensues, and it is an example of the judgment with which the dramatist has adopted the passage from the ‘Chronicle,’ that Arden “both permitted and also invited Mosbie very often to lodge in his house,” without at the same time compromising his own honour:—

“*Arden.* Mosbie, that question we'll decide anon.
 Alice, make ready my breakfast, I must hence.
 As for the lands, Mosbie, they are mine
 By letters-patent of his majesty.
 But I must have a mandat for my wife;
 They say you seek to rob me of her love:
 Villain, what mak'st thou in her company?
 She's no companion for so base a groom.

[*Exit ALICE.*]

Mosbie. Arden, I thought not on her, I came to thee;
 But rather than I'll put up this wrong—

Franklin. What will you do, sir?

Mosbie. Revenge it on the proudest of you both.

Then ARDEN draws forth MOSBIE'S sword.

Arden. So, sirrah, you may not wear a sword,
 The statute made against artificers forbids it.

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I warrant that I do.* Now use your bodkin,
Your Spanish needle, and your pressing-iron ;
For this shall go with me : And mark my words,—
You, goodman botcher, 't is to you I speak,—
The next time that I take thee near my house,
Instead of legs, I'll make thee crawl on stumps.

Mosbie. Ah, master Arden, you have injur'd me,
I do appeal to God and to the world.

Franklin. Why, canst thou deny thou wert a botcher once !

Mosbie. Measure me what I am, not what I once was.

Arden. Why, what art thou now but a velvet drudge,
A cheating steward, and base-minded peasant ?

Mosbie. Arden, now hast thou belch'd and vomited
The rancorous venom of thy mis-swoln heart,
Hear me but speak : As I intend to live
With God, and his elected saints in heaven,
I never meant more to solicit her,
And that she knows ; and all the world shall see :
I lov'd her once, sweet Arden ; pardon me :
I could not choose ; her beauty fir'd my heart ;
But time hath quenched these once-raging coals ;
And, Arden, though I frequent thine house,
'Tis for my sister's sake, her waiting-maid,
And not for hers. Mayst thou enjoy her long !
Hell fire and wrathful vengeance light on me
If I dishonour her, or injure thee !

Arden. With these thy protestations,
The deadly hatred of my heart's appeas'd,
And thou and I'll be friends if this prove true.
As for the base terms that I gave thee late,
Forget them, Mosbie ; I had cause to speak,
When all the knights and gentlemen of Kent
Make common table-talk of her and thee.

Mosbie. Who lives that is not touched with slanderous tongues ?

Franklin. Then, Mosbie, to eschew the speech of men,
Upon whose general bruit all honour hangs,
Forbear his house.

Arden. Forbear it ! nay, rather frequent it more :
The world shall see that I distrust her not.
To warn him on the sudden from my house
Were to confirm the rumour that is grown."

The first direct attempt of Alice upon her husband's life is thus told by the chronicler:—

"Now, Master Arden purposing that day to ride to Canterbury, his wife brought him his breakfast, which was wont to be milk and butter. He, having received a spoonful or two of the milk, misliked the taste and colour thereof, and said to his wife, Mistress Alice, what milk have you given me here ? Where-withal she tilted it over with her hand, saying, I ween nothing can please you. Then he took horse and rode towards Canterbury, and by the way fell into extreme sickness, and so escaped for that time."

In the tragedy the incident is exactly followed. Upon parting with her husband the dissembling of Alice is heart-sickening, but the scene is still managed naturally and consistently.

There is no division of this play into acts and scenes, but it is probable that the first act ends with the departure of Arden for London. Another agent appears upon the scene, whose motives and position are thus described in the 'Chronicle:':—

* I justify that which I do.

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"After this his wife fell in acquaintance with one Greene, of Feversham, servant to Sir Anthony Ager, from which Greene Master Arden had wrested a piece of ground on the back side of the Abbey of Feversham, and there had great blows and great threats passed betwixt them about that matter. Therefore she, knowing that Greene hated her husband, began to practise with him how to make him away; and concluded that, if he could get any that would kill him, he should have ten pounds for a reward."

The manner in which the guilty wife practises with this revengeful man is skilfully wrought out in the tragedy. She sympathises with his supposed wrongs, she tells a tale of her own injuries, and then she proceeds to the open avowal of her purpose. Greene is to procure agents to murder her husband, and his reward, besides money, is to be the restoration of his lands. She communicates her proceedings to Mosbie, but he reproaches her for her imprudence in tampering with so many agents.

The course of the 'Chronicle' continues to be followed with much exactness. The scene changes to the road for London, and the following description is then dramatized. It is so curious a picture of manners, as indeed the whole narrative is, that we need scarcely apologize for its length :—

"This Greene, having doings for his master Sir Anthony Ager, had occasion to go up to London, where his master then lay, and, having some charge up with him, desired one Bradshaw, a goldsmith of Feversham, that was his neighbour, to accompany him to Gravesend, and he would content him for his pains. This Bradshaw, being a very honest man, was content, and rode with him. And when they came to Rainhamdown they chanced to see three or four servingmen that were coming from Leeds; and therewith Bradshaw espied, coming up the hill from Rochester, one Black Will, a terrible cruel ruffian, with a sword and a buckler, and another with a great staff on his neck. Then said Bradshaw to Greene, We are happy that there cometh some company from Leeds, for here cometh up against us as murdering a knave as any is in England; if it were not for them we might chance hardly escape without loss of our money and lives. Yea, thought Greene (as he after confessed), such a one is for my purpose; and therefore asked, Which is he? Yonder is he, quoth Bradshaw, the same that hath the sword and buckler; his name is Black Will. How know you that? said Greene. Bradshaw answered, I knew him at Boulogne, where we both served; he was a soldier, and I was Sir Richard Cavendish's man; and there he committed many robberies and heinous murders on such as travelled betwixt Boulogne and France. By this time the other company of servingmen came to them, and they, going altogether, met with Black Will and his fellow. The servingmen knew Black Will, and, saluting him, demanded of him whither he went? He answered, By his blood (for his use was to swear almost at every word), I know not, nor care not; but set up my staff, and even as it falleth I go. If thou, quoth they, will go back again to Gravesend, we will give thee thy supper. By his blood, said he, I care not; I am content; have with you: and so he returned again with them. Then Black Will took acquaintance of Bradshaw, saying, Fellow Bradshaw, how dost thou? Bradshaw, unwilling to renew acquaintance, or to have aught to do with so shameless a ruffian, said, Why, do ye know me? Yea, that I do, quoth he; did not we serve in Boulogne together? But ye must pardon me, quoth Bradshaw, for I have forgotten you. Then Greene talked with Black Will, and said, When ye have supped, come to mine host's house at such a sign, and I will give you the sack and sugar. By his blood, said he, I thank you; I will come and take it, I warrant you. According to his promise he came, and there they made good cheer. Then Black Will and Greene went and talked apart from Bradshaw, and there concluded together, that if he would kill Master Arden he should have ten pounds for his labour. Then he answered, By his wounds, that I will if I may know him. Marry, to-morrow in Paul's I will show him thee, said Greene. Then they left their talk, and Greene bad him go home to his host's house. Then Greene wrote a letter to Mistress Arden, and among other things put in these words,—We have got a man for our purpose; we may thank my brother Bradshaw. Now Bradshaw, not knowing anything of this, took the letter of him, and in the morning departed home again, and delivered the letter to Mistress Arden, and Greene and Black Will went up to London at the tide."

The scene in the play seizes upon the principal points of this description, but the variations are those of a master. Bradshaw, it seems, is a goldsmith, and he is involved in a charge of buying some stolen plate. He thus describes the man who sold it him, and we can scarcely avoid thinking that here is the same power, though in an inferior degree, which produced the description of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet* :—

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Will. What manner of man was he ?

Brad. A lean-faced writhen knave,
Hawk-nos'd and very hollow-eyed ;
With mighty furrows in stormy brows ;
Long hair down to his shoulders curl'd ;
His chin was bare, but on his upper lip
A mutchado, which he wound about his ear.

Will. What apparel had he ?

Brad. A watchet satin doublet all to-torn,
The inner side did bear the greater show :
A pair of threadbare velvet hose seam-rent ;
A worsted stocking rent above the shoe ;
A livery cloak, but all the lace was off ;
'Twas bad, but yet it serv'd to hide the plate."

One of the sources of the enchaining interest of this drama is to be found in the repeated escapes of Arden from the machinations of his enemies. We have seen the poison fail, and now the ruffian, whom no ordinary circumstances deterred from the commission of his purpose, is to be defeated by an unforeseen casualty. The 'Chronicle' says,—

"At the time appointed Greene showed Black Will Master Arden walking in Paul's. Then said Black Will, What is he that goeth after him? Marry, said Greene, one of his men. By his blood, said Black Will, I will kill them both. Nay, said Greene, do not so, for he is of counsel with us in this matter. By his blood, said he, I care not for that; I will kill them both. Nay, said Greene, in any wise do not so. Then Black Will thought to have killed Master Arden in Paul's churchyard, but there were so many gentlemen that accompanied him to dinner, that he missed of his purpose."

The dramatist presents the scene much more strikingly to the senses, in a manner which tells us something of the inconveniences of old London. The ruffians are standing before a shop; an apprentice enters saying—

"'T is very late, I were best shut up my stall, for here will be old *filching when the press comes forth of Paul's."

The stage-direction which follows is:—"Then lets he down his window, and it breaks Black Will's head." The accident disturbs the immediate purpose of the ruffians. The character of Black Will is drawn with great force, but there is probably something of a youthful judgment in making the murderer speak in high poetry:—

"I tell thee, Greene, the forlorn traveller,
Whose lips are glued with summer-scorching heat,
Ne'er long'd so much to see a running brook
As I to finish Arden's tragedy."

The other ruffian is Shakebag, and in the same way he speaks in the language which a youthful poet scarcely knows how to avoid summoning from the depths of his own imagination:—

"I cannot paint my valour out with words:
But give me place and opportunity,
Such mercy as the starven lioness,
When she is dry suck'd of her eager young,
Shows to the prey that next encounters her,
On Arden so much pity would I take."

The propriety of putting poetical images in the mouths of the low agents of crime cannot exactly be judged by looking at such passages apart from that by which they are sur-

* *Old—excessive.*

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

rounded. There is no comedy in 'Arden of Feversham.' The character and events are lifted out of ordinary life of purpose by the poet. The ambition of a young writer may have carried this too far, but the principle upon which he worked was a right one. He aimed to produce something higher than a literal copy of everyday life, and this constitutes the essential distinction between 'Arden of Feversham,' and the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' as between Shakspeare and Heywood, and Shakspeare and Lillo. In the maturity of his genius Shakspeare did not vulgarize even his murderers. At the instant before the assault upon Banquo, one of the guilty instruments of Macbeth says, in the very spirit of poetry,—

"The west yet glimmers with some streaks of day :
Now spurs the lated traveller apace,
To gain the timely inn."

Early in the drama, as we have seen, Alice proposes to her husband's servant to make away with his master. The circumstance has come to the knowledge of Greene, who, after the defeat of the plan through the apprentice's shutter, has to devise with his ruffians another mode of accomplishing Arden's death. The 'Chronicle' thus tells the story—

"Greene showed all this talk to Master Arden's man, whose name was Michael, which ever after stood in doubt of Black Will, lest he should kill him. The cause that this Michael conspired with the rest against his master was, for that it was determined that he should marry a kinswoman of Mosbie's. After this, Master Arden lay at a certain parsonage which he held in London, and therefore his man Michael and Greene agreed that Black Will should come in the night to the parsonage, where he should find the doors left open that he might come in and murder Master Arden."

The scene in which Michael consents to this proposal, with great reluctance, is founded upon the above text. We have a scene of Arden and Franklin, before they go to bed, in which Arden is torn with apprehension of the dishonour of his wife. There is great power here ; but there is something of a higher order in the conflicting terrors of Michael when he is left alone, expecting the arrival of the pitiless murderer :

"Conflicting thoughts, encamped in my breast,
Awake me with the echo of their strokes ;
And I, a judge to censure either side,
Can give to neither wished victory.
My master's kindness pleads to me for life,
With just demand, and I must grant it him
My mistress she hath forc'd me with an oath,
For Susan's sake, the which I may not break,
For that is nearer than a master's love :
That grim-fac'd fellow, pitiless Black Will,
And Shakebag stern, in bloody stratagem
(Two rougher ruffians never liv'd in Kent)
Have sworn my death if I infringe my vow—
A dreadful thing to be consider'd of.
Methinks I see them with their bolster'd hair,
Staring and grinning in *thy* gentle face,
And, in their ruthless hands their daggers drawn,
Insulting o'er thee with a peck of oaths,
Whilst thou, submissive, pleading for relief
Art mangled by their ireful instruments !
Methinks I hear them ask where Michael is,
And pitiless Black Will cries, 'Stab the slave,
The peasant will detect the tragedy.'
The wrinkles of his foul death-threatening face
Gape open wide like graves to swallow men :
My death to him is but a merriment ;

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

And he will murder me to make him sport.—
He comes! he comes! Master Franklin, help;
Call up the neighbours, or we are but dead."

This in a young poet would not only be promise of future greatness, but it would be the greatness itself. The conception of this scene is wholly original. The guilty coward, driven by the force of his imagination into an agony of terror so as to call for help, and thus defeat the plot in which he had been an accomplice, is a creation of real genius. The transition of his fears, from the picture of the murder of his master to that of himself, has a profundity in it which we seldom find except in the conceptions of one dramatist. The narrative upon which the scene is founded offers us a mere glimpse of this most effective portion of the story:—

"This Michael, having his master to bed, left open the doors according to the appointment. His master, then being in bed, asked him if he had shut fast the doors, and he said Yea; but yet afterwards, fearing lest Black Will would kill him as well as his master, after he was in bed himself he rose again, and shut the doors, bolting them fast."

In the drama the ruffians arrive, and are of course disappointed of their purpose by the closing of the doors. They swear revenge against Michael, but he subsequently makes his peace by informing them that his master is departing from London, and that their purpose may be accomplished on Rainhamdown.

The scene now changes, with a skilful dramatic management, to exhibit to us the guilty pair at Feversham. Mosbie is alone, and he shows us the depth of his depravity in the following soliloquy:—

"*Mosbie.* Disturbed thoughts drive me from company,
And dry my marrow with their watchfulness:
Continual trouble of my moody brain
Feebles my body by excess of drink,
And nips me as the bitter north-east wind
Doth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man, howe'er his cates do taste,
That tables not with foul suspicion;
And he but pines among his delicates
Whose troubled mind is stuff'd with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold;
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure;
My daily toil begat me night's repose,
My night's repose made daylight fresh to me:
But since I climb'd the top-bough of the tree,
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stary * gale doth shake my bed,
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.
But whither doth contemplation carry me?
The way I seek to find where pleasure dwells
Is hedg'd behind me, that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to danger's gate.
Then, Arden, perish thou by that decree;
For Greene doth heir the land, and weed thee up
To make my harvest nothing but pure corn;
And for his pains I'll heave him up a while,
And after smother him to have his wax;
Such bees as Greene must never live to sting.
Then is there Michael, and the painter too,
Chief actors to Arden's overthrow,

* *Stary*—stirring. Our word *star* is supposed to be derived from the Anglo-Saxon, *stir-an*, to move.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Who, when they see me sit in Arden's seat,
 They will insult upon me for my meed,
 Or fright me by detecting of his end :
 I'll none of that, for I can cast a bone
 To make these curs pluck out each other's throat,
 And then am I sole ruler of mine own :
 Yet mistress Arden lives, but she's myself,
 And holy church-rites make us two but one.
 But what for that? I may not trust you, Alice !
 You have supplanted Arden for my sake,
 And will extirpen me to plant another :
 'T is fearful sleeping in a serpent's bed ;
 And I will cleanly rid my hands of her.
 But here she comes ; and I must flatter her.

[Here enters ALICE.]

The unhappy woman has already begun to pay the penalty of her sin ; she has moments of agonizing remorse, not enduring, however, but to be swept away again by that tempest of passion which first hurried her into guilt. The following scene is, we think, unmatched by any other writer than Shakspeare in a play published as early as 1592, perhaps written several years earlier. It might have been written by Webster or Ford, but they belong to a considerably later period. It possesses in a most remarkable degree that quiet strength which is the best evidence of real power. Except in Shakspeare, it is a strength for which we shall vainly seek in the accredited writings of any dramatic poet who, as far as we know, had written for the stage some ten years before the close of the sixteenth century :—

Mosbie. Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore ;
 Thou know'st it well, and 't is thy policy
 To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
 Where lies a heart that dies when thou art sad ;
 It is not love that loves to anger love.

Alice. It is not love that loves to murder love.

Mosbie. How mean you that ?

Alice. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

Mosbie. And then——

Alice. And then conceal the rest, for 't is too bad,
 Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
 And publish'd in the world to both our shames !
 I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither ;
 Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds :
 Forget, I pray thee, what has pass'd betwixt us,
 For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.

Mosbie. What, are you chang'd ?

Alice. Ay ! to my former happy life again ;
 From title of an odious strumpet's name,
 To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife.
 Ah, Mosbie ! 't is thou hast rifled me of that,
 And made me slanderous to all my kin :
 Even in my forehead is thy name engraven—
 A mean artificer low-born name !
 I was bewitoh' the hapless hour
 And all the causes that enchanted me !

Mosbie. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth :
 And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
 Let me repent the credit I have lost.
 I have neglected matters of import
 That would have stated me above thy state ;

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Forslow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time ;
 Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
 To take a wanton giglot by the left.
 I left the marriage of an honest maid,
 Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth,
 Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee :
 This certain good I lost for changing bad,
 And wrapp'd my credit in thy company.
 I was bewitch'd—that is no theme of thine,
 And thou, unhallow'd, hast enchanted me.
 But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
 And put another sight upon these eyes,
 That show'd my heart a raven for a dove.
 Thou art not fair ; I view'd thee not till now :
 Thou art not kind ; till now I knew thee not :
 And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
 Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.
 It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
 But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
 Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds ;
 I am too good to be thy favourite.

Alice. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
 Which often hath been told me by my friends,
 That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth,
 Which, too incredulous, I ne'er believ'd.
 Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two :
 I'll bite my tongue if it speak bitterly.
 Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself ;
 Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look.
 If thou cry war, there is no peace for me,
 I will do penance for offending thee,
 And burn this prayer-book, where I here use
 The holy word that hath converted me.
 See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
 And all the leaves, and in this golden cover
 Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
 And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
 And hold no other sect but such devotion.
 Wilt thou not look ? Is all thy love o'erwhelm'd ?
 Wilt thou not hear ? What malice stops thine ears ?
 Why speak'st thou not ? What silence ties thy tongue ?
 Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
 And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
 And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
 When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak.
 And art thou sensible in none of these ?
 Weigh all my good turns with this little fault,
 And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks ;
 A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still ;
 Be clear again ; I'll no more trouble thee.

Mosbie. O fie, no ; I am a base artificer ;
 My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight :
 Mosbie, fie ! no, not for a thousand pound—
 Make love to you—why 't is unpardonable—
 We beggars must not breathe where gentles are !

Alice. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
 And I too blind to judge him otherwise :
 Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
 Weeds in gardens ; roses grow on thorns ;

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

Mosbie. Ah! how you women can insinuate
And clear a trespass with your sweetest tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more."

The man who wrote that scene was no ordinary judge of the waywardness and wickedness of the human heart. It would be difficult to say that Shakspeare at any time could have more naturally painted the fearful contest of a lingering virtue with an overwhelming passion.

We have seen the conspiracy to murder Arden on Rainhamdown. The devoted man again escapes by accident, and the 'Chronicle' thus briefly records the circumstance:—

"When Master Arden came to Rochester, his man, still fearing that Black Will would kill him with his master, pricked his horse of purpose and made him to halt, to the end he might protract the time and tarry behind. His master asked him why his horse halted. He said, I know not. Well, quoth his master, when ye come at the smith here before (between Rochester and the hill-foot over against Chatham) remove his shoe, and search him, and then come after me. So Master Arden rode on; and ere he came at the place where Black Will lay in wait for him, there overtook him divers gentlemen of his acquaintance, who kept him company; so that Black Will missed here also of his purpose."

The dramatist shows us Greene and the two ruffians waiting for their prey, and the excuse of Michael to desert his master. Arden and Franklin are now upon the stage; and the dialogue which passes between them is a very remarkable example of the dramatic skill with which the principal characters are made to sustain an indifferent conversation, but which is still in harmony with the tone of thought that pervades the whole drama. Arden is unhappy in his domestic circumstances, and he eagerly listens to the tale of another's unhappiness. The perfect ease with which this conversation is managed appears to us a singular excellence, when we regard the early date of this tragedy:—

Frank. Do you remember where my tale did cease?

Arden. Ay, where the gentleman did check his wife.

Frank. She being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produc'd that took her with the deed,
Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her husband ask'd her whether it were not so.

Arden. Her answer then? I wonder how she look'd,
Having forsworn it with such vehement oaths,
And at the instance so approv'd upon her.

Frank. First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;
Then softly draws she forth her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stain'd face;
Then hemm'd she out, to clear her voice should seem,
And with a majesty address'd herself
To encounter all their accusations:—

Pardon me, master Arden, I can no more;
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

Arden. Come, we are almost now at Rainhamdown:
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;
I would you were in case to tell it out."

This "fighting at the heart," of which Franklin complains, is an augury of ill. Black Will and Shakebag are lurking around them; but the "divers gentlemen" of

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Arden's acquaintance arrive. Lord Cheinie and his men interrupt the murderers' purpose. Arden and his friend agree to dine with the nobleman the next day. They reach Feversham in safety. The occurrences of the next day are thus told in the 'Chronicle :—

"After that Master Arden was come home, he sent (as he usually did) his man to Sheppy, to Sir Thomas Cheinie's, then lord warden of the Cinque Ports, about certain business, and at his coming away he had a letter delivered, sent by Sir Thomas Cheinie to his master. When he came home, his mistress took the letter and kept it, willing her man to tell his master that he had a letter delivered him by Sir Thomas Cheinie, and that he had lost it; adding that he thought it best that his master should go the next morning to Sir Thomas, because he knew not the matter: he said he would, and therefore he willed his man to be stirring betimes. In this mean while, Black Will, and one George Shakebag, his companion, were kept in a storehouse of Sir Anthony Ager's, at Preston, by Greene's appointment; and thither came Mistress Arden to see him, bringing and sending him meat and drink many times. He, therefore, lurking there, and watching some opportunity for his purpose, was willed in any wise to be up early in the morning, to lie in wait for Master Arden in a certain broom-close betwixt Feversham and the ferry (which close he must needs pass), there to do his feat. Now Black Will stirred in the morning betimes, but missed the way, and tarried in a wrong place.

"Master Arden and his man coming on their way early in the morning towards Shornelan, where Sir Thomas Cheinie lay, as they were almost come to the broom-close, his man, always fearing that Black Will would kill him with his master, feigned that he had lost his purse. Why, said his master, thou fooliah knave, couldest thou not look to thy purse but lose it? What was in it? Three pounds, said he. Why, then, go thy ways back again, like a knave (said his master), and seek it, for being so early as it is there is no man stirring, and therefore thou mayst be sure to find it; and then come and overtake me at the ferry. But nevertheless, by reason that Black Will lost his way, Master Arden escaped yet once again. At that time Black Will yet thought he should have been sure to have met him homewards; but whether that some of the lord warden's men accompanied him back to Feversham, or that being in doubt, for that it was late, to go through the broom-close, and therefore took another way, Black Will was disappointed then also."

The incident of the visit to Lord Cheinie is, as we have seen, differently managed by the dramatist. The escape of Arden on this occasion is very ingeniously contrived. A sudden mist renders it impossible for the ruffians to find their way. Black Will thus describes his misadventure :—

"*Mosbie.* Black Will and Shakebag, what make you here?
 What! is the deed done? is Arden dead?
Will. What could a blinded man perform in arms?
 Saw you not how till now the sky was dark,
 That neither horse nor man could be discern'd?
 Yet did we hear their horses as they pass'd."

As Arden and Franklin return they are intercepted by Read, a sailor, who accuses Arden of a gross injustice, in depriving him of a piece of land. This incident is founded upon a statement of the chronicler, in accordance with the superstition of the times, that where the murdered body of Arden was first laid the grass did not grow for two years, and that of this very field he had wrongfully possessed himself :—

"Many strangers came in that mean time, beside the townsmen, to see the print of his body there on the ground in that field; which field he had, as some have reported, most cruelly taken from a woman that had been a widow to one Cooke, and after married to one Richard Read, a mariner, to the great hindrance of her and her husband, the said Read; for they had long enjoyed it by a lease, which they had of it for many years, not then expired; nevertheless he got it from them. For the which the said Read's wife not only exclaimed against him in shedding many a salt tear, but also cursed him most bitterly even to his face, wishing many a vengeance to light upon him, and that all the world might wonder on him."

There is surely great power in the following passage; and the denunciation of the sailor comes with a terrible solemnity after the manifold escapes to which we have been witness :—

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Read. What! wilt thou do me wrong and threaten me too?
 Nay, then, I'll tempt thee, Arden; do thy worst.
 God! I beseech thee show some miracle
 On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this:
 That plot of ground which thou detainest from me,—
 I speak it in an agony of spirit,—
 Be ruinous and fatal unto thee!
 Either there be butcher'd by thy dearest friends,
 Or else be brought for men to wonder at,
 Or thou or thine miscarry in that place,
 Or there run mad and end thy cursed days.

Frank. Fie, bitter knave! bridle thine envious tongue;
 For curses are like arrows shot upright,
 Which falling down light on the shooter's head

Read. Light where they will, were I upon the sea,
 As oft I have in many a bitter storm,
 And saw a dreadful southern flaw at hand,
 The pilot quaking at the doubtful storm,
 And all the sailors praying on their knees,
 Even in that fearful time would I fall down,
 And ask of God, whate'er betide of me,
 Vengeance on Arden, or some misevent,
 To show the world what wrong the carle hath done.
 This charge I'll leave with my distressful wife;
 My children shall be taught such prayers as these;
 And thus I go, but leave my curse with thee."

We have next a scene in which, by the device of Alice, Mosbie and Black Will fasten a pretended quarrel upon Arden and his friend; but Mosbie is wounded, and Black Will runs away. A reconciliation takes place through the subtilty of the wife. Arden invites Mosbie with other friends to supper, and the conspirators agree that their deed of wickedness shall be done that night. The Chronicler briefly tells the story:—

"They conveyed Black Will into Master Arden's house, putting him into a closet at the end of his parlour. Before this they had sent out of the house all the servants, those excepted which were privy to the devised murder. Then went Mosbie to the door, and there stood in a nightgown of silk girded about him, and this was betwixt six and seven of the clock at night. Master Arden, having been at a neighbour's house of his, named Dumpkin, and having cleared certain reckonings betwixt them, came home, and, finding Mosbie standing at the door, asked him if it were supper-time? I think not (quoth Mosbie), it is not yet ready. Then let us go and play a game at the tables in the mean season, said Master Arden. And so they went straight into the parlour: and as they came by through the hall, his wife was walking there, and Master Arden said, How now, Mistress Alice? But she made small answer to him. In the mean time one chained the wicket-door of the entry. When they came into the parlour, Mosbie sat down on the bench, having his face toward the place where Black Will stood. Then Michael, Master Arden's man, stood at his master's back, holding a candle in his hand, to shadow Black Will, that Arden might by no means perceive him coming forth. In their play, Mosbie said thus (which seemed to be the watchword for Black Will's coming forth), Now may I take you, sir, if I will. Take me? quoth Master Arden; which way? With that Black Will stepped forth, and cast a towel about his neck, so to stop his breath and strangle him. Then Mosbie, having at his girdle a pressing iron of fourteen pounds weight, struck him on the head with the same, so that he fell down, and gave a great groan, insomuch that they thought he had been killed."

The tragedy follows, with very slight variation, the circumstances here detailed. The guests arrive; but Alice betrays the greatest inquietude: she gets rid of them one by one, imploring them to seek her husband, and in the mean while the body is removed. The dramatist appears here to have depended upon the terrible interest of the circumstances more than upon any force of expression in the characters. The discovery of the murder follows pretty closely the narrative of the Chronicler:—

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

"Here enter the Mayor and the Watch.

Alice. How now, master Mayor? have you brought my husband home?

Mayor. I saw him come into your house an hour ago.

Alice. You are deceiv'd; it was a Londoner.

Mayor. Mistress Arden, know you not one that is call'd Black Will?

Alice. I know none such; what mean these questions?

Mayor. I have the council's warrant to apprehend him.

Alice. I am glad it is no worse. *[Aside.*

Why, master Mayor, think you I harbour any such?

Mayor. We are informed that here he is;

And therefore pardon us, for we must search.

Alice. Ay, search and spare you not, through every room. Were my husband at home you would not offer this.

Here enter FRANKLIN.

Master Franklin, what mean you come so sad?

Frank. Arden, thy husband, and my friend, is slain.

Alice. Ah! by whom? master Franklin, can you tell?

Frank. I know not, but behind the abbey There he lies murder'd, in most piteous case.

Mayor. But, master Franklin, are you sure 't is he?

Frank. I am too sure; would God I were deceiv'd!

Alice. Find out the murderers; let them be known.

Frank. Ay, so they shall; come you along with us.

Alice. Wherefore?

Frank. Know you this hand-towel and this knife?

Susan. Ah, Michael! through this thy negligence, Thou hast betrayed and undone us all. *[Aside.*

Mich. I was so afraid, I knew not what I did;

I thought I had thrown them both into the well. *[Aside.*

Alice. It is the pig's blood we had to supper.

But wherefore stay you? find out the murderers.

Mayor. I fear me you'll prove one of them yourself.

Alice. I one of them? what mean such questions?

Frank. I fear me he was murder'd in this house, And carried to the fields; for from that place, Backwards and forwards, may you see The print of many feet within the snow; And look about this chamber where we are, And you shall find part of his guiltless blood, For in his slipshoe did I find some rushes, Which argue he was murder'd in this room.

Mayor. Look in the place where he was wont to sit: See, see his blood; it is too manifest.

Alice. It is a cup of wine that Michael shed.

Mich. Ay, truly.

Frank. It is his blood which, strumpet, thou hast shed; But, if I live, thou and thy complices, Which have conspired and wrought his death, Shall rue it."

In a subsequent scene the unhappy woman makes confession:—

"Mayor. See, Mistress Arden, where your husband lies. Confess this foul fault, and be penitent.

Alice. Arden, sweet husband, what shall I say? The more I sound his name the more he bleeds. This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.
Forgive me, Arden ! I repent me now ;
And would my death save thine thou shouldst not die.
Rise up, sweet Arden, and enjoy thy love,
And frown not on me when we meet in heaven :
In heaven I love thee, though on earth I did not."

The concluding scene shows us the principal culprits condemned to die:—

" *Mayor.* Leave to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall give:
Bear Mosbie and his sister to London straight,
Where they in Smithfield must be executed :
Bear Mistress Arden unto Canterbury,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt :
Michael and Bradshaw in Feversham
Must suffer death.

Alice. Let my death make amends for all my sin.

Mosbie. Fie upon women, this shall be my song."

After the play Franklin, in a sort of epilogue, somewhat inartificially tells us that Shakebag was murdered in Southwark, and Black Will burnt at Flushing; that Greene was hanged at Osbridge, and the painter fled. Bradshaw, according to the 'Chronicle' and the dramatic representation, was an innocent person. The drama concludes with the following apologetical lines:—

"Gentlemen, we hope you'll pardon this naked tragedy,
Wherein no filed points are foisted in
To make it gracious to the ear or eye ;
For simple truth is gracious enough,
And needs no other points of glozing stuff."

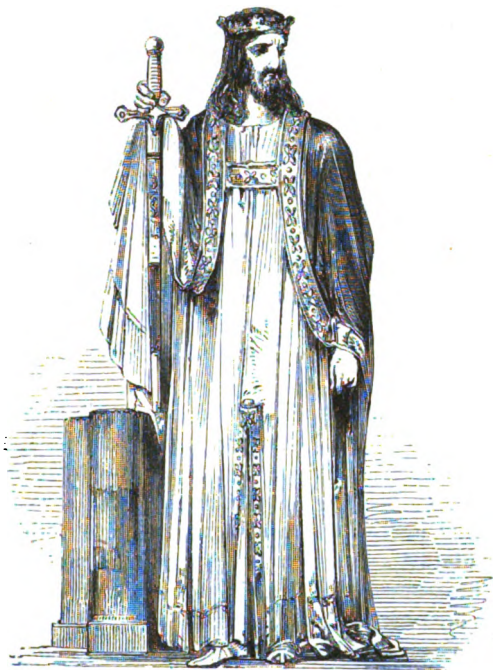
These lines appear to us as an indication that the author of 'Arden of Feversham,' whoever he might be, was aware that such a story did not call for the highest efforts of dramatic art. It was a "naked tragedy,"—"simple truth,"—requiring "no filed points" or "glozing stuff." It appears to us, however, to stand upon very different grounds from the 'Yorkshire Tragedy.' It is a higher attempt in art than that little play. It involves more conflicting passion. It is not such a mere endeavour to present a series of exciting facts to the senses of an audience. It was in all probability written twenty years before the 'Yorkshire Tragedy;' and this is a most important circumstance in considering whether Shakspeare was at all concerned in it. To a very young man, whose principles of art were not formed, and who had scarcely any models before him, this tragic story might have appeared not only easy to be dramatized, but a worthy subject for his first efforts. We have to consider, too, how familiar the fearful narrative must have been to the young Shakspeare. The name of his own mother was Arden; perhaps the Kentish Arden had some slight relationship with her family; but it is evident that the play originally bore the name of Arden of Feversham, as if it were to mark the distinction between that family and the Ardens of Wilmeccote. The tale, too, was narrated at uncommon length in the 'Chronicle' with which Shakspeare was very early familiar. There is considerable inequality in the style of this play, but that inequality is not sufficient to lead us to believe that more than one hand was engaged in it. The dramatic management is always skilful; the interest never flags; the action steadily goes forward; there are no secondary plots; and the little comedy that we find is not thrust in to produce a laugh from a few barren spectators. The writer, we think, was familiar with London, which is not at all inconsistent with the belief that it belongs

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the youth of Shakspeare. Still, the utter absence of external evidence must have left the matter exceedingly doubtful even if the tragedy had possessed higher excellences than belong to it. It was never attributed to Shakspeare by any of his contemporaries; and yet it must have been a popular play, for it was reprinted forty years after its publication. Without doubt there may have been some writer, of whose name and works we know nothing, to whom this play may have been assigned; but if it be improbable that Shakspeare had written it, it is equally improbable that any of the known dramatists who had attained a celebrity in 1592 should have written it. It has none of the characteristics of any one of them—their extravagance of language; their forced passion; their overloading of classical allusions; their monotonous versification. Its power mainly lies in its simplicity. The unhappy woman is the chief character in the drama; and it appears to us that the author especially exhibits in "Mistress Arden" that knowledge of the hidden springs of human guilt and weakness which is not to be found in the generalities of any of the early contemporaries of Shakspeare. Still we must be understood as not attempting to pronounce any decided opinion upon the question of authorship. We neither hold with the German critics, whose belief approaches to credulity in this and other cases, nor with the English, who appear to consider, in most things, that scepticism and sound judgment are identical.



THE REIGN
OF
KING EDWARD III.



KING EDWARD III.

'THE Raigne of King Edward the third : As it hath bin sundrie times plaied about the Citie of London,' was first published in 1596. It was entered on the registers of the Stationers' Company, December 1, 1595. The play was reprinted in 1599, and, judging from other entries in the Stationers' registers, also in 1609, 1617, and 1625. From that time the work was known only to the collectors of single plays, till, in 1760, Capell reprinted it in a volume entitled 'Prolusions, or Select Pieces of Ancient Poetry,' as "A play thought to be writ by Shakespeare." The editor of that volume thus speaks of the play, in his preface :—"But what shall be said of the poem that constitutes the second part? or how shall the curiosity be satisfied which it is probable may have been raised by the great name inserted in the title-page? That it was indeed written by Shakespeare, it cannot be said with candour that there is any external evidence at all : something of proof arises from resemblance between the style of his earlier performances and the work in question ; and a more conclusive one yet from consideration of the time it appeared in, in which there was no known writer equal to such a play : the fable of it too is taken from the same books which that author is known to have

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followed in some other plays, to wit, Holinshed's 'Chronicle,' and a book of novels called 'The Palace of Pleasure.' But, after all, it must be confessed that its being his work is conjecture only, and matter of opinion; and the reader must form one of his own, guided by what is now before him, and by what he shall meet with in perusal of the piece itself." Capell was not a person to offer any critical reasons for his own belief; but the opinions of several able critics in our own time would show that he was not to be laughed at, as Steevens was inclined to laugh at him, for rescuing this play from the hands of the mere antiquarians.* The anonymous critic whom we have often quoted says, "Capell was the first who directed attention to this play, as perhaps Shakspeare's; and it is in every respect one of the best dramas of its time. It is very unequal, and its plot is unskilfully divided into two parts; but through most scenes there reign a pointed strength of thought and expression, a clear richness of imagery, and an apt though rough delineation of character, which entitle it to rank higher than any historical play of the sixteenth century, excepting Shakspeare's admitted works of this class, and Marlowe's 'Edward II.'"† The opinion of Ulrici is very full and decided upon the authorship of 'Edward III.,' and we may as well present it at once to the reader in its general bearings.

"The play of 'Edward III. and the Black Prince,' &c., is entered not less than four times in the register of the Stationers' Company; first, on Dec. 1, 1595; and lastly, on Feb. 23, 1625. It was first printed in 1596, and reprinted in 1599, both editions being without the name of the author. Of any later edition I have no knowledge. Both these early editions, being anonymous, can, however, prove nothing. But even if the later editions were equally without the announcement of the author, this certainly rather striking fact may be satisfactorily explained by the nature of the piece itself. In the first two acts we find many bitter attacks upon the Scots, inspired by English patriotism: these were thoroughly in place during Elizabeth's lifetime, who, it is well known, loved her successor not much better than she did his mother, and ever stood in a guarded attitude against Scotland. To James I., on the contrary, these passages must have given offence. But Shakspeare was indebted to James for many kindnesses; and he has praised and celebrated him in several of his plays. Thus, in order to avoid wounding his sense of gratitude, he may either have expressly denied the paternity of Edward III., or have refused to recognise it, and abandoned to its fate a piece that perhaps did not satisfy him upon other grounds. And in this way it may be also explained how a poem, which bears Shakspeare's stamp so evidently, should have been overlooked or intentionally omitted by his friends Heminge and Condell, the editors of the first folio. That the piece probably belongs to Shakspeare's earlier labours (without doubt two years at least before the date of its first being printed), is evident from the language and versification, from the many rhymed passages, but more particularly from the composition, which, if we consider the piece as one whole, is incontestably faulty. For the first two acts clearly stand alone much too independently; internally only partially united, and not at all externally, with the following three acts. In the first part the point of the action turns upon the love of the king for the beautiful Countess of Salisbury, whom he has released from the besieging Scottish army. The whole of this connection is no farther mentioned in the following part; it comes to a total conclusion at the end of the second act where the king, conquered, and at the same time strengthened, by the virtuous greatness of the countess,

* Steevens, in a note upon the entry in the Stationers' register, says—"This is ascribed to Shakspeare by the compilers of ancient catalogues." This was one of the modes in which Steevens thought it clever to insult Capell by a contemptuous neglect.

† Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi, p. 471.

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renounces his passion, and becomes again the master of himself. The countess then disappears wholly from the scene, which is changed to the victorious campaign of Edward III. and his heroic son the Black Prince. The play thus falls into two different Parts. But the fault which this involves wholly vanishes immediately that we take the two halves for two different pieces, united into a whole, in the same manner as the two Parts of Henry IV. Everything then rounds itself into a complete and beautiful historical composition, which is throughout worthy of the great poet."

Of the value of this opinion of the very able German critic before us we shall endeavour to lead our readers to form their own judgment. If they come to the conclusion that the play is not Shakspeare's, they will at least acquire a familiarity with some striking scenes and passages which are little known to English readers. The early editions are very rare; and Capell's volume is by no means a common book.

The view which Ulrici has taken that 'The Reign of Edward III.' must be considered as a play in two parts is perfectly just. But it must also be borne in mind that Shakspeare has himself furnished us no example of such a complete division of the action in any *one* historical play which he has left us. The two Parts of Henry IV. comprised two distinct plays, each complete in itself, each performed on a separate day, but each connected with the other by a chorus which fills up the gap of time. So the three Parts of Henry VI. and Richard III. are perfectly separate, although essentially connected. The plan pursued in the 'Edward III.' is, to say the least, exceedingly inartificial. If the writer of this play had possessed more dramatic skill, he might have made the severance of the action less abrupt. As it is, the link is snapped short. In the first two acts we have the Edward of romance,—a puling lover, a heartless seducer, a despot, and then a penitent. In the three last acts we have the Edward of history,—the ambitious hero, the stern conqueror, the affectionate husband, the confiding father. The one portion of the drama pretty closely follows the apocryphal and inconsistent story in 'The Palace of Pleasure,' how "A King of England loved a daughter of one of his noblemen, which was Countess of Salisbury." And here the author has certainly produced some powerful scenes, and considerably improved upon the fable which he in great part followed. In the latter portion of the play he has Froissart before him; and, dealing with those incidents which were calculated to call forth the highest poetical efforts, such as the battle of Poitiers and the siege of Calais, the dramatist is strikingly inferior to the fine old chronicler. When Shakspeare dealt with heroic subjects, as in his Henry V., he kept pretty closely to the original narratives; but he breathed a life into the commonest occurrences, which leaves us to wonder how the exact could be so intimately blended with the poetical, and how that which is the most natural should, through the force of a few magical touches, become the most sublime. We do not trace this wonderful power in the play before us: talent there certainly is, but the great creative spirit is not visible.

The play opens with Robert of Artois explaining to Edward III. the claims which he has to the crown of France through his mother Isabelle. This finished, the Duke of Lorraine arrives to summon Edward to do homage to the King of France for the dukedom of Guienne. The scene altogether reminds us of the second scene of the first act of Henry V., where the Archbishop of Canterbury expounds the Salic law, and the ambassadors of France arrive with an insolent message to Henry from the Dauphin. The parallel scenes in both plays have some resemblance to the first scene of King John, where Chatillon arrives with a message from France. It is probable that the Henry V. of Shakspeare was not written till after this play of 'Edward III.;' and the King John, as we now have it, might probably be even a later play: but the original King John, in two Parts, belongs, without doubt, to an earlier period than the 'Edward III.,' and the

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same resemblance in this scene holds good with that play. Upon the departure of Lorraine, the rupture of the league with the Scots is announced to Edward, with the further news that the Countess of Salisbury is besieged in the castle of Roxburgh. The second scene shows us the countess upon the walls of the castle, and then King David of Scotland enters, and thus addresses himself to Lorraine:—

*“Dav. My lord of Lorraine, to our brother of France
Commend us, as the man in Christendom
Whom we most reverence and entirely love.
Touching your embassy, return, and say,
That we with England will not enter parley,
Nor never make fair weather, or take truce;
But burn their neighbour towns, and so persist
With eager roads beyond their city York.
And never shall our bonny riders rest;
Nor rusting canker have the time to eat
Their light-borne snaffles, nor their nimble spurs;
Nor lay aside their jacks of gymold mail;
Nor hang their staves of grained Scottiah ash
In peaceful wise upon their city walls;
Nor from their button'd tawny leathern belts
Dismiss their biting whinyards,—till your king
Cry out ‘Enough; spare England now for pity.’
Farewell: and tell him, that you leave us here
Before this castle; say, you came from us
Even when we had that yielded to our hands.”*

If this speech be not Shakspeare's, it is certainly a closer imitation of the freedom of his versification, and the truth and force of his imagery, than can be found in any of the historical plays of that period. We do not except even the ‘Edward II.’ of Marlowe, in which it would be difficult to find a passage in which the poetry is so little conventional as the lines which we have just quoted. And this brings us to the important consideration of the date of ‘Edward III.’ Ulrici holds that it was written at least two years before it was published. We cannot see the reason for this opinion. It was entered on the Stationers' registers on the 1st of December, 1595, and we have pretty good evidence in many cases that such entry was concurrent with the time of the original performance. If the ‘Edward III.’ then, was first produced in 1595, there can be no doubt that several of Shakspeare's historical plays were already before the public—the Henry VI., and Richard III.,—in all probability the Richard II. Bearing this circumstance in mind, we can easily understand how a new school of writers should, in 1595, have been formed, possessing, perhaps, less original genius than some of the earlier founders of the drama, but having an immense advantage over them in the models which the greatest of those founders had produced. Still this consideration does not wholly warrant us in hastily pronouncing the play before us not to be Shakspeare's. As in the case of ‘Arden of Feversham,’ we have to look, and we look in vain, for some known writer of the period whose works exhibit a similar combination of excellences.

The Countess of Salisbury is speedily relieved from her besiegers by the arrival of Edward with his army. The king and the countess meet, and Edward becomes her guest. His position is a dangerous one, and he rushes into the danger. There is a very long and somewhat ambitious scene, in which the king instructs his secretary to describe his passion in verse. It is certainly not conceived in a real dramatic spirit. The action altogether flags, and the passion is very imperfectly developed in such an outpouring of words. The next scene, in which Edward avows his passion for the countess, is conceived and executed with far more success:—

EDWARD III.

Cou. Sorry I am to see my liege so sad :
What may thy subject do, to drive from thee
This gloomy consort, sullen melancholy !

Edw. Ah, lady, I am blunt, and cannot straw
The flowers of solace in a ground of shame :—
Since I came hither, countess, I am wrong'd.

Cou. Now, God forbid, that any in my house
Should think my sovereign wrong ! Thrice gentle king,
Acquaint me with your cause of discontent.

Edw. How near then shall I be to remedy ?

Cou. As near, my liege, as all my woman's power
Can pawn itself to buy thy remedy.

Edw. If thou speak'st true, then have I my redress :
Engage thy power to redeem my joys,
And I am joyful, countess ; else, I die.

Cou. I will, my liege.

Edw. Swear, countess, that thou

Cou. By heaven, I will.

Edw. Then take thyself a little way aside ;
And tell thyself a king doth dote on thee :
Say, that within thy power it doth lie
To make him happy ; and that thou hast sworn
To give me all the joy within thy power :
Do this, and tell me when I shall be happy.

Cou. All this is done, my thrice dread sovereign :
That power of love, that I have power to give,
Thou hast with all devout obedience ;
Employ me how thou wilt in proof thereof.

Edw. Thou hear'st me say that I do dote on thee.

Cou. If on my beauty, take it if thou canst ;
Though little, I do prize it ten times less :
If on my virtue, take it if thou canst ;
For virtue's store by giving doth augment :
Be it on what it will, that I can give,
And thou canst take away, inherit it.

Edw. It is thy beauty that I would enjoy.

Cou. O, were it painted, I would wipe it off,
And dispossess myself, to give it thee :
But, sovereign, it is solder'd to my life :
Take one, and both ; for, like an humble shadow,
It haunts the sunshine of my summer's life ;

Edw. But thou mayst lend it me, to sport withal.

Cou. As easy may my intellectual soul
Be lent away, and yet my body live,
As lend my body, palace to my soul.
Away from her, and yet retain my soul.
My body is her bower, her court, her abbey,
And she an angel, pure, divine, unspotted ;
If I should lend her house, my lord, to thee,
I kill my poor soul, and my poor soul me."

The Earl of Warwick, father to the Countess of Salisbury, is required by Edward, upon his oath of duty, to go to his daughter, and command her to agree with his dishonourable proposals. This very unnatural and improbable incident is found in the story of 'The Palace of Pleasure ;' but it gives occasion to a scene of very high merit—a little wordy, perhaps, but still upon the whole natural and effective. The skill with which the father is made to deliver the message of the king, and to appear to recommend a

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compliance with his demands, but so at the same time as to make the guilty purpose doubly abhorrent, indicates no common power:—

War. How shall I enter in this graceless errand ?
 I must not call her child ; for where's the father
 That will, in such a suit, seduce his child ?
 Then, Wife of Salisbury,—shall I so begin ?
 No, he's my friend ; and where is found the friend
 That will do friendship such endamagement ?
 Neither my daughter, nor my dear friend's wife.
 I am not Warwick, as thou think'st I am,
 But an attorney from the court of hell ;
 That thus have hous'd my spirit in his form,
 To do a message to thee from the king.
 The mighty king of England dotes on thee :
 He, that hath power to take away thy life,
 Hath power to take thine honour ; then consent
 To pawn thine honour, rather than thy life ;
 Honour is often lost, and got again ;
 But life, once gone, hath no recovery.
 The sun, that withers hay, doth nourish grass ;
 The king, that would distain thee, will advance thee
 The poets write that great Achilles' spear
 Could heal the wound it made : the moral is
 What mighty men misdo, they can amend.
 The lion doth become his bloody jaws,
 And grace his foragement, by being mild
 When vassal fear lies trembling at his feet.
 The king will in his glory hide thy shame ;
 And those, that gaze on him to find out thee,
 Will lose their eyesight, looking in the sun.
 What can one drop of poison harm the sea,
 Whose huge vastures can digest the ill,
 And make it lose his operation ?
 The king's great name will temper thy misdeeds,
 And give the bitter potion of reproach
 A sugar'd sweet and most delicious taste :
 Besides, it is no harm to do the thing
 Which without shame could not be left undone.
 Thus have I, in his majesty's behalf,
 Apparel'd sin in virtuous sentences,
 And dwell upon thy answer in his suit.
Cou. Unnatural besiege ! Woe me, unhappy,
 To have escap'd the danger of my foes,
 And to be ten times worse invir'd by friends !
 Hath he no means to stain my honest blood,
 But to corrupt the author of my blood,
 To be his scandalous and vile solicitor ?
 No marvel, though the branches be infected,
 When poison hath encompassed the root :
 No marvel, though the leprous infant die,
 When the stern dam envenometh the dug.
 Why, then, give sin a passport to offend,
 And youth the dangerous rein of liberty :
 Blot out the strict forbidding of the law ;
 And cancel every canon that prescribes
 A shame for shame, or penance for offence.
 No, let me die, if his too boist'rous will

EDWARD III.

Will have it so, before I will consent
To be an actor in his graceless lust.

War. Why, now thou speak'st as I would have thee speak:
And mark how I unsay my words again.
An honourable grave is more esteem'd
Than the polluted closet of a king:
The greater man, the greater is the thing,
Be it good, or bad, that he shall undertake:
An unrequited mote, flying in the sun,
Presents a greater substance than it is:
The freshest summer's day doth soonest taint
The loathed carrion that it seems to kiss:
Deep are the blows made with a mighty axe:
That sin doth ten times aggravate itself
That is committed in a holy place:
An evil deed, done by authority,
Is sin and subornation: Deck an ape
In tissue, and the beauty of the robe
Adds but the greater scorn unto the beast.
A spacious field of reasons could I urge,
Between his glory, daughter, and thy shame:
That poison shows worst in a golden cup;
Dark night seems darker by the lightning flash;
Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds;
And every glory that inclines to sin,
The shame is treble by the opposite.
So leave I, with my blessing in thy bosom;
Which then convert to a most heavy curse,
When thou convert'st from honour's golden name
To the black faction of bed-blotting shame! *[Exit.]*

Cou. I'll follow thee: And, when my mind turns so,
My body sink my soul in endless woe! *[Exit.]*

There is a line in the latter part of this scene which is to be found also in one of Shakspeare's Sonnets—the ninety-fourth:—

“Lilies, that fester, smell far worse than weeds.”

In our Illustrations of the Sonnets we express a decided opinion that the line was original in the sonnet, and transplanted thence into this play. The point was material in considering the date of the sonnet, but it throws no light either upon the date of this play or upon its authorship.*

During the tempest of Edward's passion, the Prince of Wales arrives at the Castle of Roxburgh, and the conflict in the mind of the king is well imagined:—

Edw. I see the boy. O, how his mother's face,
Moulded in his, corrects my stray'd desire,
And rates my heart, and chides my thievish eye;
Who, being rich enough in seeing her,
Yet seeks elsewhere: and basest theft is that
Which cannot check itself on poverty.—
Now, boy, what news?

Pri. I have assembled, my dear lord and father,
The choicest buds of all our English blood,
For our affairs in France; and here we come,
To take direction from your majesty.

Edw. Still do I see in him delineate
His mother's visage; those his eyes are hers,

* See Poems.

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Who, looking wistly on me, made me blush ;
 For faults against themselves give evidence :
 Lust is a fire ; and men, like lanthorns, show
 Light lust within themselves, even through themselves .
 Away, loose silks of wavering vanity !
 Shall the large limit of fair Brittany
 By me be overthrown ? and shall I not
 Master this little mansion of myself ?
 Give me an armour of eternal steel ;
 I go to conquer kings : and shall I then
 Subdue myself, and be my enemy's friend ?
 It must not be.—Come, boy, forward, advance !
 Let's with our colours sweep the air of France.

Lod. My liege, the countess, with a smiling cheer,
 Desires access unto your majesty. [*Advancing from the door and whispering him.*]

Edw. Why, there it goes ! that very smile of hers
 Hath ransom'd captive France ; and set the king,
 The dauphin, and the peers, at liberty.—
 Go, leave me, Ned, and revel with thy friends.

[*Exit Prince.*"]

The countess enters, and with the following scene suddenly terminates the ill-starred passion of the king :—

Edw. Now, my soul's playfellow ! art thou come,
 To speak the more than heavenly word of yea,
 To my objection in thy beauteous love ?

Con. My father on his blessing hath commanded—

Edw. That thou shalt yield to me.

Con. Ay, dear my liege, your due.

Edw. And that, my dearest love, can be no less
 Than right for right, and tender love for love.

Con. Than wrong for wrong, and endless hate for hate.—

But,—sith I see your majesty so bent,
 That my unwillingness, my husband's love,
 Your high estate, nor no respect respected
 Can be my help, but that your mightiness
 Will overbear and awe these dear regards,—
 I bind my discontent to my content,
 And, what I would not, I'll compel I will ;
 Provided that yourself remove those lets
 That stand between your highness' love and mine.

Edw. Name them, fair countess, and, by heaven, I will.

Con. It is their lives, that stand between our love,
 That I would have chok'd up, my sovereign.

Edw. Whose lives, my lady ?

Con. My thrice loving liege,
 Your queen, and Salisbury my wedded husband ;
 Who living have that title in our love,
 That we cannot bestow but by their death.

Edw. Thy opposition is beyond our law.

Con. So is your desire : If the law
 Can hinder you to execute the one,
 Let it forbid you to attempt the other :
 I cannot think you love me as you say,
 Unless you do make good what you have sworn.

Edw. No more ; thy husband and the queen shall die.
 Fairer thou art by far than Hero was ;
 Beardless Leander not so strong as I :
 He swom an easy current for his love :

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But I will, through a hally spout of blood,
Arrive that Sestos where my Hero lies.

Cou. Nay, you'll do more ; you'll make the river too,
With their heart-bloods that keep our love asunder,
Of which, my husband, and your wife, are twain.

Edw. Thy beauty makes them guilty of their death,
And gives in evidence, that they shall die ;
Upon which verdict, I, their judge, condemn them.

Cou. O perjur'd beauty ! more corrupted judge !
When, to the great star-chamber o'er our heads,
The universal sessions calls to count
This packing evil, we both shall tremble for it.

Edw. What says my fair love ! is she resolute ?

Cou. Resolute to be dissolv'd ; and, therefore, this,-
Keep but thy word, great king, and I am thine.
Stand where thou dost, I'll part a little from thee,
And see how I will yield me to thy hands.

[Turning suddenly upon him, and showing two daggers.

Here by my side do hang my wedding knives :
Take thou the one, and with it kill thy queen,
And learn by me to find her where she lies ;
And with the other I'll despatch my love,
Which now lies fast asleep within my heart :
When they are gone, then I'll consent to love.
Stir not, lascivious king, to hinder me ;
My resolution is more nimbler far,
Than thy prevention can be in my rescue,
And, if thou stir, I strike ; therefore stand still,
And hear the choice that I will put thee to :
Either swear to leave thy most unholy suit,
And never henceforth to solicit me ;
Or else, by heaven *[kneeling]*, this sharp-pointed knife
Shall stain thy earth with that which thou wouldst stain,
My poor chaste blood. Swear, Edward, swear,
Or I will strike, and die, before thee here.

Edw. Even by that Power I swear, that gives me now
The power to be ashamed of myself,
I never mean to part my lips again
In any word that tends to such a suit.
Arise, true English lady ; whom our isle
May better boast of, than e'er Roman might
Of her, whose ransack'd treasury hath task'd
The vain endeavour of so many pens :
Arise ; and be my fault thy honour's fame,
Which after ages shall enrich thee with.
I am awaked from this idle dream."

The remarks of Ulrici upon this portion of the play are conceived upon his usual principle of connecting the action and characterization of Shakspeare's dramas with the development of a high moral, or rather Christian, principle. He is sometimes carried too far by his theory, but there is something far more satisfying in the criticism of his school than in the husks of antiquarianism with which we have been too long familiar :—
“ We see, in the first two acts, how the powerful king (who in his rude greatness, in his reckless iron energy, reminds us of the delineations of character in the elder King John, Henry VI., and Richard III.) sinks down into the slough of common life before the virtue and faithfulness of a powerless woman ; how he, suddenly enchained by an unworthy passion, abandons his great plans in order to write verses and spin intrigues.

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All human greatness, power, and splendour, fall of themselves, if not planted upon the soil of genuine morality ; the highest energies of mankind are not proof against the attacks of sin, when they are directed against the weak unguarded side — this is the substance of the view of life here taken, and it forms the basis of the first Part. But true energy is enabled again to elevate itself ; it strengthens itself from the virtues of others, which by God's appointment are placed in opposition to it. With this faith, and with the highest, most masterly, deeply-penetrating, and even sublime picture of the far greater energy of a woman, who, in order to save her own honour and that of her royal master, is ready to commit self-murder, the second act closes. This forms the transition to the following second Part, which shows us the true heroic greatness, acquired through self-conquest, not only in the king, but also in his justly celebrated son. For even the prince has also gone through the same school : he proves this, towards the end of the second act, by his quick silent obedience to the order of his father, although directly opposed to his wishes."

In the third act we are at once in the heart of war ; we have the French camp, where John with his court hears of the arrival of Edward's fleet, and the discomfiture of his own. The descriptions of these events are, as we think, tedious and overstrained ; at any rate they are undramatic. The writer is endeavouring to put out his power, where the highest power would be wasted. There is less ambition, but much more force, in the following speech of a poor Frenchman who is flying before the invaders :—

"Fly, countrymen, and citizens of France !
Sweet-flow'ring peace, the root of happy life,
Is quite abandon'd and expuls'd the land :
Instead of whom, ransack-constraining war
Sits like to ravens on your houses' tops ;
Slaughter and mischief walk within your streets,
And, unrestrain'd, make havoc as they pass :
The form whereof even now myself beheld,
Now, upon this fair mountain, whence I came.
For so far as I did direct mine eyes,
I might perceive five cities all on fire,
Corn-fields, and vineyards, burning like an oven ;
And, as the leaking vapour in the wind
Turned aside, I likewise might discern
The poor inhabitants, escap'd the flame,
Fall numberless upon the soldiers' pikes :
Three ways these dreadful ministers of wrath
Do tread the measures of their tragic march ;
Upon the right hand comes the conquering king,
Upon the left his hot unbridled son,
And in the midst our nation's glittering host ;
All which, though distant, yet conspire in one
To leave a desolation where they come."

Before the battle of Cressy we have an interview between the rival kings. The debate is not managed with any very great dignity on either side. Upon the retiring of John and his followers, the Prince of Wales is solemnly armed upon the field :—

"And, Ned, because this battle is the first
That ever yet thou fought'st in pitched field,
As ancient custom is of martialists,
To dub thee with the type of chivalry,
In solemn manner we will give thee arms."

The famous incident of the battle of Cressy, that of the king refusing to send succour to his gallant son, is thus told by Froissart :—

EDWARD III.

"They with the prince sent a messenger to the king, who was on a little windmill hill; then the knight said to the king, 'Sir, the Earl of Warwick, and the Earl of Oxford, Sir Reynold Cobham, and other, such as be about the prince your son, are fiercely fought withal, and are sore handled, wherefore they desire you, that you and your battle will come and aid them, for if the Frenchmen increase, as they doubt they will, your son and they shall have much ado.' Then the king said, 'Is my son dead or hurt, or on the earth felled?' 'No, sir,' quoth the knight, 'but he is hardly matched, wherefore he hath need of your aid.' 'Well,' said the king, 'return to him and to them that sent you hither, and say to them, that they send no more to me for any adventure that falleth, as long as my son is alive; and also say to them, that they suffer him this day to win his spurs, for, if God be pleased, I will this journey be his, and the honour thereof, and to them that be about him.' Then the knight returned again to them, and showed the king's words, the which greatly encouraged them, and repined in that they had sent to the king as they did."

The dramatist has worked out this circumstance with remarkable spirit; it is, we think, the best business scene in the play—not overwrought, but simple, and therefore most effective:—

"Drums. Enter King EDWARD and AUDLEY.

Edw. Lord Audley, whiles our son is in the chace,
Withdraw your powers unto this little hill,
And here a season let us breathe ourselves.

Aud. I will, my lord. [*Exit AUDLEY. Retreat.*

Edw. Just-dooming heaven, whose secret providence
To our gross judgment is unscrutable,
How are we bound to praise thy wondrous works,
That hast this day giv'n way unto the right,
And made the wicked stumble at themselves!

Enter ARTOIS, hastily.

Art. Rescue, king Edward! rescue for thy son!

Edw. Rescue, Artois? what, is he prisoner?
Or, by violence, fell beside his horse?

Art. Neither, my lord; but narrowly beset
With turning Frenchmen, whom he did pursue,
As 't is impossible that he should 'scape,
Except your highness presently descend.

Edw. Tut! let him fight; we gave him arms to-day,
And he is labouring for a knighthood, man.

Enter DERBY hastily.

Der. The prince, my lord! the prince! O, succour him:
He's close encompass'd with a world of odds!

Edw. Then will he win a world of honour too,
If he by valour can redeem him thence:
If not, what remedy? We have more sons
Than one, to comfort our declining age.

Re-enter AUDLEY hastily.

Aud. Renowned Edward, give me leave, I pray,
To lead my soldiers where I may relieve
Your grace's son, in danger to be slain.
The snares of French, like emmets on a bank,
Muster about him; whilst he, lion-like,
Entangled in the net of their assaults,
Frantically rends, and bites the woven toil:
But all in vain, he cannot free himself.

Edw. Audley, content; I will not have a man,
On pain of death, sent forth to succour him:
This is the day ordain'd by destiny
To season his green courage with those thoughts,
That, if he break'th out Nestor's years on earth,
Will make him savour still of this exploit.

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Der. Ah ! but he shall not live to see those days.

Edw. Why, then his epitaph is lasting praise.

Aud. Yet, good my lord, 't is too much wilfulness
To let his blood be spilt, that may be sav'd.

Edw. Exclaim no more ; for none of you can tell
Whether a borrow'd aid will serve, or no ;
Perhaps he is already slain, or ta'en :
And dare a falcon when she 's in her flight,
And ever after she'll be haggard-like :
Let Edward be deliver'd by our hands,
And still, in danger, he'll expect the like ;
But if himself himself redeem from thence,
He will have vanquish'd, cheerful, death and fear,
And ever after dread their force no more
Than if they were but babes, or captive slaves.

Aud. O, cruel father !—Farewell, Edward, then !

Der. Farewell, sweet prince, the hope of chivalry !

Art. O, would my life might ransom him from death !

Edw. But, soft ; methinks I hear [Retreat sounded.
The dismal charge of trumpets' loud retreat :
All are not slain, I hope, that went with him ;
Some will return with tidings, good, or bad.

Flourish. Enter Prince EDWARD in triumph, bearing in
his hand his shivered lance ; his sword and battered ar-
mour borne before him, and the body of the King of
BOHEMIA, wrapped in the colours : Lords' run and
embrace him.

Aud. O joyful sight ! victorious Edward lives !

Der. Welcome, brave prince !

Edw.

Welcome, Plantagenet !”

There is a fine scene where the Prince of Wales is surrounded by the French army before the battle of Poitiers : but it is something too prolonged and rhetorical ; it has not the Shaksperian rush which belongs to such a situation. One specimen will suffice, where the prince exhorts his companion-in-arms, old Audley, to fly from danger :—

“Now, Audley, sound those silver wings of thine,
And let those milk-white messengers of time
Show thy time's learning in this dangerous time :
Thyself art bruis'd and bent with many broils,
And stratagems forepast with iron pens
Are texed in thine honourable face ;
Thou art a married man in this distress,
But danger woos me as a blushing maid ;
Teach me an answer to this perilous time.

Aud. To die is all as common as to live,
The one in choice, the other holds in chase ;
For, from the instant we begin to live,
We do pursue and hunt the time to die :
First bud we, then we blow, and after seed ;
Then presently we fall ; and, as a shade
Follows the body, so we follow death.
If then we hunt for death, why do we fear it ?
Or, if we fear it, why do we follow it ?
If we do fear, with fear we do but aid
The thing we fear to seize on us the sooner :
If we fear not, then no resolved proffer
Can overthrow the limit of our fate :

EDWARD III.

For, whether ripe, or rotten, drop we shall,
As we do draw the lottery of our doom.

Pri. Ah, good old man, a thousand thousand armours
These words of thine have buckled on my back:
Ah, what an idiot hast thou made of life,
To seek the thing it fears! and how disgrac'd
The imperial victory of murdering death!
Since all the lives his conquering arrows strike
Seek him, and he not them, to shame his glory.
I will not give a penny for a life,
Nor half a halfpenny to shun grim death;
Since for to live is but to seek to die,
And dying but beginning of new life:
Let come the hour when He that rules it will!
To live, or die, I hold indifferent."

The victory of Poitiers ensues; but previous to the knowledge of this triumph, the celebrated scene of the surrender of Calais is thus dramatized:—

"Enter from the town, six Citizens in their shirts, and bare-footed, with hammers about their necks.

Cit. Mercy, king Edward! mercy, gracious lord!

Edw. Contemptuous villains! call ye now for truce?
Mine ears are stopp'd against your bootless cries:—
Sound drums; [*alarum*] draw, threat'ning swords!

1 C. Ah, noble prince,
Take pity on this town, and hear us, mighty king!
We claim the promise that your highness made;
The two days' respite is not yet expir'd,
And we are come, with willingness, to bear
What torturing death, or punishment, you please,
So that the trembling multitude be sav'd.

Edw. My promise? well, I do confess as much:
But I require the chiefest citizens,
And men of most account, that should submit;
You, peradventure, are but servile grooms,
Or some felonious robbers on the sea,
Whom, apprehended, law would execute,
Albeit severity lay dead in us:
No, no, ye cannot overreach us thus.

2 C. The sun, dread lord, that in the western fall
Beholds us now low brought through misery,
Did in the orient purple of the morn
Salute our coming forth, when we were known;
Or may our portion be with damned fiends.

Edw. If it be so, then let our covenant stand;
We take possession of the town in peace:
But, for yourselves, look you for no remorse;
But, as imperial justice hath decreed,
Your bodies shall be dragg'd about these walls,
And after feel the stroke of quartering steel:
This is your doom:—Go, soldiers, see it done.

Que. Ah, be more mild unto these yielding men!
It is a glorious thing to 'stablish peace;
And kings approach the nearest unto God,
By giving life and safety unto men:
As thou intendest to be king of France,
So let her people live to call thee king:

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

For what the sword cuts down, or fire hath spoil'd,
Is held in reputation none of ours.

Edw. Although experience teach us this is true,
That peaceful quietness brings most delight
When most of all abuses are controll'd,
Yet, insomuch it shall be known, that we
As well can master our affections,
As conquer other by the dint of sword,
Philippe, prevail; we yield to thy request;
These men shall live to boast of clemency,—
And, tyranny, strike terror to thyself."

This assuredly we think is not what Shakspeare would have made of such a situation. How altogether inferior is it in the higher requisites of poetry to the exquisite narrative of Froissart !—

"Then the barriers were opened, the burgesses went towards the king, and the captain entered again into the town. When Sir Walter presented these burgesses to the king, they kneeled down, and held up their hands and said, 'Gentle king, behold here we six, who were burgesses of Calais and great merchants; we have brought the keys of the town and of the castle, and we submit ourselves clearly into your will and pleasure, to save the residue of the people of Calais, who have suffered great pain. Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pity on us through your high noblesse.' Then all the earls and barons and other that were there wept for pity. The king looked felly on them, for greatly he hated the people of Calais for the great damage and displeasures they had done him on the sea before. Then he commanded their heads to be stricken off. Then every man required the king for mercy, but he would hear no man in that behalf. Then Sir Walter of Manny said, 'Ah, noble king, for God's sake refrain your courage; ye have the name of sovereign noblesse; therefore, now do not a thing that should blemish your renown, nor to give cause to some to speak of you villainously; every man will say it is a great cruelty to put to death such honest persons, who by their own wills put themselves into your grace to save their company.' Then the king wryed away from him and commanded to send for the hangman, and said, 'They of Calais had caused many of my men to be slain, wherefore these shall die in like wise.' Then the queen, being great with child, kneeled down, and, sore weeping, said, 'Ah, gentle sir, sith I passed the sea in great peril I have desired nothing of you; therefore, now I humbly require you, in the honour of the son of the Virgin Mary, and for the love of me, that ye will take mercy of these six burgesses.' The king beheld the queen, and stood still in a study a space, and then said, 'Ah, dame, I would ye had been as now in some other place; ye make such request to me that I cannot deny you, wherefore I give them to you to do your pleasure with them.' Then the queen caused them to be brought into her chamber, and made the halters to be taken from their necks, and caused them to be new clothed, and gave them their dinner at their leisure, and then she gave each of them six nobles, and made them to be brought out of the host in safeguard, and set at their liberty."

The concluding scene, in which the Prince of Wales offers up to the Most High a prayer and thanksgiving, is imbued with a patriotic spirit, but it has not the depth and discrimination of Shakspeare's patriotism :—

"Now, father, this petition Edward makes :
To Thee, [*kneels*] whose grace hath been his strongest shield,
That, as thy pleasure chose me for the man
To be the instrument to show thy power,
So thou wilt grant, that many princes more,
Bred and brought up within that little isle,
May still be famous for like victories !—
And, for my part, the bloody scars I bear,
The weary nights that I have watch'd in field,
The dangerous conflicts I have often had,
The fearful menaces were proffer'd me,
The heat, and cold, and what else might displease,
I wish were now redoubled twenty-fold ;
So that hereafter ages, when they read

EDWARD III.

The painful traffic of my tender youth,
Might thereby be inflam'd with such resolve,
As not the territories of France alone,
But likewise Spain, Turkey, and what countries else
That justly would provoke fair England's ire.
Might, at their presence, tremble, and retire !”

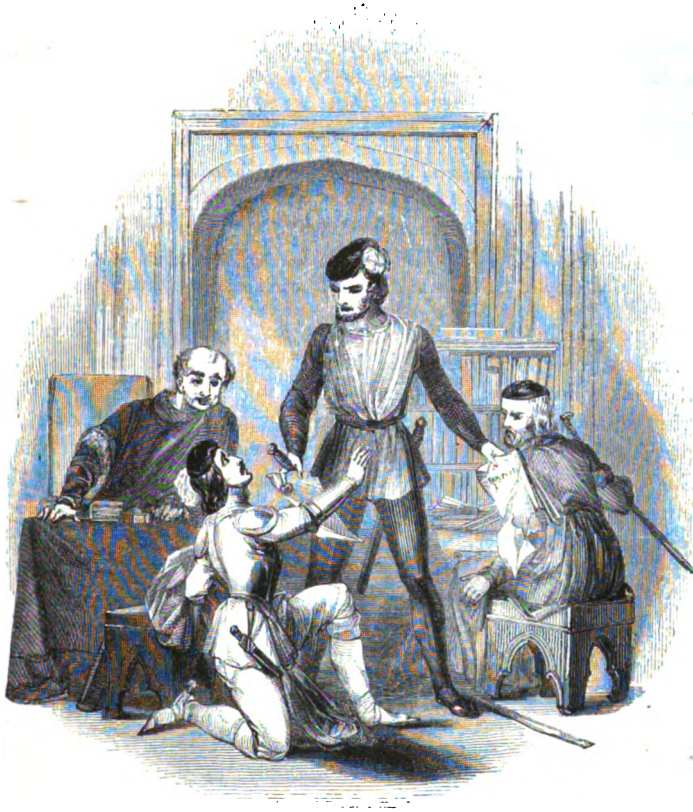
We have thus presented to our readers some of the most striking passages of this play. It does not, in our opinion, bear the marks of being a very youthful performance of any man. Its great fault is tameness ; the author does not rise with the elevation of his subject. To judge of its inferiority to the matured power of Shakspeare, dealing with a somewhat similar theme, it should be compared with the Henry V. The question then should be asked, Will the possible difference of age account for this difference of power ? We say possible, for we have no evidence that the ‘ Edward III.’ was produced earlier than 1595, nor have we evidence that the Henry V., in some shape, was produced later. Ulrici considers that this play forms an essential introduction to that series of plays commencing with Richard II. If Shakspeare wrote that wonderful series upon a plan which necessarily included Henry V., we think he would advisedly have omitted Edward III. ; for the main subject of the conquest of France would be included in each play. The concluding observation of Ulrici is—“ Truly, if this piece, as the English critics assert, is not Shakspeare's own, it is a shame for them that they have done nothing to recover from forgetfulness the name of this second Shakspeare, this twin-brother of their great poet.” Resting this opinion upon one play only, the expression “ twin-brother ” has somewhat an unnecessary strength. Admitting, which we do not, that the best scenes of this play display the same poetical power, though somewhat immature, which is found in Shakspeare's historical plays, there is one thing wanting to make the writer a “ twin-brother,” which is found in *all* those productions. Where is the *comedy* of ‘ Edward III.’ ? The heroic of Shakspeare's histories might be capable of imitation ; but the genius which created Falconbridge, and Cade, and Pistol, and Fluellen (Falstaff is out of the question), could not be approached.



GEORGE-A-GREENE.

FAIR EM.

MUCEDORUS.



GEORGE-A-GREENE.

• A PLEASANT conceyted Comedie of George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield,' bears upon the title-page that it was acted by the servants of the Earl of Sussex. The earliest edition known is that of 1599. In Henslowe's Diary we have an entry of 'George-a-Greene' being played by the Earl of Sussex his men on the 28th of December, 1593. This play was formerly ascribed (amongst others by Winstanley) to John Heywood, the friend of Sir Thomas More. Such an opinion argues the most complete ignorance of the state of our language, and of dramatic poetry especially, at the time when John Heywood wrote. No English critic, we believe, ever thought of assigning the play to Shakspeare; but the Germans, finding it reprinted in Dodsley's collection as the work of an unknown author, seize upon it as another production of the great English dramatist, rescued by them from the wallet of Time. Tieck translates it. He remarks—"It is traditionally said that the '*Pinner of Wakefield*' is a play of Shakspeare's. I must

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

acknowledge for myself that any tradition would have more weight than the narrow-minded criticisms of the English editors, which, proceeding wholly on false premises, naturally take little notice of such productions. If it is by Shakspeare it must be an early work." We know not where the tradition is to be found, and indeed the play is now pretty confidently assigned to Robert Greene. It is included in Mr. Dyce's edition of his works, for a reason thus given:—

"It has been thought right to include in the present collection 'George-a-Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield,' 1599, in consequence of the following MS. notes having been found on the title-page of a copy of that piece, which was formerly in the library of Mr. Rhodes:

'Written by a minister who acted the piners pt in it himself. Teste, W. Shakespears.
'Ed. Juby * saith it was made by Ro. Greene.'

These two memoranda are by different persons, and in handwriting of about the time when the play was printed. The probability of Greene's having been 'a minister' we have noticed before."

This evidence is not absolutely decisive as to the authorship of the play, but, conjoined with the internal evidence, we have no doubt that Mr. Dyce exercised a sound discretion in printing it in his collection of Greene's dramatic works.

Tieck, having translated the play in his "Alt Englisches Theater, oder Supplemente zum Shakspeare," as one of "those dramas which Shakspeare produced in his youth, and which Englishmen, through a misjudging criticism and a tenderness for his fame (as they thought), have refused to recognise," is of course decided in his opinion as to the merits of this performance. He says, "It seems to me a model of a popular comedy (Volks-comödie—people's comedy); the cheerful joyousness, that never overflows but keeps within the bounds of moderation, and does us good; the merry clown; the agreeable character of the principal person, whose official zeal and heroic courage are so nicely softened down with a few milder features; and the genius which plays through the whole;—everything is such that Shakspeare himself would have no cause to be ashamed of this, though we cannot show any other piece of his worked out in a similar style." The criticism of Horn is more temperate. George-a-Greene, the hero of the play, "equals, in his invincibility, waggery, and love of jesting, our Siegfried in the 'Niebelungen.'" He acknowledges, however, that there is not a trace of humour in the performance, and that there is a great want of dramatic art in the construction. To say nothing of the feebleness of the blank verse, we believe that the entire absence of wit or humour in the comic parts, and the inartificial management of the incidents, decide at once that the play could not belong to Shakspeare at any period of his life. There is a rude activity in the working out of the plot, but no real creative power. That any high poetical power was not in the writer does not require, we think, a very laboured proof. One example of this deficiency of the higher quality may suffice. There is an incident in the play founded on the fine old ballad of 'The Jolly Pinner of Wakefield,' which undoubtedly was in existence before 1593, and, compared with that ballad, the tameness of the dramatic version of it appears to us very striking. We will give a passage from each:—

BALLAD OF THE JOLLY PINNER.

"In Wakefield there lives a jolly pinner,
In Wakefield all on a green,
In Wakefield all on a green:
There is neither knight nor squire, said the pinner,
Nor baron that is so bold,
Nor baron that is so bold,

GEORGE-A-GREENE.

"Geo. Back again, you foolish travellers,
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.
Rob. That were great shame. Now, by my soul,
proud sir,
We be three tall yeomen, and thou art but one.
Come, we will forward despite of him.

* An actor who wrote a play in conjunction with Rowley.

GEORGE-A-GREENE:

Dare make a trespass to the town of Wakefield,
But his pledge goes to the pinfold, &c.

All this beheard three witty young men,
'Twas Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John;
With that they espied the jolly pinder,
As he sat under a thorn.

Now turn again, turn again, said the pinder,
For a wrong way you have gone;
For you have forsaken the king's highway,
And made a path over the corn.

O that were a shame, said jolly Robin,
We being three, and thou but one;
The pinder leapt back then thirty good foot,
'Twas thirty good foot and one.

He leaned his back fast unto a thorn,
And his foot against a stone,
And there he fought a long summer's day,
A summer's day so long,
Till that their swords on their broad bucklers
Were broke fast into their hands.

Hold thy hand, hold thy hand, said bold Robin
Hood,
And my merry men, every one;
For this is one of the best pinders
That ever I tried with sword.

And wilt thou forsake thy pinder's craft,
And live in the green-wood with me!
'At Michaelmas next my cov'nant comes out,
When every man gathers his fee.'

Geo. Leap the ditch, or I will make you skip.
What, cannot the highway serve your turn,
But must you make a path over the corn?

Rob. Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou encounter
three?

We are no babes, man, look upon our limbs.

Geo. Sirrah,
The biggest limbs have not the stoutest hearts.
Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three
merry men,

I'll drive you back the same way that ye came.
Be ye men, ye scorn to encounter me all at once;
But be ye cowards, set upon me all three,
And try the pinner what he dares perform.

Scar. Were thou as high in deeds
As thou art haughty in words,
Thou well mightst be a champion for a king:
But empty vessels have the loudest sounds,
And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

Geo. Sirrah, darest thou try me?

Scar. Ay, sirrah, that I dare.

[*They fight, and GEORGE-A-GREENE beats him.*]

Much. How now? what, art thou down?

Come, sir, I am next.

[*They fight, and GEORGE-A-GREENE beats him.*]

Rob. Come, sirrah, now to me: spare me not,
For I'll not spare thee.

Geo. Make no doubt, I will be as liberal to thee.
[*They fight; ROBIN HOOD stays.*]

Rob. Stay, George, for here I do protest,
Thou art the stoutest champion that ever I
Laid hands upon.

Geo. Soft you, sir; by your leave, you lie,
You never yet laid hands on me.

Rob. George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,
And go with me?

Two liveries will I give thee every year,
And forty crowns shall be thy fee."

The principal action of 'George-a-Greene' is founded upon an old romance which describes an insurrection of nobles in the time of Richard I., which was resisted and finally put down by the Pinder of Wakefield; that is, the keeper of the pinfolds. The best scene in the play is where Sir Nicholas Mannerling comes before the justices of Wakefield to demand provisions for the rebels. George-a-Greene undertakes to speak for his townsmen; and, on being asked "Who art thou?" thus replies:—

"Why, I am George-a-Greene,
True liegeman to my king,
Who scorns that men of such esteem as these
Should brook the braves of any traitorous squire.
You of the bench, and you, my fellow-friends,
Neighbours, we subjects all unto the king;
We are English born, and therefore Edward's friends,
Vow'd unto him even in our mother's womb,
Our minds to God, our hearts unto our king;
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcasses
Be all king Edward's. Then, sirrah, we have
Nothing left for traitors but our swords,
Whetted to bathe them in your bloods, and die
Against you, before we send you any victuals."

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

The Richard of the romance has become, it is thus seen, the Edward of the play. The writer has puzzled Mr. Grose, the antiquarian, with this change, the good man wisely arguing that Robin Hood and Edward IV., whom he supposes to be king of the piece, did not live at the same time. He concludes, therefore, that the drama has slight foundation in history. We quite agree with him. In the scene before the justices George-a-Greene makes Mannering eat his commission, seals and all. This is an incident of the old romance, which was transferred, as our readers will recollect, to the play of 'Sir John Oldcastle;' and was a practical joke which Robert Greene himself played off upon an apparitor. After this feat the Pinder of Wakefield goes forward with his club chivalry. As the crowning work of some stratagems he kills one of the rebel lords, and takes the other two prisoners; he fights, as we have seen, with Robin Hood, Scarlet, and John; and he soundly beats the shoemakers of Bradford, in the presence of King Edward and the King of Scots, who are come in disguise to see the rustic hero. George-a-Greene of course arrives at riches and honour; and, as during the play we have occasional glimpses of his being in love, the king rewards him also with his mistress:—

Edw. George-a-Greene, give me thy hand;
There is none in England that shall do thee wrong.
Even from my court I came to see thyself;
And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

Geo. I humbly thank your royal majesty.
That which I did against the earl of Kendal,
It was but a subject's duty to his sovereign,
And therefore little merits such good words.

Edw. But ere I go, I'll grace thee with good deeds.
Say what king Edward may perform,
And thou shalt have it, being in England's bounds.

Geo. I have a lovely leman,
As bright of blee as is the silver moon,
And old Grime, her father, will not let her match
With me, because I am a pinner,
Although I love her, and she me, dearly.

Edw. Where is she?

Geo. At home at my poor house,
And vows never to marry unless her father
Give consent, which is my great grief, my lord.

Edw. If this be all, I will despatch it straight;
I'll send for Grime, and force him give his grant!
He will not deny king Edward such a suit."

We have no doubt that this little play was amusing enough to an uncritical audience; but to seek for the hand of Shakspeare amongst these coarse and feeble scenes is as fruitless as to look for Claudes and Correggios amongst the alehouse signs.



FAIR EM.

IN the 'Theatrum Poetarum' of Edward Phillips we have the following notice of the authorship of this play:—"Robert Green, one of the Pastoral Sonnet-makers of Qu. Elizabeth's time, contemporary with Dr. Lodge, with whom he was associated in the writing of several comedies, namely, 'The Laws of Nature,' 'Lady Alimcny,' 'Liberality and Prodigality,' and a masque called 'Luminalia;' besides which he wrote alone the comedies of 'Friar Bacon' and 'Fair Emme.'" Langbaine contradicts this statement, as far as regards Greene's association with Lodge; but he admits the assertion regarding 'Friar Bacon,' and says nothing of 'Fair Em.' Mr. Dyce thinks that it is possible that Greene might have written 'Fair Em.' 'A Pleasante Comedie of Faire Em, the Miller's Daughter of Manchester, with the Love of William the Conqueror. As it was sundry times publicly acted in the Honourable Citie of London, by the right Honourable the Lord Strange his seruants,' was published in 1631. Possibly this may not have been the first edition, and the play may be as early as the time of Greene; but of this we are greatly inclined to doubt. The versification does not often

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exhibit that antiquated structure which we occasionally meet with in Greene and his contemporaries. The dramatic movement is more lively and skilful than we find in the conduct of Greene's pieces. The plot, which is a double one, has much of the complexity of Beaumont and Fletcher. We have little doubt that the play belongs to a period subsequent to the death of Shakspeare. Upon what principle the German critics have assigned it to Shakspeare we are at a loss to say. Tieck, who has translated the 'Fair Em,' calls it a youthful production of our poet, and Horn agrees with him. Ulrici dissents from this opinion. The play is lively enough, with a good deal of talent. Although a legend of love-stories, it has the remarkable merit, for that period, of being conducted without offence to propriety. What comedy there is in it is altogether vapid and ridiculous. Let us hastily run through the plot, giving a few extracts.

The story carries us back to the days of William the Conqueror. There is a tilting-match, in which the king is victor; but he has on a sudden "cast away his staff," and left the field. Lubeck, a Danish knight, has borne upon his shield the picture of a beautiful woman; and the king has fallen in love with the picture, which is a portrait of Blanche, a daughter of the King of Denmark. The amorous monarch immediately delegates his authority to certain lords, and sets out for the Danish court to behold and obtain the object of his passion. The miller and his daughter, fair Em, now present themselves. He is no real miller, but Sir Thomas Goddard. Weighty circumstances compelled him to this course of life; and his daughter submits to her change of fortune with a becoming resignation. The father thus counsels the maiden:—

Miller. Thanks, my dear daughter; these, thy pleasant words,
Transfer my soul into a second heaven:
And in thy settled mind, my joys consist,
My state reviv'd, and I in former plight.
Although our outward pomp be thus abas'd,
And thrall'd to drudging, stayless of the world,
Let us retain those honourable minds
That lately govern'd our superior state,
Wherein true gentry is the only mean
That makes us differ from true millers born:
Though we expect no knightly delicates,
Nor thirst in soul for former sovereignty,
Yet may our minds as highly scorn to stoop
To base desires of vulgar's worldliness,
As if we were in our precedent way.
And, lovely daughter, since thy youthful years
Must needs admit as young affections,
And that sweet love impartial perceives
Her dainty subjects through every part,
In chief receive these lessons from my lips,
The true discoverers of a virgin's due;
Now requisite, now that I know thy mind
Something inclin'd to favour Manvile's suit,
A gentleman, thy lover in protest:
And that thou mayst not be by love deceiv'd,
But try his meaning, fit for thy desert,
In pursuit of all amorous desires,
Regard thine honour. Let not vehement sighs,
Nor earnest vows importing fervent love,
Render thee subject to the wrath of lust;
For that, transform'd to former sweet delight,
Will bring thy body and thy soul to shame.
Chaste thoughts and modest conversations,

FAIR EM.

Of proof to keep out all enchanting vows,
Vain sighs, forced tears, and pitiful aspects,
Are they that make deformed ladies fair ;
Poor wretch ! and such enticing men
That seek of all but only present grace,
Shall, in perseverance of a virgin's due,
Prefer the most refusers to the choice
Of such a soul as yielded what they thought."

Our readers will scarcely think that the commonplaces of this very long speech savour of Shakspeare. The miller's man now presents himself as a suitor to fair Em ; and having learn the necessity for concealment, she rather evades than repulses his advances. But she is not long destined to equivocate with the clown. Manvile, Valingford, and Mountney, all lords of William's court, come separately, disguised, to woo the maiden. Manvile's suit, as we have learnt by her father's speech, was somewhat favoured. He overhears the two other lords communicating their love for the same object, and agreeing to unite their efforts to obtain her, leaving the rest to chance. Manvile, of course, becomes jealous ; and he thus reproaches his mistress :—

" Two gentlemen attending on duke William,
Mountney and Valingford as I heard them nam'd,
Ofttimes resort to see and to be seen,
Walking the street fast by thy father's door,
Whose glancing eyes up to windows cast
Give testes of their masters' amorous heart.
This, Em, is noted, and too much talk'd on ;
Some see it without mistrust of ill,
Others there are that, scorning, grin thereat,
And saith, there goes the miller's daughter's wooers.
Ah me ! whom chiefly and most of all it doth concern,
To spend my time in grief, and vex my soul,
To think my love should be rewarded thus,
And for thy sake abhor all womankind."

The lover departs in a rage, and Mountney comes to prefer his suit. The fair Em resolves to vindicate her constancy ; and to this admirer, therefore, she feigns deafness. In a subsequent scene Valingford approaches her ; and to him, upon the same principle of stratagem, she affects to be blind, " by mishap on a sudden." Mountney and Valingford meet and quarrel ; but their mutual accusations bring about the conviction that the lady has deceived them both. The action advances, by Manvile complaining to the miller of his daughter's conduct ; and Mountney and Valingford appear on the scene to demand of the miller how it is that Em has become blind and deaf. The miller replies,—

" Marry, God forbid ! I have sent for her. Indeed,
she hath kept her chamber this three days. It were no
little grief to me if it should be so.
Man. This is God's judgment for her treachery."

Em is led on by the miller's man, whom she has persuaded to assist her in maintaining the pretences she has assumed. Her stratagem is successfully supported, to the grief of her father, and the conviction of the rest. Manvile exclaims—

" Both blind and deaf ! then she is no wife for me ;
And glad I am so good occasion is happen'd."

Mountney also gives her up with considerable indifference ; but Valingford resolves to stay and prosecute his love, still suspecting there may be a " feigned invention." Manvile seeks another love—Elner, the daughter of a wealthy merchant ; but Valingford

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declares that no misfortune can alter the constancy of his affection ; and Em, learning the faithlessness of her former lover, discloses the conduct she has pursued.

During the progress of this, the main portion of the plot, we have a succession of scenes alternating with those in which the miller's daughter is concerned, exhibiting the history of the love adventures of the disguised king at the Danish court. William is disappointed in the reality of the lady, with whose picture he became enamoured. But he as readily falls in love with Mariana, a Swedish captive, the chosen fair of the Marquis of Lubeck. Blanche, however, the Danish king's daughter, falls in love with William ; and we have then a pretty succession of jealousies and quarrels, which terminate in William carrying off the princess to England, masked, and disguised as Mariana. Upon their arrival in England, the king and his fair companion fall into the hands of some barons who are in arms. The mistakes are of course cleared up ; and the King of Denmark offers his daughter to the King of England, who has resumed his state. He has to decide upon the claims of the fair Em, and of Elner, to the hand of Manvile. The scene on this occasion is perhaps the best passage in the play :—

Em. I lov'd this Manvile so much, that still methought,
When he was absent, did present to me
The form and feature of that countenance
Which I did shrine an idol in my heart :
And never could I see a man, methought,
That equall'd Manvile in my partial eye.
Nor was there any love between us lost,
But that I held the same in high regard,
Until repair of some unto our house,
Of whom my Manvile grew thus jealous,
As if he took exception I vouchsaf'd
To hear them speak, or saw them when they came ;
On which I straight took order with myself,
To avoid the scruple of his conscience,
By counterfeiting that I neither saw nor heard :
Any ways to rid my hands of them.
All this I did to keep my Manvile's love,
Which he unkindly seeks for to reward.

Man. And did my Em, to keep her faith with me,
Dissemble that she neither heard nor saw ?
Pardon me, sweet Em, for I am only thine.

Em. Lay off thy hands, disloyal as thou art !
Nor shalt thou have possession of my love,
That canst so finely shift thy matters off.
Put case I had been blind, and could not see,
As oftentimes such visitation falls,
That pleaseth God, which all things doth dispose ;
Shouldst thou forsake me in regard of that ?
I tell thee, Manvile, hadst thou been blind,
Or deaf, or dumb, or else what impediments
Might befall to man, Em would have lov'd, and kept,
And honour'd thee ; yea, begg'd, if wealth had fail'd,
For thy relief.

Man. Forgive me, sweet Em.

Em. I do forgive thee with my heart,
And will forget thee too, if case I can ;
But never speak to me, nor seem to know me.

Man. Then farewell frost :
Well fare a wench that will :
Now, Elner, I am thy own, my girl.

FAIR EM.

Æner. Mine, Manvile! thou never shalt be mine;
I so detest thy villainy,
That whilst I live I will abhor thy company."

This issue of the contest produces a singular effect upon the King of England. He determines that "women are not general evils;" and so he accepts the hand of Blanche. Valingford is united to the fair Em, and Sir Thomas Goddard is restored to his rank and fortune.

It is exceedingly difficult for us to understand how a man of great ability, like Tieck, perfectly conversant with the dramatic art and style of Shakspeare—sometimes going far beyond Shakspeare's own countrymen in sound as well as elevated criticism—should fancy that a play like this could have been written by our great poet. Whatever merit it possesses, and it is certainly in some respects a lively and spirited performance, arises out of the circumstance that the author had good models before him. But we look in vain for all that sets Shakspeare so high above his contemporaries; his wit, his humour, his poetry, his philosophy, his intimate knowledge of man, his exquisite method. Scenes such as these pass before our eyes like the tricks of the fantoccini. There is nothing of vitality in them;—they

"Come like shadows, so depart."



MUCEDORUS.

THE first known edition of this "comedy" is that of 1598 :—' A most pleasant Comedy of Mucedorus, the Kings Sonne of Valentia, and Amadine the Kings Daughter of Arragon. With the merry Conceits of Mouse.' There are repeated reprints of this play up to 1639, denoting an extraordinary popularity ; and, what is more remarkable, the piece is revived after the Restoration, and the edition before us of 1668 is "Amplified with new Additions, as it was Acted before the King's Majestie at White-hall on Shrove-sunday night." A more rude, inartificial, unpoetical, and altogether effete performance the English drama cannot, we think, exhibit. Popularity, however, is not obtained by mere accident. Mediocrity and positive stupidity will often command it,—but in the case of ' Mucedorus' it appears to us that the piece was expressly adapted for a very common audience. Whilst the highest and the best educated of the land were captivated by Shakspeare and Jonson, there must necessarily have been rude farces and melodramas for

MUCEDORUS.

theatres lower than the Globe and Blackfriars. There were strolling companies, too, who in many cases were unable to procure copies of the best plays, and who would justly think that other wares than poetry and philosophy would be demanded in the barn of the alehouse or in the hall of the squire. We have a curious example of the long-during popularity of 'Mucedorus.' After the suppression of the theatres in 1647, clandestine performances in London were put down by provost-marshal and troopers. But in the country the wandering players sometimes dared to lift their heads; and as late as 1653 a company went about playing 'Mucedorus.' They had acted in several villages in the neighbourhood of Oxford, but, upon the occasion of its performance at Witney, an accident occurred, by which several persons lost their lives, and others were wounded. A pamphlet immediately appeared from the pen of an Oxford divine, showing that this calamity was an example of the Divine vengeance against stage performances. But 'Mucedorus,' as we have seen, had a higher popularity in reserve. It was revived for the entertainment of the King's Majesty, the tastes of whose court were pretty much upon a level with those of the Witney peasants and blanket-makers; and, what is not the least wonderful part in the history of this comedy, "very delectable and full of conceited mirth," some one rises up and says it is written by Shakspeare. The tradition is handed down in old catalogues; and the Germans apply themselves seriously to discuss the point, whether a play which is too silly to be ascribed to any known writer of the time, might not be a youthful performance of the great poet himself.

To attempt any detailed analysis of the story of 'Mucedorus' would be a waste of time. Mucedorus, the Prince of Valentia, has heard of the beauty of Amadine, the Princess of Aragon, and he resolves to go in disguise to her father's court. The shepherd-prince, upon his arrival in Aragon, immediately saves the princess from the attack of a bear, who has rushed upon her, when in company with Segasto, a sort of lover, who takes to his heels in a very ungallant style. The lady, of course, falls in love with the shepherd, and the shepherd is very soon turned out of the court for his own presumptuous love. But the princess resolves to run away with him, and they appoint to meet and live in the forest, unscared by hunger or by bears. A wild man of the woods, however, seizes upon the lady; but Mucedorus, disguised as a hermit, very opportunely kills the wild man. The King of Valentia comes to look after his son. The lovers return to court. The gentleman who ran away from the bear withdraws his claims to the princess, and the whole terminates with great felicity. We can easily understand how such a story would be popular, and how any surplusage of wit or poetry would have lessened its popularity. The serious adventures are relieved by the constant presence of a clown, who, to do him justice, is never guilty of the slightest cleverness, but produces a laugh by his exquisite stupidity. One specimen of the poetry will suffice. Mucedorus, clothed as a hermit, meets Bremono, the wild man of the woods, who has got Amadine safe in his grasp; and, justly considering that a wild man of the woods must be an excellent judge of rhetoric, and liable to be moved to pity by the force of fine words, thus addresses him:

"In time of yore, when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lives in loathsome cells and woods,
And wholly gave themselves to witless will,
A rude unruly root, then man to man became
A present prey; then might prevail'd,
The weakest men went to walls;
Right was unknown, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liv'd in their great courage,
Behold, one Orpheus came (as poets tell),
And them from rudeness unto reason brought,

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Who, led by reason, soon forsook the woods ;
Instead of caves, they built them castles strong,
Cities and towns were founded by them then :
Glad were they they found such ease ;
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Weighing their former wickedness,
They term'd the time wherein they lived then
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now, Brema (for so I heard thee call'd),
If men which liv'd tofore, as thou dost now,
Wild in woods, addicted all to spoil,
Returned were by worthy Orpheus' means,
Let me (like Orpheus) cause thee to return
From murther, bloodshed, and such-like cruelties :
What, should we fight before we have a cause !
No, let's live, and love together faithfully :
I'll fight for thee."

There are one or two passages in 'Mucedorus' which indicate some poetical power, but they are inappropriate to the situation and character. Whenever we compare Shakspeare with other writers, the difference which, perhaps, upon the whole makes the most abiding impression is the marvellous superiority of his judgment

THE BIRTH OF MERLIN.
THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.



THE BIRTH OF MERLIN.

THE first known edition of this play was published in 1662, under the following title:—
'The Birth of Merlin: or, The Childe hath found his Father: as it hath been several times Acted with great Applause. Written by William Shakespear and William Rowley.' Of this very doubtful external evidence two of the modern German critics have applied themselves to prove the correctness. Horn has written a criticism of fourteen pages upon 'The Birth of Merlin,' which he decides to be chiefly Shakspeare's, possessing a high degree of poetical merit with much deep-thoughted characterization. Tieck has no doubt of the extent of the assistance that Shakspeare gave in producing this play:—"This piece is a new proof of the extraordinary riches of the period, in which such a work was unnoticed among the mass of intellectual and characteristic dramas. The modern English, whose weak side is poetical criticism, have left it almost to accident what shall be again revived; and we seldom see, since Dodsley, who proceeded somewhat more

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carefully, any reason why one piece is selected and others rejected." He adds, "None of Rowley's other works are equal to this. What part has Shakspeare in it?—has he taken a part?—what induced him to do so?—can only be imperfectly answered, and by supposition. Why should not Shakspeare for once have written for another theatre than his own? Why should he not, when the custom was so common, have written in companionship with another though less powerful poet?" Ulrici takes a different, and, as we think, a much juster view. The play, he holds, must have been produced late in Shakspeare's life. If he had written in it at all he would have put out his matured strength. All the essentials,—plan, composition, and character,—belong to Rowley. Peculiarities of style and remarkable turns of thought are not sufficient to furnish evidence of authorship, for they are common to other contemporary poets. It is not very easy to trace the exact progress of William Rowley. He was an actor in the company of which Shakspeare was a proprietor. We find his name in a document of 1616, and again in 1625. The same bookseller that published 'The Birth of Merlin' associated his name with other writers of eminence besides Shakspeare. He is spoken of by Langbaine as "an author that flourished in the reign of King Charles I.;" but there is no doubt that he may be considered as a successful writer in the middle period of James I. It is impossible to think that he could have been associated with Shakspeare in writing a play until after Shakspeare had quitted the stage; and we must, therefore, bear in mind that Rowley's supposed associate was at that period the author of *Othello* and *Lear*, of *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*.

A few years after the accession of James I. the fondness of the court for theatrical entertainments, and the sumptuousness of the masks that were got up for its especial delight, appear to have produced a natural influence upon the public stage, in rendering some of the pieces performed more dependent upon scenery and dresses and processions than in the later years of Elizabeth. 'The Birth of Merlin' belongs to the class of show-plays; and the elaboration of that portion which is addressed merely to the eye has imparted a character to those scenes in which the imagination is addressed through the dialogue. There is an essential want of refinement as well as of intellectual force, partly arising from this false principle of art, which addresses itself mainly to the senses. We have a succession of incidents without any unity of action. The human interest and the supernatural are jumbled together, so as to render each equally unreal. Extravagance is taken for force, and what is merely hideous is offered to us as sublime. The story, of course, belongs to the fabulous history of Britain. Its movements are so complicated that we should despair of tracing it through its scenes of war and love, and devilry and witchcraft. The Britons are invaded by the Saxons, but the British army is miraculously preserved by the power of Anselm, a hermit. The Saxons sue for peace to Aurelius, the King of Britain, but the monarch suddenly falls in love with Artesia, the daughter of the Saxon general, and marries her, against the wishes of all his court. Uter Pendragon, the brother of Aurelius, has been unaccountably missing, and he, it seems, had fallen in love with the same lady during his rambles. Upon the return of Prince Uter to his brother's court, the queen endeavours to obtain from him a declaration of unlawful attachment. Her object is to sow disunion amongst the Britons, to promote the ascendancy of the Saxons. She is successful, and the weak Aurelius joins his invaders. During the progress of these events we have love episodes with the daughters of Donobert, a British nobleman. The character of Modestia, one of the daughters, who is resolved to dedicate herself to a religious life, is drawn with considerable skill, and she expresses herself with a quiet strength which contrasts advantageously with the turmoil around her:—

THE BIRTH OF MERLIN.

"Noble and virtuous ! could I dream of marriage,
 I should affect thee, Edwin. Oh, my soul,
 Here's something tells me that these best of creatures,
 These models of the world, weak man and woman,
 Should have their souls, their making, life, and being,
 To some more excellent use : if what the sense
 Calls pleasure were our ends, we might justly blame
 Great Nature's wisdom, who rear'd a building
 Of so much art and beauty, to entertain
 A guest so far incertain, so imperfect :
 If only speech distinguish us from beasts,
 Who know no inequality of birth and place,
 But still to fly from goodness ; oh ! how base
 Were life at such a rate. No, no ! that Power
 That gave to man his being, speech, and wisdom,
 Gave it for thankfulness. To Him alone
 That made me thus, may I thence truly know,
 I'll pay to Him, not man, the love I owe."

The supernatural part of this play is altogether overdone, exhibiting no higher skill in the management than a modern fairy spectacle for the Easter holidays. Before Merlin appears we have a Saxon magician produced who can raise the dead, and he makes Hector and Achilles come into the Saxon court very much after the fashion of the apparition of Marshal Saxe in the great gallery at Dresden (see Wraxall's 'Memoirs'). The stage direction for this extraordinary exhibition is as follows :—

"Enter PROXIMUS, bringing in HECTOR, attired and armed after the Trojan manner, with target, sword, and battle-axe ; a trumpet before him, and a Spirit in flame-colours with a torch : at the other door, ACHILLES, with his spear and falchion, a trumpet, and a Spirit in black before him ; trumpets sound alarm, and they manage their weapons to begin the fight, and after some charges the Hermit steps between them, at which, seeming amazed, the Spirits tremble."

That the poet who produced the cauldron of the weird sisters should be supposed to have a hand in this child's play is little less than miraculous itself. But we soon cease to take an interest in mere Britons and Saxons, for a clown and his sister arrive at court, seeking a father for a child which the lady is about to present to the world. After some mummery which is meant for comedy, we have the following stage-direction :—"Enter the Devil in man's habit richly attired, his feet and his head horrid ;" and the young lady from the country immediately recognises the treacherous father. After another episode with Modestia and Edwin, thunder and lightning announce something terrible ; the birth of Merlin has taken place, and his father the Devil properly introduces him reading a book and foretelling his own future celebrity. We have now prophecy upon prophecy and fight upon fight, blazing stars, dragons, and Merlin expounding all amidst the din. We learn that Artesia has poisoned her husband, and that Uter has become King Peudragon. The Saxons are defeated by the new king, by whom Artesia, as a murderess, is buried alive. In the mean time the Devil has again been making some proposals to Merlin's mother, which end greatly to his discomfiture, for his powerful son shuts him up in a rock. Merlin then, addressing his mother, proposes to her to retire to a solitude he has prepared for her, "to weep away the flesh you have offended with ;" "and when you die," he proceeds,

"I will erect a monument
 Upon the verdant plains of Salisbury,—
 No king shall have so high a sepulchre,—
 With pendulous stones, that I will hang by art,

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Where neither lime nor mortar shall be used,—
A dark enigma to the memory,
For none shall have the power to number them ;
A place that I will hallow for your rest ;
Where no night-hag shall walk, nor were-wolf tread,
Where Merlin's mother shall be sepulchred."

As this is a satisfactory account of the origin of Stonehenge, we might here conclude ; but there is a little more to tell of this marvellous play. Uter, the triumphant king, desires Merlin to

"show the full event,
That shall both end our reign and chronicle."

Merlin thus consents:—

"What Heaven decrees, fate hath no power to alter :
The Saxons, sir, will keep the ground they have,
And by supplying numbers still increase,
Till Britain be no more : So please your grace,
I will, in visible apparitions,
Present you prophecies, which shall concern
Succeeding princes, which my art shall raise,
Till men shall call these times the latter days. [MERLIN strikes.

Hautboys. Enter a King in armour, his shield quartered with thirteen crowns. At the other end enter divers Princes, who present their crowns to him at his feet, and do him homage ; then enters Death, and strikes him ; he, growing sick, crowns CONSTANTINE."

This Merlin explains to represent Uter's son, Arthur, and his successor ; at which the prince, much gratified, asserts,

"All future times shall still record this story,
Of Merlin's learned worth, and Arthur's glory."



THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

We close our imperfect record of the plays ascribed to Shakspeare with the performance of a true poet, whoever he may be.

