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FREE REFLECTIONS
ON
MISCELLANEOUS PAPERS
AND
LEGAL INSTRUMENTS,
Under the Hand and Seal of
WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,
IN THE POSSESSION OF
SAMUEL IRELAND,
OF NORFOLK-STREET.

[*Price Two Shillings and Six-Pence.*]



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OF NORFOLK-STREET.

“ If circumstances lead me, I will find
“ Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
“ Within the centre.” HAMLET.

To which are added,
EXTRACTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS. PLAY,
CALLED
THE VIRGIN QUEEN.
WRITTEN BY, OR IN IMITATION OF,
SHAKSPEARE.

“ Another yet ?—I’ll see no more.”
MACBETH.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR F. G. WALDRON,
At No. 18, Prince’s Street, opposite Gerrard Street, St. Ann’s.
M. DCC. XCVI.

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FREE REFLECTIONS,

&c.

IN “ *A Letter to George Steevens, Esq. by James Boaden, Esq.*” just published, is the following acknowledgement; which so exactly describes my own feelings in the same situation, that I take the liberty to adopt the very words.

“ When a report first went abroad, that Mr. Ireland, of Norfolk-street, had made a discovery so important as the papers of Shakspeare, the writer of these sheets went to see them, and was very politely allowed by their possessor to hear him read them at leisure. In some instances credulity is no disgrace:—strong enthusiasm is always eager to believe. I confess, therefore, that, for some time after I had seen them, I continued to believe them genuine. They bore the character of the poet’s writing—the paper appeared of sufficient age—the water-marks were earnestly displayed, and the matter diligently applauded.—

To

To a mind filled with the most ardent love and the most eager zeal, disarmed of caution by the character too of the gentleman who displayed them, it will not be a subject of severe reproof, that the wished impression was made.

I remember that I beheld the papers with the tremor of the purest delight—touched the invaluable relics with reverential respect, and deemed even existence dearer, as it gave me so refined a satisfaction. He, who has long combatted with the arts of literary imposture, may smile at the simplicity of this avowal, although he should be unable to refuse his praise to the candour by which it has been dictated.”

Such were precisely *my* feelings when Mr. Ireland did me the favour to shew me the papers, &c. adverted to; and I sincerely hope, that nothing I may have occasion to say concerning them, will be construed into disrespect for him: their authenticity is now on trial at the bar of the publick, and every one is free to give evidence; as mine will be faithfully delivered, I trust it will be favourably received.

Unskilled as I am, the only doubt that struck me, on hearing the papers read, was of the word *whymfycalle*; which, I then observed, I did not remember

remember to have met with at so early a period : this objection was soon overruled by the supposition that, as the word must have been produced at some period, Shakspeare might then have coined it. I acquiesced, departed highly gratified, and in all other respects ~~entirely satisfied,~~ *convinced of their authenticity.*

In a conversation some time after, on the subject of these papers, with a gentleman† of the soundest judgment, and best information, I hinted the doubt I had entertained of the word *whymfycalle* ; he pronounced it too modern for Shakspeare : which, recollecting the adage *ex pede Herculem*, caused me to look a little farther into the matter.

Most of the observations I made, many of which, Mr. Boaden having anticipated me in them, are omitted, I am proud to say, have been approved of by the gentleman alluded to. I submit the following, therefore, with a respectful confidence, to the skilful in Shakspearean lore ; stimulated by an irresistible impulse to contribute my faint breath towards the dispelling these newly-arisen vapours : which, if suffered to condense, might dim the effulgence of Shakspeare !

† G. Stevens, Esq.

In

In page 1, following the preface to, "*Miscellaneous Papers,*" &c. is said, "for I, read *Aye*: *this was the Author's usual mode of writing.*"—Mr. Ireland might have added, *and of every other Author at that period.*

The superscription of queen Elizabeth's letter to Shakspeare, written with her own hand, is as carefully worded, as if it were to have been sent by the penny-post; had the office so named been then established. So far from directing a letter, Elizabeth wrote not the inward contents; that haughty personage was not in the habit of such condescension: her signature only, or, on rare occasions, an additional line, comprised nearly the whole of her hand-writing, in any letter from her. In the letter the queen styles him "*Maister* William;" the orthography of that age was *Maister*, from the old French *Maiſtre*, now written *Maitre*; the French having ejected the *s* from many words in which we, though they are derived from them, retain it. This Chattertonism occurs frequently in these wonderful, or rather blunderful, papers.

"50 *Poundes*" was a great sum, at that period, to receive for playing "*before the Lorde Leycestre*;" although the "*Expenneces thereuponne*" amounted

amounted to “ 19 poundes:” and, per contra, “ 2 shyllynges moure” to “ Masterre Lowinne;” whom, in the “ *Deed of Trust to John Hemynge,*” Shakspeare terms “ *oure best Actorr;*” was but a small compliment * “ *forre hys Goode Servyces and welle playinge.*” Even the spelling of this celebrated actor’s name is dubious: in the list of performers affixed to *Sejanus, The Foxe, The Alchemist,* and *Catiline,* (Ben Jonson’s Works, folio, 1616) his name is uniformly spelt *Lowin:* and, surely, the person who entered into a legal contract with him, as Shakspeare is, in these papers, represented to have done, must have known the customary orthography of his name.

It may also be observed that the well-known urbanity of Shakspeare’s mind, and suavity of his manners, could not have permitted him to affront the great Burbage, and other first-rate performers, by unnecessarily styling Lowin, however excellent, in a legal instrument of public notoriety, “ *oure best Actorr.*”

* I remark here, en passant, that *compliment*, in Shakspeare’s time, was used as a noun only; in queen Elizabeth’s letter to him it appears as a verb.

“ Letter to *Anna Hatherrewaye.*”

This female's names were *Anne Hathaway*. *Anna* is a Latin adoption of, comparatively, modern use; the orthography of *Hatherrewaye* is merely Chattertonian.

In the letter to her, a kingly crown is termed a “ *gyldedde barwble.*” *Barwble* formerly meant the carved truncheon, with a fool's head at the top of it, used by court and stage buffoons; therefore a very unlikely epithet to be applied by Shakspeare to the symbol of majesty; to which he every where pays great respect.

In the “ *Letter to the Earl of Southampton,*” we read “ *itte is a Budde which Bllossomes Blloomes*” &c. Shakspeare was too good a naturalist not to know, that a *Bud* first *Blooms*, then *Blossoms*.

“ *tooe sublyme a feeling,*” in the same letter, is a very questionable expression.

The scrawl of this sublime and blooming letter is what school-boys call pot-hooks and hangers; and utterly unlike the hand-writing of that or any other age: and, if the signature be the autograph of *any* earl of Southampton, it is, I am informed, not that of Shakspeare's benefactor.

In the “*Profession of Faith*,” “*acceded toe*” is a phrase an hundred years too modern for Shakespeare.

Towards the conclusion of the “*Profession*” &c. *Chickenne* is used for the *Hen*, who receives her brood under her wings ; on the propriety of which consult the holy scriptures. *Chickenne* is also objectionable in this place as ungrammatical, it being used in the singular number ; whereas, the old singular was *Chick*, and *Chicken* the plural. So *Ox*, and *Oxen* ; *Cow*, and *Cowen* ; contracted into *Kine*.

