# THE BOOK

OF

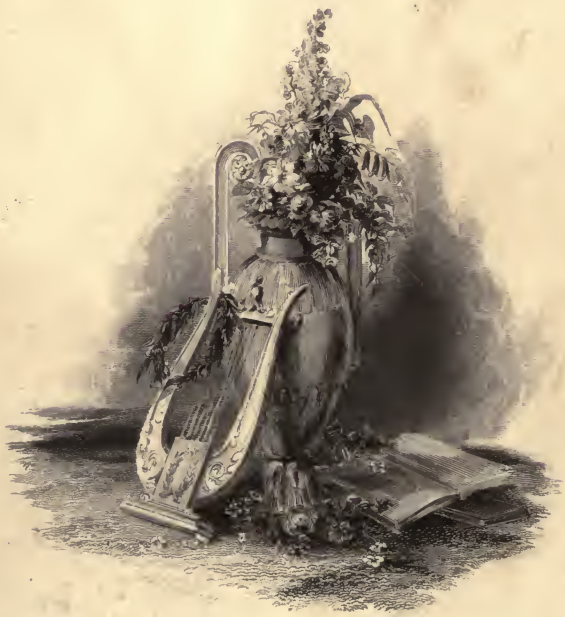
# SHAKESPEARE GEMS:

IN A

SERIES OF LANDSCAPE ILLUSTRATIONS

OF THE MOST INTERESTING LOCALITIES OF

SHAKESPEARE'S DRAMAS.



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## CONTENTS.

# THE BOAR'S HEAD, EASTCHEAP.

Dame Honeyball was a likely, plump, bustling little woman, and no bad substitute for that paragon of hostesses, Dame Quickly. She seemed delighted with an opportunity to oblige; and hurrying up stairs to the archives of her house, where the precious vessels of the parish club were deposited, she returned, smiling and courtesying, with them in her hand.

The first she presented me was a japanned iron tobacco-box, of gigantic size, out of which, I was told, the vestry had smoked at their stated meetings, since time immemorial; and which was never suffered to be profaned by vulgar hands, or used on common occasions. I received it with becoming reverence: but what was my delight, at beholding on its cover the identical painting of which I was in quest! There was displayed the outside of the Boar's Head tavern, and before the door was to be seen the whole convivial group, at table, in full revel; pictured with that wonderful fidelity and force, with which the portraits of renowned generals and commodores are illustrated on tobacco-boxes, for the benefit of posterity. Lest, however, there should be any mistake, the cunning limner had warily inscribed the names of Prince Hal and Falstaff on the bottoms of their chairs.

On the inside of the cover was an inscription, nearly obliterated, recording that this box was the gift of Sir Richard Gore for the use of the vestry meetings at the Boar's Head tavern, and that it was "repaired and beautified by his successor, Mr. John Packard, 1767." Such is a faithful description of this august and venerable relic; and I question whether the learned Scriblerius contemplated his Roman shield, or the Knights of the Round Table the long-sought saint-greal, with more exultation.

While I was meditating on it with enraptured gaze, Dame Honeyball, who was highly gratified by the interest it excited, put in my hands a drinking cup or goblet, which also belonged to the vestry, and was descended from the old Boar's Head. It bore the inscription of having been the gift of Francis Wythers, Knight, and was held, she told me, in exceeding great value, being considered very "antyke." This last opinion was strengthened by the shabby gentleman in the red nose and oil-cloth hat, and whom I strongly suspect to be a lineal descendant from the valiant Bardolph. He suddenly aroused from his meditation on the pot of porter, and casting a knowing look at the goblet, exclaimed, "Ay, ay! the head don't ache now that made that there article!"

The great importance attached to this memento of ancient revelry by modern churchwardens at first puzzled me: but there is nothing sharpens the apprehension so much as antiquarian research; for I immediately perceived that this could be no other than the identical

"parcel-gilt goblet" on which Falstaff made his loving but faithless vow to Dame Quickly; and which would, of course, be treasured up with care among the regalia of her domains, as a testimony of that solemn contract.

Mine hostess, indeed, gave me a long history how the goblet had been handed down from generation to generation. She also entertained me with many particulars concerning the worthy vestrymen who had seated themselves thus quietly on the stools of the ancient roysters of Eastcheap, and, like so many commentators, utter clouds of smoke in honour of Shakespeare. These I forbear to relate, lest my readers should not be as curious in these matters as myself. Suffice it to say, the neighbours, one and all, about Eastcheap, believe that Falstaff and his merry crew actually lived and revelled there. Nay, there are several legendary anecdotes concerning him still extant among the oldest frequenters of the Mason's Arms, which they give as transmitted down from their forefathers; and Mr. M'Kash, an Irish hair-dresser, whose shop stands on the site of the old Boar's Head, has several dry jokes of Fat Jack's, not laid down in the books, with which he makes his customers ready to die of laughter.

Thus have I given a "tedious brief" account of this interesting research, for which, if it prove too short and unsatisfactory, I can only plead my inexperience in this branch of literature, so deservedly popular at the present day. I am aware that a more skilful illustrator of the immortal bard would have swelled the materials I have touched upon to a good merchantable bulk; comprising the biographies of William Walworth, Jack Straw, and Robert Preston; some notice of the eminent fishmongers of St. Michael's; the history of Eastcheap, great and little; private anecdotes of Dame Honeyball and her pretty daughter, whom I have not even mentioned; to say nothing of a damsel tending the breast of lamb (and whom, by the way, I remarked to be a comely lass, with a neat foot and ankle);—the whole enlivened by the riots of Wat Tyler, and illuminated by the great fire of London.

All this I leave as a rich mine, to be worked by future commentators; nor do I despair of seeing the tobacco-box, and the "parcel-gilt goblet," which I have thus brought to light, the subject of future engravings, and almost as fruitful of voluminous dissertations and disputes as the shield of Achilles, or the far-famed Portland vase.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

The relics here depicted are the goblet and tobacco-box, at present deposited with the books and other property of the parish in the strong room of Fishmongers' Hall, in whose possession Walworth's dagger still remains.

# THE TEMPEST.

ACT I. SCENE II.

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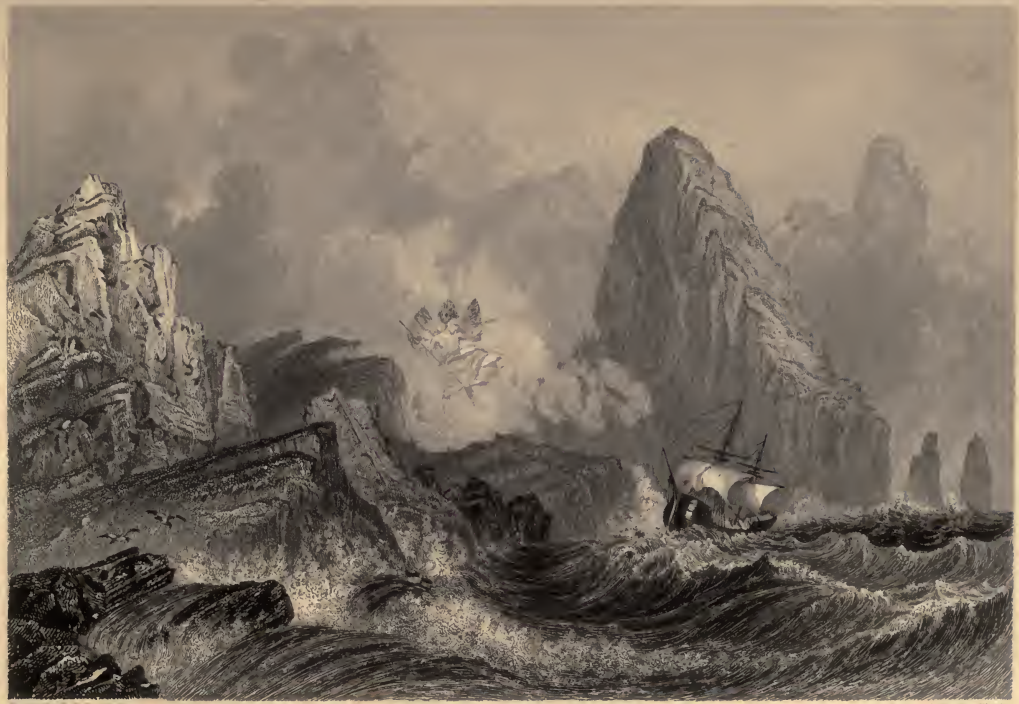
PROSPERO *and* MIRANDA.

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

## THE ISLAND OF IVIÇA.

Iviça or Iviza, one of the smaller Balearic Isles. The name Balearic is derived from the Greek 'to throw,' the original inhabitants being very expert in the use of the sling.



Drawn by J. T. Stanfield. Engraved by John Woods.

THE ISLAND OF IVICA AND CAPE FORMENTIERA.

*The sea is seen round your door sending forth*
*But that the sea runneth to the world's shore*
*Visited the Tyrrhene*

# IVIÇA AND FORMENTERA.

It is almost a vain labour to endeavour to fix the locality of a scene which, in all probability, had no existence save in the Poet's imagination; but while selecting a fitting spot for the illustration of a text left in so much doubt, it is as well to consider the very few hints thrown out, and by connecting them together, endeavour to arrive at some conclusion as near the truth as possible. Whilst many islands, from Bermuda to Lampedusa, have been called by the name of Prospero, and honoured as the undoubted scene of the Tempest, the little isle of Formentera has been entirely overlooked.

Formentera is one of the Balearic isles, and but a few miles in extent, not far south of Iviça; the northern portion is flat, but terminates to the south in a high and precipitous rock. Against this rock might the navy of Naples have been wrecked, while they who were landed at its base could have wandered long in the vain search after those who had been parted from them by the tempest and the wave The great difficulty in coming to a conclusion lies in the situation of Milan, which, being an inland city surrounded by various and jealous states, would render a journey through one or more of these states absolutely necessary before arriving at the sea. We may suppose, however, that the king of Naples, being the confederate in the abduction of the duke of Milan and his daughter, would choose the shortest way for the assistants in the tragedy to traverse: thus the vessels might sail from Naples to Genoa, whence, entering into the dukedom of Milan, where the road was open for the enterprise, small difficulties would remain to be encountered. The vessel sailing from Genoa would direct its course southward on its return for Naples, and the "rotten carcase of a boat, not rigged, nor tackle, sail, nor mast, which the very rats instinctively had left," would have been borne by the current, setting strong to the south-west, direct to the island of Iviça. That the Mediterranean is full of conflicting currents, every one can tell who has floated on its blue waters; in fact, it was during a voyage in that most beauteous of all seas, that the idea first arose as to the fitness of Formentera to the descriptions of Shakespeare. The current sets two ways into this rocky yet fertile isle, that from the north running by the western, and that from the south by the eastern side, so that in calms, for it must have been calm, or Prospero's boat, as it is described, could not have lived an hour, vessels often find it difficult to clear off on account of the strong currents. Besides, the voyage would not have been half the length, nor the distance from Milan to the sea nearly so great, as in the case of Lampedusa; nor is it likely that the Neapolitans, who were always timid seamen, would venture the longer road by the south of Italy, coasting the entire island of Sicily, as well as the dreaded Barbary coast, when so much more convenient and secure a road lay open by Genoa.

# THE TEMPEST.

ACT III. SCENE I.

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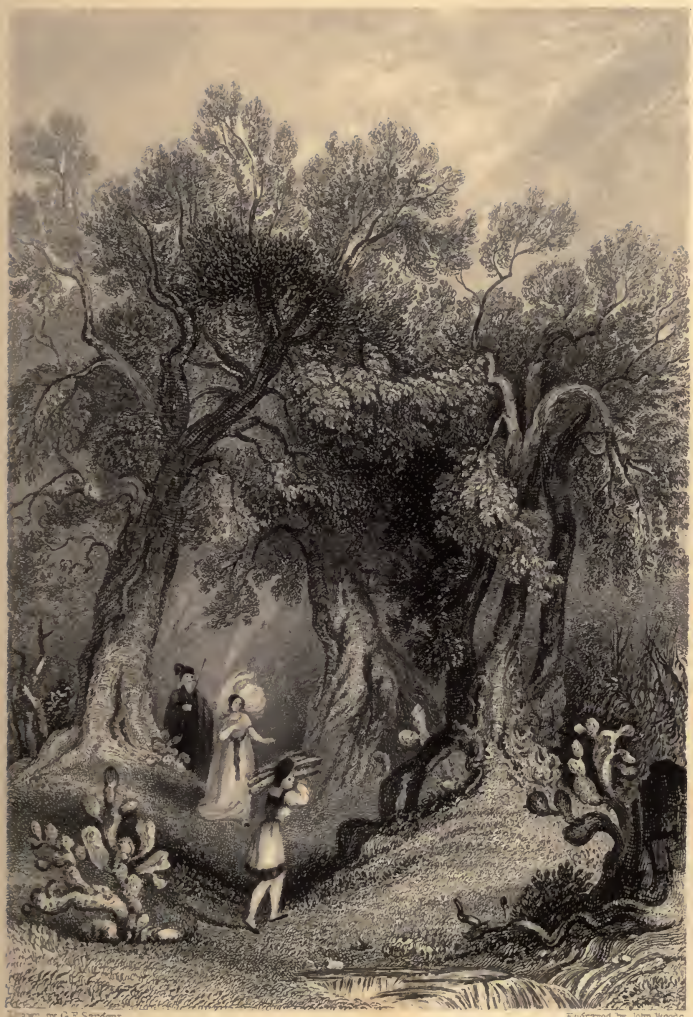
*In the Island of* Iviça.

*Enter* Ferdinand, *bearing a Log.*

*Fer.* 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
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but
The mistress which 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 composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction: My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says such baseness
Had ne'er like éxecutor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours;
Most busy-less, when I do it.



Drawn by G.P. Sargent. Engraved by John Woods.

IN THE ISLAND OF IVICA.

*"I forget.*
*But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my labours.*
*Most busy-less, when I do it."*

TEMPEST ACT 3 SCENE 1

## VERONA.

I HAVE been over Verona. The amphitheatre is wonderful—beats even Greece. Of the truth of Juliet's story they seem tenacious to a degree, insisting on the fact, giving a date (1303), and showing a tomb. It is a plain, open, and partly decayed sarcophagus, with withered leaves in it, in a wild and desolate conventual garden, once a cemetery, now ruined to the very graves. The situation struck me as very appropriate to the legend, being blighted as their love.

I have brought away a few pieces of the granite to give to my daughter and my nieces. Of the other marvels of this city, paintings, antiquities, &c., excepting the tombs of the Scaliger princes, I have no pretensions to judge.

BYRON.

The evening cleared up as we approached Verona, the environs of which are beautiful, and the town itself has a gay and pleasing appearance.

DIARY OF AN INVALID.

ACT II. SCENE I.

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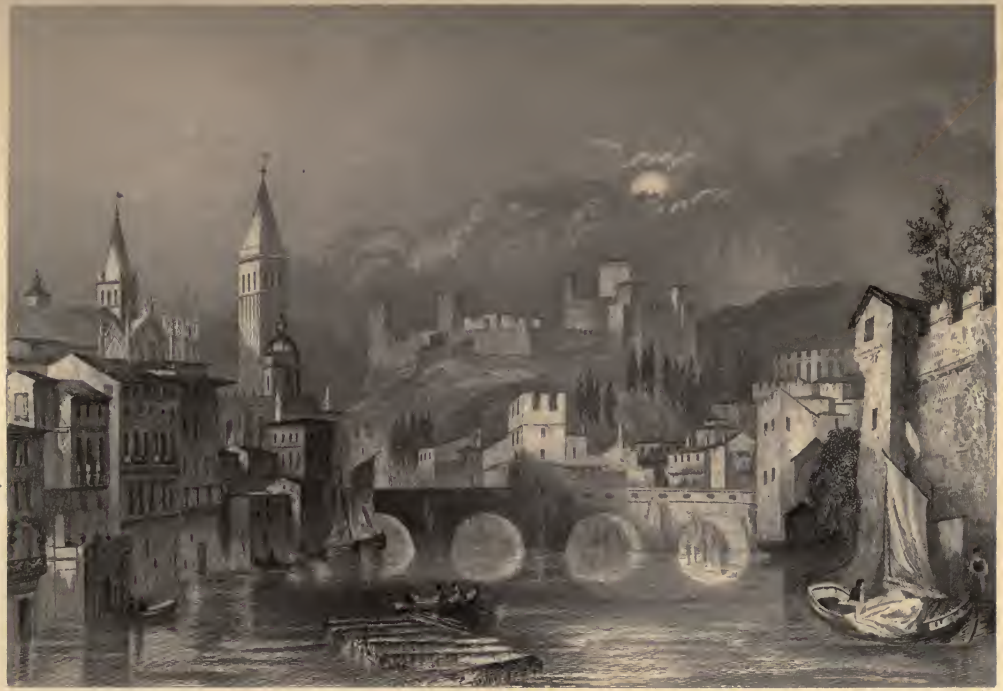
VERONA.

*Launce.* Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault: I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives: my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear; he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog: a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting; why, my grandam having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it: This shoe is my father;—no, this left shoe is my father;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother;—nay, that cannot be so neither:—yes, it is so, it is so; it hath the worser sole; This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father; A vengeance on't! there 'tis: now, sir, this staff is my sister; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand: this hat is Nan, our maid; I am the dog:—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father; *Father, your blessing;* now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping; now should I kiss my father; well, he weeps on:—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now!) like a wood woman;—well, I kiss her;—why, there 'tis; here's my mother's breath up and down; now come I to my sister; mark the moan she makes: now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by John Woods

VERONA

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA ACT 2 SCENE 1

# WINDSOR,

Was supposed by Camden to derive its name from *Windleshora*, a Saxon term, expressive of *winding banks*, and in this place applied with peculiar propriety to the meandering course of the Thames. The earliest authentic information concerning its history is contained in a charter of Edward the Confessor's, by which it was granted, with various other lands, to the monastery of St. Peter, Westminster. This valuable gift continued but a short time in the possession of the abbey. A district favoured by nature with so many charms, and so peculiarly adapted to the sports of the field, could not be expected to escape the attention of a monarch whose darling passion was the chase. William the Conqueror was no sooner established on the throne, than he observed the beauties of this situation, and quickly prevailed on the abbot to exchange it for certain lands and manors in Essex. Thus it was again vested in the Crown, where, with the exception of the time of the Commonwealth, it has ever since remained.

The magnificent residence of the British sovereigns is most delightfully situated on the summit of a lofty hill, whose base is laved by the pellucid waters of the Thames. The prospects to the east, west, and north, are extensive and beautiful, being enlivened by the windings of the river, and variegated with elegant mansions, luxuriant meadows, and gentle eminences, covered with the rich foliage of innumerable woods. On the south, the view is bounded by the wild and picturesque scenery of the Forest, intermingled with a great variety of verdant accompaniments.

> Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain;
> Here earth and water seem to strive again;
> Not chaos like, together crush'd and bruised,
> But, as the world, harmoniously confused;
> Where order in variety we see,
> And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.

# MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT III. SCENE V.

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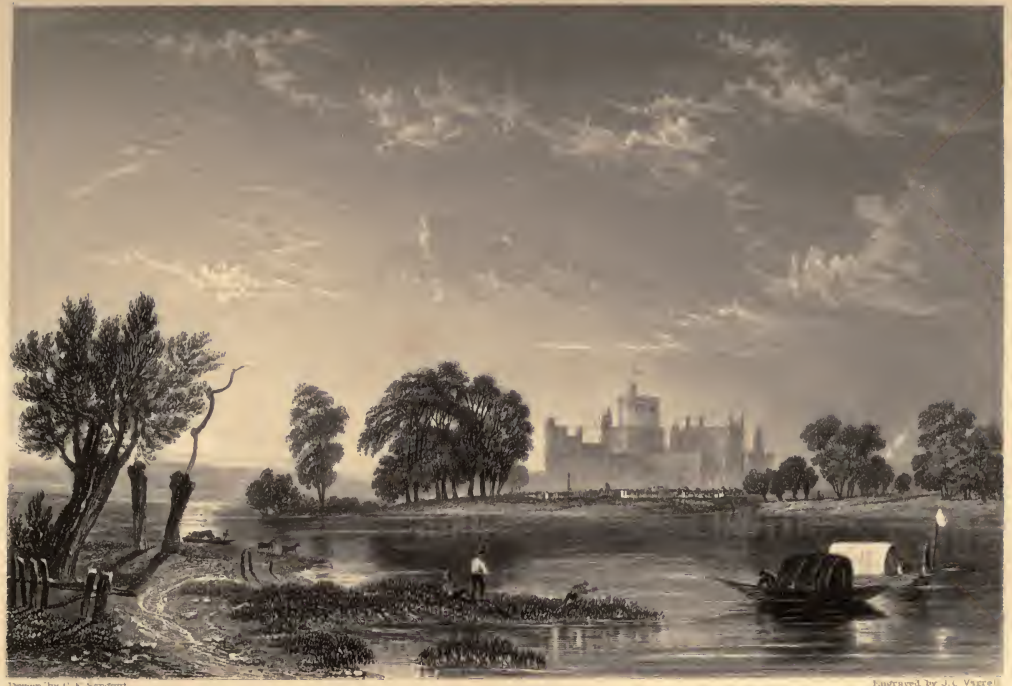
WINDSOR *from the* THAMES.

FALSTAFF *and* FORD.

*Fal.* Being thus crammed in the basket, a couple of Ford's knaves, his hinds, were called forth by their mistress, to carry me in the name of foul clothes to Datchet-lane: they took me on their shoulders; met the jealous knave their master in the door; who asked them once or twice what they had in their basket: I quaked for fear lest the lunatic knave would have searched it; but fate, ordaining he should be a cuckold, held his hand. Well: on went he for a search, and away went I for foul clothes. But mark the sequel, Master Brook: I suffered the pangs of three several deaths: first, an intolerable fright, to be detected with a jealous rotten bell-wether: next, to be compassed, like a good bilbo, in the circumference of a peck, hilt to point, heel to head: and then, to be stopped in, like a strong distillation, with stinking clothes that fretted in their own grease: think of that,—a man of my kidney,—think of that; that am as subject to heat, as butter; a man of continual dissolution and thaw; it was a miracle to 'scape suffocation. And in the height of this bath, when I was more than half stewed in grease, like a Dutch dish, to be thrown into the Thames, and cooled, glowing hot, in that surge, like a horseshoe; think of that,—hissing hot,—think of that, Master Brook.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent

Engraved by J.C. Varrell

WINDSOR

The most interesting tree, however, at Windsor, for there can be little doubt of its identity, is the celebrated Herne's Oak. There is indeed a story prevalent in the neighbourhood respecting its destruction. It was stated to have been felled by command of his late Majesty George III. about fifty years ago, under peculiar circumstances. The whole story, the details of which it is unnecessary to enter upon, appeared so improbable, that I have taken some pains to ascertain the inaccuracy of it, and have now every reason to believe that it is perfectly unfounded. Herne's Oak is probably still standing, at least there is a tree which some old inhabitants of Windsor consider as such, and which their fathers did before them—the best proof perhaps of its identity. In following the footpath which leads from the Windsor road to Queen Adelaide's Lodge, in the Little Park, about half way on the right, a dead tree may be seen close to an avenue of elms. This is what is pointed out as Herne's Oak. I can almost fancy it the very picture of death. Not a leaf—not a particle of vitality appears about it. "The hunter must have blasted it." It stretches out its bare and sapless branches, like the skeleton arms of some enormous giant, and is almost fearful in its decay. None of the delightful associations connected with it have however vanished, nor is it difficult to fancy it as the scene of Falstaff's distress, and the pranks of the "Merry Wives." Among many appropriate passages which it brought to my recollection was

——— "There want not many that do fear
In deep of night to walk by this Herne's Oak."

Its spectral branches might indeed deter many from coming near it "'twixt twelve and one."