'The Merry Deuill of Edmonton: As it hath been sundry times acted by his Maiesties Servants, at the Globe on the Banke-side,' was originally published in 1608. On the 22d October, 1607, there is an entry of the title of the play on the Stationers' registers; but on the 5th April, 1608, we have a more precise entry of "A book called the Lyfe and Deathe of the Merry Devill of Edmonton, with the pleasant pranks of Smugge the Smyth, Sir John, and mine Hoste of the George, about their stealing of venison. By T. B." This was, in all probability, a second Part. Steevens says, "The initial letters at the end of this entry sufficiently free Shakspeare from the charge of having been its author." It has been supposed that these initials represent Tony, or Antony, Brewer,—a dramatic writer of the time of James I., high lauded by some of his contemporaries. Kirkman, a bookseller, first affixed Shakspeare's name to it in his catalogue. In 'The

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Companion to the Playhouse,' published in 1764, it is stated, upon the authority of a laborious antiquary, Thomas Coxeter, who died in 1747, to have been written by Michael Drayton ; and in some posthumous papers of another diligent inquirer into literary history, Oldys, the same assertion is advanced. Charles Lamb, who speaks of this play with a warmth of admiration which is probably carried a little too far—and which, indeed, may in some degree be attributed to his familiarity with the quiet rural scenery of Enfield, Waltham, Cheshunt, and Edmonton, in which places the story is laid—says, "I wish it could be ascertained that Michael Drayton was the author of this piece : it would add a worthy appendage to the renown of that panegyrist of my native earth ; who has gone over her soil (in his Polyolbion) with the fidelity of a herald, and the painful love of a son ; who has not left a rivulet (so narrow that it may be stepped over) without honourable mention ; and has animated hills and streams with life and passion above the dreams of old mythology."* 'The Merry Devil' was undoubtedly a play of great popularity. We find from the account-books of the Revels at Court, that it was acted before the King in the same year, 1618, with Twelfth Night and A Winter's Tale. In 1616, Ben Jonson, in his Prologue to 'The Devil is an Ass,' thus addresses his audience :—

" If you'll come
To see new plays, pray you afford us room,
And show this but the same face you have done
Your dear delight, The Devil of Edmonton."

Its popularity seems to have lasted much longer : for it is mentioned by Edmund Gayton, in 1654, in his 'Notes on Don Quixote.' † The belief that the play was Shakspeare's has never taken any root in England. Some of the German critics, however, adopt it as his without any hesitation. Tieck has translated it ; and he says that it undoubtedly is by Shakspeare, and must have been written about 1600. It has much of the tone, he thinks, of The Merry Wives of Windsor, and "mine host of the George" and "mine host of the Garter" are alike. It is surprising that Tieck does not see that the one character is, in a great degree, an imitation of the other. Shakspeare, in the abundance of his riches, is not a poet who repeats himself. Horn declares that Shakspeare's authorship of 'The Merry Devil' is incontestable. Ulrici admits the bare possibility of its being a very youthful work of Shakspeare's. The great merit, on the contrary, of the best scenes of this play consists in their perfect finish. There is nothing careless about them ; nothing that betrays the very young adventurer ; the writer is a master of his art to the extent of his power. But that is not Shakspeare's power.

Fuller, in his 'Worthies,' thus records the merits of Peter Fabel, the hero of this play : "I shall probably offend the gravity of some to insert, and certainly curiosity of others to omit, him. Some make him a friar, others a lay gentleman, all a conceited person, who, with his merry devices, deceived the Devil, who by grace may be resisted, not deceived by wit. If a grave bishop in his sermon, speaking of Brute's coming into this land, said it was but a *bruit*, I hope I may say without offence that this Fabel was but a *fable*, supposed to live in the reign of King Henry the Sixth." His fame is more confidently recorded in the Prologue to 'The Merry Devil :—

"T is Peter Fabel, a renowned scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,

* Specimens of English Dramatic Poets.

† Collier's 'Annals of the Stage,' vol. iii. p. 417.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

Not full seven miles from this great famous city ;
That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
Was call'd the Merry Fiend of Edmonton. . .
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton, yet fresh unto this day,
Fix'd in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be seen :
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That whilst he liv'd he could deceive the devil."

The Prologue goes on to suppose him at Cambridge at the hour when the term of his compact with the fiend is run out. We are not here to look for the terrible solemnity of the similar scene in Marlowe's 'Faustus;' but, nevertheless, that before us is written with great poetical power. Coreb, the spirit, thus addresses the magician :—

Coreb. Why, scholar, this is the hour my date expires ;
I must depart, and come to claim my due.

Fabel. Hah ! what is thy due ?

Coreb. Fabel, thyself.

Fabel. O let not darkness hear thee speak that word
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain,
And leave the world to look upon my woe :
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as she can bear away,
That, every day thus losing of my load,
I may again, in time, yet hope to rise."

While the fiend sits down in the necromantic chair Fabel thus soliloquizes :—

Fabel. O that this soul, that cost so dear a price
As the dear precious blood of her Redeemer,
Inspir'd with knowledge, should by that alone,
Which makes a man so mean unto the powers,
Ev'n lead him down into the depth of hell ;
When men in their own praise strive to know more
Than man should know !
For this alone God cast the angels down.
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which when man will take in hand to sail
Farther than reason (which should be his pilot)
Hath skill to guide him, losing once his compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangerous whirlpools,
As he doth lose the very sight of heaven :
The more he strives to come to quiet harbour,
The farther still he finds himself from land.
Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil."

But the magician has tricked the fiend ; the chair holds him fast, and the condition of release is a respite for seven years. The supernatural part of the play may be said here to end ; for although throughout the latter scenes there are some odd mistakes produced by the devices of Fabel, they are such as might have been accomplished by human agency, and in fact appear to have been so accomplished. Tieck, observes, "It is quite in Shakspeare's manner that the magical part becomes nearly superfluous." This, as it appears to us, is not in Shakspeare's manner. In Hamlet, in Macbeth, in the Midsummer-Night's Dream, in The Tempest, the magical or supernatural part is so intimately allied with the whole action that it impels the entire movement of the piece. Shakspeare knew too well the soundness of the Horatian maxim,—

"Nec Deus intersit nisi dignus vindice nodus,"—

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

to produce a ghost, a witch, or a fairy, without necessity. However, the magical part here finishes; and we are introduced to the society of no equivocal mortal, the host of the George, at Waltham. Sir Arthur Clare, his wife Dorcas, his daughter Millisent, and his son Harry, arrive at the inn, where the host says, "Knights and lords have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies." This company have arrived at the George to meet Sir Richard Mouchensey, and his son Raymond, to whom Millisent is betrothed; but old Clare informs his wife that he is resolved to break off the match, to send his daughter for a year to a nunnery, and then to bestow her upon the son of Sir Ralph Jerningham. Old Mouchensey, it seems, has fallen upon evil days:—

"*Clare.* For look you, wife, the riotous old knight
Hath overrun his annual revenue,
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year:
The nostrils of his chimneys are still stuff'd
With smoke more chargeable than cane-tobacco;
His hawks devour his fattest hogs, whilst simple,
His leanest curs eat his hounds' carrion.
Besides, I heard of late his younger brother,
A Turkey-merchant, hath sure suck'd the knight,
By means of some great losses on the sea;
That (you conceive me) before God, all's nought,
His seat is weak; thus, each thing rightly scann'd,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of his land."

Fabel, the kind magician, who has been the tutor to Raymond, arrives at the same time with the Mouchensey party. He knows the plots against his young friend, and he is determined to circumvent them:—

"Raymond Mouchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watch'd on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We'll first hang Envil* in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen;
I'll make the brined sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford-bridge:
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them, like sheep, in every field.
We may perhaps be cross'd; but if we be,
He shall cross the devil that but crosses me."

Harry Clare, Ralph Jerningham, and Raymond Mouchensey, are strict friends; and there is something exceedingly delightful in the manner in which Raymond throws away all suspicion, and the others resolve to stand by their friend whatever be the intrigues of their parents:—

"*Jern.* Raymond Mouchensey, now I touch thy grief
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And as for fair and beauteous Millisent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections: but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore:
Where'er did'st meet me, that we two were jovial,
But like a wag thou hast not laugh'd at me,

* Envil—Enfield.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

And with regardless jesting mock'd my love ?
 How many a sad and weary summer's night
 My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
 And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
 And from the meadows sprung the early lark
 An hour before she should have list to sing :
 I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
 That I have made the heavy slow-pac'd hours
 To hang like heavy clogs upon the day.
 But, dear Mouchensey, had not my affection
 Seiz'd on the beauty of another dame,
 Before I'd wrong the chase, and leave the love
 Of one so worthy, and so true a friend,
 I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
 And will in love become a counterfeit.

Moun. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,
 And from the mouth of hell, where now I sate,
 I feel my spirit rebound against the stars ;
 Thou hast conquer'd me, dear friend, in my free soul,
 There time, nor death, can by their power control.

Fabel. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy ;
 And were he not my pupil, I would say,
 He were as fine a metall'd gentleman,
 Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper,
 As is in England ; and he is a man
 That very richly may deserve thy love.
 But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
 What may Mouchensey's honour to thyself
 Exact upon the measure of thy grace ?

Young Clare. Raymond Mouchensey, I would have thee know,
 He does not breathe this air, whose love I cherish,
 And whose soul I love, more than Mouchensey's :
 Nor ever in my life did see the man
 Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
 I think more worthy of my sister's love.
 But since the matter grows unto this pass,
 I must not seem to cross my father's will ;
 But when thou list to visit her by night,
 My horse is saddled, and the stable door
 Stands ready for thee ; use them at thy pleasure.
 In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy,
 And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy.

Moun. Then, care away ! let fate my fall pretend,
 Back'd with the favours of so true a friend."

Charles Lamb, who gives the whole of this scene in his 'Specimens,' speaks of it rapturously:—"This scene has much of Shakspeare's manner in the sweetness and good-naturedness of it. It seems written to make the reader happy. Few of our dramatists or novelists have attended enough to this. They torture and wound us abundantly. They are economists only in delight. Nothing can be finer, more gentlemanlike, and noble, than the conversation and compliments of these young men. How delicious is Raymond Mouchensey's forgetting, in his fears, that Jerningham has a 'saint in Essex;' and how sweetly his friend reminds him!"

The ancient plotters, Clare and Jerningham, are drawn as very politic but not over-wise fathers. There is, however, very little that is harsh or revolting in their natures. They put out their feelers of worldly cunning timidly, and they draw them in with considerable apprehension when they see danger and difficulty before them. All this is in

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

harmony with the thorough good-humour of the whole drama. The only person who is angry is old Mouchensey:—

Clare. I do not hold thy offer competent;
Nor do I like the assurance of thy land,
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

Old Moun. Too good for thee: and, knight, thou know'st it well,
I fawn'd not on thee for thy goods, not I,
'T was thine own motion; that thy wife doth know.

Lady Clare. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.

Clare. Hold thy chat, quean.

Old Moun. To which I harken'd willingly, and the rather,
Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy;
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behav'd him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do;
Nor is my poor distressed state so low
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.

Clare. Let it suffice, Mouchensey, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.

Old Moun. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins;
But for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparag'd by thy baseness,
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same."

For his "frantic and untamed passion" Fabel reproves him. The comic scenes which now occur are exceedingly lively. If the wit is not of the highest order, there is real fun and very little coarseness. We are thrown into the midst of a jolly set, stealers of venison in Enfield Chase, of whom the leader is Sir John, the priest of Enfield. His humour consists of applying a somewhat pious sentence upon every occasion—"Hem, grass and hay—we are all mortal—let's live till we die, and be merry, and there's an end." Mine host of the George is an associate of this goodly fraternity. The comedy is not overloaded, and is very judiciously brought in to the relief of the main action. We have next the introduction of Millisent to the Prioress of Cheston (Cheshunt):—

Lady Clare. Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirm'd opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighbouring cell.

Prioress. Jesus' daughter! Mary's child!
Holy matron! woman mild!
For thee a mass shall still be said,
Every sister drop a bead;
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing a requiem.

Sir Arthur. Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,
We mean to make this trial of our child.
Your care, and our dear blessing, in mean time,
We pray may prosper this intended work.

Prioress. May your happy soul be blithe,
That so truly pay your tithes:
He that many children gave,
'T is fit that he one child should have.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Milliscent. Good men and true, stand together,
And hear your charge.

Priores. First, a mornings take your book,
The glass wherein yourself must look ;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turn'd to motions holy ;
For your busk attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys :
And for all your follies past,
You must do penance, pray, and fast.
You must read the morning mass,
You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed.
Bind your beads, and tell your needs,
Your holy aves, and your creeds :
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun."

The sweetness of some of these lines argues the practised poet. Indeed the whole play is remarkable for its elegance rather than its force ; and it appears to us exactly such a performance as was within the range of Drayton's powers. The device of Fabel proceeds, in the appearance of Raymond Mouchensey disguised as a friar. Sir Arthur Clare has disclosed to him all his projects. The "holy young novice" proceeds to the priory as a visitor sent from Waltham House to ascertain whether Milliscent is about to take the veil "from conscience and devotion." The device succeeds, and the lovers are left together :—

Moun. Life of my soul ! bright angel !

Milliscent. What means the friar ?

Moun. O Milliscent ! 't is I.

Milliscent. My heart misgives me ; I should know that voice.
You ! who are you ! the holy Virgin bless me !
Tell me your name ; you shall ere you confess me.

Moun. Mouchensey, thy true friend.

Milliscent. My Raymond ! my dear heart !
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.
By what means can'st thou to assume this shape ?

Moun. By means of Peter Fabel, my kind tutor,
Who, in the habit of friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and confessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabel, and myself,
And so deliver'd to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the abbey-gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.

Milliscent. You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life, I was a dream'd to-night,
That, as I was praying in my psalter,
There came a spirit unto me, as I kneel'd,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery : and methought
He came in the most glorious angel shape
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha ! thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form
Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.

Moun. O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee !

PLAYS ASCRIBED TO SHAKSPERE.

Thou bright unsetting star, which, through this veil,
For very envy mak'st the sun look pale.

Milliscent. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I this confess to my sweet ghostly father ;
If chaste pure love be sin, I must confess,
I have offended three years now with thee.

Moun. But do you yet repent you of the same ?

Milliscent. I faith I cannot.

Moun.

Nor will I absolve thee

Of that sweet sin, though it be venial :
Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses ;
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage :—
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow-ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase :
No more reply if that you yield consent :
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.

Milliscent. Sweet life, farewell ! 't is done, let that suffice ;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes."

The votaress is carried off by her brother and Jerningham ; but in the darkness of the night they lose their way, and encounter the deer-stealers and the keepers. A friendly forester, however, assists them, and they reach Enfield in safety. Not so fortunate are Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph, who are in pursuit of the unwilling nun. They are roughly treated by the keepers, and, after a night of toil, find a resting-place at Waltham. The priest and his companions are terrified by their encounters in the Chase : the lady in white, who has been hiding from them, is taken for a spirit ; and the sexton has seen a vision in the church-porch. The morning however arrives, and we see " Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham trussing their points, as newly up." They had made good their retreat, as they fancied, to the inn of mine host of the George, but the merry devil of Edmonton had set the host and the smith to change the sign of the house with that of another inn ; and at the real George the lovers were being happily married by the venison-stealing priest, in the company of their faithful friends. Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph are, of course, very angry when the truth is made known ; but reconciliation and peace are soon accomplished :—

Fabel. To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mouchensey : you, sir Arthur Clare,
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham. To cross this match
I us'd some pretty sleights, but, I protest,
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art ;
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their performancy ;
These, for his love who once was my dear pupil,
Have I effected. Now, methinks, 't is strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match ; since reason fails,
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt ;
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent :
Smile then upon your daughter and kind son,
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON.

Sir Arthur. Well, 't is in vain to cross the providence :
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart ;
Rise, daughter, this is a kind father's part.

Host. Why, sir George, send for Spindle's noise presently :
Ha ! ere 't be night I'll serve the good duke of Norfolk.

Sir John. Grass and hay, mine host ; let 's live till we die,
and be merry, and there's an end."

We lament with Tieck that the continuation of the career of 'the merry devil' is possibly lost. We imagine that we should have seen him expiating his fault by doing as much good to his fellow mortals as he could accomplish without the aid of necromancy. Old Weever, in his 'Funeral Monuments,' has no great faith in his art magic: "Here (at Edmonton) lieth interred under a seemelie Tome, without Inscription, the Body of Peter Fabell (as the report goes) upon whom this Fable was fathered, that he by his wittie devises beguiled the devill: belike he was some ingenious conceited gentleman, who did use some sleighty trickes for his owne disports. He lived and died in the raigne of Henry the Seventh, saith the booke of his merry pranks."

END OF THE ASCRIBED PLAYS.



APPENDIX.

I.

DEDICATION, ADDRESS, AND COMMENDATORY VERSES,

PREFIXED TO THE EDITIONS OF 1623 AND 1682.

II.

A HISTORY OF OPINION ON THE WRITINGS OF
SHAKSPERE.

I.

DEDICATION, ADDRESS, AND COMMENDATORY VERSES.

DEDICATION TO THE FIRST EDITION.

To the Most Noble and incomparable pair of Brethren, William Earl of Pembroke, &c., Lord Chamberlain to the King's most excellent Majesty, and Philip Earl of Montgomery, &c., Gentlemen of his Majesty's Bedchamber; both Knights of the most noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good Lords.

RIGHT HONOURABLE,

WHILST we study to be thankful in our particular for the many favours we have received from your LL., we are fallen upon the ill fortune to mingle two the most diverse things that can be—fear, and rashness,—rashness in the enterprise, and fear of the success. For when we value the places your HH. sustain, we cannot but know their dignity greater than to descend to the reading of these trifles: and while we name them trifles we have deprived ourselves of the defence of our Dedication. But, since your LL. have been pleased to think these trifles something heretofore, and have prosecuted both them and their author living with so much favour, we hope that (they outliving him, and he not having the fate, common with some, to be executor to his own writings) you will use the like indulgence toward them you have done unto their parent. There is a great difference whether any book choose his patrons or find them; this hath done both. For so much were your LL. likings of the several parts when they were acted, as before they were published the volume asked to be yours. We have but collected them, and done an office to the dead to procure his orphans guardians,—without ambition either of self-profit or fame,—only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive as was our Shakespeare, by humble offer of his plays to your most noble patronage. Wherein, as we have justly observed no man to come near your LL. but with a kind of religious address, it hath been the height of our care, who are the presenters, to make the present worthy of your HH. by the perfection. But, there, we must also crave our abilities to be considered, my Lords. We cannot go beyond our own powers. Country hands reach forth milk, cream, fruits, or what they have; and many nation (we have heard) that had not gums and incense, obtained their requests with a leavened cake. It was no fault to approach their gods by what means they could; and the most,

though meanest, of things are made more precious when they are dedicated to temples. In that name, therefore, we most humbly consecrate to your HH. these remains of your servant Shakespeare; that what delight is in them may be ever your LL., the reputation his, and the faults ours, if any be committed by a pair so careful to show their gratitude both to the living and the dead, as is
Your Lordships' most bounden,

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL.

ADDRESS

TO THE GREAT VARIETY OF READERS.

FROM the most able to him that can but spell; there you are numbered. We had rather you were weighed. Especially when the fate of all books depends upon your capacities,—and not of your heads alone, but of your purses. Well! it is now public, and you will stand for your privileges we know—to read and censure. Do so, but buy it first. That doth best commend a book, the stationer says. Then, how odd soever your brains be, or your wisdoms, make your licence the same, and spare not. Judge your six-pen'orth, your shilling's worth, your five shillings worth at a time, or higher, so you rise to the just rates, and welcome. But, whatever you do, buy. Censure will not drive a trade, or make the jack go. And though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cockpit to arraign plays daily, know these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals, and do now come forth quitted rather by a decree of court than any purchased letters of commendation.

It had been a thing, we confess, worthy to have been wished, that the author himself had lived to have set forth and overseen his own writings. But since it had been ordained otherwise, and he by death departed from that right, we pray you do not envy his friends the office of their care and pain to have collected and published them; and so to have published them as where (before) you were abused with divers stolen and surreptitious copies, maimed and deformed by the frauds and stealths of injurious impostors that exposed them: even those are now offered to your view cured, and perfect of their limbs; and all the rest absolute in their numbers,

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

as he conceived them. Who, as he was a happy imitator of nature, was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers. But it is not our province, who only gather his works, and give them you, to praise him. It is yours, that read him. And there we hope, to your divers capacities, you will find enough both to draw and hold you: for his wit can no more lie hid than it could be lost. Read him, therefore; and again, and again: And if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him. And so we leave you to other of his friends, whom if you need can be your guides; if you need them not, you can lead yourselves and others. And such readers we wish him.

JOHN HEMINGE,
HENRY CONDELL

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED, THE AUTHOR,
MR. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
AND WHAT HE HATH LEFT US.

To draw no envy (Shakespeare) on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame:
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For seeliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin where it seem'd to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron; what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above th' ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin. Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My Shakespeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser,—or bid Beaumont lie
A little further to make thee a room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,—
I mean with great, but disproportion'd muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I would not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Paccavius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To life again, to hear thy buskin tread
And shake a stage. Or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison

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Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe!
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears,—or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!—
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As since she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please,
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family.
Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made as well as born:
And such wert thou. Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue; even so the race
Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well-torned and true-filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanc'd, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourn'd
like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

BEN JONSON.

UPON THE LINES AND LIFE OF THE FAMOUS
SCENIC POET,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

THOSE hands, which you so clapp'd, go now and
wring,
You Britons brave, for done are Shakespeare's
days:
His days are done that made the dainty plays
Which make the globe of heav'n and earth to ring.
Dried is that vein, dried is the Thespian spring,
Turn'd all to tears, and Phoebus clouds his rays:
That corpse, that coffin now bestick those bays
Which crown'd him poet first, then poets' king.
If tragedies might any prologue have
All those he made would scarce make one to this:
Where fame, now that he gone is to the grave
(Death's public tiring-house), the Nuncius is;
For though his line of life went soon about,
The life yet of his lines shall never out.

HUGH HOLLAND.

COMMENDATORY VERSES.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DECEASED AUTHOR,
MASTER W. SHAKESPEARE.

SHAKESPEARE, at length thy pious fellows give
The world thy works: thy works, by which outlive
Thy tomb, thy name must. When that stone is rent,
And time dissolves thy Stratford monument,
Here we alive shall view thee still. This book,
When brass and marble fade, shall make thee look
Fresh to all ages; when posterity
Shall loath what's new, think all is prodigy
That is not Shakespeare's, every line, each verse,
Here shall revive, redeem thee from thy hearse.
Nor fire, nor cankering age, as Naso said
Of his, thy wit-fraught book shall once invade.
Nor shall I e'er believe or think thee dead
(Though miss'd) until our bankrupt stage be sped
(Impossible) with some new strain to outdo
Passions of Juliet and her Romeo;
Or till I hear a scene more nobly take
Than when thy half-sword parleying Romans spake.
Till these, till any of thy volumes rest,
Shall with more fire, more feeling, be express'd,
Be sure, our Shakespeare, thou canst never die,
But, crown'd with laurel, live eternally.

L. DIGGES.

TO THE MEMORY OF M. W. SHAKESPEARE.

Wh wonder'd (Shakespeare) that thou went'st so
soon
From the world's stage to the grave's tiring-room.
We thought thee dead, but this, thy printed worth,
Tells thy spectators that thou went'st but forth
To enter with applause. An actor's art
Can die, and live to act a second part.
That's but an exit of mortality;
This, a re-entrance to a plaudita.

I. M.

UPON THE EFFIGIES OF MY WORTHY FRIEND,
THE AUTHOR,
MASTER WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE,
AND HIS WORKS.

SPECTATOR, this life's shadow is, to see
The truer image, and a livelier he.
Turn, reader. But, observe his comic vein,
Laugh, and proceed next to a tragic strain,
Then weep; so when thou find'st two contraries,
Two different passions from thy rapt soul rise,
Say (who alone effect such wonders could)
Rare Shakespeare to the life thou dost behold.

AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC
POET, W. SHAKESPEARE.*

WHAT need my Shakespeare for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Has built thyself a lasting monument:
For whilst, to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each part

* This epitaph of Milton, and the succeeding poem, belong to the second folio, of 1632.

Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

ON WORTHY MASTER SHAKESPEARE
AND HIS POEMS.

A MIND reflecting ages past, whose clear
And equal surface can make things appear
Distant a thousand years, and represent
Them in their lively colours' just extent:
To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
Of death and Lethe, where, confused, lie
Great heaps of ruinous mortality:
In this deep dusky dungeon to discern
A royal ghost from churlis; by art to learn
The physiognomy of shades, and give
Them sudden birth, wond'ring how oft they live;
What story coldly tells, what poets feign
At second hand, and picture without brain
Senseless and soulless shows: To give a stage
(Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
As Plato's year and new scene of the world,
Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd:
To raise our ancient sovereigns from their hearse,
Make kings his subjects, by exchanging verse;
Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage:
Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
Take pleasure in their pain: and eyes in tears
Both weep and smile; fearful at plots so sad,
Then laughing at our fear; abus'd, and glad
To be abus'd, affected with that truth
Which we perceive is false; pleas'd in that ruth
At which we start; and by elaborate play
Tortur'd and tickled; by a crablike way
Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
Disgorging up his ravine for our sport:—
—While the Plebeian Imp, from lofty throne,
Creates and rules a world, and works upon
Mankind by secret engines; now to move
A chilling pity, then a rigorous love:
To strike up and stroke down both joy and ire;
To steer th' affections; and by heavenly fire
Mould us anew. Stolen from ourselves—

This and much more which cannot be express'd
But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's frechold, which his cunning
brain

Improv'd by favour of the ninefold train.
The buskin'd Muse, the Comic Queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio; nimble hand,
And nimbler foot, of the melodious pair;
The silver-voiced Lady; the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants.
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother),
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright;
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring,
Tach leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk; there run
Italian works whose thread the sisters spun;

COMMENDATORY VERSES, &c.

And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice.

Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain purl'd : not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow.

Now when they could no longer him enjoy,
In mortal garments pent ; death may destroy,
They say, his body, but his verse shall live,
And more than nature takes, our hands shall give :
In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
Shakespeare shall breathe and speak, with laurel
crown'd

Which never fades. Fed with Ambrosian meat
In a well-lined vesture rich and neat.

So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it,
For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it.

The friendly admirer of his endowments,

L. M. S.

THE NAMES OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTORS IN
ALL THESE PLAYS.

William Shakespeare.	Samuel Gilburne.
Richard Burbage.	Robert Armin.
John Hemminge.	William Ostler.
Augustine Phillips	Nathan Field.
William Kempt.	John Underwood.
Thomas Poope.	Nicholas Tooley.
George Bryan.	William Ecclestone.
Henry Condell.	Joseph Taylor.
William Slye.	Robert Benfield.
Richard Cowly.	Robert Goughe.
John Lowine.	Richard Robinson.
Samuel Croese.	John Shancke.
Alexander Cooke.	John Rica.

A HISTORY OF OPINION

ON THE

WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

§ I.

THE rank as a writer which Shakspeare took amongst his contemporaries is determined by a few decided notices of him. These notices are as ample and as frequent as can be looked for in an age which had no critical records, and when writers, therefore, almost went out of their way to refer to their literary contemporaries, except for purposes of set compliment. We believe that, as early as 1591, Spenser called attention to Shakspeare, as

“the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate;”

describing him also as

“that same *gentle* spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow.”*

We know that the envy of Greene, in 1592, pointed at him as “an absolute Johannes factotum, in his own conceit the only Shake-scene in a country;” and we receive this bitterness of the unfortunate dramatist against his more successful rival as a tribute to his power and his popularity. We consider that the apology of Chettle, who had edited the posthumous work of Greene containing this effusion of spite, was an acknowledgment of the established opinion of Shakspeare's excellence as an author:—“Divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.” This was printed in 1592, and yet the man who had won this reluctant testimony to his art, by “his facetious grace in writing,” is held by modern authorities to have then been only a botcher of other men's works, as if “facetious grace” were an expression that did not most happily mark the quality by which Shakspeare was then most eminently distinguished above all his

contemporaries,—his comic power,—his ability above all others to produce

“Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort.”

But passages such as these, which it is morally impossible to apply to any other man than Shakspeare, are still only indirect evidence of the opinion which was formed of him when he was yet a very young writer. But a few years later we encounter the most *direct* testimony to his pre-eminence. He it was that in 1598 was assigned his rank, not by any vague and doubtful compliment, not with any ignorance of what had been achieved by other men ancient and modern, but by the learned discrimination of a scholar; and that rank was with Homer, Hesiod, Euripides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Pindar, Phocylides, and Aristophanes amongst the Greeks; Virgil, Ovid, Horace, Silius-Italicus, Lucan, Lucretius, Ausonius, and Claudian amongst the Latins; and Sidney, Spenser, Daniel, Drayton, Warner, Marlowe, and Chapman amongst the English. According to the same authority, it was “in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakspeare” that “the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives.” This praise was applied to his *Venus and Adonis*, and other poems. But, for his dramas, he is raised above every native contemporary and predecessor: “As Plautus and Seneca are accounted the best for Comedy and Tragedy among the Latins; so Shakspeare among the English is *the most excellent* in both kinds for the stage.” These are extracts with which many of our readers must be familiar. They are from ‘The Wits' Commonwealth’ of Francis Meres, “Master of Arts of both Universities;” a book largely circulated, and mentioned with applause by contemporary writers. The author delivers not these sentences as his own peculiar opinion; he speaks unhesitatingly, as of a fact admitting no doubt, that Shakspeare, among the

* See Note A.

English, is the most excellent for Comedy and Tragedy. Does any one of the other "excellent" dramatic writers of that day rise up to dispute the assertion, galling perhaps to the self-love of some amongst them? Not a voice is heard to tell Francis Meres that he has overstated the public opinion of the supremacy of Shakspera. Thomas Heywood, one of this illustrious band, speaks of Meres as an approved good scholar; and says that his account of authors is learnedly done.* Heywood himself, indeed, in lines written long after Shakspera's death, mentions him in stronger terms of praise than he applies to any of his contemporaries.† Lastly, Meres, after other comparisons of Shakspera with the great writers of antiquity and of his own time, has these words, which nothing but a complete reliance upon the received opinion of his day could have warranted him in applying to any living man: "As *Epilus Stolo* said that the Muses would speak with *Plautus'* tongue, if they would speak Latin; so I say that the Muses would speak with Shakspeare's fine filed phrase, if they would speak English."

Of the popularity of Shakspera in his own day the external evidence, such as it is, is more decisive than the testimony of any contemporary writer. He was at one and the same time the favourite of the people and of the Court. There is no record whatever known to exist of the public performances of Shakspera's plays at his own theatres. Had such an account existed of the receipts at the Blackfriars and the Globe as *Henslowe* kept for his company, we should have known something precise of that popularity which was so extensive as to make the innkeeper of *Bosworth*, "full of ale and history," derive his knowledge from the stage of Shakspera:—

"For when he would have said, King Richard died,
And call'd, A horse, a horse! he Burbage cried."‡

But the facts connected with the original publication of Shakspera's plays sufficiently prove how eagerly they were for the most part received by the readers of the drama. From 1597 to 1600, ten of these plays were published from authentic copies, undoubtedly with the consent of the author. The system of publication did not commence before 1597; and, with four exceptions, it was not continued beyond 1600. Of these plays there were published, before the appearance of the collected edition of 1623, four editions of *Richard II.*, six of

* "Here I might take fit opportunity to reckon up all our English writers, and compare them with the Greek, French, Italian, and Latin poets, not only in their pastoral, historical, elegiacal, and herolical poems, but in their tragical and comical subjects, but it was my chance to happen on the like, learnedly done by an approved good scholar, in a book called '*Wits' Commonwealth*,' to which treatise I wholly refer you, returning to our present subject."—*Apoloogy for Actors*, 1612.

† *Hierarchy of Blessed Angels*, 1635.

‡ *Bishop Corbet*, who died in 1635.

The First Part of *Henry IV.*, six of *Richard III.*, four of *Romeo and Juliet*, six of *Hamlet*, besides repeated editions of the plays which were surreptitiously published—the maimed and imperfect copies described by the editors of the first folio. Of the thirty-six plays contained in the folio of 1623, only one-half was published, whether genuine or piratical, in the author's lifetime; and it is by no means improbable that many of those which were originally published with his concurrence were not permitted to be reprinted, because such publication might be considered injurious to the great theatrical property with which he was connected. But the constant demand for some of the plays is an evidence of their popularity which cannot be mistaken; and is decisive as to the people's admiration of Shakspera. As for that of the Court, the testimony, imperfect as it is, is entirely conclusive:—

"Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our waters yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take *Eliza* and our *James*,"

is no vague homage from *Jonson* to the memory of his "beloved friend," but the record of a fact. The accounts of the revels at Court, between the years 1588 and 1604, the most interesting period in the career of Shakspera, have not been discovered in the depositories for such papers. We have indeed memoranda of payments to her Majesty's players during this period, but nothing definite as to the plays represented. We know not what "so did take *Eliza*;" but we are left in no doubt as to the attractions for "our *James*." It appears from the *Revels Book* that, from *Hallowmas-day* 1604 to the following *Shrove Tuesday*, there were thirteen plays performed before the King, eight of which were Shakspera's, namely—*Othello*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Measure for Measure*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *Henry V.*, and the *Merchant of Venice* twice, that being "again commanded by the King's Majesty." Not one of these, with the possible exception of *Measure for Measure*, was recommended by its novelty. The series of the same accounts is broken from 1605 to 1611; and then from *Hallowmas-night* to *Shrove Tuesday*, which appears to have been the theatrical season of the Court, six different companies of players contribute to the amusements of *Whitehall* and *Greenwich* by the performance of twelve plays. Of five which are performed by the King's players two are by Shakspera—*The Tempest*, and *The Winter's Tale*. If the records were more perfect, this proof of the admiration of Shakspera in the highest circle would no doubt be more conclusive. As it is, it is sufficient to support this general argument.*

During the life of Shakspera his surpassing

* Extracts from the Accounts of the Revels at Court, by Peter Cunningham.

ON THE WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

popularity appears to have provoked no expression of envy from his contemporaries, no attempt to show that his reputation was built upon an un-solid foundation. Some of the later commentators upon Shakspeare, however, took infinite pains to prove that Jonson had ridiculed him during his life, and disparaged him after his death. Every one knows Fuller's delightful picture of the convivial exercises in mental strength between Jonson and Shakspeare:—"Many were the wit-combats between Shakspeare and Ben Jonson. I behold them like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war. Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning, solid but slow in his performances; Shakspeare, like the latter, less in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention." Few would imagine that a passage such as this should have been produced to prove that there was a quarrel between Jonson and Shakspeare; that the wit-combats of these intellectual gladiators were the consequence of their habitual enmity. By the same perverse misinterpretation have the commentators sought to prove that, when Jonson, in his prologues, put forth his own theory of dramatic art, he meant to satirize the principles upon which Shakspeare worked. It is held that in the prologue to 'Every Man in his Humour,' acted in 1598 at Shakspeare's own theatre, Jonson especially ridicules the historical plays of Henry VI. and Richard III. :-

"with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the firing-house bring wounds to scars."

There is in another author a similar ridicule, and stronger, of the inadequacy of the stage to present a battle to the senses :-

"We shall much disgrace—
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill-disp's'd in brawl ridiculous—
The name of Agincourt."

But Shakspeare himself was the author of this passage; and he was thus the satirist of himself, as much as Jonson was his satirist, when he compared in his prologue the comedy of manners with the historical and romantic drama which had then such attractions for the people. Shakspeare's Chorus to Henry V., from which we have made the last extract, was written the year after the performance of Jonson's play. We recognise in it a candid admission of the good sense of Jonson, which at once shows that Shakspeare was the last to feel the criticism as a personal attack. Nothing, in truth, can be more absurd than the attempts to show, from supposed allusions in Jonson, that he was an habitual detractor of Shakspeare. The reader will

find these "proofs of Jonson's malignity" brought forward, and dismissed with the contempt that they deserve, in a paper appended to Gifford's 'Memoir of Jonson.' The same acute critic had the merit of pointing out a passage in Jonson's 'Poetaster,' which, he says, "is as undoubtedly true of Shakspeare as if it were pointedly written to describe him." He further says, "It is evident that throughout the whole of this drama Jonson maintains a constant allusion to himself and his contemporaries," and that, consequently, the lines in question were intended for Shakspeare :-

"That which he hath writ
Is with such judgment labour'd and distill'd
Through all the needful uses of our lives,
That, could a man remember but his lines,
He should not touch at any serious point,
But he might breathe his spirit out of him.

His learning savours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name;
Nor any long or far-fetch'd circumstance
Wrapp'd in the curious general'ties of art;
But a direct and analytic sum
Of all the worth and first effects of art.
And for his poesy, 'tis so ramm'd with life,
That it shall gather strength of life, with being,
And live hereafter more admir'd than now."

The private opinion of Jonson with regard to Shakspeare would not be so much a reflection of the popular judgment as that of the critical few who would apply the tests of ancient art, not only to the art of Shakspeare, but to the art of that great body of writers who had founded the English drama upon a broader foundation than the precepts of Aristotle. The art of Jonson was opposed to the art of Shakspeare. He satisfied the few, but the many rejected him. There is a poem on Jonson's 'Sejanus,' which shows how his learned harangues—paraphrases for the most part of the ancient writers—were received by the English people :-

"When in the Globe's fair ring, our world's best
stage,
I saw Sejanus, set with that rich foil,
I look'd the author should have borne the spoil
Of conquest from the writers of the age:
But when I view'd the people's beastly rage,
Bent to confound thy grave and learned toil,
That cost thee so much sweat and so much oil,
My indignation I could hardly assuage."

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that Jonson, in his free conversations with Drummond of Hawthornden, in January, 1619, should say that "Shakspeare wanted art." When Jonson said this he was in no laudatory mood. Drummond heads his record of the conversation thus: "His censure of

* The Poetaster, Act v., Scene 1.

the English poets was this." Censure is here, of course, put for opinion; although Jonson's opinions are by no means favourable to any one of whom he speaks. Spenser's stanzas pleased him not, or his matter; Sir John Harrington's 'Ariosto,' under all translations, was the worst: Abraham France was a fool; Sidney did not keep a decorum in making every one speak as well as himself; Shakspeare wanted art. And so, during two centuries, a mob of critics have caught up the word, and with the most knowing winks, and the most profound courtesies to each other's sagacity, have they echoed—"Shakspeare wanted art." But a cunning interpolator, who knew the temper of the critics, the anonymous editor of Cibber's 'Lives of the Poets,' took the "heads of a conversation" between Jonson and Drummond, prefixed to Drummond's works in 1711, and bestowed a few finishing touches upon them, after his own fashion. And thus, to the great joy of the denouncers of anachronisms, and other Shakspearean absurdities, as they are pleased to call them, we have read as follows for a hundred years:—"He said, Shakespear wanted Art, and sometimes Sense; for, in one of his plays, he brought in a number of men, saying they had suffered shipwreck in Bohemia, where is no sea near by 100 miles." Jonson, indeed, makes the observation upon the shipwreck in Bohemia, but without any comment upon it. It is found in another part of Drummond's record, quite separate from "Shakspeare wanted art;" a casual remark, side by side with Jonson's gossip about Sidney's pimpled face and Raleigh's plagiarists. It was probably mentioned by Jonson as an illustration of some principle upon which Shakspeare worked; and in the same way "Shakspeare wanted art" was in all likelihood explained by him, in producing instances of the mode in which Shakspeare's art differed from his (Jonson's) art. It is impossible to receive Jonson's words as any support of the absurd opinion so long propagated that Shakspeare worked without labour and without method. Jonson's own testimony, delivered five years after the conversation with Drummond, offers the most direct evidence against such a construction of his expression:—

"Yet must I not give Nature all: thy art,
My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter Nature be,
His art doth give the fashion: and that he
Who casts to write a living line must sweat
(Such as thine are), and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil: turn the same
(And himself with it) that he thinks to frame;
Or, for the laurel, he may gain a scorn,—
For a good poet's made as well as born:
And such wert thou."

There can be no difficulty in understanding Jonson's dispraise of Shakspeare, small as it was, when we look at the different characters of the two men. In his 'Discoveries,' written in his last years.

there is the following passage:—"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, Would he had blotted a thousand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions; wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped: Sufflaminandus erat, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too." The players had said, in their preface to the first folio—"His mind and hand went together; and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." Jonson, no doubt, alludes to this assertion. But we are not, therefore, to understand that Shakspeare took no pains in perfecting what, according to the notion of his editors, he delivered with such easiness. The differences between the earlier and the later copies of some of his plays show, as we have repeatedly pointed out, the unremitting care and the exquisite judgment with which he revised his productions. The expression "without a blot" might, nevertheless, be perfectly true; and the fact, no doubt, impressed upon the minds of Heminge and Condell what they were desirous to impress upon others, that Shakspeare was a writer of unequalled facility—"as he was a happy imitator of nature, he was a most gentle expresser of it." Jonson received this evidence of facility as a reproof to his own laborious mode of composition. He felt proud, and wisely so, of the commendations of his admirers, that his works cost him much sweat and much oil; and when the players told him that Shakspeare never blotted out a line, he had his self-satisfied retort, "Would he had blotted a thousand." But this carelessness, as it appeared to Jonson,—this exuberant facility, as the players thought,—was in itself no proof that Shakspeare did not elaborate his works with the nicest care. The same thing was said of Fletcher as of him. Humphrey Moseley, the publisher of Beaumont and Fletcher's works in 1647, says—"Whatever I have seen of Mr. Fletcher's own hand is free from interlining, and his friends affirm he never writ any one thing twice." But the stationer does not put this forth as any proof of carelessness, for he most judiciously adds, "It seems he had that rare felicity to prepare and perfect all first in his own brain, to shape and attire his notions, to add or lop off before he committed one word to

ON THE WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

writing, and never touched pen till all was to stand as firm and immutable as if engraven in brass or marble." This is the way, we believe, in which all works of great originality are built up. If Shakspeare blotted not a line, it was because he wrote not till he had laid the foundations, and formed the plan, and conceived the ornaments, of his wondrous edifices. The execution of the work was then an easy thing; and the facility was the beautiful result of the previous labour.

But if Jonson expressed himself a little petulantly, and perhaps inconsiderately, about the boast of the players, surely nothing can be nobler than the hearty tribute which he pays to the memory of Shakspeare:—"I loved the man, and do honour his memory, on this side idolatry, as much as any." Unquestionably this is language which shows that the memory of Shakspeare was cherished by others even to idolatry; so that Jonson absolutely adopts an apologetical tone in venturing an observation which can scarcely be considered disparaging—"he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped." It was the facility that excited Jonson's critical comparison of Shakspeare with himself; and it was in the same way that, when he wrote his noble verses 'To the Memory of my Beloved Mr. William Shakespeare and what he hath left us,' he could not avoid drawing a comparison between his own profound scholarship and Shakspeare's practical learning:—

"If I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names: but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or, when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.

Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of Nature's family."

The interpretation of this passage is certainly not difficult. Its general sense is expressed by Gifford:—"Jonson not only sets Shakspeare above his contemporaries, but above the ancients whose works himself idolized, and of whose genuine merits he was perhaps a more competent judge than any scholar of his age."* The whole passage was unquestionably meant for praise, whatever opinion

might be implied in it as to Shakspeare's learning. Looking to the whole construction and tendency of the passage, it may even be doubted whether Jonson intended to express a direct opinion as to Shakspeare's philological attainments. If we paraphrase the passage according to the common notion, it reads thus:—And although you knew little Latin and less Greek, to honour thee out of Latin and Greek I will not seek for names. According to this construction, the poet ought to have written, because "thou hadst small Latin," &c. But without any violence the passage may be read thus:—And although thou hadst in thy writings few images derived from Latin, and fewer from Greek authors, I will not thence (on that account) seek for names to honour thee, but call forth thundering Æschylus, &c. It is perfectly clear that Jonson meant to say, and not disparagingly, that Shakspeare was not an imitator. Immediately after the mention of Aristophanes, Terence, and Plautus, he adds,

"Yet must I not give Nature all."

The same tone of commendation was taken in Shakspeare's time by other writers. Digges says that he neither borrows from the Greeks, imitates the Latins, nor translates from vulgar languages. Drayton has these lines:—

"Shakespeare, thou hadst as smooth a comic vein,
Fitting the sock, and in thy natural brain
As strong conception, and as clear a rage,
As any one that traffick'd with the stage." †

To argue from such passages that the writers meant to reproach Shakspeare as an ignorant or even as an unlearned man, in the common sense of the word, was an absurdity that was not fully propounded to the world till the discovery of Dr. Farmer, that, because translations existed from Latin, Italian, and French authors in the time of Shakspeare, he was incapable of consulting the originals. This profound logician closes his judicial sentence with the following memorable words, which have become the true faith of the antiquarian critics up to this hour:—"He remembered perhaps enough of his schoolboy learning to put the Hig, hag, hog, into the mouth of Sir Hugh Evans; and might pick up in the writers of the time, or the course of his conversation, a familiar phrase or two of French or Italian." There is, however, a contemporary testimony to the acquirements of Shakspeare which is of somewhat higher value than the assertions of any master "of all such reading as was never read"—of one, himself a true poet, who holds that all Shakspeare's excellences were his freehold, but that his cunning brain improved his natural gifts:—

* Jonson's Works, vol. viii. p. 333.

† Farmer has the profligacy not to quote these lines, but to say, "Drayton, the countryman and acquaintance of Shakspeare, determines his excellence to the natural brain only."

A HISTORY OF OPINION

" This and much more which cannot be expressed

But by himself, his tongue and his own breast,
Was Shakespeare's *freehold*, which his *cunning brains*
Improv'd by favour of the ninefold train.
The buskin'd Muse, the Comic Queen, the grand
And louder tone of Clio ; nimble hand
And nimbler foot, of the melodious pair ;
The silver-voiced Lady ; the most fair
Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
And she whose praise the heavenly body chants ;—
These jointly woo'd him, envying one another,
(Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother,)
And wrought a curious robe of sable grave,
Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright ;
Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring,
Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
Of golden wire, each line of silk ; there run
Italian works whose thread the sisters spun ;
And there did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
Birds of a foreign note and various voice.
Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair
But chiding fountain purled : not the air,
Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn,
Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
But fine materials, which the Muses know,
And only know the countries where they grow." *

But if the passage which we have previously quoted from 'The Poetaster' be, as Gifford so plausibly imagined, intended for Shakspeare, it is decisive as to Jonson's own opinion of his great friend's acquirements: it is the opinion of every man, now, who is not a slave to the authority of the smallest minds that ever undertook to measure the vast poetical region of Shakspeare with their little tape, inch by inch:—

" His learning savours not the school-like gloss
That most consists in echoing words and terms,
And soonest wins a man an empty name."



[Jonson.]

* Commendatory Verses, 'On Worthy Master Shakespeare and his Poems,' by I. M. S.

The verses of Jonson, prefixed to the folio of 1623, conclude with these remarkable lines:—

" Shine forth, thou star of poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer, the drooping stage,
Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourn'd
like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light."

From 1616, the year of Shakspeare's death, to 1623, the date of the first edition of his collected works, Jonson himself had written nothing for the stage. Beaumont had died the year before Shakspeare ; but Fletcher alone was sustaining the high reputation which he had won with his accomplished associate. Massinger had been in London from 1606, known certainly to have written in conjunction with other dramatists before the period of Shakspeare's death, and, without doubt, assisting to fill the void which he had left, for 'The Bondman' appears in the list of the Master of the Revels in 1623. The indefatigable Thomas Heywood was a writer for the stage from the commencement of the seventeenth century to the suppression of the theatres. Webster was a poet of Shakspeare's own theatre, immediately after his death, and a leading character in 'The Duchess of Malfi' was played by Burbage. Rowley produced some of his best works at the same period. Chapman had not ceased to write. Ford was known as a rising poet. Many others were there of genius and learning who at this particular time were struggling for the honours of the drama, and some with great success. And yet Jonson does not hesitate to say that since the death of Shakspeare the stage mourns like night. Leonard Digges, writing at the date of the publication of the folio, says of Shakspeare's dramas,—

" Happy verse, thou shalt be sung and heard,
When hungry quills shall be such honour barr'd.
Then vanish, upstart writers to each stage,
You needy poetasters of this age !"

This man speaks authoritatively, because he speaks the public voice. But it is not with the poetasters only that he compares the popularity of Shakspeare ; he tells us that the players of the Globe live by him dead ; and that prime judgments, rich veins,

" have far'd

The worst with this deceased man compar'd ;"

and he then proceeds to exhibit the precise character of the popular admiration of Shakspeare:—

" So have I seen, when Caesar would appear,
And on the stage at half sword parley were
Brutus and Cassius, O, how the audience
Were ravish'd ! with what wonder they went
thence !

When, some new day, they would not brook a line
Of tedious, though well-labour'd, Catiline ;
Seianus too was irksome : they priz'd more

ON THE WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

'Honest' Iago, or the jealous Moor.
 And though the Fox and subtle Alchymist,
 Long intermitted, could not long be miss'd,
 Though these have sham'd all th' ancients, and
 might raise
 Their author's merit with a crown of bays,
 Yet these sometimes, even at a friend's desire
 Acted, have scarce defray'd the sea-coal fire
 And door-keepers: when, let but Falstaff come,
 Hal, Poins, the rest,—you scarce shall have a room,
 All is so pester'd: Let but Beatrice
 And Benedict be seen, lo! in a trice
 The cockpit, galleries, boxes, all are full,
 To hear Malvolio, that cross-garter'd gull.
 Brief, there is nothing in his wit-fraught book,
 Whose sound we would not hear, on whose worth
 look:
 Like old-coin'd gold, whose lines in every page
 Shall pass true current to succeeding age."

We have said enough, we think, to show how inconsiderate is the assertion that Shakspeare's "pre-eminence was not acknowledged by his contemporaries." Should this fact, however, be still thought to be a matter of opinion, we will place the opinion of a real critic, not the less sound for being an enthusiastic admirer, against this echo of the babble of the cold and arrogant school of criticism that still has its disciples and its imitators: "Clothed in radiant armour, and authorized by titles sure and manifold as a poet, Shakspeare came forward to demand the throne of fame, as the dramatic poet of England. *His excellences compelled even his contemporaries to seat him on that throne, although there were giants in those days contending for the same honour.*"*

* Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 53.

NOTE TO § I.

THE belief was implicitly adopted by Dryden and Rowe, that the reputation of Shakspeare as a comic poet was distinctly recognised by Spenser in 1591. Shakspeare's great contemporary, in a poem entitled 'The Tears of the Muses,' originally published in that year, describes, in the 'Complaint' of Thalia, the Muse of Comedy, the state of the drama at the time in which he is writing:—

"Where be the sweet delights of learning's treasure,
 That wont with comic stock to beautify
 The painted theatres, and fill with pleasure
 The listeners' eyes, and ears with melody;
 In which I late was wont to reign as queen,
 And mask in mirth with graces well beseen?

O! all is gone; and all that goodly glee,
 Which wont to be the glory of gay wits,
 Is lay'd a-bed, and nowhere now to see;
 And in her room unseemly Sorrow sits,
 With hollow brows and grizzly countenance,
 Marring my joyous gentle dalliance.

And him beside sits ugly Barbarism,
 And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
 Out of dread darkness of the deep abyss,
 Where being bred, he light and heaven does hate;
 They in the minds of men now tyrannize,
 And the fair scene with rudeness foul disguise.

All places they with folly have possess'd,
 And with vain toys the vulgar entertain;
 But me have banished, with all the rest
 That whilom wont to wait upon my train,—
 Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
 Delight, and Laughter, deck'd in seemly sort."

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Spenser was in England in 1590-1, and it is probable that 'The Tears of the Muses' was written in 1590, and that the poet described the prevailing state of the drama in London during the time of his visit. We have tolerable evidence that the performances of the company at the Blackfriars Theatre, of which Shakspeare was then a shareholder, were exceptions to the character of the general performances. But there were several other theatres in London. In some of these their licence to entertain the people was abused by the introduction of matters connected with religion and politics; so that in 1589 Lord Burghley not only directed the lord mayor to inquire what companies of players had offended, but a commission was appointed for the same purpose. How Shakspeare's company proceeded during this inquiry has been made out most clearly by the valuable document discovered at Bridgewater House by Mr. Collier, wherein they disclaim to have conducted themselves amiss.

In this petition, Shakspeare, a sharer in the theatre, but with others below him in the list, says, and they all say, that "they have never brought into their plays matters of state and religion." The public mind in 1589-90 was furiously agitated by "matters of state and religion." A controversy was going on which is now known as that of *Martin Marprelate*, in which the constitution and discipline of the church were most furiously attacked in a succession of pamphlets; and they were defended with equal violence and scurrility. Izaak Walton says,—“There was not only one Martin Marprelate, but other venomous books daily printed

and dispersed—books that were so absurd and scurrilous, that the graver divines disdained them an answer." Walton adds,—“And yet these were grown into high esteem with the common people, till Tom Nashe appeared against them all, who was a man of a sharp wit, and the master of a scoffing, satirical, merry pen.” Connected with this controversy, there was subsequently a more personal one between Nashe and Gabriel Harvey; but they were each engaged in the Marprelate dispute. Nashe was a writer for the theatre, and so was John Lyly, the author of one of the most remarkable pamphlets produced on this occasion, called ‘Pap with a Hatchet.’ Harvey, it must be observed, was the intimate friend of Spenser; and in a pamphlet which he dates from Trinity Hall, November 5, 1589, he thus attacks the author of ‘Pap with a Hatchet,’ the more celebrated Euphuist, whom Sir Walter Scott’s novel has made familiar to us:—

“I am threatened with a bable, and Martin menaced with a comedy—a fit motion for a jester and a player to try what may be done by employment of his faculty. Bables and comedies are parlous fellows to decipher and discourage men (that is the point) with their witty flouts and learned jerks, enough to lash any man out of countenance. Nay, if you shake the painted scabbard at me, I have done; and all you that tender the preservation of your good names, were best to please Pap-Hatchet, and fee Euphuus betimes, for fear lest he be moved, or some one of his apes hired, to make a play of you, and then is your credit quite undone for ever and ever. Such is the public reputation of their plays. He must needs be discouraged whom they decipher. Better anger an hundred other than two such that have the stage at commandment, and can furnish out vices and devils at their pleasure.”*

We thus see that Harvey, the friend of Spenser, is threatened by one of those who “have the stage at commandment” with having a play made of him. Such plays were made in 1589, and Nashe thus boasts of them in one of his tracts printed in 1589:—“Methought *Vetus Comœdia* began to prick him at London in the right vein, when he brought forth Divinity with a scratched face, holding of her heart as if she were sick, because Martin would have forced her; but missing of his purpose, he left the print of his nails upon her cheeks, and poisoned her with a vomit, which he ministered unto her to make her cast up her dignities.” Lyly, taking the same side, writes,—“Would those comedies might be allowed to be played that are penned, and then I am sure he [Martin Marprelate] would be *deciphered*, and so perhaps *discouraged*.” Here are the very words which Harvey has repeated,—“He must needs be *discouraged* whom they decipher.” Harvey, in a subsequent passage of the same tract, refers to this prostitution of the stage to party purposes in very striking words:—“The stately tragedy scorneth the trifling comedy, and the trifling comedy flouteth the new ruffianism.” These circumstances appear to us very remarkable, with reference to the state of the drama about 1590; and we hope that we do not attach any undue importance to them from the consideration that we were the first to point out their intimate relation with Spenser’s ‘Tears of the Muses,’ and the light which,

* Pierce’s ‘Supererogation.’ Reprinted in ‘Archæia,’ p. 137.

as it appears to us, that poem *thus viewed* throws upon the dramatic career of Shakspeare.*

The four stanzas which we have quoted from Spenser are descriptive, as we think, of a period of the drama, when it had emerged from the semi-barbarism by which it was characterised, “from the commencement of Shakspeare’s boyhood, till about the earliest date at which his removal to London can be possibly fixed.”† This description has nothing in common with those accounts of the drama which have reference to this “semi-barbarism.” Nor does the writer of it belong to the school which considered a violation of the unities of time and place as the great defect of the English theatre. Nor does he assert his preference of the classic school over the romantic, by objecting, as Sir Philip Sidney objects, that “plays be neither right tragedies nor right comedies, mingling kings and clowns.” There had been, according to Spenser, a state of the drama that would

“Fill with pleasure

The listeners’ eyes, and ears with melody.”

Can any comedy be named, if we assume that Shakspeare had, in 1590, not written any, which could be celebrated—and by the exquisite versifier of ‘The Fairy Queen’—for its “melody”? Could any also be praised for

“That goodly glee

Which wont to be the glory of gay wits”?

Could the plays before Shakspeare be described by the most competent of judges—the most poetical mind of that age next to Shakspeare—as abounding in

“Fine Counterfesance, and unhurtful Sport,
Delight, and Laughter, deck’d in seemly sort”?

We have not seen such a comedy, ‘except some three or four of Shakspeare’s, which could have existed before 1590; we do not believe there is such a comedy from any other pen. What, according to the ‘Complaint’ of Thalia, has banished such comedy? “Unseemly Sorrow,” it appears, has been fashionable;—not the proprieties of tragedy, but a Sorrow

“With hollow brows and grisly countenance;”—

the violent scenes of blood which were offered for the excitement of the multitude, before the tragedy of real art was devised. But this state of the drama is shortly passed over. There is something more defined. By the side of this false tragic sit “ugly Barbarism and british Ignorance.” These are not the barbarism and ignorance of the *old* stage;—they are

“Ycrept of late

Out of dread darkness of the deep abyssm.”

They “*now* tyrannize;” they now “disguise” the fair scene “with *rudeness*.” This description was published in 1591; it was probably written in 1590. The Muse of Tragedy, Melpomene, had previously described the “rueful spectacles” of “the stage.” It was a stage which had no “true tragedy.” But it *had* possessed

“Delight, and Laughter, deck’d in seemly sort.”

* Life of Shakspeare in ‘Store of Knowledge.’

† Edinburgh Review, vol. lxxi., p. 469.

ON THE WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

Now "the trifling comedy flouteth the new ruffianism." The words of Gabriel Harvey and Edmund Spenser agree in this. The bravos that "have the stage at commandment can furnish out vices and devils at their pleasure," says Harvey. This describes the *Vetus Comœdia*—the old comedy—of which Nashe boasts. Can there be any doubt that Spenser had this state of things in view when he denounced the

"Ugly Barbarism,
And brutish Ignorance, ycrept of late
Out of dread darkness of the deep abyss" ?

He denounced it in common with his friend Harvey, who, however he partook of the controversial violence of his time, was a man of learning and eloquence; and to whom only three years before he had addressed a sonnet of which the highest mind in the country might have been proud.

But we must return to the 'Thalia.' The four stanzas which we have quoted are immediately followed by these four others:—

"All these, and all that else the comic stage
With season'd wit and goodly pleasure grac'd,
By which man's life in his likest image
Was limned forth, are wholly now defac'd;
And those sweet wits, which wont the like to frame,
Are now despis'd, and made a laughing game.

And he, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter, under mimic shade,
Our pleasant Willy, ah! is dead of late:
With whom all joy and jolly merriment
Is also deaded, and in dolour drent.

Instead thereof scoffing Scurrility,
And scornful Folly, with Contempt, is crept,
Rolling in rhymes of shameless ribaldry,
Without regard or due decorum kept;
Each idle wit at will presumes to make,
And doth the Learned's task upon him take.

But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so rashly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell."

Here there is something even stronger than what has preceded it, in the direct allusion to the state of the stage in 1590. Comedy had ceased to be an exhibition of "seasoned wit" and "goodly pleasure;" it no longer showed "man's life in his likest image." Instead thereof there was "Scurrility"—"scornful Folly"—"shameless Ribaldry;"—and "each idle wit"

"doth the Learned's task upon him take."

It was the task of "the Learned" to deal with the high subjects of religious controversy—the "matters of state and religion," with which the stage had meddled. Harvey had previously said, in the tract quoted by us, it is "a godly motion, when

interluders leave penning their pleasurable plays to become zealous ecclesiastical writers." He calls Lyly more expressly, with reference to this meddling, "the foolmaster of the theatre." In this state of things the acknowledged head of the comic stage was silent for a time:—

"He, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,
With kindly counter, under mimic shade,
Our pleasant WILLY, ah! is dead of late."

And the author of 'The Fairy Queen' adds,

"But that same gentle spirit, from whose pen
Large streams of honey and sweet nectar flow,
Scorning the boldness of such base-born men,
Which dare their follies forth so madly throw,
Doth rather choose to sit in idle cell
Than so himself to mockery to sell."

The love of personal abuse had driven out real comedy; and there was *one* who, for a brief season, had left the madness to take its course. We cannot doubt that

"He, the man whom Nature self had made
To mock herself, and Truth to imitate,"

was *William Shakspeare*. Mr. Collier, in his 'History of Dramatic Poetry,' says of Spenser's 'Thalia,'—"Had it not been certain that it was written at so early a date, and that Shakespeare *could not then* have exhibited his talents and acquired reputation, we should say at once that it could be meant for no other poet. It reads like a prophetic anticipation, which could not have been fulfilled by Shakespeare until several years after it was published." Mr. Collier, when he wrote this, had not discovered the document which proves that Shakspeare was a sharer in the Blackfriars Theatre at least a year before this poem was published. Spenser, we believe, described a real man, and real facts. He made no "prophetic anticipation;" there had been genuine comedy in existence; the ribaldry had driven it out for a season. The poem has reference to some *temporary* degradation of the stage; and what this temporary degradation was is most exactly defined by the public documents of the period, and the writings of Harvey, Nashe, and Lyly. The dates of all these proofs correspond with minute exactness. And who then is "*our pleasant Willy*," according to the opinion of those who would deny to Shakspeare the title to the praise of the other great poet of the Elizabethan age? It is *John Lyly*, says Malone—the man whom Spenser's bosom friend was, at the same moment, denouncing as "the foolmaster of the theatre." We say, advisedly, that there is *absolutely no proof* that Shakspeare had *not* written *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *The Comedy of Errors*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, *The Taming of the Shrew*, and *All's Well that Ends Well*, amongst his comedies, before 1590: we believe that he alone merited the high praise of Spenser; that it was meant for him.

II.

"SHAKESPEAR was not so much esteemed, even during his life, as we commonly suppose; and after his retirement from the stage he was all but forgotten."* So we read in an authority too mighty to enter upon evidence. The oblivion after his retirement and death is the true *pendant* to the neglect during his life. When did the oblivion begin? It could scarcely have existed when, in 1623, an expensive folio volume of many hundred pages was published, without regard to the risk of such an undertaking—and it was a risk, indeed, if the author had been neglected and was forgotten. But the editors of the volume do not ask timidly for support of these neglected and forgotten works. They say to the reader, "Though you be a magistrate of wit, and sit on the stage at Blackfriars or the Cockpit, to arraign plays daily, know these plays have had their trial already, and stood out all appeals." Did the oblivion continue when, in 1632, a second edition of this large work was brought out? There was one man, certainly—a young and ardent scholar—who was not amongst the oblivious. John Milton was twenty-four years of age when these verses were published:—

"AN EPITAPH ON THE ADMIRABLE DRAMATIC POET, W. SHAKESPEARE.

"What need my Shakespear for his honour'd bones
The labour of an age in piled stones,
Or that his hallow'd relics should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramid?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such dull witness of thy name?
Thou in our wonder and astonishment
Hast built thyself a lasting monument.
For whilst to th' shame of slow-endeavouring art
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of herself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,
And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
That kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

The author of these lines could not have known the works of the "admirable dramatic poet" while that poet was in life; but sixteen years after his death he was the dear son of memory, the great heir of fame; his bones were honoured, his relics were hallowed, his works were a lasting monument, his book was priceless, his lines were oracular, Delphic. Is this oblivion? But it may be said that Milton was a young enthusiast, one who saw farther than the million; that the public opinion of a writer (and we are not talking of his positive excellence, apart from opinion) must be sought for

* Life of Shakespear in 'Lardner's Cyclopædia.'
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[Milton, when young.]

in the voice of the people, or at any rate in that of the leaders of the people. How are we to arrive at the knowledge of this expression? We can only know, incidentally, that an author was a favourite either of a king or of a cobbler. We know that Shakspeare was the favourite of a king, in these times of his oblivion. A distinguished writer says, "The Prince of Wales had learned to appreciate Shakspeare, not originally from reading him, but from witnessing the court representations of his plays at Whitehall. Afterwards we know that he made Shakspeare his closet companion, for he was reproached with doing so by Milton."* The concluding words are founded upon a mistake of the passage in Milton. Charles is not *reproached* with reading Shakspeare. The great republican does not condemn the king for having made the dramatic poet the closet companion of his solitudes; but, speaking of the dramatic poet as a well-known author with whom the king was familiar, he cites out of him a passage to show that pious words might be found in the mouth of a tyrant. The passage not only proves the familiarity of Charles with Shakspeare, but it evidences also Milton's familiarity; and, what is of more importance, the familiarity even of those stern and ascetic men to whom Milton was peculiarly addressing his opinions. The passage of the 'Iconoclastes' is as follows: "Andronicus Comnenus, the Byzantine emperor, though a most cruel tyrant, is reported by Nicetas to have been a constant reader of Saint Paul's epistles; and by continual study had so incorporated the phrase and style of that transcendent apostle into all his familiar letters, that the imita-

* Mr. De Quincey's 'Life of Shakspeare' in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.'

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tion seemed to vie with the original. Yet this availed not to deceive the people of that empire, who, notwithstanding his saint's vizard, tore him to pieces for his tyranny. From stories of this nature, both ancient and modern, which abound, the poets also, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closet companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare, who introduces the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage of this book,* and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place: 'I intended,' saith he, 'not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies.' The like saith Richard, Act II., Scene I.—

'I do not know that Englishman alive
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night;
I thank my God for my humility.'

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the whole tragedy, wherein the poet used not much licence in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but of religion." It was a traditionary blunder, which Warton received and transmitted to his successors, that Milton reproached Charles with reading Shakspeare, and thus inferred that Shakspeare was no proper closet companion. The passage has wholly the contrary tendency; and he who thinks otherwise may just as well think that the phrase "other *stuff* of this sort" is also used disparagingly.



[Charles I.]

A few years before—that is in 1645—Milton had offered another testimony to Shakspeare in his 'L'Allegro,' then published:—

* Milton here refers to the first section of the 'Eikon Basillike.'

"Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspear, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Milton was not afraid to publish these lines, even after the suppression of the theatres by his own political party. That he went along with them in their extreme polemical opinions it is impossible to believe; but he would nevertheless be careful not to mention, in connexion with the stage, names of any doubtful eminence. He was not ashamed to say that the learning of Jonson, the nature of Shakspeare, had for him attractions, though the stage was proscribed. This contrast of the distinguishing qualities of the two men is held to be one amongst the many proofs of Shakspeare's want of learning; as if it was not absolutely essential to the whole spirit and conception of the passage that the learning of Jonson, thus pointed out as his leading quality, should be contrasted with the higher quality of Shakspeare—that quality which was assigned him as the greatest praise by his immediate contemporaries—his nature. No one can doubt of Milton's affection for Shakspeare, and of his courage in avowing that affection, living as he was in the heat of party opinion which was hostile to all such excellence. We have simply "Jonson's learned sock;" but the "native wood-notes wild" of Shakspeare are associated with the most endearing expressions. He is "sweetest Shakspear," he is "Fancy's child." In his later years, after a life of contention and heavy responsibility, Milton still clung to his early delights. The 'Theatrum Poetarum,' which bears the name of his nephew Edward Phillips, is held to have received many touches from Milton's pen.* At any rate it is natural that it should represent Milton's opinions. It is not alone what is here said of Shakspeare, but of Shakspeare in comparison with the other great dramatic poets of his age, that is important. Take a few examples:—

"BENJAMIN JONSON, the most learned, judicious, and correct, generally so accounted, of our English comedians, and the more to be admired for being so, for that neither the height of natural parts, for he was no Shakspear, nor the cost of extraordinary education, for he is reported but a bricklayer's son, but his own proper industry and addiction to books, advanced him to this perfection: in three of his comedies, namely, 'The Fox,' 'Alchymist,' and 'Silent Woman,' he may be compared, in the judgment of learned men, for decorum, language, and well humouring of the parts, as well with the chief of the ancient Greek and Latin comedians as the prime of modern Italians, who have been judged the best of Europe for a happy vein in comedies, nor is his 'Bartholomew Fair' much short of them; as for his other come-

* The 'Theatrum Poetarum' was published in 1675, the year after Milton's death.

dies, 'Cynthia's Revels,' 'Poetaster,' and the rest, let the name of Ben Jonson protect them against whoever shall think fit to be severe in censure against them: the truth is, his tragedies 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline' seem to have in them more of an artificial and inflate than of a pathetical and naturally tragic height."

"CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE, a kind of second Shakespear (whose contemporary he was), not only because like him he rose from an actor to be a maker of plays, though inferior both in fame and merit; but also because, in his begun poem of 'Hero and Leander,' he seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated wit which is natural to that incomparable poet."

"GEORGE CHAPMAN, a poetical writer, flourishing in the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James, in that repute both for his translations of 'Homer' and 'Hesiod,' and what he wrote of his own proper genius, that he is thought not the meanest of English poets of that time, and particularly for his dramatic writings."

"JOHN FLETCHER, one of the happy triumvirate (the other two being Jonson and Shakespear) of the chief dramatic poets of our nation in the last foregoing age, among whom there might be said to be a symmetry of perfection, while each excelled in his peculiar way: Ben Jonson, in his elaborate pains and knowledge of authors; Shakespear in his pure vein of wit, and natural poesy height; Fletcher in a courtly elegance and genteel familiarity of style, and withal a wit and invention so overflowing, that the luxuriant branches thereof were frequently thought convenient to be lopped off by his almost incomparable companion Francis Beaumont."

"WILLIAM SHAKESPEAR, the glory of the English stage; whose nativity at Stratford-upon-Avon is the highest honour that town can boast of: from an actor of tragedies and comedies, he became a maker; and such a maker, that, though some others may perhaps pretend to a more exact decorum and economy, especially in tragedy, never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height, never any represented nature more purely to the life; and where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleaseth with a certain wild and native elegance; and in all his writings hath an unvulgar style, as well in his Venus and Adonia, his Rape of Lucrece, and other various poems, as in his dramas."

Half a century had elapsed, when these critical opinions were published, from the time when Ben Jonson had apostrophized Shakspeare as "soul of the age." Whatever qualification we may here find in the praise of Shakspeare, it is unquestionable that the critic sets him above all his contemporaries. Benjamin Jonson was "learned, judi-

icious, and correct;" but "he was no Shakespear." Marlowe was "a kind of a second Shakespear;" and his greatest praise is, that "he seems to have a resemblance of that clean and unsophisticated wit which is natural to that incomparable poet." Chapman is "not the meanest" of his time. Fletcher is "one of the happy triumvirate, the other two being Jonson and Shakespear;" but the peculiar excellence of each is discriminated in a way which leaves no doubt as to which the critic meant to hold superior. But there are no measured words applied to the character of Shakspeare. He is "the glory of the English stage"—"never any expressed a more lofty and tragic height, never any represented nature more purely to the life." We can understand what a pupil of Milton, bred up in his school of severe study and imitation of the ancients, meant when he says, "Where the polishments of art are most wanting, as probably his learning was not extraordinary, he pleases with a certain wild and native elegance." Here is no accusation that the learning was wholly absent; and that this absence produced the common effects of want of cultivation. Shakspeare, "in all his writings, hath an unvulgar style." In the preface to this valuable little book—which preface is a composition eloquent enough to have been written by Milton himself—there is a passage which is worthy of special observation in connection with what we have already quoted: "If it were once brought to a strict scrutiny, who are the right, genuine, and true-born poets, I fear me our number would fall short, and there are many that have a fame deservedly for what they have writ, even in poetry itself, who, if they came to the test, I question how well they would endure to hold open their eagle eyes against the sun: wit, ingenuity, and learning in verse, even elegance itself, though that comes nearest, are one thing, true native poetry is another; in which there is a certain air and spirit, which perhaps the most learned and judicious in other arts do not perfectly apprehend, much less is it attainable by any study or industry; nay, though all the laws of heroic poem, all the laws of tragedy were exactly observed, yet still this *tour estregant*, this poetic energy, if I may so call it, would be required to give life to all the rest, which shines through the roughest, most unpolished and antiquated language, and may haply be wanting in the most polite and reformed. Let us observe Spenser, with all his rusty obsolete words, with all his rough-hewn clouterly verses; yet take him throughout, and we shall find in him a graceful and poetic majesty: in like manner, Shakespear, in spite of all his unfiled expressions, his rambling and indigested fancies the laughter of the critical, yet must be confessed a poet above many that go beyond him in literature some degrees." Taking the whole passage in connection, and looking also

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at the school of art in which the critic was bred, it is impossible to receive this opinion as regards Shakspeare in any other light than as one of enthusiastic admiration. It is important to note the period in which this admiration was publicly expressed. It was fifteen years after the Restoration of Charles II., when we had a new school of poetry and criticism in England; when the theatres were in a palmy state as far as regarded courtly and public encouragement. The natural association of these opinions with those of Milton's youth has led us to leap over the interval which elapsed between the close of the Shakspearean drama and the rise of the French school. We desired to show the continuity of opinion in Milton, and in Milton's disciples, that had prevailed for forty years; during a large portion of which civil war and polemical strife had well nigh banished poetry and the sister arts from England; and dramatic poetry, especially, was proscribed by a blind fanaticism, wholly and irredeemably, without discrimination between its elevating and its debasing influence upon the public morals. Milton himself had left "a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes." Let us retrace our steps, and glance a little at the prelude to this period.

In 1633 was published the celebrated 'Histriomastix, the Player's Scourge,' of William Prynne. In the epistle dedicatory to the benchers of Lincoln's Inn, he says that about seven years before he had set down all the play-condemning passages which he recollected in the Fathers and other authors, and that he had since enlarged the intended bulk of this discourse, "because I saw the number of players, play-books, play-haunters, and play-houses still increasing, there being above forty thousand play-books printed within these two years, as stationers inform me." In his address to the Christian Reader he has a distinct allusion to the popularity of Shakspeare's collected works: "Some play-books since I first undertook this subject are grown from quarto into folio, which yet bear so good a price and sale that, I cannot but with grief relate it, they are now new printed in far better paper than most octavo or quarto bibles, which hardly find such vent as they." The two folio editions of Shakspeare are the only play-books grown from quarto to folio to which the zealous Puritan can allude, with the exception of Jonson's own edition of his plays, completed in 1631; those of Beaumont and Fletcher were not collected till 1647. The very fact of the publication of the two first folios of Shakspeare is a proof of his popularity with general readers. They were not exclusively the studies of the scholar, such as Milton, or of the play-haunters whom Prynne denounces. A letter in the Bodleian Library, written by a Dr. James,

about this period, testifies how generally they were read: "A young gentle lady of your acquaintance, having read the works of Shakspeare, made me this question," &c. * When the London theatres were provided with novelties in such abundance that, according to Prynne, "one study was scarce able to hold the new play-books," the plays of Shakspeare were still in such demand for the purposes of the stage, that his successors in the theatrical property of the Globe and Blackfriars found it their interest to preserve the monopoly of their performance (which they had so long enjoyed), by a handsome gratuity to the Master of the Revels. There is this entry in the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, in 1627: "Received from Mr. Heming, in their company's name, to forbid the playing of Shakespeare's plays to the Red Bull Company, five pounds." The people clearly had not yet forgotten the "delight and wonder of the stage." Fletcher, Massinger, Shirley, were newer favourites; but the people could not forget Shakspeare. Neither was he forgotten by the great. In the very year of the publication of Prynne's book—when St. James's and Whitehall were brilliant with the splendid revelries of an elegant Court, and the Queen herself took part in the masques and pageantries, the indecent allusion to which cost Prynne his ears—the name of Shakspeare was as familiar to the royal circle as in the days of James. From the seventeenth of November to the sixth of January, there were eight performances at St. James's and Whitehall, three of which were plays of Shakspeare: namely, Richard III., Taming of the Shrew, and Cymbeline; and Sir Henry Herbert records of the last, "well liked by the King."† These office accounts have great *lacunæ*; but, wherever we find them during the reign of Charles, there we find a record of the admiration of Shakspeare.



[Prynne.]

* See Mr. Halliwell's 'Character of Falstaff,' p. 19.
 † See Malo'e's 'Historical Account of the English Stage.'

Dryden lived near enough to the times of Charles I. to be good evidence as to the judgment which the higher circles formed of Shakspeare. After the Restoration he was intimate with men who had moved in those circles. His 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' which was first printed in 1668, contains the following passage, which has been often cited. Dryden is speaking in his own person, in an imaginary conversation in which the Earl of Dorset bears a part: "To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great when some great occasion is presented to him; no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eton say that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and, however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him, Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him." No testimony can be more positive than this, that the two greatest contemporaries of Shakspeare never equalled him in the public estimation during his own time: and that in the succeeding period of Charles I., when the reputation of Jonson was at the highest, Suckling, one of the wittiest and sprightliest of men, and the greater part of the courtiers, set Shakspeare far above him. But it was not the gay alone, according to Dryden, who thus revered Shakspeare. He tells us what was the opinion of "Mr. Hales of Eton." John Hales, a Fellow of Eton, is known as the "learned" Hales, and the "ever-memorable" Hales; and of him. Aubrey says, "When the court was at Windsor the learned courtiers much delighted in his company." His opinion of Shakspeare is given with more particularity by Gildon, in an Essay addressed to Dryden

in 1694, in which he appeals to Dryden himself as the relater of the anecdote. It is not because Gildon is satirized in 'The Dunciad' that his veracity is to be questioned:—"But to give the world some satisfaction that Shakspeare has had as great veneration paid his excellence by men of unquestioned parts as this I now express for him, I shall give some account of what I have heard from your mouth, sir, about the noble triumph he gained over all the ancients, by the judgment of the ablest critics of that time. The matter of fact, if my memory fail me not, was this. Mr. Hales of Eton affirmed that he would show all the poets of antiquity outdone by Shakspeare, in all the topics and commonplaces made use of in poetry. The enemies of Shakspeare would by no means yield him so much excellence; so that it came to a resolution of a trial of skill upon that subject. The place agreed on for the dispute was Mr. Hales's chamber at Eton. A great many books were sent down by the enemies of this poet; and on the appointed day my Lord Falkland, Sir John Suckling, and all the persons of quality that had wit and learning, and interested themselves in the quarrel, met there; and upon a thorough disquisition of the point, the judges chosen by agreement out of this learned and ingenious assembly unanimously gave the preference to Shakspeare, and the Greek and Roman poets were adjudged to vail at least their glory in that to the English hero."

From the death of Shakspeare to the shutting up of the theatres in 1642, a period is embraced of twenty-six years. We have seen the prodigious activity in the production of novelties which existed ten years before the suppression of the theatres. There is too much reason to know that the stage had acquired a more licentious tone after Shakspeare's time; and although the Puritans were over-zealous in their indiscriminating violence against all theatrical performances, there is just cause to believe that the senses of the people were stimulated by excitements of plot and character, mingled with profane and licentious language, much more than in the days when Shakspeare rested for his attractions on a large exhibition of natural passion and true wit; and when he produced play after play, history, comedy, tragedy—"works truly excellent and capable of enlarging the understanding, warming and purifying the heart, and placing in the centre of the whole being the germs of noble and manlike actions."† The nation was much divided then, as it was long afterwards, between the followers of extreme opinions in morals—the over-strict on one hand, the wholly careless on the other. Prynne tells us that upon his first arrival in London he had "heard and seen in four several plays, to which the pressing impor-

* See Gifford's 'Memoirs of Jonson,' p. cclix.

† Coleridge.

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tunity of some ill acquaintance drew me whiles I was yet a novice, such wickedness, such lewdness, as then made my penitent heart to loathe, my conscience to abhor, all stage-plays ever since." Prynne left Oxford and came to London after 1620. Fletcher was then the living idol of the theatre; and any one who is acquainted with his plays, full of genius as they are, must admit that Prynne had too much cause for his disgust. In the office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, in 1633, we find the following curious entry: "The comedy called 'The Young Admiral,' being free from oaths, profaneness, or obscenity, hath given me much delight and satisfaction in the reading, and may serve for a pattern to other poets." The play was Shirley's. But six months after there is a still more curious entry in the same book: "This morning, being the 9th of January, 1633, [1634] the king was pleased to call me into his withdrawing-chamber to the window, where he went over all that I had crossed in Davenant's play-book, and, allowing of *faith* and *slight* to be asseverations only, and no oaths, marked them to stand, and some other few things, but in the greater part allowed of my reformati- ons. This was done upon a complaint of Mr. Endymion Porter's, in December. The king is pleased to take *faith*, *death*, *slight*, for asseverations, and no oaths, to which I do humbly submit as my master's judgment; but under favour conceive them to be oaths, and enter them here, to declare my opinion and submission." But it was not the striking out of the asseverations, or even of the oaths, which could purify the plays of that period. Their principal demoralizing power consisted in their false representations of human character and actions. Take for example "the frightful contrasts," as they have justly been called, between the women of Beaumont and Fletcher and those of Shakspeare. He kept at all times in the high road of life. He "has no innocent adulteries, no interesting incests, no virtuous vice; he never renders that amiable which religion and reason alike teach us to detest, or clothes impurity in the garb of virtue, like Beaumont and Fletcher, the Kotzebues of the day."* But this very truth and purity of Shakspeare must have greatly diminished his attractions, amidst a crowd who wrote upon opposite principles. Nothing but the unequalled strength of his artistical power could have preserved the unbroken continuance of his supremacy.

And this leads us to the consideration of another cause why the popular admiration of him would have been diminished and interrupted within a very few years after his death, and certainly long before the suppression of the theatres, if his excellences had not so completely triumphed over every impediment to his enduring popular fame. His plays were to a certain extent mixed up with the reputa-

tion of the actors by whom they were originally represented. In that curious play 'The Return from Parnassus,' which was acted by the students in St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1606, and which was clearly written by an academical person inclined to satirize the popular poets and players of his day, Kempe is thus made to address two scholars who want lessons in the histrionic art: "Be merry, my lads; you have happened upon the most excellent vocation in the world for money; they come north and south to bring it to our play-house; and for honours, who of more report than Dick Burbage and Will Kempe? He is not counted a gentleman that knows not Dick Burbage and Will Kempe: there's not a country wench that can dance Sellenger's Round, but can talk of Dick Burbage and Will Kempe." Here we have a testimony to the wide-spread popularity of two of the original representatives of Shakspeare's clowns and heroes. Kempe died before Shakspeare; Burbage within three years after him. Burbage is almost identified with some of Shakspeare's greatest characters, and especially with Richard III.; and yet the attraction of the great tragic plays died not with Burbage. Before the suppression of the theatres this actor had his immediate successors; and during the eighteen years in which the theatres were closed, the original hits and points of the Richards, and Hamlets, and Macbeths, and Lears, were diligently recorded, and immediately after the Restoration actors again arose, ambitious to realize the mighty conceptions of the great master of the dramatic art. During the period when the theatres were shut, the readers of plays would still be numerous, and they probably would be most found among the younger men who had a vivid recollection of the representations of the successors of Shakspeare. We can understand what the later taste was by the mode in which Shirley, in his preface to the collected edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, in 1647, speaks of these writers:—"Whom but to mention is to throw a cloud upon all former names, and benight posterity; this book being, without flattery, the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced, and must live, not only the crown and sole reputation of our own, but the stain of all other nations and languages: for it may be boldly averred, not one indiscretion hath branded this paper in all the lines, this being the authentic wit that made Blackfriars an academy, where the three hours' spectacle, while Beaumont and Fletcher were presented, was usually of more advantage to the hopeful young heir, than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel, with the assistance of a governing monsieur or signor to boot; and it cannot be denied but that the young spirits of the time, whose birth and quality made them impatient of the sourer ways of education, have, from the attentive

* Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 79.

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hearing these pieces, got ground in point of wit and carriage of the most severely employed students, while these recreations were digested into rules, and the very pleasure did edify. How many passable discoursing dining wits stand yet in good credit, upon the bare stock of two or three of these single scenes!" This is a low estimate of the power and capacity of the drama; and one which is a sufficient evidence of a declining taste amongst those who were perforce contented with reading plays during the silence of the stage. From "the greatest monument of the scene that time and humanity have produced" was to be learned what was of more

advantage "than a costly, dangerous, foreign travel." Hence were to be acquired "wit and carriage," and "dining wits stand yet in good credit" by passing off the repartees of these dramatists as their own. Shirley knew the character of those whom he addressed in this preface. In the contentions of that tragical age few of the serious thinkers would open a play-book at all. To the gay cavaliers Beaumont and Fletcher would perhaps be more welcome than Shakspeare; and Shirley tells us the grounds upon which they were to be admired. But assuredly this is not oblivion of *Shakspeare*.

§ III.



[Davenant.]

THE theatres were thrown open at the Restoration. Malone, in his 'Historical Account of the English Stage,' informs us that "in the latter end of the year 1659, some months before the restoration of King Charles II., the theatres, which had been suppressed during the usurpation, began to revive, and several plays were performed at the Red Bull in St. John's Street, in that and the following years, before the return of the King." He then adds, that in June, 1660, three companies seem to have been formed, including that of the Red Bull; and he enters into a history of the contests between the Master of the Revels, and Killigrew and Davenant, who had received a patent from the King for the exclusive performance of dramatic entertainments. It is scarcely necessary for us to pursue the details of this contest, which, as is well known, terminated in the permanent establishment of two theatres only in London. Malone has ransacked the very irregular series of papers connected with the office of Sir Henry Her-

bert, who appears to have kept an eye upon theatrical performances with a view to demanding his fees if he should be supported by the higher powers. From these and other sources, such as the List of Downes, the prompter, of the principal plays acted by Killigrew's company, Malone infers that "such was the lamentable taste of those times that the plays of Fletcher, Jonson, and Shirley were much oftener exhibited than those of Shakspeare." The plays acted by this company, as he collects from these documents, were Henry IV., Merry Wives of Windsor, Othello, and Julius Cæsar. At Davenant's theatre, which boasted of the great actor Betterton, we learn from Malone that the plays performed were Pericles, Macbeth, The Tempest, Lear, Hamlet, Romeo and Juliet, Henry VIII., Twelfth Night, Taming of the Shrew, Henry V. Malone does not do justice to the value of his own documents, for, when he gives us one list, he points out that there are only three plays of Shakspeare—"a melancholy proof" of his decline; and at another list he shakes his head, reciting "the following plays of Shakspeare, and these *only*." Now it appears to us that, if any proof were wanting of the wonderful hold which Shakspeare had taken of the English mind, under circumstances the most adverse to his continued popularity, it would be found in these imperfect lists, which do not extend over more than eight or nine years. Here are absolutely fourteen plays of Shakspeare revived—for that is the phrase—in an age which was prolific of its own authors, adapting themselves to a new school of courtly taste. All the indirect testimony, however meagre, exhibits the enduring popularity of Shakspeare. Killigrew's new theatre in Drury Lane is opened with Henry IV. Within a few months after the Restoration, when heading and hanging are going forward, Pepys relates that he went to see Othello.

In 1661 he is attracted by *Romeo and Juliet*; and in 1662 we have an entry in his *Diary*, with his famous criticism: "To the King's Theatre, where we saw *Midsummer's Night's Dream*, which I had never seen before, nor shall ever again, for it is the most insipid ridiculous play that ever I saw in my life." Here, upon unquestionable authority, we have a fifteenth play added to the fourteen previously cited. But why need we search amongst such chance entries for evidence of the reputation of Shakspeare immediately after the Restoration? Those who talk of Shakspeare as *emerging* some century ago into celebrity after having fallen into neglect for a lengthened period; those who flipantly affirm that "the preface of Pope was the first thing that procured general admiration for his works," are singularly ignorant of the commonest passages of literary history. To the vague and random assertions and assumptions, whether old or new, about the neglect into which Shakspeare had fallen as a popular dramatist, may be opposed the most distinct testimony of one especially who was a most accurate and minute chronicler of the public taste. Colley Cibber, who himself became an actor, in 1690, in the one privileged company of London of which Betterton was the head—a company formed out of the united strength of the two companies which had been established at the Restoration—describes the state of the stage at the period of the first revival of dramatic performances: "Besides their being thorough masters of their art, these actors set forward with two critical advantages, which perhaps may never happen again in many ages." One of the advantages he mentions, but a secondary one, was, "that before the Restoration no actresses had ever been seen upon the English stage." But the chief advantage was "their immediate opening after the so long interdiction of plays during the civil war and the anarchy that followed it." He then goes on to say, "What eager appetites from so long a fast must the guests of those times have had to that high and fresh variety of entertainments!" Provided by whom? By the combined *variety* of Jonson, and Fletcher, and Massinger, and Ford, and Shirley, and a host of other writers, whose attractive fare was to be presented to the eager guests after so long a fast? No. The high entertainment and the fresh variety was to be provided by one man alone,—the man who we are told was neglected in his own age, and forgotten in that which came after him. "What eager appetites from so long a fast must the guests of those times have had to that high and fresh variety of entertainments *which Shakspeare had left prepared for them! Never was a stage so provided. A hundred years are wasted, and another silent century well advanced,* and yet what unborn age shall*

say Shakspeare has his equal! How many shining actors have the warm scenes of his genius given to posterity!" Betterton is idolized as an actor, as much as the old man venerates Shakspeare: "Betterton was an actor, as Shakspeare was an author, both without competitors; formed for the mutual assistance and illustration of each other's genius. How Shakspeare wrote all men who have a taste for nature may read, and know; but with what higher rapture would he still be read, could they conceive how Betterton played him!" Whenever Cibber speaks of Betterton's wondrous excellence, it is always in connection with Shakspeare: "Should I tell you that all the *Othellos*, *Hamlets*, *Hotspurs*, *Macbeths*, and *Brutus* whom you may have seen since his time have fallen far short of him, this still should give you no idea of his particular excellence." For some years after the Restoration it seems to have been difficult to satiate the people with the repetition of Shakspeare's great characters and leading plays, in company with some of the plays of Jonson and Fletcher. The two companies had an agreement as to their performances: "All the capital plays of Shakspeare, Fletcher, and Ben Jonson were divided between them by the approbation of the court, and their own alternate choice. So that, when Hart was famous for *Othello*, Betterton had no less a reputation for *Hamlet*." Still the test of histrionic excellence was Shakspeare. So far from Shakspeare being neglected at this period, it is almost evident that the performance of him was overdone; for every one knows that a theatrical audience, even in the largest city, is, in a considerable degree, composed of regular frequenters of the theatre, and that novelty is therefore an indispensable requisite to continued success. The plays of Shakspeare were better acted by the company of which Betterton was the head than by the rival company; and this, according to Cibber, led to the introduction of a new taste:—"These two excellent companies were both prosperous for some few years, till their variety of plays began to be exhausted. Then, of course, the better actors (which the King's seem to have been allowed) could not fail of drawing the greater audiences. Sir William Davenant, therefore, master of the Duke's company, to make head against their success, was forced to add spectacle and music to action; and to introduce a new species of plays, since called dramatic operas, of which kind were '*The Tempest*,' '*Psyche*,' '*Circé*,' and others, all set off with the most expensive decorations of scenes and habits, with the best voices and dancers.

"This sensual supply of sight and sound coming in to the assistance of the weaker party, it was no wonder they should grow too hard for sense and simple nature, when it is considered how many more people there are that can see and hear than think

* Cibber is writing as late as 1740.

and judge. So wanton a change of the public taste, therefore, began to fall as heavy upon the King's company as their greater excellence in action had before fallen upon their competitors. Of which encroachment upon wit several good prologues in those days frequently complained."

There can be no doubt that most of the original performances of Shakspeare, immediately after the Restoration, were given from his unsophisticated text. The first improvements that were perpetrated upon this text resulted from the cause which Cibber has so accurately described. Davenant, to make head against the success of the King's company, "was forced to add spectacle and music to action." What importance Davenant attached to these novelties we may learn from the description of the opening scene of 'The Enchanted Island,'—that alteration of *The Tempest*, by himself and Dryden, to which Cibber refers:—"The front of the stage is opened, and the band of twenty-four violins, with the harpsicals and theorbos which accompany the voices, are placed between the pit and the stage. While the overture is playing, the curtain rises, and discovers a new frontispiece joined to the great pilasters on each side of the stage. This frontispiece is a noble arch, supported by large wreathed columns of the Corinthian order; the wreathings of the columns are beautified with roses wound round them, and several Cupids flying about them. On the cornice, just over the capitals, sits on either side a figure, with a trumpet in one hand and a palm in the other, representing Fame. A little farther on the same cornice, on each side of a compass-pediment, lie a lion and a unicorn, the supporters of the royal arms of England. In the middle of the arch are several angels holding the king's arms, as if they were placing them in the midst of that compass-pediment. Behind this is the scene, which represents a thick cloudy sky, a very rocky coast, and a tempestuous sea in perpetual agitation. This tempest (supposed to be raised by magic) has many dreadful objects in it, as several spirits in horrid shapes flying down amongst the sailors, then rising in the air. And when the ship is sinking, the whole house is darkened, and a shower of fire falls upon 'em. This is accompanied with lightning, and several claps of thunder, to the end of the storm."

In the alterations of this play, which were made in 1669, and which continued to possess the English stage for nearly a century and a half, it is impossible now not to feel how false was the taste upon which they were built. Dryden says of this play that Davenant, to put the last hand to it, "designed the counterpart to Shakspeare's plot, namely, that of a man who had never seen a woman; that by this means those two characters of innocence and love might the more illustrate and commend each other." Nothing can be weaker

and falser in art than this mere duplication of an idea. But still it was not done irreverently. The Prologue to this altered *Tempest* (of his own part of which Dryden says, "I never writ anything with more delight") is of itself an answer to the asinine assertion that Dryden, in common with the public of his day, was indifferent to the memory of Shakspeare:—

"As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives underground, and thence new branches shoot;
So, from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher wit, to labouring Jonson art.
He, monarch like, gave those his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did gr. w,
Whilst Jonson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his love, and this his mirth digest:
One imitates him most, the other best.
If they have since out-writ all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore
Was taught by Shakspeare's *Tempest* first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be,
Within that circle none durst walk but he.
I must confess 't was bold, nor would you now
That liberty to vulgar wits allow,
Which works by magic supernatural things:
But Shakspeare's pow'r is sacred as a king's.
Those legends from old priesthood were receiv'd,
And he then writ, as people then believ'd."

Of Dryden's personal admiration of Shakspeare, of his profound veneration for Shakspeare, there is abundant proof. He belonged to the transition period of English poetry. His better judgment was sometimes held in subjection to the false taste that prevailed around him. He attempted to found a school of criticism, which should establish rules of art differing from those which produced the drama of Shakspeare, and yet not acknowledging the supremacy of the tame and formal school of the French tragedians. He did not perfectly understand the real nature of the romantic drama. He did not see that, as in all other high poetry, simplicity was one of its great elements. He was of those who would "gild refined gold." But for genial hearty admiration of the great master of the romantic drama no one ever went beyond him. Take, for example, the conclusion of his preface to *All for Love*:—"In my style I have professed to imitate the divine Shakspeare; which that I might perform more freely, I have disencumbered myself from rhyme. Not that I condemn my former way, but that this is more proper to my present purpose.

* Lardner's Cyclopædia, &c.

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hope I need not to explain myself that I have not copied my author servilely. Words and phrases must of necessity receive a change in succeeding ages. But 'tis almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure; and that he who began dramatic poetry amongst us, untaught by any, and, as Ben Jonson tells us, without learning, should by the force of his own genius perform so much, that in a manner he has left no praise for any who came after him."

Dryden had the notion, in which Shaftesbury followed him, that the style of Shakspeare was obsolete, although we have just seen that he says, "'Tis almost a miracle that much of his language remains so pure." Yet with this notion, which he puts forward as an apology for tampering with Shakspeare, he never ceases to express his admiration of him; and, what is of more importance, to show how general was the same feeling. The preface to *Troilus and Cressida* thus begins:—"The poet Æschylus was held in the same veneration by the Athenians of after ages as Shakspeare is by us." In this preface is introduced the 'Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy,' in which the critic applies a variety of tests to the art of Shakspeare, which only show that he did not understand the principles upon which Shakspeare worked: but still there is everywhere the most unqualified admiration; and in the prologue to the altered play, which, being addressed to the people, could scarcely deal with such rules and exceptions for the formation of a judgment, we have again the most positive testimony to the public sense of Shakspera. This prologue is "spoken by Mr. Betterton, representing the ghost of Shakspeare."

"See, my lov'd Britons, see your Shakespear rise,
An awful ghost confess'd to human eyes!
Unnam'd, methinks, distinguish'd I had been
From other shades, by this eternal green,
Above whose wreaths the vulgar poets strive,
And with a touch their wither'd bays revive.
Untaught, unpractis'd, in a barbarous age,
I found not, but created first, the stage.
And, if I drain'd no Greek or Latin store,
'T was, that my own abundance gave me more.
On foreign trade I needed not rely,
Like fruitful Britain, rich without supply.
In this my rough-drawn play you shall behold
Some master-strokes, so manly and so bold,
That he, who meant to alter, found 'em such,
He shook; and thought it sacrilege to touch.
Now, where are the successors to my name?
What bring they to fill out a poet's fame?
Weak, short-liv'd issues of a feeble age;
Scarce living to be christen'd on the stage!"

With these repeated acknowledgments of Shakspeare's supremacy, it is at first difficult to understand how, in 1665, Dryden should have written, "others are now generally preferred before him." The age, as he himself tells us, differed in this respect from that of Shakspeare's own age, and also

from that of Charles I. He says, in the same 'Essay on Dramatic Poesy,' speaking of Beaumont and Fletcher, "Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespear's or Jonson's." But this is not neglect or oblivion of Shakspeare. We learn pretty clearly from Dryden, though he does not care to say so, for that would have been self-condemnation, that a licentiousness which was not found in Shakspeare was an agreeable thing to a licentious audience: "They" (Beaumont and Fletcher) "understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. . . . They represented all the passions very lively, but above all love." The highest things in Shakspeare can only be fitly appreciated by a people amongst whom there is a high moral tone, capable of understanding and of originating the highest poetical things. With all their faults, the ages of Elizabeth and James possessed this tone; and it is impossible now to estimate how greatly Shakspeare contributed to its preservation. But nine years after the Restoration there was no public principle in England, and little private honour. The keenest relish for Shakspeare most probably existed out of the Court; and Betterton, in all likelihood, felt the applause of the pit more truly valuable than that of the king's box. One thing is perfectly clear: that when Dryden is addressing the *people*, he speaks of Shakspeare as *their* especial favourite. He is then "*your* Shakspeare." The crafty and prosaic Pepys, on the contrary, no doubt expressed many a courtier's sentiment about Shakspeare. In the entry of his *Diary* of August 20th, 1666, we have, "To Deptford by water, reading *Othello*, Moor of Venice, which I ever heretofore esteemed a mighty good play; but having so lately read '*The Adventures of Five Hours*,' it seems a mean thing." '*The Adventures of Five Hours*,' a tragedy, by Sir Samuel Tuke, was a translation from the Spanish, which Echard commends for its variety of plots and intrigues. We can easily understand how Pepys and "my wife's maid" counted *Othello* a mean thing in comparison with it. Pepys shows us pretty clearly the sort of audience that in that day was called fashionable, and the mode in which they displayed their interest in a theatrical entertainment:—"My wife and I to the King's playhouse, and there saw '*The Island Princess*,' the first time I ever saw it; and it is a pretty good play, many good things being in it, and a good scene of a town on fire. We sat in an upper box, and the jade Nell came and sat in the next box; a bold merry slut, who lay laughing there upon people." Again: "To the King's house to '*The Maid's Tragedy*;' but vexed all the while

with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger." We can easily imagine that the "jade Nell" and the "talking ladies" were the representatives of a very large class, who preferred "other plays" to those of Shakspeare.

'The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy,' to which we have alluded, contains a more condensed view of Dryden's opinions of Shakspeare than any other of his Prefaces. We present it therefore, with some unimportant omissions, as the summary of the judgment of the highest critical authority of this period,—when the public taste had been corrupted with music and spectacle, and comedies of licentious intrigue abounded, in company with the rhyming tragedies of Dryden himself, and the ranting bombast of his inferior rivals. This Essay first appeared in 1679:—

"Tragedy is thus defined by Aristotle (omitting what I thought unnecessary in his definition): it is an imitation of one entire, great, and probable action; not told, but represented; which, by moving in us fear and pity, is conducive to the purging of those two passions in our minds. More largely thus: Tragedy describes or paints an action, which action must have all the proprieties above named. First, it must be one, or single; that is, it must not be a history of one man's life—suppose of Alexander the Great, or Julius Cæsar—but one single action of theirs. This condemns all Shakspeare's historical plays, which are rather chronicles represented than tragedies; and all double action of plays. . . . The natural reason of this rule is plain; for two different independent actions distract the attention and concernment of the audience, and consequently destroy the intention of the poet. If his business be to move terror and pity, and one of his actions be comical, the other tragical, the former will divert the people, and utterly make void his greater purpose. Therefore, as in perspective, so in tragedy, there must be a point of sight in which all the lines terminate; otherwise the eye wanders, and the work is false. . . .

"As the action ought to be one, it ought as such to have order in it; that is, to have a natural beginning, a middle, and an end. A natural beginning, says Aristotle, is that which could not necessarily have been placed after another thing; and so of the rest. This consideration will arraign all plays after the new model of Spanish plots, where accident is heaped upon accident, and that which is first might as reasonably be last; an inconvenience not to be remedied but by making one accident naturally produce another, otherwise it is a farce, and not a play. . . .

"The following properties of the action are so easy that they need not my explaining. It ought to be great, and to consist of great persons, to

distinguish it from comedy, where the action is trivial, and the persons of inferior rank. The last quality of the action is, that it ought to be probable, as well as admirable and great. It is not necessary that there should be historical truth in it; but always necessary that there should be a likeness of truth, something that is more than barely possible, probable being that which succeeds or happens oftener that it misses. To invent, therefore, a probability, and to make it wonderful, is the most difficult undertaking in the art of poetry: for that which is not wonderful is not great, and that which is not probable will not delight a reasonable audience. This action, thus described, must be represented, and not told, to distinguish dramatic poetry from epic. But I hasten to the end, or scope, of tragedy, which is to rectify or purge our passions, fear and pity.

"To instruct delightfully is the general end of all poetry; philosophy instructs, but it performs its work by precept, which is not delightful, or not so delightful as example. To purge the passions by example is therefore the particular instruction which belongs to tragedy. Rapin, a judicious critic, has observed, from Aristotle, that pride and want of commiseration are the most predominant vices in mankind: therefore, to cure us of these two, the inventors of tragedy have chosen to work upon two other passions, which are fear and pity. We are wrought to fear by their setting before our eyes some terrible example of misfortune which happened to persons of the highest quality; for such an action demonstrates to us that no condition is privileged from the turns of fortune; this must of necessity cause terror in us, and consequently abate our pride. But when we see that the most virtuous, as well as the greatest, are not exempt from such misfortunes, that consideration moves pity in us, and insensibly works us to be helpful to, and tender over, the distressed, which is the noblest and most godlike of moral virtues. Here it is observable that it is absolutely necessary to make a man virtuous, if we desire he should be pitied. We lament not, but detest, a wicked man: we are glad when we behold his crimes are punished, and that poetical justice is done upon him. Euripides was censured by the critics of his time for making his chief characters too wicked: for example, Phædra, though she loved her son-in-law with reluctance, and that it was a curse upon her family for offending Venus, yet was thought too ill a pattern for the stage. Shall we therefore banish all characters of villainy? I confess I am not of that opinion: but it is necessary that the hero of the play be not a villain; that is, the characters which should move our pity ought to have virtuous inclinations and degrees of moral goodness in them. As for a perfect character of virtue, it never was in nature, and therefore

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there can be no imitation of it: but there are allays of frailty to be allowed for the chief persons, yet so that the good which is in them shall outweigh the bad, and consequently leave room for punishment on the one side, and pity on the other.

"After all, if any one will ask me whether a tragedy cannot be made upon any other grounds than those of exciting pity and terror in us, Bossu, the best of modern critics, answers thus in general: That all excellent arts, and particularly that of poetry, have been invented and brought to perfection by men of a transcendent genius; and that therefore they who practise afterwards the same arts are obliged to tread in their footsteps, and to search in their writings the foundation of them; for it is not just that new rules should destroy the authority of the old.

"Here therefore the general answer may be given to the first question, how far we ought to imitate Shakespear and Fletcher in their plots; namely, that we ought to follow them so far only as they have copied the excellences of those who invented and brought to perfection dramatic poetry; those things only excepted which religion, customs of countries, idioms of languages, &c., have altered in the superstructures, but not in the foundation of the design.

"How defective Shakespear and Fletcher have been in all their plots, Mr. Rymer has discovered in his 'Criticisms:': neither can we, who follow them, be excused from the same or greater errors; which are the more unpardonable in us, because we want their beauty to countervail our faults. . . .

"The difference between Shakespear and Fletcher in their plotting seems to be this—that Shakespear generally moves more terror, and Fletcher more compassion. For the first had a more masculine, a bolder, and more fiery genius; the second, a more soft and womanish. In the mechanic beauties of the plot, which are the observation of the three unities—time, place, and action—they are both deficient; but Shakespear most. Ben Jonson reformed those errors in his comedies, yet one of Shakespear's was regular before him; which is, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.

"After the plot, which is the foundation of the play, the next thing to which we ought to apply our judgment is the manners; for now the poet comes to work aboveground. The groundwork indeed is that which is most necessary, as that upon which depends the firmness of the whole fabric; yet it strikes not the eye so much as the beauties or imperfections of the manners, the thoughts, and the expressions.

"The first rule which Bossu prescribes to the writer of an heroic poem, and which holds too by the same reason in all dramatic poetry, is to make the moral of the work; that is, to lay down to yourself what that precept of morality shall be

which you would insinuate into the people; as, namely, Homer's (which I have copied in my 'Conquest of Granada') was, that union preserves a commonwealth, and discord destroys it; Sophocles, in his 'Œdipus,' that no man is to be accounted happy before his death. It is the moral that directs the whole action of the play to one centre, and that action or fable is the example built upon the moral, which confirms the truth of it to our experience. When the fable is designed, then, and not before, the persons are to be introduced, with their manners, characters, and passions.

"The manners in a poem are understood to be those inclinations, whether natural or acquired, which move and carry us to actions, good, bad, or indifferent, in a play; or which incline the persons to such or such actions.

"But as the manners are useful in this art, they may be all comprised under these general heads: First, they must be apparent; that is, in every character of the play some inclinations of the person must appear; and these are shown in the actions and discourse. Secondly, the manners must be suitable or agreeing to the persons; that is, to the age, sex, dignity, and the other general heads of manners. Thus, when a poet has given the dignity of a king to one of his persons, in all his actions and speeches that person must discover majesty, magnanimity, and jealousy of power; because these are suitable to the general manners of a king. The third property of manners is resemblance; and this is founded upon the particular characters of men, as we have them delivered to us by relation or history; that is, when a poet has the known character of this or that man before him, he is bound to represent him such, at least not contrary to that which fame has reported him to have been. . . .

"The last property of manners is, that they be constant and equal; that is, maintained the same through the whole design.

