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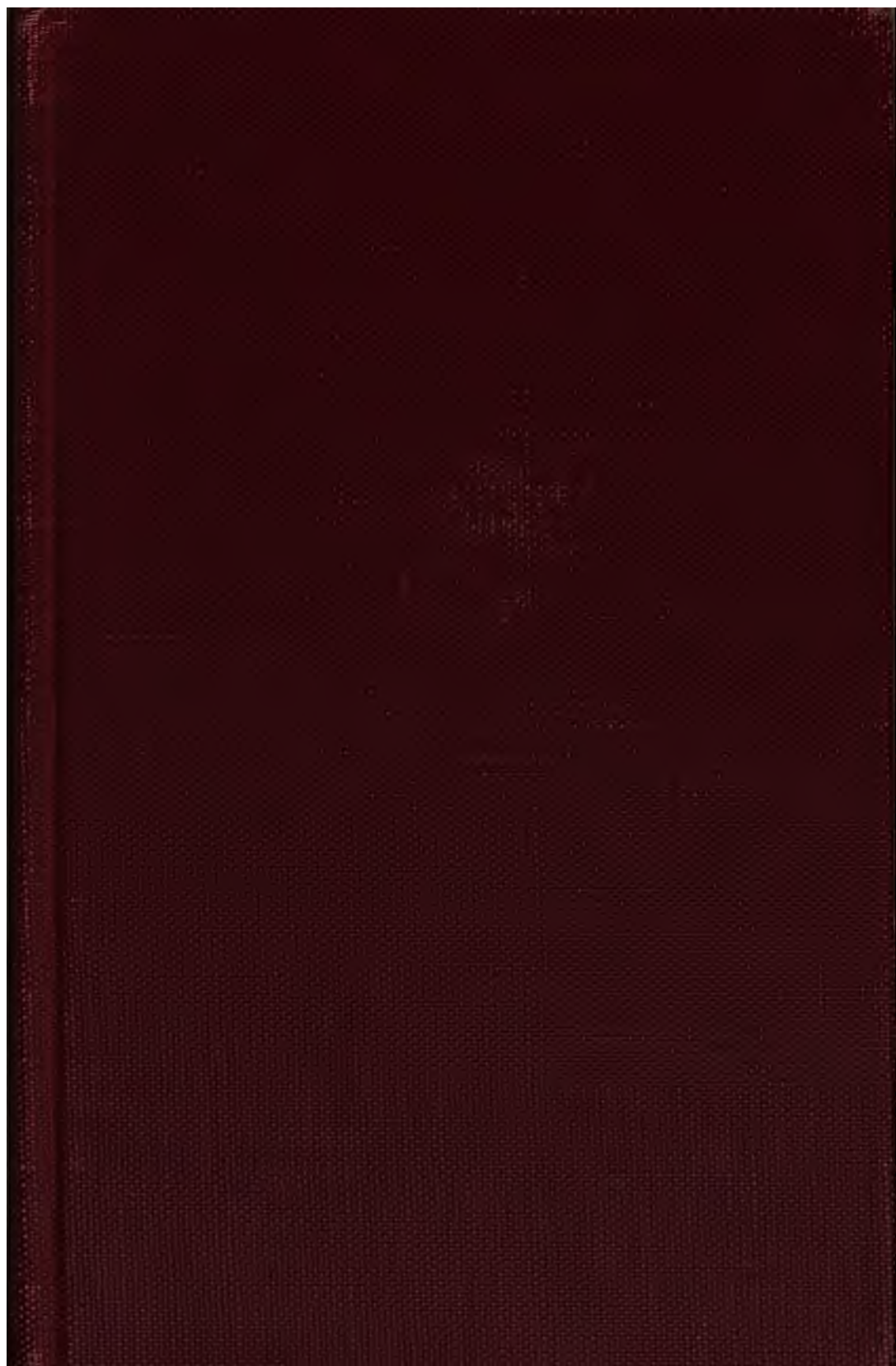
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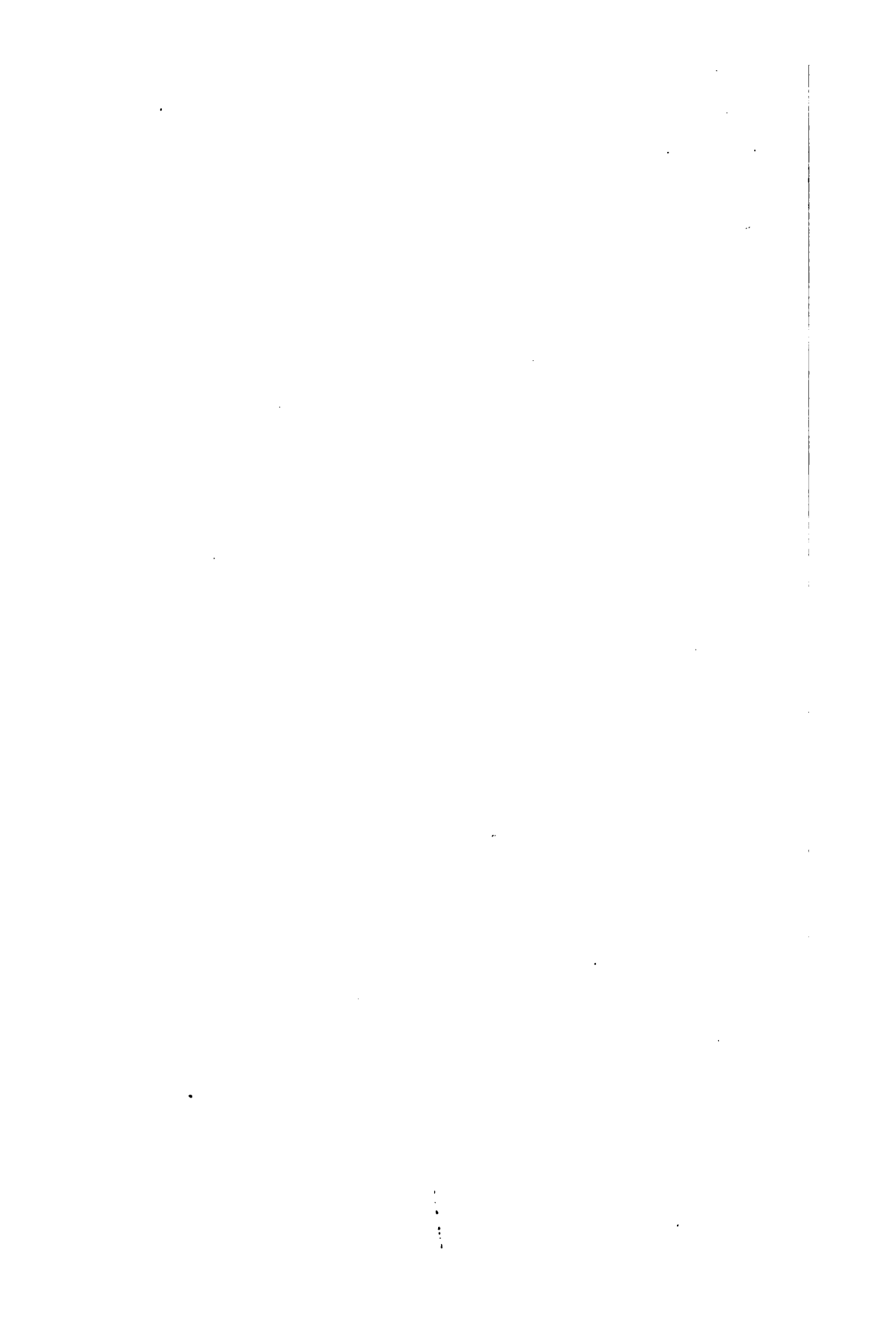
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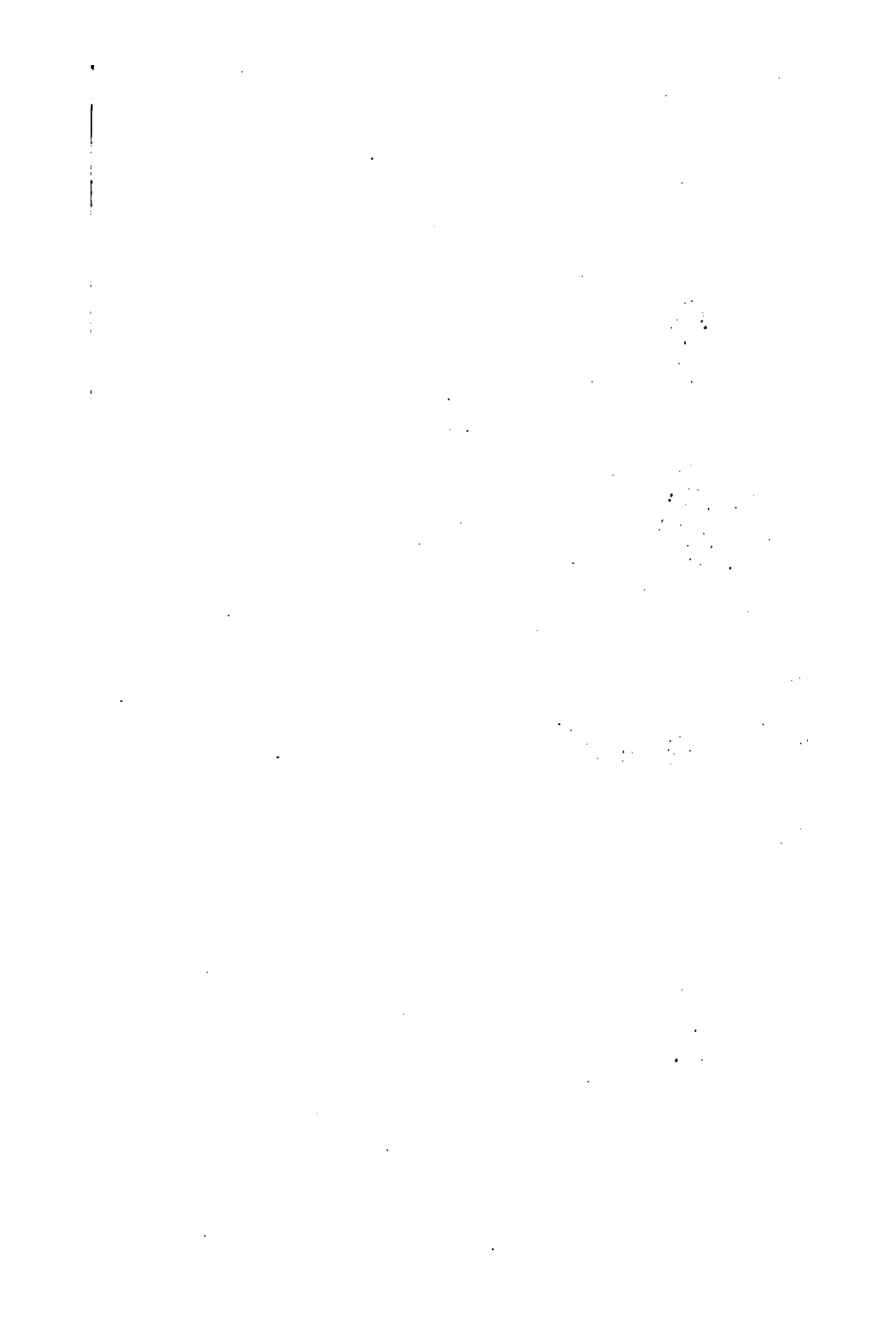


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SEVEN LECTURES

ON

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// SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON. //

BY THE LATE S. T. COLERIDGE.

A LIST OF ALL THE MS. EMENDATIONS IN
MR. COLLIER'S FOLIO, 1632;

AND

AN INTRODUCTORY PREFACE

BY J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

LONDON:
CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1856.

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1859. Feb. 7.

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LONDON:
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TO

JOSEPH SANDARS, ESQ.,

TAPLOW, BUCKS.

MY DEAR SIR,

There are three men, in no way related to me, to whom I am indebted for the greatest kindness and most effectual encouragement. Two of them shall be nameless here; and such small means as I possessed of making any return to them have been already employed. You are the third; and if you will accept the ensuing sheets as a testimony of my sense of obligation, both personal and literary, you will do me a new favour. When our friendship began, I dare say you little expected that it would lead to such a result.

I am,

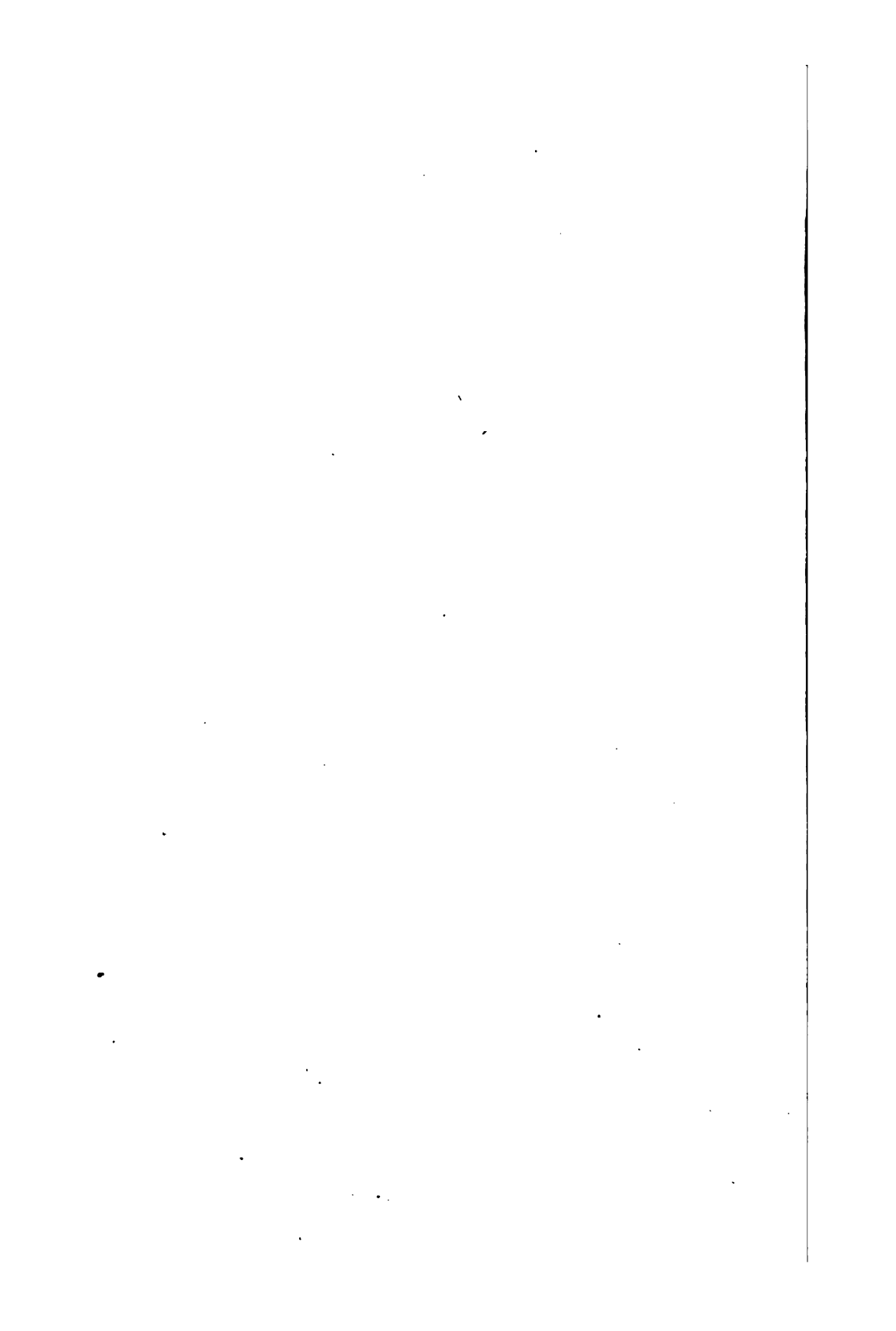
My dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

MAIDENHEAD,

July 10, 1856.



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PREFACE.

—•—

BEFORE I advert, in some detail, to the character and contents of the ensuing volume, I wish to place in the hands of the reader the following Affidavit, sworn by me, and filed in the Court of Queen's Bench,* in answer to certain charges and insinuations contained in an anonymous tract, published towards the close of last year, entitled "Literary Cookery."

The affidavit (taken in connection with the prefaces to my two editions of "Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakespeare's Plays") to a certain extent explains the whole matter, and renders it unnecessary to notice, in any other way, the particular expressions of a libel, which compelled me, with the utmost reluctance, to apply for a Criminal Information. That species of redress the forms and practice of the Court did not permit me to obtain; but the Lord Chief Justice took the opportunity of stating his conviction that I had cleared myself from all imputation, adding, in terms too flattering for repetition here, his opinion of me, whom his Lordship

* It was not filed until the beginning of May last, owing to a mistaken notion on the part of my legal friends, that the application founded upon the affidavit having been unsuccessful, it could not be placed upon record in the usual way.

happened to know, and of my labours in antiquarian literature, with which his Lordship was also acquainted.

AFFIDAVIT.

IN THE QUEEN'S BENCH.

I, John Payne Collier, of Maidenhead, in the County of Berks, Esquire, Barrister-at-law, and one of the Vice-Presidents of the Society of Antiquaries of London, make oath and say:—

1. That in the years 1841, 1842, 1843, and 1844, I prepared for the press and published an edition of the works of Shakespeare:—that in the spring of the year 1849 I purchased of the late Mr. Rodd, of great Newport Street, bookseller, a copy of the second folio of Shakespeare's Plays, bearing the date of, and which I believe was published in the year 1632; and which copy contained, when I so purchased it, a great number of manuscript notes, purporting to be corrections, alterations, and emendations of the original text, made, as I believe, by the same person, and at a period nearly contemporaneous with the publication of the said folio itself.

2. In order that any person interested in the subject might have an opportunity of inspecting the said book, and examining the said manuscript notes, I exhibited the said book to and before the Shakespeare Society, and three times before the Society of Antiquaries, and it was inspected and examined by a great number of persons. The said folio has, since the publication of the volume next hereinafter mentioned, become, and is now, the property of his Grace the Duke of Devonshire.

3. In the year 1852 I published a volume containing some, but not all, of the said manuscript corrections, alterations, and emendations, and a facsimile of a part of one page of the said folio, with the manuscript emendations thereon; and an "Introduction," setting forth the circumstances under which I became possessed of the said folio edition, and which induced me to publish the said volume.

4. In the year 1853 I published a second edition of the said notes and emendations, containing, besides the said "Introduction," a statement, in the form of a Preface to the last-mentioned edition, of facts and circumstances which occurred subsequently to the publication of my first edition of the said "Notes and Emendations,"—a copy of which second edition is

now shown to me and marked with the letter A. And I say, that all the statements in the said Preface and Introduction, relative to the discovery, contents, and authenticity of the said folio copy, and the manuscript notes, corrections, alterations, and emendations thereof are true; and that every note, correction, alteration, and emendation in each of the said two editions, and every word, figure, and sign therein, purporting or professing to be a note, correction, alteration, or emendation of the text, is, to the best of my knowledge and belief, a true and accurate copy of the original manuscript in the said folio copy of 1632; and that I have not, in either of the said editions, to the best of my knowledge and belief, inserted a single word, stop, sign, note, correction, alteration, or emendation of the said original text of Shakespeare, which is not a faithful copy of the said original manuscript, and which I do not believe to have been written, as aforesaid, not long after the publication of the said folio copy of the year 1632.

5. In the year 1811, I attended each of a course of fifteen lectures given by the late Samuel Taylor Coleridge on Shakespeare and Milton, and took, in pencil, short-hand notes of the same. These notes I laid aside, and was unable to find any of them until the year 1854, when I removed from Gey's House, Maidenhead, to my present residence at Riverside, Maidenhead. I then discovered the original notes of the first, second, sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, and twelfth lectures, and also transcripts in long-hand of some of the said notes; but the notes of the remaining lectures I have never been able to find. I also, about the same time, found the original Prospectus of the said lectures stitched to the fragments of a diary of mine, which is now shown to me, and marked B, and which is in the same state as when I so found it. I do not remember when I put the figures in pencil "1812" upon the said Prospectus, or the same figures in ink upon the said Diary; but the writing of the said figures on each of them is mine. Having discovered the said short-hand notes, I transcribed such of them as had not been before transcribed, for the purpose of sending, and afterwards sent articles thereon, and extracts therefrom, for publication in a periodical called "Notes and Queries," the numbers of which, containing my communications on the subject of the said lectures, are now shown to me, and marked respectively C., D., E., F.; and I say that the pieces therein purporting to bear my name were written by me, and that the statements therein are true.

6. After I had completed the transcripts of the said lectures, I destroyed

the original short-hand notes thereof, as being of no value, except the two now produced to me, and marked G. and H., which are the original notes taken down by me, from the mouth of the said Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in the year 1811 as aforesaid.

7. Seeing the pencil date "1812" on the said Prospectus, and the same date also on my Diary, I assumed that that was the true date. I had no purpose, desire, motive, or intention to misrepresent the date when the said lectures were delivered, and I verily believed, when I sent the said communications for publication in "Notes and Queries," that 1812 was the year in which the said Prospectus was issued, and the said Lectures were delivered. And I say, that in the copy of the Prospectus which I sent for publication in the said "Notes and Queries," I inserted the date 1812 in brackets, for the purpose of indicating that the said date was not part of the Prospectus itself, but was added by me as the year when it was issued. I further say that I never read or saw "Gilman's Life of Coleridge," or De Morgan's Book of Almanacks, mentioned in the pamphlet hereinafter referred to, and marked K, and never referred to, or consulted, any book or authority whatever, upon the subject of the date of the said Lectures;—that I did not know, and had not to my recollection ever heard, when I sent the said communications to the said "Notes and Queries," that any other date than 1812 had been ascribed to the said lectures, or been supposed to be the year of their delivery;—that my communications to "Notes and Queries" were gratuitous, and my motive for making the same is truly stated in the said communications bearing my name, and contained in the numbers of the said Periodical hereinbefore referred to.

8. The reference in page 58 of the said "Notes and Queries," No. 247, to the lecture therein called the third, was intended by me of the third in my possession, being the sixth of the said course of Lectures: and I say that the word "scientific" in the copy of the Prospectus of 1818, printed in the said "Notes and Queries," No. 245, page 22, is either an error in copying, or a misprint for the word "specific," but I cannot state which, as the original manuscript of the said article, sent by me to the Editor of the said "Notes and Queries," has, as I am informed and believe, been destroyed.

9. On the 21st day of November, 1855, I was first informed of, and first saw the pamphlet now shown to me, and marked K; and I say that the statements and imputations therein contained refer to me, and to my said Editions of the said "Notes and Emendations to the text of Shakespeare's

PREFACE.

Plays," and my said notes and publications in the said "Notes and Queries" relating to the said Lectures, and that the said statements and imputations, except so far as relates to the mere inaccuracy of date, and of the words in the eighth paragraph of this my Affidavit mentioned, are wholly, and I believe maliciously, false.

(Signed) JOHN PAYNE COLLIER.

Sworn at the Judge's Chambers, Rolls Garden, Chancery
Lane, this eighth day of January, 1856, before me,
Wm. Clark, a Commissioner, &c.

As it is probable that few of my readers will have seen the pamphlet entitled "Literary Cookery," more especially as it was withdrawn from circulation, when it was known that it was about to be made the subject of a judicial proceeding, it may be fit for me to say something in farther explanation of portions of my affidavit. I will first advert to those paragraphs which particularly relate to Coleridge's seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton, and which fill about the first half of the succeeding sheets.

The Lectures are, as nearly as possible, transcripts of my own short-hand notes, taken at the close of the year 1811, and at the opening of the year 1812. My father taught me at an early age the use of abbreviated characters, and I hardly know any species of instruction that, in after-life, has stood me in greater stead. It has, it is true, made ordinary writing more wearisome; but, in as much as we have not yet arrived at the period when people will be sensible of the absurdity of persevering in the present dilatory and complicated method, I have been obliged to conform to the established practice. If printers could have decyphered my marks and symbols, as they really might have done (and as I learned them) by a very brief study, I should have been spared an infinity of labour in my time.

Among other things, I should have had to do little more than hand over to an intelligent compositor my notes of Coleridge's Lectures, with some obvious corrections, instead of having had to write out the whole of them by a tedious and irksome process.

Knowing the great advantage of short-hand, I say this, not at all as a matter of complaint, or even of regret, but with a view to induce fathers of families to have their children taught stenography with as much diligence as they are now instructed in any other branch of knowledge. Only let us once agree upon a system—let the simplest and the clearest be ascertained and preferred,—and we may soon make this mode of recording thoughts or opinions in some sort compete with the rapidity of railroads, and almost with the lightning of the telegraph.

This topic is not altogether beside the subject, because, as my affidavit serves to show, some persons have, not long since, more than insinuated that my notes of the Lectures of Samuel Taylor Coleridge are pure inventions; and as they maintain that he never uttered such criticisms on Shakespeare and Milton, they may easily go the farther length of insisting that I never wrote short-hand, and, therefore, could never have taken down what I assert was delivered. I am fully aware that my memoranda, of forty-five years standing, are more or less imperfect: of some of the Lectures I appear to have made only abridged sketches: of others my notes are much fuller and more extended; but I am certain, even at this distance of time, that I did not knowingly register a sentence, that did not come from Coleridge's lips, although doubtless I missed, omitted, and mistook points and passages, which now I should have been most rejoiced to have preserved. In completing

my transcripts, however, I have added no word or syllable of my own; and with regard to the whole I may be permitted to observe, that it is a compliment I heartily wish I merited, to have it supposed (as must have been supposed by the writer of "Literary Cookery,") that I possess taste, knowledge and originality, sufficient for the composition of such productions. Many of the Lecturer's opinions will, I apprehend, be new, even to those who, at this day, are best acquainted with his works.*

I was a very young man when I attended the Lectures in question; but I was not only an enthusiast in all that related to Shakespeare and his literary contemporaries, but a warm admirer of Coleridge, and a firm believer in his power of opening my faculties to the comprehension, and enjoyment of poetry, in a degree beyond anything that I had then experienced. I had seen something of him, and had heard more about him; and when my father proposed that all his family, old enough to profit by them, should attend the Lectures advertised in 1811, I seized the opportunity with eagerness. The series was delivered extemporaneously (almost without the assistance of notes) in a large room at what was called The Scot's Corporation Hall, in Crane Court, Fleet Street; and on applying for tickets, Coleridge sent us a copy of his prospectus, which, many years afterwards I was glad

* I should, perhaps, state, that I have referred to none of Coleridge's subsequent publications to ascertain whether he has there broached, modified, or altered any of his opinions. Some points, in the two volumes of his "Literary Remains," 1836, may possibly accord; but, although I have them by me, I have purposely not consulted them with reference to my present transcripts, since my object was to give Coleridge's sentiments precisely as, I believe, they were pronounced in 1811-12.

to see I had accidentally preserved, and which was in the following form:—

LONDON PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY,
SCOT'S CORPORATION HALL,
 CRANE COURT, FLEET STREET,
 (ENTRANCE FROM FETTER LANE.)

MR. COLERIDGE

WILL COMMENCE

ON MONDAY, NOV. 18th,

A COURSE OF LECTURES ON SHAKESPEAR AND MILTON,

IN ILLUSTRATION OF

THE PRINCIPLES OF POETRY,

AND THEIR

Application as Grounds of Criticism to the most popular Works of later English Poets, those of the Living included.

AFTER an introductory Lecture on False Criticism, (especially in Poetry,) and on its Causes: two thirds of the remaining course, will be assigned, 1st, to a philosophic Analysis and Explanation of all the principal *Characters* of our great Dramatist, as OTHELLO, FALSTAFF, RICHARD 3d, IAGO, HAMLET, &c.: and 2nd, to a critical *Comparison* of SHAKESPEAR, in respect of Diction, Imagery, management of the Passions, Judgment in the construction of his Dramas, in short, of all that belongs to him as a Poet, and as a dramatic Poet, with his contemporaries, or immediate successors, JONSON, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, FORD, MASSINGER, &c. in the endeavour to determine what of SHAKESPEAR'S Merits and Defects are common to him with other Writers of the same age, and what remain peculiar to his own Genius.

The Course will extend to fifteen Lectures, which will be given on Monday and Thursday evenings successively. The Lectures to commence at $\frac{1}{4}$ past 7 o'clock.

Single Tickets for the whole Course, 2 Guineas; or 3 Guineas with the privilege of introducing a Lady: may be procured at J. Hatchard's, 190, Piccadilly; J. Murray's, Fleet Street; J. and A. Arch's, Booksellers and Stationers, Cornhill; Godwin's Juvenile Library, Skinner Street; W. Pople's, 67, Chancery Lane; or by Letter (post paid) to Mr. S. T. Coleridge, J. J. Morgan's, Esq. No. 7, Portland Place, Hammersmith.

It will be seen that the only date given is "Monday Nov. 18th," without the addition of the year; and when, in July and August 1854, I sent some brief quotations from these Lectures to the Editor of "Notes and Queries," looking at the Prospectus and seeing my figures "1812" in pencil upon it, and finding also that in a Diary I then kept, I had written the same year in ink, I concluded, without farther inquiry, that that date was correct. At what remote period I wrote either the pencil figures, or those in ink, is not very material: suffice it to say, that I could have no reason, nor intention, to misstate the fact, since 1811 would have suited my purpose quite as well, or even better, than 1812; and when I transmitted my first communication to the periodical I have named (for which, and for the rest, I never dreamed of remuneration) for the sake merely of clearness I added "1812" in brackets, in this form, "November 18th (1812)," thereby meaning, that the figures were no part of the document as it had been issued. Such was a very usual course, and I apprehended that it would be well understood.

Nevertheless, in Gilman's incomplete Life of S. T. Coleridge (which I never saw until a short time ago) it was stated that the Lectures were delivered in 1811; and those figures were placed after "November 18th," without brackets, and just as if they had been so printed in the Prospectus. Upon this circumstance a charge has been got up against me, that I inserted "(1812)" for the purpose of deceiving the reader, and that as no Lectures were delivered by Coleridge in 1812, I must have fabricated my communications to "Notes and Queries," and palmed upon its readers my own notions as the *dicta* of the poet-critic.

The truth is, that Mr. Gilman no more meant to deceive about the year, when he incautiously made it seem as if 1811 had stood in the original Prospectus, than I did when I erroneously supposed that 1812 was the date, and for greater caution placed those figures between brackets. Mr. Gilman was right in his date, but wrong in his mode of printing it: I was wrong in my date, but right in my mode of printing it.

As to the mere matter of fact, I was nearly as correct as Mr. Gilman; for, although the Lectures began in 1811, they did not end until 1812. They commenced on November 18th, at the rate of two in each week; so that, supposing Coleridge not to have been at all interrupted, either by indisposition or by the usual festivities of Christmas, the series of fifteen Lectures could not have been concluded until near the middle of January, 1812. What really happened in this respect I cannot remember: I know nobody alive to whom I can appeal; but my strong persuasion is, that Coleridge was obliged several times to break in upon the regularity of his course. My original memoranda give me no light upon the point, because they are severally headed "Coleridge's First Lecture," "Second Lecture," &c., without date of the day or year. I have little doubt that the last Lecture was not delivered until February, or even March, and that when I wrote "1812" upon the Prospectus, and in my Diary, I referred to the time when the series had been concluded.

But, really and truly, this is a point on which it would be most unreasonable to expect any third person to take the slightest interest; and I can only excuse my notice of it on the score, that the supposed error in date has been made the

ground of serious imputation against me, with reference to Coleridge's Lectures.

My original notes, therefore, were taken at the close of 1811 and at the opening of 1812. I endeavoured in the interval between each lecture to transcribe them; but, from other avocations, I was unable to keep pace with the delivery, and at the termination of the course I must have been considerably in arrear: while I am writing I have two of my short-hand books (sheets of paper stitched together) before me, which remained undecyphered from 1812 until 1854,—a period of forty-two years. During the whole time I did not know what had become of any of them. I attended another course by the same lecturer in 1818, of which I had taken and preserved only a few scattered excerpts; and I cannot call to mind whether, even at that date, my notes of the previous lectures of 1811-12 were forthcoming. I know that I afterwards searched for them several times unsuccessfully; and with great diligence about the year 1842, when I was engaged in preparing a new edition of Shakespeare, to which I apprehended the opinions of Coleridge on the different plays would have been an important recommendation. I again failed to find them, and in 1850 I took up my residence in the country, carrying with me only such furniture as I required, and among it a double chest of drawers, in the highest part of which I subsequently discovered some of, but, I lament to say, by no means all, my lost notes. Even these were not brought to light until I was preparing to remove to my present residence, and was employing myself in turning out waste paper and worthless relics from every receptacle.

As doubt, however unfairly and unjustifiably, has been cast

on my re-acquisition of these materials, I will just state, with some particularity, of what they consist.

1. Several brochures and fragments of a Diary in my own handwriting, not at all regularly kept, and the earliest entry in which is 10th October, without the year, but unquestionably 1811.

2. Five other small brochures, containing partial transcripts, in long-hand, of Coleridge's first, second, sixth, and eighth lectures.

3. Several brochures, and parts of brochures, of my original short-hand notes, two of which (those of the ninth and twelfth lectures) were complete, but entirely untranscribed.

On turning out these papers from the upper drawer, where they must have been deposited for many years, I looked anxiously for the rest of the series of Lectures, but in vain, and to this day I have recovered no more. I announced the fact of my "find" to the editor of "Notes and Queries"—sent him a copy of the prospectus with the mistaken date of "1812," and subsequently furnished him with several short extracts from the Lectures themselves. In the meantime I had employed myself in collating my early transcripts with such of the original short-hand notes as I had recovered, and in transcribing the ninth and twelfth Lectures, which still remained in their original state. The early transcripts were not in the first person: they, as it were, narrated the observations and criticisms of Coleridge, with constant repetitions of "he said," "he remarked," "he quoted," &c. On the other hand, my original notes, taken down from the lips of the Lecturer, were, of course, in the first person,—“I beg you to observe,” “it is my opinion,” “we are struck,” &c. I there-

fore re-wrote the whole, comparing my recovered transcripts with my short-hand notes (where I had them) as I proceeded, and putting the earliest Lectures, as well as the latest, in the first instead of the third person; thus making them consistent with each other, and more conformable to the very words Coleridge had employed.

These are what are now offered to the reader. I cannot but be sensible of their many and great imperfections: they are, I am sure, full of omissions, owing in some degree to want of facility on my part; in a greater degree, perhaps, to a mistaken estimate of what it was, or was not, expedient to minute; and in no little proportion to the fact, that in some cases I relied upon my recollection to fill up chasms in my memoranda. A few defects may be attributed to the inconvenience of my position among other auditors (though the Lectures were not always very fully attended), and others to the plain fact, that I was not unfrequently so engrossed, and absorbed by the almost inspired look and manner of the speaker, that I was, for a time, incapable of performing the mechanical duty of writing. I present my notes merely as they are, doing, I know, great injustice to the man and to the subject, but at the same time preserving many criticisms, observations, and opinions, well worthy of attention from their truth, their eloquence, and their originality.

I wish I could say that any of them had been corrected, or even seen, by Coleridge; but, although I was often in his company afterwards, I never ventured to show him a single sentence I had written.

As a general rule I am strongly opposed to the publication of diaries, which usually contain observations and criticisms on

persons, events and books, made and offered in the confidence of private society: they never ought to be printed without great caution as regards the living, and great delicacy as regards the dead. It so happens that not one of the persons, whose names are introduced in my Diary, is now alive; and as all I print can do no other injury to their memories than what may arise from my inadequate narration, I may perhaps be permitted to make a few quotations in the words I find written with my own hand about five-and-forty years ago. I adopt this course, because I am anxious to preserve all that relates to Coleridge, and to some others, his near friends, into whose company I happened then to fall.

My first note in which Coleridge is mentioned bears date on the 13th October—as I presume 1811; but I am without any guide as to the year, beyond the fact that it appears to have been the 13th October, immediately preceding the 18th November, when Coleridge began his Lectures. My entries are the following:—

“*Sunday, 13th Oct.*—I mentioned, a few pages back, having been in company with Godwin for several hours, and not having heard him say a single word that I cared to remember.*

* This was the first time I had seen Godwin, but I often met him afterwards. He was a small man, with a large handsome bald head, and a sweet voice, which was seldom applied even to the purposes of conversation; he was generally silent in company, and when he did speak, it was to give vent, perhaps, to some commonplace remark. He was in another respect the very opposite of Coleridge: he was not always charitable in his estimate of what fell from others. His tone was sarcastic, and I fancied he found pleasure in the trips and stumbles that others made in society. He was not unfrequently at Lamb's chambers in Inner Temple Lane, but the whist-table absorbed his attention. There was something, to me, disagreeable in his laugh, because it seemed not produced by natural hilarity and cheerfulness. I may be wrong in my estimate of Godwin, but I give what struck me at the time.

Two or three months ago I was in Coleridge's company for the first time: I have seen him on various occasions since, to my great delight and surprise. I was delighted with his gentle manners and unaffected good humour, and especially with his kindness and considerateness for young people: I was surprised by the variety and extent of his knowledge, displayed and enlivened by so much natural eloquence. All he says is without effort, but not unfrequently with a sort of musical hum, and a catching of his breath at the end, and sometimes in the middle, of a sentence, enough to make a slight pause, but not so much as to interrupt the flow of his language. He never disdains to talk on the most familiar topics, if they seem pleasing to others.

“In a conversation at my father's, a little while since, he gave the following character of Falstaff, which I wrote down very soon after it was delivered.

“Falstaff was no coward, but pretended to be one merely for the sake of trying experiments on the credulity of mankind: he was a liar with the same object, and not because he loved falsehood for itself. He was a man of such pre-eminent abilities, as to give him a profound contempt for all those by whom he was usually surrounded, and to lead to a determination on his part, in spite of their fancied superiority, to make them his tools and dupes. He knew, however low he descended, that his own talents would raise him, and extricate him from any difficulty. While he was thought to be the greatest rogue, thief, and liar, he still had that about him which could render him not only respectable, but absolutely necessary to his companions. [It was in characters of complete moral depravity, but of first-rate wit and talents, that Shakespeare delighted;

and Coleridge instanced Richard the Third, Falstaff, and Iago.*]

“As Coleridge is a man of genius and knowledge, he seems glad of opportunities of display: being a good talker, he likes to get hold of a good listener: he admits it, and told us the anecdote of some very talkative Frenchman, who was introduced to a dumb lady, who, however, politely appeared to hear all her loquacious visitor said. When this visitor afterwards met the friend who had introduced him, he expressed his obligation to that friend for bringing him acquainted with so very agreeable and intelligent a woman, and was astonished and chagrined when he was told that she was dumb!

“Coleridge was recently asked his opinion as to the order in which Shakespeare had written his plays? His answer was to this effect, as well as I can remember:—that although Malone had collected a great many external particulars regarding the age of each play, they were all, in Coleridge’s mind, much less satisfactory than the knowledge to be obtained from internal evidence. If he were to adopt any theory upon the subject, it would rather be physiological and pathological than chronological. [There appeared to be three stages in Shakespeare’s genius; it did not seem as if in the outset he thought his ability of a dramatic kind, excepting perhaps as an actor, in which, like many others, he had been somewhat mistaken, though by no means so much as it was the custom to believe. †

* This character of Falstaff, extracted from my Diary, I sent to “Notes and Queries” of 8th July, 1854.

† I have a separate note of what Coleridge once said on the subject of the acting powers of Shakespeare, to which I can assign no date, but which I may appropriately add here: it is in these words:—

“It is my persuasion—indeed my firm conviction—so firm that nothing can

Hence his two poems, 'Venus and Adonis,' and 'Lucrece,' both of a narrative character, which must have been written very early: the first, at all events, must have been produced in the country, amid country scenes, sights and employments; but the last had more the air of a city, and of society.

"With regard to his dramas, they might easily be placed in groups. 'Titus Andronicus' would, in some sort, stand alone, because it was obviously intended to excite vulgar audiences by its scenes of blood and horror—to our ears shocking and disgusting. This was the fashion of plays in Shakespeare's youth; but the taste, if such indeed it were, soon disappeared, as it was sure to do with a man of his character of mind; and then followed, probably, that beautiful love-poem 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Love's Labour's Lost,' made up entirely of the same passion. These might be succeeded by 'All's Well that Ends Well,' not an agreeable story, but still full of love; and by 'As You Like It,' not Shakespeare's invention as to plot,

shake it—the rising of Shakespeare's spirit from the grave, modestly confessing his own deficiencies, could not alter my opinion—that Shakespeare, in the best sense of the word, was a very great actor; nothing can exceed the judgment he displays upon that subject. He may not have had the physical advantages of Burbage or Field; but they would never have become what they were without his most able and sagacious instructions; and what would either of them have been without Shakespeare's plays? Great dramatists make great actors. But looking at him merely as a performer, I am certain that he was greater as *Adam*, in 'As you Like it,' than Burbage, as *Hamlet*, or *Richard the Third*. Think of the scene between him and *Orlando*; and think again, that the actor of that part had to carry the author of that play in his arms! Think of having had Shakespeare in one's arms! It is worth having died two hundred years ago to have heard Shakespeare deliver a single line. He must have been a great actor."

Here the enthusiasm of the poet may be said to have overwhelmed the sobriety of the critic; for on Sunday, 13th October, Coleridge admitted that Shakespeare had been "somewhat mistaken" in his own powers as an actor.

but entirely his own as to dialogue, with all the vivacity of wit, and the elasticity of youth and animal spirits. No man, even in the middle period of life, he thought, could have produced it. 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Twelfth Night' hardly appeared to belong to the complete maturity of his genius: Shakespeare was then ripening his powers for such works as 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Cymbeline,' and 'Othello.' Coleridge professed that he could not yet make up his mind to assign a period to 'The Merchant of Venice,' to 'Much Ado about Nothing,' nor to 'Measure for Measure;' but he was convinced that 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'The Tempest,' and 'The Winter's Tale,' were late productions, —especially 'The Winter's Tale.' These belonged to the third group.

“When asked what he would do with the historical plays, he replied that he was much at a loss. Historical plays had been written and acted before Shakespeare took up those subjects; and there was no doubt whatever that his contributions to the three parts of Henry VI. were very small; indeed he doubted, in opposition to Malone, whether he had had anything to do with the first part of Henry VI.: if he had, it must have been extremely early in his career. 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.'—noble plays, and the finest specimens of their kind—must have preceded the two parts of 'Henry IV.:' and 'Henry VIII.' was decidedly a late play. Dramas of this description ought to be treated by themselves; they were neither tragedy nor comedy, and yet at times both. Though far from accurate as to events, in point of character they were the essential truth of history.

‘Let no man (said Coleridge) blame his son for learning history from Shakespeare.’*”

I felt that this last sentence was so very applicable to myself, that it will always be impressed upon my mind, and I never shall forget the peculiarly emphatic tone, and rich voice in which Coleridge delivered it. He continued in this strain :—

“He did not agree with some Germans (whom he had

* I have no note of my own of Coleridge’s fourth Lecture, but among my mother’s papers I met with a memorandum by her (she took the liveliest interest in literary people and literary questions, without the slightest tinge of blue-stockingism) which she had made after that Lecture, from which I learn, that in it Coleridge especially treated of the order in which Shakespeare had written his dramas. They there stand thus—

Love’s Labour’s Lost.	}	Youthful Plays.
Romeo and Juliet.		
All’s Well that Ends Well.	}	Manly Plays.
Midsummer Night’s Dream.		
As You Like It.	}	Mature Plays.
Twelfth Night.		
Measure for Measure.	}	Mature Plays.
Much Ado about Nothing.		
Merchant of Venice.	}	Mature Plays.
Troilus and Cressida.		
Cymbeline.	}	Mature Plays.
Macbeth.		
King Lear.	}	Mature Plays.
Hamlet.		
Othello.	}	Mature Plays.
Tempest.		
Winter’s Tale.	}	Mature Plays.

He proposed to speak of the historical dramas separately, but it is not stated in what order he meant to take them. We see above, that “As You Like it” he placed among the plays written in manhood, and there is no mention of “Titus Andronicus,” “The Two Gentlemen of Verona,” “Coriolanus,” “Timon of Athens,” “Julius Cæsar,” and some others. As above, Coleridge might not intend to enumerate all.

heard talk upon the subject) that Shakespeare had had much to do with the doubtful plays imputed to him in the third folio: on the contrary, he was sure that, if he had touched any of them, it was only very lightly and rarely. Being asked whether he included the 'Two Noble Kinsmen,' among the doubtful plays, he answered, 'Decidedly not: there is the clearest internal evidence that Shakespeare importantly aided Fletcher in the composition of it. Parts are most unlike Fletcher, yet most like Shakespeare, while other parts are most like Fletcher, and most unlike Shakespeare. The mad scenes of the Jailor's daughter are coarsely imitated from 'Hamlet': those were by Fletcher, and so very inferior, that I wonder how he could so far condescend. Shakespeare would never have imitated himself at all, much less so badly. There is no finer, or more characteristic dramatic writing than some scenes in 'The Two Noble Kinsmen.'"

The above is what I registered under the date of 13th October, but I find from my Diary that I was again in Coleridge's company at Charles Lamb's on the 16th October, and the next day I wrote as follows:—

"*Thursday, 17th Oct.*—Yesterday, at Lamb's, I met Coleridge again. I expected to see him there, and I made up my mind that I would remember as much as possible of what he said. I went into the apartment, where he and others were assembled, at 8, and before 9 my recollection was so burdened that I was obliged to leave the room for some time, that I might lighten the weight. However, I could not prevail upon myself to stay away long, and returned to the company with a resolution to take the matter more easily. Few others

talked, although Hazlitt, Lloyd,* Rickman,† Dyer,‡ and Burney,§ with Lamb and his sister; now and then interposed a remark, and gave Coleridge, as it were, a bottom to spin upon: they all seemed disposed to allow him sea-room enough, and he availed himself of it, and, spreading canvas, sailed away majestically. The following is the bare skeleton, and mere bone of what fell from him. He was speaking of Shakespeare when I entered the room:

“He said that Shakespeare was almost the only dramatic poet, who by his characters represented a class, and not an individual: other writers for the stage, and in other respects good ones too, had aimed their satire and ridicule at particular

* Charles Lloyd, the son of a banker at Birmingham. Lloyd and Lamb published a small volume in conjunction, and he was thus hitched into the Anti-Jacobin Review, under the poetical firm of “Lloyd, and Lamb and Co.” He was a tall man, with a large nose, and as far as quantity (I cannot speak of quality) was concerned, a small talker.

† Rickman at this time, I think, filled the office of Secretary to the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was an untalkative, but a very cheerful man, who delighted to hear others talk, when they talked well. He afterwards became one of the Clerks of the House, and before his death Chief Clerk. Lamb had, at first, rather an exaggerated opinion of his merits, as appears from his Letters.

‡ George Dyer, a most amiable man, of child-like simplicity of mind. He was afterwards the author of two volumes of poetry, and was a great favourite with Lamb and all his friends.

§ Martin Burney, son to Admiral Burney, who was constantly one of the party at Lamb's, but who said little, and played at cards a great deal. Martin Burney was very clever, especially at any matter of calculation, such as the odds at games of chance, &c. He was afterwards called to the bar; but he was idle and irresolute, and died some years ago. He had been one of the favourite pupils of the late Lord Truro, before he became a sergeant, and was most serviceable in looking up cases, for he had a very acute perception of legal distinctions and niceties. Martin Burney (whom I well knew for twenty or thirty years) was kind, benevolent, companionable, and generous, and thus usually kept himself poor. Latterly he lived chiefly upon an annuity bequeathed to him by (I believe) his aunt, Miss Burney, the author of ‘Cecilia,’ &c.

foibles and particular persons, while Shakespeare at one stroke lashed thousands: Shakespeare struck at a crowd; Jonson picked out an especial object for his attack. Coleridge drew a parallel between Shakespeare and a geometer: the latter, when tracing a circle, had his eye upon the centre as the important point, but included also in his vision a wide circumference; so Shakespeare, while his eye rested upon an individual character, always embraced a wide circumference of others, without diminishing the separate interest he intended to attach to the being he portrayed. Othello was a personage of this description; but all Shakespeare's chief characters possessed, in a greater or less degree, this claim to our admiration. He was not a mere painter of portraits, with the dress, features, and peculiarities of the sitter; but a painter of likenesses so true that, although nobody could perhaps say they knew the very person represented, all saw at once that it was faithful, and that it must be a likeness.

“Lamb led Coleridge on to speak of Beaumont and Fletcher: he highly extolled their comedies in many respects, especially for the vivacity of the dialogue, but he contended that their tragedies were liable to grave objections. They always proceeded upon something forced and unnatural; the reader never can reconcile the plot with probability, and sometimes not with possibility. One of their tragedies was founded upon this:—A lady expresses a wish to possess the heart of her lover, terms which that lover understands, all the way through, in a literal sense; and nothing can satisfy him but tearing out his heart, and having it presented to the heroine, in order to secure her affections, after he was past the enjoy-

ment of them. Their comedies, however, were much superior, and at times, and excepting in the generalisation of humour and application, almost rivalled those of Shakespeare.* The situations are sometimes so disgusting, and the language so indecent and immoral, that it is impossible to read the plays in private society. The difference in this respect between Shakespeare and Beaumont and Fletcher (speaking of them in their joint capacity) is, that Shakespeare always makes vice odious and virtue admirable, while Beaumont and Fletcher do the very reverse—they ridicule virtue and encourage vice: they pander to the lowest and basest passions of our nature.

“ Coleridge afterwards made some remarks upon more modern dramatists, and was especially severe upon Dryden, who could degrade his fine intellect, and debase his noble use of the English language in such plays as ‘All for Love,’ and ‘Sebastian,’ down to ‘Limberham,’ and ‘The Spanish Friar.’ He spoke also of Moore’s ‘Gamester,’ and applauded warmly the acting of Mrs. Siddons. He admitted that the situations were affecting, but maintained that the language of the tragedy was below criticism: it was about upon a par with ‘Kotzebue.’

* These observations I also sent to the Editor of “Notes and Queries,” July 8, 1854. The tragedy here referred to by Coleridge is “The Mad Lover;” and I quote the following brief account of this part of the plot from the Introduction to the last edition of Beaumont and Fletcher, by the Rev. A. Dyce, p. lx. :—
“Memnon, an old and victorious general, whose time has been wholly occupied in fighting, arrives at the court of his sovereign, the King of Paphos. Having never seen ‘a woman of great fashion,’ he falls desperately in love with the king’s sister, and, as soon as he beholds her, declares his passion and (publicly) asks her for a kiss. She, as might be expected, treats him with ridicule; upon which he goes stark mad, is with difficulty prevented from having his heart cut out that it may be sent to the princess, and does not recover his senses till the close of the play, when he determines that henceforth the war ‘shall be his mistress.’”

It was extremely natural for any one to shed tears at seeing a beautiful woman in the depths of anguish and despair, when she beheld her husband, who had ruined himself by gambling, dying of poison at the very moment he had come into a large fortune, which would have paid all his debts, and enabled him to live in affluence and happiness. 'This (said Coleridge) reminds one of the modern termination of "Romeo and Juliet,"—I mean the way in which Garrick, or somebody else, terminated it,—so that Juliet should revive before the death of Romeo, and just in time to be not in time, but to find that he had swallowed a mortal poison. I know that this conclusion is consistent with the old novel upon which the tragedy is founded, but a narrative is one thing and a drama another, and Shakespeare's judgment revolted at such situations on the stage. To be sure they produce tears, and so does a blunt razor shaving the upper lip.'

"From hence the conversation diverged to other topics; and Southey's 'Curse of Kehama' having been introduced by one of the company, Coleridge admitted that it was a poem of great talent and ingenuity. Being asked whether he could give it no higher praise? he answered, that it did the greatest credit to the abilities of Southey, but that there were two things in it utterly incompatible. From the nature of the story, it was absolutely necessary that the reader should imagine himself enjoying one of the wildest dreams of a poet's fancy; and at the same time it was required of him (which was impossible) that he should believe that the soul of the hero, such as he was depicted, was alive to all the feelings and sympathies of tenderness and affection. The reader was called upon to believe in the possibility of the existence of an almighty

man, who had extorted from heaven the power he possessed, and who was detestable for his crimes, and yet who should be capable of all the delicate sensibilities subsisting between parent and child, oppressed, injured, and punished. Such a being was not in human nature. The design and purpose were excellent, namely, to show the superiority of moral to physical power.

“He looked upon ‘The Curse of Kehama’ as a work of great talent, but not of much genius; and he drew the distinction between talent and genius by comparing the first to a watch and the last to an eye: both were beautiful, but one was only a piece of ingenious mechanism, while the other was a production above all art. Talent was a manufacture; genius a gift, that no labour nor study could supply: nobody could make an eye, but anybody, duly instructed, could make a watch. It was suggested by one of the company, that more credit was given to Southey for imagination in that poem than was due to him, since he had derived so much from the extravagances of Hindu mythology. Coleridge replied, that the story was the work of the poet, and that much of the mythology was his also: having invented his tale, Southey wanted to reconcile it with probability, according to some theory or other, and therefore resorted to oriental fiction. He had picked up his mythology from books, as it were by scraps, and had tacked and fitted them together with much skill, and with such additions as his wants and wishes dictated.” . . .

That these were Coleridge’s *ipsissima verba* I cannot, at this distance of time, state; but they are the *ipsissima verba* in my Diary; and although I could, of course, take no notes of what passed, I generally wrote down what I had heard, at latest,

on the morning after I heard it : so desirous was I of being correct that sometimes, instead of going to rest, I sat up late, and employed myself in putting down brief memoranda, to be extended when I made the entries in my journal.

“The conversation (my Diary continues) then turned upon Walter Scott, whose ‘Lady of the Lake’ has recently been published, and I own that there appeared on the part of Coleridge some disposition, if not to disparage, at least not to recognise the merits of Scott. He professed himself comparatively ignorant of Scott’s productions, and stated that ‘The Lady of the Lake’ had been lying upon his table for more than a month, and that he had only been able to get through two divisions of the poem, and had there found many grammatical blunders, and expressions that were not English on this side of the Tweed—nor, indeed, on the other. If (added he) I were called upon to form an opinion of Mr. Scott’s poetry, the first thing I should do would be to take away all his names of old castles, which rhyme very prettily, and read very picturesquely ; then, I would remove out of the poem all the old armour and weapons ; next I would exclude the mention of all nunneries, abbeys, and priories, and I should then see what would be the residuum—how much poetry would remain. At present, having read so little of what he has produced, I can form no competent opinion ; but I should then be able to ascertain what was the story or fable (for which I give him full credit, because, I dare say, it is very interesting), what degree of imagination was displayed in narrating it, and how far he was to be admired for propriety and felicity of expression. Of these, at present, others must judge, but I would rather have written one simile by Burns,

“ Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white, then gone for ever ”—

than all the poetry that his countryman Scott—as far as I am yet able to form an estimate—is likely to produce.”

“ Milton’s ‘ Samson Agonistes ’ being introduced as a topic, Coleridge said, with becoming emphasis, that it was the finest imitation of the ancient Greek drama that ever had been, or ever would be written. One of the company remarked that Steevens (the commentator on Shakespeare) had asserted that ‘ Samson Agonistes ’ was formed on the model of the ancient Mysteries, the origin of our English drama ; upon which Coleridge burst forth with unusual vehemence against Steevens, asserting that he was no more competent to appreciate Shakespeare and Milton, than to form an idea of the grandeur and glory of the seventh heavens. He would require (added Coleridge) a telescope of more than Herschellian power to enable him, with his contracted intellectual vision, to see half a quarter as far : the end of his nose is the utmost extent of that man’s ordinary sight, and even then he can not comprehend what he sees.”

So far my note relating to the 16th October, and written on the 17th of that month, but I find that Coleridge was at my father’s on the 20th of October, and I have various brief entries of what he said upon several common topics, such as dear and cheap law, military punishments, the state of Ireland, &c. He enlarged upon metaphysics, and expressed his low opinion of Locke, and his high estimate of the abilities, not of the doctrines, of Spinoza ; but as these are matters that I do not well understand now, and had no notion of then, I may be

excused for not quoting my imperfect representation. He was peculiarly eloquent (as my note states) on a point to which he was especially led by my father, it being Sunday—the being, benevolence, and attributes of the Creator. I put down what follows immediately after Coleridge went away.]

“*Sunday, 20th Oct.*—In religion Coleridge is an enthusiast, and maintains that it must be founded upon moral feeling, and not upon human reason: it must be built upon the passions and sensibilities, and not upon the understandings and intellectual faculties of mankind. Religion was not given to us for any such purpose as the exercise of reason. The moment you begin to reason, that moment you cease to be religious; and on this ground he denied that the Unitarians (to which class he avowed that he formerly belonged*) had any religion: they had only a theory. If any person asked him, why he believed in the existence of God, his answer was, because he ought to believe in it, and could not help believing in it; but he would not attempt, as many did, and had done, to prove the being of God. God proved his own existence, and he (Coleridge) gladly believed the evidence. He was strongly inclined to agree with Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medici*, that religion, in some respects, hardly required enough from our faith. Acknowledging the

* I did not then know, as I now do from various sources, as well as subsequently from the mouth of Coleridge himself, that he had actually, for a short time, officiated as the Unitarian minister at Shrewsbury. Hazlitt heard him preach there in 1798, having walked, I think, eight or ten miles for the purpose. Hazlitt's father was a minister of the same sect, and originally intended his son to follow his steps, but he took to art, and, that failing, to letters. His brother, John Hazlitt, was a miniature painter of some reputation, and in his day of considerable employment. William Hazlitt's best portrait was that of Charles Lamb in his Blue-coat dress: of his own face he could make nothing—nothing that satisfied himself or his friends.

existence and infinite benevolence of a Creator, he found every feeling of his heart, every pulse of his frame, and every atom in the outer world in harmony with the conviction, and all vibrating to it, like a well-tuned instrument of many strings. He believed in God, because it was inevitable: he would give no other reason, and would seek for no other reason; and he ended by quoting the famous saying of Lord Bacon—‘I had rather believe all the fables of the Legend, and of the Talmud, and of the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.’”*

In the course of the evening Coleridge among other things remarked, no doubt in a great degree fancifully, upon the singular manner in which the number *three* triumphed everywhere and in everything, not to mention irreverently the Trinity—the “three that bear witness in heaven.”

Three archangels—Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael.

Three states of being—in heaven, on earth, and in hell.

Three religions—natural, revealed, and idolatrous.

Three faiths in Europe—the Christian, the Jewish, and the Mahomedan.

Three great Prophets—Moses, Isaiah, and Christ.

Three lights of the physical world—the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Three natural elements—earth, air, and fire; water being, in fact, only air.

Three colours in nature—blue, yellow, and red; green being, in fact, only a mixture of blue and yellow.

Three great ancient empires—the Greek, the Roman, and the Assyrian.

* Essay xvi. edit. 1625, Of Atheism.

Three forms of government—despotic, republican, and mixed.

Three modern European empires—the Russian, the Austrian, and the French.

Three estates in England—King, Lords, and Commons.

Three Lumina Romanorum—Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny.

Three lumina of the Greeks—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

Three great ancient dramatists—Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

Three great modern dramatists—Shakespeare, Lopez de Vega, and Goethe.

Three great metaphysicians—Hobbes, Kant, and Hartley.

Three great philosophers—Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon.

Three great ancient historians—Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy.

Three styles of architecture—Classic, Gothic, and Moorish.

Three great epics—the Iliad, the Inferno, and Paradise

Lost.

Three great painters—Raphael, Titian, and Rubens.

Three great sculptors—Praxiteles, Thorwaldsen, and Flaxman.

Three great astronomers—Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton.

Three great satirical characters—by Dryden, Pope, and Churchill.

Three remarkable prose sentences—by Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton.

Three degrees of comparison, three numbers, three genders, &c. - 3 fruits, apples, pears, plums, 3 strikes, 1st, 2^d, 3^d

“All these, and some others, which I cannot remember, he enumerated off-hand, and on-hand, for he noted them in

Three illogicians - Samuel, Taylor, Coler

Three guesses!

succession upon his fingers. He was asked to name the three great satirical characters, and he mentioned either Dryden's Buckingham, or Shaftesbury, Pope's Addison, and Churchill's Fitzpatrick: the three prose sentences were by ✓ Raleigh at the close of his 'History of the World;' by Hooker in praise of Law, in his 'Ecclesiastical Polity;' and by Milton, on the value of good books, in his *Areopagitica*. ^{A good book is the life blood of a nation. The citizen's spirit is raised up on a life basis.}

They were not long, and he repeated them. "He told us that he liked the Odyssey, as a mere story, ^{life blood of a nation. The citizen's spirit is raised up on a life basis.} better than the Iliad: the Odyssey was the oldest, and the finest romance that had ever been written. He could not tolerate the French Telemachus, nor indeed anything that was French, excepting Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, which he had not read for many years. Boileau's *Lutrin* he had never read, but thought his satires pointed and spirited. He would hardly hear of Voltaire as dramatist, philosopher, historian, or novelist. Of the Italians he had the grandest opinion of Dante, but admitted that he was not himself sufficiently master of the language to form a proper estimate. He seemed to have little admiration for Ariosto, and perhaps less for Tasso, but I think he did not know much of them. He had the strongest liking for some of Boccaccio's tales, and spoke in praise of the old English translation of them. Shakespeare had been indebted to several.

"Chapman had translated Homer excellently in some parts, but he did not agree in Lamb's wholesale applause of the verse, and wished that the old poet had continued, as he had begun, in the ten-syllable heroic measure: it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope. Chapman had failed, where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to

write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman's was Greekified English,—it did not want vigour, or variety, but smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved: they were Homer writing English.”

I have no farther note of what passed on 20th October, nor do I know who was present besides Coleridge. He is the only speaker mentioned, and I dare say that he monopolised the attention of the rest of the company. Such does not seem to have been the case, when what follows passed, in which Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others, had a share of the conversation and the criticism. It appears to be only a part of my memorandum, without date or place, and begins abruptly. I apprehend that the scene must be laid in Lamb's rooms in the Temple, on one of the occasions when Wordsworth was in London, and when people came to meet him.

“Tasso's ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ and Spenser's obligations to Tasso were discussed, and Wordsworth pronounced the Twelfth Canto of the Second Book of the ‘Fairy Queen’ unrivalled in our own, or perhaps in any language, in spite of some pieces of description imitated from the great Italian poets. The allegory, he said, was miraculous and miraculously maintained, yet with the preservation of the liveliest interest in the impersonations of Sir Guyon and the Palmer, as the representatives of virtue and prudence. I collected, however, that Spenser was not in all respects a great favourite with Wordsworth, dealing, as he does so much, in description, and comparatively little in reflection. I may be mistaken, but this was my impression.

“Lamb mentioned the translation of Tasso by Fairfax, of which Wordsworth said he had no copy, and was not well

acquainted with it. Lamb gave it as his opinion, that it was the very best, yet the very worst translation in English; and, being asked for an explanation of his apparent paradox, he stammered a little, and then went on, pretty flowingly, to say that it was the best for the air of originality and ease, which marked many of the stanzas, and the worst, as far as he was able to judge, (and he had been told the same by competent Italians) for literalness, and want of adherence to the text. Nothing could be more wanton than Fairfax's deviations, excepting some of those in Sir John Harington's version of Ariosto, into which whole octaves had often been thrust without need or notice.

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succession upon his fingers. He was asked to name the three great satirical characters, and he mentioned either Dryden's Buckingham, or Shaftesbury, Pope's Addison, and Churchill's Fitzpatrick: the three prose sentences were by ✓ Raleigh at the close of his 'History of the World;' by Hooker in praise of Law, in his 'Ecclesiastical Polity;' and by Milton, on the value of good books, in his *Areopagitica*. ^{A good book is the life blood of a nation's spirit treasured up on justice.}

They were not long, and he repeated them. ^{life blood of a nation's spirit treasured up on justice.} "He told us that he liked the *Odyssey*, as a mere story, ^{a life blood} better than the *Iliad*: the *Odyssey* was the oldest, and the finest romance that had ever been written. He could not tolerate the French *Telemachus*, nor indeed anything that was French, excepting Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, which he had not read for many years. Boileau's *Lutrin* he had never read, but thought his satires pointed and spirited. He would hardly hear of Voltaire as dramatist, philosopher, historian, or novelist. Of the Italians he had the grandest opinion of Dante, but admitted that he was not himself sufficiently master of the language to form a proper estimate. He seemed to have little admiration for Ariosto, and perhaps less for Tasso, but I think he did not know much of them. He had the strongest liking for some of Boccaccio's tales, and spoke in praise of the old English translation of them. Shakespeare had been indebted to several.

"Chapman had translated Homer excellently in some parts, but he did not agree in Lamb's wholesale applause of the verse, and wished that the old poet had continued, as he had begun, in the ten-syllable heroic measure: it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope. Chapman had failed, where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to

write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman Greekified English,—it did not want vigour, or variety, or smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved: they were Homer writing English.” *

I have no farther note of what passed on 20th October, 1802, do I know who was present besides Coleridge. He is the speaker mentioned, and I dare say that he monopolised the attention of the rest of the company. Such does not seem to have been the case, when what follows passed, in 1801, when Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others, had a share in the conversation and the criticism. It appears to be only a part of my memorandum, without date or place, and I begin abruptly. I apprehend that the scene must be laid in Lamb's rooms in the Temple, on one of the occasions when Wordsworth was in London, and when people came to meet him.

“Tasso's ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ and Spenser's obligations to Tasso were discussed, and Wordsworth pronounced the Twelfth Canto of the Second Book of the ‘Fairy Queen’ unrivalled in our own, or perhaps in any language, in some pieces of description imitated from the great Italian poets. The allegory, he said, was miraculous and miraculously maintained, yet with the preservation of the liveliest interest in the impersonations of Sir Guyon and the Palmer, and their representatives of virtue and prudence. I collected, however, that Spenser was not in all respects a great favourite of Wordsworth, dealing, as he does so much, in description comparatively little in reflection. I may be mistaken, but this was my impression.

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on the morning after I heard it: so desirous was I of correct that sometimes, instead of going to rest, I sat up and employed myself in putting down brief memoranda, extended when I made the entries in my journal.

“The conversation (my Diary continues) then turned to Walter Scott, whose ‘Lady of the Lake’ has recently been published, and I own that there appeared on the part of Coleridge some disposition, if not to disparage, at least to not recognise the merits of Scott. He professed himself comparatively ignorant of Scott’s productions, and stated that ‘The Lady of the Lake’ had been lying upon his table more than a month, and that he had only been able to look through two divisions of the poem, and had there found several grammatical blunders, and expressions that were not English on this side of the Tweed—nor, indeed, on the other side (added he) I were called upon to form an opinion of Mr. Scott’s poetry, the first thing I should do would be to take away his names of old castles, which rhyme very prettily, and are very picturesquely; then, I would remove out of the poem the old armour and weapons; next I would exclude the mention of all nunneries, abbeys, and priories, and I should then see what would be the residuum—how much poetry would remain. At present, having read so little of what he has produced, I can form no competent opinion; but I should then be able to ascertain what was the story or fable upon which I give him full credit, because, I dare say, it is interesting), what degree of imagination was displayed in narrating it, and how far he was to be admired for propriety and felicity of expression. Of these, at present, others will judge, but I would rather have written one simile by Bur-

“ Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white, then gone for ever ”—

than all the poetry that his countryman Scott—as far as I am yet able to form an estimate—is likely to produce.”

“ Milton’s ‘ Samson Agonistes ’ being introduced as a topic, Coleridge said, with becoming emphasis, that it was the finest imitation of the ancient Greek drama that ever had been, or ever would be written. One of the company remarked that Steevens (the commentator on Shakespeare) had asserted that ‘ Samson Agonistes ’ was formed on the model of the ancient Mysteries, the origin of our English drama ; upon which Coleridge burst forth with unusual vehemence against Steevens, asserting that he was no more competent to appreciate Shakespeare and Milton, than to form an idea of the grandeur and glory of the seventh heavens. He would require (added Coleridge) a telescope of more than Herschellian power to enable him, with his contracted intellectual vision, to see half a quarter as far : the end of his nose is the utmost extent of that man’s ordinary sight, and even then he can not comprehend what he sees.”

So far my note relating to the 16th October, and written on the 17th of that month, but I find that Coleridge was at my father’s on the 20th of October, and I have various brief entries of what he said upon several common topics, such as dear and cheap law, military punishments, the state of Ireland, &c. He enlarged upon metaphysics, and expressed his low opinion of Locke, and his high estimate of the abilities, not of the doctrines, of Spinoza ; but as these are matters that I do not well understand now, and had no notion of then, I may be

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Three forms of government—despotic, republican, and mixed.

Three modern European empires—the Russian, the Austrian, and the French.

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? Three Lumina Romanorum—Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny.

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Three great ancient dramatists—Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

Three great modern dramatists—Shakespeare, Lopez de Vega, and Goethe.

? Three great metaphysicians—Hobbes, Kant, and Hartley.

Three great philosophers—Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon.

Three great ancient historians—Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy.

Three styles of architecture—Classic, Gothic, and Moorish.

Three great epics—the Iliad, the Inferno, and Paradise

• Lost.

Three great painters—Raphael, Titian, and Rubens.

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Three great astronomers—Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton.

Three great satirical characters—by Dryden, Pope, and Churchill.

Three remarkable prose sentences—by Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton.

