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THE
BEAUTIES
 OF SHAKESPEARE:
 S H A K E S P E A R :

Regularly selected from each PLAY.

WITH A
GENERAL INDEX,
 Digesting them under Proper HEADS.

Illustrated with
 EXPLANATORY NOTES, and Similar Passages
 from Ancient and Modern AUTHORS.

By WILLIAM DODD, B. A.
 Late of Clare-Hall, Cambridge.

The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
 Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n,
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 87.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N :

Printed for T. WALLER, at the Mitre and Crown,
 opposite Fetter-Lane, Fleet-Street.

M.DCC.LII.

To The Hon^r

Sir George Lyttleton

Wth

Wth TO THE HONOURABLE

Sir George Lyttleton,

One of the Lords-Commissioners
of the Treasury,

As to a PATRON, on whom

The Inimitable SHAKESPEAR wou'd most
probably have fixed his Choice,

The following

Collection of HIS BEAUTIES,

IS,

With all due RESPECT,

AND

The Highest ESTEEM,

INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND

DEVOTED SERVANT,

William Dodd.

John M. Halpin
 from
 J. B. Concoran
 Nov 17th - 1871

(v)



THE
 PREFACE.



SHALL not attempt any labour'd encomiums on *Shakespeare*, or endeavour to set forth his perfections, at a time when such universal and just applause is paid him, and, when every tongue is big with his boundless fame. He himself tells us*,

*To gild refined gold, to paint the lilly,
 To throw a perfume on the violet,
 To smooth the ice, or add another hue
 Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light*

A 3

To

* See p. 84. Vol. II.

*To seek the beauteous eye of heav'n to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.*

And wasteful and ridiculous indeed it would be, to say any thing in his praise, when presenting the world with such a collection of *Beauties*, as perhaps is no where to be met with, and, I may very safely affirm, cannot be parallell'd from the productions of any other single author, ancient or modern. There is scarcely a topic, common with other writers, on which he has not excelled them all; there are many, nobly peculiar to himself, where he shines unrivall'd, and, like the eagle, properest emblem of his daring genius, soars beyond the common reach, and gazes undazled on the sun. His flights are sometimes so bold, frigid criticism almost dares to disapprove them; and those narrow minds which are incapable of elevating their ideas to the sublimity of their author's, are willing to bring them down to a level with their own. Hence many fine passages have been condemned in *Shakespear*, as *Rant* and *Fustian*, *intolerable Bombast*, and *turgid Nonsense*, which, if read with the least glow of the same imagination that warm'd the writer's bosom, wou'd blaze in the robes of sublimity, and obtain the commendations of a *Longinus*. And, unless some little of the same spirit that elevated the poet, elevate the reader too,

too, he must not presume to talk of taste and elegance; he will prove but a languid reader, an indifferent judge, but a far more indifferent critic and commentator. I would not presume to say, this is the case with *Shakespear's* commentators; since many ingenious men, whose names are high in the learned world, are found in that list: yet thus much, in justice to the author, must be avow'd, that many a critic, when he has met with a passage not clear to his conception, and perhaps above the level of his own ideas, so far from attempting to explain his author, has immediately condemned the expression as foolish and absurd, and soisted in some footy emendation of his own: a proceeding by no means justifiable; for the text of an author is a sacred thing; 'tis dangerous to meddle with it, nor should it ever be done, but in the most desperate cases. The best of critics will acknowledge, how frequently they have found their most plausible conjectures erroneous; and readings, which once appeared to them in the darkest and most unintelligible light, afterwards clear, just, and genuine; which should be a sufficient warning to all dealers in such guess-work, to abstain from presumption and self-sufficiency. False glory prevails no less in the critical, than in the great world: for it is imagined, by many, a mighty deed

to find fault with an author's word, that they may introduce an emendation (as they call it) of their own : whereas there is nothing so easy as to find fault, and alter one word for another ; this the very dabblers in learning can do ; and after all, it may be said, that a lucky hit is frequently superior to the most elaborate and brain-drawn conjecture : there is no true fame in work of this kind : but it is real honour to elucidate the difficulties in an author's text, to set forth his meaning, and discover the sense of those places which are obscure to vulgar readers, and stumbling-blocks to the tribe of *emending* critics ; a commentator may by this shew his judgment and taste, and better display his knowledge of his author, than by a motley fardel of miserable and blind conjectures. Nay, indeed, this is the principal business of every one who presumes to enter upon the work of commenting : it is but a modern device to explain by altering, and to exchange every word in the text, improper in our *infallible* judgment, for a sophisticated reading of our own.

But the editors, critics, and commentators on *Shakespeare*, have a deal to say in behalf of *alteration*, and the absolute necessity of it ; they tell you much of their author's

author's inattention to, and disregard of his copies ; how little care he took of their publication ; how mangled, maimed, and incorrect his works are handed down to us. This they urge as a reason, why they should strike out every word they cannot comprehend ; and thus would they justify their barbarous inhumanity of cutting into pieces an author already sufficiently dilaniated ; when one would have imagined, they should have used all their endeavours to heal his slight wounds, and to pour balm into his sores, to have amended the visible typographical mistakes, and numberless plain errors of the press : for these very plentifully abound in the first editions, but they are in general so obvious, very little sagacity is required to discern and amend them : nay, indeed, much of the rubbish hath been clear'd away by Mr. *Theobald*, who approv'd himself the best editor of *Shakespeare* that has yet appeared, by a close attention to, and diligent survey of the old editions, and by a careful amendment of those slight faults, which evidently proceeded from the press, and corrupted the text. As to the many other imaginary fountains of error and confusion, they may very justly be look'd upon, (most of them) in the same light, with Dr. *Bentley's* fantastic editor of *Milton* ; the doughty critic, if he thinks proper,

proper, may support his combat, and fight manfully, with his dagger of lath, against these shadowy existencies; but the judicious reader will easily discover he fights only with shadows, and will allow him a triumph over nothing but air, unless he should chance to baffle and conquer himself. The whole dispute then seems to rest here: *Shakespeare's* inimitable compositions are delivered to posterity, full of typographical errors, and mangled by the blundering hands of printers, (which none, who considers the imperfection of printing amongst us at that time, and the great diligence that even at the present is required to print with tolerable accuracy) will at all be surprized at; so that the business of an editor seems to be a close attention to the text, and careful emendation of those errors: but he should not presume to alter, (and to place these alterations in the text as his author's) any passages, which are not really flat nonsense and contradiction, but only such to his apprehension, and unintelligible solely to his unenliven'd imagination. Mr. *Theobald*, as I before observed, has been successful enough in this, so far as he has gone, but he has left many passages untouch'd and unregarded, which were truly difficult, and called for the editor's assistance; and seems to have

no

no notion of the further business of an editor, than that of explaining obscure passages: 'tis true, he has sometimes, tho' rarely, done it.

It is plain then, much work remained for subsequent commentators; and shall we add, still remains? for tho' succeeded by two eminent rivals, we must with no small concern, behold this imperfect editor still maintaining his ground; and with no little sorrow, observe the best judges of *Shakespeare*, preferring *Theobald's* to any modern edition. The reason is obvious: Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, proceeds in the most unjustifiable method, foisting into his text a thousand idle alterations, without ever advertising his readers which are, and which are not *Shakespeare's* genuine words: so that a multitude of idle phrases and ridiculous expressions, infinitely beneath the sublimity of this prince of poets, are thrown to his account, and his imperfections, so far from being diminish'd, number'd ten-fold upon his head. Mr. *Warburton* hath been somewhat more generous to us; for, tho' he has for the most part preferred his own criticisms to the author's words, yet he hath always too given us the author's words, and his own reasons for those criticisms: yet his conduct can never be justified for inserting

ing

ing every fancy of his own, in the text, when I dare venture to say, his better and cooler judgment must condemn the greatest part of them : what the ingenious Mr. *Edwards* says of him seems exactly just and true : " That there are good notes in his edition of *Shakespear*, I never did deny ; but as he has had the plundering of two dead men, it will be difficult to know which are his own ; some of them I suppose may be ; and hard indeed would be his luck, if among so many bold throws he should have never a winning cast : but I do insist that there are great numbers of such shameful blunders as disparage the rest, if they do not discredit his title to them, and make them look rather like lucky hits, than the result of judgment*."

For endeavouring perhaps to avoid all reflections on Mr. *Warburton* in this work, the reader will sometimes condemn me : however, I had rather be blam'd on that head, than for moroseness, and snarling severity :

* See the *Canons of Criticism*, the third edition, (that always referred to in this work) the 11th and 12th pages of the Preface.

The reader is desired likewise to observe, that the 2d edition of Mr. *Upton's Critical Observations on Shakespear*, is that used always by the editor.

verity : and the good-natur'd will consider, that impartiality is the first step to true judgment, and candor an essential in the dark work of criticism. For my own part, I cannot but read with regret the constant jarring and triumphant insults, one over another, found amidst the commentators on *Shakespear* : this is one of the reasons that has impeded our arrival at a thorough knowledge in his works : for some of the editors have not so much labour'd to elucidate their author, as to expose the follies of their brethren. How much better would it have been for *Shakespear*, for us, and for literature in general, how much more honour would it have reflected on themselves, had these brangling critics sociably united ; and instead of putting themselves in a posture of defence one against another, jointly taken the field, and united all their efforts to rescue so inimitable an author from the *Gothic* outrage of dull players, duller printers, and still duller editors ?

For my own part, in this little attempt to present the world with as correct a collection of the finest passages of the finest poet, as I could, it has been my principal endeavour to keep myself clear as possible from the dangerous shelves of prejudice : and I have labour'd to the utmost

utmost to maintain an exact and becoming candor all thro' the work; not only because I am well convinc'd, how much my own many imperfections and deficiencies will claim the pardon of the reader, but because it appears to me highly unbecoming a man and a scholar, to blacken another merely for a mistake in judgment; and because, it is in my opinion no small affront to the world to pester it with our private and insignificant animosities, and to stuff a book with *querrelous* jargon, where information is paid for, and justly expected. Indeed, it has sometimes been impossible for me not to take notice, and that with a little severity, of some particular *remarks*, in justice to truth and my author: however, for the most part, I have omitted any thing that might give offence, and where it would have been easy for me, according to the custom of modern editors, to have triumph'd and insulted, have taken no notice of the faults of others, but endeavoured, to the best of my judgment, to explain the passage. After all, there perhaps remain some difficulties, and I think we may venture to pronounce, no single man will ever be able to give the world a compleat and correct edition of *Shakespear*: the way is now well pav'd, and we may reasonably, from the joint endeavours of some

some understanding lovers of the author, expect what we are greatly in need of: thus much, I must declare for my own part, that in several obscure passages in this work, I have received great light by the conversation and conjectures of some very ingenious and learned men, whose names, were I permitted to mention them, would do high honour to the work, and to whom I thus beg leave to return my most hearty and sincere thanks.

It was long since that I first propos'd publishing this collection; for *Shakespear* was ever, of all modern authors, my first and greatest favourite: and during my relaxations, from my more severe and necessary studies at college, I never omitted to read and indulge myself in the rapturous flights of this delightful and *sweetest child of fancy*: and when my imagination has been heated by the glowing ardor of his uncommon fire, have never failed to lament, that his *BEAUTIES* should be so obscur'd, and that he himself should be made a kind of stage for bungling critics to shew their *clumsy activity* upon.

It was my first intention to have consider'd each play critically and regularly thro' all its parts; but as this would have

have swell'd the work beyond proper bounds, I was obliged to confine myself solely to a collection of his poetical *Beauties*: and I doubt not, every reader will find so large a fund for observation, so much excellent and refin'd morality, and I may venture to pay, so much good divinity, that he will prize the work as it deserves, and pay, with me, All due adoration to the Manes of *Shakespeare*.

Longinus * tells us, that the most infallible test of the true *Sublime*, is the impression a performance makes upon our minds, when read or recited. "If, says he, a person finds, that a performance transports not his soul, nor exalts his thoughts; that it calls not up into his mind ideas more enlarged than the mere sounds of the words convey, but on attentive examination its dignity lessens and declines, he may conclude, that whatever pierces no deeper than the ears, can never be the true Sublime. That, on the contrary, is grand and lofty, which the more we consider, the greater ideas we conceive of it; whose force we cannot possibly withstand; which immediately sinks deep, " and

* See *Longinus* on the *Sublime*, Sect. 7. The translation in the text is from the learned Mr. Smith.

and makes such impression on the mind as cannot easily be worn out or effaced: in a word, you may pronounce that sublime, beautiful, and genuine, which always pleases and takes equally with all sorts of men. For when persons of different humours, ages, professions, and inclinations, agree in the same joint approbation of any performance, then this union of assent, this combination of so many different judgments, stamps an high, and indisputable value on that performance, which meets with such general applause." This fine observation of *Longinus* is most remarkably verified in *Shakespeare*; for all humours, ages, and inclinations, jointly proclaim their approbation and esteem of him; and will, I hope, be found true, in most of the passages, which are here collected from him: I say, most, because there are some, which I am convinc'd will not stand this test: the old, the grave, and the severe will disapprove, perhaps, the more soft (and as they may call them) trifling love-tales, so elegantly breath'd forth, and so emphatically extolled by the young, the gay, and the passionate: while these will esteem as dull, and languid, the sober *sarcs* of morality, and the home-felt observations of experience. However, as it was

was my business to collect for readers of all tastes, and all complexions, let me desire none to disapprove, what hits not with their own humour, but to turn over the page, and they will surely find something acceptable and engaging. But I have yet another apology to make, for some passages introduced merely on account of their peculiarity, which to some, possibly, will appear neither sublime nor beautiful, and yet deserve attention, as indicating the vast stretch, and sometimes particular turn of the poet's imagination. Others are inserted on account of the quotation in the note from some other author, to shew, how fine reflections have been built on a trifling hint of our poet's, and of how much weight is even one of his bullion lines. It would have been no hard task for me to have multiplied quotations from *Greek*, *Latin*, and *English* writers, and to have made no small display of what is commonly called, *learning*; but that I have industriously avoided; and never perplex'd the reader (or at least as little as possible) with the learned languages, always preferring the most plain and literal translations, much to his ease, tho' (according to the manner in which some judge) less to my own reputation. In the notes many extracts will be found from *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, some, and indeed,

indeed, the chief beauties of these celebrated authors: I have taken the liberty now and then to dissent from the ingenious gentlemen, who have lately publish'd their works: and cannot but highly commend that good-nature and modesty, with which they have conducted their remarks. One of them, Mr. *Seward*, hath given us an agreeable preface, wherein he sets forth the merits of his authors, and seems very desirous to place them in the same rank with *Shakespeare*: but alas! all his generous efforts in their cause, are but fruitless, and all his friendly labours unavailing. For we have but to read a play of each, and we shall not a moment hesitate in our judgment. However, so kind a partiality to his authors, is by no means blameable, but on the contrary highly commendable.

As to the other passages in the notes, they are in general such as are not commonly known and read, which sort it would have been easy to have multiplied: indeed, there appears so little judgment in those who have made general collections from the poets, that they merit very small notice, as they are already too low for censure.

There

There are many passages in *Shakespear*, so closely connected with the plot and characters, and on which their beauties so wholly depend, that it would have been absurd and idle to have produced them here: hence the reader will find little of the *inimitable Falstaff* in this work, and not one line extracted from the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, one of *Shakespear*'s best, and most justly-admired comedies: whoever reads that play, will immediately see, there was nothing either proper or possible for this work: which, such as it is, I most sincerely and cordially recommend to the candor and benevolence of the world: and wish every one that peruses it, may feel the satisfaction I have frequently felt in composing it, and receive such instructions and advantages from it, as it is well calculated, and well able to bestow. For my own part, better and more important things henceforth demand my attention, and I here, with no small pleasure, take leave of *Shakespear* and the critics; as this work was begun and finish'd, before I enter'd upon the sacred function, in which I am now happily employ'd, let me trust, this juvenile performance will prove no objection, since graver, and some very eminent members of the church, have thought it no improper employ, to comment, explain and

publish

publish the works of their own country poets.

I must beg the reader's patience one moment longer, while I return my best thanks to all those gentlemen, who have been so kind as to favour my subscription for a *Translation* of the works of CALLIMACHUS: I hope they will pardon my delay; for having been very much engross'd by various avocations, it was not possible for me to print that work to their and my own satisfaction: however, I now assure them, as I have met with a happy and desirable retreat, no farther delay shall on my account be made; the plates are already done, and the work shall be printed with all convenient and possible expedition.

William Dodd.

West-Ham, March 17, 1752.

P. S.

P. S. I have not time to read over the whole work accurately, in which, spite of the utmost care, numberless errors of the press have intruded: I must desire the reader to correct *groweth* into *growing*, p. 143, of the first volume; and also to strike out *Cleo.* in the 162d page. For the rest, I must leave them to his candor, and plead for the faults of my printer.



T H E



T H E
C O N T E N T S
O F T H E
F I R S T V O L U M E.

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FIRST VOLUME



THE



THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKESPEARE.

All's well that ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.

ADVICE.



E (1) thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed
thy father

In manners as in shape; thy blood and
virtue

Contend for empire in thee, and thy
goodness

Share with thy birth-right. Love all; trust a few;
Do wrong to none; be able for thine enemy

Rather

(1) *Be thou, &c.* See the advice of *Polonius* to his son in *Hamlet*,
Act 1. Sc 5. *Hector's* prayer for *Astyanax* is not unlike this.

Grant him like me to purchase just renown,
To guard the *Trojans*, to defend the crown,
Against his country's foes the war to wage,
And rise the *Hector* of the future age.

Pope's *Iliad*. B. 6. v. 606.

B

And

2 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

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 —

SCENE II. *Too ambitious Love.*

I am undone; there is no living, none,
If *Bertram* be away. (2) It were all one,

That

And in like manner *Aeneas* exhorts his son to the imitation of his father's virtues—*Disce, puer, virtutem ex me, verumque laborem.*

True toil and virtue, learn, my son, from me.

Trapp.

And *Ajax* in *Sophtocles* says to his son;

May'st thou, my son, in all things, save his fortune,
Succeed and imitate thy father.

I cannot help remarking the excellency of *Shakespear's* advice, both here from the mother, and in *Hamlet*, from the father; and how preferable it is, to that absurd and extremely improper counsel, *Orway*, in his *Orphan*, has put into the mouth of the old and dying *Acasto*, Act 3. p. 35.—In the fifth line in the text, *Be able*, &c.—the meaning is,—“rather be able to revenge yourself on your enemy in ability, than in the use of that ability: have it in your power to revenge, but shew god-like in not using that power.”

(2) *It were*, &c.] i. e. *Bertram* is so greatly superior to, and so far above me, I might as well hope to wed any particular star as him: so that I must be contented, with sharing his radiance and reflected light, that is, his presence, and the pleasure of being in his company, and not hope to be comforted in his sphere, or taken to the warmth of his embraces.” *Adam*, (in *Paradise Lost*, B. 8. 425.) saying man was to beget like of his like, adds,

—— which requires

Collateral love, and dearest amity,

which, as *Dr. Newton* observes, is well explained by,

To have thee *by my side*

Henceforth an individual solace dear.

And the son of God is said, in book the roth, to rise

From his radiant seat

Of high collateral glory.

The word *trick*, in the subsequent lines, is frequently used by *Shakespear*, for the air, or that peculiarity in a face, voice, or gesture, which distinguishes it from any other,

All's well that ends well.

3

That I should love a bright partic'lar star,
And think to wed it; he is so above me:
In his bright radiance and collateral light
Must I be comforted, not in his sphere.
Th' ambition in my love thus plagues itself;
The hind, that wou'd be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. (3) 'Twas pretty, tho' a plague,
To see him every hour; to fit and draw
His arched brows, his hawking eye, his curls,
In our heart's table: heart, too capable
Of every line and trick of his sweet favour!
But now he's gone, and my idolatrous fancy
Must sanctify his relicks.

A parasitical, vain Coward.

—(4) I know him a notorious liar;
Think him a great way fool, solely a coward;
Yet these fix'd evils sit so fit in him,
That they take place, when virtue's steely bones
Look bleak in the cold wind.

SCENE IV. *The Remedy of Evils generally in ourselves.*

(5) Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to heav'n; the fated sky

Gives

(3) 'Twas, &c.] So the pretty *Jailor's* daughter in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, speaking of *Palamon*, in the simplicity of her love-tick heart, says,

To sit and hear him
Sing in an evening,—what a heav'n it is?
And yet his songs are sad ones——

(4) *I know*, &c.] In page the 8th, S. 6. see *Parolles's* own confession; in another part of the play; it is said of him, “the fellow has a deal of that too much, which holds him much to have.” A good explanation of the latter lines.

(5) *Our*, &c.] Our author in this passage beautifully opposes the commonly-received notions of *fate* and *necessity*, by observing,
B 2 “the

4 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Gives us free scope ; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Honour due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

(6) From lowest place when virtuous things proceed,
The place is dignify'd by th' doer's deed.
Where great additions swell, and virtue's none,
It is a drop'd honour ; good alone
Is good, without a name ; vileness is so ;
The property, by what it is, shoud' go,
Not by the title. She is young, wife, fair ;

In

" the remedies of those evils generally are in ourselves, which we falsely ascribe to heaven, which gives us in all things freedom to act, and by no means lays us under any compulsive necessity." By the *fated sky*, he means, " heaven tax'd with this imputation of *fate* ;" which he observes is a false and mistaken notion : 'tis no uncommon thing with *Shakespeare* to make participles in this manner. *Milton's* beautiful lines on this subject may perhaps not be unreasonable.

— They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse,
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge : they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I : if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown,
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge, and what they choose.—B. 3 III.

See *King Lear*, on this head, Act 1. Sc. 8.

(6) *From, &c.* There cannot be a finer satire, or one written with greater force of argument, or propriety of expression, than this on the false notions of *Honour* : the reader will do well to consult the 8th satire of *Juvenal* on this occasion, where he will find several passages greatly similar to *Shakespeare*. *Euripides* has a fine sentiment in his *Elektra*, on this topic,

Will

All's well that ends well.

5

In these, to nature she's immediate heir ;
And these breed honour : 'Tis that is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When rather from our acts we them derive
Than our foregoers : the mere word's a slave
Debaucht on every tomb, on every grave ;
A lying trophy, and as oft is dumb,
Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
Of honour'd bones indeed.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Self Accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord ! is't I

That chase thee from thy country, and expose

Will ye not then be wise, nor ever learn,
What wisdom dictates ? By their lives alone,
To estimate mankind, and let their deeds
Be the sole test of true nobility.

The third line in the first folio is printed thus,

Where great addition swells, and virtue none ;

whence I gather the true reading in the text.— I take the meaning of the following lines to be, " a good action, consider'd simply in itself, and by itself, is and will be ever good, without the addition of any title or name to it ; and a vile or bad action is ever and unchangeably vile and bad ;" that is, it is not in the power of honours and titles to change the real merit of actions, virtue and vice being fixt and steadfast, and unalterably the same. — She is young, wife, fair, so the king a little before says,

All that life can rate

Worth name of life in these hath estimate,

Youth, beauty, wisdom—

on which here again he particularly dwells, as they are the three prime ingredients in every woman ; *wife*, undoubtedly carries the idea of *good* in it ; for whoever has true wisdom, cannot but be *good*. It would be endless to quote the passages in our best writers on this universal topic : I shall therefore refer my readers to their own observation, and only point out one little piece from *Waller*, the politeness of which, and similarity of the arguments to these in *Shakespeare*, will, I doubt not, render it agreeable. See *Fenton's Waller* (p. 102.) To *Zelinda*.

B 3

Those

6 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Those tender limbs of thine to the event
Of the none-sparing war? And is it I
That drive thee from the sportive court, where thou
Wast shot at with fair eyes, to be the mark
Of snoaky muckets? O you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the *violent speed* of fire,
Fly with false aim; (7) pierce the still-moving air,
That sings with piercing, do not touch my lord:
Whoever shoots at him, I set him there:
Whoever charges on his forward breast,
I am the caittiff that do hold him to it:
And tho' I kill him not, I am the cause
His death was so effected. Better 'twere,
I met the rav'ning lion, when he roar'd
With sharp constraint of hunger: better 'twere
That all the miseries, which nature (8) owes,
Were mine at once. (9) No, come thou home, *Raußillon*,
Whence

(7) *Pierce, &c.*] This in the editions before Mr. Warburton's
has been always read,

Move, the still piercing ear
That sings with piercing.

I think his emendation must be approved.

Laodamia, in Ovid's epistles, tells her husband;

Remember, when for fight thou shalt prepare,
Thy *Laodamia* charg'd thee, have a care,
For what wounds thou receiv'st are given to her.

And she thus intreats his enemies;

Ye gen'rous *Trejant*, turn your swords away
From his dear breast, find out a nobler prey:
Why shou'd you harmless *Laodamia* slay?

But *Helena*, in this play, begs the enemies to spare her lover, not
because they wou'd kill her, but because she plung'd him into
these dangers: how great and severe the reflection!

(8) *Owes.*] It may be proper once for all to observe, that *Shakespeare*
and the old authors frequently use this word in the sense of *own*:
as Mr. *Edwards* has observed the translators of the bible do also.

And he that *oweth* the house shall come, &c. *Levit. xiv, 35.*
And so shall the *Jews* bind the man, that *oweth* this girdle.

Acts xxi, 11.

(9) *No, come, &c.*] See *Falstaff's* catechism, first part of *Henry*
IV. Act 5. Sc. 2.

---This

All's well that ends well.

7

Whence honour but of danger wins a scar,
As oft it loses all. I will be gone:
My being here it is, that holds thee hence.
Shall I stay here to do it? No, no, although
The air of *Paradise* did fan the house,
And angels offic'd all; I will be gone;
That pitiful rumour may report my flight,
To console thine ear.

SCENE VII. *A Maid's Honour.*

The honour of a maid is her name, and no legacy
is so rich as honesty.

Advice to young Girls.

(10) Beware of them, *Diana*; their promises, entice-
ments, oaths, tokens, and all those engines of lust, are
not the things they go under; many a maid hath been
seduced by them; and the misery is, example, that so
terrible shews in the wreck of maidenhood, cannot for
all that dissuade succession, but that they are limed with
the twigs that threaten them. I hope, I need not to
advise you further. But, I hope, your own grace will
keep you where you are, tho' there were no further
danger known, but the modesty which is so lost.

---This military art

I grant to be the noblest of professions:

And yet (I thank my stars for't) I was never

Inclin'd to learn it, since this *bubble Honour*

(Which is indeed the *nothing* soldiers fight for,

With the loss of limbs or life) is in my judgment,

Too dear a purchase.

Massinger's Picture, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(10) *Beware, &c.*] The reader will find a good explanation of,
and comment on this passage in *Hamlet*, where *Laertes* is counselling
Ophelia on the love of *Hamlet*. See *Act 1. Sc. 5.* "Are not the
things they go under," they, doubtless refers to things, and then
the meaning is, "these things (their promises, &c.) are not the
real things whose names they go under: they are not true and
sincere, they are not what they seem, nor any other than appear-
ances." Sir *Thomas Hamner* and Mr. *Warburton*, thinking they
referr'd to the person, not the things, alter'd the passage; the
one leaving out *not*, the other changing it to *but*.

B 4

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Custom of Seducers.

Ay, so you serve us,
 'Till we serve you : but when you have our roses,
 You barely leave our thorns to prick ourselves,
 And mock us with our bareness.

CHASTITY.

(11) Mine honour's such a ring ;
 My chastity's the jewel of our house,
 Bequeathed down from many ancestors ;
 Which were the greatest obloquy i'th' world
 In me to lose.

SCENE III. *Life chequer'd.*

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and
 ill together : our virtues wou'd be proud, if our faults
 whipt them not ; and our crimes wou'd despair, if they
 were not cherish'd by our virtues.

SCENE VI. *Cowardly Braggart.*

Yet am I thankful : if my heart were great,
 'Twould burst at this. Captain I'll be no more,
 But I will eat, and drink, and sleep, as soft
 As Captain shall ; simply the thing I am
 Shall make me live ; who knows himself a braggart,
 Let him fear this : for it will come to pass,
 That every braggart shall be found an ass.
 Rust, sword ! cool, bluffs ! and, *Parolles*, live,
 Safest in shame ! being fool'd, by fool'ry thrive :
 There's place and means for every man alive.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Against Delay.

(12) Let's take the instant by the forward top ;
 For we are old, and on our quick'st decrees

Th'

(11) *Mine, &c.*] See *Coriolanus*, Act 5: Sc. 3. and n.(12) *Let's, &c.*] We have many beautiful passages on this topic in the ancients, advising against delay, and exhorting to the enjoyment of the present moment.*Sapias*

Th' inaudible and noiseless foot of time
 Steals, e're we can effect them.—

Sapias (says *Horace*) *vina liques, & spatio brevi
 Spem longam refices ; dum loquimur, fugerit invida
 Aetas ; carpe diem, quam minimum credula postero.*

Od. 13: L. 1.

Be wise, and see the goblet crown'd ;
 Let winged life's contracted round
 Your mighty expectations bound !
 Even while we speak, time fleets away,
 Too envious, and rebukes delay :
 Take, take the instant by the top,
 Nor vainly trust the morrow's flattering hope.

In like manner *Juvenal*,

— *Festinat decurrere velox
 Fleculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
 Portio ; dum bibimus, dum sortæ, unguenta, puellus,
 Peseimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.*

Sat. 9. V. 1264

My full-blown youth already fades apace,
 Of poor short life the very shortest space :
 While melting pleasures in our arms are found,
 While lovers smile, and while the bowl goes round,
 Old age creeps on us, e'er we think it nigh.

HARVEY.

And *Perfius*,

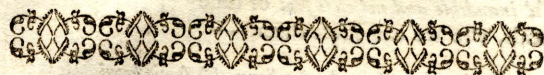
*Indulge genio, carpatulus dulcia : nostrum est
 Quod vivis, cinis, & manes, & fabula fies :
 Vixit memor leti, fugit hora ; hoc quod loqueri inde est.*

Sat. 3 V. 1518

Indulge, and to thy genius freely give ;
 For not to live at ease, is not to live :
 Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
 Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
 Live, while thou liv'st : for death will make us all
 A name, a nothing, but an old wife's tale.

DRYDEN.

The obrepit non intellecta senectus of *Juvenal*, and the last line of
Perfius, tho' both very beautiful, are nothing equal to the in-
 audible and noiseless foot of time, of *Shakespear*.



As you like it.

ACT I. SCENE IX.

Play-Fellows.

WE (1) still have slept together;
Rose at an instant, learn'd, play'd, eat together;
And wheresoe'er we went, like *Juno's* swans,
Still we went coupled, and inseparable.

SCENE X. *Beauty.*

(2) Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

(3) Were't not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle ax upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand, and (in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fears there will)

(1) See in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a beautiful passage on this subject, Act 3. Sc. 7. and the note. See also *Winter's Tale*, Act 1. Sc. 2.

(2) *Beauty, &c.*] The second brother in *Comus* largely expatiates on this thought,

But beauty, like the fair *Hesperian* tree,
Laden with blooming gold, had need the guard
Of dragon watch with uninchant'd eye,
To save her blossoms and defend her fruit
From the rash hand of bold incontinence.
You may as well spread out the unfin'd heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on opportunity,
And let a single, helpless maiden pass
Uninjur'd——&c.

(3) See *Merchant of Venice*, Sc. 5. Act 3. and *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 3. and n.

We'll

We'll have a swashing and a martial out-side;
As many other (4) mannish cowards have,
That do outface it with their semblances.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Solitude prefer'd to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.

Now, my co-mates, and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril, than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of *Adam*,
The season's difference; as the icy phang,
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile, and say,
"This is no flattery"; these are counsellors,
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
(5) Sweet are the uses of adversity,

(4) *Mannish, &c.*] Mr. Upton, in his *Remarks on three plays of Ben Jonson*, (p. 92.) observes, the word *mankind* or *mannish*, which we meet with in old authors, has not been sufficiently explained. — *Man*, besides its well known signification in the language of our forefathers, signified *wickedness*. *Sommer, Man. Homo, a man. Item facinus, scelus, nefas, &c.* — *Mansul, nefandus, sceleratus, quasi scelerum plenus.* Having thus seen its original signification, let us now turn to our old poets: and thus *Chaucer* uses it in the man of *Love's Tale*,

—— *Fit, Mannish, sic.*

Shakespeare, in *As you like it*,

As many other *mannish* cowards have.

Fairfax,

See, see this *mankind* trumpet, see, he cried,
This shameless whore."——

(5) *Sweet, &c.*] *Lucretius* tells us, *adversity* teaches us best what we are, and most feelingly shews us ourselves.

Men in adversity most plain appear,
It shews us really what, and who they are:
Then from the lips truth undissembled flows,
The mask falls off, and the just features shews.

B. 2.

Which

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from publick haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

Reflections on a wounded Stag.

(6) Come, shall we go and kill us venison ;
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,

Being

(6) I have never met with any thing that pleas'd me more than these humane reflections on the poor *native burghers* of the forest (as *Shakespeare* calls 'em) ; besides the reflections, the description of the wounded stag, is most admirable, and the moralizing of *Jaques* too just, and too true a picture of the world : I know no author that shews a more tender and feeling heart on subjects of this kind than *Thomson* ; in his *Seasons* we have a description of a hunted stag, which well deserves to be compared with this :

He sweeps the forest oft ; and sobbing sees
The glades mild opening to the golden day :
Where in hind contest with his butting friends,
He wont to struggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-descending flood he tries
To lose the scent and lave his burning sides :
Oft seeks the herd ; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With selfish care avoid a brother's woe.
What shall he do ? His once so vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant spirit, now no more
Inspire the courser : but fainting breathless toil
Sick, seizes on his heart : he stands at bay,
And puts his last weak refuge in despair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face,
He groans in anguish, while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting chest,
And mark his beauteous chequer'd sides with gore.

See *Autumn*, v. 445.

Thomson had very great masters to follow, and indeed he seems to have profited from them. *Virgil* speaks finely of the stag wounded by *Ascanius*, which one wou'd imagine *Shakespeare* had in his eye.

To his lov'd home the wounded beast repairs ;
Bloody and groaning enters his known stall,
Like one imploring, and with plaintive noise,
Fills all the house. — *Trapp's Virg. Æn.* 7. v. 661.

I chose to give *Dr. Trapp's* translation, because most literal, none of the others seeming to have approach'd near the beauty of *Virgil*.

Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should, in their old confines, with forked heads,
Have their round haunches goar'd.

1st Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy *Jaques* grieves at that ;
And in that kind swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother, that hath banish'd you :
To day my lord of *Amiens*, and myself,
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out

Upon

Virgil. But the author, from whom *Thomson* seems most to have improv'd his description, is *Virgil*, who, in the last book of his *Prædium Rusticum*, gives an elegant and pathetic description of the death of a stag : he speaks of his standing at bay, and putting his last weak refuge in despair : and very tenderly describes the poor beast, at last flying to the vain assistance of tears.

*Eger enim, vitæ posita spe, cervus inertes
Confugit ad lacrymas ; & flexo poplite, frontem
Arborcam demittit humi, vitamque precatus
Suppliciter, tristis immurmurat ore querelas, &c.*

Now faint and breathless in despair he tries
The aid of tears, that fruitless swell his eyes :
In vain his weak and wearied knees he bends,
In vain his suppliant branching head descends ;
He prays for life, with unavailing groans,
And, all he can, deep murmuring piteous moans.

See *B. 16. p. 317.*

There is a fine picture of rural melancholy in the *Philaster* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, which deserves to be compar'd with this. In *Jaques* we see a beautiful instance of philosophic tenderness, in the following of *Innocence* forlorn.

—— I have a boy,
Sent by the gods I hope, to this intent,
Not yet seen in the court ; hunting the buck
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears :
A garland lay by him, made by himself
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me : but ever, when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them, he wou'd weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.

Seeing

Upon the brook that *brawls* along this wood :
 To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish : and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat,
 Almost to bursting ; and the big round tears
 Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chace ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Jagues*,
 Stood in th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

Duke. But what said *Jagues* ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.

First, for his weeping in the needful stream ;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
 The flux of company : anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : ay, quoth *Jagues*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,

'Tis

Seeing such pretty, helpless innocence
 Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
 He told me that his parents gentle died,
 Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
 Which gave him roots, and of the chrysal springs
 Which did not stop their courses : and the sun,
 Which still he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
 Then took he up his garland, and did shew
 What every flower, as country people hold,
 Did signify : and how all, order'd thus,
 Express his grief ; and to my thoughts did read
 The prettiest lecture of his country art,
 That could be wish'd, so that methought, I could
 Have studied it. —

ACT. I.

'Tis just the fashion ; wherefore do you look
 Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there ?

SCENE III. *Conspicuous Virtue expos'd to Envy.*

Know you not, master, to some kind of men (7)
 Their graces serve them but as enemies ?
 No more do yours ; your virtues, gentle master,
 Are sanctified and holy traitors to you :
 Oh what a world is this, when what is comely
 Envenoms him that bears it !

Gratitude in an old Servant.

But do not so ; I have five hundred crowns,
 The thrifty hire I sav'd under your father,
 Which I did store, to be my foster-nurse
 When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
 And unregarded age in corners thrown :
 Take that ; and he that doth the ravens feed,
 Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,

Be

(7) Every reader is sensible of the beautiful simplicity of these speeches, and the whole fine character of honest *Adam* in this play : I cannot give a better comment upon it, than the following extract from that judicious performance the *Actor*, (p. 43.) "*Shakespeare* has given us many instances in which sensibility alone will do ; in which power of voice or propriety of figure are not wanting, but if the player have only feeling in himself, he will make every body else feel with him sufficiently. The character of the old servant *Adam* is of this kind : and had not good fortune rather than judgment thrown it into the managers way, to give this part to Mr. *Berry*, perhaps neither they nor we had ever known, that in his proper way, he is one of the best players of his time. When we see that honest veteran come upon the stage, his low condition, and his venerable looks, give us no room to expect elocution from him : all that we require in a character like this, is nature ; and its utmost merit is the being strongly felt by the performer : we did not know how strongly it was possible for us to be affected, only by seeing that an actor was so, till this person entering with his young master, warn'd him from the house of his treacherous and tyrannic brother ; and told him the danger of being too meritorious in such a place of wickedness ; and added, (*Know you not, master, &c.*) — The poet has with great art introduc'd the old man's reason for lov-

ing

Be comfort to my age ! here is the gold ;
 All this I give you, let me be your servant :
 Tho' I look old, yet I am strong and lusty ;
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood ;
 Nor did I with unbauful forehead woo
 The means of weaknefs and debility :
 Therefore my age is as a lufly winter,
 Frofty, but kindly ; let me go with you,
 I'll do the fervice of a younger man
 In all your bufinefs and neceffities.

SCENE IV. *Lover defcrib'd.*

(8) O thou didft then ne'er love fo heartily ;
 If thou remembr'ft not the flighteft folly,
 That ever love did make thee run into :
 Thou haft not lov'd——
 Or if thou has not fate as I do now,
 Wearying the hearer in thy miftrefs' praise,
 Thou haft not lov'd——
 Or if thou haft not broke from company

ing this his young mafter, preferably to the elder and richer fon, by making him call him the *memory of old Sir Rowland*. We are ftrongly affected by the honefty and friendship of this venerable fervant, as he delivers to him, without much ornament, the cautions above-mentioned : but how are our hearts ftruck within us, when to the defpair of his young mafter, on the thought of his flying to mifery and want, from the tyranny of his cruel brother, he answers,—*But do not fo, &c.*—The unfeigned tears that trickled down the player's cheeks, as he deliver'd this generous and noble fpeech, were accompanied with thofe of every fpectator : and the applaufe that fucceeded thefe, fhew'd fufficiently the fenfe of the audience, and fpoke in the ftrongeft terms the praises of that fenfibility, that feeling, which we are fo earneftly recommending to every other player.

The reader will find two characters that deferve to be compar'd with this of *Adam* ; the one in that excellent comedy, the *Captives of Plautus*, the other in the *Funeral*, or *Grief A-la-mode*, of *Sir Richard Steele*. See particularly the third fcene of the fecond act of the *Captives*, and of the *Funeral*, Act 4. almoft at the beginning, where *Trusty* comes to his lord's lodgings.

(8) *O thou, &c.*] See the laft paffage of this play.

Abruptly,

Abruptly, as my paffion now makes me,
 Thou haft not lov'd. ———

SCENE VII. *Description of a Fool, and his Morals on the Time.*

Good morrow, fool, quoth I ; no, Sir, quoth he,
 (9) *Call me not fool, till heaven bath fent me fortune ;*
 And then he drew a dial from his poak,
 And looking on it with *lack-luftre eye*,
 Says, very wifely it is ten o'clock :
 Thus may we fee, quoth he, how the world wags :
 'Tis but an hour ago fince it was nine ;
 And after one hour more 'twill be eleven ;
 And fo from hour to hour we ripe and ripe ;
 And then from hour to hour we rot and rot,
 And thereby hangs a tale. When I did hear
 The motley fool thus moral on the time,
 My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
 That fools fhould be fo deep contemplative ;
 And I did laugh, fans intermiffion,
 An hour by his dial——

Duke. What fool is this ?

Jagues. O worthy fool ! one that hath been a courtier,
 And fays, if ladies be but young and fair,
 'They have the gift to know it : and in his brain,

Which

(9) *Call me, &c.*] *Fortuna favet fatuis ; fortune favours fools*, is an old and well known faying : *Fablius Syrus* has it,

Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, ftultum facit.

Wh m fortune favours much, fhe makes a fool.

which has much the fame fatirical turn as the line quoted in our author. *Ben Jonfon*, who is ever alluding to fome fort of leaning or other, has feveral paffages like this (as *Mr. Upton* has fhewn) ;

Fortune, that favours fools, thefe two fhort hours,

We wifh away. *Prologue to the Alchemist.*

And in *Every Man out of his Humour ;*

Sog. Why, who am I, Sir ?

Mac. One of thofe that *fortune favours.*

Car. The periphrasis of a fool.

Act 1, Sc. 2.

Which is as dry as the remainder bisket
After a voyage, he hath strange places cram'd
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms.

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

—— I must have liberty

Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most gaul'd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And, why, Sir, must they so?
The why is plain, as way to parish-church;
He, whom a fool doth very wisely hit,
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob. If not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized,
Even by the squandering glances of a fool.

An Apology for Satire.

Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the very very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say, the city woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in, and say, that I mean her;
When such a one as she, such is her neighbour?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says, his bravery is not of my cost;
Thinking, that I mean him? but therein sutes
His folly to the metal of my speech.
There then, how then? What then? Let me see, wherein
My tongue hath wrong'd him; if it do him right,
Then he hath wrong'd himself; if he be free,
Why, then my taxing like a wild goose, flies
Unclaim'd of any man.

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *A tender Petition.*

But whate'er you are,

That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
(10) Lofe and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have look'd on better days;
If ever been where bells have knell'd to church;
If ever sate at any goodman's feast;
If ever from your eyelids wip'd a tear,
(11) And know what 'tis to pity, and be pitied;
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be. —

SCENE IX. *The World compar'd to a Stage.*

(12) All the world's a stage
And all the men and women merely players;

They

(10) *Lofe, &c.] An secretum iter & salientis femita vitæ.*
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 3.

Or a safe private quiet, which betrays
Itself to eafe, and cheats away the days. Pooley.

(11) *And, &c.] Non ignara mala miseris succurrere disco.*
Acquainted with misfortune, I have learn'd,
To pity and to succour the distressed.

Trapp, Æn. 1. v. 755.

(12) *All the, &c.]* This comparison of life, to a stage-play, has been no uncommon one with the poets and other authors long before *Shakespeare's* time; but, I believe we may challenge all that went before him, and all that have succeeded him, to equal the beauties of this speech. Plays before his time, were frequently divided into seven acts: — *Shakespeare* has many passages to ridicule the false notions of military honour; see the foregoing play, p. 6. and n. 8. where *Massinger* has used his very expressive word — the bubble honour. Mr. *Warburton* observes upon the word *modern*, that *Shakespeare* uses it in the double sense that the *Greeks* used *κωμος*, both for *recess*, and *absurdus*; and on the word *Pantaloon*, that *Shakespeare* alludes to that general character in the *Italian* comedy called *Il Pantalone*: who is a thin, emaciated old man, in slippers, and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in slippers. — In the fragments ascribed to *Solon*, there is a passage, (preserved by *Philo* and *Clemens*

They have their exits and their entrances,
 And one man in his time plays many parts :
 His acts being seven ages. 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,
 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 lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part ; the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

Clemens Alexandrinus,) where he divides the life of man into *ten* parts or stages, which being something in the manner, tho' greatly inferior to our author, I have translated from the *Greek* to oblige the reader.

