







James Orchard Halliwell
A *March 1842.*

SELECT COLLECTION

OF THE

BEAUTIES of SHAKSPEARE,

WITH

SOME ACCOUNT, &c.

OF THE

LIFE of SHAKSPEARE.

Y O R K:

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J. O. Halliwell*

S O M E

ACCOUNT of the LIFE, &c.

O F

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Written by Mr. R O W E.

IT seems to be a kind of respect due to the memory of excellent men, especially of those whom their wit and learning have made famous, to deliver some Account of themselves, as well as their works, to posterity. For this reason, how fond do we see some people of discovering any little personal story of the great men of antiquity | their families, the common accidents of their lives, and even their shape, make, and features, have been the subject of critical enquiries. How trifling soever this curiosity may seem to be, it is certainly very natural; and we are hardly satisfied with an account of any remarkable person, till we have heard him described even to the very cloaths he wears. As for what relates to men of letters, the knowledge of an author may sometimes conduce to the better understanding his book; and though the works of Mr. Shakspeare may seem to many not to want a comment, yet I fancy some little account

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of

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of the man himself may not be thought improper to go along with them.

He was the son of Mr. John Shakspeare, and was born at Stratford upon Avon, in Warwickshire, in April 1564. His family, as appears by the Register and publick writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen. His father, who was a considerable dealer in wool, had so large a family, ten children in all, that though he was his eldest son, he could give him no better education than his own employment. He had bred him, it is true, for some time at a free-school, where, it is probable, he acquired what Latin he was master of: but the narrowness of his circumstances, and the want of his assistance at home, forced his father to withdraw him from thence, and unhappily prevented his further proficiency in that language. It is without controversy, that in his works we scarce find any traces of any thing that looks like an imitation of the ancients. The delicacy of his taste, and the natural bent of his own great *genius* (equal, if not superior, to some of the best of theirs), would certainly have led him to read and study them with so much pleasure, that some of their fine images would naturally have insinuated themselves into, and been mixed with, his own writings; so that his not copying at least something from them may be an argument of his never having read them. Whether his ignorance of the ancients were a disadvantage to him or no, may admit of a dispute:

dispute : for though the knowledge of them might have made him more correct, yet it is not improbable but that the regularity and deference for them, which would have attended that correctness, might have restrained some of that fire, impetuosity, and even beautiful extravagance, which we admire in Shakspeare: and I believe we are better pleased with those thoughts, altogether new and uncommon, which his own imagination supplied him so abundantly with, than if he had given us the most beautiful passages out of the Greek and Latin poets, and that in the most agreeable manner that it was possible for a master of the English language to deliver them.

Upon his leaving school, he seems to have given entirely into that way of living which his father proposed to him; and, in order to settle in the world after a family manner, he thought fit to marry while he was yet very young. His wife was the daughter of one Hathaway, said to have been a substantial yeoman in the neighbourhood of Stratford. In this kind of settlement he continued for some time, till an extravagance that he was guilty of forced him both out of his country, and that way of living which he had taken up; and though it seemed at first to be a blemish upon his good manners, and a misfortune to him, yet it afterwards happily proved the occasion of exerting one of the greatest *geniuses* that ever was known in dramattick poetry. He had by a misfortune, common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill

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company; and, amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Cherlecot, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that Gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad upon him. And though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, be lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it redoubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.

It is at this time, and upon this accident, that he is said to have made his first acquaintance in the playhouse. He was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank; but his admirable wit, and the natural turn of it to the stage, soon distinguished him, if not as an extraordinary actor, yet as an excellent writer. His name is printed, as the custom was in those times, amongst those of the other players, before some old plays, but without any particular account of what sort of parts he used to play; and, though I have enquired, I could never meet with any further account of him this way, than that the top of his performance was the Ghost in his own *Hamlet*. I should have been much more pleased, to have learned, from certain authority, which was the first play he wrote; it would be without doubt a pleasure to any man, curious in things of this kind,