Three degrees of comparison, three numbers, three genders, &c. — *ed. 1800. 1801. 1802. 1803. 1804. 1805. 1806. 1807. 1808. 1809. 1810. 1811. 1812. 1813. 1814. 1815. 1816. 1817. 1818. 1819. 1820. 1821. 1822. 1823. 1824. 1825. 1826. 1827. 1828. 1829. 1830. 1831. 1832. 1833. 1834. 1835. 1836. 1837. 1838. 1839. 1840. 1841. 1842. 1843. 1844. 1845. 1846. 1847. 1848. 1849. 1850. 1851. 1852. 1853. 1854. 1855. 1856. 1857. 1858. 1859. 1860. 1861. 1862. 1863. 1864. 1865. 1866. 1867. 1868. 1869. 1870. 1871. 1872. 1873. 1874. 1875. 1876. 1877. 1878. 1879. 1880. 1881. 1882. 1883. 1884. 1885. 1886. 1887. 1888. 1889. 1890. 1891. 1892. 1893. 1894. 1895. 1896. 1897. 1898. 1899. 1900. 1901. 1902. 1903. 1904. 1905. 1906. 1907. 1908. 1909. 1910. 1911. 1912. 1913. 1914. 1915. 1916. 1917. 1918. 1919. 1920. 1921. 1922. 1923. 1924. 1925. 1926. 1927. 1928. 1929. 1930. 1931. 1932. 1933. 1934. 1935. 1936. 1937. 1938. 1939. 1940. 1941. 1942. 1943. 1944. 1945. 1946. 1947. 1948. 1949. 1950. 1951. 1952. 1953. 1954. 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succession upon his fingers. He was asked to name the three great satirical characters, and he mentioned either Dryden's Buckingham, or Shaftesbury, Pope's Addison, and Churchill's Fitzpatrick: the three prose sentences were by Raleigh at the close of his 'History of the World;' by Hooker in praise of Law, in his 'Ecclesiastical Polity;' and by Milton, on the value of good books, in his *Areopagitica*. They were not long, and he repeated them.

"He told us that he liked the *Odyssey*, as a mere story, better than the *Iliad*: the *Odyssey* was the oldest, and the finest romance that had ever been written. He could not tolerate the French *Telemachus*, nor indeed anything that was French, excepting Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, which he had not read for many years. Boileau's *Lutrin* he had never read, but thought his satires pointed and spirited. He would hardly hear of Voltaire as dramatist, philosopher, historian, or novelist. Of the Italians he had the grandest opinion of Dante, but admitted that he was not himself sufficiently master of the language to form a proper estimate. He seemed to have little admiration for Ariosto, and perhaps less for Tasso, but I think he did not know much of them. He had the strongest liking for some of Boccaccio's tales, and spoke in praise of the old English translation of them. Shakespeare had been indebted to several.

"Chapman had translated Homer excellently in some parts, but he did not agree in Lamb's wholesale applause of the verse, and wished that the old poet had continued, as he had begun, in the ten-syllable heroic measure: it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope. Chapman had failed, where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to

A good book is a precious life blood of a nation's spirit treasured up on a life time.

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write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman's was Greekified English,—it did not want vigour, or variety, but smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved: they were Homer writing English.”

I have no farther note of what passed on 20th October, nor do I know who was present besides Coleridge. He is the only speaker mentioned, and I dare say that he monopolised the attention of the rest of the company. Such does not seem to have been the case, when what follows passed, in which Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others, had a share of the conversation and the criticism. It appears to be only a part of my memorandum, without date or place, and begins abruptly. I apprehend that the scene must be laid in Lamb's rooms in the Temple, on one of the occasions when Wordsworth was in London, and when people came to meet him.

“Tasso's ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ and Spenser's obligations to Tasso were discussed, and Wordsworth pronounced the Twelfth Canto of the Second Book of the ‘Fairy Queen’ unrivalled in our own, or perhaps in any language, in spite of some pieces of description imitated from the great Italian poets. The allegory, he said, was miraculous and miraculously maintained, yet with the preservation of the liveliest interest in the impersonations of Sir Guyon and the Palmer, as the representatives of virtue and prudence. I collected, however, that Spenser was not in all respects a great favourite with Wordsworth, dealing, as he does so much, in description, and comparatively little in reflection. I may be mistaken, but this was my impression.

“Lamb mentioned the translation of Tasso by Fairfax, of which Wordsworth said he had no copy, and was not well

acquainted with it. Lamb gave it as his opinion, that it was the very best, yet the very worst translation in English; and, being asked for an explanation of his apparent paradox, he stammered a little, and then went on, pretty flowingly, to say that it was the best for the air of originality and ease, which marked many of the stanzas, and the worst, as far as he was able to judge, (and he had been told the same by competent Italians) for literalness, and want of adherence to the text. Nothing could be more wanton than Fairfax's deviations, excepting some of those in Sir John Harington's version of Ariosto, into which whole octaves had often been thrust without need or notice.

"Aye, (interposed Hazlitt,) that is an evil arising out of original genius undertaking to do unoriginal work; and yet a mere versifier, a man who can string easy rhymes, and employ smooth epithets, is sure to sacrifice the spirit and power of the poet: it is then a transfusion of wine into water, and not of one wine into another, or of water into wine. It is like setting even a tolerable artist to copy after Raphael or Titian: every light and shade, every tone and tint, every form and turn may be closely followed, but still the result is only an unsatisfactory imitation. No painter's own repetitions are equal to his original pictures.

"Miss Lamb adverted to the amazing pains and polishing Fairfax had bestowed upon his work; and a copy of it was produced in which the first stanza, as first printed, and as afterwards altered, were both preserved, one having been pasted over the other. Not only so (said another of the company) but even this emendation did not satisfy Fairfax, for he changed his mind a third time, and had the whole of

the first leaf cancelled, in order to introduce a third reading of the first stanza. *

“Meanwhile Coleridge had been turning over the pages of the copy produced, and observed that in one place Fairfax had been quite as much indebted to Spenser as to Tasso, and read the subsequent stanzas from Book xvi., with that sort of musical intonation which he always vindicated and practised :—

‘The gently budding rose (quoth she) behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold
In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes,
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bower
Of many a lady late, and paramour.

‘So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e'er doth flourish more, but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither'd pale and wan.
O! gather then the rose while time thou has;
Short is the day, done when it scant began,
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou may'st
Loving be lov'd, embracing be embrac'd.’

“Nobody was prepared to say, from memory, how far the above was or was not a literal rendering of Tasso's original; but nobody doubted that it was very like Spenser, in the Canto

* Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of giving Wordsworth a copy of Fairfax's “Godfrey of Bulloigne,” as he entitles his translation, of the date of 1600, in which the whole of the first leaf had been reprinted, with several variations, in order that the translator's third attempt at an opening stanza might be inserted. Wordsworth thanked me in a letter, containing some criticisms, which I still have by me. What became of the book on the death of the poet I do not know, but I never saw another copy with this peculiarity.

which Wordsworth had not long before so warmly praised. Coleridge repeated, with a very little prompting, the following stanza from Book ii. c. 12, of the 'Fairy Queen,' for the purpose of proving how closely Fairfax had followed Spenser.

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
No more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.'

Cf. Herrick.
"Gather ye roses
while ye may."

"It was held, on all hands, sufficiently established, that Fairfax, in translating Tasso, must have had Spenser in his memory, if not in his eye; and it was contended by Hazlitt, that it would have been impossible for Fairfax to have done better: moreover, he insisted that in translating this part of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, he could not have acquitted himself at all adequately, without approaching so near Spenser as absolutely to tread upon his heels. "But, (added Lamb stuttering) he has not only trodden upon his heels, but upon his toes too: I hope he had neither kibes nor corns."

"Lamb, I think it was, remarked upon the circumstance that Spenser, in the last line of the stanza quoted, had not, as in many other instances, observed the cæsura in the closing Alexandrine, so that the line could not be read musically without dividing 'lovéd' into two syllables. It was Southey's opinion, somebody said, that the Alexandrine could never be written and read properly without that pause. Wordsworth

on the morning after I heard it: so desirous was I of being correct that sometimes, instead of going to rest, I sat up late, and employed myself in putting down brief memoranda, to be extended when I made the entries in my journal.

“The conversation (my Diary continues) then turned upon Walter Scott, whose ‘Lady of the Lake’ has recently been published, and I own that there appeared on the part of Coleridge some disposition, if not to disparage, at least not to recognise the merits of Scott. He professed himself comparatively ignorant of Scott’s productions, and stated that ‘The Lady of the Lake’ had been lying upon his table for more than a month, and that he had only been able to get through two divisions of the poem, and had there found many grammatical blunders, and expressions that were not English on this side of the Tweed—nor, indeed, on the other. If (added he) I were called upon to form an opinion of Mr. Scott’s poetry, the first thing I should do would be to take away all his names of old castles, which rhyme very prettily, and read very picturesquely; then, I would remove out of the poem all the old armour and weapons; next I would exclude the mention of all nunneries, abbeys, and priories, and I should then see what would be the residuum—how much poetry would remain. At present, having read so little of what he has produced, I can form no competent opinion; but I should then be able to ascertain what was the story or fable (for which I give him full credit, because, I dare say, it is very interesting), what degree of imagination was displayed in narrating it, and how far he was to be admired for propriety and felicity of expression. Of these, at present, others must judge, but I would rather have written one simile by Burns,

“Like snow that falls upon a river,
A moment white, then gone for ever”—

than all the poetry that his countryman Scott—as far as I am yet able to form an estimate—is likely to produce.”

“Milton’s ‘Samson Agonistes’ being introduced as a topic, Coleridge said, with becoming emphasis, that it was the finest imitation of the ancient Greek drama that ever had been, or ever would be written. One of the company remarked that Steevens (the commentator on Shakespeare) had asserted that ‘Samson Agonistes’ was formed on the model of the ancient Mysteries, the origin of our English drama; upon which Coleridge burst forth with unusual vehemence against Steevens, asserting that he was no more competent to appreciate Shakespeare and Milton, than to form an idea of the grandeur and glory of the seventh heavens. He would require (added Coleridge) a telescope of more than Herschellian power to enable him, with his contracted intellectual vision, to see half a quarter as far: the end of his nose is the utmost extent of that man’s ordinary sight, and even then he can not comprehend what he sees.”

So far my note relating to the 16th October, and written on the 17th of that month, but I find that Coleridge was at my father’s on the 20th of October, and I have various brief entries of what he said upon several common topics, such as dear and cheap law, military punishments, the state of Ireland, &c. He enlarged upon metaphysics, and expressed his low opinion of Locke, and his high estimate of the abilities, not of the doctrines, of Spinoza; but as these are matters that I do not well understand now, and had no notion of then, I may be

excused for not quoting my imperfect representation. He was peculiarly eloquent (as my note states) on a point to which he was especially led by my father, it being Sunday—the being, benevolence, and attributes of the Creator. I put down what follows immediately after Coleridge went away.

“*Sunday, 20th Oct.*—In religion Coleridge is an enthusiast, and maintains that it must be founded upon moral feeling, and not upon human reason: it must be built upon the passions and sensibilities, and not upon the understandings and intellectual faculties of mankind. Religion was not given to us for any such purpose as the exercise of reason. The moment you begin to reason, that moment you cease to be religious; and on this ground he denied that the Unitarians (to which class he avowed that he formerly belonged*) had any religion: they had only a theory. If any person asked him, why he believed in the existence of God, his answer was, because he ought to believe in it, and could not help believing in it; but he would not attempt, as many did, and had done, to prove the being of God. God proved his own existence, and he (Coleridge) gladly believed the evidence. He was strongly inclined to agree with Sir Thomas Brown, in his *Religio Medici*, that religion, in some respects, hardly required enough from our faith. Acknowledging the

* I did not then know, as I now do from various sources, as well as subsequently from the mouth of Coleridge himself, that he had actually, for a short time, officiated as the Unitarian minister at Shrewsbury. Hazlitt heard him preach there in 1798, having walked, I think, eight or ten miles for the purpose. Hazlitt's father was a minister of the same sect, and originally intended his son to follow his steps, but he took to art, and, that failing, to letters. His brother, John Hazlitt, was a miniature painter of some reputation, and in his day of considerable employment. William Hazlitt's best portrait was that of Charles Lamb in his Blue-coat dress: of his own face he could make nothing—nothing that satisfied himself or his friends.

existence and infinite benevolence of a Creator, he found every feeling of his heart, every pulse of his frame, and every atom in the outer world in harmony with the conviction, and all vibrating to it, like a well-tuned instrument of many strings. He believed in God, because it was inevitable: he would give no other reason, and would seek for no other reason; and he ended by quoting the famous saying of Lord Bacon—‘I had rather believe all the fables of the Legend, and of the Talmud, and of the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind.’”*

In the course of the evening Coleridge among other things remarked, no doubt in a great degree fancifully, upon the singular manner in which the number *three* triumphed everywhere and in everything, not to mention irreverently the Trinity—the “three that bear witness in heaven.”

Three archangels—Gabriel, Raphael, and Michael.

Three states of being—in heaven, on earth, and in hell.

Three religions—natural, revealed, and idolatrous.

Three faiths in Europe—the Christian, the Jewish, and the Mahomedan.

Three great Prophets—Moses, Isaiah, and Christ.

Three lights of the physical world—the sun, the moon, and the stars.

Three natural elements—earth, air, and fire; water being, in fact, only air.

Three colours in nature—blue, yellow, and red; green being, in fact, only a mixture of blue and yellow.

Three great ancient empires—the Greek, the Roman, and the Assyrian.

* Essay xvi. edit. 1625, Of Atheism.

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They were not long, and he repeated them. "He told us that he liked the *Odyssey*, as a mere story, better than the *Iliad*: the *Odyssey* was the oldest, and the finest romance that had ever been written. He could not tolerate the French *Telemachus*, nor indeed anything that was French, excepting Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, which he had not read for many years. Boileau's *Lutrin* he had never read, but thought his satires pointed and spirited. He would hardly hear of Voltaire as dramatist, philosopher, historian, or novelist. Of the Italians he had the grandest opinion of Dante, but admitted that he was not himself sufficiently master of the language to form a proper estimate. He seemed to have little admiration for Ariosto, and perhaps less for Tasso, but I think he did not know much of them. He had the strongest liking for some of Boccaccio's tales, and spoke in praise of the old English translation of them. Shakespeare had been indebted to several.

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That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth upfold
In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes,
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bower
Of many a lady late, and paramour.

‘So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e’er doth flourish more, but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither’d pale and wan.
O! gather then the rose while time thou has;
Short is the day, done when it scant began,
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou may’st
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‘ And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food;’

from a poem he had called ‘The Female Vagrant:’ here ‘tables’ must have a cæsura after the first syllable, if at all. I think he said that the poem was not yet printed, but I am not sure on that point.”*

My next note with a date is the 1st November, but without the day of the week, and perhaps it was the day of which I made my minute. Again I saw Coleridge, and again I was an attentive listener. He once more quoted his favourite simile from Burns, in order to establish the position, that one of the purposes and tests of true poetry was the employment of common objects in uncommon ways—the felicitous and novel use of images of daily occurrence. Everybody had seen snow falling upon a river, and vanishing instantly, but who had applied this result of ordinary experience with such novelty and beauty? My note goes on thus, under the date of—

“1st November.—‘Shakespeare,’ said Coleridge, ‘is full of these familiar images and illustrations: Milton has them too, but they do not occur so frequently, because his subject does not so naturally call for them. He is the truest poet who can apply to a new purpose the oldest occurrences, and most usual appearances: the justice of the images can then always be felt and appreciated.’

* According to the best of my present remembrance, for I have not the book at hand, it was one of the pieces originally inserted in the “Lyrical Ballads.”

“Adverting to his contemporaries, he told us that, of course, he knew nearly every line Southey had written, but he repeated that he was far from well read in Scott, whom he now said he personally liked, adding that he had just finished Campbell’s ‘Gertrude of Wyoming:’ though personally he did not much relish the author, he admitted that his poem contained very pretty stanzas. He disclaimed all envy: each of the three had met with more success than he should ever arrive at; but that success was quite as much owing to their faults as to their excellences. He did not generally like to speak of his contemporaries, but if he did speak of them, he must give his fair opinion, and that opinion was, that not one of the three—neither Southey, Scott, nor Campbell—would by their poetry survive much beyond the day when they lived and wrote. Their works seemed to him not to have the seeds of vitality, the real germs of long life. The two first were entertaining as tellers of stories in verse; but the last in his ‘Pleasures of Hope’ obviously had no fixed design, but when a thought (of course, not a very original one) came into his head, he put it down in couplets, and afterwards strung the *disjecta membra* (not *poetæ*) together. Some of the best things in it were borrowed: for instance, the line—

‘And Freedom shriek’d when Kosciusko fell’

was taken from a much ridiculed piece by Dennis, a pindaric on William III.,

‘Fair Liberty shriek’d out aloud, aloud Religion groan’d.’

It is the same production in which the following much-laughed-at specimen of bathos is found:

'Nor Alps nor Pyrenneans keep him out,
Nor fortified redoubt.'

Coleridge had little toleration for Campbell, and considered him, as far as he had gone, a mere verse-maker. Southey was, in some sort, like an elegant setter of jewels; the stones were not his own: he gave them all the advantage of his art—the charm of his workmanship (and that charm was great), but not their native brilliancy. Wordsworth was not popular, and never would be so, for this reason among others—that he was a better poet than the rest. Yet Wordsworth liked popularity, and would fain be popular, if he could.

“ ‘For my part (said Coleridge) I freely own that I have no title to the name of a poet, according to my own definition of poetry. (He did not state his definition.) Many years ago a small volume of verses came out with my name: it was not my doing, but Cottle offered me £20, when I much wanted it, for some short pieces I had written at Cambridge, and I sold the manuscripts to him, but I declare that I had no notion, at the time, that they were meant for publication; my poverty, and not my will, consented. Cottle paid my poverty, and I was dubbed poet, almost before I knew whether I was in Bristol or in London. I met people in the streets who congratulated me upon being a poet, and that was the first notice I had of my new rank and dignity. I was to have had £20 for what Cottle bought, but I never received more than £15, and for this paltry sum I was styled poet by the reviewers, who fell foul of me for what they termed my bombast and buckram. Nevertheless 500 copies were sold, and a new edition being called for, I pleaded guilty to the charge of inflation and grandiloquence. But now, only see the contrast!

Wordsworth has printed two poems of mine, but without my name, and again the reviewers have laid their claws upon me, and for what? Not for bombast and buckram — not for inflation and grandiloquence, but for mock simplicity; and now I am put down as the master of a school for the instruction of grown children in nursery rhymes.’”

It then appears from my Diary, under the same date, that Coleridge recited portions (only portions, for his memory did not serve him for the whole) of the celebrated satirical piece called “The Devil’s Walk.” I distinctly understood him to claim the composition of it, excepting in one or two places, where he had been assisted by Southey, and, I am pretty sure that he added, by Lamb. I only notice this point because in the course of my life I have heard “The Devil’s Walk” attributed to at least half-a-dozen other people, among others to Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, who, I believe, was not born at the time it was perpetrated. My journal proceeds in these terms:—

“6 November.—Some short time ago Coleridge lent me a manuscript copy of ‘Christabel.’ He told us that the earlier portion of it was written before he went to Germany; but it has, in some respects, a German air. I informed him that I had a manuscript of it already, made some years before by a lady of Salisbury; but he said that he had materially altered it in several places from his first draught, especially in the first part, and I borrowed his copy for the purpose of comparison. I showed him my copy, and he recognised the hand-writing.*

* It was that of Miss Stoddart, before she became Mrs. W. Hazlitt. It is accompanied by various other productions, by T. Campbell, Mr. D. Stewart, Archdeacon Wrangham, Crowe, Erskine, Holcroft, Anstey, C. Lamb, and others. The history of the book is a little curious. It was given to me by

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Three forms of government—despotic, republican, and mixed.

Three modern European empires—the Russian, the Austrian, and the French.

Three estates in England—King, Lords, and Commons.

? Three Lumina Romanorum—Cicero, Seneca, and Pliny.

? Three lumina of the Greeks—Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle.

Three great ancient dramatists—Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles.

Three great modern dramatists—Shakespeare, Lopez de Vega, and Goethe.

? Three great metaphysicians—Hobbes, Kant, and Hartley.

Three great philosophers—Plato, Aristotle, and Bacon.

Three great ancient historians—Herodotus, Thucydides, and Livy.

Three styles of architecture—Classic, Gothic, and Moorish.

Three great epics—the Iliad, the Inferno, and Paradise

• Lost.

Three great painters—Raphael, Titian, and Rubens.

? Three great sculptors—Praxiteles, Thorwaldsen, and Flaxman.

Three great astronomers—Copernicus, Galileo, and Newton.

Three great satirical characters—by Dryden, Pope, and Churchill.

Three remarkable prose sentences—by Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton.

Three degrees of comparison, three numbers, three genders, &c. - Samuel, Taylor, Coleridge

“ All these, and some others, which I cannot remember, he enumerated off-hand, and on-hand, for he noted them in

Three illogicians - Samuel, Taylor, Coleridge
Three guesses!

succession upon his fingers. He was asked to name the three great satirical characters, and he mentioned either Dryden's Buckingham, or Shaftesbury, Pope's Addison, and Churchill's Fitzpatrick: the three prose sentences were by Raleigh at the close of his 'History of the World;' by Hooker in praise of Law, in his 'Ecclesiastical Polity;' and by Milton, on the value of good books, in his *Areopagitica*. They were not long, and he repeated them.

"He told us that he liked the *Odyssey*, as a mere story, better than the *Iliad*: the *Odyssey* was the oldest, and the finest romance that had ever been written. He could not tolerate the French *Telemachus*, nor indeed anything that was French, excepting Gresset's *Vert-Vert*, which he had not read for many years. Boileau's *Lutrin* he had never read, but thought his satires pointed and spirited. He would hardly hear of Voltaire as dramatist, philosopher, historian, or novelist. Of the Italians he had the grandest opinion of Dante, but admitted that he was not himself sufficiently master of the language to form a proper estimate. He seemed to have little admiration for Ariosto, and perhaps less for Tasso, but I think he did not know much of them. He had the strongest liking for some of Boccaccio's tales, and spoke in praise of the old English translation of them. Shakespeare had been indebted to several.

"Chapman had translated Homer excellently in some parts, but he did not agree in Lamb's wholesale applause of the verse, and wished that the old poet had continued, as he had begun, in the ten-syllable heroic measure: it would have been more readable, and might have saved us from Pope. Chapman had failed, where he had not succeeded, by endeavouring to

A good book is a precious life blood of a nation's spirit to be stirred up on a life by a life.



write English as Homer had written Greek; Chapman's was Greekified English,—it did not want vigour, or variety, but smoothness and facility. Detached passages could not be improved: they were Homer writing English.”

I have no farther note of what passed on 20th October, nor do I know who was present besides Coleridge. He is the only speaker mentioned, and I dare say that he monopolised the attention of the rest of the company. Such does not seem to have been the case, when what follows passed, in which Wordsworth, Lamb, Hazlitt, and others, had a share of the conversation and the criticism. It appears to be only a part of my memorandum, without date or place, and begins abruptly. I apprehend that the scene must be laid in Lamb's rooms in the Temple, on one of the occasions when Wordsworth was in London, and when people came to meet him.

“Tasso's ‘Jerusalem Delivered’ and Spenser's obligations to Tasso were discussed, and Wordsworth pronounced the Twelfth Canto of the Second Book of the ‘Fairy Queen’ unrivalled in our own, or perhaps in any language, in spite of some pieces of description imitated from the great Italian poets. The allegory, he said, was miraculous and miraculously maintained, yet with the preservation of the liveliest interest in the impersonations of Sir Guyon and the Palmer, as the representatives of virtue and prudence. I collected, however, that Spenser was not in all respects a great favourite with Wordsworth, dealing, as he does so much, in description, and comparatively little in reflection. I may be mistaken, but this was my impression.

“Lamb mentioned the translation of Tasso by Fairfax, of which Wordsworth said he had no copy, and was not well

acquainted with it. Lamb gave it as his opinion, that it was the very best, yet the very worst translation in English; and, being asked for an explanation of his apparent paradox, he stammered a little, and then went on, pretty flowingly, to say that it was the best for the air of originality and ease, which marked many of the stanzas, and the worst, as far as he was able to judge, (and he had been told the same by competent Italians) for literalness, and want of adherence to the text. Nothing could be more wanton than Fairfax's deviations, excepting some of those in Sir John Harington's version of Ariosto, into which whole octaves had often been thrust without need or notice.

“Aye, (interposed Hazlitt,) that is an evil arising out of original genius undertaking to do unoriginal work; and yet a mere versifier, a man who can string easy rhymes, and employ smooth epithets, is sure to sacrifice the spirit and power of the poet: it is then a transfusion of wine into water, and not of one wine into another, or of water into wine. It is like setting even a tolerable artist to copy after Raphael or Titian: every light and shade, every tone and tint, every form and turn may be closely followed, but still the result is only an unsatisfactory imitation. No painter's own repetitions are equal to his original pictures.

“Miss Lamb adverted to the amazing pains and polishing Fairfax had bestowed upon his work; and a copy of it was produced in which the first stanza, as first printed, and as afterwards altered, were both preserved, one having been pasted over the other. Not only so (said another of the company) but even this emendation did not satisfy Fairfax, for he changed his mind a third time, and had the whole of

the first leaf cancelled, in order to introduce a third reading of the first stanza.*

“Meanwhile Coleridge had been turning over the pages of the copy produced, and observed that in one place Fairfax had been quite as much indebted to Spenser as to Tasso, and read the subsequent stanzas from Book xvi., with that sort of musical intonation which he always vindicated and practised :—

‘The gently budding rose (quoth she) behold,
That first scant peeping forth with virgin beams,
Half ope, half shut, her beauties doth unfold
In their dear leaves, and less seen fairer seems;
And after spreads them forth more broad and bold,
Then languisheth, and dies in last extremes,
Nor seems the same that decked bed and bower
Of many a lady late, and paramour.

‘So in the passing of a day doth pass
The bud and blossom of the life of man,
Nor e’er doth flourish more, but, like the grass
Cut down, becometh wither’d pale and wan.
O ! gather then the rose while time thou has ;
Short is the day, done when it scant began,
Gather the rose of love, while yet thou may’st
Loving be lov’d, embracing be embrac’d.’

“Nobody was prepared to say, from memory, how far the above was or was not a literal rendering of Tasso’s original ; but nobody doubted that it was very like Spenser, in the Canto

* Soon afterwards I had the pleasure of giving Wordsworth a copy of Fairfax’s “Godfrey of Bulloigne,” as he entitles his translation, of the date of 1600, in which the whole of the first leaf had been reprinted, with several variations, in order that the translator’s third attempt at an opening stanza might be inserted. Wordsworth thanked me in a letter, containing some criticisms, which I still have by me. What became of the book on the death of the poet I do not know, but I never saw another copy with this peculiarity.

which Wordsworth had not long before so warmly praised. Coleridge repeated, with a very little prompting, the following stanza from Book ii. c. 12, of the 'Fairy Queen,' for the purpose of proving how closely Fairfax had followed Spenser.

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Ne more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour.
Gather therefore the rose whilst yet is prime,
For soon comes age that will her pride deflower :
Gather the rose of love, whilst yet is time,
Whilst loving thou may'st loved be with equal crime.'

Cf. Merick.
"Gather ye roses
while ye may."

"It was held, on all hands, sufficiently established, that Fairfax, in translating Tasso, must have had Spenser in his memory, if not in his eye; and it was contended by Hazlitt, that it would have been impossible for Fairfax to have done better: moreover, he insisted that in translating this part of the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, he could not have acquitted himself at all adequately, without approaching so near Spenser as absolutely to tread upon his heels. "But, (added Lamb stuttering) he has not only trodden upon his heels, but upon his toes too: I hope he had neither kibes nor corns."

"Lamb, I think it was, remarked upon the circumstance that Spenser, in the last line of the stanza quoted, had not, as in many other instances, observed the cæsura in the closing Alexandrine, so that the line could not be read musically without dividing 'lovéd' into two syllables. It was Southey's opinion, somebody said, that the Alexandrine could never be written and read properly without that pause. Wordsworth

took the contrary side, and repeated several twelve-syllable lines of his own, where there could be no pause after the sixth syllable: I only remember one of his examples:—

‘And near a thousand tables pined, and wanted food;’

from a poem he had called ‘The Female Vagrant:’ here ‘tables’ must have a cæsura after the first syllable, if at all. I think he said that the poem was not yet printed, but I am not sure on that point.”*

My next note with a date is the 1st November, but without the day of the week, and perhaps it was the day of which I made my minute. Again I saw Coleridge, and again I was an attentive listener. He once more quoted his favourite simile from Burns, in order to establish the position, that one of the purposes and tests of true poetry was the employment of common objects in uncommon ways—the felicitous and novel use of images of daily occurrence. Everybody had seen snow falling upon a river, and vanishing instantly, but who had applied this result of ordinary experience with such novelty and beauty? My note goes on thus, under the date of—

“1st November.—‘Shakespeare,’ said Coleridge, ‘is full of these familiar images and illustrations: Milton has them too, but they do not occur so frequently, because his subject does not so naturally call for them. He is the truest poet who can apply to a new purpose the oldest occurrences, and most usual appearances: the justice of the images can then always be felt and appreciated.’

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“Adverting to his contemporaries, he told us that, of course, he knew nearly every line Southey had written, but he repeated that he was far from well read in Scott, whom he now said he personally liked, adding that he had just finished Campbell’s ‘Gertrude of Wyoming:’ though personally he did not much relish the author, he admitted that his poem contained very pretty stanzas. He disclaimed all envy: each of the three had met with more success than he should ever arrive at; but that success was quite as much owing to their faults as to their excellences. He did not generally like to speak of his contemporaries, but if he did speak of them, he must give his fair opinion, and that opinion was, that not one of the three—neither Southey, Scott, nor Campbell—would by their poetry survive much beyond the day when they lived and wrote. Their works seemed to him not to have the seeds of vitality, the real germs of long life. The two first were entertaining as tellers of stories in verse; but the last in his ‘Pleasures of Hope’ obviously had no fixed design, but when a thought (of course, not a very original one) came into his head, he put it down in couplets, and afterwards strung the *disjecta membra* (not *poetæ*) together. Some of the best things in it were borrowed: for instance, the line—

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I here note some of the recent alterations, which are generally for the better. The line in my copy, near the beginning,

‘The breezes they were still also,’

he has changed in his copy to

‘The breezes they were whispering low.’

probably he did not like ‘also’ for a rhyme.*

“Coleridge himself pointed out to me the subsequent blunder in my Salisbury copy, where the poet speaks of the ornaments in the hair of Christabel,

‘And the jewels were *tumbled* in her hair:’

W. Hazlitt soon after he married, and I had it in my possession for several years. One day he called upon me, and seeing it on my shelves, he asked me to return it to him, which I did; and he kept it till not very long before his death, when he again presented it to me. I was the more glad to receive it back, because in the mean time Hazlitt had used some of the blank leaves in it as a note-book, in which he took memoranda of the speeches of several public men, while he was in the pay of Perry of the “Morning Chronicle.” It contains, in Hazlitt’s writing, notes of speeches by Mr. Ponsonby, Mr. B. Bathurst, Sir H. Parnell, Mr. C. Wynn, Sir Robert Peel, Sir J. Newport, Lord Palmerston, Mr. Shaw, Mr. D. Brown, and others, upon various questions that came before the House of Commons. I have not ascertained the year. He afterwards wrote the theatrical criticisms in the “Morning Chronicle” for some time.

* He gave me a printed copy when *Christabel* first came out, I think in 1816: it had his autograph and a few words on the title-page, but I have in some unaccountable way lost it. I observe that this line

‘The breezes they were whispering low,

is altogether changed in Pickering’s edition of Coleridge’s *Poetical Works*, 1847, 12mo, vol. ii. p. 30, where it stands

‘The sighs she heav’d were soft and low;’

but sighs could hardly be otherwise than “soft and low.”

It ought to have been, as he had written it,

‘And the jewels* were tangled in her hair.’*

In my Salisbury MS., Geraldine is made to say,

‘Five ruffians seiz’d me yestermorn,’

and Coleridge substituted *warriors* for ‘ruffians.’ He has also improved the line,

‘For I have lain in fits, I wis,’

to this form,

‘For I have lain entranc’d, I wis.’

In my Salisbury MS. there is this passage:

‘Her lucky stars the lady blest,
And Christabel she sweetly said,
All our household are at rest,
Each one sleeping in his bed.’

In Coleridge’s copy it stands,

‘Her smiling stars the lady blest,
And thus bespake sweet Christabel:
All our household is at rest,
The hall as silent as a cell.’†

* Here again the printed copy of 1847 differs slightly from my Salisbury copy, and from that which Coleridge lent me: it runs,

‘The *gems entangled* in her hair.’

† In Pickering’s edition of 1847 the epithet to “stars” is neither “lucky” nor “smiling,” but *gracious*, so fastidious was Coleridge. In the next line, for “thus bespake,” we read “thus *spake on*,” and for “silent as a cell,” we have “silent as *the* cell.”

“ My Salisbury copy omits a very necessary line,

‘ And Christabel saw the lady’s eye,’

which Coleridge observed, and observed upon, saying that

‘ And nothing else she saw thereby’

had consequently no corresponding rhyme; besides, unless Christabel had seen ‘ the lady’s eye,’ it would be difficult to account for the subsequent state of the heroine’s mind. There is an alteration in the copy which Coleridge lent me, merely of an epithet, which I cannot approve: it is where Christabel says, in my Salisbury MS.,

‘ O, weary lady Geraldine,
I pray you drink this spicy wine.’

“ Wine, of old, was often spiced, but Coleridge, by his alteration, loses this touch of antiquity, and represents Geraldine as taking a cordial:

‘ I pray you drink this *cordial* wine.’

“ Then, in my Salisbury MS., follows a couplet, very much in the monthly-nurse style;

‘ Nay, drink it up; I pray you do:
Believe me, it will comfort you.’

“ These Coleridge has judiciously struck entirely out in his copy. In the same sick-room strain Geraldine is represented, in my Salisbury copy, as saying, after she has taken the ‘ spicy wine,’ ‘ I’m better now;’ but Coleridge discreetly amends the couplet thus:

'The lady wip'd her moist cold brow,
And faintly said, 'Tis over now.'

"These variations are only in the first part of the poem: the second part was written after a considerable interval, and there the differences, between my Salisbury copy and that which the author has placed in my hands, are insignificant; chiefly verbal: thus

'The vision foul of fear and pain,'

is made to run

'The vision of fear, the touch of pain.'

"Afterwards, for what in my Salisbury copy is

'The pang, the sight was past away,'

Coleridge writes

The touch, the sight had pass'd away.'

"Both copies end as follows:

'The aged knight Sir Leoline
Led forth the Lady Geraldine.'

The preceding is the whole of my memorandum regarding "Christabel," certainly the most popular of Coleridge's productions; and as nothing is said of any "Conclusion to Part II.," as it appears in Pickering's edition of 1847, I presume that it was not appended to the MS. lent to me by the author. Unquestionably, there is nothing of the kind in my Salisbury MS. I returned Coleridge's copy, probably the next time I saw him. }

I cannot pretend to explain it, but there has been some dislocation and derangement of my Diary about this period. The dates are sometimes not given at all; and here, after "Nov. 6," follows an entry of "Oct. 29th." During the many years when my MSS. were lost, they seem to have been subjected to much ill-treatment, and instead of regretting that they have been mangled, I ought perhaps to rejoice that any of them have been preserved. This remark especially applies to what follows, which occurs, as I said, under

"*29th October.*—Coleridge told us (though I fancy, from his indecision of character, that it may turn out a mere project—I hope not) that he means very soon to give a series of lectures at Coachmaker's Hall, mainly upon Poetry, with a view to erect some standard by which all writers of verse may be measured and ranked. He added, that many of his friends had advised him to take this step, and for his own part he was not at all unwilling to comply with their wishes. His lectures would, necessarily, embrace criticisms on Shakespeare, Milton, and all the chief and most popular poets of our language, from Chaucer, for whom he had great reverence, down to Campbell, for whom he had little admiration. He thought that something of the kind was much needed, in order to settle people's notions as to what was, or was not good poetry, and who was, or was not a good poet. He talked of carrying out this scheme next month.

"He mentioned, as indeed we knew, that last year he had delivered Lectures upon Poetry at the Royal Institution: for the first of the series he had prepared himself fully, and when it was over he received many high-flown, but frigid compliments, evidently, like his lecture, studied. For the second

lecture he had prepared himself less elaborately, and was much applauded. For the third lecture, and indeed for the remainder of the course, he made no preparation, and was liked better than ever, and vociferously and heartily cheered. The reason was obvious, for what came warm from the heart of the speaker, went warm to the heart of the hearer; and although the illustrations might not be so good, yet being extemporaneous, and often from objects immediately before the eyes, they made more impression, and seemed to have more aptitude.*

These promised lectures at Coachmaker's Hall, spoken of in the beginning of the preceding extract, were in fact delivered at the Scot's Corporation Hall, and began on the 18th Nov., 1811: notes of seven out of fifteen of them follow this Preface. If ever, by some remote chance, I recover the missing portions of my Diary—if they have not all been irrecoverably lost or destroyed—I shall find there various other notices respecting Coleridge and some of his friends, doubtless with the precise dates belonging to them. The few remaining memoranda of conversations in which he engaged are upon separate papers, and some of them are without day or year. The following is well worth preservation, and must have passed about the same period as the foregoing:—

* This paragraph I transmitted to "Notes and Queries," and it was printed in the number for July 1, 1854, but with an error as to the date, which should have been, as well as I can now ascertain, 29th Oct. and not 21st Oct. The mere day, however, is of little consequence; only, where I can, and for obvious reasons, I wish to speak by the card. There is a passage in Rogers' "Table Talk" (3rd edition, 1856, p. 208), which will remind the reader of what Coleridge observed more than forty years ago:—"Speaking of composition, Coleridge said most beautifully, 'What comes from the heart goes to the heart.'"

“We talked of dreams, the subject having been introduced by a recitation by Coleridge of some lines he had written many years ago upon the building of a Dream-palace by Kubla-Khan: he had founded it on a passage he had met with in an old book of travels. Lamb maintained that the most impressive dream he had ever read was Clarence’s, in ‘Richard III.,’ which was not now allowed to form part of the acted play. There was another famous dream in Shakespeare, that of Antigonus in the ‘Winter’s Tale,’ and all illustrated the line in Spenser’s ‘Fairy Queen,’ Book iv. c. 5:

‘The things which day most minds at night do most appear;’

the truth of which every body’s experience proved, and therefore every body at once acknowledged. Coleridge observed that there was something quite as true, near the same place in the poem, which was not unlikely to be passed over without remark, though founded upon the strictest and justest (his own superlative) observation of nature. It was where Scudamour lies down to sleep in the cave of Care, and is constantly annoyed and roused by the graduated hammers of the old smith’s men. He called for a copy of the F. Q., and, when it was brought, turned to the end of the Canto, where it is said that Scudamour at last, weary with his journey and his anxieties, fell asleep: Coleridge then read, with his peculiar intonation and swing of voice, the following stanza:—

‘With that the wicked carle, the master Smith,
A paire of red-hot iron tongs did take
Out of the burning cinders, and therewith
Under his side him nipp’d; that, forc’d to wake,
He felt his hart for very paine to quake,

And started up avenged for to be
On him, the which his quiet slomber brake :
Yet looking round about him none could see ;
Yet did the smart remain, though he himself did flee.'

“Having read this, Coleridge paused for a moment or two, and looked round with an inquiring eye, as much as to say, ‘Are you aware of what I refer to in this stanza?’ Nobody saying a word, he went on: ‘I mean this—that at night, and in sleep, cares are not only doubly burdensome, but some matters, that then seem to us sources of great anxiety, are not so in fact; and when we are thoroughly awake, and in possession of all our faculties, they really seem nothing, and we wonder at the influence they have had over us. So Scudamour, while under the power and delusion of sleep, seemed absolutely nipped to the soul by the red-hot pincers of Care, but opening his eyes and rousing himself, he found that he could see nothing that had inflicted the grievous pain upon him: there was no adequate cause for the increased mental suffering Scudamour had undergone.’

“The correctness of this piece of criticism was doubted, because in the last line it is said,

‘Yet did the smart remain, though he himself did flee.’

“Coleridge (who did not always answer objectors, but usually went forward with his own speculations) urged that although some smart might remain, it had not the same intensity:—that Scudamour had entered the cave in a state of mental suffering, and that what Spenser meant was, that sleep much enhanced and exaggerated that suffering; yet when Scudamour awoke, the cause of the increase was nowhere

to be found. The original source of sorrow was not removed, but the red-hot pincers were removed, and there seemed no good reason for thinking worse of matters, than at the time the knight had fallen asleep. Coleridge enlarged for some time upon the reasons why distressing circumstances always seem doubly afflicting at night, when the body is in a horizontal position: he contended that the effect originated in the brain, to which the blood circulated with greater force and rapidity than when the body was perpendicular.

“The name of Samuel Rogers having been mentioned, a question arose how far he was entitled to the rank of a poet, and to what rank as a poet? My father produced a copy of ‘The Pleasures of Memory,’ which its author had given to him many years ago, before the termination of their intimacy, which termination proceeded mainly on the ground that my father seconded the wishes of one of my mother’s sisters, that Rogers should not pay his addresses to her. At that date he was looking out for a wife, but, for reasons it is needless to assign, did not meet with encouragement. I was then much too young to know anything about the matter; but, though pecuniary affairs might have had something to do with the estrangement, I have been always told that the acquaintance ceased, because my father had taken very gentle measures to keep an unwelcome suitor at a distance. At an earlier period Rogers and my father were on such friendly terms, that when the latter went to Spain, a continual correspondence was kept up between them, one writing the news from Madrid, Seville, or Barcelona, and the other the intelligence public and private from London, where Rogers unwillingly remained, a clerk in his father’s banking-house. Some of these letters I have seen and read.

My father had known Rogers almost from boyhood, and stated that the love of poetry, and the desire to write it, were not of early growth in him: he was nearly thirty when 'The Pleasures of Memory' was published.

"Hazlitt contended that there was 'a finical finish' (his own words) about the lines, which made them read like the composition of a mature period; and he added his conviction that they were produced with much labour and toil, and afterwards polished with painful industry. Such was indisputably the fact; and it was generally declared that no free and flowing poet could write so neat and formal a hand: it was fit for a banker's clerk, who was afterwards to become a banker. Coleridge dwelt upon the harmony and sweetness of many of the couplets, and was willing to put the versification about on a par with Goldsmith's 'Traveller.' Hazlitt, on the other hand, protested against Rogers being reckoned a poet at all: he was a banker; he had been born a banker, bred a banker, and a banker he must remain; if he were a poet, he was certainly a poet *sui generis*. 'Aye, *sui generous* (stuttered Lamb, in his cheerful jocular way, looking at everything on the sunny and most agreeable side), Rogers is not like Catiline, *sui profusus*, any more than he is *alieni appetens*, but he is *sui generous*, and I believe that few deserving people make appeals to him in vain.' This characteristic joke put everybody into good humour, and it was voted, almost *nem. con.*, that Rogers was a poet in spite of his purse;—'by virtue of it,' added Hazlitt, and so the matter ended."

There are other particulars in my Diary, respecting Lord Byron (whose merits by the aid of the Edinburgh Review were then, I think, beginning to attract notice), Wordsworth, Crabbe,

Southey, Moore, and others ; but as it does not appear (and it would have appeared had such been the case) that Coleridge was present on any of these occasions, I refrain from giving them. The only exception I will make applies to indisputably the greatest name in the preceding enumeration—that of Wordsworth. The date under which I entered the following memorandum is 10th February, 1814, but it refers to an anterior period. It was probably on one of those pleasant occasions, when my father received friends to tea and supper—the supper being served in at about eleven o'clock. I remember that not very unfrequently Coleridge, Wordsworth, Lamb and others, met together at these times, and that there was a great deal of lively literary and anecdotic conversation. I wish I could recover some of the notes I made of what Coleridge told us, without any apparent reserve, of his early history ; but I fear that they are irrecoverably lost.* What follows must be taken as a mere fragment, relating solely to what seems to

* I remember to this day that he told us the story of his short gown at college, which had been clipped and torn away, bit by bit, by his fellow-students. One day, meeting a proctor, that officer asked him, "Mr. Coleridge, when do you mean to part with that gown?" Coleridge was a little proud of his ready reply—That it was an old friend ; he was parting with it by degrees, and feared that, by the ill offices of others, the separation would soon be complete and final. He also gave us an account of what passed at Frenn's trial, at Cambridge, when a one-armed man had nearly suffered for clapping his hands, an offence which Coleridge had committed. According to my recollection, Coleridge was guilty of no duplicity, but the proctor of an unlucky blunder. He was not fond of alluding to his exploit of enlistment in the cavalry, under the name of Comberbach ; but I heard him once mention it, with an allusion to the appropriateness of his pseudo-nome, considering that he never could be taught to ride : as far as the horse was concerned, he was always a *cumberback*. On more than one occasion he adverted to the wild scheme of Southey, Lovel, and himself, with their three sister-wives, settling, I think, on the banks of the Chesapeake. To a late period of life, I believe, Coleridge maintained not only the feasibility, but the reasonableness of the plan in many respects.

have passed on one occasion between Wordsworth and myself. I was generally, of course, only a listener, but in this instance I appear to have stepped forward, and to have put questions to Wordsworth, for the sake of his answers.

“10 *February*, 1814.—Some time ago I asked Wordsworth which of his own poems he liked best? He gave me no other answer than another question—which I liked best? I instantly repented that I had ventured out of my depth, but his manner was kind and encouraging to a young beginner in criticism. I soon perceived that I made a rather unfortunate reply: I had recently been reading his “*Female Vagrant*,” and, without saying, or indeed meaning, that I liked that best, I mentioned, it as a production that had given me great pleasure. He replied that he was sorry for it (supposing that I intended to praise it above all his other productions) for it was one upon which he set comparatively small value: it was addressed to coarse sympathies, and had little or no imagination about it, nor invention as to story. I explained that I did not mean to say that I liked it best, but that I liked it well, and that I should have been very glad indeed to have written it. ‘That may be,’ continued he, smiling, ‘but it is one of my worst poems, nevertheless—merely descriptive, although the description is accurate enough.’* ”

“I told him that I was extremely fond of the Spenserian stanza in which it is written, and he admitted that it was the best form of stanza in our language; but he seemed to think

* Wordsworth, at one time, thought so ill of the “*Female Vagrant*” that, excepting one or two stanzas, he absolutely excluded it from some of the editions of his poems. He has, however, since restored it to its place. See edit. 1836, vol. i. p. 97.

any set form comparatively bad, and that nothing, especially for a poem of any continuance, was equal to blank verse. I mentioned Dryden's opinion, that a poet was sometimes indebted to rhyme for a thought; but Wordsworth did not accord with the notion, and observed, 'I am rather disposed to pity the poet who is so barren of thoughts, that he is obliged to owe them to the accidental recurrence of the same sound.' He believed that Dryden had not done himself justice by the observation; for, though he was not a great poet, in the sense of invention and imagination, his thoughts were not unfrequently new and noble, and his language, in point of strength, fulness, and idiomatic freedom, incomparable.

"Still I pressed him as to which of his own poems he liked best, but I could not obtain any satisfactory answer, beyond his saying that he liked many of them best, according to the class and character of each—each in its separate department. He laid it down, that Dryden was the finest writer of couplets, Spenser of stanzas, and Milton of blank verse; yet Pope was a more finished and polished versifier than Dryden, and some of Thomson's stanzas in the 'Castle of Indolence' were quite equal to Spenser. He was strong in his admiration of Dyer's 'Fleece,' a poem I had not read; and I was rather surprised to hear him speak so well of the earlier portion of Beattie's 'Minstrel,' not so much for originality of thought, as for the skilful manner in which he had employed the nine-line stanza. Wordsworth seemed to be endeavouring to direct my taste towards the best models in our language.

"He afterwards spoke of his own poem, 'The Cuckoo,' with such warm praise as to make it evident to me that, if he did

not consider it his best of its kind, it was a favourite with him, especially the opening :

“O, blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo ! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice ?”

“Everybody must admit the justice of the thought; and Wordsworth added, that the merit did not so much consist in that thought, which must be familiar to all, but in the power of recording what struck all as true, but what had never before been remarked upon; the Cuckoo was always heard, but never seen, and therefore poetically termed ‘a wandering voice.’* I mentioned that I had several times seen the cuckoo, but Wordsworth observed that that made no difference as to the general accuracy. It was hinted that the same might be said of the owl: as the cuckoo was heard and never seen in the day, so the owl was heard and never seen in the night. Wordsworth seemed to think this remark hypercritical, but was willing to admit that it was, to a certain extent, true of the owl: it was also a voice, but not ‘a wandering voice,’ since, when it hooted at night, it was invariably stationary.”

Such is my memorandum of a matter then of tolerably recent occurrence, and to this day I have a grateful recollection of the patience, I may almost say indulgence, with which

* See the Preface to the edit. of Wordsworth's Poems, 6 vols. 12mo, 1836, i. p. xvi., where the poet quotes two of the lines I have above extracted, and remarks upon them that “this concise interrogation characterizes the seeming ubiquity of the voice of the cuckoo, and dispossesses the creature almost of corporeal existence.”

the great poet listened to me, then a young man, and, I must own, not by any means an unqualified admirer of his poetry. Coleridge by his—(powers of conversation I cannot properly call them, but)—powers of speech, and a wonderfully attractive delivery,* had so taken possession of my mind, both as a poet and a critic, that Wordsworth had only a secondary place. I have since learned to estimate the last more justly. I then liked him, not so much for what he had written, (the hyper-simplicity of which is even now not thoroughly relished by me) as for the admiration I had always heard Coleridge express of him. Long after the "Lyrical Ballads" were published, I was much more in love with the two pieces by Coleridge, than with any other part of the production. I believe I am so still.

I had not seen Wordsworth before Coleridge had delivered his Lectures of 1811-12; but afterwards I met him rather frequently, and I cannot say, as others have said in my company, that I was ever weary of listening to him, when (as he usually did) he talked about his own poetry. Whenever he was in town, I did what I could to get into his society, and by the date that Coleridge delivered his course of Lectures in 1818, I was upon pretty easy terms with him; but he was not a man with whom one could ever be as familiar and hilarious as

* I always thought his mouth beautiful: the lips were full, and a little drawn down at the corners, and when he was speaking the attention (at least my attention) was quite as much directed to his mouth as to his eyes, the expression of it was so eloquent. In the energy of talking, "the rose-leaves" were at times "a little bedewed," but his words seemed to flow the easier for the additional lubricity. I did not especially admire Coleridge's "large grey eyes," for, now and then, they assumed a dead, dull look, almost as if he were not seeing out of them; and I doubt if external objects made much impression upon his sight, when he was animated in discourse.

with Charles Lamb. It was during Coleridge's Lectures in 1818 that I only took scattered and unconnected memoranda of particular passages, some of which I applied to my purpose in the "Introductions" to different plays by Shakespeare, as published in 1843 and 1844. Near the end of 1817, as well as I can recollect, for the note has no date beyond the day of the week, Wordsworth had written to me, stating that Coleridge was suffering under considerable mental depression (owing in part to the way in which his "Lay Sermons" had been treated by the Reviews, and received by the public), and asking me to lend him what aid I could, from the trifling interest I possessed with the periodical press, in giving publicity to his intention to deliver another course of lectures upon Poets and Poetry. It was in these terms:—

"Wednesday.

"MY DEAR SIR,

"Coleridge, to whom all but certain reviewers wish well, intends to try the effect of another course of Lectures in London on Poetry generally, and on Shakespeare's Poetry particularly. He gained some money and reputation by his last effort of the kind, which was, indeed, to him no effort, since his thoughts as well as his words flow spontaneously. He talks as a bird sings, as if he could not help it: it is his nature. He is now far from well in body or spirits: the former is suffering from various causes, and the latter from depression. No man ever deserved to have fewer enemies, yet, as he thinks and says, no man has more, or more virulent. You have long been among his friends; and as far as you can go, you will no doubt prove it on this as on other occasions.

We are all anxious on his account. He means to call upon you himself, or write from Highgate, where he now is.

“Yours sincerely,

“W. WORDSWORTH.”

On the same subject Charles Lamb sent me the following: in the preceding month he and his sister had removed from the Temple to the corner of Bow Street and Russell Street, Covent Garden, which Lamb humorously styled, as indeed in some sense it is, “The Garden of England.”

“*The Garden of England, 10th Decr.*”

“DEAR J. P. C.

“I know how zealously you feel for our friend S. T. Coleridge, and I know that you and your family attended his Lectures four or five years ago. He is in bad health, and worse mind, and unless something is done to lighten his heart, he will soon be reduced to his extremities; and even these are not in the best condition. I am sure that you will do for him what you can, but at present he seems in a mood to do for himself. He projects a new course, not of physic, nor of metaphysic, nor a new course of life; but a new course of lectures on Shakespeare and Poetry. There is no man better qualified (always excepting number one) but I am pre-engaged for a series of dissertations on India and India-pendence, to be completed at the expense of the Company, in I know not (yet) how many vols. foolscap foolio. I am busy getting up my Hindu mythology, and for the purpose I am once more enduring Southey’s curse (of Kehama). To be serious, Coleridge’s state and affairs make me so; and there are particular

reasons just now (and have been any time for the last twenty years) why he should succeed. He will do so, with a little encouragement. I have not seen him lately, and he does not know that I am writing.

“Yours (for Coleridge’s sake) in haste,

“C. LAMB.”

With Coleridge himself, in consequence of my marriage and other circumstances, I had not had much intercourse of late; but, at the proper time, I applied for a ticket, and he sent me one which was a mere printed card, neither signed nor sealed. I did not return it, for I have it still; but, on being informed of his blunder, he forwarded another card, duly authenticated, and enclosed it in a copy of his Prospectus, on the margins and vacant spaces of which he wrote the following note. It contains some interesting particulars regarding his contribution to the Encyclopædia, then in a course of publication, and I subjoin it as a small addition to his literary biography; it had no date of day or place. It must have come from Highgate.

“DEAR SIR,

“If you knew but half the perplexities with which (thank God! as one sinned against, not sinning) I have been thorned and embrangled, you would rather wonder that I retained any presence of mind at all, than that I should have blundered in sending you an unsigned, unsealed ticket.

“Precious fellows, these gentry, the Reverend C * * * * and his comrades are! Contrary to the most solemn promise made in the presence of Mr. G * * * * and Dr. C * * * *, they have sent into the world an Essay which cost me four

months' incessant labour, and which I valued more than all my other prose writings taken collectively, so bedeviled, so interpolated and topsy-turvied—so utterly unlike my principles, or, from endless contradictions, any principles at all, that it would be hard to decide, whether it is, in its present state, more discreditable to me as a man of letters, or dishonourable to me as an honest man; and, on my demanding my MSS. (C * * * * knowing, after his engagement, I had destroyed my fragmentary foul copies), I received the modest reply, that they had purchased the goods, and should do what they liked with them.

“ I shudder, in my present state of health and spirits, at any controversy with men like them; and yet shall, I fear, be compelled by common honesty, to dissolve all connection with the *Encyclopædia*, which is, throughout, a breach of promise compared with my *Prospectus*, even as they themselves published it.

“ Your obliged,

“ J. PAYNE COLLIER, Esq.

S. T. COLERIDGE.”

Having obtained my ticket, duly signed and sealed, I attended the course, and I am glad to say that Coleridge went through his undertaking, so as not only to increase his popularity, but to put something in his purse, at that date, I apprehend, at rather a low ebb.

Not being aware that the *Prospectus* of the Lectures of 1818 (they were to begin on the 27th Jan., and end on the 13th March) had been printed by Mr. Gillman in his *Life of Coleridge*, I sent a manuscript copy of it to “*Notes and Queries*” of 8th July, 1854; but, in printing it in that

excellent and useful periodical, the word *scientific* was substituted for "specific."* I do not believe that I miswrote it, because I know myself accurate, and because it is much more easy for a compositor to misread a word in manuscript, than for a copyist to misread a word in print. Besides, the same compositor did misread "thorned" in Coleridge's note to me, and printed it *burthened*; and if he could commit the last blunder, the first would be much more probable.

If the manuscript of my article in "Notes and Queries" had been preserved, we should have seen at once who was in fault; and I should never have dreamed of noticing such a trifle, if, as my affidavit shows, it had not been made a ground of charge against me in "Literary Cookery," almost in so many words, that I had (without the slightest motive, be it observed) garbled the text of Coleridge's Prospectus.

Here we arrive at the farther, and not less malicious, imputation against me, contained in the same anonymous tract (which, as far as I was personally concerned, should never have received the slightest notice from me) that in a similar manner I had garbled the text of Shakespeare, and had then founded upon it a volume of "Notes and

* The word is properly printed "specific" in Gillman's "Life of Coleridge." I have before stated that I never looked into that work, until very recently, when my attention was directed to it by the libellous attack on me: even now, I have not read ten pages of it consecutively; but to show how very easy it is for a compositor to fall into gross errors, even when employed by the best typographers of our day, I may refer to p. 264, where "conversation" has been allowed to stand for *observation*; to p. 282, where "dogged version" is used for "*doggre*l version;" and to p. 303, where "the Tasso of antiquity" is printed for "the *Torso* of antiquity." It is not so extraordinary to discover such blunders, as it is absurd to perpetuate them in reprint after reprint (as in the case of Shakespeare and many other dramatists), and not only so, but absolutely to justify them, as if they could have been the language of the writer.

Emendations." Those "Notes and Emendations" are before the world in two separate editions; but as the whole of the alterations and corrections were not included, and as those interested in such matters are anxious to see the entire body in the shortest form, I have appended them to the present volume in one column, while in the opposite column I have placed the old, or the received text. Thus a comparison may be made in an instant, as to the particular letters, syllables, words, or lines, in which changes have been introduced; but it would be doing those changes obvious injustice, if they were to be considered and decided upon, without reference to the context of nearly every passage to which a "note or emendation" applies. Therefore, while I furnish the means of comparing the old with the new text, I have a right to protest against the formation of any final judgment, without the assistance of what precedes, and what follows the brief extract I have supplied, which always contains the fewest possible words, in order that the whole might be brought within a reasonable compass. That context is to be ascertained directly from the one volume Shakespeare which I edited in 1853, which comprises (with a few avowed exceptions) the entire body of such emendations as were deemed at all worthy of notice or preservation.

My volume of "Notes and Emendations" has now been the subject of discussion among critics, abroad and at home, for several years: nobody disputes, nobody can dispute, the high value of many of them. I am not about to attempt to prove what everybody acknowledges: I have abundant testimony in their favour, not merely in private letters—not merely in printed pamphlets; but absolutely in an edition of the plays of Shakespeare, put forth by a gentleman who, in the outset,

loudly, and to say the least of it, in no measured terms, protested against their adoption. The libel of which I complained was only the following up of the same system of personal attack, with additional features of malignity, and a base shrinking from responsibility, of which I entirely acquit Mr. Singer. But even this very antagonist, who denounced most, if not all, of the corrections as undeserving a moment's consideration, as vulgar, stupid, imbecile, ignorant, spurious, with a thousand other derogatory epithets, has been compelled to print in the text of his new edition of Shakespeare the very words which, in the inconsiderateness of his animosity, he utterly rejected. The indisputable excellence of the emendations has forced itself upon his adoption, in spite of his utmost exertions to resist it:—

“What the repining enemy commends,
That breath fame blows, that praise, soul-pure, transcends.”

What Mr. Singer once rejected as inadmissible, now stands, in various instances, by his own confession, to all time, the undoubted text of our great dramatist.

I am not about to fatigue the reader with proofs; a single example shall suffice, and that from the comedy which has first opened to my hand—“*Love's Labour's Lost*.” From this drama alone I might select various other instances, where the text of the corrected folio, 1632, is accepted, but I confine myself to one. It occurs in Act V., Scene 2, where the Princess has just received news of the death of her father: when the King addresses himself to her, she replies, as the text has stood from the year 1598 to our own day,—

“I understand you not: my griefs are double.”

Those who take the pains to refer to Mr. Singer's pamphlet against me and my folio 1632, will see with what scorn and ridicule he treats the proposed emendation, which properly shows that the Princess did not understand the King, because, naturally enough, her griefs had deadened her faculties ;

"I understand you not : my griefs are *dull*."

According to Mr. Singer nothing could be more absurd than the substitution of "dull" for *double*, which I advocated mainly on the ground that the scribe or compositor had misheard the right word, and had written or printed the wrong one. Mr. Singer had some theory of his own about griefs seeing "double," (as if, perhaps, we were to suppose that the Princess was intoxicated by her own tears,) and therefore he condemned the correction in my folio 1632 as not only uncalled-for, but inadmissible. What is the result? That he has adopted into his text the very word he had expunged with indignant disdain, and the line now actually stands thus printed in his edition of 1856, Vol. II., p. 312 :—

"I understand you not : my griefs are *dull*."

So much for this editor's horror at the proposed innovation. Moreover, it deserves remark that this emendation, of "dull" for *double*, in Mr. Singer's edition of Shakespeare is, if I mistake not, upon a cancel; as though he had actually destroyed the leaf on which his own favourite notion was printed, in order to insert the scouted emendation of the old corrector of the folio 1632. This must have been a work of great pain and mortification, but it is only what Mr. Singer has had to endure, and to thank himself for, in many other places, and

the poignancy of the operation must have been increased by the note which he felt himself, under the circumstances, cruelly compelled to insert, acknowledging the source from whence the true text was derived.*

Not unfrequently Mr. Singer has carefully avoided inflicting upon himself this additional pang, and we can hardly blame him; but still it would have been fairer usage to the old annotator, if he could always have brought himself to acknowledge the origin of the improvements he introduces: if he could not have prevailed upon himself, openly and avowedly, to admit that he was indebted to Mr. Collier's folio 1692, he might still have "whisper'd whence he stole" what undoubtedly is the great recommendation of his edition.

The person really injured in cases of this kind has been dead and gone for a century or two, and all I can complain of is that Mr. Singer has both used and misused the materials I was the first to supply. Now and then it is somewhat laughable to observe the manœuvres to which he resorts, for the sake of saving himself from the distressing dilemma of admitting that the discovery of an important and necessary change is not his own. Here again a single instance is all I can find space for, or the reader patience for: it is from the same play, where Armado wishes to send Costard on an errand, and Moth, the page, remarks, as the text has always hitherto been given:—

"A message well sympathised; a horse to be ambassador for an ass."

Here, it is self-evident that "message" must be wrong,

* It will be seen, however, that he observes a dead silence about his former declaration against what he finally took into such favour.

because Costard was not to be the "message" but the *messenger*: therefore, the old corrector of the folio 1632 altered the passage to

"A *messenger* well sympathised," &c.

Mr. Singer saw that he could not avoid some emendation, but instead of converting the misprint "message" into *messenger*, (because, if he had done so, he must have taken it from my folio 1632,) without a single word of information that he has committed this violence on the text of our great dramatist, he changes "message" into *messenger*, which is not only a word Shakespeare never uses (though he has *messenger* in a hundred places) but it is a word, of the employment of which, since the days of Robert of Gloucester and Gower, our best lexicographers have produced no instance. Todd, in his edition of Johnson, does not even include *messenger*, as an English word: at all events, it has not been an English word for the last five hundred years, and yet Mr. Singer foists it upon Shakespeare, without a syllable to avow, or to excuse the unpardonable liberty.

Such is one of the hard shifts to which he has been driven, in order to shun the perpetually recurring annoyance, I might almost say agony, of quoting my corrected folio 1632.

It is however but bare justice, when he does resort to the MS. annotator, to quote him correctly, and not to charge him with blunders he never committed. The old worthy has had imputations of ignorance and incompetence more than enough cast upon him, without the addition of what his opponents derive from their own imaginations. Again I take only a single instance, and again I go no farther than

the play before me, "Love's Labour's Lost"—the same Act, and the same scene in which Mr. Singer has been obliged to swallow the leek "dull," instead of his own favourite *double*. The following line is there met with:—

"As love is full of unbecfitting strains;"

which the old corrector tells to read thus naturally,

"As love is full of unbecfitting *strangeness*."

the scribe, or compositor, having misheard "strains" for *strangeness*. What is Mr. Singer's note? This.—

"Here again, the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would change *strains* for *strayings*." Certainly not: Mr. Collier's folio proposed no such nonsense; but "straying" does occur just below for *strange*, and that alteration in my folio 1632 Mr. Singer adopts, though he says not a word to shew from whence he obtained it. If Mr. Singer became confused between the old reading, the new reading, and his own notion of what ought to be the reading—if his faculties went astray after *straying* instead of "strangeness," or if his printer did him injustice by printing *strayings* for "strangeness,"—he is heartily welcome to the benefit of the doubt. I only want to prove that the old corrector does not recommend any such absurdity as Mr. Singer here imputes to him: nothing can be easier than to establish that a man writes nonsense, if people do not care about misrepresenting his language.

I do not believe that Mr. Singer would be guilty of any such intentional misrepresentation; but, between him and his printer, there has here been an *assertio falsi*, and I could point out other places in which the same sort of mistake

has been made. I dislike using hard words: all who are acquainted with me know that it has never been my practice; but if I acquit Mr. Singer of intentional misrepresentation, the *assertio falsi*, how is he to answer the accusation of *suppressio veri*? Of this minor offence proofs present themselves to me in this same play; for still I will go no farther than "Love's Labour's Lost."—In Act iv. sc. 2, Sir Nathaniel has a speech, the last part of which has always been treated as rhyme, and the first part of which the old corrector shews ought to have been printed as rhyme also: I do not find fault with Mr. Singer for not adopting the rhymes, but for adopting an emendation of a different kind, without making the merest mention of the source from whence he derived it—viz. the corrected folio 1632. Sir Nathaniel, speaking of Costard, says:

"So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school."

Thus the passage is printed, not only "in the old copy" as Mr. Singer remarks; but in every old copy, quarto and folio, and, as far as I know, in every new copy from the time of Rowe to our own day. The corrector of the folio 1632 tells us, that for "to see him in a school" we ought to read, "to set him in a school:" the emendation is inevitable;

"So were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school."

Mr. Singer felt that it was inevitable, and therefore he prints, "to set him in a school;" but although, in the preceding note, he talks of the "absurd attempt" of the old corrector "to throw the whole speech into rhyme," and therefore must have known that the old corrector's emendation was

set for "see," he never has the candour to state that he had obtained it from the annotated folio 1632; he simply observes that "the equivoque rendered the change necessary." To be sure it did; but neither Mr. Singer, nor, I believe, anybody else during the last hundred and fifty years, saw that necessity until it was pointed out by the old corrector. I think I may defy Mr. Singer to produce a single edition of "Love's Labour's Lost" in which *set* is substituted for "see." I cannot pretend to have consulted all the editions, but I have a dozen of the best at hand, while I am writing, and there is no hint of such an emendation in any one of them.

I might adduce evidence of the same kind from the beginning to the end of this comedy, but I am afraid of tiring the reader. I will only just ask from whence did Mr. Singer obtain *them* in the eighth line of Rosalind's last speech, if not from the corrected folio 1632? Yet, what is his note upon altering "then" to *them*? Merely this, "The folios misprint *then* for *them*." Not only do the folios misprint "then" for *them*, but the quarto 1598 has the same blunder, as Mr. Singer must have known, unless he were indeed wofully disqualified for his task. Yet he leads people to suppose that "then" is a misprint only in the folios, and goes on to borrow (I use no harsher word) the emendation, which he knows is in the corrected folio 1632, because he has just referred to it in another note on the same page, suppressing the fact, that the emendation had never been hinted at, until he saw it in my volume of "Notes and Emendations."*

* If, contrary to my expectation, *them* for "then" is to be found in any edition of "Love's Labour's Lost," the least Mr. Singer could have done would have been to have stated where he met with so judicious a change of the old text. He has not claimed it for his own corrected copy of the folio 1632.

There certainly never was so provoking a book as that to a commentator: it not only anticipates almost everything that could be done in the way of speculative suggestion, but it absolutely puts it out of an editor's power to gainsay not a few of the proposed alterations. I have stated how Mr. Singer, in spite of himself and his own printed declarations, has been compelled to insert new reading after new reading in his text, here and there, grudgingly and with the worst possible grace, confessing the source of his knowledge. I have shown too in what way he has contrived at times to ignore my folio 1632, but, at the same time, to avail himself of it; but I have said nothing of the hundreds of places where, after giving the received text, he has been unable to avoid mentioning at the bottom of his page the changes in my folio 1632, which often make sense out of nonsense, and elucidate the meaning of the poet in a way never dreamed of, until that book was discovered. Of this mode of proceeding I do not for a moment complain: those who prefer the received reading have thus the means of gratifying their taste; the choice is before them; and all I have ever wanted is that, if a change be made in accordance with the recommendation of the old corrector, the fact should be fairly and honestly admitted. It is of little consequence whether the emendation be inserted in the text, or only stated in a note: it may not be to-day, nor to-morrow, that the improvement will be fully acknowledged: many of those who have long been accustomed to see and hear the old readings will, no doubt, persevere in their attachment even to corruptions to which their ears have become in a manner reconciled; but others, who come after them, may perhaps exercise a sounder and more impartial discretion, and we shall thus gradually see

the stream work itself clear of impurities, and possibly in time approach to something like the brilliancy and beauty it possessed when it rushed into light from its fountain.

This is all I wish, and all everybody wishes, as regards the text of our great dramatist. If I had a theory to support, it would have been that with which I set out in life, and in obedience to which I edited Shakespeare ten or twelve years ago, viz.: that the old copies should be implicitly followed, wherever the words imputed to our poet, on such authority, could be reconciled with even a plausible meaning. I am now for adopting no other course, unless it can be clearly established that the emendation proposed is required; and in the new edition I am now in the act of printing, I shall carefully exclude all questionable introductions. Where the fitness of a change of text is self-evident, who can resist it? I am only anxious to be right; and in determining what is right I shall never refuse to be guided by good taste, sound sense, ripe knowledge, or well-instructed experience. I have no vanity to gratify: it is ridiculous to talk of vanity in the humble sphere of an editor to a poet like Shakespeare; and, instead of treating with asperity and rudeness the suggestions of others for the accomplishment of a common object, I shall avail myself of them upon all occasions, and, whether they come from friends or enemies, never hesitate to acknowledge the obligation. I never yet wilfully borrowed a note from any commentator, ancient or modern, without a statement of the source from whence it was procured: upon that principle I have acted hitherto, and upon the same principle I shall act in future.