The footpath which leads across the park is stated to have passed in former times close to Herne's Oak. The path is now at a little distance from it, and was probably altered in order to protect the tree from injury. I was glad to find "a pit hard by," where "Nan and her troop of fairies, and the Welch Devil Evans," might all have "couched," without being perceived by the fat "Windsor stag" when he spake like "Herne the hunter." The pit above alluded to has had a few thorns planted in it, and the circumstance of its being near the oak, with the diversion of the footpath, seem to prove the identity of the tree, in addition to the traditions.

The last acorn I believe which was found on Herne's Oak was given to the late Sir David Dundas of Richmond, and was planted by him on his estate in Wales, where it now flourishes, and has a suitable inscription near it. I have reason to think that Sir David Dundas never entertained a doubt of the tree I have referred to being Herne's Oak, and he had the best opportunities of ascertaining it. In digging holes near the tree lately, for the purpose of fixing the present fence round it, several old coins were found, as if they had been deposited there as future memorials of the interest this tree had excited.

Jesse's Gleanings.

## MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT V. SCENE V.

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WINDSOR PARK.

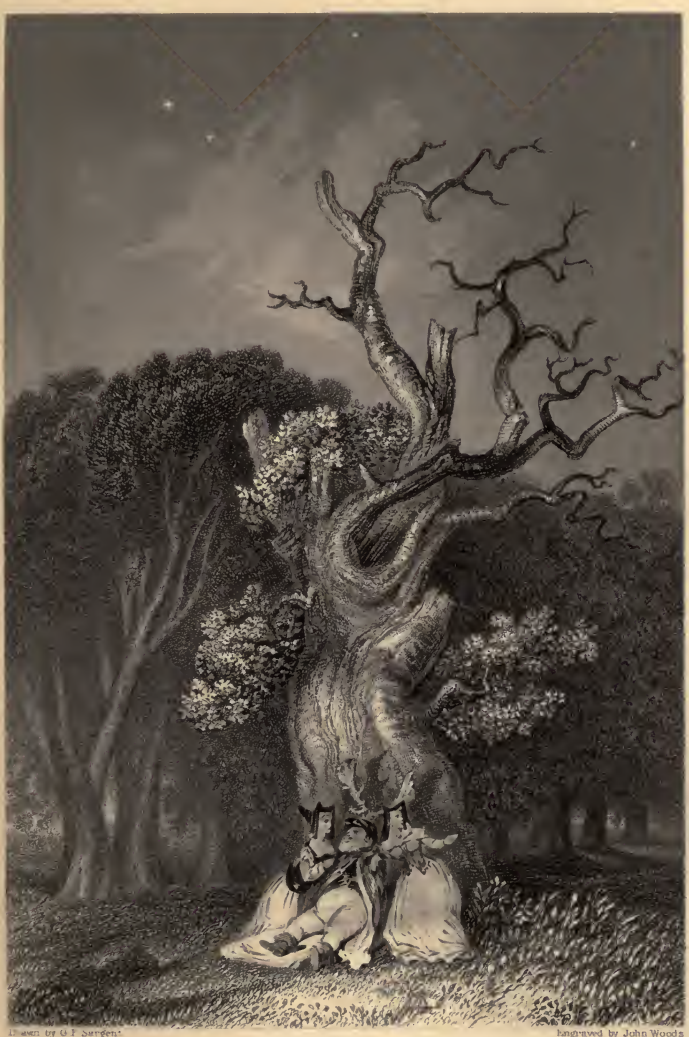
FALSTAFF, *Mrs.* PAGE *and Mrs.* FORD.

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

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

*Mrs. Ford.* Mistress Page is come with me, sweetheart.

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



Drawn by G. F. Sargent. Engraved by John Woods

HERNE'S OAK.

*"Heaven forgive our sins."*

## THE GRABEN, VIENNA.

The Graben is situated near the centre of the capital, and, being celebrated for its shops and coffee-houses, is one of the most frequented places. In it stands a column dedicated to the Holy Trinity, by the Emperor Leopold I., in fulfilment of a vow he had made on the cessation of the plague of the year 1679. It is constructed of white Saltzbourg marble, and is in form a triangular column, enveloped in clouds. At one end of this place is a fountain surmounted by a statue of St. Leopold; at the other end is one with the statue of St. Joseph.

# MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

## ACT V. SCENE I.

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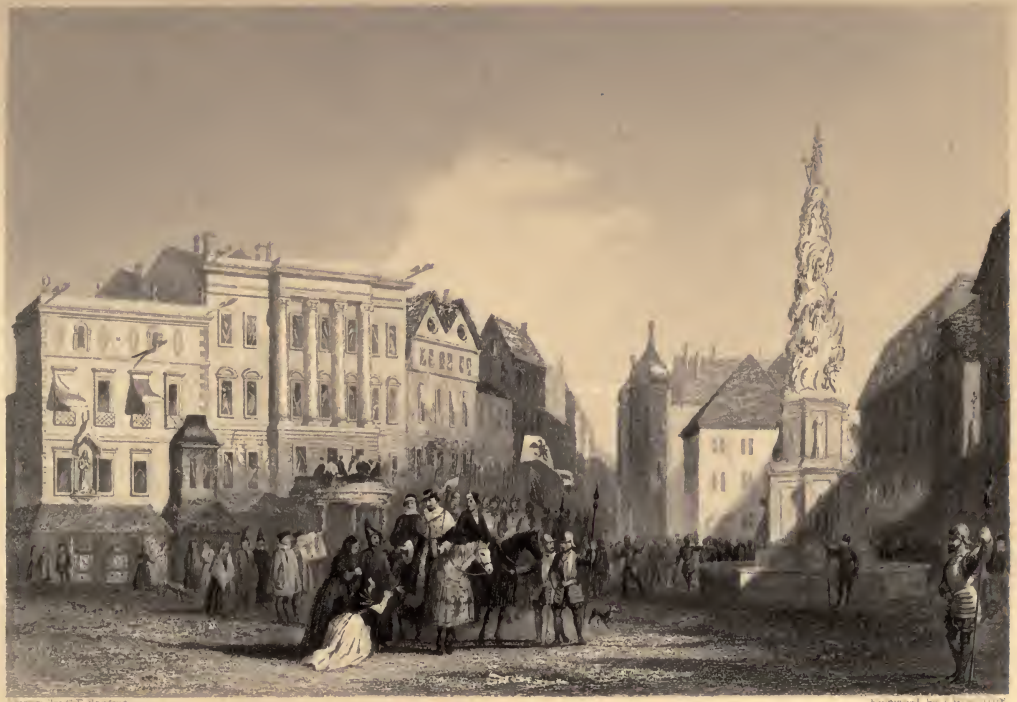
### Vienna.—The Graben.

*Isab.* Justice, O royal duke! Vail your regard
Upon a wrong'd, I would fain have said, a maid!
O worthy prince, dishonour not your eye
By throwing it on any other object,
Till you have heard me in my true complaint,
And given me, justice, justice, justice, justice!



Drawn by W.F. Sargent.

Engraved by J. H[illegible]

VIENNA.

Jubilee. Royal Duke.

# EPHESUS.

The Temple of Diana is situated towards the south-west corner of the plain, having a lake on the west side, now become a morass, extending westward to the Cayster. This building and the courts about it were encompassed every way with a strong wall: that to the west of the lake and to the north was likewise the wall of the city; there is a double wall to the south. Within these walls were four courts: that is, one on every side of the temple, and on each side of the court to the west there was a large open portico, or colonnade, extending to the lake, on which arches of brick were turned for a covering. The front of the temple was to the east. The temple was built on arches, to which there is a descent. I went a great way in, till I was stopped either by earth thrown down, or by the water. They consist of several narrow arches, one within another. It is probable they extended to the porticoes on each side of the western court, and served for foundations to those pillars. This being a morassy ground, made the expense of such a foundation so necessary; on which, it is said, as much was bestowed as on the fabric above ground. It is probable, also, that the shores [sewers] of the city passed this way into the lake. I saw a great number of pipes made of earthenware in these passages; but it may be questioned whether they were to convey the filth of the city under these passages, or the water from the lake to the basin which was to the east of the temple, or to any other part of the city. In the front of the temple there seems to have been a grand portico. Before this part there lay three pieces of red granite pillars, each being about fifteen feet long, and one of grey broken into two pieces: they were all three feet and a half in diameter. There are four pillars of the former sort in the mosque of St. John, at the village of Aiasalouck. I saw also a fine entablature: and on one of the columns in the mosque there is a most beautiful composite capital, which without doubt belonged to it. There are great remains of the pillars of the temple, which were built of large hewn stone, and probably cased with marble; but, from what I saw of one part, I had reason to conclude that arches of brick were turned on them, and that the whole temple, as well as these pillars, was incrusted with rich marbles. On the stone-work of the middle grand apartment there are a great number of small holes, as if designed in order to fix the marble casing. It is probable that the statue of the great goddess Diana of the Ephesians was either in the grand middle compartment or opposite to it.

Pococke's Travels.

## COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT II. SCENE II.

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EPHESUS.

*Dromio.* This is the fairy land.

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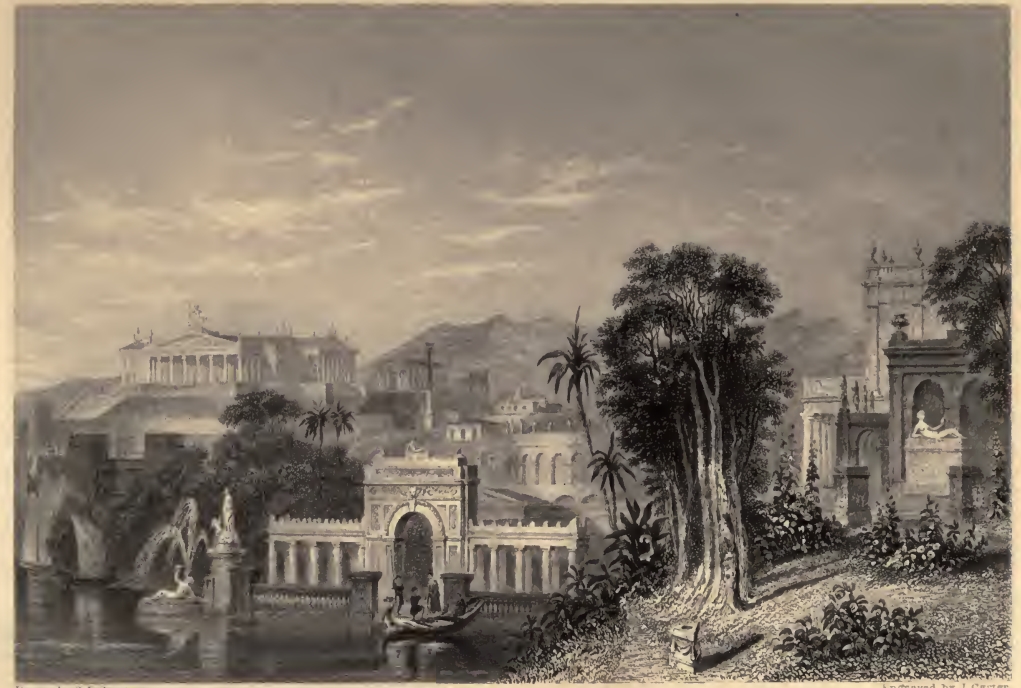
ACT I. SCENE II.

*Antipholus.* They say, this town is full of cozenage;
As, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye,
Dark-working sorcerers that change the mind,
Soul-killing witches that deform the body,
Disguised cheaters, prating mountebanks,
And many such like liberties of sin.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by J. Carter.

EPHESUS.

RESTORATION OF THE GREAT TEMPLE OF DIANA, FROM THE LAKE.

## MESSINA.

The town of Messina lies on the east coast of Sicily. The harbour, which is more than two miles in circumference, is formed by a strip of sandy beach, projecting into the sea in a semicircle. The greater part of the town rises in the form of a crescent on one side of the harbour, along which is a handsome quay, constituting a favourite promenade, lined on one side by a row of elegant houses. Among other remarkable buildings of Messina, are the cathedral, the churches of La Candlera and of the Capuchins, which contain several fine paintings: there are, also, the archiepiscopal palace, the royal palace, the senate-house, the royal college, and two theatres.

# MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT III. SCENE III.

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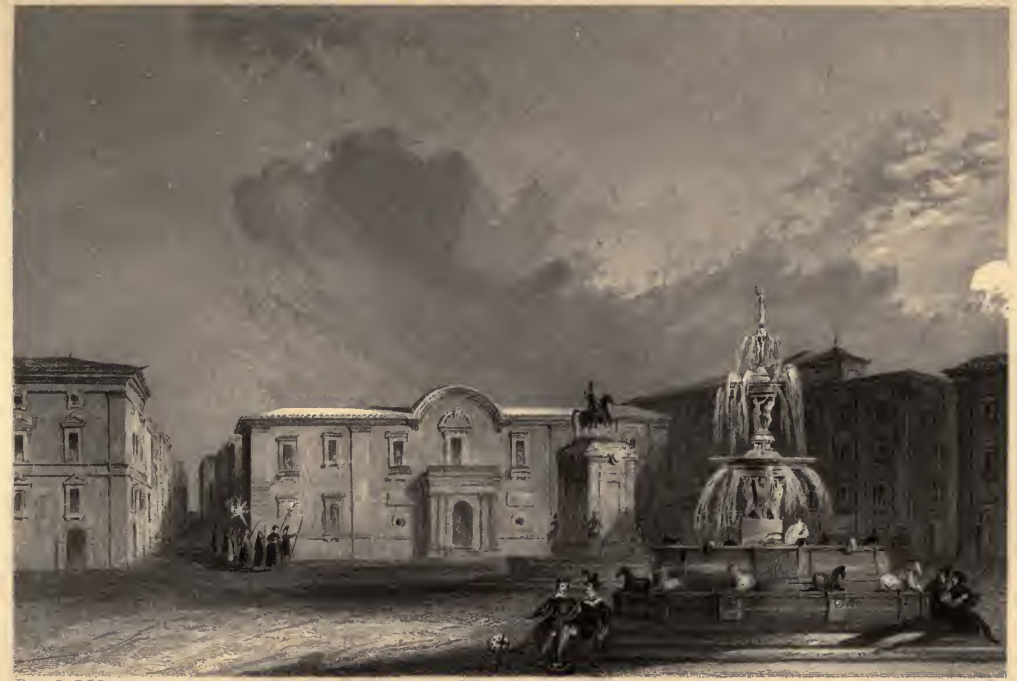
MESSINA.—*Square of the Cathedral.*

BORACHIO *and* CONRADE.

*Bora.* But know, that I have to-night woo'd Margaret, the lady Hero's gentlewoman, by the name of Hero; she leans me out at her mistress' chamber-window, bids me a thousand times good night,—I tell this tale vilely:—I should first tell thee how the prince, Claudio, and my master, planted, and placed, and possessed by my master don John, saw afar off in the orchard this amiable encounter.

*Con.* And thought thy Margaret was Hero?

*Bora.* Two of them did, the prince and Claudio; but the devil my master knew she was Margaret; and partly by his oaths, which first possessed them, partly by the dark night, which did deceive them, but chiefly by my villainy, which did confirm any slander that don John had made, away went Claudio enraged; swore he would meet her, as he was appointed, next morning at the temple, and there, before the whole congregation, shame her with what he saw o'er night, and send her home again without a husband.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by E.Radclyffe.

SQUARE OF THE CATHEDRAL, MESSINA.

*"I have*
*To night woo'd Margeret"*

## PALACE OF THE KING OF NAVARRE.

Navarre, lying immediately beneath the highest Pyrenees, now a province of Spain, the ancient Pompeiopolis, or city of Pompey, was for some centuries an independent kingdom: in 1512, Ferdinand, king of Spain, obtained possession of it and annexed it to Spain. Pamplona, anciently the residence of the court of Navarre, is still an extensive city, and being strongly fortified, it is one of the chief bulwarks of the Peninsula: it was reduced by the Duke of Wellington in 1813. Navarre, from its mountainous character, is by nature isolated from the countries around it; the natives are hardy and brave, and strongly attached to their government and religion: they are represented to be grave and reserved, but witty and shrewd; obstinate and quarrelsome, yet industrious and honest.

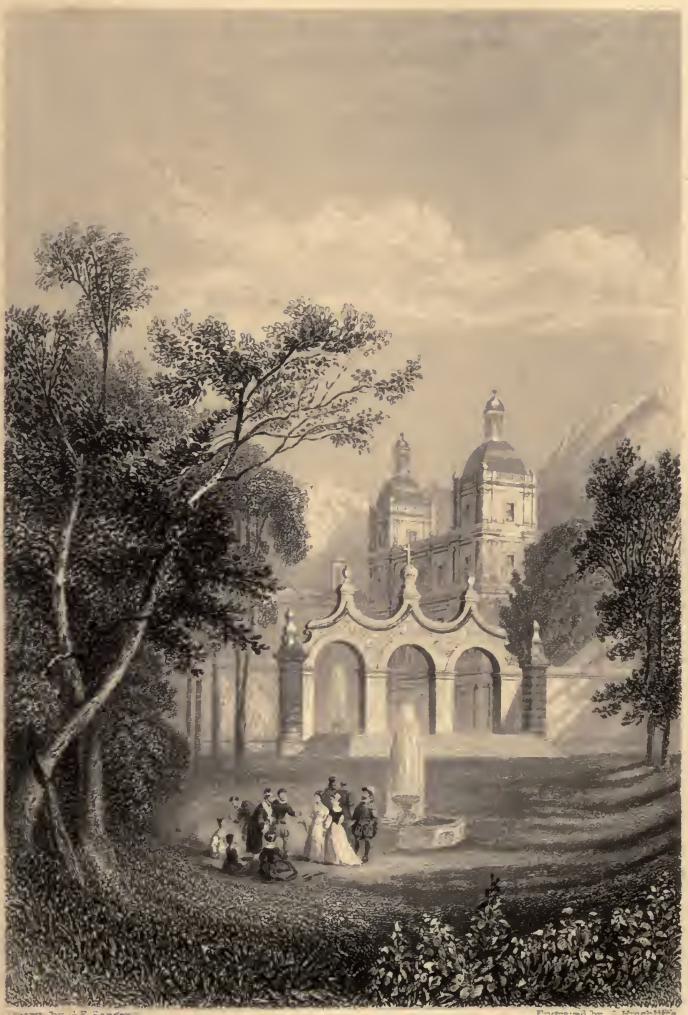
ACT V. SCENE II.

---

*Palace of the King of* NAVARRE.

KING OF NAVARRE *and* PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

*King.* We came to visit you ; and purpose now
To lead you to our court : vouchsafe it then.
*Prin.* This field shall hold me : and so hold your vow :
Nor God, nor I, delights in perjured men.
*King.* Rebuke me not for that which you provoke ;
The virtue of your eye must break my oath.
*Prin.* You nick-name virtue : vice you should have spoke ;
For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.
Now, by my maiden honour, yet as pure
As the unsullied lily, I protest,
A world of torments though I should endure,
I would not yield to be your house's guest :
So much I hate a breaking-cause to be
Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.



Drawn by G F Sargent. Engraved by J Hinchliffe.

PARK AND PALACE OF THE KING OF NAVARRE.

*Princess. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow.*
*Nor God nor I, delights in perjured men.*

## A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

——————————— Behold,
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil!
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next.

Paradise Regained.

# A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.

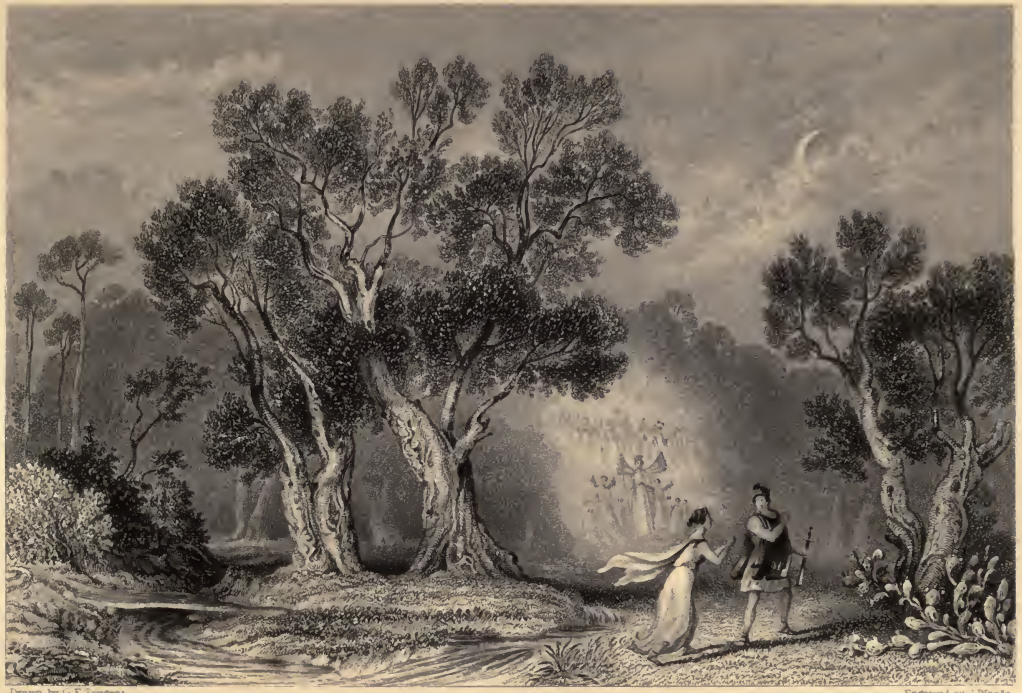
ACT II. SCENE II.

---

*A Wood near* ATHENS.—*Moonlight.*

*Enter* DEMETRIUS, HELENA *following him.*

*Dem.* I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander, and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood.
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.



Drawn by C. F. Sargent. Engraved by J. Woods.

## A WOOD NEAR ATHENS.

*"I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, ACT 2, SCENE 2

# VENICE.

As I sat in one of the balconies of the hotel, the calm waters of the great canal of Venice rippling against the bridge of the Rialto immediately before me, I thought of the Dandoli, the Foscari, the Giustiniani, the Morosini, and other great and powerful men, who once lived in those old massive palaces, reclining in the lap of luxury, surrounded by Asiatic splendour, and armed with power. But now, when I turn my eyes towards those buildings, they are deserted by their lords. The successors of that ambitious aristocracy, who built mansions suited to the fierce grandeur of their free and elevated minds, are now degraded, and these palaces are the abodes of strangers or menials, who seem lost in the magnificence of such splendid halls. Venice, the city from whose story Shakespeare chose the subject of some of his plays, is no longer brilliant and flourishing. It bears evident traces of premature decay. The life is gone; its once gay inhabitants are dwindled into the abject subjects of a foreign prince. The empty gloomy-looking gondolas, the half-deserted quays, bridges, and streets of the once famed "city of the waters," all indicate that slavery, want, and oppression, have usurped the place of freedom, riches, and power.

SINCLAIR'S AUTUMN IN ITALY.

The Rialto—if no more were included under this name than the single arch across the canal, the congregation of merchants before whom Antonio used to rate Shylock must have been a small one; nor could Pierre well have chosen a worse place for "his evening walk of meditation." The fact is, however, the little island which formed the cradle of Venice, where the first church was built by the fugitives from the persecution of Attila, was called Riva-alta, or Rialto. Here too was the exchange where the merchants met. In process of time, the bridge leading to this island was called the Rialto, and has at last become the sole proprietor of the name.

DIARY OF AN INVALID.