kind, to see and know what was the first essay of a fancy like Shakspeare's. Perhaps we are not to look for his beginnings, like those of other authors, among their least perfect writings; art had so little, and nature had so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, and had the most fire and strength of imagination in them, were the best. I would not be thought by this to mean, that his fancy was so loose and extravagant, as to be independent on the rule and government of judgment; but that what he thought was commonly so great, so justly and rightly conceived in itself, that it wanted little or no correction, and was immediately approved by an impartial judgment at the first sight. But though the order of time in which the several pieces were written be generally uncertain, yet there are passages in some few of them which seem to fix their dates. So the *Chorus* at the end of the fourth act of *Henry the Fifth*, by a compliment very handsomely turned to the earl of Essex, shews the play to have been written when that lord was general for the queen in Ireland: and his elegy upon queen Elizabeth, and her successor king James, in the latter end of his *Henry the Eighth*, is a proof of that play's being written after the accession of the latter of those two princes to the crown of England. Whatever the particular times of his writing were, the people of his age, who began to grow wonderfully fond of diversions of this kind, could not but be highly pleased to see

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a *genius* arise from amongst them of so pleasurable, so rich a vein, and so plentifully capable of furnishing their favourite entertainments. Besides the advantages of his wit, he was in himself a good-natured man, of great sweetness in his manners, and a most agreeable companion; so that it is no wonder, if, with so many good qualities, he made himself acquainted with the best conversations of those times. Queen Elizabeth had several of his plays acted before her, and without doubt gave him many gracious marks of her favour: it is that maiden princess plainly, whom he intends by

——— *A fair vestal, throned by the west.*

Midsummer Night's Dream.

And that whole passage is a compliment very properly brought in, and very handsomely applied to her. She was so well pleased with that admirable character of Falstaff, in *The Two Parts of Henry Fourth*, that she commanded him to continue it for one play more, and to shew him in love. This is said to be the occasion of his writing *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. How well she was obeyed, the play itself is an admirable proof. Upon this occasion it may not be improper to observe, that this part of Falstaff is said to have been written originally under the name of * *Oldcastle*; some of that family being then remaining, the queen was pleased to command him to alter

* See the Epilogue to *Henry the Fourth*.

it;

it; upon which he made use of Falstaff. The present offence was indeed avoided; but I do not know whether the author may not have been somewhat to blame in his second choice, since it is certain that Sir John Falstaff, who was a knight of the garter, and a lieutenant-general, was a name of distinguished merit in the wars in France in Henry the Fifth's and Henry the Sixth's times. What grace soever the queen conferred upon him, it was not to her only he owed the fortune which the reputation of his wit made. He had the honour to meet with many great and uncommon marks of favour and friendship from the earl of Southampton, famous in the histories of that time for his friendship to the unfortunate earl of Essex. It was to that noble lord that he dedicated his poem of *Venus and Adonis*. There is one instance so singular in the magnificence of this patron of Shakspeare's, that, if I had not been assured that the story was handed down by Sir William D'Avenant, who was probably very well acquainted with his affairs, I should not have ventured to have inserted, that my lord Southampton at one time gave him a thousand pounds, to enable him to go through with a purchase which he heard he had a mind to; a bounty very great, and very rare at any time, and almost equal to that profuse generosity the present age has shewn to French dancers and Italian fingers.

What particular habitude or friendships he contracted with private men, I have not been able to learn, more than that every one, who had a true taste of merit, and

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could

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could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him. His exceeding candour and good-nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him, as the power of his wit obliged the men of the most delicate knowledge and polite learning to admire him.

His acquaintance with Ben Jonson began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good-nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world, had offered one of his plays to the players, in order to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just upon returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to their company; when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye upon it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the publick. Jonson was certainly a very good scholar, and in that had the advantage of Shakspeare; though at the same time, I believe, it must be allowed, that what nature gave the latter was more than a balance for what books had given the former; and the judgment of a great man upon this occasion was, I think, very just and proper. In a conversation between Sir John Suckling, Sir William D'Avenant, Endymion Porter, Mr. Hales of Eton, and Ben Jonson; Sir John Suckling, who was a professed admirer of Shakspeare, had undertaken his defence against
Ben

of Mr. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE 11

Ben Jonson with some warmth; Mr. Hales, who had sat still for some time, told them, *That if Mr. Shakspeare had not read the ancients, he had likewise not stolen any thing from them; and that if he would produce any one to pick finely treated by any one of them, he would undertake to shew something upon the same subject, at least as well written, by Shakspeare.*

The latter part of his life was spent, as all men of good sense will wish theirs may be, in ease, retirement, and the conversation of his friends. He had the good fortune to gather an estate equal to his occasion; and, in that, to his wish; and is said to have spent some years before his death at his native Stratford.

