No. 49.

SCHOOL-CLASSICS

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES

THE SHAKESPERIAN SPEAKER

NEW YORK:
CLARK & MAYNARD, PUBLISHERS,
734 BROADWAY.

ANDERSON'S HISTORICAL SERIES.

A Junior Class History of the United States. Illustrated with hundreds of portraits, views, maps, etc. 272 pages. 16mo.

A Grammar School History of the United States. Annotated; and illustrated with numerous portraits and views, and with more than forty maps, many of which are colored. 340 pp. 16mo.

A Pictorial School History of the United States. Fully illustrated with maps, portraits, vignettes, etc. 420 pp. 12mo.

A Popular School History of the United States, in which are inserted as a part of the narrative selections from the writings of eminent American historians and other American writers of note. Fully illustrated with maps, colored and plain; portraits, views, etc. 356 pp. 12mo.

A Manual of General History. Illustrated with numerous engravings and with beautifully colored maps showing the changes in the political divisions of the world, and giving the location of important places. 484 pp. 12mo.

A New Manual of General History, with particular attention to Ancient and Modern Civilization. With numerous engravings and colored maps. 600 pp. 12mo. Also, in two parts. Part I. ANCIENT HISTORY: 300 pp. Part II. MODERN HISTORY: 300 pp.

A School History of England. Illustrated with numerous engravings and with colored maps showing the geographical changes in the country at different periods. 332 pp. 12mo.

A School History of France. Illustrated with numerous engravings, colored and uncolored maps. 373 pp. 12mo.

A History of Rome. Amply illustrated with maps, plans, and engravings. 543 pp. By R. F. LEIGHTON, Ph. D. (Lips.).

A School History of Greece. In preparation.

Anderson's Bloss's Ancient History. Illustrated with engravings, colored maps, and a chart. 445 pp. 12mo.

The Historical Reader, embracing selections in prose and verse, from standard writers of Ancient and Modern History; with a Vocabulary of Difficult Words, and Biographical and Geographical Indexes. 544 pp. 12mo.

The United States Reader, embracing selections from eminent American historians, orators, statesmen, and poets, with explanatory observations, notes, etc. Arranged so as to form a Class-manual of United States History. Illustrated with colored historical maps. 414 pp. 12mo.

CLARK & MAYNARD, Publishers,

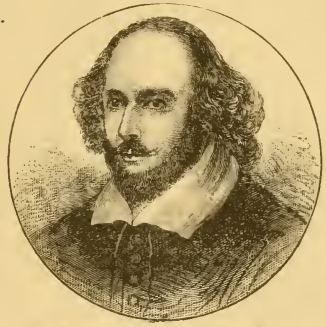
734 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

No. 49.

ENGLISH CLASSICS.

THE

SHAKESPEARE SPEAKER.



WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

By ALBERT F. BLAISDELL, A.M.,

AUTHOR OF "OUTLINES FOR THE STUDY OF ENGLISH CLASSICS," "MEMORY QUOTATIONS," "ANNOTATED EDITIONS OF ENOCH ARDEN," "SKETCH BOOK,' "CHRISTMAS CAROL," WARREN HASTINGS," "LEGEND OF SLEEPY HOLLOW," ETC. ETC.

NEW YORK:

CLARK & MAYNARD, PUBLISHERS,

734 BROADWAY.

ENGLISH CLASSICS,

FOR

CLASSES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, READING, GRAMMAR, ETC.

EDITED BY EMINENT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS.

Each Volume contains a Sketch of the Author's Life, Prefatory and Explanatory Notes, Etc., Etc.

1 **Byron's Prophecy of Dante.** (Cantos I. and II.)
2 **Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.**
3 **Lord Bacon's Essays, Civil and Moral.** (Selected.)
4 **Byron's Prisoner of Chillon.**
5 **Moore's Fire Worshippers.** (Lalla Rookh. Selected from parts I. and II.)
6 **Goldsmith's Deserted Village.**
7 **Scott's Marmion.** (Selections from Canto VI.)
8 **Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.** (Introduction and Cant. I.)
9 **Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night, and Other Poems.**
10 **Crabbe's the Village.**
11 **Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.** (Abridgment of Part I.)
12 **Macaulay's Essay on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**
13 **Macaulay's Armada, and Other Poems.**
14 **Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.** (Selections from Acts I., III. and IV.)
15 **Goldsmith's Traveller.**
16 **Hogg's Queen's Wake.**
17 **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.**
18 **Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.**
19 **Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.**
20 **Scott's Lady of the Lake.** (Canto I.)
21 **Shakespeare's As You Like It, etc.** (Selections.)
22 **Shakespeare's King John and King Richard II.** (Selections.)
23 **Shakespeare's King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Henry VI.** (Selections.)
24 **Shakespeare's Henry VIII., and Julius Cæsar.** (Selections.)
25 **Wordsworth's Excursion.** (Book I.
26 **Pope's Essay on Criticism.**
27 **Spenser's Faery Queene.** (Cantos I. and II.)
28 **Cowper's Task.** (Book I.)
29 **Milton's Comus.**
30 **Tennyson's Enoch Arden.**
31 **Irving's Sketch Book.** (Selections.)
32 **Dickens' Christmas Carol.** (Condensed.)
33 **Carlyle's Hero as a Prophet.**
34 **Macaulay's Warren Hastings.** (Condensed.)
35 **Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.** (Condensed.)
36 **Tennyson's The Two Voices and a Dream of Fair Women.**
37 **Memory Quotations.**
38 **Cavalier Poets.**
39 **Dryden's Alexander's Feast and MacFlecknoe.**
40 **Keats' The Eve of St. Agnes.**
41 **Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow.**

Others in Preparation. From 32 to 64 pages each, 16mo.

Shakespeare's Plays—(SCHOOL EDITIONS); viz: **Merchant of Venice, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Tempest, As you Like It, King Henry V.** With Notes, Examination Papers and Plan of Preparation (Selected). By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and author of "A Text-Book on Rhetoric," "A Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." 32mo, flexible, cloth.

The text of these plays of Shakespeare has been adapted for use in mixed classes, by the omission of everything that would be considered offensive. The notes have been especially selected to meet the requirements of School and College students, from editions edited by eminent English Scholars. We are confident that teachers who examine these editions will pronounce them better adapted to the wants, both of the teacher and student, than any other editions published. Printed from large type, bound in a very attractive cloth binding, and sold at nearly one-half the price of other School Editions of Shakespeare.

Paradise Lost. (Book I.) Containing Sketch of Milton's Life—Essay on the Genius of Milton—Epitome of the Views of the Best-Known Critics on Milton, and full Explanatory Notes. Cloth, flexible, 94 pages.

The Shakespeare Reader. Being Extracts from the Plays of Shakespeare with Introductory Paragraphs and Notes, Grammatical, Historical and Explanatory. By C. H. WYKES. 160 pp., 16mo, cloth, flexible.

The Canterbury Tales—The prologue of Geoffrey Chaucer. The Text Collated with the Seven Oldest MSS., and Life of the Author. Introductory Notices, Grammar, Critical and Explanatory Notes, and Index to Obsolete and Difficult Words. By E. F. WILLOUGHBY, M.D. 112 pp., 16mo, cloth, flexible.

An Essay on Man. By ALEXANDER F. POPE. With Clarke's Grammatical Notes, 72 pp., cloth, flexible.

Introduction.

Shakespeare has long been a favorite author from which to choose pieces for declamation. A limited number of selections have been recognized for many years as of uncommon excellence for this special purpose. Time and time again have these extracts been declaimed as successive generations of students come and go. In fact, these old-time favorites from Shakespeare never grow old. Once thoroughly committed to memory, and they are never forgotten. Unlike most other great writers, the words of the great dramatist are difficult to commit, but are not easily forgotten. Many of the world's great orators and statesmen were wont to commit and recite passages from Shakespeare. William Pitt was trained by his father, the Earl of Chatham, to declaim selections from the great poet, while Curran, the great Irish orator, used to recite Antony's oration before his mirror. Edmund Burke made Shakespeare his daily study, while Erskine, it is said, could have held conversation on every subject in the phrases of the great dramatist. Rufus Choate was familiar with every line of Shakespeare, while Daniel Webster never tired of repeating passages from the same author. The genial Dr. Holmes tells us that Wendell Phillips, Motley the historian, and himself, when boys, used to declaim Antony's oration on holiday afternoons over the prostrate form of some younger playmate. Hundreds of others whose names do not appear on the roll of fame, have not been less studious of Shakespeare, and have reaped the full reward of their diligence. In brief, to fill the youthful mind with lofty and noble ideas, to stock the memory with the richest vocabulary, and to acquire a wide command of our grand English language, we have nothing better, except the Bible, than the plays of Shakespeare.