In the “*Letter to Richard Cowley*” we read, “*a whymfycalle conceyt* ;”—the word *whymfycalle*, or *whimsical*, as I have already said, does not, I am assured, occur in or near that period. I have a little book, printed in 1631, entituled “*Whimzies : or a New Cast of Characters* ;”^{*} which, though

^{*} The following extract from the character of “*A Ruffian*,” in this scarce book, as it relates to our ancient theatres, may not be unpleasing.

“ To a play they wil hazard to go, though with never a rag of money : where after the *second Act*, when the *Doore* is weakly guarded, they will make *forcible entrie* ; a knock with a Cudgell is the worst ; whereat though they grumble, they rest pacified upon their admittance. Forthwith, by violent

though *Whim* must apparently have preceded, is the earliest instance I can recollect of any word like *whymfycalle*.

One might imagine, from the careful superscription of the letter to Cowley, that queen Elizabeth had condescended to direct that too.

The figure “*evidently meant for Shylock*” is represented with a blue cap on. Jews in Venice are obliged to wear a red cap or hat, as a badge of their persuasion. Shakspeare, however, or the painter of this grotesque figure, might not be acquainted with the costume of that place and people.

In the “*Deed of Gift to Ireland,*” after the word “*followithe*” are three conjunctive notes of admiration !!! I believe two notes of admiration in conjunction have not been used till very lately. When the plays of “*Kyng henrye thyrde of Englande,*” “*Kynge Hy vii,*” &c. come to light, we must

assault and assent, they aspire to the two-pennie roome; where being furnished with Tinder, Match, and a portion of decayed *Barmoodas*, they smoake it most terribly, applaud a prophane jeast unmeasurably, and in the end grow distastefully rude to all the Companie. At the Conclusion of all, they singe out their *dainty Doves*, to cloze up a fruitlesse day with a *singful evening.*”

must not be surpris'd at finding in them the words *swindler, shawl, and Otabeite*; or the * * * of *Tristram Shandy*.

As Shakspeare's *Tempest* and *Macbeth*, which were given to Cowley, were never printed till the folio, 1623, was put forth by Heminge and Condell; how chanced it that Heminge did not, having possession of the "*Oakenn Chest*," with all the Plays therein, and being, we may imagine, on good terms with the party, prevail on "*Mastrer Burbage*," as he had done with Cowley, to permit him to publish "*ye Virginn Quene*" in said folio?

For what reason did Heminge exclude from the folio Shakspeare's "*newe Playe neverr yette imprynted called Kynge Hy VII*," which was "*toe bee whollye for s^d J. Hemyng*?" And why did not Heminge publish in that folio the "*Playe called Kynge Vorrtygerne*," and appropriate what the copy-right of it might then be deemed worth, to the use and advantage of "*thatt Chylde*" to whom it was assigned?

The play of "*Kynge henrye thyrde of Englande*" having, with "*Henry fowrthe*," "*Henry fyfthe*," "*Kyng John*," and "*Kyng Leare*," been given by Shakspeare to "*Masterre William Henrye Ire-*
lande ;

lande ; we may hope that Masterre Samuel Ireland, or Masterre Samuel-William-Henry Ireland, to whom we are obliged for the immaculate “ *Kynge Leare,*” will speedily favour the publick with it : a play which Shakspeare’s “ good and Worthye Freynd John Hemynge,” to whose “ honorr” he trusted, withheld, not only from a poor child, but from even himself, being already produced ; the other hitherto - unheard - of play, coming within the family-compact, “ *same name and arms,*” &c. is surely a lesſ difficult attainment : and I conclude that the “ *more interesting historical Play,*” announced in Mr. Ireland’s preface, is the play of “ *Kyng henrye thyrde of Englande.*”

Should any fortunate circumstance restore to us “ *Kynge Hy vii,*” and who knows what industry and ingenuity may effect ? we shall probably possess all the Dramas of Shakspeare, hitherto mentioned ; as the writer of these Reflections, or whatever they may be termed, is particularly acquainted with, and has great influence over, a now-living “ *Masterr Burbage,*” lineally descended, we must suppose, from Shakspeare’s *Burbage* ; through whose, or some other means, he doubts not he shall be enabled to recover an entire copy of “ *ye Virginn Quene :*” from which he has already obtained a few extracts, subjoined to these remarks.

They

They are, for the reader's ease, though not perhaps the antiquary's gratification, divested of the rust of age; the redundant spelling: but, let not a seeming lack of years be any impediment to a reverend estimation.

The "*Tragedye of Kynge Leare,*" our Pseudo-Shakspeare says, "*Ifse fromme Mafterre Hol-
linnesbedde.*"

I have not a volume of that historian at present in my possession; but, to the best of my recollection, the orthography of his name in the title-page to his works is much more simple. †

The "Libbertye" he has taken, Shakspeare adds, in having "fomme lyttle deparretedde fromme hymme," "wille notte," he trusts "be blamedde bye" his "*gentle Readerres.*"

This is the first instance of Shakspeare's appealing to *Readers*; in writing his Dramas it is well known that he thought only of *Auditors* and *Speētators*: — but, as it necessarily includes an implication that he had prepared this copy of "*Kynge Leare*" for the press himself, we might naturally expect the text to be correct; at least intelligible; so far from which, it is, maugre Mr. Ireland's preface, the most incorrect,
unintel-

† *It is Holinshed.*

unintelligible text I ever saw, in any copy of any play whatever: and, instead of supposing, as some may, Mr. Ireland, his son, or any other intelligent person, the fabricator; I should rather imagine it to be really, and bona fide, an ancient copy; taken surreptitiously and erroneously, from the mouths of the actors, by some Printer's illiterate devil: to which had, for private purposes, been added an imitation of Shakspeare's signature, and address to his "*gentle Readerres.*"

Mr. Ireland says "that in the paper on which this play ["*Kynge Leare*"] is written, more than twenty different water-marks appear."

If this be meant as evidence of the MS. of "*Kynge Leare*" being the genuine production, and hand-writing of Shakspeare; I doubt it will prove a weight in the opposite scale: when the opulent Shakspeare, as he undoubtedly was when his *King Lear* was produced, sat down to write a play, surely he was furnished with a quire or two of paper for the purpose; the sheets of which would, of course, all bear the same water-mark: whereas, admitting the copy in question to be an ancient, but stolen, one; a needy hireling, who could not afford better, may be supposed to have written on casually - collected and variously - marked paper: and a modern fabricator,

cator; for argument' sake here imagined, would be compelled to collect old paper piece-meal; in all probability, containing "more than twenty different water-marks."

In "*Kyngē Leare*" p. 4. we read;

"Ande the whorefonne must be acknowleggede."

Shakespeare, if we may credit "*The Deed of Trust to John Heyminge*," could; like his own Portia, better teach twenty what werc good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow his own teaching; otherwise he might have recollected this passage in regard to "*thatte Chylde of whom wee have spokenn butt who must not be named here*;" and who, if such "*Chylde*" ever existed, seems to have been one whose services stood bound to *Goddesse Nature*.