He died in the 53d year of his age, leaving three daughters, of which two lived to be married; Judith, the elder, to one Mr. Thomas Quiney, by whom she had three sons; who all died without children; and Sufannah, who was his favourite, to Dr. John Hall, a physician of good reputation in that country. She left one child only, a daughter, who was married, first, to Thomas Nash, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Bernard of Abbington, but died likewise without issue.



A
SELECT COLLECTION
OF
The BEAUTIES *of* SHAKSPEARE.

ADVERSITY.

SWEET are the uses of adversity ;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in its head.

As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 1.

ANGER.

————— Anger is like
A full hot horse, who being allowed his way,
Self-mettle tires him. —————

K. Henry VIII. A. 1. Sc. 2.

ART

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ART AND NATURE.

———Nature is made better by no mean,
But Nature makes that mean : so over that Art
Which, you say, adds to Nature, is an Art
That Nature makes. You see, sweet maid, we marry
A gentler scyon to the wildest stock ;
And make conceive a bark of baser kind
By buds of nobler race. This is an Art
Which does mend Nature, change it rather ; but
The Art itself is Nature.

The Winter's Tale, A. 4. Sc. 3.

AUTHORITY.

———O, but man ! proud man !
Drest in a little brief authority,
Most ignorant of what he's most assured,
His glassy essence, like an angry ape,
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,
As makes the angels weep ; who, with our spleens,
Would all themselves laugh mortal.

Measure for Measure, A. 2. Sc. 4.

———Plate sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks ;
Arm it in rags—a pigmy's straw doth pierce it.

King Lear, A. 4. Sc. 6.

BEAUTY.

B E A U T Y.

O, she doth teach the torches to burn bright !
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night
Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop's* ear.

Romeo and Juliet, A. 1. Sc. 4.

B L E S S I N G.

———May he live
Longer than I have time to tell his years !

King Henry VIII. A. 2. Sc. 2.

C O M P A S S I O N.

———Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire.

King Lear, A. 4. Sc. 7.

C O N S C I E N C E.

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted ?
Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just ;
And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,
Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted.

Henry VI. Part II. A. 3. Sc. 3.

C O N T E N T.

———Verily,
I swear, 'tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glistening grief,
And wear a golden frow.

Henry VIII. A. 2. Sc. 3.

C O U N S E L.

C O U N S E L.

 Men

Can counsel, and give comfort to that grief
 Which they themselves not feel ; but, tasting it,
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before
 Would give preceptual medicine to rage,
 Fetter strong madnes with a silken thread,
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words.
 No, No ; 'tis all men's office to speak patience
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow :
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself : therefore give me no counsel ;
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

Much Ado about Nothing, A. 5. Sc. 1.

DEER WOUNDED.

To-day my Lord of *Amiens*, and myself,
 Did steal behind him, as he lay along
 Under an oak, whose antique root peeps out
 Upon the brook that brawls along this wood ;
 To the which place a poor sequestred stag,
 That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
 Did come to languish ; and, indeed, my lord,
 The wretched animal heav'd forth such groans,
 That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
 Almost to bursting, and the big round tears

Cours'd

Cours'd one another down his innocent nose
 In piteous chafe ; and thus the hairy fool,
 Much marked of the melancholy *Jaques*,
 Stood on th' extremest verge of the swift brook,
 Augmenting it with tears.

As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 1.

DISCONTENT.

————— But whate'er I am,
 Nor I, nor any man, that but man is,
 With nothing shall be pleas'd, till he be eas'd
 With being nothing. ———

King Richard II. A. 5. Sc. 5.

DOUBT.

——— The wound of peace is surety,
 Surety secure : but modest doubt is called
 The beacon of the wise ; the tent that searches
 To th' bottom of the worst.

Troilus and Cressida, A. 3. Sc. 3.

DUELLING.

Your words have took such pains, as if they laboured
 To bring manslaughter into form, set quarrelling
 Upon the head of Valour ; which, indeed,
 Is valour misbegot, and came into the world
 When sects and factions were but newly born :

C

He's

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He's truly valiant, that can wisely suffer
The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs
His outsidés; to wear them like his raiment carelessly,
And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,
To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils; and enforce us, kill,
What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill!