It has been the aim of the editor to arrange such selections as may be most useful, not only for purposes of declamation and recitation, but also as a practical introduction to more extended studies in Shakespeare. These extracts are of standard worth, and doubtless will have a familiar look to advanced students; but it must be remembered that they are always new to each successive generation of young pupils. Such pieces once reduced into possession and rendered truly our own, may be to us, whether old or young, a daily pleasure. The words of the matchless poet do not stale upon us; they do not grow old or cold,

A word about the use of this book. Do not rest satisfied with these extracts alone. Make frequent reference to a complete Shakespeare and select other passages suitable for declamation and public reading. Try to get at the full meaning of the text by patient study of every word, phrase and sentence. After forty years' study of the character of Lady Macbeth, Mrs. Siddons, the celebrated actress, said that she learned something new from it every day. Bring all the light to bear upon each extract, so far as faithful study and collateral reading can do it. Read the "collateral reading" and other selections to get a better understanding of the play from which the extract is taken. Commit to memory many of these selections; recite them aloud in private and declaim them in public, as opportunity is given. In other words, young people cannot do a wiser thing than to make the choicest extracts from Shakespeare "familiar in their mouths as household words."

The editor has followed the textual reading of the "Globe" edition of Shakespeare, edited by Clark and Wright.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

Life of Shakespeare.

William Shakespeare, the greatest of all poets, was born on the 23d of April, 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon, a small town in Warwickshire, England. His father, John Shakespeare, was a respectable tradesman, but his mother, Isabella Arden, was an heiress of ancient and even knightly descent. For many years John Shakespeare and his wife lived happily, and things prospered with them; and we learn that he was made alderman, and afterwards mayor of his native town. Then he seems to have taken to farming, about which he knew little or nothing, and the consequence was, that in his later days he was so poor that his son William had to support him. The poet was born during the prosperous part of his father's life, but by the time he was fifteen there was poverty in the household. The future dramatist received little or no instruction from his parents, for neither of them could read or write; but he was sent to the free grammar school, where he received the advantages of such elementary instruction as was offered by the schools of those days. According to the various legends connected with the early life of so great a man, Shakespeare seems to have been a wayward and even profligate young fellow. There are stories of his having stolen deer from Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and of his having been severely punished by that magistrate for so doing. In revenge, he wrote some doggerel verses making sport of Sir Thomas, and posted them on the park gate, where everybody read and laughed at them. Such was the wrath of the indignant Squire that Shakespeare, to escape from more serious persecution, deemed it expedient to leave Stratford. But there was another reason for his going away. When only eighteen years old he had foolishly married a farmer's daughter called Anne Hathaway, a woman nearly eight years older than himself; and the ill-matched pair seem to have been very unhappy, for after leaving her he came but seldom to see her, and when he died he left her only "his second best bed with the hangings." Susanna, the poet's favorite child, was born in 1583, and in the following year twins, Judith and Hammet. The only son, Hammet, died at twelve years of age; his two daughters survived their illustrious father.

Shakespeare went to London, and was probably invited by two Warwickshire actors to join the company at the Globe Theatre. His duties were to prepare old plays for the stage, and to act occasionally when required. By and by, he became one of the owners in this theatre, wrote splendid plays of his own, and became part proprietor of a new theatre, the Blackfriars, on the north side of the Thames. Such was his industry and success in the double capacity of actor and arranger of plays, that in a few years he reaped the reward of his prudence and became a wealthy man. He was able to buy an estate called New Place, near his native town, where he retired in 1611 to spend the remainder of his days.

He died, after a short illness, on the 23d of April, the anniversary of his birthday, in 1616, having exactly completed his fifty-second year. He was buried in the parish church of Stratford. Shakespeare's private character seems to have been that of an "amiable, gentle, and generous man, beloved by everybody, except the very few who were jealous of his greatness."

It would be in vain to try to enumerate all the characteristics of Shakespeare's poetry, or to tell in how many respects he excels all other poets. He loved nature, and his poetry contains the most exquisite pictures; he studied the looks, the words, the actions of the men and women he met, and his plays reflect them as in a mirror. The fame of Shakespeare rests almost solely upon his plays, usually reckoned as thirty-seven in number. These plays fall naturally into three classes: Tragedies, Historical Dramas, and Comedies.

The most celebrated tragedies are, *Macbeth*, *King Lear*, *Hamlet*, *Othello*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. The most popular historical dramas are, *Henry V.*, *Richard II.*, *Richard III.*, *Henry VIII.*, *Julius Cæsar*, and *Antony and Cleopatra*; while the best known comedies are, *The Merchant of Venice*, *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and *As You Like It*. The principal works of Shakespeare, besides his plays are, *Venus and Adonis*, *Rape of Lucrece*, and one hundred and fifty-four *Sonnets*.

The Shakespeare Speaker.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE 1564–1616.

I.—Portia's Plea for Mercy.

(*The Merchant of Venice.* Act iv., Scene 1.)

The following selection is taken from the celebrated trial scene in *The Merchant of Venice.* Shylock the Jew is determined to claim the "pound of flesh" from Antonio "the Merchant." In the disguise of a learned lawyer, the fair Portia pleads the cause of Antonio before the Duke of Venice. Shylock, eager for revenge, demands of Portia why he should be merciful. "On what compulsion must I? tell me that." This is Portia's reply. "A matchless piece of eloquence," says Mrs. Jameson, "which, with an irresistible and solemn pathos, falls upon the heart like gentle dew from heaven."

THE quality [1] of mercy is not strain'd,
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: It is twice blest;
It blesseth him [2] that gives and him that takes:
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: [3] it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,

[1] **Quality . . . . strain'd.**—Portia had used *must* in the moral sense; the Jew craftily mistook it in a legal sense. This gives a natural occasion for Portia's eloquence wherein she shows the nature of mercy is to act freely and not from constraint.

[2] **Blesseth him, etc.**—Cf. Acts xx. 35.

[3] **Mightiest in the mightiest.**—The more power one has to inflict pain, the more he should be swayed by mercy. The same idea is found in many other plays, notably in *Measure for Measure.*

COLLATERAL READING.—The Trial Scene, Act iv., Scene 1. First 400 lines.

Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;[1]
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

II.—Polonius' Advice to His Son.

(*Hamlet.* Act i., Scene 3.)

Laertes, son of Polonius, having obtained from the King of Denmark, "leave and favor to return to France," is given the following good advice, on the eve of his departure, by his politic father:

There; my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts[2] in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.[3]
Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull[4] thy palm with entertainment
Of each new hatch'd, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but being in,
Bear't that the opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

[1] **We do pray for mercy, etc.**—Shakespeare had probably the Lord's Prayer in mind. The same idea expressed in the text is found in the Jewish prayer-books.—Cf. *Ecclesiasticus*, xxviii. 2.

[2] **These few precepts.**—The substance of "these few precepts" is found in John Lyly's *Euphues*, published in 1579. "What Shakespeare wishes to signify in this speech," says Professor Dowden, "is that wisdom of Polonius' kind consists in a set of maxims. That is to say, his wisdom is not the outflow of a rich or deep nature, but the little accumulated hoard of a long and superficial experience."

[3] **Vulgar.**—That is, of a free and easy disposition, the extreme of familiar. —Cf. *Hen.* IV., iii. 2:
"So stale and cheap to vulgar company."

[4] **Do not dull, etc.**—Dr. Johnson's paraphrase:—"Do not make thy palm callous by shaking every man by the hand."

COLLATERAL READING.—Hamlet and his Father's Ghost, Act i., Scenes 4–5.

But not express'd in fancy ; rich, not gaudy
For the apparel oft proc'aims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be ;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.[1]
This above all : to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

III.—The Seven Ages of Man.

(*As You Like It.* Act ii., Scene 7.)

The following words are spoken by Jaques, one of several lords living in the Forest of Arden, in company with the banished duke. Jaques is specially described as "melancholy," fond of wandering alone, and talking to himself. This comedy is one of Shakespeare's most romantic, philosophical and picturesque plays, and Jaques is one of the Great Dramatist's happiest conceptions.