"From the manners the characters of persons are derived; for indeed the characters are no other than the inclinations, as they appear in the several persons of the poem: a character being thus defined—that which distinguishes one man from another. Not to repeat the same things over again which have been said of the manners, I will only add what is necessary here. A character, or that which distinguishes one man from all others, cannot be supposed to consist of one particular virtue, or vice, or passion only; but it is a composition of qualities which are not contrary to one another in the same person. Thus, the same man may be liberal and valiant, but not liberal and covetous; so in a comical character, or humour, (which is an inclination to this or that particular folly,) Falstaff is a liar and a coward, a glutton and a buffoon, because all these qualities may agree in the same man; yet it is still to be observed that one virtue, vice, and

passion ought to be shown in every man, as predominant over all the rest; as covetousness in Crassus, love of his country in Brutus; and the same in characters which are feigned.

“The chief character or hero in a tragedy, as I have already shown, ought in prudence to be such a man, who has so much more in him of virtue than of vice, that he may be left amiable to the audience, which otherwise cannot have any concernment for his sufferings; and it is on this one character that the pity and terror must be principally, if not wholly, founded; a rule which is extremely necessary, and which none of the critics that I know have fully enough discovered to us; for terror and compassion work but weakly when they are divided into many persons. . . .

“By what has been said of the manners, it will be easy for a reasonable man to judge whether the characters be truly or falsely drawn in a tragedy; for if there be no manners appearing in the characters, no concernment for the persons can be raised; no pity or horror can be moved but by vice or virtue, therefore without them no person can have business in the play. If the inclinations be obscure, it is a sign the poet is in the dark, and knows not what manner of man he presents to you, and consequently you can have no idea, or very imperfect, of that man; nor can judge what resolutions he ought to take, or what words or actions are proper for him. Most comedies made up of accidents or adventures are liable to fall into this error; and tragedies with many turns are subject to it; for the manners never can be evident where the surprises of fortune take up all the business of the stage, and where the poet is more in pain to tell you what happened to such a man than what he was. It is one of the excellences of Shakespear, that the manners of his persons are generally apparent, and you see their bent and inclinations. Fletcher comes far short of him in this, as indeed he does almost in everything. There are but glimmerings of manners in most of his comedies, which run upon adventures; and in his tragedies, ‘Rollo,’ ‘Otto,’ the ‘King and No King,’ ‘Melantius,’ and many others of his best, are but pictures shown you in the twilight; you know not whether they resemble vice or virtue, and they are either good, bad, or indifferent, as the present scene requires it. But of all poets this commendation is to be given to Ben Jonson, that the manners even of the most inconsiderable persons in his plays are everywhere apparent.

“By considering the second quality of manners, which is, that they be suitable to the age, quality, country, dignity, &c., of the character, we may likewise judge whether a poet has followed nature. In this kind Sophocles and Euripides have more excelled among the Greeks than Æschylus; and Terence more than Plautus among the Romans. . . . The present French poets are generally accused,

that, wheresoever they lay the scene, or in whatsoever age, the manners of their heroes are wholly French. Racine’s Bajazet is bred at Constantinople, but his civilities are conveyed to him by some secret passage from Versailles into the Seraglio. But our Shakespear, having ascribed to Henry the Fourth the character of a king and of a father, gives him the perfect manners of each relation, when either he transacts with his son or with his subjects. Fletcher, on the other side, gives neither to Arbaces, nor to his king in ‘The Maid’s Tragedy,’ the qualities which are suitable to a monarch. . . . To return once more to Shakespear: no man ever drew so many characters, of generally distinguished them better from one another, excepting only Jonson. I will instance but in one, to show the copiousness of his invention; it is that of Caliban, or the monster, in *The Tempest*. He seems there to have created a person which was not in nature—a boldness which at first sight would appear intolerable; for he makes him a species of himself, begotten by an incubus on a witch; but this, as I have elsewhere proved, is not wholly beyond the bounds of credibility—at least the vulgar still believe it. We have the separated notions of a spirit and of a witch—and spirits, according to Plato, are vested with a subtle body; according to some of his followers, have different sexes);—therefore, as from the distinct apprehensions of a horse and of a man imagination has formed a Centaur, so from those of an incubus and a sorceress Shakespear has produced his monster. Whether or no his generation can be defended I leave to philosophy; but of this I am certain, that the poet has most judiciously furnished him with a person, a language, and a character which will suit him, both by father’s and mother’s side: he has all the discontents and malice of a witch and of a devil, besides a convenient proportion of the deadly sins—gluttony, sloth, and lust are manifest; the dejectedness of a slave is likewise given him, and the ignorance of one bred up in a desert island. His person is monstrous, as he is the product of unnatural lust; and his language is as hobgoblin as his person: in all things he is distinguished from other mortals. The characters of Fletcher are poor and narrow in comparison of Shakespear’s: I remember not one which is not borrowed from him, unless you will except that strange mixture of a man in the ‘King and No King.’ So that in this part Shakespear is generally worth our imitation; and to imitate Fletcher is but to copy after him who was a copier.

“Under this general head of manners, the passions are naturally included as belonging to the characters. I speak not of pity and of terror, which are to be moved in the audience by the plot, but of anger, hatred, love, ambition, jealousy, revenge, &c., as they are shown in this or that person of the play. To describe these naturally, and to move

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them artfully, is one of the greatest commendations which can be given to a poet. To write pathetically, says Longinus, cannot proceed but from a lofty genius. A poet must be born with this quality; yet, unless he help himself by an acquired knowledge of the passions, what they are in their own nature, and by what springs they are to be moved, he will be subject either to raise them where they ought not to be raised, or not to raise them by the just degrees of nature, or to amplify them beyond the natural bounds, or not to observe the crisis and turns of them in their cooling and decay: all which errors proceed from want of judgment in the poet, and from being unskilled in the principles of moral philosophy.

“It is necessary therefore for a poet, who would concern an audience by describing of a passion, first to prepare it, and not to rush upon it all at once. . . .

“The next necessary rule is, to put nothing into the discourse which may hinder your moving of the passions. Too many accidents, as I have said, encumber the poet as much as the arms of Saul did David; for the variety of passions which they produce are ever crossing and justling each other out of the way. He who treats of joy and grief together is in a fair way of causing neither of those effects. There is yet another obstacle to be removed, which is pointed wit, and sentences affected out of season; these are nothing of kin to the violence of passion. No man is at leisure to make sentences and similes when his soul is in an agony.

“If Shakespear be allowed, as I think he must, to have made his characters distinct, it will easily be inferred that he understood the nature of the passions; because it has been proved already that confused passions make undistinguishable characters. Yet I cannot deny that he has his failings; but they are not so much in the passions themselves as in his manner of expression: he often obscures his meaning by his words, and sometimes makes it unintelligible. I will not say of so great a poet that he distinguished not the blown puffy style from true sublimity, but I may venture to maintain that the fury of his fancy often transported him beyond the bounds of judgment, either in coining of new words and phrases, or racking words which were in use into the violence of a catachresis. It is not that I would explode the use of metaphors from passion, for Longinus thinks them necessary to raise it; but to use them at every word,—to say nothing without a metaphor, a simile, an image, or description,—is, I doubt, to smell a little too strongly of the buskin. I must be forced to give an example of expressing passion figuratively; but that I may do it with respect to Shakespear, it shall not be taken from anything of his: it is an exclamation against fortune, quoted in his Hamlet, but written by some other poet:—

‘Out, out, thou strumpet Fortune! all you gods,
In general synod, take away her power,

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Break all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven
As low as to the fiends.’

And immediately after, speaking of Hecuba, when Priam was killed before her eyes:—

‘The mobbled queen,’ &c.

“What a pudder is here kept in raising the expression of trifling thoughts! Would not a man have thought that the poet had been bound apprentice to a wheelwright for his first rant? and had followed a ragman for the clout and blanket in the second? But Shakespear does not often thus; for the passions in his scene between Brutus and Cassius are extremely natural, the thoughts are such as arise from the matter, and the expression of them not viciously figurative. I cannot leave this subject before I do justice to that divine poet, by giving you one of his passionate descriptions: it is of Richard the Second, when he was deposed and led in triumph through the streets of London by Henry Bullingbrook. The painting of it is so lively and the words so moving, that I have scarce read anything comparable to it in any other language. Suppose you have seen already the fortunate usurper passing through the crowd, and followed by the shouts and acclamations of the people; and now behold King Richard entering upon the scene. Consider the wretchedness of his condition, and his carriage in it, and refrain from pity if you can:—

‘As in a theatre, the eyes of men,’ &c.

“To speak justly of this whole matter, it is neither height of thought that is discommended, nor pathetic vehemence, nor any nobleness of expression in its proper place; but it is a false measure of all these, something which is like them and is not them: it is the Bristol stone which appears like a diamond; it is an extravagant thought instead of a sublime one; it is roaring madness instead of vehemence; and a sound of words instead of sense. If Shakespear were stripped of all the bombast in his passions, and dressed in the most vulgar words, we should find the beauties of his thoughts remaining; if his embroideries were burnt down, there would still be silver at the bottom of the melting-pot. But I fear (at least let me fear it for myself) that we who ape his sounding words have nothing of his thought, but are all outside; there is not so much as a dwarf within our giant’s clothes. Therefore let not Shakespear suffer for our sakes; it is our fault who succeed him in an age which is more refined, if we imitate him so ill that we copy his failings only, and make a virtue of that in our writings which in his was an imperfection.

“For what remains, the excellency of that poet was, as I have said, in the more manly passions; Fletcher’s in the softer: Shakespear writ better

betwixt man and man, Fletcher betwixt man and woman; consequently the one described friendship better, the other love: yet Shakespear taught Fletcher to write love; and Juliet and Desdemona are originals. It is true the scholar had the softer soul, but the master had the kinder. Friendship is both a virtue and a passion essentially: love is a passion only in its nature, and is not a virtue but by accident. Good nature makes friendship, but effeminacy love. Shakespear had an universal mind, which comprehended all characters and passions; Fletcher a more confined and limited: for though he treated love in perfection, yet honour, ambition, revenge, and generally all the stronger passions, he either touched not or not masterly. To conclude all, he was a limb of Shakespear."



[Dryden.]

'The Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy' is held by Dr. Johnson to be an answer to the 'Tragedies of the last Age considered and examined,' by the celebrated Thomas Rymer. Rymer's book was originally published in 1678; and Dryden's Preface to Troilus and Cressida, in which the supposed answer is contained, appeared in the following year. Rymer is generally known as the learned editor of the vast collection of national documents, arranged and published by him in his official capacity of Historiographer Royal, under the name of 'Fœdera.' But this publication was not commenced till 1703, and for many years previous he had been a miscellaneous writer in polite literature. In 1678 he produced a tragedy entitled 'Edgar.' It is almost painful to consider that an author to whose gigantic labours all students of English history are so deeply indebted should have put forth the most ludicrous criticisms upon Shakespear that exist in the English language. In 'The Tragedies considered' he proposes to examine "the choicest and most applauded English tragedies of this last age; as 'Rollo,' 'A King and no King,' 'The Maid's Tragedy,' by Beaumont

and Fletcher; Othello, and Julius Cæsar, by Shakespear; and 'Catiline,' by worthy Ben." But at this period he did not carry through his design. The whole of this book is devoted to the three plays of Beaumont and Fletcher. It would be beside our purpose to show how he disposes of them; but the following passage will exhibit the nature of his judgment:—"I have thought our poetry of the last age as rude as our architecture. One cause thereof might be that Aristotle's 'Treatise of Poetry' has been so little studied amongst us." The completion of Rymer's plan was deferred for fifteen years. In 1693 appeared 'A Short View of Tragedy; its original excellency and corruption. With some Reflections on Shakespear and other Practitioners for the Stage.' This second treatise thus begins: "What reformation may not we expect now that in France they see the necessity for a chorus to their tragedies!... The chorus was the root and original, and is certainly always the most necessary part, of tragedy." It would be exceedingly unjust to Rymer to collect the *disiecta membra* of his criticism upon, or rather abuse of, Shakespear, without exhibiting what were his own notions of dramatic excellence; and certainly in the whole range of the ludicrous there are few things more amusing than his solemn scheme for a tragedy on the subject of the Spanish Armada, in imitation of 'The Persians of Æschylus. We cannot resist the temptation of presenting it to our readers:—

"The place, then, for the action may be at Madrid, by some tomb, or solemn place of resort; or, if we prefer a turn in it from good to bad fortune, then some drawing-room in the palace near the king's bed-chamber.

"The time to begin, twelve at night.

"The scene opening presents fifteen grandees of Spain, with their most solemn beards and accoutrements, met there (suppose) after some ball, or other public occasion. They talk of the state of affairs, the greatness of their power, the vastness of their dominions, and prospect to be infallibly, ere long, lords of all. With this prosperity and goodly thoughts transported, they at last form themselves into the chorus, and walk such measures, with music, as may become the gravity of such a chorus.

"Then enter two or three of the cabinet council, who now have leave to tell the secret that the preparations and the invincible Armada was to conquer England. These, with part of the chorus, may communicate all the particulars—the provisions, and the strength by sea and land; the certainty of success, the advantages by that accession; and the many tun of tar-barrels for the heretics. These topics may afford matter enough, with the chorus, for the second act.

"In the third act, these gentlemen of the cabinet cannot agree about sharing the preferments of England, and a mighty broil there is amongst

them. One will not be content unless he is King of Man; another will be Duke of Lancaster. One, that had seen a coronation in England, will by all means be Duke of Aquitaine, or else Duke of Normandy. And on this occasion two competitors have a juster occasion to work up and show the muscles of their passion than Shakespear's Cassius and Brutus. After, the chorus.

"The fourth act may, instead of Atossa, present some old dames of the court, used to dream dreams, and to see sprites, in their night-rails and forehead-cloths, to alarm our gentlemen with new apprehensions, which make distraction and disorders sufficient to furnish out this act.

"In the last act the king enters, and wisely discourses against dreams and hobgoblins, to quiet their minds: and, the more to satisfy them, and take off their fright, he lets them to know that St. Loyola had appeared to him, and assured him that all is well. This said, comes a messenger of the ill news; his account is lame, suspected, he sent to prison. A second messenger, that came away long after, but had a speedier passage: his account is distinct, and all their loss credited. So, in fine, one of the chorus concludes with that of Euripides. Thus you see the gods bring things to pass often otherwise than was by man proposed."

After this, can we wonder that the art of Thomas Rymer is opposed to the art of William Shakspeare? Let us hear what he says of Othello—"of all the tragedies acted on our English stage, that which is said to bear the bell away." He first gives the fable, of which the points are, the marriage of Othello, the jealousy from the incident of the handkerchief, and the murder of Desdemona. The facetious critic then proceeds:—

"Whatever rubs or difficulty may stick on the bark, the moral, sure, of this fable is very instructive.

"First, This may be a caution to all maidens of quality how, without their parents' consent, they run away with blackamoors.

"Secondly, This may be a warning to all good wives, that they look well to their linen.

"Thirdly, This may be a lesson to husbands, that, before their jealousy be tragical, the proofs may be mathematical."

The whole story of Othello, we learn, is founded upon "an improbable lie:—"

"The character of that state (Venice) is to employ strangers in their wars; but shall a poet thence fancy that they will set a negro to be their general, or trust a Moor to defend them against the Turk? With us a blackamoor might rise to be a trumpeter; but Shakespear would not have him less than a lieutenant-general. With us a Moor might marry some little drab, or small-coal wench: Shakespear would provide him the daughter and heir of some great lord or privy-councillor; and

all the town should reckon it a very suitable match: yet the English are not bred up with that hatred and aversion to the Moors as are the Venetians, who suffer by a perpetual hostility from them,—

Littora littoribus contraria . . .

Nothing is more odious in nature than an improbable lie; and, certainly, never was any play fraught, like this of Othello, with improbabilities."

We next are told that "the characters or manners, which are the second part in a tragedy, are not less unnatural and improper than the fable was improbable and absurd." From such characters we are not to expect thoughts "that are either true, or fine, or noble;" and further, "in the neighing of a horse, or in the growling of a mastiff, there is a meaning, there is as lively expression, and, may I say, mors humanity, than many times in the tragical flights of Shakespear." The crowning glory of the treatise is the mode in which the critic disposes of the scene between Othello and Iago in the third act:—

"Then comes the wonderful scene where Iago, by shrugs, half-words, and ambiguous reflections, works Othello up to be jealous. One might think, after what we have seen, that there needs no great cunning, no great poetry and address, to make the Moor jealous. Such impatience, such a rout for a handsome young fellow, the very morning after her marriage, must make him either to be jealous, or to take her for a changeling below his jealousy. After this scene it might strain the poet's skill to reconcile the couple, and allay the jealousy. Iago now can only actum agere, and vex the audience with a nauseous repetition. Whence comes it, then, that this is the top scene—the scene that raises Othello above all other tragedies in our theatres? It is purely from the action, from the mops and the mows, the grimace, the grins and gesticulation. Such scenes as this have made all the world run after Harlequin and Scaramuccio."

The conclusion of this prodigious piece of criticism must conclude our extracts from Thomas Rymer:—

"What can remain with the audience to carry home with them from this sort of poetry, for their use and edification? How can it work unless (instead of settling the mind, and purging our passions) to delude our senses, disorder our thoughts, addle our brain, pervert our affections, hair our imaginations, corrupt our appetite, and fill our head with vanity, confusion, tintamarre, and jingle-jangle beyond what all the parish-clerks of London, with their Old Testament farces and interludes, in Richard the Second's time, could ever pretend to? Our only hopes, for the good of their souls, can be, that these people go to the playhouse as they do to church, to sit still, look on one another, make no reflection, nor mind the play more than they would a sermon. There is in this play some

burlesque, some humour and ramble of comical wit, some show, and some mimicry to divert the spectators: but the tragical part is plainly none other than a bloody farce, without salt or savour."

We cannot agree with the author of an able article in 'The Retrospective Review,' that "these attacks on Shakespear are very curious, as evincing how gradual has been the increase of his fame;" that "their whole tone shows that the author was not advancing what he thought the world would regard as paradoxical or strange;" that "he speaks as one with authority to decide." So far from receiving Rymer's frenzied denunciations as an expression of public opinion, we regard them as the idiosyncrasies of a very singular individual, who is furious in the exact proportion that the public opinion differs from his own. He attacks Othello and Julius Caesar, especially, because Betterton had for years been drawing crowds to his performance in those tragedies. He is one of those who glory in opposing the general opinion. In his first book he says, "With the remaining tragedies I shall also send you some reflections on that 'Paradise Lost' of Milton's, which some are pleased to call a poem." Dryden, the great critical authority of his day, before whose opinions all other men bowed, had in 1679 thus spoken of the origin of his great scene between Troilus and Hector: "The occasion of raising it was hinted to me by Mr. Betterton; the contrivance and working of it was my own. They who think to do me an injury by saying that it is an imitation of the scene betwixt Brutus and Cassius, do me an honour by supposing I could imitate the incomparable Shakespear." Dryden then goes on to contrast the modes in which Euripides, Fletcher, and Shakespere have managed the quarrel of two virtuous men, raised to the extremity of passion, and ending in the renewal of their friendship; and he says, "The particular groundwork which Shakespear has taken is incomparably the best." This decision of Dryden would in those days dispose of the matter as a question of criticism. But out comes Rymer, who, in opposition to Dryden's judgment and Betterton's applause, tells us that Brutus and Cassius here act the part of mimics; are bullies and buffoons; are to exhibit "a trial of skill in huffing and swaggering, like two drunken Hectors for a twopenny reckoning." It may be true that "the author was not advancing what *he thought* the world would regard as paradoxical and strange;" for it is the commonest of self-delusions, even to the delusions of insanity, to believe that the whole world agrees with the most extravagant mistakes and the strangest paradoxes: and when Rymer, upon his critical throne, "speaks as one with authority to decide," his authority is as powerless as that of the madman in Hogarth, who sits in solitary nakedness upon his straw, with crown on head and

sceptre in hand. Rymer is a remarkable example of an able man, in his own province, meddling with that of which he has not the slightest true conception. He is, perhaps, more denuded of the poetical sense than any man who ever attempted to be a critic in poetry: but he had real learning. Shakespere fell into worse hands after Rymer. The "Man Mountain" was fastened to the ground by the Lilliputians, and the strings are only just now broken by which he was bound.

In the quotations which we have given from Dryden it may be seen how reverently criticism was based upon certain laws which, however false might be their application, were nevertheless held to be tests of the merit of the highest poetical productions. Dryden was always balancing between the rigid application of these laws and his own hearty admiration of those whose art had rejected them. If he had been less of a real poet himself, he might have become as furious a stickler for the canons of the ancients as Rymer was. With all his occasional expressions of hatred towards the French school of tragedy, he was unconsciously walking in the circle which the fashion of his age had drawn around all poetical invention. It was assuredly not yet the fashion of the people; for they clung to the school of poetry and passion with a love which no critical opinions could wholly subdue. It was not the fashion of those who had drunk their inspiration from the Elizabethan poets. It was not the fashion of Milton and his disciples. Hear how Edward Phillips speaks of Corneille in 1675:—"Corneille, the great dramatic writer of France, wonderfully applauded by the present age, both among his own countrymen and our Frenchly-affected English, for the amorous intrigues which if not there before, he commonly thrusts into his tragedies and acted histories; the imitation whereof among us, and of the perpetual colloquy in rhyme, hath of late very much corrupted our English stage." It was the spread of this fashion amongst the courtly *littérateurs* of the day that gave some encouragement to the extravagance of Rymer. The solemn harangues about decorum in tragedy, the unities, moral fitness, did not always present the ludicrous side, as it did in this learned madman, who sublimated the whole affair into the most delicious absurdity. We love him for it. His application of a "rule" to Fletcher's 'Maid's Tragedy' is altogether such a beautiful exemplification of his mode of applying his critical knowledge, that we cannot forbear one more quotation from him:—"If I mistake not, in poetry, no woman is to kill a man, except her quality gives her the advantage above him; nor is a servant to kill the master, nor a private man, much less a subject, to kill a king; nor on the contrary. Poetical decency will not suffer death to be dealt to each other by such persons whom the laws of duel allow not to enter the

lists together." Rymer never changed his opinions. The principles upon which he founded his first book were carried to a greater height of extravagance in his second. Dryden, on the contrary, depreciates Shakspeare, though timidly and doubtfully, in his early criticisms, but warms into higher and higher admiration as he grows older. The 'Defence of the Epilogue to the Conquest of Grenada,' written in 1672, presents a curious contrast to 'The Grounds of Criticism.' He was then a young poet, and wanted to thrust aside those who stood in the way of his stage popularity: "Let any man who understands English read diligently the works of Shakspeare and Fletcher; and I dare undertake that he will find in every page some solecism of speech, or some notorious flaw in sense: and yet these men are revered when we are not forgiven. But the times were ignorant in which they lived. Poetry was then, if not in its infancy among us, at least not arrived to its vigour and maturity; witness the lameness of their plots." This was the self-complacency which the maturer thoughts of a vigorous mind corrected. But nothing could correct the critical obstinacy of Rymer. Dryden's poetical soul mounted above the growing feebleness of his age's criticism, till at last, when he attempted to deal with Shakspeare in the spirit of his age, he became a worshipper instead of a mocker:—

"And those who came to scoff remain'd to pray."

The age laid its leaden sceptre upon the smaller minds, and especially upon those who approached Shakspeare with a cold and creeping admiration. Of such was Charles Gildon. In 1694 he appeared in the world with 'Some Reflections on Mr. Rymer's Short View of Tragedy, and an Attempt at a Vindication of Shakspeare.' It would be a waste of time to produce the antagonist of Rymer armed *cap-à-pie*, and set these two doughty combatants in mortal fight with their sacks of sand. It will be sufficient for us to quote a few passages from Gildon's 'Essay on the Art, Rise, and Progress of the Stage,' 1710, by way of showing, what indeed may be inferred from Rymer's own book, that the people were against the critics:—"Tis my opinion that, if Shakspeare had had those advantages of learning which the perfect knowledge of the ancients would have given him, so great a genius as his would have made him a very dangerous rival in fame to the greatest poets of antiquity; so far am I from seeing how this knowledge could either have curbed, confined, or spoiled the natural excellence of his writings. For though I must always think our author a miracle for the age he lived in, yet I am obliged, in justice to reason and art, to confess that he does not come up to the ancients in all the beauties of the drama. But it is no small honour to him, that he has surpassed them in the

topics or commonplaces. And to confirm the victory he obtained on that head at Mr. Hales's chamber, at Eton, I shall, in this present undertaking, not only transcribe the most shining, but refer the reader to the same subjects in the Latin authors. This I do that I might omit nothing that could do his memory that justice which he really deserves: but to put his errors and his excellences on the same bottom is to injure the latter, and give the enemies of our poet an advantage against him, of doing the same; that is, of rejecting his beauties, as all of a piece with his faults. This unaccountable bigotry of the town to the very errors of Shakspeare was the occasion of Mr. Rymer's criticisms, and drove him as far into the contrary extreme. I am far from approving his manner of treating our poet; though Mr. Dryden owns that all, or most, of the faults he has found are just; but adds this odd reflection: And yet, says he, who minds the critic, and who admires Shakspeare less? That was as much as to say, Mr. Rymer has indeed made good his charge, and yet the town admired his errors still: which I take to be a greater proof of the folly and abandoned taste of the town than of any imperfections in the critic; which, in my opinion, exposed the ignorance of the age he lived in; to which Mr. Rowe very justly ascribes most of his faults. It must be owned that Mr. Rymer carried the matter too far, since no man that has the least relish of poetry can question his genius; for, in spite of his known and visible errors, when I read Shakspeare, even in some of his most irregular plays, I am surprised into a pleasure so great, that my judgment is no longer free to see the faults, though they are never so gross and evident. There is such a witchery in him that all the rules of art which he does not observe, though built on an equally solid and infallible reason, vanish away in the transports of those that he does observe, so entirely as if I had never known anything of the matter." The rules of art! It was the extraordinary folly of the age which produced these observations to believe that Shakspeare realized his great endeavours without any rule at all, that is, without any method. Rymer was such a thorough believer in the infallibility of these rules of art, that he shut his eyes to the very highest power of Shakspeare, because it did not agree with these rules. Gildon believed in the power, and believed in the rules at the same time: hence his contradictions. "The unaccountable bigotry of the town to the very errors of Shakspeare" was the best proof of the triumphant privilege of genius to abide in full power and tranquillity amidst its own rules. The small poets, and the smaller critics, were working upon mechanic rules. When they saw in Shakspeare something like an adherence to ancient rules of art, they cried out, Wonderful power of nature! When

they detected a deviation, they exclaimed, Pitiabie calamity of ignorance ! It is evident that these critics could not subject the people to their laws ; and they despise the ignorant people, therefore, as they pity the ignorant Shakspera. Hear Gildon again :—“ A judicious reader of our author will easily discover those defects that his beauties would make him wish had been corrected by a knowledge of the whole art of the drama. For it is evident that, by the force of his own judgment, or the strength of his imagination, he has followed the rules of art in all those particulars in which he pleases. I know that the rules of art have been sufficiently clamoured against by an ignorant and thoughtless sort of men of our age ; but it was because they knew nothing of them, and never considered that without some standard of excellence there could be no justice done to merit, to which poetasters and poets must else have an equal claim, which is the highest degree of barbarism. Nay, without an appeal to these very rules, Shakespear himself is not to be distinguished from the most worthless pretenders, who have often met with an undeserved applause, and challenge the title of great poets from their success.” We will only anticipate for a moment the philosophical wisdom of a later school of criticism, to supply an answer to Gildon : “ The spirit of poetry, like all other living powers, must of necessity circumscribe itself by rules, were it only to unite power with beauty. It must embody in order to reveal itself ; but a living body is of necessity an organized one ; and what is organization but the connection of parts in and for a whole, so that each part is at once end and means ?” *

The redoubted John Dennis was another of the antagonists of Rymer. He carried heavier metal than Gildon ; but he nevertheless belonged to the cuckoo school of “ never of art.” He had a just appreciation of Shakspera as far as he went ; and a few of his judgments certainly deserve a place in this History of Opinion :—“ Shakespear was one of the greatest geniuses that the world ever saw for the tragic stage. Though he lay under greater disadvantages than any of his successors, yet had he greater and more genuine beauties than the best and greatest of them. And what makes the brightest glory of his character, those beauties were entirely his own, and owing to the force of his own nature ; whereas his faults were owing to his education, and to the age that he lived in. One may say of him as they did of Homer—that he had none to imitate, and is himself inimitable. His imaginations were often as just as they were bold and strong. He had a natural discretion which never could have been taught him, and his judgment was strong and penetrating. He seems to have wanted nothing but time and leisure for thought, to have found out

* Coleridge.

those rules of which he appears so ignorant. His characters are always drawn justly, exactly, graphically, except where he failed by not knowing history or the poetical art. He has for the most part more fairly distinguished them than any of his successors have done, who have falsified them, or confounded them, by making love the predominant quality in all. He had so fine a talent for touching the passions, they are so lively in him, and so truly in nature, that they often touch us more without their due preparations than those of other tragic poets who have all the beauty of design and all the advantage of incidents. His master-passion was terror, which he has often moved so powerfully and so wonderfully, that we may justly conclude that, if he had had the advantage of art and learning, he would have surpassed the very best and strongest of the ancients. His paintings are often so beautiful and so lively, so graceful and so powerful, especially where he uses them in order to move terror, that there is nothing perhaps more accomplished in our English poetry. His sentiments, for the most part, in his best tragedies, are noble, generous, easy, and natural, and adapted to the persons who use them. His expression is in many places good and pure after a hundred years ; simple, though elevated—graceful, though bold—and easy, though strong. He seems to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony ; that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For that diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and, bringing it nearer to common use, makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose ; we make such verse in common conversation. If Shakspear had these great qualities by nature, what would he not have been if he had joined to so happy a genius learning and the poetical art !”

It was this eternal gabble about rules of art, this blindness to the truth that the living power of Shakspera had its own organization, that set the metre-mongers of that day upon the task of improving Shakspera. Dennis was himself one of the great improvers. Poetical justice was one of the rules for which they clamoured. Duncan and Banquo ought not to perish in Macbeth, nor Desdemona in Othello, nor Cordelia and her father in Lear, nor Brutus in Julius Cæsar, nor young Hamlet in Hamlet. So Dennis argues :—“ The good and the bad perishing promiscuously in the best of Shakespear’s tragedies, there can be either none or very weak instruction in them.” In this spirit Dennis himself sets to work to remodel Coriolanus :—“ Net only Aufidius, but the Roman tribunes Sicinius and Brutus, appear to me to cry aloud for poetic vengeance ; for they are guilty of two faults, neither of which ought to go unpunished.”

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Dennis is not only a mender of Shakspeare's catastrophes, but he applies himself to make Shakspeare's verses all smooth and proper, according to the rules of art. One example will be sufficient. He was no common man who attempted to reduce the following lines to classical regularity:—

"Boy! False hound!
If you have writ your annals true, 't is there,
That, like an eagle in a dove-cote, I
Flutter'd your Voices in Corioli.
Alone I did it—Boy!"

John Dennis has accomplished the feat:—

"This boy, that, like an eagle in a dove-cote,
Flutter'd a thousand Voices in Corioli.
And did it without second or acquittance,
Thus sends their mighty chief to mourn in hell."

The alteration of *The Tempest* by Davenant and Dryden was, as we have mentioned, an attempt to meet the taste of the town by music and spectacle. Shadwell went farther, and turned it into a regular opera; and an opera it remained even in Garrick's time, who tried his hand upon the same experiment. Dennis was a reformer both in comedy and tragedy. He metamorphosed *The Merry Wives of Windsor* into 'The Comical Gallant,' and prefixed an essay to it on the degeneracy of the taste for poetry. Davenant changed *Measure for Measure* into 'The Law against Lovers.' It is difficult to understand how a clever man and something of a poet should have set about his work after this fashion. This is Shakspeare's *Isabella*:

"Could great men thunder
As Jove himself does, Jove would ne'er be quiet,
For every pelting, petty officer,
Would use his heaven for thunder: nothing but
thunder.
Merciful Heaven!
Thou rather, with thy sharp and sulphurous bolt,
Splitt'st the unwedgeable and gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle."

This is Davenant's:—

"If men could thunder
As great Jove does, Jove ne'er would quiet be;
For every choleric, petty officer,
Would use his magazine in heaven for thunder:
We nothing should but thunder hear. Sweet
Heaven!
Thou rather with thy stiff and sulph'rous bolt
Dost split the knotty and obdurate oak,
Than the soft myrtle."

'The Law against Lovers' was in principle one of the worst of these alterations; for it was a hash of two plays—of *Measure for Measure*, and of *Much Ado about Nothing*. This was indeed to destroy the organic life of the author. But it is one of the manifestations of the vitality of Shakspeare that, going about their alterations in the regular way, according to the rules of art, the most stupid and prosaic of his improvers have been unable to de-

prive the natural man of his vigour, even by their most violent depletions. His robustness was too great even for the poetical doctors to destroy it. Lord Lansdowne actually stripped the flesh off *Shylock*, but the anatomy walked about vigorously for sixty years, till Macklin put the muscles on again. Colley Cibber turned King John into 'Papal Tyranny,' and the stage King John was made to denounce the Pope and Guy Faux for a century, till Mr. Macready gave us back again the weak and crafty king in his original truth of character. Nahum Tate deposed the Richard II. of Shakspeare wholly and irredeemably, turning him into 'The Sicilian Usurper.' How Cibber manufactured Richard III. is known to all men. Durfey melted down *Cymbeline* with no slight portion of alloy. Tate remodelled *Lear*,—and such a *Lear*! Davenant mangled *Macbeth*; but we can hardly quarrel with him for it, for he gave us the music of Locke in company with his own verses. It has been said, as a proof how little Shakspeare was once read, that Davenant's alteration is quoted in 'The Tatler' instead of the original. This is the reasoning of Steevens; but he has not the candour to tell us, that in 'The Tatler,' No. 111, there is a quotation from *Hamlet*, with the following remarks:—"This admirable author, as well as the best and greatest men of all ages and of all nations, seems to have had his mind thoroughly seasoned with religion, as is evident by many passages in his plays, that would not be suffered by a modern audience." Steevens infers that Steele, or Addison, was not a reader of Shakspeare, because *Macbeth* is quoted from an acted edition; and that, therefore, Shakspeare was not read generally. If a hurried writer in a daily paper (as 'The Tatler' was) were to quote from some acted editions at the present day he might fall into the same error; and yet he might be an ardent student of Shakspeare, in a nation of enthusiastic admirers. The early Essayists offer abundant testimonies, indeed, of their general admiration of the poet. In No. 68 of 'The Tatler' he is "the great master who ever commands our tears." In No. 160 of 'The Spectator' Shakspeare is put amongst the first class of great geniuses, in company with Homer, and this paper contains a remarkable instance of a juster taste than one might expect from the author of 'Cato':—"We are to consider that the rule of observing what the French call the *bienveillance* in an allusion has been found out of later years, and in the colder regions of the world; where we could make some amends for our want of force and spirit, by a scrupulous nicety and exactness in our compositions."* In 'The Spectator,' 419, amongst

* Mr. De Quincey is certainly mistaken when he says that "Addison has never in one instance quoted or made any reference to Shakspeare." No. 160 bears the signature of C., and immediately follows 'The Vision of Mirza,' bearing the same signature.

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the papers on 'The Pleasures of the Imagination,' Shakspeare's delineations of supernatural beings are thus mentioned:—"Among the English, Shakspeare has incomparably excelled all others. That noble extravagance of fancy, which he had in so great perfection, thoroughly qualified him to touch this weak superstitious part of his reader's imagination; and made him capable of succeeding where he had nothing to support him besides the strength of his own genius. There is something so wild, and yet so solemn, in the speeches of his ghosts, fairies, witches, and the like imaginary persons, that we cannot forbear thinking them natural, though we have no rule by which to judge of them; and must confess, if there are such beings in the world, it looks highly probable they should talk and act as he has represented them."

We have again an instance of Addison's good taste in his remarks upon the critical notions of poetical justice, which he calls "a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism." Of the best plays which end unhappily he mentions *Othello*, with others, and adds, "*King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty." All this exhibits a better

taste than we find in Gildon and Dennis; and it certainly is very remarkable that Addison, who in his own tragedy was laboriously correct, as it was called, should have taken no occasion to comment upon the irregularities of Shakspeare. Mr. De Quincey says of Addison, "The feeble constitution of the poetic faculty as existing in himself forbade his sympathising with Shakspeare." The feebleness of the poetic faculty makes the soundness of the judgment more conspicuous.



[Dennis]

§ IV.

THE commencement of the eighteenth century produced the first of the critical editions of Shakspeare. In 1709 appeared 'Shakspeare's Plays Revised and Corrected, with an Account of his Life and Writings, by N. Rowe.' We should mention that the third edition of Shakspeare's Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies, in folio, appeared in 1664. It has been said that the greater number of the copies of this edition were destroyed in the Fire of London; and a writer whom we must once more quote says, "During a whole century, only four editions of his complete works, and these small, were published; and there would only have been three, but for the destructive Fire of London in 1666."* The destruction by the fire is just as much proved as the smallness of the edition. One of our best bibliographers, Mr. Lowndes, whose 'Bibliographer's Manual' is a model of accuracy, doubts the statement of the destruction by the fire, "though it has been frequently repeated." Upon the face of it the statement is improbable. If it were a good speculation to print the book two years before the fire, and the stock so printed had

been destroyed in the fire, it would have been an equally good speculation to have reprinted it immediately after the fire; and yet the fourth edition did not appear till 1685. Some of the copies of the third edition bear the date of 1663; and we have no doubt that the book was then generally published; for Pepys, under the date of December 10th, 1663, has a curious bibliographical entry:—"To St. Paul's Churchyard, to my bookseller's, and could not tell whether to lay out my money for books of pleasure, as plays, which my nature was most earnest in; but at last, after seeing Chaucer, Dugdale's 'History of Paul's,' Stow's 'London,' Gesner, 'History of Trent,' besides Shakspeare, Jonson, and Beaumont's plays, I at last chose Dr. Fuller's 'Worthies,' 'The Cabbala, or Collections of Letters of State,' and a little book, 'Delices de Hollande,' with another little book or two, all of good use or serious pleasure; and 'Hudibras,' both parts, the book now in greatest fashion for drollery, though I cannot, I confess, see enough where the wit lies." These two folio editions supplied the readers of Shakspeare for more than forty years, but we are not hence to conclude

* Life of Shakspeare in 'Lardner's Cyclopædia.'

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that he was neglected. Of Ben Jonson during the same period there was only one edition; of Beaumont and Fletcher only one; of Spenser only one. Rowe's edition of Shakspeare, we doubt not, supplied a general want. Its critical merits were but small. The facts of the 'Life' which he prefixes have been sufficiently noticed by us in another place. The opinions expressed in that 'Life' are few, and are put forth with little pretension. As might be expected, they fully admit the excellence of Shakspeare, but they somewhat fall into the besetting sin of attempting to elevate his genius by depreciating his knowledge:—"It is without controversy that in his works we scarce find any traces of anything that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great genius (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with, his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute: for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them." Rowe also falls into the notion that Shakspeare did not arrive at his perfection by repeated experiment and assiduous labour,—a theory which still has its believers:—"It would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean that his fancy was so loose and extravagant as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately

approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight." He then enters into a brief criticism of some of the leading plays. In speaking of *The Tempest*, he mentions the observation upon the character of Caliban "which three very great men concurred in making"—telling us in a note that these were Lord Falkland, Lord Chief-Justice Vaughan, and Mr. Selden—"That Shakspeare had not only found out a new character in his Caliban, but had also devised and adapted a new manner of language for that character." Of Shakspeare's plays, with reference to their art, he thus speaks:—"If one undertook to examine the greatest part of these by those rules which are established by Aristotle, and taken from the model of the Grecian stage, it would be no very hard task to find a great many faults; but as Shakspeare lived under a kind of mere light of nature, and had never been made acquainted with the regularity of those written precepts, so it would be hard to judge him by a law he knew nothing of. We are to consider him as a man that lived in a state of almost universal licence and ignorance: there was no established judge, but every one took the liberty to write according to the dictates of his own fancy. When one considers that there is not one play before him of a reputation good enough to entitle it to an appearance on the present stage, it cannot but be a matter of great wonder that he should advance dramatic poetry so far as he did." A second edition of Rowe's 'Shakspeare' appeared in 1714.



[Rowe.]

In 1725 Pope produced his edition, magnificent as far as printing went, in six volumes quarto. Of its editorial merits we may say a few words when we have to speak of Theobald. His Preface is a masterly composition, containing many just views elegantly expressed. The criticism is neither profound nor original; but there is a tone of quiet sense about it which shows that Pope properly appreciated Shakspeare's general excellence. He

believes, in common with most of his time, that this excellence was attained by intuition; and that the finest results were produced by felicitous accidents:—

“If ever any author deserved the name of an *original* it was Shakspeare. Homer himself drew not his art so immediately from the fountains of nature; it proceeded through Egyptian strainers and channels, and came to him not without some tincture of the learning, or some cast of the models, of those before him. The poetry of Shakspeare was inspiration indeed: he is not so much an imitator as an instrument of Nature; and it is not so just to say that he speaks from her, as that she speaks through him.

“His *characters* are so much Nature herself, that it is a sort of injury to call them by so distant a name as copies of her. Those of other poets have a constant resemblance, which shows that they received them from one another, and were but multipliers of the same image; each picture, like a mock-rainbow, is but the reflection of a reflection. But every single character in Shakspeare is as much an individual as those in life itself; it is as impossible to find any two alike; and such as from their relation or affinity in any respect appear most to be twins, will, upon comparison, be found remarkably distinct. To this life and variety of character we must add the wonderful preservation of it; which is such throughout his plays, that, had all the speeches been printed without the very names of the persons, I believe one might have applied them with certainty to every speaker.

“The *power* over our *passions* was never possessed in a more eminent degree, or displayed in so different instances. Yet all along there is seen no labour, no pains to raise them; no preparation to guide our guess to the effect, or be perceived to lead toward it; but the heart swells, and the tears burst out, just at the proper places: we are surprised the moment we weep; and yet upon reflection find the passion so just, that we should be surprised if we had not wept, and wept at that very moment.

“How astonishing it is again that the passions directly opposite to these, laughter and spleen, are no less at his command! That he is not more a master of the *great* than of the *ridiculous* in human nature; of our noblest tendernesses, than of our vainest foibles; of our strongest emotions, than of our idlest sensations!

“Nor does he only excel in the passions; in the coolness of reflection and reasoning he is full as admirable. His *sentiments* are not only in general the most pertinent and judicious upon every subject; but, by a talent very peculiar, something between penetration and felicity, he hits upon that particular point on which the bent of each argument turns, or the force of each motive depends.

This is perfectly amazing from a man of no education or experience in those great and public scenes of life which are usually the subject of his thoughts; so that he seems to have known the world by intuition, to have looked through human nature at one glance, and to be the only author that gives ground for a very new opinion—that the philosopher, and even the man of the world, may be *born* as well as the poet.”

These are the excellences of Shakspeare; but Pope holds that he has as great defects, and he sets himself to excuse these by arguing that it was necessary to please the populace. He then proceeds:—

“To judge, therefore, of Shakspeare by Aristotle’s rules, is like trying a man by the laws of one country who acted under those of another. He wrote to the *people*, and wrote at first without patronage from the better sort, and therefore without aims of pleasing them; without assistance or advice from the learned, as without the advantage of education or acquaintance among them; without that knowledge of the best models, the ancients, to inspire him with an emulation of them; in a word, without any views of reputation, and of what poets are pleased to call immortality; some or all of which have encouraged the vanity, or animated the ambition, of other writers.

“Yet it must be observed, that, when his performances had merited the protection of his prince, and when the encouragement of the court had succeeded to that of the town, the works of his riper years are manifestly raised above those of his former. The dates of his plays sufficiently evidence that his productions improved in proportion to the respect he had for his auditors. And I make no doubt this observation would be found true in every instance, were but editions extant from which we might learn the exact time when every piece was composed, and whether wrote for the town or the court.

“Another cause (and no less strong than the former) may be deduced from our poet’s being a *player*, and forming himself first upon the judgments of that body of men whereof he was a member. They have ever had a standard to themselves, upon other principles than those of Aristotle. As they live by the majority, they know no rule but that of pleasing the present humour, and complying with the wit in fashion—a consideration which brings all their judgment to a short point. Players are just such judges of what is *right* as tailors are of what is *graceful*. And in this view it will be but fair to allow that most of our author’s faults are less to be ascribed to his wrong judgment as a poet than to his right judgment as a player.”

Of Shakspeare’s learning his editor thus speaks:—

“As to his *want of learning* it may be necessary to say something more: there is certainly a vast

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difference between *learning* and *languages*. How far he was ignorant of the latter I cannot determine; but it is plain he had much reading at least, if they will not call it learning. Nor is it any great matter, if a man has knowledge, whether he has it from one language or from another. Nothing is more evident than that he had a taste of natural philosophy, mechanics, ancient and modern history, poetical learning, and mythology: we find him very knowing in the customs, rites, and manners of antiquity. . . . The manners of other nations in general, the Egyptians, Venetians, French, &c., are drawn with equal propriety. Whatever object of nature or branch of science he either speaks of or describes, it is always with competent if not extensive knowledge: his descriptions are still exact; all his metaphors appropriated, and remarkably drawn from the true nature and inherent qualities of each subject. When he treats of ethic or politic, we may constantly observe a wonderful justness of distinction as well as extent of comprehension. No one is more a master of the poetical story, or has more frequent allusions to the various parts of it. Mr. Waller (who has been celebrated for this last particular) has not shown more learning this way than Shakspeare. . . .

"I am inclined to think this opinion proceeded originally from the zeal of the partisans of our author and Ben Jonson, as they endeavoured to exalt the one at the expense of the other. It is ever the nature of parties to be in extremes; and nothing is so probable as that, because Ben Jonson had much the more learning, it was said on the one hand that Shakspeare had none at all; and because Shakspeare had much the most wit and fancy, it was retorted on the other that Jonson wanted both. Because Shakspeare borrowed nothing, it was said that Ben Jonson borrowed everything. Because Jonson did not write extempore, he was reproached with being a year about every piece; and because Shakspeare wrote with ease and rapidity, they cried, he never once made a blot. Nay, the spirit of opposition ran so high, that whatever those of the one side objected to the other was taken at the rebound, and turned into praises, as injudiciously as their antagonists before had made them objections."

Much of Pope's Preface is then occupied with illustrations of his opinion that Shakspeare's works have come down to us defaced with innumerable blunders and absurdities which are not to be attributed to the author. We cannot at all yield our consent to this opinion, which goes upon the assumption, that, whenever there is an obscure passage; whenever "mean conceits and ribaldries" are found; whenever "low scenes of mobs, plebeians, and clowns" are very prominent; there the players have been at work; and he thus argues upon the assumption:—"If we give in to this



[Pope.]

opinion, how many low and vicious parts and passages might no longer reflect upon this great genius, but appear unworthily charged upon him! And even in those which are really his, how many faults may have been unjustly laid to his account from arbitrary additions, expunctions, transpositions of scenes and lines, confusion of characters and persons, wrong application of speeches, corruptions of innumerable passages by the ignorance and wrong corrections of them again by the impertinence of his first editors! From one or other of these considerations I am verily persuaded that the greatest and the grossest part of what are thought his errors would vanish, and leave his character in a light very different from that disadvantageous one in which it now appears to us." There is a larger question even than this that Pope propounds. *Are* these parts and passages low and vicious? *Have* we these corruptions and imperfections? We believe not. Pope accepted Shakspeare in the spirit of his time, and that was not favourable to the proper understanding of him. His concluding observations are characteristic of his critical power:—"I will conclude by saying of Shakspeare, that, with all his faults, and with all the irregularity of his *drama*, one may look upon his works, in comparison of those that are more finished and regular, as upon an ancient majestic piece of Gothic architecture compared with a neat modern building; the latter is more elegant and glaring, but the former is more strong and more solemn. It must be allowed that in one of these there are materials enough to make many of the other. It has much the greater variety, and much the nobler apartments; though we are often conducted to them by dark, odd, and uncouth passages. Nor does the whole fail to strike us with greater reverence, though many of the parts are childish, ill-placed, and unequal to its grandeur."

In 1726, Lewis Theobald published a tract

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entitled 'Shakespear Restored, or Specimens of Blunders Committed and Unamended in Pope's Edition of this Poet.' In Pope's second edition of Shakspeare, which appeared in 1728, was inserted this contemptuous notice:—"Since the publication of our first edition, there having been some attempts upon Shakspeare published by Lewis Theobald (which he would not communicate during the time wherein that edition was preparing for the press, when we, by public advertisements, did request the assistance of all lovers of this author), we have inserted, in this impression, as many of 'em as are judged of any the least advantage to the poet; the whole amounting to about twenty-five words." In the same year came out 'The Dunciad,' of which Theobald was the hero:—

"High on a gorgeous seat that far outshone
Henley's gilt tub, or Flecknoe's Irish throne,
Great Tibbald nods."

In a few years Theobald was deposed from this throne, and there, then, "Great Cibber sate." The facility with which Theobald was transformed to Cibber is one of the many proofs that Pope threw his darts and dirt about him at random. But Theobald took a just revenge. In 1733 he produced an edition of Shakspeare, in seven volumes octavo, which annihilated Pope's quartos and duodecimos. The title-page of Theobald's Shakspeare bore that it was "collated with the oldest copies, and corrected, with Notes." Pope's edition was not again reprinted in London; but of Theobald's there have been many subsequent editions, and Steevens asserts that of his first edition thirteen thousand copies were sold. Looking at the advantage which Pope possessed in the pre-eminence of his literary reputation, the preference which was so decidedly given to Theobald's editions is a proof that the public thought for themselves in the matter of Shakspeare. Pope was not fitted for the more laborious duties of an editor. He collated, indeed, the early copies, but he set about the emendation of the text in a manner so entirely arbitrary, suppressing passage after passage, upon the principle that the players had been at work here, and a blundering transcriber there, that no reader of Shakspeare could rely upon the integrity of Pope's version. Theobald states the contrary mode in which he proceeded:—

"Wherever the author's sense is clear and discoverable (though, perchance, low and trivial), I have not by any innovation tampered with his text, out of an ostentation of endeavouring to make him speak better than the old copies have done.

"Where, through all the former editions, a passage has laboured under flat nonsense and invincible darkness, if, by the addition or alteration of a letter or two, or a transposition in the pointing, I have restored to him both sense and sentiment,

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such corrections, I am persuaded, will need no indulgence.

"And whenever I have taken a greater latitude and liberty in amending, I have constantly endeavoured to support my corrections and conjectures by parallel passages and authorities from himself, the surest means of expounding any author whatsoever."

Dr. Johnson accurately enough describes the causes and consequences of Pope's failure:—"Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated are ready to conclude that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left anything for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism." But Johnson does not exhibit his usual good sense and knowledge of mankind when he attributes Theobald's success to the world's compassion. He calls him weak and ignorant, mean and faithless, petulant and ostentatious; but he affirms that this editor, "by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised whom no man can envy." This is mere fine writing. The real secret of Theobald's success is stated by Johnson himself:—"Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right." It was because Theobald was "anxiously scrupulous," because he did not attempt "to do more" than an editor ought to do, that he had the public support. Nearly every succeeding editor, in his scorn of Theobald, his confidence in himself, and, what was the most influential, his want of reverence for his author, endeavoured to make Shakspeare "speak better than the old copies have done." Each for a while had his applause, but it was not a lasting fame.

There is little in Theobald's Preface to mark the progress of opinion on the writings of Shakspeare. Some parts of this Preface are held to have been written by Warburton; but, if so, his arrogance must have been greatly modified by Theobald's judgment. There is not much general remark upon the character of the poet's writings; but what we find is sensibly conceived and not inelegantly expressed. We shall content ourselves with extracting one passage:—"In how many points of

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right must we be obliged to gaze at this great poet ! In how many branches of excellence to consider and admire him ! Whether we view him on the side of art or nature, he ought equally to engage our attention : whether we respect the force and greatness of his genius, the extent of his knowledge and reading, the power and address with which he throws out and applies either nature or learning, there is ample scope both for our wonder and pleasure. If his diction and the clothing of his thoughts attract us, how much more must we be charmed with the richness and variety of his images and ideas ! If his images and ideas steal into our souls and strike upon our fancy, how much are they improved in price when we come to reflect with what propriety and justness they are applied to character ! If we look into his characters, and how they are furnished and proportioned to the employment he cuts out for them, how are we taken up with the mastery of his portraits ! What draughts of nature ! What variety of originals, and how differing each from the other !”

Undeterred by the failure of Pope in his slashing amputations, Sir Thomas Hanmer appeared, in 1744, with a splendid edition in six volumes quarto, printed at the Oxford University Press. Nothing can be more satisfactory than the paper and the type. The work was intended as a monument to the memory of Shakspeare ; one of the modes in which the national homage was to be expressed :—“As a fresh acknowledgment hath lately been paid to his merit, and a high regard to his name and memory, by erecting his statue at a public expense ; so it is desired that this new edition of his works, which hath cost some attention and care, may be looked upon as another small monument designed and dedicated to his honour.” Capell, who came next as an editor, says truly of Hanmer that he “pursues a track in which it is greatly to be hoped he will never be followed in the publication of any authors whatsoever, for this were in effect to annihilate them if carried a little further.” Collins’s ‘Epistle to Sir Thomas Hanmer on his Edition of Shakspeare’s Works’ is an elegant though not very vigorous attempt to express the universal admiration that the people of England felt for the great national poet. The verse-homage to Shakspeare after the days of Milton had no very original character. The cuckoo-note with which these warblers generally interspersed their varied lays was the echo of Milton’s “wood-notes wild,” which they did not perceive had a limited application to some particular play—As You Like It, for instance. In Rowe’s prologue to ‘Jane Shore’ we have,—

“In such an age immortal Shakspeare wrote,
By no quaint rules nor hamp’ring critics taught ;
With rough majestic force he mov’d the heart,
And strength and nature made amends for art.”

Thomson asks—

“For lofty sense,
Creative fancy, and inspection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakspeare thine and nature’s boast ?”

T. Seward, addressing Stratford, says,—

“Thy bard was thine unschool’d.”

Collins’s Epistle begins thus, speaking of the works of Shakspeare :—

“Hard was the lot those injur’d strains endur’d,
Unown’d by science.”

But Collins, in many respects a true poet, has a higher inspiration in his invocations of the great master of the drama than most of his fellows :—

“O more than all in powerful genius bless’d,
Come, take thine empire o’er the willing breast !
Whate’er the wounds this youthful heart shall feel,
Thy songs support me, and thy morals heal.
There every thought the poet’s warmth may raise,
There native music dwells in all the lays.”

To Hanmer succeeded Warburton, with a new edition of Pope enriched with his own most original notes. If it were not painful to associate Shakspeare, the great master of practical wisdom, with a critic who delights in the most extravagant paradoxes, we might prefer the amusement of Warburton’s edition to toiling through the heaps of verbal criticism which later years saw heaped up. Warburton, of course, belonged to the school of slashing emendators. The opening of his preface tells us what we are to expect from him :—

“It hath been no unusual thing for writers, when dissatisfied with the patronage or judgment of their own times, to appeal to posterity for a fair hearing. Some have even thought fit to apply to it in the first instance, and to decline acquaintance with the public till envy and prejudice had quite subsided. But of all the trustees to futurity, commend me to the author of the following poems, who not only left it to time to do him justice as it would, but to find him out as it could : for, what between too great attention to his profit as a player, and too little to his reputation as a poet, his works, left to the care of door-keepers and prompters, hardly escaped the common fate of those writings, how good soever, which are abandoned to their own fortune, and unprotected by party or cabal. At length, indeed, they struggled into light ; but so disguised and travestied, that no classic author, after having run ten secular stages through the blind cloisters of monks and canons, ever came out in half so maimed and mangled a condition.”

There is little in Warburton’s preface which possesses any lasting interest, perhaps with the exception of his defence against the charge that editing Shakspeare was unsuitable to his clerical profession :—

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“The great Saint Chrysostom, a name consecrated to immortality by his virtue and eloquence, is known to have been so fond of Aristophanes as to wake with him at his studies, and to sleep with him under his pillow; and I never heard that this was objected either to his piety or his preaching, not even in those times of pure zeal and primitive religion. Yet, in respect of Shakspeare's great sense, Aristophanes's best wit is but buffoonery; and in comparison of Aristophanes's freedoms, Shakspeare writes with the purity of a vestal. . . . Of all the literary exertions of speculative men, whether designed for the use or entertainment of the world, there are none of so much importance, or what are more our immediate concern, than those which let us into the knowledge of our nature. Others may exercise the reason, or amuse the imagination; but these only can improve the heart, and form the human mind to wisdom. Now, in this science our Shakspeare is confessed to occupy the foremost place, whether we consider the amazing sagacity with which he investigates every hidden spring and wheel of human action, or his happy manner of communicating this knowledge, in the just and living paintings which he has given us of all our passions, appetites, and pursuits. These afford a lesson which can never be too often repeated, or too constantly inculcated; and to

engage the reader's due attention to it hath been one of the principal objects of this edition.

“As this science (whatever profound philosophers may think) is, to the rest, *in things*, so, *in words* (whatever supercilious pedants may talk), every one's mother-tongue is to all other languages. This hath still been the sentiment of nature and true wisdom. Hence, the greatest men of antiquity never thought themselves better employed than in cultivating their own country idiom.”



[Warburton.]

§ V.

It was in the year 1741 that David Garrick at once leaped into eminence as an actor, such as had not been won by any man for half a century. He was the true successor of Betterton, Harris, and Burbage. His principal fame was, however, like theirs, founded upon Shakspeare. But it is a mistake to imagine that there had not been a constant succession of actors of Shakspeare's great characters, from the death of Betterton to Garrick's appearance. His first character in London was Richard III. He made all the great parts of Shakspeare familiar to the play-going public for five-and-thirty years. ‘The Alchymist’ and the ‘Volpone’ of Ben Jonson were sometimes played; ‘The Chances,’ and ‘Rule a Wife and Have a wife,’ of Beaumont and Fletcher; but we are told by Davies, in his ‘Dramatic Miscellanies,’ that, of their fifty-four plays, only these two preserved their rank on the stage. This is a pretty convincing proof of what the public opinion of Shakspeare was in the middle of the last century. The Prologue of Samuel Johnson, spoken by Garrick at the opening of Drury-lane Theatre in 1747, is an eloquent expression of the same opinion:—

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“When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new:
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast.

“Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,
To please in method, and invent by rule;
His studious patience and laborious art
By regular approach essay'd the heart:
Cold approbation gave the lingering bays;
For those who durst not censure scarce could praise.
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

“The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's fame.
Themselves they studied; as they felt, they writ:
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.
Vice always found a sympathetic friend;
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong;
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long:
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

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“Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd ;
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,
Till declamation roar'd whilst passion slept ;
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,
Philosophy remain'd though Nature fled.
But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,
She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit ;
Exulting Folly hail'd the joyous day,
And pantomime and song confirm'd her sway.”

It is tolerably evident, from the whole tenor of this celebrated prologue, that of the early dramatists Shakspeare reigned upon the stage supreme, if not almost alone. It has been the fault of actors, and the flatterers of actors, to believe that a dramatic poet is only known to the world through their lips. Garrick was held to have given life to Shakspeare. The following inscription on Garrick's tomb in Westminster Abbey has been truly held by Charles Lamb to be “a farrago of false thoughts and nonsense.”—

“To paint fair Nature, by divine command,
Her magic pencil in his glowing hand,
A Shakspeare rose ; then, to expand his fame
Wide o'er this breathing world, a Garrick came.
Though sunk to death the forms the Poet drew,
The Actor's genius bade them breathe anew ;
Though, like the bard himself in night they lay,
Immortal Garrick call'd them back to day :
And till Eternity with power sublime
Shall mark the mortal hour of hoary Time,
Shakspeare and Garrick like twin stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine.”



[Garrick.]

Up to the end of the first half of the eighteenth century, when, according to the epitaph, the poet's forms were sunk in death and lay in night, there had been thirteen editions of Shakspeare's collected works, nine of which had appeared during the preceding forty years. Of Ben Jonson there had been three editions in the seventeenth century, and one in the eighteenth ; of Beaumont and Fletcher two in the seventeenth century, and one in the eighteenth. Yet, absurd and impertinent as it may be to talk of immortal Garrick calling the plays of

Shakspeare back to day, it cannot be denied that the very power of those plays to create a school of great actors was in itself a cause of their extension amongst readers. The most monstrous alterations, perpetrated with the worst taste, and with the most essential ignorance of Shakspeare's art, were still in some sort tributes to his power. The actors sent many to read Shakspeare with a true delight ; and then it was felt how little he needed the aid of acting, and how much indeed of his highest excellence could only be received into the mind by reverent meditation.

In 1765 appeared, in eight volumes octavo, ‘The Plays of William Shakspeare, with the Corrections and Illustrations of various Commentators : to which are added Notes by Samuel Johnson.’ This was the foundation of the variorum editions, the principle of which has been to select from all the commentary, or nearly all, that has been produced, every opinion upon a passage, however conflicting. The respective value of the critics who had preceded him are fully discussed by Johnson in the latter part of his Preface : it will be unnecessary for us to enter upon this branch of the subject, which was only of temporary interest. But the larger portion of Johnson's Preface not only to a certain extent represents the tone of opinion in Johnson's age, but is written with so much pomp of diction, with such apparent candour, and with such abundant manifestations of good sense, that, perhaps, more than any other production, it has influenced the public opinion of Shakspeare up to this day. That the influence has been for the most part evil, we have no hesitation in believing. Before proceeding to state the grounds of this belief we think it right to reprint the greater part of this celebrated composition—all, indeed, that permanently belongs to the subject of our poet :—

DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE.

“THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox ; or those who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy will be at last bestowed by time.

“Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance ; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than

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present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

“To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so, in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it hath been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

“The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

“The poet of whose works I have undertaken the revision may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life

afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained: yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

“But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

“Nothing can please many and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

“Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity; such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

“It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered

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his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

“It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

“Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and, as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

“Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say, with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

“Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should

form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion; even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents, so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful; the event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigences, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

“This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

“His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics who form their judgments upon narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censure his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and, wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show an usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

“The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

“Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real

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state of sublimity nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hastening to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

“Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected, some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*,—compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

“Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

“That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

“It is objected that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy may be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise that melancholy is often not

pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habits; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

“The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

“An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us, and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day and comedies to-morrow.

“Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

“History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of Antony and Cleopatra than in the history of Richard the Second. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

“Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time and exhilarated at another. But, whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

“When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of Hamlet is opened, without impropriety, by two centinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Gravediggers themselves may be heard with applause.

“Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him; the rules of the ancients were yet known to few; the public judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition, and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked led him to

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comedy. In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study what is written at last with little felicity; but in his comic scenes he seems to produce without labour what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic, but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

“The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable; the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre: but the discrimination of true passion are the colours of nature; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

“If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language as to remain settled and unaltered, this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

“These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing

general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

“Shakspeare with his excellences has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

“His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings, indeed, a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

“The plots are often so loosely formed that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting for the sake of those which are more easy.

“It may be observed that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

“He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his

imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies. Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his 'Arcadia,' confounded the pastoral with the feudal times; the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

"In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine. The reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve; yet, perhaps, the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

"In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

"In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an encumbrance, and, instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

"His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of Nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and, instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

"It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and, if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

"Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

"But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move than he counteracts himself, and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

"A quibble is to Shakspeare what luminous vapours are to the traveller; he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents or enchaining it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

"It will be thought strange that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

"For his other deviations from the art of writing I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour than that which must be indulged to all human excellence—that his virtues be rated with his failings; but from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

"His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

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"In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of Nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires—a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are, perhaps, some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

"To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the auditor.

"The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied, and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

"From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could in so short a time have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

"Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or for a single moment was ever credited.

"The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria and the next at Rome, supposes that when the play opens the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half-an-hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the banks of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

"The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

"By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If in the first act preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented in the catastrophe as happening in Pontus; we know that there is neither war nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imaginations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

“It will be asked how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves, unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real they would please no more.

“Imitations produce pain or pleasure not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of Henry the Fifth, yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato?

“A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident that the action is not supposed to be real; and it follows that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire.

“Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose that when he rose to notice he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented that they were not known by him, or not observed; nor, if

such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him that his first act passed at Venice and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire:—

‘Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.’

“Yet, when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected that these precepts have not been so easily received but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama; that, though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown rather what is possible than what is necessary.

“He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature and instruct life.

“Perhaps what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written may recall the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and, when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

“Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

“Every man’s performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet, as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry how far man may extend his designs, or how high

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he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru and Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

"The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry VIII; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacre, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

"Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. 'The Death of Arthur' was the favourite volume.

"The mind which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play which imitated only the common occurrences of the world would, upon the admirers of 'Palmerin' and 'Guy of Warwick,' have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions, and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings to unskilful curiosity.

"Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

"The stories which we now find only in remoter authors were in his time accessible and familiar.

The fable of *As You Like It*, which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's 'Gamelyn,' was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of Hamlet in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

"His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of Plutarch's 'Lives' into plays, when they had been translated by North.

"His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer; others please us by particular speeches, but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has, perhaps, excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

"The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

"Voltaire expresses his wonder that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation which has seen the tragedy of 'Cato.' Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in 'Cato' innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions: we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. 'Cato' affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious; but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer; we pronounce the name of Cato, but we think on Addison.

"The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers: the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

"It has been much disputed whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

"There has always prevailed a tradition that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms that *he had small Latin and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

"Some have imagined that they have discovered deep learning in imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time, or were such easy coincidences of thought as will happen to all who consider the same subjects, or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

"I have found it remarked that, in this important sentence, 'Go before, I'll follow,' we read a translation of 'I prae, sequar.' I have been told that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

"There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication; and, as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

"The Comedy of Errors is confessedly taken from the 'Menachmi' of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable than that he who copied that would have copied more, but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

"Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of Romeo and Juliet he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this, on the other part, proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

"It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe that he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

"That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

"There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader; nor was our language then so indigent of books but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

"But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

"By what gradations of improvement he proceeded is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion that 'perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a

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share in what he did, that, for aught I know,' says he, 'the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.' But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy as he was himself more amply instructed.

"There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for, except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colours.

"The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries which, from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made, sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtlety, were yet unattempted. The tales with which the infancy of learning was satisfied exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

"Boyle congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage; he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all

external agency, and bidding help and hinderance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the encumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, 'as dew-drops from a lion's mane.'

"Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to maintain an exact knowledge of many modes of life and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

"Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies copy partly them and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

"Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the character, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. 'He seems,' says Dennis, 'to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make

when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation."

"I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in 'Gorboduc,' which is confessedly before our author, yet in 'Hieronymo,' of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earlier plays. This, however, is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

"To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better than when he tries to soothe by softness.

"Yet it must be at last confessed that, as we owe everything to him, he owes something to us; that if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loathe and despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

"He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence, but perhaps not one play which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves."

It was observed by Warburton, in 1747, that the fit criticism for Shakspeare was not such "as may be raised mechanically on the rules which Dacier, Rapin, and Bossu have collected from antiquity;



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and of which such kind of writers as Rymer, Gildon, Dennis, and Oldmixon, have only gathered and chewed the husks." But he goes on to infer that "crude and superficial judgments on books and things" had taken the place of the older mechanical criticism; and that there was "a deluge of the worst sort of critical jargon—that which looks most like sense." The rules of art, as they were called, having been rejected as inapplicable to Shakspeare, a swarm of writers arose who considered that he was to be judged without the application of any general principles at all. They held that he wrote without a system; that the absence of this system produced his excellences and his faults; that his absurdities were as striking as his beauties; that he was the most careless and hasty of writers; and that therefore it was the business of all grave and discreet critics to warn the unenlightened multitude against his blunders, his contradictions, his violations of sense and decency. This was the critical school of individual judgment, which has lasted for more than a century amongst us; and which, to our minds, is a far more corrupting thing than the pedantries of all the Gildons and Dennises, who have ate paper and drunk ink. Before the publication of Johnson's preface (which, being of a higher order of composition than what had previously been produced upon Shakspeare, seemed to establish fixed rules for opinion), the impertinencies which were poured out by the feeblest minds upon Shakspeare's merits and demerits surpass all ordinary belief. Mrs. Charlotte Lennox, in whose 'Shakespear Illustrated' Johnson himself is reputed to have had some hand, is an average specimen of the insolence of that critical jargon "which looks most like sense." This work was published in 1753. A passage or two will show the sort of style in which this high-priestess of criticism delivered her oracles:—

Romeo and Juliet.—"Shakespear makes Romeo,

in the midst of his affliction for the death of his wife, and while the horrible design of killing himself was forming in his mind, give a ludicrous detail of the miserable furniture of a poor apothecary's shop; a description, however beautiful in itself, is here so ill-timed and so inconsistent with the condition and circumstances of the speaker, that we cannot help being shocked at the absurdity."

Cymbeline.—"It would be an endless task to take notice of all the absurdities in the plot, and unnatural manners in the characters, of this play. . . . The whole conduct of the play is absurd and ridiculous to the last degree; and with all the liberties Shakespear has taken with time, place, and action, the story, as he has managed it, is more improbable than a fairy tale."

The Winter's Tale.—"It has been mentioned, as a great praise to Shakespear, that the old paltry story of 'Dorastus and Fawnia' served him for *A Winter's Tale*; but if we compare the conduct of the incidents in the play with the paltry story on which it is founded, we shall find the original much less absurd and ridiculous. . . . The novel has nothing in it half so low and improbable as this contrivance of the statue; and, indeed, wherever Shakespear has altered or invented, his *Winter's Tale* is greatly inferior to the old paltry story that furnished him with the subject of it."

Hamlet.—"The violation of poetical justice is not the only fault that arises from the death of Hamlet; the revenging his father's murder is the sole end of all his designs, and the great business of the play; and the noble and fixed resolution of Hamlet to accomplish it makes up the most shining part of his character; yet this great end is delayed till after Hamlet is mortally wounded. He stabs the king immediately upon the information of his treachery to himself. Thus his revenge becomes interested, and he seems to punish his uncle rather for his own death than the murder of the king his father."

Richard II.—"This play affords several other instances in which Shakespear's inattention to the history is plainly proved; and is therefore the less pardonable, as the subject of it is not one entire action, wrought up with a variety of beautiful incidents, which at once delight and instruct the mind, but a dramatic narration of historical facts, and a successive series of actions and events, which are only interesting as they are true, and only pleasing as they are gracefully told."

Henry VIII.—"The fate of this Queen, or that of Cardinal Wolsey, each singly afforded a subject for tragedy. Shakespear, by blending them in the same piece, has destroyed the unity of his fable; divided our attention between them; and, by adding many other unconnected incidents, all foreign to his design, has given us an irregular historical drama, instead of a finished tragedy."

Much Ado about Nothing.—"This fable, absurd and ridiculous as it is, was drawn from the foregoing story, 'Genevra,' in Ariosto's 'Orlando Furioso,'—a fiction which, as it is managed by the epic poet, is neither improbable nor unnatural; but by Shakespear mangled and defaced, full of inconsistencies, contradictions, and blunders. The defaming a lady, by means of her servant personating her at her chamber-window, is the subject pursued by both. Shakespear, by changing the persons, altering some of the circumstances, and inventing others, has made the whole an improbable contrivance; borrowed just enough to show his poverty of invention, and added enough to prove his want of judgment."

Nothing can be a greater proof of the advance of some critical knowledge amongst us than the shuddering with which all persons of decent information now regard such utter trash. Mrs. Lennox was evidently a very small-minded person attempting to form a judgment upon a very high subject. But it was not only the small minds which uttered such babble in the last century. Samuel Johnson himself, in some of his critical opinions upon individual plays, is not very far above the good lady whom he patronized. What shall we think of the prosaic approbation of *A Midsummer-Night's Dream*?—"Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written." What of his praise of *Romeo and Juliet*?—"His comic scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected deprivations." What of the imputed omissions in *As You Like It*?—"By hastening to the end of this work, Shakespear suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers." What of the pompous see-sawing about *Macbeth*?—"It has no nice discriminations of character. . . . The danger of ambition is well described. . . . The passions are directed to their true end. *Lady Macbeth* is merely detested; and though the courage of *Macbeth* preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall." What, lastly, shall we say to the bow-wow about *Cymbeline*?—"To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility—upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation." All that we can in truth say of these startling things is this—that this learned, sensible, sometimes profound, and really great man, having trampled upon the unities and other tests of poetical merit, the fashion of Dryden's age, but not of his own, is perpetually groping about in the mists of his private judgment, now pursuing

a glimmering of light, now involved in outer darkness. This system of criticism upon Shakspeare was rotten to the foundation. It was based upon an extension and a misapplication of Ben Jonson's dogmatic assertion—"He wanted art." The art of Shakspeare was not revealed to the critics of the last century. Let us hear one to whom the principles of this art were revealed:—"It is a painful truth, that not only individuals, but even whole nations, are oftentimes so enslaved to the habits of their education and immediate circumstances, as not to judge disinterestedly even on those subjects the very pleasure arising from which consists in its disinterestedness, namely, on subjects of taste and polite literature. Instead of deciding concerning their own modes and customs by any rule of reason, nothing appears rational, becoming, or beautiful to them but what coincides with the peculiarities of their education. In this narrow circle individuals may attain to exquisite discrimination, as the French critics have done in their own literature; but a true critic can no more be such, without placing himself on some central point, from which he may command the whole,—that is, some general rule, which, founded in reason, or the faculties common to all men, must therefore apply to each,—than an astronomer can explain the movements of the solar system without taking his stand in the sun."* Samuel Johnson proposes to inquire, in the preface before us, "by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen." He answers the question at considerable length, by displaying what he holds to be the great peculiarity of his excellence:—"Shakspeare is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. . . . This, therefore, is the praise of Shakspeare—that his drama is the mirror of life." Such is the leading idea of the critic. He sees nothing higher in Shakspeare than an exhibition of the *real*. "He who has mazed his imagination in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions." When Johnson is unable to trace this actual picture of life in Shakspeare, when he perceives any deviations from the regular "transactions of the world," or the due "progress of the passions," then he is bewildered; and he generally ends in blaming his author. The characteristic excellence, he says, of the tragedy of Hamlet is "variety." According to his notion that in all Shakspeare's dramas we find "an interchange of seriousness and merri-

ment, by which the mind is softened at one time and exhilarated at another," he holds that "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth." But, in the conduct of the plot, the business of life and the course of the passions do not proceed with the regularity which he desires:—"Of the feigned madness of Hamlet there appears no adequate cause. . . . Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has by the stratagem of the play convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him. . . . The catastrophe is not very happily produced." Where is the mistake in all this? It is in taking a very limited view of the object and scope of Art. "It is its object and aim to bring within the circle of our senses, perceptions, and emotions, everything which has existence in the mind of man. Art should realize in us the well-known saying, *Nihil humani a me alienum puto*. Its appointed aim is, to awake and give vitality to all slumbering feelings, affections, and passions; to fill and expand the heart; and to make man, whether developed or undeveloped, feel in every fibre of his being *all* that human nature can endure, experience, and bring forth in her innermost and most secret recesses—*all* that has power to move and arouse the heart of man in its profoundest depths, manifold capabilities, and various phases; to garner up for our enjoyment whatever, in the exercise of thought and imagination, the mind discovers of high and intrinsic merit, the splendour of the lofty, the eternal, and the true, and present it to our feeling and contemplation. In like manner, to make pain and sorrow, and even vice and wrong, become clear to us; to bring the heart into immediate acquaintance with the awful and the terrible, as well as with the joyous and pleasurable; and lastly, to lead the fancy to hover gently, dreamily, on the wing of imagination, and entice her to revel in the seductive witchery of its voluptuous emotion and contemplation. Art should employ this manifold richness of its subject-matter to supply on the one hand the deficiencies of our actual experience of external life, and on the other hand to excite in us those passions which shall cause the actual events of life to move us more deeply, and awaken our susceptibility for receiving impressions of all kinds."*

This is something higher than Johnson's notion of Shakspeare's art—higher as that notion was than the mechanical criticism of the age which preceded him. But the inconsistencies into which the critic is betrayed show the narrowness and weakness of his foundations. The drama of Shakspeare is "a mirror of life;" and yet, according to the critic, it is the great sin of Shakspeare that he is perpetually violating "poetical justice." Thus Johnson says,

* We quote this from a very able article in the 'British and Foreign Review,' on Hegel's 'Æsthetics.' The passage is Hegel's.

* Coleridge's 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii., p. 63.

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in the preface, "He makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance." Johnson could not have avoided seeing that, if Shakspeare had not carried his persons "indifferently through right and wrong," he would not have exhibited "the real state of sublunary nature." But there was something much higher that Shakspeare would not then have done. Had he gone upon the principle of teaching an impracticable and therefore an unnatural theory of rewards and punishments in human affairs, if he had not intended that "his precepts and axioms" *should* "drop casually from him," he would have lost his supereminent power of gradually raising the mind into a comprehension of what belongs to the spiritual part of our nature; of exciting a deep sympathy with strong emotion and lofty passion; of producing an expansion of the heart, which embraces all the manifestations of human goodness and human sorrow; and, what is more, which penetrates into the abysses of guilt and degradation, and shows that there is no true peace, and no real resting-place, for what separates us from our fellow-men and from our God. This is not to be effected by didactic precepts *not* dropped casually; by false representations of the course of worldly affairs and the workings of man's secret heart. The mind comprehends the *whole* truth, when it is elevated by the art of the poet into a fit state for its comprehension. The *whole* moral purpose is then evolved, through a series of deductions in the mind of him who is thus moved. This is the highest logic, because it is based upon the broadest premises. Rymer sneers at Shakspeare when he says that the moral of Othello is, that maidens of quality should not run away with blackamoors. The sarcasm only tells upon those who demand any literal moral in a high work of art.

Because Johnson only saw in Shakspeare's dramas "a mirror of life," he prefers his comedy to his tragedy. "His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct." When the poet is working with grander materials than belong to the familiar scenes of life, however natural and universal, the critic does not see that the region of literal things is necessarily abandoned—that skill must be more manifest in its effects. We are then in a world of higher reality than every-day reality. "In tragedy he often writes with great appearance of toil and study what is written at last with little felicity." This now strikes the most superficial student of Shakspeare as monstrous. We open 'Irene,' and we understand it. "He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more

affecting for the sake of those which are more easy." It is a great privilege of the art of Shakspeare, that in his most tragical scenes he never takes us out of the region of pleasurable emotions. It was his higher art, as compared with the lower art of Otway. He does reject "those exhibitions which would be more affecting," but not "for the sake of those which are more easy." Let any one try which is the more easy, "to touch a soul to the quick, to lay upon fear as much as it can bear, to wean and weary a life till it is ready to drop," as Charles Lamb describes the tragic art of Webster; or to make a *Deedemona*, amidst the indignities which are heaped upon her, and the fears which subdue her soul, move tranquilly in an atmosphere of poetical beauty, thinking of the maid that

"had a song of—willow;
An old thing 't was, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it."

It is a rude conception which Johnson has of Shakspeare's art when he says of the play of Hamlet "The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity. . . . The pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth; the mournful distraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderness; and every personage produces the effect intended." True. But it was no intended effect of the madness of Hamlet to cause "much mirth." Every word that Hamlet utters has something in it which sounds the depths of our intellectual being, because every word is consistent with his own character, which, of all poetical creations, sends us most to search into the mysteries of our own individual natures. This, if we understand it aright, is *poetry*. But Johnson says, "Voltaire expresses his wonder that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation which has seen the tragedy of 'Cato.' Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in 'Cato' innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but Othello is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation, impregnated with genius." If Addison speaks "the language of poets," properly so called, 'Cato' *is* poetry. If Shakspeare speaks the language of men, as distinct from the language of poets, Othello is *not* poetry. It needs no further argument to show that the critic has a false theory of the poetical art. He has here narrowed the question to an absurdity.

We may observe, from what Johnson says of "the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire," that the English critics fancied that, doing Shakspeare ample justice themselves, they were called upon to defend

him from the mistaken criticisms of a foreign school. Every Englishman, from the period of Johnson, who has fancied himself absolved from the guilt of not admiring and understanding Shakspeare has taken up a stone to cast at Voltaire. Those who speak of Voltaire as an ignorant and tasteless calumniator of Shakspeare forget that his hostility was based upon a system of art which he conceived, and rightly so, was opposed to the system of Shakspeare. He had been bred up in the school of Corneille and Racine, the glories of his countrymen; and it is really a remarkable proof of the vigour of his mind that he tolerated so much as he did in Shakspeare, and admired so much; in this respect going farther perhaps than many of our own countrymen of no mean reputation, such as Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke in 1730. In his 'Discourse on Tragedy,' prefixed to 'Brutus,' and addressed to Bolingbroke in that year, he says, "Not being able, my lord, to risk upon the French stage verses without rhyme, such as are the usage of Italy and of England, I have at least desired to transport to our scene certain beauties of yours.



[Voltaire.]

It is true, and I avow it, that the English theatre is very faulty. *I have heard from your mouth that you have not a good tragedy.* But in compensation you have some admirable scenes in these very monstrous pieces. Until the present time almost all the tragic authors of your nation have wanted that purity, that regular conduct, those *bienstances* of action and style, that elegance, and all those refinements of art, which have established the reputation of the French theatre since the great Corneille. But the most irregular of your pieces have one grand merit—it is that of *action*." In the same letter we have his opinion of Shakspeare, which is certainly not that of a cold critic, but of one who admired even where he could not approve, and blamed as we had been accustomed to blame:—

"With what pleasure have I seen in London your tragedy of Julius Cæsar, which for a hundred and fifty years has been the delight of your nation! I assuredly do not pretend to approve the barbarous irregularities with which it abounds. It is only astonishing that one finds not more of them in a work composed in an age of ignorance, by a man who even knew not Latin, and who had no master but his own genius. But in the midst of so many gross faults, with what ravishment have I seen Brutus," &c. All this is perfectly intelligible, and demands no harsher censure than we have a right to apply to Dryden, who says nearly as strong things, and writes most of his own tragedies in the spirit of a devoted worshipper of the French school. In 1761, some thirty years after his letter to Bolingbroke, Voltaire writes 'An Essay on the English Theatre,' in which he expresses the wonder, which Johnson notices, that the nation which has 'Cato' can endure Shakspeare. In this essay he gives a long analysis of Hamlet, in which, without attempting to penetrate at all into the real idea of that drama, he gives such an account of the plot as may exaggerate what he regards as its absurdities. He then says, "We cannot have a more forcible example of the difference of taste among nations. Let us, after this, speak of the rules of Aristotle, and the three unities, and the *bienstances*, and the necessity of never leaving the scene empty, and that no person should go out or come in without a sensible reason. Let us talk, after this, of the artful arrangement of the plot, and its natural development; of the expressions being simple and noble; of making princes speak with the decency which they always have, or ought to have; of never violating the rules of language. It is clear that a whole nation may be enchanted without giving oneself such trouble." No one can be more consistent than Voltaire in the expression of his opinions. It is not the individual judgment of the man betraying him into a doubtful or varying tone, but his uniform theory of the poetical art, which directs all his censure of Shakspeare; and which therefore makes his admiration, such as it is, of more value than the vague homage of those who, despising, or affecting to despise, Voltaire's system, have embraced no system of their own, and thus infallibly come to be more dogmatical, more supercilious, in their abuse, and more creeping in their praise, than the most slavish disciple of a school wholly opposed to Shakspeare, but consecrated by time, by high example, and by national opinion. The worst things which Voltaire has said of Shakspeare are conceived in this spirit, and therefore ought not in truth to offend Shakspeare's warmest admirers. "He had a genius full of power and fruitfulness, of the natural and the sublime"—this is the praise. The dispraise is linked to it:—"Without the least spark of good taste, and

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without the slightest knowledge of rules." We may dissent from this, but it is not fair to quarrel with it. He then goes on:—"I will say a hazardous thing, but true, that the merit of this author has ruined the English theatre. There are so many fine scenes, so many grand and terrible passages, spread through his monstrous farces which they call tragedies, that his pieces have always been represented with extreme success."* We smile at the man's power of ridicule when he travesties a plot of Shakspeare, as in the dissertation prefixed to 'Semiramis.' But his object is so manifest—that of the elevation of his own theory of art—that he cannot outrage us. For what is his conclusion? That Shakspeare would have been a perfect poet if he had lived in the time of Addison.†

The famous 'Letter to the Academy,' in 1776, was the crowning effort of Voltaire's hostility to Shakspeare. In that year was announced a complete translation of Shakspeare; and several of the plays were published as a commencement of the undertaking. France, according to Grimm, was in a ferment.‡ The announcement of this translation appears to have enraged Voltaire. It said that Shakspeare was the creator of the sublime art of the theatre, which received from his hands existence and perfection; and, what was personally offensive, it added that Shakspeare was unknown in France, or, rather, disfigured. Voltaire tells the Academy that he was the first who made Shakspeare known in France, by the translation of some of his passages; that he had translated, too, the Julius Cæsar. But he is indignant that the new translators would sacrifice France to England, in paying no homage to the great French dramatists, whose pieces are acted throughout Europe. He notices, then, the four plays which they have translated; and calls upon them, of course in his tone of exaggeration and ridicule, to render faithfully certain passages which they have slurred over. But Voltaire avows the support which he receives from the English themselves in his condemnation of what he holds to be the absurdities of Shakspeare, quoting from Marmontel in this matter:—"The English have learned to correct and abridge Shakspeare. Garrick has banished from his scene the gravediggers in Hamlet, and has omitted nearly all the fifth act." Voltaire then adds,—"The translator agrees not with this truth; he takes the part of the gravediggers; he would preserve them as a respectable monument of an unique genius." The critic then gives a scene of 'Bajazet,' contrasting it with the opening scene of Romeo and Juliet. "It is for you," he says to the Academicians, "to decide which method we ought to follow—that of Shakspeare, the god of tragedy, or of Racine. In a similar way he contrasts a passage

in Corneille and Lear:—"Let the Academicians judge if the nation which has produced 'Iphigénie' and 'Athalie' ought to abandon them, to behold men and women strangled upon the stage, street-porters, sorcerers, buffoons, and drunken priests—if our court, so long renowned for its politeness and its taste, ought to be changed into an alehouse and a wine-shop." In this letter to the Academy Voltaire loses his temper and his candour. He is afraid to risk any admiration of Shakspeare. But this intolerance is more intelligible than the apologies of Shakspeare's defenders in England.* We must confess that we have more sympathy with Voltaire's earnest attack upon Shakspeare than with Mrs. Montagu's maudlin defence. Take a specimen:—"Our author, by following minutely the chronicles of the times, has embarrassed his dramas with too great a number of persons and events. The hurlyburly of these plays recommended them to a rude, illiterate audience, who, as he says, loved a noise of targets. His poverty, and the low condition of the stage (which at that time was not frequented by persons of rank), obliged him to this complaisance; and, unfortunately, he had not been tutored by any rules of art, or informed by acquaintance with just and regular dramas.†" She gives a speech of Lear, and says, "Thus it is that Shakspeare redeems the nonsense, the indecorums, the irregularities of his plays." Again, in her criticism on Macbeth:—"Our author is too much addicted to the obscure bombast much affected by all sorts of writers in that age. . . . There are many bombast speeches in the tragedy of Macbeth, and these are the lawful prize of the critic." The exhibition of the fickle humour of the mob in Julius Cæsar is not to be "entirely condemned." "The quarrel between Brutus and Cassius does not, by any means, deserve the ridicule thrown upon it by the French critic; . . . but it rather retards than brings forward the catastrophe, and is useful only in setting Brutus in a good light." One more extract from Mrs. Montagu, and we have done:—"It has been demonstrated with great ingenuity and candour that he was destitute of learning: the age was rude and void of taste; but what had a still more pernicious influence on his works was, that the court and the universities, the statesmen and scholars, affected a scientific jargon. An obscurity of expression was thought the veil of wisdom and knowledge; and that mist, common to the morn and eve of literature, which in fact proves it is not at its high meridian, was affectedly thrown over the writings, and even the conversation, of the learned, who often preferred images distorted or magnified, to a simple exposition of their

* Following the valuable Essay, "Shakspeare in Germany," by Mr. Ramsay, we shall offer a few remarks upon the altered state of opinion upon Shakspeare in the France of the present time.—C. K.

† Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakspeare.

* Lettres Philosophiques. Lettre 18.

† Dictionnaire Philosophique.

‡ Correspondance, 3^{me} partie, tome 1^{re}

thoughts. Shakspeare is never more worthy of the true critic's censure than in those instances in which he complies with this false pomp of manner. It was pardonable in a man of his rank not to be more polite and delicate than his contemporaries; but we cannot so easily excuse such superiority of talents for stooping to any affectation." This half-patronizing, half-vindicating tone is very well meant; and we respect Mrs. Montagu for coming forward to break a lance with the great European critic: but the very celebrity of Shakspeare's "fair warrior" is one of the proofs that there was no real school of criticism amongst us.



[Mrs. Montagu.]

Apologies for Shakspeare, lamentations over his defects, explanations of the causes of them, rude age, unlettered audience, the poet himself working without knowledge,—all this, the invariable language of the English critics, is eagerly laid hold of, not only to justify the hostility of Voltaire, but to perpetuate the reign of a system altogether opposed to the system of Shakspeare, up to the present hour. M. Villemain, in the new edition of his 'Essay upon Shakspeare,' published in 1839, gives us as much interjectional eulogy of our national poet as might satisfy the most eager appetite of those admirers who think such praise worth anything. The French critic, of nearly a century later than Voltaire, holds that Shakspeare has no other system than his genius. It is in this chaos that we must seek his splendour. His absurdities, his buffooneries, belong to the gross theatre of his period. In judging Shakspeare, we must reject the mass of barbarism and false taste with which he is surcharged. But then, apart from any system, "quelle passion! quelle poésie! quelle éloquence!" "This rude and barbarous genius discovers an unknown delicacy in the development of his female characters." And why? "The taste which is so often missing in him is here supplied by a delicate instinct, which makes him even

anticipate what was wanting to the civilization of his time." The critic reposes somewhat on English authority:—"Mrs. Montagu has repelled the contempt of Voltaire by a judicious criticism of some defects of the French theatre, but she cannot palliate the enormous extravagances of the pieces of Shakspeare. Let us not forget, she says, that these pieces were played in a miserable inn before an unlettered audience, scarcely emerging out of barbarism."* But Mrs. Montagu is not alone in this. Others, as angry with Voltaire, as prodigal of their admiration of Shakspeare, quietly surrender what Voltaire really attacks, forgetting that his praises have been nearly as strong, and sometimes a little more judicious, than their own. Hear Martin Sherlock apostrophizing Shakspeare:—

"Always therefore study Nature.

"It is she who was thy book, O Shakspeare; it is she who was thy study day and night; it is she from whom thou hast drawn those beauties which are at once the glory and delight of thy nation. Thou wert the eldest son, the darling child, of Nature; and, like thy mother, enchanting, astonishing, sublime, graceful, thy variety is inexhaustible. Always original, always new, thou art the only prodigy which Nature has produced. Homer was the first of men, but thou art more than man. The reader who thinks this eulogium extravagant is a stranger to my subject. To say that Shakspeare had the imagination of Dante, and the depth of Machiavel, would be a weak encomium: he had them, and more. To say that he possessed the terrible graces of Michael Angelo, and the amiable graces of Correggio, would be a weak encomium: he had them, and more. To the brilliancy of Voltaire he added the strength of Demosthenes; and to the simplicity of La Fontaine, the majesty of Virgil.—But, say you, we have never seen such 'a being.' You are in the right; Nature made it, and broke the mould."

This is the first page of 'A Fragment on Shakspeare' (1786). The following is an extract from the last page:—"The only view of Shakspeare was to make his fortune, and for that it was necessary to fill the playhouse. At the same time that he caused a duchess to enter the boxes, he would cause her servants to enter the pit. The people have always money; to make them spend it, they must be diverted; and Shakspeare forced his sublime genius to stoop to the gross taste of the populace, as Sylla jested with his soldiers."

David Hume, to the charm of whose style most readers once surrendered their judgment, thus writes of Shakspeare:—"Born in a rude age, and educated in the lowest manner, without any instruction either from the world or from

* Essai sur Shakspeare, Paris, 1839.

books." The consequence of this national and individual ignorance was a necessary one:—"A reasonable propriety of thought he cannot for any time uphold." What right have we to abuse Voltaire, when we hear this from an English writer of the same period? We fully agree with Schlegel in this matter:—"That foreigners, and Frenchmen in particular, who frequently speak in the most strange language of antiquity and the middle ages, as if cannibalism had been first put an end to in Europe by Louis XIV., should entertain this opinion of Shakspeare, might be pardonable; but that Englishmen should adopt such a calumny of that glorious epoch of their history, in which the foundation of their greatness was laid, is to me incomprehensible."* But it is not wholly incomprehensible. Schlegel has in part explained it:—"I have elsewhere examined into the pretensions of modern cultivation, as it is called, which looks down with such contempt on all preceding ages. I have shown that it is all little, superficial, and unsubstantial at bottom. The pride of what has been called the present maturity of human reason has come to a miserable end; and the structures erected by those pedagogues of the human race have fallen to pieces like the baby-houses of children." So far, of the critical contempt of the age of Shakspeare. Schlegel again, with equal truth, lays bare the real character of the same critical opinions of the poet himself:—"It was, generally speaking, the prevailing tendency of the time which preceded our own, a tendency displayed also in physical science, to consider what is possessed of life as a mere accumulation of dead parts; to separate what exists only in connexion and cannot otherwise be conceived, instead of penetrating to the central point, and viewing all the parts as so many irradiations from it. Hence, nothing is so rare as a critic who can elevate himself to the contemplation of an extensive work of art. Shakspeare's compositions, from the very depth of purpose displayed in them, have been exposed to the misfortune of being misunderstood. Besides, this prosaic species of criticism applies always the

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's Translation.

poetical form to the details of execution; but, in so far as the plan of the piece is concerned, it never looks for more than the logical connexion of causes and effects, or some partial and trivial moral by way of application; and all that cannot be reconciled to this is declared a superfluous, or even a detrimental addition. On these principles we must equally strike out most of the choral songs of the Greek tragedies, which also contribute nothing to the development of the action, but are merely an harmonious echo of the impression aimed at by the poet. In this they altogether mistake the rights of poetry and the nature of the romantic drama, which, for the very reason that it is and ought to be picturesque, requires richer accompaniments and contrasts for its main groups. In all art and poetry, but more especially in the romantic, the fancy lays claim to be considered as an independent mental power governed according to its own laws."

In these quotations from Schlegel we are partially anticipating a notice of the progress of opinion in Germany on the subject of Shakspeare. The translation of Schlegel's work in 1815, in conjunction with the admirable lectures of Coleridge, gave a new direction amongst the thinking few to our national opinion of Shakspeare. Other critics of a higher school than our own race of commentators had preceded Schlegel in Germany; and it would be perhaps not too much to say that, as the reverent study of Shakspeare has principally formed their æsthetic school, so that æsthetic school has sent us back to the reverent study of Shakspeare. He lived in the hearts of the people, who knew nothing of the English critics. The learned, as they were called, understood him least. Let the lovers of truth rejoice that their despotism is over. The history of Shakspearean opinion in Germany is a large and a most interesting subject. We are happy in being able to append to this Essay a sketch of that history, prepared by an assiduous perusal of the German translators and critics, by Mr. A. Ramsay, our friend and fellow-labourer during twenty years, to whose judgment we are indebted for many valuable suggestions during the progress of this edition of the great object of our "affectionate reverence."

§ VI.



[Capell.]

THE history of critical opinion upon Shakspeare, in England, has now brought us to what may be called the second race of commentators.

The English editors of Shakspeare have certainly brought to their task a great variety of qualities, from which combination we might expect some very felicitous results. They divide themselves into two schools, which, like all schools, have their subdivisions. Rowe, Pope, Theobald, Hanmer, Johnson, belong to the school which did not seek any very exact acquaintance with our early literature, and which probably would have despised the exhibition, if not the reality, of antiquarian and bibliographical knowledge. A new school arose, whose acquaintance with what has been called black-letter literature was extensive enough to produce a decided revolution in Shakspearean commentary. Capell, Steevens, Malone, Reed, Douce, are the representatives of the latter school. The first school contained the most brilliant men; the second, the most painstaking commentators. The dullest of the first school,—a name hung up amongst the dunces by his rival editor,—poor ‘piddling Tibbald,’ was unquestionably the best of the first race of editors. Rowe was indolent; Pope, flashy; Warburton, paradoxical; Johnson, pedantic. Theobald brought his common sense to the task; and has left us, we cannot avoid thinking, the best of all the conjectural emendations. Of the other school, the real learning, and sometimes sound judgment, of Capell, is buried in an obscurity of thought and

style,—to say nothing of his comment being printed separately from his text,—which puts all ordinary reading for purposes of information at complete defiance. Of Steevens and Malone, they have had, more or less, the glory of having linked themselves to Shakspeare during the last half-century. Reed and Chalmers were mere supervisors and abridgers of what they did.

The edition of Capell was published in ten small octavo volumes, three years after that of Johnson—that is, in 1768. His preface is printed in what we call the variorum editions of Shakspeare, but Steevens has added to it this depreciating note:—“Dr. Johnson’s opinion of this performance may be known from the following passage in Mr. Boswell’s ‘Life of Dr. Johnson:’—‘If the man would have come to me, I would have endeavoured to endow his purpose with words, for, as it is, he doth gabble monstrously.’” Certainly “the man” does write a most extraordinary style; and it is impossible to do full justice to his edition, from the great bulk of the notes and various readings “being published in a separate form,” with references to previous editors so obscure and perplexed, that few would take the trouble to attempt to reach his meaning. Capell was a man of fortune; and he devoted a life to this labour, dying in the midst of it. Steevens never mentions him but to insult him; and amongst the heaps of the most trashy notes that encumber the variorum editions, raked together from the pamphlets of every dabbler in commentary, there is perhaps not one single-minded quotation from Capell. John Collins, the publisher of his posthumous *Notes and Various Readings*, brings a charge against Steevens which may account for this unrelenting hostility to a learned and amiable man labouring in a pursuit common to them both. He says that Capell’s edition “is made the groundwork of what is to pass for the genuine production of these combined editors” (Johnson and Steevens). This, he says, may be proved by a comparison of their first edition of 1773 with that of Johnson’s of

1765, Capell’s having been published during the interval. He then proceeds further in the charge:—“But the re-publication of their work, as it ‘is revised and augmented,’ makes further advances upon the same plan, abounding with fresh matter and accumulated evidence in proof of the industry with which the purloining trade has been pursued, and of the latitude to which it has been extended, in each of the above-mentioned particulars. For,

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differing as it does from its former self in numberless instances, in all of them it is still found to agree with that edition, which, we are gravely told in so many words by the apparent manager of the business, 'has not been examined beyond one play.'

But there was another cause of the hostility of Steevens and his school of commentators. Farmer was their Coriphæus. Their souls were prostrate before the extent of his researches, in that species of literature which possesses this singular advantage for the cultivator, that, if he studies it in an original edition, of which only one or two copies are known to exist (the merit is gone if there is a baker's dozen known), he is immediately pronounced learned, judicious, laborious, acute. And this was Farmer's praise. He wrote 'An Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' which has not one passage of solid criticism from the first page to the last, and from which, if the name and the works of Shakspeare were to perish, and one copy—an unique copy is the affectionate name for these things—could be miraculously preserved, the only inference from the book would be that William Shakspeare was a very obscure and ignorant man, whom some misjudging admirers had been desirous to exalt into an ephemeral reputation, and that Richard Farmer was a very distinguished and learned man, who had stripped the mask off the pretender. The first edition of Farmer's pamphlet appeared in 1767.



[Farmer.]

Capell, who had studied Shakspeare with far more accuracy than this mere pedant, who never produced any literary performance in his life except this arrogant pamphlet, held a contrary opinion to Farmer:—"It is our firm belief that Shakspeare was very well grounded, at least in Latin, at school. It appears, from the clearest evidence possible, that his father was a man of no little substance, and very well able to give him such education; which,

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perhaps, he might be inclined to carry further, by sending him to a university; but was prevented in this design (if he had it) by his son's early marriage, which, from monuments and other like evidence, it appears with no less certainty must have happened before he was seventeen, or very soon after: the displeasure of his father, which was the consequence of this marriage, or else some excesses which he is said to have been guilty of, it is probable, drove him up to town; where he engaged early in some of the theatres, and was honoured with the patronage of the Earl of Southampton: his *Venus and Adonis* is addressed to that Earl in a very pretty and modest dedication, in which he calls it 'the first heire of his invention;' and ushers it to the world with this singular motto:—

'Vilia miretur vulgus, mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua;'

and the whole poem, as well as his *Lucrece*, which followed it soon after, together with his choice of those subjects, are plain marks of his acquaintance with some of the Latin classics, at least, at that time. The dissipation of youth, and, when that was over, the busy scene in which he instantly plunged himself, may very well be supposed to have hindered his making any great progress in them; but that such a mind as his should quite lose the tincture of any knowledge it had once been imbued with cannot be imagined: accordingly we see that this school-learning (for it was no more) stuck with him to the last; and it was the recordations, as we may call it, of that learning which produced the Latin that is in many of his plays, and most plentifully in those that are the most early: every several piece of it is aptly introduced, given to a proper character, and uttered upon some proper occasion; and so well cemented, as it were, and joined to the passage it stands in, as to deal conviction to the judicious, that the whole was wrought up together, and fetched from his own little store, upon the sudden, and without study.

"The other languages which he has sometimes made use of—that is, the Italian and French—are not of such difficult conquest that we should think them beyond his reach. An acquaintance with the first of them was a sort of fashion in his time. Surrey and the sonnet-writers set it on foot, and it was continued by Sidney and Spenser: all our poetry issued from that school; and it would be wonderful indeed if he, whom we saw a little before putting himself with so much zeal under the banner of the Muses, should not have been tempted to taste at least of that fountain to which of all his other brethren there was such a continual resort: let us conclude, then, that he did taste of it; but, happily for himself, and more happy for the world that enjoys him now, he did not find it to his reliah,

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and threw away the cup. Metaphor apart, it is evident that he had some knowledge of the Italian—perhaps just as much as enabled him to read a novel or a poem, and to put some few fragments of it, with which his memory furnished him, into the mouth of a pedant or fine gentleman.

“How or when he acquired it we must be content to be ignorant; but of the French language he was somewhat a greater master than of the two that have gone before; yet, unless we except their novelists, he does not appear to have had much acquaintance with any of their writers; what he has given us of it is merely colloquial, flows with great ease from him, and is reasonably pure. Should it be said he had travelled for it, we know not who can confute us.”

The principle of Capell's edition, as described by himself in the title-page, was to give the plays of Shakspeare as “set out by himself in quarto, or by the players, his fellows, in folio.” His introduction consists of an analysis of the value of these various authorities; and he discriminates very justly between those plays in quarto which “have much resemblance to those in the folio,” and those which were “first drafts or else imperfect and stolen copies.” His text is formed upon this discriminating principle, not attaching an equal value to all the original copies in quarto, or superseding the text of the folio by thrusting in passages out of the first drafts and imperfect copies. To say that his text is the result invariably of a sound judgment would be to say too much; and indeed some of his emendations approach a little to the ridiculous. But we have no hesitation in saying that it is a better text, because approaching more nearly to the originals, than that of many of those who came after him, and went on mending and mending for half a century till the world was tired with the din of their tinkering. The race which succeeded him was corrupted by flattery. Take a specimen:—“Shakspeare's felicity has been rendered complete in this age. His genius produced works that time could not destroy: but some of the lighter characters were become illegible; these have been restored by critics whose learning and penetration have traced back the vestiges of superannuated opinions and customs. They are now no longer in danger of being effaced.”* These critics had an accurate perception of part of their duty when they set out upon their work. The first labour of Steevens, which preceded the edition of Capell by two years, was to reprint in fac-simile “twenty of the plays of Shakspeare, being the whole number printed in quarto during his lifetime, or before the Restoration; collated where there were different copies, and published from the originals.” Most accurately did

he execute this laborious duty. We have collated, directly, or by the employment of persons upon whose care we could implicitly rely, these re-impressions by Steevens; and, with the exception, upon an average, of half a dozen of the minutest deviations in each play, we are as well contented with our copy for all purposes of utility as if we possessed the rarest edition of the most self-satisfied collector. The two great public libraries of England, the British Museum and the Bodleian, possess all the originals. The next progressive movement of Steevens was still in the same safe path. He became united with Johnson in the edition of 1773. In his advertisement he says,—“The labours of preceding editors have not left room for a boast that many valuable readings have been retrieved; though it may be fairly asserted that the text of Shakspeare is restored to the condition in which the author, or rather his first publishers, appear to have left it, such emendations as were absolutely necessary alone admitted.” He defines what are absolutely necessary, such as a supply of particles when indispensable to the sense. He rejects with indignation all attempts to tamper with the text by introducing a syllable in aid of the metre. He declines suggestions of correspondents “that might have proved of great advantage to a more daring commentator.” Upon such safe foundations was the edition of 1773 reared. In 1778 it was “revised and augmented,” and in 1785 it was reprinted with additions by Isaac Reed, Steevens having declined the further care of the work. Steevens also in 1779 rendered an acceptable service to the students of our dramatic history, by the publication of ‘Six old plays, on which Shakspeare founded his Measure for Measure, Comedy of Errors, Taming the Shrew, King John, King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Lear.’ In 1780 Malone appeared as an editor of Shakspeare. He came forward with ‘A Supplement’ to the edition of 1778, in which he republished the poems



[Steevens.]

* Mrs. Montagu: Introduction.