## MERCHANT OF VENICE.

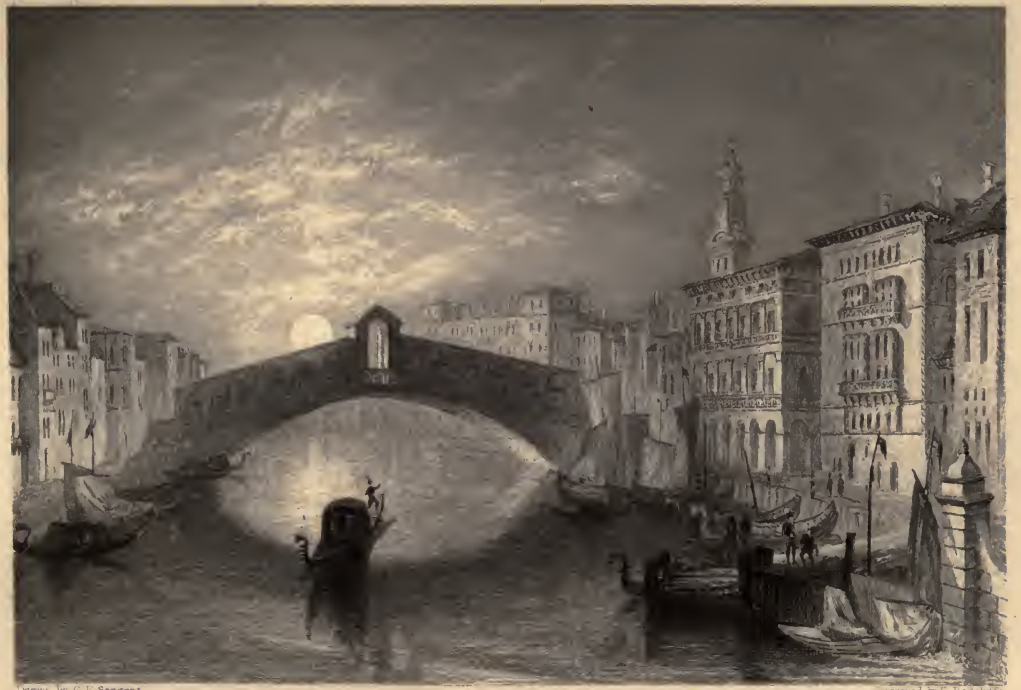
ACT II. SCENE VIII.

---

*The Great Canal with the* RIALTO *at* VENICE.

SALARINO *and* SOLANIO.

*Salar.* Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail;
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.
*Solan.* The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke;
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
*Salar.* He came too late, the ship was under sail.
But there the duke was given to understand,
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica:
Besides, Antonio certified the duke,
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by E. Radcliffe

THE RIALTO AT VENICE.

*In a gondola were seen together*
*Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica*

## FOREST OF ARDEN.

The early writers describe Warwickshire as naturally divisible into two parts, the Teldon, or campaign, and the Arden, or woodland, a name given by the Celtæ to forests, however situated. The Avon formed the line which separated these tracts. Drayton asserts, with great probability of truth, that the Arden of Warwickshire was the most important of the forests of southern Britain. It extended from the banks of the Avon to the Trent on the north, and to the Severn on the west, being bounded on the east by an imaginary line drawn from Highcross to Barton. At the time the shire divisions of England were established, certain portions of this wild fell to the share of Worcestershire and Staffordshire, which counties bestowed on them those names which they still hold. The Warwickshire part has long been generally cleared of its thick and tangled woods, but in some spots an occasional air of wildness is found, as if a colouring of its ancient character remained, to afford some notion of what the complexion of the county was when occupied by the Cangi of the Cornavii, and their numerous herds. In Shakespeare's time, doubtless, the forest fragments were more entire and continuous, to have induced him to have selected it as the spot where some of his most interesting and beautiful scenes are acted.

Sir Thomas Dick Lauder.

# AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT II. SCENE I.

---

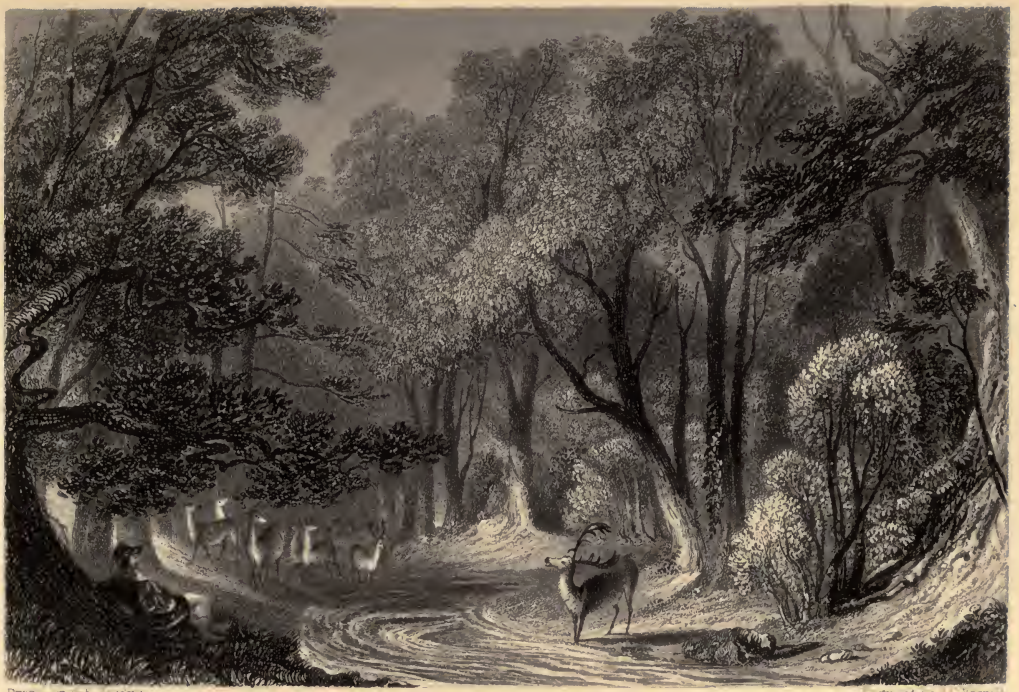
*The Forest of* ARDEN.

DUKE, AMIENS, *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* The melancholy Jaques grieves at that;
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banish'd you.
To-day, my lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him, as he lay along
Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequester'd stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,
That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting; and the big round tears
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase: and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

*Duke S.* But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

1 *Lord.* O yes, into a thousand similes.
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou mak'st a testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much.' Then being there alone,
Left and abandon'd of his velvet friend;
''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.



Drawn by R. Burgess. Engraved by J. Varrall.

THE FOREST OF ARDEN

*"I as right quoth he, thus misery doth part*
*The flux of company."*

PADUA, successively destroyed by Attila, by Totila, and by Agilulf the Lombard, became, for the fourth time, a flourishing town under Charlemagne. Its republican history in the middle ages ended in the usual subjection to princes (the Carrara), who successfully cherished its famous schools; and, after the city and territory had become a province of the Venetian state, its seminaries were formed into a regular university. This institution was in its highest fame during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and had Galileo as a professor till the beginning of the next; but now, though respectable, it is inferior to that of Pavia. Notwithstanding, we visit with curiosity the source of light to which all Europe flocked; and where natural science was so well understood, that the scholars of Padua were believed magicians. The square of the University, a decorated court of the sixteenth century, is curiously adorned with escutcheons of its most celebrated teachers and benefactors. The Town-hall is renowned for its huge size, a pretended coffin of Livy, some other antiquities, and the Stone of Offence, on which if a debtor sat, under certain prescribed conditions, he was declared free for ever. The churches of Sant' Antonio, and Santa Justina, are imitations of St. Mark at Venice; and they form, on one side, the screen of the Prà della Valle, an open grassy area with a canal, adorned by statues of eminent Italians.

The streets of Padua are broad, with arcades like those of Bologna. The situation of the town is low; but much of its neighbourhood is beautiful. SPALDING'S ITALY.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning.
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams, betray'd and to betray.
Once, remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth;
Now, new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's night:
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny. SHELLEY.

# TAMING OF THE SHREW.

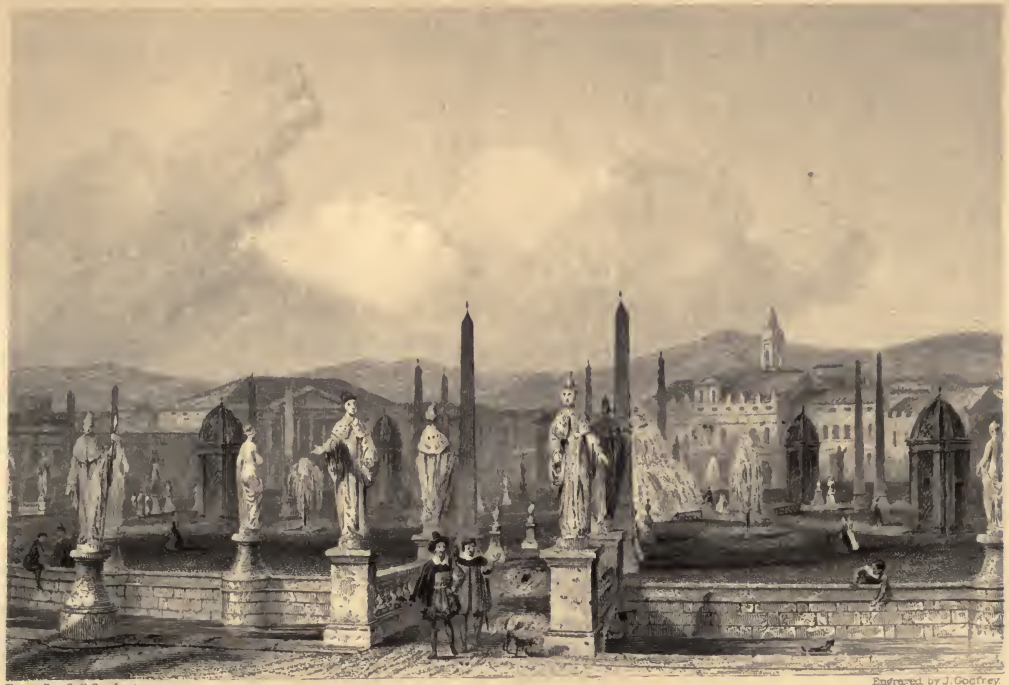
## ACT I. SCENE I.

---

Padua.—The Prado.

Lucentio *and* Tranio.

*Lucentio.* Tranio, since for the great desire I had
To see fair Padua, nursery of arts,
I am arrived for fruitful Lombardy,
The pleasant garden of great Italy;
And, by my father's love and leave, am arm'd
With his good will, and thy good company,
My trusty servant, well approved in all;
Here let us breathe, and happily institute
A course of learning, and ingenious studies.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent

Engraved by J. Godfrey

## PRADO, AT PADUA

*"Fair Padua, nursery of Arts."*

TAMING OF THE SHREW. ACT I. SCENE I.

## FLORENCE.

While the eye rests on this far-famed and beautiful city, its magnificent edifices, fine architecture, and antique buildings, rising in dark and imposing majesty, its bridges, and its noble river, watering, far as the eye can reach, the vale of the lovely Arno, the mind insensibly wanders back, and recals the days when turbulence and bloody feuds raged within the walls; when, on the surrounding amphitheatre of hills, now luxuriant with the olive and the vine, and richly studded with peaceful dwellings, stood proudly frowning the castellated towers of the feudal chief, at once the terror and protection to the city.

A river, even in a city that has no trade, still presents a busy and an animating scene. In Florence, the Arno, with its numerous bridges, offers all that is most gay and attractive in the city. Its waters, radiant and sparkling in the mid-day sun, add life to the whole prospect; and when the heat is spent, and night closes in, the landscape assumes a mellower hue, the starry, cloudless sky, and clear pale moon, shining as it does in these southern climates, with the splendour but of a lessened day. The sensation produced from the continued return, on each succeeding morning, of unchanging lovely weather, is peculiarly striking to those who have been accustomed to the turbulence of a northern sky. You lie down and rise to the same glorious light, and meet again, as evening comes, the same soothing feelings.

Bell's Observations on Italy.

ACT III. SCENE V.

---

*Without the Walls of* FLORENCE.

*An old* Widow *of* FLORENCE, DIANA, *and others.—Enter* HELENA *in the dress of a pilgrim.*

*Wid.* Look, here comes a pilgrim: I know she will lie at my house: thither they send one another: I 'll question her.—God save you, pilgrim! Whither are you bound?

*Hel.* To Saint Jaques le grand.
Where do the palmers lodge, I do beseech you?

*Wid.* At the Saint Francis here, beside the port.

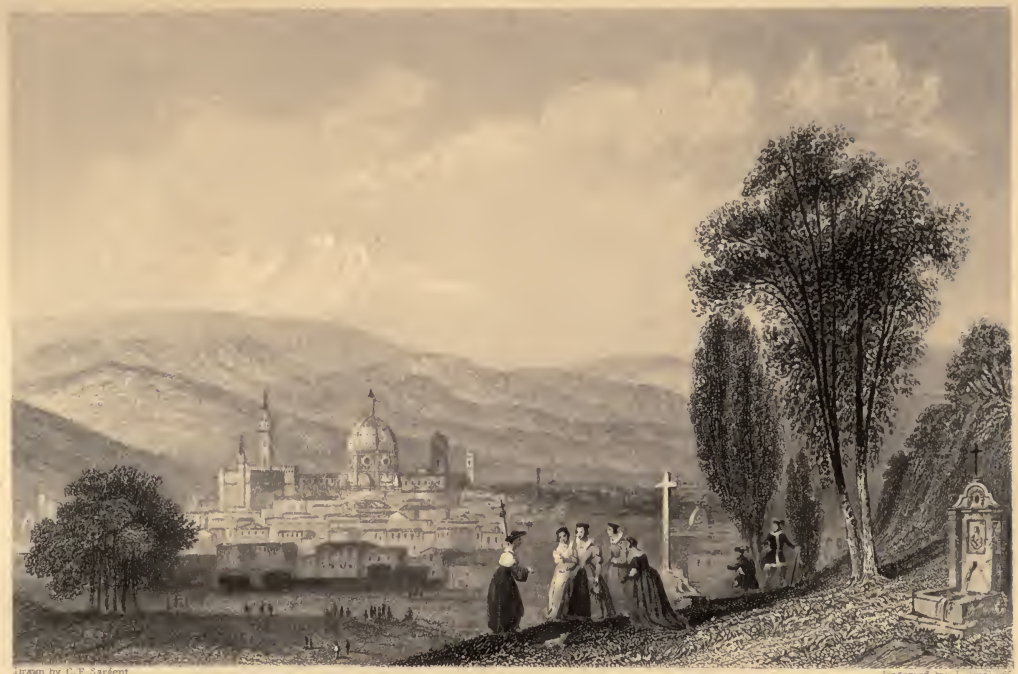
*Hel.* Is this the way?

*Wid.* Ay, marry is it.—Hark you!
They come this way:—If you will tarry, holy pilgrim,
But till the troops come by,
I will conduct you where you shall be lodged;
The rather, for I think I know your hostess
As ample as myself.

*Hel.* Is it yourself?

*Wid.* If you shall please so, pilgrim.

*Hel.* I thank you, and will stay upon your leisure.



Drawn by C. E. Sargent

Engraved by J. Sinclair.

FLORENCE

*If you will tarry holy Pilgrim*
*But till the troops come by*
*I will conduct you where you shall be lodg'd*

The name of Illyria had disappeared for many centuries from the number of European countries, when Napoleon, after the conclusion of peace at Vienna, in 1809, gave to several tracts of territory ceded by Austria, including Dalmatia, the name of the Illyrian Provinces.

Illyria is on the whole a mountainous country, but the coasts are partly low and sandy, and partly marshy, especially towards the west. On the west the bay of Trieste, and on the east that of Quarnero, run deep into the land, and form the great peninsula of Istria, the extreme point of which is Capo Promontore. In the circles of Villach and Clagenfurt the soil is good, and the valleys are in general fertile: these two circles would produce sufficient corn for the consumption of the inhabitants, if immense masses of rocks did not cover so much of the surface, and the elevation above the sea did not produce a temperature unfavourable to vegetation. The circles of Neustadtl, Adelsberg, and Laybach consist of rock, marshes, and sandy flats, and are unfruitful. The coast has a dry limestone soil, and in many parts suffers from a scarcity of water, but the vegetation is very luxuriant.

The most remarkable lake is that of Zirknitz, in the circle of Adelsberg, about three miles long, and from one and a half to two and a half wide, of which many wonderful stories are told, all originating in the fact that it is sometimes quite full to the brim, and at others dried up, and this without any regularity or regard to the season of the year; sometimes it does not dry up for years together. The climate of course varies in different parts. The lofty mountains covered with snow, which either never melts or only in the height of summer, cause the air to be rather sharp and raw in the circles of Villach and Clagenfurt; the vine does not thrive here. Though there are some persons afflicted with goître, the climate is on the whole healthy. It is much milder in the circles of Laybach, Adelsberg, and Neustadtl, where the vine, chestnut, and maize flourish. The government of Trieste has a hot climate; the vegetation is luxuriant, and the choicest fruit would succeed if the soil were good; for in the circle of Görz the mulberry-trees bear the winter very well, as do the olive and the orange in the territory of Trieste: it is to be regretted that there is a deficiency of water. In the western parts on the coast the air is rendered extremely unhealthy by the exhalations from the lagoons.

# TWELFTH NIGHT.

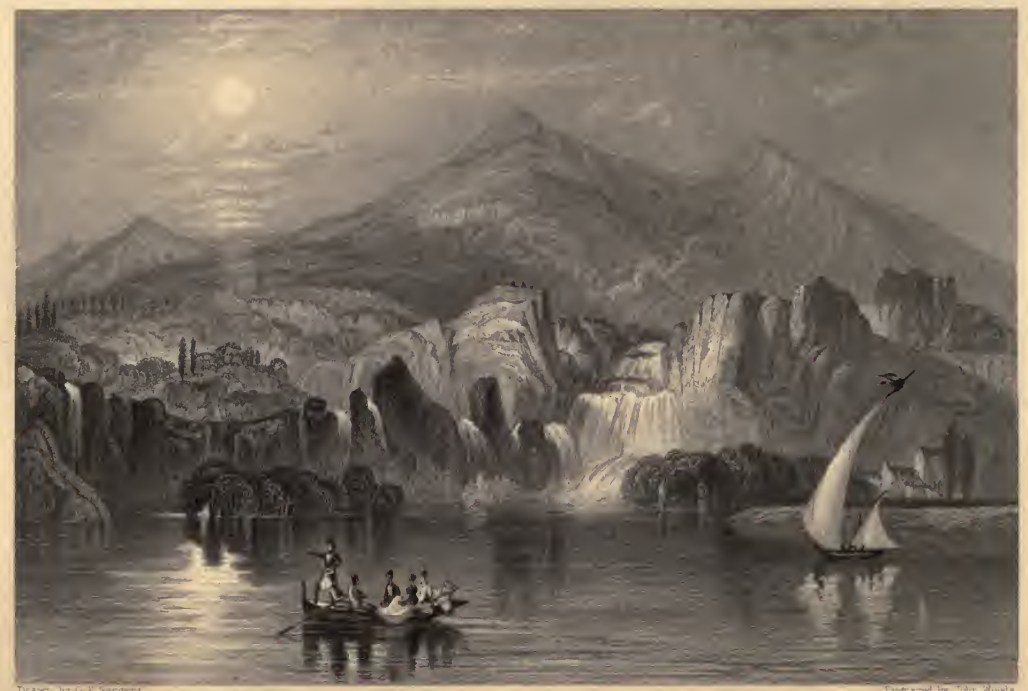
ACT I. SCENE II.

---

*Waterfall at* KIRKA, ILLYRIA.

VIOLA, Captain *and* Sailors.

*Vio.* What country, friends, is this?
*Cap.* This is Illyria, lady.



Drawn by G.J. Sargent. Engraved by John Woods.

WATERFALL AT KIRKA.

*Viola, What country, friends, is this ?*

# SICILY.

The Island of Sicily, in the Mediterranean, on the coast of Calabria, has a somewhat picturesque effect when viewed at sea. A succession of mountain groups extend across it, of an altitude of from 3000 to 6000 feet; besides the volcanic mountain of Ætna, 10,874 feet above the sea. The island contains but few plains, the greater part of the surface consisting of mountains and valleys. The course of ages has stripped nearly all the mountains of their ancient forests, but the sides of Ætna are still covered with fine forests of oak, maple, birch, fir, and chestnut. The native wealth of the island is considerable: sulphur is found in abundance; marble and alabaster of the finest quality, in great quantities; manna, oil, almonds, and dried fruits, are considerable exports: these, with the wines, exhibit the natural capabilities of the island for a more extended commerce than it at present enjoys.

The uninhabited island of Lampedosa, towards the coast of Tripoli, belonging to the kingdom of Sicily, is, according to a theory recently broached by the Rev. Mr. Hunter, the scene intended by Shakespeare for "The Tempest."

# THE WINTER'S TALE.

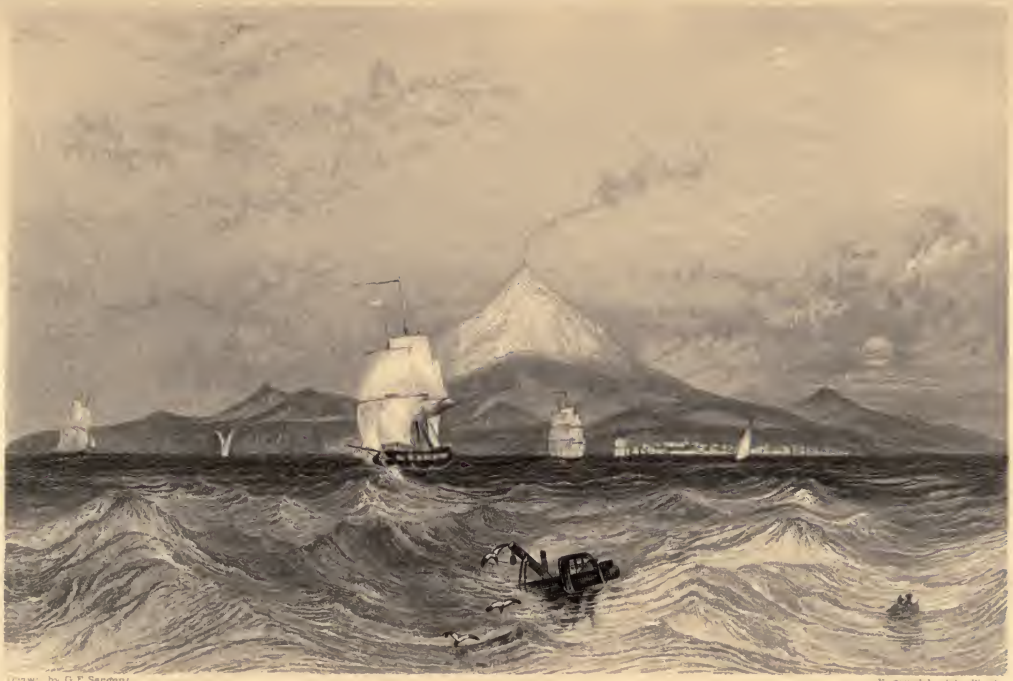
## ACT III. SCENE I.

---

Sicily.

Cleomenes *and* Dion.

*Cleo.* The climate's delicate; the air most sweet;
Fertile the isle; the temple much surpassing
The common praise it bears.
*Dion.* I shall report
For most it caught me, the celestial habits,
(Methinks I so should term them,) and the reverence
Of the grave wearers. O, the sacrifice!
How ceremonious, solemn, and unearthly
It was i' the offering!
*Cleo.* But, of all, the burst
And the ear-deafening voice o' the oracle,
Kin to Jove's thunder, so surprised my sense,
That I was nothing.
*Dion.* If the event o' the journey
Prove as successful to the queen,—O, be 't so!—
As it hath been to us, rare, pleasant, speedy,
The time is worth the use on 't.
*Cleo.* Great Apollo,
Turn all to the best! These proclamations,
So forcing faults upon Hermione,
I little like.
*Dion.* The violent carriage of it
Will clear, or end, the business: When the oracle,
(Thus by Apollo's great divine seal'd up,)
Shall the contents discover, something rare,
Even then will rush to knowledge.—Go,—fresh horses;—
And gracious be the issue!