The discovery of my annotated folio 1632, and the promulgation of its contents, has not only excited the most general

interest—not to say animosity—in this, but in other countries. In Germany both it and I have been violently assailed by critics of every grade; in some instances with a degree of personal rancour for which I can only account, on the supposition that I have unwarily, unwittingly, and sometimes unavoidably, neglected publications which have been sent to me as presents from their authors. Several of these foreign gentlemen have since accused me of not knowing my own language: I admit it; I have yet much to learn. Others have asserted that I do not understand Shakespeare: I know it; there are many passages and allusions I am unable to explain. Some have insisted that I am ignorant of the phraseology of the time in which he wrote: I do not deny it; though I may doubt how far they are in a condition to enlighten me. However, I take it all *æquo animo*, and shall endeavour to do my best with the information I possess, leaving them the satisfaction of first discovering my errors (I only warn them of what in England we call mare's-nests), and then of setting me right. Let them be sure of this—that the moment I know myself to be mistaken, that moment I will freely confess my fault.

In the midst of discordant opponents, who cannot agree among themselves any more than with me, it is a pleasure to be made acquainted with the fact, that within the last few months an entire edition of Schlegel and Tieck's translation of Shakespeare has been published at Berlin, embodying the principal emendations in my folio 1632. This edition is now lying before me, and I might, if it were necessary, quote hundreds of instances where Professor Mommsen (such is the name of the accomplished Anglo-German who has superintended the work) throughout the whole of the impression has

inserted translations of all the textual changes in which most confidence can be placed. He has executed his task with a skill and discretion not easily excelled; and although he is well aware that it may draw down upon him the strictures of critics who are blind supporters of ancient corruptions, he is willing to incur that risk in my company. I thank him for it; and in the new edition upon which I am engaged, I shall not fail to resort to his aid in various cases of doubt and difficulty, where his keen perception and extensive knowledge have importantly elucidated the meaning of our poet.

In America the conflict has been quite as fiercely maintained as in this country. My volume of "Notes and Emendations" has, I understand, been more than once reprinted there, in a cheap form; and it has, as might be expected, stirred up antagonists, some temperate, others almost furious at the proposed innovations. What is the result? Why, even the most determined opponent is obliged to acknowledge that a hundred and seventeen emendations cannot possibly be resisted: they are in themselves so conclusive and self-evident, that they must, he owns, of necessity become part of the text of Shakespeare. I have no ground for complaint at this decision: I may think that many more than a hundred and seventeen improvements of the misrepresented language of the poet ought to be admitted; but I am content, for argument's sake, to take it, that the old annotator of my folio 1632 has furnished only a hundred and seventeen emendations that must inevitably be adopted. Show me the annotator, or the whole body of annotators from Rowe down to Collier, of whom it can be truly affirmed, that they have afforded a hundred and seventeen instances of improvement in the text of Shake-

speare, so indubitable and so important, that no edition can hereafter be printed without them. We may venture to predict that Mr. Singer's Shakespeare, at the rate at which he has hitherto inserted them, will contain many more than a hundred and seventeen emendations from my folio 1632, however averse he may be to admit them, or their excellence; and if I bring forward a book which contains a hundred and seventeen admirable changes, beyond all that the editors have done for Shakespeare during the last hundred and fifty years, is not an important benefit conferred upon the literature of our country? Was it not worth all the dust that has been raised about it, even if it had been "the dust of Ophir," instead of the dogmatical dust of doughty disputants?

I can claim no credit on any other score than as the finder of the corrected folio 1632, and that, after having had it some years in my hands without knowing its value. Excepting as it would be the admission of a most discreditable fraud, I could be well content to establish my right to the authorship of a hundred and seventeen indisputable, and, so to speak, compulsory emendations of the text of Shakespeare. Surely, half, or a quarter of that number would be sufficient to make the fame of any commentator; and we know that some have plumed themselves not a little upon the setting right, not of a single word, but of a single letter.

Who was the writer of the emendations, we are afraid, it would be vain now to inquire. Mr. Parry (*vide* the Preface to my second edition) was in possession of the book, in its annotated state, about fifty years ago, and the late Miss Mitford, who resided at Reading, not far from Ufton Court, which is between Reading and Newbury, endeavoured to ascertain for

me when the books of that library (out of which my folio 1632 is supposed to have come) were dispersed; but she could obtain from her many acquaintances no tidings upon the point. There exists no clue by which the inquiry can be followed up, in order that we might know whether Thomas Perkins, whose name is on the cover of the volume, was any relation to the Perkins family of Ufton Court, and whether Richard Perkins, the famous old actor, was a member of that family. I have gone over every emendation in the folio 1632 recently, for the purpose of the last portion of my present volume, and I am more and more convinced that the great majority of the corrections were made, not from better manuscripts, still less from unknown printed copies of the plays, but from the recitation of old actors while the performance was proceeding. In the "Introduction" to my first edition, it may be remembered, I assigned reasons for thinking it very possible, that the repetition of their parts by painstaking players might easily be more accurate than the printed editions of the dramas represented. The original owner of the folio 1632 was, in all probability, a person in some way concerned, or interested in theatrical affairs, possibly as prompter, or book-holder, as it was formerly called; and listening to the delivery of the different speeches, he may have corrected his folio' 1632 by what he heard on the stage. I have asked the judgment of several of the most experienced professors of the art in our own day, and they give it as their decided opinion, that the old corrector, who not only amended the text, but added so many stage directions for the instruction of the performers in the business of the scene, must have been officially, and actively engaged in the representation.

One of the evils arising out of my devotion to literature, and especially to our old poetry and plays, has been to involve me in this controversy; which, judging from the irritation and irascibility displayed on the occasion of the discovery of my folio 1632, seems to have vexed and annoyed other people much more than myself. Some of my antagonists are even angry because I am not angry, and wonder how I can hold my peace in spite of such provocation. There are at this moment, and have been for some time, no fewer than four busy editors of Shakespeare in the field against me, and the animosity of some of them was at its height, when they fancied that they should not be permitted to make use of the proposed emendations. First of all they decried them with might and main, and then they lashed themselves to wrath at the bare notion, that they should subject themselves to an injunction, or an action, if they inserted them. If the emendations were so worthless, as they pretended, why should they trouble themselves about them? However, there was no such legal danger; and I could call several gentlemen to bear witness, that, whenever I was appealed to on the question, I never for one moment hesitated to give the fullest licence for the unrestricted employment of any of my materials. The only condition I ever imposed was, that they should state the source of their information. Mr. Singer, it is true, never applied to me, so that I have no fault to find with him on the ground of breach of faith: if he can reconcile himself to the use of materials not his own, and treat them, when he likes, as if they were his own, he is certain to be much more annoyed by the practice than I am. Let him do what he will in the way of appropriation or misappropriation, he shall never hear

a murmur from me. In a single play, (for I have yet dissected no more) I rejoice to find that he has profitably employed the emendations of my folio 1632 in at least thirty instances; nearly twenty times he has deemed it necessary to inform his readers what were the proposed alterations in my folio 1632; about half a score times he has introduced them into his text, admitting, after many painful pauses, the source from which he derived them; and it is surprising how often, in other places, they have, by some accident, slipped into the very lines to which they belong—without notice or acknowledgment.

I take all this as a well-merited compliment to my folio 1632; and if Mr. Singer does it the same amount of honour in the whole of the thirty-seven plays, that he has done in the one I have examined, he will avail himself, in one way or another, of considerably more than a thousand emendations. To these, and to all, he is extremely welcome; and they show that he was quite warranted in stating, in his Prospectus, that “a few acceptable corrections are suggested” by my volume.

It may be right here to add, that when, in the first edition of “Notes and Emendations,” I spoke of copyright, I had in view only the interests, of the publishers of that work and of the one-volume Shakespeare. Applications were made to me at home and abroad upon the subject, and my invariable answer was, that, as far as I was concerned, the more extensively the sound corrections in my folio 1632 were adopted, and treated as the genuine and restored text of Shakespeare, the more I should be gratified. Nothing could be so repugnant to me, as any attempt to enforce the strict legal right: I do not love Shakespeare as a man loves his wife or his child; he is no exclusive possession, but the property of all mankind.

But I had myself little doubt respecting the question of legal right, and one of the best and safest lawyers of our day was of the same opinion. I did not appeal to him upon the point: it was a matter of no importance to me, and it never occurred to me to do so; but a case was laid before Sir John Bayley, and, after due searching of the books, and mature deliberation, he returned the following answer.

OPINION.

I AM of opinion, that if the proprietor of the Notes in question registers himself as proprietor of the work, and edits and publishes them, he will acquire a copyright in the work, and may maintain an action against any one who pirates it. And I think a bookseller, purchasing such rights from the proprietor, would acquire similar property and rights. It is not necessary that the registered proprietor should be the author, nor is copyright confined to authors. It extends to proprietors and first publishers; and here Mr. J. P. Collier represents both those characters, and it rests entirely with him to say, whether those Notes shall be withheld, or made public to the world; and, therefore, I think he is one of those parties intended to be protected by the Copyright Acts. The 8 Ann, c. 19, states that it was passed for the benefit of authors, proprietors, and purchasers of books; and the 5 & 6 Vict., c. 45, was passed for the encouragement of the *production* of literary works, and speaks throughout of the proprietor of the copyright: and here, by purchase, Mr. Collier is the proprietor of the Notes. I think it is no objection to Mr. Collier's title that he is not the author of the Notes, or that others might have published them before, if they had known of them and had thought fit. It is enough for him that he is the legal proprietor of them, and that he first published them.

The Patent Acts are *in pari materia* with the Copyright Acts, and intended to carry out the same principle of protection: and there is nothing more frequently the subject of a patent than an invention communicated to the patentee by a foreigner residing abroad, and never before made or used in this country.

I think it would be best for Mr. Collier to register and sell.

(Signed)

JOHN BAYLEY.

I insert this opinion, by so capable and distinguished an authority, only for the purpose of showing, that in anything I said on the subject of copyright, I was not guided merely by my own notion of what is the law, but by the well-considered judgment of a much better authority.

And now, with the reader's leave, I mean to say a few words (and they shall be as few as possible) regarding some of the corrections, as put forth in the two impressions of "Notes and Emendations," and as they exist in the folio 1632. I make no remark upon the complaint urged against me, that I put my name to an edition of Shakespeare's plays, in one volume, comprising most, though not all, the MS. annotations. I expressly stated, on the title-page and in the preface, from whence the emendations were derived, and how far I approved of them; and as I never contemplated such a work, I should never have published it, if I had not been asked to do so by many, who wished to see the changes unaccompanied by comment, and in connection with the context. Having done so, I left them to make their way as they might, having stated all along, that I did not wish one of the alterations to be adopted that was not supported by common sense, and warranted by the ordinary principles of sound criticism. I request the reader to bear in mind that I put in no higher claim for them: whatever might be my opinion as to their general authority, I did not require anybody to come to the silly conclusion that each emendation, on its own merits, deserved to be admitted into the text of our great dramatist.

At the same time, I cannot but be desirous that impartial justice should be done to them, and that nobody should suppose emendations, and then charge them upon my folio 1632.

I have already shown how Mr. Singer, unintentionally I am persuaded, imputed a change of text to that authority which had no foundation in fact. Some of my critics have done the same, I dare say, in the majority of cases, by a similar mistake; but the effect must of course be, *pro tanto*, to diminish the weight of the entire mass of emendations. If a public writer assails me with violence, not to call it virulence, I have a right to expect that he will take care to be well founded in his accusations. I do not like to be personal, and I will not be so; but in a Scottish journal there was an elaborate attack upon my book, only one sample of which I will notice, where the writer endeavoured to excite a barren laugh at an alteration, which was suggested long ago, and not only never made its appearance in my "Notes and Emendations," but is directly contradicted by them. It applies to a very notorious passage in "Hamlet" as it thus stands in the quarto 1604, and indeed in every other quarto:—

" Whilst they, distill'd
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him."

All the folios, 1623, 1632, 1664, and 1685, have *bestill'd* for "distill'd;" and it is against both these absurd misrepresentations of Shakespeare's language that the old corrector of the folio 1632 protests. He gives the lines thus, as I am confident they must have stood in Shakespeare's manuscript:—

" Whilst they, *beckill'd*
Almost to jelly by the act of fear,
Stand dumb, and speak not to him."

Surely no reading can be more natural or proper; jelly is always *beckill'd*, or it is not jelly: Bernardo and Marcellus

were "*bechill'd* almost to jelly" by their apprehension; but the critic to whom I refer, through several paragraphs treats "*bestill'd*" as the emendation in my folio 1632, observing that "the new reading is *bestill'd*," when in fact that reading is more than two hundred years old, having been first introduced into the folio 1623. I do not charge this at all as a designed misstatement as to the word *bechill'd* in the margin of my folio 1632; but merely as a misrepresentation arising out of the writer's eagerness, not to arrive at truth, but, at all hazards, to assail my volume. I only refer to the above as one specimen, out of many, (they amount to hundreds in different publications) of the grossest injustice, either through sheer mistake or utter ignorance.

Fault has been found with me, in other quarters, for not having at once seen everything in the way of MS. note in my folio 1632. I have often gone over the thousands of marks of all kinds in its margins; but I will take this opportunity of pointing out two emendations of considerable importance, which, happening not to be in the margins, and being written with very pale ink, escaped my eye until some time after the appearance of my second edition, as well as of the one-volume Shakespeare. For the purpose of the later portion of my present work I have recently re-examined every line and letter of the folio 1632, and I can safely assert that no other sin of omission on my part can be discovered. The first of these new readings is in "Timon of Athens," Act V. Scene 2, where the two senators come to entreat the hero to return with them to the capital, and he replies,

"I have a tree, which grows here in my close,
That mine own use invites me to cut down,

And shortly must I fell it : tell my friends,
 Tell Athens, in the sequence of degree,
 From high to low throughout, that whoso please
 To stop affliction, let him take his haste,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself."

Here we can understand what is meant by "let him take his haste," but the phrase is so unusual, in the sense of making speed, that it has no parallel in our language. We may therefore fairly suspect corruption, and the emendation in my folio 1632 makes the whole passage so clear and pointed, and at the same time only varies from the received text in a manner so easily accounted for, that I feel convinced it gives us the genuine language of Shakespeare: the old compositor misread the word that closes the sixth line (perhaps written carelessly or imperfectly), and, without noticing the letter *r* at the end of it, printed "haste" for *halter* :—

"To stop affliction, let him take his *halter*,
 Come hither, ere my tree hath felt the axe,
 And hang himself."

This singular change is most consistent with the rest of the speech; each man was not "to take his haste," (for Timon had already warned them not to delay) but "to take his *halter*." According to the old text, people were to come and hang themselves without the means of doing so. Seeing how easily *halter* might be misread "haste," this emendation appears to me far more than plausible.

Again, there is another comparatively small, but valuable change in "Macbeth," Act I. Scene 7, which has not yet been noticed; it does not, indeed, supply a new reading, but remarkably confirms the received text: it is in the speech by the

hero, in answer to the reproach of cowardice from his wife, and in all the old copies, the text supplied is:—

Lady M. * * * * * Would'st thou have that
Which thou esteem'st the ornament of life,
And live a coward in thine own esteem,
Letting I dare not wait upon I would,
Like the poor cat i' the adage?
Macb. Pr'ythee, peace.
I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares no more is none."

Such is the text in all the folios; and it has been suggested, I do not remember by whom, that it is right, excepting that the last hemistich ought to be transferred from Macbeth to his lady:—

Macb. Pr'ythee peace.
I dare do all that may become a man.
Lady M. Who dares no more is none," &c.

But the almost universal reading, as everybody well knows has been to leave "Who dares no more is none" still to Macbeth, but to amend the word "no" to *do*,

"Who dares *do* more is none."

This change has been attributed to Rowe; but, in my note upon the passage (Shakespeare, Vol. vii. p. 118) I have shown that the poet Southern had already made it in MS. in his copy of the folio 1685; and it is not unimportant to add (a fact that escaped my observation, until I looked at the book with the assistance of a friend) that "no" is amended to *do* in my folio 1632, in pale ink, and not in the margin, but by simply rounding the *n* into *o*, and adding the long line in front of

it, in order to convert it into *d*. By this process the old corrector of course made "no" *do* :

"Who dares *do* more is none."

Such, therefore, we may henceforward be assured was the original and genuine text of Shakespeare, since three independent authorities concur in substituting *do* for "no", viz. : the old corrector of the folio 1632, Southern in his folio 1685, and Rowe in his 8vo edition 1709.

Let it not be said that I kept these matters to myself, with a view to a future edition of my book, or for any other purpose. More than a year ago I mentioned the first of them (of the second I was not then aware) to a gentleman, who I knew had been for a considerable time employed on a new edition of Shakespeare, for which his good taste and extensive reading abundantly qualify him : this, too, I did in the face of an engagement to produce a second impression of my own labours in the same field, and in the face also of his volumes, one against my Shakespeare, and the other against certain emendations in my folio 1632.

Notwithstanding the industry, acuteness, and acrimony displayed against the old corrector, and against myself as the means of making his alterations public, I could adduce various instances, never yet pointed out, where there is every probability that he was wrong ; and where, speaking, as it may have been, the language of the players of his own day (for, as I have said, I am more and more convinced that most of his changes were derived from recitation on the stage, anterior to the suppression of the theatres), he inserted what he considered emendations, but what we must look upon as innovations,—changes which

had crept in from time to time to make sense out of difficult passages, but which do not represent the authentic text of Shakespeare. I will just give one instance—the first that occurs to me—of a passage which is indisputably erroneous as it has come down to us, which the old corrector has amended, and of which his emendation, though required and apparently excellent, is decidedly erroneous. This is one of the instances in which he and Theobald hit upon the same obvious, but still mistaken, improvement.

The reader must be good enough again to refer to “Love’s Labour’s Lost,” Act V. Sc. 2, where the Princess, having just heard of the death of her father, excuses herself from conversation with the King, by observing, as the old text has invariably stood,

“Farewell, worthy lord.

A heavy heart bears not a humble tongue.”

Everybody must see, that to say that “a heavy heart bears not a humble tongue” is the very contrary of what the princess intended; and the natural and obvious change in the margin of my folio 1632 is

“A heavy heart bears not a *nimble* tongue;”

which only supposes that the compositor mis-read “nimble” *humble*—a very probable error. However reasonable the emendation, I have no doubt that it is not the right one—that the compositor did not mis-read “nimble” *humble*, but that he committed the very common blunder of printing “not” for *but*: read thus,—

“A heavy heart bears *but* a humble tongue,”

and nothing more can be wished : it exactly conveys what the princess meant to express, and what all future editors ought to print. Such an instance as this, I allow, ought to render us doubly cautious how we sometimes admit even the most plausible emendations into the text of our great dramatist.

It is not difficult to find instances, among the corrections of the old annotator, where it seems almost indifferent whether we accept the word as it appears in the quartos and folios, or whether we adopt the change proposed in my folio 1632. I meet with a case of the kind in "Henry VIII.," Act I. Sc. 2, where Katharine tells the King,

"I am sorry that the Duke of Buckingham
Is run in your displeasure."

Although "is run" may to us read a little ungrammatically, who shall say that this was not the language of the poet? The old corrector says so : he informs us that the true word is *one* and not "run"—"is *one* in your displeasure:" it reads better; and what we are to understand from the change is probably this, that the actor, whom the old corrector saw, did not make the blunder, but that the person, who by his ear wrote out the part of the Queen for the printer, did not distinguish the difference of sound between *one* and "run." The inability of some people, especially of those from the north of England, to sound the letter *r*, as in "run," has led to frequent mistakes. In Fletcher's "Thierry and Theodoret" Act II. Scene 3, (Dyce's Edit. i. 133) it has occasioned a man to be called "Twainer," as if it were his name, when in fact he was only a *trainer* of dogs for the chase. For the same reason in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's" Act III.

Scene 1, a disreputable woman is spoken of as "a good twigger," when the word ought unquestionably to be *trigger*; but the most remarkable proof to the same effect occurs in Webster's "Appius and Virginia" (Edit. Dyce, ii. 160), where this passage is met with as it is printed in the old copy :

"Let not Virginia wate her contemplation
So high, to call this visit an intrusion."

It is clear that "wate" must be wrong, and the editor suggests *waie* (i.e. weigh) as the fit emendation; when, as in the two preceding cases, he did not see that it is only a blunder of *w* for *r*, because the person who delivered the line could not pronounce the letter *r*: read *rate* for "wate," and the whole difficulty vanishes :

"Let not Virginia *rate* her contemplation
So high, to call this visit an intrusion."

Now and then, old typographers have been a little unfairly dealt with by modern editors, myself among the number. In "Coriolanus," Act II. Scene 1, we meet with the expression, "the napless vesture of humility," which stands in the folios, "the Naples vesture of humility." The ancient spelling of "napless" often was "naples," so that the only mistake was the misuse of a capital letter, at a time when it was the commonest thing in the world to misuse them. The early printer has, however, been laughed at, as if he had made Brutus talk of "the Neapolitan vesture of humility;" yet it is easy to show that, in our own day, this very oversight has been committed, "napless," spelt *Naples*, having been mistaken for Neapolitan. If the reader will refer to Middleton's Works, iv. 425, he will find the Rev. Mr. Dyce, arguing to prove that "Naples breeches"

means breeches of fustian brought from Naples, and quoting the "Rates of Merchandises" in the reign of James I., from which it would appear that "Naples fustian," *i.e.*, as he says, Neapolitan fustian, was a commodity in ordinary use, when, all the while, the words only distinguish two different kinds of fustian, one with a nap and the other without—the latter being of course "napless fustian." Here the learned editor was himself misguided, perhaps, by the capital N, which in the old list of Rates (being doubtless in a line by itself) was in this instance extremely proper.

Some words employed by Shakespeare, and which therefore ought not to be altered, appear to have gone out of use very soon afterwards, a remark that applies to another passage in the tragedy above referred to—"Coriolanus." In Act II. Scene 1, Menenius talks of the postponement of a suit—"and then rejoin the controversy;" but in the corrected folio 1632 the word is altered to *adjourn*. Now, we can demonstrate, pretty exactly, when the latter word was substituted for the former in writers of the time. In his "Baron's Wars," as they came out in 1596, Drayton has this line:

"Isabell, the time doth still and still rejoin;"

but when the author reprinted the poem seven years afterwards, he altered the passage thus:

"And whilst the time she daily doth *adjourn*:"

so soon had the term "rejoin" gone out of use. The same poem gives us another instance of the same course, with regard to the word "araise," which occurs in "All's Well that

ends Well," Act II. Scene 1, where Lafeu says that the "simple touch" of Helena

"Is powerful to araise King Pepin."

Drayton in 1596 employed the word "araised," but in 1608 he altered it to *raised*, as if in the interval "araise" had become uncommon, and was therefore objectionable. The corrector of the folio 1632 converts "araise" into *upraise*.

Before I quit this part of the subject I am anxious to correct a mistake of my own, which has reference to a line in "The Tempest;" where I say that the word "float" was used as "a substantive by no English writer" ("Notes and Emendations," p. 7). Although I am still persuaded that, in the line in question, *all* has been misprinted "are," yet I am bound to admit that Lodge in his "Glaucus and Silla," 1589, resorts to "float" and "floats," for waves, several times, and that though in one place he has *floatings*, it was because his line there required a word of two syllables.

But, leaving any farther notice of the corrected folio 1632, I proceed to another part of the case, and (with the new light which that volume has thrown upon the subject of emendation) I will undertake to establish, that the text of such of our old dramatists, as have had their works reprinted during the last twenty or thirty years, has been left in a condition, in some instances, almost ridiculous from the blunders that remain in it. In the Introduction to "Notes and Emendations," I have observed upon the indisputable fact, that many corruptions owe their existence to the circumstance that the scribe, or possibly the compositor, misheard what the first was required to write, or the last

was required to print. I need not here enter into details on the point, but it is quite certain that copies of early dramas commonly escaped into the world fraudulently, by connivance between some of the lower performers and the publishers; that individuals were frequently employed to take down the words in short-hand, as they heard them delivered on the stage; that comparatively ignorant persons often wrote them down in haste from the lips of actors, who consented to aid stationers by repeating the parts they acted; and that, probably for greater dispatch, the compositors were sometimes assisted by boys or others, who read to them the words while they picked up and arranged the necessary letters.

Therefore, in at least three distinct modes blunders might find their way into the early printed copies of plays, the extreme popularity of which would render it expedient that no more delay should occur than was inevitable. Hence, too, the constant confusion between verse and prose, noticeable in the printed productions of Shakespeare, and of all his contemporaries; for those who took short-hand notes did not distinguish the one from the other in the haste of delivery or transcription, and many instances could be adduced, where even the recurrence of rhyme did not afford them sufficient assistance.*

Another set of errors often arose out of the use of

* I call to mind an instance of the sort in "The Taming of the Shrew," Act III. Scene 2, where a scrap of a ballad, in short rhymes, is repeated by Biondello, and has always been printed as prose, until I published it as verse (Shakespeare, iii, 158). I care little for the credit of so trifling a restoration, but when Mr. Singer adopted it (as he generally does my text, and often my notes) he might have mentioned the fact, especially when he studiously takes every opportunity of blaming me, and of contrasting his own superior knowledge and acuteness—a point I should never think of disputing.

shorthand; and, having written it myself from my boyhood, I can speak positively on the subject. In every shorthand as few letters as possible are employed: consequently the vowels are usually altogether omitted, or only indicated in cases of necessity. Thus, many words, meaning very different things, being spelt with the same consonants, might be, and often were, mistaken for each other. Plume and plum would be spelt with the identical letters, *plm*; and in Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim," Act IV. Scene 3, there is a passage where a singular corruption exists on this very account, which no editor has been able to set right. Kate, speaking of having dressed Alinda as a boy, says,

"I dizen'd him,
And pinn'd a plum in 's forehead."

"Plum," say the editors of 1778, must be "the name of some cap." The Rev. Mr. Dyce, on the other hand (viii. 76), tells us that the poets "intended to write nonsense." Certainly not; but the shorthand writer, finding the letters *plm* in his notes, hastily concluded, without thinking of the sense, that it meant "plum," and not *plume*. Kate ought to say,

"I dizen'd him,
And pinn'd a *plume* in his forehead."

In other words, she set a feather in the front of Alinda's cap; and Kate actually uses the word "feather" instantly afterwards.

A farther example, to the same effect, may be pointed out in "The Woman's Prize," by the same authors, Act IV. Scene 3, (Dyce's Edit., vii. 181). In shorthand, to avoid the multiplication of letters, *c*, when it is pronounced soft, is expressed

by *s*, and by *k* when it is pronounced hard. Bianca, abusing Tranio for his stupidity, says to him, as the text has always stood,

“ You’re an ass :
You must have all things constru’d.”

To which Tranio replies,

“ Yes, and pierc’d too.”

Here, in shorthand, the letters that form “ pierc’d ” were *prsd* ; and if the person who wrote out his notes, taken in the playhouse, had had only a small share of sagacity, the previous use of the word “ construed ” ought to have led him to the right interpretation of *prsd*. Ascham, in his “ Schoolmaster,” says of a boy, “ Let him *construe* the letter into English, and *parse* it over perfectly.” So, when Bianca tells Tranio

“ You must have all things constru’d ;”

Tranio ought unquestionably to reply,

“ Yes, and *pars’d* too.”

To print *pars’d* “ pierc’d,” as has been done by every editor, destroys the whole point of the retort.

Nothing is more common than the misprint of “ on ” for *one*, and *vice versâ*. Why ? Because in shorthand they were expressed by the same single letter, *n*. When the shorthand writer saw *n* on his paper, he knew that it meant “ on ” or *one*, and he was not always very particular which he gave in his transcript. In Beaumont and Fletcher’s “ Maid in the Mill,” Act V. Scene 2, we have “ on ” (and it has been always allowed to remain a blemish in the text, when the sense alone ought to

have removed it long ago) misprinted for *one* in a very striking passage. It is where Otrante (Dyce's Edit., ix. 280) is shocked and disgusted at the boldness of Florimel, whom he had imagined all modesty and innocence; and when she intimates that she had intrigued even with his servants, he exclaims,

"Defend me! How I freeze together,
And am on ice."

Does not the reader perceive the blunder in an instant? Otrante did not "freeze together" because he was "on ice," but because he was "*one* ice," a very common and forcible expression, of the use of which many proofs might be given:

"Defend me! How I freeze together,
And am *one* ice."

He was struck at once into ice by the shock he had received. I will only subjoin a single example of the use of the same expression from "Rule a Wife and Have a Wife," Act II. Scene 1, which might have led all the editors of Beaumont and Fletcher to more than suspect that "on," above, ought to be *one*. Altea, speaking of the tame and silent Leon, says,

"He will not quarrel with a dog that bites him:
Let him be drunk or sober, he's *one* silence."

Many other words are in the same predicament, viz. that in short-hand they are spelled with the same letters, though meaning very different things. Therefore, if ever shorthand be generally employed among us, instead of the present slow and complex method, care must be taken, by the use of additional letters or signs, that no equivocation be permitted,

and that no additional confusion be introduced into our written language. I have said that *k* was made to fill the place of hard *c*, and it is sometimes the substitute for *q*: such is the case with the shorthand I have written all my life; and it is to this circumstance, in all probability, that we owe the blunder in "Macbeth," Act V. Scene 4, of "cool'd" for *quail'd* ("Notes and Emendations," 429), and of "quarrel," as applied to "fortune," instead of *cruel* ("Notes and Emendations," 325): "*quail'd* was spelled in shorthand *kld*, which might be read "cool'd" by the person who wrote out the notes; and *cruel* was spelled *krl*, which might in the same way be read "quarrel."

But I will mention a case of a little more complication from Robert Greene's historical play of "James IV." of Scotland (Dyce's Edit. ii. 128). It is to be noted that rapiers and daggers were then ordinarily worn, and Slipper, a rustic, goes to a cutler's, and this dialogue takes place: I give it as it has invariably been printed:—

"*Slipper*. I must have a rapier and dagger.

Cutler. A rapier and dagger you mean, sir."

Why should the cutler attempt to set the clown right? he had made no apparent mistake, but had asked for "a rapier and dagger." The editor says, very naturally, in a note, that Slipper probably "miscalled the weapons." No doubt he did; but what did he miscall them, in order to entitle the cutler to correct him? Why the very same letters that in shorthand spell "rapier and dagger" will spell *reaper and digger*; and what the clodhopper asked for was, not "a rapier and dagger," but, in his clownish blundering, a *reaper and digger*,

i.e., a sickle and a spade: the cutler, however, guessing what Slipper had been really sent for, told him what he really wanted. How then did this error arise? merely from the mistake of the shorthand-writer, who having *rpr* and *dggr* twice over in his notes (but meaning in each instance something very different), forgot what the author intended for a stupid blunder by the rustic, and in transcribing repeated "rapier and dagger," when in the first instance it ought to have been *reaper and digger*: the dialogue must in future indisputably stand thus:—

Slipper. I must have a *reaper* and *digger*.

Cutler. A rapier and dagger, you mean, sir."

I could carry this point a great deal farther, for I have a long series of errors, demonstratively arising out of the same cause; but I am afraid of tiring the patience of the reader. Even the "curds and cream" of mine Host of the Garter ("Merry Wives of Windsor," Act II. Scene 3; and "Notes and Emendations," 35), which has been misprinted time out of mind "cried game," may, in part at least, be accounted for in a similar way, supposing the manuscript used by the printer to have been copied from shorthand notes. Such was most likely the case.

This consideration will also, in some degree, explain how it happened that so many mistakes arose out of mishearing. The old corrector may himself have misheard some of his own emendations, and hence, perhaps, some of the errors into which he fell. I have before me, while I am writing, a list of, I will venture to say, not less than a hundred and fifty blunders in old plays, reprinted in our own day under the

care of various editors, which blunders could hardly **have** arisen out of anything but mishearing. It is sometimes **truly** marvellous how such distortions and perversions could **have** been allowed to pass, not at a date when typography was careless and speed important, but within the last twenty or thirty years, when so much pains have been bestowed on what is usually termed, in the cant of our craft, "the integrity of the text" of our old dramatists. I will only give a few specimens.

I will take my first, in order that it may not be said that I spare myself, from a very well-known drama, which has been thrice reprinted, last in an edition of "Dodsley's Old Plays," to which, thirty years ago, I furnished notes. It is "The Revenger's Tragedy," by Cyril Tourneur (D. O. P. iv. 319), where the reigning Duke is attacked in his bed by his son: the Duke struggles with the assassin, and exclaims, as the text appears in old and modern copies,

" Now I'll grip thee
Ev'n with the nerves of wrath, and throw thy head
Amongst the lawyer's guard."

What can be meant by "the lawyer's guard?" no lawyers have been spoken of. The Duke's faithful body-guard was in the court below, and what he ought to have said undeniably is,

" And throw thy head
Amongst the *loyal* guard."

Afterwards we find the guilty son, Lussurioso, in the custody of the duke's "*loyal* guard."

Again, in the "Island Princess" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. 446), all editors have been sorely puzzled by a

word used by one of the Citizens while the capital is on fire ; and after he and many others have been smoked and scorched in endeavouring to extinguish the flames with water, he observes,

“ My wife gave me over,
And took her leave of me a hundred times :
I bore up still, and toss'd the buckets, boys.”

Upon which another Citizen, half-burned, observes,

“ We are all mere martins.”

The difficulty has arisen out of the word “ martins.” Mason gravely tells us of the resemblance in colour between the birds, martins, and the smoke-dried citizens ; and Mr. Dyce asks, “ Does not the citizen mean that they had been busy” (like martins) “ about the tops of the houses ?” Unquestionably not: “ mere martins ” is only a misprint which is set right in an instant—for “ martins ” read *martyrs* ;

“ We are all mere *martyrs* :”

that is to say, they had suffered in the fire like the old martyrs in Smithfield: some then alive could remember them, and burnings for religious scruples had not entirely ceased, even when Tourneur's drama was first represented. If *martyrs* had not been misspelled *martirs* in the MS. used by the old printer, probably, the lapse would not have been made, and we should not have had to smile at the want of common sagacity in successive editors.

Near the commencement of Webster's “ Devil's Law Case,” (Works by Dyce, ii. p. 11,) is a singular and undeniable error ; but it may have been occasioned either by mis-hearing on the

part of the scribe, or by the eye of the compositor having caught the wrong word from the line following that which he was printing. Romelio is recommending Contarino to travel :

“O, my lord, lie not idle;
The chiefest action for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action.”

Now, surely it is clear that “action” in the second line ought to be *axiom*,—

“O, my lord, lie not idle;
The chiefest *axiom* for a man of great spirit
Is never to be out of action.”

The poet would never have been guilty of such an absurd piece of tautology, as to say that “the chiefest action” was “never to be out of action:” he meant, of course, that it was an important established principle, that a man of great spirit should never be out of active employment.

Defective hearing, and possibly some carelessness of pronunciation, can only account for the following in the speech of Gomera in the “Knight of Malta,” (Beaumont and Fletcher’s Works, last edit. v. 185): when he discovers Mountferrat and Zanthia in the burial-ground, he addresses the latter,

“Thou sinful usher,
Bred from that rottenness!”

Can “usher” have been the language of the old dramatist? Has it not, on the contrary, been mistaken for a word something like it in sound, but totally distinct in meaning?

“Thou sinful *issue*,
Bred from that rottenness!”

Zanthia was not the "sinful usher," but the "sinful *issue*" of depravity. Thus has nonsense been repeated in every edition of Beaumont and Fletcher during the last two centuries.

But one of the most laughable instances to be met with, is the subsequent, from the same authors' "Custom of the Country" (Works by Dyce, iv. 410). When Zenocia and her lover and brother enter, all three armed, Clodio imagines that they are the characters in some theatrical show got up for his entertainment, and asks,

"What Masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke my eye?"

This is rather what he ought to have asked, than what he is represented to have asked: what he does ask, and what has always been printed as his question, is a most ludicrous perversion of the passage, viz.:

"What Masque is this?
What pretty fancy to provoke *me high*?"

The reader can hardly believe in such a piece of ignorance: the actor, as we must suppose, inserted an aspirate in the wrong place, the words were taken down by the sound, and thus a ridiculous blunder has been, as it were, stereotyped in our language. If it were so misprinted in the middle of the seventeenth century, the cockneyism might have been set right in one of the many editions between that date and the middle of the nineteenth century.

What I have already noticed are chiefly errors of shorthand, errors of hearing, or errors of mispronunciation; all leading to the strangest concealment of the author's meaning, and never detected. I will now point out a few places in our old dramatists

where by a very slight change, generally only of one or two letters, the sense of the poet is most importantly cleared and enforced. I will trouble the reader only with a very small number out of many instances lying before me.

I will begin with a passage in Marlowe's recently edited tragedy, "The Massacre at Paris," (Works by Dyce, ii. 340), where the Duke of Guise tells the king, as the old printer has made him say,

"I mean to muster all the power I can,
To overthrow those section puritana."

Of course, there is no such a word as "section," and the editor has given, and could give, no note of its use by any other author; in fact, it was never used at all, and Mr. Dyce may turn over his Richardson, and every other dictionary in our language to eternity for it. Nevertheless, the cause of the blunder is as evident as the blunder itself: the old compositor mistook *faction*, and read it "section," by confusing the long *s*, and the *f*. Nothing can be more certain than that the line ought to stand,

"To overthrow those *faction* puritana."

The editor in his, usually laudable, abhorrence of deviation from the old copies, often to the misspelling of common words, has been led to the preservation of this misprint.

Next let me adduce an error in "The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon" (Act I. Scene 3), a play by Munday and Chettle, which I myself edited about thirty years ago. The King commands Friar Tuck to come to London, accompanied by the other followers of the dead Robin Hood: Tuck thus replies:—

"Ah, my liege lord! the Friar faints,
And hath no words to make complaints;
But since he must forsake this place,
He will await, and thanks your grace."

To "await" is just the thing he was not to do: the word in the old MS. was doubtless *away*; he would *away* to London, but *away* having been of old spelt *awaie*, the printer mistook it for *awaite*. Tuck means that he would lose no time in obeying the king's commands to go to London;

"But since he must forsake this place,
He will *away*, and thanks your grace."

How I could have passed over this mistake, even thirty years ago, is to me unaccountable, and it ought to make me charitable towards the oversights of others.

Here is an undoubted, but a very easily committed, blunder from Middleton's "Spanish Gipsy," Act I. Scene 8 (Edit. Dyce iv. 109). Clara, ravished by Roderigo, entreats him to take her back, and leave her in the place where he first found her:—

"That you lead me
Near to the place you met me, and there leave me
To my last fortunes."

Nobody will say that the expression "last fortunes" may not be reconciled to sense, but it does not at all express what must have been meant. Clara refers to the dreadful affliction that has befallen her, and to the degraded condition to which it has for ever reduced her,—

"and there leave me
To my *lost* fortunes."

Although the reverend editor did me the honour (and it was a great pleasure as well as an honour) to dedicate this work to me, I cannot refuse to point out this mistake, which evidences the power of a single letter in giving effect to the obvious purpose of the dramatist.

A striking proof of inattention on the part of an editor was afforded by a late friend of mine, when he superintended the reprint of Heywood's Historical Play of "Edward IV. Part 2." It occurs in Act V. Scene 3, where Richard the Third accepts the crown :—

"I do accept it, Catesby, and return
Exchange of mutual and party love."

So the text stands in all the old copies (of which there are three or four of different dates now before me), as well as in the modern reprint, but the reader must already have become sensible of the misprint, "party" for *heartly*. In 1600, when this play was first published, and for many years afterwards, *heart* was constantly spelt *hart*, and *heartly heartly*; and the old printer, seeing *hartly* in the MS. from which he was composing, misprinted it "party."

Again, let us take another example from Beaumont and Fletcher; "Love's Pilgrimage," Act V. Scene 4 (Edit. Dyce, xi. 313) where the compositor's confusion between *w* and *m* (a not uncommon circumstance) has led to needless nonsense. Philippo is endeavouring to prevail upon Leocadia to marry him :—

"Came you forth a maid?
Go home a wife: alone and in disguise?
Go home a waited Leocadia."

What is "a *waited* Leocadia" (*wated* in the old copies)? The words "go home a wife" show precisely what the poet

intended : she was to be *mated* with a husband : Philippo was to marry her, and then she was to

"Go home a *mated* Leocadia ;
Go home, and, by the virtue of that charm,
Transform all mischiefs, as you are transform'd."

The compositor took up *w* instead of *m*. There can be no objection to this change : it makes clear sense, and it is exactly adapted to the situation of the parties.

There is a case of strange error, from the mere mistake of a letter, in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," Act III. Scene 1 (Works v. 97), where it almost required ingenuity, if not to go wrong, to preserve an undoubted blunder. The old edition has this line, spoken by Lady Twilight :—

"There needs no fection ; 'tis indeed thy sister."

The Rev. Mr. Dyce says in a note that "fection" is "a contraction of affection," and he accordingly prints it in his revised text with an apostrophe, "'fection ;" but he would find it difficult to point out another instance of that contraction, or anything like it. Look at the circumstances, and there is no doubt what the emendation should be. Philip and Saviourwit, with the aid of Lady Twilight, have been keeping up the belief that Grace is the sister, and not the mistress, of Philip : this story they have imposed upon Sir Oliver Twilight ; and Lady Twilight, afterwards imagining that Grace is her real and not her pretended daughter, declares, in the line quoted, that there is no longer any occasion to keep up the pretence, and tells Philip therefore,

"There needs no *fection* ; 'tis indeed thy sister."

There is no apostrophe before "fection" in the original edition, and all that is wanted is the supposition that the printer put an *e* where he ought to have placed an *i*. There was no need for *fiction*, or pretence, because Grace was indeed the sister of Philip. In another comedy by the same poet, "Your Five Gallants" (Works, ii. 236), the word *fiction* ought to have been placed in the text, instead of "affliction," for which it was misheard and misprinted; but there, it is but justice to the editor to admit that, he suggests *fiction* in a note as the true reading, though he had not courage to displace an absolute absurdity. The perpetuation of decided corruptions in Shakespeare has often been occasioned by want of resolution to correct them.

One more note of the same character, and I will leave oversights, arising merely out of the use of a wrong letter, to correct themselves: they often will do so, in spite of editors who so carefully preserve them. It is derived from Middleton's "Michaelmas Term," Act III. Scene 4 (Works, i. 477), where Shortyard, disguised as a sergeant or bailiff, is speaking to Easy of Quomodo, the usurer:—he says,

"I must tell you this: you have fell into the hands of a most merciless devourer, the very gull a' the city."

This must be the opposite to what the poet intended: Quomodo, the "merciless devourer" was not the "gull," or fool, of the city, but the "very *gall* of the city" in the treatment of his debtors. The emendation is inevitable, and the use of *gall*, in the sense of sore, was not unusual: for example, in the same dramatist's "Family of Love," Act III. Scene 4 (Works, ii. 178), a person is spoken of as "the court's *gall*, the

1837.

J. G. ...

... the ...

... and ...

city's plague." An author is generally the best illustrator of himself, if we could but think so.

In cases like this, the very facility with which misprints were made seems to have led editors to imagine, that it was most unlikely they should have been committed at all; they have been thrown off their guard by not expecting such palpable blunders.

There is, however, another prolific source of textual corruption, to which the above remark will hardly apply, and yet nothing is more probable than such lapses. I refer to what I have already remarked upon, viz., the confusion sometimes introduced by the use of the long *s* in manuscripts of the time of Shakespeare, as well as before and afterwards. Thus *s* was not unfrequently printed as *f*, and *f* as *s*. I must necessarily insert a few proofs, but they shall be as decisive as they are few, and taken, almost at random, from a body, ten, or even twenty, times as numerous. I will begin with myself, as far as I was concerned in the reprint of "Dodsley's Old Plays," in 1825, when so much was unfortunately (not by my good will) left to the typographer. In Chapman's "All Fools" (D. O. P., iv. 145), Costanzo says of Mark Antonio, that he is

"An honest knight, but simple, not acquainted
With the fine flights and policies of the world."

Here, of course, we must strike out "flights," and insert *sleights*, meaning tricks and subtleties of the world: *sleight* was, of old, generally spelled "slight," and the printer mistook the long *s* for *f*. Again, in the "Island Princess" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vii. 445), where the imprisoned,

emaciated, and manacled King of Tidore, just before he is executed, says of his powerful enemy,

"Methinks, his manhood
Should be well pleas'd to see my tragedy,
And come to bathe his stern eyes in my sorrows.
I dare him to the fight."

How could the miserable captive, loaded with chains, think of daring the author of his sufferings to a personal conflict? The whole tenor of the passage, indeed of the play, establishes that we ought to read,

"I dare him to the *sight*;"

i.e., to the *sight* of his tragedy—his execution. A third instance is to be found in a play which passed through the hands of the acutest, and, in some other respects, the most competent editor of modern times, Gifford—we refer to "The Brothers," Act v. Scene 3 (Shirley's Works, i. 257). The daughter of Don Carlos has been seized and ravished, and he fears that the fact, if known, may prevent her marriage with Don Pedro: he doubts

"how my lord
May be inclin'd to accept her, foil'd or wounded
In fame."

Here the old compositor used the wrong letter, and printed "foil'd" instead of *soil'd*; the fame of the lady was not "foil'd," but *soil'd* by her ravishment. *Foil* for "soil," *fool* for "soul," and *vice versa*, are among the most ordinary errors in the text of Shakespeare.

An example of the same sort, originating in the same mistake, but a little more complicated, may be pointed out in

the tragedy of "Sir Thomas Wyatt" (Dyce's Webster's Works, ii. 258). Lady Jane Grey having been declared Queen against her will, she and her husband proceed, most reluctantly, to the Tower to take their royal seats, all the way foreboding death and disaster. When they are mounting the dais, she observes,

"Lo! we ascend into our chairs of state,
Like funeral coffins in some funeral pomp."

Is it not most unlikely that Webster would thus have used the word "funeral" twice in the same line? and does it not amount, almost to certainty, that "funeral" in the first instance was misread, because the printer of the old impression, in 1607, seeing the word "coffins" in immediate contiguity, mistook the long *s* for *f*, and composed "funeral" for *several*, then written with a *u*, *seueral*? Lady Jane refers to her own coffin, and that of her husband,

"Like *several* coffins in some funeral pomp."

Were I to continue this class of emendations I could show with equal distinctness, passages in which *saith* has been misprinted "faith," *signior* "figure," *scrubber* "frubber," *furiously* "seriously," *slash* "flash," *lofty* "lusty," *sought* "fought," *float* "shoot," &c. &c., and not one of the errors detected or set right; but it is needless to carry farther the evidence upon a point which has been already completely established.

Let us now turn to a few blunders, sufficiently glaring, where words, and even sentences, have been misrepresented. Our first specimen is from "Valentinian," (Beaumont and Fletcher, v. p. 290). Pontius having fallen on his own sword,

is dying, and uttering what is most grateful to the ears of Aëcius, who has entreated him, if possible, to speak once more, since his words were "like celestial harmony." Pontius is able to do so, and again Aëcius, just before Pontius expires, exclaims, "Yet one word more!" Pontius makes a last effort and dies with this couplet, as it ought to have been printed,

"In joy you have given me a quiet death :
I would speak more words, if I had more breath."

Instead of this natural observation of a dying man, what has always been given as the last speech of Pontius?—

"In joy you have given me a quiet death :
I would *strike more wounds*, if I had more breath."

Aëcius had urged Pontius not to "strike more wounds," for he was expiring, but to "speak more words;" the old printer misread "speake" (then written with a final *e*) *strike*, and "words" *wounds*; and hence, we may safely speculate, the error arose.

Again, in a play by Middleton, "Women beware Women" (Works, iv. 614), Livia is referring to the inability of the dead body of Leontio to move itself, and therefore asking for assistance :

"Lend me your griev'd strength
To this sad burden, who in life wore actions ;
Flames were not nimbler."

Who ever heard of such phraseology as "wore actions," and how does it express what the speaker intended? The misprint was easy, if we only suppose these words to have been what the poet wrote :

"Lend me your griev'd strength
To this sad burden, who in his life *was active* ;
Flames were not nimbler."

Another instance occurs in another comedy by the same author, "The Family of Love" (Middleton's Works, ii. 172): Gerardine ends a prayer thus:

"Celestial Venus, born without a mother,
Be thou propitious! thee and I implore."

Surely this is nonsense, and how are we to make sense of it? By considering what words it is likely that the old compositor mistook for "thee and" viz. *this aid*:

"Be thou propitious! *thy aid* I implore."

Some passages in plays of that period have been entirely misapprehended; and in the foreground, I place a mistake of my own, the palliation for which is, that it was committed so many years since. It is met with in Heywood's "Four Prentices of London" (D. O. P., vi. 437), where Guy tells Eustace, not knowing him to be his brother,

"Thou shalt like my many be,
And feign to do my cunning after me."

Here "feign" ought to be *fain*, in the sense of glad;

"And *fain* to do my cunning after me."

There is a passage in Marlowe's "Faustus" (Works, by Dyce, ii., 42), that nobody has understood. Lechery tells the hero,

"I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton, better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery."

The first letter of his name does not begin with "Lechery," but with *L*, a word he has just used,—"*an ell* of fried stockfish;" and so it must on all accounts be printed, for Faustus himself immediately takes it up, adding the aspirate,

"Away to hell! to hell."

In any future edition of Marlowe the text must be this:

"And the first letter of my name begins with L.

Faustus. Away to hell! to hell!"

One other illustration of errors of this kind shall suffice: it is from Beaumont and Fletcher's "Pilgrim," Act V. Scene 3 (Edit. Dyce, viii. 79), and applies to the word "gainful," which, although it does not at first sight seem difficult to be understood, has caused all editors, from the earliest to the latest, to come to a full stop. Mason took it in its plain sense of profitable, than which nothing can well be more absurd: Sympson was content to say that it meant "wayward, resty," &c. Mr. Dyce quotes Richardson's Dictionary, to shew that it is derived from the A.S. *gewinful*, i. e. striving, labouring or contending for. It so happens that in the place in question it means just the contrary, viz.; contending *against*. What are the circumstances? The mischievous Juletta, having got her irritable master into a madhouse, under the pretext that he is insane, tells the keeper,

"You will find him gainful, but be sure you curb him."

"Again" still means *against* or *opposite*, in the provinces, and to "againstand," in the sense of to resist and oppose, occurs in Harding's Chronicle; "gainful," therefore, is *againstful* or untractable: though the keeper should find his new patient untractable, Juletta charged him to curb his wilfulness. "Gain," in the sense of *against*, occurs in "The Beggar's Bush," Act ii. Scene 1 (Edit. Dyce, ix. 36), where Vandunk says,

"Talk treason *gain* the traitors."

I will add only a couple of instances, out of many, in which the rhyme ought to have pointed out misprints, but where, nevertheless, they have been allowed to remain. The first is from Heywood's "Fair Maid of the Exchange" (Field's Reprint, 1845, p. 82), where Fiddle, the jesting fool, is taking leave of Bowdler and Bernard, and says,

"Gallants, good night: if time and place were in prosperity, I were yours for an hour's society."

Here, what can be the meaning of time and place being "in prosperity?" Fiddle intends to quit the company with a rhyme, importing that, if time and place suited, he would remain with them for an hour longer:—

"Gallants, good night:
If time and place were in *propriety*,
I were yours for an hour's society."

In the short-hand that I write, "prosperity" and *propriety* look very much alike, and probably it was so with the short-hand written by the person who took notes of Heywood's comedy. Heywood, more than once, makes a direct complaint of the manner in which stenographers had injured his interests, and those of the theatre where his plays were acted.

The next is a case of a different sort, where only a slight transposition is needed in order to restore the rhyme; which transposition not having been seen by the editor of the reprint, he proposed another change, which on every account is unsatisfactory. It is in Peele's "Clyomon and Clamydes" (Works, by Dyce, iii. 134), a drama entirely in rhyming couplets; the old copy reads,

"*Bryan*. Wherefore dost thou upbraid me thus, thou varlet, do declare?
"*Clyomon*. No varlet he; to call him so, sir knight, you are to blame."

“Declare” and “blame” not rhyming, Mr. Dyce proposed to make the first line of this couplet end with *proclaim*—“thou varlet, do *proclaim* ;” but it is quite unnecessary to alter a single word, excepting as to the place it occupies in the old text: transpose “you are,” and the rhyme and sense are both preserved:—

“*Bryan*. Wherefore dost thou upbraid me thus, thou varlet, do declare?
Olymon. No varlet he; to call him so, sir knight, to blame *you are*.”

It is strange that this small and simple emendation should not at once have presented itself to the mind of the editor, and that, with his avowed antipathies, he should have gone out of his way to import a change entirely arbitrary.

Several hundred specimens of general misprints, and of other mistakes in old plays, edited or re-edited within a comparatively few years, are now before me: I shall attempt no selection; it would be almost impossible to decide which of them most merits observation and correction: they are in no precise order, either as to authors or editors, and I shall take such as first present themselves to my notice.

The earliest that “provokes my eye” (not *me high*) is in Beaumont and Fletcher’s “Coxcomb,” Act II. Scene 3, where Antonio puts on the disguise of an Irishman, and wishes to see Maria; she asks her servant,

“What’s he would speak with me?”

and the servant, thinking Antonio a genuine Irishman, answers,

“A Kilkenny ring.”

Such has been the invariable text, and editor after editor has “beaten his brains” to understand why an Irishman

should be called "a Kilkenny ring." Weber conjectured that "ring" ought to be *rung*, which Mr. Dyce (iii. 157) approves, on the ground that "rung" signifies "a coarse heavy staff" in Scotland! but the question is, what "ring" or *rung* can mean in Ireland, from whence Antonio pretends to come. The whole difficulty has been caused by the easiest misprint in the world. The outer dress of the peasantry of Ireland, at the period when this play was written, was made of the coarsest wool: their coats or cloaks were almost uniformly called "rugs." In a note on "The Night Walker," Act V. Scene 1 (Edit. Dyce, xi. 201), we are informed, in so many words, that "rug" gowns were the general dress of the wild Irish; and we know that Shakespeare in "Richard II.," Act II. Scene 1, speaks of the "rug-headed kerns" of Ireland, in allusion to the roughness and uncombed state of their hair: these two references, and many others, Mr. Dyce must have entirely forgotten. Therefore, the misprint is obvious, and future editors, instead of "a Kilkenny ring," must inevitably print

"A Kilkenny *rug*,"

and all their trouble, during about the last hundred years, will so far be at an end. The drollery, in a case of this kind, is to see an able editor justify one blunder by another; and in his "Addenda and Corrigenda" (page xciv.), because Mr. Dyce found a repetition of the identical misprint, viz., "ring Irish" for "*rug* Irish," in the old comedy of "Looke about you," 1600, he declares triumphantly that "no alteration is required," when in fact it is required in both places. In the same way, how often has it not happened in Shakespeare, that a decided blunder has been perpetuated, because another

compositor in another play had fallen, naturally enough, into the same error?

The next lapse that offers itself is a very certain and unfortunate mistake of my own, in the reprint of the admirable play of "Patient Grissil," Act III. Scene 2; where the vain and cowardly Emulo, describing to Julia his conflict with Sir Owen, and speaking of his own weapon, says,

"I was then encountered with a pure Toledo, silvered, and elevating mine arm in the drawing, by Jesu, sweet madam, my rich cloak . . . dropped down."

Emulo was *accounted*, not "encountered," with a pure Toledo, and so the old text must be altered if the drama be ever again printed. I have been told that it is about to be re-issued (not in this country, where we are satisfied with a very small impression, even of what is best) in America, and I have written to prevent the repetition of the blunder.

Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," Act II. Scene 2 (Edit. Dyce, v. 55), contains this remarkable error: Saviourwit speaks of the Flemish merchant and his boy, who had blown up his and Philip's scheme:—

"Would that Flemish ram
Had ne'er come near our house! there's no going home
As long as he has a nest there, and his young one,
A little Flanders egg new fledg'd."

Who, until now, ever heard of a "ram," even of Flemish breed, with "a nest," and not only with "a nest," but with an "egg"? The origin of the strange error has been, that the old printer misread *raven* "ram": the Dutch merchant was a "Flemish *raven*," and ravens (not *rams*, either English or Flemish) have both nests and eggs. The Dutch merchant

was most appropriately called a *raven*, on account of the dismal news he had just croaked out to Sir Oliver Twilight.

Does not the subsequent error correct itself, and yet to this day it remains uncorrected, though so many times reprinted. It is in "The Mad Lover," Act I. Scene 1, (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, vi. 132). The Fool is speaking of the return of peace, and says that there is no longer any use for arms ;

" Now the drum's dubb, and the sticks turn'd to bed-staves."

Nobody has been able to make anything of "dubb:" the dubb of the drum would be intelligible enough, if it at all expressed what the Fool must mean. Some have altered the text one way, and some another, and the last editor puts it thus ; "Now the drums dubb's done and the sticks turned to bed-staves," putting *done* in brackets. This might possibly answer the purpose, if it were necessary ; but "dubb" is a mere misprint for *dumb*, and all future jangling about the matter must be dumbfounded by printing

" Now the drum's *dumb*, and the sticks turn'd to bed-staves."

The actor who delivered the part, or the boy who read the MS., perhaps had a cold : possibly, the mention of drum confounded the old compositor between "dubb" and *dumb* in this play, nearly in the same way that he was confounded by *dull* and "double" in "Love's Labour's Lost:"

Before I adverted to the last error I ought to have pointed out another, quite as evident, in Middleton's "No Wit, no Help like a Woman's," Act I. Scene 2, (Edit Dyce v. 25). Sir G. Lambstones says to Mrs. Low-water, in relation to the widow Goldenfleece's wealth,

"Twill seem better,
When golden happiness breaks forth itself
Out of the vast part of the widow's chamber."

What sense is there in "the *vast* part of the widow's chamber?" The very next observation by Mrs. Low-water,

"And here it sets,"

directs us to the unquestionable emendation. The allusion is to the rising and setting of the golden happiness the parties are expecting, and we cannot avoid reading,

"When golden happiness breaks forth itself
Out of the *east* part of the widow's chamber."

I adduce the following, from "The Pilgrim," Act II. Scene 1, (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, viii., 23,) for the purpose of showing how, as in the case of "Kilkenny rug," one corruption has often been advanced in support of another. Julietta, the attendant of Alinda speaks :

"If I make a lie,
To gain your love and envy my best mistress,
Pin me against a wall."

The poor word "envy" has been put to severe torture, to compel it to answer the end to which the editors (not the poets) have applied it. Mr. Dyce says that it was not understood by anybody until Mason discovered that "'envy' here means to *injure*, according to the language of the time;" and the following passage from "Every Woman in her Humour," 1609, is cited by Mr. Dyce in support of this notion :

"He's not my friend will enuie Cicero."

In both places it is a mere misprint: of old "injure" was

spelt *iniure*, and the compositor both in "The Pilgrim," and in "Every Woman in her Humour," carelessly misread it *enuie*, and printed it accordingly:—let us read,

"To gain your love or *injure* my best mistress,"

in the one play, and

"He's not my friend will *injure* Cicero,"

in the other, and where is the slightest necessity for straining "envy" to a meaning which it never did bear, and never was intended to bear? It is much more likely that the word should have been misprinted, considering how easy was the mistake, than to suppose that the poets wrote such English. Why are we never to suspect a misprint, when we see they were so common?

We may here introduce another case of a very similar kind. Nobody disputes that in "Henry IV." Part 2, Act IV. Scene 4, "win" is misprinted *ioine* in the folios, the blunder having arisen out of the old spelling of *winne*, which was easily converted into *ioine* (Notes and Emendations, p. 351.) So in "Four Plays in One" (Dyce's Beaumont and Fletcher, ii., 481,) Rinaldo praises the "joining dove-like behaviour" of the Princess.—Can this be right? Assuredly not, though always forced upon us as the authentic language of the poets. We must inevitably here substitute *winning* for "joining," as in "Henry IV.," Part 2, we are obliged to substitute "win" for *join*. See how this course improves Rinaldo's description of the "external lineaments," and "*winning* dove-like behaviour" of Isabella!

Here again is an error, so flagrant that it exposes itself to instant rejection. It is found in Robert Greene's "James the

Fourth" (Dyce's edit., ii. 152). The king of England, as the old text is given, thus speaks to the king of Scotland, who had abandoned his wife, and fallen in love with Lady Ida ;

"I come to quite thy loveless love with death:"

i.e., I come to *requite* it; but what a ridiculous contradiction is involved in the words "loveless love!" How is it to be avoided? Nothing easier;

"I come to quite thy *lawless* love with death."

The old printer mistook *lawless* for "loveless": it was the lawless love of the king of Scotland, who had discarded his wife, the king of England's sister, in favour of Ida, that the latter came to revenge. In the same play *lawless* is again misprinted—not "loveless," as in the former passage, but "luckless," with the addition of "sweeting" for *suiting* :—

"Let him run headlong on, till his flatterers
Sweeting his thoughts of luckless lust,
With vile persuasions, and alluring words
Make him make way by murder to his will."

There can be no doubt that we must read

"*Suiting* his thoughts of *lawless* lust."

There can also be no doubt that the blundering compositor left out some word of two syllables, wanted to complete the line; but this defect we cannot, of course, supply: all we can do is not to allow such staring blemishes to continue in the text of our old dramatists.

In his "Remarks" on my Shakespeare, p. 32, the Rev. Mr. Dyce falls foul of Bishop Warburton for not knowing what

“every schoolboy knows,” that “Até was not a Fury.” Such off-hand reproofs are always short-sighted, for the time is sure to come when they can be turned against those who give them. Mr. Dyce is a regularly educated scholar, which Warburton was not, and can afford to be laughed at a little for his slips of inattention. He must forgive me for pointing out one of them in the play last quoted, (Greene’s Works, ii. 115), where a character called Andrew thus speaks to Ateukin:—

“Besides, such as give themselves to Plulantia, as you do, master, are so choleric of complexion.”

What is Plulantia? Is it a proper name, for it is reprinted with a capital letter? Certainly not: it is a misprint of the Greek word for self-love, *φιλαυτία*, which Mr. Dyce very well knows; but it has been anglicised, and has found its way into some of our best dictionaries. Holinshed (as Richardson shows) uses it in his Chronicle, and Joseph Beaumont in his poem of “Psyche.” “Plulantia” is a mere ignorant error for *philautia*, which escaped Mr. Dyce’s correction. If he can commit such oversights, shall Warburton be so severely taunted for incautiously calling Até a fury?

The two parts of Marlowe’s “Tamburlaine the Great” must have cost the same accomplished and well-practised editor a vast deal of trouble: he has given the reader information as to the most minute variations of text, but he has been guilty of a few important mistakes. I will now instance only one. In the Second Part (Marlowe’s Works, i. 222), Tamburlaine is dying in the presence of his two sons, and Amyras exclaims to his father,

“Your soul gives essence to our wretched subjects,
Whose matter is incorporate with your flesh.”

Is it not evident that "subjects" cannot have been the poet's word? it is the printer's property; he thrust it into the text, probably from mishearing, for we cannot avoid this emendation,

"Your soul gives essence to our wretched *substance*,
Whose matter is incorporate with your flesh."

The clear meaning is, that as soon as Tamburlaine is dead, the wretched *substance* of the bodies of his sons, incorporate with their father's flesh, would lose its very essence. "Subjects" is sheer nonsense, and could never have come from Marlowe's pen.

I am afraid that I am putting the reader's patience to too severe a test, and I will merely bring under his notice a passage in the commencement of Beaumont and Fletcher's "Monsieur Thomas" Act I., Scene 2, (Vol. vii. 321). It contains a blunder which must have run the gauntlet of all commentators—Sympson, Seward, Mason, Heath, Weber, and the last editor—without correction, although it is glaring enough. Old eccentric Sebastian is vexed at seeing his son Thomas clothed and talking like a Puritan, and resolves to disinherit him for not being wild and dissolute.—What does he say?

"I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance
Must not turn secretary."

Does not the proper emendation start upon us in a moment?

"I must go seek an heir; for my inheritance
Must not turn *sectary*,"

i. e., must not turn Puritan, which Thomas was at that moment pretending to be. The old printer was here also, in all probability, to blame; but the word *sectary*, which must have been used on the stage, may have been misheard by some

mechanical scribe, who may have written "secretary" as a term with which he was much better acquainted. The question is, how does it happen that such strange mistakes have been perpetuated?

The usual course in cases of this sort, especially as regards Shakespeare, has been to attempt, by the exercise of misplaced ingenuity, to torture the blunder into some kind of meaning; and as soon as this has been accomplished, to appeal to the reader, whether, under such circumstances, he will consent to disturb the received text, in favour of a fanciful emendation? The reply of every reader of sense and understanding should of course be,—if the explanation be plausible, and the emendation only fanciful, retain the old reading; but if, on the other hand, the poet's meaning is still obscure and doubtful, and the emendation not merely plausible, but self-evident, insert the latter and expunge the former.

I have not taxed the reader's powers of endurance by the exposure of the preceding, comparatively few, errors for the purpose merely of showing how the ablest editors have failed in their undertakings, but in order that people may be aware that the text of Shakespeare is very much upon a par with that of his dramatic contemporaries; and in order that, with all reverence for the true language of our great poet when that language is clearly ascertained, we may bring our reasoning faculties to bear upon the question, whether particular passages, often admitted to be defective or disputable, are not only capable of emendation, but frequently capable of the very emendation contained in my folio 1632?

I have been put upon the scent for defects, partly by increased activity of mind, occasioned, in many cases, by most

unfair attacks upon my volume of "Notes and Emendations," as well as upon myself; and partly by the marginal corrections in my folio 1682, which led me to endeavour to ascertain, whether, in fact, we had not, all along, taken it too much for granted, that the language of our old dramatists, as represented in modern editions, was free from objection. But for the discovery of that most remarkable volume, I might still have been content to receive upon trust the text of Shakespeare, as it has been handed down to us, and should perhaps never have opened my eyes and my faculties to most of the undoubted blunders it exposes. All I ask from others is a candid, impartial, and understanding estimate.

I ought perhaps to apologise to my friend, the Rev. A. Dyce, for so often bringing forward his name in connection with decided errors; but it has been his fortune to reprint so many more old plays than I have done, that, although I have studiously not spared my own mistakes, he is necessarily responsible for a greater number. It is, besides, to be borne in mind that, while I have only here selected matter for the illustration of a preface, he has thought my labours in the same department of letters so important, as to call for the publication of two separate octavo volumes. Instead of feeling at all annoyed by the somewhat disparaging tone in which they are written, inasmuch as they do not infringe the ordinary bounds of literary courtesy, I am obliged to him for the hints and information they supply: he will find, hereafter, that while I never abandon my ground as long as I think I am right, I never perversely maintain it when I know I am wrong.

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

LECTURES
ON
SHAKESPEARE AND MILTON.

THE FIRST LECTURE.

I CANNOT avoid the acknowledgment of the difficulty of the task I have undertaken ; yet I have undertaken it voluntarily, and I shall discharge it to the best of my abilities, requesting those who hear me to allow for deficiencies, and to bear in mind the wide extent of my subject. The field is almost boundless as the sea, yet full of beauty and variety as the land : I feel in some sort oppressed by abundance ; *inopem me copia fecit.*

What I most rely upon is your sympathy ; and, as I proceed, I trust that I shall interest you : sympathy and interest are to a lecturer like the sun and the showers to nature—absolutely necessary to the production of blossoms and fruit.

May I venture to observe that my own life has been employed more in reading and conversation—in collecting

and reflecting, than in printing and publishing ; for I never felt the desire, so often experienced by others, of becoming an author. It was accident made me an author in the first instance : I was called a poet almost before I knew I could write poetry. In what I have to offer I shall speak freely, whether of myself or of my contemporaries, when it is necessary : conscious superiority, if indeed it be superior, need not fear to have its self-love or its pride wounded ; and contempt, the most absurd and debasing feeling that can actuate the human mind, must be far below the sphere in which lofty intellects live and move and have their being.

On the first examination of a work, especially a work of fiction and fancy, it is right to inquire to what feeling or passion it addresses itself—to the benevolent, or to the vindictive ? whether it is calculated to excite emulation, or to produce envy, under the common mask of scorn ? and, in the next place, whether the pleasure we receive from it has a tendency to keep us good, to make us better, or to reward us for being good.

It will be expected of me, as my prospectus indicates, that I should say something of the causes of false criticism, particularly as regards poetry, though I do not mean to confine myself to that only : in doing so, it will be necessary for me to point out some of the obstacles which impede, and possibly prevent, the formation of a correct judgment. These are either—

1. Accidental causes, arising out of the particular circumstances of the age in which we live ; or—

2. Permanent causes, flowing out of the general principles of our nature.

Under the first head, accidental causes, may be classed—1. The events that have occurred in our own day, which, from their importance alone, have created a world of readers. 2. The practice of public speaking, which encourages a too great desire to be understood at once, and at the first blush. 3. The prevalence of reviews, magazines, newspapers, novels, &c.

Of the last, and of the perusal of them, I will run the risk of asserting, that where the reading of novels prevails as a habit, it occasions in time the entire destruction of the powers of the mind : it is such an utter loss to the reader, that it is not so much to be called past-time as kill-time. It conveys no trustworthy information as to facts ; it produces no improvement of the intellect, but fills the mind with a mawkish and morbid sensibility, which is directly hostile to the cultivation, invigoration, and enlargement of the nobler faculties of the understanding.