All the world's a stage,[2]
And all the men and women merely players :
They have their exits and their entrances ;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages.[3] At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,[4]

[1] **Husbandry.**—Thrift, economy.—Cf. *Macbeth* ii. 1:—
"There's husbandry in heaven ; their candles are all out," etc

[2] **All the world's a stage.**—Many similar passages are found in the writers of the time.—Cf. *Damon and Pythias*, 1582 :—
" —— said that this world was like a stage,
Whereon many play their parts."
And Sidney's *Arcadia :*—
"She found the world but a wearisome stage," etc.

[3] **Seven Ages.**—The division of man's life into "ages" was very common, and reference in some form or another is made in all literatures.

[4] **Bearded like the pard.**—"With long, pointed mustaches, bristling like the panther's or leopard's feelers."

COLLATERAL READING.—Scenes in the Forest of Arden, Act ii.

Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws[1] and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,[2]
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans[3] teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

IV.—King Henry's Soliloquy on Sleep.

(*King Henry IV.*, Part II. Act iii., Scene 1.)

Henry IV., surnamed Bolingbroke, succeeded to the English throne by the deposition and murder of the lawful king, in 1399. He soon found that the throne of a usurper is but a bed of thorns. His reign was continually troubled by rebellions, although the king was distinguished for his military talents and for his political sagacity. The latter part of his life was embittered by the extreme profligacy of his son Henry, the "Prince Hal" of the drama. There are many beautiful and pathetic passages in the play.

How many thousand of my poorest subjects
Are at this hour asleep! O sleep, O gentle sleep
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frighted thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down
And steep my senses in forgetfulness?

[1] **Wise saws.**—Wise maxims and trite illustrations. **Modern.**—Commonplace, trivial. **Instances.**—Saws.

[2] **Pantaloon.**—Word and character borrowed from the Italian stage. A common character in fairy plays on our own stage, represented by a love-making old dotard, full of wild pranks.

[3] **Sans.**—Without. A common word of Shakespeare's time, and evidently considered an English word.

COLLATERAL READING.—Affecting scene between King Henry and Prince Hal. First Part, *King Henry IV.*, Act iii., Scene 2. The Prince and the crown. Second Part, *King Henry*, iv. 5. The King and his Chief Justice. The same, v. 2.

Why rather, sleep, liest thou in smoky cribs,
Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee
And hush'd with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
Than in the perfumed chambers of the great,
Under the canopies of costly state,
And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?
O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile
In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch
A watch-case,[1] or a common 'larum-bell?
Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast
Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains
In cradle of the rude imperious surge
And in the visitation of the winds,
Who take the ruffian billows by the top,
Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them
With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,
That, with the hurly,[2] death itself awakes?
Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose
To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,
And in the calmest and most stillest night,[3]
With all appliances and means to boot,
Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!
Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

V.—King Henry's Address to His Soldiers.

(*King Henry V.* Act iii., Scene 1.)

On the death of Henry IV., his son, Prince Hal, succeeded to the throne by the title of Henry V. According to the promise made at his father's death-bed, the young king dismissed all his profligate companions and thenceforth became a great warrior and able monarch. Henry gained the memorable victory over the French at Agincourt, in 1415. The play abounds in passages full of martial ardor and stern patriotism.

[1] **Watch-case.**—This allusion has not been satisfactorily explained. Some make it refer to a sentry-box, and others to an alarm-watch or clock.

[2] **Hurly.**—Tumult.—Cf. *King John*, iii. 4:—
"I see this hurly all on foot," etc.

[3] **Most stillest.**—The inflections *er* and *est*, which represent the comparative and superlative degrees of adjectives, sometimes received the addition of *more*, *most*, for the purpose of greater emphasis. A form often used by Shakespeare.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more
Or close the wall up with our English dead.
In peace there's nothing so becomes a man
As modest stillness and humility;
But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
Then imitate the action of the tiger;
Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
Disguise fair nature with hard-favour'd[1] rage;
Then lend the eye a terrible aspect;
Let it pry through the portage[2] of the head
Like the brass cannon; let the brow o'erwhelm it
As fearfully as doth a galled rock
O'erhang and jutty[3] his confounded base,
Swill'd[4] with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth and stretch the nostril wide,
Hold hard the breath and bend up every spirit
To his full height. On, on, you noble English,
Whose blood is fet[5] from fathers of war-proof!
Fathers that, like so many Alexanders,
Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.[6]
Dishonor not your mothers; now attest
That those whom you call'd fathers did beget you.
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war. And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture; let us swear
That you were worth your breeding; which I doubt not;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.

---

[1] **Hard-favour'd.**—Hard featured, ill-looking.

[2] **Portage.**—Port-hole. The eyes are compared to cannon firing through port-holes.

[3] **Jutty.**—Project beyond. "Jutties," or jetties, are projecting walls, to break the force of the waves. **Confounded.**—Vexed or troubled.

[4] **Swill'd.**—Used for *washed much*, or *long*, drowned, surrounded by water.

[5] **Fet.**—Fetched. Form of the participle common in Shakespeare's day. "Fet" was often found in the older editions of the English Bible.

[6] **Argument.**—Matter, business in bond (Schmidt).

COLLATERAL READING.—The cares of royalty. *King Henry V.*, Act iv., last part of Scene 1.

I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,[1]
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot:
Follow your spirit, and upon this charge
Cry "God for Harry, England, and Saint George!"

VI.—Cardinal Wolsey's Soliloquy.

(*King Henry VIII.* Act iii., Scene 2.)

Cardinal Wolsey had been prime minister of England during the reign of Henry the Eighth, and was the possessor of enormous wealth and unbounded power; but in losing the favor of the king, had lost all. When the royal messengers make known to him the king's displeasure, and, taunting him for his misfortunes, bid him farewell and leave him, he thus soliloquizes:

Farewell! a long farewell, to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope; to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honors thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a-ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
This many summers in a sea of glory,
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye:
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
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:
And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

---

[1] **Slips.**—Nooses by which the dogs were held until started for the game. To loose the dogs was to *let slip*.

COLLATERAL READING.—Queen Katherine's Defence, *King Henry VIII.*, Act ii., Scene 4. The Queen and the two Cardinals, Act iii., Scene 1. Cardinal Wolsey's Downfall, Act iii., Scene 2.

VII.—Wolsey's Farewell to Cromwell,

(*King Henry VIII.* Act iii., Scene 2.)

When his friend and servant, Cromwell, with tears, and sorrow, and benedictions, takes leave of his beloved master, Wolsey thus feelingly addresses him :—

Thus far, hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble,[1] where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it.
Mark but my fall, and that that ruined me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man, then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just, and fear not:
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's, and truth's ; then, if thou fall'st, O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr ! Serve the king ;
And,—prithee, lead me in :
There take an inventory of all I have,
To the last penny ; 'tis the king's : my robe,
And my integrity to heaven, is all
I dare now call mine own. O Cromwell, Cromwell !
Had I but served my God [2] with half the zeal
I served my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies.

[1] **Dull cold marble.**—Cf. Gray's *Elegy :* "the dull cold ear of death."

[2] **Had I but served my God, etc.**—According to history, among the last words addressed to a friend by Wolsey were these: "If I had served God as diligently as I have done the king, he would not have given me over in my gray hairs."

VIII.—The Prophecy in Regard to Queen Elizabeth.

(*King Henry VIII.* Act v., Scene 4.)

The following words are spoken by Archbishop Cranmer at the christening of the Princess Elizabeth, who afterwards ruled many years over England as Queen Elizabeth. The prophecy is addressed to King Henry VIII., the father of the Princess.

Let me speak,
For heaven now bids me; and the words I utter
Let none think flattery, for they'll find 'em truth.
This royal infant—heaven still move about her!—
Though in her cradle, yet now promises
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness: she shall be—
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed: Saba[1] was never
More covetous of wisdom and fair virtue
Than this pure soul shall be: all princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her: truth shall nurse her;
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her:
She shall be loved and fear'd: her own shall bless her;
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow: good grows with her:
In her days every man shall eat in safety,
Under his own vine,[2] what he plants; and sing
The merry songs of peace to all his neighbours:
God shall be truly known; and those about her
From her shall read the perfect ways of honour,
And by those claim their greatness, not by blood.
Nor shall this peace sleep with her: but as when
The bird of wonder dies, the maiden phœnix,[3]

[1] **Saba**=Sheba.—In Peele and Marlowe, as in Shakespeare, the Queen of Sheba is spoken of as "Saba." Sheba seems to have been unknown to the writers of this time and is not used save in the translations of the Bible.