Drawn by G F Sargent. Engraved by John Woods.

# SICILY

*"The climates delicate; the air most sweet,*
*Fertile the Isle."*

WINTER'S TALE

# BURY ST. EDMUND'S.

The annals of Bury record the visits of many royal and noble personages, drawn thither by motives of piety, or by the fame and splendour of its monastic establishment. Besides these circumstances of local interest, the town and its immediate vicinity have been the theatre of important national events.

To Bury belongs, if not in a superior, at least in an equal degree with Runimede, the honour of that celebrated charter, by which the rights and liberties of Englishmen are secured. It is not generally known, perhaps, that the foundation of Magna Charta is a charter of Henry I., which had fallen into oblivion as early as the time of king John. A copy of it having fallen into the hands of Stephen Langton, archbishop of Canterbury, was by himcommunicated to the principal nobles of the kingdom, a meeting of whom was convened at Bury to deliberate on the subject. On the 20th of November, 1214, a large body of the English nobility assembled in the abbey church on pretence of devotion, but in reality to enter into a solemn league against the throne. They swore, on the high altar, to wage war against the king, until he should agree to the restoration of their ancient rights and privileges; and to the perseverance with which their demand was urged, we are indebted for the granting of Magna Charta on the 15th of June in the following year: the king, on his return from Poitou in 1215, met his barons at Bury, and with the utmost solemnity confirmed this celebrated deed; binding himself by a public oath to regulate his administration by the grand principles which it established.

# KING JOHN.

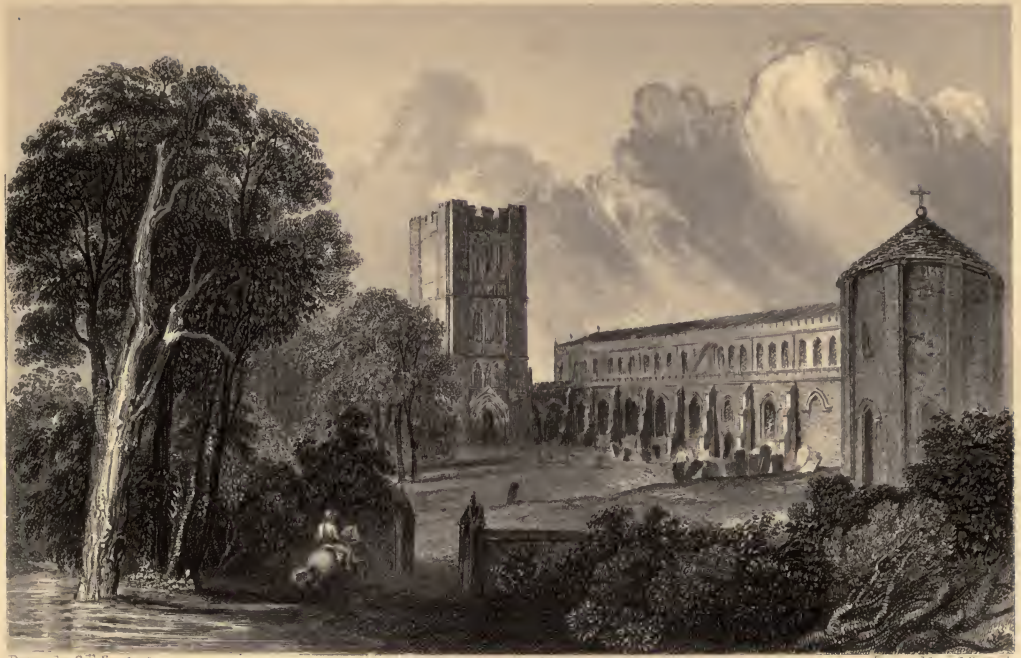
ACT V. SCENE IV.

---

THE ABBEY OF ST. EDMUND'S-BURY.

MELUN *and* English Lords.

*Mel.* Fly, noble English, you are bought and sold;
Unthread the rude eye of rebellion,
And welcome home again discarded faith.
Seek out king John, and fall before his feet;
For, if the French be lords of this loud day,
He means to recompense the pains you take,
By cutting off your heads: Thus hath he sworn,
And I with him, and many more with me,
Upon the altar at Saint Edmund's-Bury!
Even on that altar, where we swore to you
Dear amity and everlasting love.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by J.C. Varrall.

THE ABBEY AT ST EDMUND'S BURY.

*Even on that Altar, where we swore to you*
*Dear amity and everlasting love.*

KING JOHN, Act [illegible]

## FLINT CASTLE.

Flint Castle was most probably built by Edward I., about 1280. The remains stand a little to the north-east of the town, on the summit of a rock of freestone. It is a square building, with round towers at three of the corners, and at the fourth a round tower of much larger dimensions, separated by a deep moat from the rest of the building, with which it communicated by a drawbridge.

This large tower constituted the keep, or donjon of the castle; and from its situation, and the great thickness of the walls, was almost impregnable. It is supposed that the low-water channel of the Dee once ran close under the castle walls, and there are still in some parts the rings to which ships were moored.

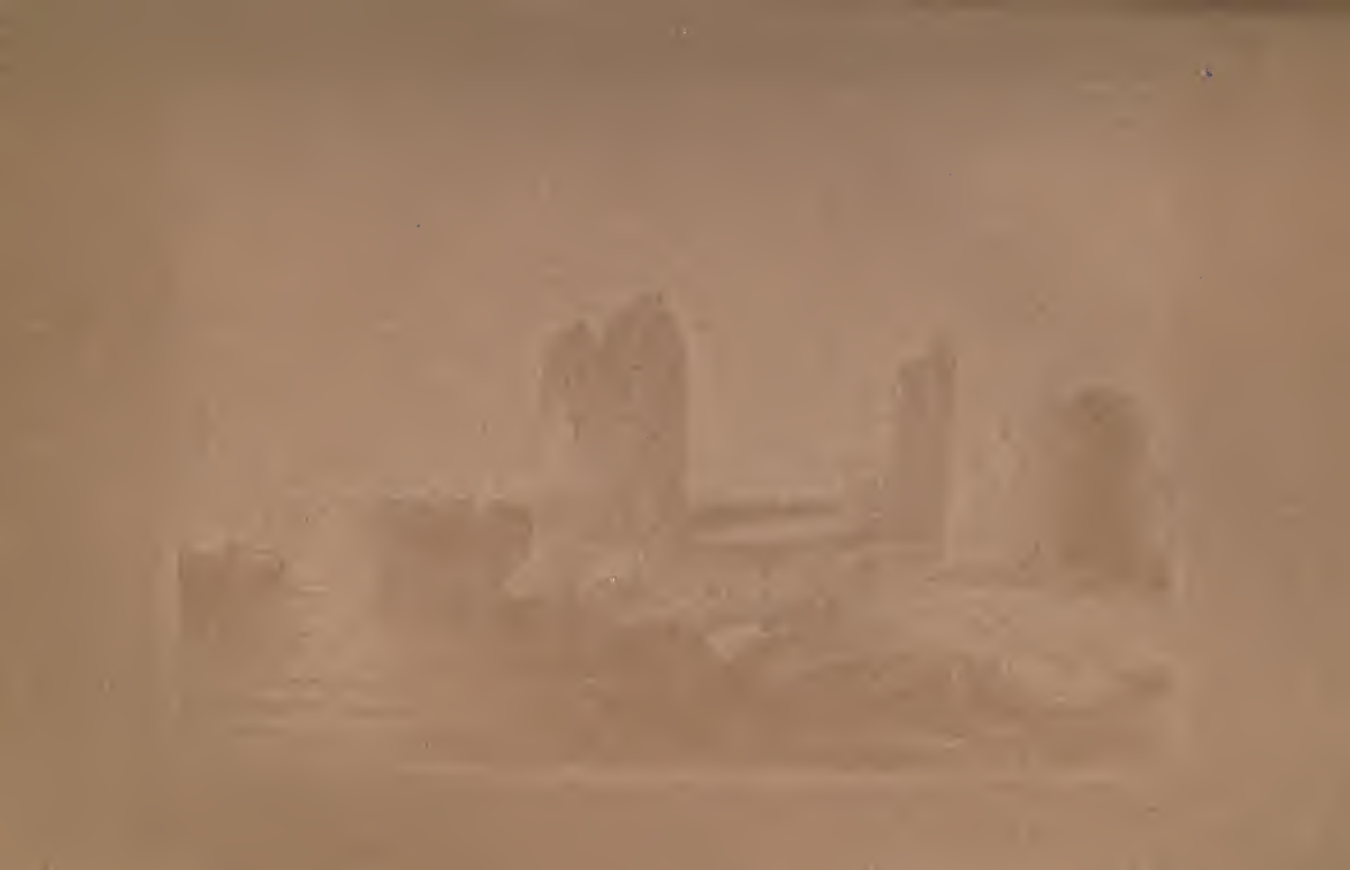
# RICHARD II.

ACT III. SCENE III.

---

*The Remains of* FLINT CASTLE.

*Boling.* Noble lord,
Go to the rude ribs of that ancient castle:
Through brazen trumpet send the breath of parle
Into his ruin'd ears, and thus deliver.



Drawn by G. F. Gargett

Engraved by John [illegible]

THE REMAINS OF FLINT CASTLE (1840)

[illegible]

# BANGOR.

The city of Bangor is situated at the foot of a steep rock in a narrow and fertile valley, near the north entrance of the Menai straits, and the mouth of the river Ogwen. Since the construction of that admirable work of art, the Menai Bridge, Bangor has risen into some importance, its proximity to the sea having given it the advantage of becoming a favourite bathing-place; and the views of Beaumaris Bay, and the Caernarvon mountains, from Garth point, are of the most picturesque, bold, and sublime character; the rides and walks around the city are numerous and pleasant.

Bangor was, in ancient times, a place of considerable note: the name is derived from *ban*, high or superior, and *corr*, a society, which means the chief choir.

About half a mile east of the city are the remains of the Castle, erected by Hugh, earl of Chester, in the reign of William II.

# HENRY IV. PART I.

## ACT III. SCENE I.

---

BANGOR.

HOTSPUR, GLENDOWER, *and others.*

*Glend.* At my nativity,
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets ; and, at my birth,
The frame and huge foundation of the earth
Shaked like a coward.

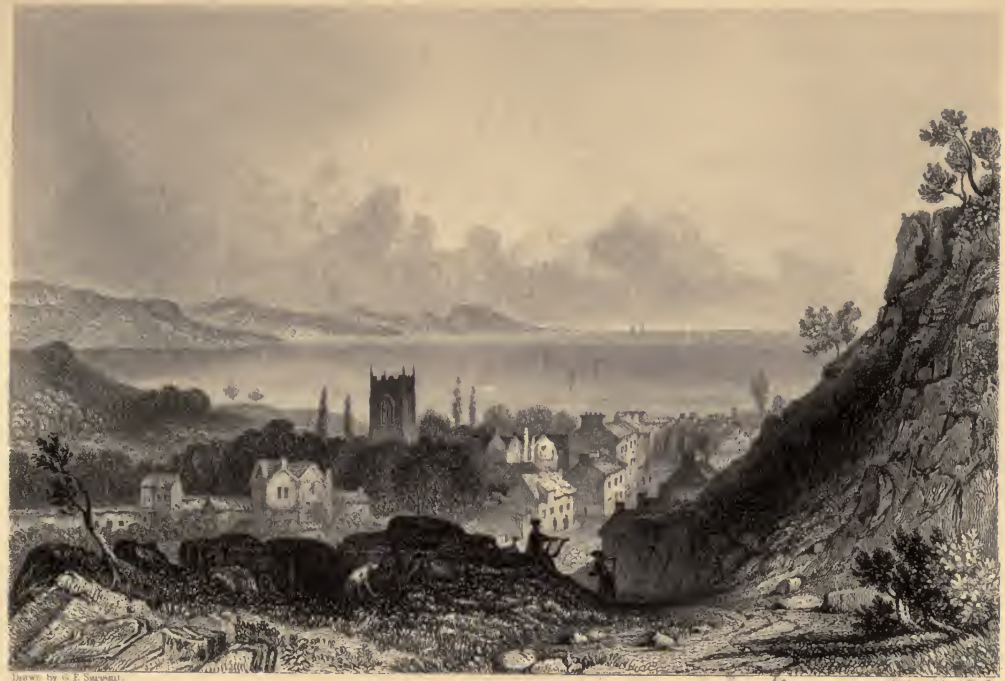
*Hot.* Why, so it would have done
At the same season, if your mother's cat had
But kitten'd, though yourself had ne'er been born.

*Glend.* I say, the earth did shake when I was born.

*Hot.* And I say, the earth was not of my mind,
If you suppose, as fearing you it shook.

*Glend.* The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble

*Hot.* O, then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseased nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions : oft the teeming earth
Is with a kind of colick pinch'd and vex'd
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb ; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldame earth, and topples down
Steeples, and moss-grown towers. At your birth
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion shook.



Drawn by G. F. Sargent.

Engraved by J. Tingle.

BANGOR

HENRY 4TH PART 1ST ACT 3 SCENE 1

Shakespeare has given an immortal interest to the Castle of Warkworth by laying part of the scene of his Henry IV. there. * * *

The Castle stands on a fine commanding hill, with wide and charming views seaward and landward, with the winding banks and hanging woods of the Coquet, a sweet little river which, after almost surrounding it, falls into the sea at the distance of about a mile. The scenes which lie in prospect are noble, extensive, and varied. Below the Castle clusters the town. At a little distance out at sea, you observe Coquet Isle, with its ruined tower and cell. Northward stretch away the shores, with the Fern Isles and the castles of Bamborough and Dunstanbrough conspicuous; and southward, villages and woods enrich the wide broad plains, and stud the winding strand and creeks.

The Castle itself is well worthy of its site. As was justly observed by Grose, nothing can be more magnificent and picturesque, from what part soever it is viewed. There is something peculiarly stately, and of feudal grace about it. The keep, or principal part of the building, stands on the north side, and is elevated on an artificial mound several feet higher than the other parts. It is square, with the angles cut away. Near the middle of each side of this square projects at right angles a turret, its end terminating in a semi-hexagon. These projections are of the same height as the rest of the keep, from the centre of which a lofty exploratory tower arises. There is something very unique and imposing in this arrangement of the building; and on the front of every tower a bold shield, supported by a knight or angel, is displayed, which adds greatly to this effect. One cannot avoid carrying back the mind to the period when this proud castle was not a ruin, but the chief abode of the great and powerful Percys; and feel what must have been the impression which it must have made on the mind of the spectator who came with the idea of Percy fame already in his imagination, and saw it standing in its perfect beauty on its stately height, and surrounded by armed retainers.

The castle and moat, according to an ancient survey, contained nearly six acres of ground. It includes in front of the keep an area of more than an acre, surrounded with walls and towers. These walls are in many places entire, and are thirty-five feet high. The gateway, or principal entrance, was once a stately building, defended by a portcullis, and containing apartments for several officers of the castle; of which a few only now remain, which are inhabited by the person who has charge of the castle. There were similar towers about the middle of the east and west walls, which are also in ruins.

W. Howitt.

# HENRY IV. PART II.

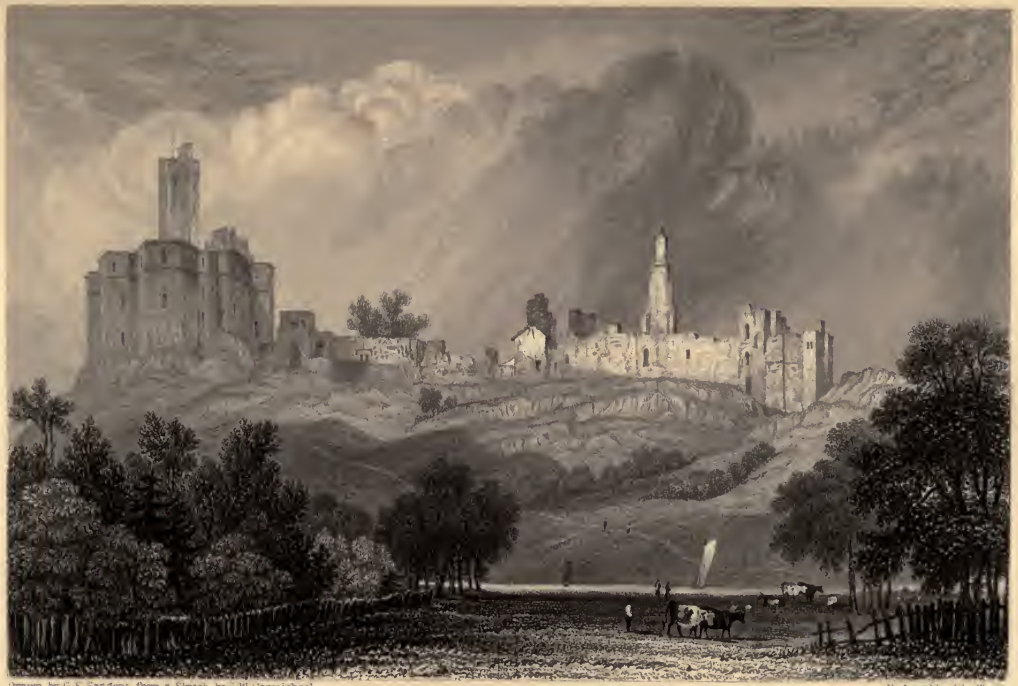
## INDUCTION.

---

### Warkworth Castle.

### Rumour.

*Rumour.* This have I rumour'd through the peasant towns
Between the royal field of Shrewsbury
And this worm-eaten hold of ragged stone,
Where Hotspur's father, old Northumberland,
Lies crafty-sick: the posts come tiring on,
And not a man of them brings other news
Than they have learned of me: From Rumour's tongues
They bring smooth comforts false, worse than true wrongs.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent, from a Sketch by J.W. Carmichael. Engraved by John Woods.

THE REMAINS OF WARKWORTH CASTLE, (1841)

*"This worm-eaten hold of ragged stone."*

KING HENRY 4th PART 2nd INDUCTION

The principal entrance to Southampton on the land side, is by the large and extremely beautiful Gate, called emphatically the *Bar*. Its north front is of rather uncommon form, being a sort of semi-octagon, flanked with two lower semicircular turrets, and crowned with large and handsome machicollations. The arch of entrance is highly pointed, and adorned with a profusion of mouldings, which now end abruptly, a part of the flanks of the arch having been cut away to enlarge the carriage way, which was inconveniently narrow. Above the arch is a row of elegant sunk pannels, alternately square and oblong. In each of the squares is a shield in relief, painted with a coat of arms. These ornaments were added to the Gate after the accession of James I.

The footways on each side are modern perforations through the old flanking towers, as the brick-work entirely covers the ancient walls; but, by inspecting the sides of the principal arch, it seems as if there had formerly been arches opening laterally into these towers. The arches and front hitherto described, though probably 450 years old, are modern, when compared with the central part of the Gate, which is of early Norman work, if not more ancient than the Conquest. Its plain and massive round arches, which are considerably wider than the outer pointed one, are a full proof of this. Within this most ancient part, another addition has been made, forming a plain and flat front; which, though never very handsome, was much injured by an awkward attempt to adorn it, at the beginning of the last century.

The battlements have, however, escaped the ravages of improvement; and an ancient alarm bell hangs in a niche formed for it, between two of them. The leads are spacious; and from these the gradual increase of this noble Gate is easily traced. The original gate was flanked by two semicircular towers, towards the country; between these, and projecting beyond them, the present beautiful exterior front was added; the front towards the town appears the most modern of all. The two lions sejant, cast in lead, which now form a respectable guard at the entrance of the Gate, were formerly placed at the extremities of the parapet of a bridge which crossed the ditch before the Gate, and were removed to their present situation when the ditch was filled up, and the bridge demolished.

# KING HENRY V.

## ACT II.

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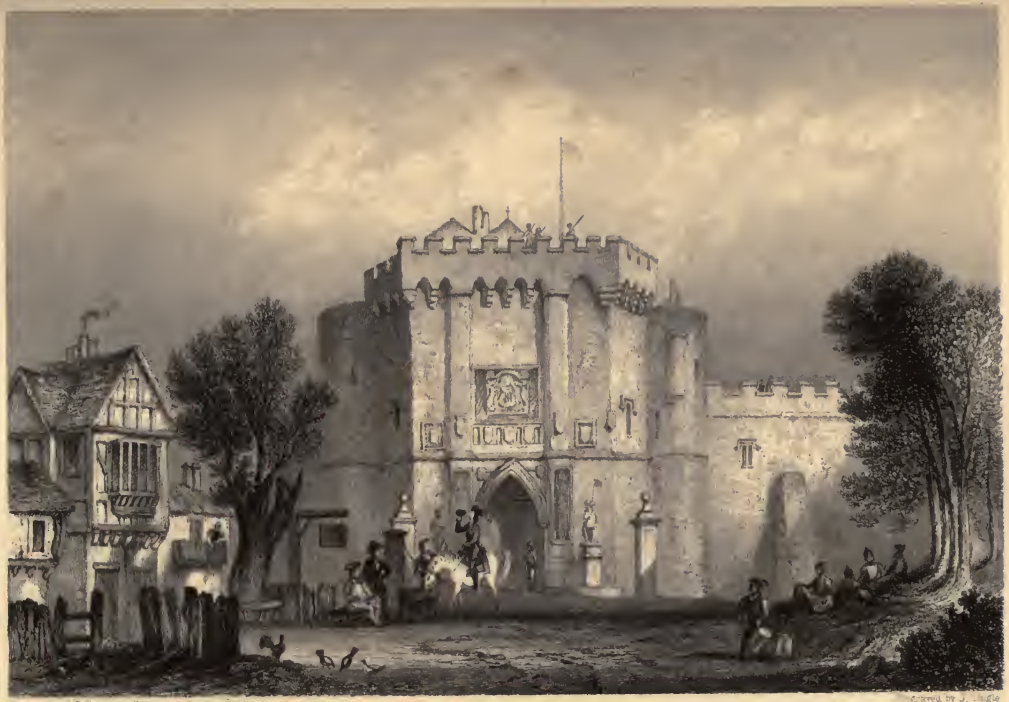
### SOUTHAMPTON.

*Chorus.* And the scene
Is now transported, gentles, to Southampton.



Drawn by C F Sargent from a scarce print

Engraved by J. Ingle

CATE OF SOUTHAMPTON, IN 1670

and the Scene
is now unsightly, partly to Southwest

## PALACE OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD IN ROUEN.

This building is still in good preservation: it is situated in the Place de la Pucelle, so called from its being the scene of the execution of the celebrated Joan of Arc, to whose memory a monument is erected. This fabric is shown in the engraving.

Upon the accession of Henry VI., the Duke of Bedford was constituted chief councillor and protector of the king, then an infant, and appointed at the same time Regent of France. But all his splendid achievements in the "land of the Gauls," great, glorious, and gallant as they were, lie for ever obscured beneath one dark deed of inhumanity,—his cruel and savage treatment of the most undaunted of his foes—the enthusiastic Maid of Orleans, Joan of Arc. The Duke died at Rouen, September 14, 1435, and was interred in the Cathedral of Notre Dame there, deeply lamented by the English people.