Reviews are generally pernicious, because the writers determine without reference to fixed principles—because reviews are usually filled with personalities ; and, above all, because they teach people rather to judge than to consider, to decide than to reflect : thus they encourage

superficiality, and induce the thoughtless and the idle to adopt sentiments conveyed under the authoritative *We*, and not, by the working and subsequent clearing of their own minds, to form just original opinions. In older times writers were looked up to almost as intermediate beings, between angels and men ; afterwards they were regarded as venerable and, perhaps, inspired teachers ; subsequently they descended to the level of learned and instructive friends ; but in modern days they are deemed culprits more than benefactors : as culprits they are brought to the bar of self-erected and self-satisfied tribunals. If a person be now seen reading a new book, the most usual question is—"What trash have you there?" I admit that there is some reason for this difference in the estimate ; for in these times, if a man fail as a tailor, or a shoemaker, and can read and write correctly (for spelling is still of some consequence) he becomes an author.*

The crying sin of modern criticism is that it is overloaded with personality. If an author commit an error, there is no wish to set him right for the sake of truth, but for the sake of triumph—that the reviewer may show how much wiser, or how much abler he is than the writer. Reviewers are usually people who would have been poets, historians, biographers, &c., if they could : they have

* Here my short-hand note informs me that Coleridge made a quotation from Jeremy Taylor, but from what work, or of what import, does not appear. He observed, that "although Jeremy Taylor wrote only in prose, according to some definitions of poetry he might be considered one of our noblest poets."—J. P. C.

tried their talents at one or at the other, and have failed ; therefore they turn critics, and, like the Roman emperor, a critic most hates those who excel in the particular department in which he, the critic, has notoriously been defeated. This is an age of personality and political gossip, when insects, as in ancient Egypt, are worshipped in proportion to the venom of their stings—when poems, and especially satires, are valued according to the number of living names they contain ; and where the notes, however, have this comparative excellence, that they are generally more poetical and pointed than the text. This style of criticism is at the present moment one of the chief pillars of the Scotch professorial court ; and, as to personality in poems, I remember to have once seen an epic advertised, and strongly recommended, because it contained more than a hundred names of living characters.

How derogatory, how degrading, this is to true poetry I need not say. A very wise writer has maintained that there is more difference between one man and another, than between man and a beast : I can conceive of no lower state of human existence than that of a being who, insensible to the beauties of poetry himself, endeavours to reduce others to his own level. What Hooker so eloquently claims for law I say of poetry—“Her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world ; all things in heaven and on earth do her homage.” It is the language of heaven, and in the exquisite delight we

derive from poetry we have, as it were, a type, a foretaste, and a prophecy of the joys of heaven.

Another cause of false criticism is the greater purity of morality in the present age, compared even with the last. Our notions upon this subject are sometimes carried to excess, particularly among those who in print affect to enforce the value of a high standard. Far be it from me to depreciate that value ; but let me ask, who now will venture to read a number of the Spectator, or of the Tatler, to his wife and daughters, without first examining it to make sure that it contains no word which might, in our day, offend the delicacy of female ears, and shock feminine susceptibility ? Even our theatres, the representations at which usually reflect the morals of the period, have taken a sort of domestic turn, and while the performances at them may be said, in some sense, to improve the heart, there is no doubt that they vitiate the taste. The effect is bad, however good the cause.

Attempts have been made to compose and adapt systems of education ; but it appears to me something like putting Greek and Latin grammars into the hands of boys, before they understand a word of Greek or Latin. These grammars contain instructions on all the minutiae and refinements of language, but of what use are they to persons who do not comprehend the first rudiments ? Why are you to furnish the means of judging, before you give the capacity to judge ? These

seem to me to be among the principal accidental causes of false criticism.

Among the permanent causes, I may notice—

First, the great pleasure we feel in being told of the knowledge we possess, rather than of the ignorance we suffer. Let it be our first duty to teach thinking, and then what to think about. You cannot expect a person to be able to go through the arduous process of thinking, who has never exercised his faculties. In the Alps we see the Chamois hunter ascend the most perilous precipices without danger, and leap from crag to crag over vast chasms without dread or difficulty, and who but a fool, if unpractised, would attempt to follow him? it is not intrepidity alone that is necessary, but he who would imitate the hunter must have gone through the same process for the acquisition of strength, skill, and knowledge: he must exert, and be capable of exerting, the same muscular energies, and display the same perseverance and courage, or all his efforts will be worse than fruitless: they will lead not only to disappointment, but to destruction. Systems have been invented with the avowed object of teaching people how to think; but in my opinion the proper title for such a work ought to be "The Art of teaching how to think without thinking." Nobody endeavours to instruct a man how to leap, until he has first given him vigour and elasticity.

Nothing is more essential—nothing can be more

important, than in every possible way to cultivate and improve the thinking powers : the mind as much requires exercise as the body, and no man can fully and adequately discharge the duties of whatever station he is placed in without the power of thought. I do not, of course, say that a man may not get through life without much thinking, or much power of thought ; but if he be a carpenter, without thought a carpenter he must remain : if he be a weaver, without thought a weaver he must remain.—On man God has not only bestowed gifts, but the power of giving : he is not a creature born but to live and die : he has had faculties communicated to him, which, if he do his duty, he is bound to communicate and make beneficial to others. Man, in a secondary sense, may be looked upon in part as his own creator, for by the improvement of the faculties bestowed upon him by God, he not only enlarges them, but may be said to bring new ones into existence. The Almighty has thus condescended to communicate to man, in a high state of moral cultivation, a portion of his own great attributes.

A second permanent cause of false criticism is connected with the habit of not taking the trouble to think : it is the custom which some people have established of judging of books by books.—Hence to such the use and value of reviews. Why has nature given limbs, if they are not to be applied to motion and action ; why abilities, if they are to lie asleep, while we avail ourselves of the

eyes, ears, and understandings of others? As men often employ servants, to spare them the nuisance of rising from their seats and walking across a room, so men employ reviews in order to save themselves the trouble of exercising their own powers of judging: it is only mental slothfulness and sluggishness that induce so many to adopt, and take for granted the opinions of others.

I may illustrate this moral imbecility by a case which came within my own knowledge. A friend of mine had seen it stated somewhere, or had heard it said, that Shakespeare had not made Constance, in "King John," speak the language of nature, when she exclaims on the loss of Arthur,

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form:
Then have I reason to be fond of grief."

King John, Act iii., Scene 4.

Within three months after he had repeated the opinion, (not thinking for himself) that these lines were out of nature, my friend died. I called upon his mother, an affectionate, but ignorant woman, who had scarcely heard the name of Shakespeare, much less read any of his plays. Like Philip, I endeavoured to console her, and among other things I told her, in the anguish of her sorrow, that she seemed to be as fond of grief as she had been of her son. What was her reply? Almost a prose

parody on the very language of Shakespeare—the same thoughts in nearly the same words, but with a different arrangement. An attestation like this is worth a thousand criticisms.

As a third permanent cause of false criticism we may notice the vague use of terms. And here I may take the liberty of impressing upon my hearers, the fitness, if not the necessity, of employing the most appropriate words and expressions, even in common conversation, and in the ordinary transactions of life. If you want a substantive do not take the first that comes into your head, but that which most distinctly and peculiarly conveys your meaning: if an adjective, remember the grammatical use of that part of speech, and be careful that it expresses some quality in the substantive that you wish to impress upon your hearer. Reflect for a moment on the vague and uncertain manner in which the word “taste” has been often employed; and how such epithets as “sublime,” “majestic,” “grand,” “striking,” “picturesque” &c. have been misapplied, and how they have been used on the most unworthy and inappropriate occasions.

I was one day admiring one of the falls of the Clyde; and ruminating upon what descriptive term could be most fitly applied to it, I came to the conclusion that the epithet “majestic” was the most appropriate. While I was still contemplating the scene a gentleman and a lady came up, neither of whose faces bore much of the stamp

of superior intelligence, and the first words the gentleman uttered were "It is very majestic." I was pleased to find such a confirmation of my opinion, and I complimented the spectator upon the choice of his epithet, saying that he had used the best word that could have been selected from our language: "Yes, sir," replied the gentleman, "I say it is very majestic: it is sublime, it is beautiful, it is grand, it is picturesque."—"Ay (added the lady), it is the prettiest thing I ever saw." I own that I was not a little disconcerted.

You will see, by the terms of my prospectus, that I intend my lectures to be, not only "in illustration of the principles of poetry," but to include a statement of the application of those principles, "as grounds of criticism on the most popular works of later English poets, those of the living included." If I had thought this task presumptuous on my part, I should not have voluntarily undertaken it; and in examining the merits, whether positive or comparative, of my contemporaries, I shall dismiss all feelings and associations which might lead me from the formation of a right estimate. I shall give talent and genius its due praise, and only bestow censure where, as it seems to me, truth and justice demand it. I shall, of course, carefully avoid falling into that system of false criticism, which I condemn in others; and, above all, whether I speak of those whom I know, or of those whom I do not know, of friends or of enemies, of the

dead or of the living, my great aim will be to be strictly impartial. No man can truly apply principles, who displays the slightest bias in the application of them ; and I shall have much greater pleasure in pointing out the good, than in exposing the bad. I fear no accusation of arrogance from the amiable and the wise : I shall pity the weak, and despise the malevolent.

END OF THE FIRST LECTURE.

THE SECOND LECTURE.

READERS may be divided into four classes :

1. Sponges, who absorb all they read, and return it nearly in the same state, only a little dirtied.

2. Sand-glasses, who retain nothing, and are content to get through a book for the sake of getting through the time.

3. Strain-bags, who retain merely the dregs of what they read.

4. Mogul diamonds, equally rare and valuable, who profit by what they read, and enable others to profit by it also.*

* In "Notes and Queries," July 22, 1854, I quoted this four-fold division of readers; and in a friendly letter to me, the Rev. S. R. Maitland pointed out the following passage in the Mishna (*Cap. Patrum*, v. § 15), which Coleridge clearly had in his mind, but to which my short-hand note does not state that he referred. It is very possible that I did not catch the reference; but more probable that he omitted it, thinking it not necessary, in an extemporaneous lecture, to quote chapter and verse for whatever he delivered. Had Coleridge previously written, or subsequently printed, his Lectures, he would, most likely, not have omitted the information :—

"Quadruplices conditiones (inveniunt) in his qui sedent coram sapientibus (audiendi causâ) videlicet conditio spongiæ, clepsydræ, sacci fecinacei, et cribri. Spongia sugendo attrahit omnia. Clepsydra, quod ex una parte attrahit, ex altera rursus effundit. Saccus fecinaceus effundit vinum, et colligit feces. Cribrum emittit farinam, et colligit simillam."—J. P. C.

I adverted in my last lecture to the prevailing laxity in the use of terms : this is the principal complaint to which the moderns are exposed ; but it is a grievous one, inasmuch as it inevitably tends to the misapplication of words, and to the corruption of language. I mentioned the word "taste," but the remark applies not merely to substantives and adjectives, to things and their epithets, but to verbs : thus, how frequently is the verb "indorsed" strained from its true signification, as given by Milton in the expression—"And elephants indorsed with towers." Again, "virtue" has been equally perverted : originally it signified merely strength ; it then became strength of mind and valour, and it has now been changed to the class term for moral excellence* in all its various species. I only introduce these as instances by the way, and nothing could be easier than to multiply them.

At the same time, while I recommend precision both of thought and expression, I am far from advocating a pedantic niceness in the choice of language : such a course would only render conversation stiff and stilted. Dr. Johnson used to say that in the most unrestrained

* My short-hand note of this part of the sentence strongly illustrates the point adverted to in the Preface, viz., how easy it is for a person, somewhat mechanically taking down words uttered *vivâ voce*, to mishear what is said. I am confident that Coleridge's words were "moral excellence"—there cannot be a doubt about it—but in my note it stands "*modern* excellence." My ear deceived me, and I thought he said *modern*, when in fact he said "moral."—J. P. C.

discourse he always sought for the properest word,—that which best and most exactly conveyed his meaning : to a certain point he was right, but because he carried it too far, he was often laborious where he ought to have been light, and formal where he ought to have been familiar. Men ought to endeavour to distinguish subtilely, that they may be able afterwards to assimilate truly.

I have often heard the question put whether Pope is a great poet, and it has been warmly debated on both sides, some positively maintaining the affirmative, and others dogmatically insisting upon the negative ; but it never occurred to either party to make the necessary preliminary inquiry—What is meant by the words “ poet ” and “ poetry ? ” Poetry is not merely invention : if it were, Gulliver’s Travels would be poetry ; and before you can arrive at a decision of the question, as to Pope’s claim, it is absolutely necessary to ascertain what people intend by the words they use. Harmonious versification no more makes poetry than mere invention makes a poet ; and to both these requisites there is much besides to be added. In morals, politics, and philosophy no useful discussion can be entered upon, unless we begin by explaining and understanding the terms we employ. It is therefore requisite that I should state to you what I mean by the word “ poetry,” before I commence any consideration of the comparative merits of those who are popularly called “ poets.”

Words are used in two ways :—

1. In a sense that comprises everything called by that name. For instance, the words “poetry” and “sense” are employed in this manner, when we say that such a line is bad poetry or bad sense, when in truth it is neither poetry nor sense. If it be bad poetry, it is not poetry ; if it be bad sense, it is not sense. The same of “metre” : bad metre is not metre.

2. In a philosophic sense, which must include a definition of what is essential to the thing. Nobody means mere metre by poetry ; so, mere rhyme is not poetry. Something more is required, and what is that something ? It is not wit, because we may have wit where we never dream of poetry. Is it the just observation of human life ? Is it a peculiar and a felicitous selection of words ? This, indeed, would come nearer to the taste of the present age, when sound is preferred to sense ; but I am happy to think that this taste is not likely to last long.

The Greeks and Romans, in the best period of their literature, knew nothing of any such taste. High-flown epithets and violent metaphors, conveyed in inflated language, is not poetry. Simplicity is indispensable, and in Catullus it is often impossible that more simple language could be used ; there is scarcely a word or a line, which a lamenting mother in a cottage might not have employed.*

* It appears by my short-hand note that Coleridge here named some particular poem by Catullus ; but what it was is not stated, a blank having been left for the

That I may be clearly understood, I will venture to give the following definition of poetry.

It is an art (or whatever better term our language may afford) of representing, in words, external nature and human thoughts and affections, both relatively to human affections, by the production of as much immediate pleasure in parts, as is compatible with the largest sum of pleasure in the whole.

Or, to vary the words, in order to make the abstract idea more intelligible :—

It is the art of communicating whatever we wish to communicate, so as both to express and produce excitement, but for the purpose of immediate pleasure ; and each part is fitted to afford as much pleasure, as is compatible with the largest sum in the whole.

You will naturally ask my reasons for this definition of poetry, and they are these :—

“It is a representation of nature ;” but that is not enough : the anatomist and the topographer give representations of nature ; therefore I add :

“And of the human thoughts and affections.” Here the metaphysician interferes : here our best novelists interfere likewise,—excepting that the latter describe with more minuteness, accuracy, and truth, than is consistent with poetry. Consequently I subjoin :

title. It would not be difficult to fill the chasm speculatively ; but I prefer to give my memorandum as it stands.—J. P. C.

“It must be relative to the human affections.” Here my chief point of difference is with the novel-writer, the historian, and all those who describe not only nature, and the human affections, but relatively to the human affections : therefore I must add :

“And it must be done for the purpose of immediate pleasure.” In poetry the general good is to be accomplished through the pleasure, and if the poet do not do that, he ceases to be a poet to him to whom he gives it not. Still, it is not enough, because we may point out many prose writers to whom the whole of the definition hitherto furnished would apply. I add, therefore, that it is not only for the purpose of immediate pleasure, but—

“The work must be so constructed as to produce in each part that highest quantity of pleasure, or a high quantity of pleasure.” There metre introduces its claim, where the feeling calls for it. Our language gives to expression a certain measure, and will, in a strong state of passion, admit of scansion from the very mouth. The very assumption that we are reading the work of a poet supposes that he is in a continuous state of excitement ; and thereby arises a language in prose unnatural, but in poetry natural.

There is one error which ought to be peculiarly guarded against, which young poets are apt to fall into, and which old poets commit, from being no poets, but desirous of the end which true poets seek to attain.

No : I revoke the words ; they are not desirous of that of which their little minds can have no just conception. They have no desire of fame—that glorious immortality of true greatness—

“That lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all judging Jove ;”

MILTON'S *Lycidas*.

but they struggle for reputation, that echo of an echo, in whose very etymon its signification is contained. Into this error the author of “The Botanic Garden” has fallen, through the whole of which work, I will venture to assert, there are not twenty images described as a man would describe them in a state of excitement. The poem is written with all the tawdry industry of a milliner anxious to dress up a doll in silks and satins. Dr. Darwin laboured to make his style fine and gaudy, by accumulating and applying all the sonorous and handsome-looking words in our language. This is not poetry, and I subjoin to my definition—

That a true poem must give “as much pleasure in each part as is compatible with the greatest sum of pleasure in the whole.” We must not look to parts merely, but to the whole, and to the effect of that whole. In reading Milton, for instance, scarcely a line can be pointed out which, critically examined, could be called in itself good : the poet would not have attempted to produce merely what is in general understood by a good line ; he sought to

produce glorious paragraphs and systems of harmony, or, as he himself expresses it,

“Many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out.”

L'Allegro.

Such, therefore, as I have now defined it, I shall consider the sense of the word “Poetry :” pleasurable excitement is its origin and object ; pleasure is the magic circle out of which the poet must not dare to tread. Part of my definition, you will be aware, would apply equally to the arts of painting and music, as to poetry ; but to the last are added words and metre, so that my definition is strictly and logically applicable to poetry, and to poetry only, which produces delight, the parent of so many virtues. When I was in Italy, a friend of mine, who pursued painting almost with the enthusiasm of madness, believing it superior to every other art, heard the definition I have given, acknowledged its correctness, and admitted the pre-eminence of poetry.

I never shall forget, when in Rome, the acute sensation of pain I experienced on beholding the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo, and on reflecting that they were indebted for their preservation solely to the durable material upon which they were painted. There they are, the permanent monuments (permanent as long as walls and plaster last) of genius and skill, while many others of their mighty works have become the spoils of

insatiate avarice, or the victims of wanton barbarism. How grateful ought mankind to be, that so many of the great literary productions of antiquity have come down to us—that the works of Homer, Euclid, and Plato, have been preserved—while we possess those of Bacon, Newton, Milton, Shakespeare, and of so many other living-dead men of our own island. These, fortunately, may be considered indestructible : they shall remain to us till the end of time itself—till time, in the words of a great poet of the age of Shakespeare, has thrown his last dart at death, and shall himself submit to the final and inevitable destruction of all created matter.*

A second irruption of the Goths and Vandals could not now endanger their existence, secured as they are by the wonders of modern invention, and by the affectionate admiration of myriads of human beings. It is as nearly two centuries as possible since Shakespeare ceased to write, but when shall he cease to be read ? When shall he cease to give light and delight ? Yet even at this moment he is only receiving the first-fruits of that glory, which must continue to augment as long as our language

* Alluding, of course, to Ben Jonson's epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke :

“Underneath this sable herse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother.
Death ! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.”

Ben Jonson's Works ; edit. Gifford, viii. 337.—J. P. C.

is spoken. English has given immortality to him, and he has given immortality to English. Shakespeare can never die, and the language in which he wrote must with him live for ever.

Yet, in spite of all this, some prejudices have attached themselves to the name of our illustrious countryman, which it will be necessary for me first to endeavour to overcome. On the continent, we may remark, the works of Shakespeare are honoured in a double way—by the admiration of the Germans, and by the contempt of the French.

Among other points of objection taken by the French, perhaps, the most noticeable is, that he has not observed the sacred unities, so hallowed by the practice of their own extolled tragedians. They hold, of course after Corneille and Racine, that Sophocles is the most perfect model for tragedy, and Aristotle its most infallible censor; and that as Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and other dramas by Shakespeare are not framed upon that model, and consequently not subject to the same laws, they maintain (not having impartiality enough to question the model, or to deny the rules of the Stagirite) that Shakespeare was a sort of irregular genius—that he is now and then tasteful and touching, but generally incorrect; and, in short, that he was a mere child of nature, who did not know any better than to write as he has written.

It is an old, and I have hitherto esteemed it a just,

Latin maxim, *Oportet discentem credere, edoctum judicare* ; but modern practice has inverted it, and it ought now rather to stand, *Oportet discentem judicare, edoctum credere*. To remedy this mistake there is but one course, namely the acquirement of knowledge. I have often run the risk of applying to the ignorant, who assumed the post and province of judges, a ludicrous, but not inapt simile : they remind me of a congregation of frogs, involved in darkness in a ditch, who keep an eternal croaking, until a lantern is brought near the scene of their disputation, when they instantly cease their discordant harangues. They may be more politely resembled to night-flies, which flutter round the glimmering of a feeble taper, but are overpowered by the dazzling splendour of noon-day. Nor can it be otherwise, until the prevalent notion is exploded, that knowledge is easily taught, and until the conviction is general, that the hardest thing learned is that people are ignorant. All are apt enough to discover and expose the ignorance of their friends, but their blind faith in their own sufficiency is something more than marvellous.

Some persons have contended that mathematics ought to be taught by making the illustrations obvious to the senses. Nothing can be more absurd or injurious : it ought to be our never-ceasing effort to make people think, not feel ; and it is very much owing to this mistake that, to those who do not think, and have not been made to think, Shakespeare has been found so difficult of comprehension.

The condition of the stage, and the character of the times in which our great poet flourished, must first of all be taken into account, in considering the question as to his judgment. If it were possible to say which of his great powers and qualifications is more admirable than the rest, it unquestionably appears to me that his judgment is the most wonderful; and at this conviction I have arrived after a careful comparison of his productions with those of his best and greatest contemporaries.

If indeed "King Lear" were to be tried by the laws which Aristotle established, and Sophocles obeyed, it must be at once admitted to be outrageously irregular; and supposing the rules regarding the unities to be founded on man and nature, Shakespeare must be condemned for arraying his works in charms with which they ought never to have been decorated. I have no doubt, however, that both were right in their divergent courses, and that they arrived at the same conclusion by a different process.

Without entering into matters which must be generally known to persons of education, respecting the origin of tragedy and comedy among the Greeks, it may be observed, that the unities grew mainly out of the size and construction of the ancient theatres: the plays represented were made to include within a short space of time events which it is impossible should have occurred in that short space. This fact alone establishes, that all

dramatic performances were then looked upon merely as ideal. It is the same with us : nobody supposes that a tragedian suffers real pain when he is stabbed or tortured ; or that a comedian is in fact transported with delight when successful in pretended love.

If we want to witness mere pain, we can visit the hospitals : if we seek the exhibition of mere pleasure, we can find it in ball-rooms. It is the representation of it, not the reality, that we require, the imitation, and not the thing itself ; and we pronounce it good or bad in proportion as the representation is an incorrect, or a correct imitation. The true pleasure we derive from theatrical performances arises from the fact that they are unreal and fictitious. If dying agonies were unfeigned, who, in these days of civilisation, could derive gratification from beholding them ?

Performances in a large theatre made it necessary that the human voice should be unnaturally and unmusically stretched ; and hence the introduction of recitative, for the purpose of rendering pleasantly artificial the distortion of the face, and straining of the voice, occasioned by the magnitude of the building. The fact that the ancient choruses were always on the stage made it impossible that any change of place should be represented, or even supposed.

The origin of the English stage is less boastful than that of the Greek stage : like the constitution under

which we live, though more barbarous in its derivation, it gives more genuine and more diffused liberty, than Athens in the zenith of her political glory ever possessed. Our earliest dramatic performances were religious, founded chiefly upon Scripture history; and, although countenanced by the clergy, they were filled with blasphemies and ribaldry, such as the most hardened and desperate of the present day would not dare to utter. In these representations vice and the principle of evil were personified; and hence the introduction of fools and clowns in dramas of a more advanced period.

While Shakespeare accommodated himself to the taste and spirit of the times in which he lived, his genius and his judgment taught him to use these characters with terrible effect, in aggravating the misery and agony of some of his most distressing scenes. This result is especially obvious in "King Lear:" the contrast of the Fool wonderfully heightens the colouring of some of the most painful situations, where the old monarch in the depth and fury of his despair, complains to the warring elements of the ingratitude of his daughters.

"————— Spit, fire! spout, rain!
 Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
 I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness,
 I never gave you kingdom, call'd you children;
 You owe me no subscription: then, let fall
 Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
 A poor, infirm, weak, and despis'd old man."

King Lear, Act iii., Scene 2.

Just afterwards, the Fool interposes, to heighten and inflame the passion of the scene.

In other dramas, though perhaps in a less degree, our great poet has evinced the same skill and felicity of treatment ; and in no instance can it be justly alleged of him, as it may be of some of the ablest of his contemporaries, that he introduced his fool, or his clown, merely for the sake of exciting the laughter of his audiences. Shakespeare had a loftier and a better purpose, and in this respect availed himself of resources, which, it would almost seem, he alone possessed.*

* I most deeply regret, that I have not recovered any of my notes of the third, fourth, and fifth Lectures.—J. P. C.

END OF THE SECOND LECTURE.

THE SIXTH LECTURE.

THE recollection of what has been said by some of his biographers, on the supposed fact that Milton received corporal punishment at college, induces me to express my entire dissent from the notion, that flogging or caning has a tendency to degrade and debase the minds of boys at school. In my opinion it is an entire mistake; since this species of castigation has not only been inflicted time out of mind, but those who are subjected to it are well aware that the very highest persons in the realm, and those to whom people are accustomed to look up with most respect and reverence, such as the judges of the land, have quietly submitted to it in their pupilage.

I well remember, about twenty years ago, an advertisement from a schoolmaster, in which he assured tender-hearted and foolish parents, that corporal punishment was never inflicted, excepting in cases of absolute necessity; and that even then the rod was composed of lilies and roses, the latter, I conclude, stripped of their thorns. What, let me ask, has been the consequence, in many cases, of the abolition of flogging in schools? Reluctance to remove a

pimple has not unfrequently transferred the disease to the vitals: sparing the rod, for the correction of minor faults, has ended in the commission of the highest crimes. A man of great reputation (I should rather say of great notoriety) sometimes punished the pupils under his care by suspending them from the ceiling in baskets, exposed to the derision of their school-fellows; at other times he pinned upon the clothes of the offender a number of last dying speeches and confessions, and employed another boy to walk before the culprit, making the usual monotonous lamentation and outcry.

On one occasion this absurd, and really degrading punishment was inflicted because a boy read with a tone, although, I may observe in passing, that reading with intonation is strictly natural, and therefore truly proper, excepting in the excess.*

Then, as to the character and effect of the punishment just noticed, what must a parent of well regulated and instructed mind think of the exhibition of his son in the manner I have described? Here, indeed, was debasement of the worst and lowest kind; for the feelings of a child were outraged, and made to associate and connect

* This was the Lecturer's own mode of reading verse, and even in prose there was an approach to intonation. I have heard him read Spenser with such an excess (to use his own word) in this respect, that it almost amounted to a song. In blank verse it was less, but still apparent. Milton's "Liberty of unlicensed Printing" was a favourite piece of rhetorical writing, and portions of it I have heard Coleridge recite, never without a sort of habitual rise and fall of the voice.
—J. P. C.

themselves with the sentence on an abandoned and shameless criminal. Who would not prefer the momentary, but useful, impression of flogging to this gross attack upon the moral feelings and self-respect of a boy? Again, as to the proper mode of reading: why is a tone in reading to be visited as a criminal offence, especially when the estimate of that offence arises out of the ignorance and incompetence of the master? Every man who reads with true sensibility, especially poetry, must read with a tone, since it conveys, with additional effect, the harmony and rhythm of the verse, without in the slightest degree obscuring the meaning. That is the highest point of excellence in reading, which gives to every thing, whether of thought or language, its most just expression. There may be a wrong tone, as a right, and a wrong tone is of course to be avoided; but a poet writes in measure, and measure is best made apparent by reading with a tone, which heightens the verse, and does not in any respect lower the sense. I defy any man, who has a true relish of the beauty of versification, to read a canto of "the Fairy Queen," or a book of "Paradise Lost," without some species of intonation.

In various instances we are hardly sensible of its existence, but it does exist, and persons have not scrupled to say, and I believe it, that the tone of a good reader may be set to musical notation. If in these, and in other remarks that fall from me, I appear dogmatical, or

dictatorial, it is to be borne in mind, that every man who takes upon himself to lecture, requires that he should be considered by his hearers capable of teaching something that is valuable, or of saying something that is worth hearing. In a mixed audience not a few are desirous of instruction, and some require it; but placed in my present situation I consider myself, not as a man who carries moveables into an empty house, but as a man who entering a generally well furnished dwelling, exhibits a light which enables the owner to see what is still wanting. I endeavour to introduce the means of ascertaining what is, and is not, in a man's own mind.

Not long since, when I lectured at the Royal Institution, I had the honour of sitting at the desk so ably occupied by Sir Humphry Davy, who may be said to have elevated the art of chemistry to the dignity of a science; who has discovered that one common law is applicable to the mind and to the body, and who has enabled us to give a full and perfect Amen to the great axiom of Lord Bacon, that knowledge is power. In the delivery of that course I carefully prepared my first essay, and received for it a cold suffrage of approbation: from accidental causes I was unable to study the exact form and language of my second lecture, and when it was at an end, I obtained universal and heart-felt applause. What a lesson was this to me not to elaborate my materials, nor to consider too nicely the expressions I

should employ, but to trust mainly to the extemporaneous ebullition of my thoughts. In this conviction I have ventured to come before you here ; and may I add a hope, that what I offer will be received in a similar spirit ? It is true that my matter may not be so accurately arranged : it may not dovetail and fit at all times as nicely as could be wished ; but you shall have my thoughts warm from my heart, and fresh from my understanding : you shall have the whole skeleton, although the bones may not be put together with the utmost anatomical skill.

The immense advantage possessed by men of genius over men of talents can be illustrated in no stronger manner, than by a comparison of the benefits resulting to mankind from the works of Homer and of Thucydides. The merits and claims of Thucydides, as a historian, are at once admitted ; but what care we for the incidents of the Peloponnesian War ? An individual may be ignorant of them, as far as regards the particular narrative of Thucydides ; but woe to that statesman, or, I may say, woe to that man, who has not availed himself of the wisdom contained in "the tale of Troy divine !"

Lord Bacon has beautifully expressed this idea, where he talks of the instability and destruction of the monuments of the greatest heroes, and compares them with the everlasting writings of Homer, one word of which has never been lost since the days of Pisistratus. Like a mighty ship,

they have passed over the sea of time, not leaving a mere ideal track, which soon altogether disappears, but leaving a train of glory in its wake, present and enduring, daily acting upon our minds, and ennobling us by grand thoughts and images : to this work, perhaps, the bravest of our soldiery may trace and attribute some of their heroic achievements. Just as the body is to the immortal mind, so are the actions of our bodily powers in proportion to those by which, independent of individual continuity,* we are governed for ever and ever ; by which we call, not only the narrow circle of mankind (narrow comparatively) as they now exist, our brethren, but by which we carry our being into future ages, and call all who shall succeed us our brethren, until at length we arrive at that exalted state, when we shall welcome into Heaven thousands and thousands, who will exclaim—"To you I owe the first development of my imagination ; to you I owe the withdrawing of my mind from the low brutal part of my nature, to the lofty, the pure, and the perpetual."

Adverting to the subject more immediately before us, I may observe that I have looked at the reign of Elizabeth, interesting on many accounts, with peculiar

* I give this passage exactly as I find it on my notes ; but it strikes me that something explanatory must have been accidentally omitted, and perhaps that the word I have written "continuity" ought to be *contiguity*. I might have left out the whole from "Just as the body" down to "the pure and the perpetual," but I preferred showing my own imperfectness to omitting what may be clear to others, though, at this distance of time, not so evident to me. The general point and bearing of what Coleridge said will be easily understood.—J. P. C.

pleasure and satisfaction, because it furnished circumstances so favourable to the existence, and to the full development of the powers of Shakespeare. The Reformation, just completed, had occasioned unusual activity of mind, a passion, as it were, for thinking, and for the discovery and use of words capable of expressing the objects of thought and invention. It was, consequently, the age of many conceits, and an age when, for a time, the intellect stood superior to the moral sense.

The difference between the state of mind in the reign of Elizabeth, and in that of Charles I. is astonishing. In the former period there was an amazing development of power, but all connected with prudential purposes—an attempt to reconcile the moral feeling with the full exercise of the powers of the mind, and the accomplishment of certain practical ends. Then lived Bacon, Burghley, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir Philip Sidney, and a galaxy of great men, statesmen, lawyers, politicians, philosophers, and poets; and it is lamentable that they should have degraded their mighty powers to such base designs and purposes, dissolving the rich pearls of their great faculties in a worthless acid, to be drunken by a harlot. What was seeking the favour of the Queen, to a man like Bacon, but the mere courtship of harlotry?

Compare this age with that of the republicans: that indeed was an awful age, as compared with our own. England may be said to have then overflowed from the ful-

ness of grand principle—from the greatness which men felt in themselves, abstracted from the prudence with which they ought to have considered, whether their principles were, or were not, adapted to the condition of mankind at large. Compare the revolution then effected with that of a day not long past, when the bubbling-up and overflowing was occasioned by the elevation of the dregs—when there was a total absence of all principle, when the dregs had risen from the bottom to the top, and thus converted into scum, founded a monarchy to be the poisonous bane and misery of the rest of mankind.

It is absolutely necessary to recollect, that the age in which Shakespeare lived was one of great abilities applied to individual and prudential purposes, and not an age of high moral feeling and lofty principle, which gives a man of genius the power of thinking of all things in reference to all. If, then, we should find that Shakespeare took these materials as they were presented to him, and yet to all effectual purposes produced the same grand result as others attempted to produce in an age so much more favourable, shall we not feel and acknowledge the purity and holiness of genius—a light, which, however it might shine on a dunghill, was as pure as the divine effluence which created all the beauty of nature?

One of the consequences of the idea prevalent at the period when Shakespeare flourished, viz., that persons must be men of talents in proportion as they were gentle-

men, renders certain characters in his dramas natural with reference to the date when they were drawn : when we read them we are aware that they are not of our age, and in one sense they may be said to be of no age. A friend of mine well remarked of Spenser, that he is out of space : the reader never knows where he is, but still he knows, from the consciousness within him, that all is as natural and proper, as if the country where the action is laid were distinctly pointed out, and marked down in a map. Shakespeare is as much out of time, as Spenser is out of space ; yet we feel conscious, though we never knew that such characters existed, that they might exist, and are satisfied with the belief in their existence.

This circumstance enabled Shakespeare to paint truly, and according to the colouring of nature, a vast number of personages by the simple force of meditation : he had only to imitate certain parts of his own character, or to exaggerate such as existed in possibility, and they were at once true to nature, and fragments of the divine mind that drew them. Men who see the great luminary of our system through various optical instruments declare that it seems either square, triangular, or round, when in truth it is still the sun, unchanged in shape and proportion. So with the characters of our great poet : some may think them of one form, and some of another ; but they are still nature, still Shakespeare, and the creatures of his meditation.

When I use the term meditation, I do not mean that our great dramatist was without observation of external circumstances: quite the reverse; but mere observation may be able to produce an accurate copy, and even to furnish to other men's minds more than the copyist professed; but what is produced can only consist of parts and fragments, according to the means and extent of observation. Meditation looks at every character with interest, only as it contains something generally true, and such as might be expressed in a philosophical problem.

Shakespeare's characters may be reduced to a few—that is to say, to a few classes of characters. If you take his gentlemen, for instance, Biron is seen again in Mercutio, in Benedick, and in several others. They are men who combine the politeness of the courtier with the faculties of high intellect—those powers of combination and severance which only belong to an intellectual mind. The wonder is how Shakespeare can thus disguise himself, and possess such miraculous powers of conveying what he means without betraying the poet, and without even producing the consciousness of him.

In the address of Mercutio regarding Queen Mab, which is so well known that it is unnecessary to repeat it, is to be noted all the fancy of the poet; and the language in which it is conveyed possesses such facility and felicity, that one would almost say that it was impossible

for it to be thought, unless it were thought as naturally, and without effort, as Mercutio repeats it. This is the great art by which Shakespeare combines the poet and the gentleman throughout, borrowing from his most amiable nature that which alone could combine them, a perfect simplicity of mind, a delight in all that is excellent for its own sake, without reference to himself as causing it, and by that which distinguishes him from all other poets, alluded to by one of his admirers in a short poem, where he tells us that while Shakespeare possessed all the powers of a man, and more than a man, yet he had all the feelings, the sensibility, the purity, innocence, and delicacy of an affectionate girl of eighteen.

Before I enter upon the merits of the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," it will be necessary for me to say something of the language of our country. And here I beg leave to observe, that although I have announced these as lectures upon Milton and Shakespeare, they are in reality, as also stated in the prospectus, intended to illustrate the principles of poetry: therefore, all must not be regarded as mere digression which does not immediately and exclusively refer to those writers. I have chosen them, in order to bring under the notice of my hearers great general truths; in fact, whatever may aid myself, as well as others, in deciding upon the claims of all writers of all countries.

The language, that is to say the particular tongue, in

which Shakespeare wrote, cannot be left out of consideration. It will not be disputed, that one language may possess advantages which another does not enjoy; and we may state with confidence, that English excels all other languages in the number of its practical words. The French may bear the palm in the names of trades, and in military and diplomatic terms. Of the German it may be said, that, exclusive of many mineralogical words, it is incomparable in its metaphysical and psychological force: in another respect it nearly rivals the Greek,

“The learned Greek, rich in fit epithets,
Bleat in the lovely marriage of pure words;” *

I mean in its capability of composition — of forming compound words. Italian is the sweetest and softest language; Spanish the most majestic. All these have their peculiar faults; but I never can agree that any language is unfit for poetry, although different languages, from the condition and circumstances of the people, may certainly be adapted to one species of poetry more than to another.

Take the French as an example. It is, perhaps, the most perspicuous and pointed language in the world, and therefore best fitted for conversation, for the expression of light and airy passion, attaining its object by peculiar

* From Act I., Scene 1, of “Lingua, or the Combat of the Tongue and the Five Senses.” This drama is reprinted in Dodsley’s Old Plays, vol. v., (last edition) and the lines may be found on p. 107 of that volume.

and felicitous turns of phrase, which are evanescent, and, like the beautifully coloured dust on the wings of a butterfly, must not be judged by the test of touch. It appears as if it were all surface and had no substratum, and it constantly most dangerously tampers with morals, without positively offending decency. As the language for what is called modern genteel comedy all others must yield to French.

Italian can only be deemed second to Spanish, and Spanish to Greek, which contains all the excellences of all languages. Italian, though sweet and soft, is not deficient in force and dignity; and I may appeal to Ariosto, as a poet who displays to the utmost advantage the use of his native tongue for all purposes, whether of passion, sentiment, humour, or description.

But in English I find that which is possessed by no other modern language, and which, as it were, appropriates it to the drama. It is a language made out of many, and it has consequently many words, which originally had the same meaning; but in the progress of society those words have gradually assumed different shades of meaning. Take any homogeneous language, such as German, and try to translate into it the following lines:—

“But not to one, in this benighted age,
Is that diviner inspiration given,
That burns in Shakespeare's or in Milton's page,
The pomp and prodigality of heaven.”

GRAY'S *Stanzas to Bentley.*

In German it would be necessary to say "the pomp and *spendthriftness* of heaven," because the German has not, as we have, one word with two such distinct meanings, one expressing the nobler, the other the baser idea of the same action.

The monosyllabic character of English enables us, besides, to express more meaning in a shorter compass than can be done in any other language. In truth, English may be called the harvest of the unconscious wisdom of various nations, and was not the formation of any particular time, or assemblage of individuals. Hence the number of its passionate phrases—its metaphorical terms, not borrowed from poets, but adopted by them. Our commonest people, when excited by passion, constantly employ them: if a mother lose her child she is full of the wildest fancies, and the words she uses assume a tone of dignity; for the constant hearing and reading of the Bible and Liturgy clothes her thoughts not only in the most natural, but in the most beautiful forms of language.

I have been induced to offer these remarks, in order to obviate an objection often made against Shakespeare on the ground of the multitude of his conceits. I do not pretend to justify every conceit, and a vast number have been most unfairly imputed to him; for I am satisfied that many portions of scenes attributed to Shakespeare were never written by him. I admit, however, that even in

those which bear the strongest characteristics of his mind, there are some conceits not strictly to be vindicated. The notion against which I declare war is, that whenever a conceit is met with it is unnatural. People who entertain this opinion forget, that had they lived in the age of Shakespeare, they would have deemed them natural. Dryden in his translation of Juvenal has used the words "Look round the world," which are a literal version of the original; but Dr. Johnson has swelled and expanded this expression into the following couplet:—

"Let observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind from China to Peru;"
Vanity of Human Wishes.

mere bombast and tautology; as much as to say, "Let observation with extensive observation observe mankind extensively."

Had Dr. Johnson lived in the time of Shakespeare, or even of Dryden, he would never have been guilty of such an outrage upon common sense and common language; and if people would, in idea, throw themselves back a couple of centuries, they would find that conceits, and even puns, were very allowable, because very natural. Puns often arise out of a mingled sense of injury, and contempt of the person inflicting it, and, as it seems to me, it is a natural way of expressing that mixed feeling. I could point out puns in Shakespeare, where they appear almost as if the first openings of the mouth of nature—where

nothing else could so properly be said. This is not peculiar to puns, but is of much wider application : read any part of the works of our great dramatist, and the conviction comes upon you irresistibly, not only that what he puts into the mouths of his personages might have been said, but that it must have been said, because ~~nothing so proper could have been said.~~

In a future lecture I will enter somewhat into the history of conceits, and shew the wise use that has heretofore been made of them. I will now, (and I hope it will be received with favour) attempt a defence of conceits and puns, taking my examples mainly from the poet under consideration. I admit, of course, that they may be misapplied ; but throughout life, I may say, I never have discovered the wrong use of a thing, without having previously discovered the right use of it. To the young I would remark, that it is always unwise to judge of anything by its defects : the first attempt ought to be to discover its excellences. If a man come into my company and abuse a book, his invectives coming down like water from a shower bath, I never feel obliged to him : he probably tells me no news, for all works, even the best, have defects, and they are easily seen ; but if a man show me beauties, I thank him for his information, because, in my time, I have unfortunately gone through so many volumes that have had little or nothing to recommend them. Always begin with the good—*à Jove principium* ✎

—and the bad will make itself evident enough, quite as soon as is desirable.

I will proceed to speak of Shakespeare's wit, in connexion with his much abused puns and conceits ; because an excellent writer, who has done good service to the public taste by driving out the nonsense of the Italian school, has expressed his surprise, that all the other excellences of Shakespeare were, in a greater or less degree, possessed by his contemporaries : thus, Ben Jonson had one qualification, Massinger another, while he declares that Beaumont and Fletcher had equal knowledge of human nature, with more variety. The point in which none of them had approached Shakespeare, according to this writer, was his wit. I own, I was somewhat shocked to see it gravely said in print, that the quality by which Shakespeare was to be individualised from all others was, what is ordinarily called, wit. I had read his plays over and over, and it did not strike me that wit was his great and characteristic superiority. In reading Voltaire, or (to take a standard and most witty comedy as an example) in reading "The School for Scandal," I never experienced the same sort of feeling as in reading Shakespeare.

That Shakespeare has wit is indisputable, but it is not the same kind of wit as in other writers : his wit is blended with the other qualities of his works, and is, by its nature, capable of being so blended. It appears in all

parts of his productions, in his tragedies, comedies, and histories : it is not like the wit of Voltaire, and of many modern writers, to whom the epithet "witty" has been properly applied, whose wit consists in a mere combination of words ; but in at least nine times out of ten in Shakespeare, the wit is produced not by a combination of words, but by a combination of images.

It is not always easy to distinguish between wit and fancy. When the whole pleasure received is derived from surprise at an unexpected turn of expression, then I call it wit ; but when the pleasure is produced not only by surprise, but also by an image which remains with us and gratifies for its own sake, then I call it fancy. I know of no mode so satisfactory of distinguishing between wit and fancy. I appeal to the recollection of those who hear me, whether the greater part of what passes for wit in Shakespeare, is not most exquisite humour, heightened by a figure, and attributed to a particular character ? Take the instance of the flea on Bardolph's nose, which Falstaff compares to a soul suffering in purgatory. The images themselves, in cases like this, afford a great part of the pleasure.

These remarks are not without importance in forming a judgment of poets and writers in general : there is a wide difference between the talent which gives a sort of electric surprise by a mere turn of phrase, and that higher ability which produces surprise by a permanent medium,

and always leaves something behind it, which satisfies the mind as well as tickles the hearing. The first belongs to men of cleverness, who, having been long in the world, have observed the turns of phrase which please in company, and which, passing away the moment, are passed in a moment, being no longer recollected than the time they take in utterance. We must all have seen and known such people ; and I remember saying of one of them that he was like a man who squandered his estate in farthings : he gave away so many, that he must needs have been wealthy. This sort of talent by no means constitutes genius, although it has some affinity to it.

— The wit of Shakespeare is, as it were, like the flourishing of a man's stick, when he is walking, in the full flow of animal spirits : it is a sort of exuberance of hilarity which disburdens, and it resembles a conductor, to distribute a portion of our gladness to the surrounding air. While, however, it disburdens, it leaves behind what is weightiest and most important, and what most contributes to some direct aim and purpose.

I will now touch upon a very serious charge against Shakespeare—that of indecency and immorality. Many have been those who have endeavoured to exculpate him by saying, that it was the vice of his age ; but he was too great to require exculpation from the accidents of any age. These persons have appealed to Beaumont and Fletcher, to Massinger, and to other less eminent

dramatists, to prove that what is complained of was common to them all. Oh! shame and sorrow, if it were so: there is nothing common to Shakespeare and to other writers of his day—not even the language they employed.

In order to form a proper judgment upon this point, it is necessary to make a distinction between manners and morals; and that distinction being once established, and clearly comprehended, Shakespeare will appear as pure a writer, in reference to all that we ought to be, and to all that we ought to feel, as he is wonderful in reference to his intellectual faculties.

By manners I mean what is dependent on the particular customs and fashions of the age. Even in a state of comparative barbarism as to manners, there may be, and there is, morality. But give me leave to say that we have seen much worse times than those—times when the mind was so enervated and degraded, that the most distant associations, that could possibly connect our ideas with the basest feelings, immediately brought forward those base feelings, without reference to the nobler impulses; thus destroying the little remnant of humanity, excluding from the mind what is good, and introducing what is bad to keep the bestial nature company.

On looking through Shakespeare, offences against decency and manners may certainly be pointed out; but let us examine history minutely, and we shall find that this was the ordinary language of the time, and then

let us ask, where is the offence? The offence, so to call it, was not committed wantonly, and for the sake of offending, but for the sake of merriment; for what is most observable in Shakespeare, in reference to this topic, is that what he says is always calculated to raise a gust of laughter, that would, as it were, blow away all impure ideas, if it did not excite abhorrence of them.

Above all, let us compare him with some modern writers, the servile imitators of the French, and we shall receive a most instructive lesson. I may take the liberty of reading the following note, written by me after witnessing the performance of a modern play at Malta, about nine years ago:—"I went to the theatre, and came away without waiting for the entertainment. The longer I live, the more I am impressed with the exceeding immorality of modern plays: I can scarcely refrain from anger and laughter at the shamelessness, and the absurdity of the presumption which presents itself, when I think of their pretences to superior morality, compared with the plays of Shakespeare."

Here let me pause for one moment; for while reading my note I call to mind a novel, on the sofa or toilet of nearly every woman of quality, in which the author gravely warns parents against the indiscreet communication to their children of the contents of some parts of the Bible, as calculated to injure their morals. Another modern author, who has done his utmost to undermine

the innocence of the young of both sexes, has the effrontery to protest against the exhibition of the bare leg of a Corinthian female. My note thus pursues the subject :—

“In Shakespeare there are a few gross speeches, but it is doubtful to me if they would produce any ill effect on an unsullied mind ; while in some modern plays, as well as in some modern novels, there is a systematic undermining of all morality : they are written in the true cant of humanity, that has no object but to impose ; where virtue is not placed in action, or in the habits that lead to action, but, like the title of a book I have heard of, they are ‘ a hot huddle of indefinite sensations.’ In these the lowest incitements to piety are obtruded upon us ; like an impudent rascal at a masquerade, who is well known in spite of his vizard, or known by it, and yet is allowed to be impudent in virtue of his disguise. In short, I appeal to the whole of Shakespeare’s writings, whether his grossness is not the mere sport of fancy, dissipating low feelings by exciting the intellect, and only injuring while it offends ? Modern dramas injure in consequence of not offending. Shakespeare’s worst passages are grossnesses against the degradations of our nature : those of our modern plays are too often delicacies directly in favour of them.”

Such was my note, made nine years ago, and I have since seen every reason to adhere firmly to the opinions it expresses.

In my next lecture I will proceed to an examination of "Romeo and Juliet;" and I take that tragedy, because in it are to be found all the crude materials of future excellence. The poet, the great dramatic poet, is throughout seen, but the various parts of the composition are not blended with such harmony as in some of his after writings. I am directed to it, more than all, for this reason,—because it affords me the best opportunity of introducing Shakespeare as a delineator of female character, and of love in all its forms, and with all the emotions which deserve that sweet and man-elevating name.

It has been remarked, I believe by Dryden, that Shakespeare wrote for men only, but Beaumont and Fletcher (or rather "the gentle Fletcher") for women. I wish to begin by shewing, not only that this is not true, but that, of all writers for the stage, he only has drawn the female character with that mixture of the real and of the ideal which belongs to it; and that there is no one female personage in the plays of all his contemporaries, of whom a man, seriously examining his heart and his good sense, can say "Let that woman be my companion through life: let her be the object of my suit, and the reward of my success."

THE SEVENTH LECTURE.

IN a former lecture I endeavoured to point out the union of the Poet and the Philosopher, or rather the warm embrace between them, in the "Venus and Adonis" and "Lucrece" of Shakespeare. From thence I passed on to "Love's Labours Lost," as the link between his character as a Poet, and his art as a Dramatist; and I shewed that, although in that work the former was still predominant, yet that the germs of his subsequent dramatic power were easily discernible.

I will now, as I promised in my last, proceed to "Romeo and Juliet," not because it is the earliest, or among the earliest of Shakespeare's works of that kind, but because in it are to be found specimens, in degree, of all the excellences which he afterwards displayed in his more perfect dramas, but differing from them in being less forcibly evidenced, and less happily combined: all the parts are more or less present, but they are not united with the same harmony.

There are, however, in "Romeo and Juliet" passages where the poet's whole excellence is evinced, so that

nothing superior to them can be met with in the productions of his after years. The main distinction between this play and others is, as I said, that the parts are less happily combined, or to borrow a phrase from the painter, the whole work is less in keeping. Grand portions are produced : we have limbs of giant growth ; but the production, as a whole, in which each part gives delight for itself, and the whole, consisting of these delightful parts, communicates the highest intellectual pleasure and satisfaction, is the result of the application of judgment and taste. These are not to be attained but by painful study, and to the sacrifice of the stronger pleasures derived from the dazzling light which a man of genius throws over every circumstance, and where we are chiefly struck by vivid and distinct images. Taste is an attainment after a poet has been disciplined by experience, and has added to genius that talent by which he knows what part of his genius he can make acceptable, and intelligible to the portion of mankind for which he writes.

In my mind it would be a hopeless symptom, as regards genius, if I found a young man with anything like perfect taste. In the earlier works of Shakespeare we have a profusion of double epithets, and sometimes even the coarsest terms are employed, if they convey a more vivid image ; but by degrees the associations are connected with the image they are designed to impress, and the poet descends from the ideal into the real world so far as

to conjoin both—to give a sphere of active operations to the ideal, and to elevate and refine the real.

In “Romeo and Juliet” the principal characters may be divided into two classes : in one class passion—the passion of love—is drawn and drawn truly, as well as beautifully ; but the persons are not individualised farther than as the actor appears on the stage. It is a very just description and development of love, without giving, if I may so express myself, the philosophical history of it—without shewing how the man became acted upon by that particular passion, but leading it through all the incidents of the drama, and rendering it predominant.

Tybalt is, in himself, a common-place personage. And here allow me to remark upon a great distinction between Shakespeare, and all who have written in imitation of him. I know no character in his plays, (unless indeed Pistol be an exception) which can be called the mere portrait of an individual : while the reader feels all the satisfaction arising from individuality, yet that very individual is a sort of class character, and this circumstance renders Shakespeare the poet of all ages.

Tybalt is a man abandoned to his passions—with all the pride of family, only because he thought it belonged to him as a member of that family, and valuing himself highly, simply because he does not care for death. This indifference to death is perhaps more common than any other feeling : men are apt to flatter themselves extra-

vagantly, merely because they possess a quality which it is a disgrace not to have, but which a wise man never puts forward, but when it is necessary.

Jeremy Taylor in one part of his voluminous works, speaking of a great man, says that he was naturally a coward, as indeed most men are, knowing the value of life, but the power of his reason enabled him, when required, to conduct himself with uniform courage and hardihood. The good bishop, perhaps, had in his mind a story, told by one of the ancients, of a Philosopher and a Coxcomb, on board the same ship during a storm: the Coxcomb reviled the Philosopher for betraying marks of fear: "Why are you so frightened? I am not afraid of being drowned: I do not care a farthing for my life."—"You are perfectly right," said the Philosopher, "for your life is not worth a farthing."

Shakespeare never takes pains to make his characters win your esteem, but leaves it to the general command of the passions, and to poetic justice. It is most beautiful to observe, in "Romeo and Juliet," that the characters principally engaged in the incidents are preserved innocent from all that could lower them in our opinion, while the rest of the personages, deserving little interest in themselves, derive it from being instrumental in those situations in which the more important personages develop their thoughts and passions.

Look at Capulet—a worthy, noble-minded old man of

high rank, with all the impatience that is likely to accompany it. It is delightful to see all the sensibilities of our nature so exquisitely called forth; as if the poet had the hundred arms of the polypus, and had thrown them out in all directions to catch the predominant feeling. We may see in Capulet the manner in which anger seizes hold of everything that comes in its way, in order to express itself, as in the lines where he reproves Tybalt for his fierceness of behaviour, which led him to wish to insult a Montague, and disturb the merriment.—

“Go to, go to;
 You are a saucy boy. Is't so, indeed?
 This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what.
 You must contrary me! marry, 'tis time.—
 Well said, my hearts!—You are a princcox: go:
 Be quiet or—More light, more light!—For shame!
 I'll make you quiet.—What! cheerly, my hearts!”

Act I., Scene 5.

The line

“This trick may chance to scath you;—I know what,”

was an allusion to the legacy Tybalt might expect; and then, seeing the lights burn dimly, Capulet turns his anger against the servants. Thus we see that no one passion is so predominant, but that it includes all the parts of the character, and the reader never has a mere abstract of a passion, as of 'wrath or ambition, but the whole man is presented to him—the one predominant passion acting, if I may so say, as the leader of the band to the rest.

It could not be expected that the poet should introduce such a character as Hamlet into every play ; but even in those personages, which are subordinate to a hero so eminently philosophical, the passion is at least rendered instructive, and induces the reader to look with a keener eye, and a finer judgment into human nature.

Shakespeare has this advantage over all other dramatists—that he has availed himself of his psychological genius to develope all the minutiae of the human heart : shewing us the thing that, to common observers, he seems solely intent upon, he makes visible what we should not otherwise have seen : just as, after looking at distant objects through a telescope, when we behold them subsequently with the naked eye, we see them with greater distinctness, and in more detail, than we should otherwise have done.

Mercutio is one of our poet's truly Shakespearian characters ; for throughout his plays, but especially in those of the highest order, it is plain that the personages were drawn rather from meditation than from observation, or to speak correctly, more from observation, the child of meditation. It is comparatively easy for a man to go about the world, as if with a pocket-book in his hand, carefully noting down what he sees and hears : by practice he acquires considerable facility in representing what he has observed, himself frequently unconscious of its worth, or its bearings. This is entirely different from

the observation of a mind, which, having formed a theory and a system upon its own nature, remarks all things that are examples of its truth, confirming it in that truth, and, above all, enabling it to convey the truths of philosophy, as mere effects derived from, what we may call, the outward watchings of life.

Hence it is that Shakespeare's favourite characters are full of such lively intellect. Mercutio is a man possessing all the elements of a poet : the whole world was, as it were, subject to his law of association. Whenever he wishes to impress anything, all things become his servants for the purpose : all things tell the same tale, and sound in unison. This faculty, moreover, is combined with the manners and feelings of a perfect gentleman, himself utterly unconscious of his powers. By his loss it was contrived that the whole catastrophe of the tragedy should be brought about : it endears him to Romeo, and gives to the death of Mercutio an importance which it could not otherwise have acquired.

I say this in answer to an observation, I think by Dryden, (to which indeed Dr. Johnson has fully replied) that Shakespeare having carried the part of Mercutio as far as he could, till his genius was exhausted, had killed him in the third Act, to get him out of the way. What shallow nonsense ! As I have remarked, upon the death of Mercutio the whole catastrophe depends ; it is produced by it. The scene in which it occurs serves to

show how indifference to any subject but one, and aversion to activity on the part of Romeo, may be overcome and roused to the most resolute and determined conduct. Had not Mercutio been rendered so amiable and so interesting, we could not have felt so strongly the necessity for Romeo's interference, connecting it immediately, and passionately, with the future fortunes of the lover and his mistress.

But what am I to say of the Nurse? We have been told that her character is the mere fruit of observation—that it is like Swift's "Polite Conversation," certainly the most stupendous work of human memory, and of unceasingly active attention to what passes around us, upon record. The Nurse in "Romeo and Juliet" has sometimes been compared to a portrait by Gerard Dow, in which every hair was so exquisitely painted, that it would bear the test of the microscope. Now, I appeal confidently to my hearers whether the closest observation of the manners of one or two old nurses would have enabled Shakespeare to draw this character of admirable generalisation? Surely not. Let any man conjure up in his mind all the qualities and peculiarities that can possibly belong to a nurse, and he will find them in Shakespeare's picture of the old woman: nothing is omitted. This effect is not produced by mere observation. The great prerogative of genius (and Shakespeare felt and availed himself of it) is now to swell itself to the

dignity of a god, and now to subdue and keep dormant some part of that lofty nature, and to descend even to the lowest character—to become everything, in fact, but the vicious.

Thus, in the Nurse you have all the garrulity of old-age, and all its fondness ; for the affection of old-age is one of the greatest consolations of humanity. I have often thought what a melancholy world this would be without children, and what an inhuman world without the aged.

You have also in the Nurse the arrogance of ignorance, with the pride of meanness at being connected with a great family. You have the grossness, too, which that situation never removes, though it sometimes suspends it ; and, arising from that grossness, the little low vices attendant upon it, which, indeed, in such minds are scarcely vices. — Romeo at one time was the most delightful and excellent young man, and the Nurse all willingness to assist him ; but her disposition soon turns in favour of Paris, for whom she professes precisely the same admiration. How wonderfully are these low peculiarities contrasted with a young and pure mind, educated under different circumstances !

Another point ought to be mentioned as characteristic of the ignorance of the Nurse :—it is, that in all her recollections, she assists herself by the remembrance of visual circumstances. The great difference, in this respect, between the cultivated and the uncultivated mind

is this—that the cultivated mind will be found to recal the past by certain regular trains of cause and effect ; whereas, with the uncultivated mind, the past is recalled wholly by coincident images, or facts which happened at the same time. This position is fully exemplified in the following passages put into the mouth of the Nurse :—

“ Even or odd, of all days in the year,
 Come Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen.
 Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls !—
 Were of an age.—Well, Susan is with God ;
 She was too good for me. But, as I said,
 On Lammas eve at night shall she be fourteen ;
 That shall she, marry : I remember it well.
 ’Tis since the earthquake now eleven years ;
 And she was wean’d,—I never shall forget it,—
 Of all the days of the year, upon that day ;
 For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
 Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall :
 My lord and you were then at Mantua.—
 Nay, I do bear a brain :—but, as I said,
 When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple
 Of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool,
 To see it tetchy, and fall out with the dug !
 Shake, quoth the dove-house : ’twas no need, I trow,
 To bid me trudge.
 And since that time it is eleven years ;
 For then she could stand alone.”

Act I., Scene 3.

She afterwards goes on with similar visual impressions, so true to the character.—More is here brought into one portrait than could have been ascertained by one man’s mere observation,—and without the introduction of a single incongruous point.

I honour, I love, the works of Fielding as much, or perhaps more, than those of any other writer of fiction of that kind : take Fielding in his characters of postillions, landlords, and landladies, waiters, or indeed, of any-body who had come before his eye, and nothing can be more true, more happy, or more humorous ; but in all his chief personages, Tom Jones for instance, where Fielding was not directed by observation, where he could not assist himself by the close copying of what he saw, where it is necessary that something should take place, some words be spoken, or some object described, which he could not have witnessed, (his soliloquies for example, or the interview between the hero and Sophia Western before the reconciliation) and I will venture to say, loving and honouring the man and his productions as I do, that nothing can be more forced and unnatural : the language is without vivacity or spirit, the whole matter is incongruous, and totally destitute of psychological truth.

On the other hand, look at Shakespeare : where can any character be produced that does not speak the language of nature ? where does he not put into the mouths of his *dramatis personæ*, be they high or low, Kings or Constables, precisely what they must have said ? Where, from observation, could he learn the language proper to Sovereigns, Queens, Noblemen or Generals ? yet he invariably uses it.—Where, from observation, could he have learned such lines as these, which are put into

the mouth of Othello, when he is talking to Iago of Brabantio ?

" Let him do his spite :
 My services, which I have done the signiory,
 Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
 Which, when I know that boasting is an honour,
 I shall promulgate, I fetch my life and being
 From men of royal siege ; and my demerits
 May speak, unbonneted, to as proud a fortune
 As this that I have reach'd : for know, Iago,
 But that I love the gentle Desdemona,
 I would not my unhoused free condition
 Put into circumscription and confine
 For the sea's worth."

Act I., Scene 2.

I ask where was Shakespeare to observe such language as this ? If he did observe it, it was with the inward eye of meditation upon his own nature : for the time, he became Othello, and spoke as Othello, in such circumstances, must have spoken.

Another remark I may make upon "Romeo and Juliet" is, that in this tragedy the poet is not, as I have hinted, entirely blended with the dramatist,—at least, not in the degree to be afterwards noticed in "Lear," "Hamlet," "Othello," or "Macbeth." Capulet and Montague not unfrequently talk a language only belonging to the poet, and not so characteristic of, and peculiar to, the passions of persons in the situations in which they are placed—a mistake, or rather an indistinctness, which many of our later dramatists have carried through the whole of their productions.

When I read the song of Deborah, I never think that she is a poet, although I think the song itself a sublime poem : it is as simple a dithyrambic production as exists in any language ; but it is the proper and characteristic effusion of a woman highly elevated by triumph, by the natural hatred of oppressors, and resulting from a bitter sense of wrong : it is a song of exultation on deliverance from these evils, a deliverance accomplished by herself. When she exclaims, "The inhabitants of the villages ceased, they ceased in Israel, until that I, Deborah, arose, that I arose a mother in Israel," it is poetry in the highest sense : we have no reason, however, to suppose that if she had not been agitated by passion, and animated by victory, she would have been able so to express herself ; or that if she had been placed in different circumstances, she would have used such language of truth and passion. We are to remember that Shakespeare, not placed under circumstances of excitement, and only wrought upon by his own vivid and vigorous imagination, writes a language that invariably, and intuitively becomes the condition and position of each character.

On the other hand, there is a language not descriptive of passion, nor uttered under the influence of it, which is at the same time poetic, and shows a high and active fancy, as when Capulet says to Paris,—

"Such comfort as do lusty young men feel,
When well-apparell'd April on the heel

Of limping winter treads, even such delight
 Among fresh female buds, shall you this night
 Inherit at my house."

Act I., Scene 2.

Here the poet may be said to speak, rather than the dramatist ; and it would be easy to adduce other passages from this play, where Shakespeare, for a moment forgetting the character, utters his own words in his own person.

In my mind, what have often been censured as Shakespeare's conceits are completely justifiable, as belonging to the state, age, or feeling of the individual. Sometimes, when they cannot be vindicated on these grounds, they may well be excused by the taste of his own and of the preceding age ; as for instance, in Romeo's speech,

"Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:—
 Why then, O brawling love ! O loving hate !
 O anything, of nothing first created !
 O heavy lightness ! serious vanity !
 Misshapen chaos of well-seeming forms !
 Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire, sick health !
 Still-waking sleep, that is not what it is !"

Act I., Scene 1.

I dare not pronounce such passages as these to be absolutely unnatural, not merely because I consider the author a much better judge than I can be, but because I can understand and allow for an effort of the mind, when it would describe what it cannot satisfy itself with the description of, to reconcile opposites and qualify contradictions, leaving a middle state of mind more strictly

appropriate to the imagination than any other, when it is, as it were, hovering between images. As soon as it is fixed on one image, it becomes understanding; but while it is unfixed and wavering between them, attaching itself permanently to none, it is imagination. Such is the fine description of Death in Milton :—

“The other shape,
If shape it might be call'd, that shape had none
Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb,
Or substance might be call'd, that shadow seem'd,
For each seem'd either : black it stood as night;
Fierce as ten furies, terrible as hell,
And shook a dreadful dart : what seem'd his head
The likeness of a kingly crown had on.”

Paradise Lost, Book II.

The grandest efforts of poetry are where the imagination is called forth, not to produce a distinct form, but a strong working of the mind, still offering what is still repelled, and again creating what is again rejected; the result being what the poet wishes to impress, namely, the substitution of a sublime feeling of the unimaginable for a mere image. I have sometimes thought that the passage just read might be quoted as exhibiting the narrow limit of painting, as compared with the boundless power of poetry: painting cannot go beyond a certain point; poetry rejects all control, all confinement. Yet we know that sundry painters have attempted pictures of the meeting between Satan and Death at the gates of Hell; and how was Death represented? Not as Milton has

described him, but by the most defined thing that can be imagined—a skeleton, the dryest and hardest image that it is possible to discover ; which, instead of keeping the mind in a state of activity, reduces it to the merest passivity,—an image, compared with which a square, a triangle, or any other mathematical figure, is a luxuriant fancy.

It is a general but mistaken notion that, because some forms of writing, and some combinations of thought, are not usual, they are not natural ; but we are to recollect that the dramatist represents his characters in every situation of life and in every state of mind, and there is no form of language that may not be introduced with effect by a great and judicious poet, and yet be most strictly according to nature. Take punning, for instance, which may be the lowest, but at all events is the most harmless, kind of wit, because it never excites envy. A pun may be a necessary consequence of association : one man, attempting to prove something that was resisted by another, might, when agitated by strong feeling, employ a term used by his adversary with a directly contrary meaning to that for which that adversary had resorted to it : it might come into his mind as one way, and sometimes the best, of replying to that adversary. This form of speech is generally produced by a mixture of anger and contempt, and punning is a natural mode of expressing them.

It is my intention to pass over none of the important

so-called conceits of Shakespeare, not a few of which are introduced into his later productions with great propriety and effect. We are not to forget, that at the time he lived there was an attempt at, and an affectation of, quaintness and adornment, which emanated from the Court, and against which satire was directed by Shakespeare in the character of Osrick in Hamlet. Among the schoolmen of that age, and earlier, nothing was more common than the use of conceits: it began with the revival of letters, and the bias thus given was very generally felt and acknowledged.

I have in my possession a dictionary of phrases, in which the epithets applied to love, hate, jealousy, and such abstract terms, are arranged; and they consist almost entirely of words taken from Seneca and his imitators, or from the schoolmen, showing perpetual antithesis, and describing the passions by the conjunction and combination of things absolutely irreconcilable. In treating the matter thus, I am aware that I am only palliating the practice in Shakespeare: he ought to have had nothing to do with merely temporary peculiarities: he wrote not for his own only, but for all ages, and so far I admit the use of some of his conceits to be a defect. They detract sometimes from his universality as to time, person, and situation.

If we were able to discover, and to point out the peculiar faults, as well as the peculiar beauties of Shake-

spere, it would materially assist us in deciding what authority ought to be attached to certain portions of what are generally called his works. If we met with a play, or certain scenes of a play, in which we could trace neither his defects nor his excellences, we should have the strongest reason for believing that he had had no hand in it. In the case of scenes so circumstanced we might come to the conclusion that they were taken from the older plays, which, in some instances, he reformed or altered, or that they were inserted afterwards by some under-hand, in order to please the mob. If a drama by Shakespeare turned out to be too heavy for popular audiences, the clown might be called in to lighten the representation; and if it appeared that what was added was not in Shakespeare's manner, the conclusion would be inevitable, that it was not from Shakespeare's pen.

It remains for me to speak of the hero and heroine, of Romeo and Juliet themselves; and I shall do so with unaffected diffidence, not merely on account of the delicacy, but of the great importance of the subject. I feel that it is impossible to defend Shakespeare from the most cruel of all charges,—that he is an immoral writer—without entering fully into his mode of portraying female characters, and of displaying the passion of love. It seems to me, that he has done both with greater perfection than any other writer of the known

world, perhaps with the single exception of Milton in his delineation of Eve.

When I have heard it said, or seen it stated, that Shakespeare wrote for man, but the gentle Fletcher for woman, it has always given me something like acute pain, because to me it seems to do the greatest injustice to Shakespeare: when, too, I remember how much character is formed by what we read, I cannot look upon it as a light question, to be passed over as a mere amusement, like a game of cards or chess. I never have been able to tame down my mind to think poetry a sport, or an occupation for idle hours.

Perhaps there is no more sure criterion of refinement in moral character, of the purity of intellectual intention, and of the deep conviction and perfect sense of what our own nature really is in all its combinations, than the different definitions different men would give of love. I will not detain you by stating the various known definitions, some of which it may be better not to repeat: I will rather give you one of my own, which, I apprehend, is equally free from the extravagance of pretended Platonism (which, like other things which super-moralise, is sure to demoralise) and from its grosser opposite.

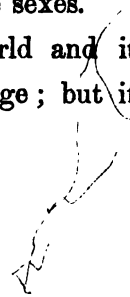
Considering myself and my fellow-men as a sort of link between heaven and earth, being composed of body and soul, with power to reason and to will, and with that perpetual aspiration which tells us that this is ours for

a while, but it is not ourselves ; considering man, I say, in this two-fold character, yet united in one person, I conceive that there can be no correct definition of love which does not correspond with our being, and with that subordination of one part to another which constitutes our perfection. I would say therefore that—

“Love is a desire of the whole being to be united to some thing, or some being, felt necessary to its completeness, by the most perfect means that nature permits, and reason dictates.”