[2] **Under his own vine.**—Cf. Micah iv. 4.

[3] **The maiden phœnix.**—The fabulous bird which is said to exist single, and to rise again from its own ashes; hence, used as an emblem of immortality.

Her ashes new create another heir,[1]
As great in admiration as herself;
So shall she leave her blessedness to one,
When heaven shall call her from this cloud of darkness,
Who from the sacred ashes of her honour
Shall star-like rise, as great in fame as she was,
And so stand fix'd: peace, plenty, love, truth, terror,
That were servants to this chosen infant,
Shall then be his, and like a vine grow to him:
Wherever the bright sun of heaven shall shine,
His honour and the greatness of his name,
Shall be, and make new nations: he shall flourish,
And, like a mountain cedar, reach his branches
To see the plains about him: our children's children
Shall see this, and bless heaven.

IX.—Macbeth's Mental Struggle Before the Murder of Duncan.

(*Macbeth.* Act i., Scene 7.)

The three following passages are taken from the great tragedy of *Macbeth*. Duncan is King of Scotland, and Macbeth is a near kinsman and a successful general. Returning victorious from a great battle, Macbeth meets the weird women on the heath, who salute him in riddles and at length predict that he shall one day reign king in Scotland. From this Macbeth bends all his thoughts how to gain the crown of Scotland. Macbeth tells his wife of the strange predictions of the weird sisters. She is a bad ambitious woman, and urges her husband with terrible earnestness to murder King Duncan, while on a visit to their castle. The following passage describes his mental struggle while waiting for Lady Macbeth.

If it were done when 'tis done, then 't were well
It were done quickly: if the assassination
Could trammel up[2] the consequence, and catch
With his surcease[3] success; that but this blow

[1] **Another heir.**—On the approach of death, Queen Elizabeth named for her successor King James VI. of Scotland, son of Mary Queen of Scots, and who was the rightful heir by descent. He took the title of James I. of England (1603), and in him the two crowns were united.

[2] **Trammel up.**—Entangle as in a net. A *trammel* was a kind of net; a net for the hair in Spenser.—Cf. *Faery Queene*:—

"Her golden locks, that were in trammells gay."

[3] **Surcease.**—Cessation or conclusion. Fr. *surseoir*. Used as a verb in other plays of Shakespeare.

Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,
We'ld jump the life to come. But in these cases
We still have judgment here ; that we but teach
Bloody instructions, which, being taught, return
To plague the inventor : this even-handed justice
Commends the ingredients of our poison'd chalice
To our own lips, He's here in double trust ;
First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed ; then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties[1] so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead, like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking-off ;
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim,[2] horsed,
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
That tears shall drown the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps itself
And falls on the other.[3]

X.—The Vision of the Dagger.

(*Macbeth*, Act ii., Scene 1.)

Lady Macbeth spurs on her husband to do the murder. He hesitates, but the wicked wife by her cruel taunts and by biting sarcasms stimulates Macbeth to

[1] **Faculties.**—Official powers or prerogatives.—Cf. *Henry VIII.*, i. 2 :—

"If I am
Traduced by ignorant tongues, which neither know
My faculties nor person."

[2] **Cherubim.**—The idea may possibly have been suggested by *Psalms* xviii. 10.

[3] **On the other.**—On the other *side*. Some editors supply the word "side."

COLLATERAL READING.—Macbeth meets the witches. *Macbeth*, Act i., Scenes 1 to 4. Lady Macbeth and her husband plan the murder of the king. Act i., Scenes 4, 5, 6 and 7.

entertain the idea seriously, and at last he yields and his mind is "settled and bent up to the terrible deed." On the night of the murder, Macbeth bids the sons of the king good-night in the court of his castle. As they leave him, the vision of the dagger appears to him and he thus speaks:

Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible [1]
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation,
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.[2]
Thou marshall'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' the other senses,
Or else worth all the rest; I see thee still,
And on thy blade and dudgeon [3] gouts [4] of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing:
It is the bloody business which informs [5]
Thus to mine eyes. Now o'er the one half-world
Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse [6]
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates
Pale Hecate's [7] offerings, and withered murder,
Alarum'd [8] by his sentinel, the wolf,
Whose howl's his watch, thus with his stealthy pace,
With Tarquin's [9] ravishing strides, towards his design

[1] **Sensible.**—Tangible, perceptible.

[2] **As this which now I draw.**—Some editors claim that Macbeth may be supposed to draw his dagger after this short line.

[3] **Dudgeon.**—Means here the handle of a dagger. Its derivation is disputed. According to Wedgewood, it originally meant "the root of the box-tree," and was applied to the dagger-handles made of that wood.

[4] **Gouts.**—Drops. Fr. *goutte.*

[5] **Informs.**—Creates forms; gives information.

[6] **Abuse.**—Deceive; misuse, pervert.

[7] **Pale Hecate.**—An ancient goddess. As an infernal goddess, she appears in a hideous form. She was believed to be a spectral being, who at night sent from the lower world all kinds of demons and terrible phantoms, who taught sorcery and witchcraft, and dwelt at cross-roads, tombs, and near places where murders had been committed.

[8] **Alarum'd.**—Same word as *alarmed.*

[9] **Tarquin's ravishing strides.**—A reference to the well-known story in Roman history of the rape of Lucretia.

Moves like a ghost. Thou sure and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whiles I threat, he lives:
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me.
Hear it not, Duncan; for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell.

XI.—Disastrous News from Scotland.

(*Macbeth.* Act iv., Scene 3.)

Macbeth murders his king and guest in the night. Morning comes and the murder could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his wife made a great show of grief, yet the entire suspicion fell upon the guilty nobleman. Duncan's sons fled, and Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and the prediction of the weird sisters was literally fulfilled. Macbeth becomes a cruel and tyrannical king, and when he had heard that Macduff had fled to England to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, he set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children to the sword. The sad news is brought to Malcolm and Macduff in the following selection.

SCENE.—MALCOLM and MACDUFF, in the king's palace in England. Enter Ross from Scotland.

Macduff. See, who comes here?
Malcolm. My countryman; but yet I know him not.
Macd My ever-gentle cousin, welcome hither.
Mal. I know him now: Good God, betimes remove
The means that make us strangers!
Ross. Sir, amen.
Macd. Stands Scotland where it did?
Ross. Alas, poor country!
Almost afraid to know itself. It cannot
Be call'd our mother, but our grave; where nothing,
But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;
Where sighs and groans and shrieks that rent the air,
Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems
A modern ecstasy: the dead man's knell
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,[1]
Dying or ere they sicken.
Macd. O, relation
Too nice, and yet too true!
Mal. What's the newest grief?
Ross. That of an hour's age doth hiss the speaker;
Each minute teems a new one.
Macd. How does my wife?
Ross, Why, well.
Macd. And all my children?
Ross. Well too.
Macd. The tyrant has not batter'd at their peace?
Ross. No; they were well at peace, when I did leave 'em.
Macd. Be not a niggard of your speech: how goes't?
Ross. When I came hither to transport the tidings,
Which I have heavily borne, there ran a rumour
Of many worthy fellows that were out;
Which was to my belief witness'd the rather,
For that I saw the tyrant's power a-foot:
Now is the time of help; your eye in Scotland
Would create soldiers, make our women fight,
To doff their dire distresses.
Mal. Be't their comfort
We are coming thither: gracious England hath
Lent us good Siward, and ten thousand men;
An older and a better soldier none
That Christendom gives out;
Ross. Would I could answer
This comfort with the like! But I have words
That would be howl'd out in the desert air,
Where hearing should not latch[2] them.
Macd. What concern they?
The general cause? or is it a fee-grief,[3]
Due to some single breast?

---

[1] **Flowers in their caps.**—It is said that the Highlanders were wont, when on a march, to stick sprigs of heath in their bonnets.

[2] **Latch.**—To "latch" in north country dialect, and in Norfolk, signifies to *catch.*

[3] **Fee-grief.**—A grief that belongs to a private owner, and not of public right. "A grief that hath a single owner" (Dr. Johnson).