ΠΛΗΡΗΣ ΜΕΤ' ΑΝΩΝΤΟΣ ΕΝΩ ΕΤΙ ΝΗΠΙΟΣ. ΣΚΡΟΣ ΟΔΟΝΤΩΝ, &c.

The first seven years of wretched human breath
 Is almost wholly spent in cutting teeth :
 And after seven more playful, useless years
 The rising dawn of manhood just appears :
 In the third age our limbs to swell begin,
 And the beard blackens on the bristly chin :
 In the fourth age, at lusty twenty-eight,
 Our active powers, and vigour are at height :
 And in the fifth to marriage we incline,
 Children to raise, and propagate our line :
 The sixth, our minds to business we apply,
 And keep on worthy deeds unwearied eye :
 Never is judgment so divinely strong,
 So wise the heart or eloquent the tongue,
 As during both the seventh and eighth grave stage :
 But all our powers the ninth declining age
 Renders remiss ; if to the tenth, we save
 Weak life, we then drop mellow'd to the grave.

With

With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side ;
 His youthful hose well sav'd, 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 teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SCENE X. *Ingratitude, A Song.*

I.

Blow, blow, thou winter-wind,
 Thou art not so unkind,
 As man's ingratitude ;
 Thy tooth is not so keen,
 (13) Because thou art not seen,
 Although thy breath be rude.

(13) *Because, &c.*] The ingenious Mr. Edwards, in his *Canons of Criticism*, (p. 54. the last edition) observes, "this passage is certainly faulty, and perhaps it cannot be restor'd as *Shakespeare* gave it." I am sorry to dissent from a man who understands this author so well, but must own there appears no great difficulty in the passage. The author is comparing ingratitude to the north-wind, which he says "is not so unkind as man's ingratitude: neither is its tooth so keen, [the pain given by it so great] as that given by the tooth or bite of ingratitude, for this reason, because it is not seen, [it is not an object of our senses as the ministers of ingratitude are, which renders the pain they give us more sensible, as they are presented to our view.]" "Thy breath indeed is very rude, but the pain occasioned by it is not so keen as that occasioned by ingratitude, because thou art no object of our senses: you hurt us but we see you not: the ungrateful man is before us, and therefore galls us the more." A very judicious gentleman, who upon my proposing the passage to him, was entirely of my opinion, afterwards sent me the following short explanation, which I the rather add, as a passage, which Mr. Edwards doubts, deserves the exactest care.

"The bite of the winter-wind, says he, is not so piercing, because *invisible*, as the wounds inflicted by man's ingratitude," *q. d.* the former inflicts a transient pain on the body, but the latter affects the mind with lasting anguish — To explain it by another metaphor, a blow given by a *stranger*, or received from an *unseen hand*, will not *pain* (i. e. *afflict*) me so much as a blow given me by a Friend."

Freeze,

2.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter fly,

That dost not bite so nigh,

As benefits forgot :

Tho' thou the waters warp,

Thy sting is not so sharp,

As friend remembered not.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

A Lover describ'd.

A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not;—but I pardon you for that; for simply your having no beard is a younger brother's revenue—then your hose should be ungarter'd, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbutton'd, your shoe untied, and every thing about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man, you are rather point-device in your accoutrements, as loving yourself, than seeming the lover of any other.

SCENE XI. *Real Passion dissembled.*

Think not, I love him, tho' I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy, yet he talks well.
But what care I for words? Yet words do well,
When he, that speaks them, pleases those that hear:
It is a pretty youth, not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him;
He'll make a proper man; the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up:
He is not very tall, yet for his years he's tall;
His leg is but so so, and yet 'tis well;
There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A

A little riper, and more lusty red

Than that mix'd in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.

There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
In parcels, as I did, wou'd have gone near

To fall in love with him; but for my part,

I love him not, nor hate him not; and yet

I have more cause to hate him than to love him;

For what had he to do to chide at me?

He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black:

And, now I am remembered, scorn'd at me.

I marvel, why I answer'd not again;

But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The different sorts of Melancholy.

I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambition; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's which is nice; nor the lover's, which is all these.

SCENE II. *Marriage alters the Temper of both Sexes.*

Say a day, without the ever: no, no, *Orlando*, men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May, when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives; I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pidgeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more giddy in my desires than a monkey; I will weep for nothing, like *Diana* in the fountain; and I will do that, when you are dispos'd to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when you are inclin'd to sleep.

Cupid

Cupid (or Love's) Parentage.

No, that same wicked bastard of *Venus*, that was begot of Thought, conceiv'd of Spleen, and born of Madness, that blind, rascally boy, that abuses every one's eyes, because his own are out, let him be judge, how deep I am in love.

SCENE VI. *A fine Description of a sleeping Man, about to be destroy'd by a Snake and a Lioness.*

(14) Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity ;

A

(14) *Under, &c.*] I don't remember ever to have met with a more excellent and picturesque description than the present : the old oak, the wretched man, the gilded snake, just approaching the opening of his mouth, gliding away at the sight of *Orlando*, the posture of the lioness, whose fury and hunger he amazingly augments by telling us, *her udders were all drawn dry*, and her lying in expectation of his waking, are all imagin'd and expressed with the greatest strength of fancy, and beauty of diction. In *Virgil's* *Gnat* there is a charming description of a serpent about to sting a sleeping man, which, as I think, *Spenser* has a good deal heightened it, I shall subjoin in his translation :—

For at his wonted time, in that same place,
An huge great serpent, all with speckles pide,
To drench himself in moorish slime did trace,
There from the boiling heat himself to hide :
He, passing by with rolling wreathed pace,
With brandisht tongue the emptie ayre did pride,
And wrapt his scallie thoughts with fell despight,
That all things seem'd appalled at his sight.

Now more and more having himself enroll'd,
His glittering breast he listeth up on hie,
And with proud vaunt his head aloft doth hold :
His crest above, spotted with purple die,
On everie side did shine like scallie gold,
And his bright eyes glauncing full dreadfully,
Lid seem to flame out flakes of flashing fire,
And with stern looks to threaten kindled yre;

Thus

A wretched, ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back ; about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approach'd
The opening of his mouth, but suddenly
Seeing *Orlando*, it unlink'd itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush ; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When

Thus wife long time he did himself displace
There round about, when at the last he spide
Lying along before him in that place,
That flocks grand capitaine, and most trustie guide :
Eitsoones more fierce in visage and in pace
Throwing his fire eyes on everie side,
He commeth on, and all things in his way,
Full sternly rends, that might his passage stay.

Much he disdaines, that any one should dare,
To come unto his haunt ; for which intent
He inly burns, and 'gins straight to prepare
The weapons, which to him nature had lent ;
Felly he hisseth, and doth fiercely stare,
And hath his jaws with angry spirits rent,
That all his track with bloodie drops is stained,
And all his folds are now in length outstrained.——

The word *indented* in the text, is of the same derivation as *indenture*. *Indentata* (says *Skyner*) seu *denticulata*, i. e. *acuminatim formæ denticulæ incisæ*——notched, and going in and out like the teeth of a saw. *Milton*, in his fine description of the serpent, B. 9. v. 496. applies the word in the same manner to the motion of the serpent.

Not with *indented* wave

Prone on the ground——

I don't doubt but *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* had an eye on the latter fine lines in the text when they wrote——

Can this couch'd lion,
Tho' now he licks and locks up his fell paws,
Craftily humming like a cat to cozen you,
But, when ambition whets him, and time fits,
Leap to his prey, and seiz'd once, suck its heart out ?
Bloody Brother, A^{ct} 2. Sc. 1.

C

When that the sleeping man should stir ; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.

ACT V. SCENE III.
LOVE.

(15) Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.
It is to be made all of sighs and tears;
It is to be made all of faith and service;
It is to be all made of fantasie,
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty and observance;
All humbleness, all patience and impatience;
All purity, all trial, all observance.

(15) *Good, &c.*] In the 3d and 5th pages the reader will find two descriptions of a lover; I deferr'd taking notice of them, till I came to this passage, that they might all be compar'd together and with what *Speed* gives us of his love-sick master, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 1. and the following very pretty one, given of *Philaster*, by his faithful *Bellario*, in the latter end of the 2d act of *Philaster*.

If it be love
To forget all respect of his own friends,
In thinking on your face; if it be love,
To sit cross-arm'd and sigh away the day,
Mingled with starts, crying your name as loud
And hastily as men i'th' streets do fire:
If it be love to weep himself away,
When he but hears of any lady dead,
Or kill'd, because it might have been your chance:
If when he goes to rest (which will not be)
'Twixt every pray'r he says, he names you once,
As others drop a bead, be to be in love;
Then, madam, I dare swear he loves you——

The repetition of—"if it be love," is not unlike that in the 3d page, *"Thou hast not lov'd."* Neither is the description unlike that well-known one in the 1st act of the *Eunuch* of Terence;

In amore hæc omnia insunt vitia, &c.

The



The Comedy of Errors.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Man's Prebeminence.

THERE's nothing situate under heaven's eye,
But hath its bound, in earth, in sea, in sky;
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowls,
Are their male's subjects, and at their controuls;
(1) Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Lords of the wide world, and wild watry seas,
Indu'd with intellectual sence and souls,
Of more prebeminence than fish and fowls,
Are masters to their females, and their lords;
Then let your will attend on their accords.

Patience, easier taught than practise'd.

(2) Patience unmov'd, no marvel tho' she pause;

(1) *Men, &c.*] The reader will find many passages in *Milton*, on the superiority of man over the creation.—*Adam* says, B. 12. v. 671.

He gave us only over beast, fish, fowl,
Dominion absolute; that right we hold
By his donation.——

'Tis strange all the editors (except the *Oxford* one) have passed over this passage, and read, *man the master, lord, &c. are masters, &c.*—The folio might have directed them, which read—*souls*, in the plural, to make the passage grammar—the folio reads too, *wild, watry seas*—which, as it appears preferable to *wide*, repeated, in which there is no peculiar beauty, I have adopted here; the reader will excuse my observing these things, which, tho' trifling, are nevertheless necessary. and I have endeavour'd to be as concise as possible.

(2) *Patience, &c.*] The next line explains this—"No wonder, says he, *patience*, unaffected by any calamity, untouch'd by any grief, can pause for consideration, can have leisure to recollect herself, and in imagination exert her virtues;"——see *Much ado about nothing*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

They can be meek, that have no other cause :
A wretched foul, bruised with adversity,
We bid be quiet, when we hear it cry ;
But were we burden'd with like weight of pain,
As much or more we should ourselves complain.

SCENE III. *Defamation.*

(3) I see, the jewel, best enamelled,
Will lose his beauty; and the gold bides still,
That others touch; yet often touching will
Wear gold. And so no man that hath a name,
But falsehood, and corruption, doth it shame.

SCENE V. *Jealousy.*

Ay, ay, *Antipholis*, look strange and frown,
Some other mistress hath thy sweet aspects :
I am not *Adriana*, nor thy wife.
The time was once, when thou, unurg'd, wouldst vow,
That never words were music to thine ear,
That never object pleasing in thine eye,
That never touch well welcome to thine hand,
That never meat sweet-savour'd in thy taste,
Unless I spake, or look'd, or touch'd or carv'd.

ACT III. SCENE I.
SLANDER.

(4) For slander lives upon succession ;
For ever hous'd, where it once gets possession.

(3) *I see, &c.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Warburton have corrected this passage very judiciously; I could wish to read in the second line—*And tho'—tho'*, connecting the sense, in my judgment, very properly—“and *tho'* gold indeed bides handling a long time, and very well, yet often handling or touching will wear even gold itself.” I find the *Oxford* editor reads *tho'*, which I was not aware of, before I had made the observation.

(4) See *Measure for Measure*, Act 3. Sc. 6. and *Hamlet*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE III.

A Woman's Jealousy more deadly than Poison.

The venom clamours of a jealous woman
Poison more deadly, than a mad dog's tooth.
It seems, his sleeps were hinder'd by thy railing ;
And thereof comes it, that his head is light.
Thou say'st his meat was fauc'd with thy upbraidings ;
Unquiet meals make ill digestions ;
Thereof the raging fire of fever bred ;
And what's a fever, but a fit of madness ?
Thou say'st his sports were hinder'd by thy brawls.
Sweet recreation barr'd, what doth ensue,
But moodie and dull melancholy,
(5) Kinsman to grim and comfortless despair ?
And at her heels a huge infectious troop
Of pale distemperatures and foes to life.

SCENE V. *Description of a beggarly Conjurer or a Fortune-teller.*

(6)—A hungry, lean-fac'd villain,
A meer anatomy, a mountebank,
A thread-bare juggler, and a fortune-teller,

(5) *Kinsman, &c.*] It is objected by the critics against this passage, that the author makes *melancholy* first a male and then a female; a *kinsman* here, and in the next line, he says, at *her* heels; Mr. Warburton, therefore, at all adventures, condemns it as a foolish interpolation of some ignorant editor; and Sir T. Hanmer reads, *akin* to grim; *Shakespeare* seems to have used the word in a general sense for relation, and tho' the word properly signifies a male-cousin, yet it may express a *cousin* or relation in general, as *bemo*, tho' it properly signifies man, is not uncommonly applied to woman also. See *As you like it*, p. 11. n. 4. The passage may be amended another way; tho', I think there is no occasion for it, by reading, And at *their* heels, —i.e. the heels of *melancholy* and despair.

(6) See the description of the apothecary in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

C 3

A

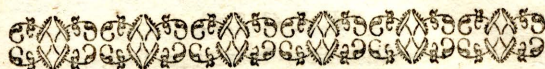
A needy, hollow-ey'd, sharp-looking wretch,
 A living dead man: this pernicious slave,
 Forsooth, took on him as a conjurer;
 And gazing in my eyes, feeling my pulse,
 And with no face (as 'twere,) outfacing me,
 Cries out, I was posselt. —

SCENE VI. *Old-Age.*

Tho' now (7) this grained face of mine be hid
 In sap-consuming winter's drizled snow,
 And all the conduits of my blood froze up;
 Yet hath my night of life some memory;
 My waffling lamp some fading glimmer left,
 My dull deaf ears a little use to hear:
 All these old witnesses, I cannot err,
 Tell me, thou art my son *Antipholis*.

(7) *This, &c.*] See the old father's resolute speech in *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2.

In the two last lines there is no need of alteration; the old man says — “*all these old witnesses*, (above mentioned) (I *I cannot err* or be mistaken in them) tell me thou art, &c.” — I cannot err, should be read as in a parenthesis, and the sense is clear. Some would read — *which* or *that* cannot err, to avoid, as they call it, so *uncouth* a parenthesis, but an attentive reader will perceive great beauty in the words so understood.

*Love's**Love's Labour lost.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Self-Denial, a Conquest.

BRAVE conquerors! for so you are,
 That war against your own affections,
 And the huge army of the world's desires.

Vanity of Pleasures.

Why, all delights are vain: but that most vain,
 Which with pain purchas'd, doth inherit pain.

On Study.

Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,
 That will not be deep search'd with saucy looks;
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save base authority from other's books:
 These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed star,
 Have no more profit of their shining nights,
 Than those that walk, and wot not what they are.
 (1) Too much to know, is to know nought, but fame;
 And every godfather can give a name.

(1) *Too much, &c.*] i. e. Knowing too much only renders our knowledge superficial; and a desire after great and universal knowledge, procures us nothing more than a bare acquaintance with the same, report, or outside of things, to which, *godfather* like, we give a name, but are utter strangers to every thing else concerning them.

F R O S T.

—An envious-sneaping (2) frost,
That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

A conceited Courtier, or Man of Compliments.

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain:
One, whom the music of his own vain tongue
Doth ravish, like enchanting harmony:
A man of compliments, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny,
This child of fancy, that *Armado* hight,
For interim to our studies, shall relate
(3) In high-born words the worth of many a knight,
From tawny *Spain*, lost in the world's debate.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

B E A U T Y.

My beauty, tho' but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
Not utter'd by base sale of chappens tongues.

A merry Man.

A merrier man,
Within the limit of becoming mirth,
I never spent an hour's talk withal.

(2) *Sneaping*] To *sneap* is a word still used in the North, signifying to *snub*, *chide*, or *rebuke*.

(3) *In high-born, &c.*] i. e. He shall relate to us the celebrated stories recorded in the old romances, and in their very style. Why he says *from tawny Spain*, is, because these romances being of *Spanish* original, the heroes and the scene were generally of that country; why he says, *Lost in the world's debate*, is, because the subject of those romances were the Crusades of the European Christians against the *Saracens of Asia and Africa*. Warburton.

His

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 is his discourse.

A C T III. S C E N E III.

A comical Description of Cupid, or Love.

O! and I, forsooth, in love!
I, that have been loves whip;
A very beadle to a humorous sigh:
A critic; nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal more magnificent.
This whimpled, whiting, purblind, wayward boy,
This (4) *Signior Julio's* giant-dwarf, Dan *Cupid*,
Regent

(4) *Signior Junio's* &c.] This is the reading of the *folio's*; and Mr. Warburton says, "by this is meant youth in general—" As I apprehend few readers will be satisfied with such an explanation, let us see what other commentators observe. The *Oxford* editor reads *senior-junior*, "a criticism, Mr. Theobald tells us, once hinted to him, and which he readily came into; it seeming probable, that as there was a contrast of terms in *giant-dwarf*, so there should be in the words immediately preceding them. This *senior-junior*, i. e. this *old young man*: and there is indeed afterwards in this play a description of *Cupid*, which sorts very aptly with such an emendation.

That was the way to make his godhead *roax*,
For he hath been five thousand years a boy."

Tho' Mr. Theobald thought this conjecture exquisitely imagined, he ventured not to disturb the text, conceiving, the author might allude to some tale or character in an old play; and he fancies it to be that of *Junius* in the *Bonduca* of Beaumont and Fletcher. This shews, that judicious critic not to have had full conviction of the justness of the conjecture, and he seems to have mentioned the character of *Junius*, merely thro' want of a better. Mr. Upton appears

34 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Regent of love-rhimes, lord of folded arms,
Th' anointed sovereign of sighs and groans;
Liege of all loyterers and malecontents;
Sole imperator, and great general
Of trotting parators: (O my little heart)
And I to be a corporal of his file*,
And wear his colours! like a tumbler, stoop*!
What? I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a *German* clock,
Still a repairing; ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch;
But being watch'd, that it may still go right!

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

A Sonnet.

Did not the heavenly rhetorick of thine eye
(Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument)
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?

Vows, for thee broke, deserve not punishment:
A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess I forswore not thee:

My vow was earthy, thou a heavenly love:

Thy grace being gain'd, cures all disgrace in me.

appears to have hit upon what he wanted: one stroke of the pen (says he, *Observations on Shakespear*, p. 231) will set to rights this intricate passage.

This signior *Julio's* giant-dwarf, dan *Cupid*.

Perhaps this place, and some few others of this play, were touch'd by *Shakespear's* hand; for I cannot persuade myself the play is altogether his own; and he intended to compliment *Signior Julio Romano*, *Raphael's* most renowned scholar, who drew *Cupid* in the character of a giant-dwarf. This great artist our poet mentions in the *Winter's Tale*, Act 5. — "That rare *Italian* master, *Julio Romano* — who, had he himself eternity, and could put breath into his works, would beguile nature of her custom, so perfectly he is her ape." — This observation seems to carry full conviction.

* *File and stoop*. Mr. Warburton — Vulg. *Field and hoop*.

Vows

Love's Labour lost.

35

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is;
Then thou fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
(5) Exhal't this vapour-vow; in thee it is
If broken then; it is no fault of mine
If by me broke, what fool is not so wise,
To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Another.

On a day (alack the day!)
Love, whose month is ever *May*,
Spy'd a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air:
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen 'gan passage find;
That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath:
Air (quoth he) thy cheeks may blow
Air, wou'd I might triumph so;
But, alack! my hand is sworn,
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn:
(6) Vow, alack! for youth unmeet,
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.

Do

(5) *Exhal'st*, &c.] I have made a slight reformation in the printing here, which seems to give good sense to the passage, otherwise not quite intelligible. It is commonly read,

Exhal't this vapour vow; in thee it is:
If broken then, it is no fault of mine.

(6) *Vow*, &c.] *Spenser* speaking of the impossibility of youth's avoiding love, says very beautifully,

For this she gave him warning ev'ry day
The love of women not to entertain;
A lesson too too hard for living clay,
From love in course of nature to refrain.

B 3. c. 4. S. 26.

And in *Paster Fido*, *Lineo* tells the young shepherd, that young men, averse to love, oppose the dictates of nature,

Il ciel n' ha dato, &c.

The

36 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Do not call it sin in me,
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou, for whom ev'n *Jove* wou'd swear
Juno but an *Ethiops* were ;
And deny himself for *Jove*,
Turning mortal for thy love.

The Power of Love.

But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain ;
But with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every pow'r ;
And gives to every pow'r a double pow'r,
Above their functions and their offices.
It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind,
A lover's ears will hear the lowest sound,
When the suspicious head of theft is stopt.
Love's feeling is more soft and sensible,
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails.
Love's tongue proves dainty *Bacchus* gross in taste ;
For valour, is not love a *Hercules*,
Still climbing trees in the *Hesperides* ?
Subtle as *Sphinx* ; as sweet and musical
As bright *Apollo's* lute, strung with his hair :
(7) And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods

Makes

The all-disposing heav'n
To every age hath proper humours giv'n ;
And as in old men love absurdly shews,
So young men enemies to love, oppose
Nature and heav'n——

Sir R. Fanshawe, Act 1. Sc. 1.

(7) *And when, &c.*] *Theobald* and *Warburton* have so much confused this passage, by endeavouring to explain what they did not understand, that almost every one who reads their comment on it, will be equally perplex'd with themselves. A very judicious gentleman

Love's Labour lost.

37

Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony ;
Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
Until his ink were temper'd with love's sighs ;
O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
And plant in tyrants mild humility.

Womens Eyes.

From womens eyes this doctrine I derive :
They sparkle still the right *Promethean* fire ;
They are the books, the arts, the academies,
That shew, contain, and nourish all the world ;
Else none at all in aught proves excellent.

ACT V. SCENE X.

Jest and Jester.

Your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit,
T'enforce the pained impotent to smile.
Bir. To move wild laughter in the throat of death,
It cannot be, it is impossible :
Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.
Ros. Why, that's the way to choak a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools :
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it.

gentleman of my acquaintance favour'd me with this clear and excellent explication of it.

I read the lines in question,

“ And when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
“ Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.”

Could the poet pay a finer compliment to love than to say, that
“ when he talk'd, all the rest of the gods seem'd to speak such
“ nonsense, as was enough to make heaven drowsy ?” There is,
I grant you, a critical inaccuracy in the lines, but it is such as is
characteristical of your author, it is a *Shakspearism*.

Spring.

Spring. A Song.

When daizies pied, and violets blue,
 And lady-smocks all silver white,
 (8) And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
 Do paint the meadows with delight :
 The cuckow then on every tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow !

Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,
 And merry larks are ploughmens clocks :
 When turtles tread, and rooks and daws ;
 And maidens bleach their summer smocks ;
 The cuckow then, on every tree,
 Mocks married men ; for thus sings he,
 Cuckow !

Cuckow ! cuckow ! O word of fear,
 Unpleasing to a married ear !

Winter. A Song.

When icicles hang by the wall,
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail ;
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,
 And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit ! to-whoo !

A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

(8) *And Cuckow-buds, &c.*] The same gentleman mention'd in the foregoing page, was so kind as to oblige me with the following explanation of *Cuckow* or *Concou*-flower, which is the "*Fragaria sterilis*, a kind of flower resembling the strawberry before it ripens, and is of a *yellow hue*, but never bears fruit."

When

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw ;
 And birds fit brooding in the snow,
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw ;
 When roasted (9) crabs hiss in the bowl,
 Then nightly sings the staring owl
 Tu-whit ! to-whoo !

A merry note,
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

(9) *Crabs, &c.*] See *Midsummer Nights Dream*, note 3.



Measure



Measure for Measure.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Virtue given to be exerted.

H Eav'n (1) doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves: for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues: nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But like a thrifty goddess, she determines

(1) Heaven, &c.] So in *Pastor Fido*, our virtues are said to be derived from, and given us by heaven.

*Questa parte di noi, chi intende, e vede,
Non è nostra virtù, ma vien dal cielo:
Essò la dà come a lui piace, e toglie.*

That part of us, by which we see and know,
Is not *our* virtue, but deriv'd from heav'n,
That gives it, and can take what it hath given.

Sir R. Fanshawe.

Horace tells us, virtue conceal'd is of little consequence,

*Paulum sepultæ distat inertie
Celata virtus.*

And *Perfius* says the same of knowledge, in that well known quaint line,

Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter.

Science is not science till reveal'd, DRYDEN.

Drayton in his epistles (that of king *John* to *Matilda*) has a thought not unlike the latter part of this passage.

Fie, peevish girl, ingrateful unto nature,
Did she to this end frame thee such a creature,
That thou her glory should'st encrease thereby?
And thou alone dost scorn society?

Herself

Measure for Measure.

Herself the glory of a creditor,
Both thanks and use.

SCENE VII. *Pardon, the Sanction of Wickedness.*

For we bid this be done,
When evil deeds have there permissive pass,
And not the punishment.

A severe saint-like Governor.

(2) Lord *Angelo* is precise;
Stands at a guard with envy: scarce confesses
That his blood flows, or that his appetite
Is more to bread than stone: hence shall we see,
If pow'r change purpose, what our seemers be.

SCENE VIII. *Resolution.*

(3) Our doubts are traitors;
And make us lose the good, we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.

The Prayers of Maidens effectual.

Go to lord *Angelo*,

(4) And let him learn to know, when maidens sue,
Men give like gods; but when they weep and kneel,

(2) Lord, &c.] See *Angelo's* character again, p. 6.

(3) Our, &c.] So, in favour of fortitude and resolution, *Medea* (in the tragedy of *Seneca*, so call'd) says,

Fortuna fortes metuit, ignaves premit.

Nut. *Tunc est probanda, si locum virtus habet.*

Med. *Nunquam potest non esse virtuti locus.*

Act 2.

— Fortune dreads the brave,
And triumphs o'er the coward.

N. She is then
Most aptly to be tried, when there is room
For resolution.

M. There never can want room and opportunity
For resolution to exert itself.

(4) And, &c.] — Lift her from the earth;
Why do you let her kneel so long? Alas!
Madam, your beauty uses to command,
And not to beg.

A King and no King, Act 3.

All their petitions are as truly theirs
As they themselves would owe them.

ACT II. SCENE I.

All Men frail.

(5) Let but your honour know,
Whom I believe to be most strait in virtue,
That, in the working of your own affections,
Had time coher'd with place, or place with wishing;
Or that the resolute acting of your blood
Could have attain'd the effect of your own purpose;
Whether you had not sometime in your life
Err'd in this point, which now you censure him,
And pull'd the law upon you.

The Faults of others no Justification of our own.

(6) 'Tis one thing to be tempted, *Escalus*,
Another thing to fall. I not deny,
The jury, passing on the prisoner's life,

May

(5) *Let, &c.*] This is a fine remark, and worthy the attention of all those who reflect vehemently on the offences of others, and never remember the frailty and imperfection of their own nature: like those so severely condemned by our blessed Saviour, who could observe the mote in their brother's eye, but perceived not the beam in their own. Our excellent author well knowing, that notwithstanding this, the offences of others were no justification of our own, has added a fine answer to this speech, to obviate that objection.

The *Oxford* editor reads the last line in the text,
Err'd in this point, you censure now in him.
But *Shakespeare* very frequently omits the smaller particles, as above,---I not deny, for I do not deny. In *Julius Caesar*,

And now, *Octavius*,
Listen great things, for to great things.
And here you censure him, for in him, besides a thousand more passages.

(6) *'Tis one thing, &c.*] So *Horace*,
But have you, Sir, no vices of your own?
That I have vices, frankly I confess,
But of a different kind, and somewhat less.

Mænius

May in the sworn twelve have a thief or two
Guiltier than him they try: what's open made to justice,
That justice seizes on.

You may not so extenuate his offence;
For I have had such faults: but rather tell me,
When I, that censure him, do so offend,
Let mine own judgment pattern out my death,
And nothing come in partial.

SCENE V. *Mercy frequently mistaken.*

Mercy is not itself that oft looks so;
Pardon is still the nurse of second woe.

SCENE VII. *Mercy in Governors commended.*

(7) No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does.

The Duty of mutual Forgiveness.

—Alas! alas!

(8) Why, all the souls that are, were forfeit once.

And

Mænius on absent *Nævius* vents his spleen;
And do you think your follies are unseen?
Another answers,---No. I well perceive,
Quoth *Mænius*, but a kind indulgence give
To my own faults. This is a foolish love,
And vitious; which our censure should reprove:
For wherefore, while you carelessly pass by
Your own worst vices with unheeding eye,
Why so sharp-fighted in another's fame,
Strong as an eagle's ken, or dragon's beam?

Francis, Sat. 3. B. I. v. 20.

(7) See *Merchant of Venice*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

(8) *Why, all, &c.*] There is a passage in the *Bloody Brother* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* like this, from the mouth of a young lady too.

---You

And he, that might the 'vantage best have took,
Found out the remedy. How would you be,
If he which is the top of judgment, should
But judge you as you are? Oh! think on that;
And mercy then will breathe within your lips,
Like man new made.

Justice.

Isab. (9) Yet shew some pity.

Ang. I shew it most of all, when I shew justice:
For then I pity those, I do not know;
Which a dismiss'd offence would after gaul:
And do him right, that, answering one foul wrong,
Lives not to act another.

The Abuse of Authority.

Oh, 'tis excellent
To have a giant's strength; but it is tyrannous,
To use it like a giant.

Great

—— You are a god above us,
Be as a god then, full of saving mercy;
Mercy, Oh mercy, Sir, for his sake mercy,
That when your stout heart weeps, shall give you pity.

Act 2;

And a little further it is said, (as in the foregoing passage from
Shakespeare) *Mercy becomes a prince, and guards him best.*

(9) Yet, &c.] I remember a passage in some of the antients,
but cannot recollect where, very like this.

—— *Plus sepe nocet patientia regis,
Quam rigor; ille nocet paucis, hæc incitat omnes,
Dum se ferre suos sperant impune reatus.*

Of greater evils mercy's oft the cause,
Than rigorous execution of the laws:
Which only harms the wretches that offend:
While all, when guilt no punishments attend,
Are loudly call'd and summoned to sin.——

Great Mens abuse of Power.

Could great men thunder,
As *Jove* himself does, *Jove* would ne'er be quiet;
For every pelting, petty officer
Would use his heav'n for thunder;
Nothing but thunder: merciful heav'n!
(10) Thou rather with thy sharp, and sulph'rous, bolt
Split't the unwedgeable and (11) gnarled oak,
Than the soft myrtle: O, but man! proud man,
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assur'd,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastick tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep: who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

The Privilege of Authority,

Great men may jest with faints: 'tis wit in them;
But, in the less, foul prophanation.

That

(10) *Thou rather, &c.*] Bishop Hall, in his *Defiance to Envy*,
before his book of *Satires*, begins,

Nay, let the prouder pines of *Ida* fear
The sudden fires of heaven, and decline
Their yielding tops, that dar'd the skies while-ere:
And shake your sturdy trunks, ye prouder pines,
Whose swelling graines are like be gal'd alone,
With the deep furrowes of the thunder-stone.
Stand ye secure, ye safer shrubs below,
In humble dales, whom heavens do not despight:
Nor angry clouds conspire your overthrow,
Envyng at your too-disdainful height.

(11) *Gnarled.*] i. e. knotty. The author in the last lines seems to
consider laughter, as a merely mortal passion, and an unworthy one:
he supposes the angels without that spleen, or inclination to ill-
natur'd laughter, so strong in man; and adds, if they had it, they
would find so great cause to exert it, from the fantastick tricks
men daily play, that they would laugh themselves out of their im-
mortality; a phrase of the same import as ours, "I shall laugh
myself to death." God is said, in the scripture, figuratively, to
laugh his enemies to scorn.

That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy.

SCENE VIII. *The Power of virtuous Beauty.*

Is this her fault, or mine ?
The tempter, or the tempted, who sins most ?
Not she ; nor doth she tempt ; but it is I,
That, lying by the violet in the sun,
Do, as the carrion does, not as the flow'r,
Corrupt with virtuous season. Can it be,
That modesty may more betray our sense,
Than woman's lightness ? Having waste ground enough,
Shall we desire to raze the sanctuary,
And pitch our evils there ? Oh, fie, fie, fie !
What dost thou ? Or what art thou, *Angelo* ?
Dost thou desire her foully, for those things
That make her good ? Oh, let her brother live ;
Thieves for their robbery have authority,
When judges steal themselves. What ! do I love her,
That I desire to hear her speak again,
And feast upon her eyes ? What is't I dream on ?
Oh, cunning enemy, that, to catch a saint,
With saints dost bait thy hook ! Most dangerous
Is that temptation, that doth goad us on
To sin in loving virtue : ne'er could the strumpet
With all her double vigour, art and nature,
Once stir my temper ; but this virtuous maid
Subdues me quite : —

SCENE X. *Love in a grave, severe Governor.*

When I would pray and think, I think and pray
To sev'ral subjects : heav'n hath my empty words,
Whilst my invention, hearing not my tongue,
Anchors on *Isabel*. Heav'n's in my mouth,
As if I did but only chew its name ;

And

And in my heart the strong and swelling evil
Of my conception : the state whereon I studied,
Is like a good thing, being often read,
Grown (10) fear'd and tedious ; yea, my gravity,
Wherein (let no man hear me) I take pride,
Could I with boot change for an idle plume
Which the air beats for vain. (11) Oh, place ! oh, form !
How often dost thou with thy case, thy habit,
Wrench awe from fools, and tie the wiser souls
To thy false seeming !

A Simile on the Presence of the below'd Object.

— Oh heav'n's !

Why does my blood thus muster to my heart,
Making both That unable for itself,
And dispossessing all my other parts
Of necessary fitness ?
So play the foolish throngs with one that swoons ;
Come all to help him, and so stop the air
By which he should revive ; and even so
The gen'ral subjects to a well-wisht king
Quit their own part, and in obsequious fondness
Crowd to his presence, where their untought love
Must needs appear offence.

SCENE XI. *Lowliness of Mind.*

Isab. Let me be ignorant, and in nothing good,
But graciously to know I am no better.

Ang. Thus wisdom wishes to appear most bright,
When it doth tax itself.

(10) *Fear'd*] *Fear'd* in this place will bear the two senses of either *dreaded* or *dislik'd* ; if the former, particular emphasis is to be laid on *good*, and indeed that seems the best sense.

(11) *Oh, place, &c.*] The reader is desired to compare this passage on the deceit of place and form, with that fine one on ornament, in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 3. Sc. 2.

Temporal

Temporal far better than eternal Death.

(12) — Better it were, a brother dy'd at once,
Than that a sifter, by redeeming him,
Should die for ever.

Womens Frailty.

Ang. — Nay, Women are frail too,
Ay, as the glasses where they view themselves;
(13) Which are as easy broke, as they make forms.
Women! help heav'n! men their creation mar,
In profiting by them; nay, call us ten times frail;
For we are soft as our complexions are,
And credulous to false prints.

ACT III. SCENE I.

H O P E.

(14) The miserable have no other medicine,
But only Hope.

Moral

(12) *Better, &c.*] *Isabella* makes this fine speech to the governor, who for her chastity would have given her her brother's life: she afterwards tells her brother — "There was no remedy to save his life, but such, as to save a head, wou'd cleave a heart in twain" — In *Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King*, there is an excellent similar passage.

Thou wilt blush for me,
And hang thy head down like a violet
Full of the morning dew: there is a way
To gain thy freedom, but 'tis such a one,
As puts thee in worse bondage, and I know
Thou wou'dst encounter fire, and make a proof
Whether the gods have care of innocence,
Rather than follow it. —

Act 4. (latter end.)

(13) *Which, &c.*] See *Cymbeline*, Act 2. Sc. 7, and n.

(14) *The, &c.*] The reader will find a good ode to *Hope*, in *Cowley's Mistress*, p. 43. ed. 1678. *Tibullus* says,

Jan

Moral Reflections on the Vanity of Life.

Reason thus with life;

If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing,
That none but fools (15) would keep; a breath thou art,
Servile to all the skiey influences,
That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
Hourly afflict; meely thou art death's fool: (16)
For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
And yet run'st tow'rd him still. (17) Thou art not
noble;

For all th' accommodations, that thou bear'st,
Are nurs'd by baseness; thou'rt by no means valiant;
For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork

*Jam mala finissem letos, sed credula vitam
Spes fovet, & melius eras fore semper ait.*

Death long ago had ta'en my grief away,
But flattering hope still urges on delay,
And says, to-morrow'll bring a better day.

Dart.

(15) *Wou'd keep, &c.*] i. e. *Wou'd wish to keep*; wou'd, in this place, conveying that idea; and it being no uncommon thing in *Shakespear*, to understand *intention, willingness and desire*, in his use of verbs: a custom very familiar in the *Greek* language. I cannot entirely approve *keep'st* again in the 3d line following, and could wish I had any authority for a better word.

(16) *By Death's Fool*, he means the *fool* that was introduced in the old *farces* on the stage, where *death* or *fate* was another figure, from whom the *fool* used to endeavour to fly by all the stratagems he could, which notwithstanding at every turn brought him more immediately into the jaws of death.

(17) The next lines are thus judiciously explained by Mr. Edwards: "*Shakespear* is not here considering man as a moral agent, but is speaking of animal life, the accommodations [conveniencies] of which, he says, are *nurs'd* [supplied and supported] by *baseness*, [those that are esteemed the lower and meaner parts of the creation, such as wool, silk, the excrements of beasts, and insects, &c. or by the labour and service of the meanest people.] King *Lear* fell into the same reflection on seeing the naked beggar, "Consider him well. Thou owe'st the worm no silk, the beast no hide, the sheep no wool, the cat no perfume. Ha! here's three of us are sophisticated; thou art the thing itself: *unaccommodated*, man is no more, but such a poor bare-forked animal as thou art. *Lear*, Act 3. Sc. 6. See *Can. of Criticism*, p. 99.

D

Of

Of a poor worm. (18) Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st. Thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon. If thou art rich thou'rt poor;
 For like an ass, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend thou hast none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee fire;
 The meer effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner. Thou hast nor youth,
 nor age,

But as it were an after dinner's sleep,
 (19) Dreaming on both; for all thy blessed youth

Becomes

(18) *Thy best, &c.*] *Habes somnum imaginem mortis, eamque quotidie induis, & dubitas quin sensus in morte nullus sit, cum in ejus simulaculo videas esse nullum sensum.* You have sleep, the image of death, which every day you submit to, and yet doubt, whether there be any sensation in death, when you find none at all in that great resemblance of it. *Cicero.* Mr. Warburton observes, *Shakespeare* has, with great judgment omitted the Epicurean insinuation in imitating this passage.

(19) *Dreaming, &c.*] *Shakespeare* is here endeavouring to shew that we have no real enjoyment in life, either in youth or age; and this he does very properly by observing, "that our blessed youth [the time that should be blessed and happy] is eaten up with the care and canker of age, and thro' our desire of heaping up something for the future becomes a very old-age, of which it does, as it were, beg alms by intruding on its concerns, asking after its caution and sedulity, requesting its staidness, and sharing all its anxieties: thus studious for the future, our happy days of youth are like old-age, and become joyless: and when real old-age comes on, the time we have in our youth labour'd and expected to enjoy, the infirmities of it destroy all power of enjoyment, tho' we have the possessions we wish'd for, and became old in our youth

Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? Yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

SCENE II. *The Terrors of Death most in Apprehension.*

Oh, I do fear thee, *Claudio*; and I quake,
 Lest thou a sev'rous life should'st entertain,
 And six or seven winters more respect
 Than a perpetual honour. Dar'st thou die?
 The sense of death is most in apprehension;

D 2

And

youth to acquire; we have neither soul nor desire to use 'em, we have neither strength nor grace of body to make them and ourselves pleasant, and are utterly incapacitated for all the endearments, delights and satisfactions of life. *Horace* observes, 'tis the pretence all men use for their labours, that they may retire at last; and for all this they give up all the joys of youth, and become as aged.

Profess, their various labours they sustain,
 A decent competence for age to raise,
 And then retire with indolence and ease.

Francis's Hor. Sat. 1. l. 1.

And *Lucretius* observes, our cares for things future, and neglect of the present, rob us entirely of all the comforts of life.

But yet because thou still didst strive to meet
 The absent, and contemn'dst the present sweet,
 Death seems unwelcome, and thy race half run;
 Thy course of life seems ended, when begun:
 And unexpected hasty death destroys,
 Before thy greedy mind is full of joys.

And a little before, he observes,

Then why, fond mortal, dost thou ask for more,
 Why still desire to increase thy wretched store,
 And wish for what must waste like those before?
 Not rather free thyself from pains and fear,
 And end this life and necessary care? &c.

See Creech, B. 3. l. 930.

I don't conceive how Mr. Warburton can make *beg the alms of palsied eld* signify—"thou immediately contractest the infirmities of old-age, as particularly the palsy, &c."

52 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great,
As when a giant dies.

An outwardly pious Governor.

(20) There my father's grave
Did utter forth a voice.

Yes, thou must die,
Thou art too noble to conserve a life,
In base appliances. This outward fainted deputy,
Whose settled visage and delib'rate word
Nips youth i'th' head, and follies doth emmew
As falconer doth the fowl, is yet a devil;
His filth within being cast, he would appear
A pond as deep as hell.

The Terrors of Death.

Claud. — Death's a fearful thing.
Isabel. And shamed life a hateful.

Claud. Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become

A

(20) *There, &c.*] There cannot be a nobler or more bold expression than this: in the *Tempest*, Act 5. Sc. 2. with peculiar grandeur he says,

*Graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers.*

Nor is such a manner of speaking uncommon with him, in *Hamlet*, we find, when mention is made of the ghost,

*In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometime march.*

The word *emmew*, in the subsequent lines signifies,—to *coop*, or *move up*, to *confine*; which plainly directs to the true reading in the next line; it has hitherto been printed in all the editions, *falcon*; how absurdly I need not say: the alteration is easy and self-evident. Mr. Upton would transpose *filth* and *pond*, and read,

His pond within being cast—&c.

A filth as deep as hell.

Either reading makes very good sense; the reader will prefer which most pleases him.

Measure for Measure.

53

A kneaded clod; and the (21) delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick ribbed ice;

To

(21) *Delighted, &c.*] This alludes not to any actual delight, but either the former *delight* and *ease* the spirit had enjoyed here, or its present capacity for *delight*, which might aggravate its tortures: I think the first the preferable sense—the delighted spirit, or the spirit that while on earth was delighted and fed with enjoyments and ease. *Virgil* has assigned nearly the same punishment to the damned, that *Shakespeare* and *Milton* have.

*Ergo exercentur penis veterumque malorum
Supplicia expendant. Aliae panduntur inanes
Suspensae ad ventos: aliis sub gurgite vasto
Infernum cluitur scelus, aut exuritur igni.*

Therefore with punishment they are explor'd,
And pay due penance for their former crimes.
Some hang expanded to the empty winds;
The guilt ingrain'd of others in th' abyss
Of seas is wash'd; or burnt away with fire.

Trapp, Æn. 6. v. 729.

I rather chuse to give the reader a literal translation of the words, however unpoetical, than a poetical one, that ridicules the author. *Dryden* hangs the poor ghosts upon the wind to bleach (line 1003) and *Pitt*, his faithful, tho' unequal follower, does them the same honour.

And hang on high to *whiten* in the wind.

1033.

In *Milton*, the horrors of the damn'd are thus describ'd;

While we perhaps,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurl'd
Each on his rock transfix'd, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under the boiling ocean, wrapt in chains, &c.——

And again,

Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions all the damn'd
Are brought, and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire to starve in ice
Their soft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

B. 2. 180, & 596.

To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world: or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling; 'tis too horrible!
(22) The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ach, penury, imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

SCENE

Dr. Newton observes, "*Shakespear* has not made these extremes of heat and cold alternate, as *Milton* has describ'd them, and thereby greatly refined and improved the thought." But tho' doubtless there is great excellence in *Milton's* supposing the damn'd to suffer these extremes interchangeably and by turns, yet it is plain from the text, *Shakespear* meant the very same, tho' he has not so strongly express'd it, as indeed there was no occasion. The spirit was either to bathe in fiery floods, or if released from them, to reside in thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice, or, if released from this torture, he was to be imprison'd in the viewless winds, and blown with restless violence round about the pendant world (lines unequal'd by *Virgil's* and *Milton's*, *inanes suspense ad ventos*, and *the sport and prey of wracking whirlwinds*) or, unacquainted with the variety and extremes of torture to be afflicted, he feared being punish'd with severer sufferings, than the devil and his rebellious crew; being worse tormented than the very worst of those, whom, lawless and incertain thoughts [the thoughts of the lawless or impious, which are ever incertain and doubtful, and on account of those doubts, more dreadful] imagine to be howling. See *Upton's* observations on *Shakespear*, p. 218.