# HENRY VI. PART I.

## ACT III. SCENE II.

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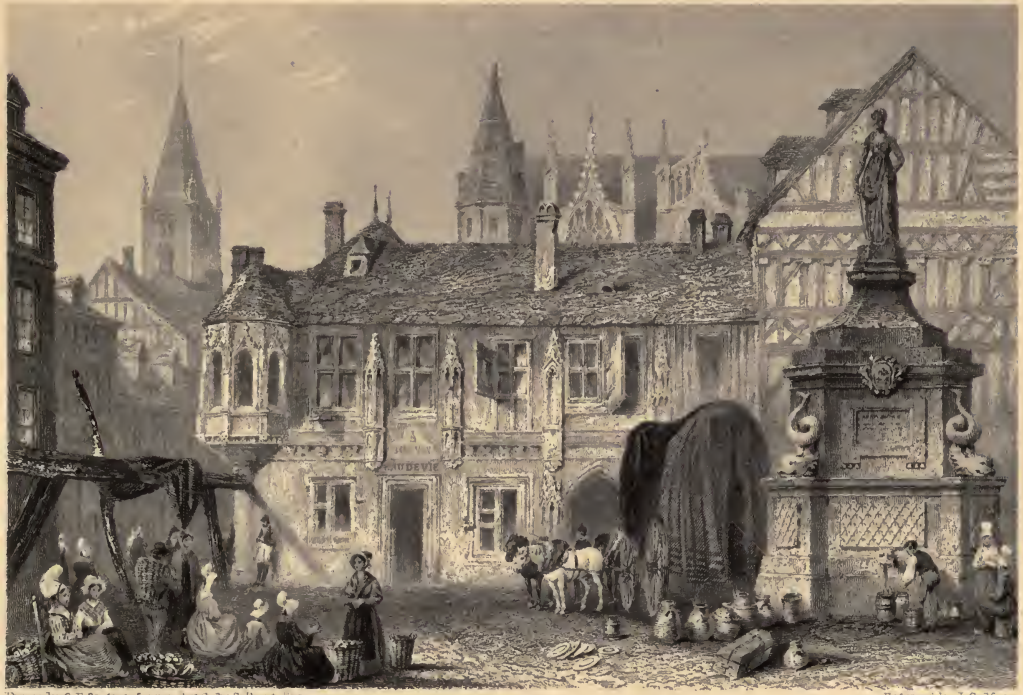
ROUEN.—PLACE DE LA PUCELLE.

*Lord Talbot.* But yet, before we go, let's not forget
The noble duke of Bedford, late deceased,
But see his exequies fulfill'd in Rouen;
A braver soldier never couched lance,
A gentler heart did never sway in court:
But kings, and mightiest potentates, must die;
For that's the end of human misery.



Drawn by G.F Sargent, from a sketch by S. Prout, Esq.

Engraved by J. Godfroy

PALACE OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD AT ROUEN.

*"The Noble Duke of Bedford; late deceas'd,*
*But see his exequies performed in Rouen;"*

## FUNERAL OF HENRY V. IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Henry V. died in Paris, August 31, 1422. His nobles and officers resolved to give him a most magnificent funeral; they caused the body to be embalmed, and carried in great pomp to the cathedral of Notre Dame, where a solemn service was performed. The funeral then proceeded to Rouen, and there it lay in state several days. The coffin was then placed within a car drawn by four splendid horses; over the coffin, on a bed of crimson and gold, lay a figure representing the king to the life, with a rich crown of gold on the head, a sceptre on the right hand, the globe and cross on the left, and with a face looking heavenward. When it passed through any town, a canopy of silk, like to what is carried over the host on Corpus Christi Day, was borne over it. In this state the body was conveyed, by slow journeys, from Rouen to Abbeville, where it was placed in the cathedral of St. Ulfran, with rows of priests on each side of the coffin to chant requiems all through the night. During the slow, sad progress from town to town, the funeral car was preceded and flanked by heralds, persons bearing banners and achievements, and a host of men, all clad in white sheets, and carrying lighted torches in their hands; it was followed by the royal household, in deep mourning, by some hundreds of knights and esquires in black armour and plumes, with their lances reversed, and by the princes of the blood, and the king of Scotland, who acted as chief mourner. At about a league in the rear of all travelled the youthful widow, with a numerous retinue. The night after leaving Abbeville, they rested at Hesdin, the next night at Montreuil, the next at Boulogne, and then at Calais, where a fleet was in readiness to convey them to Dover. From Dover they travelled by the usual road through Canterbury and Rochester to London, where they arrived on Martinmas Day. As the melancholy procession approached London, fifteen bishops in their pontifical attire, many mitred abbots and churchmen, with a vast multitude of persons of all conditions, went out to meet it. The churchmen chanted the service for the dead as it passed over London Bridge and through the street of the Lombards to St. Paul's. After the obsequies had been performed at St. Paul's in presence of the whole parliament, the body was carried to Westminster Abbey, and there interred near the shrine of Edward the Confessor. "At this funeral," continues Monstrelet, who wrote some years later, "greater pomp and expense were made than had been done for two hundred years at the burying of any king of England; and even now, as much reverence and honour are paid every day to his tomb as if it were certain that he is a saint in heaven."

Pictorial History of England.

# HENRY VI. PART I.

## ACT I. SCENE I.

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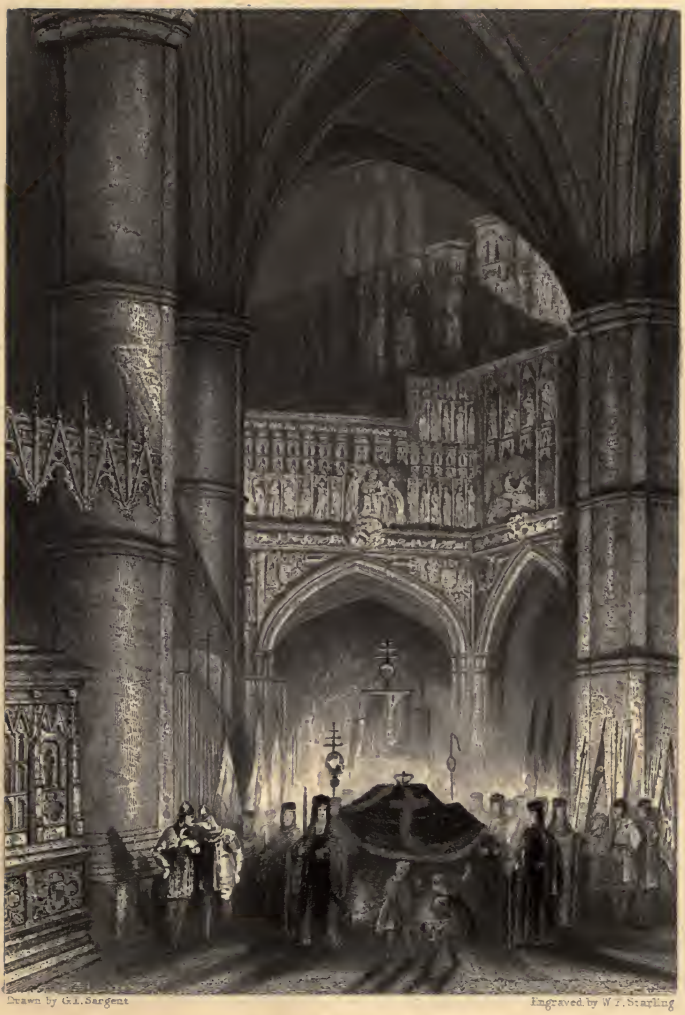
*Interior of* WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

*Corpse of* KING HENRY V. *lying in state; attended by the* DUKES OF BEDFORD, GLOUCESTER, *and* EXETER, *&c. &c.*

*Bed.* Hung be the heavens with black, yield day to night!
Comets, importing change of times and states,
Brandish your crystal tresses in the sky;
And with them scourge the bad revolting stars,
That have consented unto Henry's death!
King Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long!
England ne'er lost a king of so much worth.

*Glo.* England ne'er had a king until his time.
Virtue he had, deserving to command:
His brandish'd sword did blind men with his beams;
His arms spread wider than a dragon's wings:
His sparkling eyes, replete with wrathful fire,
More dazzled and drove back his enemies,
Than mid-day sun, fierce bent against their faces.
What should I say? his deeds exceed all speech:
He ne'er lift up his hand but conquered.

*Exe.* We mourn in black: Why mourn we not in blood?
Henry is dead, and never shall revive:
Upon a wooden coffin we attend;
And death's dishonourable victory
We with our stately presence glorify,
Like captives bound in a triumphant car.
What? shall we curse the planets of mishap,
That plotted thus our glory's overthrow?
Or shall we think the subtle-witted French
Conjurors and sorcerers, that, afraid of him,
By magic verses have contrived his end?



Drawn by G.F. Sargent

Engraved by W.J. Starling

INTERIOR OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FUNERAL OF HENRY VTH

"He was a king blessed of the king of kings."

## ST. ALBAN'S ABBEY.

VERULAM, from the ruins of which St. Alban's derives its origin, was an important British city, of greater antiquity than even London itself. In the year 303, and during the persecution of the Christians commenced by Diocletian, Albanus was put to death, and a few years after the persecution had ceased, a church was founded on the spot in memory of the saint. In his honour a monastery for Benedictine monks was erected in 793 by Offa, king of Mercia, one of the Saxon kingdoms. The modern town of St. Alban's was founded during the tenth century, by the abbot Ulsinus. The abbey church, which was part of the ancient monastery, was sold by Edward VI., in 1553, to the inhabitants of the town for their parish church. The external appearance of this fabric, when viewed from a distance, is dignified and imposing, but when nearly approached it loses part of its effect, from the rude mixture of Roman tiles, flints, and bricks, appearing in its walls, and which excites a stronger idea of dilapidation than the real state of the building will justify. In the year 1832, a part of the south-west wall having fallen, and public attention being called to the state of the building, it led to a subscription for its preservation, and considerable restorations have been made, but the amount subscribed has not been sufficient for perfecting the work.

# HENRY VI. PART II.

## ACT II. SCENE I.

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### St. Alban's Abbey.

K. Henry, Q. Margaret, Gloucester, Cardinal *and others.*

*Q. Mar.* Believe me, lords, for flying at the brook,
I saw not better sport these seven years' day:
Yet, by your leave, the wind was very high;
And ten to one old Joan had not gone out.

*K. Hen.* But what a point, my lord, your falcon made,
And what a pitch she flew above the rest!—
To see how God in all his creatures works!
Yea, man and birds are fain of climbing high.

*Suf.* No marvel, an it like your majesty,
My lord protector's hawks do tower so well;
They know their master loves to be aloft,
And bears his thoughts above his falcon's pitch.

*Glo.* My lord, 't is but a base ignoble mind
That mounts no higher than a bird can soar.

*Car.* I thought as much; he would be above the clouds.

*Glo.* Ay, my lord cardinal: How think you by that?
Were it not good your grace could fly to heaven?

*K. Hen.* The treasury of everlasting joy!

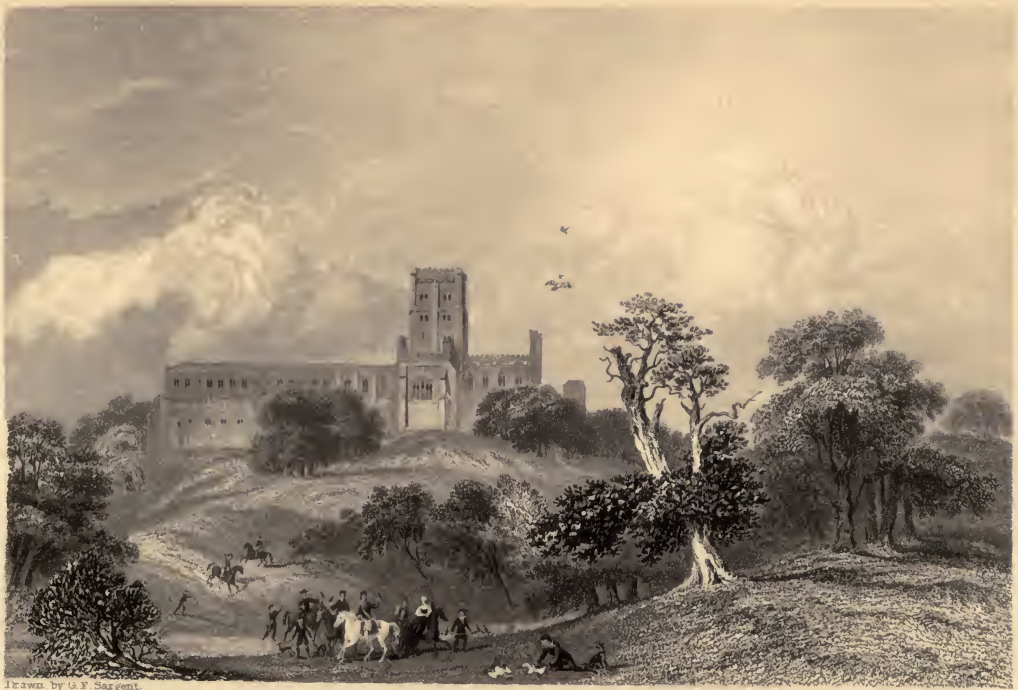
*Car.* Thy heaven is on earth; thine eyes and thoughts
Beat on a crown, the treasure of thy heart;
Pernicious protector, dangerous peer,
That smooth'st it so with king and commonweal!

*Glo.* What, cardinal, is your priesthood grown peremptory?
*Tantæne animis cœlestibus iræ?*
Churchmen so hot? good uncle, hide such malice;
With such holiness can you do it?

*Suf.* No malice, sir; no more than well becomes
So good a quarrel, and so bad a peer.

*Glo.* As who, my lord?

*Suf.* Why, as you, my lord
An 't like your lordly lord-protectorship.



Drawn. by G. F. Sargent.

Engraved by J. Carter

SAINT ALBAN'S

*"Believe me, Lords, for flying at the brook,*
*I saw not better sport these seven years' day."*

## THE TOWER OF LONDON, WITH THE DEATH OF HENRY VI.

Henry VI. breathed his last in the Tower, where much of his life had been passed as a pageant of state, and another large portion of it as a prisoner of war. He is generally stated by historians to have died by violence; and the odium of the bloody deed has chiefly fallen upon Richard duke of Gloucester. The proof of the fact, however, is disproportioned to the atrocity of the accusation. Many temptations and provocations to destroy him had occurred in a secret imprisonment of nearly ten years. It is rather improbable that those who through so many scenes of blood had spared "the meek usurper's hoary head," should, at last, with so small advantage, incur the odium of destroying a prince who seems to have been dear to the people for no other quality but the regular observance of petty superstitions. He was as void of manly as of kingly virtues. No station can be named for which he was fitted but that of a weak and ignorant lay brother in a monastery. Our compassion for the misfortunes of such a person would hardly go beyond the boundary of instinctive pity, if an extraordinary provision had not been made by nature to strengthen the social affections. We are so framed to feel as if all harmlessness arose from a pure and gentle mind; and something of the beauty of intentional goodness is lent to those who only want the power of doing ill. The term innocence is ambiguously employed for impotence and abstinence. A man in a station such as that of a king, which is generally surrounded with power and dignity, is apt to be considered as deliberately abstaining from evil when he inflicts none, although he be really withheld, as in the case of Henry, by an incapacity to do either good or harm. Nature, by an illusion more general and more momentous, benevolently beguiles us into a tenderness for the beings who most need it, inspiring us with the fond imagination that the innocence of children is the beautiful result of mature reason and virtue;—a sentiment partaking of the same nature with the feelings which dispose the good man to be merciful to his beast.

Pictorial History of England.

# HENRY VI. PART III.

## ACT V. SCENE VI.

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*Room in the* TOWER OF LONDON.

KING HENRY VI. *and* GLOUCESTER.

*K. Hen.* Ah, kill me with thy weapon, not with words!
My breast can better brook thy dagger's point,
Than can my ears that tragic history.
But wherefore dost thou come? is 't for my life?

*Glo.* Think'st thou I am an executioner?

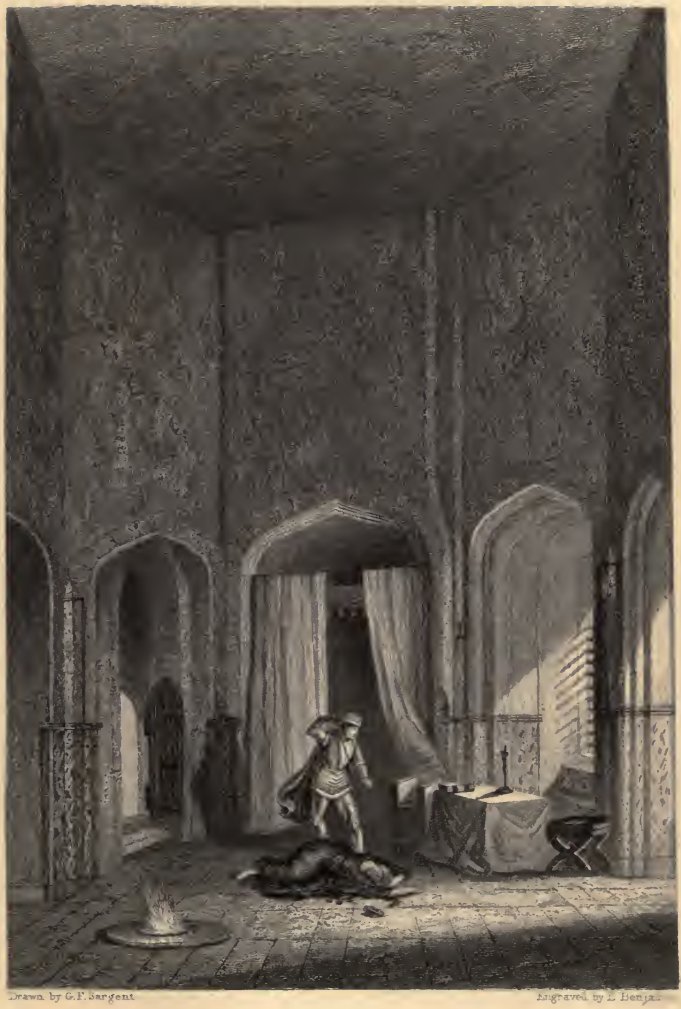
*K. Hen.* A persecutor, I am sure, thou art;
If murthering innocents be executing,
Why, then thou art an executioner.

*Glo.* Thy son I kill'd for his presumption.

*K. Hen.* Hadst thou been kill'd when first thou didst presume,
Thou hadst not lived to kill a son of mine.
And thus I prophesy,—that many a thousand,
Which now mistrust no parcel of my fear;
And many an old man's sigh, and many a widow's,
And many an orphan's water-standing eye,—
Men for their sons', wives for their husbands',
And orphans for their parents' timeless death,—
Shall rue the hour that ever thou wast born.
The owl shriek'd at thy birth, an evil sign;
The night-crow cried, aboding luckless time;
Dogs howl'd, and hideous tempests shook down trees:
The raven rook'd her on the chimney's top,
And chattering pies in dismal discords sung.
Thy mother felt more than a mother's pain,
And yet brought forth less than a mother's hope;
To wit, an indigest deformed lump,
Not like the fruit of such a goodly tree.

* * * * * * * * * * *

*Glo.* I'll hear no more: Die, prophet, in thy speech. [*Stabs him.*



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by J. Benjn.

ROOM IN THE TOWER

IN WHICH HENRY VI WAS SLAIN

"One prophet, in my speech:
For which, amongst the rest, was ordained

## THE COUNCIL CHAMBER IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

In the room called the Council Chamber, which is the largest apartment, and reputed to be the place where councils were assembled when the reigning monarch held his court in the Tower, the roof is sustained by vast beams of timber, disposed in transverse and horizontal frame-work, and supported by two rows of transverse posts. This arrangement has every appearance of high antiquity, and harmonizes exceedingly well with the grand and substantial features of the other parts of the building. The eastern wall is pierced by fine lofty openings with semicircular arches, but without ornament or moulding of any kind, which communicate with the adjoining room: one of these is partly closed with a thin partition, in which is a smaller opening, equally plain, and assimilating in character to the arch over it. It was at a council sitting in this chamber, that, as traditionally affirmed, the Protector Gloucester ordered Lord Hastings to be led to instant execution, and commanded the arrest of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Ely, and Lord Stanley.

Britton and Brayley's Memoirs of the Tower.

# KING RICHARD III.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

---

Council Chamber, Tower of London.

Gloster, Buckingham, Hastings, *and other* Peers.

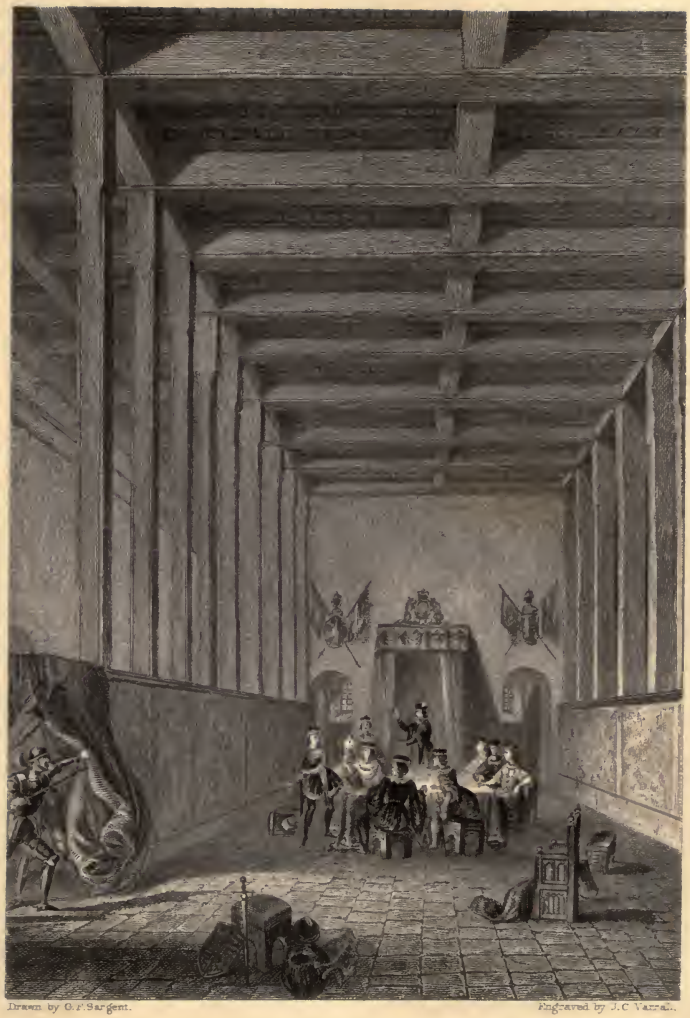
*Glo.* I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft; and that have prevail'd
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

*Hast.* The tender love I bear your grace, my lord
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be:
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

*Glo.* Then be your eyes the witness of their evil!
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is, like a blasted sapling, wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot, strumpet Shore,
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

*Hast.* If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

*Glo.* If? thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor:—
Off with his head:—now, by saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same.
Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done;
The rest that love me, rise, and follow me.



Drawn by G. F. Sargent. Engraved by J. C. Varrall.

COUNCIL CHAMBER, TOWER OF LONDON.

*"Behold mine Arm*
*Is, like a blasted sapling, withered up:"*

KING RICHARD III., ACT I., SCENE IV.

## LEICESTER ABBEY.

Near the town of Leicester a monastery of Black Canons was founded in 1143, in honour of the Virgin Mary, by Robert le Bossin, earl of Leicester, and called, from its situation in the fields or meadows, Sancta Maria de Pratis, or St. Mary de Prez: it was richly endowed, the revenues at the dissolution amounting to £1062 per annum. Of this great and wealthy establishment, to which, from its being the scene of Cardinal Wolsey's death, considerable interest attaches, a mass of shapeless ruin alone remains. Here the fallen minister of the tyrant Henry VIII. died, on the 29th of November, 1530, having been compelled by illness to seek an asylum in the Abbey while travelling as a prisoner to London.

# KING HENRY VIII.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

---

LEICESTER ABBEY.

QUEEN KATHERINE *and* GRIFFITH.