Ross. No mind that's honest,
But in it shares some woe; though the main part
Pertains to you alone.
Macd. If it be mine,
Keep it not from me, quickly let me have it.
Ross. Let not your ears despise my tongue forever,
Which shall possess them [1] with the heaviest sound
That ever yet they heard.
Macd. Hum! I guess at it.
Ross. Your castle is surprised; your wife and babes
Savagely slaughter'd: to relate the manner,
Were, on the quarry [2] of these murder'd deer,
To add the death of you.
Mal. Merciful heaven!
What, man! ne'er pull your hat upon your brows;
Give sorrow words: the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart and bids it break.
Macd. My children too?
Ross. Wife, children, servants, all
That could be found.
Macd. And I must be from thence!
My wife kill'd too?
Ross. I have said.
Mal. Be comforted:
Let's make us medicines of our great revenge,
To cure this deadly grief.
Macd. He has no children.[3] All my pretty ones?
Did you say all? O hell-kite! All?
What, all my pretty chickens and their dam
At one fell swoop?
Mal. Dispute it [4] like a man.
Macd. I shall do so;
But I must also feel it as a man:
I cannot but remember such things were,

---

[1] **Possess them with.**—Fill them with. Common in Shakespeare.

[2] **Quarry.**—Dead bodies. A "quarry" was a heap of dead game.

[3] **He has no children.**—Some editors take this as referring to Macbeth, and others to Malcolm.

[4] **Dispute it.**—Fight against it: perhaps, "reason upon it" as Schmidt explains it.

That were most precious to me. Did heaven look on,
And would not take their part? Sinful Macduff,
They were all struck for thee! naught that I am,
Not for their own demerits, but for mine,
Fell slaughter on their souls. Heaven rest them now!

Mal. Be this the whetstone of your sword: let grief
Convert to anger; blunt not the heart, enrage it.

Macd. O, I could play the woman with mine eyes
And braggart with my tongue! But, gentle heavens,
Cut short all intermission; front to front
Bring thou this fiend of Scotland and myself;
Within my sword's length set him; if he 'scape,
Heaven forgive him too!

Mal. This tune goes manly.
Come, go we to the king; our power is ready;
Our lack is nothing but our leave:[1] Macbeth
Is ripe for shaking, and the powers above
Put on[2] their instruments. Receive what cheer you may:
The night is long that never finds the day.

XII.—Prince Arthur and Hubert.

(*King John.* Act iv., Scene 1.)

In the play of *King John*, Shakespeare frames his plot not so much upon the actual historical events of this king's reign, as upon the facts connected with the imprisonment and death of Prince Arthur. This young prince was the son of John's elder brother Geoffrey; and John is represented, both by Shakespeare and in English history, as eagerly desirous of ridding himself of his young nephew, whom he looks upon as dangerous to the safety of his throne. In a war between England and France, King John takes Arthur prisoner. Having got his nephew in his power, the cruel king next looks about him for some means of putting him to death. The person fixed upon for the wicked deed being Hubert de Burgh who had charge of the unfortunate prince. We are now introduced to the young Prince Arthur as a prisoner, about to undergo, at the hands of Hubert, the terrible operation of the destruction of his eyes by the application of red-hot irons. Shakespeare places this scene in an English castle, probably that of Northampton; but most historians fix the prince's imprisonment at Falaise, and his death at Rouen,—both in Normandy.

[1] **Our leave.**—To take leave of the king.

[2] **Put on.**—In *Lear* and *Othello* means to instigate, incite. "Set to work." (Schmidt).

COLLATERAL READING.—Plotting the death of Prince Arthur. *King John*, Act iii., Scene 3. Grief of Constance, Act iii., Scene 4. The King and Hubert, Act iv., last part of Scene 2.

Prince ARTHUR, HUBERT, and ATTENDANTS.

SCENE.—A room in the castle, Northampton.

Enter HUBERT *and two* ATTENDANTS.

Hubert. Heat me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras:[1] when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth,
And bind the boy which you shall find with me
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

1*st Attendant.* I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! fear not you: look to 't.—
[*Exeunt Attendants.*
Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arthur. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince, having so great a title
To be more prince, as may be. You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks nobody should be sad but I:
Yet I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,[2]
So I were out of prison and kept sheep,
I should be merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt[3]
My uncle practises[4] more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I were Geoffrey's son?
No indeed, is't not; and I would to heaven,
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden and dispatch.

---

[1] **Arras.**—The hangings or tapestries with which rooms were lined. They were hung on frames and afforded room enough for a person to hide behind them.

[2] **Christendom.**—Christening or baptism.

[3] **Doubt.**—Used in the sense of fear or suspect.

[4] **Practises.**—Plots, uses arts, or contrives.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you:
I warrant I love you more than you do me.
Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*] How now foolish rheum![1]
Turning dispiteous[2] torture out the door!
I must be brief, lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?
Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?
Hub. Young boy, I must.
Arth. And will you?
Hub. And I will.
Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
The best I had, a princess wrought it me,
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head,
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheer'd up the heavy time,
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or, What good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lien still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love
And call it cunning: do, an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you should use me ill,
Why, then you must. Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did nor never shall
So much as frown on you.
Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.
Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!

---

[1] **Rheum.**—Tears.
[2] **Dispiteous.**—Unpiteous, that is, pitiless.

The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench its fiery indignation
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammer'd iron?
An if an angel should have come to me
And told me Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him,—no tongue but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants with cord, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! My eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous[1]-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the irons angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

1*st Atten.* I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend!
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,

---

[1] **Boisterous.**—Used more variously in Shakespeare's time than at present, Rough, rude, violent.

Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.
Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.
Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue, let me not, Hubert;
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. O, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use, but still to look on you!
Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold
And would not harm me.
Hub. I can heat it, boy.
Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: See else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal:
The breath of heaven hath blown its spirit out
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.
Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.
Arth. An if you do, you will make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that does tarre[1] him on.
All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy, which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.
Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eye
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes.
Yet I am sworn and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.
Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.
Hub. Peace: no more: Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead;
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports:

[1] **Tarre.**—To incite, to instigate, as in setting on dogs.

And, pretty child, sleep doubtless [1] and secure,
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven! I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: go closely [2] in with me:
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

XIII.—Hamlet's Soliloquy.

(*Hamlet.* Act iii., Scene 1.)

Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, within two months after the sudden death of her husband, King Hamlet, married his brother Claudius, who became king, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king and lawful successor to the throne. The spirit of his father appears to Hamlet and reveals the fact to his son that he was cruelly murdered by his brother, Claudius. The ghost enjoins the strictest secresy and urges Hamlet to take revenge upon his uncle, but to leave his mother to heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. The character of Hamlet is one of the most complex and difficult to analyze in literature. Hamlet is brave and careless of death, but he vacillates and procrastinates and loses the power of action in the energy of resolve. Averse to real action, brooding over his mother's unnatural deed and his uncle's crime, Hamlet's mind is unseated from its healthy relation. The Queen thinks the fair Ophelia, Hamlet's betrothed, the cause of her son's unwonted action. Ophelia is urged to be seated in a room, when Hamlet enters and the king and Polonius withdraw. Before his cruel words to his gentle betrothed, Hamlet enters in deep meditation and thus begins this famous soliloquy:—

To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 't is nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die; to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die, to sleep;
To sleep perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;[3]
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[4]

[1] **Doubtless.**—As doubt is used in the sense of fear, so doubtless for fearless.

[2] **Closely.**—Secretly. Used frequently in this sense.

[3] **Rub.**—Hindrance, obstruction. A metaphor taken from the bowling-alley.

[4] **Coil.**—Tumult and bustle of this life.

Must give us pause:[1] there's the respect[2]
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus[3] make
With a bare bodkin?[4] who would fardels[5] bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscover'd country, from whose bourn[6]
No traveller returns, puzzles the will
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard their current turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

XIV.—Perseverance.

(*Troilus and Cressida.* Act iii., Scene 3.)

The following words of advice were spoken by Ulysses during the siege of Troy, a city famous in Grecian history. During this siege, which is said to have continued ten years, a conference takes place between Achilles and Ulysses, two Grecian commanders, the former having been treated somewhat disdainfully by some of his fellow-officers, among others by Ajax. Ulysses thereupon offers some excellent advice to Achilles, who having falling in love with Polyxena, a daughter of the King of Troy, had become careless and indifferent as to the progress of the siege; Ulysses urges him to "persevere," or he might see the honors of the war won by Ajax, whom Achilles held in such contempt.