(22) *The*, &c.] That scandalous and unbecoming wish of *Me-
canas*, which we find in the 101st epistle of *Seneca*, is not unlike
this mean fear of death betray'd in *Claudio's* speech;

*Debilem facito manu,
Debilem pede, coxa,
Tuber adstrue gibberum,
Lubricos quate dentes;
Vita, dum superest, bene est,
Hanc mihi vel acutam
Si des, sustinco crucem,*

Ue

SCENE III. *Virtue and Goodness.*

Virtue is bold, and goodness never fearful.

SCENE IV. *A Bawd.*

The evil that thou caus'est to be done,
That is thy means to live. Dost thou but think,
What 'tis to cram a maw, or cloath a back,
From such a filthy vice? Say to thy self,
From their abominable and beastly touches
I drink, I eat, array myself, and live,
Canst thou believe thy living is a life
So stinkingly depending? Go mend, mend.

SCENE VI. *Calumny unavoidable.*

No might nor greatness in mortality
Can censure scape: back-wounding calumny
The whitest virtue strikes. What king so strong,
Can tie the gall up in the slanderous tongue?

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Greatness subject to Censure.

O, place and greatness! millions of false eyes
Are stuck upon thee; volumes of report

Use of every limb destroy,
Hand and foot, and leg and thigh,
Pluck out my teeth, and cover o'er
My body with each ulcerous sore;
Let but life and breath remain,
Very gladly I'd sustain
Even, the torturing cross's pain.

And in that fine play of *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, *Lycon*, praying for
life, says,

Oh, chain me! whip me! let me be the scorn
Of fordid rabbles, and insulting crowds!
Give me but life, and make that life most wretched.

56 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Run with these false and most contrarious quests.
Upon thy doings: thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dreams,
And rack thee in their fancies.

SCENE VI. *Sound Sleep.*

As fast lock'd up in sleep, as guiltless labour
When it lies (23) starkly in the traveller's bones,

(23) *Starkly*] i. e. Stiffly, wearily, soundly.



The

[57]



The Merchant of Venice.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Mirth and Melancholy.

NOW by two-headed *Janus*,
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time;
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bagpiper;
And others of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not shew their teeth in way of smile,
Though *Nestor* swear, the jest be laughable.

*The Imprudence of setting too great a Value upon the
World.*

You have too much respect upon the world;
They lose it, that do buy it with much care.

The true Value of the World.

I hold the world but as the world, *Gratiano*,
A stage, where every man must play his part.

D5

CHEAR.

C H E A R F U L N E S S.

(1) Let me play the fool;—
 With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come,
 And let my liver rather heat with wine,
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans,
 Why shou'd a man whose blood is warm within,
 Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaſter?
 Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
 By being peeviſh?

Affected Gravity.

(2) I tell thee what, *Antonio*,
 There are a fort of men whoſe viſages
 Do cream and mantle like a ſtanding pond;
 And do a wilful ſtillneſs entertain,
 With purpoſe to be dreſt in an opinion
 Of wiſdom, gravity, profound conceit;
 As who ſhou'd fay, I am Sir Oracle,

And.

(1) *Let, &c.*] The author carries on the compariſon of the ſtage, and alludes to the known character of the fool, in the ancient dramatic pieces: this ſpeech is quite in the ſpirit of *Anacreon* and *Horace*; ſee the 4th, 11th, and 15th odes of *Anacreon*; and the 11th of the 2d book of *Horace*, &c. *Manilius* ſays,

Quid tam ſollicitis vitam, &c.

Why ſhou'd our time run out in uſeleſs years,
 Of anxious troubles and tormenting fears;
 With no ſucceſs and no advantage crown'd,
 Why ſhou'd we ſtill tread an unfiniſh'd round?
 Why ſhou'd deluding hopes diſturb our eaſe,
 Vain to purſue yet eager to poſſeſs?
 Grown grey in hairs how ſenſeleſs is the ſtrife;
 In ſeeking how to live, we waſte a life:
 The more we have, the meaner is our ſtore,
 Whiſt what we have we loſe, and only crave for more:

B. 4. *Greecb.*

(2) *I tell, &c.*] This fine paſſage always puts me in mind of a remark made by *Dryden*; “There are, who wanting *wisdom*, affect *gravity*, and go by the name of *ſolid men*; and a ſolid man is in plain *Engliſh*, a ſolid, ſolemn fool.”

And when I ope my lips, let no dog bark.
 O, my *Antonio*, I do know of thoſe,
 That therefore only are reputed wiſe,
 For ſaying nothing.——

L O Q U A C I T Y.

Gratiano ſpeaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all *Venice*: his reaſons are as two grains of wheat hid in two buſhels of chaff: you ſhall ſeek all day ere you find 'em, and when you have them they are not worth the ſearch.——

SCENE II. *Mediocrity.*

(3) For aught I ſee, they are as ſick that ſurfeit with too much, as they that ſtarve with nothing; therefore it is no mean happineſs to be ſeated in the mean; ſuperfluity comes ſooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

(3) *For, &c.*] *Horace* ſays beautifully,

*Multa petentibus
 Deſunt multa: bene eſt cui deus obtulit,
 Parca, quod ſatis eſt, manu.*

—— Much will always wanting be
 To thoſe who much deſire: thrice happy he
 To whom the wiſe indulgency of heav'n,
 With ſparing hand, but juſt enough has giv'n.

Cowley, B. 3. O. 24.

And in his epistles, B. 1. E. 14. he obſerves,

At bona pars hominum,——&c.

Moſt by their own falſe hopes deceiv'd, cry out,
 They have not yet enough.——

—— My friend, complain no more;
 He that hath needful things can ne'er be poor;
 If with ſound food and cloathing you are ſtor'd,
 Not more than this can kingly wealth afford,

*Greecb.**Specu.*

Speculation more easy than Practice.

If to do, were as easy as to know what were good to do, chappels had been churches, and poor mens cottages, princes palaces. He is a good divine that follows his own instructions; (4) 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; such a hare is madneſs the youth, to ſkip o'er the meſhes of good counſel, the cripple.

HYPOCRISY.

(5) Mark you this, *Bassanio*?

The devil can cite ſcripture for his purpoſe;

An.

(4) *I can, &c.*] Ἀλλ' ὡς ποιεῖν, ἔαδ' ὅσον παρανομεῖν.
Ἐγὼ, ποιῆσαι δ' αὐτοῦ ἔαδ' ὅσον.

Philemon.

'Tis eaſier to adviſe another in diſtreſs,
Than follow in like circumſtances our own
Teaching.——

(5) *Mark you*] The devil, in *Paradiſe Loſt*, (B. 4. v. 12.) is ſaid to be the firſt who practiſed this kind of hypocriſy.

—— And was the firſt

That practiſ'd falſhood under ſaintly ſhew,
Deep malice to conceal, couch'd with revenge.

We have a fine moral ſentence, in the form of an allegory, on hypocriſy, in *Milton*, which by ſome is cenſured as a digreſſion, but every reader, I imagine, will gladly excuſe a poet, for ſuch digreſſions and ſuch noble ſentiments;

For neither man nor angel can diſcern
Hypocriſy, the only evil that walks
Inviſible, except to God alone,
By his permiſſive will through heav'n and earth;
And oft though wiſdom wake, ſuſpicion ſleeps
At wiſdom's gate, and to ſimplicity
Reſigns her charge, while wiſdom thinks no ill,
Where no ill ſeems.——

Par. Loſt, B. 3. v. 683.*Spencer's*

An evil ſoul producing holy witneſs,
Is like a villain with a ſmiling cheek;

A

Spencer's fine allegorical deſcription of *hypocriſy*, will be a good comment on *Shakeſpear*.

At length they chanc'd to meet upon the way,
An aged fire, in long black weeds yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie graie,
And by his belt his book he hanging had:
Sober he ſeem'd and very ſagely ſad:
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent;
Simple in ſhewe, and void of malice bad,
And all the way he praiſed, as he went,
And often knockt his breaſt as one that did repent.——

The excellent author of *Telemachus*, nobly ſatyriſes this vice, in his 18th book, (where his hero deſcends to the realms below;) which permit me thus to verify;

Numbers of hypocrites in theſe abodes,
The curſe of mortals, and the hate of gods,
He ſaw, religion's ſpecious garb who wore,
To cloak their crimes, and gild their vices o'er:
To god-born virtue who the lie had giv'n,
And not abus'd mankind alone, but heav'n.
Theſe 'midſt the damn'd ſevereſt ſufferings find,
As the moſt mean and abject of mankind:
Children, whoſe impious hands their parents ſlew,
And wives, whoſe hate the blood of huſbands drew,
Traitors, who perjury's black guilt deſp'nd,
And ſolemnly their country ſacrific'd:
All, as leſs guilty, leſs ſeverely feel
The torturing horrors of avenging hell:
And juſt the ſentence, righteous the decrees,
By the infernal judges paſt on theſe:
Since to be impious not enough they deem,
Unlike the wicked, they wou'd virtuous ſeem:
And thus deceiving in fair virtue's ſhew,
They render virtue's ſelf ſuſpected too.

I am not greatly ſatisfied with *goodly*, repeated in the two laſt lines of the text, but find no authority to alter it.

In *Measure for Measure*, *Iſabel* ſays

Oh 'tis the cunning'ſt livery of hell,
The damndſt body to inveſt and cover
In princely guards.

We may obſerve in the folio it is printed, *In prenzio garbes*; which ſufficiently ſhews, there wants ſome alteration. Mr. *Warburton*, for *princely*, has given us *prieſtly*, and I believe very properly; but tho' *guards* ſignifies *lace*, &c. I imagine the true word to be *garbs*. In *prieſtly garbs*.

A goodly apple, rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falshood hath!

ACT II. SCENE VI.

The Jew's commands to his Daughter.

Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on christian fools with varnish'd faces;
But stop my house's ears; I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.

SCENE VII. *Fruition more languid than Expectation.*

O, ten times faster, *Venus'* pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.—

—Who riseth from a feast

With that keen appetite that he sits down?
Where is the horse, that doth unread again
His tedious measures with th' unabated fire
That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more pleasure chased than enjoy'd.
How like a younker, or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet-wind?
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weather'd ribs, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet-wind!

SCENE

SCENE IX. *The Parting of Friends.*

I saw *Bassanio* and *Antonio* part,
Bassanio told him, he wou'd make some speed
Of his return: he answer'd, do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, *Bassanio*,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hath of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love;
Be merry, and (6) employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair ostents of love,
As shall conveniently become you there.
And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turn-

(6) *Employ, &c.*] The sense here seems evidently to require we should read *apply*. There is something extremely tender and pathetic in this description: there is a fine passage in *Virgil*, the 8th *Æneid*, where the good old *Ewander* parts with his beloved son, *Pallas*; we can scarcely read it without tears;

Then old *Ewander*, with a close embrace,
Strain'd his departing son, while tears o'erflow'd his face;
Wou'd Heav'n, said he, my strength and youth recal,
Such as I was beneath *Præneste's* wall;
Such if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,
Nor death shou'd rend me from my *Pallas'* arms;
Ye gods, and mighty *Jove*, in pity bring
Relief, and hear a father and a king.
If fate and you reserve these eyes to see
My son return, with joyful victory;
If the lov'd boy shall bless his father's sight,
If we shall meet again with more delight;
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,
In hopes of his embrace the worst of pain.
But if your hard decrees,—which—oh—I dread,
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head:
This, O, this very moment let me die,
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie:
While yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,
I strain him close within these aged arms;
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!
He said, and swooning, sunk upon the ground;
His servants bore him off, and softly laid
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

Dryden, v. 740.

64 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR:*

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,
And with affection, wond'rous sensible,
He wrung *Bassanio's* hand, and so they parted.

SCENE X. *Honour ought to be conferred on
Merit only.*

For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
(7) O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly, that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer!
How many then shou'd cover, that stand bare?
How many be commanded that command?
How much low peasantry wou'd then be glean'd
From the true seed of honour? How much honour
Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
To be new varnished?

Love-Messenger compar'd to an April-Day.

I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love;
A day in April never came so sweet,

To

(7) O, that, &c] *Euripides*, in his *Hecuba*, has a fine reflection
of this sort;

Εν ταύτῃ γὰρ καίμεσαν αἱ πολλαὶ πόλεις,
Ὅταν τις ἐσθλὸς ἢ προθυμὸς ὦν αὐτῇ,
Μὴδὲν φερέλαι τῶν κακίων πλεόν.

— Many states in this have err'd;
When with rank cowards levelling the brave,
They pocketed the claim of patient merit. *T. M.*

And the king, in *Beaumont and Fletcher's King and no King*, justly
observes,

Where there is no difference in mens worth,
Titles are jests.

The Merchant of Venice.

65

To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore spurrer comes before his lord.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Jew's Revenge.

If it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge;
he hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a mil-
lion, laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd
my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends,
heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a
Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands,
organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? Fed
with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, sub-
ject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means,
warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as
a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If
you tickle us do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we
not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge?
If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in
that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humili-
ty? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what
shou'd his sufferance be by Christian example? Why,
revenge. The villainy you teach me I will execute,
and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

SCENE II. *MUSICK.*

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,
Fading in musick.—That the comparison
May stand more just, my eye shall be the stream
And watry death-bed for him: he may win,
And what is musick then? Then musick is,
Even as the flourish, when true subjects bow
To a new crowned monarch: such it is,

As

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,
That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ears,
And summon him to marriage.

The Deceit of Ornament, or Appearances.

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of *Hercules*, and frowning *Mars*;
Who, inward searcht, have livers white as milk?
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubt'd. Look on beauty,
And you shall see, 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest, that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull, that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guiled shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest. —

Portia's

(8) *Portia's Picture.*

What find I here?

Fair *Portia's* counterfeit? What demy-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips
Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar
Shou'd sunder such sweet friends: here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' intrap the hearts of men.
Faster than gnats in cobwebs: but her eyes! —
How cou'd he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it shou'd have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfinished.

Successful Lover compared to a Conqueror.

Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes;
Hearing

(8) Lord *Lansdown* has alter'd this play, and perhaps succeeded best of those who have made that bold attempt: but an attentive reader will easily observe, how very much he has flatten'd many of the finest passages, where he has offer'd to amend, add, or take from them: I chose the present, as an instance; because there are some, who imagine *Shakespeare's* original speech inferior to the corrected one.

What find I here?

The portraiture of *Portia*?

What demi-god has come so near creation? Move these eyes?
Or whether riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? here are sever'd lips
Parted with sweetest breath: "the very odour
Seems there express, and thus invites the taste;
And here again, here in her lovely hair, (kissing the picture.
The painter plays the spider, and has woven
A golden snare to catch the hearts of men;
But then her eyes?
How cou'd he gaze undazzled upon them,
And see to imitate? —

There needs no commenting on these passages to shew how greatly his lordship falls short of his inimitable original.

Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, gazing still about,
Whether those peals of praise, be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, stand I —

—*His Thoughts to the inarticulate Joys of a Crowd.*

There is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing, pleased multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy
Express, and not express. —

SCENE IV. *Implacable Revenge.*

I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak;
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more;
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool
To shake the head, relent, and sigh and yield
To christian intercessions.

SCENE V. *A pert, bragging Youth.*

(9) I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both apparell'd like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And speak between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride; and speak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth; and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies fought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died.
I could not do with all: then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them.

And

(9) See *Much ado about nothing*, Act 4. Sc. 2. and n.

And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell;
That men shall swear, I've discontinued school
Above a twelvemonth. —

SCENE VI. *Affestation in Words.*

(10) O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnish'd like him, that for a trickish word
Defy the matter. —

ACT IV. SCENE II.

MERCY.

The quality of mercy is not strain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heav'n
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesteth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His sceptre shews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe, and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above the scepter'd sway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings;
(11) It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then shew likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. —

FOR

(10) O dear, &c.] The reader will best understand the satire contained in these lines, by the words which occasion'd them. *Jauncet* says, "For the table, Sir, it shall be serv'd in; for the meat, Sir, it shall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, Sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern." Upon which, *Lorenzo* observes, O, dear, &c.

(11) It is, &c.] — In mercy and justice both
Thro' heav'n and earth, so shall my glory excel;
But mercy, first and last, shall brightest shine.
Part of the Almighty's speech in the 3d book of Paradise Lost.

F O R T U N E.

For herein fortune shews herself more kind,
Than is her custom.—It is still her use,
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty.—

A C T V. S C E N E I.

Description of a Moon-light Night.

How sweet the moon-light sleeps upon this bank !
Here will we sit, (12) and let the sounds of musick
Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, *Jessica*: look, how the floor of heav'n
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold ;

There's

I cannot omit this noble passage from *Dryden's All for Love*.

Heav'n has but
Our sorrows for our sins, and then delights
To pardon erring man: sweet mercy seems
Its darling attribute, which limits justice,
As if there were degrees in infinite,
And infinite wou'd rather want perfection
Than punish to extent.

See *Titus Andronicus*, Act 1. Sc. 2. and *Measure for Measure*,
Act 2. Sc. 7.

(12) *And let, &c.*] In the *Double Falshood*, which was published by Mr. Theobald, and said to be written originally by *Shakespeare*, there are some extreme fine lines on musick ;

Strike up, my masters ;
But touch the strings with a religious softness :
Teach sounds to languish thro' the night's dull ear,
Till melancholy start from her lazy couch,
And carelessness grow convert to attention.

Act 1. Sc. 3.

A gentleman of great judgment happening to commend these lines to Mr. Theobald, he assured him, he wrote them himself, and only them, in the whole play ; if this be true, they are the best lines Mr. Theobald ever wrote in his life

(13) There's not the smallest orb, which thou behold'st,
But in his motion, like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal souls !
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly clothe us in, we cannot hear it.

M U S I C K.

Jess. I'm never merry when I hear sweet musick:

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive ;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
(Which is the hot condition of their blood)
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of musick touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand ;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of musick. (14) Therefore the poet
Did feign that *Orpheus* drew trees, stones, and floods ;
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,
But musick for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not musick in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

(13) *There's, &c.*] Mr. Addison's well-known hymn may be no bad comment on our author ;

The glorious firmament on high, &c.

(14) *Therefore, &c.*] See the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Act 3.
Sc. 5.

A good Deed compar'd to a Candle, &c.

How far that little candle throws his beams !
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

Moon-light-Night.

This night, methinks, is but the day-light sick;
It looks a little paler ; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.



*A Midsummer * Night's Dream.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

A Father's Authority.

TO you your father shou'd be as a god,
One, that compos'd your beauties; yea, and one,
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted; and w'thin his power
To (1) leave the figure, or disfigure it.

NUN.

* *Midsummer, &c.*] Fletcher, in his *Faithful Shepherdess*, seem'd desirous of trying his strength with *Shakespeare*: there are doubtless many beauties in that performance, but such as are visibly copied from this exalted effort of the sublimest imagination. The scene in the wood at night, and *Amoret* and *Perigot's* quarrel, are exact copies; and the character of the satyr is a compound of *Ariel*, in the *Tempest*, and *Puck*, in this play. *Milton's* fine mask, sufficiently shews how great an opinion that admirable poet had, both of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and the *Faithful Shepherdess*.

(1) *Leave, &c.*] The meaning of, to leave the figure, is no more than this—"That the child being but as a form imprinted in wax by the father, has as absolute authority over it, to kill or save it, as he has over the waxen image, to leave the figure [to let it remain as he has form'd it] or entirely to disfigure [destroy, or melt it down again] and this is well explained by what the father says just before;

I beg the antient privilege of *Athens*,
As she is mine I may dispose of her:
Which shall be either to this gentleman,
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case,

E

For

N U N.

Therefore, fair *Hermia*, question your desires,
 Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
 Whether (if you yield not to your father's choice,)
 You can endure the livery of a nun;
 For aye to be in shady cloister mew'd,
 To live a barren sister all your life,
 Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
 Thrice blessed they, that master so their blood,
 To undergo such maiden pilgrimage!
 (2) But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd,
 Than that, which withering on the virgin thorn,
 Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.

True

For the reader will be pleas'd to recollect, *Solon* instituted a law at *Athens*, giving parents absolute right over the life and death of their children: which, doubtless, is a proof *Shakespeare* was not so entire a novice in learning and antiquity, as some people would pretend. See *Winter's Tale*, Act 4. Sc. 7. In the *Double Falshood*, there is a fine passage similar to this, on the authority of parents.

The voice of parents is the voice of gods;
 For to their children they are heav'n's lieutenants:
 Made fathers not for common uses merely
 Of procreation: (beasts and birds wou'd be
 As noble then as we are) but to steer
 The wanton freight of youth thro' storms and dangers,
 Which with full sails they bear upon: and frighten
 The moral line of life, they bend so often.
 For these are we made fathers: and for these
 May challenge duty on our children's part.
 Obedience is the sacrifice of angels,
 Whose form you carry. — Act 5. Sc. 2.

(2) But, &c.] *Comus* greatly dissuades the lady, in *Milton's* fine *Mask*, from withering in virginity.

Lift, lady, be not coy, and be not coven'd
 With that same vaunted name virginity.
 Beauty is nature's coin, must not be hoarded,
 But must be current, and the good thereof
 Consists in mutual and partaken bliss,
 Unfavoury in th' enjoyment of itself:
 If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
 It withers on the stalk with languish'd head.

True Love ever cross'd.

(3) *Hermia*, for aught that ever I cou'd read,
 Cou'd ever hear by tale or history,

The

(3) *Hermia*, &c.] *Shakespeare*, in his poem of *Venus and Adonis*, has prettily imagined all the crosses and miseries of love to proceed from the loss of *Adonis*; for *Venus* there, on the sight of her dead lover, thus denounces her vengeance on the unlucky passion:

Since thou art dead, lo here, I prophesy,
 Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
 It shall be waited on with jealousy,
 Find sweet beginning but unfavoury end;
 Ne'er settled equally to high or low;
 That all love's pleasures shall not match his woe.
 It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
 And shall be blasted in a breathing while,
 The bottom poison and the top o'erstraw'd
 With sweets, that shall the sharpest sight beguile:
 The strongest body shall it make most weak,
 Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

See his poems, p. 93.

The simile of the lightning in the latter lines, is the most lively and perfect description that can be conceiv'd; the circumstances are so finely imagin'd, and the expressions so noble, perfectly picturing the image to our view, that it deserves equal commendation with that grand passage from *Homer*, which *Longinus* so greatly extols.

Deep in the dismal regions of the dead,
 Th' infernal monarch rear'd his horrid head:
 Leapt from his throne, lest *Neptune's* arms shou'd lay,
 His dark dominions open to the day:
 And pour in light on *Pluto's* drear abodes,
 Abhor'd by men and dreadful even to gods.

Pope, ll. 20, 83.

The word *collied*, conveys the idea of something more than black, a perfectly dark, and sooty night, that renders the glare of the lightning more dismal: which in a spleen [a moment, on a sudden] darts its blue light, and displays the creation, just now thick mantled in night, and before we can even speak to observe it, the jaws of darkness do devour it up. The circumstances of the deep darkness of the night, the glare of the lightning, in an instant bringing to view heaven and earth, the momentary duration of it, not so long as while a man can speak, and its being instantly devoured by the jaws of darkness, are such as place the image in me-

The course of true love never did run smooth ;
 But either it was different in blood ;
 Or else misgraffed, in respect of years ;
 Or else it stood upon the choice of friends ;
 Or if there were a sympathy in choice,
 War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
 Making it momentary, as a sound,
 Swift as a shadow, short as any dream ;
 Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
 That, in a spleen, unfolds both heav'n and earth :
 And, e'er a man hath pow'r to say, behold !
 The jaws of darkness do devour it up :
 So quick bright things come to confusion !

Affignation.

(4) I swear to thee, by *Cupid's* strongest bow,
 By his best arrow with the golden head,

By

diately before our fight, and rank the passage with the most sublime
 and admired ones.

Adam, in *Paradise Lost*, b. 10. v. 896. complains in like man-
 ner with *Lysander* in this play, of the disasters of love.

— This mischief had not then befall'n,
 And more that shall befall, innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex : for either
 He never shall find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him or mistake :
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gain'd
 By a far worse, or if the love, with-held
 By parents ; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already link'd, and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame :
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound.

(4) *I swear, &c.* Tho' perhaps it is not entirely to the purpose
 I cannot help quoting here a fine passage from the *Double Falsehood*,
 on *sincere affection*.

Think. *Julio*, from the storm that's now o'erblown,
 Tho' four affliction combat hope a-while,
 When lovers swear true faith, the list'ning angels

Stand

By the simplicity of *Venus'* doves,
 By that which knitteth souls, and prospers loves :
 And by that fire which burn'd the *Carthage* queen,
 When the false *Trojan* under sail was seen :
 By all the vows that ever men have broke,
 In number more than ever women spoke :
 In that same place thou hast appointed me,
 To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.

SCENE III. MOON.

When *habe* doth behold

Her silver visage in the watry glass,
 Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass.

LOVE.

Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
 Love can transpoise to form and dignity :
 Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
 And therefore is wing'd *Cupid* painted blind ;
 Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste :
 Wings, and no eyes, figure unheedy haste :
 And therefore is love said to be a child,
 Because in choice he often is beguil'd :
 As waggish boys themselves in games forswear ;
 So the boy Love is perjur'd every where.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Puck, or Robin Good-Fellow.

(5) I am that merry wand'rer of the night,

E 3

I

Stand on the golden battlements of heav'n,
 And waft their vows to the eternal throne.
 Such were our vows, and so are they repaid.

End of the 5th Act.

(5) *I am, &c.* We cannot help admiring *Shakespeare's* excel-
 lence in these fictitious characters : no man ever equal'd him in
 descriptions of ghosts and fairies : no man ever like him

Cou'd

I jest to Oberon, and make him smile,
 When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
 Neighing in likeness of a filly-foal;
 And sometimes lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
 In very likeness of a roasted crab,
 And when she drinks, against her lips I bob,
 And on her wither'd dewlap pour the ale;
 The wisest aunt telling the saddest tale,
 Sometime for three foot stool mistaketh me;
 Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
 And rails or cries, and falls into a cough,
 And then the whole quire hold their hips, and loose;
 And waxen in their mirth, and neeze and swear,
 A merrier hour was never wasted there.

Could give to airy nothings
 A local habitation and a name.

The editors of *Baumont and Fletcher's works*, justly observe,
 "Shakespeare, from his low education, had believed and felt all the
 horrors he painted: for tho' the universities and inns of court
 were in some degree freed from these dreams of superstition, the
 banks of the *Avon* were then haunted on every side

There tript with printless foot the elves of hills,
 Brooks, caves and groves; there forcery bedimm'd
 The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
 And 'twixt the green sea, and the azur'd vault
 Set roaring war. ——— *Tempest.*

So that *Shakespeare* can scarce be said to create a new world in his
 magic: he went but back to his native country, and only dress'd
 their goblins in poetic weeds: hence even *Theseus* is not attended by
 his own deities, *Minerva*, *Venus*, the fauns, satyrs, &c. but by *Oberon*
 and his fairies—whereas our authors, &c. ——— *Preface*, p. 51.

The gossip's bowl, in the text, alludes to the old custom in the
 country of drinking apples and ale, the crab in the next line, mean-
 ing, a crab apple: I believe there is no occasion to observe, that
Milton's admired and picturesque description of laughter, is un-
 doubtedly taken from the hint in a following line;

Mirth that wrinkled care derides,
 And laughter holding both his sides.

L'allegro.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Fairy Jealousy, and the Effects of it.*

(6) These are the forgeries of Jealousy:
 And never since the middle-summer's spring,

Met

(6) *These, &c.*] If *Shakespeare* ever really imitated any author, I
 believe it was *Ovid*, whom he seems to have had the most acquaint-
 ance with: there is a prodigious similarity in this description of
 the miseries of the country, occasioned by the jealousy of *Oberon*
 and his fairy queen, and that, which *Ovid* acquaints us, was caused
 by *Ceres*, on the loss of her daughter.

She knows not on what land her curse shou'd fall,
 But as ingrate alike upbraids them all:
 Unworthy of her gifts: *Trinacria* most
 Where the last steps she found of what she lost:
 The plough for this the vengeful goddess broke,
 And with one death the ox and owner struck:
 In vain the fallow fields the peasant tills,
 The seed corrupted, e'er 'tis sown she kills:
 The fruitful soil, that once such harvest bore,
 Now mocks the farmers care, and teems no more.
 And the rich grain which fills the furrow'd glade,
 Rots in the seed or shrivels in the blade:
 Or too much sun burns up, or too much rain
 Drowns, or black blights destroy the blasted plain:
 Or gedy birds the new-sown seeds devour,
 Or darnel, thistles, and a crop impure
 Of knotted grass along the acres stand,
 And spread their thriving roots thro' all the land.

See Garth's *Ovid*, v. 1. p. 188.

The length of this quotation hinders me from adding another e-
 qually fine; the description of *Eribo's* power, in *Lucan*: however,
 the reader may find it in the 6th book of his *Pharsalia*, and the
 739th line, (*Rowe's* translation.) In the *Tempest*, he calls the
 quaint mares in the wanton Greek,

—The green-four ringlets
 Whereof the ewe not bites. ———

Medea, in *Seneca*, boasts of changing the seasons by her power,
 and causing torrents to stand still or overbear their continents:

——— *Temporum flexi vires:*
Æstiva tellus floruit cantu meo,
Mæstem coacta vidit bibernam ceres.
Violenta Phæbis vertit in fontem vada:
Et Ister in tot ora divinus truces
Compressit undas: tumuit insarum mare
Tacente vento.

Med. Act 4. Sc. 2:

Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By paved fountain, or by rusby brook,

Or

I've 'chang'd the course the constant seasons keep;
Cloath'd earth in summer with a new-born spring:
Made *Ceres* see a winter crop of corn:
Back to their source swift *Phæbus* turn his streams,
And *Ister* in seven mouths divided, force
Sudden his rapid waters to a stand.
Made torrents roar, seas swell, and billows rage,
Hush'd every wind, and silent ev'ry blast.

Sir Ed. Sherburne, (alter'd)

And in the beginning of *Oedipus*, by *Dryden* and *Lee*, 'tis said,

Therefore the seasons,
Lie all confus'd, and by the heav'ns neglected,
Forget themselves: blind winter meets the summer,
In his mid-way: and seeing not his livery,
Has driv'n him headlong back: and the raw damps
With flaggy wings fly heavily about,
Scattering their pestilential colds and rheums
Thro' all the lazy air.

In the second part of *Henry IV.* our author speaks finely of the change of the seasons:

The seasons change their manners, as the year
Had found some months asleep, and leap'd them over.

Milton, in *Comus*, thus speaks of the fairy sports;

On the tawny sands and shelves
Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves,
By dimpled brook, and fountain brim,
The wood-nymphs deckt with daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?

And in the first book, v. 781, of *Paradise Lost*, he has this pretty simile,

—Or, fairy elves,
Whose midnight revels by a forest side
Or fountain, some belated peasant sees,
Or dreams he sees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitress, and nearer to the earth
Wheels her pale course, they on their mirth and dance
Intent with jocund music, charm his ear:
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.

By the *middle summer's spring*, in the text, he means no more than the *beginning* of midsummer: he often uses the word *spring*, for the beginning, as in the second part of *Henry IV.* Act 4. Sc. 8.

Flaws congealed in the *spring* of day.

Or on the beached margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturb'd our sport:
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have suck'd up from the sea,
Contagious fogs: which falling in the land,
Have every pelted river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretch'd his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted, e'er its youth attain'd a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drowned field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion flock:
The nine-mens morris is fill'd up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green,
For lack of tread, are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter Here (7),
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air;
That rheumatic diseases do abound;
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old *Hyems'* chin and icy crown,
An od'rous chaplet of sweet summer-buds
Is, as in mock'ry, set: the spring, the summer,
The chiding autumn, angry winter change

E 5

Their

(7) Here] This word is spelt in the old folio *beere*, and being understood in the sense of the adverb *here*, has much perplex'd all the editors: *Sir Thomas Hammer*, with the greatest shew of probability, corrected it to *cheer*, and *Mr. Warburton*, to *beried*, to which, (were there no other objection) the elegant smoothness of all the lines in this speech, is a sufficient answer. But the truth of it is, *here*, in this place, is used in the sense of the Saxon word, for *master*, from the Latin, *berus*: so the Dutch say, *myneer*, my master, and the word itself is common in the Saxon language. This sense clears up every difficulty, and gives the passage its true meaning.

Their wonted liveries, and the 'mazed world
By their increase now knows not which is which:

Love in Idleness.

(8) — Thou remember'st
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back,
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maids musick.
That very time I saw, (but thou could'st not)
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all-arm'd: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal, throned by the west,
And loos'd his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it shou'd pierce a hundred thousand hearts:
But I might see young *Cupid's* fiery shaft
Quencht in the chaste beams of the watry moon;
And the imperial vot'refs pass'd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy free.
Yet markt I where the bolt of *Cupid* fell;
It fell upon a little western flow'r,
Before milk-white; now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it, *Love in Idleness*.

(8) *Thou, &c.*] Whatever critics may make of the former part of this passage, and however explain it, 'tis certain, the metamorphosis is extremely fine, and most beautifully imagined, in the latter part of it. As by the fair *vestal* he undoubtedly means, queen *Elizabeth*, to whom a more delicate compliment could not be paid, it seems very probable, by the *mermaid*, he means, *Mary*, queen of *Scots*. The reader will find a long critique on this matter, in *Warburton's Shakspeare*, where he endeavours to make out and explain the whole allegory.

By *Cupid*, all-arm'd, in the text, means no more than arm'd with his usual weapons, his bow and quiver; which is the only and compleat armour of *Cupid*.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *A Fairy Bank.*

(9) I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lip and the nodding violet grows,
O'er-canopy'd with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps *Titania*, sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flow'rs with dances and delight.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Fairy Courtesies.

(10) Be kind, and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambole in his eyes;

Feed

(9) *I know, &c.*] — To a shady bank,
Thick overhead with verdant roof imbower'd,
He led her nothing loth: flow'rs were the couch,
Pansies and violets and asphodel,
And hyacinth, earth's freshest, softest lap.

Par. Lost, B. 9. v. 1037.

But in the *Faithful Shepherdess*, we have an immediate imitation of the description;

Here shalt thou rest
Upon this holy bank, no deadly snake
Upon this turf herself in folds doth make:
Here is no poison for the toad to feed:
Here boldly spread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares blister them, no slimy snail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art fast asleep:
Here never durst the babbling cuckoo spit,
No slough of falling star did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other set with violets for me.

Act 3.

(10) *Be kind, &c.*] Mr. *Dryden* has observed, that *Titania's* order to the fairies to humour her sweet-heart, is one of the prettiest flights of fancy in *Shakspeare*. In the *Faithful Shepherdess*, *Cloe* seeks in like manner to engage the heart of her lover, in a speech, which (as is well remark'd) breathes the true spirit of *Theocritus* and *Virgil*.

— Here be woods as green
As any, air likewise as fresh and sweet,
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet

Face

Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
 With purple grapes, green figs and mulberries;
 The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
 And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
 And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
 To have my love to bed, and to arise:
 And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
 To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes;
 Nod to him elves, and do him courtesies.

SCENE VII. *Female Friendship.*

(11) Is all the council that we two have shar'd,
 The sifter vows, the hours that we have spent,

When

Face of the curled streams, with flow'rs as many
 As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
 Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
 Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves and dells:
 Chuse where thou wilt, while I sit by and sing,
 Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
 For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
 How the pale *Phæbe*, hunting in a grove,
 First saw the boy *Endymion*, from whose eyes
 She took eternal fire, that never dies. &c.

It would be easy to bring many passages from *Theocritus* and *Virgil*, similar to these, if the place required it, or leisure permitted.

(11) *Is, &c.*] In the tragedy of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, written by *Shakespeare* and *Fletcher*, there is a similar description to this, and which probably was written by *Shakespeare*:

———But I,

And she (I sigh and spoke of) were things innocent,
 Lov'd for we did; and like the elements
 That know not what nor why, yet do effect
 Rare issues by their operation: our souls
 Did so to one another: what she lik'd
 Was then of me approv'd: what not, condemn'd,
 No more arraignment*: the flower that I wou'd pluck

And

* *No more arraignment*] i. e. Her not liking it, was sufficient to condemn it, without any further arraignment, or bringing it to its trial.—In the subsequent lines she says, "She had no toy on her head, but that became her friend's pattern: and her affections [the things her friend affected, or lik'd, in which sense the word

is

When we have chid the hasty-footed time
 For parting us: O! and is all forgot?
 All school-days friendship, childhood innocence?
 We, *Hermia*, like two artificial gods
 Created with our needles both one flower,
 Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion;
 Both warbling of one song, both in one key;

As

And put between my breasts (oh, then but beginning
 To swell about the blossom) she wou'd long,
 Till she had such another; and commit it
 To the like innocent cradle, where phoenix like,
 They died in perfume: on my head no toy
 But was her pattern: her affections (pretty,
 Tho' happily they careless were) I follow'd,
 For my most serious decking; had mine ear
 Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
 From musical coynage, why it was a note,
 Whereon her spirits wou'd sojourn, (rather dwell on)
 And sing it in her slumbers: this rehearsal
 (Which surely innocence wots well) comes in
 Like old importments bastard, has this end,
 That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
 More than in sex dividual. ——— *Act 1. Sc. 5.*

is frequently used] (ever pretty, tho' perhaps they were merely casual and careless at first) yet she so much approv'd that she follow'd them for her most serious dressing." The reader will find this passage differently read by the late editors: possibly some may object against a careless dress being called the *affection* of the wearer, and ask how any one can *affect* or like that, which they take no care about? I think, two answers may be given: it is well known how much some ladies *affect* a *careless* way of dressing; and what seems in them often the effect of mere chance, is the produce of their utmost study—conformable to the old maxim, *ars est celare artem*, or it may be, the lady calls those the *affections* of her friend, which she herself esteem'd so, and which, as being hers, she admir'd:—perhaps we might read the passage thus, if these reasons are not satisfactory:

But was her pattern, her *affect*: her pretty
 Tho' happily, her careless *wear*, I follow'd,

which is almost the same with that Mr. *Seward* places in the text. The reader will be pleased, well to observe that heavy line,

Whereon her spirits wou'd sojourn (*rather dwell on*)

do not the last words sound as if they had been a marginal note of some critic, or a remark of a prompter?

As if our hands, our sides, voices and minds
 Had been incorp'rate. So we grew together,
 Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
 But yet an union in partition;
 Two lovely berries molded on one stem,
 So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
 Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
 Due but to one; and crowned with one crest.
 And will you rend our antient love asunder,
 To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
 It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly;
 Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it;
 Though I alone do feel the injury.

SCENE VIII. *Day-break.*

(12) Night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
 And yonder shines *Aurora's* harbinger;
 At whose approach, ghosts wand'ring here and there,
 Troop home to church-yards. —

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Dew in Flowers.

(13) And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
 Was wont to swell, like round and orient pearls,
 Stood now within the pretty flouret's eyes,
 Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.

(12) *Night's, &c.*] The poets have all exerted themselves in their descriptions of the morning: perhaps *Shakespeare* may claim the preference: however, the reader will see, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3. Sc. 7. several passages selected from the best writers, and he may be not disagreeably amused in comparing them together.

(13) *And, &c.*] In *Samson Agonistes*, when *Dalilah* comes to visit her eyeless husband, she is afraid to approach, and the poet has made her silence most beautifully expressive: the chorus tell

Yet on the moves, now stands, and eyes thee fix'd,
 About t'have spoke, but now with head dec'in'd,
 Like a fair flow'r surcharg'd with dew, she weeps.

SCENE

SCENE II. *Hunting.*

We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top
 And mark the musical confusion
 Of hounds and echo in conjunction.
 I was with *Hercules* and *Cadmus* once,
 When in a wood of *Creet* they bay'd the (14) boar
 With hounds of *Sparta*; never did I hear
 Such gallant chiding. For besides the groves,
 The skies, the fountains, ev'ry region near
 Seem'd all one mutual cry. I never heard
 So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

HOUNDS.

My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
 So flew'd, so fanded, and their heads are hung
 With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
 Crook-knee'd, and dew-lap'd, like Theffalian bulls,
 Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouth like Bells,
 Each under each; a cry more tuneable
 Was never hallo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Power of Imagination.

The lunatick, the lover, and the poet,
 Are of imagination, all compact:
 One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
 This is the madman. The lover, all as frantick,
 Sees *Helen's* beauty in the brow of *Egypt*.
 The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rowling,

Doth

(14) *Boar*] I am surprized that all the editors have passed by this line, and continued to read, *they bay'd the bear*. The alteration I have made requires no arguments to support it. The reader will meet with, in *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, a fine description of the hunting a boar. B. 8.

Doth glance from heav'n to earth, from earth to heav'n;
 And, as imagination bodies forth
 The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
 Turns them to shape, and gives to airy nothing
 A local habitation and a name.

Simpleness and Duty.

(15) For never any thing can be amiss,
 When simpleness and duty tender it
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharg'd,
 And duty in his service perishing.

Modest Duty always acceptable.

Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
 To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
 Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
 Make periods in the midst of sentences,
 Throttle their practis'd accents in their fears,
 And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
 Not paying me a welcome: trust me, sweet,
 Out of this silence yet I pick'd a welcome:
 And in the modesty of fearful duty
 I read as much, as from the rattling tongue
 Of faucy and audacious eloquence.

SCENE II. *Clock.*

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.

(15) *For, &c.*] He has a thought of the same kind whimsically
 exprest, in *Love's Labour lost*, Act 5. Sc. 8.

That sport best pleases that doth least know how:
 Where zeal strives to content, and the contents
 Die in the zeal of that which it presents.

SCENE

SCENE III. *Night.*

(16) Now the hungry lion roars,
 And the wolf behowls the moon;
 Whilst the heavy plowman snoars,
 All with weary task fore-done.
 Now the waked brands do glow,
 Whilst the scritch-owl, scritch'ing loud,
 Puts the wretch, that lies in woe,
 In remembrance of a shroud.
 Now it is the time of night,
 That the graves, all gaping wide,
 Every one lets forth his spright,
 In the church-way paths to glide.

(16) *Now, &c.*] This admirable description of night, has
 given occasion to the best emendation I have found in all
 Mr. Warburton's *Shakespeare*: *behowls*, in the second line, was for-
 merly *beholds*, and so alter'd by him: we may observe, in another
 description of *midnight* (2d part of *Henry V.*) he says,

And now loud howling wolves arouse the jades
 That drag the tragic melancholy night.

Mr. Theobald has given us a passage from *Marston's Antonio and
 Mellida*, which seems to be copied from that of our author.

Now barks the wolf against the full-cheek'd moon:
 Now lions half-clam'd entrails rear for food,
 Now croaks the toad: and night-crows shriek aloud,
 Flutt'ring 'bout casements of departing souls:
 Now gape the graves and thro' their yawns let loose
 Imprison'd spirits to revisit earth.

The reader will observe, in confirmation of Mr. Warburton's
 emendation, that it is the design of *Shakespeare*, "not only to
 characterize the several animals as they present themselves at
 midnight, but to distinguish and represent the *sounds* each of them
 emit."

In *Nat. Lee's* well-known description of night, there is this
 line;

Lean wolves forget to howl at night's pale moon.

Much



Much Ado about Nothing.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Peace inspires Love.

BUT⁽¹⁾ now I am returned, and that war thoughts
Have left their places vacant; in their rooms
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,
All prompting me how fair young *Hero* is.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Friendship in Love.

Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love;

(2) Therefore all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent; (3) beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.

(1) *But now, &c.*] Peace is always esteem'd the inspirer of love; we have a beautiful passage in *Richard III.* Act 1. Sc. 1. on this topic in that fine *disfym* *Richard* speaks on himself.

(2) *Therefore, &c.*] Some read, *your own tongues*: the ingenious Mr. *Edwards* observes there is no need of mending the old reading, by an awkward change of the persons: *let*, which is expressed in the second line, is understood in the first.

(3) *Beauty is, &c.*] They had a notion, in the days of witchcraft, that witches could turn wholesome liquors into blood by their charms, to which this expression of *faith melteth into blood*, seems to allude: so that the sense is,——beauty is a witch, by whose powerful charms truth and faith, (pure and wholesome liquors) are melted or changed into deceit and treachery, (blood and poison.)

SCENE IX. *Merit always modest.*

It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on his own perfection.