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of Shakspeare, and the seven doubtful plays which had been printed as his in the third and fourth folios. The encouragement which he had received induced him, in 1790, when Steevens had retired from his editorial labours in connexion with the booksellers' edition, to publish a complete edition of his own, but which was still a variorum edition, "with the corrections and illustrations of various commentators." In this first appeared his 'Dissertation on the Three Parts of Henry VI.,' and his 'Historical Account of the English Stage.' Malone professes the same anxiety to adhere to the genuine text of Shakspeare as Steevens had professed before him; but he opened a wide field for editorial licence, in his principle of making up a text out of the folio edition and the previous quartos; and, to add to the apparent value of his own labours, he exaggerated, as others have since done, the real value of these quartos:—"They *in general* are preferable to the exhibition of the same plays in the folio; for this plain reason, because, instead of printing these plays from a manuscript, the editors of the folio, to save labour, or from some other motive, printed the greater part of them from the very copies which they represented as maimed and imperfect, and frequently from a late, instead of the earliest, edition; in some instances with additions and alterations of their own." Those of our readers who have paid attention to our observations on the "State of the Text" which precede each play will know that this is not an accurate statement of the question; for the large additions to the folio copy when compared with the quartos, the careful emendations, and even the omissions, which are seldom without some sound apparent reason, could not have been the additions and alterations of the editors of the folio, but must have been the result of the author's labours, perhaps during a series of years. It appears from Malone's preface that a feeling was gaining ground that the constant accession of notes to Shakspeare was becoming an evil:—"The admirers of this poet will, I trust, not merely pardon the great accession of new notes in the present edition, but examine them with some degree of pleasure. An idle notion has been propagated that Shakspeare has been *buried under his commentators*; and it has again and again been repeated by the tasteless and the dull, 'that notes, though often necessary, are *necessary evils*.' During the era of conjectural criticism and capricious innovation, notes were indeed evils; while one page was covered with ingenious sophistry in support of some idle conjecture, and another was wasted in its overthrow, or in erecting a new fabric equally unsubstantial as the former. While our object is to support and establish what the poet wrote, to illustrate his phraseology by comparing it with that of his contemporaries, and to explain

his fugitive allusions to customs long since disused and forgotten,—while this object is kept steadily in view, if even every line of his plays were accompanied with a comment, every intelligent reader would be indebted to the industry of him who produced it. Such uniformly has been the object of the notes now presented to the public. Let us then hear no more of this barbarous jargon concerning Shakspeare's having been *elucidated* into *obscurity*, and buried under the load of his commentators." There is a great deal of truth in this; but it is not all the truth. Malone disagrees with the following observation of Johnson:—"It is not (he remarks) very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him." The new editor, with a pardonable complacency towards his calling, says,—"He certainly was read, admired, studied, and imitated, at the period mentioned; but surely not in the same degree as at present. The succession of editors has effected this; it has made him understood; it has made him popular; it has shown every one who is capable of reading how much superior he is not only to Jonson and Fletcher, whom the bad taste of the last age from the time of the Restoration to the end of the century set above him, but to all the dramatic poets of antiquity." Jonson and Fletcher were not set above Shakspeare, as we have demonstratively shown, from the time of the Restoration to the end of the century.* But even if they were, it was not the succession of editors that had made Shakspeare popular. A plain reprint of Shakspeare without a single note, but with the spelling modernized, would have made him more popular than all the critical editions which the eighteenth century had produced. Malone says that during that century "thirty thousand copies of Shakspeare have been dispersed through England." The number would have been quadrupled if Shakspeare had been left to his own unaided power. Much of what the commentators did, especially in the illustration of Shakspeare's phraseology and the explanation of his fugitive allusions, they did well. But they must needs be critics, without having any system of criticism more profound than the easy task of fault-finding; and thus they rendered Shakspeare less popular than he would have been in an age when criticism was little understood, and men's eyes were dazzled by an array of names to support some flippant remark upon Shakspeare's want of art, some exhibition of his

* We have pleasure in directing attention to a very able article in 'The Spectator' newspaper (August 14, 1841), for a complete demolition of the gross assertions of Mr. D'Israeli, on the neglect of Shakspeare, put forth in his 'Amenities of Literature.'

ignorance, some detection of his anachronisms, some discovery of a quibble beyond the plain meaning of the word. It is scarcely possible to read a scene of the variorum 'Shaksperes' without feeling the utter want of a reverent spirit towards the author. These things sank more deeply into the minds of the readers of Shakspeare than the general expressions of the commentators' admiration; which after all seemed little more than compliments to themselves in their association with the poet. Schlegel, we cannot but acknowledge, has stated the truth with tolerable exactness:—"Like Dante, Shakspeare has received the indispensable but cumbersome honour of being treated like a classical author of antiquity. The oldest editions have been carefully collated, and where the readings seemed corrupted many improvements have been attempted; and the whole literature of his age has been drawn forth from the oblivion to which it has been consigned, for the sake of explaining the phrases, and illustrating the allusions, of Shakspeare. Commentators have succeeded one another in such numbers, that their labours, with the critical controversies to which they have given rise, constitute of themselves a library of no inconsiderable magnitude. These labours are deserving of our praise and gratitude; and more especially the historical inquiries into the sources from which Shakspeare drew his materials, and into the former state of the English stage. But with respect to the criticisms which are merely of a philological nature, I am frequently compelled to differ from the commentators; and where they consider him merely as a poet, endeavour to pronounce upon his merits, and to enter into his views, I must separate myself from them entirely. I have hardly ever found either truth or profundity in their observations; and these critics seem to me to be but stammering interpreters of the general and almost idolatrous admiration of his countrymen."*

We open a play at a venture, to see how far in the spirit of a modest appreciation of themselves, and an earnest admiration of their author, the editors laboured to render Shakspeare popular. It is Hamlet. Let us put down a few of their annotations:—

"*Angry parle.* This is one of the affected words introduced by Lyly."—STEEVENS.

"*A mote it is, &c.* These lines are in the enlarged quarto of 1604. Many of its (Hamlet's) absurdities as well as beauties arose from the quantity added after it was first written."—STEEVENS.

"*Shall I strike at it with my partizan.* I am unwilling to suppose that Shakspeare could appropriate these absurd effusions to Horatio."—STEEVENS.

"*I am too much i' the sun.* I question whether

a quibble between *sun* and *son* be not here intended."—FARMER.

"*To school in Wittenberg.*" The anachronism is first pointed out by MALONE; and then we are told by RITSON that Shakspeare derived his knowledge of this famous university from a trumpery book called 'The Life of Jack Wilton.'

"*Nemean.* The right prosody is accidental."—MALONE.

"*Rest, rest, perturbed spirit.*" The skill displayed in the management of the Ghost is contrasted with his management of other preternatural beings: "They are but weak and inefficacious pageants."—STEEVENS.

Conclusion of Scene I. Act II. "The poet's ill and obscure expression seems to have been caused by his affectation of concluding the scene with a couplet."—JOHNSON.

"*Being a god kissing carrion.*" Warburton's reading being given: "This is a noble emendation, which almost sets the critic on a level with the author."—JOHNSON.

"*The satirical rogue says here that old men have grey beards.*" Warburton says that the allusion is to Juvenal, Satire 10. "If Shakspeare had read Juvenal he could not have wrongly accented *Post-humus*."—FARMER.

"*Now might I do it, &c.* This speech is too horrible to be read or to be uttered."—JOHNSON. "Yet some moral may be extracted from it, as all his subsequent calamities were owing to this savage refinement of revenge."—M. MASON.

"*Heaven's face doth glow, &c.* In Shakspeare's licentious diction the meaning may be." &c.—MALONE.

End of Act IV. "Shakspeare has been unfortunate in his management of the story of this play, the most striking circumstances of which arise so early in its formation as not to leave him room for a conclusion suited to the importance of its beginning. After this last interview with the Ghost, the character of Hamlet has lost all its consequence."—STEEVENS.

"*Nature is fine in love; and where 't is fine
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.*

"These lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loss, for they are obscure and affected."—JOHNSON.

"*It was that very day that young Hamlet was born.* The poet in the fifth act had forgotten what he wrote in the first."—BLACKSTONE.

"*There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.*

"Dr. Farmer informs me that these words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *skewers*, lately observed to him that his nephew (an idle lad) could only *assist* him in making them; 'He could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *shape* their ends.' To shape

* Lectures on Dramatic Literature, Black's Translation, vol. ii., p. 103.

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the ends of *wool-skewers*, i. e. to *point* them, requires a degree of skill; any one can *rough-hew* them. Whoever recollects the profession of Shakspeare's father will admit that his son might be no stranger to such terms. I have frequently seen packages of wool pinned up with *skewers*."—

STEEVENS.

Concluding Remarks.—"The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious."—JOHNSON.

"Hamlet cannot be said to have pursued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he sacrificed him at last, meant to have enforced such a moral, it is not the worst that can be deduced from the play. . . . Hamlet seems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeserving the pity of the audience; and because no writer on Shakspeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character."—

STEEVENS.

The editors of the first collection of the works of Shakspeare, in their 'Address to the great Variety of Readers,' say—"Read him therefore; and again, and again: and if then you do not like him, surely you are in some manifest danger not to understand him." This was advice that could not have proceeded from any common mind. The foundation of a right understanding of Shakspeare is love. Steevens read again and again without love, and therefore without understanding. Boswell, the editor of Malone's posthumous edition, speaking of Steevens's note on Hamlet from which we have given an extract, says that Steevens has expressed himself "with as much asperity as if he had had a personal quarrel with the author." Steevens had a pettifogging mind, without a particle of lofty feeling, without imagination, without even a logical apprehension of the small questions to which he applied himself. But he was wonderfully laborious. Knowing nothing of the principles of philosophical criticism, he spared no pains in hunting up illustrative facts; he dabbled in classical learning so as to be able to apply a quotation with considerable neatness; and he laboured his style into epigrammatic smartness which passed for wit. The vicious style of the 'Letters of Junius' was evidently his model; and what that cowardly libeller had been in the political world, Steevens was ambitious to be in the literary. He very often attacked, under a mask, those with whom he mixed in intimate companionship; till at last his name became a

byword for meanness and malignity. It was impossible that such a man could have written about Shakspeare without displaying "as much asperity as if he had had a personal quarrel with him." And yet he was to be pitied. Like Hamlet, he had a task laid upon him above his powers. Early in life he attached himself to literature and literary pursuits, not from any necessity, for his fortune was ample, but with a real and sincere devotion. He attached himself to Shakspeare. He became an editor of Shakspeare. He was associated with Johnson in the preparation of an edition, and what he did in his own way was far superior to what his colleague had effected without him. He gave a new tone to the critical illustration of Shakspeare, by bringing not only the elegant literature of Shakspeare's own age to compare with him, but by hunting over all the sweepings of the book-stalls of the same age, to find the application of a familiar allusion, or the meaning of an uncommon word. But he became ambitious to show his power of writing, as well as his diligence. If we turn over the various editions, and light upon a note which contains something like a burst of genial admiration for the author, we find the name of Warburton affixed to it. Warburton's intellect was capacious enough for love of Shakspeare. But he delighted in decorating his opinions with the tinsel of his own paradoxes. Steevens was the man to pull off the tinsel; but he did it after the fashion in which the lace was stripped from Brother Jack's coat:—"Courteous reader, you are given to understand that zeal is never so highly obliged as when you set it a-tearing; and Jack, who doated on that quality in himself, allowed it at this time its full swing. Thus it happened that, stripping down a parcel of gold lace a little too hastily, he rent the main body of his coat from top to bottom; and whereas his talent was not of the happiest in taking up a stitch, he knew no better way than to darn it again with packthread and a skewer."* The zeal for tearing increased with Steevens. He retired for fifteen years from the editorship of Shakspeare, to recreate himself in the usual way in which such minds find diversion—by anonymous attacks upon his literary contemporaries. But in 1793 he returned with renewed vigour to his labour of love, the defacing of Shakspeare. Malone, in the interval, had been working hard, though perhaps with no great talent, in the endeavour to preserve every vestige of his author. He was successful, and Steevens was thenceforward his enemy. He would no longer walk in the path that he had once trod. He rejected all his old conservative opinions. In his edition of 1793, he sets out in his Advertisement with the following well-known manifesto against a portion of the works of Shakspeare, the supposed merit or demerit of which, it is perfectly evident, must have been

* Tale of a Tub.

applied as a standard for other portions of Shakspeare's poetical excellence:—"We have not reprinted the Sonnets, &c., of Shakspeare, because the strongest Act of Parliament that could be framed would fail to compel readers into their service; notwithstanding these miscellaneous poems have derived every possible advantage from the literature and judgment of their only intelligent editor, Mr. Malone, whose implements of criticism, like the ivory rake and golden spade in Prudentius, are on this occasion disgraced by the objects of their culture. Had Shakspeare produced no other works than these, his name would have reached us with as little celebrity as time has conferred on that of Thomas Watson, an older and much more elegant sonnetteer." Brother Jack is here not only tearing the coat, but throwing the waistcoat into the fire. Let us hear how he means to deal with the coat itself:—"But, as we are often reminded by our 'brethren of the craft' that this or that emendation, however apparently necessary, is not the *genuine text of Shakspeare*, it might be imagined that we had received this text from its fountain-head, and were therefore certain of its purity. Whereas few literary occurrences are better understood than that it came down to us discoloured by 'the variation of every soil' through which it had flowed, and that it stagnated at last in the muddy reservoir of the first folio: in plainer terms, that the vitiations of a careless theatre were seconded by those of an ignorant a press. The integrity of dramas thus prepared for the world is just on a level with the innocence of females nursed in a camp and educated in a bagnio. As often, therefore, as we are told that, by admitting corrections warranted by common sense and the laws of metre, we have not rigidly adhered to the text of Shakspeare, we shall entreat our opponents to exchange that phrase for another 'more germane,' and say, instead of it, that we have deviated from the text of the publishers of single plays in quarto, or their successors, the editors of the first folio; that we have sometimes followed the suggestions of a Warburton, a Johnson, a Farmer, or a Tyrwhitt, in preference to the decisions of a Hemings or a Condell, notwithstanding their choice of readings might have been influenced by associates whose high-sounding names cannot fail to enforce respect, viz. William Ostler, John Shanke, William Sly, and Thomas Poope." Again:—"It is time, instead of a timid and servile adherence to ancient copies, when (offending against sense and metre) they furnish no real help, that a future editor, well acquainted with the phraseology of our author's age, should be at liberty to restore some apparent meaning to his corrupted lines, and a decent flow to his obstructed versification. The latter (as already has been observed) may be frequently effected by the expulsion of useless and supernumerary syllables, and an

occasional supply of such as might fortuitously have been omitted, notwithstanding the declaration of Hemings and Condell, whose fraudulent preface asserts that they have published our author's plays 'as absolute in their numbers as he conceived them.' Till somewhat resembling the process above suggested be authorized, the public will ask in vain for a commodious and pleasant text of Shakspeare. Nothing will be lost to the world on account of the measure recommended, there being folios and quartos enough remaining for the use of antiquarian or critical travellers, to whom a jolt over a rugged pavement may be more delectable than an easy passage over a smooth one, though they both conduct to the same object."

And this, then, is the text of Shakspeare that England has rejoiced in for half a century! These are the labours, whether of correction or of critical opinion, that have made Shakspeare "popular." The critical opinions have ceased, we believe, to have any effect except amongst a few pedantic persons, who fancy that it is cleverer to dispraise than to admire. But the text as corrupted by Steevens is that which was generally put into the hands of the readers of Shakspeare. The number of editions of the text alone of Shakspeare printed during the first half of this century was by no means inconsiderable; and of these editions there were many thousand copies year by year supplying the large and increasing demand for a knowledge of our greatest poet. With very few exceptions, indeed, all these editions were copies of some edition whose received text is considered as a standard,—even to the copying of typographical errors. That received text, to use the words of the title-page of what is called the trade edition, is "From the text of the corrected copies left by the late George Steevens, Esq., and Edmund Malone, Esq." If we were to suppose, from this title, that Steevens and Malone had agreed together to leave a text for the benefit of posterity, we should be signally deceived. The received text is that produced by Steevens, when he fancied himself "at liberty to restore some apparent meaning to Shakspeare's corrupted lines, and a decent flow to his obstructed versification." Malone was walking in his own track, that of extreme caution, and an implicit reliance on the very earliest copies. The text of his edition of 1821, though deformed with abundant marks of carelessness, is an honest text, if we admit the principle upon which it is founded. But the text of Steevens, in which the peculiar versification of Shakspeare especially, its freedom, its vigour, its variety of pause, its sweetness, its majesty, are sacrificed to what he called "polished versification," was received for nearly half a century as the standard text.

Hayley, the head of the school of English poetry "in the most high and palmy state" of Steevens,

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[Malone.]

wrote his epitaph, which concludes with these lines:—

“This tomb may perish, but not so his name
Who shed new lustre upon Shakspeare's fame.”

This may run by the side of Johnson's praise of a sermonizing note of Warburton:—“It almost sets the critic on a level with the author.” Steevens, shedding new lustre upon Shakspeare! Warburton, almost upon a level with Shakspeare! Thus men talked in those days, when their notion of poetry was simply that it was not prose. Something in which the mechanical form was to be obviously distinguished from other forms of composition—a sermon, an essay—was poetry. They looked for no inner life in poetry, no organization of its own, that should determine its form. They looked for eight or ten syllable verse, for blank verse or couplet. They looked for syllabic regularity in Shakspeare, and a moral. When they found not the moral they shook their heads. When they found what they called “superfluous syllables” in Shakspeare's lines, out went the syllables, by carrying over a word to the next line, sometimes of two, sometimes of three syllables. If there was a gap left, it was filled up with rubbish. The excess of the second line was carried over to the third, till a halting-place was found or made. This was mending the metre. Mending the moral was not quite so easy to the editors; they left that task to the players, who, to do them justice, were in no degree slow to set about the work with the most laudable emulation of the labours of the critics. They cut out a scene here, and put in another there. Lear was to end with a jig, and Hamlet with a song. The manager-botchers, however, in time grew timid. They wanted new Tates to make new happy endings, but the age of George III. was not luxurious enough to produce such daring geniuses. The managers, therefore, were obliged to be content with the glorious improvements of the seventeenth

century in all essentials. But they did what they could. Shakspeare's songs were poor, simple things; they had no point; not much about love in them; nothing of loyalty; and so Shakspeare's comedies were always presented with new songs by the salaried poet of “the house,” for “the house” kept a poet, as the maker of razor-strops did in those days. But Garrick, the twin-star of Shakspeare—

‘Shakspeare and Garrick like twin-stars shall shine,
And earth irradiate with a beam divine’—

had many a twinkle of his own. In the ‘*Biographia Dramatica*’ we have a list of thirty-nine plays by Garrick:—“He is well known to have been the author of the following, some of which are originals, and the rest translations or alterations from other authors, with a design to adapt them to the present taste of the public.” (A predecessor printed upon the title of a tragedy of which in a similar way he was “the author,” *King Lear*, a Tragedy: by Nahum Tate.) Garrick's Shakspearean authorship was confined to *Romeo and Juliet*, *The Fairies* (*Midsummer-Night's Dream*), *The Tempest*, *Catherine and Petrucio* (*Taming of the Shrew*), *Florizel and Perdita* (*Winter's Tale*), *Cymbeline*, *Hamlet*. This was pretty well for a twin-star. Is it uncharitable to infer that the Stratford Jubilee in 1769 was something as much for the honour of David Garrick as of William Shakspeare? On this memorable occasion the corporation of Stratford opened their proceedings by thus addressing Garrick:—“Sir, you who have done the memory of Shakspeare so much honour are esteemed the fittest person to be appointed the first steward of his jubilee.” The ode upon dedicating the town-hall, and erecting a statue to Shakspeare, was written by Garrick, as well as spoken by him. It is quite as good as birthday odes used to be. It would be beyond our limits to describe the effect which this ode produced; how rapturous was the public dinner; how brilliant were the transparencies in the hall; and how appropriate were the characters of the masquerade, at which a thousand persons were present. Garrick spoke an oration in honour of Shakspeare, and thus he honours him:—“We get knowledge from Shakspeare, not with painful labour, as we dig gold from the mine, but at leisure, and with delight, as we gain health and vigour from the sports of the field. A picture frequently pleases which represents an object that in itself is disgusting. Teniers represents a number of Dutch boors drunk and quarrelling in a wretched hovel, and we admire the piece for a kind of relative beauty, as a just imitation of life and nature: with this beauty we are struck in Shakspeare; we know his originals, and contemplate the truth of his copy with delight.”

This is the narrow view of the art of Shakspeare

which Johnson impressed upon his pupil. We read on, and we are bewildered. Slightly we have spoken of Garrick, because we felt that to do what he has done with the masterpieces of Shakspeare, and especially with Hamlet, was to show that he did not understand them. But there is something in this 'Oration in Honour of Shakspeare,' spoken by him at Stratford in 1769, and written by him, as it is said, which shows to us that the author of that oration, or parts of that oration, was far in advance of the critical opinions of his day. Let us present a consecutive passage which immediately follows that already transcribed:—"It was happy for Shakspeare, and for us, that in his time there was no example by the imitation of which he might hope to be approved. *He painted nature as it appeared to his own eye, and not from a transcript of what was seen in nature by another.* The genius looks not upon nature, but through it; not at the outline only, but at the differences, nice and innumerable, within it; at all that the variation of tints, and the endless combinations of light and shade, can express. As the power of perception is more, more is still perceived in the inexhaustible varieties of life; but to copy only what another has seen is to render superior perspicacity vain; and neither the painter nor the poet can hope to excel who is content to reflect a reflection, and to seek for nothing in nature which others have not found.

"But there are beauties in Shakspeare not relative—powers that do not imitate, but create. He was as another Nature: he represents not only actions that were not performed, but beings that do not exist; yet to these beings he assigns not only faculties, but character; he gives them not only peculiar dispositions, but characteristic modes of expressing them: they have character, not merely from the passions and understandings, but from situation and habit; Caliban and Ariel, like Shallow and Falstaff, are not more strongly distinguished in consequence of different natures than of different circumstances and employments.

"As there was no poet to seduce Shakspeare into imitation, there was no critic to restrain his extravagance; yet we find *the force of his own judgment sufficient to rein his imagination, and to reduce to system the new world which he made.*

"Does any one now inquire whether Shakspeare was learned? Do they mean whether he knew how to call the same thing by several names? for learning, with respect to languages, teaches no more; learning, in its best sense, is only nature at the rebound; it is only the discovery of what is; and he who looks upon nature with a penetrating eye derives learning from the source. *Rules of poetry have been deduced from examples, and not examples from rules:* as a poet, therefore, Shakspeare did not need books; and in no instance in

which he needed them as a philosopher or historian does he appear ignorant of what they teach.

"His language, like his conceptions, is strongly marked with the characteristic of nature; it is bold, figurative, and significant; his terms, rather than his sentences, are metaphorical; he calls an endless multitude a sea, by a happy allusion to the perpetual succession of wave to wave; and he immediately expresses opposition by taking up arms, which, being fit in itself, he was not solicitous to accommodate to his first image. This is the language in which a figurative and rapid conception will always be expressed: this is the language both of the prophet and the poet, of native eloquence and divine inspiration.

"It has been objected to Shakspeare that he wrote without any moral purpose; but I boldly reply that he has effected a thousand. He has not, indeed, always contrived a series of events from the whole of which some moral precept may be inferred; but he has conveyed some rule of conduct, some principle of knowledge, not only in almost every speech of his dialogue, but in every incident, character, and event."

We would attempt to deprive no man of his fame; but the passage which we have just transcribed appear to us so contrary to the habits of thought which Garrick must have acquired from his theatrical practice, so opposed to the recorded opinions to which he was in the habit of looking up almost with slavish reverence, that we cannot receive the records of the Stratford Jubilee as evidence that he wrote it. What—was the manufacturer of Shakspeare's plays into farces, and operas, and tragedies with moral endings, to be the first man in England to discover that Shakspeare was a creator; that he lived in a world of his own creation; that the practice of art went before the rules; that the question of his learning was to be settled contrary to the way in which the pedants of criticism had settled it, by the proof that his knowledge was all-abundant; that his judgment was sufficient to rein his imagination; that he worked upon system, and was therefore an artist in the highest sense of the word; that what has been called the confusion of his metaphors was the language both of the prophet and the poet; that his moral purpose was to be collected incidentally, not only through informal speeches, but in every character and event? The beginning and the end of Garrick's oration is commonplace. Here is a flood of light shed upon the English opinion of Shakspeare. Was there any man in England, at that time, whose philosophy was large enough, whose knowledge was comprehensive enough, to allow him to think thus? Was there any man in England who dared so to express himself, in the face of authorities who had so recently propounded a totally different system? There was but one



(Stratford Jubilee.)

man that we can dream of, and he was Edmund Burke. We cannot think that Garrick wrote these sentences. We can hardly think that he knew the full force of what he was uttering.

It would be a dreary task to attempt to trace all that was published about Shakspeare from the date of Johnson's first edition to the close of the eighteenth century. A few out of the heap of these forgotten emanations of the critical mind, the multitude of which proves the strong direction of the national admiration, may not be unprofitably noticed. Johnson, when he has dismissed Shakspeare from the shackles of the unities, says, "I am almost frighted at my own temerity." He dreaded the advocates of a contrary opinion, "as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy when he saw Neptune shaking the wall." A Neptune arrived from Scotland, in the shape of 'Cursory Remarks on Tragedy.' This work, though it dropped into oblivion, was the performance of W. Richardson, 'Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow.' A small specimen will suffice:—"With an impartiality which becomes every man that dares to think for himself, let us allow him (Shakspeare) great merit as a comic writer, greater still as a poet, but little, very little, as a tragedian. . . . And is then poor Shakspeare to be excluded from

the number of great tragedians? He is; but let him be banished, like Homer from the republic of Plato, with marks of distinction and veneration; and may his forehead, like the Grecian bard's, be bound with an honourable wreath of ever-blooming flowers." There can be no doubt of the paternity of this production. The same Professor of Humanity in the University of Glasgow produced, in the same year, 'A Philosophical Analysis and Illustration of some of Shakspeare's Characters;' and this book has gone, with the appendage of new characters, through many editions; and is allied, moreover, to Essays on this and that Shakspearean thing, and a "perilous shot" indeed in 'An Essay on the Faults of Shakspeare.' We shall give no more than a sentence:—"I am inclined to believe, and shall now endeavour to illustrate, that the greatest blemishes in Shakspeare have proceeded from his want of consummate taste. Having no perfect discernment, proceeding from rational investigation, of the true cause of beauty in poetical composition, he had never established in his mind any system of regular process, or any standard of dramatic excellence." Yet this solemn person, who thinks that Shakspeare had never established in his mind any system of regular process, had no perfect discernment of the true cause of beauty, has the temerity to

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write a book of four hundred pages on his dramatic characters. Something of a very different description was produced three years after: 'An Essay on the Dramatic Character of Sir John Falstaff.' The author was Maurice Morgann, once Under Secretary of State. The book is far above the age. The author is a thinker, and one who has been taught to think by Shakspeare. Take an example:—"In the groups of other poets, the parts which are not seen do not in fact exist. . . . Those characters in Shakspeare which are seen only in part are yet capable of being unfolded and understood in the whole; every part being in fact relative, and inferring all the rest." The 'Remarks on Some of the Characters of Shakspeare,' by Thomas Whately, published in 1785, is something different from the performance of the Scotch professor. What could induce his eminent relation, who republished it in 1839, to write thus?—"Mr. Whately, it should be observed, is merely pointing out that such and such speeches *do* indicate character; not that they were, in each case, written with that *design*. If, then, they really are characteristic, the criticism is fully borne out, whatever may have been the design of Shakspeare. I doubt whether Shakspeare ever had any thought at all of making his personages speak characteristically. In most instances, I conceive—probably in all—he drew characters correctly, because he *could not avoid it*; and would never have attained, in that department, such excellence as he has, if he had made any studied efforts for it. And the same, probably, may be said of Homer, and of those other writers who have excelled the most in delineating characters." Was the 'Paul preaching at Athens,' with the Apostle characterised in his majesty, the sceptic in his doubt, and the enthusiast in his veneration, (characters marked as deeply as the Richard and Macbeth upon which the relation of the Archbishop of Dublin writes,)—was this produced by Raffaele because he could not avoid it? We would willingly give an extract or two from this clever book, but its republication renders such unnecessary. There is one more work, and one only, to which we may point as being superior to the ordinary criticism of that age—"the butterwoman's rank to market." It is Mr. Whiter's 'Specimen of a Commentary on Shakspeare,' published in 1794. We have often quoted it, which may be sufficient to mention for our present purpose.

Amidst the crowd of writers, from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century, who were adding to the mass of comment upon Shakspeare, whether in the shape of essay, letter, poem, philosophical analysis, illustration, there was one who, not especially devoting himself to Shakspearean criticism, had a considerable influence in the gradual formation of a sound national taste. The 'Reliques of Ancient English Poetry,' by Thomas Percy,

originally published in 1765, showed to the world that there was something in the early writers beyond the use to which they had been applied by Shakspeare's commentators. In these fragments it would be seen that England, from the earliest times, had possessed an inheritance of real poetry; and that he who had breathed a new life into the forms of the past, and had known how to call up the heroes of chivalry,—to

"Enlive their pale trunks, that the present age
Joys in their joy, and trembles at their rage,"—

was not without models of earnest passion and noble simplicity in the ancient ballads. The publication of these "Reliques" led the way, though slowly, to the study of our elder poets; and every advance in this direction was a step towards the more extended knowledge, and the better understanding, of Shakspeare himself. Percy, in one part of his first volume, collected "such ballads as are quoted by Shakspeare, or contribute in any degree to illustrate his writings." He did this with his usual good taste; and every one knows with what skill he connected in the tale of 'The Friar of Orders Grey' those "innumerable little fragments of ancient ballads" which we find dispersed through the plays of Shakspeare. In his introduction to this division of his work he gives some very sensible observations upon the origin of the English stage. In the following remarks on the Histories of our poet he takes a different, and we think a juster, view of their origin and purpose than Malone and the other commentators. Although Percy puts his own opinions cautiously, if not timidly, it is clear that he had higher notions of Shakspeare as an artist than those who were arrogating to themselves the merit of having made him "popular." He who holds that it is "the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance" is not far from a right appreciation of Shakspeare:—"But while Shakspeare was the favourite dramatic poet, his Histories had such superior merit, that he might well claim to be the chief, if not the only, historic dramatist that kept possession of the English stage; which gives a strong support to the tradition mentioned by Gildon, that, in a conversation with Ben Jonson, our bard vindicated his historical plays, by urging that, as he had found 'the nation in general very ignorant of history, he wrote them in order to instruct the people in this particular.' This is assigning not only a good motive, but a very probable reason, for his preference of this species of composition; since we cannot doubt but his illiterate countrymen would not only want such instruction when he first began to write, notwithstanding the obscure dramatic chroniclers who preceded him, but also that they would highly profit

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by his admirable Lectures on English History so long as he continued to deliver them to his audience. And, as it implies no claim to his being the *first* who introduced our chronicles on the stage, I see not why the tradition should be rejected.

“Upon the whole, we have had abundant proof that both Shakespeare and his contemporaries considered his Histories, or Historical Plays, as of a legitimate distinct species, sufficiently separate from Tragedy and Comedy; a distinction which deserves the particular attention of his critics and commentators, who, by not adverting to it, deprive him of his proper defence and best vindication for his neglect of the unities and departure from the classical dramatic forms. For, if it be the first canon of sound criticism to examine any work by whatever rule the author prescribed for his own observance, then we ought not to try Shakespeare's Histories by the general laws of tragedy or comedy. Whether the rule itself be vicious or not is another inquiry: but certainly we ought to examine a work only by those principles according to which it was composed. This would save a deal of impertinent criticism.”

“The History of English Poetry,” by Thomas Warton, published in 1774, was another of those works which advanced the study of our early literature in the spirit of elegant scholarship as opposed to bibliographical pedantry. Warton was an ardent lover of Shakspeare, as we may collect from several little poems; but he was scarcely out of the trammels of the classical school. His education had taught him that Shakspeare worked without art, and indeed he held that most of the Elizabethan poets so worked:—“It may here be added that only a few critical treatises, and but one ‘Art of Poetry’ were now written. Sentiments and images were not absolutely determined by the canons of composition; nor was genius awed by the consciousness of a future and final arraignment at the tribunal of taste. A certain dignity of inattention to niceties is now visible in our writers. Without too closely consulting a criterion of correctness, every man indulged his own capriciousness of invention. The poet's appeal was chiefly to his own voluntary feelings, his own immediate and peculiar mode of conception. And this freedom of thought was often expressed in an undisguised frankness of diction; a circumstance, by the way, that greatly contributed to give the flowing modulation which now marked the measures of our poets, and which soon degenerated into the opposite extreme of dissonance and asperity. Selection and discrimination were often overlooked. Shakespeare wandered in pursuit of universal nature. The glancings of his eye are from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. We behold him breaking the barriers of

imaginary method. In the same scene he descends from his meridian of the noblest tragic sublimity to puns and quibbles, to the meanest merriments of a plebeian farce. In the midst of his dignity he resembles his own Richard II., the *skipping king*, who sometimes, discarding the state of a monarch,

‘Mingled his royalty with carping fools.’

He seems not to have seen any impropriety in the most abrupt transitions, from dukes to buffoons, from senators to sailors, from counsellors to constables, and from kings to clowns. Like Virgil's majestic oak—

‘Quantum vertice ad auras
Ætherias, tantum radice in Tartara tendit.’”

All this is prettily said; but it would not have been said if Warton had lived half a century later. Scattered about the periodical ‘*Essayists*’ are many papers on Shakspeare, worth consulting by the student, which, if not very valuable in themselves, indicate at least the progress of opinion. Joseph Warton, in ‘*The Adventurer*,’ where he reviews *The Tempest* and *Lear*, is a great stickler for the unities. Mackenzie, in ‘*The Mirror*,’ has a higher reverence for Shakspeare, and a more philosophical contempt for the application of the ancient rules to works having their own forms of vitality. Cumberland, in ‘*The Observer*,’ contrasts Macbeth and Richard III.; and he compares Shakspeare with Æschylus in a way which exhibits the resources of his scholarship and the elegance of his taste. All the fragmentary critical opinions upon Shakspeare, from the time of Johnson's Preface to the end of the century, exhibit some progress towards the real faith; some attempt to cast off not only the authority of the ancient rules of art, but the smaller authority of that lower school of individual judgment, which the Shakspearean commentators had been propping up, as well as they could, upon their own weak shoulders. Coleridge has well described their pretensions to authority:—“Every critic, who has or has not made a collection of black-letter books,—in itself a useful and respectable amusement,—puts on the seven-league boots of self-opinion, and strides at once from an illustrator into a supreme judge, and, blind and deaf, fills his three-ounce phial at the waters of Niagara; and determines positively the greatness of the cataract to be neither more nor less than his three-ounce phial has been able to receive.” Such a critic was Mr. Francis Douce; who has been at the pains of making a formal essay ‘*On the Anachronisms and some other Incongruities of Shakspeare*.’ The words by which Mr. Douce describes these are, of course, “absurdities,” “blunders,” “distortions of reality,” “negligence,” “absurd vio-

lations of historical accuracy." Some concessions are, however, made by the critic:—"His bestowing the epithet of *gipsy* on Cleopatra is whimsical; but may, perhaps, admit of defence." It is perfectly clear that a man who talks thus has not the slightest philosophical comprehension of the objects of Art, and the mode in which Art works. The domain of the literal and the ideal is held to be one and the same. It is truly said of the formative arts, by a living painter who knows the philosophy of his own art as much as he excels in its practice, that "a servile attention to the letter of description, as opposed to its translatable spirit, accuracy of historic details, exactness of costume, &c., are not essential in themselves, but are valuable only in proportion as they assist the demands of the art, or produce an effect on the imagination. This may sufficiently explain why an inattention to these points, on the part of great painters (and poets, as compared with mere historians), has interfered so little with their reputation."*

One of the critics upon Shakspeare has sought to apologize for his anachronisms or "absurdities" by showing the example of the greatest of painters, that of Raffaele, in the 'Transfiguration:'—"The two Dominicans on their knees are as shocking a violation of good sense, and of the unities of place, of time, and of action, as it is possible to imagine." It is clear that Martin Sherlock, who writes thus, did not understand the art of Raffaele. This was the spirit of all criticism upon painting and upon poetry. The critic never laboured to conceive the great prevailing idea of "the maker" in either art. He had no central point from which to regard his work. The great painters, especially in their treatment of religious compositions, had their whole soul permeated with the glory and beauty of the subjects upon which they treated. Their art was in itself a worship of the Great Infinite Idea of beauty and truth. The individual forms of humanity, the temporary fashions of human things, were lifted into the region of the universal and the permanent. The Dominicans on their knees in the 'Transfiguration' were thus the representatives of adoring mortality during the unfolding to the bodily sense of heavenly glory. Who can see the anachronism, as it is called, till a small critic points it out? Art changes the very nature of those elements by which the imagination is affected. She touches them, and the things are propertied for her use. What is mean, separately considered, is harmonized by her into greatness; what is rude, into beauty; what is low, into sublimity. We fear that it was a want of comprehending the high powers and privileges of Art, whether in poetry or painting,

* Preface to Kugler's 'History of Painting,' by C. L. Eastlake, Esq., R.A.

that made the 'Shakspeare Gallery,' which, towards the end of the last century, was to raise up an historic school of painting amongst us, a lamentable failure. The art of painting in England was to do homage to Shakspeare. The commercial boldness of a tradesman built a gallery in which the Reynoldses, and Wests, and Romneys, and Fuselis, and Northcotes, and Opies, might consecrate, by the highest efforts of painting, the inspiration which was to be borrowed from Shakspeare. The gallery was opened; the works were munificently paid for; they were engraved; the text of Shakspeare was printed in larger type than the world had ever seen, to be a fit vehicle for the engravings. People exclaimed that Italy was outdone. With half-a-dozen exceptions, who can now look upon those works and not feel that the inspiration of Shakspeare was altogether wanting? It is not that they violate the proprieties of costume, which are now better understood; it is not that we are often shocked by the translation of a poetical image into a palpable thing—like the grinning fiend in Reynolds's 'Death of Beaufort;' but it is that the Shakspearean inspiration is not there. Lord Thurlow is reported to have said, in his coarse way, to one not wanting in talent, "Romney, before you paint Shakspeare, do, for God's sake, read him." But the proper reading of Shakspeare was not the fragmentary reading which Thurlow probably had in his mind. The picturesque passages are to be easily discovered by a painter's eye; but these are the things which most painters will literally translate. Shakspeare is always injured by such a literal translation. Deeply meditated upon, his scenes and characters float before the mind's eye in forms which no artifices of theatrical illusion, no embodiments of painting and sculpture, have ever presented. If such visions are to be fixed by the pencil, so as to elevate our delight and add to our reverence of the great original, that result must be attained by such a profound study of the master, as a whole, as may place him in the light of the greatest of *suggestive* poets, instead of one whose details are to be enfeebled by a literal transcript.

We have little of importance left to notice before we reach the close of the eighteenth century, about which period we ought to rest. Opinions upon our contemporaries, except very general ones, would be as imprudent as misplaced. Perhaps we should notice in a few words the extraordinary forgeries of William Henry Ireland. We consider them as the result of the all-engrossing character of Shakspearean opinion in the days of the rivalries and controversies of Steevens and Malone, of Ritson and Chalmers:—

"Take Markham's Armoury, John Taylor's Sculler,
Or Sir Giles Goosecap, or proverbial Fuller;

ON THE WRITINGS OF SHAKSPERE.

With Upton, Fabell, Dodypoll the nice,
Or Gibbe our cat, White Devils, or Old Vice ;
Then lead your readers many a precious dance,
Capering with Banks's ' Bay Horse in a Trance :'
The ' Housewife's Jewel ' read with care exact,
Wit from old Books of Cookery extract ;
Thoughts to stew'd prunes and kissing comfits suit,
Or the potato, vigour-stirring root ;
And then, returning from that antique waste,
Be hail'd by Parr the Guide of Public Taste."*

A clever boy, who had a foolish father whose admiration of Shakspeare took the form of longing, with an intensity which Mrs. Pickle could not have equalled, for the smallest scraps of Shakspeare's writing, thought he would try his hand at the manufacture of a few such scraps—a receipt ; a mortgage-deed ; a Protestant Confession of Faith by William Shakspeare, to be placed in opposition to another forgery of a Roman Catholic Confession of Faith. This precious production thus concludes :—“ O cheryshe usse like the sweete Chickenne thatte under the covert offe herre spreadynge Wings Receyves herre lyttle Broode ande hoverynge overre themme keepses themme harmlesse and in safetye.” Learned men came to read the confession of faith, and one affirmed that it was finer than anything in the Church Liturgy. Witty conundrums succeeded ; letters to Anne Hathaway ; memorandums connected with the theatre ; a new edition of King Lear, with the author's last alterations ; and, to crown the whole, an original play, ' Vortigern, and Rowena.' The boy was evidently imbued with the taste of his time, and really fancied that he could mend Shakspeare. Hear one of his confessions :—“ In King Lear the following lines are spoken by Kent after the King's death :—

“ I have a journey, sir, shortly to go :
My master calls, and I must not say no.’

As I did not conceive such a jingling and unmeaning couplet very appropriate to the occasion, I composed the following lines :—

Thanks, sir ; but I go to that unknown land
That chains each pilgrim fast within its soil ;
By living men most shunn'd, most dreaded.
Still my good master this same journey took :
He calls me ; I am content, and straight obey :
Then, farewell, world ! the busy scene is done :
Kent liv'd most true, Kent dies most like a man.”

The documents were published in the most expensive form. All the critics in the land came to look upon the originals. Some went upon their knees and kissed them. The “ black-letter dogs ” began to tear each other in pieces about their authenticity. Hard names were given and returned ; dunces and blockhead were the gentlest vituperations. The whole controversy turned upon the colour of the ink, the water-mark of the paper,

* Pursuits of Literature.

the precise mode of superscription to a letter, the contemporary use of a common word, the date of the first use of promissory notes, the form of a mortgage. Scarcely one of the learned went boldly to the root of the imposture, and showed that Shakspeare could not have written such utter trash. The case of Chatterton was altogether a different one. There, indeed, was high genius wrongfully employed ; but the enthusiastic admiration of the thing produced might well shut the eyes of the most acute to the inconsistencies which surrounded it. Not so with the new treasures which William Henry Ireland discovered from the pen of Shakspera. The *people*, however, settled the question. The play was brought out at Drury Lane : and the prologue by Sir James Bland Burgess is another instance of the mode in which the poetasters and witlems venerated Shakspeare :—

“ From deep oblivion snatch'd, this play appears :
It claims respect, since Shakspeare's name it bears ;
That name, the source of wonder and delight,
To a fair hearing has at least a right.
We ask no more. With you the judgment lies :
No forgeries escape your piercing eyes !
Unbiass'd, then, pronounce your dread decree,
Alike from prejudice or favour free.
If, the fierce ordeal pass'd you chance to find
Rich sterling ore, *though rude and unrefin'd*,
Stamp it your own, assert your poet's fame,
And add fresh wreaths to Shakspeare's honour'd
name.”

The people did pronounce their “ dread decree.”
When Mr. Kemble uttered the line—

“ And when this solemn mockery is o'er”—

“ the most discordant howl echoed from the pit
that ever assailed the organs of hearing.” Shakspeare was vindicated.



[Coleridge.]

At the beginning of the nineteenth century a new school of criticism began to establish itself amongst us. Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt

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led the way in approaching Shakspeare, if not wholly in the spirit of *Æsthetics*, yet with love, with deep knowledge, with surpassing acuteness, with unshackled minds. But a greater arose. A new era of critical opinion upon Shakspeare, as propounded by Englishmen, may be dated from the delivery of the lectures of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, at the Surrey Institution, in 1814. What that great man did for Shakspeare during the remainder of his valuable life can scarcely be appreciated by the public. For his opinions were not given to the world in formal treatises and ponderous volumes. They were fragmentary; they were scattered, as it were, at random; many of them were the oral lessons of that wisdom and knowledge which he poured out to a few admiring disciples. But they have had their effect. For

ourselves, personally, we owe a debt of gratitude to that illustrious man that can never be repaid. If, during the progress of this edition, we have been enabled to present Shakspeare to the popular mind under new aspects, looking at him from a central point, which should permit us, however imperfectly, to comprehend something of his wondrous *SYSTEM*, we owe the desire so to understand him ourselves to the germs of thought which are scattered through the works of that philosopher; to whom the homage of future times will abundantly compensate for the partial neglect of his contemporaries. We desire to conclude this outline of the opinions of others upon the works of Shakspeare, in connexion with the imperfect expression of our own sense of those opinions, with the name of

COLERIDGE.

SHAKSPERE IN GERMANY.

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SHAKSPERE IN GERMANY.

Of the native drama of Germany, Tieck has said* that "it had ever wanted an opportunity of creating and forming a truly national stage. If actors and their art are perhaps at present overvalued, they were as unduly contemned in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. They were merely strollers. With few exceptions, the theatre was the amusement of the populace only; and when learned men began to direct their attention to the wretched state of the drama, they commenced by utterly destroying the little nationality which it possessed. Upon this nationality true poets could and would have formed a genuine German theatre. To establish a system of false criticism, and to recommend an imitation of the French stage as the only means of benefiting their own, was the aim of these writers; and this before they themselves had produced any standard poetical works." The ill effects of this influence Tieck laments as having existed ever since; the contest which has arisen in favour of Shakspeare and nature having, with few exceptions, only produced an hermaphrodite between the two systems, and naturalized "everything that can be called bad taste and wretchedness."

Better things might have been anticipated from the connexion anciently subsisting between the English and German stages, of which Tieck incidentally asserts the existence. He says, "The Whitsun plays excepted, the comedies and tragedies of Hans Sachs can scarcely be reckoned as dramatic works; they are either religious or secular tales or novels, related in dialogue, without any attempt at effect; the plots are introduced and composed without any art, and very seldom show any trace of characterization. His latter years correspond with the youth of Shakspeare.† Jacob Ayrer, who lived and wrote after Sachs, made a very considerable advance in the dramatic art. The date of Ayrer's birth is not known, but it appears that he was originally engaged in trade at Nürnberg

in Bavaria, but afterwards studied law in the Gymnasium at Bamberg, where he became Hof- und-Stadt-gerichts Prokurator (proctor in the superior and city law courts). As a zealous Protestant he was forced to leave Bamberg, and returned to Nürnberg in 1594, where he acquired a like position. He is stated to have died in 1618, but Karl Gödecke believes that 1605 is more probable.* Of his published works there is a fine copy in the Library of the British Museum, with the following title:—'Opus Theatricum. Dreissig ausbündtliche schöne Komödien und Tragedien von allerhand denckwürdigen alten Römischen Historien und andern politischen Geschichten und Gedichten. Sampt noch andern sechs- und dreissig schönen lustigen und kurzweiligen Fastnacht und Possen Spielen. Durch weiland den erbarn und wohlgelährten Herrn Jacobum Ayrer, Notarium Publicum und Gerichts Procuratorem zu Nürnberg seeligen, aus mancherlei alten Poeten und Scribenten zu seiner Weil und Lust, mit sonderm Fleiss zusammen colligirt, und in Deutsche Reimen Spillweis verfasst, das man alles Persönlich agirn kann. Sampt einem dazu gehörigen Register. Gedruckt zu Nürnberg durch Balthasar Scherffen. Anno 1618.† It is a folio, paged in leaves, and the first series of Comedies and Tragedies contains 464 leaves, or 928 pages; the Fastnacht- and Possen-spiele contain 167 leaves, separately paged, and has at the end 'Gedruckt zu Nürnberg durch Balthasar Scherff, im Jahr 1610.' There is no appearance of the latter portion of the book having been printed earlier than the preceding part, and the date may have been a typographical error.

Ayrer, or the person who drew up the title, it

* *Grundriss zur Geschichte der deutschen Dichtung.*

† Thirty excellent and beautiful Comedies and Tragedies, from various memorable old Roman historians, narrated and versified. With yet other thirty-six beautiful, merry, and entertaining Carnival Plays and Farces. By the late honourable and learned Herr Jacob Ayrer, formerly Notary Public and Proctor in Nürnberg, at his leisure and humour, with great diligence collected together, and composed theatrically, so that all may personally perform them.

* *Alt-Englisches Theater*, preface to vol. i.

† Sachs lived from 1494 to 1576; he was one of the most prolific of writers.

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will be seen, was not overburdened with modesty. The "beautiful" and "entertaining" will be found with difficulty in these productions, which in their style resemble those of Hans Sachs, with less art and liveliness, but with more plot and action, a coarse characterisation suited to a not very intelligent popular audience, some natural simplicity, with considerable roughness. In some minor respects they have a slight resemblance to the dramas of the period before Shakspeare, paying no respect to the unities, having any number of acts varying from four to nine, and having an intermixture of the serious and comic. All are written in octo-syllabic rhymed verse, and some of the farces are in the manner of the English ballad opera, that is, with songs introduced, to be sung to popular melodies. Episodes are frequent; in many instances there is little or no plot, but a succession of events almost entirely independent of each other. Ayzer is fond of love scenes, the personages descanting at great length to each other, and occasionally addressing each other in song; in the 'Beautiful Phœnicia' there are two songs, one of sixty lines, and another of 110 lines. He now and then aims at the pathetic, but seldom rises above the frightful; and in his tragedies the most striking characteristic is the prevalence of disagreeable and bloody actions. It is not possible to fix the date of the production of Ayzer's plays. Gottsched, according to Karl Schmitt,* gives 1585 as the date of Julius Redivivus, but the authority for the statement is not given. The Preface expands the title, claims a moral purpose in the work, states that Ayzer was an exemplary citizen both in official and private life, that for poetry "he had an especially excellent genius, and a *felix*, nay, a *divinum ingenium*," and announces the existence of forty other pieces that are to "follow shortly." The promise was not fulfilled. But in the Royal Library at Dresden there is a MS. copy of twenty-two of Ayzer's dramatic pieces, of which nineteen appear in the 'Opus Theatricum,' and three are yet unpublished; to some of these the dates are affixed, and are of three years only—1595, 1596, and 1598, the last occurring most frequently. This collection, however, is not an autograph, but apparently a carefully and well-written transcript, by more than one copyist. 'The Beautiful Sidea' is not found in this collection. We subjoin a list of the published Tragedies and Comedies:—

1 to 5. Tragedy. First Part. The Foundation of Rome, and how it acquired great power, in six Acts, with thirty characters. This is the title of the first of a series of three tragedies and two

* Jacob Ayzer, ein Beitrag zur Geschichte des deutschen Dramas. Marburg, 1851

comedies on the history of Rome, the materials taken from Livy.

6. The tragedy of the Emperor Otto III. and his wife.

7. The comedy of Julius Redivivus, from N. Frischling.

8. The tragedy and whole history of the foundation of Bamberg, and institution of its bishopric and conventual establishments; this is in nine Acts, with seventy-two characters.

9. The tragedy and shameful death of the Turkish Emperor Mahomet, of his taking of Constantinople, and his extreme cruelty.

10. The comedy of King Theodore of Rome, and his spoiled children.

11. Tragedy of the Greek Emperor of Constantinople, and his daughter Pelimperia.

12 to 14. Comedy of Hugdieterich, tragedies of the Emperor Otnitt and Wolf Dieterich, three dramas on old German stories.

15. Tragedy of Theseus.

16 to 19. Three comedies and a tragedy on Valentine and Orson.

20 and 21. Tragedy of the beautiful Melusina and her son Geoffrey.

22. Comedy of the Sultan of Babylon and the Knight Torillo of Pavia.

23. Comedy of the faithful Ramo, son of the Sultan of Babylon.

24. Comedy of Edward III. of England and Elipsa, wife of William Montagu and born Countess of Varucken.

25. The King of Cyprus.

26. Comedy of the Pattern for Female Chastity and honour; or the Beautiful Phœnicia and Earl Tymbre of Coliseon.

27. Comedy of Two Brothers of Syracuse.

28. Comedy of the Beautiful Sidea.

29. Comedy of an old rake and an usurer.

30. Comedy of two princely counsellors, and how they were deceived by two maidens.

There is nothing to call for especial notice in the Farces; they are chiefly expansions of jests, with very little wit: the first two are taken from the Cento Novello.

Shortly after the appearance of Ayzer's work there was published in Germany, but the place of publication is not stated, 'Engelische Comedien und Tragedien: das ist sehr schöne, herrliche, und auserlesene Geist- und Welt-liche Comedi und Tragedi Spiel. Sampt dem Pickelhering welche wegen ihrer artizen Inventionen, kurzweiligen, auch theils wahrhaftigen Geschichte halber, von den Engelländern in Deutschland, an Königlichen-Chur- und Fürstlichen Höfen, auch in vornehmen Reichs-See und Handel-Städten, seynd agiret und gehalten worden, und zuvor nie in Drück ausgegangen. An jetzo, allen der Comedi

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und Tragedi, Liebhabern und Andern zu lieb und gefallen der Gestalt in offene Druck gegeben ; dass sie leicht daraus Spiellweiss widerumb ange-richt und zur Ergetzlichkeit und Erquickung des Gemüths gehalten werden können.* The collection contains seventeen pieces, of which the titles are :—

VOL. I.

Queen Esther, a comedy [though Haman is hanged].

The Prodigal Son, a comedy.

Fortunatus, a comedy.

A King of England's Son and a King of Scotland's Daughter, a comedy.

Sidonia and Theagere, a comedy.

Somebody and Nobody, a comedy.

Julius and Hyppolita, a tragedy.

Titus Andronicus and the Courteous Emperor, a tragedy.

The Beautiful Maria and Old Hanrey, a farce.

VOL. II.

The Power of Cupid, a comedy.

Aminta and Silvio, a comedy.

Proof of Faithful Love, a comedy.

King Montalor's Unlawful Love and its Punishment, a tragedy.

Then follow some Part Songs, with the music.

Rosalina and Licitanus, a tragedy.

Untimely Curiosity, a tragedy.

Schmitt says Gottsched assigns the date of 1624 to this very curious and rare collection, and so did Tieck, but believes that it first appeared in 1620, and later in two volumes, but that the copy in the Berlin Library has no title, and therefore he cannot decide as to the date. He is partly right only ; for the original was in two volumes, and is not in one square volume, as has been stated in England, but of small 16mo, without pagination or printer's name. There is a copy in the Library of the British Museum, in which the title to the first volume is as we have given it, and dated 1620, while the second volume has a somewhat varied title, 'Liebeskampff, oder ander Theil der Engclischen Comœdien und Tragœdien.' The remainder of the title is like that of the first volume, and the date to this is 1630. The printing is of the rudest character—type of different sizes in the same speech, and paper of the most indifferent sort.

* English Comedies and Tragedies: that is, very beautiful, splendid, and select spiritual and worldly comic and tragic plays, which, on account of their clever inventions, entertaining, and partly true histories, have been acted and performed by the English in Germany, at royal, electoral, and princely courts, as also in the chief imperial, sea, and commercial towns, and which have never before been produced in print: now published to please and delight all lovers of comedies and tragedies and others, given in print in a dramatic form, and easily fitted to be acted, so as to repay the cost and refresh the mind.

But there was an earlier writer in connexion with what is called the early English school, though his productions are less numerous than those we have mentioned. Duke Henry Julius of Brunswick, who was born in 1563, and died in 1613, has left four plays, viz. the tragi-comedy of Susanna, the tragedy of the Profligate Son, the comedy of Vincentius Ladislaus, and the tragedy of the Adulteress.* In 'Susanna' a Clown is introduced, of an English fashion. The 'Profligate Son' is a tragedy full of horrors ; the son murdering father, mother, and cousin, sees afterwards their heads in the dishes on his dining-table, and is at length carried off by their ghosts. In 'Vincentius Ladislaus,' the positions of Beatrice and Benedict in 'Much Ado about Nothing' are slightly indicated. The 'Adulteress' contains a scene closely resembling the escape of Falstaff in the buck-basket : the jealous husband, about to set fire to his house, in order to burn his wife's lover, is induced by her to allow her at least to save her linen, and assists to carry him out concealed beneath it ; which adventure is afterwards related by the lover to the disguised husband ; but the affair ends tragically, for the husband goes mad and the wife is strangled by devils. Later, another, Andreas Gryphius, born in 1616, died in 1664, has a similar relation. Gryphius wrote many poems and some dramas. In his works there is a melancholy tone of thought, and a bitterness that distinguishes him from his contemporaries. His Charles Stuart is indeed the earliest attempt at the true historical drama, and is not without merit. In Peter Squinz he reminds one of part of the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' which he is said not to have been acquainted with, but which is not easily to be proved.

We have enumerated these early works because a question has been raised how far they may have been borrowed from Shaksper and the early English dramatists, or whether Shaksper may not have borrowed from them. The titles given in the list will show how very few could possibly be of English origin, or have given help to English authors. Tieck, as early as 1811 (as we mentioned in our first edition), pointed out Ayer as the first who had adopted this new style. "Some of his plays are imitations from the older English," says he, "and he has even introduced into many of them a Jack Fool, which he expressly calls the English fool, and which is directly formed on the model of their dramatic clown : indeed, we find among his works an adaptation of Hieronymo, or the Spanish Tragedy ;" entitled

* Of Henry Julius, Mr. A. Cohn gives an interesting account. Perhaps we may be allowed to add, that this Essay was prepared, before the appearance of Mr. Cohn's book ; which, however was too valuable to pass unnoticed. We have carefully acknowledged whatever we have borrowed.

in Ayer 'The Emperor of Constantinople.' He guesses the work may contain others, and he subsequently indicated the Beautiful Sidea and the Beautiful Phœnicia as resembling *The Tempest* and *Much Ado about Nothing*; and this resemblance of Ayer's Beautiful Sidea to *The Tempest* was noticed in the Introductory Notice to that play in the first edition of the Pictorial Shakspeare, with Mr. Thoms's statement. Mr. Albert Cohn, in his very clever work, entitled (like our own Essay, of more than twenty years' standing) 'Shakspeare in Germany,' 1865, asserts that *The Tempest* has been borrowed from the Beautiful Sidea, or at least that Ayer's play was produced "long before *The Tempest*." The last assertion is most probably correct. The Sidea is one of six excellent translations given in Mr. Cohn's valuable and pains-taking volume. It is by Professor Thomas Solly, in rhyme like the original, and will enable any English reader to judge how much Shakspeare was indebted to the German author. The incidents are correctly stated by Mr. Thoms in the extract given from him in the play (*Pict. Shak.* vol. ii. pp. 395-6); but characterization and plot are entirely different. One prince is subdued by another, and is forced to take an oath to cede his dominions to the conqueror; but he secretly declares that he will use all possible "rank und tück"—stratagem and trickery—to be revenged. Sidea, a grown-up woman, laments that—

"Vor hat ich viel die um mich erworben,
Jetzt muss es sein einsam erstorben."

Before would lovers round me sigh,
But now unwedded must I die.

—*Prof. Solly's Trans.*

and her father exclaims, "Halt Maul; das dich Jupiter schend." Hold thy tongue! may Jupiter dishonour thee! while Sidea strikes the young prince, calls him "an idle hound," and almost immediately offers to marry him. Not striking likenesses, we think, to Prospero and Miranda. For the resemblance of the incidents we should rather guess at a common though unknown source, or they may have come through the English actors. At least there is no borrowing of anything essentially dramatic on the part of Shakspeare. The comedy of Edward III. and the Countess of Varucken (evidently intended for Warwick) has far more resemblance to the old English play of Edward III., as it embodies the idea of the unsuccessful passion of the monarch for the Countess, her resolute maintenance of her honour, and the happy termination, but it contains no part of the succeeding portion of the English play relating to the wars in France. The closest approximation, we think, is afforded by the 'King of Cyprus,' which, in the plot, proceeds almost step for step with the 'Dumb Knight,' a play by Lewis Machin, printed

in 1608, and published in the fourth volume of Dodsley's *Old Plays*, but Machin's play was founded on incidents borrowed from *Bandello's Novels*.

It is difficult to understand how the second collection should have been called English Comedies and Tragedies. Out of sixteen pieces there are but three that recall any recollection of English dramas, and this but slightly. The *Titus Andronicus* is supposed to be founded upon an earlier play than we now possess, from which it differs essentially. In the 'Julius and Hyppolita' is found an incident similar to one in the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' a false friend supplants an accepted lover by means of forged letters; there is a clown who is greedy but not witty; the deceived friend kills his rival and himself, the lady preceding him in committing suicide. *Somebody and Nobody* has merely the general idea of the old English play with the like title. Mr. Thoms's account of this volume appears to have been taken altogether from Tieck, and he seems not to have been aware of the existence of the copy in the British Museum, for he wishes that Tieck had reprinted the 'Julio and Hyppolita,' saying, "as it is in all probability a translation of an earlier English play than Shakspeare's 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' . . . in order that some idea might have been found of the materials out of which Shakspeare fashioned what his last editor pronounces 'his first complete comedy,' or if the supposition be correct that an earlier English play, existed on the same subject . . . it will be but reasonable to conjecture that it was to such a play, and not to the 'Diana' of George Montemayor, that Shakspeare was indebted for his plot."* Had he examined the play in this volume his good taste would have led him, we think, to acknowledge that there is no resemblance to the plots of Shakspeare in this play or any of them, but merely a few similarities of incidents, as in the instance here brought forward.

It cannot fail to be observed that most of the resemblances consist of incidents derivable from common sources, and that Shakspeare's name—or indeed, that of any other English author—never occurs. There are no separate dates to the published plays of Ayer, but the 'Sidea' is arranged last but two of the thirty published in 1618. Mr. Cohn thinks that all were composed between 1593 and 1605. He may be correct as to the whole, but there is nothing to show that the 'Beautiful Sidea' was of the date 'circa 1595,' as stated on the title of the translation. As there is no doubt that English actors were in Germany several years before the date of any of the above-named works, may not they have brought back dramatic scraps from their foreign associates,

* Notelets on Shakspeare, 1865.

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which may have been appropriated by playwrights here, without an acquaintance with the entire piece? Under a similar mode of borrowing, we believe that the same actors in many instances, gave the plot of an English drama—some now unknown to us—which the German writers filled up in form essentially different from that in which it appeared on the English stage, but in which were adopted, however rudely, the principles and treatment of what is styled the English School.

Of the six old plays, of which translations are given in Mr. Cohn's volume, the 'Beautiful Sidea' and the 'Beautiful Phœnicia,' are from Ayer's volume. 'Julius and Hyppolita' and 'Titus Andronicus' are from the first volume of English Comedies and Tragedies; 'Hamlet' is from the copy of an old German manuscript of uncertain date; and 'Romeo and Juliet' from the copy of a play acted in Germany by English actors, in 1626. The last two plays are undoubtedly framed after the plays of Shakspeare of the like titles, but in both cases the poetry and the characterization are pretty effectively suppressed.

Tieck, as early as 1811, pointed out that, "at the beginning of the seventeenth century, we find in Germany a company who called themselves the English comedians; they visited different places, and particularly Dresden, where they principally performed pieces copied from those of Shakspeare's contemporaries or immediate predecessors, and even by himself." * Since the period of Tieck's investigations fresh sources of information respecting the diffusion of the English drama, and the presence of English actors in Germany, have been discovered. The Earl of Leicester took over a company of actors to the Netherlands in 1585. They or some of their companions may have gone to Germany, and upon this fact Dr. William Bell maintains that Shakspeare himself was there between 1586 and 1589. He says, "As Shakspeare, on account of repeatedly-punished poaching had committed a fault, which at home was a felony," [which it was not †] he was forced to fly his country; and he conjectures that "Will, my Lord of Leicester's jesting player," mentioned in a letter of Sir Philip Sidney, and addressed to Secretary Walsingham in 1586, was Shakspeare. Mr. Bruce, with far more probability, supposes Kempe to have been meant. Dr. Bell supports his opinion that Shakspeare must have been in Germany, from his use of certain words, that he says are German—one instance will suffice—"Whoop, jug, I love thee" (Lear), he says is from the German *Juck hey* (huzza), and that he (Shakspeare), also uses *hey* in 'Hey, nonny, nonny.' ‡ A similar conjecture has been derived

from an old German chronicle, which gives an account of an English company performing at Münster, which is thus translated in the *Athenæum* of July 30, 1864:—"On the 26th November, 1599, there came here eleven Englishmen, all young and lively fellows except one, who was tolerably old and directed everything. These men acted five days at the Rathhaus, and gave five different comedies in the English language. They had various instruments with them, which they played,—lutes, cithers, viols, pipes, &c.; they danced many strange dances, which are not usual here, at the beginning and end of the comedies. They had a clown with them, who made many farces and tricks in German while the actors were changing their dress between the acts, so as to make the people laugh. They were not allowed to stay longer than six days by the Rath, and when those days were up they had to go. In the five days they made much money from those who wanted to hear and see them, for each had to pay a shilling." The conjecture is that one of the company was Shakspeare. There appears to us nothing whatever to lead to such a conclusion. The character of the performance seems not in accord with what we should expect from Shakspeare, and as the *Athenæum* observes, he being then thirty-five, he would neither suit the description of "young and lively," nor "tolerably old." But above all, this was the period when Shakspeare was in his greatest activity as an author.

Mr. J. O. Halliwell has shown that William Kempe was certainly in Germany in September, 1610, from an entry of his return from that country in a MS. (Sloane 392, fol. 401); and in a tract called 'A Run-Awayes Answer to a Booke called A Rodde for Run-Awayes,' printed in 1625, quoted by Mr. Collier in his 'Memoirs of the Principal Actors in the Plays of Shakspeare,' in which some players, addressing Henry Condell, say, "We can be bankrupts on this side, and gentlemen of a company beyond the sea. We burst at London, and are pieced up at Rotterdam." A. Glaser, in his 'Geschichte des Theaters zu Braunschweig,' (History of the Theatre in Brunswick) 1861, informs us that in 1597 there were English actors in the service of Duke Henry Julius, the author already mentioned. From the name of one of them, Thomas Sackeviel, who was an especial favourite at court, it is rendered probable that these comedians were not Germans who performed English pieces, but that they were of English origin. Mr. Cohn also notices a letter dated 1611, preserved in the archives of Darmstadt, which states that the writer had seen "a German comedy called the Jew of Venice, taken from the English," and which he thinks must refer to Shakspeare's Merchant of Venice. At Dresden, Herr Fürstenau, the musical director to the royal court, searching for materials among the old re-

* Vorrede zum Alt Englisches Theater, p. xii.

† See 'Biography,' p. 208.

‡ Shakspeare's Puck and his Folk-lore. By Dr. Wm. Bell. Vol. II. The first volume was published in 1853; the second and third volumes bear no date.

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cords for his history of the musical and theatrical entertainments of the former Electors, ascertained that from 1600 onwards, there were English comedians in Dresden and in other German courts. As early as 1600 the Dowager Electress of Saxony, Sophia of Brandenburg, had English comedians in her pay, and there were visits of other companies to the town. In a record of the marriage in 1627, of Sophia Eleanor of Saxony with George Landgrave of Hesse, it is stated that the court removed to Torgau, accompanied by the following actors. Robert and the Pickelhering (Merry Andrew), with two youths; Jacob the Hessian and Edward; Aaron the dancer; Thomas the Jungfrau (i. e. who took female parts); John and William the wardrobe keepers; the Englishman, the Red-head, with four youths. Mr. Cohn adds that the Landgrave Maurice of Hesse retained English actors in his service till 1613, and that "in the year 1599 English actors and musicians played at Hildesheim [in Hanover] and indeed in the English language." * He has also traced English players in about twenty different places in Germany during this period, besides others in Holland, Denmark, and Poland. He also attributes the adoption of prose in the dialogue of some of the early German dramas to the influence of the English.

One of Herr Fürstenau's † most interesting discoveries was a MS. Journal, of which the Baron von Friesen says: ‡ "I was enabled to examine this source of information lying readily to my hand, and from it I have been able to form a list of thirty-two pieces, which, from May 31 to December 5, 1626, had been represented by the so-called English comediana." . . . "Among the thirty-two pieces which were represented in forty-two performances, there were four which, from the title, unquestionably refer to Shakspeare, namely, Romeo and Juliet, on June 2 and September 29; Julius Cæsar, acted on June 8; Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, on June 24; [this was probably the Hamlet reproduced by Mr. Cohn], and Lear, King of England, on September 26th. A fifth piece, under the title of 'Comedy of Joseph, the Jew, in Venice,' acted on July 13 and November 5, can only be held as doubtfully the same as the Merchant of Venice." Many other pieces are identified by their titles in the dramas by Marlow, Greene, Kyd, and others; but it is singular that only two, Queen Esther and the Prodigal Son, are contained in the *Engelische Comedien*. From the

English form of all the titles, it might almost lead to the belief that in their representation before a court, with an educated audience, they might have been performed in English. Tieck, however, believed, and Mr. Cohn coincides with him, that they were uniformly translated.

Mr. Cohn gives some interesting notices of the existence of the drama in Germany at an earlier period than has generally been assigned to it; but this does not belong to our subject, and we therefore merely refer to that valuable work. He then points out the impulse given to the visits of English players to Germany, but he rejects as we had done, the notion that Shakspeare himself had ever been one of them. Nevertheless, the visitors to the Elector of Saxony in 1586, comprised the names of Tomas Pabst and Georg Beyzandt. Thomas Pope (Pabst), there can be little doubt, was Shakspeare's colleague, and Beyzandt is conjectured with much probability by Mr. Cohn to have been George Bryant, also a member of the Blackfriars Company. May not these and other individuals have given Shakspeare some slight notion of the contents of Ayre's volume of plays?

Upon the breaking out of the Thirty Years' War, this intimacy with England and its drama appears to have suddenly and entirely ceased, at the precise time when it might have been most advantageous to Germany; and German poetry of all kinds, from the period of its first national poets and the Minnesingers, gradually submitted itself to the domination of French taste, and acknowledged the system and the laws which it prescribed. Soon after the commencement of the eighteenth century, however, German poetry began to show symptoms of reviving independence, though the first impulse came from without. J. J. Bodmer, a native of Zürich, felt and lamented the want of distinctive character in the literature of his native language, which, formed in the school of Gottsched, Gellert, and Weiss, followed slavishly and heavily in the footsteps of its French models. Bodmer, a thorough Greek and Latin as well as English scholar, made an attack on this school, in 1728, in his 'Anklage wegen des verderbten Geschmacks' (Denouncement of Depraved Taste), and he was ably seconded in other critical works by his friend Breitinger. Gottsched, then the predominating literary authority, opposed these new principles of criticism with extreme violence and considerable skill, and, supported by his adherents, a war of pamphlets and journals raged for years. † But Bodmer had recourse to stronger weapons than critical arguments. He translated Homer and Milton into German, and published a collection of

* Cohn's *Shakspeare in Germany*, p. lxi.
 † Moritz Fürstenau, 'Zur Geschichte der Musik und des Theaters am Hofe der Kurfürsten von Sachsen,' Dresden, 1861.

‡ Briefe über Shakspeare's Hamlet. Von Hermann Freiherr von Friesen. Leipzig, 1864. To this nobleman we have been indebted for much information and suggestion in the compilation of this Essay.

* A sketch of the history of this controversy was published by Gottlob Schlegel, of Riga, in 1764.

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the old romantic ballads of Germany. His doctrines triumphed, though slowly; and all the subsequent writers of any eminence were more or less influenced by his opinions.

These controversies inevitably led the attention of literary men back again to England and Shakspeare, as it was thence that the opponents of the French style drew some of the strongest supports for their new theories; and there has probably never been an instance in which a foreign author had been so completely adopted into, and had so much influence upon, the national literature of a country, as in the case of Shakspeare in Germany.

The first literary announcement of Shakspeare to the German public is stated by Eschenburg to have been in Morhof's 'Instructions in the German Language,' published in 1682, when, in a chapter on English poetry, he is barely named, the author at the same time stating he had not read him or Beaumont and Fletcher. In 1700 he is again mentioned by Benthem, in his 'State of the English Church and Schools,' as among the most distinguished English authors; but all he says of him, and that only in a second edition of his work, is—"Wm. Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon, in Warwickshire. His learning was but small, and therefore it was the more admired that he was so excellent a poet. He had an intellectual spirit, was full of jest, and so successful in both tragedy and comedy that he could have moved Heracitus to laughter, and made Democritus weep." Even in Jöcher's 'Dictionary of Learned Men,' published in 1740, in a short article of eight or ten lines on Shakspeare, it is stated—"He had a jocular mind, but could also be very earnest: he excelled in tragedy; and had many ingenious and subtle controversies with Ben Jonson, in which neither of them were gainers."

From such sources it may well be believed that a true knowledge of Shakspeare was not diffused either rapidly or extensively; but it did advance, and in 1741 a translation of Julius Cæsar was published from the pen of Caspar William von Bork, a minister of state in Prussia. Eschenburg states him to have been a clever man, but not a "fortunate translator." He thought it necessary to advertise his readers that the work was undertaken for an employment during sickness, and he adds that his author "does not understand the laws of the stage, and on that account he will not waste a word with any man in justification of this tragedy." The version is in rhymed Alexandrines. We are unwilling to encumber our pages with a specimen of the German translation, though it might be amusing to some of our readers. It is sufficient to say that, though the general ideas remain, the vitality is extinguished. It is Julius Cæsar in a shroud of French manufacture.

Shortly after its appearance, Johann Elias Schlegel

(the uncle of the two more celebrated writers of that name) undertook to recommend Shakspeare to the attention of the German public; but he did so in a very lukewarm and unsatisfactory manner. He considers the poet as having much talent, but as rude and uneducated; and one who, though he had uttered many exquisite things, knew nothing of rules and taste, and of course too often offended against both. As a specimen he thought it worth his while to retranslate the speech of Antony over the dead body of Cæsar, also in Alexandrines, as not being close enough in the translation by Bork. It is certainly better, but not much; and both might be easily mistaken as translations from the French, so completely is the force of expression lost, and the sense enfeebled. Even to these moderate opinions Gottsched and his school were of course violently opposed. Schlegel had been the disciple and friend of Gottsched, but this did not prevent him and his followers from condemning the innovator with great acrimony, nor from endeavouring to smother the favourable impression he had made by a load of heavy jokes and shallow pedantry. But a long step had been gained; the subject had become interesting, even through the ill-temper of those who had the public ear; men could no longer be entirely ignorant of Shakspeare, and began to suspect that at least excellent matter was to be found in him.

After these not very successful attempts, no other drama of Shakspeare's appeared in a German form until Wieland undertook the task of presenting him complete in 1762-66—if we except *Romeo and Juliet*, published anonymously at Basle, in 1758, in 'Modern Specimens of the English Stage,' and which is stated to have possessed little or no merit. But the interval between 1741 and 1764 had been well employed. Lessing, indeed, did but little directly in favour of Shakspeare, but the vigour of his attacks on the French academical dramatic rules, the sound reasoning, the fluent yet biting wit of his criticisms on the works of their great models, particularly Corneille, and Voltaire their living champion, removed much prejudice and many difficulties out of the way of a favourable reception of a translation; while his own play of 'Miss Sara Sampson,' 1754, the first domestic tragedy of his country, though severely criticised by his countrymen, as a nondescript mixture of English novels and tragedies, made itself thoroughly felt and understood by his audience, notwithstanding the proofs given by the critics that it ought not to have done so. This tragedy, though perhaps the best specimen of the kind produced in Germany, unless we may except the little sketch of Werner's,* itself a close copy from Lillo's 'Fatal Curiosity,' is far more German than English, both in its exaggerated sentimentality instead of deep feeling.

* Der Vierundzwanzigste Februar.

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and its somewhat questionable morality. Notwithstanding all these objections, it was a most successful transition from the formal abstractions and didactic essays of the French (miscalled classic) dramatic school, to that of breathing and really human characters, and animated dialogue or conversation, of which Lessing had acquired a knowledge and adopted from Shakspeare. The attempt however was considered dangerous at the time, even by liberal critics; and Moses Mendelssohn, in a letter to Lessing, dated Nov. 13, 1755,* inquires how he got on with his domestic tragedy—for he will not, he says, call it by its name—and warns him that the name will probably throw a Leipzig audience into fits of laughter; adding, as he supposes his advice will not be heeded, “Very well: I will then have the pleasure of laughing myself with the audience in the pit, and of seeing you blaze up at every distinct shout.”

The other plays of Lessing, particularly ‘*Minna von Barnhelm*,’ a comedy, 1766, and ‘*Emilia Galotti*,’ a tragedy, written in 1763, but not finally completed till 1772, were all formed upon the same principles; but his poetical genius was not of a very high or creative order. The most favourable specimen of his powers is doubtless displayed in ‘*Nathan the Wise*’ (1779); but this is rather a dramatic poem than a drama, though possessing more power as well as more delicacy of characterization than any other of his dramatic pieces, and with fewer defects. We have already remarked that the impulse in favour of the English school of dramatic art was given more by his criticisms on that of the French than by his own performances. These criticisms appeared, in their most concentrated form, in the ‘*Hamburgische Dramaturgie*,’ a work partly, if not wholly, supported by the managers of the Hamburg theatre, who, in April, 1767, endeavoured to create a German National Theatre, not in any political sense, but with regard to its morals and manners. “We are altogether sworn imitators of everything foreign; and particularly the humble followers of the never-enough-to-be-admired French. Everything that comes to us from the other side of the Rhine is beautiful, charming, dearest, godlike; we will rather disbelieve our eyes and ears than find it otherwise; we will rather be persuaded to take rudeness for freedom, impudence for grace, grimace for expression, a tinkling of rhyme for poetry, howling for music, than to doubt in the slightest degree of the superiority of this amiable people, this first nation in the world, as they are used very modestly to call themselves, in everything that is good, and beautiful, and elevated, and becoming.”† The work took the form of criticism on the dramas represented, with a few remarks occasionally on the

actors. The scheme seems to have had very imperfect success with the public; the German plays were not popular, although Lessing speaks well of some productions of this class. Translations or close adaptations from the French were evidently preferred; and the bitter though witty severity of Lessing’s criticisms upon them is not a little remarkable, in relation to the fact of the publication being supported at the expense of the managers of the theatre.

It must be premised that Lessing repudiated the idea of Shakspeare wanting art; and that his objection to the French school was on account of what he considered its cold artificiality. Of their theory he remarks,—“It is one thing to settle rules, and another thing actually to observe them. The French have done the first, the ancients only seem to me to have attended to the latter.

“Unity of action was the first dramatic law of the ancients; unity of time and of place were alike only its consequences, which they would scarcely have observed more severely than was necessarily required, but for the introduction of the Chorus. Since their action must have a crowd of witnesses, and as that crowd always remained the same, which could neither remove far from their residences, nor remain from them longer than common curiosity would customarily induce them, it was almost impossible to do otherwise than fix the action to a single place, and confine the time to one and the same day. To this constraint they subjected themselves in good faith, but with a flexibility, a comprehension, that, seven times out of nine, gained for them far more than they lost; for they forced this compulsion to be the occasion of so simplifying the action, of so carefully rejecting everything superfluous, that they brought their essential materials to be nothing but the ideal of this action, which directly and happily assumed that form which required the fewest additions of circumstances of time and place.

“The French, on the contrary, who had no taste for the true unity of action, who had been accustomed to the wild intrigue of the Spanish drama before they became acquainted with the simplicity of the Greek, considered the unities of time and of place not as consequences of that unity, but as in themselves indispensable requisites for the representation of an action, to which even their full and intricate plots must accommodate themselves with a severity that would only have been required by the adoption of the Chorus, though this they had wholly repudiated. But as they found how difficult, indeed frequently how impossible, this would be, they came to an agreement with the tyrannical rules which they had not courage enough completely

* Briefwechsel mit Mendelssohn; Lessings Werke, vol. xxvii. p. 13, Carlsruhe edit. 1825.

† Lessings Werke, Dramaturgie, vol. xiii. p. 246, Carlsruhe edit. 1824.

to renounce. Instead of one particular place, they introduced an indefinite place, in which one may imagine now this, now that; sufficient if these places did not lie too wide asunder, and that none required any peculiar decoration, but that the same decoration should suit the one as well as the other. Instead of the unity of a day, they substituted the unity of duration; and a certain time, in which one heard nothing of the rising or setting of the sun, in which nobody went to bed, at least not oftener than once, however much and whatever various events might happen therein, they agreed to consider as a single day.

"No one would have condemned them for this; for incontestably it yet permitted them to produce some excellent pieces: and the old proverb says, 'Bore the plank where 'tis thinnest.' But we must also allow our neighbour to bore. We must not always point the thickest corner,—the knottiest point,—to him, and cry, 'Bore it there; that's where I bore it!' Thus exclaim all the French critics, particularly when they treat of the dramatic pieces of Englishmen. What an outcry they make about their regularity, which they have for themselves so infinitely lightened!"*

As a sample of the style in which the French school and its more eminent followers are handled by Lessing, in reference to one of the greatest imputed irregularities of the English drama, we give a translation of his notice of Voltaire's 'Semiramis,' which had been produced on the Hamburg stage, April 29, 1767:—

"This tragedy was produced on the French stage in 1748, was received with great applause, and to a certain extent made an epoch in its history. After Voltaire had published his *Zaire* and *Alzire*, his *Brutus* and *Cæsar*, he became strengthened in his opinion that the tragic poets of his country had in some pieces far excelled those of the ancient Greeks. We French, he says, 'might have taught the Greeks a more skilful exposition [of the fable], and the art of arranging the scenes, so that the stage should never remain empty, and no one enter or depart without a reason. From us they might have learned how male and female rivals should converse in witty antitheses,—how the poet should dazzle and astonish us with a crowd of sparkling and elevated thoughts. From us they might have learned'—O, to be sure, what is there that every one might not have learned from the French? Here and there, certainly, a foreigner who had read a little of the ancients might have humbly begged permission to have been of a different opinion. He might, perhaps, have objected that all these advantages of the French had very little influence upon the real object of tragedy; that they were beauties which the simple grandeur of the ancients contemned.

* *Dramaturgie*, Werke, vol. xii. pp. 314-16.

Yet of what use is it to object to anything from M. Voltaire? He speaks, and we believe. One single thing he regretted—that their great masterpieces were not produced upon the stage with sufficient splendour,—to which effect the Greeks had devoted the first attempts of their imitative arts. The theatre at Paris, an old tennis-court, ornamented in the worst taste, where in a dirty pit the standing auditors press and crowd against each other, justly offends him; and still more the barbarous custom of admitting spectators on the stage, where they scarcely leave the actors sufficient room for their requisite movements. He was convinced that this indecorum merely had prevented much which, in a more open, convenient, and handsome theatre, would, without doubt, have been ventured upon. To give a proof of this he prepared his 'Semiramis.' A queen who assembles the nobility of her kingdom in order to disclose her marriage to them—a ghost that ascends out of his tomb to prevent incest, and to revenge himself upon his murderer—this tomb, into which a fool enters in order to come out a criminal—all this was indeed something entirely novel to the French. It made as much noise upon the stage, required as much pomp and as many changes of scenery, as they had been hitherto accustomed to only in an opera. The poet believed that he had produced a model of an entirely distinct species, although perhaps not prepared expressly for the French stage, such as it then was, but for it as he wished it to be; yet even upon that same stage 'Semiramis' was at once played as well as it was probably capable of being played. At the first representation the spectators still sat upon the stage; and we might have seen an old-fashioned ghost appear in a very fashionable circle; but on its repetition this unseemliness was remedied,—the actors cleared their stage; and what was then an exception in favour of so extraordinary a piece has become, after a time, the ordinary arrangement. But it was principally the stage at Paris for which 'Semiramis' made an epoch in this respect; for in the provinces generally the spectators remained firm to the old custom, and preferred giving up all illusion rather than forego the right of being able to tread upon the trains of *Zaire* and *Merope*.

"The appearance of a ghost was so bold a novelty in a French tragedy, and the poet who ventured it justified himself on such peculiar grounds, that it may reward the labour of bestowing a few moments upon them:—

"'People cry out and write on all sides,' says M. Voltaire, 'that we no longer believe in ghosts, and that the appearance of the dead before the eyes of an enlightened nation can be considered as nothing else than childish. What!' he adds; 'all antiquity has believed in these wonders, and

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shall it not be granted to us to follow in the steps of the ancients? What! our religion has sanctified these extraordinary manifestations of Providence, and shall it be deemed ridiculous in us to renew them?

“These outcries, methinks, are more rhetorical than well-founded. Above all things, I wish to avoid bringing religion into discussion here. In matters of taste and criticism principles derived from it may be very good to silence an adversary, but not much adapted to convince him. Of religion, as religion, nothing may here be decided upon; only as a species of the traditions of antiquity can its evidence be of any value, and of no more than any other evidence of antiquity,—and consequently we have nothing to do with it here, except as with other records of antiquity.

“Very well: all antiquity has believed in ghosts. The ancient dramatic poets were, then, justified in availing themselves of this belief. If we find introduced by one of them the reappearance of the dead, it would be unreasonable to judge by our better understanding. But have, therefore, the moderns—those dramatic poets who participate in this better understanding—the same right? Certainly not. But if he lays his plot in these old credulous times? Not even then. For the dramatic poet is no historian; he does not relate what was formerly believed to have happened, but he lets it once again take place before our eyes, and this not on account of its mere historic truth, but with another and much higher intention. Historical truth is not his object, but only the means to his object; he desires to deceive us, and to move us by the illusion. Thus, if it is true that we no longer believe in ghosts—if this scepticism must necessarily prevent the deception—if it is impossible that we can sympathise without being deceived—the dramatic poet counteracts himself, if notwithstanding he dresses out for us such incredible fables: all the art he may bestow on such things is wholly lost.

“Consequently—Is it indeed not allowed consequently to produce ghosts or spiritual appearances upon the stage? Is this source of terror and pathos consequently dried up for us? No: this loss to Poetry would be too great; and has she not examples in herself of genius having defied all our philosophy, and known how to make things fearful to our imagination, which appear ridiculous or silly to our colder reason? The consequence must therefore be otherwise, and the deduction be merely false. We believe no longer in ghosts! Who says so? Or, rather, what does it mean? Does it mean we have at last attained to so much intelligence, that we are able to prove the impossibility of such things; that certain irrefragable truths, with which the belief in ghosts stands in direct opposition, have been so universally recognised, are

even with the vulgarest man so ever and continually present, that to him everything that conflicts therewith must appear necessarily ridiculous and in bad taste? This it cannot mean. ‘We believe no longer in ghosts’ can thus only mean, in this case (upon which almost as much can be said in favour as against, which is not decided and cannot be decided), that the present ruling manner of thinking has given the preponderance to the reasons against such a belief; some few have this manner of thinking, and many desire to appear to have it; these make the outcry, and give the tone; the mass keep silence, hold themselves indifferent, and think now this, now that; in broad daylight hear ghosts laughed at with pleasure, and talk of them with terror in the gloomy night.

“But this acceptance of not believing in ghosts cannot and ought not to restrain the poet from making use of them. The seeds of belief exist in us all, and most abundantly in those for whom he principally writes. It depends only on his art to cause these seeds to germinate; only on a certain power of giving the reasons for their reality, even in the swiftness of their passage. If he has this power, in common life we may believe what we ourselves will, in the theatre we must believe what the poet wills.

“Such a poet is Shakspeare, and Shakspeare almost alone and only. Before his ghost in Hamlet our hair stands on end, whether it covers a credulous or incredulous brain. M. Voltaire does not wisely to bepraise himself upon his ghost; it makes himself and his ghost of Ninus ridiculous.

“Shakspeare’s spirit comes actually from the other world—so we are made to think. It comes at the most solemn hour, in the shuddering stillness of night, with the full accompaniment of all the gloomy secret notions, when and with which we, even from our nurses’ arms, are accustomed to think of ghosts and expect to see them. But Voltaire’s ghost is not even fit for a bugbear with which to frighten children; it is the scarcely disguised comedian, who has nothing, says nothing, does nothing, to make it believable that he is what he declares himself to be. On the contrary, all the circumstances under which he appears disturb the illusion, and betray the creation of a frigid poet who would willingly deceive and affright us, but does not know how to set about it. Let us only consider this:—In broad daylight, in the midst of an assembly of the states of the realm, announced by a thunder-clap, Voltaire’s ghost walks forth from his grave before them. Where did Voltaire ever hear of ghosts being so bold? What old woman could not have told him that ghosts abhor the sunshine, and do not willingly visit large parties? Voltaire, however, actually knew all this, but was too timid and too vain to make use of such vulgar notions. He would show us a ghost, but it should be a ghost of

a much nobler species; and through this ennobling all is destroyed. A ghost, that presumes to do things that are opposed to all precedent and good manners among ghosts, I cannot believe to be a genuine ghost, and here everything that is not required for the illusion destroys the effect of the whole.

"If Voltaire had even given any thought as to the stage effect, he would have felt on that side also the unfitness of allowing a ghost to appear before the eyes of a crowd. Every one in that case ought to express at the instant of its appearance the same fear and terror, but each should express them in a different manner, if the scene is not to have the frigid symmetry of a ballet. Now, let any manager train for once a herd of dull *figurantes*, and, even if they are most happily fitted (to each other and to their parts), let us consider how their various expressions of the same feelings would divide the attention, and will draw it from the principal personages. If these are to make the proper impression upon us, we must not only be able to see them, but it were good that we saw none but them. With Shakspeare it is Hamlet only who is admitted to an intercourse with the ghost; in the scene with his mother, she neither sees nor hears the ghost. Our attention is thus entirely fixed upon him; and the more signs of a mind distracted by affright and horror we discover in him, the more ready are we to accept the appearance which produces such marked effects in him for that which it purports to be. The ghost acts upon us far more through Hamlet than of itself. The impression which it makes upon him passes over to us, and the effect is too momentary and too strong to admit of any doubts as to the extraordinary cause. How little has Voltaire understood of this stroke of art! There is some affright at his ghost, but not much: Semiramis exclaims once, 'Heaven! I die!' and the others make no more ceremony with him than they would have made with a friend, supposed to be far distant, who should suddenly enter the room.

"One other difference I must yet notice which I find between the ghosts of the English and French poets. Voltaire's ghost is merely a poetic machine, which is only introduced to remove the difficulties in the plot; in itself it interests us not in the slightest degree. On the contrary, Shakspeare's ghost is a real acting personage, in whose fate we sympathise; it awakens terror, but at the same time compassion.

"This difference originates, without doubt, from the different manner of thinking in the two poets as to ghosts in general. Voltaire considered the re-appearance of the dead as a miracle; Shakspeare as a merely natural event. Which of the two believed most philosophically there is no need to inquire; but Shakspeare thought most poetically.

The spirit of Ninus never occurred to Voltaire as a being who, even in the grave, could be capable of pleasant or unpleasant feelings, and for whom we could feel compassion: he intended merely to teach that the highest Power, in order to bring crimes to light and punishment, would make an exception to its eternal laws.

"I will not say that it is an error when the dramatic poet constructs his fable so as to explain or confirm some great moral truth; but I may say that such a construction is not at all necessary; that there may be very instructive pieces which tend to illustrate no such single maxims; and that it is wrong to consider the moral address at the end, which is found in many of our older tragedies, as if the whole piece had been written on its account.

"If, therefore, the 'Semiramis' of M. Voltaire has no other merit than this, for which he takes so much credit to himself,—namely, that we may learn from it to venerate the highest justice, which, in order to punish extraordinary crimes, chooses extraordinary means,—'Semiramis,' in my eyes, would be but an indifferent piece, particularly as this moral is not very edifying. For incontestably it is far more befitting to the wisest Being not to need these extraordinary courses, and that we should think the reward of the good and the punishment of the wicked to be interwoven by him with the common chain of events."*

Through all Lessing's works Voltaire's dramas and criticisms are treated with the same unsparing severity; nor do the opinions and practice of other French writers (with the exception of Diderot)—Palitot, the two Corneilles, Molière, and Madame Dacier—fare much better, though to none does he appear so hostile as to Voltaire. Voltaire he considered as a bad specimen and a violent defender of his national drama, which Lessing knew was too frequently imitated by, and too certain to vitiate the taste of, his countrymen.

Lessing's intimate friends were also thoroughly imbued with opinions similar to his own. Moses Mendelssohn says that Voltaire considers all nature to be comprised in the fashionable world—*Bontonnerie*. And in a letter to Lessing, in 1755, he writes,—“Is not Voltaire's 'Orphan of China' a pitiable thing? There is even less of plot in it than in 'Esther,' which Voltaire himself has blamed for this defect. 'Genghis' has even less of character than 'Xerxes,' 'Athalie' has an almost similar plot. But what a difference between Racine and Voltaire! How clever, how masterly is the work of the one, and how clumsy that of the other!” Lessing had a powerful successor in J. G. Herder, born 1744, who pointed out and insisted on the distinction between natural and artificial poetry, and whose collection of popular

* *Dramaturgie*, Werke, vol. xii

ballads of all nations afforded excellent models for his countrymen; and his teaching has had a permanent influence on the literature of Germany.

It is no part of our plan to consider in detail the effects produced chiefly by Bodmer, Lessing, and Herder on the literature of Germany, but only with reference to the growth of opinion with respect to Shakspeare. A marked example of this was shown in Wieland. His earlier predilections were strongly in favour of Gottsched: he next joined the school of Bodmer, and for the time his works were distinguished by the most mystical Platonism. But his reading and knowledge were of a very extensive character; and though his classical predilections had led him in some measure to a taste rather for the French than the English school, yet the criticisms of Lessing, and his own acquaintance with English literature, at length worked a change in his opinions. About 1759 he produced his drama of 'Lady Jane Grey,' and in 1760 'Clementina of Porretta,' in prose, taken from the novel of 'Sir Charles Grandison.' Lessing reviewed the first of these in a journal called 'Die Litteratur-Briefen.' It commences,—“Rejoice with us! Wieland has left the ethereal spheres, and wanders again among the children of men.” The author had said in his preface,—“This tragedy is devoted to the noble object of representing the magnanimity, beauty, and heroism of virtue in the most affecting manner; to paint it in action as in real life, and to extort for it the admiration and love of mankind.” Upon this the critic observes,—“From this announcement we may easily arrive at a conclusion as to the characters and action of the piece. The majority of the characters are morally good; and to a poet like Wieland what does it signify that they are poetically bad? Jane Grey is a good and pious maiden; Lady Suffolk is a good and pious mother; the Duke of Suffolk, a good and pious father; Lord Guildford, a good and pious husband; even the betrothed of Jane, Sidney, is a good and pious—I know not what. They are all cast in one mould—in that ideal form of perfection which the poet has brought with him from the ethereal regions. Let it be so: when Wieland has been sufficiently long among men he will abandon these errors. He will see mankind in their true figures: he will, like Homer, remove himself far from those moralists who fancy *μητε τι φαυλον ἀρετη προσειναι, μητε κακια χρηση*:* he will find, *ἐν τοις πραγμασι, και τω βιω των πολλων*,† the proverb of Euripides, to be true,—

Ουκ ἂν γενοίτο χωρὶς ἰσθλα και κακῶν
 Ἀλλ' ἔστι τις συγκρασις,‡—

* That neither anything bad can belong to virtue, nor anything good to vice.

† “In the acts and the lives of the many.”

‡ “There cannot be a part entirely good or bad, but there must be a certain mixture (of the two).”

and forthwith, when he has recognised and studied this inward intermixture of good and evil, let us pay attention to the excellent tragedies he will produce. As yet he has only half-reached the noble objects he has indicated: he has represented the magnanimity and beauty of virtue, but not in the most moving manner: he has painted virtue, but not in action, not in actual life.”*

Part only of this prophecy was fulfilled. Like Lessing himself, Wieland's mind was not of a sufficiently powerful and creative character to make him an eminent dramatist; but the height which he could not reach he could see and describe clearly. In his plays he had borrowed largely from Rowe; but in his 'Agathon,' published in 1773, but certainly the labour of many years, he thus writes of the dramatic art:—“We complain of Shakspeare—he, among all the poets since Homer, who know human nature most thoroughly, from the king to the beggar, from Julius Cæsar to Jack Falstaff, and who, with an almost incomprehensible intuition, has seen it through and through—that his dramas have no plan, or at most only a faulty, irregular, and ill-devised one; that tragedy and comedy are often intertwined therein in the most extraordinary manner; and frequently even the very persons who, through some moving speech of true nature, have brought tears into our eyes, in a few seconds afterwards, through some curious accident, or some extravagant expression of their feelings, if they do not make us laugh, yet so far weaken our impressions, that it becomes very difficult for him again to place us in the position in which he would have us. We complain of this, and recollect not that on this very account his dramas are the more natural pictures of human life.”† With these feelings he no doubt undertook his translation of Shakspeare, which appeared between 1762 and 1766, but was carried only to the extent of eight volumes, containing twenty-one plays, in the following order:—Midsummer Night's Dream, King Lear, As You Like It, Measure for Measure, The Tempest, The Merchant of Venice, Timon of Athens, King John, Julius Cæsar, Antony and Cleopatra, The Comedy of Errors, King Richard II., First Part of Henry IV., Much Ado about Nothing, Macbeth, The Two Gentlemen of Verona, Romeo and Juliet, Othello, Twelfth Night, Hamlet, and A Winter's Tale.

It would not have been easy to have found any German author so likely to have done justice to Shakspeare, and to gain a favourable hearing for him

* Lessings Werke, Anthell an den Litteratur Briefen, 63^o. Brief. Lessing had previously treated Wieland's productions with considerable severity, but his knowledge and taste had notwithstanding extorted Wieland's esteem. In the poem of 'Idris and Zenide,' published by Wieland in 1747, he playfully alludes to Lessing "pinching his ear."

† Agathon, book x. chap. I.

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before a new tribunal, as Wieland. His countrymen objected, somewhat unreasonably, to the stiffness, hardness, and roughness both of the thoughts and expressions in his translation; their French models had made them impatient of any want of correctness or smoothness. Horn remarks that "one of his critics commenced a rude and violent review thus:—'Properly no one should have translated Shakspeare at all;' but as these fugitive attacks did not seem effective, Gottsched grasped his well-exercised pen, and, in the Second Part of his 'Necessary Materials for the History of German Poetry,' angrily complained that 'he had before him the most celebrated writers of the day, and the great self-formed critics (he means Lessing only) who reverence and invoke the British idol Shakspeare, and other dramatic idols of that people, although they have observed as little rule and order upon the stage as the German Whitsun-play writers, Rosenplüt and Scheerenberg, and introduce upon the scene ghosts, devils, death, heaven, and hell as much as ever they had done.'"* To the more reasonable objections as to the harshness of the style, Wieland's defence was triumphant, as far as that only was concerned, and this was probably all of which his critics could judge. These reproaches may be well borne, he says, when a translator has had an original before him who has, intentionally, been rough and loose in his expressions, and this in order to attain a higher object, as Wieland elsewhere intimates: "My intention was to translate my author with all his imperfections, and this the rather as I often thought the errors were themselves beauties:" and he wished to make him known to his countrymen as he was. He says it requires no great wit to ornament an author, and instances Pope's embellishment of Homer, whom, he naïvely observes, the scholars, even in England, consider somewhat too much beautified; but he considers this as far less detrimental to Homer than such a process would be to Shakspeare: "As soon as we endeavour to ornament him, he immediately ceases to be Shakspeare." The difficulty was far greater to preserve the characteristics of his style and manner; and "for hours I have brooded," says Wieland, "over a passage which would have cost me but a moment had I allowed Shakspeare to speak as he probably might have spoken had he been a contemporary of Garrick." "A Homer, a Lucretius, a Shakspeare, must be faithfully copied (even if the language is somewhat forced), or not at all." These are good canons of criticism; and though Wieland did not altogether fulfil his own aspirations, he was an excellent guide in the path to be followed.

The reception of the translation in Germany does not seem to have been greatly encouraging. In a critique in the 'Hamburgische Dramaturgie,' of

* Shakspeare's Schauspiele erläutert, von Franz Horn.

July 19, 1767, on Voltaire's 'Zaire,' in which Lessing had been contrasting Orosman with Othello, to the manifest disadvantage of the former, he thus notices it:—"But is it then always Shakspeare, some of my readers will inquire—always Shakspeare who has understood everything better than the Frenchman? This vexes us; for we cannot read him. I seize this opportunity of reminding the public of something which they seem intentionally willing to forget. We have a translation of Shakspeare. It is yet scarcely finished, and no one heeds it. The critics have said much evil of it. I should have had pleasure in saying much good: not in order to contradict these learned men, not in order to defend the errors which they have noticed; but because I believe that they need not have made such a bustle about these errors. The undertaking was difficult: any other than Wieland would in his haste have stumbled oftener than he, and unconsciously or for convenience have skipped over more; but what he has done well it will be difficult for another to do better. As he has delivered Shakspeare to us, it is a book which we cannot sufficiently recommend. We have yet much and long to learn in the beauties which he gives us, before the spots so offend us that we must necessarily have a better translation."

Public attention was now fully awakened. It will be inferred, from the charges brought against Wieland, that many criticisms, some of them as to the merits of the original, were published. The defenders of Shakspeare were forced to concede much to their influential antagonists. He was frequently admitted to be coarse, bombastic, wanting in art, and addicted to punning and buffoonery. In 1771 appeared Eschenburg's 'Essay on the Genius and Writings of Shakspeare;'* in 1775-82 his revision of Wieland's translation with notes, done at Wieland's request, was published; and in 1778-83 his own translation, in prose, except two. These are good as literal translations, except where he has suffered himself, as is too often the case, to be led astray by his reliance on the commentators, or into fanciful improvements; but the poetical fire is very sufficiently smothered. He succeeded better as a critic; and at a subsequent period he issued a new edition, much enlarged, of his first work, in which he avails himself of the then recent labours of Steevens and Malone. The Essay, now entitled 'On William Shakspeare,' is divided into ten sections. The first is 'On the Circumstances of Shakspeare's Life:' it is but a short sketch, made up from the English materials, with a somewhat lengthy description of the jubilee in 1776. The second section is 'On the Learning of Shakspeare,' in which he states the arguments

* Versuch über Shakspeares Genie und Schriften: Leipzig, 1771.

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produced at that time in England on both sides of this much-contested question. He himself observes incidentally that much classical knowledge was floating about, and that even pastry-cooks were experienced mythologists; summing up his opinion thus:—"The truth lies probably in the middle. The opinion that Shakspeare had an intimate knowledge of both ancient and modern languages, and was well read in their best writers, is incontestably going too far; and they are equally in error who maintain that he was a complete stranger to them."* Sect. 3 is 'On the Genius of Shakspeare;' Sect. 4, 'On his Defects;' Sect. 5, 'On the State of the Stage in Shakspeare's time;' Sect. 6, 'On the Classification and Chronology of the Plays;' Sect. 7, 'On the English Editions and Editors;' Sect. 8, 'On the Critical Essays, &c., concerning the Poet and his Editors;' Sect. 9, 'A List of the Adaptations, Imitations, and Translations of Shakspeare's Plays;' and Sect. 10, 'On Shakspeare's Poems, with a Selection from them in English and German.' Many of these sections contain little more than a catalogue raisonnée of what had appeared in England, and this must have made a great addition to German knowledge of the sources of information for obtaining a true idea of the real nature of Shakspeare. In his original criticism he displays no very great degree of excellence, and has fallen into many erroneous notions, particularly as to the female characters of Shakspeare; the tragedy heroines, he affirms, are kept far in the background, while "in comedy the ladies are neither more nor less than merry wives, plain orderly matrons, in whom chastity and good faith are the best qualities." This he attributes to the state of female society in England. How such ideas could be entertained it is difficult to imagine. These errors have arisen partly from his imperfect knowledge of the early English literature and manners, partly from his dependence on the English commentators, but chiefly from a want of high poetical feeling: still he evinces a love and reverence which he certainly did not acquire from his English studies, and a desire to appreciate the excellences of his author. Much of Eschenburg's criticism is adopted bodily, and often without any direct acknowledgment, from English writers; and from them he learned to "speak by the card" in dispraise of Shakspeare. One of his passages which reads most pithily in the German, is a literal translation of the paragraph from Thomas Warton, quoted in the 'History of Opinion,' p. 397.

Gerstenberg, who had been praised for his own dramatic productions by Lessing, and who was thoroughly capable of appreciating Shakspeare, boldly announced himself as his admirer about this

time;* and awakened the fears of those who were willing to tolerate Shakspeare as a mark of their own extended knowledge, but by whom any application of his principles, or any praise resting on a just conception and feeling of his excellences, appeared dangerous. He was accordingly attacked by Garve, and by Weisse in his anonymous reviews; but Lessing's known opinion of Gerstenberg's merit in some measure protected him. Not so with Herder, whose 'Blätter von deutscher Art und Kunst' appeared in 1772. Weisse, although he had commended Shakspeare in his own tragedies of the Gottsched school (perhaps to conciliate the dreaded Lessing), bitterly reproached Herder with praising Shakspeare immoderately, and thereby opening the doors to an utter want of taste. Subsequently he took occasion to warn his countrymen against the example of Shakspeare, and to blame Eschenburg's translation as dangerous, in an article in 'The Library of the Fine Arts.'†

In 1774, Lenz produced his 'Remarks on the Theatre,' with an Appendix of some of Shakspeare's dramas:‡ "He had a truly poetical, though not powerful genius; and his translation of *Love's Labour's Lost* is replete with the most genial feeling. It was, however, not merely received with coldness, but that sprightly comedy, blooming with the brightest colours of humour, was cried down as an overwitty and distasteful production, and for his no light labour he received the reward of being considered very odd, and without taste."§

Up to this time we thus see that, from the revival of the study of English literature, all the most eminent men of Germany had advocated the superiority of Shakspeare and our dramatic art, or passively submitted to its influence; for the efforts of its opponents, however smart and sarcastic in the conflict, were wholly unable to prevent the growing predilection in its favour in the minds of their countrymen. These effects were shown more frequently, and perhaps more strongly, in the productions and incidental remarks of their native writers, than in direct dissertations on the subject; and we have thus to add a name of European celebrity—that of Göthe. He had become acquainted with Herder at Strasburg, and on his return home, in his twenty-fourth year, he composed his tragedy of 'Götz von Berlichingen,' which was published in 1773. This is not the place to discuss the literary merits of Göthe, and we shall therefore only remark that to us 'Götz von Berlichingen,' in spite of some defects in the construction of the plot, and some youthful exube-

* Briefe über die Merkwürdigkeiten der Litteratur Schleswig, 1766-8. In 1767 his celebrated tragedy of 'Ugolino' was also published.

† Bibliothek der Schönen Wissenschaften.

‡ Anmerkungen übers Theater, nebst angehängtem Stücke Shaksperes. Leipzig, 1774.

§ Horn, l. 13.

* Eschenburg, 'Ueber William Shakspeare.' Zurich edit. 1806, p. 79.

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rances, appears to be the boldest designed, the most fully characterised, and the most *dramatic* of any of his plays, and to contain many truly Shaksperian touches. It was attacked by the critics expressly as being an imitation of Shakspeare, and they alleged that such imitations were corrupting the German taste. Wieland replied that the faults of imitators are not to be fastened upon Shakspeare. "He stands by himself. His works, in which nature has so great and art so small a part, will be for ever the enjoyment of all readers of undepraved feelings; they are acted, read, felt, studied, but are not to be imitated, except as faithful copies of nature." (*Briefe an einen jungen Dichter.*) But Göethe was an universal genius; though he loved and admired Shakspeare, yet all his dramas after this were constructed on ever-varying principles, and in but a few of them does he again approach the English school, except in some measure in the familiarity of the dialogue. Count Egmont and Clavigo are perhaps the nearest; while in his 'Stella,' a domestic piece that may be included in the same category, he has produced one of those hermaphrodites inveighed against by Tieck, in which improbability, untruth to nature,* exaggerated sentimentality, and crime are presented to our view, and recommended to our sympathies, under circumstances and in language of no common power. In this line he led the way for Kotzebue. Göethe's only other contribution to the just appreciation of Shakspeare was his famous criticism on Hamlet, in his 'Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship.'



[Göthe.]

Schiller closely followed upon Göthe. In 1781 was published, and in 1782 was acted, 'The

* 'Stella' is said to be founded in fact, but it is not the less untrue to nature in a poetical and dramatic sense.

Robbers.' Abounding with most serious faults of taste and of execution—indeed the worst yet most famous of all his plays—the rough vigour, the earnestness and vitality, the daring boldness, and even the false philosophy and morality, combined to insure it a favourable reception; and its effect upon the German mind, though much exaggerated, was doubtless extraordinary. W. Schlegel has spoken of it as a direct imitation of some parts of Richard III.;* but we think it unfair so to regard it. There is no attempt at mere imitation of any of Shakspeare's characters, situations, or peculiarities of style, but an evident and partially successful desire to seize upon his manner considered as a whole. Its popularity, however, exceeded its real importance in the dramatic literature of his country, and was perhaps even detrimental to it. It had succeeded by its innate strength, and in spite of its defects; but the defects were far more within the reach of imitation than the excellences; indeed the latter were by many unappreciated, or the former mistaken for them. A swarm of *Ritterschauspielen*† were produced by the examples of 'Götz von Berlichingen' and 'Die Räuber,' and written "after the manner of Shakspeare," of little or no value in themselves, and leading to gross misconceptions of Shakspeare's true character. Unlike Göthe, Schiller remained true to his first impressions, and all his other dramas (except 'The Bride of Messina'), however varying in form, are all more or less of the school of Shakspeare, only marked by the difference of their respective minds. Schiller's other works, particularly his lyrical ballads, contain many testimonies of the esteem he continued to feel for English literature in general. While poet to the theatre at Mannheim, in 1783, he also translated Macbeth, which was then acted.