It is inevitable to every noble mind, whether man or woman, to feel itself, of itself, imperfect and insufficient, not as an animal only, but as a moral being. How wonderfully, then, has Providence contrived for us, by making that which is necessary to us a step in our exaltation to a higher and nobler state ! The Creator has ordained that one should possess qualities which the other has not, and the union of both is the most complete ideal of human character. In everything the blending of the similar with the dissimilar is the secret of all pure delight. Who shall dare to stand alone, and vaunt himself, in himself, sufficient ? In poetry it is the blending of passion with order that constitutes perfection : this is still more the case in morals, and more than all in the exclusive attachment of the sexes.

True it is, that the world and its business may be carried on without marriage ; but it is so evident that



Providence intended man (the only animal of all climates, and whose reason is pre-eminent over instinct) to be the master of the world, that marriage, or the knitting together of society by the tenderest, yet firmest ties, seems ordained to render him capable of maintaining his superiority over the brute creation. Man alone has been privileged to clothe himself, and to do all things so as to make him, as it were, a secondary creator of himself, and of his own happiness or misery : in this, as in all, the image of the Deity is impressed upon him.

Providence, then, has not left us to prudence only ; for the power of calculation, which prudence implies, cannot have existed, but in a state which pre-supposes marriage. If God has done this, shall we suppose that he has given us no moral sense, no yearning, which is something more than animal, to secure that, without which man might form a herd, but could not be a society ? The very idea seems to breathe absurdity.

From this union arise the paternal, filial, brotherly and sisterly relations of life ; and every state is but a family magnified. All the operations of mind, in short, all that distinguishes us from brutes, originate in the more perfect state of domestic life.—One infallible criterion in forming an opinion of a man is the reverence in which he holds women. Plato has said, that in this way we rise from sensuality to affection, from affection to love, and from love to the pure intellectual delight by which we become

worthy to conceive that infinite in ourselves, without which it is impossible for man to believe in a God. In a word, the grandest and most delightful of all promises has been expressed to us by this practical state—our marriage with the Redeemer of mankind.

I might safely appeal to every man who hears me, who in youth has been accustomed to abandon himself to his animal passions, whether when he first really fell in love, the earliest symptom was not a complete change in his manners, a contempt and a hatred of himself for having excused his conduct by asserting, that he acted according to the dictates of nature, that his vices were the inevitable consequences of youth, and that his passions at that period of life could not be conquered? The surest friend of chastity is love: it leads us, not to sink the mind in the body, but to draw up the body to the mind—the immortal part of our nature. See how contrasted in this respect are some portions of the works of writers, whom I need not name, with other portions of the same works: the ebullitions of comic humour have at times, by a lamentable confusion, been made the means of debasing our nature, while at other times, even in the same volume, we are happy to notice the utmost purity, such as the purity of love, which above all other qualities renders us most pure and lovely.

Love is not, like hunger, a mere selfish appetite: it is an associative quality. The hungry savage is nothing but

an animal, thinking only of the satisfaction of his stomach : what is the first effect of love, but to associate the feeling with every object in nature ? the trees whisper, the roses exhale their perfumes, the nightingales sing, nay the very skies smile in unison with the feeling of true and pure love. It gives to every object in nature a power of the heart, without which it would indeed be spiritless.

Shakespeare has described this passion in various states and stages, beginning, as was most natural, with love in the young. Does he open his play by making Romeo and Juliet in love at first sight—at the first glimpse, as any ordinary thinker would do ? Certainly not : he knew what he was about, and how he was to accomplish what he was about : he was to develop the whole passion, and he commences with the first elements—that sense of imperfection, that yearning to combine itself with something lovely. Romeo became enamoured of the idea he had formed in his own mind, and then, as it were, christened the first real being of the contrary sex as endowed with the perfections he desired. He appears to be in love with Rosaline ; but, in truth, he is in love only with his own idea. He felt that necessity of being beloved which no noble mind can be without. Then our poet, our poet who so well knew human nature, introduces Romeo to Juliet, and makes it not only a violent, but a permanent love—a point for which Shakespeare has been ridiculed by the ignorant and unthinking. Romeo is first

represented in a state most susceptible of love, and then, seeing Juliet, he took and retained the infection.

This brings me to observe upon a characteristic of Shakespeare, which belongs to a man of profound thought and high genius. It has been too much the custom, when anything that happened in his dramas could not easily be explained by the few words the poet has employed, to pass it idly over, and to say that it is beyond our reach, and beyond the power of philosophy—a sort of terra incognita for discoverers—a great ocean to be hereafter explored. Others have treated such passages as hints and glimpses of something now non-existent, as the sacred fragments of an ancient and ruined temple, all the portions of which are beautiful, although their particular relation to each other is unknown. Shakespeare knew the human mind, and its most minute and intimate workings, and he never introduces a word, or a thought, in vain or out of place : if we do not understand him, it is our own fault or the fault of copyists and typographers ; but study, and the possession of some small stock of the knowledge by which he worked, will enable us often to detect and explain his meaning. He never — wrote at random, or hit upon points of character and conduct by chance ; and the smallest fragment of his mind not unfrequently gives a clue to a most perfect, regular, and consistent whole.

As I may not have another opportunity, the introduc-

tion of Friar Laurence into this tragedy enables me to remark upon the different manner in which Shakespeare has treated the priestly character, as compared with other writers. In Beaumont and Fletcher priests are represented as a vulgar mockery ; and, as in others of their dramatic personages, the errors of a few are mistaken for the demeanour of the many : but in Shakespeare they always carry with them our love and respect. He made no injurious abstracts : he took no copies from the worst parts of our nature ; and, like the rest, his characters of priests are truly drawn from the general body.

It may strike some as singular, that throughout all his productions he has never introduced the passion of avarice. The truth is, that it belongs only to particular parts of our nature, and is prevalent only in particular states of society ; hence it could not, and cannot, be permanent. The Miser of Moliere and Plautus is now looked upon as a species of madman, and avarice as a species of madness. Elwes, of whom everybody has heard, was an individual influenced by an insane condition of mind ; but, as a passion, avarice has disappeared. How admirably, then, did Shakespeare foresee, that if he drew such a character it could not be permanent ! he drew characters which would always be natural, and therefore permanent, inasmuch as they were not dependent upon accidental circumstances.

There is not one of the plays of Shakespeare that is built upon anything but the best and surest foundation ; the characters must be permanent — permanent while men continue men,—because they stand upon what is absolutely necessary to our existence. This cannot be said even of some of the most famous authors of antiquity. Take the capital tragedies of Orestes, or of the husband of Jocasta : great as was the genius of the writers, these dramas have an obvious fault, and the fault lies at the very root of the action. In *Œdipus* a man is represented oppressed by fate for a crime of which he was not morally guilty ; and while we read we are obliged to say to ourselves, that in those days they considered actions without reference to the real guilt of the persons.

There is no character in Shakespeare in which envy is pourtrayed, with one solitary exception—Cassius, in “*Julius Cæsar* ;” yet even there the vice is not hateful, inasmuch as it is counterbalanced by a number of excellent qualities and virtues. The poet leads the reader to suppose that it is rather something constitutional, something derived from his parents, something that he cannot avoid, and not something that he has himself acquired ; thus throwing the blame from the will of man to some inevitable circumstance, and leading us to suppose that it is hardly to be looked upon as one of those passions that actually debase the mind.

Whenever love is described as of a serious nature, and

much more when it is to lead to a tragical result, it depends upon a law of the mind, which, I believe, I shall hereafter be able to make intelligible, and which would not only justify Shakespeare, but show an analogy to all his other characters.

END OF THE SEVENTH LECTURE.

THE EIGHTH LECTURE.

It is impossible to pay a higher compliment to poetry, than to consider the effects it produces in common with religion, yet distinct (as far as distinction can be, where there is no division) in those qualities which religion exercises and diffuses over all mankind, as far as they are subject to its influence.

I have often thought that religion (speaking of it only as it accords with poetry, without reference to its more serious impressions) is the poetry of mankind, both having for their objects :—

1. To generalise our notions ; to prevent men from confining their attention solely, or chiefly, to their own narrow sphere of action, and to their own individual circumstances. By placing them in certain awful relations it merges the individual man in the whole species, and makes it impossible for any one man to think of his future lot, or indeed of his present condition, without at the same time comprising in his view his fellow-creatures.

2. That both poetry and religion throw the object of deepest interest to a distance from us, and thereby not

only aid our imagination, but in a most important manner subserve the interest of our virtues ; for that man is indeed a slave, who is a slave to his own senses, and whose mind and imagination cannot carry him beyond the distance which his hand can touch, or even his eye can reach.

3. The grandest point of resemblance between them is, that both have for their object (I hardly know whether the English language supplies an appropriate word) the perfecting, and the pointing out to us the indefinite improvement of our nature, and fixing our attention upon that. They bid us, while we are sitting in the dark at our little fire, look at the mountain-tops, struggling with darkness, and announcing that light which shall be common to all, in which individual interests shall resolve into one common good, and every man shall find in his fellow man more than a brother.

Such being the case, we need not wonder that it has pleased Providence, that the divine truths of religion should have been revealed to us in the form of poetry ; and that at all times poets, not the slaves of any particular sectarian opinions, should have joined to support all those delicate sentiments of the heart (often when they were most opposed to the reigning philosophy of the day) which may be called the feeding streams of religion.

I have heard it said that an undevout astronomer is

mad. In the strict sense of the word, every being capable of understanding must be mad, who remains, as it were, fixed in the ground on which he treads—who, gifted with the divine faculties of indefinite hope and fear, born with them, yet settles his faith upon that, in which neither hope nor fear has any proper field for display. Much more truly, however, might it be said that, an undevout poet is mad : in the strict sense of the word, an undevout poet is an impossibility. I have heard of verse-makers (poets they are not, and never can be) who introduced into their works such questions as these :—Whether the world was made of atoms ?—Whether there is a universe ?—Whether there is a governing mind that supports it ? As I have said, verse-makers are not poets : the poet is one who carries the simplicity of childhood into the powers of manhood ; who, with a soul unsubdued by habit, unshackled by custom, contemplates all things with the freshness and the wonder of a child ; and, connecting with it the inquisitive powers of riper years, adds, as far as he can find knowledge, admiration ; and, where knowledge no longer permits admiration, gladly sinks back again into the childlike feeling of devout wonder.

The poet is not only the man made to solve the riddle of the universe, but he is also the man who feels where it is not solved. What is old and worn-out, not in itself, but from the dimness of the intellectual eye, produced by worldly passions and pursuits, he makes new : he pours

upon it the dew that glistens, and blows round it the breeze that cooled us in our infancy. I hope, therefore, that if in this single lecture I make some demand on the attention of my hearers to a most important subject, upon which depends all sense of the worthiness or unworthiness of our nature, I shall obtain their pardon. If I afford them less amusement, I trust that their own reflections upon a few thoughts will be found to repay them.

I have been led to these observations by the tragedy of "Romeo and Juliet," and by some, perhaps, indiscreet expressions, certainly not well chosen, concerning falling in love at first sight. I have taken one of Shakespeare's earliest works, as I consider it, in order to show that he, of all his contemporaries (Sir Philip Sidney alone excepted), entertained a just conception of the female character. Unquestionably, that gentleman of Europe—that all-accomplished man, and our beloved Shakespeare, were the only writers of that age, who pitched their ideas of female perfection according to the best researches of philosophy: compared with all who followed them, they stand as mighty mountains, the islands of a deluge, which has swallowed all the rest in the flood of oblivion.*

* I remember, in conversing on this very point at a subsequent period,—I cannot fix the date,—Coleridge made a willing exception in favour of Spenser; but he added that the notions of the author of the "Faery Queen" were often so romantic and heightened by fancy, that he could not look upon Spenser's females as creatures of our world; whereas the ladies of Shakespeare and Sidney were flesh and blood, with their very defects and qualifications giving evidence of their humanity: hence the lively interest taken regarding them.—J. P. C.

I certainly do not mean, as a general maxim, to justify so foolish a thing as what goes by the name of love at first sight; but, to express myself more accurately, I should say that there is, and has always existed, a deep emotion of the mind, which might be called love momentaneous—not love at first sight, nor known by the subject of it to be or to have been such, but after many years of experience.*

I have to defend the existence of love, as a passion in itself fit and appropriate to human nature;—I say fit for human nature, and not only so, but peculiar to it, unshared either in degree or kind by any of our fellow creatures: it is a passion which it is impossible for any creature to feel, but a being endowed with reason, with the moral sense, and with the strong yearnings, which, like all other powerful effects in nature, prophesy some future effect.

If I were to address myself to the materialist, with reference to the human kind, and (admitting the three great laws common to all beings,—1, the law of self-preservation; 2, that of continuing the race; and 3, the care of the offspring till protection is no longer

* Coleridge here made a reference to, and cited a passage from, Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity;" but my note contains only a hint regarding it; and the probability is, that I did not insert more of it, because I thought I should be able, at some future time, to procure the exact words, or a reference to them, from the Lecturer. Whether I did so or not I cannot remember, but I find no trace of anything of the kind.—J. P. C.

needed),—were to ask him, whether he thought any motives of prudence or duty enforced the simple necessity of preserving the race? or whether, after a course of serious reflection, he came to the conclusion, that it would be better to have a posterity, from a sense of duty impelling us to seek that as our object?—if, I say, I were to ask a materialist, whether such was the real cause of the preservation of the species, he would laugh me to scorn; he would say that nature was too wise to trust any of her great designs to the mere cold calculations of fallible mortality.

Then the question comes to a short crisis:—Is, or is not, our moral nature a part of the end of Providence? or are we, or are we not, beings meant for society? Is that society, or is it not, meant to be progressive? I trust that none of my auditors would endure the putting of the question—Whether, independently of the progression of the race, every individual has it not in his power to be indefinitely progressive?—for, without marriage, without exclusive attachment, there could be no human society; herds, as I said, there might be, but society there could not be: there could be none of that delightful intercourse between father and child; none of the sacred affections; none of the charities of humanity; none of all those many and complex causes, which have raised us to the state we have already reached, could possibly have existence. All these effects are not found

among the brutes ; neither are they found among savages, whom strange accidents have sunk below the class of human beings, insomuch that a stop seems actually to have been put to their progressiveness.

We may, therefore, safely conclude that there is placed within us some element, if I may so say, of our nature—something which is as peculiar to our moral nature, as any other part can be conceived to be, name it what you will,—name it, I will say for illustration, devotion,—name it friendship, or a sense of duty ; but something there is, peculiar to our nature, which answers the moral end ; as we find everywhere in the ends of the moral world, that there are proportionate material and bodily means of accomplishing them.

We are born, and it is our nature and lot to be composed of body and mind ; but when our heart leaps up on hearing of the victories of our country, or of the rescue of the virtuous, but unhappy, from the hands of an oppressor ; when a parent is transported at the restoration of a beloved child from deadly sickness ; when the pulse is quickened, from any of these or other causes, do we therefore say, because the body interprets the emotions of the mind and sympathises with them, asserting its claim to participation, that joy is not mental, or that it is not moral ? Do we assert, that it was owing merely to fulness of blood that the heart throbbed, and the pulse played ? Do we not rather say, that the regent, the

mind, being glad, its slave, its willing slave, the body, responded to it, and obeyed the impulse? If we are possessed with a feeling of having done a wrong, or of having had a wrong done to us, and it excites the blush of shame or the glow of anger, do we pretend to say that, by some accident, the blood suffused itself into veins unusually small, and therefore that the guilty seemed to evince shame, or the injured indignation? In these things we scorn such instruction; and shall it be deemed a sufficient excuse for the materialist to degrade that passion, on which not only many of our virtues depend, but upon which the whole frame, the whole structure of human society rests? Shall we pardon him this debasement of love, because our body has been united to mind by Providence, in order, not to reduce the high to the level of the low, but to elevate the low to the level of the high? We should be guilty of nothing less than an act of moral suicide, if we consented to degrade that which on every account is most noble, by merging it in what is most derogatory: as if an angel were to hold out to us the welcoming hand of brotherhood, and we turned away from it, to wallow, as it were, with the hog in the mire.

One of the most lofty and intellectual of the poets of the time of Shakespeare has described this degradation most wonderfully, where he speaks of a man, who, having been converted by the witchery of worldly pleasure

and passion, into a hog, on being restored to his human shape still preferred his bestial condition :—

“But one, above the rest in special,
That had a hog been late, hight Grill by name,
Repined greatly, and did him miscall,
That from a hoggish form him brought to natural.

“Said Guyon, See the mind of beastly man !
That hath so soon forgot the excellence
Of his creation, when he life began,
That now he chooseth, with vile difference,
To be a beast and lack intelligence.
To whom the Palmer thus :—The dunghill kind
Delights in filth and foul incontinence :
Let Grill be Grill, and have his hoggish mind ;
But let us hence depart, whilst weather serves and wind.”

Fairy Queen, Book II., c. 12.

The first feeling that would strike a reflecting mind, wishing to see mankind not only in an amiable but in a just light, would be that beautiful feeling in the moral world, the brotherly and sisterly affections,—the existence of strong affection greatly modified by the difference of sex ; made more tender, more graceful, more soothing and conciliatory by the circumstance of difference, yet still remaining perfectly pure, perfectly spiritual. How glorious, we may say, would be the effect, if the instances were rare ; but how much more glorious, when they are so frequent as to be only not universal. This species of affection is the object of religious veneration with all those who love their fellow men, or who know themselves.

The power of education over the human mind is herein

exemplified, and data for hope are afforded of yet unrealised excellences, perhaps dormant in our nature. When we see so divine a moral effect spread through all classes, what may we not hope of other excellences, of unknown quality, still to be developed ?

By dividing the sisterly and fraternal affections from the conjugal, we have, in truth, two loves, each of them as strong as any affection can be, or ought to be, consistently with the performance of our duty, and the love we should bear to our neighbour. Then, by the former preceding the latter, the latter is rendered more pure, more even, and more constant : the wife has already learned the discipline of pure love in the character of a sister. By the discipline of private life she has already learned how to yield, how to influence, how to command. To all this are to be added the beautiful gradations of attachment which distinguish human nature ;—from sister to wife, from wife to child, to uncle, to cousin, to one of our kin, to one of our blood, to our near neighbour, to our county-man, and to our countryman.

The bad results of a want of this variety of orders, of this graceful subordination in the character of attachment, I have often observed in Italy in particular, as well as in other countries, where the young are kept secluded, not only from their neighbours, but from their own families— all closely imprisoned, until the hour when they are necessarily let out of their cages, without having had

the opportunity of learning to fly—without experience, restrained by no kindly feeling, and detesting the control which so long kept them from enjoying the full hubbub of licence.

The question is, How have nature and Providence secured these blessings to us? In this way:—that in general the affections become those which urge us to leave the paternal nest. We arrive at a definite time of life, and feel passions that invite us to enter into the world; and this new feeling assuredly coalesces with a new object. Suppose we are under the influence of a vivid feeling that is new to us: that feeling will more firmly combine with an external object, which is likewise vivid from novelty, than with one that is familiar.

To this may be added the aversion, which seems to have acted very strongly in rude ages, concerning anything common to us and to the animal creation. That which is done by beasts man feels a natural repugnance to imitate. The desire to extend the bond of relationship, in families which had emigrated from the patriarchal seed, would likewise have its influence.

All these circumstances would render the marriage of brother and sister unfrequent, and in simple ages an ominous feeling to the contrary might easily prevail. Some tradition might aid the objections to such a union; and, for aught we know, some law might be preserved in the Temple of Isis, and from thence obtained by the

patriarchs, which would augment the horror attached to such connexions. This horror once felt, and soon propagated, the present state of feeling on the subject can easily be explained.

Children begin as early to talk of marriage as of death, from attending a wedding, or following a funeral : a new young visitor is introduced into the family, and from association they soon think of the conjugal bond. If a boy tell his parent that he wishes to marry his sister, he is instantly checked by a stern look, and he is shewn the impossibility of such a union. The controlling glance of the parental eye is often more effectual, than any form of words that could be employed ; and in mature years a mere look often prevails where exhortation would have failed. As to infants, they are told, without any reason assigned, that it could not be so ; and perhaps the best security for moral rectitude arises from a supposed necessity. Ignorant persons recoil from the thought of doing anything that has not been done, and because they have always been informed that it must not be done.

The individual has by this time learned the greatest and best lesson of the human mind—that in ourselves we are imperfect ; and another truth, of the next, if not of equal, importance—that there exists a possibility of uniting two beings, each identified in their nature, but distinguished in their separate qualities, so that each should retain what distinguishes them, and at the same time each acquire the

qualities of that being which is contradistinguished. This is perhaps the most beautiful part of our nature : the man loses not his manly character : he does not become less brave or less resolved to go through fire and water, if necessary, for the object of his affections : rather say, that he becomes far more brave and resolute. He then feels the beginnings of his moral nature : he then is sensible of its imperfection, and of its perfectibility. All the grand and sublime thoughts of an improved state of being then dawn upon him : he can acquire the patience of woman, which in him is fortitude : the beauty and susceptibility of the female character in him becomes a desire to display all that is noble and dignified. In short, the only true resemblance to a couple thus united is the pure blue sky of heaven : the female unites the beautiful with the sublime, and the male the sublime with the beautiful.

Throughout the whole of his plays Shakespeare has evidently looked at the subject of love in this dignified light : he has conceived it not only with moral grandeur, but with philosophical penetration. The mind of man searches for something which shall add to his perfection—which shall assist him ; and he also yearns to lend his aid in completing the moral nature of another. Thoughts like these will occupy many of his serious moments : imagination will accumulate on imagination, until at last some object attracts his attention, and to this object

the whole weight and impulse of his feelings will be directed.

Who shall say this is not love? Here is system, but it is founded upon nature: here are associations; here are strong feelings, natural to us as men, and they are directed and finally attached to one object:—who shall say this is not love? Assuredly not the being who is the subject of these sensations.—If it be not love, it is only known that it is not by Him who knows all things. Shakespeare has therefore described Romeo as in love in the first instance with Rosaline, and so completely does he fancy himself in love that he declares, before he has seen Juliet,

“When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires;
And these, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars.
One fairer than my love? the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.”

Act I., Scene 1.

This is in answer to Benvolio, who has asked Romeo to compare the supposed beauty of Rosaline with the actual beauty of other ladies; and in this full feeling of confidence Romeo is brought to Capulet's, as it were by accident: he sees Juliet, instantly becomes the heretic he has just before declared impossible, and then commences that completeness of attachment which forms the whole subject of the tragedy.

Surely Shakespeare, the poet, the philosopher, who

combined truth with beauty and beauty with truth, never dreamed that he could interest his auditory in favour of Romeo, by representing him as a mere weather-cock, blown round by every woman's breath ; who, having seen one, became the victim of melancholy, eating his own heart, concentrating all his hopes and fears in her, and yet, in an instant, changing, and falling madly in love with another. Shakespeare must have meant something more than this, for this was the way to make people despise, instead of admiring his hero. Romeo tells us what was Shakespeare's purpose : he shows us that he had looked at Rosaline with a different feeling from that with which he had looked at Juliet. Rosaline was the x object to which his over-full heart had attached itself in the first instance : our imperfect nature, in proportion as our ideas are vivid, seeks after something in which those ideas may be realised.

< So with the indiscreet friendships sometimes formed by men of genius : they are conscious of their own weakness, and are ready to believe others stronger than themselves, when, in truth, they are weaker : they have formed an ideal in their own minds, and they want to see it realised ; they require more than shadowy thought. Their own sense of imperfection makes it impossible for them to fasten their attachment upon themselves, and hence the humility of men of true genius : in, perhaps, the first man they meet, they only see what is good ; they have

no sense of his deficiencies, and their friendship becomes so strong, that they almost fall down and worship one in every respect greatly their inferior.

What is true of friendship is true of love, with a person of ardent feelings and warm imagination. What took place in the mind of Romeo was merely natural; it is accordant with every day's experience. Amid such various events, such shifting scenes, such changing personages, we are often mistaken, and discover that he or she was not what we hoped and expected; we find that the individual first chosen will not complete our imperfection; we may have suffered unnecessary pangs, and have indulged idly-directed hopes, and then a being may arise before us, who has more resemblance to the ideal we have formed. We know that we loved the earlier object with ardour and purity, but it was not what we feel for the later object. Our own mind tells us, that in the first instance we merely yearned after an object, but in the last instance we know that we have found that object, and that it corresponds with the idea we had previously formed.

[Here my original notes abruptly break off: the brochure in which I had inserted them was full, and I took another for the conclusion of the Lecture, which is unfortunately lost.]

THE NINTH LECTURE.

It is a known but unexplained phenomenon, that among the ancients statuary rose to such a degree of perfection, as almost to baffle the hope of imitating it, and to render the chance of excelling it absolutely impossible ; yet painting, at the same period, notwithstanding the admiration bestowed upon it by Pliny and others, has been proved to be an art of much later growth, as it was also of far inferior quality. I remember a man of high rank, equally admirable for his talents and his taste, pointing to a common sign-post, and saying that had Titian never lived, the richness of representation by colour, even there, would never have been attained. In that mechanical branch of painting, perspective, it has been shown that the Romans were very deficient. The excavations and consequent discoveries, at Herculaneum and elsewhere, prove the Roman artists to have been guilty of such blunders, as to give plausibility to the assertions of those, who maintain that the ancients were wholly ignorant of perspective. However, that they

knew something of it is established by Vitruvius in the introduction to his second book.

Something of the same kind, as I endeavoured to explain in a previous lecture, was the case with the drama of the ancients, which has been imitated by the French, Italians, and by various writers in England since the Restoration. All that is there represented seems to be, as it were, upon one flat surface: the theme,* if we may so call it in reference to music, admits of nothing more than the change of a single note, and excludes that which is the true principle of life—the attaining of the same result by an infinite variety of means. ✓

The plays of Shakespeare are in no respect imitations of the Greeks: they may be called analogies, because by very different means they arrive at the same end; whereas the French and Italian tragedies I have read, and the English ones on the same model, are mere copies, though they cannot be called likenesses, seeking the same effect by adopting the same means, but under most inappropriate and adverse circumstances.

I have thus been led to consider, that the ancient drama (meaning the works of Æschylus, Euripides, and Sophocles, for the rhetorical productions of the same class by the Romans are scarcely to be treated as original

* Here occurs another evident mistake of mine, in my original short-hand note, in consequence of mishearing: I hastily wrote *scheme*, instead of "theme," which last must have been the word of the Lecturer.

theatrical poems) might be contrasted with the Shakespearean drama.—I call it the Shakespearean drama to distinguish it, because I know of no other writer who has realised the same idea, although I am told by some, that the Spanish poets, Lopez de Vega and Calderon, have been equally successful. The Shakespearean drama and the Greek drama may be compared to statuary and painting. In statuary, as in the Greek drama, the characters must be few, because the very essence of statuary is a high degree of abstraction, which prevents a great many figures being combined in the same effect. In a grand group of Niobe, or in any other ancient heroic subject, how disgusting even it would appear, if an old nurse were introduced. Not only the number of figures must be circumscribed, but nothing undignified must be placed in company with what is dignified: no one personage must be brought in that is not an abstraction: all the actors in the scene must not be presented at once to the eye; and the effect of multitude, if required, must be produced without the intermingling of anything discordant.

Compare this small group with a picture by Raphael or Titian, in which an immense number of figures may be introduced, a beggar, a cripple, a dog, or a cat; and by a less degree of labour, and a less degree of abstraction, an effect is produced equally harmonious to the mind, more true to nature with its varied colours, and, in all respects

but one, superior to statuary. The man of taste feels satisfied, and to that which the reason conceives possible, a momentary reality is given by the aid of imagination.

I need not here repeat what I have said before, regarding the circumstances which permitted Shakespeare to make an alteration, not merely so suitable to the age in which he lived, but, in fact, so necessitated by the condition of that age. I need not again remind you of the difference I pointed out between imitation and likeness, in reference to the attempt to give reality to representations on the stage. The distinction between imitation and likeness depends upon the admixture of circumstances of dissimilarity ; an imitation is not a copy, precisely as likeness is not sameness, in that sense of the word "likeness" which implies difference conjoined with sameness. Shakespeare reflected manners in his plays, not by a cold formal copy, but by an imitation ; that is to say, by an admixture of circumstances, not absolutely true in themselves, but true to the character and to the time represented.

It is fair to own that he had many advantages. The great of that day, instead of surrounding themselves by the *chevaux de frise* of what is now called high breeding, endeavoured to distinguish themselves by attainments, by energy of thought, and consequent powers of mind. The stage, indeed, had nothing but curtains for its scenes,

but this fact compelled the actor, as well as the author, to appeal to the imaginations, and not to the senses of the audience: thus was obtained a power over space and time, which in an ancient theatre would have been absurd, because it would have been contradictory. The advantage is vastly in favour of our own early stage: the dramatic poet there relies upon the imagination, upon the reason, and upon the noblest powers of the human heart; he shakes off the iron bondage of space and time; he appeals to that which we most wish to be, when we are most worthy of being, while the ancient dramatist binds us down to the meanest part of our nature, and the chief compensation is a simple acquiescence of the mind in the position, that what is represented might possibly have occurred in the time and place required by the unities. It is a poor compliment to a poet to tell him, that he has only the qualifications of a historian.

In dramatic composition the observation of the unities of time and place so narrows the period of action, so impoverishes the sources of pleasure, that of all the Athenian dramas there is scarcely one in which the absurdity is not glaring, of aiming at an object, and utterly failing in the attainment of it: events are sometimes brought into a space in which it is impossible for them to have occurred, and in this way the grandest effort of the dramatist, that of making his play the mirror of life, is entirely defeated.

The limit allowed by the rules of the Greek stage was twenty-four hours ; but, inasmuch as, even in this case, time must have become a subject of imagination, it was just as reasonable to allow twenty-four months, or even years. The mind is acted upon by such strong stimulants, that the period is indifferent ; and when once the boundary of possibility is passed, no restriction can be assigned. In reading Shakespeare, we should first consider in which of his plays he means to appeal to the reason, and in which to the imagination, faculties which have no relation to time and place, excepting as in the one case they imply a succession of cause and effect, and in the other form a harmonious picture, so that the impulse given by the reason is carried on by the imagination. X

We have often heard Shakespeare spoken of as a child of nature, and some of his modern imitators, without the genius to copy nature, by resorting to real incidents, and treating them in a certain way, have produced that stage-phenomenon which is neither tragic nor comic, nor tragi-comic, nor comi-tragic, but sentimental. This sort of writing depends upon some very affecting circumstances, and in its greatest excellence aspires no higher than the genius of an onion,—the power of drawing tears ; while the author, acting the part of a ventriloquist, distributes his own insipidity among the characters, if characters they can be called, which have no marked and distinguishing X

features. I have seen dramas of this sort, some translated and some the growth of our own soil, so well acted, and so ill written, that if I could have been made for the time artificially deaf, I should have been pleased with that performance as a pantomime, which was intolerable as a play.

Shakespeare's characters, from Othello and Macbeth down to Dogberry and the Grave-digger, may be termed ideal realities. They are not the things themselves, so much as abstracts of the things, which a great mind takes into itself, and there naturalises them to its own conception. Take Dogberry: are no important truths there conveyed, no admirable lessons taught, and no valuable allusions made to reigning follies, which the poet saw must for ever reign? He is not the creature of the day, to disappear with the day, but the representative and abstract of truth which must ever be true, and of humour which must ever be humorous.

The readers of Shakespeare may be divided into two classes:—

1. Those who read his works with feeling and understanding;
2. Those who, without affecting to criticise, merely feel, and may be said to be the recipients of the poet's power.

Between the two no medium can be endured. The ordinary reader, who does not pretend to bring his

understanding to bear upon the subject, often feels that some real trait of his own has been caught, that some nerve has been touched; and he knows that it has been touched by the vibration he experiences—a thrill, which tells us that, by becoming better acquainted with the poet, we have become better acquainted with ourselves.

In the plays of Shakespeare every man sees himself, without knowing that he does so: as in some of the phenomena of nature, in the mist of the mountain, the traveller beholds his own figure, but the glory round the head distinguishes it from a mere vulgar copy. In traversing the Brocken, in the north of Germany, at sunrise, the brilliant beams are shot askance, and you see before you a being of gigantic proportions, and of such elevated dignity, that you only know it to be yourself by similarity of action. In the same way, near Messina, natural forms, at determined distances, are represented on an invisible mist, not as they really exist, but dressed in all the prismatic colours of the imagination. So in Shakespeare: every form is true, everything has reality for its foundation; we can all recognise the truth, but we see it decorated with such hues of beauty, and magnified to such proportions of grandeur, that, while we know the figure, we know also how much it has been refined and exalted by the poet.

It is humiliating to reflect that, as it were, because

heaven has given us the greatest poet, it has inflicted upon that poet the most incompetent critics: none of them seem to understand even his language, much less the principles upon which he wrote, and the peculiarities which distinguish him from all rivals. I will not now dwell upon this point, because it is my intention to devote a lecture more immediately to the prefaces of Pope and Johnson. Some of Shakespeare's contemporaries appear to have understood him, and imitated him in a way that does the original no small honour; but modern preface-writers and commentators, while they praise him as a great genius, when they come to publish notes upon his plays, treat him like a schoolboy; as if this great genius did not understand himself, was not aware of his own powers, and wrote without design or purpose. Nearly all they can do is to express the most vulgar of all feelings, wonderment—wondering at what they term the irregularity of his genius, sometimes above all praise, and at other times, if they are to be trusted, below all contempt. They endeavour to reconcile the two opinions by asserting that he wrote for the mob; as if a man of real genius ever wrote for the mob. Shakespeare never consciously wrote what was below himself: careless he might be, and his better genius may not always have attended him; but I fearlessly say, that he never penned a line that he knew would degrade him. No man does anything equally well at all times; but because Shakespeare could

not always be the greatest of poets, was he therefore to condescend to make himself the least ?*

Yesterday afternoon a friend left a book for me by a German critic, of which I have only had time to read a small part ; but what I did read I approved, and I should be disposed to applaud the work much more highly, were it not that in so doing I should, in a manner, applaud myself. The sentiments and opinions are coincident with those to which I gave utterance in my lectures at the Royal Institution. It is not a little wonderful, that so many ages have elapsed since the time of Shakespeare, and that it should remain for foreigners first to feel truly, and to appreciate justly, his mighty genius. The solution of this circumstance must be sought in the history of our nation : the English have become a busy commercial people, and they have unquestionably derived from this propensity many social and physical advantages : they have grown to be a mighty empire—one of the great nations of the world, whose moral superiority enables it to struggle successfully against him, who may be deemed the evil genius of our planet.

On the other hand, the Germans, unable to distinguish themselves in action, have been driven to speculation :

* It is certain that my short-hand note in this place affords another instance of mishearing : it runs literally thus—" but because Shakespeare could not always be the greatest of poets, was he therefore to condescend to make himself a beast?" For " a beast," we must read *the least*, the antithesis being between "greatest" and "least," and not between "poet" and "beast." Yet "beast" may be reconciled with sense, as in *Macbeth* : "Notes and Emend." 420.

all their feelings have been forced back into the thinking and reasoning mind. To do, with them is impossible, but in determining what ought to be done, they perhaps exceed every people of the globe. Incapable of acting outwardly, they have acted internally: they first rationally recalled the ancient philosophy, and set their spirits to work with an energy of which England produces no parallel, since those truly heroic times, heroic in body and soul, the days of Elizabeth.

If all that has been written upon Shakespeare by Englishmen were burned, in the want of candles, merely to enable us to read one half of what our dramatist produced, we should be great gainers. Providence has given England the greatest man that ever put on and put off mortality, and has thrown a sop to the envy of other nations, by inflicting upon his native country the most incompetent critics. I say nothing here of the state in which his text has come down to us, farther than that it is evidently very imperfect: in many places his sense has been perverted, in others, if not entirely obscured, so blunderingly represented, as to afford us only a glimpse of what he meant, without the power of restoring his own expressions. But whether his dramas have been perfectly or imperfectly printed, it is quite clear that modern inquiry and speculative ingenuity in this kingdom have done nothing; or I might say, without a solecism, less than nothing (for some editors have multiplied corruptions)

to retrieve the genuine language of the poet. His critics among us, during the whole of the last century, have neither understood nor appreciated him ; for how could they appreciate what they could not understand ?

His contemporaries, and those who immediately followed him, were not so insensible of his merits, or so incapable of explaining them ; and one of them, who might be Milton when a young man of four and twenty, printed, in the second folio of Shakespeare's works, a laudatory poem, which, in its kind, has no equal for justness and distinctness of description, in reference to the powers and qualities of lofty genius. It runs thus, and I hope that, when I have finished, I shall stand in need of no excuse for reading the whole of it.

“A mind reflecting ages past, whose clear
 And equal surface can make things appear,
 Distant a thousand years, and represent
 Them in their lively colours, just extent :
 To outrun hasty time, retrieve the fates,
 Roll back the heavens, blow ope the iron gates
 Of death and Lethe, where confused lie
 Great heaps of ruinous mortality :
 In that deep dusky dungeon to discern
 A royal ghost from churls ; by art to learn
 The physiognomy of shades, and give
 Them sudden birth, wondering how oft they live ;
 What story coldly tells, what poets feign
 At second hand, and picture without brain,
 Senseless and soul-less shows : to give a stage
 (Ample and true with life) voice, action, age,
 As Plato's year, and new scene of the world,
 Them unto us, or us to them had hurl'd :
 To raise our ancient sovereigns from their herse,
 Make kings his subjects ; by exchanging verse,

Enlive their pale trunks ; that the present age
 Joys at their joy, and trembles at their rage :
 Yet so to temper passion, that our ears
 Take pleasure in their pain, and eyes in tears
 Both weep and smile ; fearful at plots so sad,
 Then laughing at our fear ; abus'd, and glad
 To be abus'd ; affected with that truth
 Which we perceive is false, pleas'd in that ruth
 At which we start, and, by elaborate play,
 Tortur'd and tickl'd ; by a crab-like way
 Time past made pastime, and in ugly sort
 Disgorging up his ravin for our sport :—
 —While the plebeian imp, from lofty throne,
 Creates and rules a world, and works upon
 Mankind by secret engines ; now to move
 A chilling pity, then a rigorous love ;
 To strike up and stroke down, both joy and ire
 To steer th' affections ; and by heavenly fire
 Mold us anew, stol'n from ourselves :—

This, and much more, which cannot be express'd
 But by himself, his tongue, and his own breast,
 Was Shakespeare's freehold ; which his cunning brain
 Improv'd by favour of the nine-fold train ;
 The buskin'd muse, the comick queen, the grand
 And louder tone of Clio, nimble hand
 And nimbler foot of the melodious pair,
 The silver-voiced lady, the most fair
 Calliope, whose speaking silence daunts,
 And she whose praise the heavenly body chants ;
 These jointly woo'd him, envying one another ;
 (Obey'd by all as spouse, but lov'd as brother)
 And wrought a curious robe, of sable grave,
 Fresh green, and pleasant yellow, red most brave,
 And constant blue, rich purple, guiltless white,
 The lowly russet, and the scarlet bright ;
 Branch'd and embroider'd like the painted spring ;
 Each leaf match'd with a flower, and each string
 Of golden wire, each line of silk : there run
 Italian works, whose thread the sisters spun ;
 And these did sing, or seem to sing, the choice
 Birds of a foreign note and various voice :
 Here hangs a mossy rock ; there plays a fair
 But chiding fountain, purled : not the air,

Nor clouds, nor thunder, but were living drawn ;
 Not out of common tiffany or lawn,
 But fine materials, which the Muses know,
 And only know the countries where they grow.

Now, when they could no longer him enjoy,
 In mortal garments pent,—death may destroy,
 They say, his body ; but his verse shall live,
 And more than nature takes our hands shall give :
 In a less volume, but more strongly bound,
 Shakespeare shall breathe and speak ; with laurel crown'd,
 Which never fades ; fed with ambrosian meat,
 In a well-lined vesture, rich, and neat.
 So with this robe they clothe him, bid him wear it ;
 For time shall never stain, nor envy tear it."

This poem is subscribed J. M. S., meaning, as some have explained the initials, "John Milton, Student:" the internal evidence seems to me decisive, for there was, I think, no other man, of that particular day, capable of writing anything so characteristic of Shakespeare, so justly thought, and so happily expressed.

It is a mistake to say that any of Shakespeare's characters strike us as portraits : they have the union of reason perceiving, of judgment recording, and of imagination diffusing over all a magic glory. While the poet registers what is past, he projects the future in a wonderful degree, and makes us feel, however slightly, and see, however dimly, that state of being in which there is neither past nor future, but all is permanent in the very energy of nature.

Although I have affirmed that all Shakespeare's characters are ideal, and the result of his own meditation,

yet a just separation may be made of those in which the ideal is most prominent—where it is put forward more intensely—where we are made more conscious of the ideal, though in truth they possess nō more nor less ideality ; and of those which, though equally idealised, the delusion upon the mind is of their being real. The characters in the various plays may be separated into those where the real is disguised in the ideal, and those where the ideal is concealed from us by the real. The difference is made by the different powers of mind employed by the poet in the representation.

At present I shall only speak of dramas where the ideal is predominant ; and chiefly for this reason—that those plays have been attacked with the greatest violence. The objections to them are not the growth of our own country, but of France—the judgment of monkeys, by some wonderful phenomenon, put into the mouths of people shaped like men. These creatures have informed us that Shakespeare is a miraculous monster, in whom many heterogeneous components were thrown together, producing a discordant mass of genius—an irregular and ill-assorted structure of gigantic proportions.

Among the ideal plays, I will take “The Tempest,” by way of example. Various others might be mentioned, but it is impossible to go through every drama, and what I remark on “The Tempest” will apply to all Shakespeare’s productions of the same class.

In this play Shakespeare has especially appealed to the imagination, and he has constructed a plot well adapted to the purpose. According to his scheme, he did not appeal to any sensuous impression (the word "sensuous" is authorised by Milton) of time and place, but to the imagination, and it is to be borne in mind, that of old, and as regards mere scenery, his works may be said to have been recited rather than acted—that is to say, description and narration supplied the place of visual exhibition: the audience was told to fancy that they saw what they only heard described; the painting was not in colours, but in words.

This is particularly to be noted in the first scene—a storm and its confusion on board the king's ship. The highest and the lowest characters are brought together, and with what excellence! Much of the genius of Shakespeare is displayed in these happy combinations—the highest and the lowest, the gayest and the saddest; he is not droll in one scene and melancholy in another, but often both the one and the other in the same scene. Laughter is made to swell the tear of sorrow, and to throw, as it were, a poetic light upon it, while the tear mingles tenderness with the laughter. Shakespeare has evinced the power, which above all other men he possessed, that of introducing the profoundest sentiments of wisdom, where they would be least expected, yet where they are most truly natural. One admirable secret of his art is, that separate

speeches frequently do not appear to have been occasioned by those which preceded, and which are consequent upon each other, but to have arisen out of the peculiar character of the speaker.

Before I go further, I may take the opportunity of explaining what is meant by mechanic and organic regularity. In the former the copy must appear as if it had come out of the same mould with the original ; in the latter there is a law which all the parts obey, conforming themselves to the outward symbols and manifestations of the essential principle. If we look to the growth of trees, for instance, we shall observe that trees of the same kind vary considerably, according to the circumstances of soil, air, or position ; yet we are able to decide at once whether they are oaks, elms, or poplars.

So with Shakespeare's characters : he shows us the life and principle of each being with organic regularity. The Boatswain, in the first scene of "The Tempest," when the bonds of reverence are thrown off as a sense of danger impresses all, gives a loose to his feelings, and thus pours forth his vulgar mind to the old Counsellor :—

"Hence ! What care these roarers for the name of King ? To cabin : silence ! trouble us not."

Gonzalo replies—"Good ; yet remember whom thou hast aboard." To which the Boatswain answers—"None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor : if you can command these elements to silence, and work the

peace of the present, we will not hand a rope more ; use your authority : if you cannot, give thanks that you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap.—Cheerly, good hearts !—Out of our way, I say.”

An ordinary dramatist would, after this speech, have represented Gonzalo as moralising, or saying something connected with the Boatswain's language ; for ordinary dramatists are not men of genius : they combine their ideas by association, or by logical affinity ; but the vital writer, who makes men on the stage what they are in nature, in a moment transports himself into the very being of each personage, and, instead of cutting out artificial puppets, he brings before us the men themselves. Therefore, Gonzalo soliloquises, —“ I have great comfort from this fellow : methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him ; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging ! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage. If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.”

In this part of the scene we see the true sailor with his contempt of danger, and the old counsellor with his high feeling, who, instead of condescending to notice the words just addressed to him, turns off, meditating with himself, and drawing some comfort to his own mind, by trifling with the ill expression of the boatswain's face, founding upon it a hope of safety.

Shakespeare had pre-determined to make the plot of this play such as to involve a certain number of low characters, and at the beginning he pitched the note of the whole. The first scene was meant as a lively commencement of the story ; the reader is prepared for something that is to be developed, and in the next scene he brings forward Prospero and Miranda. How is this done ? By giving to his favourite character, Miranda, a sentence which at once expresses the violence and fury of the storm, such as it might appear to a witness on the land, and at the same time displays the tenderness of her feelings—the exquisite feelings of a female brought up in a desert, but with all the advantages of education, all that could be communicated by a wise and affectionate father. She possesses all the delicacy of innocence, yet with all the powers of her mind unweakened by the combats of life. Miranda exclaims :—

“ O ! I have suffered
With those that I saw suffer : a brave vessel,
Who had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dash'd all to pieces.”

The doubt here intimated could have occurred to no mind but to that of Miranda, who had been bred up in the island with her father and a monster only : she did not know, as others do, what sort of creatures were in a ship ; others never would have introduced it as a conjecture. This shows, that while Shakespeare is displaying

his vast excellence, he never fails to insert some touch or other, which is not merely characteristic of the particular person, but combines two things—the person, and the circumstances acting upon the person. She proceeds:—

“ 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.”

She still dwells upon that which was most wanting to the completeness of her nature—these fellow creatures from whom she appeared banished, with only one relict to keep them alive, not in her memory, but in her imagination.

Another proof of excellent judgment in the poet, for I am now principally adverting to that point, is to be found in the preparation of the reader for what is to follow. Prospero is introduced, first in his magic robe, which, with the assistance of his daughter, he lays aside, and we then know him to be a being possessed of supernatural powers. He then instructs Miranda in the story of their arrival in the island, and this is conducted in such a manner, that the reader never conjectures the technical use the poet has made of the relation, by informing the auditor of what it is necessary for him to know.

The next step is the warning by Prospero, that he means, for particular purposes, to lull his daughter to

sleep ; and here he exhibits the earliest and mildest proof of magical power. In ordinary and vulgar plays we should have had some person brought upon the stage, whom nobody knows or cares anything about, to let the audience into the secret. Prospero having cast a sleep upon his daughter, by that sleep stops the narrative at the very moment when it was necessary to break it off, in order to excite curiosity, and yet to give the memory and understanding sufficient to carry on the progress of the history uninterruptedly.

Here I cannot help noticing a fine touch of Shakespeare's knowledge of human nature, and generally of the great laws of the human mind : I mean Miranda's infant remembrance. Prospero asks her—

“ Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell ?
I do not think thou canst, for then thou wast not
Out three years old.

Miranda answers,

“ Certainly, sir, I can.”

Prospero inquires,

“ By what ? by any other house or person ?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.”

To which Miranda returns,

“ 'Tis far off ;
And rather like a dream than an assurance
That my remembrance warrants. Had I not
Four or five women once, that tended me ?”

Act I., Scene 2.

THE NINTH LECTURE.

This is exquisite! In general, our remembrance early life arise from vivid colours, especially if we have seen them in motion : for instance, persons when grown up will remember a bright green door, seen when they were quite young ; but Miranda, who was somewhat older, recollected four or five women who tended her. She might know men from her father, and her remembrance of the past might be worn out by the present object, but women she only knew by herself, by the contemplation of her own figure in the fountain, and she recalled to her mind what had been. It was not, that she had seen such and such grandees, or such and such peeresses, but she remembered to have seen something like the reflection of herself : it was not herself, and it brought back to her mind what she had seen most like herself.

In my opinion the picturesque power displayed by Shakespeare, of all the poets that ever lived, is only equalled, if equalled, by Milton and Dante. The presence of genius is not shown in elaborating a picture : we have had many specimens of this sort of work in modern poems, where all is so dutchified, if I may use the word, by the most minute touches, that the reader naturally asks why words, and not painting, are used ? I know a young lady of much taste, who observed, that in reading recent versified accounts of voyages and travels, she, by a sort of instinct, cast her eyes on the

opposite page, for coloured prints of what was so patiently and punctually described.

The power of poetry is, by a single word perhaps, to instil that energy into the mind, which compels the imagination to produce the picture. Prospero tells Miranda,

"One midnight,
Fated to the purpose,* did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self."

Here, by introducing a single happy epithet, "crying," in the last line, a complete picture is presented to the mind, and in the production of such pictures the power of genius consists.

In reference to preparation, it will be observed that the storm, and all that precedes the tale, as well as the tale itself, serve to develop completely the main character of the drama, as well as the design of Prospero. The manner in which the heroine is charmed asleep fits us for what follows, goes beyond our ordinary belief, and gradually leads us to the appearance and disclosure of

* Coleridge, of course, could only use the text of the day when he lectured; but, since that period, many plausible, and some indisputable, changes have been introduced into it: one of them occurs in reference to the word "purpose," for which *practice* has been proposed as the true reading: the change is not absolutely necessary, but still we can entertain little doubt that "purpose" is a corruption, arising perhaps out of the similarity of the appearance of the words "purpose" and *practice* in hastily-written manuscript. The word "purpose" recurs in the very next line but one.—J. P. C.

a being of the most fanciful and delicate texture, like Prospero, preternaturally gifted.

In this way the entrance of Ariel, if not absolutely forethought by the reader, was foreshewn by the writer : in addition, we may remark, that the moral feeling called forth by the sweet words of Miranda,

"Alack, what trouble
Was I then to you !"

in which she considered only the sufferings and sorrows of her father, puts the reader in a frame of mind to exert his imagination in favour of an object so innocent and interesting. The poet makes him wish that, if supernatural agency were to be employed, it should be used for a being so young and lovely. "The wish is father to the thought," and Ariel is introduced. Here, what is called poetic faith is required and created, and our common notions of philosophy give way before it : this feeling may be said to be much stronger than historic faith, since for the exercise of poetic faith the mind is previously prepared. I make this remark, though somewhat digressive, in order to lead to a future subject of these lectures —the poems of Milton. When adverting to those, I shall have to explain farther the distinction between the two.

Many Scriptural poems have been written with so much of Scripture in them, that what is not Scripture appears to be not true, and like mingling lies with the most sacred revelations. Now Milton, on the other hand,

has taken for his subject that one point of Scripture of which we have the mere fact recorded, and upon this he has most judiciously constructed his whole fable. So of Shakespeare's "King Lear:" we have little historic evidence to guide or confine us, and the few facts handed down to us, and admirably employed by the poet, are sufficient, while we read, to put an end to all doubt as to the credibility of the story. It is idle to say that this or that incident is improbable, because history, as far as it goes, tells us that the fact was so and so. Four or five lines in the Bible include the whole that is said of Milton's story, and the Poet has called up that poetic faith, that conviction of the mind, which is necessary to make that seem true, which otherwise might have been deemed almost fabulous.

But to return to "The Tempest," and to the wondrous creation of Ariel. If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shakespeare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has sometimes been idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel. The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an angel, above man; not a gnome, or a fiend, below man; but while the poet gives him the faculties and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively. In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts; and all his colours and properties

seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies. There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be conceived to exist either at sun-rise or at sun-set : hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances. His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond ; or where he expatiates, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights, or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends.

Shakespeare has properly made Ariel's very first speech characteristic of him. After he has described the manner in which he had raised the storm and produced its harmless consequences, we find that Ariel is discontented—that he has been freed, it is true, from a cruel confinement, but still that he is bound to obey Prospero, and to execute any commands imposed upon him. We feel that such a state of bondage is almost unnatural to him, yet we see that it is delightful for him to be so employed.—It is as if we were to command one of the winds in a different direction to that which nature dictates, or one of the waves, now rising and now sinking, to recede before it bursts upon the shore : such is the feeling we experience, when we learn that a being like Ariel is commanded to fulfil any mortal behest.

When, however, Shakespeare contrasts the treatment of Ariel by Prospero with that of Sycorax, we are

sensible that the liberated spirit ought to be grateful, and Ariel does feel and acknowledge the obligation ; he immediately assumes the airy being, with a mind so elastically correspondent, that when once a feeling has passed from it, not a trace is left behind.

Is there anything in nature from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child-like simplicity, yet with such preternatural powers ? He is neither born of heaven, nor of earth ; but, as it were, between both, like a May-blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion, touching earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgment Shakespeare has availed himself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty.

Another instance of admirable judgment and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel—Caliban ; who is described in such a manner by Prospero, as to lead us to expect the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once : his voice is heard ; this is the preparation ; he was too offensive to be seen first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound

as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter, until Ariel has entered like a water-nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation, which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision.

The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived: he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways:—by having mere understanding without moral reason; and by not possessing the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being: the poet has raised him far above contempt: he is a man in the sense of the imagination: all the images he uses are drawn from nature, and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed, beyond animal passion, and repugnance to command.

The manner in which the lovers are introduced is equally wonderful, and it is the last point I shall now mention in reference to this, almost miraculous, drama.

The same judgment is observable in every scene, still preparing, still inviting, and still gratifying, like a finished piece of music. I have omitted to notice one thing, and you must give me leave to advert to it before I proceed : I mean the conspiracy against the life of Alonzo. I want to shew you how well the poet prepares the feelings of the reader for this plot, which was to execute the most detestable of all crimes, and which, in another play, Shakespeare has called " the murder of sleep."

Antonio and Sebastian at first had no such intention : it was suggested by the magical sleep cast on Alonzo and Gonzalo ; but they are previously introduced scoffing and scorning at what was said by others, without regard to age or situation—without any sense of admiration for the excellent truths they heard delivered, but giving themselves up entirely to the malignant and unsocial feeling, which induced them to listen to everything that was said, not for the sake of profiting by the learning and experience of others, but of hearing something that might gratify vanity and self-love, by making them believe that the person speaking was inferior to themselves.

This, let me remark, is one of the grand characteristics of a villain ; and it would not be so much a presentiment, as an anticipation of hell, for men to suppose that all mankind were as wicked as themselves, or might be so, if they were not too great fools. Pope, you are perhaps

aware, objected to this conspiracy ; but in my mind, if it could be omitted, the play would lose a charm which nothing could supply.

Many, indeed innumerable, beautiful passages might be quoted from this play, independently of the astonishing scheme of its construction. Every body will call to mind the grandeur of the language of Prospero in that divine speech, where he takes leave of his magic art ; and were I to indulge myself by repetitions of the kind, I should descend from the character of a lecturer to that of a mere reciter. Before I terminate, I may particularly recal one short passage, which has fallen under the very severe, but inconsiderate, censure of Pope and Arbuthnot, who pronounce it a piece of the grossest bombast. Prospero thus addresses his daughter, directing her attention to Ferdinand :

“ The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond.”

Act I., Scene 2.

Taking these words as a periphrase of—“ Look what is coming yonder,” it certainly may to some appear to border on the ridiculous, and to fall under the rule I formerly laid down,—that whatever, without injury, can be translated into a foreign language in simple terms, ought to be in simple terms in the original language ; but it is to be borne in mind, that different modes of expression frequently arise from difference of situation and edu-

cation : a blackguard would use very different words, to express the same thing, to those a gentleman would employ, yet both would be natural and proper ; difference of feeling gives rise to difference of language : a gentleman speaks in polished terms, with due regard to his own rank and position, while a blackguard, a person little better than half a brute, speaks like half a brute, showing no respect for himself, nor for others.

But I am content to try the lines I have just quoted by the introduction to them ; and then, I think, you will admit, that nothing could be more fit and appropriate than such language. How does Prospero introduce them ? He has just told Miranda a wonderful story, which deeply affected her, and filled her with surprise and astonishment, and for his own purposes he afterwards lulls her to sleep. When she awakes, Shakespeare has made her wholly inattentive to the present, but wrapped up in the past. An actress, who understands the character of Miranda, would have her eyes cast down, and her eyelids almost covering them, while she was, as it were, living in her dream. At this moment Prospero sees Ferdinand, and wishes to point him out to his daughter, not only with great, but with scenic solemnity, he standing before her, and before the spectator, in the dignified character of a great magician. Something was to appear to Miranda on the sudden, and as unexpectedly as if the hero of a drama were to be on the stage at the

instant when the curtain is elevated. It is under such circumstances that Prospero says, in a tone calculated at once to arouse his daughter's attention,

"The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
And say what thou seest yond."

Turning from the sight of Ferdinand to his thoughtful daughter, his attention was first struck by the downcast appearance of her eyes and eyelids; and, in my humble opinion, the solemnity of the phraseology assigned to Prospero is completely in character, recollecting his preternatural capacity, in which the most familiar objects in nature present themselves in a mysterious point of view. It is much easier to find fault with a writer by reference to former notions and experience, than to sit down and read him, recollecting his purpose, connecting one feeling with another, and judging of his words and phrases, in proportion as they convey the sentiments of the persons represented.

Of Miranda we may say, that she possesses in herself all the ideal beauties that could be imagined by the greatest poet of any age or country; but it is not my purpose now, so much to point out the high poetic powers of Shakespeare, as to illustrate his exquisite judgment, and it is solely with this design that I have noticed a passage with which, it seems to me, some critics, and those among the best, have been unreasonably dissatisfied. If Shakespeare be the wonder of the ignorant, he is, and

ought to be, much more the wonder of the learned : not only from profundity of thought, but from his astonishing and intuitive knowledge of what man must be at all times, and under all circumstances, he is rather to be looked upon as a prophet than as a poet. Yet, with all these unbounded powers, with all this might and majesty of genius, he makes us feel as if he were unconscious of himself, and of his high destiny, disguising the half god in the simplicity of a child.

END OF THE NINTH LECTURE.

THE TWELFTH LECTURE.



IN the last lecture I endeavoured to point out in Shakespeare those characters in which pride of intellect, without moral feeling, is supposed to be the ruling impulse, such as Iago, Richard III., and even Falstaff. In Richard III., ambition is, as it were, the channel in which this impulse directs itself; the character is drawn with the greatest fulness and perfection; and the poet has not only given us that character, grown up and completed, but he has shown us its very source and generation. The inferiority of his person made the hero seek consolation and compensation in the superiority of his intellect; he thus endeavoured to counterbalance his deficiency. This striking feature is portrayed most admirably by Shakespeare, who represents Richard bringing forward his very defects and deformities as matters of boast. It was the same pride of intellect, or the assumption of it, that made John Wilkes vaunt that, although he was so ugly, he only wanted, with any lady, ten minutes' start of the handsomest man in England. This certainly was a high compliment to himself; but a

higher to the female sex, on the supposition that Wilkes possessed this superiority of intellect, and relied upon it for making a favourable impression, because ladies would know how to estimate his advantages.

I will now proceed to offer some remarks upon the tragedy of "Richard II.," on account of its not very apparent, but still intimate, connection with "Richard III." As, in the last, Shakespeare has painted a man where ambition is the channel in which the ruling impulse runs, so, in the first, he has given us a character, under the name of Bolingbroke, or Henry IV., where ambition itself, conjoined unquestionably with great talents, is the ruling impulse. In Richard III. the pride of intellect makes use of ambition as its means; in Bolingbroke the gratification of ambition is the end, and talents are the means.

One main object of these lectures is to point out the superiority of Shakespeare to other dramatists, and no superiority can be more striking, than that this wonderful poet could take two characters, which at first sight seem so much alike, and yet, when carefully and minutely examined, are so totally distinct.

The popularity of "Richard II." is owing, in a great measure, to the masterly delineation of the principal character; but were there no other ground for admiring it, it would deserve the highest applause, from the fact that it contains the most magnificent, and, at the same time, the truest eulogium of our native country that the

English language can boast, or which can be produced from any other tongue, not excepting the proud claims of Greece and Rome. When I feel, that upon the morality of Britain depends the safety of Britain, and that her morality is supported and illustrated by our national feeling, I cannot read these grand lines without joy and triumph. Let it be remembered, that while this country is proudly pre-eminent in morals, her enemy has only maintained his station by superiority in mechanical appliances. Many of those who hear me will, no doubt, anticipate the passage I refer to, and it runs as follows :—

“This royal throne of kings, this scepter'd isle,
 This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,
 This other Eden, demi-paradise ;
 This fortress, built by nature for herself
 Against infection and the hand of war ;
 This happy breed of men, this little world,
 This precious stone set in the silver sea,
 Which serves it in the office of a wall,
 Or as a moat defensive to a house,
 Against the envy of less happier lands ;
 This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England,
 This nurse, this teeming womb of royal kings,
 Feared by their breed, and famous by their birth,
 Renowned for their deeds as far from home,
 For Christian service and true chivalry,
 As is the Sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
 Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's son :
 This land of such dear souls, this dear, dear land,
 Dear for her reputation through the world,
 Is now leas'd out, I die pronouncing it,
 Like to a tenement, or pelting farm.
 England, bound in with the triumphant sea,
 Whose rocky shore beats back the envious siege
 Of watery Neptune, is now bound in with shame,
 With inky blots, and rotten parchment bonds.”

Act II., Scene 1.

Every motive to patriotism, every cause producing it, is here collected, without one of those cold abstractions so frequently substituted by modern poets. If this passage were recited in a theatre with due energy and understanding, with a proper knowledge of the words, and a fit expression of their meaning, every man would retire from it secure in his country's freedom, if secure in his own constant virtue.

The principal personages in this tragedy are Richard II., Bolingbroke, and York. I will speak of the last first, although it is the least important ; but the keeping of all is most admirable. York is a man of no strong powers of mind, but of earnest wishes to do right, contented in himself alone, if he have acted well : he points out to Richard the effects of his thoughtless extravagance, and the dangers by which he is encompassed, but having done so, he is satisfied ; there is no after action on his part ; he does nothing ; he remains passive. When old Gaunt is dying, York takes care to give his own opinion to the King, and that done he retires, as it were, into himself.

It has been stated, from the first, that one of my purposes in these lectures is, to meet and refute popular objections to particular points in the works of our great dramatic poet ; and I cannot help observing here upon the beauty, and true force of nature, with which conceits, as they are called, and sometimes even puns, are introduced. What has been the reigning fault of an age

must, at one time or another, have referred to something beautiful in the human mind ; and, however conceits may have been misapplied, however they may have been disadvantageously multiplied, we should recollect that there never was an abuse of anything, but it previously has had its use. Gaunt, on his death-bed, sends for the young King, and Richard, entering, insolently and unfeelingly says to him :

“What, comfort, man ! how is't with aged Gaunt !”

Act II., Scene 1.

and Gaunt replies :

“O, how that name befits my composition !
 Old Gaunt, indeed ; and gaunt in being old :
 Within me grief hath kept a tedious fast,
 And who abstains from meat, that is not gaunt ?
 For sleeping England long time have I watched ;
 Watching breeds leanness, leanness is all gaunt :
 The pleasure that some fathers feed upon
 Is my strict fast, I mean my children's looks ;
 And therein fasting, thou hast made me gaunt.
 Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave,
 Whose hollow womb inherits nought but bonea.”

Richard inquires,

“Can sick men play so nicely with their names !”

To which Gaunt answers, giving the true justification of conceits :

“No ; misery makes sport to mock itself :
 Since thou dost seek to kill my name in me,
 I mock my name, great king, to flatter thee.”

He that knows the state of the human mind in deep passion must know, that it approaches to that condition of madness, which is not absolute frenzy or delirium, but which models all things to one reigning idea ; still it strays from the main subject of complaint, and still it returns to it, by a sort of irresistible impulse. Abruptness of thought, under such circumstances, is true to nature, and no man was more sensible of it than Shakespeare. In a modern poem a mad mother thus complains :

"The breeze I see is in yon tree :
It comes to cool my babe and me."

This is an instance of the abruptness of thought, so natural to the excitement and agony of grief ; and if it be admired in images, can we say that it is unnatural in words, which are, as it were, a part of our life, of our very existence ? In the Scriptures themselves these plays upon words are to be found, as well as in the best works of the ancients, and in the most delightful parts of Shakespeare ; and because this additional grace, not well understood, has in some instances been converted into a deformity—because it has been forced into places, where it is evidently improper and unnatural, are we therefore to include the whole application of it in one general condemnation ? When it seems objectionable, when it excites a feeling contrary to the situation,

when it perhaps disgusts, it is our business to enquire whether the conceit has been rightly or wrongly used— ✓ whether it is in a right or in a wrong place ?

In order to decide this point, it is obviously necessary to consider the state of mind, and the degree of passion, of the person using this play upon words. Resort to this grace may, in some cases, deserve censure, not because it is a play upon words, but because it is a play upon words in a wrong place, and at a wrong time. What is right in one state of mind is wrong in another, and much more depends upon that, than upon the conceit (so to call it) itself. I feel the importance of these remarks strongly, because the greater part of the abuse, I might say filth, thrown out and heaped upon Shakespeare, has originated in want of consideration. Dr. Johnson asserts that Shakespeare loses the world for a toy, and can no more withstand a pun, or a play upon words, than his Antony could resist Cleopatra. Certain it is, that Shakespeare gained more admiration in his day, and long afterwards, by the use of speech in this way, than modern writers have acquired by the abandonment of the practice : the latter, in adhering to, what they have been pleased to call, the rules of art, have sacrificed nature.

Having said thus much on the, often falsely supposed, blemishes of our poet—blemishes which are said to prevail in "Richard II" especially,—I will now advert

to the character of the King. He is represented as a man not deficient in immediate courage, which displays itself at his assassination ; or in powers of mind, as appears by the foresight he exhibits throughout the play : still, he is weak, variable, and womanish, and possesses feelings, which, amiable in a female, are misplaced in a man, and altogether unfit for a king. In prosperity he is insolent and presumptuous, and in adversity, if we are to believe Dr. Johnson, he is humane and pious. I cannot admit the latter epithet, because I perceive the utmost consistency of character in Richard : what he was at first, he is at last, excepting as far as he yields to circumstances : what he shewed himself at the commencement of the play, he shews himself at the end of it. Dr. Johnson assigns to him rather the virtue of a confessor than that of a king.

True it is, that he may be said to be overwhelmed by the earliest misfortune that befalls him ; but, so far from his feelings or disposition being changed or subdued, the very first glimpse of the returning sunshine of hope reanimates his spirits, and exalts him to as strange and unbecoming a degree of elevation, as he was before sunk in mental depression : the mention of those in his misfortunes, who had contributed to his downfall, but who had before been his nearest friends and favourites, calls forth from him expressions of the bitterest hatred and revenge. Thus, where Richard asks :

“Where is the Earl of Wiltshire? Where is Bagot?
 What is become of Bushy? Where is Green?
 That they have let the dangerous enemy
 Measure our confines with such peaceful steps!
 If we prevail, their heads shall pay for it.
 I warrant they have made peace with Bolingbroke.”

Act III., Scene 2.

Scroop answers :

“Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord,”

Upon which Richard, without hearing more, breaks out :

“O villains! vipers, damn'd without redemption!
 Dogs, easily won to fawn on any man!
 Snakes, in my heart-blood warm'd, that sting my heart!
 Three Judases, each one thrice worse than Judas!
 Would they make peace? terrible hell make war
 Upon their spotted souls for this offence!”

Scroop observes upon this change, and tells the King how they had made their peace :

“Sweet love, I see, changing his property
 Turns to the sourest and most deadly hate.
 Again uncurse their souls: their peace is made
 With heads and not with hands: those whom you curse
 Have felt the worst of death's destroying wound,
 And lie full low, grav'd in the hollow ground.”

Richard receiving at first an equivocal answer,—“Peace have they made with him, indeed, my lord,”—takes it in the worst sense: his promptness to suspect those who had been his friends turns his love to hate, and calls forth the most tremendous execrations.

From the beginning to the end of the play he pours out all the peculiarities and powers of his mind: he catches at new hope, and seeks new friends, is disappointed, despairs, and at length makes a merit of his resignation. He scatters himself into a multitude of images, and in conclusion endeavours to shelter himself from that which is around him by a cloud of his own thoughts. Throughout his whole career may be noticed the most rapid transitions—from the highest insolence to the lowest humility—from hope to despair, from the extravagance of love to the agonies of resentment, and from pretended resignation to the bitterest reproaches. The whole is joined with the utmost richness and copiousness of thought, and were there an actor capable of representing Richard, the part would delight us more than any other of Shakespeare's master-pieces,—with, perhaps, the single exception of King Lear. I know of no character drawn by our great poet with such unequalled skill as that of Richard II.

Next we come to Henry Bolingbroke, the rival of Richard II. He appears as a man of dauntless courage, and of ambition equal to that of Richard III.; but, as I have stated, the difference between the two is most admirably conceived and preserved. In Richard III. all that surrounds him is only dear as it feeds his inward sense of superiority: he is no vulgar tyrant—no Nero or Caligula: he has always an end in view, and vast fertility

of means to accomplish that end. On the other hand, in Bolingbroke we find a man who in the outset has been sorely injured: then, we see him encouraged by the grievances of his country, and by the strange mismanagement of the government, yet at the same time scarcely daring to look at his own views, or to acknowledge them as designs. He comes home under the pretence of claiming his dukedom, and he professes that to be his object almost to the last; but, at the last, he avows his purpose to its full extent, of which he was himself unconscious in the earlier stages.

This is proved by so many passages, that I will only select one of them; and I take it the rather, because out of the many octavo volumes of text and notes, the page on which it occurs is, I believe, the only one left naked by the commentators. It is where Bolingbroke approaches the castle in which the unfortunate King has taken shelter: York is in Bolingbroke's company—the same York who is still contented with speaking the truth, but doing nothing for the sake of the truth,—drawing back after he has spoken, and becoming merely passive when he ought to display activity. Northumberland says,

“The news is very fair and good, my lord:
Richard not far from hence hath hid his head.”

Act III., Scene 3.

York rebukes him thus:

“It would beseem the Lord Northumberland

To say King Richard :—Alack, the heavy day,
When such a sacred king should hide his head !”

Northumberland replies :

“ Your grace mistakes me : only to be brief
Left I his title out.” *

To which York rejoins :

“ The time hath been,
Would you have been so brief with him, he would
Have been so brief with you, to shorten you,
For taking so the head, your whole head's length.”