SCENE II. *Benedict, the Batchelor's Recantation.*

(4) This can be no trick, the conference was sadly borne; they have the truth of this from *Hero*; they seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have the full bent. Love me! why it must be requited: I hear how I am censur'd: they say, I will bear myself proudly if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. I did never think to marry. I must not seem proud. Happy are they that hear their detractions and can put them to mending: they say the lady is fair; 'tis a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous; 'tis so, I cannot reprove it: and wise, but for loving me. By my troth, it is no addition to her wit, nor no great argument of her folly; for I will be horribly in love with her. I may chance to have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have so long rail'd against marriage; but doth not the appetite alter? a man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age. Shall quipps and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: the world must be peopled. When I said I would die a batchelor, I did not think that I should live till I were married. Here comes *Beatrice*: by this day she's a fair lady; I do spy some marks of love in her.

(4) *This*] Nothing can equal the pleasantry and humour of this soliloquy, but the excellence of the actor, whom we so much admire, while he speaks it.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Favourites compar'd to Honey-Suckles, &c.

— Bid her steal into the bleached bower,
Where honey-suckles, ripen'd by the sun,
Forbid the sun to enter; (5) like to favourites
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride
Against that power that bred it.

A scornful and satirical Beauty.

Disdain and scorn ride (6) sparkling in her eyes,
Misprizing what they look on: and her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,
Nor take no shape nor project of affection,
She is so self-endear'd.

I never yet saw man,
How wise; how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,
But she wou'd spell him backward: if fair-fac'd (7),
She'd

(5) *Like to, &c.*] The comparison here is very apt and beautiful: in the *Tempest*, *Prospero*, speaking of his brother, whom he had substituted in his place, and made his deputy, admirably compares him to the ivy, which being once permitted to support itself by him (the princely oak,) at length entirely hid his trunk, and suck'd all the verdure from it. Both comparisons are excellent, and well suit forward and proud favourites, See *Tempest*, Act I. Sc. 2.

(6) *Sparkling*] *Milton*, in his fine description of Satan, says,
With head up-lift above the waves, and eyes
That sparkling blaz'd. *Par. Lost*, B. I. v. 194.

(7) *If fair-fac'd, &c.*] *Mr. Theobald* observes here, "that some editors have pretended, our author never imitates any of the ancients: methinks, this is so very like a remarkable description in *Lucretius*, (*lib. iv. v. 1154*) that I can't help suspecting *Shakespeare* had it in view: the only difference seems to be, that the *Latin* poet's characteristics turn upon praise, our countryman's, upon the hinge of derogation."

For

She'd swear, the gentleman shou'd be her sister!

If

For thus the bedlam train of lovers use
T' inhaunce the value, and the faults excuse;
And therefore, 'tis no wonder if we see,
They doat on dowdies and deformity:
Even what they cannot praise, they will not blame,
But veil with some extenuating name:
The fallow skin is for the swarthy put,
And love can make a flattern of a slut:
If cat-ey'd, then a *Pallas* is their love,
If freckled, she's a parti-colour'd dove:
If little, then she's life and soul all o'er;
An *Amazon*, the large two-handed whore:
She stammers, oh, what grace in lisping lies!
If she says nothing, to be sure she's wife:
If shrill, and with a voice to drown a quire,
Sharp-witted she must be, and full of fire:
The lean, consumptive wench, with coughs decay'd,
Is call'd a pretty, tight, and slender maid:
Th' o'ergrown, a goodly *Ceres* is express'd,
A bedfellow for *Bacchus* at the least:
Flat-nose the name of *Satyr* never misses;
And hanging blubber lips but pout for kisses.

Dryden:

Cowley has a passage greatly similar to this, in which I doubt not he had *Lucretius* in his eye:

Colour or shape, good limbs or face,
Goodness or wit in all I find:
In motion or in speech a grace,
If all fail, yet 'tis woman-kind:
If tall the name of proper stays,
If fair, she's pleasant as the light:
If low, her prettiness does please,
If black, what lover loves not night:
The fat with plenty fills my heart,
The lean, with love makes me too so:
If straight, her body's *Cupid's* dart
To me: if crooked, 'tis his bow.

Horace, too, (*B. I. Sat. 3.*) speaking of the partiality of fathers to their children, says,

Let us, at least in friendship prove as mild,
As a fond parent to his favourite child:
If with distorted eyes the urchin glares,
"Oh, the dear boy, how prettily he stares!"
Is he of dwarfish or abortive size?
"Sweet little moppet," the fond father cries:
Or is th' unshapen cub deform'd and lame?
He kindly lips him o'er some tender name.

Francis, v. 43.

If black, why, nature, drawing of an antick,
 Made a foul blot ; if tall, a launce ill-headed ;
 If low, an aglet very vilely cut ;
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds ;
 If silent, why, a block moved with none !
 So turns she every man the wrong side out,
 And never gives to truth and virtue, that,
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

ACT IV. SCENE I.
 DISSIMULATION.

(8) O, what authority and shew of truth
 Can cunning sin cover itself withal !
 Comes not that blood as modest evidence
 To witness simple virtue ? would you not swear,
 All you that see her, that she were a maid,
 By these exterior shews ? But she is none :
 She knows the heat of a luxurious bed,
 Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

SCENE II. *Innocence discover'd by the Countenance.*

—(9) I have mark'd,
 A thousand blushing apparitions

To

(8) O, what, &c.] *Seneca*, (in his tragedy of *Hippolitus*) speaking of dissimulation, says,

O, life deceitful, ever in disguise,
 With a fair face thou hid'st a wicked heart ;
 Pretended modesty is made a mask
 Of impudence : the daring and ambitious
 Seem satisfy'd, and covetous of peace :
 Guilt skulks beneath the cloak of piety :
 The false and treacherous ring the praise of truth ;
 And cowards counterfeit the bold and brave.

This last line is similar to the following passage, Sc. 3.

(9) *I have, &c.*] If he is false, let the ungrateful bleed !
 But no such symptoms in his face I read :
 That noble spirit and that manly grace
 Can never, sure, belong to one that's base.

Ovid's Met., by Tate,

To start into her face ; a thousand innocent flames,
 In angel whiteness bear away those blushes ;
 And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,
 To burn the errors that these princes hold
 Against her maiden truth.

RESOLUTION.

I know not, if they speak but truth of her,
 These hands shall tear her ; if they wrong her honour,
 The proudest of them shall well hear of it.
 Time hath not yet so dry'd this blood of mine,
 Nor age so eat up my invention,
 Nor fortune made such havock of my means,
 Nor my bad life rest me so much of friends,
 But they shall find awak'd, in such a kind,
 Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,
 Ability in means, and choice of friends,
 To quit me of them throughly. —

The Desire of lov'd Objects heighten'd by their Loss.

—(10) For it so falls out,
 That what we have, we prize not to the worth
 Whiles we enjoy it ; but being lack'd and lost,

The

(10) *For, &c.*] The universality and truth of this observation doubtless may incline us to believe, that *Shakespeare* ow'd it to no one writer in particular, but none who read it, can avoid recollecting a passage in *Horace* very similar to it,

*Virtutem incolumem odimus,
 Sublatam ex oculis querimus invidi.*

Od. 15. l. 3.

Though living virtue we despise,
 We follow her when dead, with envious eyes.

And one perhaps more so in *Plautus*,

*Tum denique homines nostra intellegimus bona,
 Cum quæ in potestate habuimus, ea amisimus.*

Men prize not to the worth those blessings they enjoy,
 Till they have lost them. — *Captiv. A. I. S. 2. v. 39.*

Why, then we (11) rack the value; then we find
 The virtue that possession would not shew us
 Whilst it was ours; so will it fare with *Claudio*;
 When he shall hear she died upon his words,
 Th' idea of her life shall sweetly creep
 Into his study of imagination,
 And every lovely organ of her life,
 Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit;
 More moving, delicate, and full of life,
 Into the eye and prospect of his soul,
 Than when she liv'd indeed.

SCENE III. *Talking Braggarts.*

—(12) But manhood is melted into courtesies, va-
 lour into compliment and men are only turned into
 tongue, and trim ones too; he is now as valiant as
Hercules, that only tells a lie, and—swears it.

ACT V. SCENE I.

* *Counsel of no Weight in Misery.*

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
 Which falls into my ears as profitless,

As

(11) *Rack* i. e. overstretch its value. So, we say, to *rack* a
 tenant, or *rack-rent*, &c. when it is strained to the utmost. *Up-
 ton*.

(12) *But, &c.* *Shakespear* has many severe passages on the
 mannish cowards and idle boasters of his own times: none of
 which exceed those in the *Merchant of Venice*, Act 5, Sc. 3. and
As you like it, Act 1. Sc. 10. which see, and compare with those
 lines in Act 5. Sc. 2. of this play.

* This topic of patience under misfortunes, easier advis'd than
 maintain'd, is to be met with in almost all the tragic (and indeed
 many other) poets: but the preference seems due to *Shakespear*,
 on a comparison with all the similar passages I have met with.
Æschylus says,

'Tis

As water in a sieve; give not me counsel,
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
 But such a one whose wrongs doth suit with mine:
 Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,
 And bid him speak of patience;
 Measure his love the length and breadth of mine;
 And let it answer every strain for strain:
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
 In every lineament, branch, shape, and form;
 If such a one will smile and stroke his beard,
 And sorrow wave; cry, hem! when he shou'd groan;
 Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
 With candle-walters; bring him yet to me,
 And I of him will gather patience.
 But there is no such man; for, brother, men
 Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage;

'Tis easy to give counsel, and advise
 Those who are struggling in distress, while free
 From the like ills ourselves.

(Prometheus.)

And Euripides,

We all are ready to advise and counsel
 Those in distress, but when like them afflicted,
 Apt to forget the counsel that we gave.

Aeschylus.

And Seneca,

That grief is trifling, that can listen to
 The tongue of sober counsel, and conceal
 In the still breast its agony.

Medea.

And Terence,

We all, when in health, very easily give good advice to those
 who are sick.—*Andria*.

which sentence Terence translated literally from the Greek of *Me-
 nander*.

Numbers of similar passages might be produced, besides these:
 the reader will find the same subject touched upon in the *Comedy
 of Errors*, p. 27, and the *Merchant of Venice*, p. 60.

F

Fetter

Fetter strong madness in a filken thread ;
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, no ; 'tis all mens office to speak patience
 To those, that wring under the load of sorrow ;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself ; therefore give me no counsel ;
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

A Satire on the Stoick Philosophers.

(13) I pray thee, peace—I will be flesh and blood ;
 For there was never yet philosopher,
 That cou'd endure the tooth-ach patiently ;
 However they have writ the style of gods,
 And made a pish at chance and sufferance.

SCENE II. *Talking Braggarts.*

Hold you content ; what, man ! I know them ; yea,
 And what they weigh, even to the utmost scruple :
 Scambling, out-facing, fashion-mongring boys,
 That lie, and cog, and flout, deprave and slander,
 Go antickly, and shew an outward hideousness,
 And speak off half a dozen dangerous words,
 How they might hurt their enemies, if they durst ;
 And this is all. —

(13) *I pray, &c.*] In *Macbeth*, we have a fine expression like this ;

Dispute it (says Malcolm) like a man.

Macd. I shall do so :

But I must also feel it as a man.

Mr. Warburton observes, *the style of gods, &c.* alludes to the extravagant titles the stoics gave their wise men : *sapiens ille cum diis, ex pari vivit*, Seneca. And the last line to their famous apathy.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Villain to be noted.*

Which is the villain ? let me see his eyes ;
 That when I note another man like him,
 I may avoid him.

SCENE VIII. *Day-break.*

The wolves have prey'd ; and, look, the gentle day,
 Before the wheels of *Phabus*, round about
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey.





The Taming of the Shrew.

INDUCTION.

SCENE IV. *Hounds.*

THEY hounds (1) shall make the welkin answer them,
And fetch shrill ecchoes from the hollow earth.

PAINTING.

Dost thou love pictures? We will fetch thee straight
Adonis, painted by a running brook;
And *Citherea* all in sedges hid,
Which seem to move, and wanton with her breath,
Ev'n as the waving sedges play with wind.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Woman's Tongue.

(2) Think you, a little din can daunt my ears?
Have I not in my time heard lions roar?

Have

(1) See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 4. Sc. 2. In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act 2. Sc. 2. *Palamon* says,

To our *Theban* hounds
That shook the aged forest with their ecchoes,
No more now must we hollow, no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a *Partbian* quiver, from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts:

(2) See *Comedy of Errors*, Act 5. Sc. 3.

The Taming of the Shrew.

Have I not heard the sea, puff'd up with winds,
Rage like an angry boar, chafed with sweat?
Have I not heard great ordnance in the field?
And heav'n's artillery thunder in the skies?
Have I not in a pitched battle heard
Loud larums, neighing steeds, and trumpets clangue?
And do you tell me of a woman's tongue,
That gives not half so great a blow to hear,
As will a chesnut in a farmer's fire?

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Description of a mad Wedding.

— When the priest
Did ask if *Catharine* shou'd be his wife;
Ay, by gogs-woons, quoth he, and swore so loud,
That all amaz'd, the priest let fall the book;
And as he stoop'd again to take it up,
This mad-brain'd bridegroom took him such a cuff,
That down fell priest and book, and book and priest;
Now take them up, quoth he, if any list.

Tran. What said the wench when he rose up again?

Grem. Trembled and shook; for why, he stamp'd
and swore,

As if the vicar meant to cozen him;
But after many ceremonies done,
He calls for wine: a health, quoth he; as if
H'ad been aboard carousing to his mates
After a storm; quafft off the muscadell,
And threw the sops all in the sexton's face;
Having no other cause, but that his beard
Grew thin and hungerly, and seem'd to ask
His sops as he was drinking. This done, he took
The bride about the neck, and kist her lips
With such a clamorous smack, that at the parting
All the church eccho'd —

ACT IV. SCENE VIII.

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 eye ?
 O, no, good *Kate*, neither art thou the worſe,
 For this poor furniture, and mean array.

SCENE XIII. *A lovely Woman.*

(3) Fair, lovely woman, young and affable,
 More clear of hue, and far more beautiful,
 Than precious ſardonyx, or purple rocks
 Of amethiſts, or glistening hyacinth :—
 —Sweet *Catharine*, this lovely woman—

Cath. Fair, lovely lady, bright and cryſtalline ;
 Beauteous and ſtately as the eye-train'd bird ;
 As glorious as the morning waſh'd with dew,
 Within whoſe eyes ſhe takes the dawning beams.
 And golden ſummer ſleeps upon thy cheeks.
 Wrap up thy radiations in ſome cloud,
 Leſt that thy beauty make this ſtately town,
 Unhabitable as the burning zone,
 With ſweet reflections of thy lovely face.

(3) Theſe ſpeeches are found in the firſt draught of this play,
 printed in 1607 ; they ſeem evidently to be of *Shakeſpear's* hand,
 and well worth obſerving : the reader will find the ſpeeches pre-
 ferred to them, in the Act and Scene referred to.

ACT

ACT V. SCENE V.

The Wife's Duty to her Husband.

Fie ! fie ! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,
 And dart not ſcornful glances from thoſe eyes,
 To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor.
 It blots thy beauty, as froſt bites the meads ;
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds ſhake fair buds ;
 And in no ſenſe is meet or amiable.
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,
 Muddy, ill ſeeming, thick, bereſt of beauty ;
 And while it is ſo, none ſo dry or thirſty
 Will dain to ſip, or touch one drop of it.
 (4) Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,
 Thy head, thy ſovereign ; one that cares for thee,
 And for thy maintenance ; commits his body
 To painful labour both by ſea and land !
 To watch the night in ſtorms, the day in cold,
 While thou ly'ſt warm at home, ſecure and ſafe,
 (5) And craves no other tribute at thy hands,

F 4

But

(4) *Thy husband &c.* Leave not the faithful ſide
 That gave thee being, ſtill ſhades thee and protects,
 The wife, where danger or diſhonour lurks,
 Safest and ſeemleſt by her husband ſtays,
 Who guards her, or with her, the worſt endures.

Adam, in *Par. Loſt*, B. 9. 263.

And a little before, he ſays,

Nothing lovelier can be found
 In woman, than to ſtudy houſhold good,
 And good works in her husband to promote.

(5) *And craves, &c.* *Statius*, ſpeaking of a good wife, in the
 5th book of his *Sylva*, ſays,

— *Mallet pauperiate pudica*
Intemerata mori, vitamque impendere ſama :
Nec frons triſte rigens, nimisq; in moribus horror,
Sed ſimplex hilarisq; fides, & mixta pudori
Gratia : quid ſi, &c.

She'd

But love, fair looks, and true obedience;
 Too little payment for so great a debt.
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,
 Even such, a woman oweth to her husband:
 And when she's froward, peevish, fullen, four,
 And not obedient to his honest will;
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord?
 I am asham'd, that women are so simple
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace;
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,
 When they are bound to serve, love and obey.
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak and smooth,
 Unapt to toil and trouble in the world,
 But that our soft conditions and our hearts
 Should well agree with our external parts?

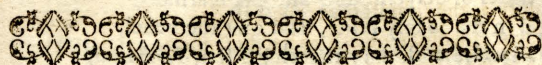
She'd rather chuse, 'midst poverty and fame,
 Her life to lose, than live in wealth and shame:
 No fullen frowns upon her forehead lour;
 No froward temper and behaviour four,
 Destroy th' unruffled softness of her mind,
 For ever easy, affable and kind;
 Chaste, with good-humour, with reserv'dness, free,
 And e'er most cheerful in adversity.

In the *Amphytrion* of Plautus, (Act 2. Sc. 2) *Alcmena* speaks thus:

What the world calls a portion with a wife
 I boast not of as such: but chastity
 Becoming shame, and moderate desires;
 My fear of heav'n, my fondness of my parents,
 My friendship, and regard for our relations,
 The course of my behaviour tow'rd's yourself;
 My bounty to the good, and my concern,
 To cherish virtue, and reward the virtuous.

Anony.

The



The Tempest.

ACT I. SCENE II.

An usurping Substitute compar'd to Joy.

— **T**HAT (1) now he was
 The ivy which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't. —

SCENE III. *Ariel's Description of his managing the Storm.*

I boarded the king's ship: now on the beak,
 Now in the waste, the deck, in every cabin,
 I flam'd amazement: sometimes I'd divide,
 And burn in many places: on the top-mast,
 The yards, and bolt-sprit wou'd I flame distinctly,
 Then meet and join: *Jove's* lightnings, the precursors
 O'th' dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary,
 And sight out-running were not: the fire and cracks
 Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty *Neptune*
 Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble:
 Yea, his dread trident shake.
 Not a foul

F 5

But

(1) *That, &c.* See *Much Ado about Nothing*, Act 3. Sc. 1.

But felt (2) a fever of the mind and play'd
Some tricks of desperation: all, but mariners,
Plung'd in the foamy brine, and quit the vessel,
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, *Ferdinand*,
With hair up-staring then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd: cry'd, "hell is empty,
And all the devils are here."——

Ariel's Expression a little above is very fine and picturesque.

——To ride (3)
On the curl'd clouds.

As

(2) *A fever of the mind*] A fever of the *madde*, the folio reads: and I apprehend properly: the editors in general read, *a fever of the mind*; which appears to me rather a too common expression; besides, the following words—*and play'd some tricks of desperation*, seem to confirm the old reading. Perhaps this fever of the *madde*, was some particularly violent fever, that render'd the persons absolutely delirious, something like a *calenture*, a distemper peculiar to sailors, wherein they imagine the sea to be a green field, and will throw themselves into it, if not prevented. I have heard some propose to read,

But felt the fever of the mad.

(3) So, in the scripture, Thou caus'est me to ride upon the wind, *Job xxx. 22*. The Lord rideth on the swift cloud, *Is. xix. 1*. Extol him that rideth upon the heavens, *Pf. xlviii. 4*. Satan speaking of what was appointed them to do in hell, (*Milton*, B. 1. 150.) says,

Whate'er his business be
Here in the heart of hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep.

And in the 2d book, v. 500, *Milton* has the same expression with *Shakspear*,

To ride the air
In whirlwind——

That fine expression in the Psalmist, *He walketh upon the wings of the wind*, is a good comment on *To run upon the sharp wind*: as is the following from *Ecclesiasticus*, of bak'd with frost—chap. xliii. 20, 21. When the cold north-wind bloweth, it devoureth the mountains and burneth the wilderness, and consumeth the grass as fire. So, *Milton*, B. 2. 594.

The

As is the following.

Thou dost: and think'st it much to tread the ooze
Of the salt deep:
To run upon the sharp wind of the north:
To do me business in the veins of the earth
When it is bak'd with frost.——

SCENE IV. *Caliban's Curses.*

As wicked dew, as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholsome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er.
I must eat my dinner.
This island's mine by *Sycorax* my mother,
Which thou tak'st from me: when thou camest first
Thou stroak'st me: and mad'st much of me: wou'd'st
give me
Water with berries in't: and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,
And shew'd thee all the qualities o'th' isle,
The fresh springs, brine pits: barren place and fertile;
Curs'd be I, that I did so: all the charms
Of *Sycorax*, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Who first was mine own king; and here you sty me
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of th' island.

The parching air

Burns froze——

And *Virgil*, *Georg. 1. 93*.

Boreæ penetrabile frigus adurat;

Or penetrable cold of *Boreas* parch.

Caliban's

Caliban's *Exultation* after Prospero tells him---He sought to violate the Honour of his Child, has something in it very strikingly in Character.

Oh ho, oh ho,---I wou'd it had been done,
Thou did'st prevent me, I had peopled else
This isle with *Calibans*.

SCENE VI. *A Lover's Speech.*

(4) My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up;
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,

The

(4) My, &c.] The following fine simile from *Virgil*, will be a good comment on *Shakespeare*, *Æn.* 12. v. 908.

Ac velut, &c.

And as, when heavy sleep has clos'd the sight,
The sickly fancy labours in the night,
We seem to run, and destitute of force,
Our sinking limbs forsake us in the course:
In vain we heave for breath, in vain we cry,
The nerves unbrac'd their usual strength deny,
And on the tongue the salt'ring accents die.

Dryden.

Tasso, in his *Jerusalem Liberata*, has finely imitated this simile, C. 20. S. 105.

Come vede talor torbidi, &c.

As when the sick or frantic men oft dream
In their unquiet sleep, and slumber short,
And think they run some speedy course and seem
To move their legs and feet in hasty sort;
Yet feel their limbs far slower than the stream
Of their vain thoughts, that bears them in this sport,
And oft wou'd speak, wou'd cry, wou'd call or shout,
Yet neither found, nor voice, nor word send out.

Fairfax.

The following part of the speech is greatly excelled by another of the same sort in the 2d part of *King Henry VI.* Act 3. Sc. 8. which see, and n. There is too in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, a thought of the same kind, tho' rather too quaint.

Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company:
For you in my respect are all the world,
Then how can it be said, I am alone;

When all the world is here to look on me? Act 2. Sc. 3.

Sir

The wrack of all my friends, and this man's threats,
To whom I am subdu'd, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid: all corners else o'th' earth
Let liberty make use of: space enough
Have I in such a prison.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Description of Ferdinand's swimming ashore.

(5) I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs: he trod the water,
Whose enmity he slung aside: and breast'd
The surge most swol'n that met him; his bold head
'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty strokes
To th' shore; that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd

As.

Sir J. Suckling, in his *Goblins*, Act 4. has a similar passage.

Witness all that can punish falsehood,
That I could live with thee, even in this dark
And narrow prison, and think all happiness
Confin'd within the walls.-----

We may observe, the character of *Reginella*, in that play, is an imperfect copy of *Miranda* in this.

Maffinger, in his *Guardian*, Act 5. Sc. 1. has an expression like *Shakespeare's*.

These woods, *Sev'ring*,
Shall more than seem to me a populous city,
You being present.

(5) *I saw, &c.*] The reader is desired to compare this with a similar passage in *Julius Caesar*, Act 1. Sc. 3. *Jaffier's* description of his preserving *Belvidera*, is very noble.

When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.

Venice Preserv'd, Act 1. Sc. 1.

Buffeting the billows, is quite *Shakespeare's* expression, and the whole passage is worthy that great master.

As stooping to relieve him ; I not doubt
He came alive to land. —

S L E E P.

(6) Do not omit the heavy offer of it,
It seldom visits sorrow ; when it doth,
It is a comforter. —

A fine Apostrophe.*

They fell together all as by consent,
They dropt as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy *Sebastian* — O, what might — no more.
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou should'st be, th' occasion speaks thee, and
My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

SCENE II. *Caliban's Curses.*

(7) All the infections that the sun sucks up,
From bogs, fens, flats, on *Prosper* fall, and make him
By

(6) *Do not, &c.*] Dr. Young begins his Night-Thoughts with a
Parody of this.

Tir'd nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep,
He like the world his ready visit pays
Where fortune smiles, the wretched he forsakes,
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfulfill'd with a tear.

There is not a more common topic with the poets than sleep, and
amongst which, perhaps, none excel *Shakespeare*, see *Henry IV.*
2d part, Act 3. Sc. 1.

* There is not a more elegant figure than the *Apostrophe*, when
in threatening, or in the expression of any other passion, the sen-
tence is broken and something is left to be supplied. *Shakespeare*
excels greatly in it (as indeed he does in every poetical beauty) of
which, the passage before us is a striking example. There is a
very excellent one in *Lear*, Act 2. Sc. 12. and the note.

(7) *All, &c.*] So king *Lear* says,

You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes ; infect her beauty
You fen-suck'd fogs, drawn by the powerful sun
To fall and blast her pride.

Act 2. Sc. 12.

By inch-meal a disease : his spirits hear me,
And yet I needs must curse ; but they'll not pinch,
Fright me with urchin shews, pitch me i'th' mire,
Nor lead me, like a firebrand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them : but
For every trifle are they set upon me ;
Sometime, like apes, that moe and chatter at me,
And after bite me ; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall ; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who with cloven tongues
Do hiss me into madness. — Lo, now, lo,
Here comes a spirit of his, and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly ; I'll fall flat ;
Perchance he will not mind me.

A Satire on the English Curiosity.

Were I in *England* now, and had but this fish painted,
not an holiday-fool there but wou'd give a piece of
silver : there would this monster make a man (8) : any
strange beast there makes a man : when they will not
give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out
ten to see a dead *Indian*.

Caliban's Promises.

I'll shew thee the best springs ; I'll pluck thee berries ;
I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough ;
A plague upon the tyrant that I serve !
I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
Thou wond'rous man —
I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs grow ;
And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;
Shew thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
To snare the nimble marmazet ; I'll bring thee

To

(8) *Make a Man*,] i. e. A man's fortune.

To clustering filberts, and sometimes I'll get thee
Young (9) sea-mells from the rock.

ACT III. SCENE I.

There perhaps cannot be conceiv'd any thing more beautiful and natural than all the following Scene : I almost think it an Injustice to Shakespear to take down any particular part : yet the subsequent lines are so expressive of true and unbiassed Affection, I cannot help favouring the Reader with them.—

Ferdinand, bearing a Log.

(10) There be some sports are painful ; and their labour

Delight in them sets off : some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone ; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task wou'd be
As heavy to me, as 'tis odious ; but
The mistress whom I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labours pleasures : O, she is
Ten times more gentle, than her father's crabbed ;
And he's compos'd of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile 'em up
Upon a fore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work, and says, such baseness
Had ne'er like executor : I forget ;

But

(9) *Sea-mells,*] The reading in the old editions is *seamells*, which word is no where else to be met with. *Seamells* comes very near the traces of the letters ; they are birds that haunt the rocks about the sea-shore, and are the same with the sea-mews ; other editors read differently : *Theobald* and *Warburton*, *Shamois*, i. e. young kids : the reading in the text seems less uncouth ; but it matters little, (as has been observ'd,) so long as we take a word signifying the name of something in nature, which we use.

(10) *There, &c.*] In *Paradise Lost*, B. 4. v. 437. *Adam* says to *Eve* ;

But let us ever praise him and extol
His bounty, following our delightful task
To prune these growing plants, and tend these flowers,
Which were it toilsome, yet with these were sweet.

But these sweet thoughts do ev'n refresh my labour,
(11) Most busie-les, when I do it.

Miranda's offering to carry the Logs for him is peculiarly elegant.

If you'll sit down,

I'll bear your logs the while ; pray, give me that,
I'll carry it to the pile.

And afterwards, how innocent—

(12) I am your wife, if you will marry me :
If not, I'll die your maid : to be your fellow
You may deny me : but I'll be your servant
Whether you will or no.

SCENE IV. *Guilty Conscience.*

(13) O, it is monstrous ! monstrous !—

Methought

(11) *Most busie-les,*] i. e. Amidst all these labours, the thoughts of her drive away all appearance of labour, and make me seem to myself most busy-les, or least employ'd, when I am most so : something after the manner of the old famous, *nunquam minus otiosus, quam cum otiosus.*

(12) *Mr. Prior* has a pretty thought to this effect, in his charming poem of *Henry* and *Emma*.

This potent beauty, this triumphant fair,
This happy object of our different care,
Her let me follow, her let me attend,
A servant—she may scorn the name of friend.

(13) *O, &c.*] The horrors of a guilty mind are thus nobly described by *Massinger*.

Do, do, rage on ; rend open, *Æolus*,
Thy brazen prison, and let loose at once
Thy stormy issue. Blust'ring *Boreas*,
Aided with all the gales, the pilot numbers
Upon his compass, cannot raise a tempest
Thro' the vast region of the air, I ke that
I feel within me : for I am possess'd
With whirlwinds, and each guilty thought to me's
A dreadful hurricane ; although this center
I labour to bring forth earthquakes, and heil open
Her wide-stretch'd jaws, and let out all her furies,
They cannot add an atom to the mountain
Of fears and terrors that each minute threaten
To fall on my accursed head.

Unnatural Combat, Act 5. latter end.

Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd
The name of *Prosper*.

A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Continnence before Marriage.

If thou dost break her virgin knot, before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersions shall the heav'ns let fall
To make this contract grow: but barren hate,
Sour ey'd disdain, and discord shall bestrew
The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
That you shall hate it both.

S C E N E II. *Passion too strong for Vows.*

Look thou be true: do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To th' fire i'th' blood: be more abstemious,
Or else good night, your vow!

Vanity of human Nature.

These our actors
(As I foretold you) were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
And like the baseless fabrick of their vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,

The

(14) *The strongest, &c.* So in *Hamlet*, Polonius says,

I do know,

When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows, &c.

And in *All's well that ends well*, the countess observes,
Nat'ral rebellion done in the blaze of youth,
When oil and fire too strong for reason's force,
O'erbears it, and burns on.

The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea all who it inherit, shall dissolve (15):
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a (16) rack behind; we are such stuff
As dreams are made of; and our little life
(17) Is rounded with a sleep.

Drunkards enchanted by Ariel.

I told you, Sir, they were red-hot with drinkings:
So full of valour, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces: beat the ground
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor;
At which, like unback'd colts, they prickt their ears,
(18) Advanc'd their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music: so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd through.
Tooth'd briars, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns,
Which enter'd their frail skins: at last I left 'em
I'th' filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to th' chins.

Light

(15) *Shall dissolve:* This (says Mr. Upton) is exactly from scripture, 2 Peter, iii. 11, 12. Seeing then that all these things shall be dissolved &c. the heavens being on fire shall be dissolved, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat. And Isaiah, xxxiv. 4. And all the host of heaven shall be dissolved. See Observations on *Shakespeare*, p. 224.

(16) *A rack,* i. e. No track, or path. See Upton's Observations, p. 212.

(17) See *Anthony and Cleopatra*, Act 4. Sc. 10.

(18) *Advanc'd, &c.* So, a little before, we have,

The fringed curtains of thine eye advance. Act 1. Sc. 6.

Light of Foot.

(19) Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not
Hear a foot fall.

ACT V. SCENE I.

TEARS.

His tears run down his beard, like winter drops
From ears of reeds.

Compassion and Clemency superior to Revenge.

Hast thou, who art but air, a touch, a feeling
Of their afflictions, and shall not myself,
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?
Tho' with their high wrongs I am struck to th' quick,
Yet with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
(20) Do I take part; the rarer action is
In virtue than in vengeance; they being penitent,
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
Not a frown farther.

SCENE II. *Fairies and Magic.*

(21) Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and
groves,
And ye that on the sands with printless foot

Do

(19) Pray, &c.] —Thou sound, and firm-set earth,
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear
The very stones prate of my where-about.

Macbeth, Act 2. Sc. 2. See the whole passage.(20) See *Measure for Measure*, Act 2. Sc. 7, &c.

(21) *Shakespeare* is in nothing confessedly more imitable than
his fairies and magic, of which, this play, and the *Midsummer*
Night's

Do chase the ebbing *Neptune*, and do fly him
When he comes back; you demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green four ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice

To

Night's Dream are striking proofs: how inferior is *Ovid* to him,
when he makes *Medea*, the most celebrated sorceress, speak thus,

*Stantia concutio cantu fracta, nobile pello;
Nubilaque induco; ventos abigogue vocoque
Viperæque rumpo verbis & carmine fauces;
Vivæque saxa sua convulsæque robora terra,
Et syceas moveo, subeoque tremescere montes,
Et mugire solum, manesque exire sepulchris.*

Oft by your aid swift currents I have led
Thro' wand'ring banks back to their fountain-head:
Transform'd the prospect of the briny deep,
Made sleeping billows rave, and raving billows sleep;
Made clouds or sun-shine; tempests rise or fall,
And stubborn lawless winds obey my call:
With mutter'd words disarm'd the viper's jaw,
Up by the roots vast oaks and rocks I'd draw:
Make forests dance, and trembling mountains come
Like malefactors to receive their doom;
Earth groan, and frighted ghosts forsake their tomb.

Tate.

Vivæ saxa, & mugire solum, is as strong as, *graves wak'd their sleepers* in our author, which every true reader of *Shakespeare* will immediately acknowledge the genuine reading; 'tis indeed extremely bold, and for that reason, the more likely to be his: yet it may be justified by the usage of other poets, as Mr. Theobald has observed. *Beaumont and Fletcher*, in their *Bonduca*, speaking of the power of *Fame*, makes it wake graves;

*Wakens the ruin'd monument, and there
Where nothing but eternal death and sleep is,
Informs again the dead bones.*

And *Virgil* speaking of *Rome*, as a city, says, It surrounded its seven hills with a wall.

*Scilicet & rerum facta est pu'eberrima Roma,
Septemque una sibi muro circumdedit arces.*

Great *Rome* became the mistress of the world,
And single with her walls seven hills inclos'd.

Trapp, G. 2. at the end.

But the reader will find, in *Measure for Measure*, an expression of *Shakespeare's*, equally bold with this in question. See p 52, and n. 20.
The reader is desired to turn back to the 77th of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
(Weak masters tho' ye be) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war ; to the dread rattling thunder
Have I giv'n fire, and risted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt ; the strong-bas'd promontory
Have I made shake, and by the spurs pluckt up
The pine and cedar ; graves at my command
Have wak'd their sleepers, op'd, and let them forth,
By my so potent art.

Senses returning.

The charm dissolves apace ;
And as the morning steals upon the night
Melting the darkness ; so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ign'rant fumes, that mantle
Their clearer reason——

Their understanding
Begins to swell, and the approaching tide
Will shortly fill the reasonable shore,
That now lies foul and muddy.



Twelfth



Twelfth Night, or What you will.

ACT I. SCENE I.

MUSICK.

IF musick be the food of love, play on ;
(1) Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.
That strain again ;——it had a dying fall !

O,

(1) *Give me, &c.*] *¶* *e.* “Musick, being the food of love, let me have excess of it, that surfeiting therewith, the appetite, which called for that food, may sicken and entirely cease.” The reader will do well to observe the exact and beautiful propriety of the simile in the last lines. *Milton*, as *Dr. Newton* justly observes, undoubtedly took the following fine passage from this of *Shakespear* :

Now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, disperse
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. *Par. Lost*, B. 4. v. 156.

Tho', he tells us, *Mr. Tylor* is of opinion, that *Milton* rather alluded to the following lines of *Aristotle's* description of paradise, where speaking of the *dolce aura*, he says,

*E quella à i fiori, à i pomi, e à la verzura,
Gli odor diversi depredando girava,
E di tutti facera una mischura,
Che di suavità à l'alma notriava.*

Orl. Fur. l. 34. f. 51.

“The two first of these lines express the air's stealing of the native perfumes, and the two latter, that vernal delight which they give the mind. Besides, it may be farther observed, that this expression of the air's stealing and dispersing the sweets of flowers, is very common in the best *Italian* poets.” It may be, *Shakespear* took his thought from them himself ; for he was no less conversant in the works of the *Italian* poets than *Milton*,

O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour.

Natural Affection akin to Love.

(2) O, she that hath a heart of that fine frame,
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will the love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath kill'd the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, (3) are all supply'd, and fill'd
Her sweet perfections with one self-same king!

SCENE II. *Description of Sebastian's Escape.*

(4) —I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself
(Courage and hope both teaching him the practice)
To a strong mast, that liv'd upon the sea;
Where, like *Arion* on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves,
So long as I could see.

(2) —*Hic parvæ consuetudinis
Causâ hujus mortem fert tam familiariter:
Quid si ipse amasset? Quid mibi hic facit patri?*

Ter. And. A. r. v. 83.

He, on account of a small acquaintance only, lays her death very much to heart: what, if he had been in love with her? What will he do, when I his father am dead?

(3) *Are all, &c.* This should be read,

—Are all supply'd, and fill'd

Her sweet perfections, with one, &c. —

i. e. when liver, &c. those sovereign thrones are all supplied, and her sweet perfections fill'd with, &c. the verbs belonging to each noun being applicable to all.

(4) *I, &c.* Compare this with a similar passage in the *Tempest*, Act 2. Sc. 1. and another in *Julius Cæsar*, Act 1. Sc. 3. which will serve to shew *Shakespeare's* fertility, and extent of genius on the same subject.

SCENE V. *A beautiful Boy.*

(5) Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet bely thy happy years,
That say, thou art a man; *Diana's* lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill, and sound,
And all is semblative a woman's part.

SCENE IX. *Resolved Love.*

Oliv. —Why, what wou'd you do?

Vif. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;

(5) *Dear lad, &c.* Alas! what kind of grief can thy years know?
Thy brows and cheeks are smooth as waters be,
When no breath troubles them: believe me, boy,
Care seeks out wrinkled brows, and hollow eyes,
And builds himself caves to abide in them.

Philaster, Act 2.

The lady, in *Comus*, speaking of her brothers, says,
Their unrazor'd lips were smooth as *Hebe's*.

When *Comus*, telling her he had seen 'em, goes on most beautifully,
Their port was more than human as they stood,
I took it for a fairy vision,
Or some gay creatures of the element,
That in the colours of the rainbow live,
And play i' th' plighted clouds.

Spenser, describing an angel, B. 2. c. 8. S. 5. speaks of him thus;

Beside his head there sat a fair young man,
Of wondrous beauty and of freshest years,
Whose tender bud to blossom new began,
And flourish fair above his equal peers:
His snowy front curled with golden hairs,
Like *Phæbus* face adorn'd with sunny rays,
Divinely shone; and two sharp winged shears,
Decked with diverse plumes, like painted jays,
Were fixed at his back to cut his airy ways.

The reader, if he thinks proper, may be agreeably amused by comparing this with *Milton's* celebrated description of *Raphael*, B. 5. v. 277.

Write royal cantos of contemned love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Hollow your name to the (6) reverberate hills,
And make the babling gossip of the air
Cry out, *Olivia!* O, you shou'd not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you shou'd pity me.

ACT II. SCENE II.

DISGUISE.

Disguise, I see, thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it, for the proper false
In womens waxen hearts to set their forms?
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we,
For such as we are made, if such we be.

SCENE V. *True Love.*

(7) Come hither, boy; if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it, remember me;
For such as I am, all true lovers are;
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else,
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is below'd.

In Love the Woman shou'd be youngest.

Too old, by heav'n! let still the woman take
An elder than herself, so wears she to him;
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,

More

(6) *Reverberate,*] i. e. Causing it to be driven back again. The adjective passive used adjectively. *Upton.*

(7) See *As you like it*, p. 26, and note.

More longing, wavering, sooner lost (8) and worn,
Than womens are.

SCENE

(8) *And worn,*] I see no reason why we should not read *worn*, which none of the editors have observed. There appears something absurd in this character of the duke, who speaks this speech, that immediately after, (tho' here he owns, womens passions are more strong and true than mens) he should tell us—(speaking of his own love)

There is no woman's sides

Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart: no woman's heart
So big to hold so much: they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be call'd appetite:
No motion of the liver but the palate,
That suffers surfeit, cloyment, and revolt:
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much: make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe *Olivia*.

Then *Viola* takes the lady's part, and observes,

She knows

Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter lov'd a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman
I shou'd your lordship—

Duke. And what's her history?

Vio. A blank, my lord, &c.

Then she goes on with that inimitable speech in the text: after which she adds;

—Was not this love indeed?

Women may say more, swear more; but, indeed,
Our shews are more than will: for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

Tho' this may seem a contradiction and an oversight in the character, to me it rather appears a striking instance of *Shakespeare's* knowledge of human nature: for however we may give advice to others in matters where the heart is nearly concerned, we soon find, when we feel ourselves, things very different to what they appeared in speculation to us.

Facile omnes cum valetis recta consilia aegrotis damus. Ter:

See *Shakespeare's* fine speech on *Counsel of noweight in misery*—*Much Ado about Nothing*, p. 4. *Ovid* assures us, Woman's love is far stronger than man's;

SCENE VI. *Concealed Love.*

* — She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i'th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek; she pin'd in thought;
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Jester.

This fellow is wise enough to play the fool,
And, to do that well, craves a kind of wit;

He

Excuse my passion, if it soar above
Your thought: no man can judge of woman's love.

Hero to Leander.

* Mr. Theobald observes, on the fine image in the text, that it is not impossible but our author might originally have borrowed it from Chaucer, in his *Assembly of Fowles*.

And her befidis wonder discretlie,
Dame I sciencce ysittinge there I fonde,
With face pale upon an bill of sonde.

There cannot, perhaps, be any thing finer than this image of *Shakespear*, nor can concealed passion be better described: however, *Massinger*, in his *Unnatural Combat*, Act 2. Sc. 1. has given us a noble passage expressing conceal'd resentment, which well deserves remarking;

I have sat with him in his cabin a day together,
Yet not a syllable exchang'd between us;
Sigh he did often, as if inward grief,
And melancholy at that instant would
Choke up his vital spirits, and now and then
A tear or two, as in derision of
The roughness of his rugged temper, would
Fall on his hollow cheeks, which but once felt,
A sudden flash of fury did dry up,
And laying then his hand upon his sword,
He'd murmur; but yet so as I oft heard him,
" We shall meet, cruel father, yes, we shall,
" When I'll exact for every womanish drop
" Of sorrow from these eyes, a strict account
" Of much more from thy heart." —

He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of the persons, and the time;
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice
As full of labour as a wise-man's art;
For folly, that he wisely shews, is fit;
But wise-men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

SCENE III. *Unfought Love.*

(9) *Cesario*, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honour, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason's fetter;
Love fought is good; but giv'n, unfought, is better.

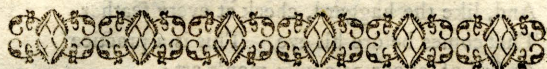
(9) *Cesario*, &c.] This is almost like the pretty invitation in *Virgil's pastorals*;

Huc ades, O formose puer, &c.

Come hither, beauteous boy, behold, the nymphs
To thee fresh lillies in full baskets bring:

For thee, &c. — See *Eclogue the 2d.*





The Two Gentlemen of Verona.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Love commended and disprais'd.

YET writers say, as in the sweetest bud
The eating canker dwells; so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

And writers say, as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker, e'er it blow;
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly, blasting in the bud;
Losing its verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.

SCENE III. *Love froward and dissembling.*

—Maids, in modesty, say No, to that
Which they wou'd have the proff'rer construe, Ay.
Fy, fy; how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kifs the rod!

SCENE

SCENE IV. *The Advantage of Travel.*

—(1) He cannot be a perfect man,
Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world:
Experience is by industry atchiev'd,
And perfected by the swift course of time.

Love compared to an April-Day.

—Oh, how this spring of love resembleth
Th' uncertain glory of an April-day,
Which now shews all the beauty of the sun,
And by and by a cloud takes all away!

ACT II. SCENE I.

A comical Description of a Man in Love.

(2) Marry, by these special marks: first, you have
learned, like Sir *Protheus*, to wreath your arms like a
malecontent; to relish a love-song like a robin-red-
breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence;
to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A, B, C; to
weep, like a young wench that had buried her grand-
dam; to fast like one that takes diet; to watch, like
one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beg-
gar at hollow-mass. You were wont, when you laugh'd,
to crow like a cock; when you walk'd, to walk like
one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently
after dinner; when you look'd sadly, it was for want
of money; and now you are metamorphos'd with a
mistress,

G 4

(1) *He, &c.*] So *Valentine*, in the beginning of the play, speaks
to the advantage of travel.