[1] **Pause.**—Time for reflection.
[2] **Respect.**—Motive, consideration. Common use of *respect.*
[3] **Quietus.**—Allusion is made to *quietus est*, a legal term used in settling accounts.
[4] **Bodkin.**—An old word for a small dagger.
[5] **Fardel.**—Burden or bundle.
[6] **Bourn.**—Boundary. As Coleridge says:—
"No traveller returns to this world as his home or abiding-place."

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,
A great-sized monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd,
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done: perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep then the path;
For emulation hath a thousand sons
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by
And leave you hindmost;
Or, like a gallant horse fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For time is like a fashionable host
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: welcome ever smiles,
And farewell goes out sighing. O, let not virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.

XV.—Address of Brutus to the Romans, Defending the Assassination of Cæsar.

(*Julius Cæsar.* Act iii., Scene 2.)

Shakespeare's play of *Julius Cæsar* is founded upon one of the most stirring events of Roman history. Julius Cæsar won great renown by his numerous foreign campaigns; it was under his command that the first Roman invasion of Britain took place, in the year 55 B.C. For his great services to his country he

was chosen Consul. He was also, in the year 47 B. C., appointed Dictator; this was a higher title than that of consul, and the government only appointed such an officer on extraordinary occasions, and he usually resigned his office when the business for which he was appointed had been carried through. Julius Cæsar, however, was chosen Dictator for ten years, and afterwards for life. This gave him as much power as the emperor of any despotic government; and having the power of a king, he desired the title. His wish to be crowned king offended many of his friends. A conspiracy was formed to put Cæsar to death. The conspirators, among whom Brutus was chief, fell upon him with their daggers and killed him, soon after he had entered the Capitol. This took place on the 15th of March, 44 B. C. After this crime had been committed, the body of Cæsar was removed to the Forum, or market place, where, from an elevated platform or pulpit, Brutus addressed the citizens, justifying the deed he had done, on the ground that Cæsar's ambition was dangerous to the state.

ROMANS, countrymen, and lovers![1] hear me for my cause, and be silent, that you may hear: believe me for mine honour, and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe: censure me in your wisdom, and awake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer:—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead, to live all freemen? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears,[2] for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who's here so base that would be a bondman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who's here so rude, that would not be a Roman? if any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

None! Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

---

[1] **Lovers.**—Friends. The word was formerly applied to both sexes.—Cf. Psalm xxxviii. ii.

[2] **Is tears.**—"There is" is often found in Shakespeare preceding a plural subject.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive—the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart—that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

XVI.—Mark Antony's Oration over the Body of Cæsar.

(*Julius Cæsar.* Act iii., Scene 2.)

The audience seemed satisfied with the argument of Brutus; but Mark Antony, a friend of Cæsar's, with the permission of Brutus, followed in a speech in Cæsar's praise; his oration, which we now give, had the effect of turning his large audience against Brutus and his friends. The disconnected shouts and exclamations which Shakespeare puts into the mouths of the citizens, as their feelings are being wrought upon by Antony's noble words, are here omitted, and the oration transcribed without break. This famous oration has been for many years a favorite model for study by the world's greatest advocates and orators. It is evident that the history of Julius Cæsar had taken a strong hold of Shakespeare's imagination; for there is perhaps no other historical character who is so often alluded to throughout his plays.

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do, lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious:
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;

COLLATERAL READING.—Interview between Brutus and Cassius, *Julius Cæsar*, Act i., Scene 2. Meeting of the conspirators; Brutus and his wife, Portia, Act ii., Scene 1.

And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept:
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal[1]
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then, to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters, if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 'tis his will:
Let but the commons[2] hear this testament—
Which pardon me, I do not mean to read—

---

[1] **Lupercal.**—A cavern in the Palatine Hill, in Rome, sacred to Lupercus, the Italian god of fertility. The feast was held every year, in the month of February. It is symbolical of the purification of the nation and the people.

[2] **Commons.**—The common people.

And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins [1] in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on:
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii: [2]
Look; in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And as he pluck'd his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar follow'd it;
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: Then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,[3]
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us, fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O, now you weep; and, I perceive, you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what, weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.

Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honourable!

---

[1] **Napkins.**—Handkerchiefs. Still used in this sense, it is said, in parts of Scotland.

[2] **Nervii.**—The most warlike of the Belgic tribes subjugated by Cæsar, in his victorious campaign in Gaul.

[3] **Statua**=Statue. A form commonly used in the time of Shakespeare, in both prose and poetry.

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,
That made them do it: they are wise and honourable,
And will, no doubt, with reason answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain, blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him:
For I have neither wit,[1] nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on;
I tell you that which you yourselves do know;
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor, dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me: but were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

XVII.—Quarrel between Brutus and Cassius.

(*Julius Cæsar* Act iv., Scene 3.)

After the death of Cæsar, the government of Rome was carried on by a *Triumvirate*, that is, by three men possessing equal powers: of these triumvirs, Mark Antony, the speaker of the oration, was one. Brutus and Cassius, with their fellow-conspirators, having fled from Rome for fear of the people's fury, raised the eastern portion of the empire against Mark Antony and his friends. In the progress of this war, Brutus and Cassius quarreled upon a matter involving the authority of the former. It is this quarrel, and the subsequent reconciliation, which forms the subject of the present selection. This quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius is managed in a masterly manner. The dramatic fluctuation of passion, the calmness of Brutus, the heat of Cassius, are admirably described.

Cassius. THAT you have wrong'd me doth appear in this:
You have condemn'd and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.

[1] **Wit.**—Judgment or understanding.

Brutus. You wrong'd yourself to write in such a case.
Cas. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice offence should bear its comment.
Bru. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemn'd to have[1] an itching palm;
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers.
Cas. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speak this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
Bru. The name of Cassius honours this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
Cas. Chatisement!
Bru. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touch'd his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What, shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honours
For so much trash as may be grasped thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
Cas. Brutus, bay not me;
I'll not endure it; you forget yourself,
To hedge me in: I am a soldier, I,
Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
Bru. Go to;[2] you are not, Cassius.
Cas. I am.
Bru. I say you are not.
Cas. Urge me no more, I shall forget myself;
Have mind upon your health, tempt me no further.
Bru. Away, slight man!
Cas. Is't possible?
Bru. Hear me, for I will speak.

[1] **Condemn'd to have.**—Condemned as having, accused of having.
[2] **Go to.**—A phrase of encouragement or exhortation, sometimes expressing scorn.

Must I give way and room to your rash choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?
Cas. Must I endure all this!
Bru. All this! ay, more: fret till your proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric you are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Must I budge?
Must I observe[1] you? Must I stand and crouch
Under your testy humour? By the gods,
You shall digest the venom of your spleen,
Though it do split you; for, from this day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for my laughter,
When you are waspish.
Cas. Is it come to this?
Bru. You say you are a better soldier:
Let it appear so; make your vaunting true,
And it shall please me well: for mine own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
Cas. You wrong me every way; you wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say better?
Bru. If you did, I care not.
Cas. When Cæsar lived, he durst not thus have moved me.
Bru. Peace, peace! you durst not so have tempted him!
Cas. I durst not!
Bru. No.
Cas. What, durst not tempt him!
Bru. For your life you durst not.
Cas. Do not presume too much upon my love;
I may do that I shall be sorry for.
Bru. You have done that you should be sorry for.
There is no terror, Cassius, in your threats,
For I am arm'd so strong in honesty,
That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not. I did send to you
For certain sums of gold, which you denied me:
By heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
And drop my blood for drachmas,[2] than to wring

[1] **Observe.**—To treat with great respect or reverence.—Cf. *Mark* vi. 20.
[2] **Drachmas.**—A Greek coin worth about nineteen cents.

From the hard hands of peasants their vile trash,
By any indirection :[1] I did send
To you for gold to pay my legions,
Which you denied me : was that done like Cassius?
Should I have answered Caius Cassius so?
When Marcus Brutus grows so covetous,
To lock such rascal counters[2] from his friends,
Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts ;
Dash him to pieces!

Cas. I denied you not.

Bru. You did.

Cas. I did not : he was but a fool
That brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart!
A friend should bear a friend's infirmities,
But Brutus makes mine greater than they are.

Bru. I do not, till you practise them on me.

Cas. You love me not.

Bru. I do not like your faults.