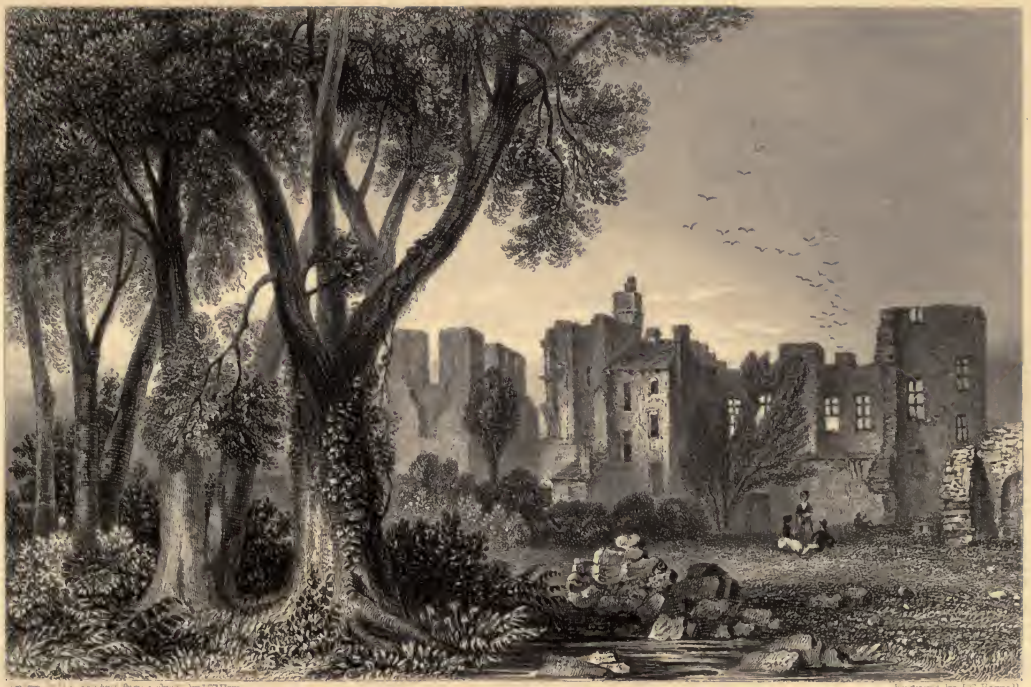
*Kath.* Didst thou not tell me, Griffith, as thou led'st me,
That the great child of honour, Cardinal Wolsey,
Was dead?

* * * * * * * * *

*Grif.* Well, the voice goes, madam:
For after the stout earl Northumberland
Arrested him at York, and brought him forward
(As a man sorely tainted) to his answer,
He fell sick suddenly, and grew so ill,
He could not sit his mule.

*Kath.* Alas, poor man!

*Grif.* At last, with easy roads, he came to Leicester,
Lodged in the abbey; where the reverend abbot,
With all his convent, honourably received him;
To whom he gave these words,—'O father abbot,
An old man, broken with the storms of state,
Is come to lay his weary bones among ye;
Give him a little earth for charity!'
So went to bed: where eagerly his sickness
Pursued him still; and, three nights after this,
About the hour of eight, (which he himself
Foretold should be his last,) full of repentance,
Continual meditations, tears, and sorrows,
He gave his honours to the world again,
His blessed part to heaven, and slept in peace.



Engraved by J.C. Varrall.

LEICESTER ABBEY.

## TENEDOS.

We passed the isle of Tenedos, once under the patronage of Apollo, as he gave it in himself in the particulars of his estate when he courted Daphne. It is but ten miles in circuit, but in those days very rich and well-peopled; still famous for its excellent wine.

Lady Wortley Montagu.

Tenedos is a small but fertile island of the Ægean Sea, opposite to Troy. It became famous during the Trojan War, as there the Greeks concealed themselves, the more effectually to make the Trojans believe that they were returned home without finishing the siege.

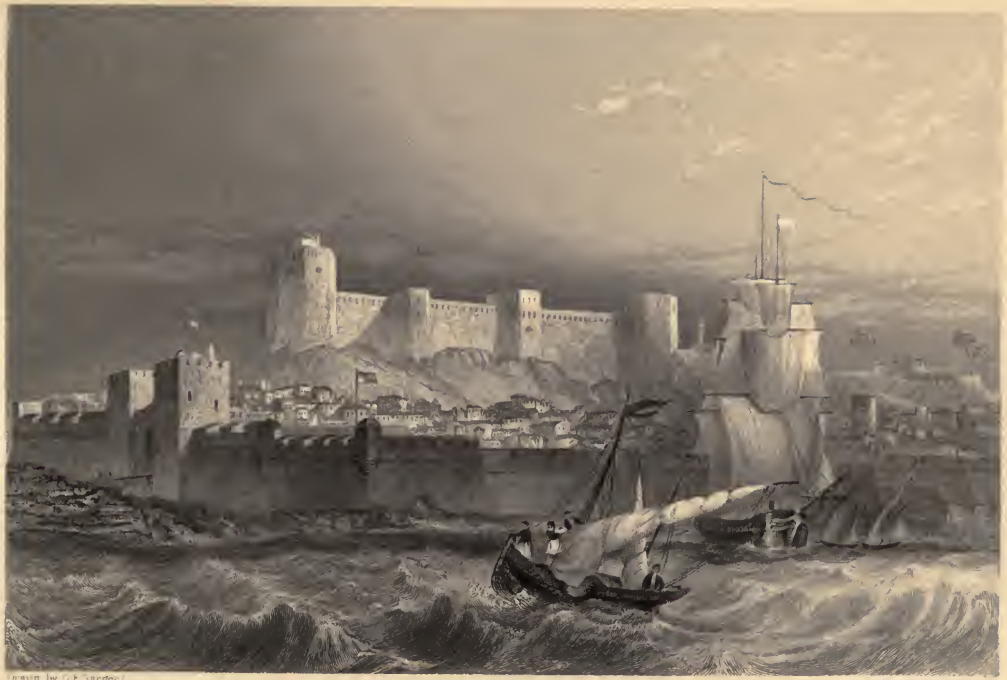
Lempriere.

# TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## PROLOGUE.

---

To Tenedos they came;
And the deep-drawing barks do there disgorge
Their warlike fraughtage.



Drawn by [illegible] Sargent

Engraved by John Woods.

CASTLE OF TENEDOS.

*To Tenedos they come*
*And the deep drawing barks do there disgorge*
*Their warlike fraughtage*

## TROY.

All that is now left of Troy is the ground on which it stood; for I am firmly persuaded whatever pieces of antiquity may be found round it are much more modern, and I think Strabo says the same thing. However, there is some pleasure in seeing the valley where, I imagine, the famous duel of Menelaus and Paris had been fought, and where the greatest city in the world was situated. It is certainly the noblest situation that can be found for the head of a great empire.

Lady Wortley Montagu.

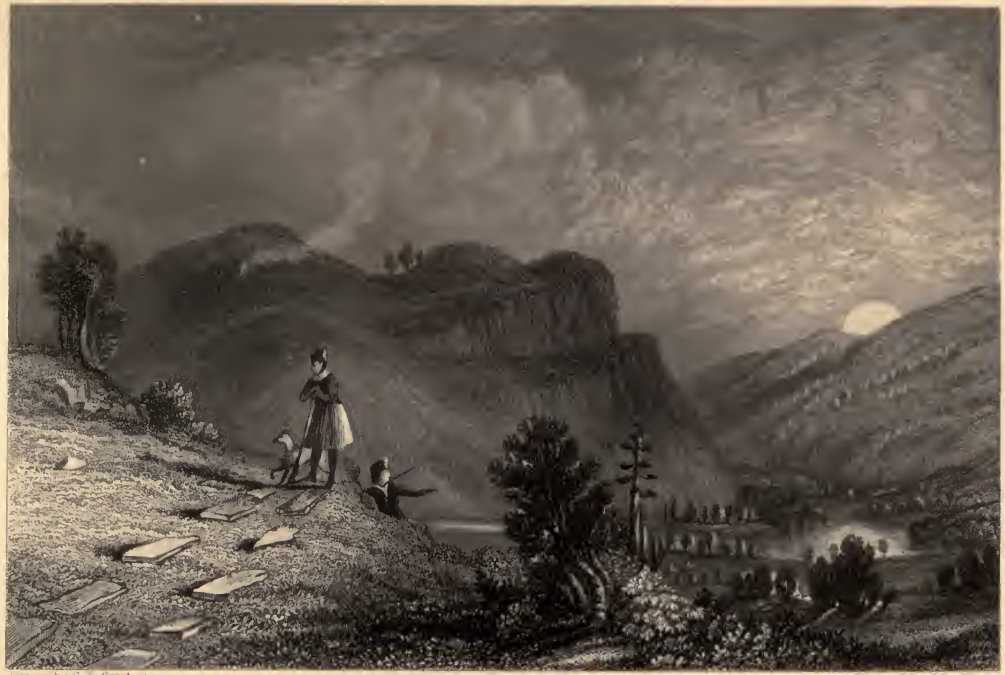
---

Troy.

Troilus *and* Cressida.

*Tro.* O virtuous fight,
When right with right wars who shall be most right!
True swains in love shall, in the world to come,
Approve their truths by Troilus: when their rhymes,
Full of protest, of oath, and big compare,
Want similes, truth tired with iteration,—
As true as steel, as plantage to the moon,
As sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to the centre,—
Yet, after all comparisons of truth,
As truth's authentic author to be cited,
As true as Troilus shall crown up the verse,
And sanctify the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be!
If I be false, or swerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot itself,
When waterdrops have worn the stones of Troy,
And blind oblivion swallow'd cities up,
And mighty states characterless are grated
To dusty nothing; yet let memory
From false to false, among false maids in love,
Upbraid my falsehood! when they have said, as false
As air, as water, as wind, as sandy earth,
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf,
Pard to the hind, or stepdame to her son;
Yea, let them say, to stick the heart of falsehood,
As false as Cressid.



Drawn by G. T. Sargent

Engraved by John Woods

THE CITADEL OF TROY

I stood in the Roman Forum!—Amidst its silence and desertion, how forcibly did the memory of ages that were fled speak to the soul! How did every broken pillar and fallen capital tell of former greatness! The days of its pride and of its patriotism—the long struggles for freedom and for power—the popular tumults—the loud acclamations—the energetic harangues—the impassioned eloquence—and all the changeful and chequered events of which it had been the theatre; joined to the images of the great and the good—the wisest and the best of mankind, who had successively filled this now lonely and silent spot—the lights of ages, whose memory is still worshipped throughout the world,—crowded into my mind, and touched the deepest feelings of my heart.

The Ionic portico of the Temple of Concord still stands in the Roman Forum. At the sound of its name, the remembrance flashed upon my mind that it was here Cicero accused to the assembled Senate the guilty conspirators leagued with Catiline; and, entering its grass-grown area, I felt, with enthusiasm which brought tears into my eyes, that I now stood on the very spot his feet had then trod.

As if Time had loved to spare every relic of Cicero, I beheld before me, on the green turf, in lonely grandeur, three of the beautiful columns of that Temple of Jupiter Stator, in which he had previously accused Catiline in person, and compelled him, by the terrors of his eloquence, to abandon his deep-formed but immature designs, and fly into voluntary exile, and open, therefore not dangerous, rebellion. At every period of my life, and long before I ever expected to behold it, whenever the name of the Roman Forum was uttered, the image of Cicero was present to my mind! and now that I actually stood on the very scene of his glorious exertions and patriotic eloquence, his spirit seemed in every object that met my view.

I eagerly inquired, Where was the Rostrum? Not a vestige of it remains—not "a stone to mark the spot" is now to be found; but its supposed site was pointed out to me on ground now occupied by some old barns or granaries, between the Capitoline and the Palatine Hills.

"It was there, then," I internally exclaimed, "that the thunders of Cicero's eloquence burst forth to a people yet undegenerated from their ancient fame, and capable of feeling the virtue they inspired;—it was there, in the latter days, he roused so often the languishing spark of patriotism,—and it was there, at the close of his memorable consulship, upon being commanded by the envious tribune not to speak, but to restrict himself to the oath required of every consul on resigning his office, that, instead of swearing, as usual, that he had faithfully discharged his trust, he made the solemn protestation, 'that he had saved the republic and the city from ruin!' while the Roman people who filléd the Forum, called the gods to witness its truth, in an adjuration as solemn as his own, and rent the air with shouts of rapturous applause."

It was there, too, on that very rostrum, where his all-persuasive eloquence had so often moved the hearts of his fellow-citizens, and made the tyrants tremble, that his head and hands were scornfully affixed, after his inhuman murder, by Mark Anthony, to revenge the writing of the Philippics.

But the unbought, and then unprostituted title of *Pater Patriæ*, that he received as the deliverer of his country, far outvalued the crown with which that traitor would have encircled the brows of the tyrant who sought to enslave it.

Rome in the Nineteenth Century.

# CORIOLANUS.

ACT V. SCENE III.

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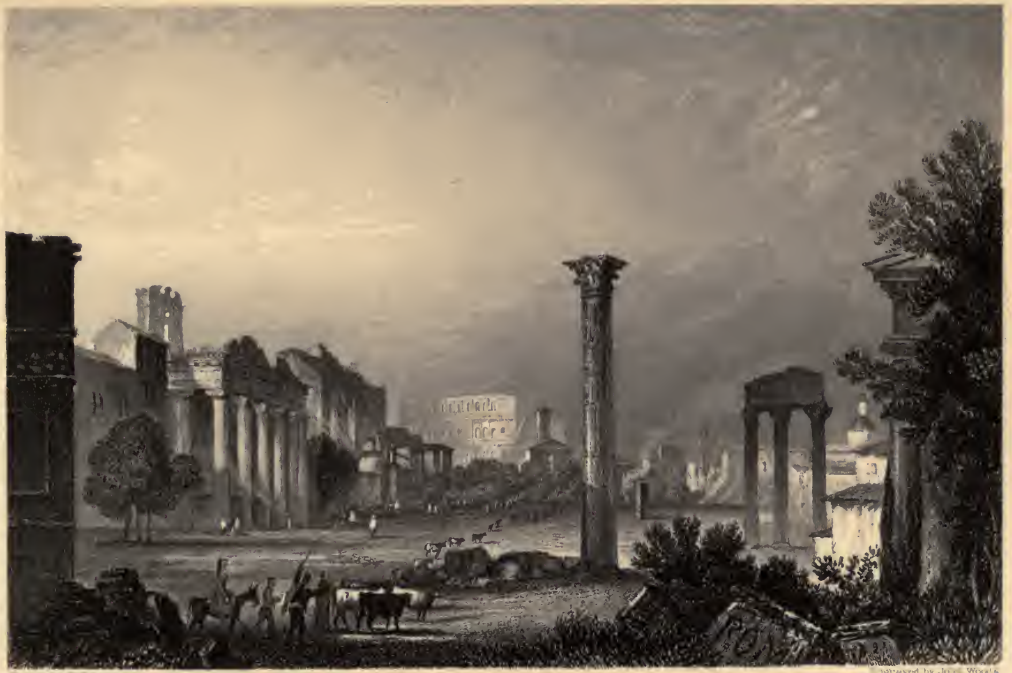
*Cor.* Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy.

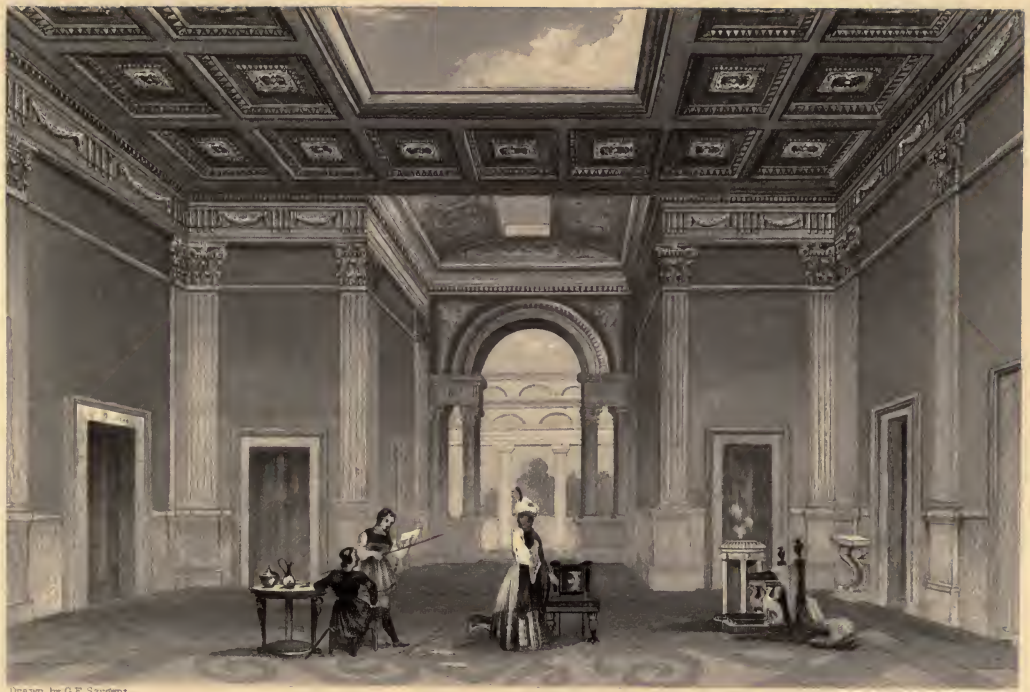


Drawn by G. F. Sargent. Engraved by John Woods.

THE FORUM AT ROME

## APARTMENT IN THE PALACE OF SATURNINUS AT ROME.

Towards the last years of the republic, the Romans naturalized the arts of Greece among themselves; and Grecian architecture came into fashion at Rome, as we may learn, among other sources, from the letters of Cicero to Atticus, which bear constant testimony to the strong interest which he took in ornamenting his several houses, and mention Cyrus, his Greek architect. At this time immense fortunes were easily made from the spoils of new conquests, or by peculation and maladministration of subject provinces, and the money thus ill and easily acquired was squandered in the most lavish luxury. One favourite mode of indulgence was in splendour of building. Lucius Cassius was the first who ornamented his house with columns of foreign marble: they were only six in number, and twelve feet high. He was soon surpassed by Scaurus, who placed in his house columns of the black marble called Lucullian, thirty-eight feet high, and of such vast and unusual weight, that the superintendent of sewers, as we are told by Pliny, took security for any injury which might happen to the works under his charge, before they were suffered to be conveyed along the streets. Another prodigal, by name Mamurra, set the example of lining his rooms with slabs of marble. The best estimate, however, of the growth of architectural luxury about this time may be found in what we are told by Pliny, that, in the year of Rome 676, the house of Lepidus was the finest in the city, and thirty-five years later it was not the hundredth. We may mention, as an example of the lavish expenditure of the Romans, that Domitius Ahenobarbus offered for the house of Crassus a sum amounting to near 48,500*l.*, which was refused by the owner.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by F. Starling.

ROOM IN THE PALACE OF SATURNINUS

AT ROME

## MANTUA.

In Mantua, the fame of Virgil is followed by that of Mantegna, of Giulio Romano, and of the military engineers who have been occupied in strengthening its fortifications from the sixteenth century till now. It is a regularly built, but dreary and unhealthy town, on a lake of the Mincio, surrounded by low plains and reedy fens. But its long fortified bridges, and the bastions which surround it, are impressive. The 2000 Jews who form part of its population, have a showy quarter, with elegant shops: several merchants of that nation have excellent picture galleries; and their schools and houses of industry (instituted in 1825) are models in their sort. The ancient ducal palace, within the walls, has but wretched ruins of Mantegna's works, and those of Giulio; and the latter has scarcely left more in his suburban palace of the Te. The Academy of the Fine Arts possesses a curious, but little known, collection of antique statues. Bernardo Tasso is buried in the church of Sant' Egidio, Giulio in San Barnaba, and Mantegna in Sant' Andrea, which is one of the best works of Alberti.

Spalding's Italy.

ACT V. SCENE I.

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MANTUA.

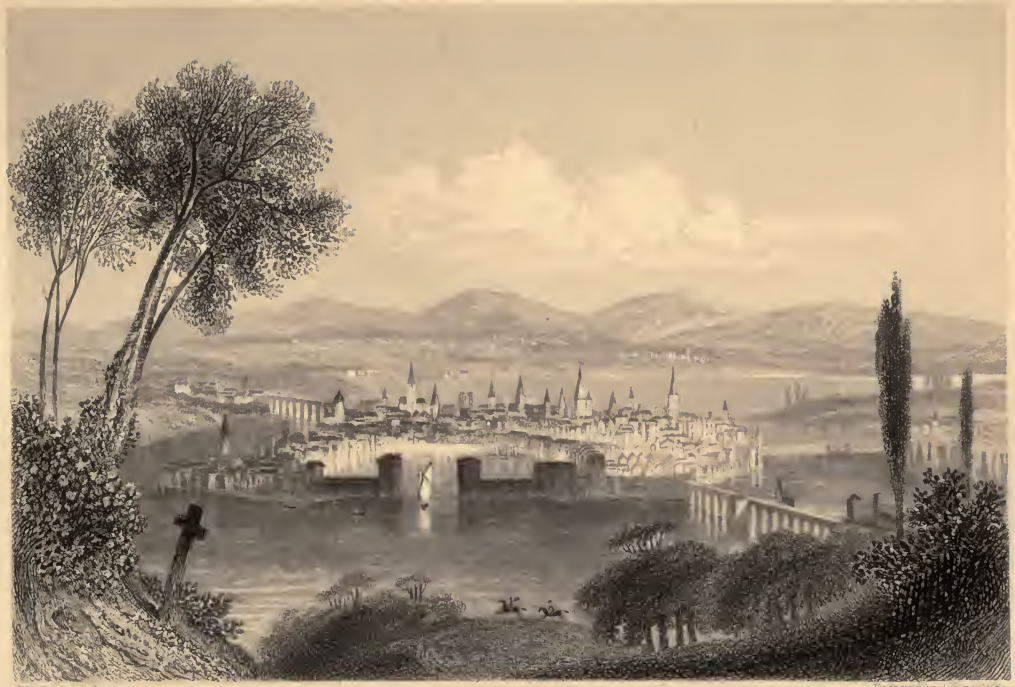
*Romeo.* If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand:
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And, all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead;
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think,)
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips,
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself possess'd,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy

*Enter* BALTHASAR.

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my lady Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if she be well.

*Bal.* Then she is well, and nothing can be ill.
Her body sleeps in Capels' monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently took post to tell it you:
O pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.

*Rom.* Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!—
Thou know'st my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post horses; I will hence to-night.



Drawn by C. F. Sargent. Engraved by J. [illegible]

MANTUA

*I will hence to night.*

## ATHENS.

"The buildings now before us, viewed as they are at the present time, have served, for two thousand years, as models for the most admired fabrics in every civilized country of the world. Having perished here, they survive there. They live in them as their legitimate offspring. Thus the genius which conceived and executed these magnificent works, while the materials on which it laboured are dissolved, has itself proved immortal. We, therefore, at the present time, having witnessed this fact, have more cogent reasons for admiring the consummate skill which created them, than were possessed by those who saw these structures in their original glory and beauty."

WORDSWORTH'S GREECE.

The entrance to the Birmingham Railway at the Euston Square terminus, designed by Mr. Hardwick, is on the model of the Market Place at Athens.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT III. SCENE II.

---

ATHENS.—*A Public Place.*

SERVILIUS *and* LUCIUS.