I rather wou'd intreat thy company
To see the wonders of the world abroad;
Than (living dully sluggardiz'd at home)
Wear out thy youth with *shapeless idleness*.

(2) *Marry, &c.*] See *As you like it*, Act 5. Sc. 3. and n.

mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

SCENE V. *An accomplish'd young Gentleman.*

His years but young, but his experience old;
His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe;
And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
Come all the praises that I now bestow)
He is compleat in feature and in mind,
With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

SCENE VII. *Contempt of Love punish'd.*

(3) I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high, imperious thoughts have punish'd me

With

(3) *I leave, &c.*] Ovid says, in the epistle of *Phædra* to *Hippolytus*,

*Quicquid amor iussit, non est contemnere tutum:
Regnet; & in superos jus habet ille deos.*

'Tis dangerous to contemn the pow'r of love,
He rules o'er all things, and is king above.

Orway.

And the old shepherd, in *Pastor Fido*, observes,
*Vuol una volta amor ne' cuori nostri
Mostrar quant' egli vale.*

Love will be sure, before
We die, to make us all once feel his pow'r.

Fanshawe.

In the *Antigone* of *Sophocles*, the chorus sings thus to the honour of love;

Egus amare maxus, &c.

God of love, whose boundless sway
All created things obey:

You in the yielding fair-ones eye,
Or on her soft and damask cheek,

Lull'd to repose securely lie;

Or o'er the wild waves lightly fly,

Thy vengeance, on such as contemn thee, to wreak.

On downy pinions thro' the air

Bird-like, you cut your pathless way:

The gods themselves you do not spare:

Then how shou'd ever mortal dare

Ev'n hope, that he shall not obey?

All once the pleasing pain must prove,

The fond emotions of distracting love.

With bitter fasts, with penitential groans;
With nightly tears, and daily heart-fore sighs.
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,
Love hath chac'd sleep from my enthralled eyes,
And made them watchers of mine own heart's sorrow:
O gentle *Protheus*, love's a mighty lord;
And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
There is no woe to his correction:
Nor to his service, no such joy on earth;
Now no discourse, except it be of love;
Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep
Upon the very naked name of love.

Love compar'd to a waxen Image.

(4) For my own love is thaw'd,
Which like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,
Bears no impression of the thing it was.

(4) *For, &c.*] Almost the same simile is applied to life departing, in *King John*;

Retaining but a quantity of life,
Which bleeds away, ev'n as a form of wax
Resolveth from its figure 'gainst the fire.

Ovid, in his *Metamorphoses*, uses the same simile;

Sed ut intabescere flavæ

Ignæ levi ceræ, matutinæque pruinae, &c.

As wax against the fire dissolves away—

Or as the morning ice begins to run

And trickle into drops before the sun. &c.

Addison.

So, *Spenser*,

Yet still he wasted, as the snow congeal'd,

When the bright sun his beams thereon doth beat.

B. 3. c. 4. S. 49.

which possibly he borrowed from *Tasso*, *Giern. Liber. 6. 20. S. 136.*

—As against the warmth of *Titan's* fire

Snow-drifts consume on tops of mountains tall.

See Act 3. Sc. 5.

SCENE X. *Opposition in Love increases it.*

Did'st thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou would'st as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire,
But qualify the fire's extream rage,
Lest it shou'd burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou damm'st it up the more it burns.
(5) The current that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage;
But when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with th' enamel'd stones;
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage.
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go and hinder not my course;
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
Till the last step have brought me to my love;
And there I'll rest, as after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

A faithful and constant Lover.

His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate;

His

(5) *The current, &c.*] So, in *Pastor Fido*, *Ergasto* tells *Mirtillo*,
Nothing augments love more than suppressing and confining it,

Mirtillo, amor, &c. Act 1. Sc. 2.

Mirtillo, love's a mighty pain at best,
But more, by how much more it is suppress,
For as hot steeds run faster at the check,
Than if you laid the reins upon their neck,
So love restrain'd augments, and fiercer grows,
In a close prison, than when loose he goes.

Sir R. Fanshawe.

And in a *Fragment of Euripides*, it is observed,
Τοιαυτ' αλυσι νεθεταμενος γ' ερω.

Love rages more, the more it is suppress,

His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart,
His heart as far from fraud, as heav'n from earth.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Gifts prevalent with Women.

(6) Win her with gifts, if she respect not words;
Dumb jewels often in their silent kind,
More than quick words, do move a woman's mind.

SCENE III. *A Lover's Banishment.*

(7) And why not death, rather than living torment?
To die, is to be banished from myself,
And *Silvia* is myself; banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if *Silvia* be not seen?
What joy is joy, if *Silvia* be not by?

Unless

(6) *Win, &c.*] We are told, and that very beautifully, gifts are of no avail, and by no means regarded in true love—*The Winter's Tale*, Act 4. Sc. 7.

(7) See *Romeo and Juliet*, Act 3. Sc. 5. In the 2d Act, and 3d Scene of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Arctite* speaks thus;

Banish'd the kingdom? 'Tis a benefit,
A mercy I must thank 'em for: but banish'd
The free enjoying of that face I die for,
Oh, 'twas a studied punishment; a death
Beyond imagination: such a vengeance,
That were I old and wicked, all my sins
Cou'd never pluck upon me. *Palamon*,
Thou hast the stat now, thou shalt stay and see
Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
And let in life unto thee: thou shalt feed
Upon the sweetness of a noble beauty
That nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall:
Good gods—what happiness has *Palamon*?
Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her,
And if she be as gentle, as she's fair,
I know she's his: he has a tongue will tame
Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come, what
can come,
The worst is death—I will not leave the kingdom;
I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

Unless it be to think that she is by ;
 And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
 Except I be by *Silvia* in the night,
 There is no music in the nightingale ;
 Unless I look on *Silvia* in the day,
 There is no day for me to look upon.

A beautiful Person petitioning (in vain.)

(8) Ay, ay ; and she hath offer'd to the doom,
 (Which unrevers'd stands in effectual force,)
 A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
 Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd,
 With them, upon her knees, her humble self,
 Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became them,
 As if but now they waxed pale for woe.
 But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
 Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears,
 Could penetrate her uncompassionate fire.

H O P E.

(9) Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that ;
 And manage it against despairing thoughts.

SCENE V. *Love compar'd to a Figure on Ice.*

This week impress of love is as a figure
 Trenched in ice, which with an hour's heat
 Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form.

Three Things hated of Women.

The best way is to slander *Valentine*
 With falsehood, cowardice, and poor descent :
 Three things that women highly hold in hate.

(8) *Ay, ay, &c.*] This contradicts that fine passage in *Measure for Measure*, Act 1. Sc. 7.

(9) *Hope,*] See p 48. and n.

The Power of Poetry with Women.

Say that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart ;
 Write till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity :
 For *Orpheus'* lute was strung with poet's finews,
 Whose golden touch cou'd soften steel and stones,
 Make tygers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unfounded deeps, to dance on sands.

The Power of Action.

(10) And at that time I made her weep agood,
 For I did play a lamentable part ;

Madam,

(10) *And, &c.*] The ingenious Mr. *Seward*, one of the late editors of *Beaumont and Fletcher's* works, observes upon these lines of our author " that there is something extremely tender, innocent, and delicate in them, but his authors (*Beaumont and Fletcher*) are far beyond this praise in their allusion to the same story. In the *Maid's Tragedy*, *Aspatia*, forsaken by her lover (like *Julia*, in this play) finds her maid *Antiphila*, working a picture of *Ariadne* : and after several fine reflections upon *Theseus*, says,

But where's the lady ?

Ant. There, madam.

Alp. Fie, you have mis'd it here, *Antiphila* ;
 These colours are not dull and pale enough,
 To shew a soul so full of misery,
 As this sad lady's was : do it by me,
 Do it again by me, the lost *Aspatia*,
 And you shall find all true, but the wild island.
 Suppose, I stand upon the sea-beach now,
 Mine arms thus, and mine hair blown with the wind,
 Wild as that desert and let all about me,
 Tell, that I am forsaken : do my face
 (If thou had'st ever feeling of a sorrow)
 Thus, thus, *Antiphila* : strive to make me look
 Like sorrow's monument : and the trees about me,
 Let them be dry and leafless : let the rocks
 Groan with continual surges, and behind me
 Make all a desolation : see, see, wenches,
 A miserable life of this poor picture.

Whe-

Madam, 'twas *Ariadne*, passioning
For *Theseus*' perjury and unjust flight;

Which

Whoever has seen either the original or print of *Guido's Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, will have the best comment on these lines. In both are the arms extended, the hair blown by the wind, the barren roughness of the rocks, the broken trunks of leafless trees, and in both she looks like *sorrow's monument*. So that exactly, *ut pictura poesis*; and hard it is to say, whether our authors, or *Guido*, painted best." Tho' no one, who reads this description, but must acknowledge it extremely fine, yet I admire the gentleman who quoted it as a passage superior to that in the text, did not consider, they in reality would bear no comparison: *Shakespeare* only just hints at the story of *Theseus* and *Ariadne*, and that not as in picture, but as acted; these authors draw the very picture, and give us all the circumstances of it, which *Shakespeare* never once aims at; wherefore the passages can never with any propriety be compar'd with one another, so as to fix the superiority of either: they are no more than different allusions to the same story; whose merits may both be great, but dissimilar, as *Guido's* would have been had he painted the distressed king *Lear*, and *Garrikk's*, when he represents to us, those distresses.

Mr. *Seaward* reads the 7th line,

And you shall find all true—put m' on th' wild island.

Because, says he, she tells her maid, You'll find all true except the wild island, and instantly she is upon the island. The wild island, therefore, in her imagination, is as true as the rest." But it is plain by the text, *Aspatia* wanted no part to be done over again, except that of the lady: she tells her maid, she has failed in working *Ariadne*, that her colours were not dull and pale enough to express that sad lady's misery, which she bids her do by her mistress, who was the life of that poor picture, and in whom she would find all the distresses of *Ariadne* exactly true, and most really figured, except that part of it, which concerns the wild island where she was left by *Theseus*: *Aspatia*, indeed, was not on such an island, but all her other distresses were like these of *Ariadne*. Suppose that then, says she, imagine me standing on the sea-beach, mine arms extended thus, and my hair blown with the wind, wild as that desert, and all let [loose] about me, tell, [sufficiently and in reality] declare I am forsaken, &c. Mr. *Theobald* alters, *Tell I am forsaken*, to, *Be teachers of my story—let all about me be teachers of my story*: the reader need not, I suppose, be told, how frequently, *let all about—signifies, let loose, disbowel'd*, in *Shakespeare*, and many other dramatic writers. —Mr. *Seaward* proposes to read the last line in the text.

If I in thought feel not her very sorrow.

which, tho' an ingenious criticism, I cannot think quite agreeable to the text. —*Julia* observes, —she acted the part so lively with her

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly; and, would I might be dead!
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

A Lover in Solitude.

(11) How use doth breed a habit in a man!
This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
I better brook than flourishing peopled towns.
Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
And to the nightingale's complaining notes
Tune my distresses, and record my woes.
O, thou, that dost inhabit in my breast,
Leave not the mansion so long tenantless;
Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
And leave no memory of what it was.
Repair me with thy presence, *Silvia*;
Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain.

her tears, that her mistress wept bitterly; nay, she adds, I would I might be dead, if I did not really and truly, (and not in dissimulation only) feel all her sorrow, and actually then suffer her miseries." I cannot think the author would have written—*you'd I might be dead*—if he had written, *If I feel not*. I hope that gentleman, who shews so great candor and good-nature thro' all his criticisms, will excuse my differing from him, and expressing my sentiments so freely; a duty, I think, his authors demand, truth will justify, and good sense approve. Let me conclude this long note with *Ariadne's* own description of herself, in her epistle to *Theseus*;

You cannot see, yet think you saw me now,
Fix'd to some rock, as if I there did grow,
And trembling at the waves which roll below.
Look on my torn and my disorder'd hairs,
Look on my robe wet through with show'rs of tears,
With the cold blasts see my whole body shakes,
And my numm'd hand unequal letters makes.

Ovid's Epistola.

(11) *How doth, &c.* See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 1.

Now my co-mates, &c.

Love

Love unreturn'd.

(12) What dang'rous action, flood it next to death,
 Would I not undergo for one calm look?
 Oh, 'tis the curse in love, and still approv'd,
 When women cannot love, when they're belov'd.

Infidelity in a Friend.

Who should be trusted now, when the right hand
 Is perjur'd to the bosom? *Protheus*,
 I am sorry, I must never trust thee more,
 But count the world a stranger for thy sake.
 The private wound is deepest.

R E P E N T A N C E.

(13) Who by repentance is not satisfy'd,
 Is nor of heav'n, nor earth.

Inconstancy in Man.

Oh heav'n! were man
 But constant, he were perfect: that one error
 Fills him with faults.

(12) *What, &c.*] *Ovid* tells us, love is ever daring and bold to
 undertake any thing.

*Et nihil est quod non effreno captus amore,
 Ausit.* —

What dang'rous action wou'd he not attempt
 Whom love's wild passion rules?

As does *Seneca* in his *Medea*:

*Amor timere neminem verus potest.
 True love can never fear.*

(13) See *Measure for Measure*, Act 2. Sc. 7.

The

*The Winter's Tale.*

ACT I. SCENE II.

Youthful Innocence.

WE were (1), fair queen,
 Two lads, that thought there was no more
 behind,

But such a day to-morrow as to-day,
 And to be boy eternal.

We were as twinn'd lambs, that did frisk i'th sun,
 And bleat the one at th' other: what we chang'd,
 Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
 The doctrine of ill-doing: no, nor dream'd,
 That any did: had we pursu'd that life,
 And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
 With stronger blood, we shou'd have answer'd heav'n
 Boldly, not guilty: (2) the imposition clear'd,
 Hereditary ours.

(1) *We were, &c.*] See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 84.

(2) *The imposition, &c.*] By the imposition hereditary ours, the
 author means original sin, derived to us from our first parents,
 and by their offence entail'd on us: "which clear'd or set aside,
 they had no other crime, so innocent were their lives, to answer
 for; but wou'd have appear'd perfectly guiltless in the eye of
 heaven."

SCENE

SCENE III. *Jealousy.*

Is whispering nothing?
 Is leaning cheek to cheek? is meeting noses?
 Kissing with inside lip? stopping the career
 Of laughter with a sigh? (a note infallible
 Of breaking honesty;) horsing foot on foot?
 Skulking in corners? (3) withing clocks more swift?
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight? and all eyes
 Blind with the pin and web, but theirs; theirs only,
 That would, unseen, be wicked? Is this nothing?
 Why, then the world, and all that's in't, is nothing;
 The covering sky is nothing, *Bobemia* nothing;
 My wife is nothing; nor nothing have these nothings,
 If this be nothing.

King-killing detestable.

—(4) To do this deed

Promotion follows. If I cou'd find example
 Of thousands that had struck anointed kings,
 And flourish'd after, I'd not do't: but since
 Nor brags nor stone nor parchment bears not one,
 Let villainy itself forswear it.

(3) *Withing*, &c.] Mr. Theobald and Warburton both print this passage,

Withing clocks more swift,
 Hours, minutes? the noon, midnight, and all eyes
 Blind, &c.

I think there need nothing be said of the propriety of that in the text, which is from the folio. *Shakespeare* excels prodigiously on the subject of jealousy, whenever he touches upon it; it may be an agreeable amusement to the reader to compare him on this topic, and to find, how every where different, yet excellent he is.

(4) *To*, &c.] We find this sentiment in other parts of our author's writings, as well as in those of his cotemporaries. See *Hamlet*, Act 4. Sc. 6.

ACT

ACT II. SCENE II.

Knowledge sometimes hurtful.

There may be in the cup
 A spider steep'd, and one may drink; depart
 And yet partake no venom; for his knowledge
 Is not infected: but if one present
 Th' abhor'd ingredient to his eye, make known
 How he hath drunk, he cracks his (5) gorge, his sides
 With violent hefts.

SCENE III. *The Silence of Innocence eloquent.*

The silence often of pure innocence
 Persuades, when speaking fails.

SCENE VI. *An Infant to be expos'd.*

Come on, poor babe!
 Some powerful spirits instruct the kites and ravens
 To be thy nurses! wolves and bears, they say,
 (Casting their savageness aside) have done
 Like offices of pity.

ACT III. SCENE II.

INNOCENCE.

Innocence shall make
 False accusation blush, and tyranny
 Tremble at patience.

(5) *Gorge*,] i. e. Throat—from the *French*. *Hests*, is the same as *heavings*. The reader will find a passage similar to this in *Othello*, where that unhappy, deluded man laments his knowledge of his wife's stolen hours of lust; and observes,

He had been happy, if the general camp,
 Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet body
 So he had nothing known, &c.

SCENE

SCENE V. *Despair of Pardon.*

But, O thou tyrant !

Do not repent these things ; for they are heavier
Than all thy woes can stir : therefore betake thee
To nothing but despair. A thousand knees,
Ten thousand years together, naked, fasting,
Upon a barren mountain, and still winter,
In storm perpetual, cou'd not move the gods
To look that way thou wert.

SCENE IV. *An Account of a Ghost's appearing in a Dream.*

(6) I've heard but not believ'd, the spirits of the
dead

May walk again ; if such thing be, thy mother

Appear'd

(6) See *Pastor Fido*, Act 1. Sc. 4. In the third book of *Lucan's Pharsalia*, there is an elegant description of *Pompey's* first wife appearing to him in a dream : her name was *Julia*, *Cæsar's* daughter, after whose death, he married the celebrated *Cornelia*.

At length the weary chieftain sunk to rest,
And creeping slumbers sooth'd his anxious breast.

When, lo ! in that short moment of repose,

His *Julia's* shade, a dreadful vision, rose.

Thro' gaping earth her ghastly head she rear'd,

And by the light of livid flames appear'd :

These civil wars, she cry'd, my peace infect,

And drive me from the mansions of the blest :

Elysium's happy fields no more I know,

Dragg'd to the guilty Stygian shades below :

When thou wert mine, what laurels crown'd thy head !

But thou hast chang'd thy fortune with thy bed :

Death is the dow'r *Cornelia's* love affords,

Ruin still waits upon her potent lords.

But let her partner of thy warfare go,

Let her, by land and sea, thy labours know :

In all thy broken sleeps I will be near,

In all thy dreams sad *Julia* shall appear :

Your loves shall find no moment for delight ;

The day shall all be *Cæsar's*, mine the night.

Not

Appear'd to me last night ; for ne'er was dream
So like a waking. To me comes a creature,
Sometimes her head on one side, some another ;
I never saw a vessel of like sorrow
So fill'd and so becoming ; in pure white robes,
Like very sanctity, she did approach
My cabin where I lay ; thrice bow'd before me,
And (gasping to begin some speech) her eyes
Became two spouts ; the fury spent, anon
Did this break from her. " Good *Antigonus*,
Since fate, against thy better disposition,
Hath made thy person for the thrower-out
Of my poor babe, according to thine oath,
Places remote enough are in *Bohemia* ;
There weep, and leave it crying : and, (7) for the babe
Is counted lost for ever, *Perdita*,
I prythee, call it ; for this ungentle business,
Put on thee by my lord, thou ne'er shalt see
Thy wife *Paulina* more." — And so, with shrieks,
She melted into air. Afflicted much,
I did in time collect myself, and thought
This was so, and no slumber : dreams are toys ;
Yet for this once, yea, superstitiously,
I will be squar'd by this.

Not the dull stream where long oblivions roll,
Cou'd blot thee out, my husband, from my soul :

The pow'rs beneath my constancy approve,

And bid me follow, wherefoe'er you rove :

Amidst the joining battles will I stand,

And still remind thee of thy plighted hand ;

Nor think those sacred ties no more remain,

The sword of war divides the knot in vain,

That very war shall make thee mine again.

The phantom spoke, and gliding from the place,

Deluded her astonish'd lord's embrace.

Rowe.

(7) For, &c.] I believe, I have not before observ'd. *Shakespeare* uses this particle frequently in the sense of *because* : the expression of, *melting into air*, is extremely fine, and used by our author in the *Tempest*, Act 4. Sc. 4.

An Infant expos'd.

—Poor wretch,

That for thy mother's fault art thus expos'd
 To loss, and what may follow, (weep I cannot,
 But my heart bleeds : and most accurs'd am I
 To be by oath enjoin'd to this.) Farewel!
 The day frowns more and more, thou art like to have
 A lullaby too rough.

SCENE VII. *Description of a Wreck by a Clown.*

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

(7) *I wou'd, &c.*] *Shakespeare* seems to have had that fine description of a storm at sea in his eye, which we find in the cxxxviii Psalm, ver. 25. For at his word the stormy wind ariseth, which lifteth up the waves thereof. They are carried up to the heaven, and down again to the deep : their soul melteth away because of the trouble. They reel too and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. So when they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, he delivereth them out of their distress. For he maketh the storm to cease, so that the waves thereof are still, &c.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE V.

A Garland for old Men.

—Reverend sirs,

For you there's rosemary and rue, these keep
 Seeming and favour all the winter long :
 Grace and remembrance be unto you both,
 And welcome to our shearing.

Nature and Art.

Per. Sir, the year groweth antient,
 Not yet on summer's death, nor on the birth
 Of trembling winter ; the fairest flowers o'th' season
 Are our carnations, and streak'd gilly-flowers,
 Which some call nature's bastards : of that kind
 Our rustic garden's barren, and I care not
 To get slips of them.

Pol. Wherefore, gentle maiden
 Do you neglect them ?

Per. For I have heard it said,
 There is an art, which in their piedness shares
 With great creating nature.

Pol. Say there be ;
 Yet nature is made better by no mean,
 But nature makes that mean : so, over that art,
 Which, you say, adds to nature, is an art
 That nature makes ; you see, sweet maid, we marry
 A gentle scyon to the wildest stock ;
 And make conceive a bark of baser kind
 By bud of nobler race. This is an art,
 Which does mend nature, change it rather ; but
 The art itself is nature.

A Garland for middle-aged Men.

I'll not put
 The dibble in earth, to set one slip of them ;
 No more than, were I painted, I wou'd wish
 This youth shou'd say, 'twere well ; and only therefore
 Desire to breed by me—There's flowers for you ;
 Hot lavender, mint, savoury, marjoram,
 The marygold, that goes to bed with th' sun,
 And with him rises, weeping : these are flowers
 Of middle summer, and, I think, they are given
 To men of middle age.

A Garland for young Men.

Cam. I shou'd leave grazing, were I of your flock,
 And only live by gazing.

Perdita. Out, alas !
 You'd be so lean, that blasts of January
 Wou'd blow you through and through ; now, my fair-
 est friend,
 I wou'd I had some flowers o'th spring, that might
 Become your time of day ; and yours, and yours,
 That wear upon your virgin-branches yet
 Your maidenheads growing : (8) *O, Proserpina,*

For

(8) *O, Proserpina, &c.*] Milton strews the hearse of his *Lycidas*
 with beautiful vernal flowers, not unlike those the pretty *Perdita*
 wishes for the garland of her lover.

—Purple all the ground with vernal flowers :
 Bring the rathe primrose, that forsaken dies,
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
 The white pink, and the pansie streakt with jet,
 The glowing violet,
 The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
 And every flow'r that sad embroidery wears ;
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffadillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureat herse where *Lycid* lies.

The reader will find a pretty passage, worth comparing with this
 of *Shakespeare*, in *As you like it*, p. 13, the note.

For the flow'rs now, that, frighted, thou let'st fall
 From Dis's waggon ! Daffadils,
 That come, before the swallow dares, and take
 The winds of March with beauty ; violets dim,
 But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
 Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
 That die unmarried, e'er they can behold
 Bright Phœbus in his strength : (a malady
 Most incident to maids ;) gold oxlips, and
 The crown imperial ; lillies of all kinds,
 The flower-de-lis being one. O, these I lack
 To make you garlands of, and, my sweet friend,
 To strow him o'er and o'er.

A Lover's Commendation.

(9) What you do,
 Still betters what is done ; when you speak, (sweet)
 I'd have you do it ever ; when you sing,
 I'd have you buy and sell so ; so, give alms ;
 Pray, so ; and for the ord'ring your affairs,
 'To sing them too. When you do dance, I wish you

(9) *What, &c.*] So, a little further, one of the company says,
 This is the prettiest low-born lass, that ever
 Ran on the green-sod : nothing she does or seems,
 But smacks of something greater than herself,
 Too noble for this place.

And when it is said afterwards, *She dances featly*—— the old
 shepherd adds, *So she does any thing.*

Ovid, that great master of love, well assured of the truth of
 this, that every thing, done by the person we love, is agreeable ;
 thus makes his *Sappho* complain in her epistle to *Phaon* ;

My music then you cou'd for ever hear,
 And all my words were music to your ear :
 You stopp'd with kisses my enchanting tongue,
 And found my kisses sweeter than my song :
 In all I pleas'd, but most in what was best,
 And the last joy was dearer than the rest :
 Then with each glance, each word, each motion fir'd,
 You still enjoy'd, and yet you still desir'd,

Pope.

A wave o'th sea, that you might ever do
 Nothing but that; move still, still so,
 And own no other function—each your doing,
 So singular in each particular,
 Crowns what you're doing in the present deeds,
 That all your acts are queens.

True Love.

He says, he loves my daughter;
 I think so too: for never gaz'd the moon
 Upon the water, as he'll stand, and read
 As 'twere, my daughter's eyes: and to be plain,
 I think there is not half a kifs to chuse
 Who loves another best.

SCENE VII. *Presents little regarded by real Lovers.*

Pol. —How now, fair Shepherd?
 Your heart is full of something, that doth take
 Your mind from feasting. Sooth! when I was young,
 And handed love as you do, I was wont
 To load my she with knacks: I wou'd have ranfack'd
 The pedlar's filken treasury, and have pour'd it
 To her acceptance: you have let him go
 And nothing marted with him. If your last
 Interpretation shou'd abuse, and call this
 Your lack of love or bounty, you were straited
 For a reply, at least if you make care
 Of happy holding her.

Fls. Old Sir, I know,
 She prizes not such trifles as these are;
 The gifts she looks from me are packt and lockt
 Up in my heart, which I have given already,
 But not deliver'd. O, hear me breathe my love

Before

Before this ancient Sir, who, it shou'd seem,
 Hath sometime lov'd: I take thy hand; (10) this hand
 As soft as doves-down, and as white as it,
 Or Ethiopian's tooth, or the fann'd snow
 That's bolted by the northern blast twice o'er.

A Father the best Guest at his Son's Nuptials.

* Methinks a father
 Is at the nuptial of his son, a guest,
 That best becomes the table: pray you once more,
 Is not your father grown incapable
 Of reasonable affairs? Is he not stupid
 With age and alt'ring rheums? Can he speak, hear,
 Know man from man, dispute his own estate,
 Lies he not bed-rid, and again does nothing,
 But what he did, being childish?

Flor. No; he has health, and ampler strength indeed,
 Than most have of his age.

Pol. By my white beard,
 You offer him, if this be so, a wrong
 Something unfilial: reason, my son
 Shou'd chuse himself a wife: but as good reason,
 The father (all whose joy is nothing else,
 But fair posterity) shou'd hold some counsel
 In such a business.

SCENE VIII. *Rural Simplicity.*

I was not much afraid; for once or twice
 I was about to speak, and tell him plainly,

H 2

The

(10) *Thy hand, &c.*] So, *Troilus* speaking of the hand of *Cressida*, says;

O, that her hand,
 In whose comparison all whites are ink,
 Writing their own reproach, to whose soft seizure
 The cygnet's down is harsh.

* See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, p. 73.

148 The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.

(11) The self-same fun, that shines upon his court,
Hides not his visage from our cottage, but

* Looks on alike.—

SCENE IX. Prosperity the Bond, Affliction the
Loofer of Love.

(12) Prosperity's the very bond of love,
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Wonder, (proceeding from sudden Joy.)

There was speech in their dumbness, language in
their very gesture ; they look'd as they had heard of a
world ransom'd, or one destroyed : a notable passion
of wonder appeared in them ; but the wisest beholder,
that knew no more but seeing, could not say if the
importance were joy or sorrow ; but in the extremity
of the one, it must needs be.

(11) *The, &c.*] This is plainly taken from St *Matthew*, ch. v.
ver. 45. He maketh his sun to rise on the evil and the good, and
sendeth rain on the just and unjust. And *Horace*, speaking of
death, has the same thought ;

Intruding death with equal freedom greets

The low-built hut, and stately gates

Of lofty palaces and royal seats.

Ode 4. B. 1.

* *Looks on alike*, i. e. looks alike on the court and cottage.

(12) *Prosperity, &c.*] *Perdita*, in the following speech, denies
this,

One of these is true :

I think affliction may subdue the cheek,

But not take in the mind.

And *Ovid* says,

Nam cum præsteris verum mihi semper amorem,

Hic tamen adverso tempore crevit amor.

True love to me indeed you ever bore,

But in adversity still lov'd me more.

SCENE VII. A Statue.

What was he, that did make it ? See, my lord,
Wou'd you not deem it breath'd, and that those veins
Did verily bear blood ?

Matterly done !

The very life seems warm upon her lip.

(13) The fixture of her eye has motion in't,

As we were mock'd with art.

—Still methinks

There is an air comes from her. What fine chizzel
Cou'd ever yet cut breath ?—Let no man mock me ;
For I will kiss her.

H 3

Widows

(13) *The fixture, &c.*] The meaning is, though the eye be
fixed, (as the eye of a statue always is,) yet it seems to have mo-
tion in it, that tremulous motion which is perceptible in the eye
of a living person, how much soever one endeavours to fix it. *Ed-wards*. There is an additional beauty in the expression, from the
seeming statue being really a living person : *Ovid* has some lines on
the statue made by *Pygmalion*, which, tho' rather too *Ovidian*,
have very great beauty in them ;

Interea niveum mira feliciter arte, &c.

Metam. lib. 10.

He carv'd in ivory such a maid, so fair.

As nature cou'd not with his art compare,

Were she to work : —

Pleas'd with his idol, he commends, admires,

Adores : and last, the thing ador'd desires :

A very virgin in her face was seen,

And had the mov'd a living maid had been ;

One wou'd have thought the cou'd have stirr'd, but strove

With modesty, and was asham'd to move.

Art, hid with art, so well perform'd the cheat,

It caught the carver with his own deceit :

The flesh, or what so seems, he touches oft,

Which feels so smooth, that he believes it soft, &c.

See *Dryden's Translation*.

Virgil has a fine expression to denote the excellency of sculpture ;

Excudent alii spirantia mollius æra,

Credo equidem---vivos ducent de marmore vultus.

Æn. 6.

The word *spirantia* expresses the very breathing.

Widow compar'd to a Turtle.

(14) I, and old turtle,

Will wing me to some wither'd bough, and there
My mate, that's never to be found again,
Lament till I am lost.

(14) *I, and old turtle, &c.]* *Spenser*, in his sweet sonnets, has a simile a good deal like this, and which, in my opinion, is not inferior to it;

Like as the culver on the bared bough

Sits mourning for the absence of her mate:

And in her songs sends many a wishful vow

For his return that seems to linger late;

So I alone, now left disconsolate,

Mourn to myself the absence of my love;

And wand'ring here and there all desolate,

Seek with my plaints to match that mournful dove.



Antony

*Antony and Cleopatra.*

ACT I. SCENE I.

Love, the Nobleness of Life.

LET (1) Rome in Tyber melt, and the wide arch
Of the rais'd empire fall; here is my space,
Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life
Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair, [*embracing.*
And such a twain can do't; in which I bind,
On pain of punishment, the world to weet
We stand up peerless.

SCENE V. *Antony's Vices and Virtues.**Lep.* (2) I must not think

They're evils enough to darken all his goodness;

H 4

His

(1) *Let, &c.]* It is remark'd by *Plutarch*, of *Antony*, that his language and manner of speaking was like his temper, turgid and ambitious; and that he affected the *Asiatic* manner, which was so: *Shakespeare*, we find, not only from the style of the present, but many other of *Antony's* speeches, was no stranger to this, which is an additional proof of his learning: as well as his inimitable excellence in keeping up the truth of his characters.

(2) *I must, &c.]* The judicious reader will be much pleas'd to find the vices and virtues of *Antony* so justly set forth, so agreeable to all the accounts we have of his character in history: doubtless no small knowledge in antiquity was necessary for so exact a conformity to the characters of the antients. It is surprising, the *Oxford* editor should read the third line in the text,

As the spots of ermine,

Or fires by night's blackness,

when the image is so apt and beautiful as it now stands, and almost incapable of being misunderstood.

His faults in him seem, as the spots of heav'n,
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary,
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change,
Than what he chuses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant, it is not
Amis'd to tumble on the bed of Ptolomy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit
And keep the turn of tipling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the buffet
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this becomes
him;

(As his composure must be rare indeed,
Whom these things cannot blemish,) yet must Antony
No way excuse his foils, when we do bear
So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness;
Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones,
Call on him for't; but to confound such time,
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as loud
As his own state and ours; 'tis to be chid:
As we rate boys, who (3) being mature in knowledge,
Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Antony,
Leave thy lascivious wassals. When thou once
Wert beaten from Mutina, where thou slew'st
Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,

(Though

(3) *Being mature*] The *Oxford* editor reads, who *immature* in knowledge, to which Mr. Warburton agrees, and admits the alteration: I cannot be quite satisfied with the criticism, but apprehend there is much more propriety in the words as they now stand, than as the *Oxford* editor would read them. For, if the boys were *immature in knowledge* (or, had not any knowledge) they could not pawn their *experience* to their present pleasure, nor rebel to *judgment*: whereas, if they were *mature in knowledge*, all that follows is very just: but I leave it to the candid reader.

(Though daintily brought up,) with patience more
Than savages could suffer. Thou did'st drink
The stale of horses, and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at. Thy palate then did
deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge,
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou brows'd'st. On the Alps,
It is reported thou did'st eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this,
(It wounds thine honour that I speak it now,)
Was borne so like a foldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

SCENE VI. Cleopatra on the Absence of Antony.

(4) Oh, Charmian!
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? Or is he on his horse?
Oh happy horse to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou, whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And (5) burgonet of man. He's speaking now,
Or

(4) *Oh, &c.*] Nothing can be more natural than this sollicitude of Cleopatra, so peculiar to lovers: in *Philaster*, Act 3. the lady says;

I marvel, my boy comes not back again;
But that I know my love will question him,
Over and over: how I slept, wak'd, talk'd;
How I remember'd him, when his dear name
Was last spoke, and how, when I sigh'd, wept, sung,
And ten thousand such: I shou'd be angry at his stay.

(5) *Burgonet*] i. e. A steel cap, worn for the defence of the head in battle. The ingenious Mr. Seward remarks, on the next lines—"That the editors, who distinguish Antony's speech either by *italicks* or comma's, make him only say, "Where's my serpent of old Nile?" The rest is Cleopatra's own. But surely it is a strange compliment only to call her a *serpent of Nile*. And why then does she mention it as a wonder, that he should say such rap-

Or murmuring, "where's my serpent of old Nile?"
 (For so he calls me;) now I feed myself
 With most delicious poison; think on me
 That am with Phoebus' amorous pinches black,
 And wrinkled deep in time? Bald-fronted Cæsar,
 When thou wast here above the ground, I was
 A morsel for a monarch; and great Pompey
 Would stand and make his eyes grow in my brow;
 There

turous things of her in her decline of life? No; *Antony's* speech
 should be continued, as the metaphor is,

Where's my serpent of old Nile?

—Now I feed myself

With most delicious poison.

Both parts belong to him, and then he goes on; "Think, says she, that he utters such raptures as these of me, tho' wrinkled deep in time." But, I think, she seems not to imagine any such raptures: all she dwells upon is, her *Antony's* thinking and speaking of her, by that fond expression, which however uncouth a compliment it may appear to us, we are to suppose, was a common one between them, and used by *Antony* in the midst of their freedom and rapture: "He's speaking now, says she, of me, or murmuring out his usual fond appellation of me, wishing to know where his serpent of old Nile is—(for so [apologizing for the oddness of it] my *Antony* calls me:) recollecting herself, she goes on: now, indeed, I do feed myself with most delicious poison: think of me, that am thus swarthy and thus wrinkled, to be so kindly remember'd by this arm and burget of man." Mr. *Seward* has made an alteration in a following line, which I have admitted into the text: it is commonly read,

Broad-fronted Cæsar—

"Is there, says he, the least ground from medals, statues, or history, for such a description of him. No; but the very reverse. Look on his medals, and particularly the fine bronze at Dr. *Mead's*, and you'll find that he has a remarkably sharp forehead. But there is a peculiarity in *Cæsar's* forehead, mentioned by all his historians, and confirmed by medals and statues. He was bald, and boasted, that he would cover his temples with laurels instead of hair; and for that purpose, after he was dictator, constantly wore his laurel crown. I read therefore,

Bald-fronted Cæsar;

It is perfectly in character for *Cleopatra* to mention a blemish in *Cæsar*; for she a little below shews a contempt for his memory, in comparison of her *Antony*. See *Beaumont and Fletcher's Works*,—Preface, p. 66.

There would he anchor his aspect, and die
 With looking on his life.

ACT II. SCENE I.

The Vanity of human Wishes.

(6) We, ignorant of ourselves,
 Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
 Deny us for our good; so find we profit
 By losing of our prayers.

(6) *We, &c.* Mr. *Theobald* has well observed, that if this be not an imitation of the following incomparable lines of *Juvenal*, they breathe so much of the same spirit and energy, as if the soul of the *Roman* satyrist had been transfus'd into our poet. In the beginning of the satyr (the 10th) the poet observes;

Look round the habitable world, how few
 Know their own good, or knowing it, pursue.
 How void of reason are our hopes and fears!
 What in the conduct of our life appears
 So well design'd, so luckily begun,
 But, when we've got our wish, we wish undone!
 Whole houses of their whole desires possess,
 Are often ruin'd at their own request.
 In wars and peace, things hurtful we require,
 When made obnoxious to our own desire.
 With laurels some have fatally been crown'd;
 Some who the depths of eloquence have found,
 In that un-navigable stream were drown'd. &c.

And towards the end, he advises thus:

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above,
 Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
 What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
 In goodness as in greatness they excel;
 Ah, that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!
 We blindly by our headstrong passions led,
 Are hot for action, and desire to wed;
 Then wish for heirs: but to the gods alone
 Our future offspring, and our wives are known,
 Th'audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

I have taken this from Mr. *Dryden's* translation, tho' we have a much nobler by the excellent author of the *Rambler*, which I have not been able to procure.

SCENE III. *Description of Cleopatra's sailing down the Cydnus.*

(7) The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burnt on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfum'd, that
The winds were love-sick with them: th' oars were
silver,

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made
The water which they beat, to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion, cloth of gold, of tiffue,
(8) O'er-picturing that Venus, where we see

The

(7) *The barge, &c.*] As *Dryden* plainly enter'd the lists with *Shakespeare*, in describing this magnificent appearance of *Cleopatra*, it is but just the descriptions should appear together, that the reader may decide the victory. Partiality, perhaps, may incline me to think *Shakespeare's* much the greatest; tho' I am greatly pleas'd in hearing it from *Antony's* own mouth, in *Dryden's* play.

Her gally down the silver *Cydnus* row'd,
The tackling silk, the streamers wav'd with gold,
The gentle winds were lodg'd in purple sails,
Her nymphs like *Nereids* round her couch were plac'd,
Where she, another sea-born *Venus* lay.
She lay, and leant her cheek upon her hand,
And cast a look so languishingly sweet,
As if secure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting she cou'd take 'em. Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted wings, the winds
That play'd about her face; but if she smil'd,
A darting glory seem'd to blaze abroad,
That mens desiring eyes were never weary'd,
But hung upon the object. To soft flutes
The silver oars kept time; and while they play'd,
The hearing gave new pleasure to the sight,
And both to thought: 'twas heav'n (or somewhat more)
For she so charm'd all hearts, that gazing crowds
Stood panting on the shore, and wanted breath
To give their welcome voice.

(8) *O'er-picturing, &c.*] "The poet, says Mr. *Theobald*, seems here to be alluding to that fine picture of *Venus*, done by *Apelles*;
the

The fancy out-work nature. On each side her
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling *Cupids*,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks, which they did cool,
And what they undid, did.

Ag. Oh rare for *Antony*.

Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the *Nereids*,
So many Mermaids, tended her i'th'eyes,
And made their bends adorings*. At the helm,
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackles
Swell with the touches of those flow'r-soft hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her; and *Antony*
Enthron'd i'th' market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to th' air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on *Cleopatra* too,
And made a gap in nature.

Cleopatra's infinite Power in pleasing.

(9) Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety: other women cloy

The

the beauty and limbs of which, it is said, he copied from *Campaspe*, his beloved mistress, whom he received at the hands of *Alexander the Great*. This celebrated piece of his was called, *Ἀφροδίτην ἀναδυσσάμενη*, *Venus rising out of the sea*: to which, *Ovid* has paid so fine a compliment in his 3d book on the *Art of Love*.

*Si Venerem Cous nunquam posuisset Apelles,
Merfa sub æquoreis illa lateret aquis.*

If fam'd *Apelles* had not painted thee,
Venus, thou ne'er had'st risen from the sea.

The reader, for a larger account of this matter, may consult *Pliny's* Natural History, L. 35. c. 10.

* Adorings. *Warb. vulg.* Adornings.

(9) *Age, &c.*] So, in *Dryden's* play, *Antony* speaks to *Cleopatra* of her uncloying charms;

How

The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry,
Where most she satisfies. For vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her, when she is riggish.

SCENE V. *The unfetted Humour of Lovers.*

Enter Cleopatra, Charmian, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. (10) Give me some musick: musick, moody
food

Of us that trade in love.

Omnes.

How I lov'd,

Witness ye days and nights and all ye hours,
That danc'd away with down upon your feet,
As all your business were to count my passion:
One day pass'd by, and nothing saw but love:
Another came and still 'twas only love:
The furs were weary'd out with looking on,
And I untir'd with loving.
I saw you ev'ry day, and all the day;
And ev'ry day was still but as the first;
So eager was I still to see you more.

Act 3.

(10) *Give me, &c.* Nothing can be more natural than this uneasy fluctuation of mind so peculiar to people deprived of the object which alone can please them, and without whom nothing can please. I know not of a more beautiful instance than in the first Act of that fine play of *Euripides*, *Hippolitus*, towards the latter end of the act: which Mr. Smith has well copied (I might rather have said, translated) in his *Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, an excellent play, tho' greatly inferior in many material circumstances, and particularly the character of *Phædra*, to the *Greek*. In our *English* play, *Phædra*, on her entrance, begins;

Stay, virgins, stay, I'll rest my weary steps:

My strength forfakes me, &c.

Why blaze these jewels round my wretched head?

Why all this labour'd elegance of dress?

Why flow these wanton curls in artful rings?

Take, snatch them hence, &c.

Oh, my *Lycon*,

Oh, how I long to lay my weary head

On tender flow'ry beds and springing grass!

To stretch my limbs beneath the spreading shades

Of venerable oaks! to slake my thirst,

With the cool nectar of refreshing springs!

Lycon. I'll soothe her phrenzy; come, *Phædra*, let's away,
Let's to the woods and lawns, and limpid streams.

Phæd.

Omnes. The musick, ho!

Enter Mardian the Eunuch.

Cleo. Let it alone, let's to billiards: come Charmian,

Char. My arm is sore, best play with Mardian.

Cleo. As well a woman with an eunuch play'd,
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me, sir?

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is shew'd, tho't come too
short,

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.

Give me mine angle, we'll to the river, there

My musick playing, far off I will betray

Tawny-finn'd fishes, my bended hook shall pierce

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,

I'll think them every one an Antony,

And say, ah, ha! you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry; when

You wager'd on your angling, when your diver

Did hang a salt fish on his hook, which he

With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time!—Oh, times!—

I laugh him out of patience, and that night

I laugh him into patience; and next morn,

E'er the ninth hour I drunk him to his bed:

Then

Phæd. Come, let's away, and thou most bright *Diana*,

Goddess of woods, immortal, chaste *Diana*,

Goddess presiding o'er the rapid race,

Place me, oh, place me in the dusty ring,

Where youthful charioteer's contend for glory;

See how they mount and shake the flowing reins!

See, from the goal the fiery couriers bound!

Now they strain panting up the steepy hill,

Now sweep along its top, now neigh along its vale;

How the car rattles! how its kindling wheels

Smoak in the whirl! The circling sand ascends,

And in the noble dust the chariot's lost.

Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword (11) Philippan.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Ambition, jealous of a too successful Friend.

(12) Oh Silius, Silius,
I have done enough. A lower place, note well,
May make too great an act. For learn this, Silius,
Better to leave undone, than by our deed
Acquire too high a fame, when he, we serve's away.