Cas. A friendly eye could never see such faults.

Bru. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear
As huge as high Olympus.

Cas. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world ;
Hated by one he loves ; braved by his brother ;
Check'd like a bondman ; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd, by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O, I could weep
My spirit from my eyes! There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast ; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus'[3] mine, richer than gold :
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth ;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart :
Strike as thou didst at Cæsar ; for, I know
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lovedst him better

---

[1] **Indirection.**—Indirect crooked ways : dishonest practice.

[2] **Counters.**—Pieces of false coin used in casting accounts. Used here in contempt for money in general.

[3] **Plutus.**—Pluto, the god of the infernal regions.

Than ever thou lovedst Cassius.
Bru. Sheath your dagger :
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope ;
Do what you will, dishonour shall be humour.[1]
O Cassius, you are yoked with a lamb,
That carries anger, as the flint bears fire ;
Who, much enforced, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
Cas. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill temper'd, vexeth him ?
Bru. When I spoke that, I was ill-temper'd too.
Cas. Do you confess so much ? Give me your hand.
Bru. And my heart too.
Cas. O Brutus !
Bru. What's the matter ?
Cas. Have you not love enough to bear with me,
When that rash humour which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful ?
Bru. Yes, Cassius ; and, from henceforth,
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus,
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.

NOTE.—"I know no part of Shakespeare that more impresses on me the belief of his genius being superhuman than the quarrel scene between Brutus and Cassius."—*Coleridge.*

XVIII.—Othello's Account of his Courtship of Desdemona.

(*Othello.* Act i., Scene 3.)

Othello, having married Desdemona, daughter of Brabantio, against her father's wish, Brabantio appeals to the Duke of Venice, charging Othello with having won his daughter by unfair means, such as the use of charms and the exercise of magic, which were anciently believed in by almost every one. Othello, being called upon for an explanation, answers in the words which now follow. Othello was a general of Moorish blood, serving in the Venetian army.

[1] **Humour.**—It is thought by many editors Shakespeare may have written "honour."

MOST potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters,
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little bless'd with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field,
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle,
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience,
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic,
For such proceeding I am charged withal,
I won his daughter.
Her father loved me; oft invited me;
Still questioned me the story of my life,
From year to year, the battles, sieges, fortunes
That I have pass'd.
I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of hair-breadth scapes i' the imminent deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery, of my redemption thence
And portance[1] in my travels' history;
Wherein of antres[2] vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my hint to speak,—such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,

---

[1] **Portance.**—Conduct, deportment.

[2] **Antres.**—Latin, *antrum*, a cave. Caves or caverns.

COLLATERAL READING.—The Beginning of Jealousy, *Othello*, Act ii., Scene 3. Iago rouses Othello's jealousy, Act iii., Scene 3. Othello murders Desdemona, Act v., Scene 2.

The Anthropophagi[1] and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. This to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house-affairs would draw her thence:
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'ld come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,[2] in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful:
She wished she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her[3] such a man: she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.

[1] **Anthropophagi.**—Man-eaters. Many references were made in the works of travels of this time to cannibals. Sir Walter Raleigh, for example, speaks of a "nation of people whose heads appear not above their shoulders."

[2] **She swore.**—"To aver upon faith and honor was once called swearing, equally with a solemn appeal to God."

[3] **Her.**—That is, made *for* her such a man. Some think that Desdemona literally wished that she might have been such a man.

XIX.—Miscellaneous Selections.

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

THE LOVE OF MUSIC A TEST OF CHARACTER.

THE man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treason, stratagems, and spoils:
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.—*Merchant of Venice.*

SECRET LOVE.

SHE never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.—*Twelfth Night.*

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION.

THE poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.—*Midsummer Night's Dream.*

MIRTHFULNESS,

A MERRIER man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal:
His eye begets occasion for his wit;
For every object that the one doth catch,
The other turns to a mirth-moving jest;
Which his fair tongue (conceit's expositor)
Delivers in such apt and gracious words,
That aged ears play truant at his tales,
And younger hearings are quite ravished;
So sweet and voluble in his discourse.—*Love's Labour's Lost.*

A FAITHFUL LOVER.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth.
—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

REPUTATION.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing:
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.—*Othello.*

CELESTIAL MUSIC.

Look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:
There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins,—
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
—*Merchant of Venice.*

ENGLAND.

This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world;
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.
—*King Richard II.*

USES OF ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
—*As You Like It.*

PERFECTION NEEDS NO ADDITION.

To gild refined gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.—*King John.*

THE MIND ALONE VALUABLE.

FOR 'tis the mind that makes the body rich:
And as the sun breaks through the darkest clouds,
So honour peereth in the meanest habit.
What, is the jay more precious than the lark,
Because his feathers are more beautiful?
Or is the adder better than the eel,
Because his painted skin contents the eyes?
—*Taming of the Shrew.*

PASSING AWAY.

THESE our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—*Tempest.*

HOPE AND DESPAIR.

THE instant action
Lives so in hope, as in an early spring
We see th' appearing buds ; which to prove fruit,
Hope gives not so much warrant as despair,
That frost will bite them.—*King Henry IV.*

SOUND ADVICE.

LOVE all, trust a few,
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy
Rather in power, than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence,
But never tax'd for speech.—*All's Well that Ends Well.*

BLESSINGS UNDERVALUED.

IT so falls out,
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, then we find
The virtue, that possession would not show us
Whiles it was ours.—*Much Ado About Nothing.*

SLANDER.

NO, 'tis slander ;
Whose edge is sharper than the sword : whose tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile ; whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belie
All corners of the world : kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.—*Cymbeline.*

REPUTATION INVALUABLE.

THE purest treasure mortal times afford,
Is—spotless reputation ; that away
Men are but gilded loam, or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten-times-barr'd-up chest
Is—a bold spirit in a loyal breast.
Mine honor is my life ; both grow in one ;
Take honor from me, and my life is done.
—*King Richard II.*

FIRMNESS.

Be great in act, as you have been in thought;
Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
Threaten the threatener and out face the brow
Of bragging horror: so shall inferior eyes,
That borrow their behaviours from the great,
Grow great by your example and put on
The dauntless spirit of resolution.—*King John.*

GRIEF UNAVAILING.

When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when fortune takes
Patience her injury a mockery makes,
The robb'd that smiles, steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.—*Othello.*

FORTITUDE IN TRIALS.

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding-anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still. Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm and like a fearful lad
With tearful eyes add water to the sea
And give more strength to that which hath too much,
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have saved?
—*King Henry VI.*

EXAMPLE AND PRECEPT.

If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow my own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree,—*Merchant of Venice.*

XX.—A Handful of Aphorisms.

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

1. True nobility is exempt from fear.
2. Words without thoughts never to heaven go.
3. How poor are they who have no patience.
4. Advantage is a better soldier than rashness.
5. Vaulting ambition o'erleaps itself.
6. One bear will not bite another.
7. All orators are dumb when beauty pleadeth.
8. The bitter past more welcome is the sweet.
9. How full of briars is this working-day world!
10. By and by is easily said.
11. Calumny will sear virtue itself.
12. Care's an enemy to life.
13. Conscience does make cowards of us all.
14. Corruption wins not more than honesty.
15. The path is smooth that leadeth into danger.
16. He doth sin that doth belie the dead.
17. Ill deeds are doubled with an evil word.
18. By our ears, our hearts oft tainted be.
19. Oft the eye mistakes the brain being troubled.
20. The present eye praises the present object.
21. Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.
22. He lives in fame that dies in virtue's cause.
23. Fears attend the steps of wrong.
24. To fear the worst oft cures the worst.
25. Violent fires soon burn out themselves.
26. Great floods have flown from simple sources.
27. The learned pate ducks to the golden fool.
28. He, that is giddy, thinks the world turns round.
29. What the gods delay, they not deny.
30. Everyone can master a grief but he that has it.
31. No legacy is so rich as honesty.
32. Pleasure and action make hours seem short.
33. Thrice is he armed that hath his quarrel just.
34. Striving to do better, oft we mar what's well.
35. Hasty marriage seldom proveth well.
36. Urgent meals make ill digestions.
37. Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge.
38. Mud not the fountain that gave drink to thee.
39. The night is long that never finds the day.
40. Past all shame, so past all truth.
41. Every cloud engenders not a storm.
42. Hercules himself must yield to odds.
43. An honest tale speeds best, being plainly told.
44. Things sweet to taste, prove in digestion sour.
45. Thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

XXI.—A Bundle of Familiar Quotations.