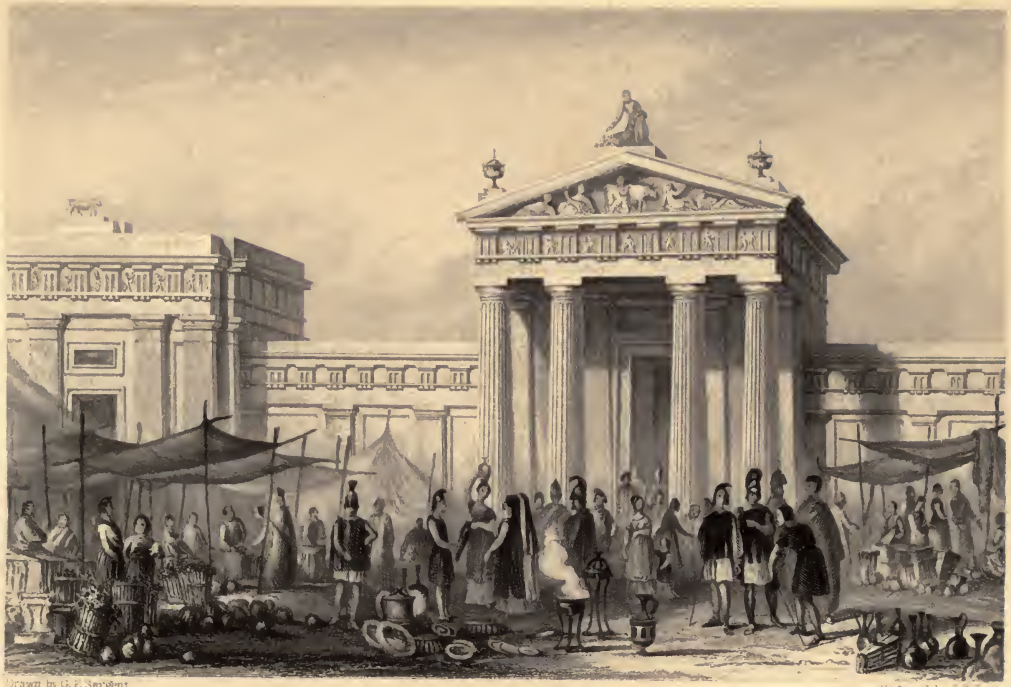
*Luc.* Dost thou speak seriously, Servilius?

*Ser.* Upon my soul, 'tis true, sir.

*Luc.* What a wicked beast was I, to disfurnish myself against such a good time, when I might have shown myself honourable! How unluckily it happened, that I should purchase the day before for a little part, and undo a great deal of honour!—Servilius, now before the gods I am not able to do't, the more beast, I say:—I was sending to use lord Timon myself, these gentlemen can witness; but I would not for the wealth of Athens, I had done 't now. Commend me bountifully to his good lordship; and I hope his honour will conceive the fairest of me, because I have no power to be kind:—And tell him this from me, I count it one of my greatest afflictions, say, that I cannot pleasure such an honourable gentleman. Good Servilius, will you befriend me so far, as to use mine own words to him?

*Ser.* Yes, sir, I shall.

*Luc.* I'll look you out a good turn, Servilius.—



Drawn by G. F. Sargent.

Engraved by J.C. Varin.

THE MARKET PLACE AT ATHENS

*"Dost thou speak seriously Servilius?"*

# ATHENS.

THE TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS, THE ACROPOLIS, AND THE THEATRE OF HADRIAN, RESTORED.

Ancient of days! August Athenæ! where,
Where are thy men of might; thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimm'ring through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mould'ring tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Here let me sit upon this massy stone,
The marble column's yet unshaken base:
Here, Son of Saturn! was thy fav'rite throne:
Mightiest of many such! Hence let me trace
The latent grandeur of thy dwelling-place.

Byron.

# TIMON OF ATHENS.

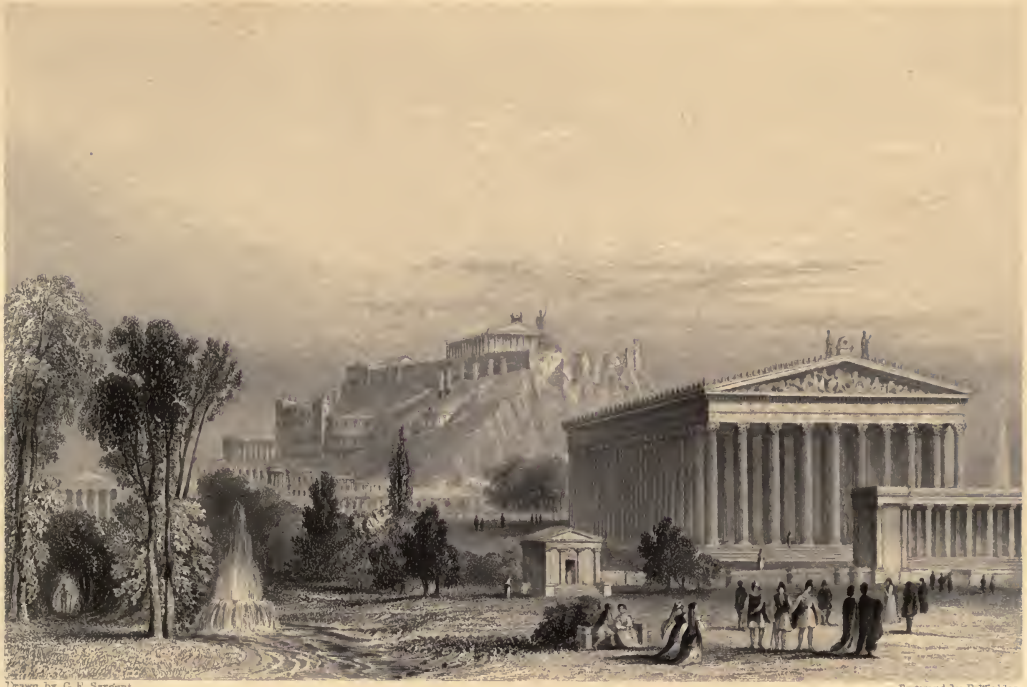
ACT I. SCENE II.

---

ATHENS.

APEMANTUS.

*Apem.* Hey day, what a sweep of vanity comes this way!
They dance! they are mad women.
Like madness is the glory of this life,
As this pomp shows to a little oil and root.
We make ourselves fools to disport ourselves;
And spend our flatteries, to drink those men
Upon whose age we void it up again,
With poisonous spite and envy.
Who lives that 's not depraved, or depraves?
Who dies that bears not one spurn to their graves
Of their friends' gift?
I should fear those that dance before me now,
Would one day stamp upon me: It has been done.
Men shut their doors against a setting sun.



Drawn by G. P. Sargent. Engraved by B. Winkles.

RESTORATION OF THE

TEMPLE OF JUPITER OLYMPIUS.

ATHENS

# ROME.

Rome, with its sweeping Tiber, vast Campagna, and ancient monuments, "where noble names lie sleeping," even in adversity is grand and imposing. Who can sojourn in Rome, full of superb palaces and modern splendour, with a people of the race of those who conquered and enlightened the world,—who can remember it in after years without mournful, yet pleasing recollections? Who can forget that Rome was once mistress of the world, that her power was infinite, her dominion extending over all the habitable earth, her grasp reaching from the east unto the west? Who that has drunk of her fountains and passed through her massive gates, can ever forget the signs of her former greatness? Her peasants sing around her ruined walls their evening song of her former glory,—

Roma, Roma, Roma, *Non è piu come era prima.*

But, still, it is a city dear and pleasing to all who think and feel. The remembrance of riches or power cannot create this affection. Not Venice, with her floating palaces, nor Florence, with her eastern wealth—not Bassora, Bagdad, Palmyra, Memphis—not all the cities of the East, leave behind that pleasing melancholy which strangers feel in visiting the desolate fields and lonely walls of Rome.

Bell's Observations on Italy.

# JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT III. SCENE II.

---

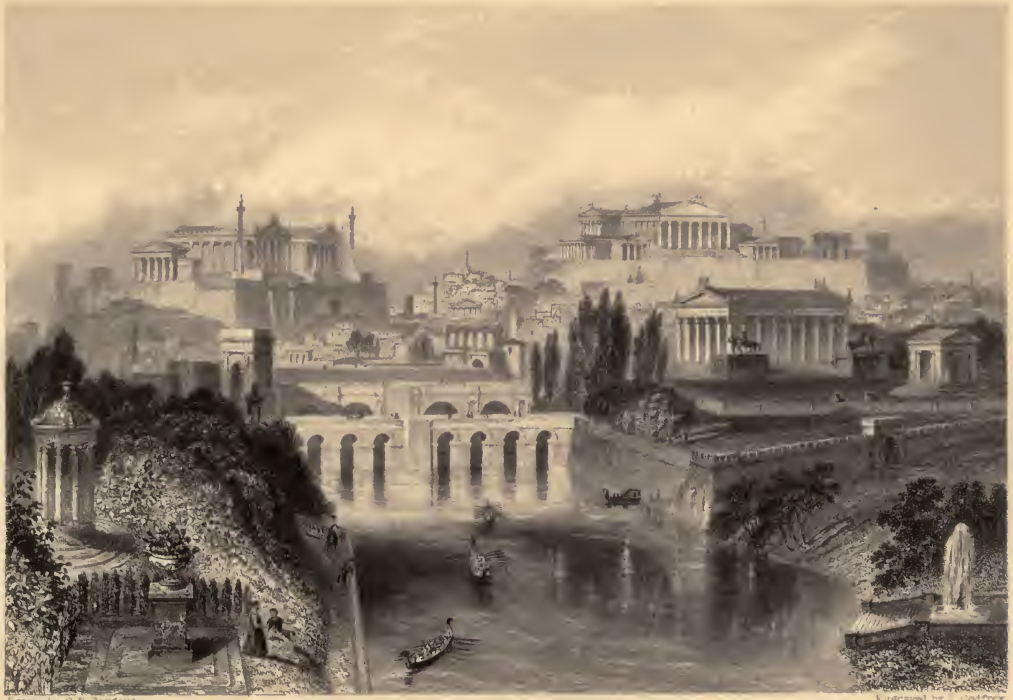
THE FORUM.

ANTONY *and* Citizens.

*Ant.* Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

* * * * * * *

Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.
Here was a Cæsar! When comes such another?



Drawn by G F Sargent

Engraved by E Godfrey

## ROME

*"Moreover he hath left you all his walks*
*His private arbours, and new-planted orchards,*
*On this side Tiber"*

## DUNSINANE.

At Dunsinane near Perth are the remains of an old castle, called Macbeth's Castle, now a total ruin. From Dunsinane Hill, though not of great height, there is one of the most commanding prospects ; it overlooks 50 miles in any direction. It is supposed that the immortal Poet might have visited the spot, and from it viewed the different places where the great events he describes are said to have taken place : there is a tradition that the hill was the abode of two famous witches.

Birnam Hill, near Dunkeld, rises in rude magnificence from the edge of the river Tay.

# MACBETH.

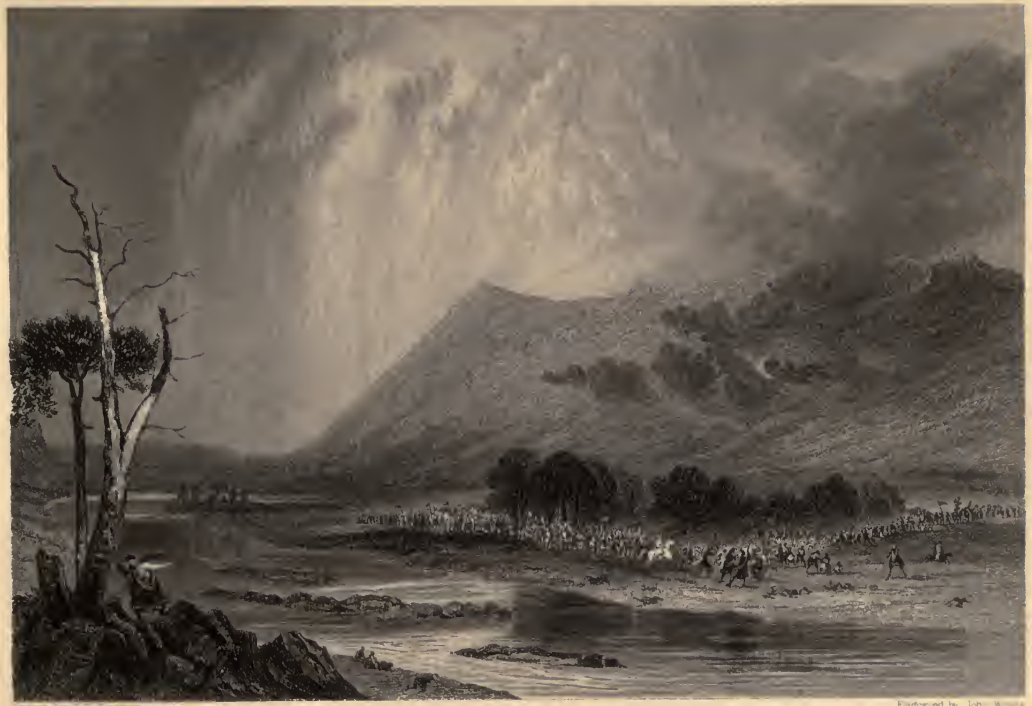
ACT V. SCENE VII.

---

DUNSINANE.

MALCOLM *and* SIWARD.

*Siw.* This way, my lord ;—the castle's gently rendered ;
The tyrant's people on both sides do fight ;
The noble thanes do bravely in the war ;
The day almost itself professes yours,
And little is to do.
*Mal.* We have met with foes
That strike beside us.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent

Engraved by John Wood

DUNSINANE AND BIRNAM WOOD.

## ELSINORE.

Walking upon the battlements of the castle of Elsinore, one has the same kind of instinctive expectation of seeing the ghost of the murdered king as we have of meeting Don Quixote and his squire while travelling in the Sierra Morena; and, indeed, in this ancient Danish fortress there is no lack of such gloomy passages as a ghost might be supposed to issue from.

It was nearly seven in the evening when I stepped upon Danish ground; and having deposited my portmanteau in an inn, and ordered supper, I walked up to the castle, I may say, without any affectation, thinking all the way of Hamlet and Ophelia, and the murdered king. If it had been three or four hours later, I should doubtless have looked towards the gloomy archways with almost an expectation of seeing the ghost of the murdered monarch, but it still wanted a little while to sunset. I lingered on the ramparts until the sun went down, when, at short intervals, two or three guns from the vessels broke upon the stillness, sending a hollow sound booming over the trembling water. Soon the landscape began to fade away, and every sound to cease, except only the occasional splash of an oar; and I left the rampart to seek some one to conduct me to Hamlet's Garden. The sentinel to whom I addressed myself laid aside his musket, and conducted me to the enclosure, where tradition has laid the deed to which we are indebted for our favourite tragedy. There was nothing to see, however, excepting what was pictured in the "mind's eye;" and after a few moments' silence, I left the castle and its precincts for the town, where I soon enjoyed the realities of a comfortable supper and its accompaniments.

Inglis's Solitary Walks.

# HAMLET.

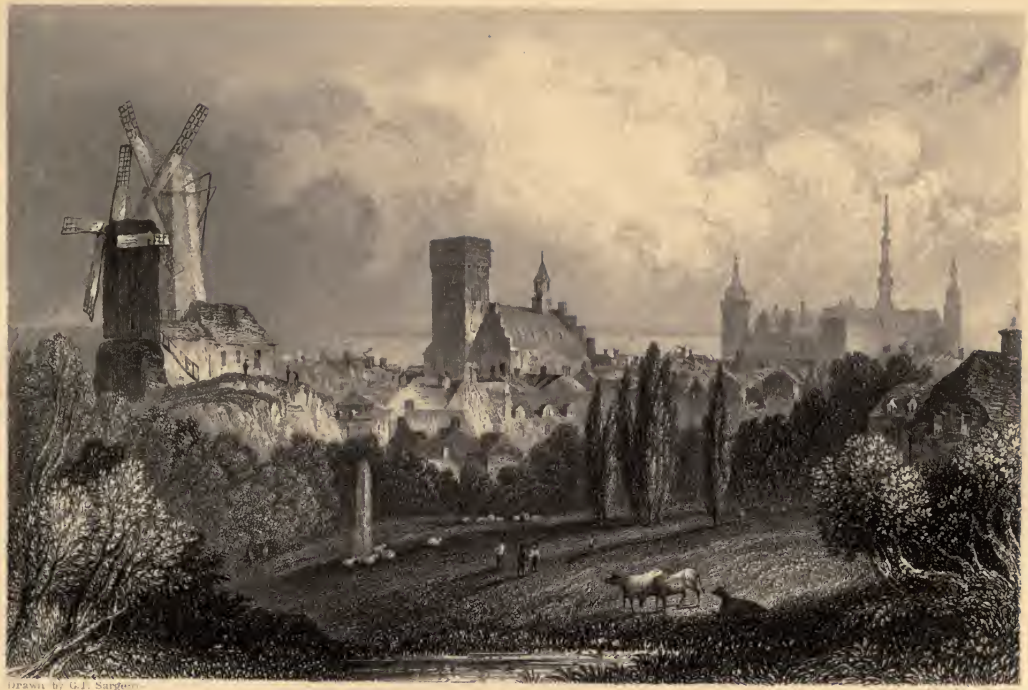
ACT I. SCENE I.

---

ELSINORE.

HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

*Mar.* 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
*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,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine: and of the truth herein
This present object made probation.
*Mar.* It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say, that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long:
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad;
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,
No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed, and so gracious is the time.
*Hor.* So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill:
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.



Drawn by G.J. Sargent

Engraved by Carl S...

ELSINORE

Kronborg Castle and the Harbour from the Copenhagen Road

## SHAKESPEARE CLIFF, DOVER.

On the west side of the town of Dover, and nearly opposite the castle, is the cliff described in the tragedy of King Lear. The height is somewhere about 350 feet, and, as shown in the print, almost perpendicular. Sir Walter Scott, when at Dover in 1815 on his road to Paris, speaking of this cliff, said, "Shakespeare was a lowland man, and I am a highland man; it is therefore natural that he should make much more of this cliff than I can do, who live among the black mountains of Scotland. The fact is, the cliff is remarkable for its form, but is by no means so awful or majestic as might be supposed after reading King Lear."

# KING LEAR.

## ACT IV. SCENE VI.

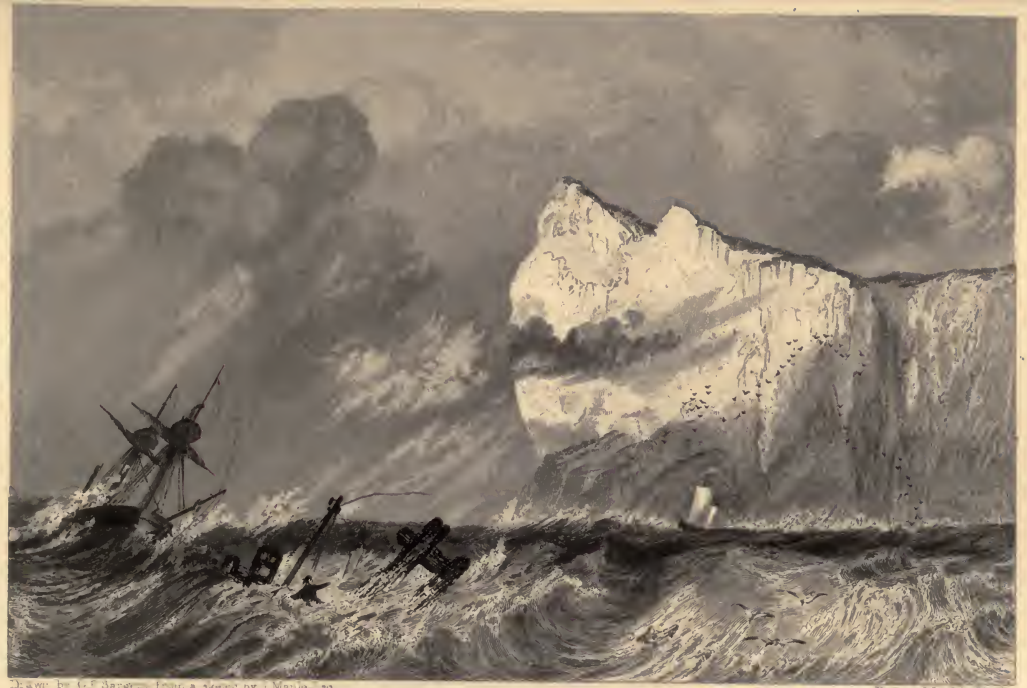
---

### Shakespeare Cliff, Dover.

*Edgar.* Here 's the place! stand still.—How fearful
And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows, and choughs, that wing the midway air,
Show scarce so gross as beetles: Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon' tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high.

* * * * * * * *

From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:
Look up a-height;—the shrill-gorged lark so far
Cannot be seen or heard: do but look up.



Drawn by G. F. Sargent from a sketch by J. Mantle, Esq.

Engraved by John Woods.

SHAKESPEARE'S CLIFF, DOVER.

*From the dread summit of this chalky bourn:*
*Look up a height — the shrill-gorged lark so far*
*Cannot be seen or heard:*

# THE ISLAND OF CYPRUS.

Cyprus, a large island in the Mediterranean, off the coast of Asia Minor. It had often changed masters, and was in the possession of the republic of Venice for about a century.

Richard the First of England took it in 1191, and sold it to the Knights Templars, whose tyranny drove the natives to revolt, on which occasion Richard resumed the sovereignty, and gave it to Guy Lusignan, whose descendants remained sovereigns of it for three centuries. John III., dying in 1458, left the crown to his only legitimate child Charlotte, who married her cousin Louis, a son of the Duke of Savoy: she, however, was expelled by her natural brother James. The new king had been attached from early youth to Catarina, niece of Andréa Cornaro, a Venetian noble, resident on his Cypriote estate; and no sooner was he freed from certain political and domestic obstacles, than he tendered his hand to that lady. In order to satisfy the rigid law which forbade the marriage of any Venetian of noble birth with a foreigner, the destined royal bride was solemnly adopted by the state, and declared a daughter of St. Mark; she was then married by proxy, in the presence of the Doge and Signory, conducted by the Bucentaur to the galley which awaited her in the port, and escorted by a squadron of ships of war, with becoming pomp and a portion of 100,000 ducats, to the territories of her husband.

The Venetian Government, doubtless, foresaw numerous advantages likely to arise from this connexion, but they could scarcely calculate upon the splendid prize which it was finally to place within their grasp. It was no small gain to open freely to their commerce an island, which, after Sicily and Sardinia, ranked as the largest in the Mediterranean; whose delicious climate and fertile soil produced wine, oil, and grain in profusion; the richness of whose mines of copper was announced by its very name; and whose position, with regard to Syria, Egypt, and Asia Minor, offered unequalled facilities for the profitable intermediate traffic between Europe and the East. Giacopo Lusignano, after his marriage, cultivated intimate relations with the Republic of which he became the son-in-law; he assisted her in the Turkish war, and his ports were always thronged by her vessels. James died in 1473, and his wife was soon after delivered of a son, of whom the republic of Venice assumed the guardianship, and sent troops to garrison the island. The child dying while an infant, Catherine abdicated the sovereignty in favour of the republic. The Venetians retained the island until 1571, when it was taken by siege by the Turks, who have since remained in possession of it.