SCENE V. Octavia's Entrance, what it should
have been.

Why hast thou stol'n upon us thus? You came not
Like Cæsar's sister; the wife of Antony
Should have an army for an usher, and
The neighs of horse to tell of her approach,
Long e'er she did appear. The trees by th' way
Should have borne men, and expectation fainted,
Longing for what it had not. Nay, the dust
Should have ascended to the roof of heav'n,
Rais'd by your populous troops: but you are come

A

(11) *Philippan.*] This word, we are to suppose, was so called from the great actions it achieved in the hands of its heroic master at *Philippi*; the fairest field of his fame, and of which he seems to have been most proud. *Antony* too plumed himself on his descent from *Hercules*; so that this imitation of his ancestor was the more agreeable to him, who submitted to the like treatment from *Omphale*, whose tires and mantles the great *Alcides* put on, and plied her distaff, while she wielded his club, and deck'd herself in his trophies.

(12) *Ob, &c.*] This is spoken by *Ventidius*, who bears a very considerable share in Mr. *Dryden's* tragedy: but it seems to me, that great man has misrepresented him, and instead of giving us the brave, old, honest, veteran *Roman*, hath given us a furly, rigid buffoon: unlike that *Ventidius*, we so greatly admire in his true character. *Plutarch*, as Mr. *Theobald* has observed, particularly takes notice, that *Ventidius* was careful to act only on lieutenantancy, and cautious of aiming at any glory, in his own name and person.

A market-maid to Rome, and have prevented
The ostent of our love; which left unshewn,
Is often left unlov'd; we should have met you
By sea, and land, supplying every stage
With an augmented greeting.

WOMEN.

Women are not
In their best fortunes strong; but want will perjure
The ne'er touch'd vestal.

SCENE IX. *Fortune forms our Judgment.*

I see, mens judgments are
A parcel of their fortunes, and things outward
Do draw the inward quality after them,
To suffer all alike.

LOYALTY.

(13) Mine honesty, and I, begin to square;
The loyalty well held, to fools does make
Our faith meer folly; yet he that can endure
To follow with allegiance a fall'n lord,
Does conquer him that did his master conquer,
And earns a place i'th' story.

Wisdom superior to Fortune.

Wisdom and fortune, combating together,
If that the former dare but what it can,
No chance may shake it.

(13) *Mine, &c.*] After *Enobarbus* has said, that his honesty and he begin to quarrel, (*i. e.* that his reason shews him to be mistaken in his firm adherence to *Antony*) he immediately falls into this generous reflection: "Tho' loyalty stubbornly preserv'd to a master in his declin'd fortunes, seems folly in the eyes of fools; (*i. e.* men who have not honour enough to think more wisely;) yet he, who can be so obstinately loyal, will make as great a figure on record, as the conqueror." *Theobald*.

SCENE

SCENE X. *Vicious Persons infatuated by Heaven.*

Cleo. Good my lord,
When we in our viciousness grow hard,
Oh, misery on't! the wise gods seal our eyes
In our own filth, drop our clear judgments, make us
Adore our errors, laugh at's while we strut
To our confusion.

Fury expels Fear.

Now he'll outface the lightning; to be furious
Is to be frightened out of fear, and, in that mood,
The dove will peck the estridge; I see still,
A diminution in our captain's brain
Restores his heart; when valour preys on reason,
It eats the swords it fights with.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

A Master taking leave of his Servants.

Tend me to-night;
May be, it is the period of your duty;
Haply you shall not see me more, or if,—
A mangled shadow. It may chance to-morrow,
You'll serve another master. I look on you,
As one that takes his leave. Mine honest friends,
I turn you not away; but like a master,
Married to your good service, stay till death:
Tend me to-night two hours, I ask no more,
And the gods yield you for't.

SCENE III. *Early Rising the Way to Eminence.*

This morning, like the spirit of a youth
That means to be of note, begins betimes.

SCENE

SCENE VI. *Antony to Cleopatra, at his Return with Victory.*

O, thou day o'th' world,
(14) Chain mine arm'd neck, leap thou, attire and all,
Through proof of harness to my heart, and there
Ride on the pants triumphing.

SCENE VII. *Loath'd Life.*

(15) Oh, sovereign mistress of true melancholy,
The poisonous damp of night dispunge upon me,
That life, a very rebel to my will,
May hang no longer on me.

(14) *Chain, &c.*] *i. e.* Entwine me, armed as I am, in thy embraces. A chain, Mr. Edwards adds, *Can. of Crit.* p. 123. a gallant man would prefer before any gold one. He observes too, on the last line in the speech, (wherein Mr. Warburton tells us) *Shakespeare* alludes "to an admiral ship on the billows after a storm". Why should it be, *triumphing* like an admiral ship on the billows after a storm? I thought victories gained, not storms escaped, had been the matter of triumphs; and I suppose, other ships dance on the billows just after the same manner as the admiral's does.

(15) *Oh, &c.*] *Enobarbus*, here, beautifully calls the *moon*, the sovereign mistress of true melancholy, and betrays a generous concern for his ingratitude. *Bellario*, in *Philaster*, Act 4. makes this affecting and melancholy speech;

A heaviness near death fits on my brow,
And I must sleep: bear me thou gentle bank
For ever, if thou wilt; you sweet ones all,
Let me unworthy press you: I could wish,
I rather were a corse, strew'd o'er with you,
Than quick above you: dulness shuts mine eyes,
And I am giddy: Oh, that I could take
So sound a sleep, that I might never wake!

The dependency of both is beautiful: but the poet's art is admirable, in so well suiting the sentiments: the despair of one proceeding from guilt; the other from injur'd innocence,

SCENE

SCENE IX. *Antony's Despondency.*

(16) Oh sun, thy uprise shall I see no more ;
 Fortune and Antony part here, even here
 Do we shake hands—All come to this!—The hearts
 That pannel'd me at heels, to whom I gave
 Their wishes, do discandy, melt their sweets
 On blossoming Cæsar ; and this pine is bark'd,
 That over-topt them all.

Departing Greatness.

The soul and body rive not more in parting,
 Than greatness going off.

SCENE X. *Antony, on his faded Glory.*

Ant. Sometime, we see a cloud that's dragonish ;
 A vapour sometime, like a bear, or lion,

A

(16) *Oh, sun, &c.]* So, *Ajax*, just before he kills himself, addresses himself to the sun,

Zēō q̄aewns, &c.

Bright day-light, and thou glory of the world,
 Oh sun---to thee now last I send my voice,
 Now last I call---and hence am heard no more.

The word *pannell'd*, in the text, hath greatly disturb'd the critics ; some altering it to *pantler'd*, others to *pag'd*, *spaniel'd*, and the like : but Mr. *Upton's* last criticism seems most just---“ Who, says he, is so unacquainted with our author as to be ignorant of his vague and licentious use of metaphors : his sporting, as it were, with the meaning of words ?---The allusion here, licentious as it is, is to the *pannel* of a waincot. But hear ye the poet himself in *As you like it*, Act 3. *Fag.* This fellow will but join you together, as they join waincot.” So that by, *the hearts that pannel'd me at heels*, he means, *the hearts that join'd me, united themselves to me, &c.* This might have been lengthened into a simile, but he chuses to express it more closely by a metaphor. *Upton's* Observations on *Shakespeare*, p. 200. n. 3. I would always prefer that criticism, which retains the original word, if it gives a tolerable sense. Tho' the line

Do discandy, melt their sweets, &c.

is very good sense, I think, it would be better, if we read, *do discandying* melt their sweets. The reasons are obvious.

A tower'd citadel, a pendant rock,
 A forked mountain, or blue promontory,
 With trees upon't, that nod unto the world,
 And mock our eyes with air. Thou hast seen these
 signs,

They are black vesper's pageants.

Eros. Ay, my lord.

Ant. That which is now a horse, even with a thought
 The rack dissimms, and makes it indistinct
 As water is in water.

Eros. It does, my lord.

Ant. My good knave, Eros, now thy captain is
 Even such a body ; here I'm Antony,
 Yet cannot hold this visible shape, my knave.
 I made these wars for Ægypt, and the queen,
 Whose heart I thought I had, for she had mine ;
 (Which whilst it was mine, had annex't unto it
 A million more, now lost ;) she, Eros, has
 Packt cards with Cæsar, and false plaid my glory
 Unto an enemy's triumph.
 Nay, weep not, gentle Eros, there is left us
 Ourselves to end ourselves.

Description of Cleopatra's (supposed) Death.

Death of one person can be paid but once,
 And that she has discharg'd. What thou would'st do,
 Is done unto thy hand ; the last she spake
 Was Antony ! most noble Antony !
 Then in the midst a tearing groan did break
 The name of Antony ; it was divided
 Between her heart and lips ; she rendred life,
 Thy name so buried in her.

SCENE

SCENE XII. *Cleopatra on the Death of Antony.*

It were for me
 To throw my scepter at th' injurious gods,
 To tell them that this world did equal theirs,
 Till they had stol'n our jewel. All's but nought :
 Patience is fottish, and impatience does
 Become a dog that's mad : then is it sin,
 To rush into the secret house of death,
 E'er death dare come to us ? How do ye, women ?
 What, what good cheer ? Why, how now, Charmian ?
 My noble girls ?—Ah, women, women ! Look,
 Our lamp is spent, it's out — Good firs, take heart,
 We'll bury him : and then what's brave, what's noble,
 Let's do it after the high Roman fashion,
 And make death proud to take us. Come, away,
 This case of that huge spirit now is cold.

ACT V. SCENE II.

DEATH.

My desolation does begin to make
 A better life ; 'tis paltry to be Cæsar :
 Not being fortune, he's but fortune's knave,
 A minister of her will ; and it is great,
 To do that thing that ends all other deeds,
 (17) Which shackles accidents, and bolts up change ;
 Which

(17) *Which sleeps, &c.*] Mr. Seward, in a note on the *False One*, observes ; “ When we speak in contempt of any thing, we generally resolve it into its first principles : thus, man is dust and ashes, and the food we eat, the dung, by which first our vegetable, and from thence our animal food is nourish'd. This sentiment has, in *Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra*, escaped the observation of two that deservedly bear the first names in criticism, Sir Thomas Hanmer and Mr. Warburton. *Cleopatra*, finding she can no longer riot in the pleasures of life, with the usual workings of a disappointed pride,

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung,
 The beggar's nurse, and Cæsar's.

SCENE III. *Cleopatra's Dream and Description of Antony.*

Cleo. I dreamt, there was an emperor Antony ;
 Oh, such another sleep ! that I might see
 But such another man !

Dol. If it might please ye —

Cleo. His face was as the heav'ns, and therein stuck
 A sun and moon, which kept their course, and lighted
 The little O o'th' earth.

Dol. Most sovereign creature —

Cleo. His legs bestrid the ocean, his rear'd arm
 Crested the world ; his voice was propertyed
 As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends :
 But when he meant to quail, and shake the orb,
 He was as rattling thunder. For his bounty,
 There was no winter in't ; an autumn 'twas
 That grew the more by reaping ; his delights
 Were dolphin-like ; they shew'd his back above
 The elements they liv'd in ; in his livery,
 Walk'd crowns and coronets ; realms and islands were
 As plates dropt from his pocket.

pride, pretends a disgust to them, and thus speaks in praise of suicide — And it is great, &c. (as in the text.)

From the observation above, nothing can be clearer than this passage : *Both the beggar and Cæsar are fed and nursed by the dung of the earth : and in this sense it always appeared to me before the following demonstration of it occur'd.* In the first scene of the same play, *Antony* says,

Kingdoms are clay, our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beasts as man. —

Tho' I am persuaded, with Mr. Seward, this is the true sense of the passage ; yet we must nicely observe the sense of *sleeps* and *palates*, which are quite peculiar, and may be reckoned amongst the anomalies of *Shakespeare*. “ Suicide, says he, shackles accidents and bolts up change, *sleeps*, [*i. e.* causes us to *sleep*] and never *palates*, [never more to *palate*, &c.]

SCENE V. *Firm Resolution.*

How poor an instrument

May do a noble deed ! He brings me liberty.

My resolution's plac'd, and I have nothing

Of woman in me : now from head to foot

I am marble constant ; now the fleeting moon

No planet is of mine.

SCENE VI. *Cleopatra's Speech on applying the Asp.*

Give me my robe, put on my crown ; I have

Immortal longings in me. Now no more

The juice of Ægypt's grape shall moist this lip.

Yare, yare, good Iras ; quick—methinks I hear

Antony call, I see him rowse himself

To praise my noble act. (18) I hear him mock

The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men

T' excuse their after-wrath. Husband, I come ;

Now to that name, my courage, prove my title !

I am fire, and air ; my other elements

I give to baser life. So—have you done ?

Come then, and take the last warmth of my lips.

Farewel, kind Charmian ; Iras, long farewell.

[*Applying the Asp.*

Have I the aspick in my lips ? Do'st fall ? [To Iras.

If

(18) *I bear, &c.*] It has been observed, this possibly might have been shadow'd out from *Claudian* ;

—*Jam non ad cæmina rerum*

Injustos crevisse queror : tolluntur in altum

Ut lapsu graviore cadant.

In *Rufinum, L.*

To fairest heights that wicked men attain,

No more I marvel, and no more complain ;

Since but with greater ruin down to fall

Aloft they're raised.

If thou and nature can so gently part,

The stroke of death is as a lover's pinch,

Which hurts, and is desir'd. Do'st thou lie still ?

If thus thou vanishest, thou tell'st the world,

It is not worth leave-taking. [*Iras dies.**Char.* Dissolve, thick cloud and rain, that I may say,

The gods themselves do weep.

Cleo. This proves me base—

If she first meet the curled Antony,

He'll make demand of her, and spend that kiss

Which is my heav'n to have. Come, mortal wretch, [To

With thy sharp teeth this knot intricate (19) [*the asp.*

Of life at once untie : poor venomous fool,

Be angry, and dispatch. Oh, could'st thou speak,

That I might hear thee call great Cæsar ass,

Unpoliced !

Char. Oh, eastern star !*Cleo.* Peace, peace !

Dost thou not see my baby at my breast,

That sucks the nurse asleep ?

Char. O, break ! O, break !*Cleo.* As sweet as balm, as soft as air, as gentle,—O Antony ! Nay, I will take thee too.— [*applying an-*[*other asp.*

(20) What should I stay—

[*Dies.**Char.*

(19) *Intricate*] i. e. Intricate, intangled, or tied in hard knots ; so, in *King Lear*,

Like rats, oft bite the holy cords in twain,

Too intricate to unloose.

Edwards.

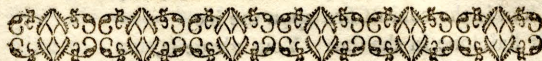
(20) *What should I stay, &c.*] *Shakespeare* excels prodigiously in these breaks : so, *Piercy*, in *Henry IV.* first part, just departing, says,

Char. In this wild world? so, fare thee well;
Now, boast thee, death; in thy possession lies
A las's unparallel'd.

No, *Percy*, thou art dust,
And food for ———— (*dies.*)
P. Henry. Worms, brave *Percy*, fare thee well. &c.



CORIO-



CORIOLANUS.

ACT I. SCENE III.

M O B.

WHAT (1) would you have, ye curs,
That like nor peace, nor war? The one af-
frights you,
The other makes you proud. He that trusts to you,
Where

(1) *What, &c.*] *Shakespear* has many passages on the uncertainty of popular favour, and the fickleness of the vulgar: the reader will find one in the 2d part of *Henry IV.* v. 2. p. 17. where I have referred to this: *Milton*, in his 3d book of *Paradise Regained*, has a passage remarkably similar to this. Satan says to Christ,

These god-like virtues wherefore dost thou hide,
Affecting private life? wherefore deprive
All earth her wonder at thy acts, thyself
The fame and glory; glory the reward
That sole excites to high attempts, the flame
Of most erected spirits?
To whom our Saviour calmly thus reply'd:
— What is glory but the blaze of fame,
The peoples praise, if always praise unmixt?
And what the people but a herd confus'd,
A miscellaneous rabble who extol
Things vulgar, and well-weigh'd scarce worth the praise?
They praise and they admire they know not what,
And know not whom, but as one leads the other.
And what delight to be by such extoll'd,
To live upon their tongues, and be their talk,
Of whom to be disprais'd, were no small praise,
His lot who dares be singularly good?
Th' intelligent among them and the wise
Are few, and glory scarce of few is rais'd.

Where he shou'd find you lions, finds you hares :
 Where foxes, geese : you are no surer, no,
 Than is the coal of fire upon the ice,
 Or hailstone in the sun. Your virtue is,
 To make him worthy, whose offence subdues him,
 And curse that justice did it. Who deserves greatness,
 Deserves your hate ; and your affections are
 A sick man's appetite, who desires most that,
 Which would increase his evil. He, that depends
 Upon your favours, swims with fins of lead,
 And hews down oaks with rushes. Hang ye—trust ye!
 With every minute you do change a mind,
 And call him noble, that was now your hate ;
 Him vile, that was your garland.

SCENE VI. *An imaginary Description of Coriolanus warring.*

(2) Methinks, I hither hear your husband's drum :
 I see him pluck Aufidius down by th' hair :
 As children from a bear, the Volsci shunning him :
 Methinks, I see him stamp thus—and call thus—

Come

In the second line of the text, the meaning seems plain to any vulgar reader ; but Mr. Warburton imagining something more than his author intended, alters it to

That likes not peace nor war.

The author is decrying the fickleness of the mob, whom nothing pleases : uneasy, murmuring and rebellious in time of peace ; fearful, discontented and cowardly in time of war : affrighted and rendered clamorous by the one ; sawcy and wavering, being made proud, by the other. The reader may see the humour of this set of people, in the 4th Act, and 8th Scene of the play, which (if there wants any) may cast some light on the passage.

(2) *Methinks, &c.*] This martial speech is spoken by *Volumnia*, the mother of *Coriolanus*, to his wife *Virgilia* : I cannot approve the third line : the word *children*, is frequently made three syllables by *Shakespeare*, and other old poets ; so that we might read, as *children a bear*, or rather, as *children do a bear*. It may indeed do as it now stands, *shunning* being taken in the sense of *flying*, but still, *shunning from*, is harsh.

“ Come on, ye cowards, ye were got in fear,
 Though ye were born in Rome : ” his bloody brow
 With his mail'd hand then wiping, forth he goes
 Like to a harvest man, that's task'd to mow
 Or all, or lose his hire.

Virg. His bloody brow ! Oh, Jupiter, no blood !

Vol. Away, you fool ; it more becomes a man,
 Than gilt his trophy. The breast of Hecuba,
 When she did suckle Hector, look'd not lovelier
 Than Hector's forehead, when it spit forth blood
 At Grecian swords contending.

SCENE XI. *Doing our Duty merits not Praise.*

Pray now, no more : my mother,
 Who has a charter to extol her blood,
 When she does praise me, grieves me :
 I have done as you have done ; that's, what I can ;
 Induc'd, as you have been, that's for my country ;
 He that has but effected his good will,
 Hath overta'en mine act.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

POPULARITY.

All tongues speak of him, and the bleared fights
 Are spectacl'd to see him. Your prattling nurse
 Into a (3) rapture lets her baby cry,

I 3

While

(3) *Rapture*] *i. e.* A taking away, a fit. *Sold-sheen* Flamins, is particular, meaning, seldom shewn or seen. The war of white and damask means only the struggle, or contention between them for superiority : and tho', as Mr. Warburton observes, “ it is the agreement and union of the colours that make the beauty ; ” yet these two may be well said to *war*, or *contend* with each other for superior beauty : so that I think, there is no need of altering the passage, as he would have it, to *ware*. The expression, *that whatsoever god who leads him*, is particular too, and is to be understood as if he had said, as if that god, whatever god it be, who leads him, &c.

When

While she chats him : the kitchen malkin pins
Her richest lockram 'bout her reechy neck,
Clamb'ring the walls to eye him ; stalls, bulks, win-
dows,

Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions : all agreeing
In earnestness to see him : feld-shown flames
Do prefs among the popular throngs, and puff
To win a vulgar station ; our veil'd dames
Commit the war of white and damask, in
Their nicely-gawdied cheeks, to th' wanton spoil
Of Phœbus' burning kisses ; such a pother,
As if that whatsoever god, who leads him,
Were sily crept into his human powers,
And gave him graceful posture.

When I made the remark above on Mr. Warburton's criticism of *ware*, I did not know Mr. Edwards had taken any notice of it ; however, I find in the 94th page of his *Canons of Criticism*, he observes, " Perhaps some other professed critic, disliking Mr. Warburton's commodity, and being offended with the idea of venality which the word *merchandise* gives in this place, (for the reader must know, he explains *ware*, by *commodity*, and *merchandise*) may tell us we should read, *commit the wear*, i. e. hazard the wearing out—commit, from *commetre*, an old French word : which is no small recommendation to it ! but a poor poetical reader would let this figure pass ; and not be alarm'd (except for his own heart) on account of this innocent war between the roses and lillies in a lady's cheek : remembering that beautiful tho' simple description of it, in the old ballad of *Fair Rosamond* :

The blood within her crystal cheeks
Did such a colour drive,
As though the lilly and the rose
For master ship did strive.

If Mr. Warburton should object to the authority of this unknown poet, I hope he will allow that of *Shakespeare* himself, who, in his *Tarquin* and *Lucrece*, has these lines,

This silent war of lillies and of roses,
Which Tarquin view'd in her fair face's field.

P. 103. *Servet's* ed."

See too the foregoing stanza in the same poem,

ACT

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Mischief of Anarchy.

My soul akes

To know, when two authorities are up,
Neither supream, how soon confusion
May enter 'twixt the gap of both, and take
The one by th' other.

SCENE IV. *Character of Coriolanus.*

His nature is too noble for this world :

(4) He would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Or Jove for's pow'r to thunder : his heart's his mouth ;
What his breast forges, that his tongue must vent,
And, being angry, does forget that ever
He heard the name of death.

SCENE V. *Honour and Policy.*

I've heard you say,

Honour and policy, like unsever'd friends,
I'th war do grow together ; grant that, and tell me

In

(4) *He, &c.*] *Thomson*, who hath written a tragedy on this subject, tho' with little success, his dramatic genius being utterly incapable of treading in the steps of *Shakespeare*, puts this character of *Coriolanus* into the mouth of *Gaius* ;

Spite of my love to *Marcus* I must own it,
The vigorous soil whence his heroic virtues
Luxuriant rise, if not with careful hand
Severely weeded, teems with imperfections.
His lofty spirit brooks no opposition :
His rage, if once offended, knows no bounds.
He deems plebeians, with patrician blood
Compar'd, the creatures of a lower species,
Mere menial hands by nature meant to serve him.

ACT 2. Sc. 1.

The reader will be agreeably entertained by reading the life of this hero, written by *Plutarch*, which will add many beauties to this composition of *Shakespeare*.

In peace, what each of them by th' other loses,
That they combine not there.

The Method to gain popular Favour.

Go to them, with this bonnet in thy hand,
And thus far having stretch'd it, (here be with them)
Thy knee bussing the stones ; (for in such business
Action is eloquence, and the eyes of th' ignorant
More learned than the ears ;) (5) waving thy head,
Which often thus correcting thy stout heart,
Now humble as the ripest mulberry,
'That will not hold the handling ; [or] say to them,
Thou art their soldier, and, being bred in broils,

Haft

(5) *Waving thy head, &c.*] Mr. Warburton, and Sir Thomas Hanmer after him, thinking this passage corrupt and absurd, alter it thus ;

*Waving thy hand,
Which soften thus correcting, &c.*

We have nothing more to do than explain the passage, to shew their mistake : the mother desires her son to go to the populace with all tokens of humility, " with his bonnet in his hand, which he was to stretch forth, and to buss the stones with his knee, and to wave his head in token of contrition (a most common and daily-observable method) which [or the doing of which] often thus correcting his stout heart [by thus waving, in sign of submission, correcting and chastising that pride, and subduing that erroneous obstinacy by this humiliation, he confesses to punish and bring under, &c.] then, she adds, say, so and so, &c. We may suppose, *often thus*, is spoken *deixis*, as the rhetoricians say, she herself, while speaking, being supposed to wave her head, in the manner she would have Coriolanus do it. Mr. Warburton asks—"Where is the sense or grammar of, Which often thus, &c." I would answer one question by another—Where is the sense or grammar of, *Waving thy hand, which soften thus ? &c.*—The reader may observe, *hand* and *soft*, are both used in the speech, not far from this place, which is some objection to the critic's emendation.

The second line is a proof she uses that *action* she would recommend to her son : the reader will observe, *or*, in the 8th line, is quite unnecessary, the verse and sense being compleat without it ; for which reason, I have put it in hooks, as a perplexing and idle expetive.

(6) Haft not the soft way, which, thou dost confess,
Were fit for thee to use, as they to claim,
In asking their good loves ; but thou wilt frame
Thyself (forsooth) hereafter theirs so far,
As thou hast power and person.

Coriolanus, his Abhorrence of Flattery.

Well, I must do't :
Away, my disposition, and possess me
Some harlot's spirit ! my throat of war be turn'd,
Which quired with my drum, into a pipe,
Small as an eunuch, or the virgin's voice
That babies lulls asleep ! the smiles of knaves
Tent in my cheeks, and school-boys tears take up
The glasses of my sight ! a beggar's tongue
Make motion through my lips, and my arm'd knees,
Which bow'd but in my stirrup, bend like his
That hath receiv'd an alms—I will not do't—
Lest I surcease to honour mine own truth,
And by my body's action, teach my mind
A most inherent baseness.

His Mother's Resolution on his stubborn Pride.

(7) At thy choice then ;
To beg of thee, it is my more dishonour,
I 5 Than

(6) *Haft not, &c.*] So Otello tells the senate of Venice ;
Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest'd with the soft phrase of peace, &c.
See Act 1. Sc. 3.

(7) *At thy, &c.*] Daughter, rise,
Let us no more before the *Volsian* people
Expose ourselves a spectacle of shame.
It is in vain we try to melt a breast,
That to the best affections nature gives us,
Prefers the worst. Hear me, proud man, I have
A heart as stout as thine, I came not hither,

Than thou of them. Come all to ruin, let
 Thy mother rather feel thy pride, than fear
 Thy dang'rous stoutness: for I mock at death
 With as big heart as thou. Do, as thou list;
 Thy valiantness was mine, thou suck'dst it from me:
 But own thy pride thyself.

SCENE VI. *His Detestation of the Vulgar.*

You common cry of curs, whose breath I hate,
 As reek o'th' rotten fens; whose loves I prize,
 As the dead carcases of unburied men,
 That do corrupt my air: I banish you:
 And here remain with your uncertainty;
 Let every feeble rumour shake your hearts;
 Your enemies, with nodding of their plumes,
 Fan you into despair: have the power still
 To banish your defenders, 'till at length,
 Your ignorance (which finds not, till it feels;
 Making but reservation of yourselves
 Still your own enemies) deliver you,
 As most abated captives, to some nation
 That won you without blows.

To be sent back, rejected, baffled, sham'd,
 Hateful to Rome, because I am thy mother:
 A Roman matron knows in such extremes,
 What part to take, and thus I came provided.

[Drawing from under a robe a dagger.

Go, barbarous son, go, double parricide!
 Rush o'er my corse to thy belov'd revenge.
 Tread on the bleeding breast of her to whom
 Thou ow'st thy life.

Thomson's *Coriolanus*, Act 5. Sc. 1.

See the page following.

ACT

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Precepts against Ill-Fortune.

You were us'd

To say, extremity was the trier of spirits;
 That common chances common men could bear;
 That, when the sea was calm, all boats alike
 Shew'd mastership in floating. Fortune's blows,
 When most struck home, being gently warded, craves
 A noble cunning. You were us'd to load me
 With precepts, that wou'd make invincible
 The heart that conn'd them.

SCENE III. *On common Friendships.*

Oh, world, thy slippery turns! friends now fast
 sworn,

Whose double bosoms seem to wear one heart,
 Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise
 Are still together, who twine, as 'twere, in love
 Unseperable, shall within this hour,
 (8) On a dissension of a doit, break out,

To

(8) *On a dissension, &c.*] This is a beautiful picture of the trivial accidents that break and contract common friendships: I remember a passage in a poem called, *An Essay on Conversation*, (which is written, if I am not mistaken, by Mr. Stillingfleet; and may be found in *Dodley's Miscellany*,) where he excellently sets forth the little follies that occasion fatal breaches in friendship, than which, as *Manilius* long since observed, nothing in nature is more noble, and nothing in nature more rare.

Nilil ex semet natura creavit

Peiores amicitiae majus, nec rarius unquam.

I have not the poem by me, but so far as I can recollect the passage, will give it my reader.

Panthus and *Euclie* link'd in friendship's tie,
 Liv'd each for each, as each for each wou'd die:
 Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects pain'd,
 'Twas but one soul, that in two bodies reign'd!

On

To bitter enmity. So, fellest foes,
Whose passions and whose plots have broke their sleep
To take the one the other, by some chance,
Some trick, not worth an egg, shall grow dear friends,
And interjoin their issues.

SCENE IV. *Martial Friendship.*

(9) Let me twine

Mine arms about that body, where against

My

One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
They ply'd the social, but still temperate glass:
When, lo! a doubt was rais'd about a word——
A doubt that must be ended by the sword!
One falls a victim: mark, O man thy shame!
Because their glossaries were not the same.

I believe the ingenious author uses this example with a different design from that for which I have quoted it; however, it will serve very well to cast a light on the present topic.

(9) *Let me, &c.*] Nothing can be imagined more noble than this generosity of *Aufidius*, and we may well say, *Shakespeare* hath given him words equal to the greatness of his soul: *Thomson* owes much to *Shakespeare* in this character more particularly; one speech or two will be sufficient to shew not only that, but how dangerous it is to attempt the flights of this daring *British* eagle. In the first act of *Thomson's* tragedy, before *Coriolanus* puts himself under the protection of *Tullus*, the *Volsian* tells his friend;

My soul, my friend, my soul is all on fire!
Thirst of revenge consumes me: the revenge
Of generous emulation, not of hatred.
This happy *Roman*, this proud *Marcus* haunts me!
Each troubled night, when slaves and captives sleep
Forgetful of their chains, I, in my dreams:
Anew am vanquish'd: and beneath the sword
With horror sinking, feel a ten-fold death,
The death of honour: but I will redeem——
Yes, *Marcus*, I will yet redeem my fame;
To face thee once again is the great purpose,
For which alone I live.

And in the 4th scene following, he says to *Coriolanus*, now discovered to him;

O, *Caius Marcus*, in this one short moment
That we have friendly talk'd, my ravish'd heart
Hath undergone a great, a wondrous change.

My grained ash an hundred times hath broke,
And scar'd the moon with splinters: here I clip
The anvil of my sword, and do contest
As hotly and as nobly with thy love,
As ever in ambitious strength I did
Contend against thy valour. (10) Know thou, first,
I lov'd the maid I married; never man
Sigh'd truer breath: but that I see thee here,
Thou noble thing! more dances my rapt heart,
Than when I first my wedded mistress saw
Beside my threshold. Why, thou Mars! I tell thee,
We have a power on foot; and I had purpose
Once more to hew thy target from thy brawn,
Or lose my arm for't: thou hast beat me out
Twelve several times, and I have nightly since
Dreamt of encounters 'twixt thyself and me;
We have been down together in my sleep,
Unbuckling helms, fisting each others throat,
And wak'd half dead with nothing.

I ever held thee in my best esteem:
But this heroic confidence has won me,
Stamp'd me at once thy friend. I were, indeed,
A wretch as mean, as this thy trust is noble,
Cou'd I refuse thee thy demand.—Yes, *Marcus*,
Thou hast thy wish, take half of my command,
If that be not enough, then take the whole.
We have, my friend, a gallant force on foot,
An army, *Marcus*, fit to follow thee.
Go, lead them on, and take thy full revenge:
All shou'd unite to punish the ungrateful:
Ingratitude is treason to mankind. &c.

(10) *Know thou, &c.*] In the first Act and 9th Scene of this play, *Coriolanus* says,

Oh! let me clip ye,
In arms as sound, as when I woo'd: in heart
As merry, as when our nuptial day was done,
And tapers burnt to bed-ward.

ACT V. SCENE I.

The Season of Sollicitation.

He was not taken well, he had not din'd.

(11) The veins unfill'd, our blood is cold, and then
We pout upon the morning, are unapt
To give or to forgive; but when we've stuff'd
These pipes, and these conveyances of blood
With wine and feeding, we have suppler souls
Than in our priest-like fasts; therefore I'll watch him
Till he be dieted to my request.

SCENE III. *Obstinate Resolution.*

My wife comes foremost, then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grand-child to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature break!

(12) Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.

What

(11) *The veins, &c.*] This observation of *Shakespeare*, is by general practice verified, and by many copied from him: *Mr. Theobald* tells us, lord *Bacon* somewhere in his essays makes this very remark.

(12) *Let it, &c.*] *Thomson*, well describing the obstinate and revengeful temper of *Coriolanus*, makes him speak thus;

What said'st thou, what against the power of vengeance?
The gods gave honest anger, just revenge,
To be the awful guardians of the rights
And native dignity of human kind.
O, were it not for them, the faucy world
Wou'd grow a noisome nest of little tyrants!
Each carrion crow on eagle-merit perch'd,
Wou'd peck his eyes out, and the mungrel cur
At pleasure bait the lion——No, *Gaius*,
I wou'd not rashly nor on light occasion,
Receive the deep impression in my breast:
But when the base, the brutal and unjust,
Or worse than all, th' ungrateful stamp it there;
O, I will then with luxury supreme,

Enjoy

What is that curt'sie worth; or those dove's eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn? I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others: my mother bows,
As if Olympus to a mole-hill should
In supplication nod; and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries——“Deny not.” Let the Volscians
Plow Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Relenting Tenderness.

Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out
Even to a full Disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, forgive our Romans.—O, a kiss,
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heav'n, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since—Ye gods! I prate;
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unaluted: sink, my knee, i'th' earth,
Of thy deep duty more impression shew
Than that of common sons.

Enjoy the pleasure of offended gods,
A righteous, just revenge.

Act 2. Sc. 5.

I have been pretty large in my quotations from this fine and moving scene, but would by all means refer the reader to the original, as well as to that part of *Mr. Thomson's* play, where, in my opinion at least, he most excels.

CHASTITY.

C H A S T I T Y.

—(13) The noble sister of Poplicola,
The moon of Rome ; chaste as the icicle,

That's

(13) *The noble, &c.*] *Emilia*, in the last Act of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, thus addresses *Diana*, the patroness of chastity ;

Oh, sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fan'd snow, who to thy female knights
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe: &c.

In *Milton's Comus*, the brother speaking of his sister, says,

'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity :
She that has that, is clad in compleat steel,
And, like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy, perilous wilds,
Where through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin-purity :
Yea, there, where every desolation dwells,
By grotts and caverns, shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unbleach'd majesty ;
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say, no evil thing that walks by night,
In fog, or fire, by lake, or moorish fen,
Blue, meager hag, or stubborn, unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time,
No goblin, or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.

He then speaks of *Diana*, the patroness of chastity, and of *Minerva*, and goes on ;

So dear to heaven is faintly chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacky her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream, and solemn vision,
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear :
Till oft converse with heav'nly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal, &c.

See the whole passage.

That's curdled by the frost from purest snow,
And hangs on Dian's temple.

Coriolanus's Prayer for his Son.

(14) The god of soldiers,
With the consent of supream Jove, inform
Thy thoughts with nobleness, that thou may'st prove
To shame invulnerable, and stick i'th' wars
Like a great sea-mark, standing every flaw,
And saving those that eye thee !

Coriolanus' Mother's pathetic Speech to him.

Think with thyself,
How more unfortunate than all living women
Are we come hither ; since thy fight, which should
Make our eyes flow with joy, hearts dance with com-
forts,
Constrains them weep, and shake with fear and sorrow ;
Making the mother, wife, and child to see,
The son, the husband, and the father tearing
His country's bowels out ; and to poor we
Thine enmity's most capital ; thou barr'st us
Our prayers to the gods, which is a comfort

That

(14) *The god, &c.*] See the first page of the first volume, and the note. There is something peculiarly great and exalted in this prayer of *Coriolanus* : the expressions are perfectly suited to the sublimity of the petitions. The word *flaw*, in the last line but one, means "a sudden and impetuous gust of wind," tho' it hath a different sense in the 2d part of *Henry IV.* see Act 4. Sc. 8.

In the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, *Arctite*, lamenting the many miseries of their captivity, among the rest complains—that they should have

No issue know them ; —
No figure of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our eye, and like young eagles teach 'em,
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
Remember what your fathers were—and conquer.

Act 2. Sc. 2

That all but we enjoy. * * *

* * * We must find,

An eminent calamity tho' we had
Our wish which side shou'd win. For either thou
Must, as a foreign recreant, be led
With manacles along our streets; or else
Triumphantly tread on thy country's ruin,
And bear the palm, for having bravely shed
Thy wife and children's blood. For myself, son,
I purpose not to wait on fortune, till
These wars determine: if I can't persuade thee
Rather to shew a noble grace to both parts,
Than seek the end of one; thou shalt no sooner
March to assault thy country, than to tread
(Trust to't, thou shalt not) on thy mother's womb,
That brought thee to this world.

SCENE IV. *Peace after a Siege.*

Ne'er through an arch so hurried the blown tide,
As the re-comforted through th' gates. Why, hark you;
(15) The trumpets, sackbuts, psalteries and lutes,
Tabors and cymbals, and the shouting Romans
Make the fun dance.

(15) *The, &c.*] *Shakespeare* possibly might have this verse from the 3d chapter of *Daniel*, in view, when he wrote the above.

At what time ye hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of musick, ye fall down and worship the golden image, &c.

Or this, from the last Psalm;

Praise him with the sound of the trumpet, praise him with the psaltery and harp: praise him with the timbrel and dance, praise him with stringed instruments and organs. Praise him upon the loud cymbals, praise him upon the high-sounding cymbals. Let every thing, that hath breath, praise the Lord.

Cymbeline.



CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Parting Lovers.

Imo. **T**HOU should'st have made him
As little as a crow, or less, ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, so I did.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-strings; crackt
'em, but

To look upon him; (1) till the diminution
Of space, had pointed him sharp as my needle;
Nay, followed him, 'till he had melted from
The smallness of a gnat, to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept: but, good *Pisanio*,
When shall we hear from him?

Pis. Be assur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Most pretty things to say; e'er I could tell him
How I would think on him at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and such; or I could make him swear,
The

(1) *Till, &c.*] There needs no alteration here: *Imogen* says, "She would not have left to after-eye him, till he was as little as a crow, nay, she would have crackt her eye-strings to look upon him, till the diminution of space, [the lessening of the space he took up] had pointed him sharp as a needle, (till the space he took up seem'd not only small as a bird, but even sharp as a needle's point.)"

The she's of Italy should not betray
 Mine interest, and his honour; or have charg'd him
 At the sixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
 T' encounter me with orisons, (for then
 I am in heav'n for him;) or e'er I could
 Give him that parting kiss, (2) which I had set
 Betwixt two charming words, comes in my father,
 And like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
 Shakes all our buds from blowing*.

SCENE VIII. *The Baseness of Falshood to a Wife.*

Doubting things go ill often hurts more,
 Than to be sure they do; for certainties
 Or are past remedies; or timely knowing,
 The remedy then borne; discover to me
 What both you spur and stop.

Iach. (3) Had I this cheek

To

(2) *Which, &c.*] Mr. Warburton, in his note on this passage, has had the felicity to discover what the two charming words were, between which Imogen would have set her parting kiss, which *Shakespeare* probably never thought of. He says, "without question, by these two charming words, she would be understood to mean,

Adieu, Posthumus.

The one religion made so, the other love."

Imogen must have understood the etymology of our language very exactly, to find out so much religion in the word *adieu*, which we use commonly, without fixing any such idea to it; as when we say, such a man has *bid adieu* to all religion. And on the other side, she must have understood the language of love very little, if she could find no tenderer expression of it, than the name by which every body else called her husband. *Edwards's Can.*

of Crit. p. 115.

* Blowing, *Warb.* vulg. growing.

(3) *Had I, &c.*] He afterwards says,

To be partner'd

With tom-boys, hir'd with that self-exhibition
 Which your own coffers yield: with diseas'd ventures,
 That play with all infirmities for gold,
 Which rottenness lends nature! such boy'd stuff
 As well might poison poison: be reveng'd, &c.

These

To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whose touch,
 Whose very touch would force the feeler's soul
 To th' oath of loyalty; this object, which
 Takes prisoner the wild motion of mine eye,
 Fixing it only here; should I, (damn'd then)
 Slaver with lips, as common as the stairs
 That mount the capitol; join gripes with hands
 Made hard with hourly falshood as with labour;
 Then glad myself by peeping in an eye,
 Base and unlustrous as the smoaky light
 That's fed with stinking tallow; it were fit
 That all the plagues of hell should at one time
 Encounter such revolt.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Imogen's Bedchamber; in one Part of it, a large Trunk.

Imogen is discovered reading.

Imo.

—Mine eyes are weak,

Fold down the leaf where I have left; to bed —
 Take not away the taper, leave it burning:
 And if thou can't awake by four o'th' clock,
 I pr'y thee call me—Sleep hath seiz'd me wholly.

[*Exit Lady.*

To your protection I commend me, gods,
 From fairies, and the tempters of the night,
 Guard me, I beseech ye.

[*Sleeps.*

[*Iachimo rises from the Trunk.*

Iach. The crickets sing, and man's o'er-labour'd sense
 Repairs itself by rest: our Tarquin thus

Did

These lines are well worthy the reflection of all those gentlemen, who style themselves *Men of pleasure*: if they would duly weigh the truth of them, their own pride sure would be the first thing, to drum them, as *Shakespeare* says, from their lascivious sports;

Did softly press the rushes, e'er he waken'd
 The chastity he wounded. Cytherea,
 How bravely thou becom'st thy bed ! Fresh lilly,
 And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch,
 But kifs, one kifs—Rubies unparagon'd
 How dearly they do't—'Tis her breathing that
 Perfumes the chamber thus : the flame o'th' taper
 Bows toward her, and would under-peep her lids,
 To see th'inclosed light, now canopy'd
 Under the windows, white and azure, lac'd
 With blue of heav'n's own tinct—but my design's
 To note the chamber—I will write all down
 Such, and such pictures—there the window—such
 Th' adornment of her bed—the arras, figures—
 Why such, and such—and the contents o'th' story—
 Ah, but some natural notes about her body,
 Above ten thousand meaner moveables,
 Would testify, t'enrich mine inventory.
 (4) O, sleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her,
 And be her sense but as a monument,
 'Thus in a chapel lying ! Come off, come off.—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*]

As slippery as the Gordian knot was hard.
 'Tis mine, and this will witness outwardly,
 As strongly as the conscience does within,
 To th' madding of her lord. On her left breast
 A mole cinque-spotted, like the crimson drops
 I'th' bottom of a cowslip. Here's a voucher,
 Stronger than ever law could make : this secret
 Will force him think, I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
 The treasure of her honour. No more—to what end ?
 Why should I write this down, that's rivetted,

Screw'd

(4) *O sleep, &c.* So, Ovid says,
Stulte quid est somnus, gelidæ nisi mortis imago ?

Fool, what is sleep, but th' image of cold death ?

See *Measure for Measure*, (the Duke's fine speech to Claudio.)

Screw'd to my memory. She hath been reading late
 The tale of Tereus, here the leaf's turn'd down
 Where Philomel gave up—I have enough,
 To th' trunk again, and shut the spring of it.
 Swift, swift, you dragons of the night, that dawning
 (5) May bear the raven's eye : I lodge in fear ;
 Though this a heav'nly angel, hell is here.

He goes into the Trunk, the Scene closes.

SCENE IV. Gold.

(6) 'Tis gold

Which buys admittance, oft it doth, yea, makes

Diana's

(5) *May bear, &c.* Some copies read, *bare*, or make bare, others, *ope*: but the true reading is, *bear*, a term taken from heraldry, and very sublimely applied. The meaning is, that morning may assume the colour of the raven's eye, which is grey. Hence it is so commonly called, the *grey-eyed* morning: in *Romeo and Juliet*,

I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye ;

Warburton.

No term in heraldry is so common as *to bear*, so that, doubtless, Mr. Warburton's explanation must be allowed : *Shakespeare* uses it in *Much Ado about Nothing* ;

“ So that if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a difference between him and his horse.”

(6) *Tis, &c.* See the 2d part of *Henry IV*: Act 4. Sc. 11. *Virgil* says,

—*Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
 Auri sacra fames ?*

Curs'd gold, how high will daring mortals rise
 In every guilt to reach the glittering prize ?

Pitt, Æn. 3. v. 57.