The affectedly-antique spelling in "*Kyngē Leare*" is, throughout, so unprecedentedly redundant; as, of itself, to be a convincing proof of inartificial imitation; but the spelling of the Latin verb in the quotation; p. 4. "*Glosterre Exitte*," with the old English termination; the double *t*, and *e* final, is so very ridiculous, that, could it be proved to have been by Shakspeare; we might hereafter say, that he had small English and less Latin; as we have been taught by Ben Jonson to say, that he had small Latin and less

Greek: but, if he had any Latin, he must have spelt the word *Exit*, not *Exitte*. To have done, therefore, with “*Kynge Leare*,” at least for the present, the blunders, corruptions, omissions, interpolations, and sophistications, warrant me in saying, that it is *impossible* for this MS. of “*Kynge Leare*” to have been the production and handwriting of Shakspeare.

I fear I am not justifiable in commenting upon a supposed letter from Shakspeare at Stratford, to a Printer or Bookseller in London, read to me by Mr. Ireland, and not yet made publick, relating to the play of “*Vortygerne*,” which informs us, that the price required for this perhaps-invaluable Drama was demurred at by the fordid trader, altho’ the Poet professes to think it one of his best productions: but I hope I shall be pardoned, even by the possessor of the letter, for observing that “*The Deed of Trust to John Hemynge*”, in which “*Vorrttygerne*” is given to the unnamed “*Cbylde*”, is dated 1611; and, that the correspondence between the Author and Trader is, I believe, stated or imagined to have occurred after Shakspeare’s retirement from the stage, to pass the calm evening of his days at Stratford.

Strange!

Strange!—that the good, the grateful, the generous Shakspeare, should give a “*Playe neverr yette Impryntedde,*” to a certain “*Cbylde & hys beires for everre;*” that he should then set this very play to sale for publication, at a period when the value of plays depended on their not being printed; and lastly, that, although the writings of this unequalled genius were in his life-time preferred before all others, and this was esteemed by him his best Play, his demand for it should not have been “acceeded toe:” but, the immortal Shakspeare be reduced to the humiliation of requesting that his favourite Play, and the correspondence concerning it, should be transmitted to him at Stratford upon Avon!

“*The Deed of Trust to John Hemynge*” and this degrading correspondence, surely, contradict each other!—admitting the latter to be the fact, what was Shakspeare to do with his admired Play at Stratford?—why not commission the person with whom he had entrusted it, to deliver it to his friend Heminge; that it might be acted in London, or at Bank-side, for the author or *Cbylde’s* emolument?—and not have his darling “*Vorrtygerne*” thrown among lumber, in an obscure country retirement, to perish through the ignorance of his survivors; or, be miraculously preserved, unseen, unheard-of, nearly two centuries: to enjoy, cum
multis

multis aliis, a kind of resurrection, in which the disjointed fragments of our Poet's mental part are supernaturally gathered together, from "mye Play offe Kynge Leare" to a wagger "o 5 Skyllynges."

Having thus thrown out a few hasty reflections, I conclude with a sincere wish; that, should *Vortigern*, or any other play imputed to Shakespeare, possess merit enough to warrant the assumption; yet, by critical process be proved a forgery: the ingenious impostor may be ranked with Chatterton in fame; but find better fortune than did that ill-fated, and ever-to-be-lamented youth!

EXTRACTS

EXTRACTS

FROM

THE VIRGIN QUEEN.

IN the “*Deed of Trust to John Hemyng,*” published among the “*Miscellaneous Papers,*” by Mr. Ireland, is the following donation from Shakspeare.

“ Toe Masterr Burbage I give as followithe from the Cheste afs^d. mye two Playes of Cymbelyne & Othello together, withe mye cholen Interlude neverr yette Impryntedd & wrottenn for & bye desyre of oure late gracyowse & belovedd Quene Elizabethhe called ye Virginn Quene & playde 3 tymes before herrefelse att the Revells ye profytts from pryntyng same toe bee whollye for s^d. Burbage & hys hrs shoulde hee thynke fyttenne foe toe doe.”

It has been supposed, by some who were inclined to think the “*Miscellaneous Papers*” genuine, that the Story of this chosen Interlude, as it is termed, of *The Virginn Quene*, related to the history of our Virgin Queen, Elizabeth, herself; but, a woman of her masculine mind could not have endured to see herself pageanted in a Stage-play, or Interlude; and to have heard the fulsome adulation with which a drama, representing her own life and actions, must have been fraught: no; common sense assures us, that the story must have been foreign to herself, and founded either on ancient history, romance, or fable; or, that it was invented by the poet.

The MS. from which the subjoined extracts are taken puts the matter out of doubt; *The Virgin Queen* being an evident Sequel to *The Tempest*; and *Claribel*, a character therein, who was married to the *King of Tunis*, being, for reasons which are developed in the Drama, *The Virgin Queen*: that it was written by Shakspeare I will not take upon me to assert; yet, it is not likely that any other person should attempt a Sequel to what seemed so perfectly concluded as doth the *Tempest*: but, I may safely say, that if it ^{were} ~~was~~ not written by Shakspeare, it is written in direct imitation of him.

Neither

Neither will I assert that it is the identical Interlude or Play mentioned in the “*Deed of Gift* ;” for, I frankly acknowledge I had not these extracts from Mr. Ireland : they have been in their present owner’s possession twenty years ; and the contents of the “*Miscellaneous Papers*” may not have been in any body’s possession twenty months.

The play of *The Virgin Queen*, being, as hath been mentioned, a sequel to *The Tempest*, resumes the story just where it broke off ; and opens, on the morning subsequent to the meeting and reconciliation of the Islanders and the Neapolitan Voyagers, with an Invocation by Ariel of the Sprites, Fairies, Elves, Goblins, &c. in subjection to Prospero, to assemble and bid adieu at his embarkation to their master. This scene is chiefly lyrical.

After a Comick Scene between Trincalo, Stephano, &c. Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand, and Caliban, enter.

Prospero, it seems, had intended to leave Caliban in comfortable possession of his own cell and moveables, in the Island ; but, that plan not according with the latter’s feelings, this dialogue ensues.

CALIBAN.

CALIBAN.

No, 'pr'ythee, Prosper, do not leave me here
 'Mongit fiends and spirits ; who, when thou'rt not by
 To shield him, will lone Caliban devour !

PROSPERO.

Be satisfied ;—there's nought to apprehend.
 In Neptune's bed my magick volumes sunk,
 And many fathoms earth'd my broken staff,
 Upon this isle no spirit will abide
 Of good or evil, to delight or fear :—
 Puppets and elves shall gambol here no more,
 In sportive ringlets, by pale Hecate's gleam ;—*
 No more shall hideous spectres scare thee home,
 Loitering and grumbling at thy bidden task ;—
 For, when I leave thee, thou'lt be more alone
 Than when, with Ariel pent i' th' cloven pine,
 A shapeless, helpless thing, I prowling found thee.

CALIBAN.

Which loneliness I now dislike and dread,
 More than thy sprites and fiends ; I felt not, e'er
 My noble lord came here, its irksomeness,
 But thou hast taught it me : then leave me not,
 I pr'ythee !—take me hence !—I'll lick thy feet,
 And ever be obedient to controul.

* If this be the production of a modern, he ought to have known that *Hecate* is a trisyllable ; Shakspeare, indeed, uses it as a disyllable only.

PROSPERO.

PROSPERO.