But perhaps a wider, though not so perfect a knowledge of Shakspeare, was imparted to the German public by the adaptation of his dramas to the national stage. In this work by far the most effective was F. L. Schröder, the manager of the Hamburg theatre. "This man," says Horn, "whom the general voice has recognised as a truly great actor and an intelligent man, had already long felt within what narrow limits the half-German and half-French productions of an earlier period confined his splendid talents, in which thoughts and passions were almost never represented, but related only in lamentations or declamations. A favourable destiny led him to Shakspeare's works, and in them he discovered a world of riches, full of character, of animated thoughts and passions. His whole devotion was now turned towards this poet, and everything

* It appears to us that the characters of Karl and Franz have more probably been suggested by Fielding's Tom Jones and Blifil.

† Literally, knightly plays; but it means dramas representing events occurring during the middle ages.

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truly great in his own mimic art was in future to receive its chief nourishment from him. The poet Shakspeare, in his endless charms and sweetness, certainly remained to him unknown,—as Schröder, particularly in his latter years, entertained the strange opinion that an acting play should by no means be poetical,—but the *dramatist*, the *characteriser*, was to him invaluable, and as such he now sought to adapt him to the German stage. The delightful and varying melody of the language and versification was severely wrested from him; almost everything that moral or æsthetic critics had chosen to consider as exuberances was at once rudely cut away as with a gardener's knife; and even the conduct and catastrophe of the piece sometimes altered. What remained were, to be sure, no more than shadows of Shakspeare; but yet these shadows, more animated than hundreds of spouting heroes of later times, were delightful and instructive appearances upon our stage, particularly when some distinguished actors, and above all Schröder himself, devoted themselves with a hearty love of the poet to the representation of them. For the German stage this commenced a new epoch,—real talent had opportunities of distinguishing itself: for to a great degree there are no mere nonentities, no characterless characters; everything is truly and exactly worked out or sketched. For the common routine and mechanical readiness, even for melodious voices or acquired plausible declamation, there was little occasion, as these parts required to be acted—acted in the true sense of the word. Men like Schröder, Fleck, and other masters of our stage, felt this thoroughly, and rejoiced in this splendid poet; while others openly or secretly opposed themselves to him, because they felt that their common art and artifices could not reach him.

“The public showed themselves not insensible to the beauties of the poet; and we will not reckon too severely with them that they only recognised separate beauties, as they had no opportunities of seeing or hearing his complete perfection. They allowed themselves to be charmed with his powerful fancy, enjoyed single characters and isolated bits of humour, which the too often mischievously obliterating pen had allowed to remain. They were kind-hearted enough to be pleased that Hamlet—although he is almost inwardly dead—should remain externally alive, should ascend the throne, and, after a decent hesitation, should promise to govern happily and wisely; and they rejoiced when the adapter would be much wiser than the poet, and framed the fate of Lear and Cordelia more pleasantly at the conclusion. Not less success had Macbeth and Othello; but this art in *The Taming of the Shrew*, *Measure for Measure* (adapted by Schröder), *The Merchant of Venice* (by the same), and *Julius Cæsar* (brought

upon the stage by Dalberg with great care and splendour), would not correspond with their taste.”*

About the same time Bürger, best known in England as the author of the ballad of ‘*Leonora*,’ was induced by Schröder to undertake a translation of *Macbeth*. In his preface to the play Bürger states as follows:—

“Our celebrated actor Schröder, who wished to introduce the tragedy of *Macbeth* on the stage at Hanover in 1777, applied to me to translate for him those scenes in which the witches appeared,—and I did so. He afterwards wished me to complete the whole piece; but I, who had never seen ten plays acted in my life, had not sufficient confidence in my own knowledge and power. He provided me, therefore, not only with a new arrangement of the scenes, but with an almost complete version of the whole piece, mostly compiled from the translations of Wieland and Eschenburg, placing it at my free disposal to deal with it as I would. This I have generally followed, but not always. In the prose parts, in which no one but Shakspeare himself could have given word for word, I have availed myself of that translation, where no better sense, or more feeling of the power of the original, or the maintaining of my own manner, language, and style, has compelled me to deviate from it.

“My attempt will not, I hope, be deemed a sacrilege. This temple is so full that much may be wanted without being missed. Moreover, I have destroyed nothing, but only left somewhat behind in the treasury, from which those who are not satisfied with what they find in this may recover whatever more they may please. Of my own poor efforts I have only to say that I wish it may not appear as a beggar's patch upon the purple mantle of Shakspeare.

“But my *Macbeth* was not ready at the time when Schröder required it (and he had often urged me for it), and it has remained lying by me almost the whole time that so many other good *Macbeths* have appeared, of which, however, I have seen none but that by Wagner. Schröder has now no longer any occasion to require mine. Nevertheless the world is wide enough, so that this may well find a place amongst others, with which it willingly takes its chance, without crowding; for I issue it by no means with the proud assumption that it may be something peculiar, or even better adapted for representation than the *Macbeths* hitherto acted, but because many of my friends have been pleased with the incantation-scenes, often applied for them, and it became to me a trouble to copy them out. I know and feel well enough what is required in a play, the highest work of the dramatic art, and that it is beyond the

* *Horn*, *Einführung*, pp. 24-26.

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reach of my powers. At this acknowledgment nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand of our modern dramatisers will no doubt laugh loudly and heartily.

“Of the incantation-scenes I have only a few words to add. I have, indeed, never seen a representation of Macbeth myself, but I am told that this play, and particularly those scenes, have not produced that delight which is the object of all dramatic art, and which we might still more expect in a piece which may almost unconditionally be asserted to be full of such beauties as to excel everything that the human mind has produced, or ever will produce. I am certainly a poor, but not, perhaps, the very poorest among the worms of earth; but my genius—even in its happiest, lightest, most powerful, and God-devoted hours—crouches as deeply beneath the elevation and greatness of the scenes before and after the deed in the second act, as my body beneath the sun in the heavenly system. But whether that effect is attributable to the text, to the scenery, or to the declamation, I cannot say. The incantation-scenes may, accordingly as they are conducted, as easily damage as increase the effect of the whole. But at no time can it be allowed to regard them as weeds ex-

tended over every field, as the high and deeply-learned Dr. Johnson, and other æsthetical philosophers (philosofunkeln) of his sort, gossip about. According to my belief, these verses ought not to be sung nor spoken at an actor's will in any sort of declamation, but delivered as a recitative, according to musical notes. Whether this will ever happen here or elsewhere I know not.” The translation is dedicated to his friend Biester, as a remembrance of the hours at Göttingen,—“When we together enjoyed ourselves with a kind of religious extacy over the greatest of all poetical geniuses that ever has been, or ever will be.”

Bürger's translation is in a measured prose, except the incantation-scenes. Notwithstanding his professed reverence for Shakspeare, and his own undoubted talents, he appears here only as one of those adapters who “would be much wiser than the poet.” In this text, selected and made up, the liberties taken are enormous, and to one acquainted with the original it appears rather a parody than a translation. We are induced to give the second scene of the first act of this ‘Macbeth’ (so early he begins his improvements) as a specimen of his labours, to which we affix a literal translation.

(ACT I.—SCENE I.)

*Enter a Body-guard of the KING's on one side, and a bleeding Soldier on the other.
Noise of a battle behind the Scenes.*

Trabant. Wer bist du?

Soldat. Hoch lebe der König von Schottland!

Trab. Ist das Feindes blut, oder dein eignes?

Sol. Beides.

Trab. Wie steht's um die Schlacht?

Sol. So, dass du zu spät kommst, sie gewinnen zu helfen.

Trab. O weh!

Sol. Nicht o weh! Victoria! die Schlacht ist gewonnen.

Trab. Victoria? So muss ich gleich zurück zum Könige. Er ist nicht weit, und hat mich auf kundschaft ausgesandt. Nun wünschte ich mir ein paar Schwabenfügel. Leb wohl! [*Will gehn.*]

Sol. Holla! nicht so hurtig, Herr.

Trab. Nun?

Sol. Ich bitt' Euch, was wollt Ihr wohl dem Könige sagen?

Trab. Das die Schlacht gewonnen ist.

Sol. Ich hab' aber gelogen!

Trab. Gelogen, Kerl? So bist du ja bei deinen Wunden noch ein verzweifelter Spatzmacher.

Sol. Ei, wenn sie nun auch gewonnen ist, so konnte Euresgleichen doch wohl für einen braven Soldaten so viel Geduld in den Ohren haben, ein Bitzchen Erzählung von seiner mitgefochtenen Schlacht anzuhören. Es spärt Euch ohnehin auch die Mühe, den Weg zwei Mal zu messen, wenn Ihr dem Könige etwas umständlichere Nachricht abstaten könnt.

Trab. Nun so sag' her, Freund; aber mach's kurz.

Sol. Nicht ein Haar breit kurzer als es ist. Lange stand's nun fierlich so so! mit der Schlacht. Sie wollte nicht von der Stelle, recht wie ein Schwim-

Guard. Who art thou?

Soldier. Long live the king of Scotland!

Guard. Is that enemies' blood, or thine own?

Sol. Both.

Guard. How stands it with the fight?

Sol. So that thou comest too late to help to win it.

Guard. O, woe!

Sol. Not O woe! Victoria! the battle is won.

Guard. Victory? Then I must directly back to the king. He is not far from hence, and has despatched me after intelligence. How I wish now for a pair of swallow's wings. Farewell! [*Going.*]

Sol. Holla! not in such a hurry, good sir.

Guard. Now, then?

Sol. I prithee, what is it you will tell the king?

Guard. That the battle is won.

Sol. But I have been lying!

Guard. Lying, rascal? then thou art indeed, with thy wounds, a desperate joker.

Sol. Ay, if now it is won, such as you might well have so much patience in your ears as to listen to a bit of a narrative from an old soldier of his battle. It would spare you also the fatigue of measuring the way twice, if you were able to give to the king a somewhat circumstantial relation of it.

Guard. Well, say on, friend; but make it short.

Sol. Not a hair's-breadth shorter than it is. Long stood it, certainly, but so so with the battle. They moved not from the spot, like a swimmer

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mer, der dem reissenden Strom entgegen arbeitet. Der unbändige Macdonald, recht zum Rebellen geschaffen, wollte sanimt seiner Bande schlechterdings siegen. Fortuna schien auch in der that seine Hure zu seyn. Aber umsonst! Der unüberwindliche Macbeth achtete weder ihn, noch seine Hure, hieb sich mit blutigem rauchenden Schwerte bis an den Schurken, und liess nicht eher ab, als bis er ihn zum Wirbel bis auf's Kinn zerspalt hatte.

The remainder of the description of the battle is in the same style, and the close of the scene with Rosse is altogether omitted. Nor are the choruses, upon which Bürger chiefly prides himself, rendered much more faithfully, though it cannot be denied that he has thrown great spirit and effect into them. We suppose the arbitrary and absurd changes were made with the idea of adapting the play more popularly for the German stage; but if so, it does not say much for the general advance of German opinion as to the true merits of Shakspeare.

Amid much bickering and many efforts among authors of minor importance, a just appreciation and a more correct knowledge of Shakspeare was gradually and rapidly extending. In 1796 Friedrich von Schlegel, with his brother August Wilhelm, the descendants of a family long illustrious in the literary annals of their country, commences a periodical work called the 'Athenæum.' They were assisted in it by Novalis (F. von Hardenberg), and Ludwig Tieck. It was an attempt to reform the literary taste of their countrymen, and was succeeded by 'Kritiken und Charakteristiken,' having the same object, in which they attacked the then popular dramatic poets, Kotzebue and Iffland; but their aim was rather to encourage a national style than imitation even of Shakspeare and the English drama, though they were referred to as good models. In 1797 August Wilhelm Schlegel commenced his translation of Shakspeare, which appeared in successive volumes to the number of nine, but which he did not complete. Of this translation it is almost impossible to speak too highly; but we shall have occasion again to refer to it at a later period, in our notice of Tieck. It however made Shakspeare a German work, and from that time his predominance was thoroughly felt and acknowledged. But this was not all Schlegel did for Shakspeare and his countrymen. In 1808 he delivered a series of lectures at Vienna on 'Dramatic Art and Literature,' in which Shakspeare for the first time had the advantage of a criticism at once acute and profound, discriminative and genial, learned and unpedantic. The effect produced was immense.* The lectures have been

* In the concluding paragraph of 'The History of Opinion,' we mentioned the effect produced in England by the delivery of Coleridge's Lectures in 1814. But although that series of lectures had great influence upon the public taste, Cole-

who labours against the raging stream. The untameable Macdonald, well fitted to be a rebel, would absolutely conquer with his band. Fortune indeed seemed to be his whore. But in vain! the unconquerable Macbeth regarded neither him nor his whore, struck with bloody-smoking sword till he reached the rascal, whom he left not till he had cloven his skull from crown to chin.

excellently translated by Dr. Black. They have been quoted sufficiently often in the course of our work, and are so generally known, as to render quotation almost unnecessary; but we cannot refrain from giving one or two passages as to an opinion which had become too common in England, namely, that Shakspeare "wanted art," that he was an uncultivated genius.

"If the assertion were founded, all that distinguishes the works of the greatest English and Spanish dramatists, a Shakspeare and a Calderon, ought to rank them beneath the ancients; they would in no manner be of any importance for theory, and could at most appear remarkable, on the assumption that the obstinacy of these nations, in refusing to comply with the rules, might have afforded more ample scope to the poets to display their native originality, though at the expense of art. But even this assumption will, on a more narrow examination, appear extremely doubtful. The poetic spirit requires to be limited, that it may move within its range with a becoming liberty, as has been felt by all nations on the first invention of metre: it must act according to laws derivable from its own essence, otherwise its strength will be evaporated in boundless variety.

"The works of genius cannot therefore be allowed to be without form: but of this there is no danger. That we may answer this objection of want of form, we must first come to an understanding respecting the meaning of form, which most critics, and more especially those who insist on a stiff regularity, understand merely in a mechanical and not in an organical sense.

"Form is mechanical when, through external influence, it is communicated to any material merely as an accidental addition without reference to its quality: as, for example, when we give a particular shape to a soft mass that it may retain the same after its induration. Organical form, again, is innate: it unfolds itself from within, and acquires its determination along with the complete

ridge had expounded the same leading principles of criticism, in lectures at the Royal Institution, as early as 1804. (See 'Literary Remains,' vol. ii. p. 203.) The merit of originating these opinions has been assigned by some to Coleridge, by others to Schlegel. Coleridge's own testimony ought to be decisive in the matter as regards Schlegel. He has unequivocally given his testimony to the high merit of Lessing:—"It was Lessing who first proved to all thinking men—even to Shakspeare's countrymen—the true nature of his apparent irregularities." (See 'Biographia Literaria,' vol. ii. p. 256.)—*Editor.*

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development of the germ. We everywhere discover such forms in nature throughout the whole range of living powers, from the crystallization of salts and minerals to plants and flowers, and from them to the human figure. In the fine arts, as well as in the province of Nature, the highest artist, all genuine forms are organical, that is, determined by the quality of the work. In a word, the form is nothing but a significant exterior, the speaking physiognomy of each thing, disfigured by no destructive accidents, which gives a true evidence of its hidden essence. Hence it is evident that the spirit of poetry, which, though imperishable, wanders as it were through different bodies, so often as it is newly born in the human race, must, from the instrumental substance of an altered age, be fashioned into a body of a different conformation. The forms vary with the direction of the poetical sense; and when we give to the new kinds of poetry the old names, and judge of them according to the ideas conveyed by these names, the application of the authority of classical antiquity which we make is altogether unjustifiable. No one should be tried before a tribunal to which he does not belong. We may safely admit that the most of the dramatic works of the English and Spaniards are neither tragedies nor comedies in the sense of the ancients; they are romantic dramas. That the stage of a people who, in its foundation and formation, neither knew nor wished to know anything of foreign models will possess many peculiarities, and not only deviate from, but even exhibit a striking contrast to, the theatre of other nations who had a common model for imitation before their eyes, may be very easily supposed, and we should only be astonished were it otherwise. But when in two nations, differing, in a physical, moral, political, and religious respect, so widely as the English and Spanish, the stages which arose at the same time, without being known to each other, possess, along with external and internal diversities, the most striking features of affinity, the attention of the most thoughtless must be turned to this phenomenon; and the conjecture will naturally occur to him, that the same, or at least a kindred, principle must have prevailed in the development of both."

The above extract explains Schlegel's opinion, not entirely novel when he first pronounced it, and now generally adopted in Germany as the theory of the school of dramatic art in England, of which he looked upon Shakspeare as the founder: in one other passage we will give Schlegel's view of the peculiar characteristics and qualities of Shakspeare individually.

"To me he appears a profound artist, and not a blind and wildly luxuriant genius. I consider, generally speaking, all that has been said on this subject as a mere fabulous story, a blind and ex-

travagant error. In other arts the assertion refutes itself; for in them acquired knowledge is an indispensable condition before anything can be performed. But even in such poets as are usually given out for careless pupils of Nature, without any art or school for discipline, I have always found, on a nearer consideration, when they have really produced works of excellence, a distinguished cultivation of the mental powers, practice in art, and views worthy in themselves, and maturely considered. This applies to Homer as well as Dante. The activity of genius is, it is true, natural to it, and in a certain sense unconscious; and consequently the person who possesses it is not always at the moment able to render an account of the course which he may have pursued, but it by no means follows that the thinking power had not a great share in it. It is from the very rapidity and certainty of the mental process, from the utmost clearness of understanding, that thinking in a poet is not perceived as something abstracted—does not wear the appearance of meditation: that idea of poetical inspiration, which many lyrical poets have brought into circulation, as if they were not in their senses, and like Pythia, when possessed by the divinity, delivered oracles unintelligible to themselves (a mere lyrical invention), is least of all applicable to dramatic composition, one of the productions of the human mind which requires the most exercise of thought. It is admitted that Shakspeare has reflected, and deeply reflected, on character and passion, on the progress of events and human destinies, on the human constitution, on all the things and relations of the world: this is an admission which must be made, for one alone of thousands of his maxims would be a sufficient refutation of whoever should attempt to deny it. So that it was only then respecting the structure of his own pieces that he had no thought to spare? This he left to the dominion of chance, which blew together the atoms of Epicurus? But supposing that he had, without the higher ambition of acquiring the approbation of judicious critics and posterity, without the love of art which endeavours at self-satisfaction in a perfect work, merely laboured to please the unlettered crowd: this very object alone, and the theatrical effect, would have led him to bestow attention to the conduct of his pieces. For does not the impression of a drama depend in an especial manner on the relation of the parts to each other? And however beautiful a scene may be in itself, will it not be at once reproached by spectators merely possessed of plain sense, who give themselves up to nature, whenever it is at variance with what they are led to expect at that particular place, and destroys the interest which they have already begun to take? The comic intermixtures may be considered as a sort of interlude for the purpose of refreshing the spectators

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after the straining of their minds in following the more serious parts, if no better purpose can be found for them; but in the progress of the main action, in the concatenation of the events, the poet must, if possible, display even more superiority of understanding than in the composition of individual character and situations, otherwise he would be like the conductor of a puppet-show who has confused the wires so that the puppets, from their mechanism, undergo quite different movements from those which he actually intended."

Schlegel found a most able and active coadjutor in Ludwig Tieck, who, born in 1773, had early acquired a taste for English literature, and for Shakspeare. So early as 1796 he had translated *The Tempest*, and written an *Essay on Shakspeare's Treatment of the Supernatural*. He pursued his studies vigorously in this direction, until it was said of him, by a writer in one of the early volumes of 'Blackwood's Magazine,' that he knew more of Shakspeare, and the contemporaneous literature of his time, than any other foreigner, if not any Englishman. Tieck early held the opinion that Shakspeare was only to be thoroughly comprehended by a knowledge of the older English dramas, and in this pursuit he arrived at the conclusion that several of these plays were by Shakspeare himself. Under this impression he published, in 1814 and 1816, his 'Alt-Englisches Theater, oder Supplemente zum Shakspeare,' containing, in two volumes, translations of the old plays of the 'King John' of 1591, 'The Pinner of Wakefield,' 'Pericles,' 'Lochrine,' 'The Merry Devil of Edmonton,' and the old 'Lear.' In 1823 and 1829 followed 'Shakspeare's Vorschule,' containing Greene's 'History of Friar Bacon,' 'Arden of Feversham,' 'The Lancashire Witches' of Thomas Heywood, the 'Fair Em,' 'The Tyrant' of Massinger,* and 'The Birth of Merlin.' All of these plays, except those otherwise appropriated, he ascribed to Shakspeare, and the soundness of his conclusions has already been questioned in the course of this work. We must, however, guard the reader against the belief that his judgment was formed under any unconsciousness of the real worth of the pieces. Tieck's error arose from carrying too far the conviction that Shakspeare's genius, like that of other mortals, required, and had received, cultivation and practice before he could have produced his masterpieces. He also believed, and justly, that Shakspeare began writing much earlier than had been generally admitted; he was, therefore, never willing to take for granted that the badness

* Massinger's play with this title described by Gifford as having been destroyed by Warburton, the Somerset herald's cook; but Tieck found the present one, with the title of 'The Tyrant; or the Second Maid's Tragedy,' in a manuscript with two other plays, in the collection of the Marquess of Lansdown, which he believes to be the same as the one mentioned by Gifford, and Massinger's earliest production.

of a piece was proof sufficient of its not being Shakspeare's, particularly when there was any external evidence in its favour. In his excellent prefaces to these two works he has certainly displayed the most ingenious advocacy of their claims; and, as a specimen of his manner of treating them, we will give a few lines in reference to the 'Fair Em':—
 "But why may not this very weak attempt be a hasty youthful work of the great poet? It becomes more probable every day to me that he came to London much earlier than is generally admitted. If he was there in 1584 or 1585, and inclination or necessity had driven him to write for the stage, without announcing his name, such a sketch as this, defective in character, language, and invention, might well be the work of a youth who, without study or learning, apparently not called to be a poet, gave to the theatre, which it certainly neither honoured nor held for any great prize, a magic-lantern exhibition, without substance or vitality. For Marlowe or Greene, to whom some would attribute this piece, it seems to me altogether too bad and insignificant, for even if in the first scene, and in the introduction, there is some resemblance to the play of 'Roger Bacon,' it is wholly wanting in the poetical feeling, the lightness and pleasantness of that old drama."



[Tieck.]

The fallacy here clearly arises from not making due allowances for what are essentially characteristics of Shakspeare's mind. Shakspeare might and did write earlier than has been generally admitted, and not so excellently as at later periods; but, though "defective in character, language, and invention," he could at no time have been "wholly wanting in poetical feeling." In truth, the repudiation by English editors of much that was undoubtedly Shakspeare's seems to have provoked the German critics generally to assign all the anonymous dramas of the period to his pen, under the loose argument,—“If not his, who could have

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written them?" Of the general subject of Shakspeare he thus speaks in the preface to the 'Alt-Englisches Theater':—"Since Schlegel's masterly translation of Shakspeare the time appears to have at length arrived in which to correct our views with regard to this poet, and to allow us to hope that, through the study of these masterpieces, the German genius may be inspired with true notions of art, so that from henceforth a school may arise on which may be founded a really national drama, which, while it approaches to the great English drama, may preserve its own individuality, without imitating what is merely adventitious, or, at least, not abandoning itself to empty mannerism. Much, however, as Schlegel has enlightened our views respecting these great works, a deep and well-directed study of this poet is nevertheless required; and for that purpose it is imperatively necessary to be acquainted with those works which existed before and coeval with him, works which had excited the feelings of the nation, together with those plays which he himself produced in his youth, but which his countrymen, through a misjudging criticism, and from a desire to protect (as they thought) his fame, have refused to recognise." For this latter purpose the two works named were published, and in them he promised a larger and more complete work upon the life and character of Shakspeare, — a promise which, though frequently repeated, he unfortunately never fulfilled.

In the mean time a more striking proof of the growing estimation of Shakspeare was afforded by the appearance, at intervals, from 1818 to 1829, of a translation of his dramas, by John Henry Voss, who had already earned an European reputation by his translations of Homer, Hesiod, Aristophanes, and other classical writers, together with his sons, Henry and Abraham. They were not, however, so successful with the British dramatist as the father had been with the classical poets; and though the translation is close, and occasionally happy, yet their own countrymen condemned it, as being too literal, harsh, affected, pedantic, and unidiomatic, which judgment, notwithstanding an ingenious defence of it by Henry Voss, in 1819, appears to have been confirmed. Tieck speaks of it as "the Shakspeare of those celebrated authors, who, in a German never spoken, endeavour, stammeringly, to imitate the accidental harshnesses and obscurities of the poet, even where they are not found in the original." Horn, however, says, — "We everywhere recognise in it distinguished philological power, and a thorough preparation for the task; although it must be acknowledged that we not unfrequently miss a satisfying vitality, colour, and tone." The alleged defects are such as a foreigner can scarcely pretend to decide upon, but we could refer to a passage, for instance the song of "Hark, hark, the lark," in Cymbeline and the

scene in The Merchant of Venice between Lorenzo and Jessica, Act v. Scene 1, which we think would justify a milder sentence.

To return to Tieck. In 1825 he commenced the revision and completion of Schlegel's translation of the plays of Shakspeare, which was concluded in 1833. In this edition he had the merit of first adopting the folio of 1623 as the standard, and declared fierce war against the conjectural and arbitrary emendations and annotations of the commentators, particularly against Steevens; and his defences or explanations of the original readings, of which examples occur in this edition, are frequently happy and ingenious. This translation it was attempted to make as close as possible, even to the structure of the versification, to the hemistichs, and the rhymed endings of speeches. The only liberty professedly allowed was in the comic scenes, in which, as literal translations would have destroyed the jokes, others were substituted, occasionally with success, but sometimes otherwise. For some of these he apologises, mentioning *Love's Labour's Lost* as the one with which the greatest freedom had been taken. He at once associated himself with the Count Wolf von Baudissin, and one whose name, he says, he is desired not to give. Of the whole it may be sufficient to say, that it fully maintained the reputation acquired by those already published by Schlegel, in which also many of the readings were improved.

In 1826 Tieck also published his 'Dramaturgisches Blätter,' containing much sound dramatic criticism, but chiefly on German subjects, the exceptions being *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Lear*, as represented on the German stage, and remarks upon some of the characters in *Hamlet*: the appendix to the work contains remarks upon several of the plays of Shakspeare which he had seen performed in London, and on the acting of Kemble and Kean in some of the characters. In 1828, in two novellettes, called 'Das Fest zu Kenilworth' and 'Dichterleben,' he gave a fanciful delineation of the early life of Shakspeare. In the *Festival at Kenilworth* he represents Shakspeare's father as a stern, melancholy, unprosperous wool-merchant, violently repressing the son's inclination for reading poetry, and refusing his consent to the young Shakspeare visiting Kenilworth. By means, however, of his mother, and Anne Hathaway, "a tall handsome girl of twenty," the visit is made, and Tieck gives to Shakspeare a part similar to that performed by Flibbertigibbet in Sir W. Scott's 'Kenilworth.' He enacts the echo to some of Gascoigne's verses as a satyr, in place of a lad taken suddenly ill, and through an accidental circumstance is introduced to and favourably noticed by the queen. In the 'Dichterleben,' or 'Poet Life,' he has represented the introduction of Shakspeare into London society, and given fanciful

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sketches of the lives and deaths of Marlowe and Greene, with slight notices of Peele, Nashe, and a few others. Of these we shall say nothing; but we quote the following extract from the latter part of a speech given to Shakspeare, an unknown modest young man in black, supposed to be an attorney's clerk, expressing his ideas respecting the use of materials for historical plays, in opposition to some extravagant opinions of Marlowe on the subject, partly in reference to his 'Edward II.':—In the associations connected with the love of our country, he argues, "when it unites itself with the deepest reverence for the governor, as it is now granted us in England to honour our sublime queen, there springs from these various powers and feelings such a miraculous tree of life and splendour, that I can imagine no interest, no invented fiction, no love or passion, which could enter into comparison with this high inspiration. Here at once the poet finds his materials advancing towards him in most gorgeous splendour, if he will but recognise them. Whose heart beats not higher when he hears of Cressy and Agincourt? What pictures of the third Edward, the fifth Henry, the Civil War of the Roses, the honest Gloster, the haughty Warwick, the terrible Richard! or the giant figure of Gaunt, near the too inconsiderate and unfortunate Richard of Bordeaux! the Black Prince, whom even the foe names with respect! Cœur-de-Lion, and his greater father, the luckiest and unluckiest of mighty monarchs! What wonders have even we ourselves seen within a few short years, when a foreign tyrant, with a nonstrous armada floated to our very thresholds! What feelings welled and rushed at that time through the land, in valleys, woods, and mountain! What wishes and prayers! Young and old pressing cheerfully but with beating hearts into the valiant ranks to fall or conquer! Oh, then, then we truly felt, without requiring it to be spoken, what a noble good, what a jewel, higher than all other earthly treasures, was our country. And when our queen, in the full splendour of her majesty, with love and grace, presented herself armed and on horseback to the shouting crowd of the country's defenders, when with her own mouth she spoke of the common danger, of the terrible foe from whom only Heaven and the union of the enthusiastic sons of the land could deliver us,—who, that had ever experienced this highest moment of existence, could ever forget it? Still, high as this imperishable feeling had raised us, we seemed all but lost, if, fortunately, salvation had not reached us immediately from heaven. Yes, Elizabeth, Howard, Drake, Raleigh, and all those names who in those fateful days ruled and fought, must be pronounced with gratitude as long as an English voice shall sound in this happy island! Pardon my emotion:—and this, honoured sir, is it not a

world for the poet?" Though Tieck, following the common authorities, has in these two tales adopted the belief of Shakspeare's early poverty, yet he had the sagacity to discover that the Stratford grammar-school was not likely to turn him out an uneducated man. He also ascribes to his mother his knowledge of old legends, histories, and ballads, and so far the formation of his poetic character; and to his beautiful wife the fostering encouragement of it; while at the close of the tale he is represented as the friend and the associate of the Earl of Southampton.*

During the period from the commencement of Voss's translation, the number of criticisms, disquisitions, essays, and attempts at translations of Shakspeare become too numerous to allow of our doing more than noticing the most eminent. In 1822 Franz Horn published his 'Shakspeare Schauspiele erläutert,' a masterly work, from which some slight specimens have been given among the plays of this edition. We shall therefore only give here his general character of Shakspeare, and his theory of criticism as applied to the poet. Of Shakspeare he says,—“Ever since I have been able to think and feel, I have recognised Shakspeare as the first among all poets; the richest and deepest, the most instructive and delightful, the most mysterious and the clearest, and to whom I devoted myself with ever new reverence and love.”

“Criticism (poetical) is nothing without Poesy; not near, not above, but out of her; she can teach Poesy nothing that she has not first learned from her; but when she becomes acquainted with her capabilities she will foresee and understand more than Poesy herself knew. She is then Poesy herself, or, if we will, the daughter of Poesy, and her perpetuator. She receives the divine fixed principles at second-hand; but they are not on that account the less divine, and they would not have been accepted if they had not already been believed in and recognised as such. It is self-evident also that she must exercise a power of correction, because she only can exercise it; since Poesy, the original creator, in a charming carelessness of all that opposes her, can only truly enjoy herself in her own purity. The beautiful (so may criticism speak) should exist, the hateful ought certainly not to exist; and judgment (or criticism) is therefore not only allowable, but necessary, although certainly a time may be imagined in which the mere exhibition of the beautiful shall destroy its opposing deformity. The beautiful, considered in its perfection, is ever also the good and the true, and genuine poetry cannot exist without the inmost

* The life of Shakspeare has been made the subject of another fiction by König, entitled 'William's Dichten und Trachten,' 1839, of which a second edition was published in 1850, under the title of 'William Shakspeare. Ein Roman.' It is a tale of the conspiracy of Essex, in which Shakspeare is introduced. It has little characterization, and is long and dull.

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union of these elements of its life. He to whom life does not appear as itself the highest poetry, that is, as in the mortal representing the immortal, will never comprehend clearly the thoughts and history of mankind. In Shakspeare, poetry, virtue, truth, life, and history, is altogether one: he is therefore not only a great poet—in the usual sense of the word—but also for every thinking being an instructive author; the best expounder of the scriptural text, ‘The earth is everywhere the Lord’s.’ He is the true eagle, who knows how to fly with both wings, and to move them harmoniously. In him there is no mistake between earnestness and jest, between the idea and the appearance, the will and the ability; for, as deep a thinker as a faultless artist, he always knew how to harmonize everything within its limits, and even while he excited us, or wounded our feelings, he had always kindly provided for our restoration to quiet repose.”—*Preface*, vii.—x.

In 1836 another translation of Shakspeare's plays was published at Vienna, by Julius Körner of Scheeberg. In his preface he says,—“It may perhaps be asked why, since the immortal Englishman, in detached pieces and collectively, has already become naturalized among us by means of the most excellent translations, why another attempt in German? Why give in a newer form what Schlegel and Tieck have already introduced into German literature with the stamp of their master-hands? With the utmost esteem for these masters, which no one can feel more deeply than the present writer, it may be allowed him to say that every translation of this powerful genius is, and will continue to be, only a more or less close approximation to the original; that, from the various-mindedness of the poet, whether in jest or earnest, in trembling fear or complete enjoyment, in harshness or tenderness, alike great, original, and abundant, one translator may succeed better in this, another in that, because more or less adapted to his own individuality; and particularly because the frequently occurring play upon words, belonging to the taste of that age, gives to every new translator opportunities of making a happier imitation than his predecessors. To this may be added that, from deference to the present taste, perhaps even from that shamefacedness, the value of whose double meaning Schleiermacher* has made so clear to every unprejudiced person, these two masters frequently leave out, qualify, or obscure certain phrases, and thus abridge or alter the original. While we, as we are not about to prepare an edition, *in usum Delphicis*, in this translation take up the same foundation which the poet himself promised for the drama in respect to the time represented, namely, to show

* In his ‘Confidential Letters to Lucinda,’ a novel by F. von Schlegel.

‘its form and pressure.’ In one word, this unparalleled gigantic spirit, like the Indian Brahma, readily takes on him divers incarnations, of which none may perhaps succeed in imbibing and reflecting all his fulness and splendour.” He adds that his work is “the last among those forms in which this god has walked over Germany's plains.”

He also lays down the principle that a translator should be only a translator, and not an interpreter, and affirms that, though much has been agitated as to corruptions of texts, much labour bestowed on explanations of customs, manners, &c. &c., which themselves are not always clear, much bold guessing and arbitrary alteration, yet that some difficulties are consequences of the poet's originality, rapidity, peculiar combinations, and genial disposition. “As in this work it was our wish to give Shakspeare only, without the ballast of his annotators, these difficulties are only so far overcome, these obscurities so far cleared up, as could be done by the language. The incomparable Briton is not generally to be read as we read Kotzebue or Clausen; whoever approaches him feels himself moved by something elevated—a reverence-commanding spirit stands before him, who requires attentive consideration, and even a self-collectedness: it is the same also in attempting the transference of this and similar works of genius, and not so much the easy fluency which, for the convenience of the tongues of actors, has been made the principal object.” He adds that Herr Menzel, in the ‘Litteraturblatt zum Morgenblatt,’ says lyrical poems should be smooth, but “in poems in which the extension, elevation, and importance of the prevailing thoughts allow rather of a certain hardness of expression than a weakening of the thought or the omission of any essential feature, a beauty which is acquired through enfeebling or abated vigour is bought too dearly.”

In pursuance of his plan the translation is effected by himself, Dr. Heinrich Döring, Beauregard Pandin (whose real name was K. F. von Jariges), G. Regis, Dr. Georg Nicolas Bärmann, and the Sonnets by Karl Richter. But this “last form in which this god walked the plains of Germany” was not long the last. In 1836-7 a miniature edition was published at Leipzig by a still more numerous band of contributors—twelve in number. This work has neither preface nor notes. As far as we may be allowed to judge, both these translations are very close and spirited. It is curious, however, to observe the different modes in which peculiarities of dialect are rendered, as in the cases of Sir Hugh Evans, and the Peasant in Lear; and also the variety of expression in the language of the different translations, even when all are close and satisfactory.

In 1839 appeared Dr. Herman Ulrici's work, ‘Ueber Shakspeare's Dramatische Kunst, und sein

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Verhältniss zu Calderon and Göthe." From this work several specimens of his criticisms on particular dramas have been given, and it will be only necessary to add somewhat of his general ideas of Shakspeare, his art, and his times. In the introductory divisions he gives a sketch of the history of the English drama to the time of Shakspeare, of the literary characters of Marlowe and Greene, of Shakspeare's life and times, and of Shakspeare's dramatic style and poetical view of the world.* In the first division, as the foreigner had no new facts to add, there is little to notice for an Englishman, though containing a concise and perspicuous statement well worthy the attention of his countrymen. His materials being taken from English authors, he has generally adopted their opinions. We shall, therefore, only give from this part his opinion as to the impress given by the time to the form of the English drama. Of the principles upon which the popular drama was constructed, he says,—“It is as unfair as contrary to history to allow no place in the history of art to the earlier attempts to form the modern drama upon the old classical model, or to wish to deny to the latter any influence upon the development of the former. It had this influence, partly negative, as it helped to cleanse the artistic materials from all sorts of excrescences and disfigurements, to purify the air from the miasma contributed by ecclesiastical and political contemporary histories, and thence to support art in its efforts to attain independence: partly more general, as it awakened and required the perception for the artistical form in composition and dramatic development. It was certainly in every way fortunate that it had no greater influence; that it was introduced too early and with too little power, in a great measure also in a form too contemptible, to have contributed much to the formation of the popular taste; for there can be no doubt that the unreasoning slavish imitation of the ancient models destroyed the French and, to a considerable degree, the Italian national theatres. The English popular poets took no concern about the rules of Aristotle. They followed their own course freshly and freely, while they constantly adopted, illustrated, and laboured only upon the living elements, the intellectual formation of the people themselves, with the awakened feeling of artistical form, acquired, consciously or unconsciously, from the study of the ancients. Their object was to seize and chain the attention of the people: they were thence constrained to approach them closely, but at the same time somewhat elevated above them; they must, above all things, address themselves to matters lying near the people's hearts, to materials well understood, to

* Shakspeare's Dramatisches Styl und Poetische Weltanschauung.

universal human motives and interest; to apply these in the most effective manner, and thence to satisfy more and more the requisitions of art: this was their object. This is the object of all artistic development, in the uninterrupted prosecution of which the highest and best is to be reached. Only in a path of such a naturally-formed conformation could a Shakspeare have arisen.”—P. 22.

In the second division, ‘Shakspeare's Life and Times,’ Ulrici has followed the commonly received statements of Shakspeare's history,—the poverty of his father—his acting as woolstapler and butcher—his imperfect education—his deer-stealing—his unhappy marriage. In all these matters Ulrici was, of course, at the mercy of the previous English writers on the subject. He had, and acknowledged that he had, no new facts to communicate, and he took upon trust what he had no means of controverting. Believing, therefore, that Shakspeare laboured under all these disadvantages, he looked around for the circumstances that might compensate for them; he found them in the state of his country, and the period in which he lived—when “the merry Old England was yet in full bloom.”

Ulrici advocates the theory of there being four or five periods of Shakspeare's life, distinguishable in his productions, each becoming more earnest in thought, and more condensed in language, till, in the last period, they became “dark and bitter,” and that “these serious views of life, this frame of mind and soul, with the, to him, dreary worldly activity of the capital, and his own position therein, may, by degrees, have disgusted him, and have been the reasons for his leaving London, in 1614, and retiring to his native town;” though he alludes to the affection he had always shown for the place, “probably,” he adds, “from attachment to his family.” Here, he says, “he lived a couple of years in lonely rural leisure, probably without any distinct exercise of his former calling.” Shakspeare's character and feelings he endeavours to describe from his works, particularly the Sonnets; but we shall quote nothing further from this division than the following retrospect of Shakspeare's life:—

“When we throw a glance over the external public life that Shakspeare led as an actor and a

* Adopting this and other apocryphal stories, he is compelled to make a theory to account for, and partly to excuse them, which he does thus: “It seems that the fertility of fancy, the undirected desires and impulses, disturbed fluctuations of intellectual activity, which so frequently characterise the young poet, led Shakspeare into many irregularities and extravagances. Who does not know, either from his own experience or that of others, the tormenting uneasiness arising from a continual struggle betwixt the irrepressible impulses of a soaring, determined, and inspired mind, and the external claims of depressing, unsuitable, and inimical circumstances? Who would then cast the first stone, even if it were true that some dissolute young men with whom he was acquainted had frequently induced him to join them in their poaching expeditions?” &c. &c.

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poet, we see before us, in the four or five periods which he passed through, a natural, progressive, and organic whole, that, probably even without any external co-operating circumstances, would have formed itself thus and no otherwise. Deducing the interruption of his poetical activity which arose from Ben Jonson's opposition,* his external life, after the first youthful indiscretion and their consequences had been mastered, flowed indeed quietly and peacefully, though not without brightness and elevation. It was a genuine poetical life, wholly devoted to poetical matters, and to the ever-higher-ascending development of his art. Shakspeare was neither a minister, nor a professor, nor even an official of any sort; he was neither a court poet, nor a member of any literary union or society of arts. He was nothing but himself, neither more nor less than a poet. This undisturbed freedom, this self-dependence and self-contentedness, was the foundation of his greatness. Like Sophocles, to whom, in many respects, he bore the highest spiritual relationship, he stood, self-supported, upon the boundary-line of two periods, upon a soil richly blooming with art, amidst a great, a noble, a civilised nation. He desired nothing but what his art required and warranted; he wished for nothing but to promulgate openly what he perceived around him in the world and in himself: the magnificence and goodness of God in nature and in history, the whole depth of the human mind, the courage and despondency of the heart, the immeasurable heights and basenesses of human nature. In which, like Sophocles, while he endeavoured to portray the purely human, the highest and the greatest were drawn from himself.

"For Shakspeare was not only a great poet, he was a great and noble man. He could not be the one without the other. 'Worthy, noble, and beloved,' are the expressions which everywhere ornament his name when used by his contemporaries. It is certainly very significant, that upon a man of so splendid a genius, who, if fortunately not liable to be otherwise envied, was yet the most celebrated poet of his time, the patronised of two crowned heads, the friend and favourite of great and powerful men, envy was in no situation to throw the slightest stain. That his whole external life had throughout flown so noiselessly and irreproachably, without any important circumstances or vicissitudes, shows the quiet, broad, majestic stream of his intellectual development—the clear heavenly ether in which, generally, his soul must have been surrounded. This is to be rated so much the higher, because, in a spirit like Shakspeare's, with such immense means and powers, even sin and our sinful nature, with

* This is a theory as baseless as many others which have shaped the common notion of Shakspeare's career.

its desires and affections, must have been extremely powerful. If we hear in his poems of the monstrous eruptions of passion, the deep, penetrating tones of feeling, the surging and rushing of the affections, the many-figured play of a rich and glowing fancy, we must admit that the poet must have felt in himself what he has represented with such lively truth, or at least have borne the germs of them in his own breast. The moral power, which, nevertheless, never lost its dominion, thus becomes so much the more worthy of our admiration."*

The following are the opinions of Ulrici on the much-disputed point of Shakspeare's scholastic attainments:—"Shakspeare's moral and religious strength of character, the energy of his will, the profundity of his genius, the power of his creative fancy, was at length, there can be no doubt, accompanied by a corresponding mass of knowledge. The old prejudice, that he was a rude, unformed natural poet, begins now to be weakened even among the English critics themselves. It stood, indeed, upon much too weak a foundation. At first men allowed themselves to be imposed upon by the continued reproach of want of learning, science, and education made against him by Ben Jonson, and others like him, without considering that between the learning of Ben Jonson and vulgar ignorance there might be a large number of marked degrees. Ben Jonson, from his literary rank, might be in the right when he stated Shakspeare had 'little Latin and less Greek,' and yet it might be no contradiction, when Aubrey, and also Rowe, who collected a vast number of traditional stories, anecdotes, and traits of character, said that he understood Latin well. The one applied the measure of an extreme philology, the others the common and popular one. Shakspeare might thus be very well able to read the Roman poets and prose-writers in the originals, without our being justified in considering Jonson guilty of a falsehood; for between the merely reading and understanding of a language and the possession of a thoroughly scientific knowledge of it there is an immeasurable difference. In the same way it stands with French, and probably with Italian. The first is evidently shown in Henry V., a sufficient proof, which Drake has even superfluously established, on all sides. That to a mind like Shakspeare's it must have been easy to acquire Italian so as to read and understand it, is obvious from its near relationship to the French and Latin; and that he actually did so is rendered probable from the materials of many of his plays being taken from Italian novels, and he must have soon felt that this language, whose literature at that time was the richest in the world, was almost indispensable to his poetical activity." He then proceeds to de-

* Ulrici, 109—111.

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fend Shakspeare from the charge of ignorance in geographical and other matters, and to prove that he possessed a most extensive general knowledge.

Mr. Carlyle, in his remarkable work on the French Revolution, has called Shakspeare "a blossom of Catholicism."* Ulrici, on the contrary, maintains that it was Protestantism that produced Shakspeare, and endeavours to prove it from a comparison with Calderon. His distaste of Popery, and his predilection for Protestantism, he considers manifested in King John, particularly the early play, which he holds to be genuine, and in Henry VIII., but admits he partook not of the puritanical feeling beginning to prevail in his time. He has also a peculiar theory as to the pervading spirit of Christianity which, he contends, animates all his dramas. His reasoning is much too lengthy to be given here; we will, therefore, supply but a short extract as a specimen of his matter:—

"Shakspeare's invention, composition, characterization, and language—all that we call his dramatic style—though kept subordinate by his vivid ideas of dramatic art, first appear in full and distinct peculiarity in his conception of the relationship between God and the world, in which, for the first time, nature, life, and the course of events, obtain their true significancy. This is his poetical view of the world. It is, in its essential substance, wholly rooted in Christianity and its principles, as a deeper insight into his works will convince every one. In the Christian view of the world, the principle that 'Character and Fate are synonymous ideas' has, for the first time, its full, even though somewhat partial, truth; for by Christianity is mankind first truly made free. According to the belief of the ancient classical writers, Fate, though sustained and developed by the will and acts of men, stood opposed to his freedom as an unalterable necessity." This view Ulrici supports by quoting many of the Grecian dramas. "In the Christian view of the world, on the contrary, there is no government of fate. God, his love and justice, rules over all worldly affairs; and God is a pure, living, self-acting personality and freedom, who therefore voluntarily circumscribes himself, who himself wills the freedom of mankind, and leaves them to develop themselves independently; and while he concedes to the human spirit, because it is and ought to be a spirit, its free causality, its creative self-activity, itself and its conduct is restrained, partly by the objective formation of the relations, as well as the consequences and effects, of human actions; partly, after the fall, through becoming himself a man, restoring to mankind the

only possibility of deliverance and salvation; and for this purpose from within produces outwards the organic union of the divine spirit and bodily substance in Christ with the freedom of human action. Thus fate is here in accordance with the action and general ideas of the course of the world's history. Man is indeed lord of his fate, and yet his fate at the same time is a divine dispensation. An indissoluble organic unity and interchangeable effect is thus represented. The course of historical development is conditionate on the will and actions of man, but they are at the same time only permitted by the eternal counsels of God: the fates of the acting personages must be determined step by step, by their own characters, by their freedom of will and action; at the same time, also, out of the circumstances and opinions of the world, historically considered, and, also at the same time, from the unlimited power of God over the world—the ordinances of God. All these causes, which alternately limit and extend each other, must, in their organic working, come equally into immediate view. Their discord, which in the ancient drama makes itself everywhere felt, and is especially displayed outwardly, is here contemplated in its internal deliverance, and must be represented as continually delivering itself and as delivered. God himself desires the reconciliation of these opposites, which in the classical view of the world are in discordance with each other: the reconciliation exists objectively; *mankind* is reconciled, and the disunion can only occur therefore in the hearts of *individuals*, in whose particular cases the universal godlike reconciliation is required; the deliverance of these can thus also be effected only from within, outwardly, through the combined influences of all these causes. This, however, requires necessarily that abundance of forms and features, the most exact and complete characterization, the various representations of ideas, as well as the bounding activity and concentration of the action and the language, by which the modern drama, and Shakspeare in particular, is distinguished."—Pp. 160–2.

This specimen of the important point of view which can be taken of the drama by a religious man will be sufficient; but in reviewing the plays themselves, Ulrici suffers himself to be often led away to the belief that Shakspeare was preaching a Protestant sermon, when he was only, no doubt, working out an intellectual and moral problem—not coldly as a metaphysician, but dramatically, because the good and the true are the natural and the effective.

In this sketch we do not pretend to enumerate all who have written upon Shakspeare, nor even all who have written well, but only those whom we think have had, or are likely to have, some influence on the German mind.

This influence has been exercised in various

* The passage is a striking one, and we therefore append it here. "Nay thus too, if Catholicism, with and against Feudalism (but not against nature and her bounty), gave us English a Shakspeare, and era of Shakspeare, and so produced a blossom of Catholicism, it was not till after Catholicism itself, so far as law could abolish it, had been abolished here."

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ways : sometimes by popularising the knowledge of Shakspeare's works by cheap editions ; sometimes by the translation of a single play, with a dissertation on its characteristics ; and sometimes by works merely critical, of considerable bulk, and often of much merit, of which specimens have already been given from Schlegel, Horn, Ulrici, &c. Of the translations of the whole of the dramas, the first we need name is that by Joseph Meyer, published between 1824 and 1834, in numbers, at 6*d.* each play. Meyer himself translated only thirteen of the plays, the others were made by H. Döring, and the poems and the spurious plays were by R. S. Schneider. In the Life of Shakspeare, contained in the Introduction, Meyer follows implicitly the old myths of Shakspeare's early life, saying, after Aubrey — "he followed, for some years, the trade of a slaughterman (*Schlächtermeister*), and, as his contemporaries faithfully assure us, with more than the usual ability." Thus does a tale improve !

Böttger's edition in 16mo. was issued in single plays at 6*d.* each ; and in this work he was assisted by L. Petz, Th. Mugge, E. Ortlepp, A. Fischer, Karl Simrock, L. Hilsenberg, Th. Oelckers, W. Lampadius, E. Susemihl, H. Döring, and E. Thein ; the translations are on the whole well done. It was first published in 1836-9, and has been more than once reprinted. One of the contributors, E. Ortlepp, issued a complete translation of his own, and in 1840 a supplement, containing the Doubtful and Ascribed Plays, with Dissertations on the Characterization of Shakspeare.

The translation of P. Kaufmann, commenced in 1830 with *Macbeth* and *Lear*, was never completed, and includes only *Othello* and *Cymbeline*, published in 1832 ; the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Much Ado about Nothing*, in 1835 ; and ceased in 1836 ; in which year were issued *All's Well that Ends Well*, the *Comedy of Errors*, and *Love's Labour's Lost*. The translator, who had previously distinguished himself by a happy rendering of a large selection from the poems of Burns, was equally successful with Shakspeare ; all the dramas are satisfactorily translated ; that of *Lear* has been thought by some as the best version that has yet appeared ; and it has been more than once published separately.

In 1843-47 A. Keller and M. Rapp issued a new translation, with explanatory notes, in 16mo., in thirty-seven parts or eight volumes, which was very tolerably executed, and reached a second edition in 1854. Its most noticeable peculiarity is in the titles of several of the plays, as the *Mischievous Windsor Women*, the *Friends of Oporto* (*Two Gentlemen of Verona*), a *Tale by the Fireside* (*Winter's Tale*), &c., an effort apparently to distinguish themselves from other trans-

lators by their singularity. In 1856 another translation, by Ph. Reclam, also in 16mo., was commenced, and has been completed, but it calls for no special notice.

In 1856 Dr. F. Jencken published the translation of six of Shakspeare's plays. The selection certainly shows some ambition ; they were *Hamlet*, *Julius Cæsar*, *Romeo and Juliet*, *Othello*, *Lear*, and *Macbeth*. The translator was blind at the time of his undertaking the task, and his motive for doing so was a belief in the essential difference of the two languages : the English, as he says, having, "even in what we term the sphere of ideality," a practical and realistic tone, that leaves its colouring on the poetical images ; in the German the translation gives not merely an altered sound, but an altered and frequently a wholly different significance and importance. In this there is some truth ; but the translator has not succeeded in giving a version superior to those previously existing.

Dr. O. Fiebig, in 1857, published a 'College Shakspeare,' taking as his text Bowdler's 'Family Shakspeare,' which he says has the great merit of having "extirpated the offensive expressions of the great English poet without any injury to the context or any visible scar or blank in the composition." This we think is a sufficiently bold assertion ; but it was intended, as is stated, for those students in a college at Leipzig who are acquiring the English language, and is accompanied by a quantity of useful explanatory notes for that purpose.

English editions of Shakspeare have also been published in Germany. The most noticeable is that by N. Delius, who in 1841 published *Macbeth*, a reprint of the folio of 1623, with the variations of those of 1632, 1664, and 1674 given as foot-notes, and the whole was completed in eight volumes in 1864. It is accompanied by explanatory and critical remarks in German, and many ingenious new readings have been suggested, some of which have been adopted by English editors. N. Delius is a thoroughly good English scholar, and for Germans reading the plays in the original language his work is invaluable. He has written much and well upon Shakspeare ; but in his 'Tieck'sche Shakespeare-Kritick beleuchtet' (Bonn, 1846), he has indulged in a captious tone against that translation that might have been well spared. He has pointed out errors no doubt, but they are for the most part of very little importance ; and occasionally in doing this he has himself fallen into a mistake. Herr Delius makes it matter of complaint that Tieck has not availed himself of the labours of J. P. Collier, C. Knight, and A. Dyce, in his later editions ; and also that "translated by Schlegel and Tieck" is deceptive, as Tieck did not translate. He also

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blames him for his harsh judgment of the English critics who disbelieved Shakspeare's authorship of Henry VI. Part I. and who thought the Second and Third Parts were originally written by some other pen, and he says that Tieck's opinion "at no time was generally maintained." Tieck had said of Hamlet "this work certainly belongs to the earliest period of the poet. The first production has probably never been printed." Delius says that this "was one of those vague guesses too often found in Tieck, and for which he had no foundation." But speaking of the quarto of 1603, he adds, that "this was a youthful work of the young poet is a belief adopted by Mr. Knight in his edition, and by the critic in the *Edinburgh Review*, but for which they advance nothing more than sufficient to make it probable." Delius, however, in his Introduction to Hamlet (English edition, 1854), altogether adopts the conclusion arrived at by Mr. Knight. Of the smaller fault-finding we refrain from giving any specimen. Together with the plays Delius has given the Poems, and he says of the Sonnets that in the first edition they seem thrown together accidentally. He prints them according to this arrangement, but gives a list of them as arranged in the edition of 1640, and notices Mr. A. Brown's division of them into series. Among his other works may be mentioned the 'Mythus von W. Shakspeare. Eine Kritik der Shakspeareschen Biographien,' 1851, in which he compliments the Editor of the Pictorial Shakspeare as having been the first to show the worthlessness of the idle tales that had encumbered the lives of the poet; a 'Shakspeare-Lexikon,' in an 8vo. volume, published in 1852; and an Essay on the MS. Corrections on the folio of 1632 propounded by J. P. Collier, which he refuses to accept as an authority. Mr. Collier's text after this corrected folio has, however, been reprinted in Germany.

A useful work for German readers is that of Dr. Schmidt of Dantzig, 'Sacherklärende Anmerkungen zu Shaksperes Dramen,' published in 1842, consisting chiefly of a selection from the notes of the English variorum editions, with explanations of particular idioms, and the supply occasionally of a passage omitted, or asserted to be imperfectly given, in Tieck and Schlegel's translations, to which work it forms a sort of Appendix. Another, of more general interest, is that of P. H. Sillig, the 'Shakspeare Literature to the middle of 1854, containing lists of all the editions of Shakspeare; of all the translations in German, French, Dutch, and Italian, whether of collections or of single plays; and of all essays, illustrations, commentaries, &c.' The list displays a thorough knowledge of the subject down to the date at which it closes.

Of single plays with commentaries, explana-

tions, and critical remarks, the examples are almost innumerable. We can but mention Professor Tycho Mommsen's *Romeo and Juliet*, with his critical remarks on the earlier and later texts; an English text of the *Taming of the Shrew*, with notes by R. Kohler in 1864, which is accompanied by the reprint of a German translation published in 1672, under the title of *Kunst über alle Künste, ein böes Weib gut zu machen*; an excellent edition of *Hamlet* in 1857, by Karl Elze, with some judicious remarks; 'Letters upon *Hamlet*,' 1864, by the Baron von Friesen, a searching investigation of the date of the play, and of the general characterization; and Karl Simrock's 'Remarks on the Plots of Shakspeare's Plays,' which has been reproduced by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in the publications of the Shakspeare Society.

The latest of these new translations has been begun in 1865 as a portion of a 'Bibliothek ausländischer Klassiker,' which is to include translations of the standard works of all languages, and of which have already appeared Dante's *Divina Comedia*, Tegner's *Frithiofs Saga*, the novels of Töpfer and Björnsen; and *Molière*, *Roussseau*, *Le Sage*, *Ariosto*, *Tasso*, *Boccaccio*, *Alfieri*, *Cervantes*, the *Cid*, *Milton*, *Swift*, *Pope*, *Goldsmith*, *Macpherson's Ossian*, *Burns*, *Walter Scott*, &c. &c. are to follow. The translators of Shakspeare have hitherto been W. Jordan, Ludwig Secger, Karl Simrock, and Franz Dingelstedt. In the *Hamlet*, *Romeo and Juliet*, and *Macbeth*, Tieck's version is adopted, in many lines unaltered, in many others with the change of a word or two, sometimes for the better, but not always; and on the whole we may rest well contented with the old version.

Shakspeare's Poems and Sonnets have been repeatedly translated; the *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucretia* first by Albrecht in 1783; and since by Schumacher, Bauernfeld, Schneider, Richter, Ortlepp, Wagner, Lachmann (the Sonnets only), and Freiligrath (the *Venus and Adonis* and *Rape of Lucretia* only). The Sonnets and the *Passionate Pilgrim* by G. Regis is on the whole the closest and considered to be the best, and with the introduction and explanatory remarks displays a commendable industry and a true feeling of the author. It was published in 1836, in 16mo. in the 'Shakspeare-Almanack,' and has been eclipsed in form at least by the translation of the Sonnets by Fr. Bodenstedt in 8vo. in 1862. In this a new arrangement has been adopted, for which a satisfactory reason is promised in the introduction, but which he has omitted to give, and though not inelegant, is far from being so close to the original as that of Regis. It will nevertheless give to the German public a wider acquaintance with these Poems than they have hitherto possessed.

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But with all these repeated efforts at translation, that of the dramas edited by Tieck remains the most popular and therefore the most influential. There have now been eight editions published. In the sixth, published in 1853-54, it was first publicly announced who was the third person to whom Tieck alludes in his parting address at the close of the first edition—"often have the three fellow-labourers assembled together to improve their common work." It was then first stated that Dorothea, Tieck's eldest daughter, had contributed *Coriolanus*, the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, *Timon of Athens*, the *Winter's Tale*, *Cymbeline*, and *Macbeth*; Count Wolff von Baudissin had furnished *King Henry VIII.*, *King Lear*, *Antony and Cleopatra*, *Titus Andronicus*, *Othello*, *Troilus and Cressida*, the *Comedy of Errors*, *All's Well that Ends Well*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, the *Taming of the Shrew*, *Much Ado about Nothing*, the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, and *Measure for Measure*; the remainder were those which Schlegel had prepared; except that *Pericles* was not included in the first edition, nor has it been added in the later editions, neither was it included in the translation of Voss. This is very singular, as Tieck has translated it in his 'Alt Englisches Theater,' in which he expresses himself as having no doubt of its being an early work of Shakspeare. The influence exercised by Tieck over German opinion was probably more extended by his readings of Shakspeare, which he gave in his own house at Dresden for many years, and which were attended not only by intelligent Germans but by foreigners of all nations, than by his publications. A listener to many of these readings (the Baron von Friesen) says—"By the fulness and flexibility of his voice, by the certainty and delicacy with which he governed every sound without the slightest appearance of effort or constraint, and by the warmth and depth of the poetical feelings with which he rose to the most elevated expression of passion, or sunk to the most delicate shadowing of the tenderest emotion, the dramas of Shakspeare, which he delivered in succession, appeared the animated images of an harmonious organism. We forgot the want of scenery, and saw only the speaking character alive before us." Nor was the English influence on German literature limited to the example of Shakspeare; other examples from our older dramatists were likewise translated, besides those we have mentioned by Tieck. In 1831 E. von Bülow issued translations of *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, *Edward II.* and the *Jew of Malta*; and in 1836 Count von Baudissin gave to the world a selection from 'Ben Jonson and his School,' containing specimens from *Jonson*, *Massinger*, and *Beaumont and Fletcher*; with notices of the manners, customs, and peculiarities

of the period, a work of great value for a German reader, and which was certainly derived from the example and received the assistance of Tieck.*

The amount of critical labour bestowed on Shakspeare within the last few years is enormous. In the literary publications occasional papers appear. Some have considerable merit; others, and the more numerous, are superficial or altogether erroneous. Only one fact is encouraging, that none now venture to speak of Shakspeare as merely an uncultivated natural genius. The critics of the school of Coleridge, Schlegel, and Tieck have entirely annihilated that belief. On the whole, there is little that is of importance in the modern criticism; where it is new, it is too frequently marked by ill-nature directed against either the adherents or the opposers of what is called the romantic schools, and this is said to have been originally commenced by Delius in his attack on Tieck. In 1837 and 1842 H. Th. Rötcher in *Essays on Lear and Romeo and Juliet*, given in his *Essays on Philosophy and Art*, endeavours to show, but very unsatisfactorily, that Shakspeare had formed a system of philosophy, and that it is assimilated to that of Hegel; in 1844, a *Cycle of Dramatic Characters*; in 1859, *Critical and Dramatic Essays*; and in 1864, Shakspeare in his highest character-form explained and developed. In this he takes a wider view and in a more liberal spirit, and has shown much diligence and good taste in pointing out the manner in which Shakspeare's characters should be represented. 'Shakspeare im Verhältniss zur deutschen Poesie, insbesondere zur politischen,' by Dr. Friedrich Theodore Vischer, published at Stuttgart in 1861, in the *New Series of the 'Kritische Gänge'*, is a valuable and highly popular contribution to Shaksperian literature.

Professor F. Kreyssig published in 1868 and 1862, *Lectures on Shakspeare*, his *Times*, and his *Works*. It is extremely well written, displays great industry in investigating the sources of the dramas, a sincere and intelligent appreciation of the dramatist, and has become a popular work with the reading public, but it betrays a too undisguised depreciation of the so-called romanticists.

The term romantic is scarcely used now in the sense in which Lessing used it. It is alleged that the romanticists lay too much weight on imagination and feeling, and thus not only neglect all principles of regularity of form, but also too

* It may be worth mentioning, that another work, also published in 1836, under the title of 'Vier Schauspiele, von Shakspeare; übersetzt von L. Tieck,' was, in fact, the work of Baudissin. It contained *Edward III.*, *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, *Sir John Oldcastle*, and the *London Prodigal*. Tieck had given his assistance, and saw it through the press. He was to have furnished a preface, naming the real translator; but the printer and publisher hurried the work, and before the preface reached them, the work had been issued to the public under Tieck's name, to the surprise of both editor and translator.

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frequently indulge in the expression of their own peculiar emotions. Long since Göthe had marked the distinction: "I should define the classic by the word *healthy*, the romantic by the word *sickly*. In this sense the *Nibelungen Lied* is as much a classic as the *Iliad*. Most modern productions are not romantic because they are new, but because they are weak, morbid, and sickly, and the old are not classics because they are old, but because they are strong, fresh, healthy, and cheerful." * The adversaries of the romanticists also add that, with unrestrained imaginations, feelings, and sensations in poetry and literature, obscurity, complications, and untruth to nature are produced, and they accuse the romanticists with peculiar emphasis that they mistake or leave unnoticed the spirit of the time in its social and political aspect of advance. Now, if we remember who, in the true sense of the word, really deserve the name of romanticists—and except Tieck and the two Schlegels there are but few prominent writers—we must feel convinced that these reproaches are unfounded; on the other hand, if the swarm of writers, now with much and now with but little justification, are reckoned amongst them, we shall certainly find many names to whom the reproach of an obscure crowding of thoughts or a sickly sentimentality may justly apply. But party spirit does not distinguish thus; and the name of romanticist is used as betokening an adherent of a disagreeable and old-fashioned school. This conclusion acts ill on the criticism of Shakspeare, for it was from the romanticists proper that the earlier enlightened judgments proceeded upon Shakspeare and the true character of his dramas. The opposers of the romanticists are sometimes styled classicists, but in truth they are realists.

In 1863-4 Dr. and Professor J. L. F. Flathe issued two volumes upon 'Shakespeare und seine Wirklichkeit.' He quotes Göthe, who has said: "Shakspeare offers us golden apples in silver dishes. We get the silver dishes by studying his works, but unfortunately we have nothing better than potatoes to put into them." † It is painful to have this sentence of Göthe's made the groundwork of an attack on all preceding critics, and the conscientious labours of so many learned and industrious men condemned. The German æsthetic is disserted on and highly praised, but without any novelty; he adopts many of the opinions of those he attacks; he adds little or nothing to the knowledge of Shakspeare; and the whole is tedious. Surely we have here a specimen of the potatoes without the silver dish.

The only other critical work we shall notice is that of Gervinus, first published in four volumes

in 1849-50, of which a third edition was issued in 1862, and of which an English translation has been given to the public. Gervinus was a well known author; he possesses an easy style, is frequently eloquent, and he had been persecuted for his liberal opinions in politics; consequently it is no wonder that his work was at once popular. But we cannot avoid thinking that it has been greatly over-praised. In his analysis of the plays and the principal characters he is often acute, but he is also often super-subtle. The marks of a too fluent pen are constantly observable; and there is an air of superficiality over the whole. As one instance we may quote the treatment, in his first edition, of the *Three Parts of Henry VI.*, in which, resting on Malone, he decided against the First Part having been written by Shakspeare, as well as against the early copies of the Second and Third Parts, and asserts that Shakspeare has only touched up these two parts; adding dogmatically in a note, "Tieck's belief that these pieces were by Shakspeare in an older and original form is now participated in by no one," ignoring the fact that they have been included in every German translation of the collected plays, and passing unnoticed the *Essay on the Three Parts of King Henry VI.*, and *King Richard III.*, published in the first edition of the *Pictorial Shakspeare*. In the translation of the last edition of Gervinus by Miss F. E. Bunnett, he is made to say: "The two last Parts of *Henry VI.* are worked up by Shakspeare from an existing original, which may have early suggested to our Poet the idea, not alone by additions to appropriate them to his stage, but also to append to them the whole series of his histories, and this not only with regard to the Parts, but even to the leading idea. For the First Part, on the contrary, we possess no sources; in its tenour it is but very slightly united with the two last Parts, and this union was not originally contained in the piece. . . . From Malone's ample dissertation upon the *Three Parts of Henry VI.*, until Dyce, all authorship of this first Part is in England generally refused to our Poet." He then proceeds to show that scenes might be expunged without loss, and that when Tieck and Ulrici so highly praise the trilogy, he says, "they betray that they do not distinguish between matter and form, and that they have not compared the chronicles which these dramas follow with the poetical version. There cannot be much question of plan and composition in a piece which simply follows, with a few exceptions and errors, the course of the chronicle, which, like the chronicle, unfolds in succession the various layers of the matter, and brings forward a series of scenes which, as the anecdotes of the armourer and the lame Simpcox, stand in very slight connexion with the great course of the whole." In the translation, how-

* 'Eckermann's Conversations with Göthe,' translated by S. M. Fuller, 1839, p. 285.

† *Ibid.*, p. 187.

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ever, the note is omitted, that "the belief is now participated in by no one." Of the whole, the Baron von Friesen writes in a MS. communication:—"One can scarcely believe that the clear, and in my opinion convincing, Essay of Charles Knight upon the subject, can have been wholly unknown to him. Should this have been actually the case, he should have remembered the contradiction of the older commentators—though given with less energy and less authority—Steevens, for instance, and that the subject required a much more earnest consideration. For an author of the position and the celebrity of Gervinus could not or should not but have known that this inquiry is of the highest importance for a true judgment of the general poetical character of Shakspeare." Gervinus's knowledge of Shakspeare's times, and the manners and ideas then prevalent, are evidently slight. We will only add that his attacks on the idealists or romanticists are continuous, and that he assumes that Shakspeare uniformly prefers action as a principle in his writings, and in his development of character; this is what he mainly endeavours to establish. This, however, is taking a very narrow view of the poet, who has, indeed, generally abundant action, and also meditation, passion, wit, and imagination. But as the book is accessible to the English reader, we here quit the subject. We may add that Karl Simrock has no such high idea of Malone's merits as Gervinus has. In his translation of *Macbeth* he notices the arbitrary divergences of Malone and others from the folio of 1623, and compliments Mr. Knight on having been the first to revert to it as the best authority.

The 'Aufsätze über Shakespeare,' by C. Hebler, published in 1865, are a series of clever Essays on the various plays, in which he discusses the opinions of many of his predecessors in his own country—Tieck and others—with much acuteness, and, where not displaying too much of the German super-subtleness, a true feeling of the Shakspeare characteristics and a well-balanced judgment.

What has been the influence of so diligent a study of Shakspeare on the literature of Germany, is too wide a subject for our present purpose; but we may be allowed to remark, that beyond freeing its writers from the fetters of the old classical and French schools, no very evident elevation of their modern drama has been manifested. Oehlenschläger was a Dane by birth, but he wrote some of his dramas in German, and translated others, and they are far above anything produced by a native author, except perhaps those by Grillparzer. Both authors have no doubt received a colour from the diffusion of a knowledge of Shakspeare; but neither were disciples, though Oehlenschläger admitted the beauties of his works, which he thought, however,

were mixed with many faults; and his dramas, though full of exalted poetry, are certainly not Shaksperian. Grillparzer is even less to be considered as a follower: he is a romanticist, with great poetical power; but fancy takes the place of reality, and plots and characters are unnatural, and sometimes repulsive: the 'Ahnfrau' affords a good specimen of his defects and excellences.

There are, however, some dramatists who, with inferior poetical power to Oehlenschläger and Grillparzer, perhaps come nearer to Shakspeare than either. J. M. R. Lenz, whom we have mentioned favourably as a critic, was also a dramatist, and his plays, published after his death, in 1828, by Tieck, have considerable merit. Heinrich von Kleist, who died by his own hand at the age of thirty-five, in 1811, was the most richly gifted. Some of his characters are sharply delineated, and, though often placed in improbable situations, are naturally developed and well expressed. His plays still retain possession of the German stage. 'Der Zerbrochene Krug' (the Broken Pitcher) is a comedy, the plot turning on the difficulty of identifying in a law court the man who broke the pitcher. The plot is very intricate, and though ingeniously wrought out, scarcely sufficient to keep up an interest through five long acts. 'Prinz Friedrich von Homburg' is much more natural, and is well worked out. 'Katharine of Heilbronn,' with some good characterization and poetical power, is damaged by the extravagance of the plot. A German Count and the daughter of an armourer have a vision, on the night of St. Sylvester, in which a cherub introduces each to the other, as in the tale of *Kamur-uz-Zeman* and the Princess Budoor in the 'Arabian Nights.' Accidentally meeting in reality, they of course fall in love, the maiden with the most devoted attachment, the Count with a determination to resist the impulse, on account of the lowness of her birth, and because he had been led to suppose his future bride was to be the daughter of an Emperor. The maid, of exquisite beauty, pursues the Count on foot wherever he goes, though she has to sleep with his horses. The old armourer believes that this is produced by the magical art of the Count, and appeals him before the *Vehm-gericht*, who are represented, in a tedious protracted act, as sitting in judgment: the girl is returned to her father. The Count prepares to marry a most attractive lady, whose "teeth belong to a girl of Munich, whose hair is ordered from France, whose glowing cheeks are derived from the mines of Hungary, and whose shape, so much admired, is due to a chemise manufactured by a smith out of Swedish iron." Katharine becomes acquainted with the design of a rival for this lady's hand, to attack them at night; on foot she crosses mountains and floods to convey the letter with the intelligence; she is

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harshly repulsed, threatened with the whip; ultimately the letter is received, but too late to prevent the sudden attack and the firing of the residence. While the fire is raging, the bride expectant remembers that something to her of great importance is in her room, which the flames are just reaching, and Katharine undertakes to fetch it. She goes, the danger becomes imminent, the Count, against the remonstrances of his affianced bride, would rush to save her, but the house sinks in ruins. Katharine disappears for a while, and the Count laments her: when she reappears, conducted by the cherub, wholly unscathed. After this, she is acknowledged before the Vehm-gericht by the Emperor, as his illegitimate daughter, proclaimed Princess of Swabia, and married to the Count. His 'Hermannschlacht' is of a very superior character, though perhaps he makes his hero, Hermann (the Arminius of Tacitus) too much of an intriguer, and complicates the plot by making the Roman legate, Ventidius, the attempted seducer of Thusnilda, the wife of Hermann. The dialogues are spirited, and the blank verse is not inharmonious, though in English it would be deemed very irregular.

Christian Dietrich Grabbe was distinguished by a comprehensive grasp, but often attempted more than, with all his real power, he could manage. His plots include great periods of time. 'Herzog Theodor von Gothland' is full of horrors; 'Friedrich Barbarossa' and 'Kaiser Heinrich der Sechste' are more strictly historical, and have long been considered as decidedly Shaksperian; but the dialogues, which are partly in verse and partly in prose, fall far below Shakspeare's. His versification is inharmonious, and his prose is epigrammatic, concise, with powerful thoughts occasionally, but not a natural or characteristic mode of speaking. The 'Hermannschlacht,' published in 1838, has power, but is inferior to Kleist's, and, like most of his works, is injured by capricious defects of taste, of a sort which, in a criticism upon Shakspeare, he condemns as faults. But he says, with some justice, that the German dramatist is unfortunately placed; "if he writes in the spirit of Shakspeare, the assumed highest model of German dramatists, it is said, 'The man is an imitator, and how much he falls short of his master!' If, on the contrary, he is bold enough to write in his own fashion, he fares even worse; for then he is at once judged to be in the wrong road, and is advised 'to study truth and nature, not in themselves, but in their only mirror, in Shakspeare.'" In this criticism, he explains his own aspirations: it was to form not an English or Shaksperian school, but a truly German one. His life, like his works, was irregular, and he died, in 1836, at the age of thirty-five.

Karl Lebrecht Immermann, who died in 1810, was also much indebted to Shakspeare. The 'Andreas Hofer' and 'Alexis' have each considerable merit; the first appealing to his country's feelings, and well depicting the patriotism of the hero; the second is the Russian tragedy of the execution of Alexis, the son of Peter the Great; it forms a trilogy, *Die Bojaren*, *Das Gericht von St. Petersburg*, and *Endoxia*. Immermann also wrote other dramatic pieces, both tragedies and comedies, all decidedly belonging to the English school; the comedies, however, being scarcely equal in merit to the tragedies. As dramatist and novel-writer, Immermann has had considerable influence on the literature of his country, having introduced several authors to the public at Düsseldorf, the theatre of which town he raised to a high celebrity by his efforts.

There are others who may be mentioned with approbation, whose dramas yet appear upon the stage: Julius Neofen, Friedrich von Uechtritz, Freiherrn Münch von Bellinghausen, and others.

Shakspeare's plays are performed on the various German stages as frequently — perhaps more frequently — as upon our own; but we believe never unutilated, and sometimes disfigured; not excepting Weimar, when, upon the solemnization of the tercentenary, a series of the Historical Plays were represented on the theatre from Richard I. to Henry VIII. on successive evenings, and were very numerously attended. They were produced under the direction of Herr Dingelstedt, the manager, who at the same time was the instituter of the Shakspeare Society, of which the avowed object is to extend the knowledge and facilitate the understanding of Shakspeare's works. The first Year-Book of the Society has been published, and contains ingenious Essays by Ulrici, M. Bernays, A. F. Rio, and others.

Karl Simrock, in his introduction to his translation of *Macbeth*,* says, "Schiller and Shakspeare have become the favourites of the German nation; from the prince to the townsman and the peasant, their works are found in every one's hands, their golden words in every one's memory." Shakspeare's influence has doubtless extended into other branches of literature, especially into the novel, but probably in this the direction has been more due to the example of Sir Walter Scott; but for the whole, whatever it may be, the Germans are mainly indebted to the labours of Lessing, Schlegel, and Tieck.

* Shakspeare als Vermittler zweier Nationen, *Macbeth*, ein Probestück. Stuttgart. 1842.

ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

SHAKSPERE IN FRANCE.

WE had intended, as the reader might infer from a note at page 383, to have taken a brief but general view of the altered state of opinion in France in relation to Shakspeare. Although the subject presents many interesting features, there is considerable difficulty in dealing with it succinctly. The admiration, founded upon knowledge of our poet, is not established as in Germany. The critical opinion of France is still in a transition state. Those who are almost extravagant in their idolatry, such as Victor Hugo, do not look at the attributes of the divinity they worship from the same point of view as the Germans, and differ very considerably in æsthetical principles from the later school of English criticism. We must, therefore, in addition to what has been said in the fifth section of our "History of Opinion," request our readers to be satisfied with the following meagre notice.

The progress, and present state, of opinion in

France upon Shakspeare, have been very ably treated by Mr. G. H. Lewes, in a recent article in the *Westminster Review*. In the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale" (tom. xliii. 1864), there is an elaborate biography of our national poet, which in itself sufficiently indicates how very much the mistakes and prejudices of French criticism have been abated—how Corneille and Racine and Molière can be admired, without declaring Shakspeare "*ignorant et barbare*." The writer of that biography, having noticed the translation of Le Tourneur, and the pretended imitations of Dueis, says:—"M. Guizot, by the Preface to his version of Le Tourneur; M. Villemain, by his biographical labours; M. Benjamin Laroche, by a translation more exact than those which had preceded him; and M. François-Victor Hugo, by a version perfectly faithful and liberal, have contributed to make known in France a poet more admired than understood."

INDEXES

TO THE

PLAYS AND POEMS OF SHAKSPERE.

EXPLANATION.

It has been found convenient to arrange the references under two heads.

THE FIRST INDEX is for the most part GLOSSARIAL, but it also refers to explanations which are more diffuse in their character. The words which are in *Italic* are those which may be explained briefly, and often by the addition of another word, approaching to a synonyme, which gives the sense. The words in Roman, principally referring to *objects, customs,* and ancient and proverbial *expressions,* require a more lengthened explanation, which will be found under the passages referred to, either in a foot-note (designated by *n*) or an illustration (designated by *i*).

THE SECOND INDEX is of the DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, showing the names of the Characters which occur in each Play, and the particular Act and Scene in which each appears.

The references are not made to Volume and Page, but to PLAY, *Act and Scene.* The POEMS are referred to by their titles. All the references are abridged as follows:—

<p>G. V. Two Gentlemen of Verona. L. L. L. Love's Labour's Lost. M. W. Merry Wives of Windsor. C. E. Comedy of Errors. T. S. Taming of the Shrew. M. N. D. A Midsummer Night's Dream. M. V. The Merchant of Venice. A. W. All's Well that Ends Well. M. A. Much Ado about Nothing. T. N. Twelfth Night. A. L. As You Like It. M. M. Measure for Measure. W. T. A Winter's Tale. T. Tempest. J. King John. R. S. King Richard II. H. 4, F. P. King Henry IV., Part I. H. 4, S. P. King Henry IV., Part II. H. F. King Henry V. H. 6, F. P. King Henry VI., Part I. H. 6, S. P. King Henry VI., Part II. H. 6, T. P. King Henry VI., Part III.</p>	<p>R. T. King Richard III. H. E. King Henry VIII. R. J. Romeo and Juliet. H. Hamlet. Cy. Cymbeline. O. Othello. T. Ath. Timon of Athens. L. King Lear. M. Macbeth. T. C. Troilus and Cressida. Cor. Coriolanus. J. C. Julius Caesar. A. C. Antony and Cleopatra. V. A. Venus and Adonis. Luc. Lucrece. So. Sonnets. L. C. A Lover's Complaint. P. P. The Passionate Pilgrim. T. And. Titus Andronicus. P. Pericles. T. N. K. Two Noble Kinsmen.</p>
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These two Indexes comprise all that are properly references to the works of Shakspeare. A *word,* or a *sentence,* is desired to be referred to, when the passage in which it occurs requires explanation. In the *foot-notes,* or the *illustrations,* such explanation is to be found, the Index *citing the passage* to which reference is made; and thus showing, at one view, how words are employed in peculiar senses, either varying or alike in distinct plays. In like manner, the *name* of a *character* is to be found, in connection with the *act* and *scene* of each play. But it is obvious that a large portion of the *Commentary* of this edition—that which is comprised in the *Introductory and Supplementary Notices,* and in the *Historical Illustrations*—is thus excluded from the Index;—and this exclusion is rendered necessary, partly from the great extent to which the references would run, even if they were confined to names of persons and books, and partly from the extreme difficulty of digesting into the form of an index those matters which are purely critical and speculative.

INDEX.—I.

A

- A*—he. M. A. iii. 3, *n*. (and in many other passages).
How if *a* will not stand?
- Abhor, technical use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, *n*.
I utterly *abhor*, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge.
- Abhorred—disgusted. H. v. 1, *n*.
And now how *abhorred* my imagination is!
- Abide (v.)—sojourn. W. T. iv. 2, *n*.
There's no virtue whipped out of the court; they
cherish it to make it stay there; and yet it will no
more but *abide*.
- Abraham Cupid. R. J. i. 1, *n*.
Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that shot so trim
When king Cophetua lov'd the beggar-maid.
- Abridgement—pastime. M. N. D. v. 1, *n*.
Say, what *abridgement* have you for this evening?
- Abroad—not at hand—far off. Cy. iii. 5, *n*.
Your means *abroad*,
You have me rich.
- Absey-book—A B C book. J. i. 1, *n*.
And then comes answer like an *Absey-book*.
- Abstract. A. C. iii. 6, *n*.
Being an *abstract* 'tween his lust and him.
- Aby (v.)—suffer for. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n*.
Thou shalt *aby* it.
- Accept—consent to certain articles of a treaty. H. F. v. 2, *n*.
We will, suddenly,
Pass our *accept* and peremptory answer.
- Accommodation. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i*.
A soldier-like word.
- According to the trick—according to the fashion of banter
and exaggeration. M. M. v. 1, *n*.
I spoke it but *according to the trick*.
- Achievement. H. F. iii. 5, *n*.
He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
And, for *achievement*, offer us his ransom.
- Achieves her goodness. A. W. i. 1, *n*.
She derives her honesty, and *achieves her goodness*.
- Achilles and Hector. T. C. iii. 3, *i*.
I have a woman's longing,
An appetite that I am sick withal,
To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.
- 'Accidence of Armourie,' passage from. H. v. 1, *i*.
Was he a gentleman?
- Acknow. O. iii. 3, *n*.
Be not *acknow* on't.
- Acquaintance—used in the singular as a noun of multitude.
O. ii. 1, *n*.
How does my old *acquaintance* of this isle?
- Acquaint you with the perfect spy—inform yourselves with
a most careful inquiry. M. iii. 1, *n*.
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' the time,
The moment on't.
- Actæon, story of. T. N. i. 1, *i*.
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.
- Actors, profits of. H. iii. 2, *i*.
A fellowship in a cry of players.
- Acture—action. L. C. *n*.
Are errors of the blood, none of the mind;
Love made them not; with *acture* they may be,
Where neither party is nor true nor kind.
- Addition. L. ii. 3, *n*.
One whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if
thou deniest the least syllable of thy *addition*.
- Address'd—prepared. A. L. v. 4, *n*.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day

AGA

- Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Address'd a mighty power.
- Address'd—prepared. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, *n*.
Our navy is *address'd*, our power collected.
- Address'd—prepared. Luc. *n*.
At length *address'd* to answer his desire.
- Address'd—ready. J. C. iii. 1, *n*.
He is *address'd*; press near and second him.
- Address—ready. M. N. D. v. 1, *n*.
So please your grace, the prologue is *address*.
- Adriatic. T. S. i. 2, *i*.
Were she as rough
As are the swelling *Adriatic* seas.
- Advantage—used as a verb. H. F. iv. 1, *n*.
Whose hours the peasant best *advantages*.
- Advertisements. M. A. i. 1, *i*.
He set up his bills.
- Advice—government, municipal or civil. Luc. *n*.
Advice is sporting while infection breeds.
- Advisedly—attentively. Luc. *n*.
The picture she *advisedly* perus'd.
- Afar off—in a remote degree. W. T. ii. 1, *n*.
He who shall speak for her is *afar off* guilty
But that he speaks.
- Affect (v.)—incline towards; metaphorically, love. L. L. L.
i. 2, *n*.
I do *affect* the very ground.
- Affect the letter—affect alliteration. L. L. L. iv. 2, *n*.
I will something *affect the letter*, for it argues facility.
- Affect a sorrow, than to have. A. W. i. 1, *n*.
Let it be rather thought you *affect a sorrow, than to have*.
- Affection—affectation. L. L. L. v. 1, *n*.
Witty without *affection*.
- Affection—imagination. W. T. i. 2, *n*.
Affection! thy intention stabs the centre.
- Affection—master of passion. M. V. iv. 1, *n*.
For *affection*,
Master of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes.
- Affectioned—affected. T. N. ii. 3, *n*.
An *affectioned ass*, that cons state without book.
- Affer'd. M. iv. 3, *n*.
Great tyranny, lay thou thy basis sure,
For goodness dares not check thee! wear thou thy
wrongs,
The title is *affer'd*.
- Affront—encounter. Cy. v. 3, *n*.
There was a fourth man, in a silly habit,
That gave the *affront* with them.
- Affront (v.)—encounter, confront. H. iii. 1, *n*.
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront Ophelia.
- Affy (v.)—betroth. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n*.
For daring to *affy* a mighty lord
Unto the daughter of a worthless king.
- Against your sacred person—ought against your sacred
person. H. E. ii. 4, *n*.
If, in the course
And process of this time, you can report,
And prove it too, against mine honour aught,
My bond to wedlock, or my love and duty,
Against your sacred person, in God's name,
Turn me away.
- Agate. M. A. iii. 1, *n*.
An *agate* very vilely cut.

- Agate. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.
I was never manned with an *agate* till now.
- Age's steepy night. So. lxlii. n.
When his youthful morn
Hath travell'd on to *age's steepy night*.
- Age—seniority. T. And. i. 1, n.
Then let my father's honours live in me,
Nor wrong mine *age* with this indignity.
- Aglet-baby. T. S. i. 2, n.
Marry him to a puppet, or an *aglet-baby*.
- Agnize* (v.)—confess, acknowledge. O. i. 3, n.
I do *agnize*
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness.
- Aigre*—sharp, sour. H. i. 5, n.
It doth posset
And curd, like *aigre* droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood.
- Aim*—purpose. G. V. iii. 1, n.
But, fearing lest my jealous *aim* might err.
- Aim*—conjecture. O. i. 3, n.
As in these cases where the *aim* reports.
- Aimed at*—guessed at. G. V. iii. 1, n.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not *aimed at*.
- Air*—appearance. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, n.
The quality and *air* of our attempt
Brooks no division.
- Alcides'* shoes. J. H. i. 1, i.
As great *Alcides'* shoes upon an ass.
- Alder liefest*—dearest of all. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, n.
Will you, mine *alder-liefest* sovereign.
- Ale*—rural festival. G. V. ii. 5, n.
As go to the *ale* with a Christian.
- All the world a stage, parallels with. A. L. H. 7, i.
- All amori*—dispirited. T. S. iv. 3, n.
What, sweeting, *all amori*!
- All-a-mori*—dispirited. H. 6, F. P. iii. 2, n.
Now where's the bastard's braves, and Charles his
gleeks?
What, *all-a-mori*!
- Alla stoccata*—Italian term of art for the thrust with a
rapier. R. J. iii. 1, n.
Alla stoccata carries it away.
- All-hallowsummer*—summer in November. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, n.
Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, *All-hallowsummer*!
- All-to*—entirely, altogether. V. A. n.
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;
It was not she that called him *all-to* naught.
- Allow* (v.)—approve. W. T. iv. 1, n.
Of this *allow*,
If ever you have spent time worse ere now.
- Allow* (v.)—approve. Luc. n.
Who, wondering at him, did his words *allow*.
- Allow* (v.)—approve. So. cxlii. n.
So you o'ergreen my bad, my good *allow*.
- Altar at St. Edmundsbury. J. v. 4, i.
Upon the altar at St. Edmundsbury.
- Alter thy course for Tyre*—pursue not the course for Tyre.
P. iii. 1, n.
Thither, gentle mariner;
Alter thy course for Tyre.
- Althea's dream. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, n.
Away, you rascally *Althea's dream*.
- Althea. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, n.
The fatal brand *Althea* burn'd,
Unto the prince's heart of Calydon.
- Am, have, and will be. H. E. iii. 2, n.
For your highness' good I ever labour'd
More than mine own; that *am, have, and will be*.
- Amalmon. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.
He of Wales, that gave *Amalmon* the bastinado.
- Amaze* (v.)—confuse. A. L. i. 2, n.
You *amaze* me, ladies.
- Ambassadors sent from Antony to Octavius Cæsar,—from
North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 10, i.
Let him appear that's come from Antony.
- America, discovery of. C. E. iii. 2, i.
Where *America* the Indies?
- Amiss*—fault. So. xxxv. n.
Myself corrupting, salving thy *amiss*.
- Amiss*—fault. So. cli. n.
Then, gentle cheater, urge not my *amiss*,
Least guilty of my faults thy sweet self prove.
- Amurath the Third. H. 4, S. P. v. 2, i.
Not Amurath an Amurath succeeds.
- Anachronisms in King John. J. i. 1, i.
The thunder of my cannon shall be heard.
- Anchor*—Anchoret. H. iii. 2, n.
An *anchor's* cheer in prison be my scope.
- Ancient*—bearer of the ensign. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n.
Sir, *ancient* Pistol's below.
- Androns. Cy. ii. 4, i.
Her *androns*
(I had forgot them) were two winking Cupids.
- Andren.—H. E. i. 1, n.
Met in the vale of *Andren*.
- Andrew*—name of a ship. M. V. i. 1, n.
And see my wealthy *Andrew* dock'd in sand.
- Angel on English coins. M. V. ii. 7, i.
A coin that bears the figure of an *angel*.
- Angel*—coin. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.
Your ill *angel* is light.
- Angel*—bird. T. N. K. i. 1, n.
Not an *angel* of the air,
Bird melodious, or bird fair,
Be absent there.
- Angerly*—angrily. G. V. i. 2, n.
How *angerly* I taught my brow to frown.
- Angle*—gull. T. S. iv. 2, n.
But at last I spied
An ancient *angle* coming down the hill.
- Answer*—statement of objections to certain articles of a
treaty. H. F. v. 3, n.
We will, suddenly,
Pass our accept and peremptory *answer*.
- Answer me declin'd. A. C. iii. 11, n.
I dare him therefore
To lay his gay comparisons apart,
And *answer me declin'd*.
- Anthropophagi and headless men. O. i. 3, i.
The *Anthropophagi*, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders.
- Antipathies. M. V. iv. 1, i.
Some men there are, &c.
- Antony,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, i.
Let *Antony* and Cæsar fall together.
- Antony, Octavius, and Lepidus, conference of,—from North's
'Plutarch.' J. C. iv. 1, i.
These many then shall die.
- Antony and Cleopatra, amusements of,—from North's 'Plu-
tarch.' A. C. i. 1, i.
To-night we'll wander through the streets, &c.
- Antony and Octavia, marriage of,—from North's 'Plutarch.'
A. C. ii. 2, i.
Thou hast a sister by the mother's side.
- Antony's cook,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 2, i.
Eight wild boars roasted whole at a breakfast.
- Antony and Cleopatra, first meeting of,—from North's 'Plu-
tarch.' A. C. ii. 2, i.
When she first met Mark Antony, &c.
- Antony's angling,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 5, i.
'Twas merry when
You wagger'd on your angling, &c.
- Antony, Cæsar, and Pompey, meetings of,—from North's
'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 6, i.
Your hostages I have, so have you mine, &c.
- Antony and Cleopatra at Alexandria,—from North's 'Plu-
tarch.' A. C. iii. 6, i.
I' the market-place, on a tribunal silver'd,
Cleopatra and himself in chairs of gold
Were publicly enthron'd.
- Antony's preparations for battle,—from North's 'Plutarch.'
A. C. iii. 7, i.
O noble emperor, do not fight by sea.
Antony's reception of Cæsar's messenger,—from North's
'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 11, i.
A messenger from Cæsar.
- Antony's challenge to Cæsar,—from North's 'Plutarch.'
A. C. iv. 1, i.
Let the old ruffian know,
I have many other ways to die, &c.

- Antony's speech to his servants,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 2, l.
Call forth my household servants.
- Antony, desertion of, by the god Hercules,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 3, l.
Peace, what noise?
- Antony, defeat of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 10, i.
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me.
- Antony's last speech to Cleopatra, and death,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 13, l.
O Charmian, I will never go from hence.
- Ape*—expression of kindly familiarity applied to a young man. R. J. ii. 1, s.
The *ape* is dead, and I must conjure him.
- Ape-bearer*. W. T. iv. 2, i.
An *ape-bearer*.
- Apostle-spoons. H. E. v. 2, i.
You'd spare your spoons.
- Apothecary, Romeo's description of. R. J. v. 1, l.
I do remember an apothecary.
- Apparel, fashions of. M. A. ii. 3, i.
Carving the fashion of a new doublet.
- Appay'd*—satisfied, pleased. Luc. s.
But sin ne'er gives a fee,
He gratis comes; and thou art well *appay'd*
As well to hear as grant what he hath said.
- Apperil. T. Ath. i. 2, s.
Let me stay at thine *apperil*, Timon.
- Apprehension*—opinion. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, s.
To scourge you for this *apprehension*.
- Approbation*—probation. M. M. i. 3, s.
This day my sister should the cloister enter,
And there receive her *approbation*.
- Approbation*—proof. W. T. ii. 1, s.
Which was as gross as ever touch'd conjecture,
That lack'd sight only, nought for *approbation*.
- Approve our eyes*—confirm what we have seen. H. i. 1, s.
That, if again the apparition come,
He may *approve our eyes*, and speak to it.
- Approv'd*—proved. G. V. v. 4, s.
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still *approv'd*,
When women cannot love, where they're below'd.
- Apricocks*—apricots. R. S. iii. 4, s.
Go, bind thou up yon dangling *apricocks*.
- April-day*—spring-time of life. T. Ath. iv. 3, s.
She, whom the spital-house and ulcerous sores
Would cast the gorge at, this embalms and spices
To the *April-day* again.
- Are arms*—which are arms. P. i. 2, s.
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.
- Argosy*—ship. T. S. ii. 1, s.
Besides an *argosy*
That now is lying in Marseilles road.
- Argument*—conversation. M. A. iii. 1, s.
For shape, for bearing, *argument*, and valour.
- Argument*—subject-matter. A. L. iii. 1, s.
I should not seek an absent *argument*
Of my revenge, thou present.
- Arm him*—take him in your arms. Cy. iv. 2, s.
Come, *arm him*.
- Arm-gaunt*. A. C. i. 5, s.
And soberly did mount an *arm-gaunt* steed.
- Arm your prize*—offer your arm to the lady you have won. T. N. K. v. 3, s.
Arm your prize:
I know you will not lose her.
- Around thee*, explanation of. L. iii. 4, i.
Around thee, witch, *around thee*.
- Around*. M. i. 3, s. See L. iii. 4, i.
'*Around thee*, witch!' the rump-fed ronyon cries.
- A-row*—one after the other. C. E. v. 1, s.
Beaten the maids *a-row*, and bound the doctor.
- Arras*. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.
Go hide thee behind the *arras*.
- Arrest before judgment. C. E. iv. 2, i.
One that before the *judgment*, carries poor souls to hell.
- Arrive the*—arrive at the. J. C. i. 2, s.
But ere we could *arrive the* point propos'd.
- Arthur's show. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.
I remember at Mile-end green (when I lay at Clement's inn), I was then sir Dagonet at *Arthur's show*.
- Articulated*—exhibited in articles. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, s.
These things, indeed, you have *articulated*,
Proclaim'd at market-crosses.
- Artificial strife*—contest of art with nature. T. Ath. i. 1, s.
Artificial strife
Lives in these touches, livelier than life.
- Arundel, escape of Thomas son of the earl of. R. S. ii. 1, i.
The son of Richard, earl of Arundel,
That late broke from the duke of Exeter.
- As bid*—as to bid. J. iv. 2, s.
Or turn'd an eye of doubt upon my face,
As bid me tell my tale in express words.
- As how*—with a train of circumstances. A. L. iv. 3, s.
Tears our recountments had most kindly bath'd,
As how I came into that desert place.
- As our good wills. Cor. ii. 1, s.
It shall be to him then, *as our good wills*;
A sure destruction.
- Ask of*—ask for. M. W. i. 2, s.
Ask of doctor Calus' house.
- Asperion*—sprinkling. J. iv. 1, s.
No sweet *asperion* shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow.
- Assay of the deer. J. ii. 2, i.
And, like a jolly troop of huntsmen, come
Our lusty English, all with purpled hands.
- Assinego*—ass. J. C. ii. 1, s.
An *assinego* may tutor thee.
- Association of ideas, Mr. Whiter's theory of. R. J. i. 3, i.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face.
- Assum'd this age*—put on these appearances of age. Cy. v. 5, s.
He it is that hath
Assum'd this age.
- Assured*—affianced. C. E. iii. 2, s.
I was *assured* to her.
- Assur'd*—affianced. J. ii. 2, s.
That I did so, when I was first *assur'd*.
- Astonish'd him*—stunned him with the blow. H. F. v. 1, s.
Enough, captain; you have *astonish'd* him.
- Astringer*—falconer. A. W. v. 1, i.
Enter a gentle *astringer*.
- At each. L. iv. 6, s.
Ten masts *at each* make not the altitude
Which thou hast perpendicularly fell.
- At liberty*—of his own unrestrained will. H. 4, F. P. v. 2, s.
Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild *at liberty*.
- Alone together*—unite. A. L. v. 4, s.
Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Alone together.
- Alone you*—make you in concord. R. S. i. 1, s.
Since we cannot *alone you*, you shall see
Justice design the victor's chivalry.
- Alone (v.)*—to make at one. Cy. i. 5, s.
I was glad I did *alone* my countryman and you.
- Alone (v.)*—be reconciled. Cor. iv. 6, s.
He and Aufidius can no more *alone*,
Than violentest contrariety.
- Attended*—waited for. H. 6, T. P. iv. 6, s.
And the lord Hastings who *attended* him
In secret ambush on the forest side.
- Aumerle, duke of. R. S. i. 3, i.
- Away with me*—like me. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, s.
She never could *away with me*.
- Awsful*—in the sense of lawful. G. V. iv. 1, s.
Thrust from the company of *awsful* men.
- Awsful*—reverential. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, s.
We come within our *awsful* banks again,
And knit our powers to the arm of peace.
- Awkward wind*—epithet used by Marlowe and Drayton. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, s.
And twice by *awkward wind* from England's bank
Drove back again unto my native clime.
- Awless*—not inspiring awe. J. i. 1, s.
Against whose fiery and unmatched force
The *awless* lion could not wage the fight.

Aye-remaining lamps—constantly burning lamps. P. iii. 1, s.
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And *aye-remaining lamps*.

B.

Baccare—go back. T. S. ii. 1, s.
Baccare! you are marvellous forward.
Badge of fame to slander's livery. Luc. s.
At least I give
A *badge of fame to slander's livery*;
A dying life to living infamy.
Bagpipes. M. V. iv. 1, t.
Bagpipe.
Bagpipe. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, t.
The drone of a Lincolnshire *bagpipe*.
Ballif, dress of the. C. E. iv. 2, t.
A fellow all in buff.
Ballif, dog-like attributes of the. C. E. iv. 2, t.
A hound that runs counter, and yet draws dry-foot well.
Balconies on the stage. R. J. iii. 5, t.
Juliet's chamber.
Baldrick—belt. M. A. i. 1, s.
Or hang my bugle in an invisible *baldrick*.
Bale—ruin. Cor. i. 1, s.
Rome and her rats are at the point of battle,
The one side must have *bale*.
Baleful—baneful. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, s.
By sight of these our *baleful* enemies.
Balk—pass over. T. S. i. 1, s.
Balk logic with acquaintance that you have.
Balk'd—heaped up. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, s.
Ten thousand bold Scots, two-and-twenty knights,
Balk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains.
Ballad. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, t.
I will have it in a particular *ballad*.
Ballow—pole. L. iv. 6, s.
Or lœe try whether your costard or my *ballow* be the
harder.
Band—bond. C. E. iv. 2, s. (See R. S. i. 1, s.)
Tell me, was he arrested on a *band*?
Band—bond. R. S. i. 1, s.
Haast thou, according to thy oath and *band*,
Brought hither Henry Hereford, thy bold son?
Banishment, law of. R. S. i. 3, t.
Our part therein we banish.
Bank'd their towns—sailed along their banks. J. v. 2, s.
Have I not heard these islanders shout out,
Vive le roy! as I have *bank'd their towns*?
Bane—curses. L. ii. 3, s.
Sometime with lunatic bane, sometime with prayers.
Barbasco—evil spirit in the 'Daemonology.' H. F. ii. 2, s.
I am not *Barbasco*, you cannot conjure me!
Barbed—caperisoned. R. T. i. 1, s.
And now instead of mounting *barbed* steeds.
Barbers' shops. A. W. ii. 2, t.
It is like a barber's chair.
Bare the raven's eye. Cy. ii. 2, s.
Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
May *bare the raven's eye*!
Barm—yeast. M. N. D. ii. 1, s.
And sometime make the drink to bear no *barm*.
Barns—child. W. T. iii. 3, s.
Mercy on 's, a *barns*, a very pretty *barns*!
Baronets, order of. O. iii. 4, t.
The hearts of old gave hands:
But our new heraldry is—hands, not hearts.
Base—prison-base (the game). G. V. i. 2, s.
Indeed, I bid the *base* for Proteus.
Base-court—lower court. R. S. iii. 3, s.
My lord, in the *base-court* he doth attend.
Bases—coverings for the thighs. P. ii. 1.
A pair of *bases*.
Bastard, whom the oracle—allusion to the tale of Œdipus.
T. Ath. iv. 3, s.
Think it a *bastard, whom the oracles*
Hath doubtfully pronounc'd thy throat shall cut,
And mince it sans remorse.
Bat—club. L. C. s.
So slides he down upon his grained *bat*.

Bate—strife, debate. M. W. i. 4, s.
And, I warrant you, no tell-tale, nor no breed-*bate*.
Bate. H. F. iii. 7, s.
'Tis a hooded valour; and, when it appears, it will
bate.
Bate-breeding—strife-breeding. V. A. s.
This sour informer, this *bate-breeding* spy.
Bated. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.
All furnish'd, all in arms:
All plum'd, like estridges that with the wind
Bated.
Batter—bat used in washing linen in a stream. A. L. ii. 4, s.
I remember the kissing of her *batter*.
Battle-knights, creation of. J. i. 1, t.
A soldier, by the honour-giving hand
Of Cœur-de-Lion knighted in the field.
Battles upon the stage. H. F. i. Chorus, t.
But pardon, gentles all.
Bavian—character in the morris-dance. T. N. K. iii. 5, s.
Enter Gerrold, four Countrymen (and the *Bavian*).
Bavin—brushwood. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, s.
He ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash *bavin* wits.
Baynard's castle. R. T. iii. 5, t.
If you thrive well, bring them to *Baynard's castle*.
Be moved—have compassion. G. V. ii. 1, s.
O be not like your mistress; *be moved, be moved*.
Be naught awhile. A. L. i. 1, s.
Marry, sir, be better employed, and *be naught awhile*.
Be comfortable—become susceptible of comfort. A. L. ii. 6, s.
For my sake, *be comfortable*; hold death awhile at the
arm's end.
Be borne—to be borne. R. J. iv. 1, s.
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's grave,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault.
Be circumstanc'd—yield to circumstances. O. iii. 4, s.
'T is very good: I must be *circumstanc'd*.
Beadsman. G. V. i. 1, t.
I will be thy *beadsman*, Valentine.
Beacon to this under globe. L. ii. 2, s.
Approach, thou *beacon to this under globe*,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter!
Bear-baiting. M. W. i. 1, t.
I have seen Sackerson loose.
Bearing-cloth—mantle with which a child is covered when
carried to the church to be baptized. W. T. iii. 3, s.
Look thee, a *bearing-cloth* for a squire's child!
Bear a brain—have a memory. R. J. i. 3, s.
My lord and you were then at Mantua:—
Nay, I do *bear a brain*.
Bear-garden on the Bankside. H. E. v. 3, t.
Paris-garden.
Beards. H. F. iii. 6, t.
A *beard* of the general's cut.
Beards (v.)—figures, is seen. M. M. iv. 4, s.
For my authority *beards* of a credent bulk.
Beards (the Nevills). H. 6, S. P. v. 1, s.
Call hither to the stake my two brave *beards*.
Beat on a crown—are intent on a crown. H. 6, S. P. H. 1, s.
Thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown.
Beated—participle of the verb to beat. So. lxii. s.
But when my glass shows me myself indeed,
Beated and chopp'd with tann'd antiquity.
Beauty—pronounced booty. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, s.
Let not us that are squires of the night's body be
called thieves of the day's *beauty*.
Beaver—helmet. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.
I saw young Harry with his *beaver* on.
Beaver. H. i. 2, s. See H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, t.
He wore his *beaver* up.
Beavers. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, t.
Their *beavers* down.
Becomed—becoming. R. J. iv. 3, s.
And gave him what *becomed* love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
Bedded jet—jet imbedded or set. L. C. s.
A thousand favours from a maund she drew
Of amber, crystal, and of *bedded jet*.

Bedfellow. H. F. ii. 2, 4
Nay, but the man that was his *bedfellow*.

Bedlam beggars. L. ii. 3, 4
The country gives me proof and precedent
Of *Bedlam beggars*.

Beetle. M. M. iii. 1, 4
The poor *beetle*, that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Beggars. G. V. ii. 1, 4
Beggar at Hallowmas.