FROM SHAKESPEARE.

1. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.
2. Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.
3. All that glitters is not gold.
4. Brevity is the soul of wit.
5. Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.
6. Angels are bright though the brightest fell.
7. Make assurance doubly sure.
8. Beggars mounted run their horses to death.
9. Fast bind, fast find.
10. Borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
11. He is well paid that is well satisfied.
12. Talkers are no good doers.
13. Delays have dangerous ends.
14. It is a good divine that follows his own instruction.
15. A merry heart goes all the day.
16. It is a wise father that knows his own child.
17. Past hope, past cure, past help.
18. Sad hours seem long.
19. There's daggers in men's smiles.
20. Ignorance is the curse of God.
21. Gently to hear; kindly to judge.
22. The course of true love never did run smooth.
23. Love all; trust a few; do wrong to none.
24. Tempt not a desperate man.
25. Men are men; the best sometimes forget.
26. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows.
27. Nothing can come from nothing.
28. Strong reasons make strong actions.
29. Trust not to rotten planks.
30. Poor suitors have strong breaths.
31. Things that are past are done.
32. Thought is free.
33. The whirligig of time brings in his revenges.
34. Truth is truth to the end of the reckoning.
35. Unnatural deeds breed unnatural troubles.
36. Sweet are the uses of adversity.
37. The better part of valour is discretion.
38. The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.
39. The harder matched, the greater victory.
40. There is no virtue like necessity.
41. Idle words are fast in growth.
42. Let the world slide.
43. Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits.
44. Suspicion always haunts the guilty mind.
45. Let the end try the man.

Questions on the Life and Writings of Shakespeare.

When and where was Shakespeare born? Give its geographical location; near what large town, scenery, etc.? Is the house still standing? What effort has been made to preserve it? By whom is it owned at present? Is it much resorted to by travelers and lovers of Shakespeare? What do you know about the parents of Shakespeare? his boyhood? his school days? What stories are extant of his younger days? At what age did he leave Stratford? Had anything occurred at Kenilworth to stimulate his dramatic genius? What have you read of Kenilworth? What did Shakespeare probably do in London, at first? What became his occupation? Was he successful? Why should you judge so? Explain, in some detail, how he wrote his dramas? Were the plots original? Mention some sources from which he derived the stories of his plays. Illustrate by *Merchant of Venice; Romeo and Juliet; Othello;* etc. What was the structure of a theatre in Shakespeare's time? How would it compare with a modern theatre? If you are familiar with the inside of any large theatre, give its difference in detail: scenery—curtain—machinery—gas—actors—costumes, etc. Was he slowly trained to writing his best plays, or did he write so from the first? To what extent did he revise the plays of others? His own plays? Did he ever rewrite his own plays after trial on the stage? Could Shakespeare in any sense be called a learned man? We have countless references, showing familiarity with law, medicine, history, philosophy, etc.; how would you account for all this? Could he be called in any sense an unlearned man? To what extent do his writings embody his own character and personal experience? Do some disbelieve that Shakespeare wrote the plays credited to him? Give some particulars of the Baconian-Shakespearian controversy, with some arguments *pro* and *con*. Were his plays popular from the first? What proof of this? Have they always remained popular? Their rank in literature to day? Queen Elizabeth's request? Mention some famous actors of his plays—editions—commentators—students, etc. Mention some extracts from his plays which have passed into popular speech. What is known concerning his personal appearance? his autograph? his MSS.? his portraits? Have you ever read anything about Ireland's celebrated forgeries of Shakespeare's plays? give full particulars. When did Shakespeare die? Did he leave any descendants? Is his family extinct? How much of Shakespeare have you read?

ENGLISH CLASSICS,

FOR

CLASSES IN ENGLISH LITERATURE, READING, GRAMMAR, ETC.

EDITED BY EMINENT ENGLISH AND AMERICAN SCHOLARS.

Each Volume contains a Sketch of the Author's Life, Prefatory and Explanatory Notes, Etc., Etc.

1 **Byron's Prophecy of Dante.** (Cantos I. and II.)
2 **Milton's L'Allegro and Il Penseroso.**
3 **Lord Bacon's Essays, Civil and Moral.** (Selected.)
4 **Byron's Prisoner of Chillon.**
5 **Moore's Fire Worshippers.** (Lalla Rookh. Selected from parts I. and II.)
6 **Goldsmith's Deserted Village.**
7 **Scott's Marmion.** (Selections from Canto VI.)
8 **Scott's Lay of the Last Minstrel.** (Introduction and Cant. I.)
9 **Burns' Cotter's Saturday Night, and Other Poems.**
10 **Crabbe's the Village.**
11 **Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.** (Abridgment of Part I.)
12 **Macaulay's Essay on Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.**
13 **Macaulay's Armada, and Other Poems.**
14 **Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.** (Selections from Acts I., III. and IV.)
15 **Goldsmith's Traveller.**
16 **Hogg's Queen's Wake.**
17 **Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.**
18 **Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley.**
19 **Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.**
20 **Scott's Lady of the Lake.** (Canto I.)
21 **Shakespeare's As You Like It, etc.** (Selections.)
22 **Shakespeare's King John and King Richard II.** (Selections.)
23 **Shakespeare's King Henry IV., King Henry V., and King Henry VI.** (Selections.)
24 **Shakespeare's Henry VIII., and Julius Cæsar.** (Selections.)
25 **Wordsworth's Excursion.** (Book I.
26 **Pope's Essay on Criticism.**
27 **Spenser's Faery Queene.** (Cantos I. and II.)
28 **Cowper's Task.** (Book I.)
29 **Milton's Comus.**
30 **Tennyson's Enoch Arden.**
31 **Irving's Sketch Book.** (Selections.)
32 **Dickens' Christmas Carol.** (Condensed.)
33 **Carlyle's Hero as a Prophet.**
34 **Macaulay's Warren Hastings.** (Condensed.)
35 **Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield.** (Condensed.)
36 **Tennyson's The Two Voices and a Dream of Fair Women.**
37 **Memory Quotations.**
38 **Cavalier Poets.**
39 **Dryden's Alexander's Feast and MacFlecknoe.**
40 **Keats' The Eve of St. Agnes.**
41 **Irving's Legend of Sleepy Hollow.**

Others in Preparation. From 32 to 64 pages each, 16mo.

Shakespeare's Plays—(SCHOOL EDITIONS); viz: **Merchant of Venice, Julius Cæsar, King Lear, Macbeth, Hamlet, Tempest, As you Like It, King Henry V.** With Notes, Examination Papers and Plan of Preparation (Selected). By BRAINERD KELLOGG, A.M., Professor of the English Language and Literature in the Brooklyn Collegiate and Polytechnic Institute, and author of "A Text-Book on Rhetoric," "A Text-Book on English Literature," and one of the authors of Reed & Kellogg's "Graded Lessons in English," and "Higher Lessons in English." 32mo, flexible, cloth.

The text of these plays of Shakespeare has been adapted for use in mixed classes, by the omission of everything that would be considered offensive. The notes have been especially selected to meet the requirements of School and College students, from editions edited by eminent English Scholars. We are confident that teachers who examine these editions will pronounce them better adapted to the wants, both of the teacher and student, than any other editions published. Printed from large type, bound in a very attractive cloth binding, and sold at nearly one-half the price of other School Editions of Shakespeare.

Paradise Lost. (Book I.) Containing Sketch of Milton's Life—Essay on the Genius of Milton—Epitome of the Views of the Best-Known Critics on Milton, and full Explanatory Notes. Cloth, flexible, 94 pages.

The Shakespeare Reader. Being Extracts from the Plays of Shakespeare with Introductory Paragraphs and Notes, Grammatical, Historical and Explanatory. By C. H. WYKES. 160 pp., 16mo, cloth, flexible.

The Canterbury Tales—The prologue of Geoffrey Chaucer. The Text Collated with the Seven Oldest MSS., and Life of the Author. Introductory Notices, Grammar, Critical and Explanatory Notes, and Index to Obsolete and Difficult Words. By E. F. WILLOUGHBY, M.D. 112 pp., 16mo, cloth, flexible.

An Essay on Man. By ALEXANDER F. POPE. With Clarke's Grammatical Notes, 72 pp., cloth, flexible.