What says Miranda ? does my child approve
We take our late-offending vassal hence ?

CALIBAN.

Speak for me, Mistress ! I'll be naught no more.

MIRANDA.

I think, dear Sir ! the creature's much reform'd,
Since your forgiveness of his last offence ;
And, by commixture with so many men,
He hourly humanizes ; pity 'twere
In lonesome wretchedness to leave him now,
Perforce a savage to become again.

CALIBAN.

Thanks ! mistress ! thanks !—thou smooth-fac'd man,
speak too !

FERDINAND.

'Please you, Sir, take him hence ; I dare engage
He'll do you dutious service in return.

CALIBAN.

Good now, my king, be mov'd !

PROSPERO.

I am content ;
 But, have a care ! look you deserve this grace !

CALIBAN.

Yea, that will I, in sooth, my noble lord !
 In the new world thou goest to will I dig
 For hidden springs, to slake my master's thirst ;
 Hew thee down fewel ; scoop thee a trim cell ;
 And be in all things meet thy vassal true !

PROSPERO.

Enough ;—endeavour to do well, good deeds
 Will follow, and beget thee farther favour.

CALIBAN.

Yet grant one other boon, and I am sped !
 'Stead of this rugged hide, to 'ray me now
 In some sleek garment of my bounteous lord ;
 Or still yon dolts thy slave will mooncalf call !

PROSPERO.

'Twere not amiss ;—thou may'st ;—but tarry not.

CALIBAN.

I thank thy greatness !—I'll return anon,
 And be thy lowly foot-licker for aye !

Exit.

Upon

Upon Caliban's return, drest in an old robe, Gonzalo, who in the interim had entered, and conversed with Prospero, exclaims—

GONZALO.

I'th' name of all that's savage, what comes here ?
 The thing we spake of, surely, new-attir'd.
 Why, how now, Sirrah ? Wherefore this fine change
 From a rough skin to an embroider'd filk ?

CALIBAN.

I crav'd this robe, that by yon scoffing apes
 I might no more be flouted at, and mock'd ;—
 They call'd me servant-monster, mooncalf, fish !
 Perchance they'll think I am more manlike now ;
 It may be, but I am not near so warm :
 A shaggy hide, from the chill breeze to 'fend,
 Is far more worth than filk, or glitt'ring gold.

The entire company being assembled, and information brought that all is ready for their embarking, Prospero says,

Here, then, I bid adieu to solitude !—
 Farewell the desert wild, the sanded beach,
 Where oft, from dawn to dusky e'en, I've strain'd
 My care-dimm'd opticks to descry a sail ;
 Farewell my low-roof'd cave, whose flinty bed
 My humbled body hardiness hath taught,
 But never callous made my feeling mind ;
 While some, whose limbs enervate upon down,
 Permit their hearts to harden into stone.
 Farewell adversity ;—O, best of schools !

Still may I practice what in thee I learn'd.
 Farewell my sorrows all!—hail, smiling peace!
 And laud we Heav'n for this our blest release!

After a caution given to Prospero by Ariel, for a very particular reason assigned, not to touch at any land till they had reach'd their place of destination, the whole company embark; Spirits of various denominations take leave of Prospero in a Lyrical Farewell: which concludes the first Act.

In some excellent papers on *The Tempest*, in *The Adventurer*, the writer of them, speaking of the brutal barbarity of the son of Sycorax, says—
 “ I always lament that our author has not preserved this fierce and implacable spirit in Caliban, to the end of the play; instead of which, he has, I think, injudiciously put into his mouth, words that imply repentance and understanding.”

“ ————— I'll be wise hereafter

“ And seek for grace.” &c.

Whether the fine taste of the elegant writer did but coincide with Shakspeare's then-unknown amplification of this singular character; or whether, if it be an imitation only, the copier availed himself of Dr. ^{Warton} ~~Hawksworth~~'s hint, is a question for the connoisseurs: certain it is, that the implacable

cable spirit of this demi-devil bursts forth, the first opportunity it hath of again shewing itself.

On Caliban's being assured, in the first Act, that he shall accompany his master, and still-beloved mistress, he says, apart,

Now shall I see the wond'rous, yearn'd-for, place,
Where many Prosper's and Mirandas dwell :
He calls it Milan :—I opine 'tis Heav'n !
It must, perforce ; for many such as she
Would make a Heav'n e'en of this desert isle !

And when he first sees the ship, he exclaims,

O, Setebos !
What glorious thing is yon', as mountain huge !
Doth firmly rest upon th'unstable sea ?
Fanning, with flickering top, the welkin's cheek !
'Tis sure some god, is come to bear us hence,
To Milan ; which I rightly judg'd was Heav'n !

Being, in the second Act, on the deck, with Stephano and Trinculo, they converse as follows ;—

STEPHANO.

Now, 'Ban ! how do you stomach sailing ? is't not rare to skim like a gull, thus, 'tween wind and water ? how dost like it, eh ?

CALIBAN.

I like it much ! This is a brave, fine god !

And

And bears us daintily ;—how swift he is !
 He scuds the ocean fleet as fawn the earth !
 O, that my dam were living to behold him !
 Grim Setebos she would renounce with scorn ;
 Low, prostrate, fall with me ; and thus adore !

[*Kneeling.*

TRINCULO.

What's in the wind, now, 'trow ?

CALIBAN.

Thou unmatch'd wonder !—miracle of pow'r !
 Hear thy vow'd vassal's pray'r, and grant his suit !
 Give me but vengeance on my tyrant lord,
 (Whom, tho' I feign'd repentance, I detest !)
 And full fruition of his daughter's charms,
 Thy bond-slave worshipper I'll be for aye !

[*Rising.*

TRINCULO.

Lo ! the apostate has got him a new idol, Stephano ; you may return to your dog and bush again ; he'll worship you no more.

CALIBAN.

What means this giddiness ?—I cannot stand !

TRINCULO.

And mark, if the mooncalf be not drunk too !

STEPHANO.

Out, you ninny !—'tis only the ship's motion makes him stagger so ; as it did me erewhile.

TRINCULO.

TRINCALO.

By'r lady, and so it may;—but a sherris-sack was mix'd
with the ship's motion when you caught the staggers.

CALIBAN.

Sure I'm become what they call drunk again!
But know not how;—for, save meer element,
Nought have I swallow'd since I left the isle.

TRINCALO.

See how he reels!

CALIBAN.

I pr'ythee shew where I may lie and sleep,
That Prosper see me not: else he will chide!

STEPHANO.

Why, surely, the shallow-brain'd ideot thinks himself
drunk indeed!

TRINCALO.

A rare conceit!—we'll humour it;—and, while he is
napping, if we can find the old necromancer in the mood,
try to get off keeping watch here at night.

STEPHANO.

Agreed.—Come along, you drunken owl! and we'll
lead you where you may roost in safety, till you are
sober.

CALIBAN.

But am I drunk in sooth?—I pr'ythee say!

TRINCALO,

TRINCALO.

Drunk, quotha? there's ^athe question!—ay, reeling-ripe, as when the piping fairy led us by the ears into the pool; then, indeed, it was with sack: now with only the ship's motion:—but, a small matter will turn a weak head!

CALIBAN.