Horace has an ode expressly on this subject, That gold makes its way thro' all things : 'tis in his 3d book, and the 16th ode. Take part of it, in the words of *Creech* ;

A tower of brass, gates strong and barr'd
 And watchful dogs suspicious guard,
 From creeping night-adulterers
 That sought imprison'd Danaë's bed
 Might have secur'd one maiden-head,
 And freed the old *Agrilus* from his fears.

But

Diana's rangers false themselves, and yield up
Their deer to th' stand o'th' stealer: and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief;
Nay, sometimes hangs both thief, and true-man; what
Can it not do, and undo?

SCENE VII. *A Satire on Women.*

(7) Is there no way for men to be, but women
Must be half-workers? We are bastards all;

And

But *Jove* and *Venus* soon betray'd
The jealous guardian of the maid:
They knew the way to take the hold,
They knew the pass must open lie
To ev'ry hand, and ev'ry eye,
When *Jove* himself was bribe, and turn'd to gold,
Gold loves to break thro' gates and bars;
It is the thunderbolt of wars:
It flies thro' walls, and breaks a way:
By gold the argive augur fell,
It taught the children to rebel,
And made the wife her fatal lord betray.
When engines, and when arts do fail,
The golden wedge can cleave the wall:
Gold, *Philip's* rival, kings o'erthrow;
Rough seamen, stubborn as the flood,
And angry seas that they have plow'd,
Bribes quickly snare and easily subdue. &c.

(7) *Is there, &c.* *Milton* says,

O why did God
Creator wife, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels without feminine,
Or find some other way to generate
Mankind?

Par. Lost, B. 10. v. 383.

This thought, as *Dr. Newton* has well observed, both in *Shakespeare* and *Milton*, "was originally from *Euripides*, who makes *Hippolitus*, in like manner, expostulate with *Jupiter*, for not creating man without woman." See *Hipp.* 616.

O *Jupiter*, why woman, man's sole woe,
Hast thou created? Wherefore didst thou not,
Minding to people earth, perform thy purpose
Without this female race, this fair defect?

And

And that most venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was, I know not where,

When

And *Jason* is made to talk in the same strain, in the *Medea*, 573.
Children by other means should be created,
Without the aid of women, these not born,
Man then had shun'd variety of ills.

Dr. Newton adds, "Such sentiments as these, we suppose, procured *Euripides* the name of woman-hater. *Aristo*, however, hath ventured upon the same, in *Rodomont's* invective against woman. *Orlando Furioso*, Cant. 27. S. 120.

Why did not nature rather so provide,
Without your help, that man of man might come,
And one be grafted on another's side,
As are the apples with the pear and plum?

Harrington, St. 97.

It would be endless to quote from authors, passages similar to this in *Shakespeare*: those of our own nation have greatly labour'd on the topic; Mr. *Warburton* himself hath joined the band, and fought against the ladies, as his pithy reflections on the wife of *Jeb*, in his *Divine Legation*, shew: however, we still find them retaining their power in spite of all the malice of their foes, and amidst so many enemies still triumphant.

The manner in which the jealous *Posthumus* describes the apparent modesty of his wife, deserves to be compared with the following passage from *Philajer*, who, having received a letter to inform him of the falshood of his mistress, whom he dearly loved and believed perfectly chaste, says;

O, let all women

That love black deeds learn to dissemble here!
Here by this paper she doth write to me,
As if her heart were mines of adamant
To all the world beside: but unto me,
A maiden snow that melted with my looks.

See *Philaster*, Act 3.

A little further, in the same Act, he thus declaims against the sex,

Some far place,

Where never womankind durst set her foot,
For bursting with her poisons, must I seek,
And live to curse you:
There dig a cave and preach to birds and beasts,
What woman is, and help to save them from you:
How heav'n is in your eyes, but, in your hearts
More hell, than hell has: how your tongues, like scorpions,
Both heal and poison: how your thoughts are woven

K

With

When I was stamp't. Some coiner with his tools
 Made me a counterfeit ; yet my mother seem'd
 The Dian of that time ; so doth my wife
 The non-pareil of this — Oh, vengeance, vengeance !
 Me of my lawful pleasure she restrain'd,
 And pray'd me, oft, forbearance ; did it with
 A pudency so rosy, the sweet view on't
 Might well have warm'd old Saturn — that I thought
 her

As chaste as unsunn'd snow. * * *

* * * Could I find out

The woman's part in me ; — for there's no motion
 That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
 It is the woman's part ; be it lying, note it,
 The woman's ! flattering, hers ; deceiving, hers ;
 Lust, and rank thoughts, hers, hers ; revenges, hers ;
 Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, disdain,
 Nice-longing, flanders, mutability ;
 All faults that may be nam'd, nay, that hell knows,
 Why, hers, in part, or all ; but rather all. For even
 to vice

They are not constant, but are changing still ;
 One vice, but of a minute old, for one
 Not half so old as that. I'll write against them,
 Detest them, curse them — yet 'tis greater skill

In

With thousand changes in one subtle web,
 And worn so by you. How that foolish man,
 That reads the story of a woman's face,
 And dies believing it, is lost for ever.
 How all the good you have is but a shadow
 I'th' morning with you, and at night behind you,
 Past and forgotten : how your vows are frosts,
 Past for a night, and with the next sun gone ;
 How you are, being taken all together,
 A mere confusion, and so dead a chaos,
 That love cannot distinguish. These sad texts,
 Till my last hour I'm bound to utter of you,
 So, farewell all my woe, all my delight.

In a true hate, to pray they have their will ;
 The very devils cannot plague them better.

ACT III. SCENE II.

A Wife's Impatience to meet her Husband.

(8) Oh, for a horse with wings ! Hear'st thou, Pis-
 fanio ?

He is at Milford-Haven : read, and tell me
 How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
 May plod it in a week, why may not I
 Glide thither in a day ? then, true Pisfanio,
 Who long'st like me, to see thy lord ; who long'st —
 (Oh, let me bate) but not like me, yet long'st
 But in a fainter kind — Oh, not like me ;
 For mine's beyond, beyond — say, and speak thick :
 Love's counsellor should fill the bores of hearing

K 2

To

(8) Nothing can be conceived more natural and more inimitable than this impatient fondness of the faithful and amiable wife : she no sooner hears news of her husband, than she is immediately even for flying to him, for gliding thither in an instant of time : *Pisfanio's* assistance was necessary ; she knew he lov'd his lord ; she tells him so ; how then does the jealous fondness of her affection break out — None cou'd love him, none must long to see him like her : she must be told of the place, the distance, the manner of going, ere it can possibly be told ; she must contrive how to escape, she must invent an excuse — foolish and impertinent ; she then reflects — How must she be gone ; how many score miles can she ride 'twixt hour and hour ? How mortifying the reply ! But one score betwixt — not hour and hour, but fun and fun ! Disgusted at this, she wants to hear no more of it, but meditates solely her departure. Her trusty *Pisfanio* wishes her to consider of this dangerous step. She replies, " It is enough for me that I see before me — I do that, indeed ; but neither here nor here, [what is on this hand or that hand,] nor what ensues, [what is or may be the consequence of this step] but have a fog in them which I cannot pierce thro' ; all things but just the present before my sight, are dark and misty to me." — This is certainly a just and natural sense of the passage, and consequently, preferable to any other, which the alterations of critics render precarious.

To th' smothering of the sense—how far it is
 To this same blessed Milford? And by th' way,
 Tell me how Wales was made so happy, as
 T' inherit such a haven. But first of all,
 How may we steal from hence: and for the gap
 That we shall make in time, from our hence going,
 And our return, t' excuse—but first, how get hence?
 Why should excuse be born, or ere begot?
 We'll talk of that hereafter. Prithce, speak,
 How many score of miles may we well ride
 'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One score 'twixt fun and fun,
 Madam's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to's execution, man,
 Could never go so slow: I have heard of riding wagers,
 Where horses have been nimbler than the sands
 That run i'th' clocks behalf. But this is foolery.
 Go, bid my woman feign a sickness, say
 She'll home to her father, and provide me, present,
 A riding suit; no coslier than would fit
 A Franklin's housewife.

Pis. Madam, you'd best consider.

Imo. I see before me, man; nor here, nor here,
 Nor what ensues, but have a fog in them,
 That I cannot look thro'. Away, I prithee,
 Do as I bid thee; there's no more to say;
 Accessible is none but Milford way. [Exeunt.]

SCENE III. *A Forest, with a Cave, in Wales.*

Enter Belarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus.

Bel. (9) A goodly day! not to keep house, with such,
 Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys! this gate
Instructs

(9) *A goodly, &c.*] If the reader will be pleased to consult the
 2d Act and 2d Scene of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*, he will find, as
has

Instructs you how t'adore the heav'n's; and bows you
 To morning's holy office. Gates of monarchs
 Are arch'd so high, that giants may get through
 And keep their impious turbands on, without
 Good morrow to the sun. Hail, thou fair heav'n!
 We house i'th' rock, yet use thee not so hardly,
 As prouder livers do.

Guid. Hail, heav'n!

Arv. Hail, heav'n!

Bel. Now for our mountain sport; up to yond hill,
 Your legs are young: I'll tread these flats. Consider,
 When you above perceive me like a crow,
 That it is place which lessens and sets off,
 And you may then revolve what tales I've told
you

Of courts of princes, of the tricks in war,
 That service, is not service, so being done,
 But being so allow'd. To apprehend thus,
 Draws us a profit from all things we see:

And

has been observed, "great similitude of sentiment, style and spirit:" *Palamon* and *Arctite* are there introduced into prison together;
 ---*Arctite*, amongst other things observes;

This is all our world—

We shall know nothing here but one another:
 Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes:
 The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
 Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
 But dead cold winter must inhabit here still.

Pal. 'Tis too true, *Arctite*. To our *Theban* hounds
 That shook the aged forests with their echoes,
 No more now must we hollow, no more shake
 Our pointed javelin, whilst the angry swine
 Flies like a *Partbian* quiver from our rages,
 Struck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant uses,
 The food and nourishment of noble minds,
 In us two here shall perish: we shall die,
 Which is the curse of honour, lazily,
 Children of grief and ignorance.

Arv. Yet, cousin,
 Even from the bottom of these miseries,
 From all that fortune can inflict upon us,

And often to our comfort, shall we find
 The sharded beetle, in a safer hold
 Than is the full-wing'd eagle. Oh, this life,
 Is nobler than attending for a check ;
 Richer, than doing nothing for a bauble ;
 Prouder than rustling in unpaid-for silk :
 Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
 Yet keeps his book uncross'd ; no life to ours.

Guid. Out of your proof you speak ; we, poor, un-
 fledg'd,

Have never wing'd from view o'th' nest ; nor know
 What air's from home. Hap'ly this life is best,
 If quiet life is best ; sweeter to you
 That have a sharper known : well corresponding
 With your stiff age ; but unto us it is
 A cell of ignorance ; travelling a-bed,
 A prison for a debtor, that not dares
 To stride a limit.

Ar.
 I see two comforts rising, two meer blessings,
 If the gods please to hold here, a brave patience,
 And the enjoying of our griefs together.
 Whilst *Palamon* is with me, let me perish,
 If I think this our prison.

* * * * *
 Let's think this prison a holy sanctuary,
 To keep us from corruption of worse men ;
 We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
 That liberty and common conversation,
 The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
 Wooe us to wander from. What worthy blessing
 Can be, but our imaginations
 May make it ours ? and here being thus together
 We are an endless mine to one another ;
 We're one another's wife, ever begetting
 New births of love : we're father, friends, acquaintance,
 We are in one another, families,
 I am your heir, and you are mine : this place
 Is our inheritance : no hard oppressor
 Dare take this from us : here, with a little patience,
 We shall live long, and loving : no surfeits seek us :
 The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas

Swallow

Arr. What should we speak of
 When we are old as you ? when we shall hear
 The rain and wind beat dark December ? How,
 In this our pinching cave, shall we discourse
 The freezing hours away ? We have seen nothing ;
 We are beastly ; subtle as the fox for prey,
 Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat :
 Our valour is to chafe what flies, our cage
 We make a choir, as doth the prison'd bird,
 And sing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you speak !
 Did you but know the city's usuries,
 And felt them knowingly ; the art o'th' court,
 As hard to leave, as keep, whose top to climb
 Is certain falling, or so slipp'ry that
 The fear's as bad as falling. The toil of war,
 A pain, that only seems to seek out danger

Swallow their youth : were we at liberty
 A wife might part us lawfully, or business ;
 Quarrels consume us : envy of ill men
 Reave our acquaintance : I might sicken, cousin,
 Where you should never know it, and so perish
 Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
 Or prayers to the gods : a thousand chances
 Were we from hence, wou'd sever us.

Pal. You have made me,
 (I thank you, cousin *Arcite*) almost wanton
 With my captivity : what a misery
 Is it to live abroad, and every where ?
 'Tis like a beast, methinks : I find the court here ;
 I'm sure a more content, and all those pleasures
 That wooe the wills of men to vanity,
 I see through now : and am sufficient
 To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow.
 That old time, as he passes by, takes with him.
 What had we been ? Been old in the court of *Creon*,
 Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance,
 The virtues of the great ones : cousin *Arcite*,
 Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
 W' had died as they do, ill old men unwept,
 And had their epitaphs the peoples curses.

K 4

I th'

I'th' name of fame, and honour, which dies i'th' search,

And hath as oft a sland'rous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many time
Doth ill deserve, by doing well: what's worse
Must curt'sie at the censure. Oh, boys, this story
The world may read in me: my body's mark'd
With Roman swords; and my report was once
First with the best of note. Cymbeline lov'd me,
And when a soldier was the theam, my name
Was not far off: then was I as a tree,
Whose boughs did bend with fruit. But in one night,
A storm or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.

Guid. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing, as I have told you
oft,

But that two villains, whose false oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, swore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: so
Follow'd my banishment, and this twenty years,
This rock, and these demesnes, have been my world,
Where I have liv'd at honest freedom, pay'd
More pious debts to heav'n, than in all
The fore-end of my time—But, up to th' moun-
tains

This is not hunter's language; he that strikes
The venison first, shall be the lord o'th' feast,
To him the other two shall minister,
And we will fear no poison, which attends
In place of greater state.

The

The Force of Nature.

How hard it is to hide the sparks of nature!
These boys know little they are sons to th' king,
Nor Cymbeline dreams, that they are alive.
They think they're mine, (10) and tho' train'd up thus
meanly

I'th' cave, wherein they bow, their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces, and nature prompts them
In simple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. (11) This Paladour, (The

(10) *And tho', &c.*] This passage is printed thus in the old editions;

And tho' train'd up thus meanly

I'th' cave, whereon the bow.

which the critics have alter'd according to their several fancies and conjectures: Mr. Theobald, and the Oxford editor, read,

I'th' cave, here on the brow.

That is surely too insignificant and inexpressive for *Shakespeare*. Mr. Warburton gives us a more plausible, and I think, just emendation—that, I have admitted into the text: which the first lines of *Belarius* his speech seem to confirm;

Whose roof's as low as ours: see, boys, this gate

Instructs you how t'adore the heav'ns: and bows you

To morning holy office.

“Tho' thus meanly brought up in a cave, which is so low, that they must bow or bend in entering it; yet these young princes thoughts are so exalted, they hit the roofs of palaces.”

(11) *This, &c.*] There is a passage in the *Maid's Tragedy*, (the beginning of the first Act) which well deserves to be compared with that in the text: *Melantius*, an old, honest general, thus speaks of his friend:

His worth is great, valiant he is and temperate,

And one that never thinks his life his own,

If his friend need it: when he was a boy,

As oft as I return'd (as, without boast,

I brought home conquest) he would gaze upon me,

And view me round, to find in what one limb

The virtue lay to do those things he heard:

Then would he wish to see my sword, and feel

The quickness of the edge, and in his hand

(The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,) Jove!
When on my three-foot stool I sit, and tell
The warlike feats I've done, his spirits fly out
Into my story: say, thus mine enemy fell,
And thus I set my foot on's neck,—even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he sweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himself in posture
That acts my words, The younger brother, Cadwall,
(Once

Weigh it:—he oft wou'd make me smile at this;
His youth did promise much, and his ripe age
Will see it all perform'd.

Mr. Seward observes---(see his Preface, p. xvii) "A youth gazing on every limb of the victorious chief, then begging his sword, feeling its edge, and posing it in his arm, are attitudes nobly expressive of the inward ardor and extasy of soul: but what is most observable is,

And in his hand
Weigh it—&c.

By this beautiful pause or break, the action and picture continue in view, and the poet, like *Homer*, is eloquent in silence. It is a species of beauty that shews an intimacy with that father of poetry, in whom it occurs extremely often. *Milton* has an exceeding fine one in the description of his *Lazar-bouse*;

Despair
Tended the sick, busiest from couch to couch,
And over them triumphant death his dart
Shook—but delay'd to strike, &c.

Par. Lost, B. II. v. 490.

As *Shakespeare* did not study *versification*, so much as these poets who were conversant in *Homer* and *Virgil*, I don't remember in him any striking instance of this species of beauty. But he even wanted it not; his sentiments are so amazingly striking, that they pierce the heart at once; and *diction* and *numbers*, which are the beauty and nerves adorning and enervating the thoughts of other poets, to him are but like the bodies of angels, *azure vehicles*, thro' which the whole soul shines transparent. Of this, take the following instance;

This *Paladour*, &c."

See the 2d part of *Henry VI.* Act 4. Sc. 1. n. 3;

(Once, *Arviragus*) in as like a figure
Strikes life into my speech, and shews much more
His own conceiving.

SCENE IV. *Slander.*

(12) No, 'tis slander,

Whose edge is sharper than the sword, whose tongue
Out-venoms all the worms of Nile, whose breath
Rides on the posting winds, and doth belye
All corners of the world. Kings, queens, and states,
Maids, matrons, nay, the secrets of the grave
This viperous slander enters.

A Wife's Innocency.

(13) False to his bed! What is it to be false,
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? If sleep charge
nature,

To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myself awake? That false to's bed!

Woman in Man's Drefs.

(14) You must forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear and niceness,
The handmaids of all women, (or more truly
Woman it's pretty self,) to waggish courage,
Ready in gybes, quick-answer'd, sawcy, and
As quarrelous as the weazel: nay, you must
Forget that rarest treasure of your cheek,
Exposing it (but oh, the harder hap*,
Alack, no remedy) to the greedy touch

Of

(12) No, 'tis, &c.] See *Measure for Measure*, Act 3. Sc. 6.

(13) False, &c.] See Vol. II. p. 8; n. 8.

(14) You must, &c.] See *As you like it*, Act 1. Sc. 10.

* Hap, *Warb.* vulg. heart.

Of common-kissing Titan ; and forget
Your laborfom and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

SCENE VII. *The Forest and Cave.*

Enter Imogen in Boy's Cloaths.

I fee, a man's life is a tedious one ;
I've tir'd myself ; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my refolution helps me : Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pifanio shew'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken. Oh, Jove, I think
Foundations fly the wretched ; fuch I mean,
Where they should be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way. Will poor folks lie
That have afflictions on them *, knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true. To lapse in fulness
Is forer, than to lie for need ; and falshood
Is worse in kings, than beggars. My dear lord,
Thou'rt one o'th' false ones ; now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food. But what is this ? [*seeing the*
Here is a path to't—'tis some savage hold ; [*Cave.*
'Twere best not call ; I dare not call ; yet famine
Ere it clean o'erthrows nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty and peace breed cowards, hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.

LABOUR.

(15) Weariness
Can snore upon the flint, when resty sloth
Finds the down pillow hard.

* See Vol. I. p. 11.

(15) *Weariness, &c.* See Vol. II, p. 17.

Harmless

Harmless Innocence.

Enter Imogen.

Imo. (16) Good masters, harm me not ;
Before I enter'd here, I call'd ; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took : good
troth,
I have stol'n nought, nor would not, though I had
found
Gold strew'd i'th' floor. Here's money for my meat,
I would have left it on the board so soon
As I had made my meal, and parted
With prayers for the provider.
Guid. Money, youth ?
Arr. All gold and silver rather turn to dirt !
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of those
Who worship dirty gods.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

BRAGGART.

(17) To whom ? to thee ? what art thou ? Have
not I
An arm as big as thine ? a heart as big ?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger : for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.

(16) *Good masters, &c.* See *As you like it*, Act 2. Sc. 3. where
Orlando, like *Imogen*, distressed for food, humbly and pathetically
addresses himself to the duke and his company.

(17) *To whom, &c.* — Turn away my face !
I never yet saw enemy that look'd
So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
As great a basilisk as he : or spake
So horribly, but that I thought my tongue
Bore thunder underneath as much as his.

Philaster, Act 1.

SCENE

SCENE IV. *Fool-bardinefs.*

Being scarce made up,
I mean to man; he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for defect of judgment
Is oft the (18) cure of fear.

Inborn Royalty.

O, thou goddess,
Thou divine nature! how thyself thou blazon'ft
In these two princely boys: they are as gentle
As zephyrs blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his sweet head; and yet, as rough,
(Their royal blood enchain'd,) as the rud'ft wind,
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him stoop to th' vale. 'Tis wonderful,
That an invisible instinct should frame them
To royalty unlearn'd, honour untaught,
Civility not seen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop,
As if it had been sow'd.

Enter Arviragus, with Imogen dead, bearing her in
his Arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes.
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for.

Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipt from sixteen years of age, to sixty;
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.

Guid.

(18) *Cure*, Oxford editor, vulg. *cause*. Mr. Theobald reads,

—For th' effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear.

Guid. Oh, sweetest, fairest lilly!
My brother wears thee not one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.

Bel. Oh, melancholy,
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom; find
The ooze to shew what coast (19) thy sluggish care
Might eas'liest harbour in? Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou might'st have made:
but, ah!

Thou dy'd'st, a most rare boy, of melancholy!

How

(19) *Thy sluggish care*] Mr. Warburton tells us, plausible as this reading at first sight may seem, all those who know any thing of good writing, will agree, that our author must have wrote,

To shew what coast thy sluggish carrack
Might eas'liest harbour in?

Carrack, is a slow, heavy-built vessel of burden." To this conjecture, Mr. Theobald, and the Oxford editor, yield up *Shakespeare's* word, and admit *carrack* into the text. I wish, for my own sake, I could be satisfied with it, as by not being so, I must necessarily incur the critics censure of *knowing nothing of good writing*: however, I must confess, the word immediately sounds to me not like *Shakespeare's*: and "whatever propriety there may be in it, according to Mr. Warburton, to design a melancholic person," I can by no means think it our author's: a much more natural word, (was there need of alteration) perhaps many readers would have thought *bark*: yet that, nor any other seems necessary to the sense and beauty of the passage. "Oh, melancholy [thou deep sea] who ever yet could sound thy bottom? who ever yet could find the ooze, to shew what coast thy sluggish care [or charge] might eas'liest harbour in?" *Melancholy* is represented unto us under the allegory of a deep sea, and the grief or affliction that occasions the falling into *melancholy*, is beautifully supposed its sluggish care, its burden or charge failing over that sea, and seeking some harbour to land, i. e. to get free from the waters of melancholy: which the poet, by a beautiful interrogation, acquaints us, cannot be done: when once *sorrow* embarks, and *grief* lanches her heavy-loaden vessel in the ocean of *melancholy*, no bottom is to be found, no harbour to be made, no deliverance to be obtained from this fathomless and boundless sea. — This appears to me the true, and I think, exquisitely fine sense of the passage: the reader will be the best judge, still remembering, if possible, we should elevate our ideas to those of our author, and not correct him to a level with our own apprehensions, when we cannot enter into his spirit: my attempt, at least upon this consideration, will be excused, and (if I am mistaken,) my mistakes obtain a pardon.

How found you him ?

Arr. Stark, as you see :

Thus smiling as some fly had tickled slumber ;
Not as death's dart being laugh'd at : his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

Guid. Where ?

Arr. O'th' floor :

His arms thus leagu'd, I thought he slept, and put
My clouted brogues from off my feet, whose rudeness
Answer'd my steps too loud.

Guid. Why, he but sleeps ;
If he be gone he'll make his grave a bed ;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come near thee.

Arr. With fairest flow'rs,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave : thou shalt not lack
The flow'r that's like thy face, pale primrose ; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins ; no nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath ; the raddock would
With charitable bill (oh, bill fore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument) bring thee all this,
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flow'rs are none,
To (20) winter-ground thy coarse—

* * * * *

Ecl. Great griefs I see med'cine the less. For Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's son, boys,
And though he came our enemy, remember
He was paid for that : the mean, and mighty, rotting
Together, have one dust, yet (21) reverence,

The

[20] *Winter-ground*] Mr. Warburton displeased at this would
read *winter-gown* : the reading in the text makes good sense, and
is, I think, therefore to be preferred.

[21] *Reverence,*] See the passage on ceremony, in *Henry V.* Vol. 2.

The angel of the world, doth make distinction
Of place 'twixt high and low. Our foe was princely,
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him, as a prince.

Guid. Pray thee, fetch him hither.
Therfites body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

Funeral Dirge.

Guid. Fear no more the heat o'th' sun,
Nor the furious winters rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages.
Golden lads and girls all must
As chimney-sweepers come to dust.

Arr. Fear no more the frown o'th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke,
Care no more to cloath and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physick, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Guid. Fear no more the lightning-flash.

Arr. Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone.

Guid. Fear no slander, censure rash.

Arr. Thou hast finish'd joy and moan.

Imogen, awaking.

Yes, sir, to Milford-Haven, which is the way ?—
I thank you—by yond bush—pray, how far thither ?—
'Ods pittikins—can it be six mile yet ?—
I've gone all night—'faith, I'll lie down and sleep.
But soft ! no bedfellow !—Oh, gods, and goddesses !

Seeing the Body.

These flow'rs are like the pleasures of the world ;
This bloody man the care on't. I hope, I dream ;

For,

For, sure, I thought I was a cave-keeper :
 And cook to honest creatures. But 'tis not so ;
 'Twas but a bolt of nothing, shot at nothing,
 Which the brain makes of fumes. Our very eyes,
 Are sometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
 I tremble still with fear ; but if there be
 Yet left in heav'n, as small (22) a drop of pity
 As a wren's eye : oh, gods ! a part of it !
 The dream's here still ; even when I wake, it is
 Without me, as within me ; not imagin'd, felt.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Routed Army.

(23) No blame be to you, sir, for all was lost,
 But that the heavens fought : the king himself

Of

(22) *A drop of pity*] So *Otbello* says,

I shou'd have found in some place of my soul
 A drop of patience.

Mr. Theobald observes, " tho' this expression is very pathetic in both places of our author, it brings to my mind a very humorous passage in the *Axarxes* of *Aristophanes*. An *Athenian* rustic, in time of war, is robbed of a yoke of oxen by the *Bæotians* : he has almost cry'd his eyes out for the loss of his cattle, and comes to beg for a drop of peace in a quill, to anoint his eyes with."

Εὐδ' ἄλλα μοι, &c.

One drop of peace at least, I pray you, pour
 Into this quill, to bathe mine eyes.

(23) *No blame*] This description is truly classical, and deserves to be placed in competition with the finest in *Homer* and *Virgil*, both of whom abound with numberless passages of the like nature : the learned reader will want no direction to find them out : however, such as are not so well acquainted with the ancients, may be agreeably amused by turning to the 12th *Iliad*, and 122d line, and the latter end of the 11th book of the *Æneid*. In *Lucan* too, he will meet with some fine descriptions of routs and slaughters : in the 7th book of his *Pharsalia*, he has something very like *Shakespeare's* ;

Having work
 More plentiful than tools to do't,

The

Of his wings destitute, the army broken,
 And but the backs of Britains seen ; all flying
 Through a strait lane, the enemy full-hearted,
 Lolling the tongue with slaughter ring, having work
 More plentiful, than tools to do't, struck down
 Some mortally, some slightly touch'd, some falling
 Meerly through fear, that the straight pass was
 damm'd

With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
 To die with lengthen'd shame.

DEATH.

(24) I, in mine own woe charm'd,
 Could not find death, where I did hear him groan ;
 Nor

The poet says ;

The victors murder, and the vanquish'd bleed ;
 Their weary hands the tir'd destroyers ply,
 Scarce can these kill, so fast as those can die.

Rome.

But perhaps, no poet. ancient or modern, can equal our *blind bard* on this subject ; his battle of the angels, their rout and headlong expulsion from heaven are too well known and admired, to need particularly remarking here.

(24) *I---charm'd, &c.*] Alluding to the common superstition of charms being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon ancestors, and so is common to us with the *Germans*, who are above all other people given to this superstition, which made *Erasmus*, where, in his *Moria Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteristic, say, " the *Germans* please themselves with the strength of their bodies, and their knowledge of magic." And *Prior*, in his *Alma* ;

North-Britons hence have second sight,
 And *Germans* free from gun-shot fight.

Warburton.

Aubrey, in the 1st Scene, and 5th Act of the *Bloody Brother*, speaking of death, says ;

Am I afraid of death, of dying nobly ?
 Of dying in mine innocence uprightly ?
 Have I met death in all his forms and fears,
 Now on the points of swords, now pitch'd on lances,

In

Nor feel him where he struck. This ugly monster,
'Tis strange he hides him in fresh cups, soft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more ministers than we,
That draw his knives i'th' war.

In fires, in storms of arrows, battles, breaches,
And shall I now shrink from him, when he courts me
Smiling and full of sanctity?



HAMLET.



HAMLET.

ACT I. SCENE I.

PRODIGES.

IN the most high and (1) palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,

Stars

(1) *Palmy*] i. e. Victorious---to gibber, is to chatter or make a gnashing with the teeth. *Disaster*, (says Skinner, and as its derivation plainly speaks) signifies *malignum sidus*, an *evil star*; and by the astrologists it was used for an *evil* or *unlucky conjunction of stars*; the great repute of that art, and the influence the stars were supposed to have on man's life, gave it the signification we now use it in. *Shakespeare* uses it in its primary sense. The learned reader will easily recollect the accounts, given by the *historians*, of the prodigies preceding the death of *Julius Cæsar*: our author seems neither to have been unacquainted with that fine digression in *Virgil's* first *Georgic* concerning them, nor the account of them in *Ovid*, which 'tis probable he might have imitated from *Virgil*: I shall beg leave to subjoin them both.

* He first the fate of *Cæsar* did foretell,
And pitied *Rome*, when *Rome* in *Cæsar* fell.
In iron clouds conceal'd the publick light,
And impious mortals fear'd eternal night.
Nor was the fact foretold by him alone;
Nature herself stood forth, and seconded the sun;
Earth, air and seas with prodigies were sign'd,
And birds obscene and howling dogs divin'd.
What rocks did *Ætna's* bellying mouth expire,
From her torn entrails; and what floods of fire!
What clanks were heard in *German* skies afar,
Of arms and armies rushing to the war!

Dire

* The Sun.

Stars shone with trains of fire, dew's of blood fell,
Disasters veil'd the sun, and the moist star,

Upon

Dire earthquakes rent the solid *Aps* below
And from their summits shook th' eternal snow:
Pale spectres in the close of night were seen,
And voices heard of more than mortal men.
In silent groves dumb sheep and oxen spoke,
And streams ran backward, and their beds forsook:
The yawning earth disclos'd th' abyss of hell,
The weeping statues did the war foretell,
And holy sweat from brazen idols fell.
Then rising in his might the king of floods,
Rush'd thro' the forests, tore the lofty woods,
And rowling onward, with a sweepy sway,
Bore houses, herds, and lab'ring hinds away:
Blood sprang from wells, wolfs howl'd in towns by night,
And boding victims did the priests affright;
Such peals of thunder never pour'd from high,
Nor fork'y lightnings flash'd from such a fullen sky.
Red meteors ran acro'ss th' ethereal space.
Stars disappear'd, and comets took their place.

Garth's Ovid, B. 15. p. 354.

Dryden

Among the clouds were heard the dire alarms
Of echoing trumpets, and of clanging arms:
The sun's pale image gave so faint a light,
That the sad earth was almost veil'd in night;
The æther's face with fiery meteors glow'd,
With storms of hail were mingled drops of blood:
A dusky hue the morning-star o'erspread,
And the moon's orb was stain'd with spots of red:
In every place portentous shrieks were heard,
The fatal warnings of th' infernal bird:
In every place the marble melts to tears,
While in the groves, rever'd thro' length of years,
Boding and awful sounds the ear invade,
And solemn music warbles thro' the shade:
No victim can atone the impious age;
No sacrifice the wrathful gods assuage:
Dire wars and civil fury threaten the state,
And every omen points out *Cæsar's* fate:
Around each hollow'd shrine and sacred dome,
Night-howling dogs disturb the peaceful gloom;
Their silent seats and wand'ring shades forsake,
And fearful tremblings the rock'd city shake.

(*Wellsd.*)

The originals consist, the first of 23 lines, the latter of 16, the translations of 31 and 22 lines: *Shakespeare* has but eight: and perhaps, were we to say he was as expressive and elegant as *Virgil* and *Ovid*

Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

Ghosts vanish at the crowing of the Cock, and the Reverence paid to Christmas-Time.

Ber. It was about to speak when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it started like a guilty thing

Upon a fearful summons. I have heard

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,

Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat

Awake the god of day; and at his warning,

Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,

Th' extravagant and erring spirit hies

To his confine: And of the truth herein,

This present object made probation.

Mar. It faded at the crowing of the cock.

Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes,

Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,

'This bird of dawning singeth all night long:

And then, they say, no spirit walks abroad,

The nights are wholesome, then no planets strike,

(2) No fairy takes, no witch hath power to charm;

So hallow'd, and so gracious is the time.

Ovid on this subject, we might not be tax'd with too great partiality to him: however, it may be no disagreeable amusement to the reader to compare these three passages together, allowing for the great spirit the ancients must lose in a translation. See too *Julius Cæsar*, A. 2. S. 4.

(2) *No fairy takes.*] The poet here plainly alludes to that well-known characteristic of the fairies, their *taking away*, or changing children: the whole dispute, in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, between *Oberon* and *Titania*, is concerning a boy she had *taken away*, or stolen from its mother: the reader will find a pretty fable on this subject in *Gay's Fables*: and indeed the thing is so generally known by all read in the oeconomy of these *little dapper elves*, it needs not insisting on.

M O R N I N G.

(3) But look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill.

SCENE II. *Real Grief.*

Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not seems:
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These, indeed, seem,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have that within, which passeth shew;
These but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

Immoderate Grief discommended.

'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know, your father lost a father,
That father his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation, for some term
To do obsequious sorrow. (4) But to persevere
In obstinate condolment, does expre's

An

(3) But, &c.] See *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Act 1. Sc. 3.
and the note.

(4) But to, &c.] *Juvenal* says, (*Sat.* 13.)

*Ponamus nimios gemitus: flagrantior æquo
Non debet dolor esse viri, nec vulnere major.*

Abate thy passion nor too much complain,
Grief shou'd be forc'd: and it becomes a man,
To let it rise no higher than his pain.

Crotch.

An impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
It shews a will most incorrect to heaven;
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschool'd:
For what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd
From the first coarse, till he that died to-day,
This must be so.

Hamlet's Soliloquy on his Mother's Marriage.

(5) O, that this too too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew;

Or

(5) O, that, &c.] The late translator of *Longinus* observes, upon that section, (the 22d) where his excellent author is speaking of the *Hyperbaton*, "That nothing can better illustrate his remarks than a celebrated passage in *Shakespeare's Hamlet*, where the poet's art has hit off the strongest and most exact resemblance of nature. The behaviour of his mother makes such impression on the young prince, that his mind is big with abhorrence of it, but expressions fail him: he begins abruptly, but as reflections crowd thick upon his mind, he runs off into commendations of his father. Some time after, his thoughts turn again on that action of his mother, which had rais'd his resentments, but he only touches it, and flies off again; in short, he takes up eighteen lines in telling us, that his mother married again in less than two months after her husband's death."

Speaking of *self-slaughter*, in *Cymbeline*, he says;

'Gainst self-slaughter
There is a prohibition so divine
That cravens my weak mind.

Hyperion was a name of the sun; *Hamlet*, afterwards speaking of his father, says

See what a grace was seated on his brow,
Hyperion's curls.

L

Mr.

Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd
 His cannon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh, God! oh, God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world.
 Fie on't! O, fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank and gross in nature
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this,
 But two months dead; nay, not so much, not two—
 So excellent a king, that was to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not let e'en the winds of heav'n
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember?—why she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on; and yet within a month?—
 Let me not think on't—Frailty thy name is woman:
 A little month!—or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears—Why she, even she—
 O, heav'n! A beast that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourn'd longer—married with mine uncle
 My father's brother; but no more like my father,
 Than I to Hercules. Within a month!—

Ere

Mr. Dryden observes, on the famous

—*Varium & mutabile semper**Fœmina*

of *Virgil*, that it is the sharpest satire in the fewest words, that ever was made on womankind; for both the adjectives are neuter, and animal must be understood to make them grammar. Mr. Theobald is of opinion, this of *Shakespeare*—*Frailty thy name is woman*, is, as being equally concise in the terms, and more sprightly in the thought and image, to be preferred to *Virgil*, and the sharper satire of the two.

It is, I think, observed, either in the *Tattlers* or *Spectators*, how greatly *Hamlet* exaggerates his mother's offence by continually lessening the time she stayed before her second marriage. 'Tis at first two months—then immediately not so much as two—presently after 'tis within a month; that is again lessened—'twas not only within a month, but within a little month—nay, even before her eyes were dry, and no longer galled with her most unrighteous tears.

Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
 Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
 She married. O, most wicked speed, to post
 With such dexterity to incestuous sheets:
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

SCENE IV. *A complete Man.*

(6) He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

SCENE V. *Cautions to young Ladies.*

(7) For Hamlet and the trifling of his favour,
 Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood:

A

(6) *He, &c.*] This (as Mr. Whalley observes in his *Enquiry into the Learning of Shakespeare*) will perhaps be thought too much the suggestion of nature and the human heart, to be taken from a place of *Sophocles*, to which it has great affinity;

Πᾶσαν ἀγίαν ἀνδρῶν τῶν ἐπὶ χροῶν
 Κτενᾶς ὅποιον ἄλλον ἐκ οὐκ ἐστὶ ποτὲ.

Trachin, v. 321.

Which in the most literal translation, is,

You've kill'd the very best of men on earth,
 And shall not look upon his like again.

In *Cymbeline*, there is a character very similar to this;

—A creature such,
 As to seek through the regions of the earth,
 For one his like, there wou'd be something failing
 In him that shou'd compare.

See the first page of that play.

(7) See *All's well that ends well*, p. 3. Sc. 7.
 In *Philaster*, poor injured *Arakusa*, thus complains;

Where may a maiden live securely free,
 Keeping her honour safe? not with the living
 They feed upon opinions, errors, dreams,
 And make them truths; they draw a nourishment
 Out of defamings, grow upon disgraces,
 And when they see a virtue fortified
 Strongly above the battery of their tongues;

L 2

Oh,

A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent: tho' sweet, not lasting:
The perfume and suppliance of a minute:
No more.—

Then weigh what loss your honour may sustain,
If with too credent ear you list his songs;
Or lose your heart; or your chaste treasure open
To his unmaster'd importunity.

Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear sister,
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the shot and danger of desire.

The charest maid is prodigal enough,
If she unmask her beauty to the moon:

Virtue itself 'scapes not calumnious strokes,
The canker galls (8) the infants of the spring,
Too oft before the buttons be disclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth,
Contagious blastments are most imminent.

A Satire on ungracious Pastors.

I shall th' effects of this good lesson keep

(9) As watchmen to my heart: but, good my brother,
Do

Oh, how they cast to sink it: and defeated
(Soul-sick with poison) strike the monuments
Where noble names lie sleeping; till they sweat,
And the cold marble melt.

Act 3. (towards the end.)

(8) *Infants of the spring*

Abortive as the first-born bloom of spring,
Nipt with the lagging rear of winter's frost.

Milton's Sampson Agonistes.

(9) *As watchman*] All the common editions read *watchman*; I suspected the word, and turning to the folio's, found it *watchmen*, which appears to me certainly right: *the effects as watchmen*.

Reckless is the same as *careless*, which is read in some editions, and is, I think, the preferable word; as, *reck* not his own *read* (i. e.

Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Shew me the steep and thorny way to heav'n,
Whilst, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose paths of dalliance treads,
And reck not his own reed.

A Father's Advice to his Son, going to travel.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy soul with (10) hooks of steel:

But

(i. e. regards not his own doctrine) so immediately follows. *Spenser*, in his *Calendar*, greatly reproves those ungracious pastors, who are said here to tread the primrose paths of dalliance, and pay no regard to the good lessons they teach their flocks: see *July*: and *Milton* is not sparing of his satire on this subject: he thus reprehends the too proud and ungracious pastors;

How well cou'd I have spar'd for thee, young swain,
Anow of such as for their bellies sake,
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold?
Of other care they little reck'ning make,
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest:
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least,
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What in them! what need they? They are sped,
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipe of wretched straw:
The hungry sheep look up and are not fed,
But swoll'n with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly and foul contagion spread. &c.

Lycidas.

(10) *Hooks*] Alluding to the grappling-hooks made use of at sea: some would read *hoops*, but we cannot be said to grapple any thing with a hoop. In the lines where the poet speaks of the habit, he evidently had this passage from the 19 ch. and 30 v. of *Ecclesiasticus* in view.

A man's attire, and excessive laughter, and gate shew what he is.

But do not dull thy palm, with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unsledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel; but being in,
Bear't that th' opposed may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend:
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all, to thine own self be true;
And it must follow as the night the day,
Thou can'st not then be false to any man.

SCENE VII. Hamlet, on the Appearance of his
Father's Ghost.

Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
Be (11) thy intents wicked or charitable,

Thou

As most probably, in the conclusion, where he speaks of being true to ones self, he had this fine verse in the 49th Psalm.

So long as thou dost well unto thyself, men will speak good of thee. v. 18.

See *All's well that ends well*, p. 1. and n.

(11) *Thy intents* Hamlet, we see by the foregoing line, doubted whether this was a good or an evil spirit; that is, whether its intentions were to serve or harm him: of this too his friends doubted, as we see in the next speech; and he himself again discovers the same fears at the latter end of the fine speech, Act 2. Sc. 8. p. 236. By *questionable*, now, we generally mean *disputable*; here it signifies—*inviting question*. The line---*Why thy canoniz'd bones, bear'd in death*, hath a good deal perplex'd the critics, and is indeed very obscure: Mr. Warburton alters the passage; for *canoniz'd bones* signifying only bones to which the rites of sepulture have been performed, and *inburning* being one of the essential rites, it is necessary that be mentioned, which, unless we read---*bear'd in earth*, he

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane; Oh! answer me,
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell

Why

he assures us, it is not; *bear'd* being used figuratively for *reposed*, and death being a privation only, *bear'd in death* is nonsense.²² Thus he would alter the passage---Sir Thomas Hammer, in the rage of correction, gives us;

Why thy bones hear'd in canonized earth.

But if we let the passage stand as it doth, is it not possible to give it some sense? *Shakespeare* is bold in his use of words, and licentious in his manner: it is not improbable, he might use death for the grave, and that, by no very far-fetch'd allusion: and then the passage is clear; why thy bones canonized, *i. e.* buried according to canon, and hear'd in death, *i. e.* safely reposed in the grave.—Thus, even according to Mr. Warburton's sense of the words, the passage seems to be defensible: but may we not ask, whether this sense of the passage renders not the two parts of the sentence the same? for if his bones were *canoniz'd*, that is, had all the rites of sepulture paid to them, it follows of course, they were *bear'd in death* or earth, reposed in the grave. Mr. Warburton says, “*canoniz'd* cannot signify (what it usually does) *made holy or sainted*; for we are told, he was murdered with all his sins fresh upon him, and therefore in no way to be sainted.” But we may observe, it is a son, full of the perfections of his father, (whose equal, he tells us, the world could not produce) that here speaks; no wonder then, he should use the highest compliment: beside, as to his being murder'd with all his sins upon him, that we know nothing of at present: 'tis the ghost himself only, that informs his son of that; and as he died, not by murder, according to the general report, he was very likely to have been canonized; it was very probable, his wife and brother might have got him faint'd out of their abundant *love* and *zeal* for him, when dead, and the better to conceal their devilish purposes: so that if we understand the word in this sense, a better meaning may be given the passage;

“Tell me, oh my father, (says the dutiful and amazed Hamlet,) why this wonder happens; why I see you again on earth; why those bones have burst their cearment, which lately made holy and sainted, were hear'd in death, were reposed in the grave, or, at the time of your death: this increases my admiration; had'st thou not had the rites of sepulture, or only the common rites, I might have been less astonish'd; but thy bones were not only *bear'd in death*, not only properly and duly entomb'd, but made sacred too: why then has the sepulchre op'd her marble jaws; why behold we again the buried and hallow'd Hamlet on the earth?”