Beggar's nurse and Caesar's—death. A. C. v. 2, 3.
Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
The *beggar's nurse* and *Caesar's*.

Beguif'd—masked with fraud. Luc. 3.
So *beguif'd*
With outward honesty, but yet defil'd
With inward vice.

Behaviour—conduct. J. i. 1, 3.
Thus, after greeting, speaks the king of France,
In my *behaviour*, to the majestic,
The borrow'd majesty of England here.

Beholding—beholden. H. E. iv. 1, 3.
Had I not known those customs,
I should have been *beholding*.

Bele's'd and calm's'd—terms of navigation. O. i. 1, 3.
Must be *bele's'd* and *calm's'd*
By debtor and creditor.

Bellona's bridegroom. M. i. 2, 3.
The thane of Cawdor began a dismal conflict:
Till that *Bellona's bridegroom*, tapp'd in proof,
Confronted him with self-comparisons.

Belly and the members, fable of. Cor. i. 1, 4.
Make edicts for usury, to support usurers

Bemoil'd—bemired. T. S. iv. 1, 3.
How she was *bemoil'd*.

Benvolio's falsehood. R. J. iii. 1, 4.
Affection makes him false.

Bergamo, sailmakers of. T. S. v. 1, 4.
A sailmaker in *Bergamo*.

Bergomask dance—an Italian dance. M. N. D. v. 1, 3.
Hear a *Bergomask dance*, between two of our company.

Beemirck (v.)—sully. H. i. 3, 3.
And now no soil, nor cautel, doth *beemirck*
The virtue of his will.

Bestill'd—dissolved. H. i. 2, 3.
Whilst they, *bestill'd*
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him.

Bestow'd—stowed, deposited. C. E. i. 2, 3.
In what safe place you have *bestow'd* my money.

Bestraught—distraught, distracted. T. S. Induction, 2, 3.
What! I am not *bestraught*.

Beteem (v.)—pour forth. M. N. D. i. 1, 3.
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

Beteem (v.)—allow, suffer. H. i. 2, 3.
So loving to my mother,
That he might not *beteem* the winds of heaven
Visit her face too roughly.

Better skill—with better skill. Luc. 3.
For burthen-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st *better skill*.

Bevel—bent in an angle. So. cxxi. 3.
I may be straight, though they themselves be *bevel*.

Bevis of Southampton. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, 4.
As *Bevis* of Southampton fell upon Ascart.

Bevy. H. E. i. 4, 3.
None here he hopes
In all this noble *bevy*, has brought with her
One care abroad.

Bowray (v.)—discover. H. 6, T. P. i. 1, 3.
Here comes the queen, whose looks *bowray* her anger.

Bowray (v.)—reveal. L. ii. 1, 3.
He did *bowray* his practice.

Beyond beyond—further than beyond. Cy. iii. 2, 3.
O, not like me;
For mine's *beyond beyond*.

Bexonians—term of contempt. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, 3.
Great men oft die by vile *bexonians*.

Bias of the world. J. ii. 2, 3.
Commodity, the *bias* of the world.

Bid the wind a base—challenge the wind to speed. V. A. 3.
To *bid the wind a base* he now prepares.

Billboes—bar of iron with fetters attached to it. H. v. 2, 3.
Methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the *billboes*.

Bills. M. A. iii. 3, 3.
We are like to prove a goodly commodity, being
taken up of these men's *bills*.

Bills. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, 3.
My lord, when shall we go to Cheapside, and take up
commodities upon our *bills*?

Bills. T. Ath. iii. 4, 3.
Phil. All our *bills*.
Tiss. Knock me down with 'em.

Bills on their necks. A. L. i. 2, 3.
With *bills* on their necks,—'Be it known unto all men
by these presents.'

Bills placed on Junius Brutus' statue. J. C. i. 3, 4.
Good Cinna, take this paper, &c.

Bird-bolts. M. A. i. 1, 4.
Challenged Cupid at the fight: and my uncle's fool,
reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and chal-
lenged him at the *bird-bolt*.

Birds of Italy. M. V. v. 1, 4.
The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark, &c.

Birds, deceiv'd with painted grapes. V. A. 3.
Even as *poor birds*, *deceiv'd* with painted grapes
Do surfeit by the eye.

Birnam wood. M. v. 4, 4.
Steward. What wood is this before us?
Menteth. The wood of *Birnam*.

Birth-hour's blot—corporal blemish. Luc. 3.
Worse than a slavish wipe, or *birth-hour's blot*.

Bishop, costume of. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, 4.
Whose white investments figure innocence.

Bisson—blind. Cor. ii. 1, 3.
What harm can your *bisson* conspectivities glean out
of this character?

Biting the thumb. R. J. i. 1, 4.
I will *bite* my thumb at them.

Black—dark. G. V. iv. 4, 3.
That now she is become as *black* as I.

Black—swarthy, dark. M. A. iii. 1, 3.
If fair-faced,
She would swear the gentleman should be her sister
If *black*, why, nature, drawing of an antic,
Made a foul blot.

Black Monday, origin of. M. V. ii. 5, 4.
Black Monday.

Blasts—used as a verb neuter. Luc. 3.
O rash false heat, wrapp'd in repentant cold,
Thy hasty spring still *blasts*, and ne'er grows old!

Blanches—deviations. So. cx. 3.
These *blanches* gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best of love.

Blessed thistle, supposed virtues of. M. A. iii. 4, 4.
Carduus benedictus.

Blessing the marriage-bed. M. N. D. v. 2, 4.
To the best bride-bed will we.

Blessing, begging of. H. iii. 4, 3.
And when you are desirous to be *bless'd*,
I'll *blessing* beg of you.

Block. L. iv. 6, 3.
This a good *block*!

Blood-letting. R. S. i. 1, 4.
Our doctors say, this is no month to bleed.

Blood will I draw. H. 6, F. P. i. 5, 3.
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Blood—natural disposition. T. Ath. iv. 2, 3. (See Cy. i. 1, 3.)
Strange, unusual *blood*,
When man's worst sin is, he does too much good!

Bloodless. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, 3.
Oft have I seen a timely-parted ghost,
Of ashy semblance, meagre, pale, and *bloodless*,
Being all descended to the labouring heart.

Blossoms—young men, flower of the nobility. L. C. 3.
Whose rarest havings made the *blossoms* dote.

Blow v.—swells. A. C. iv. 6, 3.
This *bl* *we* my heart.

Blue of heaven's own tinct. Cy. ii. 2, n.
The enclosed lights now canopied
Under these windows, white and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.

Board (v.)—address. T. N. l. 3, n.
Accost, is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

Boarded—accosted. A. W. v. 3, n.
Certain it is I lik'd her,
And boarded her i' the wanton way of youth.

Boarded—accosted. M. A. ii. 1, n.
I would he had boarded me.

Boar's Head Tavern. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.
Eastcheap; a room in the *Boar's Head Tavern*.

Bob—rap. A. L. ii. 7, n.
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob.

Bodg'd. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, n.
But, out, alas!
We bodg'd again.

Bodkin—small sword. H. iii. 1, n.
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin.

Bolingbroke. R. S. i. 1, i.
Then, *Bolingbroke*.

Boll'n—swollen. Luc. n.
Here one being through'd bears back, all *boll'n* and red.

Boller'd—begrimed, besmeared. M. iv. 1, n.
For the blood-boller'd Banquo smiles upon me.

Bombast—from bombagia; cotton wool used as stuffing.
L. L. L. v. 2, n.
As *bombast*, and as lining to the time.

Bonneted. Cor. ii. 2, n. (See O. i. 2, n.)
And his ascent is not by such easy degrees as those
who, having been supple and courteous to the people,
bonneted, without any further deed to have them at all
into their estimation and report.

Book of songs and sonnets. M. W. l. 1, i.
I had rather than forty shillings, I had my *book of
songs and sonnets* here.

Book, sense of the term. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.
By that time will our book I think be drawn.

Book uncross'd. Cy. iii. 3, n.
Such gains the cap of him that makes him fine,
Yet keeps his *book uncross'd*.

Boot—into the bargain. R. T. iv. 4, n.
The other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but *boot*, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Boot—advantage. M. M. ii. 4, n.
Could I, with *boot*, change for an idle plume.

Boot—compensation. R. S. i. 1, n.
Norfolk, throw down, we bid; there is no *boot*.

Boots. G. V. i. 1, i.
Nay, give me not the *boots*.

Boord (v.)—accost. H. ii. 2, n.
I'll boord him presently.

Bores—wounds, thrusts. H. E. i. 1, n.
At this instant
He bores me with some trick.

Borne in hand—encouraged by false hopes. M. iii. 1, n.
How you were borne in hand; how cross'd.

Borrower's cap. H. 4, S. P. H. 2, n.
The answer is as ready as a *borrower's cap*.

Bosom—wish, heart's desire. M. M. iv. 3, n.
And you shall have your bosom on this wretch.

Boson—boatswain. T. i. 1, n.
Where is the master, boson?

Bound—boundary, obstacle. T. Ath. i. 1, n.
Our gentle flame
Provokes itself, and, like the current, flies
Each bound it chafes.

Bourn—boundary. L. iv. 6, n.
From the dread summit of this chalky *bourn*.

Bowls. L. L. L. v. 2, i.
A very good bowler.

Brach—dog of a particular species. T. S. Induction, 1, n.
Huntsman, I charge thee, tender well my hounds:
Brach Merriman.

Brach—female harrier. L. iii. 6, n. (See L. i. 4, n.)
Hound or spaniel, *brach* or lym.

Braid—crafty. A. W. iv. 2, n.
Since Frenchmen are so braid,
Marry that will, I'll live and die a maid.

Brakes of ice. M. M. ii. 1, n.
Some run from *brakes of ice*, and answer none

Brass. H. F. iv. 4, n.
Thou damned and luxurious mountain goat,
Offer'st me *brass*?

Brave—bravado. J. v. 2, n.
There end thy *brave*, and turn thy face in peace.

Braved—made fine. T. S. iv. 3, n.
Thou hast *braved* many men.

Bravery—snery. A. L. ii. 7, n.
His *bravery* is not on my cost.

Brawls. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.
A French *brawl*.

Break up (v.)—open. M. V. ii. 4, n.
An it shall please you to *break up* this.

Break with him—break the matter to him. G. V. i. 3, n.
Now will we *break with him*.

Break the parle—begin the parley. T. And. v. 3, n.
Rome's emperor, and nephew, *break the parle*.

Breast—voice. T. N. ii. 3, n.
By my troth, the fool has an excellent *breast*.

Breath'd. T. Ath. i. 1, n.
Breath'd as it were,
To an untriable and continue goodness.

Breathes in your watering—take breath when you are drink-
ing. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
When you *breathes in your watering*, they cry—hem!

Bribe. Cy. iii. 3, n.
O this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;
Richer, than doing nothing for a bribe.

Bride-cup. T. S. iii. 2, i.
A health, quoth he.

Brief—letter. H. 4, F. P. iv. 4, n.
Bear this sealed *brief*,
With winged haste, to the lord marshal.

Bring me out—put me out. A. L. iii. 2, n.
Ros. Sweet, say on.
Celia. You *bring me out*.

Bring in—call to the drawers for more wine. H. 4, F. P. l.
2, n.
Got with swearing—lay by; and spent with crying—
bring in.

Bristol. R. S. iii. 1, i.

Brize—gad fly. T. C. i. 3, n.
The herd hath more annoyance by the *brize*
Than by the tiger.

Brize—gad-fly. A. C. iii. 8, n.
The *brize* upon her, like a cow in June.

Brock—badger. T. N. ii. 5, n.
Marry, hang thee, *brock*!

Brogues—rude shoes. Cy. iv. 2, n.
And put
My clouted *brogues* from off my feet.

Broken with—communicated with. H. E. v. 1, n.
With which they mov'd
Have *broken with* the king.

Brooch—an ornament. R. S. v. 5, n.
And love to Richard
Is a strange *brooch* in this all-hating world.

Brooch'd—adorned. A. C. iv. 13, n.
Not the imperious show
Of the full-fortun'd Cæsar ever shall
Be *brooch'd* with me.

Brother father. M. M. iii. 2, n.
And you, good *brother father*.

Brother Cassius. J. C. ii. 1, n.
Sir, 'tis your *brother Cassius* at the door.

Brought you Cæsar home?—did you accompany Cæsar home?
J. C. i. 3, n.
Good even, Casca: *brought you Cæsar home*?

Brown bills—bills for billmen, infantry. L. iv. 6, n.
Bring up the *brown bills*.

Brownists. T. N. iii. 2, i.
I had as lief be a *Brownist* as a politician.

Bruit—report. H. 6, T. P. iv. 7, n.
Brother, we will proclaim you out of hand;
The *bruit* thereof will bring you many friends.

Brutus and Cassius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, *i*.
Will you go see the order of the course?

Brutus and Portia,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, *i*.
Let not our looks, &c.

Brutus and Antony, orations of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. iii. 2, *i*.
Enter Brutus and Cassius, and a throng of citizens.

Brutus the night before the battle,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. 1, *i*.
Be thou my witness that, against my will, &c.

Brutus, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. 5, *i*.
Come, poor remains of friends, &c.

Buckle (*v.*)—bend. H. 4, S. P. l. 1, *s*.
And as the wretch, whose fever-weaken'd joints,
Like strengthless hinges, *buckle* under life.

Bucklersbury. M. W. iii. 3, *i*.
Bucklersbury in simple time.

Bugs—hobgoblins. T. S. i. 2, *s*.
Tush! tush! fear boys with *bugs*.

Bugs—terrors. Cy. v. 3, *s*.
Those that would die ere resist are grown
The mortal *bugs* o' the field.

Bulk. O. v. 1, *s*.
Here, stand behind this *bulk*.

Bulk—the whole body. Luc. *s*.
May feel her heart, poor citizen, distress'd,
Wounding itself to death, rise up and fall,
Beating her *bulk*, that his hand shakes withal.

Bully-rook. M. W. l. 3, *s*.
What says my *bully-rook*?

Bombards—ale-barrels. H. E. v. 3, *s*.
And here ye lie bating of *bombards*, when
Ye should do service.

Burgonet—helmet. A. C. i. 5, *s*.
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And *burgonet* of men.

Burn daylight—waste time. M. W. ii. 1, *s*.
We *burn daylight*:—here, read, read.

Burst—broken. T. S. Induction, 1, *s*.
Pay for the glasses you have *burst*.

Burton Heath. T. S. Induction, 2, *i*.
Old Sly's son of *Burton Heath*.

Busky—bosky, woody. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, *s*.
How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon *busky* hill.

But—unless. T. S. iii. 1, *s*.
For *but* I be deceiv'd,
Our fine musician groweth amorous.

But one, except one. A. W. ii. 3, *s*.
To each of you one fair and virtuous mistress
Fall, when love please,—marry to each—*but one*.

But poor a thousand crowns. A. L. l. 1, *s*.
It was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will, *but*
poor a thousand crowns.

But justly—but as justly. A. L. i. 2, *s*.
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

But—except. J. iii. 1, *s*.
But on this day, let seamen fear no wrack.

But now—just now. H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, *s*.
But now is Cade driven back, his men dispers'd.

But thou love me—so thou do but love me. R. J. ii. 2, *s*.
And, *but thou love me*, let them find me here.

Butt. T. i. 2, *s*. Where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a *butt*.

Butter-woman's rank to market. A. L. iii. 2, *s*.
It is the right *butter-woman's rank to market*.

Busom—obedient, disciplined. H. F. iii. 6, *s*.
Bardolph, a soldier firm and sound of heart,
Of *busom* valour, &c.

Bus—interjection of ridicule. T. S. ii. 1, *s*.
Should he? should? *bus!*

By nature—by the impulses of nature. C. E. i. 1, *s*.
Witness that my end
Was wrought by *nature*, not by vile offence.

By day and night—always, constantly. L. i. 3, *s*.
By day and night he wrongs me.

By-peeping—clandestinely peeping. Cy. i. 7, *s*.
Then, *by-peeping* in an eye,
Base and unlustrous as the smoky light.

By him—by his house. J. C. ii. 1, *s*.
Now, good Metellus, go along by *him*.

By'r'lakin—by our ladykin; our little lady. M. N. D. iii. 1, *s*.
By'r'lakin, a pious fear.

Byron's 'Bride of Abydos,' lines from. A. L. iv. 1, *i*.
Good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the
Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was
drowned.

Byron's 'Stanzas for Music.' M. M. iii. 1, *i*.
For all thy blessed youth, &c.

C.

Caddis-garter—garter of ferret. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *s*.
Fuke-stocking, *caddis-garter*, smooth-tongue, &c.

Cade—cask. H. 6, S. P. iv. 2, *s*.
Cade. We, John Cade, so termed of our supposed
father,—
Dick. Or rather, of stealing a *cade* of herrings.

Cæsar and his fortune,—passage in 'Plutarch.' H. 6, F. P. l. 2, *i*.
Now am I like that proud insulting ship
Which *Cæsar* and his fortune bare at once.

Cæsar's fear of Cassius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, *i*.
Let me have men about me that are fat, &c.

Cæsar, offer of the crown to,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, *i*.
Ay, *Cæsar*; tell us what hath chanc'd to-day.

Cæsar, assassination of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. iii. 1, *i*.
All the senators rise.

Cæsar's grief for the death of Antony,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C., v. 1, *i*.
Wherefore is that? and what art thou that dar'st
Appear thus to us?

Cæsar's interview with Cleopatra,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. v. 2, *i*.
Which is the queen of Egypt?

Caitiff. R. S. i. 2, *s*.
And throw the rider headlong in the lists,
A *caitiff* recreant to my cousin Hereford!

Calen o Custure me. H. E. iv. 4, *s*.
Quality! *Calen o Custure me*. Art thou a gentleman?

Caliver—small musket. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *s*.
Put me a *caliver* into Wart's hand.

Calkins—horse-shoes, turned up to prevent slipping. T. N. K. v. 4, *s*.
On this horse is Arctic,
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the *calkins*
Did rather tell than trample.

Call. J. iii. 4, *s*.
If but a dozen French
Were there in arms, they would be as a *call*
To train ten thousand English to their side.

Call there—call it. A. W. ii. 3, *s*.
What do you *call there*.

Callet. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, *s*.
A wisp of straw were worth a thousand crowns,
To make this shameless *callet* know herself.

Calling—name. A. L. i. 2, *s*.
I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son;—and would not change that *calling*.
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Calm—used by Hostess for qualm. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *s*.
Sick of a *calm*.

Calphurnia's dreams,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 2, *i*.
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, &c.

Calves' guts. Cy. ii. 3, *s*.
It is a voice in her ears, which horse-hairs and *calves'*
guts, nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never
amend.

Camelot. L. ii. 2, *i*.
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to *Camelot*.

Campanella, passage from,—with parallel references to Milton and Coleridge. M. V. v. 1, *i*.
Sit, Jessica, &c.

Can—knows. P. P. *s*.
Let the priest in surplice white,
That defunctive music *can*.

- Can for additions*—began as additions. L. C. s.
All aids, themselves made fairer by their place,
Can for additions.
- Canary. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.
Canary to it.
- Candle-wasters*—bookworms. M. A. v. 1, s.
Make misfortune drunk
With *candle-wasters*.
- Cane-coloured beard. M. W. i. 4, i.
A little yellow beard; a *cane-coloured beard*.
- Canker. G. V. i. 1, i.
In the sweetest bud
The eating *canker* dwells.
- Canker*—dog-rose. M. A. i. 3, i.
I had rather be a *canker* in a hedge than a rose in his
grace.
- Canker*—dog-rose. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, s.
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this *canker*, Bolingbroke.
- Canker-blossoms*—flowers of the canker or dog-rose. So. lix. s.
The *canker-blossoms* have full as deep a dye
As the perfumed tincture of the roses.
- Cannibals*, imaginary nation of. T. ii. 1, i.
No kind of traffic, &c.
- Cannibals*—used by Pistol for Hannibals. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.
Compare with Cæsars and with *cannibals*.
- Canon. H. i. 2, s.
His *canon* 'gainst self-slaughter.
- Cantle*—corner. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.
And cuts me, from the best of all my land,
A huge half-moon, a monstrous *cantle* out.
- Cantle*—portion. A. C. iii. 8, s. (See H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.)
The greater *cantle* of the world is lost
With very ignorance.
- Cantos*—cantos. T. N. i. 5, s.
Write loyal *cantos* of contemned love.
- Capable*—able to receive. A. L. iii. 5, s.
Lean upon a rush,
The cicatrice and *capable* impressure,
Thy palm some moment keeps.
- Capitulate* (v.)—settle the heads of an agreement. H. 4,
F. P. iii. 2, s.
The archbishop's grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate against us, and are up
- Capocchia*—shallow skones, loggerhead. T. C. iv. 2, s.
Alas, poor wretch! a poor *capocchia*!
- Captain*—used adjectively for chief. So. lli. s.
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or *captain* jewels in the carcanet.
- Captious and intenable*—capable of receiving, but not of retain-
ing. A. W. i. 3, s.
Yet, in this *captious and intenable* sieve,
I still pour in the waters of my love.
- Capulet's feast, season of. R. J. i. 2, i.
This night I hold an old accustom'd feast.
- Carack*—vessel of heavy burden. O. i. 2, s.
'Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land *carack*.
- Carbonado*—rasher on the coals. H. 4, F. P. v. 3, s.
Let him make a *carbonado* of me.
- Carcanet*—chain, necklace. C. E. iii. 1, s.
To see the making of her *carcanet*.
- Carcanet*—necklace. So. lli. s.
Or captain jewels in the *carcanet*.
- Card of ten*—proverbial expression. T. S. ii. 1, s.
Yet I have fac'd it with a *card of ten*.
- Card. H. v. 1, s.
We must speak by the *card*, or equivocation will undo
us.
- Carded. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, s.
Carded his state;
Mingled his royalty with carping fools.
- Cards. J. v. 2, i.
Have I not here the best *cards* for the game?
- Careers*—a term of the manège. M. W. i. 1, s.
And so conclusions passed the *careers*.
- Carl*—churl. Cy. v. 2, s.
Could this *carl*,
A very drudge of nature's, have subdued me.
- Carlot*—churl, peasant. A. L. iii. 5, s.
And he hath bought the cottage, and the bounds
That old *carlot* once was master of.
- Carpet. P. iv. 1, s.
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall as a *carpet* hang upon thy grave.
- Carpet knights. T. N. iii. 4, i.
He is knight, dubbed with unhatched rapier, and on
carpet-consideration.
- Carpets laid. T. S. iv. 1, s.
The *carpets laid*, and everything in order.
- Carping*—jesting. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, s.
Mingled his royalty with *carping* fools.
- Carriages in the time of Shakspeare. A. W. iv. 4, i.
Our waggon is prepar'd.
- Carriages. J. v. 7, i.
Many *carriages*.
- Carrying coals. R. J. i. 1, i.
Gregory, o' my word, we'll not *carry coals*.
- Case*—skin. T. N. v. 1, s.
When time hath sow'd a grizzle on thy *case*.
- Case*—outside. M. M. ii. 4, s.
O form!
How often dost thou with thy *case*, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools!
- Case of lives*—several lives. H. F. iii. 2, s.
For mine own part, I have not a *case of lives*.
- Case*—outward show. L. C. s.
Accomplish'd in himself, not in his *case*.
- Cassius and Brutus, quarrel between,—from North's 'Plu-
tarch.' J. C. iv. 2, i.
Most noble brother, you have done me wrong.
- Cassius, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. iii. i.
Fly further off, my lord.
- Castilian. M. W. ii. 3, s.
Thou art a *Castilian*.
- Castiliano-vulgo. T. N. i. 3, s.
What, wench? *Castiliano-vulgo*—for here comes sir
Andrew Ague-face.
- Castle*—stronghold, power. T. And. iii. 1, s.
And rear'd aloft the bloody battle-axe,
Writing destruction on the enemy's *castle*.
- Catalan. M. W. ii. 1, s.
I will not believe such a *Catalan*.
- Cat and bottle. M. A. i. 1, i.
Hang me in a *bottle* like a *cat*, and shoot at me.
- Cat i' the adage. M. l. 7, s.
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor *cat i' the adage*.
- 'Catch that catch can,' notice of the work. A. L. iv. 2, i.
What shall he have that kill'd the deer?
- Castring*—lute-string. R. J. iv. 5, s.
What say you, Simon *Castring*?
- Caucasus, origin of the name of. R. S. i. 3, i.
The frosty *Caucasus*.
- Cause you come*—cause on which you come. R. S. i. 1, s.
As well appeareth by the *cause you come*.
- Causeless. A. W. ii. 3, s.
To make modern and familiar things supernatural
and *causeless*.
- Cautel*—crafty way to deceive. H. i. 3, s.
And now no soil, nor *cautel*, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.
- Cautelous*—wary, circumspect. J. C. ii. 1, s.
Swear priests, and cowards, and men *cautelous*.
- Cautels*—deceitful purposes. L. C. s.
In him a plentitude of subtle matter,
Applied to *cautels*, all strange forms receives.
- Caviarie. H. ii. 2, i.
'T was *caviarie* to the general.
- Cawdor Castle. M. l. 3, i.
Thane of *Cawdor*.
- Cease* (v. used actively)—stop. H. 6, S. P. v. 2, s.
Now let the general trumpet blow his blast,
Particularities and petty sounds
To *cease*.
- Ceilings ornamented. Cy. ii. 4, i.
The roof o' the chamber
With golden cherubims is fretted
- Censure* (v.)—give an opinion. G. V. i. 2, s.
Should *censure* thus on lovely gentlemen.
- Censure*—opinion. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, s.
To give their *censure* of these rare reports.

Censure—opinion. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, n.
Madam, the king is old enough himself
To give his *censure*.

Censure—opinion. P. ii. 4, n.
Whose death's, indeed, the strongest in our *censure*.

Censure (v.)—judge. H. 6, F. P. v. 5, n.
If you do *censure* me by what you were.

Censure—comparison. H. E. i. 1, n.
And no discern
Durst wag his tongue in *censure*.

Censure well—approve. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, n.
Say, you consent, and *censure well* the deed.

Censure'd—sentenced. M. M. i. 5, n.
Isab. Doth he so
Seek his life?
Lucio. Hath *censure'd* him already.

Censures—opinions. R. T. ii. 2, n.
Will you go
To give your *censures* in this weighty business?

Censures—judges, estimates. So. cxlviii. n.
Or, if they have, where is my judgment fled,
That *censures* falsely what they see aright?

Cerne—concerns. T. S. v. 1, n.
What *cerne* it you if I wear pearl and gold?

Chairs. J. iv. 1, i.
Fast to the *chair*.

Challenge, legal use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, n.
And make my *challenge*
You shall not be my judge.

Change—reverse. A. L. i. 3, n.
And do not seek to take your *change* upon you.

Change the cod's head for the salmon's tail—exchange the
more delicate fare for the coarser. O. ii. 1, n.
She that in wisdom never was so frail,
To *change the cod's head for the salmon's tail*.

Change (v.)—vary, give a different appearance to. A. C.
i. 2, n.
O, that I knew this husband, which, you say, must
change his horns with garlands!

Changing—a child changed. W. T. iii. 3, n.
This is some *changing*.

Changing—child procured in exchange. M. N. D. ii. 1, n.
She never had so sweet a *changing*.

Channel—kennel. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, n.
As if a *channel* should be call'd the sea.

Chepman—a seller. L. L. L. ii. 1, n.
Base sale of *chapmen's* tongues.

Character—description. W. T. iii. 3, n.
There lie; and there thy *character*.

Character—handwriting. L. ii. 1, n.
Ay, though thou didst produce
My very *character*.

Characters—the help of letters. R. T. iii. 1, n.
I say, without *characters*, fame lives long.

Characts—inscriptions, official designations. M. M. v. 1, n.
So may Angelo,
In all his dressings, *characts*, titles, forms,
Be an arch villain.

Char'd. T. N. K. iii. 2, n.
How stand I then?
All's *char'd* when he is gone.

Chares—work. A. C. iv. 13, n.
By such poor passion as the maid that milks,
And does the meanest *chares*.

Charge—burthen. P. i. 2, n.
Let none disturb us: why should this *charge* of
thoughts,—
The sad companion, dull-ey'd Melancholy,
By me so us'd a guest.

Charlest—most cautious. H. i. 3, n.
The *charlest* maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon.

Charing Cross.—H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.

Charlot drawn by lion, at the baptism of Henry Prince of
Scotland. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.
A lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing.

Charlot of night. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast.

Charles' wain—constellation of the Great Bear. H. 4, F. P.
i. 1, n.
Charles' wain is over the new chimney.

Charm'd. Cy. v. 3, n.
I, in mine own woe *charm'd*,
Could not find death where I did hear him groan.

Charnel-house—E. J. iv. 3, i.
As in a vault.

Charneco—name of a wine. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, n.
Here's a cup of *charneco*.

Chaucer's 'Trollius and Cressida.' M. V. v. 1, i.
Trollius, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls.

Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.' M. N. D. i. 1, i.
Hippolyta, I woo'd thee with my sword.

Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.' M. N. D. iii. 2, i.
Even till the eastern gate.

Chaucer's 'Knight's Tale.' M. N. D. iv. 2, i.
Go one of you, find out the forester.

Chaucer's description of Hector and Trollius. T. C. i. 2, i.
That's *Hector*, &c.

Chaucer's description of the parting of Trollius and Cressida.
T. C. iv. 4, i.
Be thou but true of heart.

Chaucer's 'Trollius and Cressida,' extract from. T. C. v. 2,
Here, Diomed, keep this sleeve.

Chaudron—entrails. M. iv. 1, n.
Add thereto a tiger's *chaudron*,
For the ingredients of our caldron.

Cheater—escheater. M. W. i. 3, n.
I will be *cheater* to them.

Cheater. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n. (See M. W. i. 4, n.)
He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame *cheater*.

Cheer—face. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
All fancy sick, and pale of *cheer*.

Cheer—countenance. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, n.
Methinks your looks are sad, your *cheer* appall'd.

Chertsey, monastery of. R. T. i. 2, i.
Come now, toward *Chertsey* with your holy load.

Cheveril glove—kid glove, easy-fitting glove. T. N. iii. 1, n.
A sentence is but a *cheveril glove* to a good wit.

Cheveril—kid-skin. H. E. ii. 3, n.
The capacity
Of your soft *cheveril* conscience would receive,
If you might please to stretch it.

Cheveril—kid-skin. R. J. ii. 4, n.
O, here's a wit of *cheveril*, that stretches from an
inch narrow to an ell broad.

Chewet. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, n.
Peace, *chewet*, peace.

Chide (v.)—rebuke, resound. H. F. ii. 4, n.
That caves and wombly vaultages of France
Shall *chide* your trespass, and return your mook.

Chief—eminence, superiority. H. i. 3, n.
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are of a most select and generous *chief* in that.

Child. W. T. iii. 3, n.
A boy, or a *child*, I wonder?

Childing—producing. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.
The *childing* autumn.

China dishes. M. M. ii. 1, i.
They are not *China dishes*, but very good dishes.

Chiromancy. M. V. ii. 2, i.
Go to, here's a simple line of life.

Chivalry, usages of. Luc. n.
Yea, though I die, the scandal will survive,
And be an eyesore in my golden coat;
Some loathsome dash the herald will contrive,
To cipher me how fondly I did dote.

Choppine. H. ii. 2, i.
By the altitude of a *choppine*.

Chopping French—French which changes the meaning of
words. R. S. v. 3, n.
The *chopping French* we do not understand.

Christendom—christening. J. iv. 1, n.
By my *christendom*,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long.

Christom child. H. F. ii. 3, n.
A made a finer end, and went away, an it had been
any *christom child*.

Chuffs—swollen, pampered gluttons. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, n.
Ye fat *chuffs*.

Cicero,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, i.
But what of *Cicero*?

- Cide*—decide. So. xlv. 1. s.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A 'quest of thoughts.
- Cinna, the poet, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. iii. 3, 4.
Enter *Cinna, the poet.*
- Circummu'd*—walled round. M. M. iv. 1, s.
He hath a garden *circummu'd* with brick.
- Circumstance*, in two senses: 1. circumstantial deduction; 2. position. G. V. i. 1, s.
So, by your *circumstance*, I fear, you'll prove.
- Circumstance*—circumlocution. O. i. 1, s.
With a bombast *circumstance*,
Horribly stuff'd with epithets of war,
Nonsuits my mediators.
- Cittern-head*—head of a cittern or guitar. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
Hol. What is this?
Boyet. A *cittern-head*.
- Citizens to their dens. A. C. v. 1, s.
The round world
Should have shook lions into civil streets,
And *citizens* to their dens.
- City feasts. A. W. ii. 5, 1.
Like him that leaped into the custard.
- Civil*—grave. T. N. iii. 4, s.
He is sad, and *civil*.
- Civil*—decorous. L. C. s.
Shook off my sober guards, and *civil* fears
- Clamour your tongues. W. T. iv. 3, s.
Clamour your tongues, and not a word more.
- Clap thyself my love. W. T. i. 2, s.
Ere I could make thee open thy white hand,
And *clap thyself my love*.
- Classical allusions. T. S. i. 1, 1.
O yes, I saw sweet beauty in her face,
Such as the daughter of Agenor had.
- Clean kam*—nothing to the purpose. Cor. iii. 1, s.
This is *clean kam*.
- Clear-stories*—clerestories. T. N. iv. 2, s.
And the *clear-stories* towards the south-north are as
lustrous as ebony.
- Clear thy crystals*—dry thine eyes. H. F. ii. 3, s.
Go, *clear thy crystals*.
- Cleave to my consent*—unite yourself to my fortunes. M. ii. 1, s.
If you shall *cleave to my consent*,—when't is
It shall make honour for you.
- Cleft the root*—(in archery). See *Cleave the pin*. G. V. v. 4, s.
How oft hast thou with perjury *cleft the root!*
- Cleopatra, flight of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 8, 1.
Naught, naught, all naught!
- Cleopatra taken by Procuclius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. v. 2, 1.
Guard her till Cæsar come.
- Cleopatra, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. v. 2, 1.
Cæsar through Syria
Intends his journey.
- Clinguant*—bright with glingling ornaments. H. E. i. 1, s.
To-day, the French,
All *clinguant*, all in gold, like heathen gods,
Shone down the English.
- Clothier's yard. L. iv. 6, s.
That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper:
draw me a *clothier's yard*.
- Clubs, bills, and partizans. R. J. i. 1, 1.
Clubs, bills, and partizans, strike! beat them down.
- Coaches. M. W. ii. 2, 1.
Coach after *coach*.
- Coasteth*—advanceth. V. A. s.
And all in haste she *coasteth* to the cry.
- Coats in heraldry. M. N. D. iii. 2, 1.
Two of the first, like *coats* in *heraldry*.
- Cock-shut time*—cock-roost time, time at which the cock goes to rest. R. T. v. 3, s.
Thomas the earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about *cock-shut time*, from troop to troop,
Went through the army.
- Cock and pye, swearing by. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, 1.
By *cock and pye*.
- Cock-a-hoop. R. J. i. 5, s.
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set *cock-a-hoop*.
- Cock—cock-boat. L. iv. 6, s.
And you tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her *cock*.
- Cockle*—weed amongst the corn. Cor. iii. 1, s.
We nourish 'gainst our senate
The *cockle* of rebellion, insolence, sedition.
- Cockney. L. ii. 4, 1.
Cry to it, nuncle, as the *cockney* did to the eels.
- Coffer of Darius. H. 6, F. P. i. 6, s.
Her ashes in an urn more precious
Than the rich-jewell'd *coffer* of *Darius*.
- Coffin*—crust of a pie. T. S. iv. 3, s.
A *custard-coffin*, a bauble, a silken pie.
- Coffin*—crust of a pie. T. And. v. 2, s.
And with your blood and it I'll make a paste,
And of the paste a *coffin* I will rear.
- Coffin*—coffer. P. iii. 1, s.
Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink, and paper,
My casket and my jewels; and bid Nicander
Bring me the satin *coffin*.
- Cog (v.)—term applied to dice. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
Since you can *cog*, I'll play no more with you.
- Cognizance*—badge. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, s.
This pale and angry rose,
As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate,
Will I for ever, and my faction, wear.
- Colbrand and Guy of Warwick, combat of. J. i. 1, 1.
Colbrand the giant.
- Cold*—unmoved. H. F. i. 2, s.
All out of work, and *cold* for action.
- Coleridge, passage from 'Literary Remains. A. L. i. 1, 1.
Of all sorts enchantingly beloved.
- Coleridge's 'Essay on Method,' passage from. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, 1.
Marry, if thou wert an honest man, &c.
- Coleridge, passage from. R. J. ii. 2, 1.
Well, do not swear, &c.
- Coleridge, extract from. R. J. ii. 4, 1.
Why, is not this better now than groaning for love?
- Coleridge's remarks on Shakspeare's philosophy of presentiments. R. J. iii. 5, 1.
O God! I have an ill-divining soul.
- Collection—consequence deduced from premises. Cy. v. 5, s.
When I wak'd, I found
This label on my bosom; whose containing
Is so from sense in hardness, that I can
Make no *collection* of it.
- Collid*—black, smuttied. M. N. D. i. 1, s.
Brief as the lightning in the *collid* night.
- Collid*—blackened, discoloured. O. ii. 3, s.
And passion, having my best judgment *collid*,
Assays to lead the way.
- Collins's dirge to Fidele. Cy. iv. 2, 1.
We have done our obsequies.
- Colour'd hat and cloak. T. S. i. 1, s.
Trank, at once
Uncase thee, take my *colour'd hat and cloak*.
- Colours—deceits. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, s.
I love no *colours*.
- Coll* (v.)—trick. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, s.
What a plague mean ye to *coll* me thus?
- Combinate*—betrotted. M. M. iii. 1, s.
Her *combinat*e husband, this well-seeming Angela.
- Combined*—bound. M. M. iv. 3, s.
I am *combined* by a sacred vow.
- 'Come o'er the Bourn, a song betwene the Queen's Majesty and Englande.' L. iii. 6, 1.
Come o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me.
- Comforting—encouraging. W. T. ii. 3, s.
Yet that dares
Less appear so, in *comforting* your evils,
Than such as most seems yours.
- Comings—meetings in assault. H. iv. 7, s.
We'll make a solemn wager on your *comings*.
- Commodity—interest. J. ii. 2, s.
That smooth-faced gentleman, tickling *commodity*.
- Common and several. L. L. L. ii. 1, s.
My lips are no *common*, though *several* they be.

Common—make common, interchange thoughts. H. iv. 5, n.
Laertes, I must common with your grief.

Compact of credit—credulous. C. E. iii. 2, n.
Being *compact of credit*, that you love us.

Compact—compounded, made up of. A. L. ii. 7, n.
If he, *compact of jars*, grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.

Compact—confederate. L. ii. 2, n.
When he, *compact*, and flattering his displeasure,
Tripp'd me behind.

Companies—companions. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
To seek new friends and stranger *companies*.

Companies—companions. H. F. i. 1, n.
His *companies* unletter'd, rude, and shallow.

Companion—fellow. Cy. ii. 1, n.
It is not fit your lordship should undertake every
companion that you give offence to.

Companys—companion. A. W. iv. 3, n.
I would gladly have him see his *companys* anatomized.

Compass (v.)—used ambiguously. G. V. iv. 2, n.
Sit. What is your will?
Pro. That I may *compass* yours.

Compass'd window—bow window. T. C. i. 2, n.
She came to him the other day into the *compass'd window*.

Compass'd—arched. V. A. n.
His braided hanging mane
Upon his *compass'd* crest now stand on end.

Compassionate—complaining. R. S. i. 3, n.
It boots thee not to be *compassionate*.

Competitors—confederates. T. N. iv. 2, n.
The *competitors* enter.

Competitors—associates. R. T. iv. 4, n.
And every hour more *competitors*
Flock to the rebels.

Complain of good breeding—complain of the want of good breeding. A. L. iii. 2, n.
That he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art
may *complain of good breeding*.

Complain myself—the French *se plaindre*. R. S. i. 2, n.
Where then, alas! may I *complain myself*?

Complain'd—formerly used without a subjoined preposition. Luc. n.
And by chaste Lucrece's soul that late *complain'd*
Her wrongs to us.

Complement extern—outward completeness. O. i. 1, n.
For when my outward action doth demonstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In *complement extern*, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve.

Complements—ceremonies. L. L. L. i. 1, n.
A man of *complements*.

Compliment—respect for forms. R. J. ii. 2, n.
But farewell *compliment*.

Compos (v.)—agree, come to agreement. A. C. ii. 2, n.
If we *compose* well here, to Parthia.

Composition—agreement. M. M. v. 1, n.
Her promised proportions
Came short of *composition*.

Comptible—accountable, ready to submit. T. N. i. 5, n.
Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very
comptible even to the least sinister usage.

Concave as a covered goblet. A. L. iii. 4, n.
I do think him as *concave as a covered goblet*.

Conceited characters—fanciful figures worked. L. C. n.
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eye,
Which on it had *conceited characters*.

Conceited—ingenious, imaginative. Luc. n.
Threat'ning cloud-kissing Ilion with annoy;
Which the *conceited* painter drew so proud.

Conclusions to be as kisses. T. N. v. 1, n.
So that, *conclusions to be as kisses*, if your four negatives
make your two affirmatives, why, then the worse
for my friends and the better for my foes.

Conclusions—experiments. Cy. i. 8, n.
Is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other *conclusions*?

Condition—temper. A. L. i. 2, n.
Yet such is now the duke's *condition*
That he misconstrues all that you have done.

Condition—temper. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, n.
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be fear'd, than my *condition*.

Condition—art. T. Ath. i. 1, n.
This throne, this Fortune, and this hill, methinks,
With one man beckon'd from the rest below,
Bowing his head against the steepy mount
To climb his happiness, would be well express'd
In our *condition*.

Conduct—conductor. Luc. n.
The wind wars with his torch, to make him stay,
And blows the smoke of it into his face,
Extinguishing his *conduct* in this case.

Conduits. W. T. v. 2, i.
Weather-bitten *conduit*.

Coney-catching—thieving. M. W. i. 1, n.
Your *coney-catching* rascals, Bardolph, Nym, and
Pistol.

Confession's seal—seal of confession. H. E. i. 2, n.
Whom after under the *confession's seal*
He solemnly had sworn.

Confound (v.)—destroy. A. C. iii. 2, n.
What willingly he did *confound* he wall'd.

Confounded—destroyed. H. F. iii. 1, n.
As fearfully as doth a galled rook
O'erhang and jutty his *confounded* base.

Confounds—destroys. Luc. n.
And one man's lust these many lives *confounds*.

Consent (v.)—concur. A. L. v. 1, n.
All your writers do *consent* that ipse is he.

Consented. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, n.
But have *consented* unto Henry's death.

Considerate stone. A. C. ii. 2, n.
Go to then; your *considerate stone*.

Consign'd—confirmed, ratified. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, n.
And present execution of our wills
To us, and to our purposes, *consign'd*.

Consist—stands on. P. i. 4, n.
Welcome is peace, if he on peace *consist*.

Consuls, elections of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iii. 1, f.
Are these your herd?

Contain (v.)—retain. M. V. v. 1, n.
Or your own honour to *contain* the ring.

Contemn me this—contemptuously refuse this favour. V. A. n.
What am I, that thou shouldst *contemn me this*?

Content. A. L. i. 3, n.
Now go in we *content*
To liberty, and not to banishment.

Content with my harm—resigned to any evil. A. L. iii. 2, n.
Glad of other men's good, *content with my harm*.

Content—acquiescence. V. A. n.
Fore'd to *content*, but never to obey.

Continents—banks. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.
That they have overborne their *continents*.

Continue—uninterrupted. O. iii. 4, n.
But I shall, in a more *continue* time,
Strike off this score of absence.

Contrary feet. J. iv. 2, n. (See G. V. ii. 3, i.)
Standing on slippers (which his nimble haste
Had falsely thrust upon *contrary feet*).

Contrive—wear away. T. S. i. 2, n.
Please ye we may *contrive* this afternoon.

Convented—summoned. H. E. v. 1, n.
To-morrow morning to the council-board
He be *convented*.

Convents—serves, agrees, is convenient. T. N. v. 1, n.
When that is known, and golden time *convents*,
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls.

Conversion—change of condition. J. i. 1, n.
For new-made honour doth forget men's names;
'T is too respectful, and too sociable,
For your *conversion*.

Convert (v.)—turn. T. Ath. iv. 1, n.
To general filth
Convert o' the instant, green virginity

Convertite—convert. J. v. 1, n.
But, since you are a gentle *convertite*.

Convey (v.) manage. L. i. 2, n.
Convey the business as I shall find means.

Conveyance—theft. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, n.
Since Henry's death, I fear there is *conveyance*.

Conveyance—juggling, artifice. H. 6. T. P. iii. 3, n.
I make king Lewis behold
Thy sly *conveyance*.

Conveyers—fraudulent appropriators of property, jugglers.
R. 5. iv. 1, n.
Boling. Go, some of you, convey him to the Tower.
K. Rich. O good! convey!—*Conveyers* are you all.

Convicted—overpowered. J. iii. 4, n.
A whole armada of *convicted* sail
Is scatter'd and disjoin'd from fellowship.

Convince (v.)—overcome. Cy. i. 5, n.
Your Italy contains none so accomplished a courtier
to *convince* the honour of my mistress.

Convince (v.)—overpower. M. i. 7, n.
His two chamberlains
Will I with wine and wassel so *convince*.

Convince (v.)—overcome. P. i. 2, n.
But in our orbs we'll live so round and safe,
That time of both this truth shall ne'er *convince*.

Cooks. R. J. iv. 2, i.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning *cooks*.

Copatain hat—high-crowned hat. T. S. v. 1, n.
A scarlet cloak! and a *copatain hat*!

Cope (v.)—encounter. A. L. ii. 1, n.
I love to *cope* him in these sullen fits.

Corollary—surplus number. T. iv. 1, n.
Bring a *corollary*,
Rather than want a spirit.

Cords, 'knives', 'drams' precipitance. T. N. K. i. 1, n.
None fit for the dead:
Those that with *cords*, 'knives', 'drams' *precipitance*.
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents.

Coriolanus, love of, for his mother. Cor. i. 3, i.
I pray you, daughter, sing.

Coriolanus standing for the consulship,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. ii. 2, i.
It then remains,
That you do speak to the people.

Coriolanus, condemnation of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iii. 3, i.
First, hear me speak.

Coriolanus, banishment of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iii. 3, i.
Our enemy is banish'd.

Coriolanus, departure of, from Rome,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iv. 1, i.
Come, leave your tears.

Coriolanus, reconciliation of, with Aufidius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. iv. 4, i.
A goodly city is this Antium.

Coriolanus, mission of ambassadors to,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. v. 1, i.
He would not seem to know me.

Coriolanus, intercession of the mother and wife of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. v. 3, i.
My wife comes foremost.

Coriolanus, death of, from North's 'Plutarch.' Cor. v. 5, i.
Hail, lords! I am return'd your soldier.

Corporal of his field. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.
Am I to be a *corporal* of his field?

Corps, bleeding, superstition respecting. R. T. i. 2, i.
Dead Henry's wounds
Open their congealed mouths, and bleed afresh!

Corsive—corrosive. H. 6. S. P. iii. 2, n.
Away! though parting be a fretful *corsive*,
It is applied to a deathful wound.

Costard—head. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.
Here's a *costard* broken in a shin.

Costermonger times—times of petty traffic. H. 4. S. P. i. 2, n.
Virtue is of so little regard in these *costermonger times*.

Coted—quoted. L. L. L. iv. 3, n.
Her amber hair for foul have amber *coted*.

Coted—overtaken, went aside by side. H. ii. 2, n.
We *coted* them on the way.

Cotswold Hills, sports on. M. W. i. 1, i.
I heard say he was outrun on *Cotswold*.

Coucheth—causes to couch. Luc. n.
This said, he shakes aloft his Roman blade,
Which, like a falcon towering in the skies,
Coucheth the fowl below with his wing's shade.

Countenance—behaviour, bearing. A. L. i. 1, n.
The something that nature gave me, his *countenance*
seems to take from me.

Countenance—false appearance. M. M. v. 1, n.
Unfold the evil which is here wrapp'd up
In *countenance*.

Counter. A. L. ii. 7, i.
What, for a *counter*, would I do but good?

Counter—upon a wrong scent. H. 4. S. P. i. 2, n.
You hunt *counter*, hence! *avaunt*!

Counterfeit—likeness or copy. Luc. n.
The poor *counterfeit* of her complaining.

Counterfeit—portrait. So. xvi. n.
Much liker than your painted *counterfeit*.

Counterfeit—portrait. So. liii. n.
Describe Adonis, and the *counterfeit*
Is poorly imitated after you.

Counterprints—counterpanes. T. S. ii. 1, n.
In ivory coffers I have stuff'd my crowns;
In cypress chests my arras, *counterpoints*.

Counties—nobles. J. v. 1, n.
Our discontented *counties* do revolt.

Countries in her face. C. E. iii. 2, i.
I could find out *countries* in her.

Country-base—game of prison-bars, or prison-base. Cy. v. 3, n.
Lads more like to run
The *country-base*, than to commit such slaughter.

Complement—union. So. xxi. n.
Making a *complement* of proud compare,
With sun and moon, with earth and sea's rich gems.

Couplets of the dove. H. v. 1, i.
Anon, as patient as the female *dove*, &c.

Court of guard—enclosed space where a guard is held. H. 6. F. P. ii. 1, n.
Let us have knowledge at the *court of guard*.

Court cupboard. R. J. i. 5, i.
Remove the *court cupboard*.

Courtesies—makes his courtesies. T. N. ii. 5, n.
Toby approaches; *courtesies* there to me.

Courtnship—paying courtesies. O. ii. 1, n.
Ay, smile upon her, do; I will give thee in thine
own *courtnship*.

Cousin—kinsman. R. J. i. 5, n.
Nay sit, nay sit, good *cousin* Capulet.

Cousins—relations, kinsfolks. R. T. ii. 2, n.
My pretty *cousins*, you mistake me both.

Cowl-staff—used for carrying a basket. M. W. iii. 3, n.
Where's the *cowl-staff*?

Coy (v.)—caress. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.
While I thy amiable cheeks do *coy*.

Cozier—botcher. T. N. ii. 3, n.
Ye squeak out your *cozier*'s catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice.

Cranking—bending. H. 4. F. P. iii. 1, n.
See how this river comes me *cranking* in.

Cranks (v.)—winds. V. A. n.
With what care
He *cranks* and crosses, with a thousand doubles.

Crave—small vessel. Cy. iv. 2, n.
To show what coast thy sluggish *crave*
Might easiest harbour in.

Crave our acquaintance. T. N. K. ii. 2, n.
Envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance.

Craven. T. S. ii. 1, n.
No cock of mine, you crow too like a *craven*.

Credent—credible. W. T. i. 2, n.
Then 't is very *credent*.

Credit—belief, thing believed. T. N. iv. 3, n.
And there I found this *credit*
That he did range the town to seek me out.

Credit his own lie. T. i. 2, n.
Like one
Who having unto truth, by telling of it,
Made such a sinner of his memory,
To *credit* his own lie.

Cresset-light. H. 4. F. P. iii. 1, i.
Burning *cressets*.

Crest. M. M. ii. 4, n.
Let's write good angel on the devil's horn,
'T is not the devil's *crest*.

Crooked age. R. S. ii. 1, n.
And thy unkindness be like *crooked age*,
To crop at once a too long wither'd flower.

Crosby-house. R. T. iii. 1, i.
At *Crosby-house* there shall you find us both.

Cross—a coin. L. L. L. i. 2, n.
He speaks the mere contrary, *crosses* love not him.

Cross—piece of money stamped with a cross. A. L. ii. 4, n.
I should bear no *cross*, if I did bear you; for, I think,
you have no money in your purse.

Cross-gartering. T. N. ii. 5, i.
Wished to see thee ever *cross-gartered*.

Crow-keeper—one who keeps crows from corn. L. iv. 6, n.
That fellow handles his bow like a *crow-keeper*.

Crowned swords. H. F. ii. Chorus, i.
And hides a sword, from hilts unto the point,
With crowns imperial, crowns and coronets.

Crush'd—overpowered. H. F. i. 2, n.
It follows then, the cat must stay at home:
Yet that is but a *crush'd* necessity;
Since we have locks to safeguard necessities.

Cruzados. O. iii. 4, i.
I had rather have lost my purse
Full of *cruzados*.

Cry aim. M. W. iii. 2, n. (See Note to G. V. iii. 1.)
To these violent proceedings all my neighbours shall
cry aim.

Cry aim. J. ii. 1, n. (See G. V. iii. 1, i.)
It ill be seems this presence, to *cry aim*
To these ill-tuned repetitions.

Cry of clubs. H. E. v. 3, i.
Who cried out, *clubs!*

Cry sleep to death—destroy sleep. L. ii. 4, n.
Or at their chamber door I'll beat the drum,
Till it *cry sleep to death*.

Cry'd game. M. W. ii. 3, n.
Cry'd game! said I well!

Crystal. H. 6. F. P. i. 1, n.
Brandish your *crystal* tresses in the sky,
Cuckoo and hedge sparrow. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, i,
As that ungentle gull the *cuckoo's* bird
Useth the *sparrow*.

Cunning—knowing, learned. T. S. i. 1, n.
For to *cunning* men
I will be very kind, and liberal.

Cunning—skillful. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
Wherein *cunning*, but in craft?

Cunning—wisdom. T. Ath. v. 5, n.
Shame that they wanted *cunning*, in excess,
Hath broke their hearts.

Cunning—knowledge. P. iii. 2, n.
Virtue and *cunning* were endowments greater
Than nobleness and riches.

Cupid and Vulcan. M. A. i. 1, n.
Cupid is a good hare-finder, and *Vulcan* a rare carpenter.

Cupid's bow. R. J. i. 4, i.
We'll have no Cupid hoodwink'd with a scarf.

Curb (v.)—bend. H. iii. 4, n.
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg;
Yea, *curb* and woo, for leave to do him good.

Curiosity—niceness, delicacy. T. Ath. iv. 3, n.
They mocked thee for too much *curiosity*.

Curiosity—exact scrutiny. L. i. 1, n.
For qualities are so weighed, that *curiosity* in neither
can make choice of either's moiety.

Curiosity—fastidiousness. L. i. 2, n.
Wherefore should I
Stand in the plague of custom; and permit
The *curiosity* of nations to deprive me.

Curious—scrupulous. T. S. iv. 4, n.
For *curious* I cannot be with you.

Curled hair. Luc. n.
Let him have time to tear his *curled hair*.

Current—rush. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, n.
And all the *current* of a heady fight.

Curry favel. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, i.
I would *curry* with master Shallow.

Curst—shrewish. L. L. L. iv. 1, n.
Do not *curst* wives hold that self-sovereignty?

Curst—shrewish. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
I was never *curst*,
I have no gift at all in shrewishness.

Curst—crabbed. T. N. iii. 2, n.
Be *curst* and brief.

Curst—mischievous. W. T. iii. 3, n.
They are never *curst*, but when they are hungry.

Curtall-dog. M. W. ii. 1, n.
Hope is a *curtall-dog* in some affairs.

Cust-alarum—abridgment of Custos Rotulorum. M. W. i. 1, n.
Slender. In the county of Gloster, justice of peace, and
corum.
Shallow. Ay, cousin *Slender*, and *Cust-alarum*.

Cut and long-tail. M. W. iii. 4, n.
Ay, that I will, come *cut and long-tail*.

Cut—horse. T. N. ii. 3, n.
If thou hast her not 't the end, call me *cut*.

Cypress. T. N. ii. 4, n.
And in sad *cypress* let me be laid.

Cyprus. T. N. iii. 1, n. (See T. N. ii. 4, n.)
A *cyprus*, not a bosom,
Hides my heart.

Cyprus, invasion of, by the Turks in 1570. O. i. 3, i.
The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes.

Cyprus, notice of. O. ii. 1, i.
A sea-port town in *Cyprus*.

D.

Daff—to put aside. M. A. v. 1, n.
Canst thou so *daff* me?

Dafte—puts me aside. O. iv. 2, n.
Every day thou *dafte* me with some device.

Dagger of lath. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a *dagger*
of lath.

Dagger, mode of wearing. R. J. v. 3, n.
O Heaven!—O, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This *dagger* hath mista'en,—for, lo! his house
Is empty on the back of Montague,—
And is mis-sheathed in my daughter's bosom.

Damask-coloured. T. N. i. 3, n.
A *damask-coloured* stock.

Dancing horse. L. L. L. i. 2, i.
The *dancing horse* will tell you.

Danger—power. M. V. iv. 1, n.
You stand within his *danger*, do you not?

Danger—power. V. A. n.
Come not within his *danger* by thy will.

Daniel's 'Civil Wars.' H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, i.
Hath wrought the mure, &c.

Danish intemperance. H. i. 3, i.
The king doth wake to-night, &c.

Danskers—Danes. H. ii. 1, n.
Inquire me first what *Danskers* are in Paris.

Dark house—house which is the seat of gloom and discontent.
A. W. ii. 3, n. War is no strife
To the *dark house*, and the detested wife!

Darraign (v.)—prepare. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, n.
Darraign your battle, for they are at hand.

Datchet-mead. M. W. iii. 3, i.
Send him by your two men to *Datchet-mead*.

Dateless—endless, having no certain time of expiration.
So. xxx. n.
For precious friends hid in death's *dateless* night.

Day-woman. L. L. L. i. 2, n.
She is allowed for the *day-woman*.

Day of season—seasonable day. A. W. v. 3, n.
I am not a *day of season*.

Dead waste. H. i. 2, n. (See T. i. 2, n.)
In the *dead waste* and middle of the night.

Dealt on lieutenantry—made war by lieutenants. A. C. iii.
3, n. He alone
Dealt on lieutenantry, and no practice had
In the brave squares of war.

Dear. T. N. v. 1, n. (See R. T. L. 3, n, and H. i. 2, n.)
Whom thou in terms so bloody, and so *dear*,
Hast made thine enemies.

Dear—harmful. R. S. i. 3, n.
The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The *dateless* limit of thy *dear* exile

Dear cause—important business. L. iv. 3, n.
Some *dear cause*
Will in concealment wrap me up awhile.

Dearer merit—more valued reward. R. S. i. 3, n.
A *dearer merit*, not so deep a main
As to be cast forth in the common air,
Have I deserved at your highness' hands.

Dearest—best. L. L. L. ii. 1, n.
Summon up your *dearest* spirits.

Dearest—greatest. H. i. 2, n. (See R. S. i. 3, n.)
'Would I had met my *dearest* foe in heaven.

Dearest. So. xxxvii. n.
So I, made lame by fortune's *dearest* spite.

Dearling—used in a plural sense. O. i. 2, n.
So opposite to marriage, that she shunn'd
The wealthy curled *dearling* of our nation.

Deary—extremely. A. L. i. 3, n.
My father hated his father *deary*.

Death and the Fool. M. M. iii. 1, i.
Merely, thou art death's fool.

Deck—pack of cards. H. 6, T. P. v. 1, n.
But whiles he thought to steal the single ten,
The king was silly finger'd from the *deck*.

Deck'd. T. i. 2, n.
When I have *deck'd* the sea with drops full salt.

Deer, tears of the. A. L. ii. 1, i.
The big round tears
Cour'd one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase.

Defeat thy favour—change thy countenance. O. i. 3, n.
Defeat thy favour with an usurped beard.

Defeatures—want of beauty. C. E. ii. 1, n.
Then is he the ground
Of my *defeatures*.

Defect of judgment. Cy. iv. 2, n.
Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors, for *defect of judgment*,
As oft the cause of fear.

Defend—forbid. M. A. ii. 1, n.
God *defend* the lute should be like the case.

Defunct—functional. O. i. 3, n.
Nor to comply with heat the young affects,
In my *defunct* and proper satisfaction.

Delations—secret accusations. O. iii. 3, n.
They're close *delations*, working from the heart,
That passion cannot rule.

Delighted. M. M. iii. 1, n.
And the *delighted* spirit
To bathe in fiery floods.

Deliverance, legal. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, i.
I do desire *deliverance*, &c.

Demand'd—demanded by. H. iv. 2, n.
Besides, to be *demand'd* of a sponge.

Demerits—merits. O. i. 2, n.
And my *demerits*
May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd.

Demerits—merits. Cor. i. 1, n.
Opinion, that so sticks on Marcius, shall
Of his *demerits* rob Cominius.

Demoniacs. L. iii. 4, i.
That hath laid knives under his pillow.

Denay'd—denied. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, n.
Then let him be *denay'd* the regentship.

Deny'd you had in him no right—denied you had in him a right. C. E. iv. 2, n.
First, he *denied* you had in him no right.

Depart (v.)—part. T. N. K. ii. 1, n.
I may *depart* with little, while I live.

Derne—solitary. P. iii. Gower, n.
By many a *derne* and painful perch.

Descant (in music)—variation. G. V. 1. 2, n.
And mar the concord with too harsh a *descant*.

Desdemona's handkerchief. O. iii. 4, i.
That *handkerchief*.

Design (v.)—designate, point out, exhibit. R. S. i. 1, n.
Since we cannot atone you, you shall see
Justice *design* the victor's chivalry.

Despised arms—arms which we despise. R. S. ii. 3, n.
Frighting her pale-fac'd villages with war,
And ostentation of *despised arms*?

'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. iv. 2, i.
We must give up to Diomede's hand
The lady Cressida.

'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. iv. 5, i.
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son.

'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. v. 5, i.
Go, go, my servant, take thou Troilus' horse.

'Destruction of Troy,' extract from. T. C. v. 9, i.
Rest, sword, &c.

Determine—come to an end. Cor. v. 3, n.
I purpose not to wait on fortune till
These wars *determine*.

Determin'd—ended. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.
Now, where is he that will not stay so long
Till his friend sickness hath *determin'd* me.

Devil of the old Mysteries. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.
Ho, ho! ho, ho!

Dew. Luc. n.
But as the earth doth weep, the sun being set.

Di-dapper—dabchick. V. A. n.
Like a *di-dapper* peering through a wave.

Dial. A. L. ii. 7, i.
And then he drew a *dial* from his poke.

'Dialogue on Taste,' specimen of criticism in. H. 4, F. P. . .
3, i.
Who then affrighted.

Diana's priest. Cy. i. 7, n.
Should he make me
Live like *Diana's* priest.

Did comply—was complaisant. H. V. 2, n.
He *did comply* with his dug, before he sucked it.

Dido. M. V. v. 1, i.
In such a night
Stood *Dido* with a willow in her hand.

Difference—heraldic distinction. M. A. i. 1, n.
Let him bear it for a *difference* between himself and
his horse.

Difering—discordant. Cy. iii. 6, n.
Laying by
That nothing gift of *difering* multitudes.

Diffused—wild. M. W. iv. 4, n.
Let them from forth a saw-pit rush at once
With some *diffused* song.

Dig-you-den—corruption of 'give you good e'en.' L. L. L. iv. 1, n.
God *dig-you-den* all!

Digges' prognostication. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.
Look in the almanac; find out moonshine.

Digression—transgression. Luc. n.
Then my *digression* is so vile, so base.

Dint—impression. J. C. iii. 2, n.
And I perceive you feel
The *dint* of pity.

Disable (v.)—detract from. A. L. iv. 1, n.
Disable all the benefits of your own country.

Disabled—impeached. A. L. v. 4, n. (See A. L. iv. 1, n.)
If again, it was not well cut, he *disabled* my judgment.

Discedering—dissquandering, squandering. A. C. iii. 11, n.
Together with my brave Egyptians all,
By the *discedering* of this pelleted storm,
Lie graveless.

Discourse of reason—discursion of reason, faculty of pursuing
a train of thought. H. i. 2, n.
O Heaven! a beast, that wants *discourse of reason*,
Would have mourn'd longer.

Discourse. H. iv. 4, n. (See H. i. 2, n.)
Sure, He, that made us with such large *discourse*.

Discourse of thought. O. iv. 2, n.
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his love,
Either in *discourse of thought*, or actual deed.

Disease—uneasiness. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, n.
First, lean thine aged back against mine arm;
And, in that case, I'll tell thee my *disease*.

Dislike—displease. R. J. ii. 2, n.
Juliet. Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair maid, if either thee *dislike*.

Dismes—tenths. T. C. ii. 2, n.
Every tithe soul, 'mongst many thousand *dismes*.

Dispar'd my parks. B. S. iii. 1, n.
While you have fed upon my seignories,
Dispar'd my parks, and fill'd my forest woods.

Dispos'd—made terms with. A. C. iv. 12, n.
You did suspect
She had *dispos'd* with Cæsar.

Disputable—disputations. A. L. ii. 5, n.
He is too *disreputable* for my company.

Dissemble (v.)—disguise. T. N. iv. 2, n.
Well, I'll put it on, and I will *dissemble* myself in 't.

Distain'd—unstained. C. E. ii. 2, n.
I live *distain'd*, thou, undishonour'd.

Distemper'd. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, n.
It is but as a body yet *distemper'd*,
Which to his former strength may be restor'd.

Distractions—detachments. A. C. iii. 7, n.
His power went out in such *distractions*,
As beguil'd all spies.

Diveried blood—affections alienated and turned out of their natural course. A. L. ii. 3, n.
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a *diveried blood*, and bloody brother.

Division (in music). R. J. iii. 5, n.
Some say, the lark makes sweet *division* ;
This doth not so, for she divideth us.

Do without—help it. M. V. iii. 4, n.
I could not *do without*.

Do extend him—appreciate his good qualities. Cy. i. 1, n.
I *do extend him*, sir, within himself.

Does yet depend—is yet depending. Cy. iv. 3, n.
But our jealousy
Does yet depend.

Dogs of war. H. F. i. Chorus, f.
Leash'd in like hounds, should famine, sword, and fire.

Dollars—pronounced dolours. M. M. i. 2, n.
Lucio. I have purchased as many diseases under her
roof as come to—
2 *Gent*. To what, I pray ?
Lucio. Judge.
2 *Gent*. To three thousand *dollars* a year.

Dole—lot. W. T. i. 2, n.
Happy man be his *dole*.

Dolours. L. ii. 4, n.
Thou shalt have as many *dolours* for thy daughters,
as thou canst tell in a year.

Dolts. A. C. iv. 10, n.
Most monster-like, be shown
For poor'st diminutives, for *dolts*.

Domestic fools. M. V. i. 1, f.
Let me play the fool.

Domestic fools. A. W. i. 3, f.
What does this knave here, &c.

Domitian, coin of. Cy. iv. 2, f.
I saw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle.

Dons—destroyed. V. A. n.
Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and *done*.

Dons—destroyed. Luc. n.
O happiness enjoy'd but of a few !
And, if possess'd, as soon decay'd and *done*.

Double. O. i. 2, n.
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential,
As *double* as the duke's.

Double set. O. ii. 3, n.
He'll watch the horologe a *double set*,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Doubt (v.)—awe. H. F. iv. 2, n.
And *doubt* them with superfluous courage.

Dout (v.)—extinguish. H. i. 4, n.
The dram of ill
Doth all the noble substance often *dout*,
To his own scandal.

Doves, presents of. M. V. ii. 2, f.
I have here a dish of *doves*.

Dower—gift. O. iv. 1, n.
Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's *dower*.

Dowle—feather, particle of down. T. iii. 3, n.
As diminish
One *dowle* that 's in my plume.

Draw-ers—waiters. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, f.
Tom, Dick, and Francis.

Drawn—drawn out into the field. Luc. n.
Before the which is *drawn* the power of Greece

Dream of Andromache, presaging. T. C. v. 3, f.
My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to the day.

Dress (v.)—set in order, prepare. H. F. iv. 1, n.
Admonishing
That we should *dress* us fairly for our end.

Drew—I drew. L. ii. 4, n.
Having more man than wit about me, *drew*.

Drink the free air—live, breathe. T. Ath. i. 1, n.
Make sacred even his stirrup, and through him
Drink the free air.

Ducat. G. V. i. 1, f.
Not so much as a *ducat*.

Ducdame. A. L. ii. 5, f.
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame.

Dudgeon—handle of a dagger. M. ii. 1, n.
And on thy blade, and *dudgeon*, gouts of blood.

Due—pay as due. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, n.
This is the latest glory of thy praise,
That I, thy enemy, *due* thee withal.

Duelling. R. J. ii. 4, f.
A duellist, a duellist.

Duke. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
Happy be Theseus, our renowned *duke*.

Duke—commander. H. F. iii. 2, n.
Abate thy rage, great *duke* !

Dumb show. H. iii. 2, f.
The *dumb show* enters.

Dump—a mournful elegy. G. V. iii. 2, n.
Tune a deploring *dump*.

Dump. R. J. iv. 5, n. (See G. V. iii. 2, n.)
O play me some merry *dump*, to comfort me.

Dumps—melancholy airs. Luc. n.
Relish your nimble notes to pleasing ears ;
Distress like *dumps* when time is kept with tears.

'Dun is in the mire.' R. J. i. 4, f.
Tut ! dun's the mouse.

Dunstan's Hills. M. v. 5, f.
As I did stand my watch upon the hill.

Dupp'd—did up. H. iv. 5, n.
Then up he rose, and donn'd his clothes,
And *dupp'd* the chamber-door.

Dure (v.)—endure. T. N. K. i. 3, n.
Yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an 't might be,
To *dure* ill-dealing fortune.

Dusty death. M. v. 5, n.
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to *dusty death*.

Dwell (v.)—continue. M. V. i. 3, n.
I'll rather *dwell* in my necessity.

E.

Eager—sour, sharp. H. 6, T. P. ii. 6, n.
If so thou think'st, vex him with *eager* words.

Eager—sour. So. cxviii. n.
With *eager* compounds we our palate urge.

Eanlings—lambs just dropped. M. V. i. 3, n.
That all the *eanlings* which were streak'd and pled.

Ear (v.)—plough. R. S. iii. 2, n.
And let them go
To *ear* the land.

Ear (v.)—plough. V. A. Dedication.
Never after *ear* so barren a land.

Earl Marshal of England. R. S. i. 3, f.

Ears, tingling of. M. A. iii. 1, f.
What fire is in mine *ears* ?

Earth—inheritance, possession. R. S. iii. 2, n.
So, weeping, smiling, greet I thee, my *earth*.

Earth-treading stars. R. J. i. 2, n.
Earth-treading stars that make
Dark heaven light.

Earthly happier. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
But *earthly happier* is the rose distill'd.

Earthquake. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, f.
The goats ran from the mountains ;

Earthquake of 1580. R. J. i. 3, f.
'T is since the *earthquake* now eleven years.

Easy—used adverbially. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, n.
My lords, these faults are *easy*, quickly answer'd.

Eche—eke out. P. iii. Gower, n.
And time, that is so briefly spent,
With your fine fancies quaintly *eche*.

Education of women. T. S. ii. 1, i.
And this small packet of Greek and Latin book.

Edward shovel-boards. M. W. i. 1, i.
Two *Edward shovel-boards*, that cost me two shillings
and twopence apiece.

Edward III.'s seven sons. R. S. i. 2, 4.
Edward's seven s-ns.

Edward III.'s tomb. R. S. iii. 3, i.
By the honourable tomb he swears,
That stands upon your royal grandsire's bones.

Effect—quickest. M. A. iv. 2, n.
Yea, marry, that's the *effect* way.

Eggs for money. W. T. i. 2, i.
Will you take *eggs for money*?

Egypt—the queen of Egypt. A. C. i. 3, n.
I prithee, turn aside, and weep for her;
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to *Egypt*.

Egyptian soothsayer,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. ii. 3, i.
Say to me
Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or mine?

Eight and six—alternate verses of eight and six syllables.
M. N. D. iii. 1, n.
It shall be written in *eight and six*.

Eld—old age, old people. M. M. iii. 1, n.
And doth beg the aims
Of palsied *eld*.

Element—constituent quality of mind. H. E. i. 1, n.
One, certes, that promises no *element*
In such a business.

Ely Place. R. T. iii. 4, i.
My lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there.

Embarquements—embargoes. Cor. i. 10, n.
The prayers of priests, nor times of sacrifice,
Embarquements all of fury.

Embossed—swollen. T. S. Induction, 1, n.
The poor cur is *embossed*.

Embossed—exhausted. A. W. iii. 6, n.
But we have almost *embossed* him.

Embossed—swollen, puffed up. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, n.
Why, thou whoreson, impudent, *embossed* rascal.

Empiricitch. Cor. ii. 1, n.
The most sovereign prescription in Galen is but *empiricitch*.

**Enchantingly beloved—beloved to a degree that looks like
enchantment.** A. L. i. 1, n.
Full of noble device; of all sorts *enchantingly beloved*.

Engag'd—retained as a hostage. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n.
Suffer'd his kinsman March
(Who is, if every owner were well plac'd,
Indeed his king) to be *engag'd* in Wales.

England, defenceless state of. H. F. i. 2, i.
My great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France, &c.

English travellers, ignorance of. M. V. i. 2, i.
He hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian.

English bottoms. J. ii. 1, i.
A braver choice of dauntless spirits,
Than now the *English bottoms* have waft o'er,
Did never float upon the swelling tide.

Engross (v.)—make gross. R. T. iii. 7, n.
Not sleeping, to *engross* his idle body,
But praying, to enrich his watchful soul.

Ensnounce (v.)—fortify. So. xlix. n.
Against that time do I *ensnounce* me here.

Entertainment—engagement for pay. Cor. iv. 3, n.
The centurions, and their charges, distinctly billeted,
already in the *entertainment*.

Entrance—mouth, surface. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, n.
No more the thirly *entrance* of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood.

Envious—malicious. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, n.
With *envious* looks still laughing at thy shame.

Envy—malice. M. V. iv. 1, n.
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his *envy's* reach.

Ephesus, unlawful arts of. C. E. ii. 2, i.
This is the fairy land.

Ercles—Hercules. M. N. D. i. 2, n.
This is *Ercles'* vein, a tyrant's vein.

Ere beauty's dead fleece made another gay. So. lxxviii. n.
(See M. V. iii. i.)
To live a second life on second head,
Ere beauty's dead fleece make another gay.

Eros, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iv. 12, i.
My mistress lov'd thee, &c.

Erring—wandering. A. L. iii. 2, n.
Runs his *erring* pilgrimage.

Erring—wandering, unsettled. O. i. 3, n.
Betwixt an *erring* barbarian and supersubtle Venetian.

Escoted—paid. H. ii. 2, n.
Who maintains them? how are they *escoted*?

Est. H. v. 1, i.
Woul't drink up *Est*.

Esperancé—motto of the Percy family. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, n.
That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight: *Esperancé!*

Esperancé. H. 4, F. P. v. 2, n. (See H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, n.)
Now,—*Esperancé!*—Percy!—and set on.

Espials—spies. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, n.
The prince's *espials* have informed me.

Essay—trial, examination. L. i. 2, n.
He wrote this but as an *essay* or taste of my virtue.

Estate (v.)—settle. A. L. v. 2, n.
All the revenue that was old sir Rowland's, will I
estate upon you.

Estimation—conjecture. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, n.
I speak not this in *estimation*,
As what I think might be.

Eton. M. W. iv. 6, i.
With him at *Eton*
Immediately to marry.

Enridged. L. iv. 6, n.
Horns whelk'd, and wav'd like the *enridged* sea.

Even—equal, indifferent. W. T. iii. 1, n.
Which shall have due course,
Even to the guilt, or the purgation.

Even christians—fellow christians. H. v. 1, n.
And the more pity, that great folk should have coun-
tenance in this world to draw or hang themselves,
more than their *even christians*.

Even (v.)—make even. T. N. K. i. 4, n.
But those we will dispute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and *even* each thing
Our haste does leave imperfect.

Ever strike—continue to strike. Cor. i. 2, n.
'Tis sworn between us we shall *ever strike*
Till one can do no more.

'Every Man out of his Humour.' A. L. ii. 7, i.
Let me see where in
My tongue hath wrong'd him.

Evils. M. M. ii. 2, n.
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our *evils* there?

Exchange. G. V. ii. 2, i.
Why, then, we'll make *exchange*.

Excommunication, ceremony of. J. iii. 3, i.
Bell, book, and candle shall not drive me back.

Excrements—hair, nails, feathers, &c. H. iii. 4, n.
Your bedded hair, like life in *excrements*,
Starts up, and stands on end.

Exempt—released, acquitted. C. E. ii. 2, n.
Be it my wrong, you are from me *exempt*.

Exempt—excluded. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, n.
Corrupted, and *exempt* from ancient gentry.

Exeter, John duke of. R. S. v. 3, i.
Our trusty brother-in-law.

Exhibition—stipend. G. V. i. 3, n.
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like *exhibition* thou shalt have from me.

Exhibition—allowance. L. i. 2, n.
And the king gone to-night! prescrib'd his power
Confin'd to *exhibition!*

Exigent—end. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, n.
These eyes, like lamps whose wasting oil is spent,
Wax dim, as drawing to their *exigent*.

Expedient. J. ii. 1, n.
His marches are *expedient* to this town.

Expedient—prompt, suitable. R. S. i. 4, n.
Expedient manage must be made, my liege.

Expedient—expeditious. H. 6. S. P. iii. 1, n.
A breach that craves a quick *expedient* stop.

Expedient—expeditious. R. T. i. 2, n.
I will with all *expedient* duty see you.

Expeditiously—promptly. A. L. iii. 1, n.
Do this *expeditiously*, and turn him going.

Expense—expenditure. L. ii. 1, n.
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' *expense* and waste of his revenues.

Expense—passing away. S. xxx. n.
And moan the *expense* of many a vanish'd sight.

Expiate. R. T. iii. 3, n.
Make haste, the hour of death is *expiate*.

Express (v.)—make known. T. N. ii. 1, n.
Therefore it charges me in manners the rather to
express myself.

Exaggerate—exaggerated, extravagant. O. iii. 3, n.
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such *exaggerate* and blow'd surmises.

Extent—stretch. T. N. iv. 1, n.
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway
In this uncivil and unjust *extent*
Against thy peace.

Extent—legal term. A. L. iii. 1, n.
Making *extent* upon his house and lands.

Extended—seized upon. A. C. i. 2, n.
Labienus
(This is stiff news) hath, with his Parthian force,
Extended Asia from Euphrates.

Extracting—absorbing. T. N. v. 1, n.
A most *extracting* frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banish'd his.

Extravagant—wandering, unsettled. O. i. 1, n.
Tying her duty, beauty, wit, and fortunes,
In an *extravagant* and wheeling stranger.

Eyes-musket—sparrow-hawk. M. W. iii. 3, n.
How now, my *eyes-musket*.

Eye—tinge, shade. T. ii. 1, n.
Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.
Seb. With an *eye* of green in't.

Eye—character. H. i. 3, n.
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers;—
Not of the *eye* which their investments show,
But mere implorers of unholy suits.

Eysell—vinegar. So. cxi. n.
I will drink
Portions of *eysell*, 'gainst my strong infection.

F

Fa, sol, la, mi. L. i. 2, i.
O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *fa, sol,*
la, mi.

Faced—made facings to. T. S. iv. 3, n.
Thou hast *faced* many things.

Factions in Jerusalem. J. ii. 2, i.
The mutines of Jerusalem.

Factionous. J. C. i. 3, n.
Be *factious* for redress of all these griefs

Fadge (v.)—agree, fit. L. L. v. 1, n.
We will have, if this *fadge* not, an antio.

Fadge (v.)—suit, agree. T. N. ii. 2, n.
How will this *fadge*?

Fadings—a dance. W. T. iv. 3, i.
With such delicate burthens of 'Dildos and 'Fadings.'

Faisn—glad. H. 6. S. P. ii. 1, n.
Yea, man and birds are *faisn* of climbing high.

Fair (used substantively)—beauty. C. E. ii. 1, n.
My decayed *fair*
A sunny look of his would soon repair.

Fair—beauty. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
Demetrius loves your *fair*.

Fair—beauty. A. L. iii. 2, n.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the *fair* of Rosalind.

Fair—beauty. V. A. n.
Having no *fair* to lose, you need not fear.

Fair—beauty. So. xvi. n.
Neither in inward worth, nor outward *fair*.

Fair—beauty. So. lxxviii. n.
Before these bastard signs of *fair* were borne.

Fair—clear. T. N. K. iv. 2, n.
The circles of his eyes show *fair* within him.

Fair vestal—allusion to Elizabeth. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.
My gentle Puck, come hither: Thou remember'st, &c.

Faith—confidence in a friend. M. A. i. 1, n.
He wears his *faith* but as the fashion of his hat.

Falconry. R. J. ii. 2, i.
O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel-gentle back again!

Fall—used as a verb active. C. E. ii. 2, n.
As easy mayst thou *fall*
A drop of water in the breaking gulf.

Fall (v.) M. N. D. v. 1, n.
And, as she fled, her mantle she did *fall*.

Fall (used as an active verb). T. N. K. i. 1, n.
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness *fall*
Upon thy tasteful lips.

Fall (v.)—let fall. M. V. i. 3, n.
Did in eaning time
Fall particolour'd lambs.

Fall (v. a.)—let fall. M. M. ii. 1, n.
And rather cut a little,
Than *fall* and bruise to death.

Falls—lets fall. O. iv. 1, n.
Each drop she *falls* would prove a crocodile.

Falls—lets fall. Luc. n.
For every tear he *falls* a Trojan bleeds.

Fall—cadence. T. N. i. 1, i.
That strain again;—it had a dying *fall*.

Falls on the other. M. i. 7, n.
I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself,
And *falls* on the other.

False beards and hair. M. N. D. iv. 2, i.
Good strings to your *beards*.

False hair. M. V. iii. 2, i.
The scull that bred them in the sepulchre.

False—used as a verb. Cy. ii. 3, n. (See C. E. ii. 2, n.)
'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yes, and makes
Diana's rangers *false* themselves.

Falsing—participle of the verb to false. C. E. ii. 2, n.
Nay, not sure, in a thing *falsing*.

Fan, fashion of—R. J. ii. 4, i,
My fan, Peter.

Fancy—love. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
Wishes, and tears, poor *fancy's* followers.

Fancy—love. W. T. iv. 3, n.
Cam. Be advised.
Flo. I am; and by my *fancy*.

Fancy—love. H. 6. F. P. v. 3, n.
Yet so my *fancy* may be satisfied,
And peace established between these realms.

Fancy—love. P. P. n.
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as *fancy* partial night.

Fancy—used in two senses: 1, love; 2, humour. M. A.
iii. 2, n.
Cland. Yet, say I, he is in love.
D. Pedro. There is no appearance of *fancy* in him,
unless it be a *fancy* that he hath to strange disguises.

Fancy—one possessed by love. L. C. n.
Towards this afflicted *fancy* fastly drew.

Fancy's slave—love's slave. Luc. n.
A martial man to be soft *fancy's* slave.

Fangled. Cy. v. 4, n.
Be not, as is our *fangled* world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers.

Fantastical—belonging to fantasy, imaginary. M. i. 3, n.
Are ye *fantastical*, or that indeed
Which outwardly ye show?

Fap—cant word for drunk. M. W. i. 1, n.
And being *fap*, sir, was, as they say, cashier'd.

Farced title—H. F. iv. 1, n.
The *farced* title running 'fore the king.

'Farewell, dear heart,' ballad of. T. N. ii. 3, i.
Farewell, dear heart, since I must needs be gone.

Farmer's 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' extract
from. H. F. v. 2, i.
Notre très cher filz, &c.

Fashions—farcins, or farcy. T. S. iii. 2, n.
Infected with the *fashions*.

Favour—features, appearance, countenance. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
Sickness is catching; O, were *favour* so,
Yours would I catch, fair *Hermia*, ere I go.

Favour—countenance. A. W. i. 1, n.
Of every line and trick of his sweet *favour*.

Favour—appearance. H. F. v. 2, n.
Which to reduce into our former *favour*
You are assembled.

Favour—appearance. J. C. i. 3, n.
And the complexion of the element
In *favour's* like the work we have in hand.

Favour—countenance. J. C. ii. 1, n.
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of *favour*.

Favour—countenance. So. cxlii. n.
For if it see the rud'at or gentilest sight,
The most sweet *favour*, or deformed'st creature.

Favours—features, countenances. R. S. iv. 1, n.
Yet I well remember
The *favours* of these men.

Favours—features. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, n.
And stain my *favours* in a bloody mask.

Fear no colours. T. N. i. 5, n.
He that is well hanged in this world needs to *fear* no
colours.

Fear (v. a.)—affright. M. M. ii. 1, n.
We must not make a scarecrow of the law,
Setting it up to *fear* the birds of prey.

Fear (v.)—affright. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, n.
Thou seest what's past, go *fear* thy king withal.

Fear me—make me afraid. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.
The people *fear* me.

Fear—matter or occasion of fear. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.
Thou shak'st thy head; and hold'st it *fear*, or sin,
To speak a truth.

Fears (v.)—used in the active sense. T. S. v. 2, n.
Pet. Now, for my life, *Hortensio* *fears* his widow.
Wid. Then never trust me if I be *afraid*.

Fearful guard—guard that is the cause of fear. M. V. i. 3, n.
See to my house, left in the *fearful guard*
Of an unthrifty knave.

Feated. Cy. i. 1, n.
A sample to the youngest; to th' more mature
A glass that *feated* them.

Feature (form or fashion)—applied to the body as well as
the face. G. V. ii. 4, n.
He is complete in *feature*, and in mind.

Fedetary—confederate. W. T. ii. 1, n.
Camillo is
A *fedetary* with her.

Fee-simple. M. W. iv. 2, n.
If the devil have him not in *fee-simple*, with *fine* and
recovery.

Feeders—servants. A. C. iii. 11, n.
To be abus'd
By one that looks on *feeders*.

Feeding—pasture. W. T. iv. 3, n.
They call him *Doricles*; and boasts himself
To have a worthy *feeding*.

Fell—skin. L. v. 3, n.
The good years shall devour them, *flesh* and *fell*,
Ere they shall make us weep.

Fellow—companion. T. N. iii. 4, n.
Fellow! not *Malvollio*, nor after my degree, but *yellow*.

Fen—pestilential abode. Cor. iv. 1, n.
Though I go alone,
Like to a lonely dragon, that his *fen*
Makes *fear'd* and talk'd of more than seen.

Feadary. M. M. ii. 4, n.
Else let my brother die,
If not a *feadary*, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.

Feadary. Cy. iii. 2, n. (See H. 4, F. P. i. 4.)
Senseless bauble,
Art thou a *feadary* for this act, and look'st
So virgin-like without?

Fere—companion, husband. T. And. iv. 1, n.
And swear with me,—as with the woful *fere*,
And father of that chaste dishonour'd dame.

Feres. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, n.
Indent with *feres*,
When they have lost and forfeited themselves.

Fern-seed. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.
We have the receipt of *fern-seed*.

Fet—fetched. H. F. iii. 1, n.
On, on, you nobless English,
Whose blood is *fet* from fathers of war-proof!

Fet—fetched. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, n.
To see my tears, and hear my deep-*fet* groans.

Fewer—low. H. F. iv. 1, n.
So! in the name of *Cheshu* Christ, speak *fewer*.

Pierce—violent, excessive. T. Ath. iv. 2, n.
O, the *ferce* wretchedness that glory brings us!

Fife. M. V. ii. 5, i.
The wry-neck'd *fife*.

Fife. O. iii. 3, i.
The spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing *fife*.

Fights—short sails, fighting sails. M. W. ii. 2, n.
Clap on more sails; pursue, up with your *fights*.

Figo. H. F. iii. 6, n. (See R. J. i. 1, i.)
And *figo* for thy friendship.

File—number. M. M. iii. 2, n.
The greater *file* of the subject held the duke to be wise.

File. M. iii. 1, n.
Now if you have a station in the *file*,
Not in the worst rank of manhood, say it.

Filed—polished. L. L. L. v. 1, n.
His discourse peremptory, his tongue *filed*.

File'd—defiled. M. iii. 1, n.
For *Banquo's* issue have I *file'd* my mind.

File'd up—gave the last polish to. So. lxxxvi. n.
But when your countenance *file'd up* his line,
Then lack'd I matter.

Fills—thills, shafts. T. C. iii. 2, n.
An you draw backward, we'll put you f the *fills*.

Find his title—deduce a title. H. F. i. 2, n.
Hugh Capet also,—who usurp'd the crown
Of *Charles* the duke of *Lorraine*, sole heir male
Of the true line and stock of *Charles* the great,—
To *find his title* with some shows of truth, &c.

Find him not—find him not out. H. iii. 1, n.
If she *find him not*,
To England send him.

Fine—conclusion. M. A. i. 1, n.
And the *fine* is (for the which I may go the finer) I
will live a bachelor.

Fine (v.)—sentence. M. M. ii. 2, n.
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To *fine* the faults whose *fine* stands in record,
And let go by the actor.

Fine (v.)—to bring to an end. Luc. n.
Time's office is to *fine* the hate of foes.

Fineless—endless. O. iii. 3, n.
But riches, *fineless*, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.

Fire-new—bran-new. L. L. L. i. 1, n.
A man of *fire-new* words.

Fire-drake. H. E. v. 3, n.
That *fire-drake* did I hit three times on the head.

First and second cause.—L. L. L. i. 2, i. (See R. J. ii. 4.)
The *first and second cause* will not serve my turn.

First-born of Egypt. A. L. ii. 5, n.
I'll rail against all the *first-born* of *Egypt*.

First—noblest. Cor. iv. 1, n.
My *first* son,
Whither wilt thou go?

Fitted—subjected to fits. So. cxix. n.
How have mine eyes out of their spheres been *fitted*.

Fixed candlesticks. H. F. iv. 2, i.
The horsemen sit like *fixed candlesticks*,
With torch-staves in their hands.

Fixed figure for the time of scorn. O. iv. 2, n.
But, alas! to make me
The *fixed figure* for the time of scorn
To point his slow and moving finger at.

*Flag-dragon*ed it.—W. T. iii. 3, n.
To see how the sea *flag-dragon*ed it.

Flash—soldier's powder-horn. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
The carv'd-bone face on a *flash*.

Flaw—sudden gust of wind. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, n.
Calm the fury of this mad-bred *flaw*.

Flaws. M. M. ii. 3, n.
A gentlewoman of mine,
Who, falling in the *flaws* of her own youth,
Hath blasted her report.

Flaws—crystallizations upon the ground moist with the morning dew. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.
As humorous as winter, and as sudden
As *flaws* congealed in the spring of day.

Flaws—fragments. L. ii. 4, n.
But this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand *flaws*.

Flaws—violent blasts. V. A. n.
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul *flaws* to herdmen and to herds.

Fleeced—dappled. R. J. ii. 3, n.
And *fleeced* darkness like a drunkard reels
From forth day's path.

Fleet—float. A. C. iii. 11, n.
Our sever'd navy too,
Have knit again, and *fleet*, threat'ning most sealike.

Flemish drunkard. M. W. ii. 1, i.
This *Flemish drunkard*.

Fletcher's 'Faithful Shepherdess.' M. N. D. ii. 2, i.
You spotted snakes.

Florentius' love. T. S. i. 2, i.
Be she as foul as was *Florentius' love*.

Flourish (v.)—bestow propriety and ornament. M. M. iv. 1, n.
The justice of your title to him
Doth *flourish* the deceit.

Flying at the brook—hawking at waterfowl. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, n.
Believe me, lords, for *flying at the brook*,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day.

Foil—leaf of metal used in setting jewellery. R. S. i. 3, n.
The sullen passage of thy weary steps
Esteem a *foil*, wherein thou art to set
The precious jewel of thy home-return.

Foining—thrusting. M. A. v. 1, n.
Sir boy, I'll whip you from your *foining* fence.

Foison—plenty. T. ii. 1, n.
All *foison*, all abundance,
To feed my innocent people.

Foison of the year—autumn, or plentiful season. So. iii. n.
Speak of the spring, and *foison of the year*.

Follow'd—driven. A. C. v. 1, n.
O Antony!
I have *follow'd* thee to this.

Folly—wickedness. Luc. n.
Or tyrant *folly* lurk in gentle breasts.

Fond—indulgent. M. V. iii. 3, n.
I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailor, that thou art so *fond*
To come abroad with him at his request.

Fond—foolish. Luc. n.
True grief is *fond* and testy as a child.

Fond—foolish. So. iii. n.
Or who is he so *fond* will be the tomb
Of his self-love.

Fool-begg'd patience. C. E. ii. 1, n. (See L. L. L. v. 2, i.)
This *fool-begg'd* patience in thee will be left.

Fools (court). L. i. 4, i.
Here's my coxcomb.

Fools. L. L. L. v. 2, i.
You cannot beg us.

For catching cold—lest they should catch cold. G. V. ii. 2, n.
Yet here they shall not lie *for catching cold*.

For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot. H. iii. 2, n. (See L. L. L. iii. 1, i.)
Whose epitaph is, '*For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot*.'

For the heavens—a petty oath. M. V. ii. 2, n.
Away! says the fiend, *for the heavens*.

For two ordinaries—during two ordinaries at the same table. A. W. ii. 3, n.
I did think thee, *for two ordinaries*, to be a pretty wise fellow.

For—because. A. W. iii. 5, n.
He stole from France,
As 't is reported, for the king had married him
Against his liking.

For—because. M. M. ii. 1, n.
You may not so extenuate his offence,
For I have had such faults.

For—on account of. T. i. i. n.
I'll warrant him *for* drowning.

For—in consequence of. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, n.
These cheeks are pale *for* watching for your good.

For—because. Cy. iv. 2, n.
Play judge and executioner, all himself,
For we do fear the law.

For—on account of, because of. M. iii. 1, n.
Yet I must not,
For certain friends that are both his and mine.

For—because. So. xl. n.
I cannot blame thee *for* my love thou usest.

For inequality. M. M. v. 1, n.
Do not banish reason
For inequality.

For coining. L. iv. 6, n.
No, they cannot touch me *for* coining.

For—instead of. H. v. 1, n.
For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, should be thrown on her

Force (v.)—enforce. H. E. iii. 2, n.
If you will now unite in your complaints
And *force* them with a constancy, the cardinal
Cannot stand under them.

Force (v.)—value, regard. Luc. n.
For me, I *force* not argument a straw.

Fore-slow—delay, loiter. H. 6, T. P. ii. 3, n.
Fore-slow no longer, make we hence again.

Fore-done—destroyed. L. v. 3, n.
Your eldest daughters have *fore-done* themselves,
And desperately are dead.

Fore-does—destroys, undoes. H. ii. 1, n.
This is the very ecstasy of love;
Whose violent property *fore-does* itself.

Foreign commercial laws. C. E. i. 1, i.
It hath in solemn synods been decreed,
Both by the Syracusans and ourselves,
To admit no traffic to our adverse towns:
Nay, more, if any, born at Ephesus,
Be seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs,
Again, if any Syracusan born,
Come to the bay of Ephesus, he dies,
His goods confiscate to the duke's dispose,
Unless a thousand marks be levied,
To quit the penalty, and to ransom him.

Foretell'd remission—pardon supplicated, not offered freely. H. 4, S. P. v. 2, n.
And never shall you see that I will beg
A ragged and *foretell'd remission*.

Forfeit (v.)—transgress. M. M. iii. 2, n.
Double and treble admonition, and still *forfeit* in the same kind.

Forfeiters. Cy. iii. 2, n.
Though *forfeiters* you cast in prison, yet
You clasp young Cupid's tables.

Forgettes—inventive. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, n.
Makes it apprehensive, quick, *forgetive*.

Forked heads—the heads of barbed arrows. A. L. ii. 1, n.
Should, in their own confines, with *forked heads*
Have their round haunches gor'd.

Formal—reasonable. T. N. ii. 5, n.
Why, this is evident to any *formal* capacity.

Form'd as marble will. Luc. n.
For men have marble, women waxen minds,
And therefore are they *form'd* as marble will.

Former ensign—ensign in the van. J. C. v. 1, n.
Coming from 8. rdia, on our *former ensign*
Two mighty eagles fell.

Forres, moors near. M. i. 2, i.
Camp near *Forres*.

Forres, town of. M. i. 4, i.
Forres. A room in the Palace.

Forspent—wearied out. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.
After him, came spurring hard,
A gentleman almost *forspent* with speed.

Forspent—wearied. H. 6, T. P. ii. 3, n.
Forspent with toil, as runners with a race.

Forspoke—spoken against. A. C. iii. 7, n.
Thou hast *forspoke* my being in these'

Fortune—chance. T. N. K. ii. 2, n.
Arcite shall have a *fortune*,
If he dare make himself a worthy lover.

Forty pence—I lay forty pence. H. E. ii. 3, n.
How tastes it? is it bitter! *forty pence*, no.

Forwearing—wearing. J. ii. 1, n.
Your king, whose labour'd spirits
Forwearing in this action of swift speed,
Craves harborage within your city walls.

Foul—homely. A. L. iii. 3, n.
I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am *foul*.

Fouler. Cor. iv. 7, n.
One fire drives out one fire; one nail, one nail;
Rights by rights *fouler*.

Fountains. T. S. v. 2, i.
A woman mov'd is like a *fountain* troubled.

Fourteen years' purchase. T. N. iv. 1, n.
These wise men that give fools money get themselves
a good report after *fourteen years' purchase*.

Fox, Mr., strange tale of. M. A. i. 1, i.
Like the old tale, my lord: 'it is not so, nor 't was not
so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so.'

Fox—sword. H. P. iv. 4, n.
Thou diest on point of *fox*.

Foysons—abundant provision. M. iv. 3, n.
Scotland hath *foyson*s to fill up your will.

Frame—ordinance, arrangement. M. A. iv. 1, n.
Child I for that at frugal nature's *frame*!

Framptoid—fretful, uneasy. M. W. ii. 2, n.
She leads a very *framptoid* life with him.

Franciscan order of friars. R. J. v. 2, i.
Going to find a barefoot brother out.

Frank—sty. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, n.
Doth the old boar feed in the old *frank*.

Franklin. Cy. iii. 2, i.
A *franklin*'s housewife.

Fraughting—constituting the freight, or freight. T. i. 2, n.
The *fraughting* souls within her.

Free maids. T. N. ii. 4, n.
And the *free maids*, that weave their thread with bones,
Do use to chant it.

Free expressions, old mode of. R. J. i. 4, i.
Of this air reverence, love.

Free—free from offence. H. ii. 2, n.
Make mad the guilty, and appal the *free*.

Frescoes at Grove House. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, i.
The German hunting in water-work.

Frets. T. S. ii. 1, n. (See Hamlet, iii. 2, n.)
I did but tell her she mistook her *frets*.

Frets—wires fixed across the finger-board of a lute or guitar.
H. iii. 2, n.
Call me what instrument you will, though you can
fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Friar Tuck. G. V. iv. 1, i.
Robin Hood's *fat friar*.

'Friar of Orders Grey'. T. S. iv. 1, i.
It was the *friar of orders grey*.

Frogmore. Dual of Dr. Caius and Sir H. Evans, place of.
M. W. ii. 3, i.
Go about the fields with me through *Frogmore*.

From sun to sun—from the rising to the setting of the sun.
R. S. iv. 1, n.
And spur thee on with full as many lies
As may be holla'd in thy treacherous ear
From sun to sun.

From—before, a short distance off. P. iii. Gower, n.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches *from* the mouse's hole.

Front (v.)—face. H. E. i. 2, n.
And *front* but in that file
Where others tell steps with me.

Frontier. H. 4, P. P. i. 3, n.
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody *frontier* of a servant brow.

Frontiers—forts. H. 4, P. P. ii. 3, n.
Of palisadoes, *frontiers*, parapets.

Froth and live. M. W. i. 3, n.
Let me see thee *froth and live*.

Fruit to that great feast. H. ii. 2, n.
My news shall be the *fruit to that great feast*

Frush (v.)—break to pieces. T. C. v. 6, n.
I like thy armour well:
I'll *frush* it and unlock the rivets all.

Fulfill'd—completely filled. Luc. n.
O, let it not be held
Poor women's faults that they are so *fulfill'd*
With men's abuses.

Fulfilling bolts—bolts filling full. T. C. Prologue, n.
With massy staples
And corresponsive and *fulfilling bolts*.

Full of knight. M. W. iv. 2, n.
Pray Heaven it be not *full of knight* again.

Full—quite. W. T. i. 2, n.
Thou want'st a rough pash, and the shoots that I have,
To be *full* like me.

Full of bread. H. iii. 3, n.
He took my father grossly, *full of bread*;
With all his crimes broad blown, as fresh as May.

Fulvia, death of,—from North's 'Plutarch'. A. C. i. 2, i.
Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Furbish (v.)—polish. R. S. i. 3, n.
And *furbish* new the name of John of Gaunt.

Fust (v.)—become mouldy. H. iv. 4, n.
Gave us not
That capability and godlike reason
To *fust* in us unus'd.

G.

Gadshill. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, 4.
But, my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four
o'clock, early at *Gadshill*.

Gait—progress, the act of going. H. i. 2, n.
To suppress
His further *gait* herein.

Galliard, coranto, sink-a-pace. T. N. i. 3, i.
Why dost thou not go to church in a *galliard*, and
come home in a *coranto*!.... *sink-a-pace*.

Galliard—ancient dance. H. P. i. 2, n.
There's nought in France
That can be with a nimble *galliard* won.

Gallies—vessels of burthen. T. S. ii. 1, n.
Besides two *gallies*
And twelve tight galleys.

Gallimaufry—confused heap. W. T. iv. 3, n.
And they have a dance which the wenches say is a
gallimaufry of gambols.

Gallow (v.)—scare. L. iii. 2, n.
Gallow the very wanderers of the dark.

Gamester—adventurer at a game. A. L. i. 1, n.
Now will I stir this *gamester*.

Gamut. T. S. iii. 1, i.
Gamut I am, the ground of all accord.

Gaping pig. M. V. iv. 1, n.
Some men there are love not a *gaping pig*.

Gaping—shouting. H. E. v. 3, n.
Ye rude slaves, leave your *gaping*.

Garboils—disorders, commotions. A. C. i. 3, n.
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read.
The *garboils* she awak'd.

Gardon—guerdon. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.
Gardon—remuneration.

Garters. G. V. ii. 1, i.
He being in love, could not see to *garter* his hose.

Gate—got, procured. L. C. n.
Who, glaz'd with crystal, *gate* the glowing roses
That flame through water which their hue encloses.

Gaudy night—night of rejoicing. A. C. iii. 11, n.
Let's have one other *gaudy night*.

Gauntlet. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, i.
Scaly *gauntlet*.

Gave—was inclined to, made a movement towards. L. C. n.
These often bath'd she in her fluxive eyes,
And often kis'd, and often *gave* to tear.

Gar—matter. M. V. i. 1, n.
I'll grow a talker for this *gar*.

Geck—person derided. T. N. v. 1, n.
And made the most notorious *geck* and gull,
That e'er invention play'd on.

General—people. M. M. ii. 4, n.
The *general*, subject to a well-wish'd king,
Quit their own part.

Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' extracts from. P. iii. 4.
Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' extracts from. P. iv. 1.
Gower's 'Confessio Amantis,' extracts from. P. v. 1.
Gowrd, fullam, high, low—cant terms for false dice. M. W. i. 3, n.
 Let vultures gripe thy guts! for *gowrd* and *fullam* holds.
 And *high* and *low* beguile the rich and poor.
Graces, metrical. M. M. i. 2, 4.
Lucio. I think thou never wast where grace was said.
2 Gent. No? a dozen times at least.
1 Gent. What? in metre?
Gracious—beautiful. So. lxii. n.
 Methinks no face so *gracious* is as mine.
Grain, high price of. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, 1.
 Never joyed since the price of oats rose.
Grand-guard—armour for equestrians. T. N. K. iii. 6. n.
Arc. You care not for a *grand-guard*.
Pal. No, no; we'll use no horses.
Grange—lone farm-house. O. i. 1, n.
 What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
 My house is not a *grange*.
Grates—offends. A. C. i. 1, n.
Ant. News, my good lord, from Rome—
Ant. *Grates* me.
Gravedigger's song. H. v. 1, 1.
 In youth, when I did love, did love.
Grace (v.)—engrave. V. A. n.
 And being steel'd, soft sighs can never *grace* it.
Graymalkin—cat. M. i. 1, n.
 I come, *Graymalkin*.
'Green Sleeves.' M. W. ii. 1, 1.
Green sleeves.
Green-ey'd monster. O. iii. 3, n.
 O, beware, my lord, of jealousy;
 It is the *green-ey'd monster* which doth mock
 The meat it feeds on.
Greenly—unwisely. H. iv. 5, n.
 And we have done but *greenly*,
 In higger-mugger to inter him.
Gregory Nazianzen's poem. M. N. D. iii. 2, 1.
 O, and is all forgot?
Grey—used as blue. V. A. n.
 Mine eyes are *grey*, and bright, and quick in turning.
Grief, in two senses: 1. bodily pain; 2. mental sorrow.
 H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.
 Even so my limbs,
 Weaken'd with *grief*, being now enrag'd with *grief*.
Griefs—grievances. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n.
 He bids you name your *griefs*.
Griefs—grievances. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, n.
 And find our *griefs* heavier than our offences.
Griefs—grievances. J. C. iv. 2, n.
 Speak your *griefs* softly.
Grise—step. T. N. iii. 1, n.
Viola. I pity you.
Olivia. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a *grise*.
Grize—step, degree. T. Ath. iv. 3, n.
 For every *grize* of fortune
 Is smooth'd by that below.
Groat of Richard II. R. S. v. 5, 1.
 The cheapest of us is ten *groats* too dear.
Growing to me—accruing to me. C. E. iv. 1, n.
 Even just the sum that I do owe to you
 Is *growing to me* by Antipholus.
Grunt—loud lament. H. iii. 1, n.
 To *grunt* and sweat under a weary life.
Grype—bird of prey. Luc. n.
 Like a white hind under the *grype's* sharp claws.
Gualtree forest. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, 1.
 'Tis *Gualtree forest*, an't shall please your grace.
Guard (v.)—border, ornament. J. iv. 2, n.
 Therefore, to be possess'd with double pomp,
 To *guard* a title that was rich before.
Guarded—ornamented, fringed. M. V. ii. 2, n.
 Give him a livery
 More *guarded* than his fellows.
Guarded—trimmed. M. A. i. 1, n.
 The body of your discourse is sometimes *guarded* with
 fragments.

Guarded—faced, bordered. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, n.
 Led on by bloody youth, *guarded* with rage.
Guards—hem of a garment. L. L. L. iv. 3, n.
 O, rhymes are *guards* on wanton Cupid's hose.
Guarini's 'Pastor Fido.' A. L. i. 1, 1.
 Plect the time carelessly, as they did in the golden
 world.
Guilted—deceiving. M. V. iii. 2, n.
 Thus ornament is but the *guilted* shore
 To a most dangerous sea.
Guiltless blood-shedding—shedding guiltless blood. H. 6, 8.
 P. iv. 7, n.
 These hands are free from *guiltless blood-shedding*.
Guiltly to—guilty of. C. E. iii. 2, n.
 But, lest myself be *guilty to self-wrong*.
Gules—red, in the language of heraldry. H. ii. 2, n.
 Head to foot
 Now is he total *gules*.
Gull. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, n.
 As that ungentle *gull*, the cuckoo's bird.

H.