Give me sack now! for I can but be drunk!
'Twill drown my fear, and make me full of mirth;
I may as well be jocund-drunk, as sad:—
Give me some sack, I pr'ythee, ere I sleep!

STEPHANO.

Here's a flaggon for you, fish!—the king in the cabin can't drink ~~drink~~ better.

CALIBAN.

'Tis passing good! a king 'twill make of me!
my/ This shall ~~be~~ pillow be;—I'll drink and sleep;
Nor dread four Prosper, while of this I've store.

Trincalo and Stephano having in their application to Prospero told him that Caliban was drunk and asleep, are orderd to fetch him; they arouse, and bring him into the cabin.

CALIBAN.

Whither dost lead me?—what, doth Prosper sleep?
And shall we brain the hated tyrant now!

PROSPERO.

Approach, thou earth! thou drunken, murd'rous slave!

CALIBAN.

CALIBAN:

Thou ly'st! I am no slave;—but free as thou!
 If I perchance am drunk, 'twas this huge god,
 Whose man-fed belly we are now within,
 Did make me so while I did worship him:
 Must I be ever thus for nothing chid!

Prospero, to punish his relapse, enjoins him to remain on the deck, with the others who had offended him, all night.

They endeavour to sooth, and reconcile Caliban to what they have brought on him, by some common-place jests; but the monster, not being now in a joking humour, says—

Peace, ye dull fools! I will no more endure
 This scurvy jesting;—ye are base and false!
 Ye first, like fiends, seduce, and then betray!
 Beware, foul traitors, how henceforth ye mock;
 Lest into both I strike my sharpen'd fangs,
 And 'gainst each other dash ye, mongrels, dead!

They pacify him at length, by promising to devise some revenge against Prospero; and he exclaims,—

The thought of that would make me brave the night,
 Tho' livid light'nings, darting, singed my head;
 And rifted rocks 'mid yesty waves o'erdash'd!

He is, at length, wrought into good humour; and the second act concludes with their singing

E

the

the entire catch, of which in *The Tempest* we have only this fragment ;——

“Flout ’em, and skout ’em ; and skout ’em, and flout ’em ;
“Thought is free.”

The “*gentle Readerres*” must suppose other scenes to have intervened ; but Caliban being so unique a character, I was solicitous that the extracts I procured should relate chiefly to him : in the third Act he is seen dreaming of Miranda, and talking in his sleep, on the deck ;——

Ho, ho ! ’tis heaven !—now I am blest indeed !

Kiss me again, my star-eyed Paragon !
Thy mouth’s more sweet than luscious honey-bags.

Come with me, swan-skin ! and I’ll shew thee where
These nails have dug for Prosper a deep pit,
False-surfac’d quaintly with inviting herbs ;
Within lurk adders, urchins, scorpions, toads !
That, if i’ th’ fall the tyrant be not kill’d,
By venom’d bites and stings he’ll mad expire !

The Spirit of his Dam, Sycorax, descends,
amidst thunder, lightning, &c.

Caliban

Caliban awakes.

O, Setebos, what a rare dream was this !
 To kifs my mistress' honey-dropping lips,
 And—Day and Night !—do I yet sleep or wake ?
 Wing'd like a bat methinks I see my dam !
 In dreams I have oft beheld thee, but ne'er thus ;
 Thou wilt not harm me, Sycorax ?—lo, I kneel !

Sycorax, who at her death was "*doom'd for a certain term to fast in fires,*" replies——

Fear not, my son ! this very hour
 Was Sycorax freed ; a Spirit of pow'r !
 On earth to rule almost divine !
 This watry element's not mine.
 Then, if thou hat'st thy tyrant lord,
 Unto thy mother's heft accord.
 To drive him swift into my toil,
 By force, or by some subtle guile,
 The pilot cause steer straight for land ;
 There nothing can my power withstand !
 A forcerefs, at my bidding, there
 E'en now his torments doth prepare ;
 And, to protect thee from annoy,
 Invulnerable be, my joy !

Sebastian and Anthonio, having returned to their villainy, abet the monster ; whose first step to distress Prospero is the destroying, or throwing over-board, all the provisions ; excepting what is necessary for himself and his party.

Prospero and the rest, being informed of these disasters, repair to the deck; Caliban thus exults over his master:—

Ho, ho, ho, ho! I now shall be reveng'd
 For all my pinches, fitches, racking cramps!
 My unthank'd services, and toilsome tasks!
 Bearing huge logs of wood, for needful fire
 'To dress the meat I first had hunted down;
 From the quick freshes fetching wholesome drink;
 For luscious shell-fish, or choice callow birds,
 Climbing steep craggy cliffs, and brittle boughs;
 From which when I have fall'n, and gotten hurt,
 To heal my wounds thou, tyrant, gavest me blows!

During the altercation, Ferdinand says;—

————— let us, my friends,
 Assault the triple knot; and, when subdu'd,
 Teach them the way to fast, as they would us.

CALIBAN.

Try first to master me, weak, stripling boy!
 I guard the food, eke most delicious wine;
 O'ercover'd with this now-despised robe!
 And, 'less on land ye go in search of more,
 Ye, famishing, shall see us glut and gorge,
 Whilst, ravenous grown, each other ye devour!

PROSPERO.

Foul hag-feed, hence! down to the hold, begone!

CALIBAN.

Begone thyself, proud tyrant! I'll not budge.
 My cruel master thou hast been too long!

I now am thine!—and, if thou disobey'st,
The stripes and pinches thou inflict'd'st on me,
On thy curst flesh will I, tenfold, repay!

PROSPERO.

How now, bold slave! this language to thy lord?
Who, with a word, can strike thee, instant', dead!

CALIBAN.

Thou ly'st! thou canst not—vain, forgetful fool!
Thy spells, thy charms, yea all thy pow'r is gone;
Which did controul the great and lesser light,
Subjected Spirits, and made me thy slave!
In that same sea thy potent magick storm'd,
Like a dull thing thou drowned'st all thine art!
Now Caliban, more strong, is Prosper's lord;
And thou must him obey, as he did thee.

The good old lord, Gonzalo, during the contest says,—

Of forty devils were the pow'r combin'd,
Thus would I strive to quell this hell-born beast!

CALIBAN.*

Ho, ho, ho, ho! thy sword is blunt, old man!
Now could I grind thy pithless bones to dust;
Rend ye to shreds, or tread ye into earth!

But,

* Could any thing really persuade me that an original and hitherto-unpublished play, written by Shakspeare, were in being, two passages in this speech would; which are so similar to two others in *Macbeth* and *As you like it*, that it is not probable any imitator would have ventured on such close parallels.

But, get ye gone!—ye may as soon wound air,
 Water, or fire, as charmed Caliban!
 The spirit of my dam is strong in me!
 Hath callous made me to weak mortals' blows;
 And your united force I stand, and dare!
 Ho, ho, ho, ho! what, are ye all-afeard?

GONZALO.

By'r Lakin! I yet never was before;
 But my old blood's now curdled in my veins:

PROSPERO.

Put up your swords, good sirs, they're but as straws;
 A charmed life, in aid of strength, now given,
 This beast hath pow'r to bring us all to nought!
 My life alone fell Sycorax doth seek;—
 And that, to save you, will I gladly yield!
 Thou more-than-devil! speak thy dam's behest;
 Which, though destruction follow, I obey!