Bolingbroke observes,

“ Mistake not, uncle, farther than you should ;”

And York answers, with a play upon the words “ take”
and “ mistake :”

“ Take not, good cousin, farther than you should,
Lest you mistake. The heavens are o'er our heads.”

Here, give me leave to remark in passing, that the play upon words is perfectly natural, and quite in character : the answer is in unison with the tone of passion, and seems connected with some phrase then in popular use.† Bolingbroke tells York :

* So Coleridge read the passage, his ear requiring the insertion of *me*, which is one of the emendations in the corrected folio 1632, discovered many years afterwards.—J. P. C.

† Nicholas Breton wrote a “ Dialogue between the Taker and Mistaker,” but the earliest known edition is dated 1608.—J. P. C.

"I know it, uncle, and oppose not myself
Against their will.

Just afterwards, Bolingbroke thus addresses himself
to Northumberland :

"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."

Here, in the phrase "into his ruin'd ears," I have no doubt that Shakespeare purposely used the personal pronoun, "his," to shew, that although Bolingbroke was only speaking of the castle, his thoughts dwelt on the king. In Milton the pronoun, "her" is employed, in relation to "form," in a manner somewhat similar. Bolingbroke had an equivocation in his mind, and was thinking of the king, while speaking of the castle. He goes on to tell Northumberland what to say, beginning,

"Henry Bolingbroke,"

which is almost the only instance in which a name forms the whole line ; Shakespeare meant it to convey Bolingbroke's opinion of his own importance :—

"Henry Bolingbroke
On both his knees doth kiss King Richard's hand,
And sends allegiance and true faith of heart
To his most royal person ; hither come
Even at his feet to lay my arms and power,
Provided that, my banishment repealed,
And lands restor'd again, be freely granted.
If not, I'll use th' advantage of my power,
And lay the summer's dust with showers of blood,
Rain'd from the wounds of slaughter'd Englishmen."

At this point Bolingbroke seems to have been checked by the eye of York, and thus proceeds in consequence :

“The which, how far off from the mind of Bolingbroke
It is, such crimson tempest should bedrench
The fresh green lap of fair King Richard’s land,
My stooping duty tenderly shall show.”

He passes suddenly from insolence to humility, owing to the silent reproof he received from his uncle. This change of tone would not have taken place, had Bolingbroke been allowed to proceed according to the natural bent of his own mind, and the flow of the subject. Let me direct attention to the subsequent lines, for the same reason ; they are part of the same speech :

“Let’s march without the noise of threat’ning drum,
That from the castle’s tatter’d battlements
Our fair appointments may be well perused.
Methinks, King Richard and myself should meet
With no less terror than the elements
Of fire and water, when their thundering shock
At meeting tears the cloudy cheeks of heaven.”

Having proceeded thus far with the exaggeration of his own importance, York again checks him, and Bolingbroke adds, in a very different strain,

“He be the fire, I’ll be the yielding water :
The rage be his, while on the earth I rain
My waters ; on the earth, and not on him.”

I have thus adverted to the three great personages in this drama, Richard, Bolingbroke, and York ; and

of the whole play it may be asserted, that with the exception of some of the last scenes (though they have exquisite beauty) Shakespeare seems to have risen to the summit of excellence in the delineation and preservation of character.

We will now pass to "Hamlet," in order to obviate some of the general prejudices against the author, in reference to the character of the hero. Much has been objected to, which ought to have been praised, and many beauties of the highest kind have been neglected, because they are somewhat hidden.

The first question we should ask ourselves is—What did Shakespeare mean when he drew the character of Hamlet? He never wrote any thing without design, and what was his design when he sat down to produce this tragedy? My belief is, that he always regarded his story, before he began to write, much in the same light as a painter regards his canvas, before he begins to paint—as a mere vehicle for his thoughts—as the ground upon which he was to work. What then was the point to which Shakespeare directed himself in Hamlet? He intended to pourtray a person, in whose view the external world, and all its incidents and objects, were comparatively dim, and of no interest in themselves, and which began to interest only, when they were reflected in the mirror of his mind. Hamlet beheld external things in the same way that a man of vivid imagination, who shuts his

eyes, sees what has previously made an impression on his organs.

The poet places him in the most stimulating circumstances that a human being can be placed in. He is the heir apparent of a throne; his father dies suspiciously; his mother excludes her son from his throne by marrying his uncle. This is not enough; but the Ghost of the murdered father is introduced, to assure the son that he was put to death by his own brother. What is the effect upon the son?—instant action and pursuit of revenge? No: endless reasoning and hesitating—constant urging and solicitation of the mind to act, and as constant an escape from action; ceaseless reproaches of himself for sloth and negligence, while the whole energy of his resolution evaporates in these reproaches. This, too, not from cowardice, for he is drawn as one of the bravest of his time—not from want of forethought or slowness of apprehension, for he sees through the very souls of all who surround him, but merely from that aversion to action, which prevails among such as have a world in themselves.

How admirable, too, is the judgment of the poet! Hamlet's own disordered fancy has not conjured up the spirit of his father; it has been seen by others: he is prepared by them to witness its re-appearance, and when he does see it, Hamlet is not brought forward as having long brooded on the subject. The moment before the

Ghost enters, Hamlet speaks of other matters: he mentions the coldness of the night, and observes that he has not heard the clock strike, adding, in reference to the custom of drinking, that it is

“More honour’d in the breach than the observance.”

Act I., Scene 4.

Owing to the tranquil state of his mind, he indulges in some moral reflections. Afterwards, the Ghost suddenly enters.

Hor. Look, my lord! it comes.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!”

The same thing occurs in “Macbeth:” in the dagger-scene, the moment before the hero sees it, he has his mind applied to some indifferent matters; “Go, tell thy mistress,” &c. Thus, in both cases, the preternatural appearance has all the effect of abruptness, and the reader is totally divested of the notion, that the figure is a vision of a highly wrought imagination.

Here Shakespeare adapts himself so admirably to the situation—in other words, so puts himself into it—that, though poetry, his language is the very language of nature. No terms, associated with such feelings, can occur to us so proper as those which he has employed, especially on the highest, the most august, and the most awful subjects that can interest a human being in this sentient world. That this is no mere fancy, I can undertake to establish

from hundreds, I might say thousands, of passages. No character he has drawn, in the whole list of his plays, could so well and fitly express himself, as in the language Shakespeare has put into his mouth.

There is no indecision about Hamlet, as far as his own sense of duty is concerned ; he knows well what he ought to do, and over and over again he makes up his mind to do it. The moment the players, and the two spies set upon him, have withdrawn, of whom he takes leave with a line so expressive of his contempt,

“Ay so; good bye you.—Now I am alone,”

he breaks out into a delirium of rage against himself for neglecting to perform the solemn duty he had undertaken, and contrasts the factitious and artificial display of feeling by the player with his own apparent indifference ;

“What’s Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
That he should weep for her?”

Yet the player did weep for her, and was in an agony of grief at her sufferings, while Hamlet is unable to rouse himself to action, in order that he may perform the command of his father, who had come from the grave to incite him to revenge :—

“This is most brave!
That I, the son of a dear father murder’d,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing like a very drab,
 A scullion." *Act II., Scene 2.*

It is the same feeling, the same conviction of what is his duty, that makes Hamlet exclaim in a subsequent part of the tragedy :

"How all occasions do inform against me,
 And spur my dull revenge ! What is a man,
 If his chief good, and market of his time,
 Be but to sleep and feed ? A beast, no more. * * *
 ————— I do not know
 Why yet I live to say—'this thing's to do,'
 Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
 To do't." *Act IV., Scene 4.*

Yet with all this strong conviction of duty, and with all this resolution arising out of strong conviction, nothing is done. This admirable and consistent character, deeply acquainted with his own feelings, painting them with such wonderful power and accuracy, and firmly persuaded that a moment ought not to be lost in executing the solemn charge committed to him, still yields to the same retiring from reality, which is the result of having, what we express by the terms, a world within himself.

Such a mind as Hamlet's is near akin to madness. Dryden has somewhere said,

"Great wit to madness nearly is allied,"

and he was right ; for he means by "wit" that greatness of genius, which led Hamlet to a perfect knowledge of his

own character, which, with all strength of motive, was so weak as to be unable to carry into act his own most obvious duty.

With all this he has a sense of imperfectness, which becomes apparent when he is moralising on the skull in the churchyard. Something is wanting to his completeness—something is deficient which remains to be supplied, and he is therefore described as attached to Ophelia. His madness is assumed, when he finds that witnesses have been placed behind the arras to listen to what passes, and when the heroine has been thrown in his way as a decoy.

Another objection has been taken by Dr. Johnson, and Shakespeare has been taxed very severely. I refer to the scene where Hamlet enters and finds his uncle praying, and refuses to take his life, excepting when he is in the height of his iniquity. To assail him at such a moment of confession and repentance, Hamlet declares,

“Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.”

Act III., Scene 4.

He therefore forbears, and postpones his uncle's death, until he can catch him in some act

“That has no relish of salvation in't.”

This conduct, and this sentiment, Dr. Johnson has pronounced to be so atrocious and horrible, as to be unfit to

be put into the mouth of a human being.* The fact, however, is that Dr. Johnson did not understand the character of Hamlet, and censured accordingly: the determination to allow the guilty King to escape at such a moment is only part of the indecision and irresoluteness of the hero. Hamlet seizes hold of a pretext for not acting, when he might have acted so instantly and effectually: therefore, he again defers the revenge he was bound to seek, and declares his determination to accomplish it at some time,

"When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasures of his bed."

This, allow me to impress upon you most emphatically, was merely the excuse Hamlet made to himself for not taking advantage of this particular and favourable moment for doing justice upon his guilty uncle, at the urgent instance of the spirit of his father.

Dr. Johnson farther states, that in the voyage to England, Shakespeare merely follows the novel as he found it, as if the poet had no other reason for adhering to his original; but Shakespeare never followed a novel, because he found such and such an incident in it, but because he saw that the story, as he read it, contributed to enforce, or to explain some great truth inherent in

* See Malone's Shakespeare by Boswell, vii., 382, for Johnson's note upon this part of the scene. J. P. C.

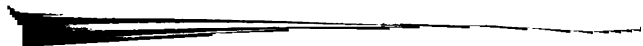
human nature. He never could lack invention to alter or improve a popular narrative ; but he did not wantonly vary from it, when he knew that, as it was related, it would so well apply to his own great purpose. He saw at once how consistent it was with the character of Hamlet, that, after still resolving, and still deferring, still determining to execute, and still postponing execution, he should finally, in the infirmity of his disposition, give himself up to his destiny, and hopelessly place himself in the power, and at the mercy of his enemies.

Even after the scene with Osrick, we see Hamlet still indulging in reflection, and hardly thinking of the task he has just undertaken : he is all dispatch and resolution, as far as words and present intentions are concerned, but all hesitation and irresolution, when called upon to carry his words and intentions into effect ; so that, resolving to do everything, he does nothing. He is full of purpose, but void of that quality of mind which accomplishes purpose.

W Anything finer than this conception, and working out of a great character, is merely impossible. Shakespeare wished to impress upon us the truth, that action is the chief end of existence—that no faculties of intellect, however brilliant, can be considered valuable, or indeed otherwise than as misfortunes, if they withdraw us from, or render us repugnant to action, and lead us to think and think of doing, until the time has elapsed when we

can do anything effectually. In enforcing this moral truth, Shakespeare has shown the fulness and force of his powers: all that is amiable and excellent in nature is combined in Hamlet, with the exception of one quality. He is a man living in meditation, called upon to act by every motive human and divine, but the great object of his life is defeated by continually resolving to do, yet doing nothing but resolve.

END OF THE TWELFTH LECTURE.



A LIST
OF EVERY
MANUSCRIPT NOTE AND EMENDATION
IN
MR. COLLIER'S COPY OF SHAKESPEARE'S WORKS,
FOLIO. 1632.

* * It is to be observed that the column to the left hand supplies the old, or the received text; and the column to the right hand the manuscript alterations made, or proposed, in the folio, 1632. Some of the printed readings, or misreadings, peculiar to that edition, have the figures 1632 added to them. In a few cases it has been necessary to preserve the old spelling.

NOTES, EMENDATIONS, &c.

THE TEMPEST.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

GOOD boatswain, have care.
Let's all sink with' king.

Good boatswain, have *a* care.
Let's all sink with *the* king.

SCENE 2.

Mounting to the welkin's cheek.
Some noble creature in her.
With such compassion in mine art. 1632.
Out three years old.
Was Duke of Milan, and his only heir.
He being thus lorded.
Who having unto truth.
To much ignoble stooping. 1632.
Fated to the purpose.
A rotten carcass of a butt.
Instinctively have quit it.
And are upon the Mediterranean flote.
Made thee no mistakings.
And serves in offices.
When thou camest first.

Mounting to the welkin's *heat*.
Some noble *creatures* in her.
With such *provision* in mine art.
Quite three years old.
Was Duke of Milan, *thou* his only heir.
He being thus *loaded*.
Who having to *untruth*.
To *most* ignoble stooping.
Fated to the *practice*.
A rotten carcass of a *boat*.
Instinctively *had* quit it.
And *all* upon the Mediterranean float.
Made no mistakings.
And *serveth* offices.
When thou cam'st *here* first.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Which of he or Adrian begins.
. and obedience, at
Which end o' the beam she'd bow.
She that from whom.
Measure us back by Naples. 1632.
Wherefore this ghastly looking.
That's verily.

Which, *or* he or Adrian, begins.
. and obedience, *as*
Which end o' the beam should bow.
She *for* whom.
Measure *it* back to Naples.
Wherefore *thus* ghastly looking.
That's *verity*.

SCENE 2.

Till the dregs of the storm be past.
To speak of his friend. 1632.
Nor scrape trenchering.

Till the *drench* of the storm be past.
To speak *well* of his friend.
Nor scrape *trencher*.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

'Tis true; for you are over boots in love. 'Tis true; *but* you are over boots in love.
Blasting in the bud. *Blasted* in the bud.
I love myself, my friends. I *leave* myself, my friends.
Nay, in that you are astray: 'twere best Nay, in that you are a *stray*, 'twere best
pound you. pound you.
Nothing at all from her. Nothing at all from her *better*.
That brought your mind. That brought *to her* your mind.
In telling her mind. In telling *you* her mind.

SCENE 2.

That I, unworthy body as I am, That I, unworthy body as I *can*,
Should censure thus on lovely gentlemen. Should censure thus a *loving gentleman*.
But she would be best pleas'd. But she would be pleas'd *better*.
I see you have a month's mind to them. I see you have a month's mind *unto*
them.
You may say what sights you see. You may *see* what sights you *think*.

SCENE 3.

To seal our happiness. *And* seal our happiness.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

That had the pestilence. That *hath* the pestilence.
And now you are metamorphosed. And now you are *so* metamorphosed.
None else would. None else would *be*.

SCENE 3.

Like a would-woman. Like a *wild* woman.

SCENE 4.

Well then, I'll double your folly. Well then, *'twill* double your folly.
To be of worth and worthy estimation. To be of *wealth* and worthy estimation.
The summer-swelling flower. The summer-*smelling* flower.
And then I'll presently attend you. And then I'll presently attend *on* you.
Is it mine, or Valentin's praise. Is it mine *own*, or Valentino's praise.

SCENE 5.

Welcome to Padua.

Welcome to *Milan*.

SCENE 6.

If thou hast sinn'd.

If *I have* sinn'd.

For love is still most precious in itself.

For love is still most precious *to itself*.

SCENE 7.

To the wild ocean.

To the *wide* ocean.

Upon my longing journey.

Upon my *loving* journey.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

And thou may'st. 1632.

And *that* thou may'st.

There is a lady in Verona here.

There is a lady in *Milano* here.

She is not to be fasting.

She is not to be *kissed* fasting.

So she sleep not in her talk.

So she *slip* not in her talk.

SCENE 2.

For thou hast shown some sign.

For thou hast shown *sure* sign.But say this weed her love from Valen-
tine.But say this *wean* her love from Valen-
tine.

Where you may temper her.

When you may temper her.

That may discover such integrity.

That may discover *strict* integrity.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

I have little to lose. 1632.

I have little *wealth* to lose.

And heir, and neece allied unto the Duke.

A *n* heir, and *near* allied unto the Duke.

We'll bring thee to our crews.

We'll bring thee to our *cave*.

SCENE 2.

Holy, fair and wise is she.

Holy fair, and wise *as free*.You would have them always play but
one thing.You would *not* have them always play
but one thing.

SCENE 3.

Whom my very soul abhorr'd.

Whom my very soul *abhors*.

Madam, I pity much your grievances.

Madam, I pity much your grievances,
And the most true affections that you bear.

SCENE 4.

You mean to whip the dog.

Do you mean to whip the dog?

Did'st thou offer her this from me?

Did'st thou offer her this *cur* from me?By the hangman's boys in the market-
place.By a *hangman boy* in the market-place.

Well, give her that ring.

Well, give *to her* that ring.

THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

DAUGHTER to Master Thomas Page.	Daughter to Master <i>George</i> Page.
Let us command to know.	Let us <i>demand</i> to know.
Upon familiarity will grow more content.	Upon familiarity will grow more <i>contempt</i> .

SCENE 3.

To steal at a minute's rest.	To steal at a <i>minim's</i> rest.
She carves, she gives the leer of invitation.	She <i>craves</i> , she gives the leer of invitation.
He hath studied her will, and translated her will.	He hath studied her will, and translated her <i>well</i> .
He hath a legend of angels.	He hath a <i>legion</i> of angels.
The beam of her view guided my foot.	The beam of her view <i>gilded</i> my foot.
She is a region in Guiana, all gold and bounty.	She is a region in Guiana, all gold and <i>beauty</i> .
Falstaff will learn the honour of this age.	Falstaff will learn the <i>humour</i> of this age.
By welkin and her star.	By welkin and her <i>stars</i> .
I will discuss the humour of this love to Ford.	I will discuss the humour of this love to <i>Page</i> .
And I to Page shall eke unfold.	And I to <i>Ford</i> shall eke unfold.

SCENE 4.

Will I! I' faith that we will.	Will I! I' faith that <i>I</i> will.
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ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Though love use reason for his precision.	Though love use reason for his <i>physician</i> .
Praise women's modesty.	<i>Praised</i> women's modesty.
Unless he knew some strain.	Unless he knew some <i>stain</i> .
Will you go an heires?	Will you go <i>on here</i> ?
Hear them scold than fight.	Hear them scold than <i>see them</i> fight.
Stands so firmly on his wife's frailty.	Stands so firmly on his wife's <i>fidelity</i> .

SCENE 2.

Your coach-fellow Nym.	Your <i>coach</i> -fellow Nym.
And yet you, rogue.	And yet <i>you</i> , you rogue.
Twenty angels given me this morning.	Twenty angels given me <i>of a</i> morning.
Take all, or half for easing me.	Take <i>half, or all</i> for easing me.
The folly of my soul dares not present itself.	The folly of my <i>suit</i> dares not present itself.

SCENE 3.

Cried game, said I well?	<i>Curds and cream</i> , said I well?
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ACT III.—SCENE 1.

The petty-ward, the park-ward.	The <i>pit-way</i> , the park- <i>way</i> .
Give me thy hand (celestial) so.	Give me thy <i>hands</i> , celestial and <i>ter-</i> <i>restrial</i> ; so.

SCENE 2.

For want of company.	For want of <i>your</i> company.
My assurance bids me search; there I shall find Falstaff.	My assurance bids me search <i>where</i> I shall find Falstaff.

SCENE 3.

Swearing and blowing. 1632.	<i>Sweating</i> and blowing.
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SCENE 5.

If I have horns to make one mad.	If I have horns to make <i>me</i> mad.
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ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Master Slender is let the boys leave to play.	Master Slender is <i>get</i> the boys leave to play.
And the numbers of the genders.	And the numbers, <i>and</i> the genders.

SCENE 2.

To this his distemper he is in now.	To this distemper he is in now.
By yea and now.	By yea and <i>nay</i> .
A great peard under his muffler.	A great peard under <i>her</i> muffler.

SCENE 4

I rather will suspect the sun with gold.	I rather will suspect the sun with <i>cold</i> .
You say, he has been thrown into the rivers.	You <i>see</i> , he has been thrown into the rivers.
And there he blasts the tree.	And there he blasts the <i>trees</i> .
Let the supposed fairies pinch him sound.	Let the supposed fairies pinch him <i>soundly</i> .
And he my husband best of all affects.	And <i>him</i> my husband best of all affects.

SCENE 5.

I may not conceal them.

You may not conceal them.

Conceal them, or thou diest.

Conceal them, *and* thou diest.

Run away with the cozeners.

Run away with *by* the cozeners.

Well, if my wind were but long enough

Well, if my wind were but long enough,

to say my prayers, I would repent.

I would *pray and* repent.

SCENE 6.

The better to deuote her to the doctor.

The better to *denote* her to the doctor.

ACT V.—SCENE 3.

And the Welch devil, Herne.

And the Welch devil, *Evans*.

SCENE 5.

Divide me like a brib'd buck.

Divide me like a *bribe* buck.Cricket, to Windsor chimneys shalt
thou leap.Cricket, to Windsor chimneys *when*
thou'st leapt.

Raise up the organs of her fantasy.

Rouse up the organs of her fantasy.

But those as sleep.

But those *that* sleep.

What, a hodge-pudding?

What, a *hog*-pudding?

Swearings and staring. 1632.

Swearings and *starings*.

Of disobedience, or unduteous title.

Of disobedience, or unduteous *guile*.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

The resolute acting of our blood.	The resolute acting of <i>your</i> blood.
The jury passing on the prisoner's life.	The jury passing on <i>a</i> prisoner's life.
Look into Master Froth here.	Look <i>unto</i> Master Froth here.
It is an open room, and good for winter.	It is an open room, and good for <i>windows</i> .
To geld and splay.	To geld and <i>spay</i> .
I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence a bay.	I'll rent the fairest house in it after three-pence <i>a day</i> .
I thought by the readiness in the office.	I thought by <i>your</i> readiness in the office.

SCENE 2.

You are too cold.	<i>Thou art</i> too cold.
If he, which is the top of judgment.	If he, which is the <i>God</i> of judgment.
If the first that did th' edict infringe.	If the first <i>one</i> that did th' edict infringe.
Either now, or by remissness new conceiv'd.	Either <i>new</i> , or by remissness new conceiv'd.
But here they live to end.	But <i>ere</i> they live to end.
. O! it is excellent O! it is excellent
To have a giant's strength, but it is tyrannous.	To have a giant's strength, but tyrannous.
We cannot weigh our brother with ourself.	<i>You</i> cannot weigh our brother with <i>yourself</i> .
Not with fond sickles of the tested gold.	Not with fond <i>circles</i> of the tested gold.
And pitch our evils there.	And pitch our <i>offals</i> there.
Ever, till now.	<i>Even from youth</i> , till now.

SCENE 3.

Falling in the flaws of her own youth.	Falling in the <i>flames</i> of her own youth.
Showing we would not spare heaven, as we love it.	Showing we would not <i>serve</i> heaven, as we love it.

SCENE 4.

Grown feard and tedious.	Grown <i>sear</i> and tedious.
Making both it unable.	Making <i>it both</i> unable.
Quit their own part.	Quit their own <i>path</i> .
Proclaim an en-should beauty.	Proclaim an <i>inshell'd</i> beauty.
But in the loss of question.	But in the <i>force</i> of question.
Of the all-building law.	Of the all- <i>binding</i> law.
Owe and succeed thy weakness.	Owe and succeed <i>this</i> weakness.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

For all thy blessed youth.	For all thy <i>boasted</i> youth.
Lest thou a feverous life should'st entertain.	Lest thou a feverous life <i>would'st</i> entertain.

The princely Angelo.

In princely guards.

The goodness that is cheap in beauty.

She should this Angelo have married.

The *priestly* Angelo.

In *priestly* garb.

The goodness that is *chief* in beauty.

Her should this Angelo have married.

SCENE 2.

Since of two usuries the merriest is
put down.

I drink, I eat, away myself.

And extracting clutch'd.

What say'st thou, trot?

After this down-right way of creation.

And he is a motion generative.

And knowledge with dear love.

You have paid the heavens your func-
tion.

Grace to stand and virtue go.

Making practice on the times.

To draw with idle spider's strings.

Since of two *usances* the merriest is put
down.

I drink, I eat, *array* myself.

And extracting *it* clutch'd.

What say'st thou, *trotk*?

After *the* down-right way of creation.

And he is a motion *ingenerative*.

And knowledge with *dearer* love.

You have paid the heavens *the due of*
your function.

Grace to stand, virtue *to* go.

Masking practice on the times.

Draw with idle spider's strings.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Run with these false, and most con-
trarious quests.

Make thee the father of their idle
dream.

For yet our tithe's to sow.

Run with *base*, false, and most con-
trarious quests.

Make thee the father of their idle
dreams.

For yet our *tithe's* to sow.

SCENE 2.

Now since the curfew rung. 1632.

They will, then, ere't be long.

That wounds th' unsisting postern.

This is his lord's man.

None, since the curfew rung.

There will, then, ere't be long.

That wounds the *resisting* postern.

This is his *lordship's* man.

SCENE 3.

And are now for the Lord's sake.

Unfit to live or die. O gravel heart!

To yond generation, you shall find.

Your safety manifested.

And weal-balanc'd form.

Injurious world! most damned An-
gelo!

Mark what I say, which you shall find.

I am combined by a sacred vow.

And are now *in* for the Lord's sake.

Unfit to live or die. O, *grovelling* beast!

To *yonder* generation, you shall find.

Your safety *manifest*.

And *well*-balanc'd form.

Perjurious world! most damned An-
gelo!

Mark what I *say to you*, which you shall
find.

I am *confined* by a sacred vow.

SCENE 4.

For my authority bears of a credent bulk. For my authority bears *such* a credent bulk.

SCENE 5.

To Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus. *Unto* Valentius, Rowland, and to Crassus.

SCENE 6.

He says, to vaile full purpose. He says, to '*vailful* purpose.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

And she will speak most bitterly and strange.	And she will speak most bitterly and <i>strangely</i> .
Most strange, but yet most truly will I speak.	Most <i>strangely</i> , yet most truly will I speak.
For inequality, but let your reason serve.	For <i>incredulity</i> , but let your reason serve.
Mended again: the matter?—Proceed.	Mended again: the matter? <i>Now</i> proceed.
To set the needless by. 1632.	To set the needless <i>process</i> by.
And, on my trust.	And, on my <i>truth</i> .
And punish them to your height of pleasure.	And punish them <i>unto</i> your height of pleasure.
Respect for your great place! and let the devil.	Respect for your great place! <i>then</i> let the devil.
Thus to retort your manifest appeal.	Thus to <i>reject</i> your manifest appeal.
Joint by joint, but we will know his purpose.	Joint by joint, but we will know <i>your</i> purpose.
Hark how the villain would close now.	Hark how the villain would <i>gloze</i> now.
Make rash remonstrance.	Make rash <i>demonstrance</i> .
But peace be with him.	But <i>all</i> peace be with him.
Wherein have I so deserv'd of you?	Wherein have I so <i>well</i> deserv'd of you?

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

BE seen at any Syracusan marts and fairs.	Be seen at Syracusan marts and fairs
Was wrought by nature, not by vile offence.	Was wrought by <i>fortune</i> , not by vile offence.
Which though myself would gladly have embrac'd.	Which though myself would <i>gently</i> have embrac'd.
That by misfortunes.	<i>And by misfortune.</i>
Whom whilst I labour'd of a love to see.	Whom whilst <i>he</i> labour'd of <i>all</i> love to see.
To seek thy help by beneficial help.	To seek thy <i>hope</i> by beneficial help.
Jailor, take him to thy custody.	Jailor, <i>now</i> take him to thy custody.

SCENE 2.

Till that, I'll view the manners of the town.	Till <i>then</i> , I'll view the manners of the town.
I will go lose my life. 1632.	I will go lose <i>myself</i> .
Should be your cook.	Should be your <i>clock</i> .
You will not bear them patiently.	You <i>would</i> not bear them patiently.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Lords of the wide world, and wide watery seas.	Lords of the wide world, and <i>wild</i> watery seas.
Spake he so doubtfully.	Spake he so <i>doubly</i> .
And withal so doubtfully.	And withal so <i>doubly</i> .
Unkindness blots it. 1632.	Unkindness <i>blunts</i> it.

SCENE 2.

To give you nothing for something.	<i>And</i> give you nothing for something.
What it hath scanted them in hair.	What it hath scanted <i>men</i> in hair.
To save the money that he spends in trying.	To save the money that he spends in <i>trimming</i> .
That thou art then estranged.	That thou art <i>thus</i> estranged.
I live distain'd.	I live <i>unstain'd</i> .

She moves me for her theme.	She <i>means</i> me for her theme.
What error drives your eyes.	What error <i>draws</i> your eyes.
I'll entertain the free'd fallacy.	I'll entertain the <i>proffered</i> fallacy.
We talk with goblins, owls and elves sprites. 1632.	We talk with goblins, owls and elves and sprites.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

If the skin were parchment.	If <i>my</i> skin were parchment.
Would tell you what I think.	Would tell you <i>for certain</i> what I think.
Or thy name for an ass.	Or thy name for <i>a</i> face.
You'll let us in, I hope.	You'll let us in, <i>I</i> <i>trou</i> .
Your long experience of your wisdom.	Your long experience of <i>her</i> wisdom.
Plead on your part.	Plead on <i>her</i> part.

SCENE 2.

Shall Antipholus.	Shall <i>unkind</i> debate.
To you do I decline.	To you do I <i>incline</i> .
Gaze when you should.	Gaze <i>where</i> you should.
Guilty to self-wrong.	Guilty <i>of</i> self-wrong.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Among my wife and their confederates.	Among my wife and <i>these</i> confederates.
I promised your presence and the chain.	I promis'd <i>me</i> your presence and the chain.
Or send me by some token.	Or send <i>by me</i> some token.
You wrong me, sir, in denying it. 1632.	You wrong me <i>more</i> , sir, in denying it.
Consent to pay that I never had. 1632.	Consent to pay <i>for</i> that I never had.

SCENE 2.

Look'd he or red or pale? or sad or merrily?	Look'd he or red or pale? or sad or <i>merry</i> ?
Worse the mind. 1632.	Worse <i>in</i> mind.
Here, go: the desk! the purse! sweet, now make haste.	Here, go: the desk! the purse! <i>swift</i> now, make haste.
A devil in an everlasting garment hath him.	A devil in an everlasting garment hath him <i>fell</i> .
One whose hard heart is button'd up in steel.	One whose hard heart is button'd up in steel, <i>Who knows no touch of mercy, cannot feel.</i>
A fiend, a fairy, pitiless and rough.	A fiend, a <i>fury</i> , pitiless and rough.
The passages of alleys.	The passages <i>and</i> alleys.
But is in a suit of buff.	But <i>he's</i> in a suit of buff.
If I be in debt and theft.	If <i>he</i> be in debt and theft.
To turn back an hour in a day.	To turn back <i>any</i> hour in a day.

SCENE 3.

Avoid then, fiend.

Avoid, *thou* fiend.

SCENE 4.

That since have felt the vigour of his
rage.

God and the rope-maker bear me wit-
ness.

But with these nails I'll pluck out these
false eyes.

They speak us fair, give us gold.

That since have felt the *rigour* of his
rage.

God and the rope-maker *now* bear me
witness.

But with these nails I'll pluck out *those*
false eyes.

They *spake* us fair, *gave* us gold.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Good sir, draw near to me.

In company I often glanc'd it.

But muddy and dull melancholy. 1632.

The place of depth and sorry execution.

At your impotent letters. 1632.

By what strong escape.

There left me and my man.

Hast thou so crack'd and splitted my
poor tongue.

Besides her urging of her wreck at sea.

And thereupon these errors are arose.

And 'till this present hour.

Good sir, draw near *with* me.

In company I often glanc'd *at* it.

But *moody* and dull melancholy.

The place of *death* and *solemn* execution.

At your *important* letters.

By what *strange* escape.

They left me and my man.

Hast thou so crack'd *my voice*, *split* my
poor tongue.

Besides *his* urging of *his* wreck at sea.

And thereupon these errors *all* arose.

And *at* this present hour.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

embrace your charge more wil- You embrace your charge *too* willingly.
ngly. 1632.
were such a face as yours were. An 'twere such a face as yours.
how short his answer is. Mark how short *the* answer is.
ok mine. I *spoke* mine.
ord, I speak mine. My lord, I *spoke* mine.
he that hits me. And he that *first* hits me.
fairest grant is the necessity. The fairest *ground* is the necessity.

SCENE 3.

is no measure in the occasion There is no measure in the occasion
at breeds. that breeds *it*.
have of late. You have, 'till of late.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

ake curtesy and say, as it please To make curtesy and say, *father*, as it
ou. please you.
he sink into his grave. 'Till he sink *apace* into his grave.
in the house is love. Within the house is *Jove*.
well, therefore, Hero. Farewell, *then*, Hero.
such impossible conveyance. With such *unportable* conveyance.
terrible as terminations. As terrible as *her* terminations.
hat Adam had lent him. All that Adam had *lent* him.
have no employment for me. *Have you* no employment for me?
not endure this lady's tongue. I cannot endure *my lady* tongue.
something of a jealous complexion. And something of *as* jealous a com-
plexion.
he is in my heart. That he is in *her* heart.
ave all things answer mind. To have all things answer *our* mind.

SCENE 2.

r Margaret term me Claudio. Hear Margaret term me *Borachio*.
seeming truths of Hero's dis- Such seeming *proofs* of Hero's dis-
loyalty. loyalty.

SCENE 3.

Now he is turned orthography.	Now he is turned <i>orthographer</i> .
We'll fit the kid-fox with a pennyworth.	We'll fit the <i>hid</i> fox with a pennyworth.
Of dumps so dull and heavy.	<i>Or</i> dumps so dull and heavy.
The fraud of men were ever so.	The <i>frauds</i> of men were ever so.
'Till she have writ a sheet of paper.	'Till she have writ a sheet of paper <i>full</i> .
Between the sheet.	Between the <i>sheets</i> .
Tears her hair, prays, curses.	Tears her hair, prays, <i>cries</i> .
It were an alms to hang him.	It were an alms- <i>deed</i> to hang him.
Shall we go see Benedick?	Shall we go <i>seek</i> Benedick?
A man loves the meat in his youth, that he cannot endure in his age.	A man loves the meat in his <i>age</i> , that he cannot endure in his <i>youth</i> .
And choke a daw withal.	And <i>not</i> choke a daw withal.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Why every day;—to-morrow.	Why <i>in a</i> day;—to-morrow.
No glory lives behind the back of such.	No glory lives <i>but in the lack</i> of such.
Every one cannot master a grief.	Every one <i>can</i> master a grief.

SCENE 3.

When have seen the sequel. 1632.	When <i>you</i> have seen the sequel.
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SCENE 4.

Set with pearls down sleeves.	Set with pearls down <i>the</i> sleeves.
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ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Out on thee seeming.	Out on <i>thy</i> seeming.
That rage in savage sensuality.	That <i>range</i> in savage sensuality.
That he doth speak so wide.	That he doth speak so <i>wild</i> .
Thus, pretty lady.	<i>Thou</i> pretty lady.
Myself would on the reward of re- proaches.	Myself would on the <i>hazard</i> of re- proaches.
Chid I for that at frugal nature's frame?	Chid I for that at frugal nature's <i>frown</i> ?
To her foul tainted flesh.	To her <i>soul</i> -tainted flesh.
And given way unto this course of for- tune.	And given way unto this <i>cross</i> of for- tune.
My reverence, calling, nor divinity.	My <i>reverend</i> calling, nor divinity.
Under some biting error.	Under some <i>blighting</i> error.
Whose spirits toil in frame of villainies.	Whose spirits toil in <i>fraud and vil-</i> <i>lanies</i> .
But they shall find awak'd in such a kind.	But they shall find awak'd in such a <i>cause</i> .
But being lack'd and lost.	But being <i>lost and lack'd</i> .
Manhood is melted into courtesies.	Manhood is melted into <i>courtesy</i> .

SCENE 2.

Let them be in.
And a fellow that hath had losses.

Let them be *bound*.
And a fellow that hath had *leases*.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

And let no comfort delight mine ear.
And bid him speak of patience.
And sorrow, wag.
Bring him yet to me.
Go antickly, and show outward hideous-
ness.
He hath bid me to a calf's head and a
capon.
God saw him, when he was hid in the
garden.
I cannot bid your daughter live. 1632.

And let no *comforter* delight mine ear.
And bid him speak *to me* of patience.
Call sorrow *joy*.
Bring him *you* to me.
Go antickly, and show *an* outward
hideousness.
He hath bid me to a calf's head and
capers.
Who saw him, when he was hid in the
garden?
I cannot bid you *cause my* daughter
live.

SCENE 2.

Let me go with that I came.

Let me go with that I came *for*.

SCENE 3.

Those that slew thy virgin knight.
Round about her tomb they go.
Heavenly, heavenly.
Each his several way.

Those that slew thy virgin *bright*.
Round about her tomb *we* go.
Heavily, heavily.
Each his way *can tell*.

SCENE 4.

One Hero died defil'd, but I do live.
Have been deceived: they swore you
did.
Are much deceiv'd, for they did swear
you did.
They swore you were.
'Tis no such matter.
And, therefore, never flout at me for I
have said against it.

One Hero died *belied*, but I do live.
Have been deceived, *for* they swore
you did.
Are much deceived, for they *swore* you
did.
They swore *that* you were.
It is no matter.
And, therefore, never flout at me for
what I have said against it.

LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

THE grosser manner of these worlds'
delights.

When I to fast expressly am forbid.

If study's gain be thus.

Light, seeking light, doth light beguile.

So you, to study now it is too late,

That were to climb o'er the house t' un-
lock the gate.

Yet confident I'll keep what I have
swore.

A dangerous law against gentility.

Or vainly comes th' admired princess
hither.

If I break faith, this word shall break
for me.

A man in all the world's new fashion
planted.

A high hope for a low heaven.

Cause to climb in the merriness.

Is the manner of a man.

That shallow vassal.

Until then, set down, sorrow.

The grosser manner of *this* world's
delights.

When I to *feast* expressly am forbid.

If study's gain be *this*.

Light, seeking light, doth light of *light*
beguile.

So you, *by* study now it is too late,

Climb o'er the house-*top* to unlock the
gate.

Yet confident I'll keep *to* what I swore.

A dangerous law against *garrulity*.

Or vainly comes th' admired princess
rather.

If I break faith, this word shall *plead*
for me.

A man in all the *world-new* fashions
flaunted.

A high hope for a low *hearing*.

Cause to *chime* in the merriness.

It is the manner of a man.

That shallow *vessel*.

Until then, set *thee* down, sorrow.

SCENE 2.

Most immaculate thoughts.

Most pretty and pathetic.

For your manager is in love.

I am sure I shall turn sonnet. •

Most *maculate* thoughts.

Most pretty and *poetical*.

For your *armiger* is in love.

I am sure I shall turn sonnet-*maker*.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Summon up your dearest spirits.

His eye begets occasion for wit.

Summon up your *clearest* spirits.

His eye begets occasion for *his* wit.

All liberal reason would I yield unto.
Though so denied farther harbour in
my house.

All liberal reason *I will yield unto.*
Though so denied *free* harbour in my
house.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

If you had swallowed love.
By my penne of observation.
A message well sympathised.
Voluble and free of grace.
Most rude melancholy, valour gives
thee place.
No salve in the male, sir.
Staying the odds by adding four.
Sirrah Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

And let me loose.
Set thee from durance.
A whitely wanton with a velvet brow.

As if you had swallowed love.
By my *paine* of observation.
A *messenger* well sympathised.
Voluble and *fair* of grace.
Moist-eyed melancholy, valour gives
thee place.
No salve in *them all*, sir.
Staying the odds by *making* four.
Sirrah Costard, *marry*, I will enfranchise
thee.
And let me *be* loose.
Set thee *free* from durance.
A *witty* wanton with a velvet brow.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

O heresy in fair, fit for these days !
When for fame's sake, to praise. 1632.
I cannot, cannot, cannot.
For they both did hit.
To see him kiss his hand, and how most
sweetly a' will swear.

And his page o' t'other side, that hand-
ful of wit.

O heresy in *faith*, fit for these days !
When for fame's sake, *for* praise.
An I cannot, cannot, cannot.
For they both did hit *it*.
To see him kiss his hand, and how most
sweetly a' will swear,
*Looking babies in her eyes, his passion to
declare.*

And his page o' t'other side, that hand-
ful of *small* wit.

SCENE 2.

He is only an animal.
Which we taste and feeling.
To see him in a school.
Dictisima, goodman Dull, Dictisima.
Imitary is nothing.
The tired horse to his rider.
Of the party written.

He is only an animal, *not to think*.
Which we, *having* taste and feeling.
To *set* him in a school.
Doctisimè, goodman Dull ; *Dictynna*.
Imitating is nothing.
The *trained* horse to his rider.
Of thè party *writing*.

SCENE 3.

The night of dew.
How far dost thou excell.
Disfigure not his shop.
God amend us, God amend.

The *dew* of night.
How far *thou* dost excell.
Disfigure not his *stop*.
God amend us, God amend *us*.

By earth she is not corporal.
 Thou for whom Jove would swear.
 My true love's fasting pain.
 Come, sir, you blush.
 What present hast thou there?
 Young blood doth not obey an old de-
 cree.
 The hue of dungeons and the school of
 night.
 And beauty's crest becomes the heavens
 well.
 The fashion of the days.
 Why, universal plodding poisons up.
 Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye.
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

By earth, she is *most* corporal.
 Thou for whom *great* Jove would swear.
 My true love's *lasting* pain.
 Come, sir, *blush you*.
 What, *peasant*, hast thou there?
 Young blood doth *yet* obey an old de-
 cree.
 The hue of dungeons and the *shade* of
 night.
 And beauty's *best* becomes the heavens
 well.
 The fashion of *these* days.
 Why, universal plodding *prisons* up.
 Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye.
 And plant in tyrants mild *humanity*.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

It insinuateth me of infamy.
 The last of the five vowels.
 Do you not educate youth at the charge
 house?
 I do assure ye, very good friend.
 Myself and this gallant gentleman.
 Shall pass Pompey the great.
 An antick, I beseech you, follow.

It insinuateth *one* of *insania*.
 The *third* of the five vowels.
 Do you not educate youth at the *large*
 house?
 I do assure ye, *my* very good friend.
 Myself *or* this gallant gentleman.
 Shall pass *for* Pompey the great.
 An antick, I beseech you, *to* follow.

SCENE 2.

Past care is still past cure.
 Fair as a text B in a copy-book.
 So pertaunt-like would I o'ersway his
 state.
 And mirth in his face.
 Encounters mounted are.
 That charge their breath against us.
 Passion's solemn tears.
 And every one his love-feat will advance.
 Will kill the keeper's heart.
 With you on the grass.
 O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout!
 See where it comes.
 Till this madman show'd thee.
 To the manner of the days.
 Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affection.

 But to perfect one man.
 Worthy of Pompey the great.

Past *cure* is still past *care*.
 Fair as a text *R* in a copy-book.
 So *potently* would I o'ersway his state.

 And mirth *is* in his face.
Encounterers mounted are.
 That charge *the* breach against us.
 Passion's *sudden* tears.
 And every one his *love-suit* will advance.
 Will kill the *speaker's* heart.
 With *her* on *this* grass.
 O poverty in wit, *kill'd by pure* flout!
 See where *he* comes.
 Till this *man* show'd thee.
 To the manner of *these* days.
 Three-piled hyperboles, spruce *affection*.

 But to *pursent* one man.
 Worthy of *Pompion* the great.

A heavy heart bears not an humble tongue.	A heavy heart bears not a <i>nimble</i> tongue.
The extreme parts of time extremely form.	The extreme <i>parting</i> time <i>expressly</i> forms.
I understand you not: my griefs are double.	I understand you not: my griefs are <i>dull</i> .
As love is full of unbecoming strains.	As love is full of unbecoming <i>strangeness</i> .
Full of straying shapes.	Full of <i>strange</i> shapes.
In itself a sin.	In itself <i>so base</i> .
Impose some service on me for my love.	Impose some service on me for <i>thy</i> love.
Oft have I heard of you.	Oft <i>had</i> I heard of you.
Which you on all estates will execute.	Which you on all estates will <i>exercise</i> .
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans.	Deaf'd with the clamours of their own <i>dire</i> groans.
Will hear your idle scorns, continue then.	Will hear your idle scorns, continue <i>them</i> .

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

Now bent in heaven.	<i>New</i> bent in heaven.
And with revelling.	And with <i>revelry</i> .
To stubborn harshness.	To stubborn <i>hardness</i> .
But earthlier happy is the rose distill'd.	But <i>earthly happier</i> is the rose distill'd.
O cross too high to be enthrall'd to love !	O cross too high to be enthrall'd to <i>low</i> !
Or else it stood upon the choice of merit.	Or else it stood upon the choice of <i>men</i> .
To do observance for a morn of May.	To do observance <i>to</i> a morn of May.
By that which knitteth souls, and prospers love.	By that which knitteth souls, and prospers <i>loves</i> .
His folly, Helena, is none of mine.	His <i>fault, fair</i> Helena, is none of mine.
In my love do dwell.	In my love <i>must</i> dwell.
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel swell'd.	Emptying our bosoms of their counsel <i>sweet</i> .
To seek new friends, and strange companions.	To seek new friends, and <i>stranger companies</i> .
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.	If I have thanks, it is dear <i>recompense</i> .

SCENE 2.

And so grow on to a point.	And so <i>go</i> on to <i>appoint</i> .
I will move storms.	I will move <i>stones</i> .

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

The cowslips tall her pensioners be.	The cowslips <i>all</i> her pensioners be.
In their gold coats spots you see.	In their gold <i>cups</i> spots you see.
Thou speak'st aright.	<i>Fairy</i> , thou speak'st aright.
Neighing in likeness of a silly foal.	Neighing in likeness of a <i>silly</i> foal.
Fairy, skip hence.	<i>Fairies</i> , skip hence.
In the wanton green.	<i>On</i> the wanton green.
Hoared headed frosts.	<i>Hoary</i> -headed frosts.
The fairy-land buys not the child.	<i>Thy</i> fairy-land buys not the child.
Her womb then rich with my young squire.	Her womb then <i>ripe</i> with my young squire.
That very time I say.	That very time I <i>saw</i> .

Upon the next live creature that it sees.
I'll put a girdle about the earth.
The next thing when.
Quite over-canopied with luscious wood-
bine.
Lull'd in these flowers.

Upon the next live creature that *is seen*.
I'd put a girdle *round* about the earth.
The next thing *then*.
Quite over-canopied with *lush* wood-
bine.
Lull'd in these *bowers*.

SCENE 2.

Sing in your sweet lullaby.
Love takes the meaning in love's con-
ference.
But Athenian find I none.
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
Where Demetrius. 1632.
Those that did deceive.
Address your love and might.
And yet sate smiling.

Sing *now* your sweet lullaby.
Love takes the meaning in love's *con-*
ference.
But Athenian *found* I none.
Near this lack-love, kill-courtesy.
Where *is* Demetrius?
Those *they* did deceive.
Address *their* love and might.
And *you* sate smiling.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

And tell him plainly he is Snug.
Some loam or some roughcast.
Or let him hold his fingers thus.
The flowers of odious savours sweet.
The wren and little quill.
The honey-bags.
I shall desire you of more acquaintance.
Tie up my lover's tongue, bring him
silently.

And tell *them* plainly he is Snug.
Some *lime* or some roughcast.
And let him hold his fingers *thus*.
The flowers *have* odious savours sweet.
The wren *with* little quill.
Their honey-bags.
I shall desire *of you* more acquaintance.
Tie up my lover's tongue *and* bring
him silently.

SCENE 2.

So should the murderer look, and so
should I.
You spend your passion on a mispris'd
mood.
This princess of pure white.
And yours of Helena.
It is not so.
Two lovely berries moulded on one
stem.
If you have any pity.
O me! what news, my love?
Of thine or mine is most in Helena.
I'll apply your eye.
When thou wakest, thou takest.

So should the *murder'd* look, and so
should I.
You spend your passion *in* a mispris'd
flood.
This *impress* of pure white.
And yours *in* Helena.
Helena, it is not so.
Two *loving* berries moulded on one
stem.
If you *had* any pity.
O me! what *means* my love?
Or thine or mine is most in Helena.
I'll apply *to* your eye.
When thou wakest, *see* thou takest.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Fairies, be gone, and be always away.	Fairies, be gone, and be <i>awhile</i> away.
I wonder of this being here together.	I wonder of <i>their</i> being here together.
And he bid us follow to the temple.	And he <i>did</i> bid us follow to the temple.
I will sing it in the latter end of a play.	I will sing it in the latter end of <i>the</i> play.
I shall sing it at her death.	I shall sing it at <i>Thisby's</i> death.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

And gives to air nothing.	And gives to <i>airy</i> nothing.
That is hot ice, and wond'rous strange snow.	That is hot ice, and wond'rous <i>seething</i> snow.
A play there is, my lord.	A play <i>this</i> is, my lord.
This fellow doth not stand upon points.	This fellow doth not stand upon <i>his</i> points.
Now is the moral down.	Now is the <i>wall</i> down.
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam.	A <i>lion's</i> fell, nor else no lion's dam.
'Twere pity on my life.	'Twere pity on <i>your</i> life.
He is no crescent.	He is <i>not</i> crescent.
This passion, and the death of a dear friend.	This passion <i>on</i> the death of a dear friend.
These lily lips, This cherry nose.	<i>This</i> lily <i>lip</i> , This cherry <i>tip</i> .

SCENE 2.

Ever shall in safety rest.	Ever shall <i>it</i> <i>safely</i> rest.
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THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

If they should speak would almost damn those ears. If they should speak, 'twould almost damn those ears.
Fare you well: I'll grow a talker for this gear. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.
Like a wilful youth. Like a *wasteful* youth.

SCENE 2.

But this reason is not in the fashion. But this *reasoning* is not in the fashion.
He makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts. He makes it a great *approbation* of his own good parts.
What think you of the Scottish lord? What think you of the *Irish* lord?

SCENE 3.

There be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves. There be land-rats and water-rats, *land*-thieves and *water*-thieves.
And my well-worn thrift. And my well-*won* thrift.
Is he yet possess'd? *Are* you yet possess'd?
Was this inserted to make interest good? Was this *inferred* to make interest good?
In the Rialto you have rated me. *On* the Rialto you have rated me.
You call me misbeliever. You *call'd* me misbeliever.
There is much kindness in the Jew. There is much kindness in *thee*, Jew.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

The shadow'd livery of the burnished sun. The shadow'd livery of the *burning* sun.
He would o'er-stare the sternest eyes. He would *out*-stare the sternest eyes.
So is Alcides beaten by his rage. So is Alcides beaten by his *page*.

SCENE 2.

The most courageous fiend. The most *contagious* fiend.
For the heavens, rouse up. *Fore* the heavens, rouse up.

SCENE 5.

Will be worth a Jewes eye.
But sleeps by day.
Fast bind, fast find.

Will be worth a *Jewess* eye.
And he sleeps by day.
Safe bind, *safe* find.

SCENE 6.

To steal love's bonds
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.

To *seal* love's bonds
 Even in the *garnish of a lovely* boy.

SCENE 7.

Shall gain what men desire.
But more than these in love I do de-
 serve.
 Gilded timber do worms enfold.

Shall gain what *many* men desire.
 But more than these in love I do de-
 serve *her*.
 Gilded *tombs* do worms enfold.

SCENE 8.

He comes too late.
And jewels, two rich and precious
 stones.
And employ your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship.

He *came* too late.
 And jewels *too*—two rich and precious
 stones.
 And *apply* your chiefest thoughts
 To courtship.

SCENE 9.

That many may be meant.
 Which prides not to th' interior.
 Quick Cupid's post.

That may be meant.
 Which *prize* not th' interior.
Cupid's quick post.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

A beggar that us'd to come.

A beggar that *was wont* to come.

SCENE 2.

But first mine, then yours. 1632.
 But 'tis to peize the time.
 Thus ornament is but the gilded shore.
 The beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word.
 And leave itself unfurnish'd.
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit.
 Till my very rough was dry.
 The best condition'd and unwearied
 spirit.

But *if* mine, then yours.
 But 'tis to *pause* the time.
 Thus ornament is but the *gilding* shore.
 The beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian: beauty, in a word.
 And leave itself *unfinish'd*.
 Happiest of all *in* that her gentle spirit.
 Till my very *tongue* was dry.
 The best condition'd and *unwearied'st*
 spirit.

SCENE 4.

I have toward heaven breath'd a secret
 vow.

I have toward heaven breath'd a *sacred*
 vow.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Why he a woollen bagpipe.	Why he a <i>bollen</i> bagpipe.
The ewe bleat for the lamb : when you behold.	<i>When you behold the ewe bleat for the lamb.</i>
O, be thou damn'd, inexecutable dog.	O, be thou damn'd, <i>inexecutable</i> dog.
This strict course of Venice.	This strict <i>court</i> of Venice.
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.	Whether Bassanio had not once a <i>love</i> .
Light or heavy in the substance.	Light or heavy in the <i>balance</i> .

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Orpheus drew tears, stones, and floods. 1632.	Orpheus drew <i>tree</i> , stones, and floods.
Peace ! how the moon sleeps with Endymion.	Peace ! <i>now</i> the moon sleeps with Endymion.
That she did give me, whose poesy was.	That she did give <i>to</i> me, whose poesy was.
Or your own honour to contain the ring. I'll have the Doctor for my bedfellow. Where the ways are fair enough.	Or your own honour to <i>retain</i> the ring. I'll have <i>that</i> Doctor for my bedfellow. <i>When</i> the ways are fair enough.
I once did lend my body for thy wealth.	I once did lend my body for <i>his</i> wealth.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

BEQUEATHED me by will.
Rosalind, the Duke's daughter.
The Duke's daughter, her cousin.

He bequeathed me by will.
Rosalind, the *old* Duke's daughter.
The *new* Duke's daughter, her cousin.

SCENE 2.

Would you yet were merrier?
She makes very ill-favouredly.
Sport? of what colour?
There is such odds in the man.
If you saw yourself with your eyes,
Or knew yourself with your judgment.
The taller is his daughter.

Would you yet *I* were merrier?
She makes very ill-favoured.
Spot? of what colour?
There is such odds in the *men*.
If you saw yourself with *our* eyes,
Knew yourself with *our* judgment.
The *shorter* is his daughter.

SCENE 3.

Some of it for my child's father.
Dispatch you with your safest haste.
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
To travel so far. 1632.
I'll have no worse a name than Jove's
own page.

Some of it for my *father's child*.
Dispatch you with your *fastest* haste.
Still we went coupled and *inseparate*.
To travel *forth* so far.
I'll have no *worser* name than Jove's
own page.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

The season's difference, as the icy fang.
First for his weeping into the needless
stream.
For that which had too much.
To fright the animals, and to kill them
up.

The season's difference, *or* the icy fang.
First for his weeping *in* the needless
stream.
For that which *hath* too much.
To fright the animals, and kill them up.

SCENE 3.

Come not with these doors: within this
roof. 1632.

Come not *within* these doors: *beneath*
this roof.

Of a diverted blood, and bloody brother.	Of a diverted, <i>proud</i> and bloody brother.
The constant service of the antique world.	The constant <i>favour</i> of the antique world.
From seventy years, till now almost fourscore.	From <i>seventeen</i> years, till now almost fourscore.

SCENE 4.

O Jupiter ! how merry are my spirits.	O Jupiter ! how <i>weary</i> are my spirits.
Or if thou hadst not sate.	Or if thou hadst not <i>spake</i> .
Searching of their wound.	Searching of <i>thy</i> wound.
Jove, Jove ! this shepherd's passion	<i>Love, love!</i> this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.	Is <i>too</i> much on my fashion.
It grows something stale with me.	It grows something stale with <i>me</i> , <i>And begins to fail with me.</i>

SCENE 6.

For my sake be comfortable.	For my sake be <i>comforted</i> .
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SCENE 7.

Seem senseless of the bob.	<i>But</i> to seem senseless of the bob.
Till that the weary very means do ebb.	Till that the very means of <i>wear</i> do ebb.
And take upon command what help we have.	And take upon <i>commend</i> what help we have.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Not see him since ?	Not <i>seen</i> him since ?
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SCENE 2.

Wintered garments must be lin'd.	<i>Winter</i> garments must be lined.
Why should this desert be.	Why should this <i>a</i> desert be.
Who stays it still withal ?	Who <i>stands</i> <i>he</i> still withal ?
A living humour of madness.	A <i>loving</i> humour of madness.

SCENE 3.

May be said, as lovers they do feign.	<i>It</i> may be said, as lovers they do feign.
A man may, if he were of a fearful heart.	A man <i>might</i> , if he were of a fearful heart.
Horns even so poor men alone.	<i>Are</i> horns <i>given</i> to poor men alone.
But wind away.	But <i>wend</i> away.
I will not to wedding with thee.	I will not to wedding <i>bind</i> thee.

SCENE 5.

Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops.	Than he that <i>kills</i> and lives by bloody drops.
The cicatrice and capable impressure.	The cicatrice and <i>palpable</i> impressure.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.	I should <i>thank</i> my honesty <i>rather</i> than my wit.
What, of my suit?	What, <i>out</i> of my suit?
Then, in mine own person I do. 1632.	Then, in mine own person I <i>die</i> .
And the foolish chroniclers of that age.	And the foolish <i>coroners</i> of that age.
Make her fault her husband's occasion.	Make her fault her husband's <i>accusing</i> .
And let time try.	And let time try <i>you</i> .

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

Nor sudden consenting.	Nor <i>her</i> sudden consenting.
All adoration, duty and observance.	All adoration, duty and <i>obedienc</i> e.
Why do you speak too?	<i>Who</i> do you speak to?

SCENE 3.

Which are the only prologues.	Which are <i>only the</i> prologues.
The only pretty rang time.	The only pretty <i>ring</i> time.
How that a life was but a flower.	How that <i>our</i> life was but a flower.
Yet the note was very untuneable.	Yet the note was very <i>untimeable</i> .

SCENE 4.

As those that fear they hope, and know they fear.	As those that fear <i>to</i> hope, and know they fear.
Patience once more, while our compact is urg'd.	Patience once more, while our compact is <i>heard</i> .
To make these doubts all even.	To make these doubts all even— <i>even so</i> .
How seventh cause?	How <i>the</i> seventh cause?
That thou might'st join his hand with his.	That thou might'st join <i>her</i> hand with his.
Whose heart within his bosom is.	Whose heart within <i>her</i> bosom is.
How thus we met, and these things finish.	How thus we met, and <i>thus we</i> finish.
To Hymen, god of every town.	To Hymen, god <i>in</i> every town.
And all their lands restor'd to him again.	And all their lands restored to <i>them</i> again.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

INDUCTION.—SCENE 1.

Go by, S. Jeronimy.
And when he says he is ——
That offer service to your Lordship.
May well abate the over-merry spleen.

Go by, Jeronimy.
When he says *what* he is.
That offer *humble* service to your Lordship.
May well abate *their* over-merry spleen.

SCENE 2.

Heaven cease this idle humour.
On the score for sheer ale.
To see your wit restor'd.
And no seal'd quarts.
And slept above some fifteen year and more.
And let the world slip, we shall ne'er be younger.

Heaven cease this *evil* humour.
On the score for *Warwickshire* ale.
To see your *wits* restor'd.
And *not* seal'd quarts.
And slept *about* some fifteen year and more.
We shall ne'er be younger, and let the world *slide*.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

Vincentio's come of the Bentivolii.
Or so devote to Aristotle's checks.
If Biondello, thou wert come ashore.
I pray you, sir, is it your will?
Unless you were of gentler, milder mould.
Their love is not so great.
Such as the daughter of Agenor had.
That mortal ears might hardly endure the din.
To get her cunning schoolmasters to instruct her.
In brief, sir, sith it your pleasure is.
Thrall'd my wounded eye.

Vincentio *comes* of the Bentivolii.
Or so devote to Aristotle's *Ethics*.
If Biondello *now were* come ashore.
I pray you, sir, is it your *gracious* will?
Unless you were of gentler, milder *mood*.
This love is not so great.
Such as the daughter of Agenor's *race*.
That mortal ears might *scarce* endure the din.
To get her cunning *masters* to instruct her.
Be brief, *then*, sir, sith it your pleasure is.
Thrall'd my *wond'ring* eye.

SCENE 2.

Two and thirty—a pip out.	Two and thirty—a pip <i>mo</i> .
As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse.	As Socrates Xantippe, or <i>even</i> worse.
Is that she is intolerable curst.	Is that she is <i>intolerably</i> curst.
From me, other more.	From me <i>and</i> other more.
About a schoolmaster for the fair Bianca.	About a <i>master</i> for the fair Bianca.
For his own good, and yours.	For his own good, and <i>ours</i> .
And do this seeke.	And do this <i>feat</i> .

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

But for these other goods.	But for these other <i>gards</i> .
Her wondrous qualities, and mild behaviour.	Her <i>woman's</i> qualities, and mild behaviour.
As had she studied to misuse me so.	As <i>she had</i> studied to misuse me so.
No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.	No such jade <i>to bear</i> you, if me you mean.
Ay, if the fool could find it where it lies.	Ay, if the fool could find <i>out</i> where it lies.
She is not hot, but temperate as the morn.	She is not hot, but temperate as the <i>moon</i> .
Nay then, good night our part.	Nay then, good night our <i>part</i> .
But in this case of wooing.	But in this case of <i>winning</i> .

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

But wrangling pedant, this is.	<i>Tut</i> , wrangling pedant, <i>I avouch</i> this is.
To change true rules for old inventions. 1632.	To change true rules for <i>new</i> inventions.

SCENE 2.

And such news as you never heard of.	And such <i>old</i> news, as you never heard of.
But say, what to thine old news?	But say, what <i>is</i> thine old news?
His horse hipped with an old mothy saddle.	His horse <i>heaped</i> with an old mothy saddle.
And the humour of forty fancies pricked in't for a feather.	And the <i>amours</i> or forty fancies pricked in't for a feather.
Were it better, I should rush in thus.	Were it <i>much</i> better I should rush in thus.
And seal my title with a lovely kiss.	And seal my title with a <i>loving</i> kiss.
But, sir, love concerneth us to add.	But <i>to our</i> love concerneth us to add.
As before I imparted. 1632.	As <i>I before</i> imparted.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

And my new mistress, and myself, fellow Curtis.	And my new mistress, and <i>thyself</i> , fellow Curtis.
Their new fustian, the white stockings.	Their new fustian, <i>their</i> white stockings.
Where be these knaves? What, no man at door?	Where be these knaves? What, no man at <i>the</i> door?

SCENE 2.

Lov'd me in the world.	Lov'd <i>none</i> in the world.
That I have fondly flatter'd them withal.	That I have fondly flatter'd <i>her</i> withal.
Never to marry with her, though she would entreat.	Never to marry her, though she entreat.
Had quite forsworn.	Had quite forsworn <i>her</i> .
And so I take my leave.	And <i>thus</i> I take my leave.
An ancient angell coming down the hill.	An ancient <i>ambler</i> coming down the hill.
Take me your love.	Take <i>in</i> your love.
That you are like to Sir Vincentio.	That you are <i>so</i> like to Vincentio.

SCENE 3.

Nay then, I will not.	Nay, <i>that</i> I will not.
With hast thou din'd. 1632.	<i>What</i> , hast thou din'd.
The deck thy body. 1632.	<i>To</i> deck thy body.

SCENE 4.

The match is made, and all is done.	The match is made, and all is <i>happily</i> done.
Where, then, do you know best.	Where, then, do you <i>hold</i> best.
I cannot tell; except they are busied.	I cannot tell; except, <i>while</i> they are busied.

SCENE 5.

Go on, and fetch our horses back.	Go <i>one</i> , and fetch our horses back.
And so it shall be so for Katharine.	And so it shall be <i>still</i> for Katharine.
But soft! company is coming here.	But soft! <i>what</i> company is coming here?

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Come back to my mistress as soon as I can.	Come back to my <i>master</i> , as soon as I can.
Thus strangers may be haled and abused.	Thus strangers may be <i>handled</i> and abused.
We are all done. 1632.	We are all <i>undone</i> .

SCENE 2.

When raging war is come.

Ha' to thee, lad.

Let's each one send unto his wife.

Hath cost me five hundred crowns since
supper-time.

That seeming to be most, which we
indeed least are.

When raging war is *gone*.

Here's to thee, lad.

Let's each one send unto his *several*
wife.

Cost me *one* hundred crowns since
supper-time.

That seeming most, which we, indeed,
least are.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

WHOSE skill was almost as great as his honesty.	Whose skill, almost as great as his honesty.
Fall on thy hand. 1632.	Fall on thy head.
Carries no favour in't, but Bertram's.	Carries no favour in't, but <i>only</i> Bertram's.
In our heart's table.	In <i>my</i> heart's table.
Will you anything with it.	Will you <i>do</i> anything with it.
Not my virginity yet.	Not <i>with</i> my virginity yet.
The mightiest space in fortune nature brings.	The mightiest space in <i>nature fortune</i> brings.

SCENE 2.

This his good melancholy oft began. *Thus* his good melancholy oft began.

SCENE 3.

Was this fair face the cause, quoth she.	Was this fair face, <i>quoth she, the cause.</i>
Fond done, done fond.	Fond done, done fond, <i>good sooth it was.</i>
Which is a purifying o' the song.	Which is a purifying o' the song <i>and mending o' the sex.</i>
A good woman born but ore every blazing star.	A good woman born, but <i>one</i> , every blazing star.
Such were our faults, or then we thought them none.	<i>Search we out</i> faults, <i>for</i> then we thought them none.
For mine avail. 1632.	For <i>thine</i> avail.
But give me leave to success. 1632.	But give me leave to <i>try</i> success.
And manifest experience had collected.	And <i>manifold</i> experience had collected.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

His cicatrice with.	With his cicatrice.
The bravest question shrinks.	The bravest <i>questor</i> shrinks.
Observe his reports for me.	Observe his reports <i>of</i> me.
Yes, but you will, my noble grapes.	Yes, but you will, <i>aye</i> , noble grapes.
Is powerful to araise King Pepin.	Is powerful to <i>upraise</i> King Pepin.

And write to her a love-line.	To write to her a love-line.
Where hope is coldest and despair most shifts.	Where hope is coldest and despair most <i>fits</i> .
Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, all	Youth, beauty, wisdom, courage, <i>honour</i> , all
That happiness and prime can happy call.	That happiness <i>in</i> prime can happy call.
And my hopes of help.	And my hopes of <i>heaven</i> .

SCENE 3.

A showing of a heavenly effect.	<i>In</i> showing of a heavenly effect.
O'er whom both sovereign power.	O'er whom both <i>sovereign's</i> power.
And writ as little beard.	And <i>with</i> as little beard.
Do my sighs stream.	Do my sighs <i>steam</i> .
In differences of mighty. 1632.	In differences <i>so</i> mighty.
My honour's at the stake, which to defeat.	My honour's at the stake, which to <i>defend</i> .
Than the commission of your birth and virtue.	Than the <i>condition</i> of your birth and virtue.
To the dark house and the detected wife.	To the dark house and the <i>detested</i> wife.

SCENE 4.

Par. Go to, I say: I have found thee: no more; I have found thee, a witty fool.

SCENE 5.

And ere I do begin.	<i>End</i> ere I do begin.
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ACT III.—SCENE 2.

Mend the ruff and sing.	Mend <i>his</i> ruff and sing.
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine.	If thou engrossest all the griefs <i>as</i> thine.
Which holds him much to have,	Which <i>'hoves</i> him much to <i>leave</i> ,
O, you leaden messengers,	O, you leaden messengers,
That ride upon the violent speed of fire,	That ride upon the <i>volant</i> speed of fire,
Fly with false aim; move the still-peering air,	Fly with false aim; <i>wound</i> the still- <i>piecing</i> air,
That stings with piercing. 1632.	That <i>sings</i> with piercing.
I met the ravin lion.	I met the <i>ravening</i> lion.

SCENE 4.

I have no skill in sense.	I have no skill <i>or</i> sense.
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SCENE 6.

Let him fetch his drum.	Let him fetch <i>off</i> his drum.
This counterfeit lump of ours.	This counterfeit lump of <i>ores</i> .

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

To know straight our purpose.

To *go* straight to our purpose.

SCENE 2.

For you are cold and stern.

For you are cold and *stone*.

I see that men make ropes in such a
scarra.

I see that men make *ropes* in such a
suit.

Which were the greatest obloquy.
Though there my hope be done.

Which *'twere* the greatest obloquy.
Though there my hope be *none*.

SCENE 3.

It is meant damnable in us.
See his company anatomised.
The stronger part of it.
Was faithfully confirmed
Bring forth this counterfeit model.
We shall hear of your lord anon.
But not when he does owe it.

It is *most* damnable in us.
See his *companion* anatomised.
The *stranger* part of it.
And faithfully confirmed.
Bring forth this counterfeit *medal*.
We shall hear of your *lordship* anon.
But not *where* he does owe it.

SCENE 4.

But with the word.
And time revives us.

But with the *world*.
And time *revives* us.

SCENE 5.

They are not herbs, you knave.
Faith, Sir, a' has an English maine.
Let his nobility remain.
And, indeed, he has no pace.

They are not *pot*-herbs, you knave.
Faith, Sir, a' has an English *name*.
Let *the* nobility remain.
And, indeed, he has no *place*.

ACT V.—SCENE 2.

You beg more than word, then. 1632. You beg more than *one* word, then.

SCENE 3.

Done i' the blade of youth.
Turns a sour offence.
Our own love waking.
The last that ere I took her leave at
court.
I will buy me a son in law in a fear, and
toll him for this. &c. 1632.
Come hither, Count.
Than for to think.
He blushes and 'tis hit.
Her insult coming, with her modern
grace.
You that have turn'd off a first so
noble wife.