Why thy canoniz'd bones hearf'd in death,
 Have burst their cearments? why the sepulchre;
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
 That thou, dead coarfe, again in complete steel,
 Revist'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous? And us fools of nature,
 So horribly to shake our disposition
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

The Mischiefs it might tempt him to.

(12) What if it tempts you towards the flood, my
 lord,
 Or to the dreadful border of the cliff,

That

(12) *What, &c.* See the famous description of *Dover-Cliff*, in *King Lear*, Act 4. Sc. 6. *Beetles*, i. e. hangs over, in the same manner as the head of a beetle hangs over, and is too big for the rest of its body: so, we say, a beetle-headed or beetle-brow'd fellow for a heavy, thick-headed one. The line,

Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,

has something in it truly *Shakespearean*: *deprive*, is used in its primary sense, according to our author's frequent method: which might deprive, i. e. take away, your sovereignty of reason, i. e. your sovereign reason. Mr. Warburton, at all adventures, condemns the passage. "*Deprive your sovereignty of reason*, i. e. deprive your sovereignty of its reason. Nonsense. *Sovereignty of reason* is the same as sovereign or supreme reason: reason which governs man. And thus it was used by the best writers of those times. Sidney says, *It is time for us both to let reason enjoy its due sovereignty*. Arcad. And king Charles, At once to betray the sovereignty of reason in my soul. ΕΙΚΑΝ ΒΑΣΙΛΙΚΗ. It is evident that *Shakespeare* wrote,

Deprave your sovereignty of reason.

i. e. disorder your understanding and draw you into madness. So, afterwards—

Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, Warburton.

The

That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
 And there assume some other horrible form,
 Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
 And draw you into madness? Think of it,
 The very place puts toys of desperation,
 Without more motive, into every brain,
 That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
 And hears it roar beneath.

SCENE VIII. (13) *Enter Ghost and Hamlet.*

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? Speak; I'll go no further.

Ghost. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghost.

The reader, I dare say, will not be displeased with this note of Mr. Warburton; as it seems the best that could be given to confirm the reading in the text; *deprive your, &c.* may be properly explained as he desires, i. e. disorder your understanding and draw you into madness: for was it to deprive his sovereignty of reason, or take it away---that must be the consequence. If the passage is translated literally into *Latin*, the learned reader will immediately see its propriety: it may be unnecessary, perhaps, to add, he uses, *contrive*, in the same manner, in its primary sense: *contrive an afternoon*, i. e. spend an afternoon together. See *Taming of the Shrew*, Act 1. as he does frequently two substantives to express one thing; so, in *Othello*;

As when by night and negligence a fire
 Is spied—

i. e. fire occasioned by nightly negligence. And in numberless other places.

(13) *Enter, &c.* The present scene betwixt *Hamlet* and the ghost, is so truly excellent and inimitable, that I dare say, I shall need no apology with the reader, for giving it whole and intire. The ghost, in speaking of the horrors of purgatory, says, he was confin'd to fast in fires: upon which Mr. Thebald judiciously observes, that it is the opinion of the religion he e represented (the Roman catholic) that fasting purifies the soul here, as the fire does in the purgatory, here alluded to: and the soul must be purg'd either by fasting here, or burning hereafter. This opinion, *Shakespeare* again hints at, where he makes *Hamlet* say, *He took my father grossly, full of bread: and we are to observe, it is a common*

Ghost. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulph'rous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself.

Ham. Alas, poor ghost.

Ghost. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

Ham. Speak ; I am bound to hear.

Ghost. So art thou to revenge when thou shalt hear.

Ham. What ?

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit,
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And for the day confin'd to fast in fires,
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature

Are

saying of the *Romish* priests to their people, "If you won't fast here, you must fast in fire."——It is a little surprizing any commentator on our author, after this observation, could think of altering the passage and miserably degrading it either into,

Confin'd too fast in fires, Or,

Confin'd fast in fires:

both of which, to every true reader of *Shakespear*, carry their own conviction : he could never have express'd himself so meanly on such an occasion, nor would have made his ghost talk of being confin'd *fast* or *too fast* in fires : *confin'd in fires* had been enough, and much more poetical, was that all he had to have inform'd us of. The words *burnt and purg'd away*, shew the propriety of the reading in the text. When the ghost, in telling his son, he was glad to find him so ready for revenge--adds, *duller shou'dst thou be than the fat weed that roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf. wouldst thou not stir in this---* (for *should* and *would* are quite proper in their places---so, we say, — *I shou'd* have esteem'd you a coward *wou'd* you not have done so and so, and indeed the words are used very licentiously the one for the other) when, I say, the ghost talks of *Lethe's wharf*, we see the same inconsistency as in *Michael Angelo's* famous picture of the last judgment, where he introduces *Charon's bark* : Mr. *Warburton* observes, possibly *Shakespear* might do it, to insinuate to the zealous protestants of his time, that the pagan and popish purgatory stood both upon the same footing of credibility. *Tasso*, in his *Jerusalem Liberata*, very licentiously mixes the Christian and heathen system, and tho' he is writing a Christian poem, and in one stanza calls the *devil*,

The ancient foe to man, and mortal seed,
yet in the immediately subsequent ones, he introduces *Silenus*, the sphinges, centaurs, gorgons, &c. &c.---See C. 4. S. 1, 4, 5.

Are burnt and purg'd away : but that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to stand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
But this eternal blazon must not be
To ears of flesh and blood : list, list, O, list,
If thou did'st ever thy dear father love.

Ham. O, heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder !

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it, that I with wings as
swift

As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt,

And duller should'st thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe's wharf,
Would'st thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear ;
'Tis given out, that sleeping in my garden
A serpent stung me : so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged process of my death
Rankly abus'd : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent, that did sting thy father's heart,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul, my uncle !

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wits, with trait'rous gifts,
(O wicked wits, and gifts that have the power
So to seduce ;) won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming virtuous queen.

O, Hamlet, what a falling off was there!
From me, whose love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!

But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Tho' lewdness court it in a shape of heav'n;
So vice, tho' to a radiant angel link'd,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.—
But soft, methinks, I scent the morning air,—
Brief let me be: sleeping within my garden,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole
With juice of curfed hebenon in a viol;
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That swift as quicksilver it courses thro'
The natural gates and allies of the body,
And, with a sudden vigour, it does posset
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholsom blood; so did it mine,
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,
Most lazarus-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen at once dispatch'd;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
(14) Unhousel'd, unanointed, unaneal'd,

No.

(14) *Unhousel'd*, &c.] This line has created the editors much trouble: both the words and the sense of them having been disputed. The old editions read, *unhousell'd*, disappointed, *unaneal'd*.—Of the signification of the first word there is no dispute, all agreeing, *unhousel'd* means, *without having received the*
I
(*housel*)

No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not,
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,

Taint

(*housel*) host or eucharist: the second, Mr. Theobald alters to *unappointed*, which he explains by, “no confession of sins made, no reconciliation to heaven, no appointment of penance by the church.” This reading is generally disregarded, and we find *unanointed* almost universally prevail, the sense of which, as indisputably as of the first word in the line, is determined to be, *without extreme unction*. *Unaneal'd*, now alone remains unconsider'd: Mr. Theobald says, it must signify, *without extreme unction*; Mr. Pope explains it by, *no knell rung*: the Oxford editor, by *unprepared*: and his explication is certainly most just: “to *anneal* or *neal* in its primary and proper sense, is to prepare metals or glass by the force of fire, for the different uses of the manufacturers in them: and this is here applied by the author in a figurative sense to a dying person, who when prepared by impressions of piety, by repentance, confession, absolution, and other acts of religion, may be said to be *annealed* for death.” Thus, as it seems the sense of the words is clear, and the passage plain. I apprehend, the word should certainly have been *unaknell'd*, to bear the sense Mr. Pope gives it: however, be that as it will, we must certainly allow Mr. Pope to have been a *proper* commentator here. There are more arguments still to support the reading in the text: an attentive person must find great pleasure in looking, as it were, into the *mind* of his author; and, as our thoughts on any subject always succeed in train, and are nicely associated, be much delighted with finding out that train, and tracing those *associations*. Let us see if we cannot do so in this passage: the poet is speaking of the misfortune of being cut off in the blossom of our sins, when we have had no means to atone for them, or to receive the benefits of religion; these benefits then must naturally arise in the mind: the greatest of which it is natural to suppose would occur first, the *blessed sacrament*, the immediate consequence of which is, *extreme unction*, two so important and necessary branches of duty, that the loss of these was the loss of all, and we may reasonably expect he should particularize no more, but add—“I was not only depriv'd of these, but also of every other *preparation*, and without any kind of reckoning made, sent to my last and horrible account.” If we were to admit Mr. Pope's sense of the word, we must imagine our author's thoughts carried still farther; “without the *host*, without unction, without enjoying the benefits of the *passing bell*,”

Taint not thy mind, (15) nor let thy foul design
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To goad and sting her. Fare thee well at once;
 The glow-worm shews the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me. [Exit.]

Ham. O, all you host of heaven! O, earth! what
 else?

And shall I couple hell? O, fy! hold, hold my heart,
 And you my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up. Remember thee!
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe; remember thee!
 Yea, from the table of my memory,
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All

hell," which used to *roll* while the person lay expiring, and thence was so called: nay, this shocking custom still prevails in some parts of *England*.---The run of the line is no bad argument in support of the reading in the text: this manner of beginning each word with the same syllable is not infrequent with the *Greek* tragedians nor our best poets; and besides, it adds great strength and beauty.

Unrespited, unpitied, unrepov'd.

Milton, Par. Lost, B. 2. 185.

Unshaken, uneduc'd, unterrified. ---B. 5: 899.

And numberless other instances, if necessary, might easily be brought. Mr. *Upton* explains *disappointed* and *unaneal'd*, the same as Mr. *Theobald*, whom he condemns for altering *disappointed*; which he esteems the genuin reading, and tells us, "He cannot but admire the ignorance as well as boldness of these editors who have chang'd it." *Observations on Shakespear*, p. 181.

(15) *Nor let, &c.*] The author, in this noble sentiment, doubtless alluded to the well-known story of *Orestes*, and his mother *Clytemnestra*. It would be unnecessary to say any thing concerning the similarity of this play to the celebrated *Electra* of *Sophocles*; as I believe, there is scarce an editor or commentator on *Shakespear*, that has not mentioned something concerning it. The reader, if he thinks proper, may consult Mr. *Rosse's* Life of the author, (towards the end) or Mr. *Gildon's* Remarks on *Hamlet*, or rather, perhaps, than either, Mr. *Upton's* Observations, p. 49, 2d ed. It will too, possibly, be thought as unnecessary to add, that it is reported, all this fine scene betwixt *Hamlet* and the ghost, was written by *Shakespear*, in a charnel-house,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressüres past,
 That youth and observation copied there;
 And thy commandment all alone shall live
 Within the book and volume of my brain,
 Unmix'd with baser matter; yes, by heaven;
 O, most pernicious woman!
 O, villain, villain, smiling damned villain;
 My tables;—meet it is, I set down,
 That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
 At least I'm sure he may be so in Denmark. [Writing.]
 So, uncle, there you are: now to my word,
 It is, adieu, adieu, adieu, remember me.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Ophelia's Description of Hamlet's mad Address to her.

(16) My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Prince Hamlet, with his doublet, all unbrac'd,
 No hat upon his head, his stockings loose,
 Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle,
 Pale as his shirt, his knees knocking each other,
 And with a look so piteous, in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell
 To speak of horrors; thus, he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph.

(16) *My lord, &c.*] Nothing can express the hurry of spirits and agitation of mind *Ophelia* was in, more naturally than this description she gives us: 'tis another fine instance of *Shakespear's* excellence in the *Hyperbaton*, which the reader will remember we remark'd just before.

The reader will observe it is said---he came with his stockings loose, ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle; that is, roll'd or turned down to his ancle; but to me there appears no difference in loose and ungarter'd, if they were loose, 'twas unnecessary to add ungarter'd, and so, *vice versa*: the folio's read, *foul'd*; now this gives another circumstance at least, and tho' loose and ungarter'd might be justified, yet *foul'd* expresses an additional mark of his madness and neglect of himself, and is therefore (in my judgment) to be preferr'd: perhaps the reader may think, *loosed*, used in the subsequent lines, an argument in favour of the word I would support,

Opb. My lord, I do not know,
But truly I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Opb. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And with his other hand thus o'er his brow
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it: long time staid he so;
At last, a little shaking of my arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh so piteous and profound,
As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out of doors he went without their helps,
And to the last bended their light on me.

Old-Age.

Beshrew my jealousy,
It seems it is as proper to our age
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion.

SCENE VI. *Happiness consists in Opinion.*

Why then 'tis none to you:
For there is nothing either good or bad,
But thinking makes it so:
To me it is a prison.

Hamlet's

Hamlet's Account of his own Melancholy, and Reflections on Man.

I have of late, but wherefore I know not, lost all mirth, foregone all custom of exercises, and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory: this most excellent canopy the air, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man! how noble in reason! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how express and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! And yet to me what is this quintessence of dust? Man delights not me, nor woman neither, tho' by your smiling you seem to say so.*

SCENE

* We have in the next scene some speeches from a play, which seems to have been a favourite of *Shakespeare's*: the critics have been greatly divided in their opinions concerning the real excellence of the passages quoted: it is not my business to determine any thing concerning them, when selecting the *Beauties of Shakespeare*: however, in deference to the judgment of our poet, I thought it incumbent upon me to quote the few lines following, which seem to merit all the commendation *Shakespeare* gives them, but particularly the simile:

— Then senseless Ilium
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his base: and with a hideous crash
Takes prisoner *Pyrrhus*' ear. For, lo! his sword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, seem'd to stick i'th air:
So, as a painted tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a neutral to his will and matter
Did nothing. —
But as we often see, against some storm,
A silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
The bold winds speechless, and the orbs below,
As hush as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region, — So, after, &c.

Met.

SCENE VIII. *Hamlet's Reflections on the Player and himself.*

O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
 Is it not monstrous that this player here,
 But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,
 That, from her working, all his visage (17) warm'd ;
 Tears

Mr. Warburton is of opinion, the play here mention'd was *Shakespeare's own*: composed by him on the model of the Greek drama, with a design of restoring the chastity and regularity of the ancient stage: but failing in the attempt, he was forced back to his old Gothic manner: for which he took this revenge upon his audience.

The reader, if he thinks it worth while, may see more upon this subject, in the 8th vol. of Warburton's edition of *Shakespeare*, p. 267.

(17) *Warm'd*] Mr. Warburton reads, *wan'd*, i. e. turn'd pale or *wan*, for which he has the authority of the old quarto: the passage here is very confused, and the grammar very difficult to be made out: which is an instance of the author's great knowledge of nature, in thus making *Hamlet's* language to express the present hurry and fluctuation of his mind: I have often doubted the words, *with forms*. The words, *Ha ? why I shou'd take it*--- are from the folio: 'tis read in the other editions, *yet I shou'd take it*---any reader of taste will immediately see the superior force and energy in the reading here adopted: he, as it were, deliberates with himself---Ha---why I shou'd take even this, for it cannot be but I am, &c.---" Soon after which, he runs into a wild denouncing of revenge; and in the folio, ends with, *Oh, vengeance*, as it is here printed, which I admire the late editors have omitted; as to me, it conveys a great beauty. He is going on with his fiery and zealous indignation, and calls out, *Oh, vengeance*--to which, when he is preparing to say something, by a most elegant break, he returns to himself, and as it were recollecting, cries---Why, what an ass am I?---This is most brave, &c.---"

Nothing can exceed the compliment *Shakespeare* pays his own art, in the following lines: it is generally imagined, he alludes to a story told of *Alexander*, a tyrant of *Phœria*, in *Thessaly*, who being present at a play of *Euripides*, called the *Troades*, was so sensibly touch'd that he withdrew from the theatre, before the tragedy was concluded: being ashamed, as he himself confessed, that he, who never had any pity for those he murder'd, should weep at the sufferings of *Hecuba* and *Andromache*. The reader, if he turns back

Tears in his eyes, distraction in his aspect,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit, and all for nothing,--
 For *Hecuba* ?
 What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
 That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
 Had he the motive, and the cue for passion
 That I have ? he would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid speech,
 Make mad the guilty, and appall the free,
 Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed
 The very faculties of eyes and ears: yet I,
 A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak
 Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing; no, not for a king.
 Upon whose property and most dear life
 A damn'd defeat was made: am I a coward ?
 Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-crofs,
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face,
 Tweaks me by the nose, gives me the lye i'th' throat--
 As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?
 Ha ! why, I should take it,--for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-liver'd and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter, or ere this
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain !
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
 Oh,

back to the 224th page, will find a speech there expressing the same dread *Hamlet* entertains of this spirit, being a wicked one sent to abuse him: *Orestes*, too, in the *Electra* of *Euripides*, entertains the same doubt that *Hamlet* does;

Orestes. Αἰ αὐτ' ἀλασῶρ εἰπ' ἀπεικασθεὶς δέω ;
Electra. Ἰστοῖν καθίζων τέτινόςδ' ; ἐγὼ μὲν οὐ δοκῶ.

Orest. Hath not some evil spirit spoke these things,
 Assuming the gods' likenesses ?

Elect. On his seat,
 The sacred tripod ? I by no means think so.

Oh, vengeance! —
 Why, what an afs am I? This is most brave,
 That I, the son of a dear father murder'd,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
 Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab;
 A (18) scullion, — fie upon't — foh! about my brain!
 I have heard that guilty creatures at a play,
 Have by the very cunning of the scene
 Been struck so to the soul, that presently
 They have proclaim'd their malefactions:
 For murder, tho' it have no tongue, will speak
 With most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
 Play something like the murder of my father,
 Before my uncle; I'll observe his looks,
 I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
 I know my course. The spirit that I have seen
 May be the devil; and the devil may have power
 To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
 Out of my weakness and my melancholy,
 (As he is very potent with such spirits,)
 Abuses me to damn me. I'll have grounds
 More relative than this; the play's the thing,
 Wherein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

ACT III. SCENE I.
HYPOCRISY.

(19) We are oft to blame in this,
 'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's visage,
 And pious action, we do sugar o'er
 The devil himself.

King.

(18) *A scullion*] The foregoing word, *drab*, seems to countenance *scullion*: like a *drab*, a *scullion*, the very meanest and lowest of the vulgar. Mr. Theobald proposed, and the Oxford editor has adopted, *cullion*, i. e. a mean-spirited, white-liver'd fellow, a bully, a stupid cud-don. *Ital. Coglionè.*

(19) See *Merchant of Venice*, p. 60. and n. 5.

King. O, 'tis too true:
 How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
 The harlot's cheek beautied with plastring art,
 Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
 Than is my deed to my most painted word.

SCENE II. *Life and Death weigh'd.*

(20) To be or not to be? that is the question; —
 Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
 (21) Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,

And

(20) "For a particular instance of the difference betwixt the poet and the genius, let us go to two speeches upon the very same subject by those two authors; I mean the two famous soliloquies of *Cato* and *Hamlet*. The speech of the first is that of a scholar, a philosopher, and a man of virtue: all the sentiments of such a speech are to be acquired by instruction, by reading, by conversation; *Cato* talks the language of the porch and academy. *Hamlet*, on the other hand, speaks that of the human heart, ready to enter upon a deep, a dreadful, a decisive act. His is the real language of mankind, of its highest to its lowest order; from the king to the cottager; from the philosopher to the peasant. It is a language which a man may speak without learning; yet no learning can improve, nor philosophy mend it. This cannot be said of *Cato's* speech. It is dictated from the head rather than the heart; by courage rather than nature. It is the speech of pre-determined resolution, and not of human infirmity: it is the language of uncertainty not of perturbation; it is the language of doubting; but of such doubts, as the speaker is prepared to cut asunder if he cannot resolve them. The words of *Cato* are not like those of *Hamlet*, the emanations of the soul; they are therefore improper for a soliloquy, where the discourse is supposed to be held with the heart, that fountain of truth. *Cato* seems instructed as to all he doubts: while irresolute, he appears determined; and bespeaks his quarters, while he questions whether there is lodging. How different from this is the conduct of *Shakespeare* on the same occasion!" See *Gutrie's Essay on Tragedy*, p. 25, 26. & p. 97. Vol. II.

(21) Or to, &c.] The critics, greatly disgusted at the impropriety of *Shakespeare's* metaphors, and not conceiving what he could mean by taking arms against a sea, have either inserted in their text, or proposed, *assail* or *assailing*, and the like: but there is none so frigid a reader of *Shakespeare*, as to admit such alterations. Propriety in his metaphors, was never one of the concerns of our author

And by opposing end them? To die,—to sleep,—
No more; and by a sleep, to say, we end
The heart-ach, and the thousand natural shocks

That

author: so that if we were to correct every place where we find ill-join'd metaphors, we may alter many of his finest passages: the expression of *taking arms*, signifies no more than putting ourselves in a state of opposition and defence; by *a sea of troubles*, according to the common use of the word *sea*, in the poets and other writers, he expresses no more than a *confluence*, a vast quantity, &c.—besides, *a sea of troubles*, is generally used to express the approach of human ills, and the misfortunes that flow in upon us, and it was amongst the *Greeks* a proverbial expression, *κακων θαλασσα*. Thus we may in a good measure justify the expression; at least, it is plain enough to be understood, and I think we may with as much certainty pronounce it *genuine*, as some critics pronounce it false.

When I read over the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides*, I mark'd a passage greatly similar to the following lines; and on reading Mr. *Walley* on *Shakespeare's* *Learning*, found he had likewise remark'd it. "We come next, says he, to the celebrated soliloquy in the 3d Act, which seems so peculiarly the production of *Shakespeare*, that you would hardly imagine it can be parallel'd in all antiquity. Yet I will produce some examples of the same kind; one of which at least will shew how nearly two great tragedians could think upon the same subject. A learned gentleman has taken notice of the conformity which there is between a passage in *Plato's* apology for *Socrates*, and the following lines of this speech *. The sentiment of *Plato* is to this purpose; *If, says he, there be no sensation after death, but as when one sleeps, and sees no dream, death were then an inestimable gain.* And the verses of the poet, are these which follow;

——— To die! to sleep!
No more———and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ach, &c.

——— To die! to sleep!
To sleep! perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub, &c.

And the whole has a remarkable similitude with these verses in the *Hippolytus* of *Euripides*;

Πας δ' οδυνηρος βίη· ανδρωπων
Κ' εν ερι πονων αναπαισιν
Αλλ' ο, τι τε ζην φιλερον αλλο
Σκοιο· αμπισχον κρυπτες μεφελαις·

Αυσεβιους

* Translation of *Tryphiodorus*, p. 76.

That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd, to die,—to sleep;—
To sleep? perchance to dream: (22) ay, there's the
rub;

For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause;—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life,
(23) For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' op-

Αυσεβιους δη φανωμεθ' οντες
Τυδ', ο, τι φιλει τετο καλα γην,
Δι' απειροσυναν αλλα βιοιη,
Κ' ε αποδειξει των υπο γαιας.

v. 190, & seq.

How full of sorrow are the days of man,
Of endless labour and unceasing woe!
And what succeeds, our hopes but ill presage,
For clouds conceal, and darkness rests upon it.
Yet still we suffer light, averse to life:
Still bend reluctant to those ills we have,
Thro' dread of others which we know not of,
And fearful of that undiscovered shore.

And in particular,
That undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns,
may be very well translated by this of the *Latin* poet.

Nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
Illuc, unde negant redire quonquam.

Catull. III. v. 11. See p. 63.

(22) Ay, &c.] That fear is base
Of death, when that death doth but life displace
Out of her place of earth: you only dread
The stroke, and not what follows when you're dead;
There is the fear indeed.

These lines are from the 2d Act of *Massinger's* *Virgin Martyr*, who plainly took the thought from *Shakespeare*.

(23) For, &c.] The ills of human life are very finely and concisely enumerated in the 4th Scene of the 1st Act of the *Two Noble Kinsmen*: and probably the lines are *Shakespeare's*, which may render them the more agreeable to the reader:

Since

Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
 To groan and sweat under a weary life,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 (That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne
 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 enterprizes of great pith and moment
 With this regard their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

C A L U M N Y.

(24) Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow,
 Thou shalt not escape calumny.

A noble Mind disorder'd.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
 The courtier's, foldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
 Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,

The

Since I have known frights, fury, friends' beliefs,
 Loves provocations, zeal, a mistress' task,
 Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
 Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason:
 It hath, &c.

See Mr. Seward's note on the passage.

For a full explanation of, the *insolence* of office--see *Measure for Measure*, p. 45.

(24) See *Measure for Measure*, p. 55, and *Cymbeline*, p. 203.

The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down;
 I am of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That suck'd the (25) hony of his musick vows;
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells, jangled out of tune, and harsh,
 That unmatch'd form and stature of blown youth,
 Blasted with extasie.

SCENE III. Hamlet's Directions and Advice to the Players.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounce'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lieve the town-crier had spoke my lines: and do not saw the air too much with your hand thus, but use all gently; for in the very torrent, tempest, and, as I may say, whirlwind of your passion you must acquire and beget a temperance that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings; who (for the most part) are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shews and noise: I would have such a fellow whip'd for o'er-doing Ter-magant; it out-herods Herod; pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own discretion be your tutor; suit the action to the word, the word to the action, with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature; for any thing so o'er-done, is from the purpose of playing;

(25) *The hony*] Here is a striking instance of *Shakespeare's* impropriety in his use of metaphors: the word *extasie* is used in the sense of the *Greek* word whence it comes, which signifies---any emotion of the mind, whether it happens, by madness, wonder, fear, or any other cause.

M

whose

whose end both at first and now, was and is to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature, to shew virtue her feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure. Now this overdone or come tardy off, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of one of which must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, (not to speak it prophanely,) that neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gate of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether, and let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, tho' in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be consider'd: that's villanous, and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

SCENE IV. *On Flattery, and an even-minded Man.*

Nay, do not think I flatter;
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits
To feed and cloath thee? Why should the poor be
flatter'd?

No, let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?
Since

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice,
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath seal'd thee for herself: for thou hast been
As one in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
A man that fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks: and blest are those
Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
(26) That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To sound what stop she please. Give me the man
That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,—ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.

SCENE VII. *Midnight.*

(27) 'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to the world! Now could I drink hot-blood,
And do such bitter business, as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother—
O, heart, lose not thy nature! let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom!
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.

(26) *That, &c.] Hamlet, speaking of himself to those who would have search'd into his secrets, observes, (Sc. 7.)* Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery, you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sdeath, do you think I am easier to be plaid on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, tho' you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

(27) See 2 *Henry VI.* Act 4. Sc. 1.

SCENE VIII. *The King's despairing Soliloquy, and Hamlet's Reflections on him.*

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 (28) It hath the primal, eldest curse upon't,
 A brother's murder! Pray, I cannot,
 Tho' inclination be as sharp as will;

My

(28) *It hath, &c.*] This passage has greatly perplexed all the editors, and is indeed very difficult: it is read,

That of a brother's murder. Pray I cannot, &c.

A brother's murder. Pray, alas, I cannot,
 Tho' inclination be as sharp as will.

—— Pray, I cannot

Tho' inclination be as sharp as *th' ill*.

Amidst this multitude of conjectures, I must own myself not satisfied. I think, by one slight addition we may greatly clear up the difficulty. The king, conscious of his own guilt, is desirous, yet afraid, to repent and pray: is it not natural then he should say;

A brother's murder---Pray, I [would, yet] cannot---

Now this slight addition will explain the next puzzling line; let us consider, what we may reasonably expect him to have said after this: "I *would* pray, but I cannot, tho' my inclination, my great desire] to do so is no less powerful and persuasive with me, than the already determin'd resolution of my mind so to do: that is, I am no less desirous to do what I would (namely, pray) and cannot, than I am resolv'd to do so": the seeming want of difference between inclination and will, causes all the obscurity: if the reader attends to that, and observes, that by inclination he means, a longing desire, a disposition to do it with pleasure; and by will, the determination of the mind, the actual resolution, I think all will be clear: and the words I have added in the foregoing line, if not genuine, (tho' they seem to bid fair for it) at least add to the explaining the poet's thought. The latter fine lines,

Try what repentance can, what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?

throw some light on these in question: he could not pray, for his guilt defeated his intent: here he would try the force of all powerful

My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this twofold force,
 To be forestalled ere we come to fall,
 Or pardon'd being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past; but, oh! what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!
 That cannot be, since I am still possess'd
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: but 'tis not so above,
 There is no shuffling: there the action lies
 In its true nature, we ourselves compell'd
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults

M 3

To

erful repentance, yet again is check'd by his guilty conscience: for tho', says he, repentance can do all things, yet what can it do, when one cannot really and truly use it? when we are indeed desirous of repenting, but are by our guilt prevented from so doing: when we would fly to its aid, and be pardon'd for our offence, and yet retain the offence itself, and beg for forgiveness, while we still are guilty? the whole speech is a comment on itself.

In *Philaster*, the king is praying to be forgiven, tho' still retaining his offence, as here:

But how can I
 Look to be heard of gods, that must be just,
 Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?

To give in evidence. What then! what rests?
 Try what repentance can; what can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
 O, wretched state! O, bosom black as death!
 O, limed soul! that struggling to be free,
 Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make assay,
 Bow stubborn knees, and heart with strings of steel
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
 All may be well. *[The King kneels.]*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. (29) Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
 And now I'll do't, and so he goes to heaven,
 And so am I reveng'd?—that would be scann'd——
 A villain kills my father, and for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heav'n! O! this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread,
 With all his crimes broad blown as flush as May;
 And how his audit stands, who knows save heaven?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'Tis heavy with him.—Am I then reveng'd,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and season'd for his passage?
 Up sword, and know thou a more horrid bent,
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in a rage,
 Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed;
 At gaming, swearing, or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in't.

Then

(29) It has been remark'd, there is great want of resolution in *Hamlet*, for when he had so good an opportunity to kill his uncle and revenge his father, as here, he shuffles it off with a paltry excuse, and is afraid to do what he so ardently longs for: the observation may be confirm'd from many other passages: in the next page, he himself observes, *that all occasions do inform against him and spur his dull revenge*: but 'tis not my design in this work, to enter into exact criticism on the characters. See the speech in p. 251.

Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
 And that his soul may be as damn'd and black
 As hell whereto it goes.

SCENE X. *Part of the Scene between Hamlet and his Mother.*

Queen. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue

In noise so rude against me?

Ham. Such an act,
 That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
 Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
 From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
 And sets a blister there; makes marriage-vows
 As false as dicers oaths: Oh, such a deed,
 As from the body of contraction plucks
 The very soul, and sweet religion makes
 A rhapsody of words.

Queen. Ah me, what act!

Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers;
 See what a grace was seated on this brow,
 Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
 An eye like Mars, to threaten or command,
 (30) A station like the herald Mercury,
 New lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,

M 4

To

(30) *A station, &c.*] The poet employs this word in a sense different from what it is generally used to signify: for it means here, *an attitude, a silent posture, fixt demeanor of person*, in opposition to an *active behaviour*. Theobald. 'Tis very probable, *Milton* took the first hint of the following fine lines from the present passage:

Like *Maia's* son he stood,
 And shook his plumes that heavenly fragrance fill'd
 The circuit wide. *Par. Lost*, B. 5. 285.

To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband. Look you now what follows ;
 Here is your husband, like a (30) mildew'd ear,
 Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes ?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor ?

Queen. O, Hamlet, speak no more ;
 Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul.
 And there I see such black and grained spots,
 As will not leave their tinct.

Enter Ghost.

Ham. Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
 You heavenly guards ; what would your gracious figure ?

Queen. Alas ! he's mad.

Ham. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
 That, laps'd in time and passion, lets go by
 Th' important acting of your dread command ?
 O, say—

Ghost. Do not forget ; this visitation
 Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
 But look, amazement on thy mother sits :
 O, step between her and her fighting soul !
 Conceit in weakest bodies strongest works :
 Speak to her, Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you, madam ?

Queen. Alas ! how is't with you ?

That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
 And with th' incorporeal air do hold discourse ?
 Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep ;
 And, as the sleeping soldiers in th' alarm,

Your

(30) *Mildew'd ear*] Probably he alludes to *Pharaoh's dream*,
Gen. xli.

And he dreamed and behold seven ears of corn came up on one
 stalk rank and good : and behold seven thin ears and blasted with
 the east wind, sprang up after them : and the thin ears devoured
 the rank and full ears. See v. 22.

Your bedded hairs, like (31) life in excrements,
 Start up and stand on end : O, gentle son !
 Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
 Sprinkle cool patience : whereon do you look ?

Ham. On him, on him !—look you, how pale he
 glares,

His form and cause conjoin'd, preaching to stones
 Would make them capable : do not look on me,
 Left with this piteous action you convert
 My stern effects ; then what I have to do,
 Will want true colour, tears perchance for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this ?

Ham. Do you see nothing there ? [*Pointing to the*

Queen. Nothing at all ; yet all that is, I see. [*Ghost.*

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear ?

Queen. No, nothing but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there ; look how it steals *
 away,

M 5

My

(31) *Like life in excrements*] *Shakespeare* very frequently calls the
 hair an excrement, that is, without life or sensation, and his
 meaning here is, *Hamlet's* surprise had such an effect on him, that
 his hairs, as if there was life in those excrementitious parts, started
 up and stood an end. So, in *Macbeth*,

And my fell of hair

Wou'd at a dismal treatise rowze and stir

As life were in't.

My notes on this play have so much swelled under my hand, I am
 obliged to lay aside a design I had of giving the reader a translation
 of the discourse between *Hamlet* and his mother, from *Saxo Ger-*
manicus, which is extremely fine, and will be no small amusement
 to the reader if he thinks proper to consult that historian ; from
 whom *Shakespeare* has taken the whole of *Hamlet's* disguis'd mad-
 nefs ; the scene before us ; his friendship with *Horatio* ; the death
 of *Polonius* ; his banishment into *England* ; his return from thence,
 and killing the usurper.—The ghost seems to have been his own
 invention.

* *Steals*—Some are for reading *stalks*, and in some later editions
 I find that word : he uses this word before, speaking of the ghost :
 however, *steals*, is very justifiable.

My father in his habit as he liv'd;
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal.

[*Exit Ghost.*]

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodiless creation extasy,
Is very cunning in.

Ham. What extasy?
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time:
And makes as healthful musick: 'tis not madness
That I have uttered, bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word; which madness
Wou'd gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
That not your trespass, but my madness speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen: confess yourself to heaven,
Repent what's past; avoid what is to come.

Queen. O, Hamlet, thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. Then throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night, but go not to my uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue if you have it not.
That monster custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on: refrain to-night,
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence, the next more easy;
For use can almost change the stamp of nature,
And master e'en the devil, or throw him out
With wond'rous potency. Once more, good night,
And when you are desirous to be blest,
All blessing beg of you.

Queen. What shall I do?

Ham.

Ham. Not this by no means that I bid you do;
Let the fond king tempt you to bed again,
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouse;
And let him for a pair of recchy kisses,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft; 'twere good you let him know.

Queen. Be thou assur'd, if words be made of
breath,

And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

Ham. I must to England, you know that?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot,
'Tis so concluded on.

Ham. There's letters seal'd, and my two school-
fellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fang'd,
They bear the mandate, they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery: let it work,—
For 'tis the sport to have the engineer
Hoist with his own petar, and 't shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow 'em at the moon.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Hamlet's Reflections on his own Irresolution.

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge? What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.

Sure

(32) Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and God-like reason
To rust in us unus'd : now whether it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of thinking too precisely on th' event,
{A thought which quarter'd, hath but one part wis-
dom,

And ever three parts coward ; I do not know
Why yet I live to say this thing's to do,
Sith I have cause, and will, and strength, and means
To do't. Examples grofs as earth exhort me ;
Witness this army of such mafs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffs,
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to stir without great argument ;
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw,
When honour's at the stake. How stand I then,
That

(32) *Sure he, &c.*] This, says Mr. Theobald, is an expression
purely Homeric ;

Ανα προσσω κ' οπισσω

Λεωσσει.—

Turns on all hands its deep discerning eyes ;
Sees what *befel*, and what may yet *befall* :
Concludes from both, and best provides for all.

Pope, B. 3. 150.

And again,

Ο γαρ οιος ορα προσσω κ' οπισσω.

Skill'd to discern the *future* by the *past*.

Pope, B. 18. 294.

The short scholiast on the last passage, gives us a comment, that
very aptly explains our author's phrase : " For it is the part of an
understanding man to connect the reflection of events to come
with such as are past, and so to foresee what shall follow." This
is as our author phrases it, *looking before and after*.

That have a father kill'd, a mother stain'd,
(Excitements of my reason and my blood,)
And let all sleep, while to my shame I see
The imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That for a phantasy and trick of fame
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain ? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth !

SCENE V. *Sorrows rarely single.*

(33) O, Gertrude, Gertrude,
When sorrows come, they come not single spies,
But in battalions.

SCENE VI. *The Divinity of Kings.*

Let him go, Gertrude : do not fear our person :
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,
(34) That treason can but peep to what it wou'd,
Acts little of its will.

(33) O, Gertrude, &c.] Doctor Young, in his *Night Thoughts*,
(Night the 3d,) has plainly borrowed this thought ;

Woes cluster, rare are solitary woes :
They love a train, they tread each other's heel.

(34) See *Winter's Tale*, p. 138. So, in the *Maid's Tragedy*, it
is said ;

As you are mere man,
I dare as easily kill you for this deed,
As you dare think to do it : but there is
Divinity about you, that strikes dead
My rising passions, as you are my king, &c.

See Act 3, in the *Two Noble Kinsmen*.

SCENE

SCENE X. *Description of Ophelia's Drowning.*

(35) There is a willow grows aſlant a brook,
That ſhews his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream,

There

(35) *There is, &c.*] The character of the jailor's daughter is as beautiful, and every way comparable to this of *Ophelia*: it may be no diſagreeable entertainment to any reader to compare them together: I ſhall only ſubjoin the following account given of her by her wooer;

As I late was angling
In the great lake, that lies behind the palace,
From the fair ſhore thick ſet with reeds and ſedges,
As patiently I was attending ſport,
I heard a voice, a ſhrill one: and attentive
I gave my ear, when I might well perceive
'Twas one that ſung, and by the ſmallneſs of it
A boy or woman. I then left my angle
To his own ſkill, came near, but yet perceiv'd not,
Who made the ſound: the ruſhes and the reeds
Had ſo encompaſt it: I laid me down
And liſten'd to the words ſhe ſung, for then
Thro' a ſmall glade cut by the fiſherman
I ſaw it was your daughter:
She ſung much, but no ſenſe: only I heard her
Repeat this often; *Palamon* is gone,
Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries,
I'll find him out to-morrow.
His ſhackles will betray him, he'll be taken,
And what ſhall I do then? I'll bring a beavy
A hundred black-ey'd maids, that love as I do,
With chaplets on their heads, with daſſadillies,
With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roſes,
And we'll all dance an antick 'fore the duke,
And beg his pardon: then the talk'd of you, ſir,
That you muſt loſe your head to-morrow morning,
And the muſt gather flowers to bury you,
And ſee the houſe made handſome: then the ſung
Nothing but willow, willow, willow, and between
Ever was *Palamon*, fair *Palamon*,
And *Palamon* was a tall young man. The place
Was knee-deep where ſhe ſate: her careleſs trefſes
A wreath of bull-ruſh rounded: about her ſtuck
Thouſand freſh-water flowers of ſeveral colours;
That methought ſhe appear'd like the fair nymph
That feeds the lake with waters: or as *Iris*

Newly

There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call)
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herſelf
Fell in the weeping brook: her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up,
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Newly dropt down from heaven: rings ſhe made
Of ruſhes that grew by, and to 'em ſpoke
The prettieſt poſies: "Thus our true love's ty'd:
This you may looſe, not me:" and many a one;
And then ſhe wept, and ſung again, and ſigh'd:
And with the ſame breath ſmil'd, and kiſt her hand,
I made in to her:
She ſaw me and ſtraight fought the flood: I ſav'd her
And ſet her ſafe to land: when preſently
She ſlipt away, and to the city made
With ſuch a cry, and ſwiftneſs, that, believe me,
She left me far behind her: three or four
I ſaw from far off croſs her: one of them

I knew to be your brother, where ſhe ſtaid, &c. ACT 4.

Mr. Seward very juſtly obſerves upon this paſſage, the *Aurora* of *Guido* has not more ſtrokes of the ſame hand which drew his *Bacchus* and *Ariadne*, than the ſweet deſcription of this pretty maiden's love-diſtraction has to the like diſtraction of *Ophelia*, in *Hamlet*: that of *Ophelia*, ending in her death, is like the *Ariadne*, more moving; but the images here, like thoſe in *Aurora*, are more numerous and equally exquiſite in grace and beauty. May we not then pronounce, that either this is *Shakeſpear's*, or that *Fletcher* has here equall'd him in his very beſt manner? Mr. Warburton peremptorily aſſures us, "the firſt act only of the *Two Noble Kiſngmen*, was wrote by *Shakeſpear*, but in his worſt manner."

ACT

ACT V. SCENE I.

Hamlet's Reflections on Yorick's Skull.

Grave. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue, he pour'd a flaggon of Rhenish on my head once: this same skull, Sir, was Sir Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

Ham. This?

Grave. Even that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick! I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times, and now how abhorr'd in my imagination is it! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kiss'd, I know not how oft; where be your gibes now, your jests, your songs, your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table in a roar? Not one now to mock your own grinning? quite chap-faln? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour, to this complexion she must come; make her laugh at that.

SCENE II. *A spotless Virgin buried.*

(36) Lay her i'th' earth,
And from her fair and unpolled flesh

May

(36) *Lay her, &c.*] An ingenious gentleman observed to me, he thought it an over-sight in *Shakespeare* to refuse *Ophelia* all the rites of burial, as if she had drowned herself, when it is plain she was drowned by mere accident: the priest says, "her death was doubtful, and that it would profane the service of the dead to sing a requiem in like manner to her as to *peace-parted souls*. *Ophelia* was distracted, and not dying a natural death, but such a one as was in *some measure* doubtful, I think, *Shakespeare* may be justified; it is plain however, *Laertes* thought it a very unfair manner of proceeding with his sister,

May violets spring: I tell thee, churlish priest,
A ministring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

MELANCHOLY.

This is meer madness,
And thus awhile the fit will work on him;
Anon as patient as the female dove,
(37) When first her golden couplets are disclos'd,
His silence will sit drooping.

Providence directs our Actions.

(38) And that should teach us,
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

A Health.

(39) Give me the cup,
And let the kettle to the trumpets speak,

The

(37) *When, &c.*] Golden couplets, means, her *two young ones*, for doves seldom lay more than two eggs, and the young ones when first disclos'd or hatch'd, are cover'd with a kind of yellow down: when they are *first hatch'd*, the female broods over 'em more carefully and sedulously than ever, as then they require most fostering. This will shew the exact beauty of the comparison.

(38) *And, &c.*] This is a noble sentiment and worthy of *Shakespeare*: in the *Maid's Tragedy*, there is the same thought, but very meanly exprest;

But they that are above
Have ends in every thing.

Act 5.

(39) *Give me, &c.*] There is in the beginning of the play a passage like this:

No jocund health that *Denmark* drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,

And

The trumpets to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heavens to earth.
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.

And the kings rowfe the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder.

Shakespeare keeps up the characters of the people where his scene lies, and therefore dwells much on the *Danish* drinking: in another place he tells us;

The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rowfe,
Keeps wassel, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus Bray out
The triumph of his pledge.

A custom, as *Hamlet* observes in the subsequent lines, greatly to the discredit of their nation, and more honour'd in the breach than the observance,



*The arts of the wicked—
do not lie hid from the
prudent*

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*This shows us, — that that
man is foolish who for
hope of a greater advantage
does not embrace a thing both
present & certain although
small.*

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*This shows us, - 4. they are to be
furnished by far more who
hunts us under appearance of friend-
ship - 5. they who profess themselves
our enemies often are.*

*That wise men ought always
to be fortified - against
deceits of enemies & loves -*

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There is no time of the present
life which is not subject
to perpetual labours

This shows that many prefer
to bear the death of others with
trouble whom yet they desire to possess
— in quietness

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END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

do not fly to y^e weather while
y^e help of amore powerfull
May be had

How are they persons who
are not content with their
own conditions, who if they
Considerd³¹ their Misfortunes
of others would bear
their own with as more
patient²⁶ Mind¹²
162
26
62
31

Winter a song
Wishes human the
I see by of them
Wonder proceed of
easily are of that Temper
That they enjoy that things
To improve which are of no
use to themselves
The tongue
This admonishes that the
ornaments of fortune do
not change the disposition
of men