CALIBAN.

Make straight to land, dread Sycorax commands!
 What there shall hap I know not;—but, I have hope
 All but thy daughter will my dam destroy!
 My frustrate purpose then will I effect,
 And people th' unknown clime with Calibans!

FERDINAND.

Peace, monster, peace! that heav'n will ne'er permit.

PROSPERO.

Patience, my son! my life alone is fought;
 And what's a life, compared with chastity,
 Connubial crown! we come and go as fast,

*As mill-sail shadows course each other o'er
 The sunny earth, in an unceasing round!
 Nor can I perish, but by that decree,
 To which who would not chearfully resign!
 For land, ho! pilot; fearless I'll ashore,
 To prove the utmost malice of the fiend!
 Lament not, should I fall;—they are not ill,
 Tho' they appear such, righteous heaven wills!

The Scene closes, and the third act concludes with a convocation of Ariel, and other good Spirits; who having determined to counteract, if possible, the machinations of Sycorax, &c. sing a hymn and chorus, expressive of their ardour in the cause of Virtue.

The fourth act brings us acquainted with Abdallah, (in *The Tempest* the nameless) King of Tunis, lately married to Claribel, daughter of Alonso, king of Naples.

In an old geographical book in my possession, date unknown, is the following passage;—

“This

* As mill-sail shadows &c.

This passage struck me, at first, as too mean and familiar for the mouth of Prospero; till I recollected an almost-similar one in the first act of *The Tempest*;

“ _____ where thou didst vent thy groans,

“ As fast as mill-wheels strike.”

“ This whole Countrie (at this day) is called the kingdom of *Tunis*: the king whereof is a kinde of stipendary unto the *Turke*: the people that inhabite there are generally *Sarazens*, and doe professe *Mahomet*.”

It has always appeared very strange to me, yet I have never met with any observation on it, that Shakspeare should so grossly have erred against the known laws and customs of nations, as to couple the daughter of a Christian king with a Mahometan !

For a royal Protestant to marry a Papist, or vice versa, required a dispensation from the Pope ; but, to permit the union of a Christian princess and an infidel was, I believe, only in the power of a Poet ; who ^{might} ~~could~~ plead in extenuation, that “ *the truest poetry is the most feigning.*” We shall find, however, by this *Sequel*, that Shakspeare, if it be his, was not insensible of the faux pas he had committed ; as the marriage is so very infelicitous, that the Bride, poor thing ! remains a *Virgin* : whence the title of this chosen Play or Interlude, **THE VIRGIN QUEEN.**

“ Fore the beginning of this play,” a Sorceress, (formerly leagued with Sycorax, who was banished from Argier, or Algiers, to Prospero’s isle)

file) was enamoured of Abdallah ; he rejecting her offers of love, and marrying Claribel, the enraged witch prevents consummation ; conveys the unhappy pair by her “ *so potent art*” from Tunis, and holds them in durance : but, for that even Magick cannot quite separate a loving married pair, they are permitted to see and converse with each other daily.

In this posture of affairs the fourth Act opens ; discovering Abdallah alone, reclining in a sumptuous pavilion.

ABDALLAH.

Nights vapours are dispers'd ; and the clear morn
 Blushes like bashful bride from couch upris'n ;
 Whose yellow tresses, all dishevell'd, throw
 A golden glare around, creating day !
 But what is day after drear nights like mine ?
 From my sweet bride estrang'd, my Claribel !
 Yet, wherefore do I thus indulge despair ?
 Still may I hope to be deliver'd hence ;
 Still hope I shall regain my throne and crown ;
 From which, as in a dream, my queen and self
 By Hyrcas's forcery were hither brought,
 Me for her paramour ; detested hag !
 And my fair bride her low-degraded slave !
 But, soft ! I hear the hasteful step of love !
 'Tis Claribel ! fly sorrow from my breast !
 For where she comes nought can abide but joy !

Enter Claribel.

CLARIBEL.

My dear Abdallah ! mine and Tunis' lord !
 Fain would I greet thee with a happy day ;
 But the fell Sorcerers, Hyrcæ, wild with ire,
 That her foul passion still you treat with scorn,
 Since midnight hath been working spells, and charms,
 The prelude of resolv'd destruction nigh !

ABDALLAH.

Were't but myself her wicked pow'r could reach,
 I'd meet her utmost fury with a smile ;
 Yielding my firm and unpolluted flesh
 By fiery pincers to be burnt and torn !

CLARIBEL.

And thinks my love that only him would harm ?
 Thou know'st whate'er of ill should thee betide,
 Must wound the soul of doating Claribel !
 But, for some hope to mitigate this fear,
 As on the ocean's marge e'en now I gazed,
 I saw a gallant vessel furl her sails ;
 Whilst from her boat steep divers on the shore :
 And see, dear lord, already they approach.

Enter Prospero and Miranda.

MIRANDA.

'Beseech you, Sir ! venture no farther on !

PROSPERO.

Fear nothing, dear !—lo, yonder are a pair,
 Of human form, and most majestic port ;
 I will accost them.

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

Rather, Sir, avoid them !
 They're spirits ! and, tho' one seems fair and good,
 That, with so dark an hue, is sure a fiend !

PROSPERO.

Collect thyself, my child !—'tis but the tinct
 Peculiar to the race in Africk born,
 Upon which coast we now in safety tread ;
 E'en such a one, yet courteous as ourselves,
 Did Ferd'nand's sister, Claribel, late wed :
 Should this man prove like what Fame blazons him,
 And from fell Sycorax' malice Heav'n doth shield,
 We cannot doubt of succour in our need.

CLARIBEL.

Heard you, Abdallah, what this stranger said ?

ABDALLAH.

I did ; and am absorb'd in wonder, sweet !
 'Please you, approach, grave Sir ! and you, fair maid !
 Nor lack for aught, save what we also want.

*Enter Ferdinand, his sword drawn ; and, soon after, Alonzo,
 Gonzalo, Adrian, and Francisco.*

FERDINAND.

The beast no longer seems invulnerable,
 But shuns my sword ; and, with his foul compeers,
 Growling, a different track from us pursues.

PROSPERO.

To share my fortunes since ye all persist,
 As yet, 'thank Heav'n! we are not only safe,
 But landed on a seeming plenteous spot;
 Where are inhabitants, of manners mild
 As their soft climate's sweet surrounding air.

ALONSO.

The Moorish king, Abdallah, and my child!—
 'Tis sure enchanted ground!—Are we in Tunis,
 A delusive dream,—or, is it witchcraft all?

GONZALO.

Witchcraft, I doubt! and these but devils, Sir,
 Hid in your children's shapes.

ALONSO.

Art thou my child,
 An insubstantial shade, or wicked fiend?

FERDINAND, *embracing Claribel.*

Shade is it none, but Claribel herself;—
 No fiend had ever pow'r to look so fair!

CLARIBEL, *kneeling to Alonso.*

Astonishment hath held me dumb till now!—
 'Tis your own Claribel, your wretched child!

ALONSO.

Ha! wherefore wretched? Speak, ungrateful king!
 Did I deprive our Europe of those charms,
 To have my child in Tunis wretched made?

CLARIBEL.

CLARIBEL.

Oh, no! alack, Sir, we are far from thence!