Done i' the *blaze* of youth.
Turns a *sore* offence.
Our *old* love waking.
The last *time* ere *she* took her leave at
court.
I will buy me a son in law in a *fair*, and
toll him: for this, &c.
Come hither, *County*.
Than *so* to think.
He blushes and 'tis *his*.
Her *infinite cunning*, with her modern
grace.
You that turn'd off a first so noble
wife.

SCENE 3.

I did impeticoos thy gratillity.	I did <i>impeticoat</i> thy <i>gratuity</i> .
And there's a testril of me too: if one knight give a	And there's a testril of me too: if one knight give <i>a-way sixpence, so will I give another: go to.</i>
O stay and hear, your true love's coming. To challenge him the field.	O stay, <i>for here</i> your true love's coming. To challenge him <i>to</i> the field.
Since the youth of the count's.	Since <i>that</i> youth of the count's.
By the letters that thou wilt drop that they come from my niece.	By the <i>letter</i> that thou wilt drop that <i>it</i> comes from my niece.

SCENE 4.

Sooner lost and worn than women's are.	Sooner lost and <i>won</i> than women's are.
Fie away, fie away, breath.	<i>Fly</i> away, <i>fly</i> away, breath.
Give me now leave to leave thee.	<i>I</i> give <i>thee</i> now leave to leave <i>me</i> .
It cannot be so answered.	<i>I</i> cannot be so answered.

SCENE 5.

And then to have the humour of state.	And then to have the <i>honour</i> of state.
Silence be drawn from us with cars.	Silence be drawn from us <i>by th' ears</i> .
And with what wing the stallion checks at it.	And with what wing the <i>falcon</i> checks at it.
Though it be as rank as a fox.	Though it be <i>not</i> as rank as a fox.
Some are become great.	Some are <i>born</i> great.
I do now fool myself. 1632.	I do <i>not</i> now fool myself.
To the gates of Tartar.	To the gates of <i>Tartarus</i> .

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

The king lies by a beggar.	The king <i>lives</i> by a beggar.
And like the haggard.	<i>Not</i> like the haggard.
To force that on you in a shameful cunning.	To force that on you in a <i>shame-fac'd</i> cunning.
Maugre all thy pride.	Maugre all <i>my</i> pride.

SCENE 2.

Did she see the while, old boy?	Did she see <i>thee</i> the while, old boy?
I prove it legitimate. 1632.	<i>I will</i> prove it legitimate.
For Andrew, if he were opened.	For <i>Sir</i> Andrew, if he were opened.

SCENE 3.

And thanks and ever: oft good turns.	And thanks, <i>still thanks</i> ; and <i>very</i> oft good turns.
But were my worth, as is my conscience, firm.	But were my <i>wealth</i> , as is my conscience, firm.

SCENE 4.

As the very true sonnet is.
 Let me enjoy my private.
 He is knight.
 Most venerable worth.

As the very true sonnet *hath it*.
 Let me enjoy my *privacy*.
 He is *a* knight.
 Most *veritable* worth.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

This great lubber the world.
 The clear stones. 1632.
 The house of thy grandam. 1632.
 We were all rid of this knavery. 1632.
 This sport the upshot.
 In a trice.
 Like to the old vice.
 Adieu, goodman divel.
 Take and give back affairs and their
 dispatch.

This great *lubberly* world.
 The clear *stories*.
 The *soul* of thy grandam.
 We were all *well* rid of this knavery.
 This sport *to* the upshot.
With a trice.
 Like the old vice.
 Adieu, goodman *drivel*.
 Take and give back, and *thus* dispatch
affairs.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

The triplex, sir, is a good tripping mea-
 sure.
 A contract of eternal bond of love.
 How little faith. 1632.
 That's all one: has hurt me.
 To a captain in this town.
 But nature to her bias drew in that.
 A most extracting frenzy.
 Has here writ a letter to you.
 One day shall crown the alliance on't
 so please you.
 Then can't in smiling.
 Which here were pre-suppos'd.
 Alas, poor fool!
 Some have greatness thrown upon them.
 With tosspots still had drunken heads.

The *triplet*, sir, is a good tripping mea-
 sure.
 A contract, *and* eternal bond of love.
Hold little faith.
 That's all one: *he* has hurt me.
 To a *captain's* in this town.
 But nature to her bias *true* in that.
 A most *distracting* frenzy.
He has here writ a letter to you.
 One day shall crown the alliance, *and*
 so please you.
Thou can't in smiling.
 Which here were *pre-imposed*.
 Alas, poor *soul*!
 Some have greatness *thrust* upon them.
 With tosspots still *I* had drunken *head*.

THE WINTER'S TALE.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

THIS common summer. 1632. This *coming* summer.
Have been royally attorney'd with Have been *so* royally attorney'd with
interchange of gift. interchange of *gifts*.

SCENE 2.

That may blow. May *there* blow.
This is put forth too truly. This is put forth too *early*.
Press me not, beseech you, so. Press me not, beseech you.
What lady she her lord. What lady *should* her lord.
With spur we heat an acre. But to the With spur we *clear* an acre. But to the
goal. *good*.
From bounty, fertile bosom. From *bounty's* fertile bosom.
False as o'er-dyed blacks. False as *our dead* blacks.
That does not think. That does not think *it*.
Why, he that wears her like her medal. Why, he that wears her like *a* medal.
Sir, my lord, I could do this. *Sure*, my lord, I could do this.
Or both yourself and me cry lost. Or both yourself and *I* cry lost.
Swear his thought over. Swear *this, though*, over.
Good expedition be my friend, and com- Good expedition be my friend: *heaven*
fort comfort
The gracious queen, part of his theme. The gracious queen, part of his *dream*.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

And one may drink, depart. And one may drink *a part*.
A federary with her. A *feodary* with her.
I'll keep my stables where. I'll keep *me stable* where.
I would land-damn him. I would *lamback* him.

SCENE 2.

These dangerous unsafe lunes. These dangerous *unsane* lunes.

SCENE 3.

We have always truly serv'd you, and We have always truly serv'd you and
beseech. beseech *you*.
Without much mercy. 1632. Without *more* mercy.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

I have strain'd t'appear thus.

Hermione is cast.

What flaying, boiling, burning. 1632.

Do not receive affliction

At my petition.

I have *stray'd* t'appear thus.

Hermione is *chaste*.

What flaying, *burning, boiling*.

Do not receive affliction

At *repetition*.

SCENE 3.

So fill'd and so becoming.

There weep, and leave it crying.

You're a mad old man.

So fill'd and so *o'er-running*.

There *wend*, and leave it crying.

You're a *made* old man.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

I have missingly noted.

I have *musingly* noted.

SCENE 2.

Doth set my pugging tooth on edge.

Let me be unrolled, and my name put
in the book.

Doth set my *prigging* tooth on edge.

Let me be *enrolled*, and my name put
in the book.

SCENE 3.

Sir, my gracious lord.

To see you so attir'd, sworn, I think.

Nor in a way so chaste.

Be merry, gentle.

And the true blood, which peeps fairly
through it.

Nothing she does or seems.

That makes her blood, look on't.

To have a worthy feeding.

A foul gap into the matter.

Has he any unbraided wares?

He so chants it to the sleeve-hand.

To whistle off those secrets.

Clamour your tongues.

Where it fits you not to know.

And handed love as you do.

Had force and knowledge.

Dispute his own estate.

Or hope his body more with thy em-
braces.

And most opportune to her need.

I am so fraught with curious business.

She is in the rear our birth.

Nor shall appear in Sicily.

The scene you play were mine.

Sure, my gracious lord.

To see you so attir'd, *so worn*, I think.

Nor *any* way so chaste.

Be merry, *girl*.

And the true blood, which peeps *so*
fairly through it.

Nothing she does or *says*.

That *wakes* her blood :—look on't.

To have a worthy *breeding*.

A foul *jape* in the matter.

Has he any *embroided* wares?

He so chants it to the sleeve-*band*.

To *whisper* off those secrets.

Charm your tongues.

Whither fits you not to know.

And *handled* love as you do.

Had *sense* and knowledge.

Dispose his own estate.

Or *hoop* his body more with thy em-
braces.

And most opportune to *our* need.

I am so fraught with *serious* business.

She is in the rear *of* birth.

Nor shall *appear't* in Sicily.

The scene you play were *true*.

They throng who should buy first.
 For I do fear eyes over.
 This cannot be but a great courtier.
 Then stand till he be, &c.
 That may turn back to my advancement.

They *thronged* who should buy first.
 For I do fear eyes *ever*.
 This cannot *but be* a great courtier.
There stand 'till he be, &c.
 That may turn *luck* to my advancement.

 ACT V.—SCENE 1.

You have a holy father.

You have a *noble* father.

SCENE 2.

Like a weather-bitten conduit.
 And undoes description to do it.
 No more in danger of losing.
 Bravely confessed and lamented.

Like a weather-*beaten* conduit.
 And undoes description to *show* it.
 No more in danger of losing *her*.
Heavily confessed and lamented.

SCENE 3.

Therefore I keep it lovely apart.
 And then implore her blessing.
 Would I were dead, but that, methinks,
 already.

Therefore I keep it *lonely*, apart.
 And *thus* implore her blessing.
 Would I were dead, but that, methinks,
 already

And take her by the hand, whose worth
 and honesty.

I am but dead, stone looking upon stone.
 And take her hand, whose worth and
 honesty.

KING JOHN.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

AND sullen presage.	And <i>sudden</i> presage.
As I suppose to Faulconbridge. 1632.	As I suppose to <i>Robert</i> Faulconbridge.
With half that face would he.	With that <i>half-face</i> would he.
But many a many a foot.	But many, <i>ah</i> , many a foot.
The Pyrenean and the River Po.	The <i>Pyreneans</i> and the River Po.
And fits the mounting spirit.	And fits <i>a</i> mounting spirit.
Could get me.	Could <i>not</i> get me.
That art the issue of my dear offence.	<i>Thou</i> art the issue of my dear offence.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Shadowing their right.	Shadowing <i>his</i> right.
But with a heart full of unstained love.	But with a heart full of <i>unstrained</i> love.
That hot rash haste so indirectly shed.	That hot rash haste so <i>indiscreetly</i> shed.
An Ace stirring him.	<i>As Ate</i> stirring him.
His lawful king.	<i>Her</i> lawful king.
Heaven shall be bribed.	<i>Shall heaven</i> be bribed.
Of this oppressed boy. This is thy eldest son's son.	Of this oppressed boy, thy eld'st son's son.
To cry ay me. 1632.	To cry <i>aim</i> .
Comfort your city's eyes.	<i>Come 'fore</i> your city's eyes.
Then God forgive the sin.	Then God forgive the <i>sins</i> .
That is removed by a staff of France.	That is remov'd by <i>any</i> staff of France.
Unless thou let his silver water keep.	Unless thou let his silver <i>waters</i> keep.
You equal potents, fiery-kindled spirits.	You equal <i>potent</i> , <i>fire-ykindled</i> spirits.
And bear possession.	And bear <i>procession</i> .
Is neere to England.	Is <i>niece</i> to England.
If zealous love go in search of virtue. 1632.	If zealous love <i>should</i> go in search of virtue.
This widow lady.	This <i>widow'd</i> lady.
This world, who of itself is peised well.	This world, who of itself is <i>poised</i> well.

His own determin'd aid.
Not that I have the power.

His own determin'd *aim*.
Not that I have *no* power.

ACT III.—SCENE I.

Full of displeasing blots and sightless
stains

Is cold in amity and painted peace.
What earthy name to interrogatories
Can *tast* the free breath.
So under him that great supremacy.
In likeness of a new untrimmed bride.
A caged lion by the mortal paw.
Is not amiss when it is truly done.

Full of displeasing blots, *unsight*:
stains.

Is cold in amity and *faint in* peace.
What *earthly* name to interrogatories
Can *task* the free breath.
So under *heaven* that great supremacy.
In likeness of a new *uptrimmed* bride.
A *caged* lion by the mortal paw.
Is *but* amiss, when it is truly done.

SCENE 2.

Some airy devil hovers in the sky.

Some *fiery* devil hovers in the sky.

SCENE 3.

Of hoarding abbots : imprisoned angels.

But I will fit it with a better tune.
Sound on into the drowsy race of night.
Which else runs tickling up and down.
Then, in despite of brooded watchful
day.

Of hoarding abbots: *their* imprison'd
angels.

But I will fit it with a better *time*.
Sound on into the drowsy *ear* of night.
Which else runs *tingling* up and down.
Then, in despite of *the broad* watchful
day.

SCENE 4.

A whole armado of convicted sail.
Arise forth from the couch.
Then with a passion I would.
Which scorns a modern invocation.
Thou art holy to belie me so.
Ten thousand wiry fiends.
Inseparable, faithful loves.
The sweet word's taste.
Should entertain an hour.
No scope of nature.

A whole armado of *convented* sail.
Arise *from forth* the couch.
Then with *what* passion I would.
Which scorns a *widow's* invocation.
Thou art *not* holy to belie me so.
Ten thousand wiry *friends*.
Inseparable, faithful *lovers*.
The sweet *world's* taste.
Should entertain *one* hour.
No scape of nature.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

I should be as merry as the day is long.

I should be merry as the day is long.

SCENE 2.

And more, more strong then lesser is
my fear.
Why then your fears.

And more, more strong, *thus lessening*
my fear.
Why *should* your fears.

Should move you to mew up.	<i>Then</i> move you to mew up.
Our weal on you depending.	Our weal on <i>yours</i> depending.
Under whose conduct came those powers of France?	Under whose conduct <i>come</i> those powers of France?
To break the bloody house of life. 1632.	To break <i>into</i> the bloody house of life.
Makes deeds ill done.	Makes <i>ill deeds</i> done.
As bid me tell my tale.	<i>Or</i> bid me tell my tale.
And didst in signs again parley with sin.	And didst in signs again parley with <i>sign</i> .

SCENE 3.

Whose private with me of the Dauphin's love.	Whose private <i>missive</i> of the Dauphin's love.
We will not line his thin-bestained cloak.	We will not line his <i>sin</i> -bestained cloak.
You have beheld.	<i>Have you</i> beheld?
Till I have set a glory to this hand.	Till I have set a glory to this <i>head</i> .
By marking of your rage.	By marking <i>but</i> your rage.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

The little number of doubtful friends. 1632.	The little number of <i>your</i> doubtful friends.
Let not the world see fear and sad distrust.	Let not the world see fear and <i>blank</i> distrust.
Be fire with fire.	<i>Meet</i> fire with fire.
Forage, and run to meet.	<i>Courage!</i> and run to meet.
Send fair-play orders.	Send fair-play <i>offers</i> .

SCENE 2.

Upon the spot of this, &c.	Upon the <i>thought</i> of this, &c.
Full warm of blood, of mirth, of gossiping.	Full <i>of warm</i> blood, of mirth, of gossiping.
This unheard sauciness and boyish troops.	This unheard sauciness <i>of</i> boyish troops.
Even at the crying of your nation's crow.	Even at the <i>crowing</i> of your nation's <i>cock</i> .
Into arm'd gauntlets change.	Into arm'd gauntlets <i>chang'd</i> .

SCENE 4.

Unthread the rude eye of rebellion.	<i>Untread</i> the <i>road-way</i> of rebellion.
The cruel pangs of death right in thine eye.	The cruel pangs of death <i>bright</i> in thine eye.

SCENE 5.

When English measure backward.	When English <i>measur'd</i> backward.
And wound our tottering colours clearly up.	And wound our <i>tott'ered</i> colours <i>closely</i> up.

And your supply.

And your *supplies*.

SCENE 6.

Thou and endless night.

Thou and *eyeless* night.

SCENE 7.

Leaves them invisible.

Leaves them *unvisited*.

Ourselves well sinew'd to our defence.

Ourselves well sinew'd to our *own* defence.

I have a kind soul that would give thanks.

I have a kind soul that would give *you* thanks.

KING RICHARD II.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

MANY years of happy days befall. *Full* many years of happy days befall.
And free from other misbegotten hate. And free from *wrath* or misbegotten
hate.
Upon remainder of a dear account. Upon remainder of a *clear* account.

SCENE 2.

Why then, I will.—Farewell, old Gaunt. Why then, I will.—Farewell, *farewell*,
old Gaunt.
Desolate, desolate will I hence, and die. Desolate, *desperate* will I hence, and die.

SCENE 3.

And his succeeding issue. And *my* succeeding issue.
The earthy author of my blood. The *earthly* author of my blood.
And furnish new the name. And *furtive* new the name.
Never did captain. 1632. Never did *captive*.
The sly slow hours. The *fly*-slow hours.

SCENE 4.

Which then grew bitterly. Which then *blew* bitterly.
Farewell: and for my heart disdain'd Farewell: and for my heart disdain'd
that my tongue. my tongue.
With the craft of souls. With the craft of *smiles*.
Where lies he? Where lies he *now*?
At Ely house. At Ely house, *my siege*.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Music is the close. Music *at* the close.
That all too late comes counsel. *Then* all too late comes counsel.
Famous for their birth. Famous *by* their birth.
For young hot colts being rag'd do For young hot colts being *wrg'd* do
rage the more. rage the more.
Whose compass is no bigger than thy Whose compass is no bigger than thy
hand. *head*.

To let his land by lease.
Chafing the royal blood.
'Gainst us, our lives, our children.
Thy words are but as thoughts.

To let *this* land by lease.
Chasing the royal blood.
'Gainst us, our *wives*, our children.
Thy words are but *our* thoughts.

SCENE 2.

As though on thinking on no thought I think.
For nothing hath begot my something grief,
Or something hath the nothing that I grieve.
For his designs crave haste, good hope. 1632.
And that is worse.
The nobles they are fled, the commons they are cold.
Now comes his sick hour. 1632.
Is my kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd.

As though *unthinking* on no thought I think.
For nothing has begot my *something* woe,
Or something hath the nothing that I *guess*.
For his designs crave haste, *his* haste good hope.
And *what* is worse.
The nobles they are fled, the *commons* cold.
Now comes *the* sick hour.
Is my *near* kinsman, whom the king hath wrong'd.

SCENE 3.

Our fair discourse.
As mine hath done.
By sight of what I have, your noble company.
In your town. 1632.
And ostentation of despised arms.
To rouse his wrongs, and chase them to the bay.
I do remain as neuter. So, fare you well.
And there repose you for this night.

Your fair discourse.
As mine hath *been*.
By sight of what I have, your *com-*
pany.
In your *tongue*.
And ostentation of *despoiling* arms.
To rouse his *wrongers*, chase them to the bay.
I do remain as neuter. So, *farewell*.
And there, *my lords*, repose you for this night.

SCENE 4.

These signs forerun the death of kings.
Ah! Richard, with eyes of heavy mind.

These signs forerun the death, *or fall* of kings.
Ah! Richard, with *the* eyes of heavy mind.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, lords,
away.

Thanks, gentle uncle. Come, *my* lords,
away.

SCENE 2.

Yea, my lord.

Yea, my *good* lord.

After your late tossing on the breaking seas.	After late tossing on the breaking seas.
That lights the lower world.	And lights the lower world.
And darts his lightning.	And darts his <i>light</i> .
Hath clouded all my happy days. 1632.	Hath clouded all <i>thy</i> happy days.
Dispers'd and fled.	Dispers'd or fled.
White-bears have arm'd.	White- <i>beards</i> have arm'd.
And clap their female joints	And <i>clasp</i> their <i>feeble</i> joints
In stiff unwieldy arms.	In stiff unwieldy <i>armour</i> .
If we prevail their hands shall pay for it.	If we prevail their <i>heads</i> shall pay for it.

SCENE 3.

Your grace mistakes.	Your grace mistakes <i>me</i> .
When the thund'ring smoke.	When the thund'ring <i>shock</i> .
That any harm should stain.	That any <i>storm</i> should stain.
To watch the fearful bending of thy knee.	To watch the <i>faithful</i> bending of thy knee.
And, as I am a gentleman, I credit him.	And, as a gentleman, I credit him.
And friends their hopeful swords. 1632.	And friends their <i>helpful</i> swords.

SCENE 4.

At time of year,	At <i>the</i> time of year,
And wound the bark.	<i>We</i> wound the bark.
To a dear friend of the Duke of York's.	To a dear friend of the <i>good</i> Duke of York's.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Till we assign you to.	Till we assign to <i>you</i> .
Then, true nobleness would.	Then, true <i>nobless</i> would.
And he himself not present? O, forbid it, God!	And he not present? O, <i>forfend</i> it, God!
And little look for.	And <i>look for little</i> .
Is this the face.	<i>Was</i> this the face.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Hath Bolingbroke	Hath <i>this</i> Bolingbroke
Depos'd thine intellect? hath he been in thy heart?	Depos'd thine intellect? been in thy heart?
Tell thou the lamentable fall of me.	Tell thou the lamentable <i>tale</i> of me.
He shall think.	<i>And</i> he shall think.
Sent back like Hallowmas, or short'st of day.	Sent back like Hallowmas, or <i>shortest</i> day.
Be ne'er the near.	<i>Being</i> ne'er the near.

SCENE 2.

If God prevent not, I purpose so.	If God prevent <i>it</i> not, I purpose so.
Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me see the writing.	Yea, look'st thou pale? Let me <i>then</i> see the writing.
'Tis nothing but some bond, that he's enter'd into	'Tis nothing but some bond, he's enter'd into
For gay apparel against the triumph.	For gay apparel 'gainst the triumph day.
Now, by mine honour, my life, my troth.	Now, by mine honour, <i>by</i> my life, my troth.
Bring my boots. 1632.	Bring <i>me</i> my boots.

SCENE 3.

To Oxford, or where'er these traitors are.	To Oxford, or where <i>else</i> these traitors <i>be</i> .
But I will have them, once know where. 1632.	But I will have them, <i>so I</i> once know where.
Uncle, farewell; and, cousin, adieu.	Uncle, farewell; and cousin <i>mine</i> , adieu.

SCENE 5.

I have been studying how to compare.	I have been studying how <i>I may</i> compare.
Now, sir, the sound.	Now, <i>for</i> the sound.
So proudly, as if he had disdain'd the ground.	So <i>proud</i> , as if he had disdain'd the ground.

SCENE 6.

Uncle York, the latest news we hear. 1632.	<i>Kind</i> uncle York, the latest news we hear.
Welcome, my lord. What is the news?	Welcome, my lord: what is the news <i>with you?</i>
Carlisle, this is your doom.	<i>Bishop of</i> Carlisle, this <i>shall be</i> your doom.
A deed of slaughter with thy fatal hand.	A deed of <i>slander</i> with thy fatal hand.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

So wan with care.	So <i>worn</i> with care.
Far more uneven and unwelcome news.	<i>For</i> more uneven and unwelcome news.
Of Murray, Angus and Menteith.	Of Murray, Angus and <i>the bold</i> Menteith.
A conquest for a prince to boast of.	' <i>Faith</i> , 'tis a conquest for a prince to boast of.

SCENE 2.

Were it not here apparent, that thou art heir apparent.	<i>It is</i> here apparent, that thou art heir apparent.
Farewell, the latter spring.	Farewell, <i>thou</i> latter spring.
Which hath no soil to set it off.	Which hath no <i>foil</i> to set it off.

SCENE 3.

My lord.	My <i>good</i> lord.
Worcester, get thee gone.	<i>Lord</i> Worcester, get thee gone.
In your highness demanded.	In your highness' <i>name</i> demanded.
Who either through envy or misprision.	Either envy, <i>therefore</i> , or misprision.
Neat and trimly dress'd.	Neat, trimly dress'd.
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears?	Shall we buy treason, and indent with <i>foes</i> ?
Your banish'd honours.	Your <i>tarnish'd</i> honours.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy.	Why, what a <i>candied</i> deal of courtesy.
I'll steal to Glendower, and loe Mortimer.	I'll steal to Glendower, and <i>lord</i> Mortimer.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Poor fellow never joyed.	Poor fellow ! <i>he</i> never joyed.
Why, you will allow us.	Why, <i>they</i> will allow us.
Leak in your chimney.	Leak in <i>the</i> chimney.
With nobility and tranquility.	With nobility and <i>sanguinity</i> .
Burgomasters and great oneyers.	Burgomasters and great <i>ones—yes</i> .

SCENE 2.

Give my horse, you rogues.

Give *me* my horse, you rogues.

SCENE 3.

We pluck this flower, safety.
And all the currents of a heady fight.
That beads of sweat.
Would'st thou have with me.
Come, wilt thou see me ride?

We'll pluck this flower, safety.
And all *th'* *occurrents* of a heady fight.
That *beads* of sweat.
What would'st thou have with me.
Come *to the park, Kate*; wilt thou see
me ride?

SCENE 4.

I could find in my heart.
Dost thou hear them call?
Thou knowest my old word.
Convey my trustful queen.
Partly my opinion.
With that trunk of humours.
For a true face and good conscience.
A match of twelve score.

I could find *it* in my heart.
Dost *not* thou hear them call?
Thou knowest my old *ward*.
Convey my *tristful* queen.
Partly my *own* opinion.
With that *hulk* of humours.
For a true face and *a* good conscience.
A *march* of twelve score.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

The frame and foundation of the earth.

The frame and *huge* foundation of the
earth.

Clamorous to the frightened fields.
Have I hent him.
How scapes he agues.
And then he runs straight and even.

Clamorous *in* the frightened fields.
Have I *sent* him.
How *scap'd* he agues.
And then he runs *all* straight and
evenly.

Set my teeth on edge.
I'll haste the writer, and withall

Set my teeth *nothing* on edge.
I'll haste the writer, and withall *I'll*
break

Break with your wives of your departure hence.

With your *young* wives of your departure hence.

At least nine hours.

At *the* least nine hours.

In faith, my lord, you are too wilful blame.

In faith, my *wilful* lord, you are *to*
blame.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry, one.

A peevish self-will'd harlotry, *and* one.

From these swelling heavens.

From these *welling* heavens.

And that's a feeble disputation. 1632.

And that's a *feeling* disputation.

Then will she run mad.

Then will she *e'en* run mad.

You swear like a comfit-maker's wife.

You swear like *to* a comfit-maker's
wife.

Not you, in good sooth.

Not *yours*, in good sooth.

And as God shall mend me.

As God shall mend me.

Come, come, lord Mortimer.
We'll but seal, and then.

Come *on*, lord Mortimer.
We'll seal, and *part*.

SCENE 2.

Carded his state.
Use to do their adversaries.
Thou art like enough.
The which if I promise, and do survive.
1632.
So hath the business.

Discarded state.
Use to their adversaries.
Thou *that* art like enough.
The which if I *perform*, and do survive.
So *is* the business.

SCENE 3.

Out of all order, out of compass.
Thou bearest the lantern in the poop.
A foul-mouthed man he is.
There's no more faith in thee than a
stew'd prune.

Out of all order, out of *all* compass.
Thou bearest the lantern, *not* in the
poop.
A foul-mouthed man *as* he is.
There's no more faith in thee than *in*
a stewed prune.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

How! has he the leisure to be sick
now?
Not I his mind.
We may boldly spend upon the hope.
The quality and heire of our attempt.
We shall o'erturn it.
As this dream of fear.
Or hitherwards intended speedily.
All plum'd like estridges that with the
wind.
Not horse to horse.

Zounds! how has he the leisure to be
sick?
Not I, *my lord*.
We *now* may boldly spend upon the
hope.
The quality and *hair* of our attempt.
We *should* o'erturn it.
As this *term* of fear.
Or hitherwards *intendeth* speedily.
All plum'd like estridges that *wing* the
wind.
Hot horse to horse.

SCENE 2.

I press me none but good householders.
Inquire me out.
More dishonourable ragged than an
old-faced ancient.
There's not a shirt and a half

I *pressed* me none but good house-
holders.
Inquired me out.
More dishonourable ragged than an
old *pieced* ancient.
There's *but* a shirt and a half

SCENE 3.

And cold heart.
As you, my lord, or any Scot that this
day lives.
My father, my uncle and myself.

And *a* cold heart.
As you, my lord, or any Scot that
lives.
My father, *with* my uncle and myself.

Who is, if every owner were placed. Who is, if every owner were *due* plac'd.
Bring him our purpose; and so farewell. Bring him our *purposes*; and so farewell.

SCENE 4.

For he hath heard our confederacy. For he hath heard *of* our confederacy.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

You have not sought it! How comes You have not sought it! *Say*, how
it, then? comes it, then?
That you did nothing of purpose 'gainst That you did nothing purpose 'gainst
the state. the state.
Sworn to us in younger enterprise. Sworn to us in *your* younger enterprise.

SCENE 2.

Supposition all our lives. *Suspicion* all our lives.
Look how he can. Look how *we* can.
With a grace. 1632. With *such* a grace.
As if he master'd there a double spirit. As if he master'd *then* a double spirit.
On his follies. Upon his follies.
So wild at liberty. So wild *of* liberty.
For heaven to earth. *Fore* heaven *and* earth.
Ah, fool! go with thy soul, whither it A fool go with thy soul, *where'er* it
goes. goes.
The king hath many marching in his The king hath many *masking* in his
coats. coats.
And they for the town's end. And they *are* for the town's end.

SCENE 4.

I beseech your Majesty, make up. I *do* beseech your Majesty, make up.
Worse than the sword my flesh. Worse than *thy* sword my flesh.
But that the earth and the cold hand But that the *earthly* and cold hand of
of death. death.

SCENE 5.

Since not to be avoided it falls on me. *Which*, not to be avoided, falls on me.
Which I shall give away immediately. Which I shall *put in act without delay*.
Myself and son Harry. 1632. Myself and *you*, son Harry.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY IV.

INDUCTION.

STUFFING the ears of them with false reports.	Stuffing the ears of <i>men</i> with false reports.
Through the peasant towns.	Through the <i>pleasant</i> towns.
And this worm-eaten hole.	And this worm-eaten <i>hold</i> .

SCENE 1.

And, bending forward, struck his able heels.	And, bending forward, struck his <i>armed</i> heels.
So looks the strond, when the imperious flood.	So looks the strond, <i>whereon</i> th' imperious flood.
The ragged'st hour.	The <i>rugged'st</i> hour.
But now the Bishop.	But now th' <i>Archbishop</i> .

SCENE 2.

The satin for short cloak. 1632.	The satin for <i>my</i> short cloak.
I cannot last ever.	I cannot last <i>for</i> ever.
So both the degrees prevent my curses.	So both the <i>diseases</i> prevent my curses.

SCENE 3.

Yes, if this present quality of war ;	Yes, <i>in</i> this present quality of war ;
Indeed the instant action, a cause on foot.	Indeed the instant <i>act and</i> cause on foot.
Or at least desist.	Or at <i>last</i> desist.
The plot of situation and the model,	The plot, <i>the</i> situation, and the model,
Consent upon a sure foundation.	<i>Consult</i> upon a sure foundation.
How able such a work to undergo.	How able such a work to undergo : <i>A careful leader sums what force he brings.</i>
We fortify in paper.	We fortify <i>on</i> paper.
And that we now possess'd.	And that we now <i>possess</i> .

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

A hundred mark is a long one.	A hundred mark is a long <i>score</i> .
I'll tuck your catastrophe.	I'll <i>tickle</i> your catastrophe.

Your humble duty remembered.
 The rest the paper tells.
 Let it alone, make other shift. 1632.
 I have heard bitter news.

My humble duty remembered.
 The rest *this* paper tells.
 Let it alone; *I'll* make other shift.
 I have heard *better* news.

SCENE 2.

The ale-wife's new petticoat.
 For, look you, he writes.
 As ready as a borrowed cap.
 That's to make him eat twenty of his
 words.

The ale-wife's new *red* petticoat.
 For, look you, *how* he writes.
 As ready as a *borrower's* cap.
 That's *but* to make him eat twenty of
 his words.

SCENE 4.

Grant that, my poor virtue.
 Lipping to his master's old tables.

Grant that, my *pure* virtue.
Clasping to his master's old tables.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Under the canopies of costly state.
 In the slippery clouds.

Under *high* canopies of costly state.
 In the slippery *shrouds*.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

How doth he wish his person. 1632.
 Let us sway on, and face them in the
 field.
 Led on by bloody youth, guarded with
 rage.
 Turning your books to graves.
 To a loud trumpet, and a point of war.
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet
 there.
 Gain our audience.
 Was forc'd, perforce compell'd.
 And then when Harry.
 At either end in peace.
 That hath enrag'd him on to offer
 strokes.

Here doth he wish his person.
Let's sway on, and face them in the
 field.
 Led on by bloody youth, guarded with
rags.
 Turning your books to *glaiues*.
 To a loud trumpet, and *report* of war.
 And are enforc'd from our most quiet
chair.
 Gain *an* audience.
 Was *force* perforce compell'd.
 And *when* that Harry
 And either end in peace.
 That hath enrag'd *her* man to offer
 strokes.

SCENE 2.

Under the counterfeited zeal of heaven.
 So please you, let our trains.

Under the counterfeited *seal* of heaven.
 So please you, let *your* trains.

SCENE 3.

And the dungeon your place—a place
 deep enough.

And the dungeon your *dale*—a *dale*
 deep enough.

SCENE 4.

This golden rigol hath divorc'd.	This golden <i>ringol</i> hath divorc'd.
The most impediments.	The <i>moist</i> impediments.
Give entertainment to the might of it.	Give entertainment to the <i>weight</i> of it.
That thou might'st join the more.	That thou might'st <i>win</i> the more.
For what in me was purshas'd.	For what in me was <i>purchase</i> .
And all thy friends, which thou must make thy friends.	And all <i>my</i> friends, which thou must make thy friends.
I cut them off.	I cut <i>some</i> off.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Little tine kickshaws.	Little <i>tiny</i> kickshaws.
No worse than they are bitten.	No worse than they are <i>back</i> -bitten.
And he shall laugh with intervallums.	And he shall laugh <i>without</i> intervallums.

SCENE 3.

Welcome these pleasant days !	Welcome <i>this</i> pleasant <i>day</i> !
Shall be very well provided for. 1632.	Shall <i>all</i> be very well provided for.
But are banished. 1632.	But <i>all</i> are banished.
All the gentlewomen here have for- gotten me ; if the gentlewomen will not, then, &c. 1632.	All the gentlewomen here have <i>for- given</i> me ; if the <i>gentlemen</i> will not, then, &c.

KING HENRY V.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

THE better half of our possession. The better half of our *possessions*.

SCENE 2.

To find his title.

To *found* his title.

Than amply to imbarre their crooked titles.

Than amply to *imbare* their crooked titles.

In the field of France, 1632.

In the *fields* of France.

Who hath been still a giddy neighbour to us.

Who hath been still a *greedy* neighbour to us.

To fill King Edward's fame with prisoner kings.

To fill King Edward's *train* with prisoner kings.

To tame and havoc.

To *tear* and havoc.

Yet that is but a crush'd necessity.

Yet that is *not* a crush'd necessity.

The act of order.

The *art* of order.

They have a king and officers of sorts.

They have a king and officers of *state*.

As many ways meet in one town.

As many ways *unite*.

And in one purpose.

End in one purpose.

With full month.

With *a* full month.

Of your great predecessor, King Edward the Third.

Of your great predecessor, Edward Third.

Be like a king, and show my sail of greatness.

Be like a king, and show my *soul* of greatness.

For that I have laid by my majesty.

For *here* I have laid by my majesty.

That may with reasonable swiftmess add.

That may with *reasonable* swiftmess add.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Now thrive the armourers.

Now *strive* the armourers.

The abuse of distance; force a play.

The abuse of distance, *and so* force a play.

There shall be smiles.

There shall be *smites*.

Though patience be a tired name.

Though patience be a tired *jade*.

Pauca—there's enough to go to.

Pauca—there's enough.

SCENE 2.

Than is your majesty: there's not, I think, a subject.	Than is your majesty: there's not a subject.
And on his more advice.	And on <i>our</i> more advice.
O, let us yet be merciful.	O, let us yet be merciful, <i>my lord</i> .
Who are the late commissioners?	Who are the <i>state</i> commissioners?
In a natural cause.	In a natural <i>course</i> .
And his whole kingdom into desolation.	And his whole kingdom <i>unto</i> desolation.

SCENE 3.

For his nose was as sharp as a pen and a table of green fields.	For his nose was as sharp as a pen <i>on</i> a table of green <i>frieze</i> .
The world is pitch and pay.	The <i>word</i> is pitch and pay.

SCENE 4.

Whiles that his mountain sire on mountain standing.	Whiles that his <i>mighty</i> sire on mountain standing.
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ACT III.—SCENE 1.

The young Phœbus fayning.	The young Phœbus <i>fanning</i> .
Borne with th' invisible and creeping wind.	<i>Blown</i> with th' invisible and creeping wind.
Commune up the blood.	<i>Summon</i> up the blood.
Be copy now to me of grosser blood.	Be copy now to <i>men</i> of grosser blood.
Straying upon the start.	<i>Straining</i> upon the start.

SCENE 2.

Knocks go and come,	Knocks go and <i>come</i> ,
God's vassals drop and die.	<i>To all and some</i> ,
But thither would I hie.	God's vassals <i>feel the same</i> .
As duly, but not as truly.	But thither would I <i>now</i> .
The disciplines of the war.	<i>And</i> as duly, but not as truly.
	The disciplines of the <i>wars</i> .

SCENE 3.

Array'd in games, like to the prince of fiends.	Array'd in <i>flames</i> , like to the prince of fiends.
Desire the locks.	<i>Defile</i> the locks.
His powers are yet not ready.	His powers are <i>not yet</i> ready.

SCENE 5.

High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and kings.	High dukes, great princes, barons, lords, and <i>knights</i> .
For your great seats.	For your great <i>states</i> .

SCENE 6.

They trick up with new-tuned oaths.	They trick up with new-coined oaths.
For when levity and cruelty play for a kingdom.	For when <i>levity</i> and cruelty play for a kingdom.
As if his entrails were hairs.	As if his entrails were <i>air</i> .

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

And the third hour of drowsy morning nam'd.	And the third hour of drowsy <i>morning's</i> nam'd.
Presented them unto the gazing moon. Speak fewer.	<i>Presenteth</i> them unto the gazing moon. Speak <i>lower</i> .
Under Sir John Erpingham. What is thy soul of adoration.	Under Sir <i>Thomas</i> Erpingham. What is thy soul <i>but adulation</i> .
Gets him to rest cramm'd with distress- ful bread.	Gets him to rest cramm'd with <i>distast-</i> <i>ful</i> bread.
Had the forehand and vantage. Of the opposed numbers.	<i>Hath</i> the forehand and vantage. <i>If</i> the opposed numbers.
The day, my friend, and all things stay for me.	The day, my <i>friends</i> , and all things stay for me.

SCENE 3.

Yet all shall not be forgot. 1632.	Yet all shall be forgot.
Mark, then, abounding valour.	Mark, then, <i>rebounding</i> valour.
Killing in relapse of mortality.	Killing in <i>reflex</i> of mortality.
I fear thou wilt once more come again for a ransom.	I fear thou wilt once more come <i>her</i> for ransom.

SCENE 4.

If he knew of it.	If <i>they</i> knew of it.
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SCENE 5.

Let us fly in, once more back again. 1632.	Let us <i>not</i> fly—in! once more back again.
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SCENE 6.

Doth he lie larding the plain. With mixtfull eyes.	Doth he lie <i>loading</i> the plain. With <i>mistfull</i> eyes.
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SCENE 7.

To book our dead, and then to bury them.	To <i>look</i> our dead, and then to bury them.
And with wounded steeds.	And <i>their</i> wounded steeds.

SCENE 8.

I made no offence.	I <i>had</i> made no offence.
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ACT V.—SCENE 1.

V ouchsafe to those, that have not read the story.	Vouchsafe <i>all</i> those, that have not read the story.
A nd of such as have.	And <i>for</i> such as have.
A nd swore I got them in the Gallia wars.	And <i>swear</i> I got them in the Gallia wars.

SCENE 2.

O ur fertile France put up her lovely visage.	Our fertile France <i>lift</i> up her lovely visage.
W ithall uncorrected, rank.	<i>All</i> uncorrected, rank.
P ass our accept.	Pass <i>or</i> accept.
S hall see advantageable for our dignity.	Shall see <i>advantage</i> for our dignity.
T he poor and untempering effect of my visage.	The poor and <i>untempting</i> effect of my visage.
T hat war hath entered.	That war hath <i>not</i> entered.

FIRST PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

KING Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long.	Henry the Fifth, too famous to live long.
Than Julius Cæsar or bright ———.	Than Julius Cæsar or bright <i>Cassiopé</i> .
Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth his part. 1632.	Reignier, duke of Anjou, doth <i>take</i> his part.
He being in the vaward	He being in the <i>rearward</i> .
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.	Whose bloody deeds shall <i>cause</i> all Europe quake.
The king from Eltham I intend to send.	The king from Eltham I intend to <i>steal</i> .

SCENE 2.

Otherwhiles the famish'd English, like pale ghosts.	<i>The whiles</i> the famish'd English, like pale ghosts.
Now for the honour of the forlorne French.	Now for the honour of the <i>forborne</i> French.
Go back one foot, or fly.	Go back one foot, or <i>flee</i> .
And hunger will enforce them to be more eager.	And hunger will enforce them be more eager.
Heaven and our lady gracious.	Heaven and our <i>gracious lady</i> .
Otherwise I renounce all confidence.	<i>Or</i> I renounce all confidence <i>in you</i> .
I'll ne'er fly no man. 1632.	I'll ne'er fly <i>from</i> no man.
Sueth to thee thus.	Sueth <i>thus to thee</i> .
Which Cæsar and his fortune bare.	Which Cæsar and his <i>fortunes</i> bare.
How may I reverently worship thee enough?	How may I <i>reverent</i> worship thee enough?

SCENE 3.

'Tis Glo'ster that calls.	'Tis Glo'ster that <i>now</i> calls.
Who will'd you.	Who will'd you <i>so</i> .
This privileg'd place.	This <i>is</i> a privileg'd place.
For I intend to have it ere long.	For I intend to have it <i>off</i> ere long.
Good God! these nobles should such stomachs bear.	Good God, <i>that</i> nobles should such stomachs bear!

SCENE 4.

For I can stay no longer.	For I can stay no longer <i>on my post</i> .
Call'd the brave Lord Ponton de Santrailes.	Call'd the brave Lord <i>of</i> Ponton de Santrailes.
So pild esteem'd.	So <i>vile</i> esteem'd.
One of thy eyes.	One of <i>thine</i> eyes.
Plantagenet I will; and Nero like will.	Plantagenet I will; and Nero like.

ACT II.—SCENE 3.

That will I show you presently.	That will I show you, <i>lady</i> , presently.
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SCENE 4.

That my cheeks blush for pure shame. 1632.	<i>And thy</i> cheeks blush for pure shame.
I scorn thee and thy fashion.	I scorn thee and thy <i>faction</i> .
He bears him on the place's privilege.	He <i>braves</i> him on the place's privilege.
Until it wither with me to my grave.	Until it wither with me <i>in</i> my grave.
A thousand souls to death.	<i>Ten</i> thousand souls to death.

SCENE 5.

Nestor-like aged in an age of care.	Nestor-like aged in a <i>cage</i> of care.
We sent unto the Temple, his chamber. 1632.	We sent unto the Temple, <i>to</i> his chamber.
And make my will th' advantage of my good.	And make my will th' <i>advancer</i> of my good.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

If I were covetous, ambitious, or perverse.	If I were covetous, ambitious, <i>proud</i> .
Who preferreth peace more than I do.	Who <i>preserveth</i> peace more than I do.
Am I not protector, saucy priest?	Am I not <i>the</i> protector, saucy priest?
The Bishop and the Duke of Glo'ster's men.	The <i>Bishop's</i> and the Duke of Glo'ster's men.
Do pelt so fast at one another's pate.	Do pelt so fast at one another's <i>pates</i> .
Stay, stay! I say.	Stay, stay!
Or who should study to prefer a peace.	Or who should study to <i>preserve</i> a peace.
Yield, my lord protector, yield Winchester.	Yield, lord protector, <i>and</i> yield Winchester.
Thy humble servant vows obedience.	Thy <i>honour'd</i> servant vows obedience.
O, loving uncle, kind Duke of Gloster.	O, loving uncle, <i>and</i> kind Duke of Gloster.

SCENE 2.

Here is the best.	<i>Where</i> is the best.
Hag of all despite.	Hag of <i>hell's</i> despite.

Who shall be the speaker ?
Warlike and martial Talbot.

Who shall be speaker ?
Warlike and *matchless* Talbot.

SCENE 3.

And see the cities and the towns defac'd.
On her lowly babe.

And see *her* cities and *her* towns defac'd.
On her *lovely* babe.

SCENE 4.

First to my god.
Long since we were resolved of your
truth.

First to *his* God.
Long since we were resolved of *that*
truth.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

In most extremes.
Pretend some alteration in good will.
This fellow, here, with carping tongue.

In *worst* extremes.
Portend some alteration in good will.
This fellow, here, with *envious* carping
tongue.

And that is my petition, noble lord.

And that is my petition, *royal* lord.

SCENE 5.

But if I bow, they'll say it was for fear.

But if I *fly*, they'll say it was for fear.

SCENE 7.

To be the pillage of a giglot wench.
1632.
Of the most bloody nurser of his harms.
To know who hath obtain'd the glory
of the day.
But tell me whom thou seek'st.

To be the pillage of a giglot wench :
So, rushing in the bowels of the French.
Of the *still bleeding* nurser of his harms.
To know who hath the glory of the
day.
But tell me *briefly* whom thou seekest
now.

That I may bear them hence.
For God's sake, let him have him ; to
keep them here.
But from their ashes shall be rear'd.

That I bear them *forth*.
For God's sake, let him have *them* ; keep
them here.
But from their *very* ashes shall be rear'd.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

To stop effusion of our Christian blood.
Near knit to Charles.
Tends to God's glory, and country's
weal.

To stop effusion of *much* Christian
blood.
Near *his* to Charles.
Tends to God's glory, and *my* country's
weal.

SCENE 3.

Now, ye familiar spirits, that are cull'd.
O, stay ! I have no power to let her pass.

Now, ye familiar spirits that are *call'd*.
O, stay ! I have no power to let her *go*.

Confounds the tongue, and makes the
senses rough.

Lady, wherefore talk you so?

Would you not suppose?

To be a queen in bondage is more vile.

If happy England's royal king be free.

An if my father please, I am content.

And here I will expect thy coming.

Mad natural graces that extinguish art.

Confounds the tongue, and *mocks* the
sense of touch.

Lady, *pray tell me*, wherefore talk you so?

Would you not *then ween*?

A queen in bondage is more vile to me.

If happy England's royal king be *true*.

An if my father please, I *give consent*.

And here I will expect thy coming
down.

'Mid natural graces that extinguish art.

SCENE 4.

The hollow passage of my poison'd
voice.

Stand'st thou aloof upon comparison.

For here we entertain a solemn peace.

Most of all these reasons bindeth us.

The hollow passage of my *prison'd*
voice.

Stand'st thou aloof upon *comparisons*.

For here we *interchange* a solemn peace.

The most of all these reasons bindeth
us.

SECOND PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

THEY please us well.—Lord Marquess, kneel down.	They please us well.—Lord Marquess, kneel <i>thee</i> down.
Crown'd in Paris in despite of foes.	<i>Been</i> crown'd in Paris in despite of foes.
Hath given the duchy of Anjou and Maine.	Hath given the <i>duchies</i> of Anjou and Maine.
While they do tend the profit of the land.	While they do tend <i>to</i> profit of the land.
By main force Warwick did win. And wrings his hapless hands.	By main force <i>did</i> Warwick win. And wrings his <i>helpless</i> hands.

SCENE 3.

Deliver our supplications in the quill.	Deliver our supplications in <i>sequel</i> .
That my mistress was.	That my <i>master</i> was.
To listen to the lays.	To listen to <i>their</i> lays.
So, one by one, we'll weed them all at last.	So one by one, we <i>will</i> weed all <i>the</i> <i>realm</i> .
The cardinal's not my better.	<i>A</i> cardinal's not my better.
Have cost a mass of public treasure. 1632.	Have cost a mass of public <i>treasury</i> .
She'll gallop far enough.	She'll gallop <i>fast</i> enough.
Will keep me here.	Will keep me <i>there</i> .
This doom, my lord, if I may judge.	This doom, my <i>gracious</i> lord, if I may judge.
The spite of man prevaieth.	The spite of <i>this</i> man prevaieth.

SCENE 4.

The silent of the night.	The <i>silence</i> of the night.
And ghosts break up their graves.	And ghosts break <i>ope</i> their graves.
Safer shall he be upon the sandy plains.	Safer shall he be <i>on</i> the sandy plains.
False fiend, avoid !	<i>Foul</i> fiend, avoid !
We'll see your trinkets here all forth- coming.	We'll see your trinkets here <i>are</i> all forthcoming.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Is your priesthood grown peremptory?	Is your priesthood grown <i>so</i> peremptory?
With such holiness can you do it.	<i>And</i> with such holiness you <i>well</i> can do it.
Then, Sander, sit there.	Then, Sander, sit <i>thou</i> there.
Think it cunning to be great,	Think <i>his</i> cunning to be great,
That could restore this cripple to his legs again.	That could restore this cripple to his legs.

SCENE 2.

My lord, I long to hear it at full.	My lord, I long to hear it <i>at the</i> full.
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SCENE 3.

For sin, such as by God's book are adjudg'd to death.	For sin, such as by God's book <i>is</i> adjudg'd to death.
Should be to be protected like a child.	Should be protected like a child <i>by peers</i> .
God and King Henry govern England's realm.	God and King Henry govern England's <i>helm</i> .
My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff.	My staff!—here, noble Henry, is my staff: <i>To think I fain would keep it makes me laugh.</i>
Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her youngest days.	Thus Eleanor's pride dies in her <i>proudest</i> days.
The armourer and his man to enter the lists.	The armourer and his man to enter lists.
Come, leave your drinking, and fall to blows.	Come, leave your drinking <i>both</i> , and fall to blows.
Go, take hence that traitor from our sight.	Go, <i>and</i> take hence that traitor from our sight.
Art thou gone too? all comfort go with thee.	Art thou gone <i>so</i> ? all comfort go with thee.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Reprove my allegation if you can.	Reprove my <i>allegations</i> if you can.
For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous wolves.	For he's inclin'd as is the ravenous <i>wolf</i> .
These faults are easy, quickly answered.	These faults are <i>easily</i> , quickly answered.
Clear yourself from all suspense.	Clear yourself from all <i>suspect</i> .
Free lords, cold snow melts.	<i>Fair</i> lords, cold snow melts.
And yet we have but trivial argument.	<i>As</i> yet we have but trivial argument.
'Tis York that hath more reason for his death.	'Tis York that hath <i>most</i> reason for his death.

But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, my Lord of Suffolk.	But, my Lord Cardinal, and you, Lord Suffolk.
Thrice noble Suffolk, 'tis resolutely spoke.	Thrice noble Suffolk, resolutely spoke.
Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mighty band.	Whiles I in Ireland <i>march</i> a mighty band.
And Henry put apart, the next for me.	And Henry put apart, <i>then</i> next for me.

SCENE 2.

Erect his statue and worship it.	Erect his statue, <i>then</i> , and worship it.
But curs'd the gentle gusts.	But curs'd th' <i>ungentle</i> gusts.
And to drain upon his face.	And to <i>rain</i> upon his face.
For, seeing him, I see my life in death.	<i>And</i> , seeing him, I see my life in death.
But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's death. 1632.	But both of you were vow'd Duke Humphrey's <i>foes</i> .
And thy soul to hell. 1632.	And <i>send</i> thy soul to hell.
As smart as lizard's stings.	As <i>sharp</i> as lizard's stings.
Myself no joy in nought.	Myself <i>to</i> joy in nought.
A jewel lock'd into the woful'st cask.	A jewel lock'd into the woful'st <i>casket</i> .
Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.	Speak, Beaufort, to thy <i>king</i> .
Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!	Peace to his soul, <i>if't</i> God's good pleasure be!

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

The lives of those which we have lost in fight.	<i>Can</i> lives of those which we have lost in fight.
Obscure and lowly swain.	Obscure and <i>lowly</i> swain.
Speak, captain, shall I kill the forlorn swain?	Speak, captain, shall I kill the <i>foul-tongu'd slave</i> ?
Thy mother bleeding heart.	Thy <i>mother's</i> bleeding heart.
As hating thee and rising up in arms.	As hating thee <i>are</i> rising up in arms.

SCENE 2.

Which is as much to say as.	Which is as much <i>as to say</i> .
And you that be the king's friends.	<i>All</i> you that be the king's friends.

SCENE 3.

To kill for a hundred, lacking one.	To kill for a hundred <i>years</i> , lacking one.
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SCENE 4.

Still lamenting, and mourning for Suffolk's death.	<i>Lamenting still</i> , and mourning Suffolk's death.
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SCENE 5.

And so farewell, for I must hence again.	And so farewell: <i>rebellion never thrives</i> .
Be it known unto thee by these presence.	Be it known unto thee by these <i>pre-sents</i> .

SCENE 7.

The people liberal, valiant, active, The people liberal, valiant, active,
wealthy. *worthy.*

SCENE 8.

Will ye relent, Will ye *repent*,
Or let a rabble lead you to your deaths? Or let a *rebel* lead you to your deaths?

SCENE 9.

And with a puissant and mighty power And with a puissant and *united* power
Of Gallowglasses, and stout Kernes. Of Gallowglasses, and stout *Irish*
Kernes.
I pray thee, Buckingham, go and meet I pray thee, Buckingham, *then*, go and
him. meet him.

SCENE 10.

Wherefore on a brick-wall. Wherefore *o'er* a brick-wall.
I seek not to grow great by others' I seek not to grow great by others'
warning. *waning.*
Come thou and thy five men. Come thou and thy *fine* men.
That Alexander Iden, an esquire of Kent. That Alexander Iden, *squire* of Kent.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

First let me ask of thee. First let me ask of *these*.
They may astonish these fell-lurking They may astonish these fell-*looking*
curs. curs.
Who being suffered with the bear's fell Who *having* suffered with the bear's
paw. fell paw.
I am resolv'd for death and dignity. I am resolv'd for death *or* dignity.

SCENE 3.

Reigns in the hearts of all our present Reigns in the hearts of all our present
parts. *friends.*
Of Salisbury, who can report of him? *Old* Salisbury, who can report of him?
And all brush of time. And all *bruise* of time.
And like a gallant in the brow of And like a gallant in the *bloom* of
youth. youth.

THIRD PART OF
KING HENRY VI.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

Is either slain, or wounded dangerous !	Is either slain, or wounded <i>dangerously!</i>
And thine, Lord Clifford, and you both have vow'd revenge.	And thine, Lord Clifford : you have vow'd revenge.
Resign thy crown.	Resign <i>my</i> crown.
Hear but one word.	Hear <i>me</i> but one word.
Let me for this time reign as king.	Let me for this <i>my life-time</i> reign as king.

SCENE 4.

Would not have stain'd the roses just with blood.	Would not have stain'd the roses' <i>hues</i> with blood.
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ACT II.—SCENE 1.

In this the heaven figures some event.	In this the <i>heavens figure</i> some event.
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SCENE 2.

Which sometime they have us'd with fearful flight.	Which sometime they have us'd <i>in</i> fearful flight.
And this soft courage.	And this soft <i>carriage</i> .
And either victory, or else a grave.	And either victory, or <i>a welcome</i> grave.

SCENE 3.

The belly of their steeds.	The <i>bellies</i> of their steeds.
As victors wear at the Olympian games.	As victors <i>wore</i> at the Olympian games.

SCENE 5.

So many years ere I shall shear the fleece.	So many <i>months</i> ere I shall shear the fleece.
As this dead man doth me.	As this dead man <i>to</i> me.
Is this our foeman's face ?	Is this <i>a</i> foeman's face ?
Men for the lose of thee, having no more.	<i>E'en</i> for the loss of thee, having no more.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Let me embrace the sour adversaries.	Let me embrace <i>these</i> sour <i>adversities</i> .
With promise of his sister and what else.	With promise of his sister and <i>ought</i> else.
We charge you in God's name, and the king's.	We charge you in God's name, and <i>in</i> the king's.

SCENE 2.

Tut! were it further off, I'll pluck it down.	Tut! were it further off, <i>I'd</i> pluck it down.
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SCENE 3.

And forc'd to live in Scotland a forlorn.	And forc'd to live in Scotland <i>all</i> forlorn.
Our Earl of Warwick.	<i>The</i> Earl of Warwick.
Thou draw not on thy danger and dishonour.	Thou draw not on <i>thee</i> danger and dishonour.
Your grant or your deny shall be mine. 1632.	Your grant or your <i>denial</i> shall be mine.
And Oxford with five thousand men.	And Oxford with five thousand <i>warlike</i> men.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

For so I heard, that she was there in place.	For I <i>have</i> heard that she was there in place.
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SCENE 4.

What makes you in this sudden change.	What makes <i>in you</i> this sudden change.
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SCENE 5.

Now, brother of Glo'ster, Lord Hastings, and the rest.	Now, brother of Glo'ster, Hastings, and the rest.
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SCENE 7.

A wise, stout captain, and soon persuaded.	A wise, stout captain <i>he</i> , and soon persuaded.
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SCENE 8.

That's not my fear, my meed hath got me fame.	That's not my fear, my <i>mind</i> hath got me fame.
My mercy dried their water-flowing tears.	My mercy dried their <i>bitter</i> -flowing tears.

ACT V.—SCENE 5.

And all trouble thou hast turn'd me to.	And all <i>the</i> trouble thou hast turn'd me to.
Tower, the Tower!	<i>The</i> Tower! the Tower!

If this foul deed were by to equal it.
 What, wilt thou not! where is that
 devil's butcher, Richard?

If this foul deed were by to *sequel* it.
 What, wilt thou not? where is that
 devil's butcher?

SCENE 6.

Aboding luckless time.
 To wit, an indigested deformed lump.
 Threefold renown
 For hardy and undoubted champions.

A boding, luckless tune.
 To wit, an *indigest* deformed lump.
 Threefold *renown'd*
 For hardy and *redoubted* champions.

KING RICHARD III.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

I, THAT am curtail'd of this fair proportion.
Anthony Woodville, her brother there.
And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
While kites and buzzards play at liberty.
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I, that am curtail'd *thus* of fair proportion.
Anthony Woodville, her *same* brother there.
And the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
While kites and buzzards *prey* at liberty.
Till George be pack'd with *post-haste* up to heaven.

SCENE 2.

The better for the King of heaven that hath him.
And if thy poor devoted servant may.
Now to White-Friars. 1632.

The *fitter* for the King of heaven that hath him.
And if thy poor devoted *suppliant* may.
No, to White-Friars.

SCENE 3.

Are fallen upon thee.
The slave of nature, and the son of hell.
On that bottled spider.
As it is won with blood.

Are *all* fallen upon thee.
The *stain* of nature, and the *scorn* of hell.
On that *bottle*-spider.
As it *was* won with blood.

SCENE 4.

Yet execute thy wrath in me alone.
I hope this passionate humour.
Were you in my distress.

Yet execute thy wrath *on* me alone.
I hope this *compassionate* humour.
Were you in my distress, *so pity me*.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

And more to peace my soul shall part.
Dorset and Rivers.

And more *at* peace my soul shall part.
Hastings and Rivers.

If I unwillingly, or in my rage.	If I <i>unwittingly</i> , or in my rage.
Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.	Come, Hastings, <i>prithce</i> , help me to closet.
How that the kindred of the queen. 1632.	How that the <i>guilty</i> kindred of the queen.

SCENE 2.

Why do you weep so oft, and beat your breast?	Why do you weep so, and <i>oft</i> beat your breast?
Of ne'er changing night.	Of ne'er changing <i>light</i> .

SCENE 3.

Which, in his nonage, council under him.	<i>With</i> , in his nonage, council under his him.
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SCENE 4.

Here comes a messenger: what news.	Here comes a messenger: what news <i>with you?</i>
And often up and down.	<i>Too</i> often up and down.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

God forbid.	God <i>in heaven</i> forbid.
You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord.	You are too <i>strict and abstinent</i> , my lord.
The grossness of this age.	<i>The goodness</i> of his age.
Upon record, my gracious lord.	<i>It is</i> upon record, my gracious lord.
But you have power in me, as in a kinsman.	But you have power <i>o'er</i> me, as a kins- man.
With what a sharp provided wit he reasons.	With what a <i>sharply pointed</i> wit he reasons.
My lord, wil't please you pass along.	My lord, wil't please <i>your grace</i> to pass along?
Needs will have it so.	<i>E'en</i> will have it so.
Chop off his head: something we will determine.	Chop off his head, <i>man</i> : <i>somewhat</i> we will <i>do</i> .

SCENE 2.

To princely Richard and Buckingham. 1632.	To princely Richard and <i>to</i> Buckingham.
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SCENE 3.

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I.	When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and <i>me</i> .
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SCENE 6.

Must be seen in thought.	Must be seen, <i>or</i> thought.
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SCENE 7.

And his resemblance, being not like the duke.	And <i>dis-resemblance</i> , being not like the duke.
But sure I fear we shall not win him to it.	But <i>sore</i> I fear we shall not win him to it.
Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.	<i>Zounds</i> , citizens, we will entreat no more.
Call them again; I am not made of stone.	<i>O, do not swear, my cousin Buckingham.</i> Call <i>him</i> again; I am not made of stone.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Thy mother's name is ominous to children.	Thy mother's name is ominous to <i>her</i> children.
To sear me to the brains.	To sear me to the <i>brain</i> .
So foolish sorrows.	So foolish <i>sorrow</i> .
I partly know the man: go call him hither, boy.	I partly know the man: go call him hither.
How now, Lord Stanley! What's the news?	How now, Lord Stanley! What's the news <i>with you</i> ?

SCENE 3.

Flesh'd villains, bloody dogs.	Flesh'd villains, <i>blooded</i> dogs.
Wept like to children.	Wept like <i>two</i> children.
I humbly take leave. 1632.	I humbly take <i>my</i> leave.

SCENE 4.

That bottled spider.	That <i>bottle-spider</i> .
Airy succeeders of intestine joys.	Airy succeeders of <i>intestate</i> joys.
The slaughter of the prince.	<i>For</i> slaughter of the prince.
Then patiently hear my impatience.	Then patiently <i>bear</i> my impatience.
I have stay'd for thee.	I <i>once</i> stay'd for thee.
Thereon engrave Edward and York.	Thereon <i>engraven</i> Edward and York.
Leads discontented steps.	<i>Treads</i> discontented steps.
By times ill-us'd repast.	By times ill-us'd <i>o'erpast</i> .
Urge the necessity and state of times, And be not peevish found in great designs.	Urge the necessity of <i>state and</i> times, And be not peevish <i>fond</i> in great designs.
But in your daughter's womb I bury them.	But in your daughter's womb <i>I'll</i> bury them.
I go.—Write to me very shortly.	I go.—Write to me, <i>Richard</i> , very shortly.

SCENE 5.

What men of name resort to him?	What men of name <i>and mark</i> resort to him?
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ACT V.—SCENE 2.

The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar.	The <i>reckless</i> , bloody, and usurping boar.
Upon myself, my lord, I'll undertake it. 1632.	Upon my <i>life</i> , my lord, I'll undertake it.

SCENE 3.

Saw'st the melancholy Lord North- umberland?	Saw'st <i>thou</i> the melancholy Lord Northumberland?
Tell me, how fares our loving mother?	Tell me, <i>I pray</i> , how fares our loving mother?
I'll strive with troubled noise to take a nap.	I'll strive with troubled <i>thoughts</i> to take a nap.
By thee was punched full of holes.	By thee was punched full of <i>deadly</i> holes.
Doth comfort thee in sleep: live, and flourish.	Doth comfort thee in sleep: live <i>thou</i> , and flourish.
Let fall thy lance. Despair and die.	Let fall thy <i>pointless</i> lance. Despair and die.
Will conquer.	Will conquer <i>him</i> .
Think on Lord Hastings: despair and die.	Think on Lord Hastings: <i>so</i> , despair and die.
Let fall thy edgeless sword: despair and die.	Let fall thy <i>powerless arm</i> : despair and die.
It is not dead midnight.	It is <i>now</i> dead midnight.
Perjury in the high'st degree.	Perjury, <i>foul perjury</i> , in the high'st degree.
O, Ratcliff! I fear, I fear.	O, Ratcliff! <i>I have dream'd a fearful</i> <i>dream</i> .
If you do swear to put a tyrant down.	If you do <i>sweat</i> to put a tyrant down.
Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, and cheerfully.	Sound drums and trumpets, boldly, cheerfully.
They thus directed, we will follow.	They thus directed, we will follow <i>them</i> .
To desperate adventures.	To desperate <i>ventures</i> .
They would restrain the one, distain the other.	They would <i>distrain</i> the one, distain the other.
Fight boldly, yeomen.	Fight, <i>bold</i> yeomen.
Victory sits on our helps.	Victory sits on our <i>helms</i> .
Wear it, and make much of it.	Wear it, <i>enjoy it</i> , and make much of it.
And let thy heirs.	And let <i>their</i> heirs.
Abate the edge of traitors, gracious lord.	<i>Rebate</i> the edge of traitors, gracious lord.

KING HENRY VIII.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

A gift which heaven gives for him, A gift *that* heaven gives him, *and* which
 which buys. buys.
But minister communication. But minister *the consummation*.
A beggar's book outworths a noble's A beggar's *brood* outworths a noble's
 blood. blood.
One Gilbert Peck. And Gilbert Peck.

SCENE 2.

Breaks the sides of loyalty. Breaks the *ties* of loyalty.
Things that are known alike. Things that are known, *belike*.
This tractable obedience. Their tractable obedience.
There is no primer baseness. There is no primer *business*.
A trembling contribution. A *trebling* contribution.
Is run in your displeasure. Is *one* in your displeasure.
Whom after, under the commission's Whom after, under the *confession's*
 seal. seal.
For this to ruminate on this so far. From this to ruminate on *it* so far.
He's traitor to the height. He is *a daring* traitor to the height.

SCENE 3.

The spavin, a springhalt. The spavin, *or* springhalt.
Men of his way should be most liberal; Men of his *sway* should be most liberal;
They are set here for examples. They are *sent* here for examples.

SCENE 4.

I told your grace they would talk anon. I told your grace *how* they would talk
 anon.
Thus they pray'd. Thus they pray'd *me*.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

To him brought vivâ voce to his face. To *have* brought vivâ voce to his face.
You that thus have come. You that thus *far* have come.
But where they mean to sink ye. But *when* they mean to sink ye.

SCENE 2.

Which stopped our mouths, sir.

Which stopped our mouths.

SCENE 3.

To leave a thousand times more bitter,
 than
 'Tis sweet at first t' acquire.
 Yet if that quarrel fortune do divorce.
 I shall not fail t' approve the fair conceit.
 If this salute my blood a jot.

To *leave's* a thousand times more bitter,
 than
 Sweet at first t' acquire,
 Yet if that *cruel* fortune do divorce.
 I shall not fail t' *improve* the fair conceit.
 If this *elate* my blood a jot.

SCENE 4.

To the sharp'st kind of justice.
 That longer you desire the court.
 And let foul'st contempt.
 And an excellent.
 And to say no more. 1632.

To the sharp'st *knife* of justice.
 That longer you *defer* the court.
 And let *the* foul'st contempt.
Of an excellent.
 And to say *it* no more.

ACT III.—SCENE 2.

Now, all my joy.

Now, *may* all joy.

To steal from spiritual leisure a brief
 span.

To steal from spiritual *labour* a brief
 span.

ACT IV.—SCENE 2.

Full repentance. 1632.
 His faults lie on him. 1632.
 Unwilling to outlive the good that
 did it.
 And of an earthy cold.

Full *of* repentance.
 His faults lie *lightly* on him.
 Unwilling to outlive the good *man*
 did it.
 And of an earthy *coldness*.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

With which the Lime will load him.
 You a brother of us.
 The good I stand on is my truth and
 honesty.

With which the *time* will load him.
To a brother of us.
 The *ground* I stand on is my truth and
 honesty.

SCENE 2.

In our own natures frail and capable.
 A man that more detests, more stirres
 against
 Defacers of a public peace.
 Than but once to think his place be-
 comes thee not.

In our own natures frail and *culpable*.
 A man that more detests, more *strives*
 against
 Defacers of *the* public peace.
 Than but once think *this* place becomes
 thee not.

SCENE 3.

Let me ne'er hope to see a chine again;	Let me ne'er hope to see a <i>queen</i> again;
And that I would not for a cow, God	And that I would not for a <i>crown</i> , God
save her.	save her.
They came to the broom-staff to me.	They came to the broom-staff <i>with</i> me.
As if we kept a fair here. Where are	As if we kept a fair. Where are these
these porters?	porters?
I'll peck you o'er the pales else.	I'll peck you o'er the <i>poll</i> else.

SCENE 4.

Her foes shake like a field of beaten	Her foes shake like a field of beaten
come. 1632.	<i>corn</i> .

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

PROLOGUE.

STIRRE up the sons of Troy.

Sparr up the sons of Troy.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

At Priam's royal table I sit. 1632.
So traitor, then she comes!
As when the sun doth light a scorn.

At Priam's royal table *do* I sit.
So traitor, *when* she comes!
As when the sun doth light a *storm*.

SCENE 2.

The noise goes this.
Hector shall not have his will.
And a proper man of person.
You shall Troilus anon.
My mask to defend my beauty, and you
to defend all these.
Achievement is command.

The noise goes *thus*.
Hector shall not have his *wit*.
And a proper man of *his* person.
You shall *see* Troilus anon.
Upon my mask to defend my beauty,
and *upon* you to defend all these.
Achiev'd men still command.

SCENE 3.

Abash'd behold our works.
Of thy godly seat.
Retires to chiding fortune.
Severals and generals, of grace exact.
That praise sole pure transcends.
I'll pawn this truth.
That hath to this maturity blown up.
Our imputation shall be oddly pois'd.
Now, Ulysses, I begin to reliah thy
advice.

Abashed behold our *wrecks*.
Of thy *godlike* seat.
Replies to chiding fortune.
Severals and generals, *all* grace *extract*.
That praise *soul*-pure transcends.
I'll *prove* this truth.
That hath to this maturity *grown* up.
Our *reputation* shall be oddly pois'd.
Now I begin to reliah thy advice.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Were not that a botchy core?
His evasions have ears thus long.
Ere their grandsires had nails.