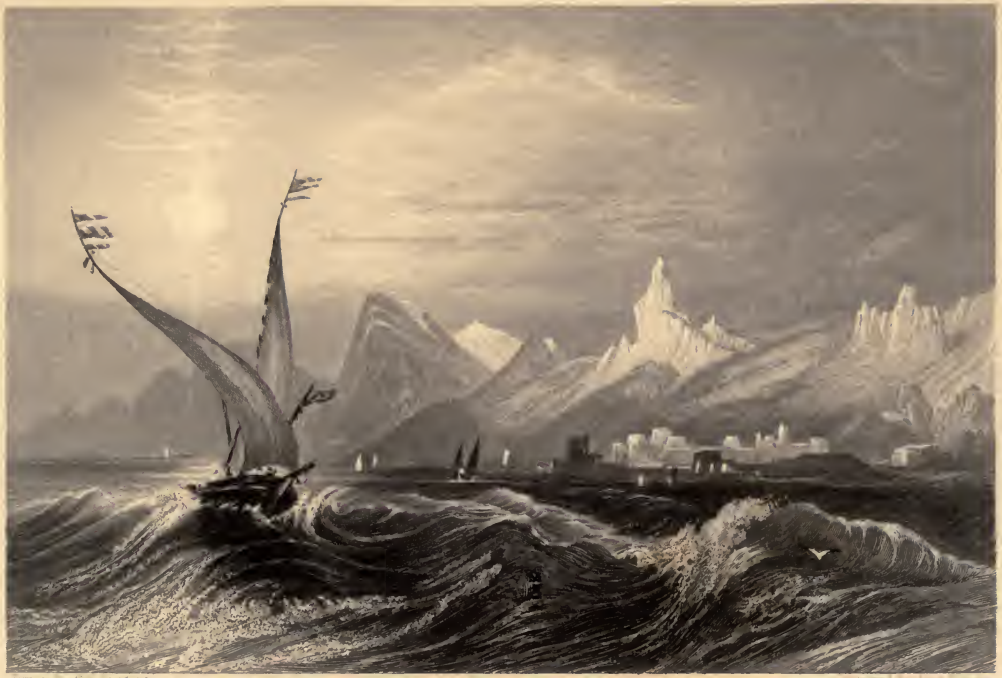
# OTHELLO.

ACT II. SCENE I.

---

Cyprus.

*Othello.* Come ; let us to the castle.—
News, friends ; our wars are done, the Turks are drown'd.
How does my old acquaintance of this isle ?
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus,
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay, and disembark my coffers :
Bring thou the master to the citadel ;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona,
Once more well met at Cyprus.



Drawn by J. S. Sargent.

CYPRUS.

GENERAL VIEW OF THE PRINCIPAL SCENE.

## PALACE OF CLEOPATRA.

Thebes, called also Diospolis, the city of Jupiter or of Ammon, was in the days of Homer regarded as the great wonder of the world, and it continues to be so at the present day. The entire breadth of the valley on both sides of the river, an area of about nine miles, is covered with enormous temples, that seem more like mountains than human edifices, with colossal statues, sphinxes, and obelisks, whose magnitude ensures their duration. Where the habitations of the living end, the dwellings of the dead begin, and extend a considerable distance into the western mountains. The city was built on both sides of the river, which is here about half a mile wide, and its parts were not, as far as we know, connected by a bridge. The western bank, being almost wholly occupied by public monuments, could not have contained many private houses; but on the eastern bank the monuments are all close to the river, and the space between them and the Arabian mountains was open for habitations. On the western side are the palace and temple now called Medínet Abú, the colossus of Memnon, the palace and tomb of Osymandyas, and the temple of Gurnú. These are all covered with a profusion of sculptures, depicting scenes in Egyptian history. It has been calculated that the largest of the colossal statues, when complete, weighed more than eight hundred tons.

Dr. W. C. Taylor.

ACT III. SCENE III.

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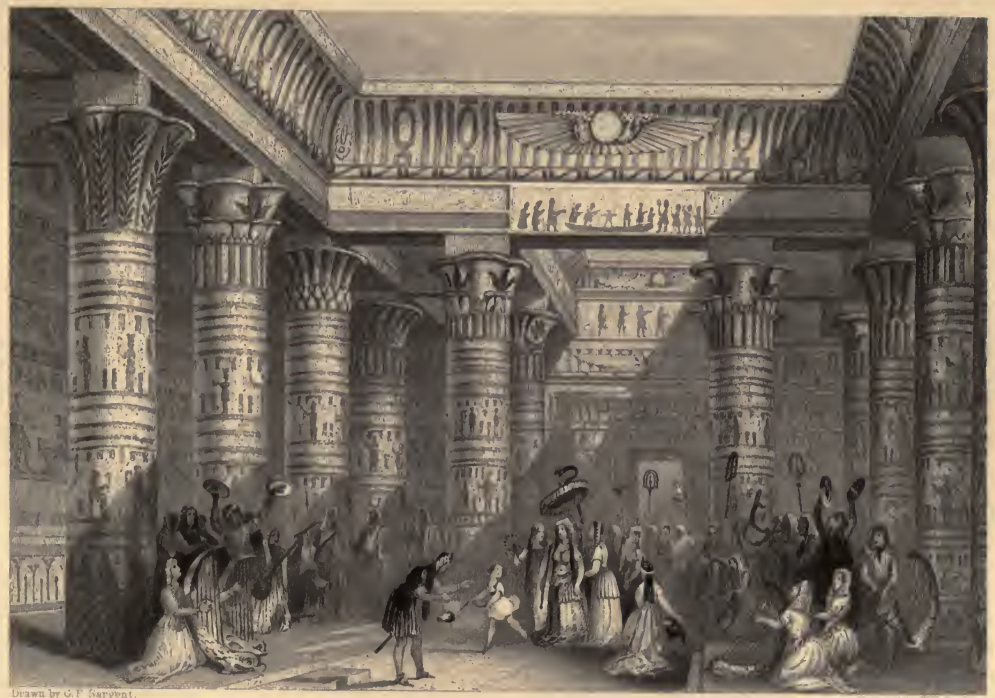
*A Room in the Palace,*—ALEXANDRIA.

*Enter* CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, ALEXAS, *and* MESSENGER.

*Mess.* Madam, in Rome
I look'd her in the face; and saw her led
Between her brother and Mark Antony.
*Cleo.* Is she as tall as me?
*Mess.* She is not, madam.
*Cleo.* Didst hear her speak? Is she shrill-tongued, or low?
*Mess.* Madam, I heard her speak; she is low-voiced.
*Cleo.* That 's not so good:—he cannot like her long.
*Char.* Like her? O Isis! 't is impossible.
*Cleo.* I think so, Charmian: Dull of tongue, and dwarfish!—
What majesty is in her gait? Remember,
If e'er thou look'dst on majesty.
*Mess.* She creeps:
Her motion and her station are as one:
She shows a body rather than a life;
A statue, than a breather.
*Cleo.* Is this certain?
*Mess.* Or I have no observance.
*Char.* Three in Egypt
Cannot make better note.
*Cleo.* He 's very knowing,
I do perceiv 't:—There 's nothing in her yet:—
The fellow has good judgment.



Drawn by G.F. Sargent. Engraved by W.E. Sterling

INTERIOR OF THE PALACE OF CLEOPATRA

"Madam, in Rome
I looked her in the face, and saw her led

## AN APARTMENT IN THE PALACE OF THE CÆSARS.

The memorable conflagration, in the time of Nero, reduced two-thirds of the city to ashes. The catastrophe has been attributed, with much appearance of probability, to that odious tyrant himself; and though nothing can be said to palliate an act of such wanton atrocity, it must be yet admitted, that he did all in his power to repair the mischief he had created; and that Rome owed her subsequent splendour to that calamity. The town was afterwards erected on a more extended and regular plan; the streets were widened; the height of the houses was limited to 70 feet; and regulations were made which ensured a certain degree of elegance in their construction. From this period, indeed, may be dated that taste of decoration, and vastness of design, in both private and public buildings, which has continued to excite the wonder and admiration of succeeding ages.

Nero himself led the way to these improvements by rebuilding a great portion of what had been destroyed; and by the erection of a palace of such extraordinary extent and magnificence, that were not the descriptions of it which have been transmitted to us, too well authenticated to admit of doubt, they would be received rather as the fictions of an eastern tale than as the records of a fact. The enclosure extended from the Palatine to the Esquiline Mount, which was more than a mile in breadth; and it was entirely surrounded with a spacious portico, embellished with a profusion of sculpture and statuary, among which stood a colossal statue of Nero himself, 120 feet in height. The gardens contained every variety of hill and dale, wood and water, interspersed with temples and pleasure houses; and the baths were supplied from a great distance with sea and mineral waters. The apartments were lined with marble, enriched with jasper, topaz, and other precious gems; the timber works and ceilings were inlaid with gold, ivory, and mother-of-pearl; and the resplendent elegance of its furniture and decorations procured for it the appellation of the *Golden House*.

Domestic Manners of the Romans.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

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ROME.—*An Apartment in* CÆSAR'S *House.*

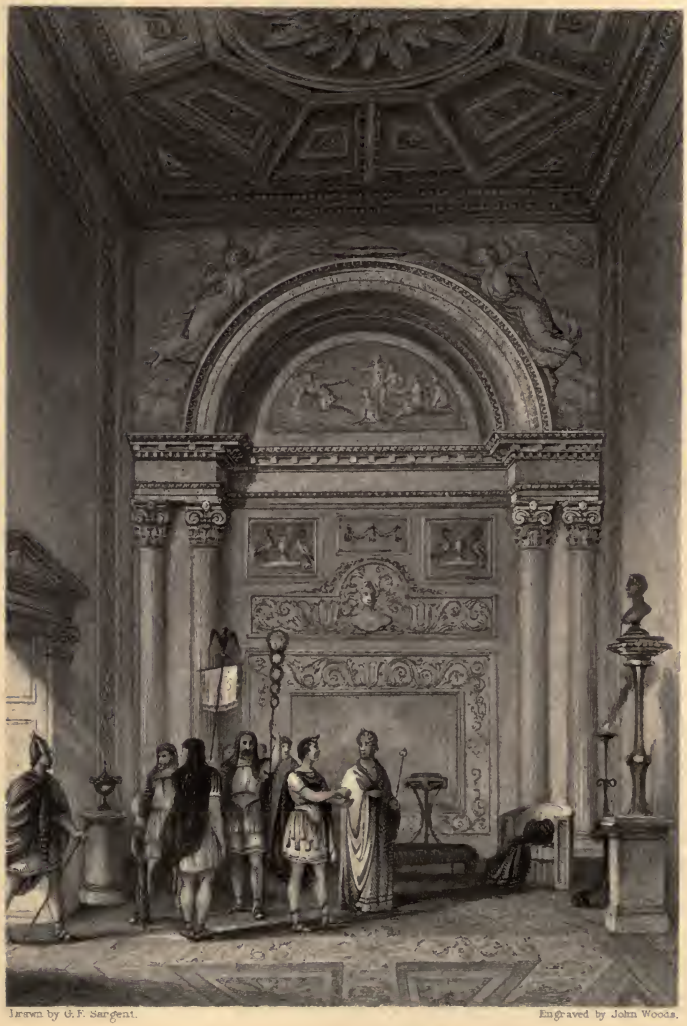
*Enter a* MESSENGER.

*Lep.* Here's more news.

*Mess.* Thy biddings have been done; and every hour,
Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 't is abroad. Pompey is strong at sea;
And it appears he is beloved of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar: to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports
Give him much wrong'd.

*Cæs.* I should have known no less:—
It hath been taught us from the primal state,
That he which is was wish'd, until he were:
And the ebb'd man, ne'er loved till ne'er worth love,
Comes fear'd by being lack'd. This common body,
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to, and back, lackeying the varying tide,
To rot itself with motion.

*Mess.* Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates,
Make the sea serve them: which they ear and wound
With keels of every kind: Many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime
Lack blood to think on 't, and flush youth revolt:
No vessel can peep forth but 't is as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.



Drawn by G. F. Sargent. Engraved by John Woods.

APARTMENT IN CÆSAR'S PALACE.

# ROOM IN A ROMAN HOUSE.

The Town Houses of persons of moderate fortune appear to have been enclosed within a court, called the vestibule, which was ornamented towards the street with a portico extending along the entire front. The entrance was by a flight of steps, through a folding gate of carved wood, or not unfrequently of brass, which led to the *Atrium*, or hall: this was a spacious oblong square, surrounded by galleries supported on pillars, and seems to have been the common sitting-room of the family. In ancient times, it was, indeed, the only public apartment for all domestic purposes; and it was there that the occupations of spinning and weaving, which formed so material a part of the accomplishments of a Roman matron, were carried on by the female slaves under her inspection. But at a later period it was solely appropriated, by families of the middle order, to the more refined uses of society, and was divided into different apartments by means of ample curtains; while in those of higher rank, it served merely as an antechamber to suites of spacious reception rooms. There were other apartments for supper, and for general accommodation; and separate bed-rooms for night, and for the repose in which the Romans were accustomed to indulge in the middle of the day.

The atrium contained a hearth, on which a fire was kept constantly burning, and around which were ranged the *Lares*, or images of the ancestors of the family. These were nothing more than waxen busts, and, though held in great respect, were not treated with the same veneration as the *Penates*, or household gods, which were considered of divine origin, and were never exposed to the view of strangers, but were kept in an inner apartment, called the *Penetralia*, where they were worshipped according to the peculiar rites of the family of whose adoration they were the objects. The Lares, however, participated in the homage paid to the Penates, and the ceremonies appropriated to both constituted what was termed the domestic worship.

The Romans were ignorant of the use of chimneys, and were, consequently, not a little annoyed by smoke, in those houses in which the atrium was occupied by the family. Various expedients were resorted to in order to diminish the nuisance: one of which was to anoint the wood, of which their fuel was composed, with the lees of oil. The mildness of the climate precluded the general use of fires in the private apartments; and when artificial warmth was required, it was afforded by means of a portable furnace, which, probably, was merely a deep brass pan, containing live embers; a custom which prevails at the present day in many parts of the southern continent of Europe. In great houses, a mode was afterwards introduced of heating the rooms by flues from a stove placed below them.

Domestic Manners of the Romans.

ROME.—*Room in* PHILARIO'S *House.*

*Post.* I will wage against your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

*Iach.* You are a friend, and therein the wiser. If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see you have some religion in you, that you fear.

*Post.* This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

*Iach.* I am the master of my speeches; and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

*Post.* Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

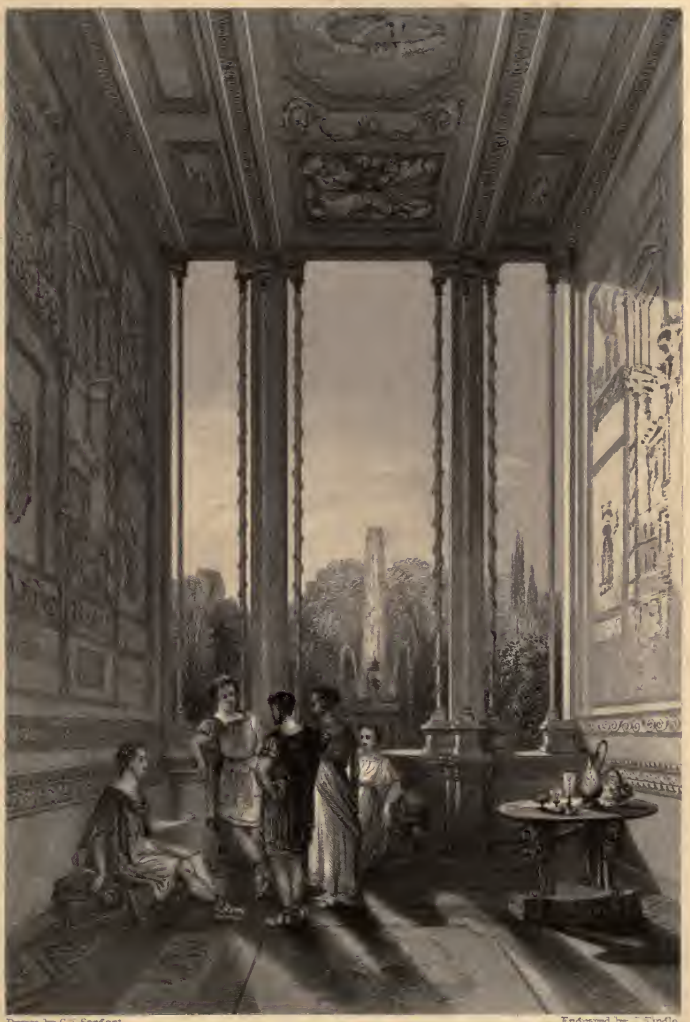
*Phi.* I will have it no lay.

*Iach.* By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest bodily part of your mistress, my ten thousand ducats are yours; so is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in such honour as you have trust in, she your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided I have your commendation for my more free entertainment.

*Post.* I embrace these conditions; let us have articles betwixt us: only, thus far you shall answer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to understand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy: she is not worth our debate. If she remain unseduced, (you not making it appear otherwise,) for your ill opinion, and the assault you have made to her chastity, you shall answer me with your sword.

*Iach.* Your hand; a covenant: We will have these things set down by lawful counsel, and straight away for Britain; lest the bargain should catch cold, and starve. I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

*Post.* Agreed.



Drawn by C.E. Sargent. Engraved by J. Tingle.

APARTMENT IN A ROMAN PALACE.

## THE STOCK ROCK, MILFORD HAVEN.

On the sea shore of Milford there are rocks of wild and romantic appearance, in particular the one the artist has depicted: at Tenby, also, are some insulated at high water; one called the Island of St. Catherine has been perforated by the action of the tides.

Though Milford Haven forms an object of great interest, regarding merely its picturesque attractions, its vast expanse of water, and the delightful scenery that in many parts ornaments its shores, yet it has excited most attention, perhaps, from the purposes of more substantial utility, which, in a national point of view, it has been thought adapted to answer. It is justly deemed the finest harbour in the kingdom, being sufficiently capacious and well sheltered to hold all the navy of England in perfect security; but objections have been raised against it as a naval station from the position and form of its entrance from the sea, which, in the opinion of some naval men, are such as to render it impracticable for ships to sail outwards in certain states of the wind. Its importance to the shipping interests, and consequently to the commerce of the country, is, however, daily rising in the public estimation.

# CYMBELINE.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

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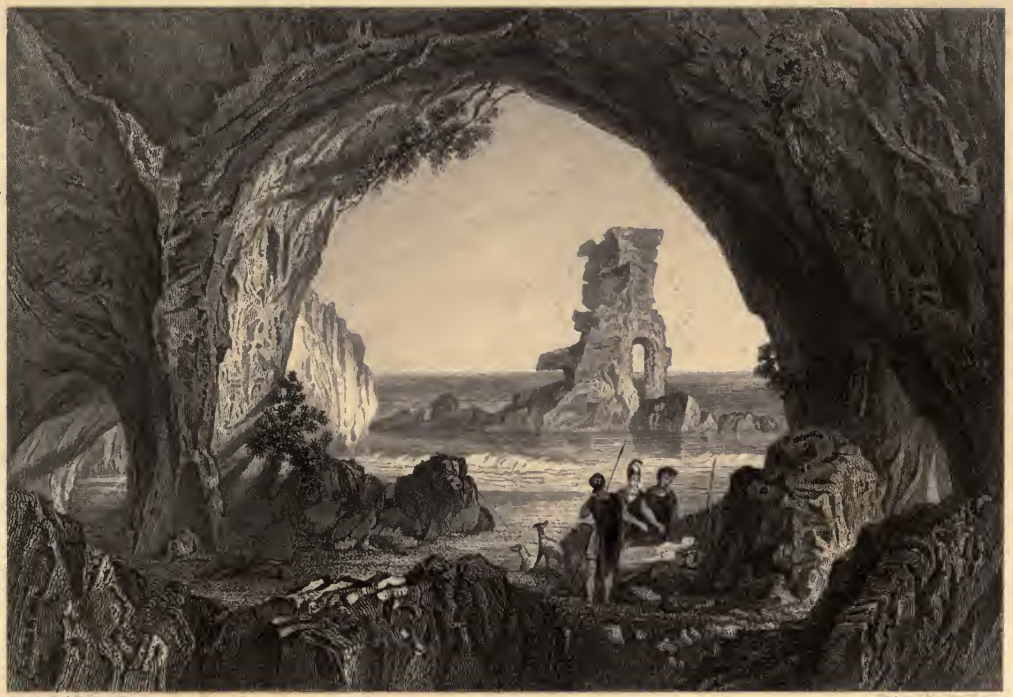
MILFORD HAVEN.

ARVIRAGUS.

*Arv.* With fairest flowers,
Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, Fidele,
I'll sweeten thy sad grave: Thou shalt not lack
The flower that's like thy face, pale primrose; nor
The azured hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to slander,
Out-sweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, sore-shaming
Those rich-left heirs that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moss besides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corse.



STOCK ROCK, MILFORD HAVEN

## REMAINS OF THE PALACE OF ANTIOCH.

Antioch, the capital of Syria, was built by Seleucus Nicator, who erected into an independent monarchy the dominions conquered by Alexander in Western Asia, and who named it after his father Antiochus. It then became the seat of this new empire, and as such, as well as from its commodious and central situation, it grew to be one of the largest and most important cities in the world ; nor does it appear that it declined, but rather that it increased, when it became the capital of the Roman provinces in Asia. It ranked third, after Rome and Alexandria, among the cities of the empire.

Strabo's account of the city may be taken to represent it as it appeared at the time when the believers in Christ received the name of Christians first at Antioch, and when it received repeated visits from the ardent Apostle of the Gentiles. It then consisted of four distinct quarters, each having a wall of its own, and the whole inclosed by a common wall. These quarters marked the successive additions which the city received from the time of Seleucus, the founder, to that of Antiochus Epiphanes. He adds, that the town was little inferior in extent to Seleucia on the Tigris, and Alexandria in Egypt. Several of the Roman emperors were fond of spending their time at Antioch, as, besides the recommendations of its genial and salubrious climate, it abounded in all the conveniences, luxuries, and pleasures of life ; the city being also renowned for its frequent festivals, and for the passion of its inhabitants for the games of the circus and the amusements of the theatre.

# PERICLES.

## ACT I.

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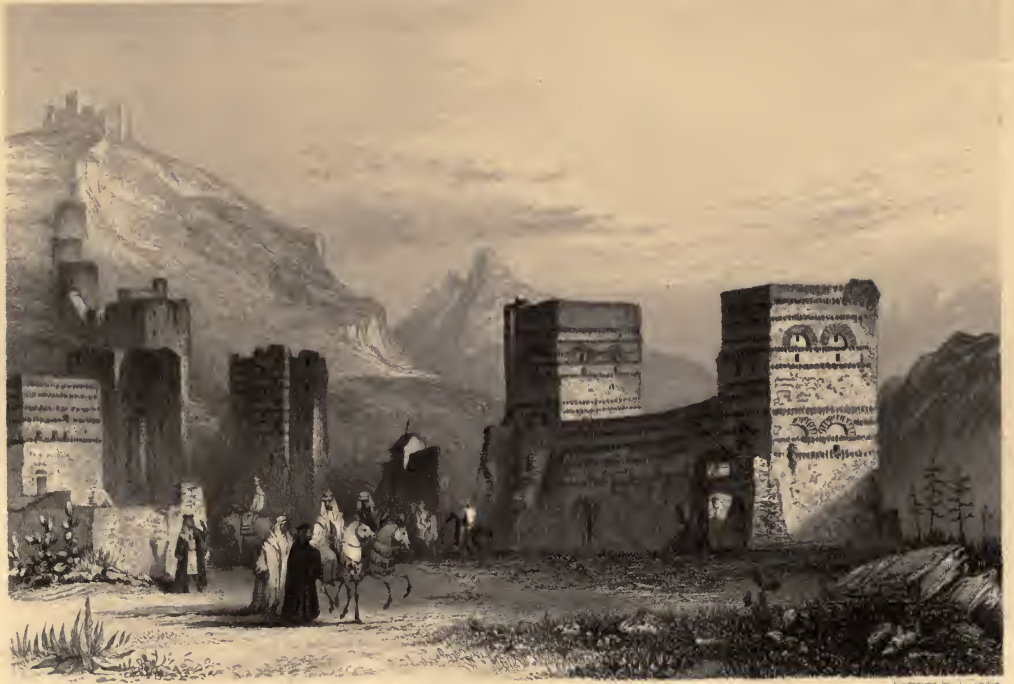
*Remains of the Palace of* ANTIOCH.

*Gower.* This city then, Antioch the Great
Built up for his chiefest seat,
The fairest in all Syria.



Engraved by J. Tingle

## REMAINS OF THE PALACE OF ANTIOCH

*"This City then Antioch the great*
*Built up for his chiefest seat;*
*The fairest in all Syria."*

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRO ACT