ABDALLAH.

Great king of Naples! my most honour'd sire!
Whom to behold again, was past my hope;—
Fly with your goodly company this place,
And rescue hence your Claribel and son!
But, if that may not be, secure yourselves.

ALONSO.

What means my son! know you of ill awaits?

ABDALLAH.

Here 'bides a potent Sorceress; by whose art
From Tunis we were hither strangely brought,
Soon as your royal fleet had homeward fail'd;
Myself the object of her foul desire,
My virgin-bride degraded to a slave!
Her the vile witch would elsewhere fain have stay'd,
But had not pow'r; and, though till now debarr'd
Chaste Hymen's rites, on each returning morn
Like th'easter sun she glads my longing eye!
For witchcraft cannot quite divide the pair,
Whose hearts by love and wedlock are entwin'd!

PROSPERO.

Mysterious Heav'n sure pointed out this path
To free from hence these twain! my mind's at rest!
Let us, my friends, straight^{ht} victual home our ship;
And, nought impeding, quickly re-embark.—
Come, I'll instruct you, Sirs, how to ensnare

The skipping kid, and dappled, bounding fawn ;
 Whilst younger Ferdinand doth agile climb
 The cliffs and trees, for birdlings nested there.

FERDINAND.

Miranda, sweet ! stay thou with Claribel,
 Thy Ferdinand's lov'd sister, and now thine ;
 I must accompany our fires and friends,
 Swift as the roe-buck to outstrip our game !

ABDALLAH.

I'll guide you, Sirs, to where you'll plenteous find
 The finn'd or feather'd race ; unto the haunts
 Of the fleet venison, the clamb'ring kid,
 And, though to slaughter them doth irk my heart !
 The lambkin, frisking near his fleecy dam :
 Or, if a nobler game you would pursue,
 The boar, fierce buffalo, and angry bear.*

PROSPERO.

Lead on, great Sir ! 'twill be a royal chase,
 Wherein a king doth rouse for us our game !
 Stay with this fair one, chuck ! nor fear mischance.
 This wond'rous meeting Heav'n, I'm sure, design'd
 The foretaste of still greater blifs in store !

[Exeunt all but Claribel and Miranda.]

CLARIBEL.

Stranger ! with whom my Ferdinand seems charm'd,
 Say, whence and who thou art ?—a queen ?—his bride ?
 Whom, since my nuptials, he hath woo'd and wed ?

MIRANDA.

* I fear that Shakspeare, or his imitator, has, in this enumeration of creatures, mentioned some not indigenous to the northern coast of Africa ; where the scene is now supposed to lie.

MIRANDA.

Answer me first.—Why did you kiss my love ?
 I much admir'd, till then, your angel-face !
 Are you an angel, or of woman-kind ?
 For nought to judge by saw I e'er before ;
 Except the mocking shadow of myself,
 And Ariel, my grave fire's angelick sprite ;
 You most resemble me, tho' fairer far !

CLARIBEL.

Thy speech is passing strange ! but, if't be sooth,
 Thy innocence deceives thee overmuch.
 No more can I, a woman as thou art,
 Compare with thee, fairer than beauty's queen,
 Than can with Ferdinand the Moor, my lord ;
 Whom, ne'ertheless, past health or life I love !

MIRANDA.

What, that dark creature !—'tis not possible ;—
 As soon the swan may on the raven dote !

CLARIBEL.

I thought like thee when first the Moor I saw,
 And almost loath'd where duty bade me love ;
 But my Abdallah has a snow-white soul,
 Which o'er his hue a bleaching lustre throws ! *
 'Twas won that heart Alonso could not give,
 And chang'd my meek obedience into choice.
 Then be not jealous, fairest ! thou'lt no cause ;
 Much as a sister should I Ferd'nand love,
 But truly, no jot more.

* This reminds us of Desdemona's expression ;—

“ I saw Othello's visage in his mind.”

MIRANDA.

Jealous! what's that?
 Is it a Naples, or a Tunis word?
 I know not what it means;—but am content!
 So kind you look, and fair you speak, I'm sure
 You cannot mean to do me any wrong.

CLARIBEL.

Come, then, sweet-heart! and, in the adjacent bow'r,
 Repose thee 'till our lords and fires return;
 Taste of the pine, or more nutritious fig;
 Whilst the pomegranate and sharp citron's juice,
 Temp'ring each other, form thy mingled draught.

MIRANDA.

Shew me, I pray, to the clear, running stream;
 With, if you have't, a little new-drawn milk;
 Some berries, cracknels, or ripe ears of corn;
 And, our Creator thanking first, then thee
 For thy much goodness to a stranger-maid;
 I'll break my fast, nor covet daintier fare!

Caliban, with the two villains, Anthonio and Sebastian, having remained perdue, enter, and suddenly seize the unguarded females; a contest ensues between the three brutes on their account: Anthonio claiming to have Claribel, and Sebastian attaching himself to Miranda.

CALIBAN.

But whom shall I have, if you each take one?
 My mistress have I ever hunger'd for!

Sty'd in a rock with her, on acorns fed,
 Sea-brine, or stagnant, mantled-pool, to drink,
 On her alone I, gluttoning; could have gorg'd,
 And nothing lack'd; having my nonpareil!

[*Attempting to clasp Miranda.*]

MIRANDA.

Save me, Anthonio! save your helpless niece!

ANTHONIO.

My charge is here;—Sebastian you will shield.

SEBASTIAN.

Forego your hold!—Miranda must be mine!
 The other female, if Anthonio list,
 Thou'rt free to take; but this I'll guard with life!

CALIBAN.

'Tis well there is another to appease,
 Else her I'd have, or will or nill ye, lord!
 This is as red and white, and finer far!
 Wilt thou be mine, my jay, my parroquet?
 Thou'rt wond'rous gaudy; I shall love thee much!*

ANTHONIO.

Stand off, sir brute! this is my lovely prize;—
 Miranda you declar'd was your desire;—
 Her must you have, or none!

* This filthy monster having, in *The Tempest*, suggested to Stephano that he might possess Miranda; it is not to be wondered at; that he is here content to exchange her for Claribel.

CALIBAN.

Oh, oh, oh, oh ! [Roaring tremendously with anger.

CLARIBEL.

Heav'n, what a contest !

MIRANDA:

No way to escape ?

CALIBAN.

What, am I both denied ?—then, both, I'll have !
Your holds forego, and quit them straight to me,
Or, by my dam's god, Setebos, I swear,
I'll flay ye, quick ! then tear you joint from joint !*

(Caliban seizing the men, the females get free.)

CLARIBEL.

Fly, fly ! Abdallah !

MIRANDA.

Ferd'nand ! father ! friends !

[Exeunt, severally.

CALIBAN.

Let loose, ye barnacles ! they both are flown !

* I'll flay ye quick ! &c.—Quick may here signify either *alive* or *immediately*; the former I conceive to have been the Author's idea, as it gives the more spirited and savage meaning. *I'll flay you alive*, is a common expression from vulgar parents and nurses to froward children.

ANTHONIO.

ANTHONIO.

We hold thee not !—'tis thou detainest us !
 Darting your talons through our robes and skins,
 Which you can scarce withdraw !

SEBASTIAN.

I'm struck to th'bone !

CALIBAN.