Were not that a botchy *sore*?
His *orations* have ears thus long.
Ere *your* grandsires had nails.

SCENE 2.

ould have hard hearts.	Should have <i>have</i> hearts.
ake lovers pale. 1632.	Make <i>livers</i> pale.
id-age and wrinkled old.	Mid-age and wrinkled <i>eld</i> .
Were I alone to pass the difficulties.	Were I alone to <i>poise</i> the difficulties.
ould once set foot. 1632.	Should once set <i>footing</i> .

SCENE 3.

He sent our messengers.	<i>We</i> sent our messengers.
Let him be told of.	Let him be told <i>so</i> .
His pettish lines, his ebbs, his flows.	His pettish <i>lunes</i> , his ebbs, his flows.
Fame be thy tutor.	<i>Fam'd</i> be thy tutor.
Light boats may sail swift, though greater bulks draw deep.	Light boats sail swift, though greater <i>hulks</i> draw deep.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

With my disposer, Cressida.	With my <i>dispraiser</i> , Cressida.
Your disposer is sick.	Your <i>dispraiser</i> is sick.
Your poor disposer's sick.	Your poor <i>dispraiser's</i> sick.
Yet that which seems the wound to kill.	Yet that which seems <i>a</i> wound to kill.
'Twill make us proud to be your ser- vant, Paris.	'Twill make us proud to be <i>his</i> servant, Paris.

SCENE 2.

Love's thrice-reputed nectar.	Love's thrice- <i>repued</i> nectar.
Coming in dumbness.	<i>Cunning</i> in dumbness.
I have a kind of self resides with you.	I have a kind self <i>that</i> resides with you.

SCENE 3.

Appear it to your mind,	<i>Appeal</i> it to your mind,
That through the sight I bear in things to love.	That through the sight I bear in things <i>above</i> .
They pass strangely.	They pass <i>by</i> strangely.
Till it hath travell'd, and is married there.	Till it hath travell'd, and is <i>mirror'd</i> there.
And great Troy shrinking.	And great Troy <i>shrieking</i> .
For pavement to the abject near.	For pavement to the abject <i>rear</i> .
And goe to dust.	And <i>give</i> to dust.
The cry went out on thee.	The cry went <i>once</i> on thee.
Keeps place with thought.	Keeps <i>pace</i> with thought.
Does thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles.	Does thoughts unveil in their dumb <i>crudities</i> .
Sweet, rouse yourself.	<i>Swift</i> , rouse yourself.
Be shook to airy air.	Be shook to <i>very</i> air.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Witness the process of your speech within.	Witness the process of your speech <i>wherein.</i>
With all my force, pursuit, and policy. But he as he, which heavier for a whore.	With all my <i>fierce</i> pursuit, and policy. But he as he, <i>each</i> heavier for a whore.
We'll not commend what we intend to sell.	We'll not commend what we intend <i>not</i> sell.

SCENE 2.

And dreaming night will hide our eyes no longer.	And dreaming night will hide our <i>joys</i> no longer.
The secrets of nature.	The <i>secret laws</i> of nature.

SCENE 4.

O heart, heavy heart!	O heart, <i>O heart, O</i> heavy heart!
By friendship, nor by speaking.	By <i>silence</i> , nor by speaking.
And discharge of our.	And discharge of <i>one</i> .
He fumbles up a loose adieu. 1632.	He fumbles up <i>into one</i> loose adieu.
A kind of godly jealousy.	A kind of <i>goodly</i> jealousy.
Presuming on their changeful potency.	Presuming on their <i>chainful</i> potency.
Pleas your fair visage.	Pleas your fair <i>usage</i> .
To shame the seal of my petition to- wards.	To shame the <i>zeal</i> of my petition to <i>thee</i> .
I'll answer to my lust.	I'll answer to <i>thy last</i> .

SCENE 5.

With starting courage.	With <i>startling</i> courage.
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment.	For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment, <i>And parted you, and your same argument.</i>
That give a coasting welcome ere it comes.	That give <i>occasion</i> welcome ere it comes.
Either to the uttermost.	Either to the <i>utterance</i> .
Subscribes to tender objects.	Subscribes to tender <i>objects</i> .
For yonder walls that partly front your town. 1632.	For yonder walls that <i>partly</i> front your town.
I shall forestal thee, lord Ulysses, thou.	I shall forestal thee, lord Ulysses, <i>then</i> .

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Such preposterous discoveries.	Such preposterous <i>discolourers</i> .
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SCENE 2.

Any man may find her, if he can take her life.	Any man may find her <i>key</i> , if he can take her <i>cleft</i> .
In faith, I will goe. 1632.	In faith I will, <i>lord</i> .
But that that likes not me.	But that that likes not <i>you</i> .

It doth invert that test.
The almighty fen.

That doth invert *th' attest*.
By the almighty *sun*.

SCENE 3.

And tempt not yet the brushes of the
war.
Farewell, yes, soft.
My love with words and errors still she
feeds.
Hence, brother lackie !

And tempt not yet the *bruises* of the
war.
Farewell ; *yet* soft !
My love with words and *air* still she
feeds.
Hence, *brothel-lackey* !

SCENE 4.

That stole, old, mouse-eaten, dry cheese,
Nestor.
Here comes sleeve and th' other.
Now the sleeve, now the sleeve !

That *stale*, old, mouse-eaten, dry cheese,
Nestor.
Here comes sleeve and *sleeveless*.
Now the sleeve, now the *sleeveless* !

SCENE 9.

So, Iliou, fall thou ! now, Troy, sink
down.
On Myrmidons ! cry you all amain.
Cool statues of the youth.
Hence, brother lackey ! 1632.

So, Iliou, fall thou ! now, *great* Troy,
sink down.
On Myrmidons ! *and* cry you all amain.
Cold statues of the youth.
Hence, *brothel-lackey* !

CORIOLANUS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

THE object of our misery.	The <i>abjectness</i> of our misery.
And to be partly proud.	And <i>partly to be proud</i> .
Even to the court, the heart, the seat o' the brain,	Even to the court, the heart, the <i>senate</i> , brain,
And through the cranks and offices of man.	And through the <i>ranks</i> and offices of man.
You do change a mind.	You do change <i>your</i> mind.
Nay, these are almost thoroughly per- suaded.	Nay, these are <i>all most</i> thoroughly persuaded.
Shooting their emulation.	<i>Shouting</i> their <i>exultation</i> .
Right worthy you priority.	Right worthy <i>your</i> priority.

SCENE 3.

At Grecian sword. Contemning.	At Grecian swords <i>contemning</i> .
He had rather see the swords.	He had rather see swords.

SCENE 4.

You shames of Rome! You herd of— Boils and plagues.	You shames of Rome! <i>Unheard-of</i> boils and plagues.
To the pot, I warrant him.	To the <i>port</i> , I warrant him.

SCENE 6.

The Roman Gods lead their successes.	<i>Ye</i> Roman Gods, lead their successes.
Will the time serve to tell? I do not think.	Will the time serve to tell? I do not think <i>it</i> .
And did retire to win our purpose.	And did retire to win our <i>purposes</i> .
Please you to march;	Please you to march <i>before</i> ,
And four shall quickly draw out my command.	And <i>I</i> shall quickly draw out my command.

SCENE 8.

More than thy fame and envy.	More than thy fame <i>I</i> envy.
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SCENE 9.

Let **him** be made an overture for the wars. Let *it* be made a *coverture* for the wars.

SCENE 10.

all fly out of itself.

'*T shall* fly out of itself.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

With not a drop.

And favouring the first complaint.

That tell you have good faces.

And then rejoin the controversy.

Dismiss the controversy bleeding.

Is but empirick quack to this preservative.

But with them change of honours.

While she chats him.

As our good wills.

His soaring insolence shall teach the people.

Without a drop.

In favouring the *third* complaint.

That tell *you* you have good faces.

And then *adjourn* the controversy.

Dismiss the controversy *pleading*.

Is but empiric *physic* to this preservative.

But with them *charge* of honours.

While she *cheers* him.

At our good wills.

His soaring insolence shall *touch* the people.

SCENE 2.

Upon a pleasing treaty.

We shall be blest to do.

Than on one's ears to hear it.

When with his Amazonian shin.

Was trim'd with dying cries. 1632.

With shunless defamy.

Upon a pleasing *treatise*.

We shall be *prest* to do.

Than *one on's* ears to hear it.

When with his Amazonian *chin*.

Was *trim'd* with dying cries.

With shunless *destiny*.

SCENE 3.

For once we stood up about the corn.

Ay, but mine own desire.

I will, sir, flatter my sworn brother, the people.

Why in this wolvisish togue should I stand here?

Your voices: indeed I would be consul.

For once, *when* we stood up about the corn.

Ay, *not* mine own desire.

I will *not*, sir, flatter my sworn *brothers*, the people.

Why in this *woolless* togue should I stand here?

Your voices; *for* indeed, I would be consul.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Hath he not passed the noble and the common?

O God! but most unwise patricians.

Given Hydra here to choose an officer.

Hath he not passed the *nobles* and the *commons*?

O, *good*, but most unwise patricians!

Given Hydra *leave* to choose an officer.

The horn and noise o' th' monsters.	The horn and noise o' the <i>monster</i> .
Then, vail your ignorance.	Then, vail your <i>impotence</i> .
Awake your dangerous lenity.	<i>Revoke</i> your dangerous <i>bounty</i> .
Was not our recompense.	Was not <i>their</i> recompense.
Could never be the native.	Could never be the <i>motive</i> .
How shall this bosom multiplied digest?	How shall this <i>bisson multitude</i> digest?
Whereon part does disdain.	<i>Where one</i> part does disdain.
Towards her deserved children.	Towards her <i>deserving</i> children.

SCENE 2.

O, sir, sir, sir!	O, <i>son, son, son!</i>
I have a heart as little apt as yours.	I have a heart as little apt as yours <i>To brook control without the use of anger.</i>
Thus stoop to the heart.	Thus stoop o' the heart.
Now humble as the ripest mulberry.	<i>Now's</i> humble as the ripest mulberry.
But owe thy pride thyself.	But <i>ow'st</i> thy pride thyself.

SCENE 3.

Insisting on the old prerogative.	Insisting on <i>their</i> old prerogative.
Ever to conquer, and to have his worth.	Ever to conquer, and to have his <i>mouth</i> .
Through our large temples.	<i>Throng</i> our large temples.
His rougher actions.	His rougher <i>accents</i> .
Nor check my courage for what they can give.	Nor check my <i>carriage</i> for what they can give.
And can show from Rome.	And can show <i>for</i> Rome.
Making but reservation of yourselves.	Making <i>not</i> reservation of yourselves.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Being gentle wounded craves.	Being <i>gentle-minded</i> craves.
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SCENE 2.

Cats, that can judge.	<i>Curs</i> , that can judge.
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SCENE 3.

But your favour is well appear'd by your tongue.	But your favour is well <i>approv'd</i> by your tongue.
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SCENE 4.

Whose hours, whose bed, whose meal and exercise.	Whose <i>house</i> , whose bed, whose meal and exercise.
My birth-place have I.	My birth-place <i>hate</i> I.

SCENE 5.

What would'st? Thy name?	What would'st <i>thou</i> ? Thy name?
And scarr'd the moon with splinters.	And <i>scar'd</i> the moon with splinters.
Whilst he is in directitude.	Whilst he is in <i>dejectitude</i> .
Directitude! What's that?	<i>Dejectitude!</i> What's that?
And full of vent.	And full of <i>vaunt</i> .

SCENE 6.

His remedies are tame, the present peace.	His remedies are <i>tamed</i> by the present peace.
God Marcius home again.	God Marcius home again.
All the regions do smilingly revolt.	All the <i>legions</i> do smilingly revolt.
You and your crafts, you have crafted fair.	You and your <i>handy-crafts</i> have crafted fair.

SCENE 7.

Live in the interpretation of the time, and power, unto itself most commendable,	Live in the interpretation of the time, And power, <i>in</i> itself most commendable,
Hath not a tomb so evident as a chair.	Hath not a tomb so evident as a <i>cheer</i> .
Rights by rights fouler.	Rights by rights <i>suffer</i> .

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Which was sometime his general.	To <i>one</i> sometime his general.
When it was less expected.	When it was <i>least</i> expected.
These pipes, and these conveyances of our blood.	These pipes, and these conveyances of blood.
I shall ere long have knowledge.	You shall ere long have knowledge.

SCENE 2.

For I have ever verified my friends.	For I have ever <i>magnified</i> my friends.
With the easy groans of old women.	With the <i>queasy</i> groans of old women.
Of such a decayed dotant.	Of such a decayed <i>dotard</i> .
Guess but my entertainment.	Guess but <i>by</i> my entertainment.

SCENE 3.

Show duty, as mistaken all this while.	Show duty, as <i>mistaking</i> all this while.
That if you fail in our request.	That if <i>we</i> fail in our request.
And to poor we thine enmity's most capital.	And <i>so</i> poor we thine <i>enemies</i> most capital.
Myself a former fortune.	Myself a <i>firmer</i> fortune.

SCENE 5.

But to be rough, unswayable and free.	But to be rough, unswayable and <i>fierce</i> .
Which he did end all his.	Which he did <i>ear</i> all his.
Flatter'd your Volcians in Coriolus.	<i>Flutter'd</i> your Volcians in Coriolus.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

I was the first-born son that was the last.
To justice, continence, and nobility.
Commit myself, my person and the cause.
Open the gates, and let me in.

I *am* the first-born son *of him*, the last.
To justice, *conscience*, and nobility.
Commit myself, my person and *my* cause.
Open the *brazen* gates, and let me in.

SCENE 2.

That so the shadows.
T'appease their groaning shadows that are gone.
Be chose with proclamations to day.
And set abroad new business.
Titus, thou shalt obtain, and ask the empery.
He is not himself: let us withdraw.
And Laertes son.

That so *their* shadows.
T'appease their groaning shadows that are *dust*.
Be chose with *acclamations* to day.
And set *abroach* new business.
Titus, thou shalt obtain the empery.
He is not himself: let us withdraw *awhile*.
And *wise* Laertes son.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Upon her wit doth earthly honour wait.
Than is Prometheus.
Makes me less gracious, or thee more fortunate.
A speedier course this lingering languishment.
The woods are ruthless, dreadful, deaf and dull.
A charm to calm their fits.

Upon her *will* doth earthly honour wait.
Than *was* Prometheus.
Makes me less gracious, thee more fortunate.
A speedier course *than* lingering languishment.
The woods are ruthless, *dreadful*, deaf and dull.
A charm to calm *these* fits.

SCENE 2.

the morn is bright and grey.	The morn is bright and <i>gay</i> .
the woods are green.	The woods are <i>wide</i> .
the ring a hunter's peal.	And <i>sing</i> a hunter's <i>round</i> .
the echo with the noise.	May echo with the <i>sound</i> .
as, let it be your charge, as it is ours.	Sons, let it be your charge, <i>and so will I</i> .
the dawning day new comfort hath inspir'd.	But dawning day <i>brought</i> comfort <i>and delight</i> .
the highest promontory top.	The highest <i>promontory's</i> top.

SCENE 3.

the snake lies rolled in the cheerful sun.	The snake lies <i>coiled</i> in the cheerful sun.
should drive upon his new transformed limbs.	Should <i>dine</i> upon <i>thy</i> new transformed limbs.
The king, my brother, shall have notice of this.	The king, my brother, shall have <i>note</i> of this.
That any mortal body, hearing it.	That any mortal, <i>barely</i> hearing it.
And with that painted hope she braves your mightiness.	And with that painted <i>shape</i> she braves your <i>night</i> .
Even at thy teat.	Even at <i>her</i> teat.
To have his princely paws par'd all away.	To have his princely <i>claws</i> par'd all away.
Therefore away with her, and use her as you will.	Therefore away, and use her as you will.

SCENE 4.

To the loathsome pit.	To the <i>lonesome</i> pit.
Like to the slaughter'd lamb.	Like to <i>a</i> slaughter'd lamb.
To answer their suspicion.	To answer <i>this</i> suspicion.
The guilt is plain.	<i>Their</i> guilt is plain.

SCENE 5.

Who 'twas that cut thy tongue.	Who 'twas cut <i>out</i> thy tongue.
So great a happiness as half thy love.	So great a happiness as <i>have</i> thy love.
Between thy rosed lips.	Between thy <i>roseate</i> lips.
Lest thou should'st detect them.	Lest thou should'st detect <i>him</i> .
Which that sweet tongue hath made.	Which that sweet tongue hath made <i>in minstrelsy</i> .

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

My heart's deep languor, and my soul's sad tears.	My heart's deep <i>anguish</i> in my soul's sad tears.
I will befriend thee more with rain.	I will befriend thee <i>with more</i> rain.
From these two ancient ruins.	From these two ancient <i>urns</i> .

O, reverend tribunes ! O, gentle aged men !	O, reverend tribunes ! <i>gentle aged men</i>
Sweet varied notes enchanting every ear.	<i>Rich</i> varied notes enchanting <i>old as young</i> .
Now I behold thy lively body so.	Now I behold thy <i>living</i> body so.
In meadows not yet dry.	<i>As</i> meadows not yet dry.
With all my heart, I'll send the emperor my hand.	With all my heart, I'll <i>send my hand to him</i> .
But I will use the axe.	But I will use <i>it</i> .
And if you love me, as I think you do.	And if you love me, as I <i>think 'tis true</i> .

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Soft ! so busily she turns the leaves.	Soft ! <i>see how</i> busily she turns the leaves.
When I have writ my name.	<i>Where</i> I have writ my name.
Curs'd be that heart.	Curs'd be <i>the</i> heart.
An you knew how.	An you knew how <i>to do it</i> .
I'll teach thee another course.	I'll teach another course.
Revenge, the heavens !	Revenge, <i>ye</i> heavens !

SCENE 2.

Amongst the fairest breeders of our clime.	Amongst the fairest <i>burdens</i> of our clime.
Tell the empress from me, I am of age.	Tell the empress from me, I am <i>a man</i> .
Not far one Muliteus.	Not far <i>hence</i> Muli <i>lives</i> .
See that you take no longer days.	See that you <i>make</i> no <i>long</i> delays.
Then let the ladies tattle what they please.	Then let the ladies tattle what they <i>may</i> .
I'll make you feed on berries, and on roots.	I'll make you <i>thrive</i> on berries, and on roots.

SCENE 3.

And sith there's no justice in earth, nor hell.	And sith no justice <i>is</i> in earth, nor hell.
My lord, I aim.	My lord, I <i>aim'd</i> .

SCENE 4.

My lords, you know the mightful gods.	My lords, you know, the mightful gods <i>no less</i> .
In his wrecks.	In his <i>freaks</i> .
Libelling against the senate.	Libelling against the <i>state</i> .
An your mistership be imperial.	An your <i>mistressship</i> be imperial.
Give you good den.	Give you good <i>even</i> .
And a couple of pigeons here.	And a couple of pigeons <i>for want of better</i> .
By'r lady, then.	By'r lady, then, <i>friend</i> .
I have brought up a neck to a fair end.	I have brought <i>my</i> neck to a fair end.

F or age nor honour shall shape privilege.	Nor age nor honour shall <i>have</i> privilege.
M yself hath often heard.	Myself hath <i>very</i> often heard.
A nd they have wish'd that Lucius.	And wish'd that Lucius.
T hat gnats do fly in it.	That gnats do fly <i>in's flame</i> .
A s if he stand in hostage.	As if he stand <i>on</i> hostage.
T hen go successantly, and plead for him.	Then go <i>incessantly</i> , and plead <i>fore</i> him.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Ruthful to hear, yet pitiously perform'd.	Ruthful to hear, <i>dispitiously</i> perform'd.
And cut her hands off.	Cut her hands off.
Make poor men's cattle break their necks.	Make poor men's cattle <i>oftimes</i> break their necks.

SCENE 2.

Titus, I am come to talk with thee.	<i>Old</i> Titus, I am come to talk with thee.
And find out murder.	And find out <i>murderers</i> .
Will you bide with him.	Will you <i>abide</i> with him.
I take them; Chiron, Demetrius.	I take them; Chiron <i>and</i> Demetrius.

SCENE 3.

Welcome, ye warlike Goths, welcome Lucius.	Welcome, ye warlike Goths, <i>and</i> welcome Lucius.
And with thy shame thy father's sorrows die.	And with thy shame thy father's sorrows <i>fly</i> .
Let Rome herself be bane unto herself.	<i>Lest</i> Rome herself be bane unto herself.
Lending your kind hand commiseration.	Lending your kind commiseration.
This noble auditory.	<i>Then</i> , noble auditory.
Now, judge what course had Titus to revenge.	Now, judge what <i>cause</i> had Titus to revenge.
Some direful slaughtering death.	Some direful <i>lingering</i> death.
For nature puts me to a heavy task.	For nature puts me to a heavy <i>style</i> .
To shed obsequious tears upon this trunk.	To shed obsequious tears upon this <i>bier</i> .
Do him that kindness, and take leave of him.	Do him that kindness, <i>all that he can have</i> .
As for that heinous tiger, Tamora.	As for that <i>ravenous</i> tiger, Tamora.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

I WILL be civil with the maids.
Remember thy washing blow.
To know our father's pleasure.
Pursued my honour.
Or dedicate his beauty to the same.
Why, such is love's transgression.

Being purg'd, a fire.
From love's weak, childish bow she lives
uncharm'd.
Wisely too fair.

I will be *cruel* with the maids.
Remember thy *swashing* blow.
To know our *farther* pleasure.
Pursued my *humour*.
Or dedicate his beauty to the *sun*.
Why such, *Benvolio*, is love's trans-
gression.

Being *puff'd*, a fire.
From love's weak, childish bow she
lives *encharm'd*.
Too wisely fair.

SCENE 2.

And too soon marr'd are those so early
made.
Whose names are writ.
Tut! You saw her fair, none else being
by.

And too soon marr'd are those so early
married.
Whose names are *here* writ.
Tut, *tut*! You saw her fair, none else
being by.

SCENE 3.

It is an hour that I dream not of.
An hour!

It is an *honour* that I dream not of.
An *honour*!

SCENE 4.

For our judgment sits.
Once in our fine wits.
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid.

On countries' knees. 1632.
O'er a courtier's nose.
And bakes the elf-locks.
Turning his side.
Of a despised life, clos'd in my breast.
Direct my suit.

For our judgment *hits*.
Once in our *five* wits.
Pick'd from the lazy finger of a *milk-*
maid.

On *courtiers'* knees.
O'er a *counsellor's* nose.
And *makes* the elf-locks.
Turning his *tide*.
Of a despised life, clos'd in my *breath*.
Direct my *sail*.

SCENE 5.

Am I the master here, or you? go to. *Go to.* Am I the master here or you?

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Couply but love and day.

Couple but love and *dove*.

SCENE 2.

Her vestal livery is but sick and green.

Her vestal livery is but *white* and green.

The lazy puffing clouds.

The *lazy passing* clouds.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

Thou art thyself, *although* a Montague.

Lady, by yonder moon I vow.
To cease thy strife.

Lady, by yonder *blessed* moon I *swear*.
To cease thy *suit*.

SCENE 3.

With that part cheers each part.
But where unbruised youth.

With that *act* cheers each part.
But where *unbusied* youth.

SCENE 4.

By my troth, it is said.
And very weak dealing.
And stay, thou good nurse.

By my troth, it is *well* said.
And very *wicked* dealing.
And *stay*, good nurse.

SCENE 5.

Driving back shadows over lowering hills.

Driving *black* shadows over lowering hills.

But old folks feign as they were dead.
And pale as lead.

But old folks *seem* as dead.
And *dull* as lead.

They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.

They'll be in scarlet *straightway* at my news.

SCENE 6.

I cannot sum up sum of half my wealth.

I cannot sum *the* sum of half my wealth.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Or reason coldly of your grievances.
Romeo, the love I bear thee.

And reason coldly of your grievances.
Romeo, the *hate* I bear thee.

Doth much excuse the appertaining rage.

Doth much *exceed* the appertaining rage.

And fire and fury be my conduct now.
Up, sir; go with me.

And fire-*ey'd* fury be my conduct now.
You, sir, go with me.

Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
Retorts it.

Who began this *bloody* fray?
Retorts it *home*.

I have an interest in your heart's proceeding.

I have an interest in your *hate's* proceeding.

SCENE 2.

That run-awaies' eyes may wink.	That <i>enemies'</i> eyes may wink.
And when I shall die.	And when <i>he</i> shall die.
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.	Brief sounds determine <i>or</i> my weal or woe.
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend.	When thou didst <i>pour</i> the spirit of a fiend.

SCENE 3.

Calling death banished.	Calling death <i>banishment</i> .
Let me despair with thee of thy estate.	Let me <i>dispute</i> with thee of thy estate.
Here sir a ring she bid me give you, sir.	Here <i>is</i> a ring she bid me give you, sir.

SCENE 5.

'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.	'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's <i>brow</i> .
I must hear from thee every day in the hour.	I must hear from thee <i>every hour in the day</i> .
And if thou could'st.	And if thou <i>would'st</i> .
I will not marry yet; and when I do, I swear.	I will not marry yet, and when I do.
Proud can I never be of what I have.	Proud can I never be of what I <i>hate</i> .
Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagema.	Alack! that heaven should practise stratagema.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

That she doth give her sorrow so much sway.	That she doth give her sorrow so much <i>way</i> .
Or hide me with a dead man in his grave.	Or hide me with a dead man in his <i>shroud</i> .
And this distilling liquor drink thou off.	And this <i>distilled</i> liquor drink thou off.

SCENE 2.

And gave him what becomed love I might.	And gave him what <i>becoming</i> love I might.
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SCENE 3.

That almost freezes up the heat of fire.	That almost freezes up the heat of <i>life</i> .
O, if I walk, shall I not be distraught?	O, if I <i>wake</i> , shall I not be distraught!

SCENE 5.

Confusion's care lives not.	Confusion's <i>cure</i> lives not.
And in her best array.	<i>In all</i> her best array.
Bids all us lament.	Bids <i>us all</i> lament.
My heart is full.	My heart is full of <i>woe</i> .
With an iron wit.	With <i>my</i> iron wit.

Pratest : what say you ?
Pratest too.

Thou pratest : what say you ?
Thou pratest too.

ACT V.—SCENE I.

If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep.	If I may trust the flattering <i>death</i> of sleep.
And all this winged unaccustom'd spirit.	And all this <i>day an</i> unaccustom'd spirit.
Then I deny you, stars.	Then I <i>defy</i> you, stars.

SCENE 2.

Brother, I'll go and bring it thee.	Brother, I'll go and bring it.
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SCENE 3.

Under yond young trees lay thee all along.	Under yond <i>yew</i> -trees lay thee all along.
I am almost afraid to stand along. 1632.	I am almost afraid to <i>stay alone</i> .
I do defy thy commiseration.	I do defy commiseration.
There rust, and let me die.	There <i>rest</i> , and let me die.
To see thy son and heir now early down.	To see thy son and heir <i>more</i> early down.
Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while.	Seal up the mouth of <i>outry</i> for a while.
As that of true and faithful Juliet.	As that of <i>fair</i> and faithful Juliet.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

OUR poesy is as a gown which uses.
Each bound it chases.
In a wide sea of wax.
Let him sit down.
My friend, when he must need me.
That I had no angry wit to be a lord.
The most accursed thou.
Away, unpeaceable dog!

Our poesy is as a *gum* which *issues*.
Each bound it *chafes*.
In a wide sea of *verse*.
Let him *slip* down.
My friend, when he *most needs* me.
That I had *so hungry a wish* to be a lord.
The *more* accursed thou.
Away, *unappeasable* dog!

SCENE 2.

But yond' man is very angry.
Here's that which is too weak to be a
sinner.
O joys, e'en made away.
How ample y' re belov'd.
My lord, you take us even at the best.

But yond' man is *ever* angry.
Here's that which is too weak to be a
fire.
O *joy*, e'en made away.
How *amply* y' are belov'd.
My lord, you take us *ever* at the best.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

It foals me straight and able horses.

It foals me straight a *stable o'* horses.

SCENE 2.

Nor resume no care.
Was to be so unwise.
Here comes my master's page.
They approach sadly, and go away
merry.
They enter my master's house.
Too late yet now's a time.
I have retir'd me to a wasteful cock.

No reserve, no care.
Was *surely* so unwise.
Here comes my *mistress'* page.
They approach sadly, and go away
merrily.
They enter my *mistress'* house.
Yet now's a time too late.
I have retir'd me to a wasteful *nook*.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

This slave unto his honour.

This slave unto his *humour*.

SCENE 2.

To supply his instant use with so many talents.	To supply his instant use with <i>five hundred talents</i> .
He cannot want fifty five hundred talents.	He cannot want <i>five hundred talents</i> .
The more beast, I say.	The more beast <i>I</i> , I say.
Is every flatterer's sport.	Is every flatterer's <i>port</i> .

SCENE 4.

And if it be so far beyond his health.	And if <i>he</i> be so far beyond his health.
We cannot take this for answer, sir.	We cannot take this for <i>an answer</i> , sir.

SCENE 5.

Setting his fate aside.	Setting his <i>fault</i> aside.
He did behoove his anger 'ere 'twas spent,	He did <i>reprove</i> his anger 'ere 'twas spent,
As if he had but prov'd an argument.	As if he had but <i>mov'd</i> an argument.
If there were no foes, that were enough.	<i>Were there</i> no foes, that were <i>itself</i> enough.

SCENE 6.

The swallow follows not summer more willing.	The swallow follows not summer more <i>willingly</i> .
The rest of your fees, O gods.	The rest of your <i>foes</i> , O gods.
The common lag of the people.	The common <i>tag</i> of the people.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

And yet confusion live.	And <i>let</i> confusion live.
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SCENE 2.

Who would be so mock'd with glory, or to live	<i>Who'd</i> be so mock'd with glory, as to live
But in a dream of friendship?	But in a dream of friendship, <i>and revive</i>
To have his pomp, and all what state compounds.	To have his pomp, and all state <i>comprehends</i> .

SCENE 3.

Raise me this beggar, and deny 't that lord.	Raise me this beggar, and <i>decline</i> that lord.
It is the pastor lords the brother's sides.	It is the <i>pasture lards</i> the <i>rother's</i> sides.
I am no idle votarist.	I am no <i>idol</i> votarist.
The throat shall cut.	<i>Thy</i> throat shall cut.
Swear against objects.	Swear against <i>abjects</i> .
And to make whores a bawd.	And to make whores <i>abhor'd</i> .

Dry up thy marrows, vines, and plough-
torn leas.

From change of future.

To such as may the passive drugs of it.

First mend thy company, take away
thyself.

Twixt natural sun and fire.

The falling from of his friends.

Steal less for this I give you.

It almost turns my dangerous nature
wild.

If not a usuring kindness, and as rich
men deal gifts.

Suspect still comes where an estate is
least.

Dry up thy *meadows*, vines, and plough-
torn leas.

From change of *fortune*.

To such as may the passive *drugs* of it.

First mend *my* company, take away
thyself.

Twixt natural *sun* and *fire*.

The falling from *him* of his friends.

Steal *no* less for this I give you.

It almost turns my dangerous nature
mild.

Is't not a usuring kindness, as rich men
deal gifts?

Suspect still comes *when* an estate is
least.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

And is very likely to load our purposes
with what they travail for.

Before black-corner'd night.

But two in company: each man apart.

And is very likely to load our *purses*
with what *we* travail for.

Before black-*cover'd* night.

But two *is* company: each man apart.

SCENE 2.

And hath since withal.

To stop affliction, let him take his
haste.

And hath *sense* withal.

To stop affliction, let him take his
halter.

SCENE 4.

Some beast read this; there does no
live a man. 1632.

For those that were, it is not square to
take.

Some beast *rear'd* this; there does *not*
live a man.

For those that were, *is't* not *severe* to
take?

JULIUS CÆSAR.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

THAT I profess in banqueting. 1632.	That I profess <i>myself</i> in banqueting.
But my single self. 1632.	But <i>for</i> my single self.
That her wide walks encompass'd but one man.	That her wide <i>walls</i> encompass'd but one man.
Under these hard conditions.	Under <i>such</i> hard conditions.
But there's heed to be taken of them. 1632.	But there's <i>no</i> heed to be taken of them.

SCENE 3.

I met a lion who glaz'd upon me.	I met a lion who <i>glar'd</i> upon me.
These are their reasons, they are natural.	These are their <i>seasons</i> , they are natural.
Is favour's like the work we have in hand.	<i>In</i> favour's like the work we have in hand.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Buried in their cloaths. 1632.	Buried in their <i>cloaks</i> .
This shall make our purpose.	This shall <i>mark</i> our purpose.
Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hatred. 1632.	Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar <i>hard</i> .
Enjoy the honey heavy dew of slumber.	Enjoy the <i>heavy honey</i> -dew of slumber.

SCENE 2.

The noise of battle hurried in the air. 1632.	The noise of battle <i>hurled</i> in the air.
We heare two lions, litter'd in one day. And evils imminent.	We <i>are</i> two lions, litter'd in one day. <i>Of</i> evils imminent.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

What touches us ourself shall be last serv'd.	<i>That</i> touches us? Ourself shall be last serv'd.
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These *couchings*, and these lowly courtesies.

Into the lane of children.

Low-crooked courtesies.

Our arms in strength of malice.

And crimson'd in thy Lethe.

Have all true rites.

A curse shall light upon the limbs of men.

These *crouchings*, and these lowly courtesies.

Into the *law* of children.

Low-crouched courtesies.

Our arms in strength of *welcome*.

And crimson'd in thy *death*.

Have all *due* rites.

A curse shall light upon the *loins* of men.

SCENE 2.

I heard him say.

I heard *them* say.

SCENE 3.

And things unluckily charge my fantasy.

And things *unlikely* charge my fantasy.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

And graze in commons.

And graze *on* commons.

SCENE 3.

I had rather be a dog, and bait the moon. 1632.

Brutus, bait not me.

I shall be glad to learn of noble men.

Though they do appear.

Come on refresh'd, new added, and encourag'd.

Poor knave, I blame thee art. 1632.

I had rather be a dog, and *bay* the moon.

Brutus, *bay* not me.

I shall be glad to learn of *abler* men.

Though they *did* appear.

Come on refresh'd, *new-hearted*, and encourag'd.

Poor knave, I blame thee *not*.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

The posture of your blows are yet unknown.

Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.

Coming from Sardis, on our former ensign.

So to prevent the time of life.

To stay the providence of some high powers.

The posture of your blows *is* yet unknown.

Have added slaughter to the *word* of *traitor*.

Coming from Sardis, on our *forward* ensign.

So to prevent the *term* of life.

To stay the providence of *those* high powers.

SCENE 4.

And bring us unto Octavius' tent. 1632.

And bring us *word* unto Octavius' tent.

SCENE 5.

That yet all my life. 1632.

He only in a general honest thought

And common good to all.

That yet *is* all my life.

He only in a *generous* honest thought

Of common good to all.

MACBETH.

ACT I.—SCENE 2.

SAY to the king the knowledge. The multiplying villainies of nature. 1632.	Say to the king <i>thy</i> knowledge. The multiplying <i>villainies</i> of nature. 1632.
On his damned quarry smiling. And direful thunders breaking. 1632.	On his damned <i>quarrel</i> smiling. And direful thunders <i>break</i> . 1632.
So should he look that seems to speak things strange.	So should he look that <i>comes</i> to speak things strange.
At Saint Colmes hill. 1632.	At Saint Colmes <i>Inch</i> .

SCENE 3.

I' the shipman's card. How far is't call'd to Soris? Can post with post. That trusted home. My thought, whose murder is but yet fantastical.	I' the shipman's card <i>to show</i> . How far is't call'd to <i>Fores</i> ? <i>Came</i> post with post. That <i>thrusted</i> home. My thought, <i>where</i> murder is but yet fantastical.
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SCENE 4.

That swiftest wine of recompence is slow. 1632.	That swiftest <i>wind</i> of recompence is slow.
Might have been mine.	Might have been <i>more</i> .

SCENE 5.

Nor heaven peep through the blanket of the dark.	Nor heaven peep through the <i>blankness</i> of the dark.
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SCENE 6.

Where they must breed and haunt.	Where they <i>much</i> breed and haunt.
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SCENE 7.

This even-handed justice. Who dares no more is none. What beast was't, then.	<i>Thus</i> even-handed justice. Who dares <i>do</i> more is none. What <i>beast</i> was't, then.
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ACT II.—SCENE 1.

The curtain'd sleep.
Thou sour, and firm-set earth.
Which they may walk.

The curtain'd *sleep*.
Thou *sure*, and firm-set earth.
Which *way they* walk.

SCENE 3.

Equivocates him in a sleep.

Equivocates him *asleep*.

SCENE 4.

When living light shall kiss it.
Broke their stalls, flong out.
That will ravin upon. 1632.

When living light *should* kiss it.
Broke their stalls, *flung* out.
That will ravin *up*.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches
shine.

As upon thee, Macbeth, their speeches
shew.

Let your highness command upon me.

Lay your highness command upon me.

The seeds of Banquo kings.

The *seed* of Banquo kings.

Particular addition from the bill.

Particular addition from the *quill*.

So weary with disasters.

So *wearied* with disasters.

Acquaint you with the perfect spy o'
the time.

Acquaint you, with *a* perfect spy, o' the
time.

SCENE 2.

Things without all remedy.

Things without remedy.

But let the frame of things disjoint.

But let the *eternal* frame of things dis-
joint.

SCENE 3.

Now spurs the latest traveller. 1632.
End near approaches.

Now spurs the *latest* traveller.
And here approaches.

SCENE 4.

'Tis better thee without than he within.

'Tis better thee without, than *him*
within.

That is not often vouch'd, while 'tis a
making.

That is not often vouch'd, *the* while 'tis
making.

If trembling I inhabit.

If trembling I *exhibit*.

I keep a servant fee'd.

I'll keep a servant fee'd.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Though bladed corn be lodg'd.

Though *bleaded* corn be lodg'd.

Though castles topple on the warders'
heads.

Though castles topple *o'er* the warders'
heads.

Though palaces and pyramids do slope.

Though palaces and pyramids do *stoop*.

Rebellious dead rise never.

Rebellion's head rise never.

Thou other gold-bound brow is like the first.
 Thou other gold-bound brow *art* like the first.
 But no more sights.
 But no more *flights*.

SCENE 2.

And do not know ourselves.
 And do not *know't* ourselves.
 Shall not be long.
 'Tshall not be long.

SCENE 3.

That, when they shall be open'd.
 That, when they shall be *ripen'd*.
 Smoaking of every sin. 1632.
 Smacking of every sin.
 Convey your pleasures in a spacious plenty.
 Enjoy your pleasures in a spacious plenty.
 This time goes manly.
 This *tune* goes manly.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Ay, but their sense are shut.
 Ay, but their sense *is* shut.

SCENE 2.

And many unruffe youths.
 And many *untough* youths.
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd cause.
 He cannot buckle his distemper'd *course*.

SCENE 3.

Will cheer me ever, or disseat me now.
 Will *chair* me ever, or disseat me now.
 My way of life.
 My *may* of life.
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous stuff.
 Cleanse the stuff'd bosom of that perilous *grief*.

SCENE 4.

For where there is advantage to be given.
 For where there is advantage to be *gotten*.
 Before the true event. 1632.
 Attend the true event.

SCENE 5.

Were they not forc'd with those.
 Were they not *farc'd* with those.
 The time has been my senses would have cool'd.
 The time has been my senses would have *quail'd*.
 The way to study death. 1632.
 The way to *dusty* death.
 And thou oppos'd being of no woman born.
 And thou oppos'd *be* of no woman born.
 And damn'd be him that first cries, Hold, enough!
 And damn'd be *he* that first cries, Hold, enough!
 And so God be with him.
 And God be with him.

HAMLET.

ACT I.—SCENE I.

'Tis now struck twelve.

When th' ambitious Norway com-
batted.

Shark'd up a list of landless resolute.

The cock that is the trumpet to the
day.

No fairy talks, nor witch hath power to
charm.

'Tis *new* struck twelve.

When *he* th' ambitious Norway com-
batted.

Shark'd up a list of *lawless* resolute.

The cock that is the trumpet to the
morn.

No fairy *takes*, not witch hath power to
charm.

SCENE 2.

To bear our hearts in grief.

Cast thy nightly colour off.

I am glad to see you well.

I would not have your enemy say so.

Whilst they, bestill'd almost to jelly.

His beard was grisly.

Let it be treble in your silence still.

To *bathe* our hearts in grief.

Cast thy *night-like* colour off.

I am glad to see you.

I would not *hear* your enemy say so.

Whilst they, *bechill'd* almost to jelly.

His beard was *grizzled*.

Let it be *tenable* in your silence still.

SCENE 3.

The virtue of his fear.

The sanctity and health of this whole
state.

In his particular sect and force.

And keep within the rear.

Are of a most select and generous chief
in that.

Roaming it thus.

Not of that eye.

Sanctified and pious bonds.

Have you so slander any moment
leisure.

Look to't, I charge you; come your
ways.

The virtue of his *will*.

The *safety* and health of this whole
state.

In his particular *act* and *place*.

And keep you in the rear.

Are of a most select and generous
choice in that.

Running it thus.

Not of that *eye*.

Sanctified and pious *bands*.

Have you so *squander* any *moment's*
leisure.

Look to't, I charge you; *so now*, come
your ways.

SCENE 4.

Be thy events wicked or charitable. Be thy *intents* wicked or charitable.
The dreadful sonnet of the cliff. The dreadful *summit* of the cliff.

SCENE 5.

And for the day confin'd to fast in fires. And for the day confin'd to *lasting* fires.
Hath traitorous gifts. *With* traitorous gifts.
Of life, of crown, of queen at once de- Of life, of crown, of queen, at once
spatch'd. *despoil'd*.
O fie ! Hold, my heart. O fie ! Hold, heart.
O most pernicious woman ! O most pernicious *and perfidious*
woman !

ACT II.—SCENE I.

And thus,—I know his father. *As* thus,—I know his father.
Takes this cape of truth. Takes this *carp* of truth.
With better speed and judgment. With better *heed* and judgment.

SCENE 2.

My news shall be the news to that My news shall be the *fruit* to that
great feast. great feast.
This business is very well ended. This business is well ended.
And all we wail for. And *we all* wail for.
He walks four hours together. He walks *for* hours together.
And keep a farm and carters. *But* keep a farm and carters.
One man picked out of two thousand. One man picked out of *ten* thousand.
It goes so heavenly with my dispo- It goes so *heavily* with my disposition.
sition.
This brave o'erhanging This brave o'erhanging *firmament*.
Then can each actor on his ass. Then *came* each actor on his ass.
The first row of the Pons Chanson. The first row of the *pious* chanson.
There were no sallets in the lines. There *was* no *salt* in the lines.
One chief speech in it I chiefly loved. One speech in it I chiefly loved.
And passion in the gods. And *passionate* the gods.
To make oppression bitter. To make *transgression* bitter.
Who ! what an ass am I ! I sure, this is *Why*, what an ass am I ! This is most
most brave. brave.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

But of our demands, most free in his But *to* our demands most free in his
reply. reply.
The poor man's contumely. The *proud* man's contumely.
The pangs of dispriz'd love. The pangs of *despis'd* love.
Better commerce than your honesty. Better commerce than *with* honesty.
With more offences at my beck. With more offences at my *back*.

Play the fool no way.
I have heard of your prattlings.
God hath given you one pace.
You gidge, you amble.
All but one shall. 1632.
Whereon his brains still beating.

Play the fool no *where*.
I have heard of your *paintings*.
God hath given you one *face*.
You *jig*, you amble.
All but one shall *live*.
Whereon his *brain* still beating.

SCENE 2.

Too much your hand, thus.
O'er-stop not the modesty of nature.
Pagan or Norman.
Even with the comment of my soul
Give him needful note.
Hath Phoebus' cart gone round.
And as my love is six. 1632.
If she should break it now.
Two Provincial roses on my rac'd shoes.
Start not so wildly from my affair.
You do freely bar the door.
Yet cannot you make it.

Too much *with* your hand, thus.
O'er-*step* not the modesty of nature.
Pagan, *nor man*.
Even with the *very* comment of *thy* soul
Give him *heedful* note.
Hath Phoebus' *car* gone round.
And as my love is *six'd*.
If she should break *her* vow.
Two Provincial roses on my *rais'd* shoes.
Start not so wildly from the affair.
You do *surely* bar the door.
Yet cannot you make it *speak*.

SCENE 3.

To keep those many bodies safe. 1632.
The wicked prize itself buys out the law.

To keep those *very* many bodies safe.
The wicked *purse* itself buys out the law.

SCENE 4.

I'll silence me e'en here.
With an idle tongue.
I'll set those to you.
Blasting his wholesome breath.
Would step from this to this.
As reason panders will.
That, laps'd in time and passion.
That with their corporal air.

I'll *sconce* me *even* here.
With a *wicked* tongue.
I'll *send* those to you.
Blasting his wholesome *brother*.
Would *stoop* from this to this.
And reason panders will.
That, laps'd in *fume* and passion.
That with *th'* *incorporal* air.

ACT IV.—SCENE 3.

But nearer the offence.
A certain convocation of politic worms.
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er
begun.

But *never* the offence.
A certain convocation of *palated* worms.
Howe'er my *hopes*, my joys were ne'er
begun.

SCENE 5.

At his head a grass green turf.
Keeps on his wonder.
The rabble call him lord.
If writ in your revenge?
Go to thy death-bed.

At his head a *green grass* turf.
Feeds on his wonder.
The rabble call him *king*.
Is 't writ in your revenge?
Gone to his death-bed.

His beard as white as snow.

His beard *was* white as snow.

SCENE 7.

Stood challenger on mount of all the
age.

Sole challenger on mount of all the age.

Or no such thing.

And no such thing.

And gem of all our nation.

And gem of all *the* nation.

Why out of this, my lord ?

What out of this, my lord ?

So mortal, I but dipt a knife in it.

So mortal, *that* but *dip* a knife in it.

We'll make a solemn wager on your
commings.

We'll make a solemn wager on your
cunnings.

Native and deduced. 1632.

Native and *reduced*.

Her melodious by.

Her melodious *lay*.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

It is an act, to do, and to perform.

It is *to* act, to do, and to perform.

Go, get thee to Yaughan.

Go, get thee to *yon*.

To sing sage requiem.

To sing *sad* requiem.

O, terrible wooer !

O, *treble woe* !

Woul't weep, woul't fight, woul't tear
thyself ?

Woul't weep, woul't fight, *woul't storm*,
woul't tear thyself ?

I'll do't. Dost thou come here to
whine ?

I'll do't; *I'll do't*. Dost thou come
here to whine ?

The cat will mew, and dog will have his
day.

The cat will mew, *the* dog will have his
day.

SCENE 2.

Let us know.

Let us *own*.

When our dear plots do pall.

When our *deep* plots do *fail*.

What to this was sement.

What to this was *sequell*.

Their debate.

Their *defeat*.

Thrown out his angle for my proper life.

His angle for my proper life *thrown out*.

If your friendship were at leisure.

If your *lordship* were at leisure.

There are no tongues else for's tongue.

There are no tongues else for's *turn*.

How all here about my heart.

How *ill* all *is* here about my heart.

And hurt my mother.

And hurt my *brother*.

Set by a while.

Set *it* by a while.

Here's a napkin, rub thy brows.

Here *is* a napkin, rub thy brows, *my son*.

Why, as a woodcock to my springe,
Osrick.

Why, as a woodcock to *mine own*
springe, Osrick.

His quarry cries on havock.

This quarry cries on havock.

Which are to claim.

Which *now* to claim.

Of that I shall always cause to speak.
1632.

Of that I shall *have also* cause to speak.

But let this same be presently per-
formed.

But let this *scene* be presently per-
formed.

KING LEAR.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

SIR, I love you more than word can wield the matter.	I love you more than <i>words</i> can wield the matter.
Which the most precious square of sense professes.	Which the most precious <i>sphere</i> of sense <i>possesses</i> .
More ponderous than my tongue.	More <i>plenteous</i> than my tongue.
Although our last and least.	Although our last <i>not</i> least.
As my great patron.	<i>And</i> as my patron.
Ne'er fear to lose it.	<i>Nor</i> fear to lose it.
If the tenth day following.	If the <i>seventh</i> day following.
Was your best object.	Was your <i>blest</i> object.
It is no vicious blot, murder, or foulness.	It is no vicious blot, <i>nor other</i> foulness.
Or dishonour'd step.	Or dishonour'd <i>stoop</i> .
Respect and fortunes are his love.	<i>Respects of fortune</i> are his love.
The jewels of our father.	<i>Ye</i> jewels of our father.
At last with shame derides.	At last shame <i>them</i> derides.

SCENE 4.

And know not how their wits to wear.	And <i>well may</i> fear their wits to wear.
The worships of their name.	The <i>worship</i> of their name.
Though I condemn not.	Though I condemn <i>it</i> not.
Thou canst tell why.	<i>Canst thou</i> tell why?

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

But, when he saw.	But, <i>whether</i> he saw.
And found; dispatch, the noble duke, my master.	And found, <i>dispatch'd</i> . The noble duke, my master.
Though thou didst produce.	<i>Although</i> thou didst produce.
He whom my father nam'd, your Edgar?	He whom my father nam'd, <i>your heir</i> , your Edgar?
I have heard strangeness.	I have heard strange <i>news</i> .
Was he not companion.	Was he companion.

Yes, madam, he was of that consort. Yes, madam, *yes*; he was of that consort.
 Ay, my good lord. Ay, my good lord, *he is*.
 Occasions, noble Gloster, of some prize. Occasions, noble Gloster, of some *poize*.

SCENE 2.

If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfeld. If I had thee in *Finsbury* pinfeld.
 I will beat thee into clamours whining. I will beat thee into *clamorous* whining.
 Knowing nought, like dogs, but following. *And* knowing nought, like dogs, but following.
 Smile you my speeches? Smile *at* my speeches?
 On flicking Phœbus' front. On *flickering* Phœbus' front.

SCENE 4.

But for all this. But, for all this, *it follows*.
 For thy dear daughters. For thy *daughters dear*.
 The knave turns fool that runs away, The *fool* turns *knave* that runs away,
 The knave no fool, perdy. The *fool* no *knave*, perdy.
 Do you but mark how this becomes the house. Do you but mark how this becomes the *mouth*.
 Thy tender-hafted nature shall not give. Thy tender-*hearted* nature shall not give.
 To be a comrade with the wolf and owl. To be a comrade with the wolf, and *howl*.
 You heavens, give me that patience! You heavens, give me *but* patience!
 And must needs taste his folly. *He* must needs taste his folly.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Which are to France the spies and speculations. Which are to France the spies and *speculators*.
 Whereof, perchance, these are but flourishing. Whereof, perchance, these are but *flourishings*.

SCENE 2.

Thou perjur'd, and thou simuler of virtue. Thou *perjure*, and thou simuler of virtue.

SCENE 4.

Blows the wind. Blows the *cold* wind.
 Through sword and whirlpool. Through *swamp* and whirlpool.
 Keep thy word, justice. Keep thy word; *do* justice; swear not.
 Why, thou wert better in a grave. Why, thou wert better in *thy* grave.
 And walks at the first cock. And walks *'till* the first cock.

SCENE 7.

Leave him to my displeasure. Leave him to my *disposure*.
 Would have buoy'd up. Would have *boi'd* up.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Yet better thus, and known to be con-	Yes, better thus <i>unknown</i> to be con-
temn'd.	temn'd.
Our means secure us.	Our <i>wants</i> secure us.
That slaves your ordinance.	That <i>braves</i> your ordinance.

SCENE 2.

You justices, that these our nether	You <i>justicers</i> , that these our nether
crimes.	crimes.

SCENE 4.

In the good man's desires.	In the good man's <i>distress</i> .
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SCENE 6.

Horrible steep.	<i>Horribly</i> steep.
The treasure of life. 1632.	The <i>treasury</i> of life.
Wav'd like the enraged sea.	Wav'd like the <i>curridged</i> sea.
I had the white hairs.	I had white hairs.
That minces virtue, and does shake the	That <i>mimics</i> virtue, and does shake
head.	the head.
Place sins with gold.	<i>Plate</i> sin with gold.
This a good block.	' <i>Tis</i> a good <i>plot</i> .
O, untimely death, death!	O, untimely death!
O, undistinguish'd space of woman's will!	O, <i>unextinguish'd</i> blaze of woman's will!

SCENE 7.

Yet to be known shortens my made	Yet to be known shortens my <i>main</i>
intent.	intent.
I doubt of his temperance.	I doubt <i>not</i> of his temperance.
To be expos'd against the jarring winds.	To be expos'd against the <i>warring</i> winds.

ACT V.—SCENE 3.

I'll prove it on thy heart.	I'll <i>make good</i> on thy heart.
Behold, it is my privilege, the privilege	Behold, it is the privilege of mine
of mine honours.	honours.
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and	Maugre thy strength, <i>skill</i> , youth, and
eminence.	eminence.
If that her breath will mist or stain the	If that her breath will mist or stain the
stone.	<i>shine</i> .
This is a dull sight : are you not Kent ?	This is a dull <i>light</i> : are you not Kent ?

OTHELLO.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

WHEREIN the tongued consuls can propose.	Wherein the <i>togued</i> consuls can propose.
Christen'd and heathen.	<i>Christian</i> and heathen.
Preferment goes by letter and affection.	Preferment goes by <i>favour</i> and affection.
Who trimm'd in forms and visages of duty.	Who <i>learn'd</i> in forms and <i>usages</i> of duty.
Yet throw such chances of vexation.	Yet throw such <i>changes</i> of vexation.
With like timorous accent and dire yell.	With like <i>clamorous</i> accent and dire yell.
Tying her duty.	<i>Laying</i> her duty.
In an extravagant and wheeling stranger.	<i>On</i> an extravagant and <i>wheeling</i> stranger.
If she be in your chamber.	If she be in <i>her</i> chamber.
As I do hell. 1632.	As I do hell <i>pains</i> .

SCENE 2.

The senate hath sent above three several quests.	The senate sent above three several quests.
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SCENE 3.

As in these cases where the aim reports.	As in these cases <i>with the same</i> reports.
Without more wider, and more over test.	Without more <i>evidence</i> , and <i>overt</i> test.
That I have pass'd.	That I <i>had</i> pass'd.
A world of kisses.	A world of <i>sighs</i> .
Yet opinion, a more sovereign mistress.	Yet opinion, a <i>most</i> sovereign mistress.
The flinty and steel coach of war.	The flinty and steel <i>couch</i> of war.
To my unfolding lend your prosperous ear.	To my unfolding lend <i>a</i> prosperous ear.
Nor to comply with heat the young effects,	Nor to comply <i>wi' the young effects of</i> heat,

In my defunct.
 And heaven defend your good souls.
 Seel with wanton dulness.
 To speak with thee. 1632.
 If the brain of our lives.
 An erring barbarian, and a super-subtle
 Venetian.

In *me* defunct.
 And, heaven defend your *counsels*.
Foil with wanton dulness.
 To *spend* with thee.
 If the *balance* of our lives.
 An erring barbarian, and a super-*supple*
 Venetian.

 ACT II.—SCENE 1.

A Veronesso, Michael Cassio.
 Of more arrivancy.
 When I have leave to sleep.
 A most profane and liberal counsellor.
 A game to inflame it.
 Or from what other course you please.
 If this poor trash of Venice, whom I
 trace.

A *Florentine*, Michael Cassio.
 Of more *arrivance*.
 When I have *lust* to sleep.
 A most profane and liberal *censurer*.
Again to inflame it.
 Or from what other *cause* you please.
 If this poor *brack* of Venice, whom I
trash.

SCENE 3.

Three else of Cyprus.
 Are nothing to your English.
 Have you forgot all place of sense and
 duty?
 As if some planet had unwitting men.
 My best judgment collid.
 In night, and on the court and guard
 of safety.
 Probal to thinking.
 And bring him jump when he may
 Cassio find.

Three *elves* of Cyprus.
 Are nothing to your *Englishman*.
 Have you forgot all *sense of place* and
 duty?
 As if some planet had unwitting *them*.
 My best judgment *quelled*.
 In night, and on the court of guard
and safety.
Probable to thinking.
 And bring him jump *where* he may
 Cassio find.

 ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Good morrow, general.
 That they speak in the nose thus.
 That attends the general.
 I shall seem to notify unto her.

Good morrow *to the* general.
 That they *squeak* in the nose thus.
 That attends the *general's wife*.
 I shall seem *so* to notify unto her.

SCENE 3.

Out of her best.
 Of my whole course of wooing.
 Which doth mock the meat it feeds on.
 Suspects yet soundly loves.
 Is to be resolv'd.
 I do not in position.

Out of *our* best.
In my whole course of wooing.
 Which doth *make* the meat it feeds on.
 Suspects yet *fondly* loves.
 Is *once* to be resolv'd.
 I do not in *suspicion*.

And knows all quantities with a learned spirit.

If it be not for some purpose of import.
What sent had I in her stolen hours of lust? 1632.

I slept the next night well, fed well,
was free and merry.

Farewell the plumed troops.

My name that was as fresh.

To bring them to that prospect.

Then kiss me hard.

And sigh, and kiss, and then cry.

Ne'er keeps retiring ebb.

And knows all *qualities* with a learned spirit.

If it be not some purpose of import.
What *sense* had I of her stolen hours of lust?

I slept the next night well, was free
and merry.

Farewell the plumed *troop*.

Her name that was as fresh.

To bring *it* to that prospect.

And then kiss me hard.

And *sigh'd*, and *kiss'd*, and then *cried*.

Ne'er *knows* retiring ebb.

SCENE 4.

And be edified by report.

It hath felt no age.

I have a salt and sullen rheum offends
me.

And shut myself up in some other
course.

They are not ever jealous for the cause.

In a more continue time.

And be edified *to* report.

It *yet* hath felt no age.

I have a salt and *sudden* rheum offends
me.

And *shift* myself *upon* some other
course.

They are not ever jealous for *a* cause.

In a more *convenient* time.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Nature would not invest herself in such
shadowing passion.

A passion most resulting such a man.

And his unbookish jealousy must con-
serve.

Do you triumph, Roman?

Truly obedient lady.

Nature would not invest herself in such
shuddering passion.

A passion most *unfitting* such a man.

And his unbookish jealousy must *con-*
strue.

Do you triumph *o'er me*?

Truly, *an* obedient lady.

SCENE 2.

The fixed figure, for the time of scorn

To point his slow and moving finger at.

Ay, here look grim as hell.

The small'st opinion on my least mis-
use.

A fixed figure, for the *hand* of scorn

To point his *slowly* moving finger at.

Ay, *there* look grim as hell.

The small'st opinion on my least *mis-*
deed.

SCENE 3.

Good father, how foolish are our minds!

But to go hang my head.

The poor soul sat singing by a Sycamore
tree.

Good *faith*, how foolish are our minds!

Not to go hang my head.

A poor soul sat *sighing* by a Sycamore
tree.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Here, stand behind this bark.	Here, stand behind this <i>bark</i> .
That cries out murder.	That cries out murder <i>thus</i> .
Do you not hear a cry.	<i>Did</i> you not hear a cry.
He's almost slain, and Roderigo quite dead.	He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.

SCENE 2.

When I have pluck'd thy rose.	When I have pluck'd <i>the</i> rose.
I'll smell thee on the tree.	I'll smell <i>it</i> on the tree.
Did yawn at alteration.	<i>Should</i> yawn at alteration.
Nay, had she been true.	Nay, had she been <i>but</i> true.
And your reports have set the murder on.	And your reports have set the <i>murderer</i> on.
No, I will speak as liberal as the north.	No, I will speak as liberal as the <i>wind</i> .
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor.	Which I have <i>now</i> recover'd from the Moor.
It was a sword of Spain.	It <i>is</i> a sword of Spain.
Come, bring him away.	Come, bring <i>them</i> away.
Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk.	<i>When</i> a malignant and a turban'd Turk.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

ACT I.—SCENE 1.

PERFORM 't, or else we damn thee. Perform 't, or else we *doom* thee.
Whose every passion fully strives. Whose every passion *fily* strives.

SCENE 2.

Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas. Lord Alexas, *most* sweet Alexas.
And foretell every wish. And *fruitful* every wish.
From Sicyon how the news? From Sicyon, *now*, the news.
Pleasure by revolution lowering. Pleasure by *repetition souring*.
I must from this queen break off. 1632. I must from this *enchanting* queen break
off.
And get her love to part. And get her *leave* to part.

SCENE 3.

And give true evidence to his love. And give true *credence* to his love.

SCENE 4.

One great competitor. *Our* great competitor.
Call on him for't. *Fall* on him for't.
To the ports the discontents repair. To the *fleets* the discontents repair.
Comes fear'd by being lack'd. Comes *lov'd* by being lack'd.
Leave thy lascivious vassailes. Leave thy lascivious *wassels*.

SCENE 5.

And soberly did mount his arm-gaunt And soberly did mount his *arm-girt*
steed. steed.
Was beastly dumb'd by him. Was *boastfully* dumb'd by him.

ACT II.—SCENE 1.

Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wand lip. Salt Cleopatra, soften thy *warm* lip.
Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts. *Lay* up the libertine in a *flood* of feasts.

SCENE 2.

As matter whole you have to take it *No* matter whole you have to *make* it
with. 1632. with.

If Cleopatra heard you, your proof
Were well deserv'd of rashness.
Cloth of gold of tissue.
To gloue the delicate cheeks.
Swell with the touches of those flower-
soft hands.

If Cleopatra heard you, your *reproof*
Were well deserv'd *for* rashness.
Cloth of gold *and* tissue.
To *glow* the delicate cheeks.
Smell with the touches of those flower-
soft hands.

SCENE 3.

Before the gods my knee shall bow my
prayers.
Thy angel becomes a fear.

Before the gods my knee shall bow *with*
prayers.
Thy angel becomes *afear'd*.

SCENE 5.

I will betray tawney fine fishes.
Be free and healthful, so tart a favour?

I will betray tawney *finn'd* fishes.
Be free and healthful, *why* so tart a
favour?

SCENE 7.

All there is thine.
The third part, then, he is drunk.
Possess it, I'll make answer.
The holding every man shall beat.

All, *then*, is thine.
The third part, then, is drunk.
Profess it, I'll make answer.
The holding every man shall *bear*.

ACT III.—SCENE 1.

Grants scarce distinction.

Gains scarce distinction.

SCENE 3.

Her forehead as low as she could wish it.

Her forehead as low as *you* could wish it.

SCENE 4.

When the best hint was given him, he
not look'd.
Shall stain your brother.

When the best hint was given him, he
but look'd.
Shall *stay* your brother.

SCENE 5.

Then would thou hast a pair of chaps.

Then, *world*, thou hast a pair of chaps.

SCENE 6.

'Tis done already, and his messenger
gone.

'Tis done already, and *a* messenger gone.

Left unshown is often left unlov'd.
On my free will.
Being an abstract 'tween his lust and
him.

Left unshown is often *held* unlov'd.
Of my free will.
Being an *obstruct* 'tween his lust and
him.

Who now are levying.
Both how you were wrong led.

They now are levying.
Both how you were *wronged*.

SCENE 7.

The heart of Actium. 1632.

The *head* of Actium.

SCENE 13.

With her modest eyes, and still conclu- sion.	With her modest eyes, and still <i>condi- tion</i> .
Here's sport, indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!	Here's <i>port</i> , indeed! — How heavy weighs my lord!
Die when thou hast lived.	Die <i>where</i> thou hast lived.
Not cowardly put off my helmet.	<i>Nor</i> cowardly put off my helmet.
No more, but in a woman.	No more, but <i>e'en</i> a woman.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

Being so frustrate tell him he mocks	Being so frustrate tell him <i>that</i> he mocks
The pauses that he makes.	The pauses that he makes.
Splitting the heart.	<i>Split that self noble</i> heart.
Waged equal with him.	<i>Weighed</i> equal with him.

SCENE 2.

Which sleeps, and never palates more the dung.	Which sleeps, and never palates more the <i>dug</i> .
If idle talk will once be necessary.	If idle talk will once be <i>accessary</i> .
A grief that suites my very heart at root.	A grief that <i>smiles</i> my very heart at root.
The gods! it smites me.	<i>Ye</i> gods! it smites me.
The cinders of my spirits through th' ashes of my chance.	The cinders of my <i>spirit</i> through th' ashes of <i>mischance</i> .
Are therefore to be pitied.	<i>And</i> therefore to be pitied.
Some speaking Cleopatra boy my great- ness. 1632.	Some <i>squeaking</i> Cleopatra boy my great- ness.
Their most absurd intents.	Their most <i>assur'd</i> intents.
The worm's an odd worm.	The worm's an <i>adder</i> worm.
In every ten that they make, the devils mar five.	In every ten that they make, the devils mar <i>nine</i> .
If she proves the curled Antony. 1632.	If she <i>first meet</i> the curled Antony.
What should I stay?	<i>Why</i> should I stay?

CYMBELINE.



ACT I.—SCENE 1.

STILL seem as does the king's.	Still seem as does the <i>king</i> .
Then old and fond of issue.	Then old and fond <i>of's</i> issue.
To his mistress.	<i>For</i> his mistress.
That a king's children should be so conveyed!	<i>Strange</i> a king's children should be so conveyed!

SCENE 2.

Thou took'st a beggar would'st have made my throne.	Thou took'st a beggar <i>would</i> have made my throne.
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SCENE 5.

Aye, and the approbation of those.	Aye, and the <i>approbations</i> of those.
This lamentable divorce under her colours,	This lamentable divorce, <i>and</i> her <i>dolours</i> ,
Are wonderfully to extend him.	Are <i>wont</i> wonderfully to extend him.
A beggar without less quality.	A beggar without <i>more</i> quality.
If I offend to say it is mended.	If I <i>not</i> offend to say it is mended.
And I doubt not you sustain.	And I doubt not <i>you'll</i> sustain.
You are a friend, and therein the wiser.	You are <i>afear'd</i> , and therein the wiser.
If you make your voyage upon her.	If you make <i>good</i> your <i>vauntage</i> upon her.

SCENE 6.

Think what a chance thou changest on.	Think what a chance thou <i>chancest</i> on.
Of liegers for her sweet.	Of liegers for her <i>suite</i> .

SCENE 7.

As you value your trust Leonatus.	As you value your <i>truest</i> Leonatus.
And the rich crop of sea and land.	And the rich <i>cope</i> o'er sea and land.
Upon the number'd beach.	Upon <i>th' unnumber'd</i> beach.
Should make desire vomit emptiness.	Should make desire vomit <i>to</i> emptiness.
In you, which I account his beyond all talents.	In you, which I account beyond all talents.
Then, by peeping in an eye.	Then, <i>bo-peeping</i> in an eye.

That play with all infirmities for gold.
I do condemn mine ears.
I have outstood my time.

That *pay* with all infirmities for gold.
I do *contemn* mine ears.
I have *outstay'd* my time.

ACT II—SCENE 2.

That dawning may beare the raven's eye. That dawning may *dart* the raven's eye.

SCENE 3.

It is a voice in her ears.
The voice of unpaved Eunuch.
Oft it doth ; yes, and makes.

It is a *fault* in her ears.
The voice of *an* unpaved Eunuch.
Oft it doth ; and makes.

SCENE 4.

If I have lost it.
My hand and ring is yours.
Since the true life on't was.
This is true.
Her andirons * * * were two winking
 cupids.
Worthy her pressing.
Like a full acorn'd boar, a Jarmen on.

If I *had* lost.
My hand and ring *are* yours.
Since the true life on't *'twas*.
This is *most* true.
Her andirons * * * were two *winged*
 cupids.
Worthy *the* pressing.
Like a full acorn'd boar, a *foaming one*.

ACT III—SCENE 1.

With oaks unscalable.

With *rocks* unscalable.

SCENE 2.

Sands that run in the clock's behalf.

Sands that run in the clocks *by half*.

SCENE 3.

Sleep, boys : this gate, &c.
This service is not service.
Richer than doing nothing for a babe.
A prison or a debtor.
I' the cave whereon the bow.
Once Arviragus in as like a figure.

Stoop, boys : this gate, &c.
That service is not service.
Richer than doing nothing for a *bob*.
A prison *for* a debtor.
I' the cave *wherein* they bow.
Once Arviragus in as like a *vigour*.

SCENE 4.

Whose mother was her painting.
Something's afoot.
The suits of princely fellows.
I'll wake mine eye-balls first.
Wherefore, then.
With that harsh, noble, simple, nothing.
Pretty, and full of view.

Who smothers her *with* painting.
Something's *in front*.
The suits of princely *followers*.
I'll *crack* mine eye-balls first.
And wherefore, then.
With that harsh, noble, simple, *empty*
 nothing.
Privy, yet full of view.

Into a waggish courage.
Which will make him know.

Into a waggish *carriage*
Which *you* will make him know.

SCENE 5.

That will be given to the loud of noise we make.
Thou bidd'st me to my loss.

That will be given to the *loud'st* noise we make.
Thou bidd'st me to *thy* loss.

SCENE 6.

I have tir'd myself.

I have '*tir'd* myself.

SCENE 7.

He commands his absolute commission.

He *commends* his absolute commission.

ACT IV.—SCENE 1.

Yet this imperseverant thing loves him in my despite.

Yet this *perverse errant* thing loves him in my despite.

SCENE 2.

Grow patient.
Though his honour was nothing but mutation.
The leaf of eglantine.
To winter-ground thy corse.
When neither are alive. 1632.
Golden lads and girls all must.
So are their pains.
For so, I thought I was a cave-keeper.

Grow, *patience*.
Though his *humour* was nothing but mutation.
The *leafy* eglantine.
To winter-*guard* thy corse.
When neither *is* alive.
Golden lads and *lasses* must.
So *is* their *pain*.
For *lo!* I thought I was a cave-keeper.

SCENE 3.

Does yet depend.
I heard no letter from my master.

You yet depend.
I *had* no letter from my master.

ACT V.—SCENE 1.

For I am wish'd.
To second ills with ills, each elder worse.
And make them dread it.

For I wish'd.
To second ills with ills, each *later* worse.
And make *men* dread it.

FINIS.

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