Hack—be common. M. W. ii. 1, n.
 These knights will *hack*.
Haggard—term of falconry; wild. O. iii. 3, n.
 If I do prove her *haggard*,
 Though that her jesses were my dear heartstrings,
 I'd whistle her off.
Haggards of the rock. M. A. iii. 1, 1.
 As *haggards of the rock*. Coy and wild
Halcyon beaks. L. ii. 2, n.
 Turn their *halcyon beaks*
 With every gale and vary of their masters.
Halfpence—used for small particles, or divisions. M. A. ii. 3, n.
 O, she tore the letter into a thousand *halfpence*.
Half-faced groats. J. i. 1, 1.
 A *half-faced groat*.
Half-faced sun—device of Edward III. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, n.
 Whose hopeful colours
 Advance our *half-faced sun*, striving to shine.
Halidom—holiness. G. V. iv. 2, n.
 By my *halidom*, I was fast asleep.
Hallowmas—first of November. R. S. v. 1, n.
 She came adorned *hallo* like sweet May,
 Sent back like *hallo*, or short'st of day.
Hang hog. M. W. iv. 1, n.
Hang hog is Latin for bacon.
Hang'd by the walls. Cy. iii. 4, 1.
 And, for I am richer than to be *hang'd by the walls*,
 I must be ripp'd.
Hand fire-arms. A. W. iii. 2, 1.
 Smoky muskets.
Handkercher—handkerchief. J. iv. 1, n.
 I knit my *handkercher* about your brows.
Handlest in thy discourse. T. C. i. 1, n.
Handlest in thy discourse, O that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach.
Handsave—heron. H. ii. 3, n.
 I know a hawk from a *handsave*.
Hannibal. H. 6, F. P. i. 5, n.
 A witch, by fear, not force, like *Hannibal*,
 Drives back our troops, and conquers as she lists.
Happies—makes happy. So. vi. n.
 That use is not forbidden *naury*,
 Which *happies* those that pay the willing loan.
Harlot—hireling. C. E. v. 1, n.
 While she with *harlot* feasted in my house.
Harmuir. M. i. 3, 1.
 A heath.
Harold, outrage committed on the body of. H. 4, F. P. v. 4, 1.
 With a new wound in your thigh.
Harpy. T. iii. 3, 1.
 Enter Ariel, like a *harpy*.
Harried—vexed, tormented. A. C. iii. 3, n.
 I repent me much
 That so I *harried* him.

Harrows. H. i. 1, s.
It *harrows* me with fear and wonder.

Hat, penthouse like. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.
With your *hat*, *centhouse-like*.

Hath put himself—he hath put himself. L. ii. 4, s.
'Tis his own blame; *hath put himself* from rest.

Hats. M. A. i. 1, i.
He wears his faith but as the fashion of his *hat*; it ever changes with the next block.

Haughmond Hill. H. 4, F. P. v. 1, i.
How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above you busky hill.

Haughty—lofty, spirited. H. 6, F. P. iii. 4, s.
These *haughty* words of hers
Have batter'd me like roaring cannon-shot.

Hautboy. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.
The case of a treble *hautboy* was a mansion to him.

Have done—we, his successors, have done. M. W. i. 1, s.
Ay, that I do; and *have done* any time these three hundred years.

Have I—if I have. H. 6, S. P. v. 1, s.
A sceptre shall it have, *have I* a soul,
On which I'll toss the fleur-de-luce of France.

Have their free voices—have sent their free voices. H. E. ii. 2, s.
All the clerks,
I mean the learned ones, in christian kingdoms
Have their *free voices*.

Have uncheck'd theft—have their theft uncheck'd. T. Ath. iv. 3, s.
The laws, your curb and whip, in their rough power
Have *uncheck'd theft*.

Have what shall have no end. So. cx. s.
Now all is done, *have what shall have no end*.

Having—possession. A. L. iii. 2, s.
Your *having* in beard is a younger brother's revenue.

Having—estate. W. T. iv. 3, s.
Of what *having*, breeding?

Having. L. C. s.
Whose rarest *having*s made the blossoms dote.

Havock—no quarter. J. C. iii. 1, s.
Cry 'Havock,' and let slip the dogs of war.

Hawks' bells. A. L. iii. 3, i.
The falcon her bells.

He not look'd. A. C. iii. 4, s.
Most narrow measure lent me,
When the best hint was given him: *he not look'd*,
Or did it from his teeth.

Headly—headstrong, rash, passionate. H. F. iii. 3, s.
The cool and temperate wind of grace
O'erblows the stilly and contagious clouds
Of *headly* murder, spoil, and villany.

Heart's attorney. V. A. s.
But when the *heart's attorney* once is mute,
The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

Heat—heated. T. N. i. 1, s.
The element itself, till seven years *heat*,
Shall not behold her face at ample view.

Heat—heated. J. iv. 1, s.
The iron of itself, though *heat* red-hot.

Heavy—dark. O. v. 1, s.
'Tis *heavy* night.

Hector's challenge in Chapman's 'Homer.' T. C. i. 3, i.
Kings, princes, lords, &c.

Hector, death of,—from Chapman's 'Homer.' T. C. iv. 5, i.
Tell me, you heavens, in which part of his body
Shall I destroy him?

Hector's horse. T. C. v. 5, i.
Now here he fights on Galathea his horse.

Hector, death of. T. C. v. 9, i.
Strike, fellows, strike.

Heers. M. W. ii. 1, s.
Will you go on, *heers*?

Hefts—heavings. W. T. ii. 1, s.
He cracks his gorge, his sides,
With violent *hefts*.

Helmed—steered through. M. M. iii. 2, s.
And the business he hath *helmed*, must, upon a warranted need, give him a better proclamation.

Helpless—that afford no help. V. A. s.
As those poor birds that *helpless* berries saw.

Hemp. C. E. iv. 4, i.
Here's that, I warrant you will pay them all.

Henbane. H. i. 5, i.
With juice of cursed hebenon.

Henchman—page. M. N. D. ii. 2, s.
I do but beg a little changling boy,
To be my *henchman*.

Henry of Monmouth. R. S. v. 3, i.
Can no man tell of my unthrift' son?

Henry V., character of. H. F. i. 1, i.
Hear him but reason in divinity.

Hent (v.)—take hold of. W. T. iv. 2, s.
And merrily *hent* the stifle-a.

Hent—grasp. H. iii. 3, s.
Up, sword; and know thou a more horrid *hent*.

Her affections—what she affected, liked. T. N. K. i. 3, s.
Her affections (pretty
Though happily her careless wear) I follow'd
For my most serious decking.

Her need—the need we have of her. W. T. iv. 3, s.
And most opportune to *her need*, I have
A vessel rides fast by.

Her noble suit in court—noble suit made to her in court. L. C. s.
Lo; this device was sent me from a nun,
Or sister sanctified of holiest note;
Which late *her noble suit* in court did shun.

Her sweet perfections. T. N. i. 1, s.
When liver, brain, and heart,
Those sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and fill'd,
(*Her sweet perfections*,) with one self king!

Heralds. H. F. iii. 6, i.
There's for thy labour, Montjoy.

Herb-grace. H. iv. 5, s.
There's rue for you; and here's some for me: we may call it *herb-grace* o' Sundays.

Here—used as a noun. L. i. 1, s.
Thou lovest *here*, a better where to find.

Hereby—as it may happen. L. L. i. 2, s.
That's *hereby*.

Hermits—beadsmen, bound to pray for a benefactor. M. i. 6, s.
And the late dignities heap'd up to them,
We rest your *hermits*.

Herne's Oak. M. W. v. 1, i.
Be you in the park about midnight, at *Herne's oak*.

Hide the false seems true. M. M. v. 1, s.
But let your reason serve
To make the truth appear where it seems hid;
And *hide the false seems true*.

Hide fox—name of a boyish sport. H. iv. 2, s.
Hide fox, and all after.

Higher—upper. A. W. ii. 1, s.
Let *higher* Italy
(Those bated, that inherit but the fall
Of the last monarchy) see that you come,
Not to woo honour, but to wed it.

Hild—held. Luc. s.
O, let it not be *hild*
Poor women's faults that they are so fulfill'd.

Hilding—mean-spirited person. T. S. ii. 1, s. (See H. 4, S. P. i. 1, s.)
For shame, thou *hilding*, of a devilish spirit.

Hilding—cowardly, spiritless. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, s.
He was some *hilding* fellow, that had stolen
The horse he rode on.

His—its. V. A. s.
And all this dumb play had *his* acts made plain
With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

His—its. V. A. s.
And hearing him, thy power had lost *his* power.

His grand sea—the grand sea that he (the dew-drop) arose from. A. C. iii. 10, s.
I was of late as petty to his ends
As is the morn-dew on the myrtle-leaf
To *his grand sea*.

His honesty rewards him in itself. T. Ath. i. 1, s.
Tim. The man is honest.
Old Ath. Therefore he will be, Timon:
His honesty rewards him in itself.

His subject—those subject to him. H. i. 2, s.
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of *his subject*.

Hit the white—term in archery. T. S. v. 2, s.
'T was I won the wager, though you *hit the white*.

Ho—stop. A. C. iv. 2, s.
Ho, ho, ho!

Hob, nob—at random, come what will. T. N. iii. 4, n.
Hob, nob, is his word.

Hobby-horse. L. L. l. iii. 1, 4.
 The *hobby-horse* is forgot

Holst with his own petar—blown up with his own engine.
 H. iii. 4, n.
 For't is the sport, to have the engineer
H'cist with his own petar.

Hold a goodly manor. A. W. iii. 2, n.
 I know a man that had this trick of melancholy *hold*
 a goodly manor for a song.

Hold, or cut bow-strings. M. N. D. i. 2, n.
 Enough. *Hold, or cut bow-strings*.

Hold, therefore—hold, therefore, our power. M. M. l. i, n.
Hold, therefore, Angelo;
 In our remove, be thou at full ourself.

Holdings—burden of the song. A. C. ii. 7, n.
 Then the boy shall sing;
 The *holding* every man shall bear, as loud
 As his strong sides can volley.

Holla—enough, soft, no more of that. V. A. n.
 What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
 His flattering '*holla*,' or his 'Stand, I say'?

Holy wells. G. V. iv. 2, 4.
 At saint Gregory's well.

Holy crosses in Italy. M. V. v. 1, 4.
 She doth stray about
 By *holy crosses*.

Honesty—liberality. T. Ath. iii. 1, n.
 Every man has his fault, and *honesty* is his.

Honey-seed—used by Hostess for homicide. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, n.
 O thou *honey-seed* rogue; thou art a *honey-seed*.

Honeysuckle—used by Hostess for homicidal. H. 4, S. P.
 ii. 1, n.
 O thou *honeysuckle* villain; wilt thou kill God's
 officers, and the king's?

Honorificabilitudinitatibus. L. L. v. 1, 4.
 Not so long by the head as *honorificabilitudinitatibus*.

Honour—a style of nobility. V. A. Dedication.
 I leave it to your honourable survey and your *honour*

Hoodman comes—allusion to the game of blindman's buff,
 formerly called hoodman-blind. A. W. iv. 3, n.

Hoodman-blind—blindman's buff. H. iii. 4, n.
 What devil was't
 That thus hath cozen'd you at *hoodman-blind*?

Hope (v.)—expect. A. C. ii. 1, n.
 I cannot *hope*
 Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together.

Hopes—expectations. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.
 By how much better than my word I am,
 By so much shall I falsify men's *hopes*.

Hopes not surfeited to death. O. h. i, n.
 Therefore my *hopes*, not surfeited to death,
 Stand in bold cure.

Horse—used in the plural. T. S. iii. 2, n.
Petrucio. Grumio, my *horse*.
Grumio. Ay, sir, they be ready.

Horse, qualities of the. T. S. iii. 2, 4.
 His *horse* hipped.

House—representative of the family. H. ii. 4, n.
 Ask her forgiveness?
 Do you but mark how this becomes the *house*?

Household's grave. T. N. K. i. 5, n.
 This funeral path brings to your *household's* grave.

Houses in 1577. H. v. 1, 4.
 Imperial Cæsar.

How the wheel becomes it—how well is this ditty adapted to
 be sung by spinners at the wheel. H. iv. 5, n.
 You must sing, Down-a-down, an you call him a-
 down-a. O how the *wheel* becomes it!

However—in whatsoever way. G. V. i. 1, n.
However, but a folly bought with wit.

Hoxes—hamstrings. W. T. i. 2, n.
 Which *hoxes* honesty behind, restraining
 From course requir'd.

Hugger-mugger—a confused state, disorderly. H. iv. 5, n.
 And we have done but greenly,
 In *hugger-mugger* to inter him.

Human mortals. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.
 The *human mortals* want.

Humour of forty fancies—a collection of ballads. T. S. iii. 2, n.
 An old hat, and The *humour of forty fancies* pricked
 in't for a feather.

Humorous—capricious. A. L. i. 2, n.
 The duke is *humorous*.

Humorous—full of humours. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.
 As *humorous* as winter, and as sudden
 As flaws congealed in the spring of day.

Humorous—dewy, vaporous. R. J. ii. 1, n.
 Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
 To be consorted with the *humorous* night.

Humphrey Hower. R. T. iv. 4, n.
Duchess. What comfortable hour canst thou name,
 That ever grac'd me in thy company?
 K. Rich. 'Faith, none, but *Humphrey Hower*, that
 call'd your grace
 To breakfast once, forth of my company.

Hundred Merry Tales. M. A. ii. 1, 4.
 That I had my good wit out of the '*Hundred Merry*
Tales'

Hungarian. M. W. i. 3, n.
 O base *Hungarian* wight!

Hunts-up, song of. R. J. iii. 5, 4.
 Hunting thee hence with *hunts-up* to the day.

Hurly—loud noise. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, n.
 That, with the *hurly*, death itself awakes.

Hurly-burly—uproar, tumultuous stir. M. i. 1, n.
 When the *hurly-burly*'s done,
 When the battle's lost and won.

Husband. M. M. iii. 2, n.
 You will turn good *husband* now, Pompey; you will
 keep the house.

Husbandry—frugality. M. ii. 1, n.
 There's *husbandry* in heaven,
 Their candles are all out.

Hurled—clashed. J. C. ii. 2, n.
 The noise of battles *hurled* in the air.

Hymn attributed to St. Ambrose, passage from. H. i. 1, 4.
 The cock that is the trumpet to the morn.

Hyperion. H. i. 2, 4.
Hyperion to a satyr.

I.

I will—I shall. C. E. iv. 1, n.
 Perchance, *I will* be there as soon as you.

I care no more for—I care as much for. A. W. i. 3, n.
 O, were you both our mothers,
I care no more for than I do for heaven,
 So I were not his sister.

Ice-brook's temper. O. v. 2, n.
 It is a sword of Spain, the *ice-brook's* temper.

Iceland dog. H. F. ii. 1, 4.
 Thou prick-eard cur of *Iceland*.

Ides of March,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, 4.
 Beware the *ides* of *March*.

Idle—useless, fruitless. C. E. ii. 2, n.
 Usurping ivy, briar, or *idle* moss.

Idle—sterile, barren. O. i. 3, n.
 Antres vast, and deserts *idle*.

Idle talk. A. C. v. 2, n.
 Sir, I will eat no meat, I'll not drink, sir;
 If *idle talk* will once be necessary,
 I'll not sleep neither.

If I were a woman—allusion to men acting female parts.
 A. L. v. 4, n.
 If *I were a woman*, I would kiss as many of you as
 had beards that pleased me.

If—virtues of. A. L. v. 4, n. (See R. J. ii. 4, 4.)
 Your *if* is the only peace-maker, much virtue in *if*.

If not denounc'd against us—if there be no especial denun-
 ciation against us. A. C. iii. 7, n.
 If not *denounc'd against us*, why should not we
 Be there in person?

Illum. T. C. i. 2, 4.
 When were you at *Illum*?

Ill-inhabited—ill-lodged. A. L. iii. 3, n.
 O, knowledge *ill-inhabited*! worse than Jove in a
 thatched house!

Ill-erected—erected for evil. R. S. v. 1, n.
 Julius Cæsar's *ill-erected* tower.

Ill—ill-usage. H. 6, P. P. ii. 5, n.
 Either to be restored to my blood,
 Or make my *ill* the advantage of my good.

Images. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, *n.*
 Glittering in golden coats, like *images*.
 'Imagine *mortca*.' B. 8. iii. 2, *i.*
 There the antic sits,
 Soothing his state, and grinning at his pomp.
Imbar. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
 And rather choose to hide them in a net,
 Than amply to *imbar* their crooked titles.
Immanity—barbarity. H. 6, F. P. v. 1, *n.*
 It was both impious and unnatural,
 That such *immanity* and bloody strife
 Should reign among professors of one faith.
Imogen's cookery, Mrs. Lenox's remarks on. Cy. iv. 2, *i.*
 He cut our roots in charaters,
 And sauced our broths as Juno had been sick.
Imp—a shoot, a graft, applied to a child. L. L. L. i. 2, *n.*
 The self-same thing, dear *imp*.
Imp (v.)—engraft, insert. R. 8. ii. 1, *n.*
Imp out our drooping country's broken wing.
Impartial—very partial. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
 Come, cousin Angelo,
 In this I'll be *impartial*; be you judge
 Of your own cause.
Impawn (v.)—engage. H. F. i. 2, *n.*
 Therefore take heed how you *impawn* our person.
Impetuous—most perseverant. Cy. iv. 1, *n.*
 Yet this *impetuous* thing loves him in my despite.
Impertinent—used by Launcelot for pertinent. M. V. ii. 2, *n.*
 The suit is *impertinent* to myself.
Impetuous thy gratulity. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
 I did *impetuous thy gratulity*; for Malvollo's nose is
 no whipstock.
Impitious—unpitying. H. iv. 5, *n.*
 The ocean, overpeering of his list,
 Eats not the flats with more *impitious* haste,
 Than young Laertes.
Impleach'd—interwoven. L. C. *n.*
 And lo! behold these talents of their hair,
 With twisted metal amorously *impleach'd*.
Importance—importunity. T. N. v. 1, *n.*
 Maria writ
 The letter, at Sir Toby's great *importance*.
Importance—importunity. J. ii. 1, *n.*
 At our *importance* hither is he come.
Importance—import. W. T. v. 2, *n.*
 The wisest beholder, that knew no more but seeing,
 could not say if the *importance* were joy or sorrow.
Importance—import. Cy. i. 5, *n.*
 Upon *importance* of so slight and trivial a nature.
Important—importunate. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
 If the prince be too *important*, tell him there is
 measure in everything.
Impose—command. G. V. iv. 3, *n.*
 According to your ladyship's *impose*.
Impossible slanders. M. A. ii. 1, *n.*
 His gift is in devising *impossible slanders*.
In—into. R. T. i. 2, *n.*
 But first I'll turn von fellow *in* his grave.
In—during. P. I. Gower, *n.*
 And lords and ladies, in their lives,
 Have read it for *restoratives*.
In at the window. J. i. 1, *n.*
 Something about, a little from the right,
In at the window, or else o'er the hatch.
In blood—term of the forest. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, *n.*
 If we be English deer, be then *in blood*.
In good time—very well. M. M. iii. 1, *n.*
 Duke. Leave me a while with the maid; my mind
 promises with my habit no loss shall touch her by my
 company,
Prov. In good time.
In great measure—abundantly. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
 Leon. Did he break out into tears?
Meas. In great measure.
In lieu—in consideration of, in exchange for. T. i. 2, *n.*
 Which was, that he, *in lieu* of the premises
 Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,
 Should presently extirpate me and mine.
In place—there present. H. 6, T. P. iv. 1, *n.*
 But what said Henry's queen?
 For I have heard that she was there *in place*.

In print—with exactness. G. V. ii. 1, *n.*
 All this I speak *in print*.
In that—because. M. A. v. 4, *n.*
 But *in that* thou art like to be my kinsman, live un-
 bruised, and love my cousin.
In their poor praise he humbled—in their poor praise he being
 humbled. A. W. i. 2, *n.*
 Making them proud of his humblity,
In their poor praise he humbled.
In use—lent on interest. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
 He will let me have
 The other half *in use*.
In your books—in your favour. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
 I see, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books*.
Incensed—incited. R. T. iii. 1, *n.*
 Think you, my lord, this little prating York
 Was not *incensed* by his subtle mother,
 To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?
Incontinent—immediately. A. L. v. 2, *n.*
 They have made a pair of stairs to marriage, which
 they will climb *incontinent*.
Incony—knowing. L. L. L. iii. 1, *n.*
 My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my *incony* Jew.
Increase—produce. M. N. D. ii. 2, *n.*
 The mazed world,
 By their *increase*, now knows not which is which.
Index. H. iii. 4, *n.*
 Ah me, what act,
 That roars so loud, and thunders in the *index*?
Indies, Linschoten's map of. T. N. iii. 2, *i.*
 He does smile his face into more lines than are in the
 new map with the augmentation of the Indies.
Indifferent knit—particoloured knitting. T. S. iv. 1, *n.*
 Their garters of an *indifferent knit*.
Indifferently—tolerably well. H. iii. 2, *n.*
 We have reformed that *indifferently* with us, sir.
Indigest—disordered, indigested state of affairs. J. v. 7, *n.*
 You are born
 To set a form upon that *indigest*.
Induction. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
 These promises are fair, the parties sure,
 And our *induction* full of prosperous hope.
Inexorable—most execrable. M. V. iv. 1, *n.*
 O, be thou damn'd, *inexorable* dog!
Infection. V. A. *n.*
 And as they last, their verdure still endure,
 To drive *infection* from the dangerous year.
Infection. R. S. ii. 1, *n.*
 This fortress, built by Nature for herself,
 Against *infection* and the hand of war.
Infinite—infinity. G. V. ii. 7, *n.*
 And instances of *infinity* of love.
Inform on that—give information on that point. A. W. iv. 1, *n.*
Inform on that.
Informal—without sense. M. M. v. 1, *n.*
 These poor *informal* women are no more
 But instruments of some more mightier member.
Ingag'd—pledged. A. W. v. 3, *n.*
 I stood *ingag'd*.
Ingener—contriver, designer. O. ii. 1, *n.*
 One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
 And in the essential vesture of creation
 Does tire the *ingener*.
Inhabit then. M. iii. 4, *n.*
 And dare me to the desert with thy sword;
 If trembling I *inhabit then*, protest me
 The baby of a girl.
Inhabitable—uninhabitable. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
 Even to the frozen ridges of the Alps,
 Or any other ground *inhabitable*.
Inherit (v.)—obtain possession. G. V. iii. 2, *n.*
 This, or else nothing, will *inherit* her.
Inherit us—cause us to receive. R. S. i. 1, *n.*
 It must be great, that can *inherit us*.
 So much as of a thought of ill in him.
Inkhorn mate. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, *n.*
 So kind a father of the commonweal,
 To be disgraced by an *inkhorn mate*.
Inn—dwelling. R. S. v. 1, *n.*
 Thou most beauteous *inn*,
 Why should hard favour'd grief be lodg'd in thee?
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Insane root—henbane. M. i. 3, n.
Or have we eaten on the *insane root*,
That takes the reason prisoner?

Insouciance—defend it, fortify it. C. E. ii. 2, n.
I must get a scone for my head, and *insouciance* it too.

Instance—example, corroboration. R. T. iii. 2, n.
Tell him, his fears are shallow, without *instance*.

Instances—solicitations, inducements. H. iii. 2, n.
The *instances* that second marriage move
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love.

Instruction. O. iv. 1, n.
Nature would not invest herself in such shadowing
passion, without some *instruction*.

Insurrection of the Roman plebeians against the patricians,
Plutarch's account of. Cor. i. 1, i.
Suffer us to famish, and their storehouses crammed
with grain.

Intend (v.)—direct. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
For if thou dost *intend*
Never so little show of love to her.

Intend to sell. T. C. iv. 1, n.
We'll not commend what we *intend* to sell.

Intending—pretending. R. T. iii. 5, n.
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion.

Intending—pretending. Luc. n.
Intending weariness with heavy spright.

Intentments—intentions. V. A. n.
And now her sobs do her *intentments* break.

Intention—eagerness of attention. W. T. i. 2, n.
Affection! thy *intention* stabs the centre.

Interest'd. L. i. 1, n.
To whose young love
The vines of France and milk of Burgundy
Strive to be *interest*'d.

Intituled—having a title to, or in. Luc. n.
But beauty, in that white *intituled*,
From Venus' doves doth challenge that fair field.

Intrinsè—closely tied. L. ii. 2, n.
Which are too *intrinsè* t' unloose.

Invention—imagination. M. M. ii. 4, n.
Whilst my *invention*, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on Isabel.

Invis'd—invisible. L. C. n.
The diamond, why 't was beautiful and hard,
Whereto his *invis'd* properties did tend.

Invisible—unlooked at, disregarded. J. v. 7, n.
Death, having prey'd upon the outward parts,
Leaves them *invisible*.

Inward—intimate. M. M. iii. 2, n.
Sir, I was an *inward* of his.

Inward—intimate, in confidence. R. T. iii. 4, n.
Who is most *inward* with the noble duke.

Iona, cathedral at. M. ii. 4, i.
Ross. Where is Duncan's body?
Macduff. Carried to *Colmes-kill*.

Irish rhyme. A. L. iii. 2, i.
I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time,
that I was an Irish rat.

Irks—is irksome to. A. L. ii. 1, n.
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.

Irregular—irregular, disorderly. Cy. iv. 2, n.
Conspir'd with that *irregular* devil, Cloten.

'It was a lover,' song of. A. L. v. 3, i.
It was a lover and his lass.

Italian gardens. M. V. v. 1, i.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Italian nights. M. V. v. 1, i.
The night, methinks, is but the daylight sick.

Italian division of time. R. J. ii. 4, i.
Is it good den?

Italian mode of interment. R. J. iv. 1, i.
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier.

Iteration—repetition. H. 4, P. P. i. 2, n.
O thou hast damnable *iteration*.

'Ivanhoe,' reference to. R. S. i. 2, i.
Be Mowbray's sins so heavy in his bosom.

J.

Jack-a-Lent—puppet thrown at in Lent. M. W. iii. 3, n.
You little *Jack-a-Lent*.

'Jack Drum's entertainment.' A. W. iii. 6, i.

Jack o' the clock—automaton that strikes the hours. R. S.
v. 5, n.
While I stand fooling here, his *Jack o' the clock*.

Jack. R. T. iv. 2, n.
Because that, like a *jack*, thou keep'st the stroke
Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

Jack (at bowls). Cy. ii. 1, n.
When I kissed the *jack*, upon an up-cast to be hit
away!

Jacks—leathern drinking vessels. T. S. iv. 1, n.
Be the *jacks* fair within, the jills fair without.

Jacks—small hammers, moved by the keys, which strike
the strings of a virginal. So. cxxviii. n.
Do I envy those *jacks*, that nimble leap
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand.

Jades. H. F. iii. 7, n.
He is, indeed, a horse; and all other *jades* you may
call beasts.

Jades. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, n.
And now loud-howling wolves arouse the *jades*
That drag the tragic melancholy night.

Janus, two-headed. M. V. i. 1, i.
Now, by two-headed *Janus*.

Jape—belonging to a buffoon, a japer. T. N. K. iii. 5, n.
Ye most coarse frize capacities, ye *jape* judgments

Jar o' the clock—tick of the pendulum. W. T. i. 2, n.
I love thee not a *jar o' the clock* behind
What lady she her lord.

Jaunting—jaunting, hurriedly moving. R. S. v. 5, n.
Spur gall'd, and tired by *jaunting* Bolingbroke.

Jay of Italy. Cy. iii. 4, n.
Some *jay* of Italy,
Whose mother was her painting, hath betray'd him.
'Jephthah, Judge of Israel,' passage from the ballad of
H. ii. 2, i.
One fair daughter, and no more.

Jerkins. G. V. ii. 4, i.
My *jerkin* is a doublet.

Jerusalem chamber. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, i.
In that *Jerusalem* shall Harry die.

Jesses—term of falconry, footstraps. O. iii. 3, n.
If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her *jesses* were my dear heartstrings,
I'd whistle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune.

Jest—a mask, or pageant. R. S. i. 3, n.
As gentle, and as jocund, as to *jest*,
Go I to fight.

Jews, toleration of, in Venice, and practice of usury by
M. V. i. 3, i.
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.

Jews in Venice. M. V. ii. 2, i.
Which is the way to master Jew's?

Jig—ludicrous interlude. H. ii. 2, n.
He's for a *jig*, or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps.

Jills—cups of metal. T. S. iv. 1, n.
Be the *jacks* fair within, the *jills* fair without.

'Jog on, jog on,' W. T. iv. 2, i.
Jog on, jog on, the foot-path way.

John-a-dreams—heavy, lethargic fellows. H. ii. 2, n.
Like *John-a-dreams*, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing.

Johnson's criticism on Edgar's description of the cliff. L. iv.
6, i.
And dissy 't is to east one's eyes so low!

Joint ring, Dryden's description of. O. iv. 3, i.
A *joint ring*.

Joy—used as a verb. R. S. ii. 3, n.
The present benefit which I possess:
And hope to *joy*, is little less in *joy*,
Than hope enjoy'd.

Judicious—judicial. Cor. v. 5, n.
His last offences to us
Shall have *judicious* hearing.

Jump (v.)—risk. Cor. iii. 1, n.
 And wish
 To *jump* a body with a dangerous physic
 That's sure of death without it.
Jump—just, exactly. T. N. K. i. 2, n.
 Where not to be even *jump*
 As they are.
Just—merely. T. And. iv. 2, n.
 Ay, *just* a verse in Horace; I know it well.
Just occasion. A. L. iv. 3, n.
 And nature, stronger than his *just* occasion,
 Made him give battle to the lioness.
Justicer. Cy. v. 5, n.
 Some upright *justicer*.
Jutty (v.)—jut over. H. F. iii. 1, n.
 As fearfully as doth a gall'd rock
 O'erhang and *jutty* his confounded base.

K.

Katherine of France. H. F. iii. 4, i.
 Alice, tu es esté, &c.
 Keech. H. E. i. 1, n.
 I wonder
 That such a *keech* can with his very bulk
 Take up the rays o' the beneficial sun.
Keel (v.)—scum. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
 While greasy Joan doth *keel* the pot.
Keep (v.)—restrain. G. V. iv. 4, n.
 A cur cannot *keep* himself in all companies.
Keep (v.)—care for. M. M. iii. 1, n.
 Reason thus with life:
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would *keep*.
Keep (v.)—dwell. V. A. n.
 And sometime where earth-delving conies *keep*.
Keeps—dwells. M. M. i. 4, n.
 And held in idle price to haunt assemblies,
 Where youth, and cost, and witless bravery *keeps*.
Kendal green—livery of Robin Hood. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
 Three misbegotten knaves in *Kendal green* came at
 my back.
 Kenilworth, pageants at. M. N. D. iii. 1, i.
 Let him name his name; and tell them plainly he is
 Snug the joiner.
 Kerne. H. F. iii. 7, i.
 A *kerne* of Ireland.
 Kernes. H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, n. (See M. i. 2, n.)
 Of gallowlasses and stout *kernes*.
 Kernes and gallowlasses. M. i. 2, i. (See H. 6, S. P. iv. 9, n.)
 Of *kernes* and *gallowlasses* is supplied.
Ketch—cask. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
 Thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-*ketch*.
Key-cold—cold as a key. Luc. n.
 And then in *key-cold* Lucrece' bleeding stream.
Kill—ancient word of onset in the English army. L. iv. 6, n.
 And when I have stolen upon these sons-in-law,
 Then *kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill*.
Killingworth—Kenilworth. H. 6, S. P. iv. 4, n.
 My gracious lord, retire to *Killingworth*.
Kind—kindly affections. A. L. iv. 3, n.
 Whether that thy youth and *kind*
 Will the faithful offer take
 Of me, and all that I can make.
Kind—natural. Luc. n.
 Conceit, deceitful, so compact, so *kind*.
Kindle (v.)—instigate. A. L. i. 1, n.
 Nothing remains but that I *kindle* the boy thither.
Kindly—naturally. T. S. Induction 1, n.
 This do, and do it *kindly*, gentle sirs.
Kindly gird—reproof meant in kindness. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, n.
 Sweet king! the bishop hath a *kindly gird*.
 'King Cophetus,' ballad of. R. J. ii. 1, i.
 When *king Cophetus* lov'd the beggar-maid.
 King's wards. A. W. i. 1, i.
 To whom I am now in *ward*.
 Kings, of our fear. J. ii. 2, n.
 We do lock
 Our former scruple in our strong-barr'd gates,
Kings, of our fear.
 King's chamber. R. T. iii. 1, i.
 Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

King's evil, cure of. M. iv. 3, i.
 Hanging a golden stamp about their necks.
Kiss, as a form of affiancing. R. S. v. 1, n. (See G. V. ii. 2, i.)
 Let me un-kiss the oath 'twixt thee and me;
 And yet not so, for with a *kiss* 't was made.
 Kissing cherries. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.
 Thy lips, those *kissing cherries*.
Knee—used as a verb. Cor. v. 1, n.
 A mile before his tent fall down, and *knee*
 The way into his mercy.
 Knight, use of the term. Cy. iii. 1, i.
 Thy Cæsar knighted me.
 Knight of the sun. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.
 Phœbus,—he, that wandering knight so fair.
Knot-grass—a low repentant herb. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
 You minimus, of hind'ring *knot-grass* made.
Knots—beds. R. S. iii. 4, n.
 Her fruit-trees all unprun'd, her hedges ruin'd.
 Her *knots* disorder'd.
 Knotted gardens. L. L. L. i. 1, i.
 Curious *knotted garden*.

L

Labras—lips. M. W. i. 1, n.
 Words of denial in thy *labras* here.
Lace (v.)—embellish, ornament. So. lxvii. n.
 That sin by him advantage should achieve,
 And *lace* itself with his society.
 Laced mutton. G. V. i. 1, n.
 I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a *laced mutton*.
 Lad of the castle. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.
 My old *lad of the castle*.
 Lady of the Strachy. T. N. ii. 5, n.
 The *lady of the Strachy* married the yeoman of the
 wardrobe.
 Lady of my earth. R. J. i. 2, n.
 She is the hopeful *lady of my earth*.
Lady brach—female harrier. L. i. 4, n.
 Truth's a dog must to kennel; he must be whipp'd
 out, when the *lady brach* may stand by the fire and stink.
Laid on with a trowel—coarsely. A. L. i. 2, n.
 Well said; that was *laid on with a trowel*.
 Lamentation of the French. H. F. v. Chorus, i.
 As yet the *lamentation of the French*, &c.
 Land-damn. W. T. ii. 1, n.
 Would I knew the villain,
 I would *land-damn* him.
 Lanterns, ancient. M. A. iii. 3, i.
 Bear you the *lanterns*.
 Lapwing. C. E. iv. 2, i.
 Far from her nest, the *lapwing* cries away.
 Lash'd with woe. C. E. ii. 1, n.
 Why, headstrong liberty is *lash'd with woe*.
Latch them—lay hold of them. M. iv. 3, n.
 But I have words
 That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
 Where hearing should not *latch* them.
Latch (v.)—lay hold of. So. xciii. n.
 For it no form delivers to the heart
 Of bird, of flower, or shape, which it doth *latch*.
Latch'd—licked o'er. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
 But hast thou yet *latch'd* the Athenian's eyes
 With the love juice.
Late—lately. R. T. iii. 1, n.
 Too *late* he died, that might have kept that title.
Late, five thousand. T. Ath. ii. 1, n.
 And *late*, *five thousand*.
Late—recently. Luc. n.
 I did give that life
 Which she too early and too *late* hath spill'd.
Lated—obstructed, hindered. A. C. iii. 9, n.
 I am so *lated* in the world, that I
 Have lost my way for ever.
 Latin. T. S. i. 2, i.
 Nay, 't is no matter what he 'leges in *Latin*.
Latten bilbo—sword of thin latten plate. M. W. i. 1, n.
 I combat challenge of this *latten bilbo*.
 Laugh mortal. M. M. ii. 2, n.
 Like an angry ape,
 Plays such fantastic tricks before high heaven,
 As make the angels weep; who, with our spleens
 Would all themselves *laugh mortal*.

Launch'd—lanced. L. ii. 1, s.
With his prepared sword, he charges home
My unprovided body, *launch'd* mine arm.

Laund—lawn, plain among trees. H. 6, T. P. iii. 1, s.
For through this *laund* anon the deer will come.

Laund—lawn. V. A. s.
And homeward through the dark *laund* runs apace.

Laund'ring—washing. L. C. s.
Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
That season'd woe had pelleted in tears.

Laundry—launder or laundress. M. W. i. 2, s.
His cook, or his *laundry*.

Laurel, used adjectively. A. C. i. 3, s.
Upon your sword
Sit *laurel* victory.

Lavoltas. H. F. iii. 5, i.
They bid us—to the English dancing-schools,
And teach *lavoltas* high.

Law and heraldry. H. i. 1, s.
Who, by a seal'd compact,
Well ratified by *law and heraldry*.

Lay by—stop. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, s.
Got with swearing—*lay by*.

Lead apes in hell—die unmarried. T. S. ii. 1, s.
I must dance barefoot on her wedding-day,
And, for your love to her, *lead apes in hell*.

League, war of the. C. E. iii. 2, i.
Making war against her heir.

Leasing—falsehood. T. N. i. 5, s.
Now, Mercury endure thee with *leasing*, for thou
speakest well of fools!

Leaves (v.)—part with. G. V. iv. 4, s.
It seems you lov'd her not to *leave* her token.

Leave—licence. V. A. s.
Chiefly in love, whose *leave* exceeds commission.

Leaven'd. M. M. i. 1, s.
We have with a *leaven'd* and prepared choice
Proceeded to you.

Leek, custom of wearing the. H. F. v. 1, i.
Why wear your *leek* to-day? St. Davy's day is past.

Leer—feature. A. L. iv. 1, s.
But he hath a Rosalind of a better *leer* than you.

Leer—complexion, hue. T. And. iv. 2, s.
Here's a young lad fram'd of another *leer*.

Leese (v.)—lose. So. v. s.
But flowers distill'd, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Left on your right hand—being, as you pass, left. A. L. v.
3, s.
The rank of osiers, by the murmuring stream,
Left on your right hand.

Leges—alleges. T. S. i. 2, s.
Nay 't is no matter what he *'leges* in Latin.

Leiger—resident ambassador. M. M. iii. 1, s.
Intends you for his swift ambassador,
Where you shall be an everlasting *leiger*.

Lenten—sparing. H. ii. 2, s.
What *lenten* entertainment the players shall receive
from you.

L'envoy. L. L. L. iii. 1, s.
No *Fesvey*, no *Fesvey*, no salve, sir, but a plantain.

Less than kind. H. i. 2, s.
King. But now, my cousin Hamlet, and my son,—
Ham. A little more than kin, and *less than kind*.

Lesser linen. W. T. iv. 2, s.
My traffic is sheets; when the kite builds, look to
lesser linen.

Let them work. M. M. i. 1, s.
Then, no more remains:
But that, to your sufficiency as your worth, is able;
And *let them work*.

Let (v.)—stay. W. T. i. 2, s.
I'll give him my commission,
To *let* him there a month.

Let (v.)—forbear. Luc. s.
When Collatine unwisely did not *let*
To praise the clear unmatched red and white.

Let (v.)—obstruct. Luc. s.
Who with a lingering stay his course doth *let*.

Lets—hinders. G. V. iii. 1, s.
What *lets*, but one may enter at her window?

Lets—obstructs. H. i. 4, s.
Unhand me, gentlemen;
By Heaven, I'll make a ghost of him that *lets* me.

Let't at slip. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, s.
Before the game's a-foot thou still *let't at slip*.

Letter—syllable. Cy. iv. 3, s.
I heard no *letter* from my master.

Letters, formal conclusions of. M. A. i. 1, i.
Ere you flout old ends any further.

Letters, ancient forms of conclusions to. Luc. s.
So I commend me from our house in grief.

Level—aim. W. T. iii. 2, s.
My life stands in the *level* of your dreams,
Which I lay down.

Levy. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, s.
Forthwith a power of English shall we *levy*.

Lewd—wicked. R. S. i. 1, s.
The which he hath detain'd for *lewd* employments.

Lewdly—wickedly. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, s.
A sort of naughty persons, *lewdly* bent.

Libbard—leopard. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
With *libbard's* head on knee.

Liberal—licentiously free. M. A. iv. 1, s.
Who hath, indeed, most like a *liberal* villain.

Liberal—licentious. O. ii. 1, s.
Is he not a most profane and *liberal* counsellor?

Liberal—unrestrained, uncontrolled. O. v. 2, s.
No, I will speak as *liberal* as the north.

Licence to kill (beasts during Lent). H. 6, S. P. iv. 3, s.
The Lent shall be as long again as it is; and thou shalt
have a *licence* to kill for a hundred lacking one.

Lie (v.)—reside. L. L. L. i. 1, s.
She must *lie* here on mere necessity.

Lie for you—be imprisoned in your stead. R. T. i. 1, s.
I will deliver you or else *lie for you*.

Liefeest—dearest. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, s.
And, with your best endeavour, have stir'd up
My *liefeest* liege to be mine enemy.

Lies—sojourns, dwells. T. N. iii. 1, s.
The king *lies* by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him.

Lies—dwells. H. 6, F. P. ii. 2, s.
To visit her poor castle where she *lies*.

Lifter—thief. T. C. i. 2, s.
Is he so young a man, and so old a *lifter*?

Ligarius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. ii. 1, i.
Here is a sick man, &c.

Light o' love. G. V. i. 2, i.
Best sing it to the tune of *Light o' love*.

'Light o' love.' M. A. iii. 4, i.
Clap us into '*Light o' love*.'

Lightly—commonly. R. T. iii. 1, s.
Short summers *lightly* have a forward spring.

Like—probable. M. M. v. 1, s.
O, that it were as *like* as it is true!

Likeness—comeliness. M. M. iii. 2, s.
How may *likeness*, made in crimes,
Making practice on the times.

Likes—pleases. G. V. iv. 2, s.
How do you, man? the music *likes* you not.

Liking—substance. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, s.
Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am to
some *liking*.

Limbeck—alembic, part of a vessel through which distilled
liquor passes. M. L. 7, s.
And the receipt of reason
A *limbeck* only.

Limited—legalized. T. Ath. iv. 3, s.
For there is boundless theft
In *limited* professions.

Limited—appointed. M. ii. 3, s.
I'll make so bold to call,
For't is my *limited* service.

Limits—calculations, estimates. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, s.
And many *limits* of the charge set down
But yesternight.

Lin'd—delineated. A. L. iii. 2, s.
All the pictures, fairest *lin'd*,
Are but black to Rosalind.

Line. T. iv. 1, i.
Come, hang them on this *line*.

Line—genealogy. H. F. ii. 4, n.
He sends you this most memorable *line*,
In every branch truly demonstrative;
Willing you overlook this pedigree.

Linen, price of. H. 4, F. P. iii. 3, t.
Holland of eight shillings an ell.

Lines—courses, humours. M. W. iv. 2, n.
Your husband is in his old *lines* again.

Linstock—match. H. F. iii. Chorus, n.
And the nimble gunner
With *linstock* now the devilish cannon touches.

Lion in Book of Job. M. M. i. 4, t.
Even like an o'ergrown lion in a cave
That goes not out to prey.

Lions make leopards tame. R. S. i. 1, n.
Give me his gage:—*Lions* make *leopards* tame.

List—limit, bound. T. N. iii. 1, n.
I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the *list*
of my voyage.

List—bound, barrier. O. iv. 1, n.
Confine yourself but in a patient *list*.

Lists—limits. M. M. i. 1, n.
Your own science
Exceeds, in that, the *lists* of all advice.

Litters. J. v. 3, t.
To my *litter*, straight.

Little—miniature. A. L. iii. 2, n.
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in *little* show.

Little world. R. S. v. 5, n.
And these same thoughts people this *little world*.

Live in thy tongue and heart. M. M. i. 1, n.
Mortality and mercy in Vienna
Live in thy tongue and heart.

Livelihood—liveliness, cheerfulness. R. T. iii. 4, n.
What of his heart perceive you in his face,
By any *livelihood* he shew'd to-day?

Livery—suing out of, the nature of. R. S. ii. 1, t.
Call in the letters-patent that he hath
By his attorneys-general to sue
His *livery*.

Livery. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n. (See R. S. ii. 1, t.)
He came but to be duke of Lancaster,
To sue his *livery*.

Livery coats. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, t.
Blue-coats to tawny-coats.

Living—actual, positive. A. L. iii. 2, n.
I draw my suitor from his mad humour of love, to
a *living* humour of madness.

Living—estate, means of living. L. i. 4, n.
If I gave them all my *living*, I'd keep my coxcombs
myself.

Load-star. M. N. D. i. 1, t.
Your eyes are *load-stars*.

Lob—looby, lubber. M. N. D. ii. 1, n.
Farewell, thou *lob* of spirits, I'll be gone.

Lockram—coarse linen. Cor. ii. 1, n.
The kitchen malkin pins
Her richest *lockram*'bout her recchy neck.

Loggats. H. v. 1, t.
To play at *loggats* with them.

Lombardy. T. S. i. 1, t.
Fruitful *Lombardy*,
The pleasant garden of great Italy.

Long of you—through you. L. L. L. ii. 1, n.
'Tis *long of you*, that spur me with such questions.

Long one—long reckoning. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, n.
A hundred mark is a *long one* of a poor lone woman
to bear.

Longing (used as a substantive). M. M. ii. 4, n.
As to a bed
That *longing* had been sick for.

Lord have mercy on us—inscription on houses visited with
the plague. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
Write '*Lord have mercy on us*' on those three;
They are infected, in their hearts it lies.

Lord's sake. M. M. iv. 3, n.
And I think forty more; all doers in our trade, and
are now for the *Lord's sake*.

Lordship—authority. M. N. D. i. 1, n.
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his *lordship*.

Loss—exposure. W. T. ii. 3, n.
Poor thing, condemn'd to *loss*!

Lost—caused to be lost. T. N. ii. 2, n.
That, methought, her eyes had *lost* her tongue.

Lots to blanks—the whole number to a proportion. Cor. v. 2, n.
It is *lots to blanks*
My name hath touch'd your ears.

Louvre. H. F. ii. 4, t.
He'll make your Paris *Louvre* shake for it.

Love—used as the queen of love. C. E. iii. 2, n.
Let *love*, being light, be drowned if she sink.

Lover—mistress. M. M. i. 5, n.
Your brother and his *lover* have embrac'd.

'**Lover's Complaint**,' ballad of. O. iv. 3, t.
She had a song of willow.

Lovers—companions, friends. T. N. A. v. 4, n.
Lead your lady off;
And call your *lovers* from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends!

Lowed—treated with contempt. H. 6, F. P. iv. 3, n.
And I am *lowed* by a traitor villain.

Lozel—one that has cast off his own good and welfare. W.
T. ii. 3, n.
Lozel, thou art worthy to be hang'd,
That wilt not stay her tongue.

Lucilius, capture of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. v. 4, t.
Kill Brutus, and be honour'd in his death.

Lucrece, seal of. T. N. ii. 5, t.
The impressure her *Lucrece*.

Lucrece, Shakspeare's. Cy. ii. 2, t.
Our Tarquin thus
Did softly press the rushes.

Lucy family, arms of. M. W. i. 1, t.
The *lucy* is the fresh fish; the salt fish is an old coat.

Ludlow Castle. R. T. ii. 2, t.
Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
Forthwith from *Ludlow* the young prince be fet.

Lud's town. Cy. iii. 1, t.
The fam'd Cassibelan, who was once at point
(O giglot fortune!) to master Caesar's sword,
Made *Lud's town* with rejoicing fires bright.

Luke's iron crown. R. T. iv. 1, t.
Were red-hot steel, to sear me to the brain.

Lunatics, treatment of. T. N. iii. 4, t.
We'll have him in a dark room, and bound.

Lupercalian feast,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 2, t.
Our elders say, &c.

Lurch'd. Cor. ii. 2, n.
And, in the brunt of seventeen battles since,
He *lurch'd* all swords o' the garland.

Lush. T. ii. 1, n.
How *lush* and lusty the grass looks!

Lustick—lusty. A. W. ii. 3, n.
Par. Here comes the king.
Lafew. *Lustick*, as the Dutchman says.

Lutestrang. M. A. iii. 2, t.
His jesting spirit, which is now crept into a *lutestrang*.

Lydgate's description of Priam's palace. Luc. n.
And little stars shot from their fixed places, &c.

Lyls 'Euphues and his England,' passage from. H. F.
i. 2, t.
So work the honey-bees.

Lyls 'Alexander and Campaspe,' passage from. Cy. ii. 3, t.
Hark, hark, the lark.

Lym—hammer, hunting-dog. L. iii. 6, n.
Hound or spaniel, brach or *lym*.

M.

Macbeth's castle at Inverness. M. i. 5, t.

Macduff's castle at Fife. M. iv. 2, t.

Maculate—stained. L. L. L. i. 2, n.
Most *maculate* thoughts.

Mad—wild. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, n.
Mad, natural graces that extinguish art.

Made against you—closed against you. C. E. iii. 1, n.
Why at this time the doors are *made against you*.

Magnificoes—nobles of Venice. M. V. iv. 1, n.
Enter Duke, with *magnificoes*.

Mahomet. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, t.
Was *Mahomet* inspired with a dove!

Main—mainland. L. iii. 1, s.
Or swell the curled waters 'bove the *main*.

Mains of light—mass, flood of light. So. lx. n.
Nativity, once in the *mains of light*,
Crawls to maturity.

Make the doors—make fast the doors. A. L. iv. 1, s.
Make the doors upon a woman's wit.

Make (v.)—make up. A. L. iv. 3, .
Will the faithful offer take
Of me, and all that I can *make*.

Make—invent. M. M. i. 5, s.
Isab. Sir, *make* me not your story.

Make it. H. iii. 2, s.
And there is much music, excellent voice, in this
little organ; yet cannot you *make it*.

Makeless—mateless. So. ix. s.
The world will wall thee, like a *makeless* wife.

Makes not up—does not conclude, decide. L. i. 1, s.
Election *makes not up* in such conditions.

Malkin. Cor. ii. 1, s.
The kitchen *malkin* plns
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck.

Mallet—mallard. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.
There is no more conceit in him than is in a *mallet*.

Mall-worms—drunkards. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.
None of these mad, mustachio, purple-hued *mall-worms*.

Mammering—doubting, hesitating. O. iii. 3, s.
I wonder in my soul,
What you would ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so *ammering* on.

Mammets—puppets. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, s.
This is no world
To play with *mammets*, and to tilt with lips.

Man my haggard—tame my wild hawk. T. S. iv. 1, s.
Another way I have to *man my haggard*.

Man in the moon. M. N. D. v. 1, i.
Myself the *man i' th' moon* do seem to be.

Manacle. T. i. 2, i.
I'll *manacle* thy neck and feet together.

Manage—management, government. J. i. 1, s.
Which now the *manage* of two kingdoms must
With fearful bloody issue arbitrate.

Mandradora—mandrake, a powerful opiate. O. iii. 3, s.
Not poppy, nor *mandradora*,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world.

Manc. O. ii. 1, s.
The chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
The wind-shak'd surge, with high and monstrous *manc*.

Manc—used as a plural noun. V. A. s.
His braided hanging *manc*
Upon his compass'd crest now stand on end.

Manes of horses, superstition respecting. R. J. i. 4, i.
This is that very Mab
That plats the *manes of horses* in the night.

Mankind—masculine. W. T. ii. 3, s.
A *mankind* witch!

Mankind—woman with the roughness of a man. Cor. iv. 2, s.
Sic. Are you *mankind*?
Vol. Ay, fool: Is that a shame!

Manner. L. L. L. i. 1, s.
The manner of it is, I was taken with the *manner*.

Manner, taken with the—taken with a stolen thing in hand.
H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s. (See L. L. L. i. 1, s.)
Thou stolest a cup of sack eighteen years ago, and
wert *taken with the manner*.

Manners—morals. A. L. iii. 2, s.
If thou never saw'st good *manners*, then thy manners
must be wicked.

Mansions, old mode of building. H. E. v. 2, i.
At a window above.

Mantua, notice of. R. J. v. i.

March-pane—almond-cake. R. J. i. 5, s.
Good thou, save me a piece of *marsh-pane*.

Marches—boundaries, borders. H. P. i. 2, s.
They of those *marches*, gracious sovereign,
Shall be a wall sufficient to defend
Our inland from the pifering borderers.

Mark—cross. R. J. iii. 2, i.
God save the *mark*!

Mark—used as an interjection. O. ii. 3, s.
He hath devoted and given up himself to the con-
templation,—*mark*,—and devotement of her parts and
graces.

Marlowe's 'Passionate Shepherd.' M. W. iii. 1, i.
To shallow rivers, to whose falls.

Marlowe's 'Hero and Leander,' lines from. A. L. iii. 3, i.
Dead shepherd! now I find thy saw of might;
'Who ever lov'd, that lov'd not at first sight!'

Marseilles—pronounced as a trisyllable. A. W. iv. 4, s.
His grace is at *Marseilles*; to which place
We have convenient convoy.

Martians, house of the, from Plutarch. Cor. ii. 3, i.
What stock he springs of.

Martincmas—11th of November. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, s.
And how doth the *martincmas*, your master!

Masks. G. V. iv. 4, i.
Sun-expelling *mask*.

Masks. R. J. i. 1, i.
These happy *masks*, that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair.

Master person. L. L. L. iv. 2, s.
Good morrow, *master person*.

Master of fence. M. W. i. 1, i.
At sword and dagger with a *master of fence*.

Mastick. T. C. i. 3, s.
When rank Thersites opes his *mastick* jaws.

Mated—made senseless. C. E. iii. 2, s.
Not mad, but *mated*; how, I do not know.

Mated—amated, dismayed. M. V. i. s.
My mind she has *mated*, and amar'd my sight.

Mated—confounded. V. A. s.
Her more than haste is *mated* with delays.

Material fool—fool with matter in him. A. L. iii. 3, s.
A *material fool*!

Mates—destroys, confounds. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, s.
For that is good deceit
Which *mates* him first that first intends deceit.

Mausd—basket. L. C. s.
A thousand favours from a *mausd* she drew.

May-day. M. N. D. i. 1, i.
To do observance to a *morn of May*.

Mazes. T. iii. 3, i.
Here's a *maze* trod, indeed,
Through forthrights and meanders.

Meal'd—compounded. M. M. iv. 2, s.
Ware he *meal'd*
With that which he corrects, then were he tyrannous.

Mean (in music)—tenor. G. V. i. 2, s.
There wanteth but a *mean* to fill your song.

Mean (in music)—an intermediate part. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
Nay, he can sing
A *mean* most meanly.

Means—tenors, intermediate voices. W. T. iv. 2, i.
Means and basses.

Means—resources, powers, capacities. L. iv. 1, s.
Full oft 'tis seen
Our *means* secure us; and our mere defects
Prove our commodities.

Meanst love—meant as love. R. J. iii. 5, s.
But thankful even for hate, that is *meanst love*.

Measure—grave dance. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
To tread a *measure* with you on this grass.

Measure. R. J. i. 4, i.
We'll *measure* them a *measure*.

Measures—solemn dances. J. iii. 1, s.
Clamours of hell, be *measures* to our pomp.

Measures—grave dances. V. A. s.
Teaching deceitful age to tread the *measures*.

Med'cine potable. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, s.
Other less fine in carat is more precious,
Preserving life in *med'cine potable*.

Medea, Ovid's invocation of. T. v. 1, i.
Ye elves of hills.

Meeds—merits. H. 6, T. P. ii. 1, s.
Each one already blazing by our *meeds*.

Meet—even. M. A. i. 1, s.
He'll be *meet* with you, I doubt it not!

Meiny—retinue, attendants. L. ii. 4, s.
They summon'd up their *meiny*, straight took horse

Mendacity, laws for the suppression of. L. iii. 4, *i*.
Whipped from tything, and stocked, punished, and imprisoned.

Mensal servants and porters of Italy. R. J. iv. 4, *i*.
Enter servants with spits, logs, and baakets.

Merchant—merchant-vessel. T. ii. 1, *n*.
The masters of some *merchant*, and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woo.

Merchant, used in opposition to gentleman. R. J. ii. 4, *i*.
What saucy *merchant* was this?

Mercy—reference to Ecclesiastics. M. V. iv. 1, *i*.
The quality of *mercy* is not strain'd.

Mere—sole, unmixed, absolute. M. M. v. 1, *n*.
Upon his *mere* request.

Mere—absolute. H. E. iii. 2, *n*.
To the *mere* undoing
Of all the kingdom.

Mere—entire. O. ii. 2, *n*.
Certain tidings now arrived, importing the *mere* perdition of the Turkish fleet.

Mere—absolute, certain. P. iv. 3, *n*.
Seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a *mere* profit.

Mere—absolute. T. N. K. ii. 2, *n*.
I see two comforts rising, two *mere* blessings.

Merc'd—marked, limited. A. C. iii. 11, *n*.
At such a point,
When half to half the world oppos'd, he being
The *merc'd* question.

Merely—absolutely. T. l. 1, *n*.
We are *merely* cheated of our lives by drunkards.

Merely—entirely. A. C. iii. 7, *n*.
The horse were *merely* lost.

Mermaid—synonymous with syren. V. A. *n*.
Thy *mermaid's* voice hath done me double wrong.

Messes. W. T. l. 2, *i*.
Lower *messes*.

Metal of India. T. N. ii. 5, *n*.
How now, my *metal* of India.

Metaphysical—supernatural. M. i. 5, *n*.
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and *metaphysical* aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

Methinks, already. W. T. v. 3, *n*.
Would I were dead, but that, *methinks*, *already*—
What was he that did make it?

Mettle—temper, disposition. T. N. v. 1, *n*.
So much against the *mettle* of your sex.

Mew'd—term of falconry. R. J. iii. 4, *n*.
To-night she's *mew'd* up to her heaviness.

Micher—truant. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, *n*.
Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a *micher*?

Miching mallecho. H. iii. 2, *n*.
Marry, this is *miaking mallecho*; it means mischief.

Middleton's 'Witch.' M. iv. 1, *i*.
Black spirits, &c.

Might. M. N. D. v. 1, *n*.
Noble respect takes it in *might*, not merit.

Might—power. P. P. *n*.
Let reason rule things worthy blame,
As well as fancy, partial *might*.

Mile-end. A. W. iv. 3, *n*. (See H. 4, S. P. iii. *i*.)
He had the honour to be the officer at a place there
called *Mile-end*.

Mill sixpences. M. W. l. 1, *i*.
Seven groats in *mill sixpences*.

Milton, notice of a passage in. R. J. ii. 3, *i*.
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb.

Mimic—actor. M. N. D. iii. 2, *n*.
And forth my *mimic* comes.

Mine enemy. R. S. i. 2, *n*.
Norfolk,—so far as to *mine enemy*.

Mineral—mine, compound mass of metals. H. iv. 1, *n*.
Like some ore,
Among a *mineral* of metals base,
Shows itself pure.

Mines—undermines, seeks to destroy. A. L. i. 1, *n*.
And, as much as in him lies, *mines* my gentility with
my education.

Mingled damask. A. L. iii. 5, *n*.
Betwixt the constant red, and *mingled damask*.

Misconster—misconstrue. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, *n*.
Be not dismay'd, fair lady; nor *misconster*
The mind of Talbot.

Miser—wretch, miserable creature. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, *n*.
Decrepid *miser*! base, ignoble wretch!

Miscreate—spurious. H. F. i. 2, *n*.
With opening titles *miscreate*, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.

Misprising—undervaluing. M. A. iii. 1, *n*.
Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,
Misprising what they look on.

Miss—amiss, fault. V. A. *n*.
He says she is immodest, blames her *miss*.

Missingly—missing him. W. T. iv. 1, *n*.
But I have, *missingly*, noted he is of late much retired
from court.

Mistaken—misapprehended. H. E. i. 1, *n*.
I am sorry
To hear this of him; and could wish he were
Something *mistaken* in't.

Mo—more. Luc. *n*.
Why should the private pleasure of some one
Become the public plague of many *mo*?

Mo—more. L. C. *n*.
Found yet *mo* letters sadly penn'd in blood.

Mobled—muffled up. H. ii. 2, *n*.
The *mobled* queen.

Mock-water. M. W. ii. 3, *n*.
Ah, monsieur *Mock-water*.

Model—thing formed, or fashioned. R. S. iii. 2, *n*.
And that small *model* of the barren earth,
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.

Modena, battle near,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. i. 4, *i*.
When thou once
Wast beaten from *Modena*, &c.

Modern—common. A. C. v. 2, *n*.
As we greet *modern* friends withal.

Modern—trite, common. So. lxxxiii. *n*.
That you, yourself, being extant, well might show
How far a *modern* quill doth come too short.

Modo and Mahu. L. iii. 4, *i*.
The prince of darkness is a gentleman;
Modo he's called, and *Mahu*.

Moisty. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n*.
Methinks, my *moisty*, north from Burton here,
In quantity equals not one of yours.

Moisty—small portion, share. L. i. 1, *n*. (See H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, *n*.)
Curiosity in neither can make choice of either's *moisty*.

Moisty—portion. Luc. Dedication.
But a superfluous *moisty*.

Moisty—portion. So. xlv. *n*.
And by their verdict is determined
The clear eye's *moisty*, and the dear heart's part.

Moist star—moon. H. i. 1, *n*.
And the *moist star*,
Under whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Moll Cutpurse. T. N. i. 3, *i*.
Like mistress Mall's picture.

Mome—blockhead. C. E. iii. 1, *n*.
Mome, malt-horse, capon, coxcomb, idiot, patch!

Monarch. A. W. l. 1, *n*. (See L. L. L. iv. 1, *n*.)
And you, *monarch*.

Monarch of the north. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, *n*.
You speedy helpers, that are substitutes
Under the lordly *monarch of the north*,
Appear.

Monarcho. L. L. L. iv. 1, *i*.
A *Monarcho*.

Monopolles in the reign of Elizabeth. L. i. 4, *i*.
If I had a *monopoly* out, they would have part on't.

Montagues and Capulets, badges of. R. J. i. 1, *i*.
Here comes of the house of the Montagues.

Montanto—term of the fencing-school. M. A. i. 1, *n*.
Is signior *Montanto* returned from the wars?

Month's mind. G. V. i. 2, *n*.
I see you have a *month's mind* to them.

Monument of the victory. H. 6, S. P. iv. 3, *n*.
This *monument of the victory* will I bear.

Mood—caprice. A. W. v. 2, n.
I am now, sir, mud-died in fortune's mood.

Moods—manner. H. i. 2, n.
Together with all forms, moods, shows of grief.

Moon—used in the sense of month. P. P. n.
To spite me now, each minute seems a moon.

Moor-ditch. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, f.
The melancholy of Moor-ditch.

Moors in Venice. O. i. 1, i.
The thick-lips.

Moralize—comment. V. A. n.
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize.

Moralize (v.)—interpret. Luc. n.
Nor could she moralize his wanton sight.

More gratulate—more to be rejoiced in. M. M. v. 1, n.
There's more behind that is more gratulate.

More and less—great and small. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.
And more and less do flock to follow him.

More and less—greater and less. M. v. 4, n.
Both more and less have given him the revolt.

Morisco. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, n.
I have seen him
Caper upright like a wild morisco.

Morning's love. M. N. D. iii. 2, f.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport.

Morning, description of, in 'Venus and Adonis.' R. J. iii. 5, i.
It was the lark, the herald of the morn.

Morris-dance. A. W. ii. 2, i.
A morris for May-day.

Morris-pike—pike of the Moors. C. E. iv. 3, n.
He that sets up his rest to do more exploits with his
mace than a morris-pike.

Mort o' the deer—note of the hunter's horn at the death of
the deer. W. T. i. 2, n.
And then to sigh, as 't were
The mort o' the deer.

Mortal in folly—extremely foolish. A. L. ii. 4, n.
As all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love
mortal in folly.

Mortal—deadly. O. ii. 1, n.
As having sense of beauty do omit
Their mortal natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.

Mortal—deadly. V. A. n.
Like to a mortal butcher, bent to kill.

Mortified man—hermit, one indifferent to the concerns of
the world. M. v. 2, n.
For their dear causes
Would, to the bleeding and the grim alarm,
Excite the mortified man.

Mortise—hole of one piece of timber fitted to receive the
tenon of another. O. ii. 1, n.
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them,
Can hold the mortise?

Mot—motto. Luc. n.
And Tarquin's eye may read the mot afar.

Motion—puppet-show. G. V. ii. 1, n.
O, excellent motion! O, exceeding puppet!

Motion—puppet-show. W. T. iv. 2, f.
A motion of the prodigal son.

Motion—dumb show. Luc. n.
For then the eye interprets to the ear
The heavy motion that it doth behold.

Motions—impulses. H. E. i. 1, n.
(Whom from the flow of gall I name not, but
From sincere motions.)

Motions. H. iii. 2, n. (See G. V. ii. 1, n.)
I could interpret between you and your love, if I
could see the puppets dallying.

Motley—fool. So. ex. n.
Alas, 't is true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view.

Mount—Mount Misenum. A. C. ii. 4, n.
We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Mounted—term of falconry. H. F. iv. 1, n.
His affections are higher mounted than ours.

Mowes—mouths. H. ii. 2, n.
Those that would make mowes at him.

Moys. H. F. iv. 4, n.
Fr. Sol. O, pardonnes moy.
Plat. Say 'st thou me so! is that a ton of moys?

Much Orlando—a great deal of Orlando. A. L. iv. 3, n.
Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando.

Much—expression of contempt. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n.
What with two points on your shoulder? much!

Much—ironical and contemptuous expression. T. Ath. i. 2, n.
3 Lord. I promise you, my lord, you mov'd me much.
Apem. Much!

Muffers. M. W. iv. 2, f.
I spy a great pear under her muffer.

Mulmutus. Cy. iii. 1, i.
Mummutus made our laws, &c.

Murdering piece—cannon. H. iv. 5, n.
This.
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me a superfluous death.

Mure—wall. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.
The incessant care and labour of his mind
Hath wrought the mure, that should confine it in

Muscovites, costume of. L. L. L. v. 2, i.
And are apparell'd thus,—
Like Muscovites, or Russians.

Muse (v.)—wonder. H. 6, S. P. iii. 1, n.
I muse my lord of Gloster is not come.

Music—a source of discord amongst the commentators upon
Shakspeare. M. V. v. 1, i.
The man that hath no music in himself.

Music to hear. So. viii. n.
Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?

Musicians. R. J. iv. 4, i.
Musicians! O, musicians!

Musit. T. N. K. iii. 1, n. (See V. A. n.)
You hear the horns:
Enter your musit, lest this match between us
Be cross'd ere met.

Musita. V. A. n.
The many musita through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Muss—scramble. A. C. iii. 11, n.
Like boys into a muss, kings would start forth,
And cry 'Your will!'

Mutineers—mutineers. H. v. 2, n.
Methought I lay
Worse than the mutineers in the bilboes.

My cake is dough—proverbial expression. T. S. v. 1.
My cake is dough; but I'll in among the rest.

My some rich jewel—some rich jewel of my own. T. N. ii. 5, n.
Or play with my some rich jewel.

My part in him advertise. M. M. i. 1, n.
But I do bend my speech
To one that can my part in him advertise.

Mysteries—artificial fashions. H. E. i. 3, n.
Is 't possible the spells of France should juggle
Men into such strange mysteries?

N.

Napkin—handkerchief. O. iii. 3, n.
Des. Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.
Oth. Your napkin is too little.

Napkin—handkerchief. L. C. n.
Oft did she heave her napkin to her eyne.

Napless—threadbare. Cor. ii. 1, n.
Nor on him put
The napless vesture of humility.

Nashe's 'Life of Jacke Wilton'. H. E. i. 3, n.
Of fool, and feather.

Nature's productions, philosophy of the use or abuse of.
Cy. i. 6, f.
Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather those flowers.

Nature's copy. M. iii. 2, n.
But in them nature's copy's not eterne.

Nautical knowledge of Shakspeare. T. i. 1, i.
Boatswain, &c.

Needless—needing not. A. L. ii. 1, n.
First for his weeping into the needless stream.

Needle—needles. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
Have with our *needles* created both one flower.

Needle—needle. Luc. n.
And gripping it, the *needle* his finger pricks.

Nearer the near—never the nearer. R. S. v. 1, n.
Weep thou for me in France, I for thee here;
Better far off, than near, be *nearer the near*.

Neif—fiat. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.
Give me your *neif*.

Neif—fiat. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n. (See M. N. D. iv. 1, n.)
Sweet knight, I kiss thy *neif*.

Nephew—term used generally for a relative. H. 6, F. P. ii. 5, n.
Plas. Declare the cause
My father, earl of Cambridge, lost his head.
Mor. That cause, fair *nephew*, that imprison'd me.

Nephews—grandsons. O. I. 1, n. (See R. T. iv. 1, n.)
You'll have your *nephews* neigh to you.

Nether-stocks—stockings. L. ii. 4, n.
When a man is over-lusty at legs, then he wears
wooden *nether-stocks*.

New made—regenerate. M. M. ii. 2, n.
And mercy then will breathe within your lips
Like man *new made*.

'News from Scotland,' passage from. M. i. 3, i.
But in a sieve I'll thither sail.

Next—nearest. A. W. i. 2, n.
And I speak the truth the *next* way.

Nice—affected. A. L. iv. 1, n.
Nor the lady's [melancholy], which is *nice*.

Nice—weak. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.
Hence, therefore, thou *nice* crutch.

Nice—slight. R. J. iii. 1, n.
Bade him bethink
How *nice* the quarrel was.

Nice—trivial. R. J. v. 2, n.
The letter was not *nice*, but full of charge
Of dear import.

Nick—reckoning. G. V. iv. 2, n.
He loved her out of all *nick*.

Nicks him like a fool. C. E. v. 1, n.
His man with scissors *nicks* him like a fool.

Niece—grand-daughter. R. T. iv. 1, n.
Who meets us here?—my *niece* Plantagenet.

Night-rule—night-revel. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
What *night-rule* now about this haunted grove.

Nightly gulls him with intelligence. So. lxxxvi. n.
He, nor that affable familiar ghost
Which *nightly gulls* him with intelligence.

Nights of the early summer of the north of Europe. H. i. 1, i.
But, look, the morn, &c.

Nile, rise of the. A. C. ii. 7, i.
They take the flow of the *Nile*, &c.

Nine worthies. L. L. L. v. 2, i.
Pageant of the *nine worthies*.

Nine men's morris. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.
The *nine men's morris* is filled up with mud.

Nine years old—during nine years. M. M. iv. 2, n.
One that is a prisoner *nine years old*.

Nine moons wasted—nine months unemployed. O. i. 3, n.
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some *nine moons* wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field.

No point—the double negative of the French. L. L. L. ii. 1, n.
Biron. Will you prick't with your eyes?
Rosaline. No *point*, with my knife.

No more—say no more. T. i. 2, n.
Ariel. My liberty.
Pro. Before the time be out? no *more*.

No manner person—no sort of person. R. T. iii. 5, n.
Give order, that no *manner person*
Have, any time, recourse unto the princes.

No reason can sound his state in safety. T. Ath. ii. 1, n.
It cannot hold; no *reason*
Can sound his state in safety.

No deal—in no degree. F. P. n.
My shepherd's pipe can sound no *deal*.

Nobless English—English nobility. H. F. iii. 1, n.
On, on, you *nobless English*.

Nobody. T. iii. 2, i.
The picture of *Nobody*.

Noise—band of musicians. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n.
And see if thou canst find out Sneak's *noise*; mistress
Tear-sheet would fain have some music.

Noise—music of the hautboys. M. iv. 1, n.
Why sinks that cauldron, and what *noise* is this?

Non-payment—penalty for. V. A. n.
Say, for *non-payment* that the debt should double,
Is twenty hundred kisses same a trouble?

None for me—none, on my part. R. S. i. 4, n.
'Faith, *none for me*.

Nonce—once, the one thing in question. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.
I have cases of buckram for the *nonce*.

Nook—shotten. H. F. iii. 5, n.
In that *nook-shotten* isle of Albion.

Noontide prick—point of noon. Luc. n.
Ere he arrive his weary *noontide-prick*.

Nor here, nor here, nor what ensues. Cy. iii. 2, n.
I see before me, man; *nor here, nor here,*
Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them.

Not thinking on—being forgotten. H. iii. 2, n.
Or else shall he suffer *not thinking on*.

Note—knowledge. L. iii. 1, n.
Sir, I do know you;
And dare, upon the warrant of my *note*,
Commend a dear thing to you.

Noted weed—dress known and familiar, through being
always the same. So. lxxvi. n.
Why write I still all one, ever the same,
And keep invention in a *noted weed*?

Not-pated—with the hair cut close. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
Wilt thou rob this leathern jerkin, crystal button,
not-pated, agate-ring.

Nourish. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, n.
Our isle be made a *sourish* of salt tears.

Novum—a game at dice. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
Abate a throw at *novum*, and the whole world again
Cannot prick out five such, take each one in his vein.

Now my dear lady. T. i. 2, n.
Bountiful Fortune,
Now my dear lady, hath many enemies
Brought to this shore.

Now!—noll, head. M. N. D. iii. 2, n.
An ass's *now!* I fixed on his head.

Number'd—numerous, numerous. Cy. i. 7, n.
And the twinn'd stones
Upon the *number'd* beach.

Number's altered—the number of the metrical feet is altered
T. N. ii. 5, n.
What follows?—the *number's altered!*

Numb'ring clock. R. S. v. 5, n.
I wasted time, and now doth Time waste me,
For now hath Time made me his *numb'ring clock*.

Nurture—education. A. L. ii. 7, n.
Yet am I inland bred,
And know some *nurture*.

Nuthook. M. W. i. 1, n.
If you run the *nuthook's* humour on me.

O.

Oaths upon the sword. H. i. 4, i.
Upon my *sword*.

Oberon and Titania. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.
Ill met by moonlight, proud *Titania*.

Objected—proposed, suggested. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, n.
Good master Vernon, it is well *objected*.

Obscure—performing obsequies. H. 6, T. P. ii. 8, n.
My sighing breast shall be thy funeral bell;
And so *obscure* will thy father be.

Obscure—funeral. H. i. 2, n.
And the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do *obscure* sorrow.

Obscure—funeral. So. xxxi. n.
How many a holy and *obscure* tear
Hath dear religious love stolen from mine eye!

Obscurely—performing obsequies. R. T. i. 2, n.
While I awhile *obscurely* lament
The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.

Observed as they flew. L. C. n.
And had let go by
The swiftest hours *observed as they flew*.

Obstacle—obstinate. H. 6, F. P. v. 4, s.
 Fle, Joan! that thou wilt be so *obstacle*!

Octavia and *Octavius Caesar*, meeting of,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 4, i.
 A more unhappy lady, &c.

Odd-even. O. i. 1, s.
 At this *odd-even* and dull watch o' the night.

O'erparted—not equal to a part. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
 A little *o'erparted*.

O'er-raught—over-reached. C. E. i. 1, s.
 The villain is *o'er-raught* of all my money.

O'er-look'd—enchanted. M. V. iii. 2, s.
 Beshrew your eyes,
 They have *o'er-look'd* me.

O'er-died—re-died. W. T. i. 2, s.
 But were they false
 As *o'er-died* blacks.

O'erstraw'd—o'erstrewn. V. A. s.
 The bottom poison, and the top *o'erstraw'd*
 With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.

Oes—circles. M. N. D. iii. 2, s.
 Than all yon fiery *oes*, and eyes of light.

Of all loves. M. W. ii. 2, s.
 Send her your little page, of *all loves*.

Of *all loves*. M. N. D. ii. 3.
 Speak, of *all loves*.

Of *season*—when in season. M. M. ii. 2, s.
 Even for our kitchens
 We kill the fowl of *season*.

Of *your answer*—for you to answer. M. M. ii. 4, s.
 You granting of my suit,
 If that be sin, I'll make it my morn prayer
 To have it added to the faults of mine,
 And nothing of *your answer*.

Of—with. M. i. 2, s.
 From the western isles
 Of *kernes* and gallowglasses is supplied.

Of *rashness*—on account of rashness. A. C. ii. 2, s.
 If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof
 Were well deserved of *rashness*.

Of *all 'say'd yet*—of all who have essayed yet. P. i. 1, s.
 Of *all 'say'd yet*, mayst thou prove prosperous.

Of-capp'd. O. i. 1, s.
 Three great ones of the city,
 In personal suit to make me his lieutenant,
 Of-capp'd to him.

Offering—assailing. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.
 We of the *offering* side
 Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement.

Office—business. T. i. 1, s.
 A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the
 weather, or our *office*.

Officers of night—night guard. O. i. 1, s.
 And raise some special *officers of night*.

Offices of a mansion. R. S. i. 2, i.
 Unpeopled *offices*.

Offices—rooms of hospitality. T. Ath. ii. 2, s.
 When all our *offices* have been oppress'd
 With riotous feeders.

Old news—rare news. T. S. iii. 2, s.
 Master, master! news, *old news*.

Old coil—great bustle. M. A. v. 2, s.
 Yonder's *old coil* at home.

Old-faced ancient—old patched-up standard. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, s.
 Ten times more dishonourable ragged than an *old-*
faced ancient.

Old *utis*—extreme merriment. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, s.
 By the mass, here will be *old utis*.

Old—wold. L. iii. 4, s.
 Swithold footed thrice the *old*.

Omen—portentous event. H. i. 1, s.
 As harbingers preceding still the fates,
 And prologue to the *omen* coming on.

Omens and prodigies,—from North's 'Plutarch.' J. C. i. 3, i.
 A common slave, &c.

'On a day.' L. L. L. iv. 3, i.
 On a *day*, &c.

On—let us go on. W. T. v. 3, s.
 It is requir'd
 You do awake your faith: Then, all stand still.
 On: Those that think it is unlawful business
 I am about, let them depart.

On his knee—down on his knee. Cor. ii. 2, s.
 Tarquin's self he met,
 And struck him on his *knee*.

On—of. J. C. i. 2, s.
 And be not jealous on me, gentle Brutus.

Once this—once for all. C. E. iii. 1, s.
 Once *this*,—Your long experience of her wisdom.

Once—once for all. M. A. i. 1, s.
 'Tis *once*, thou lovest.

Once—sometimes. H. E. i. 2, s.
 What we oft do best
 By sick interpreters, *once* weak ones, is
 Not ours, or not allow'd.

One—pronounced on. G. V. ii. 1, s.
 Fal. Not mine; my gloves are on.
 Speed. Why, then this may be yours, for this is but
 one.

Oneyers. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.
 Burgomasters and great *oneyers*.

Opal—gem whose colours change when viewed in different
 lights. T. N. ii. 4, s.
 Thy mind is a very *opal*.

Open room. M. M. ii. 1, s.
 It is an *open room*, and good for winter.

Ophella's songs, music of. H. iv. 5, i.
 How should I your true love know
 From another one!

Opinion—reputation. H. 4, F. P. v. 4, s.
 Thou hast redeem'd thy lost *opinion*.

Opinion—reputation. T. N. K. iii. 6, s.
 Might breed the ruin of my name's *opinion*.

Opposite with—of a different opinion. T. N. ii. 5, s.
 Be *opposite* with a kinsman.

Opposite—adversary. M. M. iii. 2, s.
 Or you imagine me too unhurtful an *opposite*.

Or—gold in heraldry. Luc. s.
 Virtue would stain that or with silver white.

Or *e'er*—before, sooner than. T. i. 2, s.
 I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or *e'er*
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd.

Or *e'er*—before. J. iv. 3, s.
 Two long days' journey, lords, or *e'er* we meet.

Orbs—fairy-rings. M. N. D. ii. 1, s.
 And I serve the fairy queen,
 To dew her *orbs* upon the green.

Order—rule, canon of ecclesiastical authority. H. v. 1, s.
 Her death was doubtful;
 And, but that great command *o'er*rays the *order*,
 She should in ground unsanctified have lodg'd.

Ordinance. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, i.
 Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin.

Orgulous—proud. T. C. Prologue, s.
 The princes *orgulous*, their high blood chaf'd.

Orient—display. M. V. ii. 2, s.
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad *orient*
 To please his grandam.

Ouphes—goblins. M. W. iv. 4, s.
 Like urchins, *ouphes*, and fairies.

Out of all whooping—beyond all measure. A. L. iii. 2, s.
 And yet again wonderful, and after that *out of all*
whooping.

Out three years old—quite three years old. T. i. 2, s.
 Then thou wast not
 Out *three years old*.

Out of all *cess*—excessively. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.
 The poor jade is wrung in the withers *out of all cess*.

Out went the candle. L. i. 4, s.
 So, *out went the candle*, and we were left darkling.

Out—complete. Cor. iv. 5, s.
 Thou hast beat me *out*,
 Twelve several times.

Overflown—flooded, drowned. M. N. D. iv. 1, s.
 I would be loth to have you *overflown* with a honey
 bag.

Oversee this will. Luc. s.
 Thou, Collatine, shalt *oversee* this will.

Overture for the wars. Cor. i. 2, s.
 May these same instruments, which you profane,
 Never sound more, when drums and trumpets shall
 I' the field prove flatterers! Let courts and cities be

Made all of false-fac'd soothing, where steel grows soft
As the parasite's silk !
Let them be made an *overture* for the wars !
Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' passage in. W. T. iv. 3, 4.
O Proserpina!
For the flowers now that frighted thou lett'st fall
From Dis's waggon.
Ow'd—owned. R. T. iv. 4, n.
The slaughter of the prince that *ow'd* that crown.
Ow'd—owned, his own. L. C. n.
O, that sad breath his spongy lungs bestow'd,
O, all that borrow'd motion, seeming *ow'd*.
Owe—possess. L. L. L. i. 2, n.
For still her cheeks possess the same,
Which native she doth *owe*.
Owe—own. C. E. iii. 1, n.
Out from the house I *owe*.
Owe (v.)—possess. T. N. i. 5, n.
Ourselves we do not *owe*;
What is decreed must be.
Owe, and succeed thy weakness. M. M. ii. 4, n.
Else let my brother die,
If not a feodary, but only he
Owe, and succeed thy weakness.
Owe—own. So. lxx. n.
Then thou alone kingdoms of hearts shouldst *owe*.
Owe (v.)—own. P. v. 1, n.
Where were you bred?
And how schiev'd you these endowments, which
You make more rich to *owe*?
Owes—owns. J. H. i. 1, n. Be pleased then
To pay that duty, which you truly owe,
To him that *owes* it.
Owest—ownest. L. i. 4, n.
Lend less than thou *owest*.
Ox-yokes. A. L. iii. 3, i.
The ox hath his bow.
Oyes—proclamation (pronounced as a monosyllable). M. W.
v. 5, n.
Crier Hobgoblin, make the fairy *eyes*.

P.

Pack (v.)—contrive, arrange. T. And. iv. 2, n.
His child is like to her, fair as you are:
Go *pack* with him, and give the mother gold.
Packings—intrigues. L. iii. 1, n.
Either in anuffs and *packings* of the dukes.
Paddock—toad. H. iii. 4, n.
For who, that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise
Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
Such dear concernings hide?
Paddock—toad. M. i. 1, n.
Paddock calls.
Padua. T. S. i. 1, i.
Fair *Padua*, nursery of arts.
Pageants. G. V. iv. 4, i. At Pentecost,
When all our *pageants* of delight were play'd.
Painted cloth. A. L. iii. 2, i.
I answer you right *painted cloth*, from whence you have
studied your questions.
Painted cloth. Luc. n. (See A. L. iii. i.)
Who fears a sentence or an old man's saw
Shall by a *painted cloth* be kept in awe.
Paiocke—coin of about three farthings value. H. iii. 2, n.
And now reigns here
A very, very—*paiocke*.
Pair of bases—armour for the legs. P. ii. 1, n.
I yet am unprovided
Of a *pair of bases*.
Pale (v.)—impale, encircle. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, n.
And will you *pale* your head in Henry's glory?
Palliment—robe. T. And. i. 2, n.
This *palliment* of white and spotless hue.
Pap of hatchet. H. 6, S. P. iv. 7, n.
Ye shall have a hempen caudle then, and the *pap of hatchet*.
Papers (v.). H. E. i. 1, n.
And his own letter
(The honourable board of council out)
Must fetch him in the *papers*.

'Paradise Lost.' M. N. D. i. 1, i.
Ah me! for aught that ever I could read.
Parcel-gilt—partially gilt. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, n.
Thou didst swear to me upon a *parcel-gilt* goblet.
Parish top. T. N. i. 3, i.
Till his brains turn o' the toe like a *parish top*.
Parle—speech. G. V. i. 2, n.
That every day with *parle* encounter me.
Parling—speaking. Luc. n.
But she, that never cop'd with stranger eyes,
Could pick no meaning from their *parling* looks.
Parlous—perilous. M. N. D. iii. 1, n.
By 'r lakin, a *parlous* fear.
Parlous—perilous. A. L. iii. 2, n.
Thou art in a *parlous* state, shepherd.
Parlous—perilous. R. J. i. 3, n.
It had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cockle's stone;
A *parlous* knock.
Part I had in Gloucester's blood—my consanguinity to Gloucester.
R. S. i. 2, n.
Alas! the *part I had in Gloucester's blood*
Doth more solicit me than your exclams.
Part with—depart with. C. E. iii. 1, n.
In debating which was best, we shall *part with* neither.
Partake (v.)—take part. So. cxlix. n.
Canst thou, O cruel! say I love thee not,
When I, against myself, with thee *partake* ?
Partaker—confederate. H. 6, F. P. ii. 4, n.
For your *partaker* Poole, and you yourself,
I'll note you in my book of memory.
Parted—shared. H. E. v. 2, n.
I had thought
They had *parted* so much honesty among them.
Particular—letter of detail. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, n.
Here at more leisure may your highness read;
With every course, in his *particular*.
Parting of Antony and his friends,—from North's 'Plutarch.'
A. C. iii. 9, i.
Friends, come hither.
Parthians. Cy. i. 7, i.
Or, like the *Parthians*, I shall flying fight.
Partis—parties, party. H. 6, S. P. v. 2, n.
Reigns in the hearts of all our present *partis*.
Pash. W. T. i. 2, n.
Thou want'st a rough *pash*, and the shoots that I have,
To be full like me.
Pass on—condemn, adjudicate. M. M. ii. 1, n.
What know the laws,
That thieves do *pass on* thieves?
Passage. A. W. i. 1, n.
O, that had! how sad a *passage* 'tis!
Passed—surpassed. M. W. i. 1, n.
The women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it
passed.
Passed—was excessive. T. C. i. 2, n.
All the rest so laughed that it *passed*.
Passes—passages. M. M. v. 1, n.
When I perceive your grace, like power divine,
Hath look'd upon my *passes*.
Passes—excels, goes beyond common virtues. T. Ath. i. 1, n.
A most incomparable man; breath'd, as it were,
To an untirable and continue goodness:
He *passes*.
Passing—surpassing. H. 6, T. P. v. 1, n.
O *passing* traitor perjurd, and unjust!
Passionate—given up to grief. J. ii. 2, n.
She is sad and *passionate*.
Passy—measures pavin. T. N. v. 1, n.
Then he's a rogue and a *passy-measures pavin*; I hate
a drunken rogue.
Patch—pretender. C. E. iii. 1, n.
Coxcomb, idiot, *patch*.
Patch—fool. M. V. ii. 3, n.
The *patch* is kind enough.
Patch a quarrel. A. C. ii. 2, n.
If you'll *patch a quarrel*,
As a matter whole you have to make it with,
It must not be with this.
Patched fool—fool in a particoloured coat. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.
But man is but a *patched fool*.

Patient (used as a verb). T. And. i. 2, n.
Patient yourself, madam, and pardon me.

Patine—small flat dish used in the service of the altar. M. V. v. 1, n.
 Look how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with *patines* of bright gold.

Path (v.)—walk on a trodden way, move forward amidst observation. J. C. ii. 1, n.
 For if thou *path* thy native semblance on.

Paucas pallabris—few words. T. S. Induction, 1, n.
 Therefore *paucas pallabris*.

Paul's walk. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, i.
 I bought him in *Paul's*, &c.

Paved fountain. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.
 By *paved fountain*, or by *rushy brook*.

Pax. H. F. iii. 6, i.
 But Exeter hath given the doom of death,
 For *pax* of little price.

Pay down for our offence by weight—pay the full price of our offence. M. M. i. 3, n.
 Thus can the demi-god, Authority,
 Make us *pay down for our offence by weight*.

Pearls down sleeves—pearls set on down the sleeves. M. A. iii. 4, n.
 Set with *pearls down sleeves*.

Peat—pet, spoiled child. T. S. l. 1, n.
 A pretty *peat*: 't is best
 Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Peel'd—shaven. H. 6, F. P. i. 3, n.
Peel'd priest, dost thou command me to be shut out
 'Peg-a-Ramsey.' T. N. ii. 3, i.
 Malvollo's a *Peg-a-Ramsey*, and 'Three merry men
 we be.'

Peevish—silly. C. E. iv. 1, n.
 Why, thou *peevish* sheep!

Peise (v.)—weigh. R. T. v. 3, n.
 Least leaden slumber *peise* me down to-morrow.

Peised—poised. J. ii. 2, n.
 The world, who of itself is *peised* well,
 Made to run even.

Peize (v.)—keep in suspense, upon the balance. M. V. iii. 2, n.
 I speak too long; but 't is to *peize* the time.

Pelican. H. iv. 5, i.
 Like the kind, life-rend'ring *pelican*.

Pelleled—fermed into pellets, or small balls. L. C. n.
 Laund'ring the silken figures in the brine
 That season'd woe had *pelleled* in tears.

Pell (v.)—be clamorous. Luc. n.
 Another smother'd seems to *pell* and swear.

Pelling—petty, contemptible. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.
 Have every *PELLING* river made so proud.

Pelting—paltry, petty. R. S. ii. 1, n.
 Like to a tenement, or *PELLING* farm.

Pelting—petty, of little worth. L. ii. 3, n. (See R. S. ii. 1, n.)
 Poor *PELLING* villages, sheep-cotes, and mills.

Pelling—petty. T. C. iv. 5, n.
 We have had *PELLING* wars, since you refus'd
 The Grecians' cause.

Penalty of Adam—A. L. ii. 1, n.
 Here feel we not the *penalty of Adam*.

Penitent—in the sense of doing penance. C. E. i. 2, n.
 But we, that know what 't is to fast and pray,
 Are *penitent* for your default to-day.

Pense—pronounced as a dissyllable. M. W. v. 5, n.
 And Honi soit qui mal y *pense*, write.

Pensioners. M. W. ii. 2, i.
 Nay, which is more, *pensioners*.

Pensioners—courtiers. M. N. D. ii. 1, n.
 The cowslips tall her *pensioners* be.

Pennies. M. W. ii. 2, i.
 I will not lend thee a *penny*.

Penner—case for holding pens. T. N. K. iii. 5, n.
 At whose great feet I offer up my *penner*.

Pennyworth of sugar. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n. (See H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.)
 To sweeten which name of Ned I give thee this *pennyworth* of sugar.

Pepper gingerbread—spice gingerbread. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, n.
 And leave in sooth,
 And such protest of *pepper gingerbread*,
 To velvet-guards, and Sunday-citizens.

Perfect—assured. W. T. iii. 3, n.
 Thou art *perfect* then, our ship hath touch'd upon
 The deserts of Bohemia?

Perfect—assured. Cy. iii. 1, n.
 I am *perfect*
 That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
 Their liberties, are now in arms.

Perfuming rooms. M. A. i. 3, i.
 Smoking a musty room.

Periapls—amulets, charms. H. 6, F. P. v. 3, n.
 Now help, ye charming spells, and *periapls*.

Period—end. M. W. iv. 2, n.
 There would be no *period* to the jest.

Perish—used actively. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, n.
 Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
 Might in thy palace *perish* Margaret.

Periwig. G. V. iv. 4, i. A colour'd *periwig*.

Perjure wearing papers. L. L. l. v. 3, n.
 He comes in like a *perjure wearing papers*.

Perspectives. R. S. ii. 2, i.
 Like *perspectives*, which, rightly gaz'd upon,
 Show nothing but confusion,—ey'd awry,
 Distinguish form.

Pervert (v.)—avert. Cy. ii. 4, n.
 Let's follow him, and *pervert* the present wrath
 He hath against himself.

Peruse (v.)—examine. H. iv. 7, n.
 He, being remiss,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving.
 Will not *peruse* the foils.

Pew-fellow—companion, occupiers of the same seat. R. T. iv. 4, n.
 This carnal cur
 Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
 And makes her *pew-fellow* with others' moan.

Pheere—companion, mate. P. i. Gower, n.
 This king unto him took a *pheere*,
 Who died and left a female heir.

Phesse (v.)—to beat. T. S. Induction 1, n.
 I'll *phesse* you, in faith.

Phillip!—sparrow! J. i. 1, n.
 Gur. Good leave, good Phillip.
 Bast. Phillip!—sparrow!

Phill-horse—horse in the shafts. M. V. ii. 2, n.
 Thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my
Phill-horse has on his tail.

Philosopher's two stones. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, n.
 And it shall go hard, but I will make him a *philosopher's*
two stones to me.

Phraseology of the time of Elizabeth. H. i. 2, i.
 More than the scope
 Of these dilated articles allow.

Pick (v.)—pitch. Cor. i. 1, n.
 As high
 As I could *pick* my lance.

Picked—trimmed. L. L. l. v. 1, n.
 He is too *picked*.

Picked—spruce, affected, smart. H. v. 1, n.
 The age is grown so *picked*.

Picked man of countries. J. l. 1, n.
 Why, then I suck my teeth, and catechise
 My *picked* man of countries.

Pickers and stealers—hands. H. iii. 2, n.
 So I do still, by these *pickers and stealers*.

Pickt-hatch. M. W. ii. 2, n.
 To your manor of *Pickt-hatch* go.

Picture—person. G. v. ii. 4, n.
 'T is but her *picture* I have yet beheld.

Pierced—penetrated. O. i. 3, n.
 I never yet did hear
 That the bruise'd heart was *pierced* through the ear.

Pight—settled, pitched. L. ii. 1, n.
 When I dissuaded him from his intent,
 And found him *pight* to do it.

Pilcher—scabbard. R. J. iii. 1, n.
 Will you pluck your sword out of his *pilcher*!

Pil'd esteem'd. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, n.
 And craved death,
 Rather than I would be so *pil'd esteem'd*.

Pilgrims. G. v. ii. 7, i.
 A true devoted *pilgrim*.

Pill'd—peeled. M. V. i. 3, n.
 The skilful shepherd *pill'd* me certain wands.

Pillory. G. V. iv. 4, *i*.
I have stood on the *pillory*.

Pin—centre of a target. R. J. ii. 4, *n*.
The very *pin* of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft.

Pin and web. W. T. i. 2, *n*. (See L. iii. 4, *n*.)
And all eyes blind
With the *pin and web*.

Pinch'd—painted. G. V. iv. 4, *n*.
And *pinch'd* the lily-fincture of her face.

Pinch'd—petty, contemptible. W. T. ii. 1, *n*.
He has discover'd my design, and I
Remain a *pinch'd* thing.

Pinnace—small vessel attached to a larger. M. W. i. 3, *n*.
Sail like my *pinnace* to these golden shores.

Pioned and twilled brims. T. iv. 1, *n*.
Thy banks with *pioned and twilled brims*,
Which spongy April at thy heat betrima.

Pipe-wine. M. W. iii. 2, *n*.
I think I shall drink in *pipe-wine* first with him.

Pipes of corn. M. N. D. ii. 2, *i*.
Playing on *pipes of corn*.

Pittle-ward. M. W. iii. 1, *n*.
Marry, sir, the *pittle-ward*, the park-ward.

Place—abiding-place. A. L. ii. 3, *n*.
This is no *place*, this house is but a butchery.

Places—honours. W. T. i. 2, *n*.
Thy *places* shall
Still neighbour mine.

Plantain-leaf. R. J. i. 2, *i*.
Your *plantain-leaf* is excellent for that.

Planch'd—planked, made of boards. M. M. iv. 1, *n*.
And to that vineyard is a *planch'd* gate.

Plantagenet. J. i. 1, *i*.
Arise sir Richard, and *Plantagenet*-
Plate armour. H. F. iv. Chorus, *i*.
With busy hammers closing rivets up.

Plates—pieces of silver money. A. C. v. 2, *n*.
Realms and islands were
As *plates* dropp'd from his pocket.

Platforms—plans. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, *n*.
And lay new *platforms* to endanger them.

Platonism. H. F. i. 2, *i*.
For government, &c.

Plausibly—with expressions of applause, with acclamation.
Luc. *n*.
The Romans *plausibly* did give consent
To Tarquin's everlasting banishment.

Play-peers—playfellows. T. N. K. iv. 3, *n*.
Learn what maids have been their companions and *play-peers*.

Play the men—behave like men. T. i. 1, *n*.
Where's the master? *Play the men*.

Plench'd—folded. A. C. iv. 12, *n*.
Thy master thus with *plench'd* arms.

Please you wit—be pleased to know. P. iv. 4, *n*.
Now *please you wit*
The epitaph is for Marina writ.

Plighted—plaited, folded. L. i. 1, *n*.
Time shall unfold what *plighted* cunning hides.

Plot—spot. H. 6, S. P. ii. 2, *n*.
And, in this private *plot*, be we the first
That shall salute our rightful sovereign.

Pluck of—descend. H. E. ii. 3, *n*.
Old Lady. What think you of a duchess? have you
limbs
To bear that load of title?
Anna. No, in truth.
Old Lady. Then you are weakly made: *Pluck of* a
little;
I would not be a young count in your way,
For more than blushing comes to.

Plurisy—abundance. H. iv. 7, *n*.
For goodness, growing to a *plurisy*,
Dies in his own too much.

Plurisy—fulness. T. N. K. v. 1, *n*. (See H. iv. 7, *n*.)
That heal't with blood
Of the *plurisy* of people.

Plutarch's description of the prowess of Coriolanus. Cor. i. 3, *i*.
To a cruel war I sent him; from whence he returned,
his brows bound with oak.

Plutarch's narrative of the war against the Volces. Cor. i. 4, *i*.
Before Corioli.

Pockets. G. V. iii. 1, *i*.
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.

Pockets in stays. H. ii. 2, *n*. (See G. V. iii. 1, *i*.)
In her excellent white bosom these.

Posey—motto. H. iii. 2, *n*.
Is this a prologue, or the *posey* of a ring?

Point—particular spot. M. iv. 3, *n*.
With ten thousand warlike men,
All ready at a *point*.

Point-device—minutely exact. A. L. iii. 2, *n*. (See T. N. ii. 5, *n*.)
You are rather *point-device* in your accoutrements.

Point-device—exactly. T. N. ii. 5, *n*.
I will be *point-device*, the very man.

Point-devise—nice to excess. L. L. v. 1, *n*.
Such insouciant and *point-devise* companions.

Poisons, laws respecting the sale of. R. J. v. 1, *i*.
Whose sale is present death in Mantua.

Poize—balance. O. iii. 3, *n*.
Nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of *poize* and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted.

Poking-sticks. W. T. iv. 3, *i*.
Poking-sticks of steel.

Polacks—Poles. H. i. 1, *n*.
He smote the sledded *Polacks* on the ice.

Polled—cleared. Cor. iv. 5, *n*.
He will mow all down before him, and leave his passage *polled*.

Pomander. W. T. iv. 3, *i*.
Pomander.

Pomegranate-tree. R. J. iii. 5, *i*.
Nightly she sings on yon *pomegranate-tree*.

Pomewater—a species of apple. L. L. iv. 2, *n*.
Ripe as a *pomewater*.

Poor fool is hang'd. L. v. 3, *n*.
And my *poor fool* is hang'd! No, no, no life.

Poor John—hake, dried and salted. R. J. i. 1, *n*.
'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst
been *poor John*.

Port—state, show. T. S. i. 1, *n*.
Keep house, and *port*, and servants, as I should.

Port—appearance, carriage. M. V. i. 1, *n*.
By something showing a more swelling *port*.

Portable. M. iv. 3, *n*.
All these are *portable*
With other graces weigh'd.

Portage—port-holes. H. F. iii. 1, *n*.
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the *portage* of the head,
Like the brass cannon.

Possess (v.)—inform. T. N. ii. 3, *n*.
Possess us, *possess* us, tell us something of him.

Possess'd—informed. M. V. i. 3, *n*.
Is he yet *possess'd*?
How much you would.

Possess'd—informed. M. M. iv. 1, *n*.
And that I have *possess'd* him, my most stay
Can be but brief.

Possess'd. R. S. ii. 1, *n*.
Depositing thee before thou wert *possess'd*,
Which art *possess'd* now to depose thyself.

Possessions; in two senses: 1, lands; 2, mental endowments.
G. V. v. 2, *n*.
Thurio. Considers she my *possessions*?
Proteus. O, ay; and pities them.
Thurio. Wherefore?
Proteus. That they are out by lease.

Post indeed. C. E. i. 2, *n*.
If I return, I shall be *post indeed*.

Powder-flask. R. J. iii. 3, *i*.
Like powder in a skill-less soldier's *flask*.

Power of medicine, experiments upon the. Cy. i. 6, *i*.
Your highness
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart.

Practice—craft, subornation. M. M. v. 1, *n*.
Or else thou art suborn'd against his honour
In hateful *practice*.

- Practice**—artifice. H. E. i. 1, s.
I shall perish
Under device and *practice*.
- Prank'd up**—dressed splendidly, decorated. W. T. iv. 3, s.
And me, poor lowly maid,
Most goddess-like *prank'd up*.
- Prayers cross.** M. M. ii. 2, s.
Amen:
For I am that way going to temptation,
Where *prayers cross*.
- Precise.** M. M. iii. 1, s.
The *precise* Angelo.
- Precisian.** M. W. ii. 1, s.
Though love use reason for his *precisian*.
- Preferred**—offered. M. N. D. iv. 2, s.
The short and the long is, our play is *preferred*.
- Premises of homage**—circumstances of homage premised. T. i. 2, s.
In lieu o' the *premises*
Of *homage*, and I know not how much tribute.
- Presence.** J. i. 1, s.
Lord of thy *presence*, and no land beside.
- Presents of wine.** M. W. ii. 2, s.
Hath sent your worship a morning's draught of sack.
- Prest**—ready. M. V. i. 1, s.
And I am *prest* unto it.
- Prest**—ready. P. iv. Gower, s.
The pregnant instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow.
- Prester John.** M. A. ii. 1, s.
Bring you the length of *Prester John's* foot.
- Pretence**—design. G. V. iii. 1, s.
Hath made me publisher of this *pretence*.
- Pretence**—design. W. T. iii. 2, s.
The *pretence* thereof being by circumstances partly
laid open.
- Pretence**—purpose. L. i. 2, s.
I dare pawn down my life for him that he hath writ
this to feel my affection to your honour, and to no
other *pretence* of danger.
- Pretend**—intend. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, s.
And none your foes but such as shall *pretend*
Malicious practices against his state.
- Pretend** (v.)—propose. M. ii. 4, s.
What good could they *pretend*?
- Pretended**—intended. G. V. ii. 6, s.
Of their disguising, and *pretended* flight.
- Pretended**—proposed. Luc. s.
Reward not hospitality
With such black payment as thou hast *pretended*.
- Prevented**—anticipated, gone before. T. N. iii. 1, s.
I will answer you with gait and entrance: But we are
prevented.
- Prevented**—gone before, anticipated. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, s.
But that I am *prevented*,
I should have begg'd I might have been employ'd.
- Price of sheep.** H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, s.
A score of good ewes may be worth ten pounds.
- Prick-song**—music pricked, or noted down. R. J. ii. 4, s.
He fights as you sing *prick-song*.
- Pricket.** L. L. L. iv. 2, s.
'T was a *pricket*.
- Prince of cats.** R. J. ii. 4, s.
Ben. Why, what is Tybalt?
Mer. More than *prince of cats*.
- Principals**—strongest timbers of a building. P. iii. 2, s.
Sir, our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
Shook as the earth did quake;
The very *principals* did seem to rend,
And all to topple.
- Princox**—coxcomb. R. J. i. 8, s.
You are a *princox*; go.
- Prizer.** A. L. ii. 3, s.
The bony *prizer* of the humorous duke.
- Probal**—probable. O. ii. 3, s.
When this advice is free, I give, and honest,
Probal to thinking, and indeed the course
To win the Moor again?
- Process**—summons. A. C. i. 1, s.
Where's *Fulvia's process*?
- Procures.** P. P. s.
My curtail dog, that wont to have play'd,
Plays not at all, but seems afraid;
With sighs so deep,
Procures to weep,
In howling-wise, to see my doleful plight.
- Prodigious**—preternatural. J. iii. 1, s.
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, *prodigious*.
- Proface**—much good may it do you. H. 4, S. P. v. 3, s.
Master page, good master page, sit: *proface*!
- Profession**—declaration of purpose. A. W. ii. 1, s.
With one, that, in her sex, her years, *profession*.
- Projection**—forecast, preparation. H. F. ii. 4, s.
So the proportions of defence are fill'd;
Which, of a weak and niggardly *projection*,
Doth like a miser spoil his coat with scanting
A little cloth.
- Prologue arm'd.** T. C. Prologue, s.
And hither am I come
A *prologue arm'd*.
- Prologue, subjects of, noticed.** H. E. i. i.
- Promis'd end**—end of the world foretold in the Scriptures.
L. v. 3, s.
Ken. Is this the *promis'd end*?
Edg. Or image of that horror?
- Prompture**—suggestion. M. M. ii. 4, s.
I'll to my brother:
Though he hath fallen by *prompture* of the blood.
- Prono**—humble. M. M. i. 3, s.
For in her youth
There is a *prono* and speechless dialect
Such as moves men.
- Prono**—forward. Cy. v. 4, s.
Unless a man would marry a gallows, and beget young
gibbets, I never saw one so *prono*.
- Prono**—having inclination or propensity, self-willed, head-
strong. Luc. s.
O, that *prono* lust should stain so pure a bed!
- Propagation.** M. M. i. 3, s.
Only for *propagation* of a dower
Remaining in the coffer of her friends.
- Proper-false**—handsome-false. T. N. ii. 2, s.
How easy is it for the *proper-false*
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
- Properties**—a theatrical phrase. M. N. D. i. 2, s.
In the mean time I will draw a bill of *properties*.
- Prophecies.** L. iii. 2, s.
When priests are more in love than matter.
- Proposed**—purposed. H. iv. 4, s.
Ham. Good sir, whose powers are these?
Cap. They are of Norway, sir.
Ham. How *propos'd*, sir?
- Protest** (v.)—declare openly. T. Ath. iv. 3, s.
Do villainy, do, since you *protest* to do't
Like workmen.
- Proud to be so valiant**—proud of being so valiant. Cor. i. 1, s.
The present wars devour him: he is grown
Too *proud to be so valiant*.
- Provoost**—keeper of prisoners. M. M. ii. 1, s.
Enter Angelo, Escalus, a Justice, *Provoost*.
- Pruning**—preening, trimming up. L. L. L. iv. 3, s.
Or spend a minute's time.
In *pruning* me.
- Public shows.** T. ii. 2, s.
Were I in England now, &c.
- Puck.** M. N. D. ii. 1, s.
That shrewd and knavish sprite,
Call'd *Robin Good-fellow*.
- Pudder**—pother. L. iii. 2, s.
Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful *pudder* o'er our head.
- Pugging.** W. T. iv. 2, s.
Doth set my *pugging* tooth on edge.
- Puke-stocking**—puce stocking. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, s.
Nott-pated, agate ring, *puke-stocking*.
- Pull in resolution.** M. v. 8, s.
I *pull in resolution*, and begin
To doubt the equivocation of the fiend.
- Pump**—shoe. R. J. ii. 4, s.
Why, then is my *pump* well flowered.
- Pun** (v.)—pound. T. C. i. 1, s.
He would *pun* thee into shivers with his fist.