Thus, then, I wrench them forth !

ANTHONIO and SEBASTIAN.

Oh!————

CALIBAN.

Howl ye ? dogs !
 If I could tarry I would give ye cause ;
 And into atoms rend your quivering hearts !

[Exeunt, severally.]

Comick matter now, as throughout the play,
 takes place ; which relieves the weight and terror
 of the ferious scenes.

The fifth Act commences with the Monster,
 in pursuit of the females.

CALIBAN.

I can find neither ! and could tear myself
 For letting them, so dolt-like, both escape !
 Had I kept either of them 't had suffic'd ;

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Though

Though my own mistress leifer I'd enjoy !*
 Nor can I spy my dam ! I hop'd t'have seen
 The wond'rous spirit, when we reach'd the land,
 Destroy that tyrant Prosper ! or, while-ere,
 I had done't upon the sea ! but, what comes here ?
 Methinks I hear a footfall in yon dell ;
 Perchance it is my mistress ;—that it may !
 I will enbush me ! then, should she approach,
 Like cat-a-mountain springing, seize my prey !

MIRANDA, *entering.*

Whither, ah whither shall I bend my steps,
 To seek my straying father and dear lord ?
 Or hide me from—Protect me, heav'n ! I'm caught !

CALIBAN.

'Scape if thou can'st again ! now thou art mine,
 'Spite of those chattering and deceitful apes ;
 Who would have talk'd me out of thee, my right !
 Or that much finer, but less beauteous, she.

MIRANDA.

Be gentle, Caliban !—gripe not so hard !
 Lest with your talons my frail skin you tear !

CALIBAN.

I cannot harm thee !—tho' I meant thee scathe,
 In punishment for thy late scornful flouts !
 Be thou but kind, I will be so to thee !

MIRANDA.

* This erotick use of the verb *enjoy*, I thought not Shakspearean, till I recollected the following passage in *King Lear* :—

“ —————neither can be enjoy'd,

“ If both remain alive.”

Yet, can it be imagined that Caliban could have learnt it, with this peculiar and indelicate sense, from his only teachers, Prospero and Miranda ? I fear the author, whether ancient or modern, in this instance forgot himself.

MIRANDA.

Alack, alack ! when was I otherwise ?

CALIBAN.

Full oft to me ! although I ever lov'd,
 And fondled thee !—When first into my isle
 Prosper, a puling babe, Miranda brought ;
 Weeping through hunger, shiv'ring with bleak winds ;
 I lick'd the tears from thy frore, blubber'd cheeks,
 Nourled and chafed thee in my hairy arms,
 Hugging thee close as marmosets their young ;
 Fed thee with eggs ;—into thy pretty mouth
 From the goat's dug press'd the warm, fost'ring milk ;
 Of thistle-down and goss'mer made thy bed ;
 Then hush'd and lullaby'd thee to thy sleep,
 And lack'd my own, that thine might be secure.

MIRANDA.

I ever strove to thank thee for't ; and still,
 As from my father speech and sense I learn'd,
 Delighted in imparting both to thee !
 I never laid upon thee harsh command ;
 Assisted always to trim up our cell ;
 And, in each look, word, deed, was ever kind !

CALIBAN.

But kinder far to Ferdinand ! though he
 Ne'er nurs'd, nor stroak'd, nor fed, nor fondled thee !
 In our lime-grove I lurk'd behind a bush,
 And saw the lack-beard kiss that down-like hand ;
 I could have claw'd his lips off, had I dar'd !
 But now, from Prosper's magick-pow'r I'm free ;
 Him and my hated rival laugh to scorn ;
 Here have thee, and will make thee strait my own !

MIRANDA.

MIRANDA.

O, Ferdinand! my love! where hast thou stray'd?
Haste, and deliver me from this vile thrall!

CALIBAN.

'Twere death, should Ferd'nand interrupt me now!
Though I seem'd fearful late, and shunn'd his sword,
'Twas but in craft, to compass what hath happ'd;
Then stint this din, and let thine eyes soft beam;
Nor scorn, nor flout, for I'm not smooth as he!
In beauty what I lack I have in strength;
More needful, to protect and get thee food!
I'll fetch thee, mistress! sweet birds from the grove;
Gather th'empurpled grape for thy repast;
And weave a flow'ry garland, thee to crown
Queen of this unknown clime and me, for aye!
Give me the honey of thy lips in lieu,
And let me clip thee!

MIRANDA.

Monster! stand aloof!
I feel strange courage, and unusual strength;
Nor longer fear thee or thy brutal force!
A heavenly inspiration doth assure
No ill shall 'gainst a spotless maid prevail!
The Lybian lion at my feet would crouch,
Tho' hunger-driv'n, if what I've read be true;
Nor murkiest fiends, nor thou, more dreadful yet,
Can foil or harm troth-plighted, clear virginity!

The last speech from Caliban reminds one of
the witch's son and Florimell, in *The Faerie Queene**
of

* *The Faerie Queene*.—This is the true orthography of Shakspeare's time. See the earliest editions of that delightful Poem, 4to. 1590, and 1596; in the second stanza of which we read, not *Virginn*, but *Virgin*.

of Spenser ; whom we know Shakspeare admired, and from whom it is evidently copied : Miranda's reply, if it be not Shakspeare's writing, was probably founded on a sublime passage in Milton's *Mask at Ludlow Castle*.

And here must I conclude these extracts ; being

“ _____ forbid
“ *To tell the secrets of the prison-house,*”

wherein the forcerefs Hyrcæ, and the spirit of Sy-corax, assemble the unhappy voyagers, &c. no,

“ *this infernal blazon must not be !*”

Whether or not the entire play of *The Virgin Queen* will ever be made publick, I do not know ; nor, if it be not Shakspeare's, will, I suppose, any body care !

F. G. WALDRON.

January 28, 1796.

“ Helpe then, O holy *virgin* chiefe of nyne.” 1590.

“ Helpe then, ô holy *Virgin* chiefe of nine.” 1596.

In the “ *Deed of Trust to John Henyngc,*” we read *The Virginn Quene* ; it might as well have been, in the true cockney style, *The Wurginn Queen*.

The premature use of the word *Viewe*, in the sense assigned to it in “ *Viewe o my Masterre Irelands house,*” will, I believe, shortly be discussed, with other congenial topicks, by a much abler pen than mine : † when, if I mistake not, it will be incontestibly proved, that the orthography of even the name SHAKSPEARE, in the pretended autographs of the Poet himself, in Mr. Ireland's volume, is *absolutely and undeniably wrong* !

† E. Malone, Esq. is here adverted-to.

ERRATA.

By a casual omission in page 10, an expression in the paragraph relating to the hand-writing and signature of the Earl of Southampton's letter, erroneously applies to Shakspeare's letter to the Earl. The reader is requested, therefore, to insert the few words printed below in Italicks, that the passage may stand thus; —

The scrawl of *the Earl's answer* to this sublime and blooming letter, &c.

In p. 32, line 1, for, there's *the* question, read, there's *a* question.

Idem, line 20, for *orderd*, read *ordered*.

In p. 40, instead of, *For a royal Protestant*, &c. read, For a royal Papist to marry a Protestant, as in the case of Henrietta Maria of France, and our king Charles the first, required a dispensation, &c.

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