Pupil age—young age. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
Since the old days of goodman Adam, to the *pupil age*
of this present twelve o'clock at midnight.

Purchase—theft. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, n.
Thou shalt have a share in our *purchase*.

Puritans. T. N. ii. 3, 4.
Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there
shall be no more cakes and ale?

Puritans, allusion to. A. W. i. 3, 4.
Though honesty be no *puritan*, yet it will do no
hurt; it will wear the surplice of humility over the
black gown of a big heart.

Purl'd. Luc. n.
Thin winding breath, which *purl'd* up to the sky.

Purpose—conversation. M. A. iii. 1, n.
There will she hide her,
To listen our *purpose*.

Push—thrust, defiance. M. A. v. 1, n.
And made a *push* at chance and sufferance.

Put on (v.)—instigate. Cy. v. 1, n.
Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had lived to *put on* this.

Put to know—cannot avoid knowing. M. M. i. 1, n.
Since I am *put to know*, that your own science.

Puts the period often from his place. Luc. n.
She *puts the period* often from his place,
And 'midst the sentence so her accent breaks.

Putter-out. T. iii. 3, n.
Which now we find
Each *putter-out* of five for one will bring us
Good warrant of.

Puttest-up—puttest aside. R. J. iii. 3, n.
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou *puttest-up* thy fortune and thy love.

Putting on—incitement. M. M. iv. 2, n.
Lord Angelo, belike, thinking me remiss in mine
office, awakens me with this unwonted *putting on*.

Puttock—worthless species of hawk. Cy. i. 2, n.
I chose an eagle,
And did avoid a *puttock*.

Puzzle—dirty drab. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, n.
Pucelle or *puzzle*, dolphin or dogfish,
Your hearts I'll stamp out with my horse's heels.

Pyramides—plural of pyramid, used as a quadrisyllable.
A. C. v. 2, n. Rather make
My country's high *pyramides* my gibbet.

'Pyramus and Thisbe,' a new sonnet of. M. N. D. v. 1, 4.
This palpable gross play.

Q.

Quail (v.)—slacken. A. L. ii. 2, n.
And let not search and inquisition *quail*
To bring again these foolish runaways.

Qualify (v.)—moderate. M. M. iv. 2, n.
He doth with holy abstinence subdue
That in himself, which he spurs on his power
To *qualify* in others.

Quality—kind. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n.
Because you are not of our *quality*,
But stand against us like an enemy.

Quarrel—arrow. H. E. ii. 3, n.
Yet, if that *quarrel*, fortune, do divorce
It from the bearer.

Quarry—prey. M. i. 2, n.
And fortune, on his damned *quarry* smiling,
Show'd like a rebel's whore.

Quari d'ecus—a French piece of money. A. W. iv. 3, n.
Sir, for a *quari d'ecus* he will sell the fee simple of his
salvation.

Quarter-staff play. L. L. L. v. 2, 4.
I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man.

Quat. O. v. 1, n.
I have rubb'd this young *quat* almost to the sense.

Queasy—delicate, ticklish. L. ii. 1, n.
And I have one thing, of a *queasy* question,
Which I must act.

Quell—murder. M. i. 7, n.
Who shall bear the guilt
Of our great *quell*?

Quern—handmill. M. N. D. ii. 1, n.
And sometimes labour in the *quern*.

Quest—inquest, jury. So. xlv. n.
To 'cide this title is impannelled
A *quest* of thoughts.

Question—discourse. A. L. iii. 4, n.
I met the duke yesterday, and had much *question*
with him.

Questionable—capable of being questioned. H. i. 4, n.
Thou com'st in such a *questionable* shape,
That I will speak to thee.

Questioned—conversed. Luc. n.
For, after supper, long he *questioned*
With modest Lucrece.

Questioning—discoursing. A. L. v. 4, n.
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with *questioning*.

Quests—inquisitions. M. M. iv. 1, n.
These false and most contrarious *quests*
Upon thy doings.

Quick—alive. H. v. 1, n.
Be buried *quick* with her, and so will I.

Quick winds lie still. A. C. i. 2, n.
O, then we bring forth weeds
When our *quick winds* lie still; and our ills told us,
Is as our earing.

Quiddits—quiddities, subtleties. H. v. 1, n.
Where be his *quiddits* now?

Quillet, *quodlibet*—argument without foundation. L. L. L.
iv. 3, n.
Some tricks, some *quillies*, how to cheat the devil.

Quillies—quiddities, frivolous distinctions. H. v. 1, n.
Where be his *quillies* now, his *quillies*?

Quintain. A. L. i. 2, 4.
My better parts
Are all thrown down; and that which here stands up
Is but a *quintain*, a mere lifeless block.

Quit (v.)—requite, answer. H. F. iii. 2, n.
And I'll sail *quit* you with gud leve, as I may pick
occasion.

Quits—requisites. M. M. v. 1, n.
Well, Angelo, your evil *quits* you well.

Quisier—nimble. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, n.
There was a little *quisier* fellow, and he would
manage you his piece thus.

Quote (v.)—mark. G. V. ii. 4, n.
And how *quote* you my folly?

Quote—pronounced *cote*. G. V. ii. 4, n.
I *quote* it in your jerkin.

Quote (v.)—observe. R. J. i. 4, n.
What curious eye doth *quote* deformities.

Quote (v.)—observe. Luc. n.
Yes, the illiterate, that know not how
To 'cipher what is writ in learned books,
Will *quote* my loathsome trespass in my looks.

Quoted—observed, noted. H. ii. 1, n.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not *quoted* him.

Quotes—observes, searches through. T. And. iv. 1, n.
See, brother, see; note how she *quotes* the leaves.

R.

R, the dog's letter. R. J. ii. 4, 4.
R is for the dog.

Rabatoes, or neck-ruff. M. A. iii. 4, 4.
Troth, I think your other *rabato* were better.

Rack (v.)—strain, stretch, exaggerate. M. A. iv. 1, n.
That what we have we prize not to the worth,
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,
Why, then we *rack* the value.

Rack—small feathery cloud. T. iv. 1, n.
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a *rack* behind.

Rack—vapour. So. xxxiii. n.
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly *rack* on his celestial face.

Ragged—broken, discordant. A. L. ii. 5, n.
My voice is *ragged*; I know I cannot please you.

Raggel—contemptible. Luc. n. (See H. 4, P. S. i. 1, n.)
Thy smoothing titles to a *ragged* name.

Ragge'st—most broken, torn. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, s.
 And approach
 The *ragge'st* hour that time and spite dare bring.

Rain (v.)—pour down. M. V. iii. 2, s.
 In measure *rain* thy joy.

Raise up the organs of her fantasy—elevate her fancy. M. W. v. 5, s.
Raise up the organs of her fantasy.

Rakes. Cor. i. 1, s.
 Let us revenge this with our pikes, ere we become *rakes*.

Rams—battering-rams. H. E. iv. 2, s.
 Like *rams*
 In the old time of war.

Rang'd—orderly ranged, parts entire and distinct. A. C. I. 1, s.
 Let Rome in Tiber melt! and the wide arch
 Of the *rang'd* empire fall!

Rank—full. V. A. s.
 Rain, added to a river that is *rank*,
 Performs will force it overflow the bank.

Rapier—anachronism respecting. R. S. iv. 1, s.
 I will turn thy falsehood to thy heart,
 Where it was forged, with my *rapier's* point.

Rapiers. M. W. ii. 1, s.
 I have heard the Frenchman hath good skill in his *rapier*.

Raps—transports. Cy. i. 7, s.
 What, dear sir,
 Thus *raps* you?

Rapture—fit. Cor. ii. 1, s.
 Your prattling nurse
 Into a *rapture* lets her baby cry.

Rascal—term given to young deer, lean and out of season. A. L. iii. 3, s.
 The noblest deer hath them as huge as the *rascal*.

Rascal-like—like a lean deer. H. 6, F. P. iv. 2, s.
 Not *rascal-like*, to fall down with a pinch.

Ras'd—erased. P. i. 1, s.
 Her face the book of praises, where is read
 Nothing but curious pleasure, as from thence
 Sorrow were ever *ras'd*.

Raught—reached. L. L. L. iv. 2, s.
 And *raught* not to five weeks.

Raught—taken away. H. 6, S. P. ii. 3, s.
 His lady banish'd, and a limb lopp'd off;
 This staff of honour *raught*.

Raught—reached. H. 6, T. P. i. 4, s.
 Come, make him stand upon this molehill here,
 That *raught* at mountains with outstretch'd arms.

Ravin (v.)—devour greedily. M. M. i. 3, s.
 Like rats that *ravin* down their proper bane.

Rayed—covered with mire, sullied. T. S. iv. 1, s.
 Was ever man so peaten? was ever man so *rayed*?

Razed—elashed. H. iii. 2, s.
 With two provincial roses on my *razed* shoes.

Razes—roots. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.
 I have a gammon of bacon, and two *razes* of ginger.

Re, fa. R. J. iv. 5, s.
 I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you.

Read (v.)—discover. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, s.
 For therein should we *read*
 The very bottom and the soul of hope.

Read—counsel, doctrine. H. i. 3, s.
 Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
 And reckns not his own *read*.

Rear-mice—bats. M. N. D. ii. 3, s.
 Some war with *rear-mice*, for their leathern wings.

Rear of our birth. W. T. iv. 3, s.
 My good Camillo,
 She is as forward of her breeding, as
 She is P' the *rear* of our birth.

Rearly—early. T. N. K. iv. 1, s.
 Brother,
 I'll bring it to-morrow,
 Daugh. Do, very *rearily*.

Reason (v.)—converse. R. T. ii. 3, s.
 You cannot *reason* almost with a man
 That looks not heavily and full of dread.

Reason'd—discoursed. M. V. ii. 8, s.
 I *reason'd* with a Frenchman yesterday.

Rebeck—three-stringed violin. R. J. iv. 5, s.
 What say you, Hugh *Rebeck*

Receiving—comprehension. T. N. iii. 1, s.
 To one of your *receiving*
 Enough is shown.

Recheat—huntsman's note to recal the hounds. M. A. i. 1, s.
 I will have a *recheat* winded in my forehead.

Record (v.)—sing. G. V. v. 4, s.
 Tune my distresses, and *record* my woes.

Recorder—flageolet, or small English flute. H. iii. 2, s.
 Enter one with a *recorder*.

Records—makes music, sings. P. 4, Gower, s.
 She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
 That still *records* with moans.

Red lattice phrases—alchouse terms. M. W. ii. 2, s.
 Your cat-a-mountain looks, your *red lattice phrases*.

Redbreast. Cy. iv. 2, i.
 The ruddock would, &c.

Reduce (v.)—bring back. R. T. v. 4, s.
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would *reduce* these bloody days again.

Reechy—begrimed, smoky. M. A. iii. 3, s.
 Like Pharaoh's soldiers in the *reechy* painting.

Refell'd—refuted. M. M. v. 1, s.
 How I persuaded, how I pray'd, and kneel'd,
 How he *refell'd* me.

Refuse, technical use of the word. H. E. ii. 4, s.
 I utterly abhor, yea, from my soul
Refuse you for my judge.

Regards—considerations. L. L. 1, s.
 Love's not love,
 When it is mingled with *regards* that stand
 Aloof from the entire point.

Regiment. R. T. v. 3, s.
 The earl of Pembroke keeps his *regiment*.

Regiment—government, authority. A. C. iii. 6, s.
 And gives his potent *regiment* to a trull.

Regreets—salutations. M. V. ii. 9, s.
 From whom he bringeth sensible *regreets*.

Reguerdon—recompense. H. 6, F. P. iii. 1, s.
 And in *reguerdon* of that duty done,
 I girt thee with the valiant sword of York.

Relapse of mortality. H. F. iv. 3, s.
 Break out into a second course of mischief,
 Killing in *relapse* of mortality.

Remember'd—reminded. So. cxx. s.
 O that our night of woe might have *remember'd*
 My deepest sense, how hard true sorrow hits!

Remies—inattentive. H. iv. 7, s.
 He, being *remies*,
 Most generous, and free from all contriving.

Remorse—compassion A. L. i. 3, s.
 It was your pleasure, and your own *remorse*.

Remorse—pity, tenderness. J. C. ii. 1, s.
 The abuse of greatness is when it disjoins
Remorse from power.

Remorse—tenderness. V. A. s.
 'Pity,' she cries, 'some favour—some *remorse*.'

Remorseful—compassionate. G. V. iv. 3, s.
 Valiant, wise, *remorseful*, well accomplish'd.

Remov'd—distant. M. N. D. i. 1, s.
 From Athens is her house *remov'd* seven leagues.

Removed—remote. A. L. iii. 2, s.
 Your accent is something finer than you could pur-
 chase in so *removed* a dwelling.

Removes—stages. A. W. v. 3, s.
 Here's a petition from a Florentine,
 Who hath, for four or five *removes*, come short
 To tender it herself.

Render (v.)—represent. A. L. iv. 3, s.
 O, I have heard him speak of that same brother,
 And he did *render* him the most unnatural
 That liv'd 'mongst men.

Renegues—renounces. A. C. i. 1, s.
 His captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, *renegues* all temper.

Reneye (v.)—deny. L. ii. 2, s.
Reneye, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks.

Renew me with your eyes. Cy. iii. 2, s.
 Justice, and your father's wrath, should he take me
 In his dominion, could not be so cruel to me, as
 you, O the dearest of creatures, would even *renew* me
 with you—eyes.

Repeat—recall. Luc. 2.
I sue for exil'd majesty's *repeat*.

Repetition of lines. L. L. I. iv. 3, 4.
For when would you, my liege, or you, or you.

Repine (used as a substantive). V. A. 2.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brows' *repine*.

Report, to his great worthiness—my report compared to his great worthiness. L. L. II. ii. 1, 2.
And much too little of that good I saw,
Is my *report*, to his great *worthiness*.

Reproof—disproof. H. 4, F. P. iii. 2, 3.
Yet such extenuation let me beg,
As, in *reproof* of many tales devis'd.

Repugn (v.)—resist. H. 6, F. P. iv. 1, 2.
When stubbornly he did *repugn* the truth,
About a certain question in the law.

Reserve (v.)—preserve. So. xxxii. 2.
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme.

Reserves (v.)—preserve. So. lxxxv. 2.
While comments of your praise, richly compil'd,
Reserves their character with golden quill.

Reserve (v.)—preserve. P. iv. 1, 2.
Walk, and be cheerful once again; *reserve*
That excellent complexion which did steal
The eyes of young and old.

Resolve—be firmly persuaded. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, 3.
Resolve on this: Thou shalt be fortunate
If thou receive me for thy warlike mate.

Respect—circumspection. V. A. 2.
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of *respect*, yet nought at all respecting.

Respect—prudence. Luc. 2.
Respect and reason walk on wrinkled age!

Respective—having relation to. G. V. iv. 4, 5.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make *respective* in myself.

Respectives—regardful. M. V. v. 1, 2.
You should have been *respective*, and have kept it.

Respectively—respectfully. T. Ath. iii. 1, 2.
You are very *respectively* welcome, sir.

Resty—rusty, spoiled for want of use. Cy. iii. 6, 7.
Resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Retail'd—retold. R. T. iii. 1, 2.
Methinks, the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were *retail'd* to all posterity.

Retires—retreats. H. 4, F. P. ii. 3, 4.
And thou hast talk'd
Of sallies and *retires*.

Retiring—used in the sense of coming back again. Luc. 2.
One poor *retiring* minute in an age
Would purchase thee a thousand thousand friends.

Revolution—change of circumstances. A. C. i. 2, 3.
The present pleasure,
By *revolution* lowering, does become
The opposite of itself.

Reward'd—echoed. L. C. 2.
From off a hill whose concave womb *reward'd*
A plaintful story from a sistering vale.

Rhodope's, or Memphis. H. 6, F. P. i. 6, 7.
A stately pyramid to her I'll rear,
Than *Rhodope's, or Memphis*, ever was.

Rialto, the. M. V. i. 3, 4.
What news on the *Rialto*?

Richard Cœur-de-Lion and the lion, combat of. J. i. 1, 2.
The awless lion could not wage the fight,
Nor keep his princely heart from Richard's hand.

Richest coal—highest descent. L. C. 2.
For she was sought by spirits of *richest coal*.

Rides the wild mare—plays at sea-saw. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, 5.
And *rides the wild mare* with the boys.

Rigol—ringed circle. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, 5.
This is a sleep,
That from this golden *rigol* hath divorc'd
So many English kings.

Rigol—circle. Luc. 2.
About the mourning and congealed face
Of that black blood a watery *rigol* goes.

Rim. H. F. iv. 4, 5.
For I will fetch thy *rim* out at thy throat.

Ringlets green sour—fairy-rings. T. v. 1, 2.
You demi-puppets that

By moonshine do the *green sour ringlets* make,
Whereof the ewe not bites.

Rites. H. v. 1, 2.
Yet here she is allow'd her virgin *rites*.

Rivage—shore. H. F. iii. Chorus, 2.
You stand upon the *rivage*, and behold
A city on the inconstant billows dancing.

Rivals—partners, companions. H. i. 1, 2.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The *rivals* of my watch.

Road—open harbour. G. V. ii. 4, 5.
I must unto the *road* to disembark.

Roaming. H. i. 3, 4.
Tender yourself more dearly;
Or, (not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Roaming it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Roaring devil 't the old play. H. F. iv. 4, 5. (See H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, 3.)
Bardolph and Nym had ten times more valour than
this *roaring devil* 't the old play.

Roasted pig in Bartholomew fair. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, 5.
Bartholomew boar-pig.

Robe of durance. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, 3.
And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet *robe of durance*?

Romage. H. i. 1, 2.
This post-haste and *romage* in the land.

Roman law, Shakspeare's acquaintance with. A. L. ii. 5, 6.
Nay, I care not for their names; they owe me nothing.

Romances of chivalry. L. L. I. i. 1, 2.
In high-born words, the worth of many a knight
From tawny Spain, lost in the world's debate.

Romans. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, 3.
I will imitate the honourable *Romans* in brevity.

Romaunt of the Rose, antithetical peculiarities of. R. J. i. 1, 2.
O brawling love! O loving hate!

Rome—pronounced room. J. iii. 1, 2.
O, lawful let it be.
That I have room with *Rome* to curse awhile!

Rondure—circumference. So. xxi. 2.
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rave
That heaven's air in his huge *rondure* hems.

Ronyon. M. i. 3, 4. (See A. L. ii. 2, 3.)
The rump-fed *ronyon* cries.

Roof of the theatre. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, 2.
Hung be the heavens with black.

Rose-check'd Adonis—an expression found in Marlowe's poem of 'Hero and Leander.' V. A. 2.
Rose-check'd Adonis hid him to the chase.

Rosemary, for remembrance. H. iv. 5, 6.
There's *rosemary*, that's 'for remembrance.

Round—a piece of music printed in 1609. T. S. iv. 1, 2.
Jack, boy! ho, boy!

Round with you—in two senses: 1. plain-spoken; 2. in allusion to the game of football. C. E. ii. 1, 2.
Am I so *round with you*, as you with me,
That like a football you do spurn me thus?

Rounded—surrounded. T. iv. 1, 2.
We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is *rounded* with a sleep.

Rounding—telling secretly. W. T. i. 2, 3.
They're here with me already; whispering, *rounding*.

Royal faiths—faiths due to a king. H. 4, S. P. iv. 1, 2.
That were our *royal faiths* martyrs in love.

Royal merchant. M. V. iv. 1, 2.
Enough to press a *royal merchant* down.

Roynish—mangy, scurvy. A. L. ii. 2, 3.
My lord, the *roynish* clown.

Rother—horned cattle. T. A. iv. 3, 4.
It is to the pasture lands the *rother's* sides.

Ruff—top of a loose boot, turned over. A. W. iii. 2, 3.
Why, he will look upon his boot, and sing; mend the
ruff, and sing.

Ruffling. T. S. iv. 3, 4.
To deck thy body with his *ruffling* treasure.

Ruffs. W. T. iv. 3, 4.
Poking-sticks of steel.

Ruin—the ruin which princes inflict. H. E. iii. 2, 3.
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their *ruin*,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have.

Rule—conduct, method of life. T. N. ii. 3, n.
You would not give means for this uncivil *rule*.
Rushes. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.
On the wanton *rushes* lay you down.
Rushes, custom of strewing. R. J. i. 4, i.
Tickle the senseless *rushes* with their heels.
Ruth—pity. Cor. i. 1, n.
Would the nobility lay aside their *ruth*.

S.

Sables. H. iii. 2, i
I'll have a suit of *sables*.
Sacred—accursed. T. And. ii. 1, n.
Come, come, our empress, with her *sacred* wit,
To villainy and vengeance consecrate.
Sacred subjects, Shakspeare's treatment of. A. W. i. 2, i.
His plausible words
He scatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
To grow there, and to bear.
Sad—serious. G. V. i. 3, n.
Tell me, Panthino, what *sad* talk was that?
Sad—serious. M. A. i. 3, n.
The prince and Claudio, hand in hand, in *sad* conference.
Sad—grave, gloomy. R. S. v. 5, n.
Where no man ever comes, but that *sad* dog
That brings me food.
Sad—grave. Luc. n.
Sad pause and deep regard besem the sage.
Sadness—seriousness. H. 6, T. P. iii. 2, n.
But, mighty lord, this merry inclination
Accords not with the *sadness* of my suit.
Safe. M. i. 4, n. And our duties
Are to your throne and state, children and servants;
Which do but what they should, by doing everything
Safe toward your love and honour.
Safe (v.)—render safe. A. C. i. 3, n.
And that which most with you should *safe* my going,
Is Fulvia's death.
Saf'd—made safe. A. C. iv. 6, n.
Best you *saf'd* the bringer
Out of the host.
Sage—grave, solemn. H. v. 1, n.
We should profane the service of the dead,
To sing *sage* requiem, and such rest to her,
As to peace-parted souls.
Sagg (v.)—sink down. M. v. 3, n.
And the heart I bear
Shall never *sagg* with doubt, nor shake with fear.
Sagittary—the arsenal. O. i. 1, n.
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raised search.
Sagittary, description of, by Lydgate. T. C. v. 5, i.
The dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals our numbers.
Sallet—helmet. H. 6, S. P. iv. 10, n.
Many a time, but for a *sallet*, my brain-pan had been
cleft with a brown-bill.
Sallet—saled, herb which is eaten salted. H. 6, S. P. iv. 10, n.
And now the word *sallet* must serve me to feed on.
Sallets—ribaldry. H. ii. 2, n.
One said, there were no *sallets* in the lines, to make
the matter savoury.
Salt-cellers. G. V. iii. 1, i.
The cover of the *salt* hides the salt.
Same—heap, mass. T. C. ii. 2, n.
Nor the remainder viands
We do not throw in unrespective *same*.
Sampshire. L. iv. 6, i. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers *sampshire*; dreadful trade!
Sand-blind—having an imperfect sight. M. V. ii. 2, n.
Who, being more than *sand-blind*.
Satyr's dance. W. T. iv. 3, i.
Made themselves all men of hair.
Savoy Palace. R. S. i. 2, i.
Duke of Lancaster's palace.
Sawn—sown. L. C. n.
For on his visage was in little drawn,
What largeness thinks in paradise was *sawn*.
Say—assay. L. v. 3, n. (See L. i. 2, n.)
And that thy tongue some *say* of breeding breathes.

Scale't. Cor. i. 1, n. I shall tell you
A pretty tale; it may be you have heard it;
But since it serves my purpose, I will venture
To *scale*'t a little more.
Scalcs—used as a singular noun. R. J. i. 2, n.
But in that crystal *scalers*, let there be weigh'd.
Scaling. Cor. ii. 3, n. (See Cor. i. 1, n.)
But you have found,
Scaling his present bearing with his past,
That he's your fixed enemy.
Scaligers, family of the. R. J. v. 3, i.
Some shall be punished.
Scall—scald. M. W. iii. 1, n.
This same *scall*, scurvy, cogging companion.
Scambling—disorderly. H. F. i. 1, n.
But that the *scambling* and unquiet time
Did push it out of further question.
Scamels. T. ii. 2, n.
And sometimes I'll get thee
Young *scamels* from the rock.
Scarfed bark—vessel gay with streamers. M. V. iii. 6, n.
The *scarfed bark* puts from her native bay.
Scarre—rock, precipitous cliff. A. W. iv. 2, n.
Men make ropes in such a *scarre*.
Scath—harm. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, n.
And had I twenty times so many foes,
And each of them had twenty times their power,
All these could not procure me any *scath*.
Scath (v.)—injure. R. J. i. 5, n.
This trick may chance to *scath* you.
Scath't—harmful, destructive. T. N. v. 1, n.
With which such *scath*'t grapple did he make.
Scence—fortification. H. F. iii. 6, n.
At such and such a *scence*, at such a breach.
Scope of nature. J. iii. 4, n.
No natural exhalation in the sky,
No *scope* of nature, no distemper'd day,
No common wind, no custom'd event,
But they will pluck away his natural course.
Scotland, contests of, with England. C. E. iii. 2, i.
Where *Scotland*?
Scrimers—fencers. H. iv. 3, n.
The *scrimers* of their nation,
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye.
Scrip—a written paper. M. N. D. i. 2, n.
Call them generally, man by man, according to the
scrip.
Scroyles—persons afflicted with king's evil. J. ii. 2, n.
By Heaven, these *scroyles* of Angiers flout you, kings
Sculls—shoals of fish. T. C. v. 5, n.
And there they fly, or die, like scaled *sculls*,
Before the belching whale.
Sea of wax. T. Ath. i. 1, n. My free drift
Halts not particularly, but moves itself
In a wide *sea* of wax.
Seal, method of attaching to a deed. R. S. v. 2, n.
What *seal* is that that hangs without thy bosom?
Seal of my petition. T. C. iv. 4, n.
Greecian, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the *seal* of my petition to thee
In praising her.
Seals. H. iii. 3, n.
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them *seals*, never, my soul, consent!
Search out of the calendar, and nobody look after it. P. ii.
1, n.
If it be a day fits you, *search out of the calendar, and*
nobody look after it.
Seard hopes. Cy. ii. 4, n.
In these *seard* hopes,
I barely gratify your love.
Season (v.)—to preserve by salting. A. W. i. 1, n.
Tis the best brine a maiden can *season* her praise in.
Season (v.)—salt, preserve. T. N. i. 1, n.
All this, to *season*
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh.
Season, ungenial, of 1593 and 1594. M. N. D. ii. 2, i.
Therefore, the winds, piping to us in vain.
Seasons—used as a verb. Cy. i. 7, n.
Bless'd be those,
How mean so'er, that have their honest wills,
Which *seasons* comfort.

Seat—throne. H. F. i. 2, n.
We never valued this poor *seat* of England.

Secondary stage in old theatres. O. v. 2, i.
A bedchamber.

Secondary stage, the. T. N. K. ii. 2, n. (See O. v. i.)

Seconds. So. cxxv., n.
And take thou my oblation, poor but free,
Which is not mix'd with *seconds*, knows no art.

Seet—in horticulture, cutting. O. i. 3, n.
Whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a *seet*
or scion.

Sectional rhyme, example of. M. N. D. iii. 2, i.
Shall seem a dream, and fruitless vision.

Secular tunes adapted to versions of the psalms. W. T. iv.
2, i.
Sings psalms to hornpipes.

Security—legal security, surety. M. M. iii. 2, n.
There is scarce truth enough alive to make societies
secure; but *security* enough to make fellowships
accused.

Seeing—used as a noun. W. T. ii. 1, n.
That lack'd sight only, nought for approbation,
But only *seeing*.

Seel with wanton dulness. O. i. 3, n.
No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd Cupid *seel* with wanton dulness
My speculative and offic'd instrument.

Seeing—blinding. M. iii. 2, n.
Come, *seeing* night,
Skarf up the tender eye of pitiful day.

Seeming—specious resemblance. M. A. iv. 1, n.
Hero. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?
Claud. Out on the *seeming*.

Seeming—seemly. A. L. v. 4, n.
Bear your body more *seeming*.

Seem—versed. T. S. i. 2, n.
Well *seem* in music.

Seen with mischief's eyes. P. i. 4, n.
O my distressed lord, ev'n such our griefs are;
Here they're but felt, and *seen* with mischief's eyes,
But like to groves, being topp'd, they higher rise.

Self king. T. N. i. 1, n.
All supplied, and fill'd,
(Her sweet perfections,) with one *self king*!
Self-soverignty—self-sufficiency. L. L. L. iv. 1, n.
Do not curst wives hold that *self-soverignty*?
Selling a bargain. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.
The boy hath *sold* him a bargain.

Seniory—seniority. R. T. iv. 4, n.
If ancient sorrow be most reverent,
Give mine the benefit of *seniory*.

Sense—sensibility. O. ii. 3, n.
I had thought you had received some bodily wound;
there is more *sense* in that than in reputation.

Sense—impression upon the senses. O. iii. 3, n.
What *sense* had I in her stolen hours of lust?
Separable—separating. So. xxvi. n.
In our two loves there is but one respect,
Though in our lives a *separable* spite.

Sere—affection of the throat, by which the lungs are tickled.
H. ii. 2, n.
The clown shall make those laugh whose lungs are
tickled o' the *sere*.
And make a common of my *serious hours*.

Serious hours—private hours. C. E. ii. 1, n.
And make a common of my *serious hours*.

Servant. G. V. ii. 1, i.
Sir Valentine and *servant*.

Sesey. L. iii. 4, n.
Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: Says
stumm, mun, nonny, dolphin my boy, boy, *Sesey*; let
him trot by.

Sessa—be quiet. T. S. Induction 1, n.
Sessa!

Set (v.)—in two senses: 1. compose; and, used with *by*,
make account of. G. V. i. 2, n.
Give me a note: your ladyship can *set*.
Julia. As little by such toys as may be possible.

Set—term used at tennis. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
A *set* of wit well play'd.

Set a watch. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.
Now shall we know if Gadshill have *set* a watch.

Set her two courses. T. i. 1, n.
Set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

SUP. VOL. 2 I

Set on—stirred up. Cor. iii. 1, n.
The people are abus'd—*set on*.

Several plot. So. cxxvii. n. (See L. L. L. ii. 1, n.)
Why should my heart think that a *several plot*.
Which my heart knows the wide world's common
place?

Severals—details. H. F. i. 1, n.
The *severals*, and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms.

Serving-man. L. iii. 4, n.
A *serving-man*, proud in heart and mind.

Shadow of poor Buckingham. H. E. i. 1, n.
I am the *shadow* of poor Buckingham;
Whose figure even this instant clouds put on,
By dark'ning my clear sun.

Shakspeare and Hogarth, Lamb's parallel between. T. Ath.
i. 1, i.
Follow his strides, his lobbies fill with tendance.

Shakspeare's Cliff. L. iv. 1, i.
There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confined deep.

Shakspeare's grammar, objections to. R. J. ii. 3, i.
Both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.

Shakspeare's knowledge of art. Cy. v. 5, i.
Postures beyond brief mature.

Shall be thought—where shall be thought. R. T. iii. 1, n.
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower:
Then where you please, and *shall be thought* most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Shame—decency. O. i. 1, n.
For *shame* put on your gown.

Shapes our ends. H. v. 2, i.
There 's a divinity that *shapes* our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Shard, meaning of. Cy. iii. 3, i.
The *sharded* beetle.

Shard-borne beetle—beetle borne on its shards, or scaly
wing-cases. M. iii. 2, n. (See Cy. iii. 3, i.)
The *shard-borne beetle*, with his drowsy hums.

Shards—rubbish. H. v. 1, n.
For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should be thrown on her.

She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me—she lov'd me well, who
delivered it to me. G. V. iv. 4, n.
Deliver it to madam Silvia:
She lov'd me well, deliver'd it to me.

She's my good lady—used ironically. Cy. ii. 3, n.
Your mother too:
She's my good lady.

She to scant her duty—she knows to scant her duty. L. ii. 4, n.
You less know how to value her desert,
Than *she* to scant her duty.

Sheav'd—made of straw. L. C. n.
For some, untuck'd, descended her *sheav'd* hat,
Hanging her pale and pined cheek *sheave*.

Sheep—pronounced ship. G. V. i. 1, n.
And I have play'd the *sheep*, in losing him.

Sheep—pronounced ship. C. E. iv. 1, n.
Why, thou peevish *sheep*,
What ship of Epidamnum stays for me?

Sheer—pure. R. S. v. 3, n.
Thou *sheer*, immaculate, and silver fountain.

Shent—roughly handled. M. W. i. 4, n.
We shall all be *shent*.

Shent—reproved. T. N. iv. 2, n.
I am *shent* for speaking to you.

Shent—rebuked, hurt. H. iii. 3, n.
How in my words soever she be *shent*.

Shent—rebuked. T. C. ii. 3, n.
He *shent* our messengers.

Shent—rebuked. Cor. v. 2, n.
Do you hear how we are *shent* for keeping your great-
ness back?

Sheriff's post. T. N. i. 5, i.
He says he'll stand at your door like a *sheriff's post*.

Sherrie-sack. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, i.
Sir John Sack-and-Sugar.

Ships of Antony and Cæsar,—from North's 'Plutarch.'
A. C. iii. 7, i.
Your *ships* are not well mann'd.

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Shoal. M. i. 7, *n.*
But here, upon this bank and *shoot* of time,
We'd jump the life to come.

Shoes. G. V. ii. 3, *t.*
This left *shoe*.

Shooting deer. L. L. L. iv. 1, *t.*
Where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

Shove-groat. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, *t.*
A *shove-groat* shilling.

Show'd his visage—his visage show'd. L. C. *n.*
Yet *show'd his visage* by that cost more dear.

Shrew—pronounced as shrow. T. S. v. 2, *n.*
Hor. Now go thy ways, thou hast tam'd a curst *shrew*.
Luc. 'Tis a wonder, by your leave, she will be tam'd
so.

Shriving-time—time of shrift, or confession. H. v. 2, *n.*
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not *shriving-time* allow'd

Shylock—origin of the name. M. V. i. 3, *t.*
Shylock.

Sib—kin. T. N. K. i. 2, *n.*
The blood of mine that's *sib* to him be suck'd
From me with leeches.

Side-sleeves—ample long sleeves. M. A. iii. 4, *n.*
Side-sleeves, and skirts, round underborne with a
bluish tinsel.

Sides. M. ii. 1, *n.*
Thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's ravishing *sides*, towards his design
Moves like a ghost.

Stage—seat. M. M. iv. 2, *n.*
Upon the very *stage* of justice

Siege—throne, elevated seat. O. i. 2, *n.*
I fetch my life and being
From men of royal *stage*.

Sightless—unsightly. J. iii. 1, *n.*
Full of unpleasing blots and *sightless* stains.

Simplicity—folly. So. lxvi. *n.*
And simple truth miscall'd *simplicity*.

Similar—counterfeit. L. iii. 2, *n.*
Thou perjur'd, and thou *similar* of virtue.

Single—pointless. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Your chin double? your wit *single*?

Sir—a title of priests. M. W. i. 1, *t.*
Sir Hugh, persuades me not.

Sir John—title of a priest. H. 6, S. P. i. 2, *n.*
Sir John! nay, fear not, man.

Sir Nob. J. i. 1, *n.*
I would give it every foot to have this face;
It would not be *sir Nob* in any case.

Sir reverence. C. E. iii. 2, *n.* (See R. J. i. *t.*)
May not speak of, without he say *sir reverence*.

Sir Robert his—*sir Robert's*, *sir Robert's* shape. J. i. 1, *n.*
Madam, an if my brother had my shape,
And I had his, *sir Robert his*, like him.

Sirrah—used familiarly, not contemptuously. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, *n.*
And, *sirrah*, I have cases of buckram.

Sit you out—a term of the card-table. L. L. L. i. 1, *n.*
Well, *sit you out*; go home, Biron; adieu!

Sithence—since. Cor. iii. 1, *n.*
Have you inform'd them *sithence*?

Sixpenny strikers—petty footpads, robbers for sixpence.
H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, *n.*
I am joined with no foot land-rakers, no long-staff
sixpenny strikers.

Sizes—allowances. L. ii. 4, *n.*
To cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my *sizes*.

Skir (v.)—scour. M. v. 2, *n.*
Send out more horses, *skir* the country round.

Skogan. H. 4, S. P. ii. 2, *t.*
I saw him break *Skogan's* head at the court gate.

Sleeve—unwrought silk. M. ii. 2, *n.*
Sleep that knits up the ravel'd *sleeve* of care.

'Sleeper Awakened.' T. S. Induction, 1, *t.*
What think you, if he were convey'd to bed?

Sleided silk. L. C. *n.*
Found yet no letters sadly penn'd in blood,
With *sleided silk* feat and affectedly
Enswath'd, and seal'd to curious secrecy.

Slip. R. J. ii. 4, *t.*
What counterfeit did I give you?
The *slip*, sir, the *slip*.

Smilets. L. iv. 3, *n.* Those happy *smilets*
That play'd on her ripe lip.

Smiling at grief. T. N. ii. 4, *n.*
She sat, like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Smirched—smutched, smudged. M. A. iii. 3, *n.*
Like the shaven Hercules in the *smirched* w^cm-eaten
tapestry.

Smithfield. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, *t.*
A horse in *Smithfield*.

Smooth (v.)—flatter. P. i. 2, *n.*
Seem'd not to strike, but *smooth*.

Smoothing—flattering. Luc. *n.*
Thy *smoothing* titles to a ragged name.

Sneaped—checked. Luc. *n.*
And give the *sneaped* birds more cause to sing.

Sneck up. T. N. ii. 3, *n.*
We did keep time, sir, in our catches. *Sneck up!*

Snuff, aromatic powders used as. H. 4, F. P. i. 3, *n.* (See
L. iii. 1, *n.*)
Who, therewith angry, when it next came there
Took it in *snuff*.

Snuffs—dialikes. L. iii. 1, *n.*
What hath been seen,
Either in *snuffs* and packings of the dukes.
So Antony loves—so that Antony loves. A. C. i. 3, *n.*
I am quickly ill, and well,
So Antony loves.

So his case was like—his case was so like. C. E. i. 1, *n.*
That his attendant (*so his case was like*,
Reft of his brother, but retain'd his name).

So much of earth and water wrought. So. xlv. *n.*
But that, *so much of earth and water wrought*,
I must attend time's leisure with my moan.

Soil—spot. H. i. 3, *n.*
And now no *soil*, nor cautel, doth besmirch
The virtue of his will.

Soils—defilements, taints. A. C. i. 4, *n.*
Yet must Antony
No way excuse his *soils*.

Solidity—earth. H. iii. 3, *n.*
Yes, this *solidity*, and compound mass.

Solve—solution. So. lxxix. *n.*
But why thy odour matcheth not thy show,
The *solve* is this,—that thou dost compound grow.

Some nature—some impulses of nature. R. J. iv. 5, *n.*
For though *some nature* bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.

Sometimes—formerly. M. V. i. 1, *n.*
Sometimes from her eyes
I did receive fair speechless messages.

Songs in old comedies. L. L. L. iii. 1, *t.*
Concolinel.

Songs, fragments of old. H. 4, S. P. v. 3, *t.*
Do nothing but eat, and make good cheer.

Soon at five o'clock—about five o'clock. C. E. i. 2, *n.*
Please you, I'll meet with you upon the mart.

Sooth—truth. W. T. iv. 3, *n.*
He looks like *sooth*.

Soot—assent. R. S. iii. 3, *n.*
Should take it off again
With words of *sooth*.

Sore—excessively much. M. V. v. 1, *n.*
I'll fear no other thing
So *sore*, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

Sorrow wag. M. A. v. 1, *n.*
And, 'sorrow wag' cry: hem, when he should groan.

Sort (v.)—choose. G. V. iii. 2, *n.*
To *sort* some gentlemen well skill'd in music.

Sort—condition, kind. M. A. i. 1, *n.*
Leon. How many gentlemen have you lost in this
action?
Mess. But few of any *sort*, and none of name.

Sort—company. R. S. iv. 1, *n.*
But they can see a *sort* of traitors here.

Sort—company. H. 6, S. P. ii. 1, *n.*
A *sort* of naughty persons, lewdly bent.

Sort (v.)—assign, appropriate. Luc. s.
When wilt thou *sort* an hour great strifes to end?
Sortleth—consortleth. V. A. s.
And sometime *sortleth* with a herd of deer.
Soud—expression of fatigue. T. S. iv. 1, s.
Sit down, Kate, and welcome.
Soud, soud, soud, soud!
Soul-feeding. J. ii. 2, s.
Till their *soul-feeding* clamours have brawl'd down
The flinty ribs of this contemptuous city.
Sound (v.)—swoon. A. L. v. 2, s.
Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to *sound*?
Sounds. Luc. s.
Deep *sounds* make lesser noise than shallow fords.
South Sea of discovery. A. L. iii. 2, s.
One inch of delay more is a *South Sea of discovery*.
Sowle (v.)—pull out. Cor. iv. 5, s.
He'll go, he says, and *sowle* the porter of Rome gates
by the cars.
Speak him far—carry your praise far. Cy. i. 1, s.
You *speak him far*.
Speak sad brow, and true maid—speak with a serious coun-
tenance, and as a true maid. A. L. iii. 2, s.
Nay, but the devil take mocking; *speak sad brow,*
and true maid.
Speed—issue. W. T. iii. 2, s.
The prince your son, with mere conceit and fear
Of the queen's *speed*, is gone.
Sperr up. T. C. Prologue, s.
Sperr up the sons of Troy.
Spider. W. T. ii. 1, s.
There may be in the cup
A *spider steep'd*.
Spirit of sense—sensitivity of touch. T. C. i. 1, s.
To whose soft seizure
The cygnet's down is harsh, and *spirit of sense*
Hard as the palm of ploughman.
Spirit that appeared to Brutus,—from North's Plutarch.
J. C. iv. 3, i.
How ill this taper burns.
Spirits all of comfort. A. C. iii. 2, s.
The elements be kind to thee, and make
Thy *spirits all of comfort!*
Spleen—passion, caprice. M. N. D. i. 1, s.
That, in a *spleen*, unfolds both heaven and earth.
Spotted—stained, impure. M. N. D. i. 1, s.
Upon this *spotted* and inconstant man.
Sprag—quick. M. W. iv. 1, s.
He is a good *sprag* memory.
Spring—beginning. M. N. D. ii. 2, s.
And never, since the middle summer's *spring*.
Spring—bud, young shoot. V. A. s.
This canker that eats up love's tender *spring*.
Spring, return of. R. J. i. 2, i.
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel.
Springs—shoots, saplings. Luc. s.
To dry the old oak's sap, and cherish *springs*.
Spurs. Cy. iv. 2, s.
I do note
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,
Mingle their *spurs* together.
Spurs, fashions of. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, i.
Up to the rowel-head.
Squander'd abroad—scattered. M. V. i. 3, s.
And other ventures he hath, *squander'd abroad*.
Square (v.)—quarrel. M. N. D. ii. 1, s.
They never meet in grove, or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do *square*.
Squarer—quarreller. M. A. i. 1, s.
Is there no young *squarer* now that will make a
voyage with him to the devil?
Squire—esquierre, a rule. L. L. v. 2, s.
Do not you know my lady's foot by the *squire*?
Squire—foot-rule. W. T. iv. 3, s.
And not the worst of the three but jumps twelve
foot and a half by the *squire*.
Squire—rule. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, s.
If I travel but four foot by the *squire*.
St. Colme's Inch, notice of. M. i. 2, i.
St. George. J. ii. 1, i.
St. George,—that swindg'd, &c.

St. Martin's summer—fine weather in November, prosperity
after misfortune. H. 6, F. P. i. 2, s.
Expect *St. Martin's summer*, halcyon days,
Since I have entered into these wars.
St. Nicholas. G. V. iii. 1, i.
St. Nicholas be thy speed.
St. Nicholas' clerks—thieves. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s. (See G.
V. iii. i.)
If they meet not with *St. Nicholas' clerks* I'll give
thee this neck.
Stage action. H. iii. 4, i.
Look here, upon this picture, and on this.
Stage, construction of the old. L. iii. 7, i.
Where is thy lustre now?
Stage, construction of the old. M. ii. 2, i.
Who's there?—what, ho!
Stage-costume, old. M. V. ii. 1, i.
Stage-directions. T. S. i. 1, i.
The Presenters above speak.
Stage-directions. H. E. i. 1, s.
Enter the Duke of Buckingham.
Stage, internal roof of the. M. i. 5, i.
Come, thick night, &c.
Stagers—uncertainty. A. W. ii. 3, s.
Or I will throw thee from my care for ever,
Into the *stagers*, and the careless lapse
Of youth and ignorance.
Stain—tincture, slight mark. A. W. i. 1, s.
You have some *stain* of soldier in you.
Stain—used as a verb neuter. So. xxxiii. s.
Suns of the world may *stain*, when heaven's sun staineth.
Staineth—used as a verb neuter. So. xxxiii. s.
Suns of the world may *stain*, when heaven's sun *staineth*.
Stale—stalking-horse. C. E. ii. 1, s.
Poor I am but his *stale*.
Stale—thing stalled, exposed for common sale. T. S. i. 1, s.
To make a *stale* of me amongst these mates.
Stale—stalking-horse. H. 6, T. P. iii. 3, s.
Had he none else to make a *stale* but me?
Stalking-horses. M. A. ii. 3, i.
Stalk on, stalk on: the fowl sits.
Stalks—goes warily, softly. Luc. s.
Into the chamber wickedly he *stalks*.
Stand, ho—pass-word. J. C. iv. 2, s.
Bru. *Stand, ho!*
Luc. Give the word, *ho!* and stand.
Stand my good lord—be my good lord. H. 4, S. P. iv. 3, s.
When you come to court, *stand my good lord*.
Standing. T. Ath. i. 1, s.
How this grace
Speaks his own *standing*.
Standing and truckle beds. M. W. iv. 5, i.
His *standing bed* and *truckle bed*.
Stannysel—common hawk. T. N. ii. 5, s.
And with what wing the *stannysel* checks at it!
Stark—stiff. Cy. iv. 2, s.
Bel. How found you him?
Aro. *Stark*, as you see.
Starkly—stiffly. M. M. iv. 2, s.
As fast lock'd up in sleep, as gullless labour
When it lies *starkly* in the traveller's bones.
Start some other where—go somewhere else. C. E. ii. 1, s.
How if your husband *start some other where*?
State—canopied chair, throne. T. N. ii. 5, s.
Having been three months married to her, sitting in
my *state*.
Station—manner of standing, attitude. H. iii. 4, s.
A *station* like the herald Mercury,
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill.
Station—act of standing. A. C. iii. 3, s.
Her motion and her *station* are as one.
Statuas—pictures. R. T. iii. 7, s.
But, like dumb *statuas*, or breathing stones,
Star'd each on other, and look'd deadly pale.
Statue—used as a picture. G. V. iv. 4, s.
My substance should be *statue* in thy stead.
Statues, painted. W. T. v. 3, i.
The ruddiness upon her lip is wet.
Statute—security, obligation. So. exxxiv. s.
The *statute* of thy beauty thou wilt take,
Thou usurer, that putt'st forth all to use.

Statute-caps. L. L. L. v. 2, i.
Better wits have worn plain *statute-caps*.

Stay—interruption. J. ii. 2, n.
Here's a *stay*.

Stayers of sand. M. V. iii. 2, n.
Whose hearts are all as false
As *stayers of sand*.

Stays—detains. A. L. i. 1, n.
Stays me here at home unkept.

Stel'd. Luc. n.
To find a face where all distress is *stel'd*.

Sternage—steerage, course. H. F. iii. Chorus, n.
Grapple your minds to *sternage* of this navy.

Sterv'd—starved. M. V. iv. 1, n.
Are wolfish, bloody, *sterv'd*, and ravenous.

Stickler—arbitrator. T. C. v. 2, n.
And *stickler*-like the armies separate.

Stigmatical—branded in form. C. E. iv. 2, n.
Stigmatical in making; worse in mind.

Stigmatick—one upon whom a stigma has been set. H. 6, S. P. v. 1, n.
Foul *stigmatick*, that's more than thou canst tell.

Stigmatick—one on whom a stigma has been set. H. 6, T. P. ii. 2, n. (See H. 6, S. P. v. 1, n.)
But like a foul mis-shapen *stigmatick*.

Still-peering—appearing still. A. W. iii. 2, n.
Move the *still-peering* air.
That sings with piercing.

Stint—stop. P. i. 2, n.
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with the *stint* of war will look so huge.

Stinted—stopped. R. J. i. 3, n.
And, pretty fool, it *stinted*, and said—Ay.

Stithe—pronounced stithy. H. iii. 2, n.
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's *stiths*.

Stock—stocking. G. V. iii. 1, n.
When she can knit him a *stock*.

Stock—stocking. T. S. iii. 2, n.
With a linen *stock* on one leg.

Stock—stocking. T. N. i. 3, n.
A damask-coloured *stock*.

Stocks. G. V. iv. 4, i.
I have sat in the *stocks*.

Stone at Scone. M. ii. 4, i.
And gone to *Scone*
To be invested.

Stone-bow. T. N. ii. 5, i.
O, for a *stone-bow*.

Stone jugs and no seal'd quarts. T. S. Induction 2, n.
Because she brought *stone jugs and no seal'd quarts*.

Stoop. J. iii. 1, n.
For grief is proud, and makes his owner *stoop*.

Stoop—term of falconry. H. F. iv. 1, n.
And though his affections are higher mounted than
ours, yet, when they *stoop*, they *stoop* with the like wing.

Stout—healthy. T. Ath. iv. 3, n.
Pluck *stout* men's pillows from below their heads.

Straight—straightways, forthwith. H. v. 1, n.
1 *Clown*. Is she to be buried in christian burial, that
wilfully seeks her own salvation?
2 *Clown*. I tell thee, she is; and therefore make her
grave *straight*.

Straight—immediately. T. Ath. ii. 1, n.
Give my horse to Timon,
Ask nothing, give it him, it foals me, *straight*,
And able horses.

Strain—humour, disposition. M. W. ii. 1, n.
Unless he know some *strain* in me.

Strain—lineage. M. A. ii. 1, n.
He is of a noble *strain*, of approved valour.

Strangeness—coyness, bashfulness. V. A. n.
Measure my *strangeness* with my unripe years.

Stranger—foreigner. H. E. ii. 3, n.
Alas, poor lady!
She's a *stranger* now again.

Strappado, punishment of. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.
At the *strappado*.

Stratagem—military movement. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, n.
Every minute now
Should be the father of some *stratagem*.

Stratagems—disastrous events. H. 6, T. P. ii. 5, n.
What *stratagems*, how fell, how butcherly.

Stricture—strictness. M. M. i. 4, n.
Lord Angelo
(A man of *stricture* and firm abstinence).

Strike (v.)—lower sail. R. S. ii. 1, n.
We see the wind sit sore upon our sails,
And yet we *strike* not, but securely perish.

Stronds—strands, shores. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, n.
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commend'd in *stronds* afar remote.

Strong escape—escape effected by strength. C. E. v. 1, n.
I wot not by what *strong escape*.

Strong in, astern. P. iii. 1, n.
Per. That's your superstition.
1 *Sail*. Pardon us, sir; with us at sea it hath been
still observed; and we are *strong in, astern*.

Stuff—baggage. C. E. iv. 4, n.
Therefore away, to get our *stuff* aboard.

Stuff—matter, material substance. O. i. 2, n.
Yet do I hold it very *stuff* of the conscience,
To do no contriv'd murder.

Stuffed—stored, furnished. M. A. i. 1, n.
Stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Subject—used as a plural noun. P. ii. 1, n.
How from the flny *subject* of the sea
The fishers tell the infirmities of men.

Subscribes—submits, acknowledges as a superior. So. cvii. n.
My love looks fresh, and death to me *subscribes*,
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme.

Success—succession. W. T. i. 2, n.
Than our parents' noble names,
In whose *success* we are gentile.

Success—succession. H. 4, S. P. iv. 2, n.
And so, *success* of mischief shall be born.

Success—succession, consequence. O. iii. 3, n.
Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vile *success*
Which my thoughts aim'd not.

Suggest (v.)—prompt. R. S. i. 1, n.
That he did plot the duke of Gloster's death;
Suggest his soon-believing adversaries.

Suggest (v.)—tempt. So. cxl. n.
Two loves I have, of comfort and despair,
Which like two spirits do *suggest* me still.

Suggested—tempted. G. V. iii. 1, n.
Knowing that tender youth is soon *suggested*.

Suggested—tempted. Luc. n.
Perchance his boast of Lucrece' sovereignty
Suggested this proud issue of a king.

Suggestions—temptations. L. L. L. i. 1, n.
Suggestions are to others as to me.

Suggestions—temptations. A. W. iii. 5, n.
A filthy officer he is in those *suggestions* for the
young earl.

Suggests—excites. H. E. i. 1, n.
Suggests the king our master
To this last costly treaty.

Suicide of Sir James Hales. H. v. 1, i.
Crowners'-quest law.

Suit—request. A. L. ii. 7, n.
It is my only *suit*.

Suit—court solicitation. R. J. i. 4, n.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a *suit*.

Suited—clothed. L. iv. 7, n.
Be better *suited*;
These weeds are memories of those wosser hours.

Suitor—pronounced as shooter. L. L. L. iv. 1, n.
Who is the *suitor*?

Sun of York—allusion to the cognizance of Edward IV.
R. T. i. 1, n.
Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this *sun of York*.

Superstitions respecting drowned men. T. N. ii. 1, i.
If you will not murder me for my love, let me be
your servant.

Supplications in the quill—written supplications. H. 6,
S. P. i. 3, n.
And then we may deliver our *supplications* in the quill.

Sur-rein'd—over-reined, over-worked. H. F. iii. 5, n.
Can sodden water,
A drench for *sur-rein'd* jades, their barley-broth,
Decoct their cold blood to such valliant heat?

Suspect—suspicion. So. lxx. n.
The ornament of beauty is *suspect*.

Swashers. R. J. l. 1, i.
Gregory, remember thy *swashing* blow.

Swashing—making a noise of swords against targets. A. L. l. 3, n.
We'll have a *swashing* and a martial outside.

Swear his thought over—over-swear his thought. W. T. i. 2, n.
Swear his thoughts over
By each particular star in heaven.

Swears only. J. iii. 1, n.
The truth thou art unsure
To swear, *swears only* not to be fors worn.

Sweeting—name of an apple. R. J. ii. 4, n.
Thy wit is a very bitter *sweeting*.

Sword-belts. H. v. 2, i.
The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Sword even like a dancer. A. C. iii. 9, n.
He, at Philippi, kept
His *sword even like a dancer*.

Sword worn by a dancer. A. W. ii. 1, n.
Till honour be bought up, and no *sword worn*
But one to *dance* with.

Swords, inscriptions upon. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, i.
Si fortuna, &c.

Sworn brother. R. S. v. 1, n.
I am *sworn brother*, sweet,
To grim necessity.

Swoonds—swoons. Luc. n.
Here manly Hector faints, here Troilus *swoonds*.

Sycamore groves. R. J. l. 1, i.
Underneath the *grove of sycamore*.

Sympathetic vibration (in music). So. viii. n.
Mark how each string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering.

Sympathies—mutual passion. R. S. iv. 1, n.
If that thy valour stand on *sympathies*.

T.

Table—tablet. A. W. i. 1, n.
To sit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls
In our heart's *table*.

Table—the tabular surface upon which a picture is painted.
So. xxiv. n.
Mine eye hath play'd the painter, and hath stelf'd
Thy beauty's form in *table* of my heart.

Table-book, or tables. G. V. ii. 7, i.
The *table* wherein all my thoughts
Are visibly character'd.

Ta'en out—copied. O. iii. 3, n.
I'll have the work *ta'en out*.

Ta'en up—made up. A. L. v. 4, n.
Touch. I have had four quarrels, and like to have
fought one.
Jaq. And how was that *ta'en up*?

Tailors, singing of. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, i.
'T is the next way to turn *tailor*.

Take (v.)—understand. H. F. ii. 2, n.
For I can *take*, and Pistol's cock is up.

Take a house—take the shelter of a house. C. E. v. 1, n.
Run, master, run; for God's sake, *take a house*.

Take a muster—take an account, a muster-roll. H. 4, F. P. iv. 1, n.
Come, let us *take a muster* speedily.

Take in (v.)—subdue. Cor. i. 2, n.
Which was,
To *take in* many towns, ere, almost, Rome
Should know we were afoot.

Take in—gain by conquest. A. C. iii. 7, n.
He could so quickly cut the Ionian sea,
And *take in* Toryne.

Take me with you—let me know your meaning. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, n.
I would your grace would *take me with you*.
Whom means your grace?

'Take, oh take those lips away,' on the authorship of. M. M. iv. 1, i.

Take, or lend. Cy. iii. 6, n.
If anything that's civil, speak;—if savage—
Take, or lend.

'Take thy old cloak about thee,' ballad of. O. ii. 3, i.
King Stephen was a worthy peer.

Takes—seizes with disease. M. W. iv. 4, n.
And there he blasts the tree, and *takes* the cattle.

Takes—seizes with disease. H. l. 1, n.
Then no planets strike,
No fairy *takes*, nor witch hath power to charm.

Taking—malignant influence. L. iii. 4, n.
Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and *taking!*

Taking so the head—taking the sovereign's chief title. R. S. iii. 3, n.
To shorten you
For *taking so the head*.

Taking up—buying up on credit. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, n.
If a man is thorough with them in honest *taking up*,
then they must stand upon security.

Talents—something precious. L. C. n.
And lo! behold these *talents* of their hair
With twisted metal amorously impleach'd.

Tall—stout, bold. T. N. i. 3, n.
He's as *tall* a man as any's in Illyria.

Tame snake. A. L. iv. 3, i.
I see, love hath made thee a *tame snake*.

'Taming of a Shrew'—old play. T. S. Induction, 1, i.
Before an alehouse on a heath.

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene in the old play of. T. S. ii. 1, i.
Good morrow, Kate.

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from the old play of. T. S. iii. 2, i.
I must away to-day, &c.

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene in the old play of. T. S. iv. 1, i.
Where be these knaves?

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 3, i.
No, no; forsooth, I dare not for my life.

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 3, i.
Come, tailor, let us see these ornaments, &c.

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. iv. 5, i.
Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon! &c.

'Taming of a Shrew,' scene from old play of. T. S. v. 2, i.
Exeunt.

Tapestry. R. S. i. 2, i.
Unfurnish'd walls.

Tarleton and his labor. T. N. iii. 1, i.
Dost thou live by thy *labor*?

Tarre (v.)—exasperate. J. iv. 1, n.
And, like a dog that is compell'd to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth *tarre* him on.

Tarre (v.)—exasperate. H. ii. 2, n. (See J. iv. 1, n.)
And the nation holds it no sin to *tarre* them to con-
troversy.

Task the earth. R. S. iv. 1, n.
I *task* the earth to the like, forsworn Aumerle.

Task'd—taxed. H. 4, F. P. iv. 3, n.
And in the neck of that, *task'd* the whole state.

Taste (v.)—try. T. N. iii. 1, n.
Taste your legs, sir; put them to motion.

Taxation—satire. A. L. i. 2, n.
You'll be whipp'd for *taxation* one of these days.

Taxing—censure, reproach. A. L. ii. 7, n.
My *taxing* like a wild goose flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

Teen—sorrow. T. i. 2, n.
O, my heart bleeds
To think of the *teens* that I have turn'd you to.

Teen—sorrow. R. T. iv. 1, n.
Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of *teen*.

Teen—sorrow. R. J. i. 3, n.
I'll lay fourteen of my teeth,
And yet, to my *teen* be it spoken, I have but four.

Teen—grief. V. A. n.
My face is full of shame, my heart of *teen*.

Teen—grief. L. C. n.
Not one whose flame my heart so much as warm'd,
Or my affection put to the smallest *teen*.

Ten bones—ancient adjuration. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, n.
By these *ten bones*, my lords.

Ten commandments. H. 6, S. P. i. 3, n.
 Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
 I'd set my *ten commandments* in your face.

Ten shillings—value of the royal. H. 4, F. P. i. 2, n.
 Thou earnest not of the blood royal, if thou darrest not
 stand for *ten shillings*.

Tench. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, i.
 Stung like a *tench*.

Tender (v.)—heed, regard. Luc. n.
 Then for thy husband and thy children's sake,
 Tender my suit.

Tender-hearted nature—nature which may be held by tender-
 ness. L. ii. 4, n.
 Thy *tender-hearted nature* shall not give
 Thee o'er to harshness.

Tennis-balls. M. A. iii. 2, n.
 The old ornament of his cheek hath already stuffed
tennis-balls.

Tennyson, Mr., poem by. M. M. iii. 1, i.
 At the moated grange resides this dejected Mariana.

Tents. J. ii. 2, i.
 She is sad and passionate, at your highness' *tent*.

Terms. T. N. ii. 4, i.
 Light airs and recollected *terms*.

Terms. M. M. i. 1, n.
 Our city's institutions, and the *terms*
 For common justice.

Terms of law-courts. H. 4, S. P. v. 1, i.
 The wearing out of six fashions (which is four *terms*,
 or two actions).

Testern. G. V. i. 1, i.
 You have *testern'd* me.

Than—then. Luc. n.
 And their ranks began
 To break upon the galled shore, and *than*
 Retire again.

Tharborough—thirdborough, peace-officer. L. L. L. i. 1, n.
 I am his grace's *tharborough*.

That art not what thou'rt sure of. A. C. ii. 5, n.
 O that his fault should make a knave of thee,
 That art not what thou'rt sure of.

That poor retention. So. cxxii. n.
 That poor retention could not so much hold,
 Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score.

That praises which Collatine doth owe—that object of praise
 which Collatine doth possess. Luc. n.
 Therefore that praise which Collatine doth owe,
 Enchanted Tarquin answers with surmise.

That's off—that is nothing to the matter. Cor. ii. 2, n.
 That's off, that's off;
 I would you rather had been silent.

The fifth, if I. L. L. L. v. 1, i.
 The fifth, if I.

The rich golden shaft. T. N. i. 1, n.
 How will she love when the rich golden shaft
 Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
 That live in her!

Theatrical entertainments at the universities. H. ii. 2, i.
 Seneca cannot be too heavy.

Thee me—thee to me. So. xliii. n.
 All days are nights to see, till I see thee,
 And nights, bright days, when dreams do show *thee me*.

Theorick—theory. H. F. i. 1, n.
 So that the art and practick part of life
 Must be the mistress to this *theorick*.

'There dwelt a man in Babylon.' T. N. ii. 3, i.
 There dwell a man in Babylon, lady, lady.

There is a kind of character in thy life. M. M. i. 1, n.
 There is a kind of character in thy life,
 That to the observer doth thy history
 Fully unfold.

Therefore we meet not now—we do not meet now on that
 account. H. 4, F. P. i. 1, n.
 And bootless 'tis to tell you—we will go;
 Therefore we meet not now.

Therites,—from Chapman's 'Homer.' T. C. ii. 1, n.
 The plague of Greece upon thee, &c.

Theseus. M. N. D. v. 1, i.
 The battle with the Centaurs.

Things. T. S. iv. 3, n.
 With ruffs, and cuffs, and farthingales, and *things*.

Thinks all is writ he spoken can—thinks all he can speak
 is as holy writ. P. ii. Gower, n.
 Is still at Tharsus, where each man
 Thinks all is writ he spoken can.

Thirdborough—petty constable. T. S. Induction, 1, n.
 I must go fetch the *thirdborough*.

This brave o'erhanging. H. ii. 2, n.
 This most excellent canopy, the sir, look you—*this*
 brave o'erhanging—this majestic roof fretted with
 golden fire.

This'longs the text—this belongs to the text. P. ii. Gower, n.
 Pardon old Gower; *this'longs the text*.

This present. T. N. i. 5, n.
 Look you, sir, such a one I was *this present*.

This time remov'd—this time in which I was remote or
 absent from thee. So. xcvi. n.
 And yet *this time remov'd* was summer's time.

Those eyes ador'd them—those eyes which adored them.
 P. ii. 4, n.
 For they so stunk,
 That all those eyes ador'd them ere their fall,
 Scorn now their hand should give them burial.

Thou art raw. A. L. iii. 2, n.
 God make incision in thee! *thou art raw*.

'Thou knave,' catch of. T. N. ii. 3, i.
 Let our catch be, 'Thou knave.'

Thrasconical—from Thraso, the boasting soldier of Terence.
 L. L. L. v. 1, n.
 Behaviour vain, ridiculous, and *thrasconical*.

Three-farthing silver pieces. J. i. 1, i.
 Look, where *three-farthings* goes.

Three-man beetle. H. 4, S. P. i. 2, i.
 Fillip me with a *three-man beetle*.

Three-men's songs. W. T. iv. 2, i.
 Three-man song-men all.

Three-pile—rich velvet. W. T. iv. 2, n.
 I have served prince Florizel, and, in my time, wore
three-pile.

Threne—funeral song. P. P. n.
 Whereupon it made this *threne*
 To the phoenix and the dove.

Thrice-crowned queen of night. A. L. iii. 2, n.
 And thou, *thrice-crowned queen of night*.

Thrift—a frugal arrangement. H. i. 2, n.
 Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats
 Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Through the sight I bear in things to love—through my pre-
 scence in knowing what things I should love. T. C. iii. 3, n.
 Appear it to your mind,
 That, through the sight I bear in things to love,
 I have abandon'd Troy.

Thy heart my wound—thy heart wounded as mine is. V. A. n.
 Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
 My heart all whole as thine, *thy heart my wound*.

Tickle—uncertain. H. 6, S. P. i. 1, n.
 The state of Normandy
 Stands on a *tickle* point.

Tied. H. E. iv. 2, n.
 One, that by suggestion
 Tied all the kingdom.

Tightly—briskly, cleverly. M. W. i. 3, n.
 Bear you these letters *tightly*.

Tike—common dog, mongrel. H. F. ii. 1, n.
 Base *tike*, call't thou me host?

Tike—worthless dog. L. iii. 6, n. (See H. F. ii. 1, n.)
 Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
 Or bottail *tike*, or trundle-tail.

Tilly-fally. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n.
 Tilly-fally, sir John, never tell me.

Tilt-yard. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, i.
 He never saw him but once in the *tilt-yard*.

Tilts and tournaments. G. V. i. 3, i.
 There shall he practise *tilts and tournaments*.

Time—tuna. M. iv. 3, n.
 This time goes manly.

Timeless—untimely. R. S. iv. 1, n.
 The bloody office of his *timeless* end.

Timely-parted ghost—body recently parted the soul. H. 6.
 S. P. iii. 2, n.
 Oft have I seen a *timely-parted ghost*.

Time's chest. So. lxx. n.
 Shall Time's best jewel from *Time's chest* lie hid?

Timon, account of, in North's translation of 'Plutarch.'
T. Ath. iii. 6, l.
Burn, house; sink, Athens! henceforth hated be
Of *Timon*, man, and all humanity.

Timon of Athens, account of, in 'The Palace of Pleasure.'
T. Ath. v. 2, i.
I have a tree which grows here in my close.

Tir'd—satiated, gluttied. Luc. s.
What he beheld on that he firmly doted,
And in his will his wilful eye he *tir'd*.

Tired—caparisoned. L. L. L. iv. 2, s.
The *tired* horse his rider.

'Tired—attired. V. A. s.
And Titan, *'tired* in the midday heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them.

Tires—tears, preys. V. A. s.
Even as an empty eagle, sharp by flesh,
Tires with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone.

Tiring—attiring. C. E. ii. 2, s.
The money that he spends in *tiring*.

'T is given with welcome—that 't is given with welcome. M.
iii. 4, s.
The feast is sold
That is not often vouch'd, while 't is a making,
'*T is given with welcome*.

T is in his buttons. M. W. iii. 2, s.
He will carry 't: 't is in his buttons.

Tithe. M. M. iv. 1, s.
Our corn's to reap, for yet our *tithe's* to sow.

Title-leaf. H. 4, S. P. i. 1, s.
Yea, this man's brow, like to a *title-leaf*,
Foretells the nature of a tragic volume.

To a wasteful cock—from a wasteful cock, from the scene
of extravagance. T. Ath. ii. 2, s.
I have retir'd me to a *wasteful cock*,
And set mine eyes at flow.

To do in slander. M. M. i. 4, s.
And yet my nature never in the fight
To do in *slander*.

To fear—a thing to terrify. O. i. 2, s.
Of such a thing as thou,—to *fear*, not to delight.

To go in the song—to join in the song. M. A. i. 1, s.
Come, in what key shall a man take you, to go in the
song!

To his shape—in addition to his shape. J. i. 1, s.
And, to his *shape*, were heir to all this land.

To pinch. M. W. iv. 4, s.
And fairy-like, to *pinch* the unclean knight.

To slack—so as to slack. R. J. iv. 1, s.
And I am nothing slow, to *slack* his haste.

To spend. J. v. 2, s.
Where these two Christian armies might combine
The blood of malice in a vein of league,
And not to *spend* it so unneighbourly.

To the warm sun. L. ii. 2, s.
Good king, that must approve the common saw;
Thou out of heaven's benediction com'st
To the *warm sun*.

To you—on you. T. Ath. i. 2, s.
I'll call to *you*.

Toad-stones. A. L. ii. 1, i.
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.

Toasts and butter—Londoners, eaters of buttered toasts.
H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, s.
I pressed me none but such *toasts and butter*.

Tods of wool. W. T. iv. 2, i.
Every 'leven wether—*tods*.

Token'd pestilence. A. C. iii. 8, s.
Eno. How appears the fight?
Scar. On our side like the *token'd pestilence*,
Where death is sure.

Toll for this. A. W. v. 3, s.
I will buy me a son-in-law in a fair, and *toll* for this:
I'll none of him.

Tomboys. Cy. i. 7, s.
To be partner'd
With *tomboys*.

Tongue—English language. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, s.
I framed to the harp
Many an English ditty, lovely well,
And gave the *tongue* a helpful ornament.

Too fine—too full of finesse. A. W. v. 3, s.
But thou art *too fine* in thy evidence.

Too late a week—somewhat too late. A. L. ii. 3, s.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is *too late a week*.

Too much i' the sun. H. i. 2, s.
King. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
Ham. Not so, my lord, I am *too much i' the sun*.

Took away—being taken away. Luc. s.
First red as roses that on lawn we lay,
Then white as lawn, the roses *took away*.

Toothpick, custom of using. J. i. 1, i.
Now your traveller,
He and his *toothpick*.

Topmast, striking of. T. i. 1, i.
Down with the *topmast*.

Torch-bearer. R. J. i. 4, i.
Give me a *torch*.

Toss (v.)—toss upon a pike. H. 4, F. P. iv. 2, s.
P. Ham. I did never see such pitiful rascals.
Fal. Tut, tut; good enough to *toss*: food for powder.

Totter'd—tottering. R. S. iii. 3, s.
From this castle's *totter'd* battlements.

Touch—touchstone. R. T. iv. 2, s.
To try if thou be current gold, indeed.

Touch—touchstone. T. Ath. iv. 3, s.
O thou *touch* of hearts!

Touch more rare—high feeling. Cy. i. 2, s.
I
Am senseless of your wrath; a *touch more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.

Touches—traits. A. L. iii. 2, s.
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the *touches* dearest priz'd.

Toward—in preparation. H. i. 1, s.
What might be *toward*, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day?

Towards—ready, at hand. R. J. i. 5, s.
We have a trifling foolish banquet *towards*.

Trade—habitual course, path trodden. H. E. v. 1, s. (See
R. S. iii. 4, s.)
Stands in the gap and *trade* of more preferments,
With which the time will load him.

Trajan's column, bas-relief on. Cy. v. 2, i.
Enter at one door Lucius, Iachimo, and the Roman
army.

Tranect—tow-boat. M. V. iii. 4, s.
Unto the *tranect*, to the common ferry.

Trash. T. i. 2, s. Whom to advance, and whom
To *trash* for overtopping.

Trash of Venice, whom I trace. O. ii. 1, s.
If this poor *trash of Venice*, whom I *trace*
For his quick hunting.

Travel. G. V. i. 3, i.
In having known no *travel*, &c.

Tray-trip. T. N. ii. 5, i.
Shall I play my freedom at *tray-trip*?

Treachers—cheaters, tricksters. L. i. 2, s.
Knaves, thieves, and *treachers*.

Trenchers. G. V. iv. 4, i.
He steps me to her *trencher*.

Trial by combat. R. S. i. 1, i.
Hast thou, according to thy oath and band?

Tribulation of Tower Hill. H. E. v. 3, i.
The *tribulation of Tower Hill*, or the limbs of Lime-
house.

Trick—peculiarity. A. W. i. 1, s.
Of every line and *trick* of his sweet favour.

Trick—peculiarity. J. i. 1, s.
He hath a *trick* of Cœur-de-Lion's face.

Trick'd—painted. H. ii. 2, s.
Horridly *trick'd*
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, sons

Trip—the pace of the fairy. M. N. D. v. 2, i.
Sing and dance it *trippingly*.

Triple—third. A. C. i. 1, s.
And you shall see in him
The *triple* pillar of the world transform'd
Into a strumpet's fool.

Triple—triple time in music. T. N. v. 1, s.
The *triple*, sir, is a good tripping measure.

Triumph. M. N. D. i. 1, n. (See G. V. v. 4, i.)
 But I will wed thee in another key,
 With pomp, with *triumph*, and with revelling.

Triumphs. G. V. v. 4, i.
Triumphs, mirth, and rare solemnity.

Troilus's reproach to Helenus. T. C. ii. 2, i.
 You are for dreams and slumbers, brother priest.

Trophies. H. iv. 5, i.
 No *trophies*, sword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones.

Tropically—figuratively. H. iii. 2, n.
 The mouse-trap. Marry, how! *Tropically*.

Troth-plight—betrotted. H. F. ii. 1, n.
 And, certainly, she did you wrong; for you were
troth-plight to her.

Trotting paritor—officer of the ecclesiastical court who
 carries out citations. L. L. L. iii. 1, n.
 Sole imperator, and great general
 Of *trotting paritors*.

Trou-madame. W. T. iv. 2, i.
 Trol-my-dames.

Trow—I trow. M. A. iii. 4, n.
 What means the fool, *trow*?

'Troy Book.' T. C. iii. 3, i.
 Expos'd myself,
 From certain and possess'd conveniences,
 To doubtful fortunes.

Truckle-bed. R. J. ii. 1, i.
 I'll to my *truckle-bed*.

True-love knots. G. V. ii. 7, i.
 I'll knit it up in silken strings,
 With twenty odd-conceited *true-love knots*.

True-love showers. H. iv. 5, n.
 Which bewept to the grave did not go,
 With *true-love showers*.

True men. H. 4, F. P. ii. 2, n.
 The thieves have bound the *true men*.

Trundle-tail—worthless dog. L. iii. 6, n.
 Or bobtail tike, or *trundle-tail*.

Trunks of the Elizabethan age. T. N. iii. 4, i.
 Empty *trunks*, o'erfoul'dish'd by the devil.

Truth—honesty. M. V. iv. 1, n.
 That malice bears down *truth*.

Tucket-sonance. H. F. iv. 2, n.
 Then let the trumpets sound
 The *tucket-sonance* and the note to mount.

Tumbler. L. L. L. iii. 1, i.
 And wear his colours like a *tumbler's* hoop.

Turk Gregory. Pope Gregory VII. H. 4, F. P. v. 3, n.
 Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I
 have done this day.

Turn (v.)—modulate. A. L. ii. 5, n.
 And *turn* his merry note
 Unto the sweet bird's throat.

Turn Turk with me—deal with me cruelly. H. iii. 2, n.
 If the rest of my fortunes *turn Turk* with me.

Turn your eyes towards the napes of your necks. Cor. ii.
 1, n.
 O, that you could *turn your eyes towards the napes of*
your necks, and make but an interior survey of your
 good selves.

Turning the buckle behind. M. A. v. 1, i.
 If he be [angry], he knows how to turn his girdle.

Turquoise, virtue of. M. V. iii. 1, i.
 It was my *turquoise*.

Twelve score—twelve score yards. H. 4, S. P. ii. 4, n.
 And, I know, his death will be a march of *twelve score*.

Twelve score—twelve score yards. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, n.
 He would have clapp'd 'I' the clout at *twelve score*.

Twiggen—wicker. O. ii. 3, n.
 I'll beat the knave into a *twiggen* bottle.

Twire. So. xxviii. n.
 When sparkling stars *twire* not, thou gild'st the even.

Two broken points. T. S. iii. 2, n.
 An old rusty sword ta'en out of the town armoury,
 with a broken hilt, and chapeless; with *two broken*
points.

U.

Umber'd face. H. F. iv. Chorus, i.
 Each battle sees the other's *um'er'd* face.

Unadvised—unknowing. Luc. n.
 Here friend by friend in bloody channel lies,
 And friend to friend gives *unadvised* wounds.

Unavoided—not to be avoided. H. 6, F. P. iv. 5, n.
 A terrible and *unavoided* danger.

Unbated—not blunted. H. iv. 7, n.
 You may choose
 A sword *unbated*, and in a pass of practice
 Require him for your father.

Unbolt (v.)—unfold, explain. T. Ath. i. 1, n.
 Pain. How shall I understand you?
 Poet. I'll *unbolt* to you.

Unbonneted. O. i. 2, n. And my demerits
 May speak *unbonneted*, as as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd.

Unchary on't. T. N. iii. 4, n.
 I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
 And laid mine honour too *unchary on't*.

Uncurrent gold. H. ii. 2, i.
 Your voice, like a piece of *uncurrent gold*, cracked
 within the ring.

Under-fends—fends below. Cor. iv. 5, n.
 I will fight
 Against my canker'd country, with the spleen
 Of all the *under-fends*.

Undergoes—passes under. M. A. v. 2, n.
 But I must tell thee plainly, Claudio *undergoes* my
 challenge.

Understand them—stand under them. C. E. ii. 1, n.
 Nay, he struck so plainly I could too well feel
 his blows; and withal so doubtfully that I could scarce
understand them.

Undertaker—one who undertakes another's quarrel. T. N.
 iii. 4, n.
 Nay, if you be an *undertaker*, I am for you.

Unear'd—unploughed. So. iii. n.
 For where is she so fair whose *unear'd* womb
 Disdains the tillage of thy husbandry?

Unearth—not easily. H. 6, S. P. ii. 4, n.
Unearth may she endure the flinty streets,
 To tread them with her tender-feeling feet.

Unexpressive—inexpressible. A. L. iii. 2, n.
 The fair, the chaste, and *unexpressive* she.

Unfair (v.)—deprive of fairness or beauty. So. v. n.
 Those hours that with gentle work did frame
 The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell,
 Will play the tyrants to the very same,
 And that *unfair* which fairly doth excel.

Unfurnish'd—unsurrounded by the other features. M. V.
 iii. 2, n.
 But her eyes,—
 How could he see to do them? having made one,
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his,
 And leave itself *unfurnish'd*.

Unhair'd—unbearded. J. v. 2, n.
 This *unhair'd* sauciness and boyish troops,
 The king doth laugh at.

Unhappy—unlucky, mischievous. A. W. iv. 5, n.
 A shrewd knave, and an *unhappy*.

Unhoused—unmarried. O. i. 2, n.
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my *unhoused* free condition
 Put into circumscription.

Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd—not having received
 the communion, not prepared, without the administration
 of extreme unction. H. i. 5, n.
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd.

Unimproved—unreproved. H. i. 1, n.
 Young Fortinbras,
 Of *unimproved* mettle hot and full.

Union—rich pearl. H. v. 2, n.
 And in the cup an *union* shall he throw.

Unkind—unnatural. A. L. ii. 7, n.
 Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
 Thou art not so *unkind*
 As man's ingratitude.

Unkind. V. A. n.
 O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind
 She had not brought forth thee, but died *unkind*.

Unless—except. Cor. v. 1, n.
 So that all hope is vain,
 Unless his noble mother, and his wife,
 Who, as I hear, mean to solicit him.

Unloose it from their bond. Luc. 8.
Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess
They scatter and *unloose it from their bond*.

Umwann'd—term of falconry. R. J. iii. 2, n.
Hood my *umwann'd* blood bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle.

Unquestionable—not to be questioned, not to be conversed with. A. L. iii. 2, n.
An *unquestionable* spirit, which you have not.

Unready—undressed. H. 6, F. P. ii. 1, n.
How now, my lords? what, all *unready* so?

Unrecalling—not to be recalled. Luc. 8.
And ever let his *unrecalling* crime
Have time to wall the abusing of his time.

Unregarded—unregarded. So. xliii. n.
For all the day they view things *unregarded*.

Unrespective—inconsiderate. R. T. iv. 2, n.
I will converse with iron-witted fools,
And *unrespective* boys.

Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain. P. iii. 3, n.
Till she be married, madam,
By bright Diana, whom we honour all,
Unscissor'd shall this hair of mine remain,
Though I show will in 't.

Unsisling—never at rest. M. M. iv. 2, n.
That spirit's possess'd with haste,
That wounds the *unsisling* postern with these strokes.

Unstate. L. i. 2, n.
I would *unstate* myself, to be in a due resolution.

Unthread. J. v. 4, n.
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.

Until your date expire—until you die. P. iii. 4, n.
Where you may 'bide *until your date expire*.

Untraded—unused, uncommon. T. C. iv. 5, n.
Mock not, that I affect the *untraded* oath.

Untrimm'd—undecorated. So. xviii. n.
By chance, or nature's changing course, *untrimm'd*.

Untrue (used as a substantive.) So. xliii. n.
Incapable of more; replete with you,
My most true mind thus maketh mine *untrue*.

Untwine. Cy. iv. 2, n.
And let the stinking elder, grief, *untwine*
His perishing root with the increasing vine.

Unwappen'd. T. N. K. v. 4, n.
We come tow'ards the gods
Young, and *unwappen'd*.

Unyoke—finish your work. II. v. 1, n.
Ay, tell me that, and *unyoke*.

Upon command—at your pleasure. A. L. ii. 7, n.
And therefore sit you down in gentleness,
And take *upon command* what help we have.

Upon the hip. M. V. i. 3, n.
If I can catch him once *upon the hip*.

Urchin-snouted—with the snout of the urchin, or hedgehog. V. A. n.
But this foul, grim, and *urchin-snouted* boar.

Usances—usury. M. V. i. 3, t.
You have rated me
About my moneys, and my *usances*.

Us'd—deported. H. E. iii. 1, n.
And, pray, forgive me,
If I have *us'd* myself unmannerly.

Use—interest of money. M. M. i. 1, n.
She determines
Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and *use*.

Usurer's chain—ornament of a wealthy citizen, or goldsmith. M. A. ii. 1, n.
About your neck, like an *usurer's chain*.

Usurers, practices of. M. M. iv. 3, t.
He's in for a commodity of brown paper.

Utterance—à outrage. Cy. iii. 1, n.
Of him I gather'd honour;
Which he to seek of me again, perforce,
Behoves me keep at *utterance*.

Utterance—combat-à-outrance. M. iii. 1, n. (See Cy. iii. 1, n.)
Come, fate, into the list,
And champion me to the *utterance*!

Utter'd—put forth. L. L. L. ii. 1, n.
Not *utter'd* by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

Uttered heavenly—expell'd put out by the power of heaven.
M. A. v. 4, n.
Till death be *uttered*,
Heavenly, heavenly.

V.

Vaded—faded, vanished. R. S. i. 2, n.
Is hack'd down, and his summer leaves all *vaded*.

Vaded—faded. P. P. n.
Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon *vaded*.

Vail (v.)—lower. M. M. v. 1, n.
Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!

Vail (v.)—bow down. Cor. iii. 1, n.
If he have power,
Then *vail* your ignorance.

Vail'd—lowered. V. A. n.
Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She *vail'd* her eyelids.

Vailing—causing to fall down. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
Are angels *vailing* clouds.

Vailing—letting down. M. V. i. 1, n.
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs.

Vails—lowers. V. A. n.
He *vails* his tail, that, like a falling plume,
Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent.

Vain—light of tongue. C. E. iii. 2, n.
'Tis holy sport, to be a little *vain*.

Valiant—manly. H. ii. 2, n.
Thy face is *valiant* since I saw thee last.

Validity—value. A. W. v. 3, n.
O, behold this ring,
Whose high respect, and rich *validity*.

Validity—value, worth. L. i. 1, n.
No less in space, *validity*, and pleasure,
Than that conferr'd on Goneril.

Vantage—opportunity. Cy. i. 4, n.
Invogen. When shall we hear from him?
Pisanio. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next *vantage*.

Varlet—servant. T. C. i. 1, n.
Call here my *varlet*, I'll unarm again.

Vassals. A. C. i. 4, n.
Leave thy lascivious *vassals*.

Vast—great space. W. T. i. 1, n.
Shook hands, as over a *vast*.

Vast of night. T. i. 2, n. (See H. i. 2, n.)
Urchins
Shall for that *vast of night* that they may work
All exercise on thee.

Vastly—like a waste. Luc. n.
Who like a late-sack'd island *vastly* stood
Bare and unpeopled.

Vault—van. T. C. Prologue, n.
That our play
Leaps o'er the *vault* and firstlings of those broils.

Vaward—van. H. 6, F. P. i. 1, n.
He being in the *vaward*, (plac'd behind,
With purpose to relieve and follow them,)
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.

Veil full purpose (v.)—conceal the full extent of his purpose. M. M. iv. 6, n.
Yet I am advis'd to do it;
He says, to *veil full purpose*.

Velure—velvet. T. S. iii. 2, n.
And a woman's crupper of *velure*.

Velvet-guards. H. 4, F. P. iii. 1, t.
To *velvet-guards*, and Sunday-citizens.

Venetian houses, furniture of. T. S. ii. 1, t.
I will unto Venice,
To buy apparel 'gainst my wedding-day.
My house within the city
Is richly furnished with plate and gold.

Venetian galleys. M. V. i. 1, t.
Argosies with portly sail.

Venew. L. L. L. v. 1, t.
Venew of wit.

Venew'd—most decayed, most mouldy. T. C. ii. 1, n.
Speak then, thou *venew'd* leaven, speak.

Vengeance—mischief. A. L. iv. 3, n.
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no *vengeance* to me.

- Venice, climate of. T. S. iv. 1, *i*.
Curt. Who is that calls so coldly?
Grw. A piece of ice.
- Venice, grass in. M. V. i. 1, *i*.
 Plucking the *grass* to know where sits the wind.
- Venice, public places in. M. V. i. 2, *i*.
- Venice, notion of the mainland in. M. V. ii. 2, *i*.
 I will run as far as God has any ground.
- Venice, ferries at. M. V. ii. 4, *i*.
 Unto the tranect, to the common *ferry*,
 Which trades to Venice.
- Venice, residences in. O. i. 1, *i*.
 To start my quiet.
- Ventidius,—from North's 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 1, *i*.
 Now, darting Parthia, &c.
- Ventures. M. V. i. 1, *n*.
 My *ventures* are not in one bottom trusted.
- Venus and Adonis, passage from. R. J. ii. 4, *i*.
 Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw love.
- Verbal—plain. Cy. ii. 3, *n*.
 You put me to forget a lady's manners,
 By being so *verbal*.
- Verona, notice of. R. J. i. 1, *i*.
- Very—true. G. V. iii. 2, *n*.
 Especially against his *very* friend.
- Vice Iniquity. R. T. iii. 1, *i*.
 Thus, like the formal *Vice Iniquity*.
- Vice of kings. H. iii. 3, *n*. (See H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i*)
A vice of kings:
 A cutpurse of the empire and the rule.
- Vice's dagger. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, *i*.
 And now is this *Vice's dagger* become a squire.
- Vill—vile. M. N. D. i. 1, *n*.
 Things base and *vill*.
- Villain, in two senses: 1. worthless fellow; 2. one of mean birth. A. L. i. 1, *n*.
Oliver. Will thou lay hands on me, *villain*?
Orlando. I am no *villain*: I am the youngest son of
 Sir Rowland de Bois.
- Villainies of man will set him clear. T. Ath. iii. 3, *n*.
 The devil knew not what he did when he made man
 politic; he cross'd himself by 't: and I cannot think,
 but, in the end, the *villainies of man will set him clear*.
- Viol-da-gambo—bass viol. T. N. i. 3, *i*.
Viol-de-gamboys.
- Violent thefts. T. C. v. 3, *n*. Do not count it holy
 To hurt by being just: it is as lawful,
 For we would give much, to count *violent thefts*
 And rob in the behalf of charity.
- Virgil's 'Æneid.' H. 4, S. P. Induction, *i*.
 Upon my tongues continual slanders ride.
- Virginaling. W. T. i. 2, *i*.
 Still *virginaling*
 Upon his palm.
- Virtue go—virtue to go. M. M. iii. 2, *n*.
 Pattern in himself to know,
 Grace to stand, and *virtue go*.
- Vizaments—adviseiments. M. W. i. 1, *n*.
 Take your *vizaments* in that.
- Void of appointment—without preparation of armour or
 weapons. T. N. K. iii. 1, *n*.
 I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment.
- Vows of chastity. G. V. iv. 3, *i*.
 Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure *chastity*.
- Vox. T. N. v. 1, *n*.
 An your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you
 must allow *vox*.
- 'Vulgar Errors,' Sir Thomas Brown's. T. C. ii. 3, *i*.
 The elephant hath joints, &c.
- Vulgarly—publicly. M. M. v. 1, *n*.
 To justify this worthy nobleman,
 So *vulgarly* and personally accus'd.

W.

- Wafes—waves, signs. H. i. 4, *n*.
 Look, with what courteous action
 It *wafes* you to a more removed ground.
- Walking-sticks. M. A. v. 4, *i*.
 There is no staff more reverend than one tipped with
 horn.
- Wall-newt and the water—the wall-newt, and the water-
 newt. L. iii. 4, *n*.
 The toad, the tadpole, the *wall-newt*, and the *water*.
- Walter—commonly pronounced Water. H. 6, S. P. iv. 1, *n*.
 A cunning man did calculate my birth,
 And told me that by *Water* I should die.
 Yet let not this make thee be bloody-minded;
 Thy name is *Qualiter*, being rightly sounded.
- War proclaimed by Cæsar against Cleopatra,—from North's
 'Plutarch.' A. C. iii. 7, *i*.
 'T is said in Rome.
- Warden—name of a pear. W. T. iv. 2, *n*.
 I must have saffron, to colour the *warden* pies.
- Warder—truncheon, or staff of command. R. S. i. 3, *n*.
 Stay, the king hath thrown his *warder* down.
- Ware, bed of. T. N. iii. 2, *i*.
 Big enough for the *bed of Ware* in England.
- Warkworth Castle. H. 4, S. P. Induction, *i*.
 This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone.
- Wars (v.)—summon. R. T. i. 3, *n*.
 And sent to *wars* them to his royal presence.
- Wars (v.)—summon. J. C. v. 1, *n*.
 They mean to *wars* us at Philipp's here.
- Warrior—applied to a lady. O. ii. 1, *n*.
Oth. O my fair *warrior*!
- Warrior. O. iii. 4, *n*. (See O. ii. 1, *n*.)
 I was (unhandsome *warrior* as I am)
 Arraigning his unkindness with my soul.
- Warriors for the working-day—soldiers ready for work, not
 dressed up for a holiday. H. F. iv. 3, *n*.
 We are but *warriors for the working-day*.
- Wars (in the time of Elizabeth). G. V. i. 3, *i*.
 Some to the *wars*, &c.
- Wasp-tongue—peevish and mischievous tongue. H. iv. F. P.
 i. 3, *n*.
 Why, what a *wasp-tongue* and impatient fool.
- Wasps. G. V. i. 2, *i*.
 Injurious *wasps*! to feed on such sweet honey.
- Watch—watch-light, night-candle. R. T. v. 3, *n*.
 Give me a *watch*.
- Watch-case. H. 4, S. P. iii. 1, *n*.
 And leav'st the kingly couch,
 A *watch-case*, or a common 'larum bell.
- Watch him tame. O. iii. 3, *n*.
 My lord shall never rest;
 I'll *watch him tame*, and talk him out of patience.
- Watch in Italy. R. J. v. 3, *i*.
 The *watch* is coming.
- Watches. T. N. ii. 5, *i*.
 Wind up my *watch*.
- Watchmen, ancient. M. A. iii. 3, *i*.
 Have a care that your bills be not stolen.
- Water-galls. Luc. *n*.
 These *water-galls* in her dim element
 Foretell new storms to those already spent.
- Wax (v.)—grow. L. L. L. v. 2, *n*.
 That was the way to make his godhead *wax*.
- Waxen—penetrable. R. S. i. 3, *n*.
 And with thy blessings steel my lance's point,
 That it may enter Mowbray's *waxen* coat.
- Waxen epitaph. H. F. i. 2, *n*.
 Not worshipp'd with a *waxen epitaph*.
- Way of common trade. R. S. iii. 3, *n*.
 Or I'll be buried in the king's highway,
 Some *way of common trade*, where subjects' feet
 May hourly trample on their sovereign's head.
- Way of life. M. v. 3, *n*.
 My *way of life*
 Is fallen into the sear and yellow leaf.
 'We three,' picture of. T. N. ii. 3, *i*.
 How now, my hearts? Did you never see the *picture*
 of *we three*?
- Weak evils—causes of weakness. A. L. ii. 7, *n*.
 Oppress'd with two *weak evils*, age and hunger.
- Wearily—exhausted. A. L. ii. 7, *n*.
 Till that the *wearily* very means do ebb.
- Web and the pin—dimness of sight, cataract. L. iii. 4, *n*.
 He gives the *web* and the *pin*, squints the eye,
 and makes the hare-lip.
- Weed—garment. Luc. *n*.
 That spots and stains love's modest snow-white *weed*.

Weed—garment. So. ii. s.
Thy youth's proud livery, so gas'd on now,
Will be a tatter'd weed, of small worth held.

Weeds. G. V. ii. 7, i.
Such *weeds*
As may bescom some well-reputed page.

Weeds. Cor. ii. 2, s.
As *weeds* before
A vessel under sail.

Wear (v.)—know. A. C. i. 1, s.
In which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to *wear*
We stand up peerless.

Weigh out—outweigh. H. E. iii. 1, s.
They that must *weigh out* my afflictions,
They that my trust must grow to, live not here.

Weird. M. i. 3, s.
The *weird* sisters, hand in hand,
Posters of the sea and land.

Welkin—blue. W. T. i. 2, s.
Look on me with your *welkin* eye.

Well. W. T. v. 1, s.
What were more holy
Than to rejoice the former queen is *well*?
Well appeared—rendered apparent. Cor. iv. 3, s.
But your favour la *well* appeared by your tongue.

Well believe this—be well assured of this. M. M. ii. 2, s.
Well believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs, &c.

Well-liking—in good condition. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
Well-liking wits they have.

Welsh hook. H. 4, F. P. ii. 4, i.
A *Welsh hook*.

Were invincible—could not be mastered. H. 4, S. P. iii. 2, s.
He was so forlorn, that his dimensions to any thick
sight *were* invincible.

Westminster, William de Colechester, abbot of. R. S. v. 6, i.
Hath yielded up his body to the grave.

Whales' bone—tooth of the walrus. L. L. L. v. 2, s.
To show his teeth as white as *whales' bone*.

What a fall Fortune does the thick-lips owe—what a fall does
Fortune owe the thick lips. O. i. 1, s.
What a fall Fortune does the thick lips owe,
If he can carry't thus.

What he would not. Cor. v. 1, s.
What he would do,
He sent in writing after me,—*what he would not*;
Bound with an oath to yield to his conditions.

What in rest you have. J. iv. 2, s.
If, *what in rest you have*, in right you hold.

Whatever have—whatever things have. Cor. i. 2, s.
Whatever have been thought on in this state.

When—expression of impatience. T. i. 2, s.
Come forth, I say: there's other business for thee:
Come, thou tortoise! *when*!

When—expression of impatience. R. S. i. 1, s.
When, Harry! *when*?
Obedience bids, I should not bid again.

When—expression of impatience. J. C. ii. 1, s.
When, Lucius, *when*! Awake, I say! What, Lucius!
'When daisies pied.' L. L. L. v. 2, i.
When daisies pied, and violets blue.

Whenas—when. So. xlix. s.
Whenas thy love hath east his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advis'd respects.

Wher'—wherefore. L. ii. 1, s.
Hark, the duke's trumpets! I know not *wher'* he comes.

Whet'—whether. So. lix. s.
Whether we are mended, or *whet'* better they,
Or whether revolution be the same.

Where—whereas. G. V. iii. 1, s.
And, *where* I thought the remnant of mine age.

Where—whether. J. i. 1, s.
But *where* I be as true begot, or no,
That still I lay upon my mother's head.

Where—whereas. H. 6, S. P. iii. 2, s.
Where, from thy sight, I should be raging mad,
And cry out for thee to close up mine eyes.

Where—used as a noun. L. i. 1, s.
Thou locest here, a better *where* to find.

Where—whereas. L. i. 2, s.
Where, if you violently proceed against him, mis-
taking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your
own honour.

Where—whereas. Luc. s.
Where now I have no one to blush with me.

Where—whereas. P. ii. 3, s.
Where now his son's like a glow-worm in the night.

Where is the life—title of a sonnet. T. S. iv. 1, s.
Where is the life that late I led?

'Where the bee sucks.' T. v. 1, i.
Where their appointment we may best discover. A. C. iv.
10, s.
Our foot
Upon the hills adjoining to the city,
Shall scay with us:—order for sea is given
They have put forth the haven:—
Where their appointment we may best discover.

Whereas—where. H. 6, S. P. i. 2, s.
You do prepare to ride unto St. Alban's,
Whereas the king and queen do mean to hawk.

Whereas—where. P. L. 2, s.
I went to Antioch,
Whereas thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty.

Wherein—in that. A. L. i. 2, s.
Punish me not with your hard thoughts, *wherein* I
confess me much guilty to deny so fair and excellent
ladies anything.

Wherein went he—in what dress did he go. A. L. iii. 2, s.
How looked he? *Wherein went he*?

Which now you censure him—which now you censure him for.
M. M. ii. 1, s.
Err'd in this point *which now you censure him*.

Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart. Cor. iii.
2, s.
Waving thy head,
Which often,—thus,—correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry.

Whiffler. H. F. v. Chorus, i.
Like a mighty *whiffler* 'fore the king.

Whipping, custom of. A. W. ii. 2, i.
Do you cry, 'O Lord, sir,' at your *whipping*?

White death—paleness of death. A. W. ii. 3, s.
Let the *white death* sit on thy cheek for ever.

Whiter, Mr., explanation of the passage. A. L. iii. 2, i.—
Helen's cheek, but not her heart
Cleopatra's majesty;
Atalanta's better part;
Sad Lucretia's modesty.

Whitsun morris-dance. H. F. ii. 4, i.
Were busied with a *Whitsun morris-dance*.

Whitsters—launders. M. W. iii. 3, s.
Carry it among the *whitsters* in Datchet mead.

Whose unwish'd yoke—to whose unwish'd yoke. M. N. D.
i. 1, s.
Whose unwish'd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.

Widowhood—property to which a widow is entitled? T. S.
ii. 1, s.
And, for that dowry, I'll assure her of
Her *widowhood*.

Wild—weald. H. 4, F. P. ii. 1, s.
There's a franklin in the *wild* of Kent hath brought
three hundred marks with him in gold.

Wild-goose chase. R. J. ii. 4, i.

Wilderness—wildness. M. M. iii. 1, s.
For such a warped slip of *wilderness*
Ne'er issued from his blood.

Will be his fire. Cor. ii. 1, s.
This, as you say,—suggested
At some time when his soaring insolence
Shall teach the people,—(which time shall not want,
If he be put upon't, and that's as easy
As to set dogs on sheep,) *will be his fire*
To kindle their dry stubble.

Will find employment—will find employment for. H. E. ii. 1, s.
And generally, whoever the king favours,
The cardinal instantly *will find employment*.

Will to her consent—will in proportion to her consent. R. J.
i. 2, s.
My *will to her consent* is but a part.

Wimpled—velled. L. L. L. iii. 1, s.
This *wimpled*, whining, purblind, wayward boy.

Wincot. T. S. Induction, 2, i.
The fat ale-wife of *Wincot*.

Wandering—winding. T. iv. 1, n.
You nymphs called Naiads, of the *wandering* brooks.

Windows—eyelids. V. A. n.
Her two blue *windows* faintly she upheaveth.

Windsor forest. H. 4, S. P. iv. 4, f.
I think he's gone to hunt, my lord, at Windsor.

Windsor, state of, in the time of Henry IV. M. W. i. 1, f.
Never a woman in *Windsor* knows more of Anne's mind than I do.

Winter's pale. W. T. iv. 2, n.
For the red blood reigns in the *winter's pale*.

Wise-woman—witch. M. W. iv. 5, n.
Was 't not the *wise-woman* of Brentford?

Wish him—commend him. T. S. i. 1, n.
I will *wish him* to her father.

Wistly—wistfully. R. S. v. 4, n.
And speaking it, he *wistly* looked on me.

Wit—mental power in general. M. V. ii. 1, n.
If my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his *wit*, to yield myself.

Wit—understanding. J. C. iii. 2, n.
For I have neither *wit*, nor words, nor worth.

'Wit, whither wilt?' A. L. iv. 1, n.
A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say,
—'Wit, whither wilt?'

Witchcraft, law against, by James I. O. i. 3, f.
The bloody book of law
You shall yourself read in the bitter letter.

With tempering. V. A. n.
What wax so frozen but dissolves *with tempering*,
And yields at last to every light impression?

With the manner—in the fact. W. T. iv. 3, n.
If you had not taken yourself *with the manner*.

With what encounter so uncurrent. W. T. iii. 2, n.
Since he came
With what encounter so uncurrent I
Have strain'd to appear thus.

Without knives. T. Ath. i. 2, n.
Methinks, they should invite them *without knives*

Wits—senses. M. A. i. 1, n.
In our last conflict, four of his five *wits* went halting off.

Wits, the. A. L. i. 2, n.
The dullness of the fool is the whetstone of the *wits*.

Witty—of sound judgment, of good understanding. H. 6, T. P. i. 2, n.
For they are soldiers,
Witty, courteous, liberal, full of spirit.

Woe to his correction—woe compared to his correction. G. V. ii. 4, n.
There is no *woe to his correction*.

Wolfish. Cor. ii. 3, n.
Why in this *wolfish* gown should I stand here?

Woman of the world—married. A. L. v. 3, n.
I hope it is no dishonest desire, to desire to be a
woman of the world.

Woman-tired—hen-pecked. W. T. ii. 3, n.
Thou dotard, thou art *woman-tired*.

Women actors. M. N. D. i. 2, f.
You shall play it in a mask.

Wont—are accustomed. H. 6, F. P. i. 4, n.
How the English, in the suburbs close intrench'd,
Wont, through a secret grate of iron bars
In yonder tower, to overpeer the city.

Wood—mad, wild. G. V. ii. 3, n.
Like a *wood* woman.

Wood—wild, mad. M. N. D. ii. 2, n.
And here am I and *wood* within this wood.

Wood—mad. H. 6, F. P. iv. 7, n.
How the young whelp of Talbot's, raging *wood*,
Did flesh his puny sword in Frenchmen's blood.

Wood—mad. V. A. n.
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies *wood*

Woodbine. M. N. D. iv. 1, n.
So doth the *woodbine* the sweet honeysuckle gently entwist.

Woodman—hunter. M. W. v. 5, n.
Am I a *woodman*? ha!

Woodward—wanting a shirt. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
I go *woodward* for penance.

Woosel-cock. M. N. D. iii. 1, f.
The *woosel-cock*, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill.

Worm. M. M. iii. 1, n.
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
Of a poor *worm*.

Worth—fortune, wealth. T. N. iii. 3, n.
But, were my *worth*, as is my conscience, firm.

'Worth a Jew's eye.' M. V. ii. 5, f.
Will be *worth a Jew's eye*.

Worth the whistle. L. iv. 2, n.
I have been *worth the whistle*.

Worts—generic name of cabbages. M. W. i. 1, n.
Good *worts*! good cabbage!

Would—it would. A. W. i. 1, n.
Had it stretched so far, *would* have made nature immortal.

Wound—twisted round. T. ii. 2, n.
Sometime am I
All *wound* with adders.

Wrack—wreck. O. ii. 1, n.
A noble ship of Venice
Hath seen a grievous *wrack* and suffrance.

Wreak—revenge. Cor. iv. 5, n.
Then if thou hast
A heart of *wreak* in thee, that will revenge
Thine own particular wrongs.

Wren of nine. T. N. iii. 2, n.
Look where the youngest *wren of nine* comes.

Wretch. O. iii. 3, n.
Excellent *wretch*! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee.

Wrinkled—wrinkled. H. 6, F. P. ii. 3, n.
It cannot be this weak and *wrinkled* shrimp
Should strike such terror to his enemies.

Wrying—deviating from the right path. Cy. v. 1, n.
How many
Must murder wives much better than themselves,
For *wrying* but a little!

Y.

Yare—ready, nimble. M. M. iv. 2, n.
You shall find me *yare*.

Yare—nimble. A. C. iii. 11, n.
A halter'd neck, which does the hangman thank,
For being *yare* about him.

Yarely—quickly, readily. T. I. 1, n.
Fall to 't *yarely*, or we run ourselves aground.

Yeoman—balliff's follower. H. 4, S. P. ii. 1, n.
Where's your *yeoman*?

Yield (v.)—reward. A. C. iv. 2, n.
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods *yield* you for 't.

Yonder generation. M. M. iv. 3, n.
Ere twice the sun hath made his journal greeting
To *yonder generation*, you shall find
Your safety manifested.

York, duchess of. R. S. v. 2, f.

You are allow'd—you are an allowed fool. L. L. L. v. 2, n.
Go, *you are allow'd*.

You are too young in this. A. L. i. 1, n.
Come, come, elder brother, *you are too young in this*.

You are senseless—be you senseless. Cy. ii. 3, n.
So seem, as if
You were inspir'd to do those duties which
You tender to her, that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your dismissal tends,
And therein *you are senseless*.

You priority—you of priority. Cor. i. 1, n.
We must follow you;
Right worthy *you priority*.

Younger—youngling. M. V. ii. 6, n.
How like a *younger*, or a prodigal.

Your eyes. A. L. i. 2, n.
If you saw yourself with *your eyes*, or knew yourself
with your judgment.

Your gaskins fall. T. N. i. 5, n.
Clown. But I am resolved on two points.
Maria. That if one break the other will hold; or, if
both break, *your gaskins fall*.

Z.

Zeal, now melted. J. ii. 2, n.
Lest *zeal, now melted*, by the windy breath
Of soft petitions, pity, and remorse,
Cool and congeal again to what it was

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