Timon of Athens, A. 3. Sc. 5.

FAIRIES EMPLOYMENT.

The honey-bags steal from the humble bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed and to arise:
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies,
To fan the moon-beams from his sleeping eyes.

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 3. Sc. 1.

FEAR OF DEATH.

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribb'd ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst

Of

Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
 Imagine howling : 'tis too horrible !
 The wearieft and most loathed worldly life,
 That age, ach, penury, imprisonment
 Can lay on nature, is a paradise
 To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure, A. 3. Sc. 1.

F O R T I T U D E.

————— Fortune's blows

When most struck home, being gentle-wounded, crave
 A noble cunning. *Coriolanus, A. 4. Sc. 1.*

I dare do all that may become a man ;
 Who dares do more, is none.

Macbeth, A. 1. Sc. 7.

F O R T U N E.

Will Fortune never come with both hands full,
 But write her fair words still in foulest letters ?
 She either gives a stomach and no food ;
 Such are the poor in health : or else a feast,
 And takes away the stomach ; such the rich
 That have abundance, and enjoy it not.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 4. Sc. 4.

F U N E R A L O R A T I O N.

————— With fairest flowers,

Whilst summer lasts, and I live here, *Fidele,*

THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

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

Cymbeline, A. 4. Sc. 2.

G O L D.

———'Tis gold
Which buys admittance, oft it doth ; yea, makes
Diana's rangers, false themselves, yield up
Their deer to th' stand o' th' stealer : and 'tis gold,
Which makes the true man kill'd, and saves the thief ;
Nay, sometimes, hangs both thief and true man. What
Can it not do, and undo ? *Cymbeline, A. 2. Sc. 4.*

G R E A T N E S S.

'Tis certain, Greatness once fall'n out with Fortune,
Must fall out with men too : What the decline is,
He shall as soon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own fall ; for men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer ;
And not a man, for being simply man,

Hath

THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE. 24.

Hath any honour, but honour by those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit,
Which, when they fall, (as being slipp'ry standers)
The love that lean'd on them, as slipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Die in the fall. *Troilus and Cressida*, A. 3. Sc. 7.

HUMAN LIFE.

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

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 4. Sc. 3.

HYPOCRISY.

————— To beguile the time,
Look like the time; bear welcome in your eye,
Your hand, your tongue: look like the innocent
flower,
But be the serpent under it. *Macbeth*, A. 1. Sc. 5.

IMAGINATION.

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
The madman: while the lover, all as frantic,
Sees *Helen's* beauty in a brow of *Egypt*.

The

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The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to
heaven :

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

A Midsummer Night's Dream, A. 5. Sc. 1.

I N G R A T I T U D E.

Ah! when the means are gone, that buy this praise,
The breath is gone whereof this praise is made.

Timon of Athens, A. 2. Sc. 2.

I N T E G R I T Y.

There is a kind of character in thy life,
That to th' observer doth thy history
Fully unfold : thyself and thy belongings
Are not thine own so proper, as to waste
Thyself upon thy virtues ; they on thee.
Heav'n doth with us, as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves : for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. Spirits are not finely touch'd,
But to fine issues : nor Nature never lends
The smallest scruple of her excellence,
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines

Herself

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

Measure for Measure, A. 1.

K I N G S.

———For within the hollow crown,
That rounds the mortal temples of a king,
Keeps Death his court : and there the antic sits
Scoffing his state, and grinning at his pomp ;
Allowing him a breath, a little scene
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks ;
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,
As if this flesh, which walls about our life,
Were brass impregnable : and, humour'd thus,
Comes at the last, and with a little pin
Bores through his castle-walls, and—farewell king !

Richard II. A. 3. Sc. 2.

———The cease of majesty
Dies not alone ; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it with it : it is a massy wheel
Fix'd on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd ; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boisterous ruin. Never alone
Did the king figh, but with a general groan.

Hamlet, A. 2. Sc. 3.

LABOUR.

L A B O U R.

———Wearinefs

Can fnoze upon the flint, when refty floth
Finds the down pillow hard.

Cymbeline, A. 3. Sc. 7.

L O V E.

———O that her hand !

In whose comparifon all whites are ink,
Writing their own reproach ; to whose foft feizure
The cygnet's down is harfh, and fpirit of fenfe
Hard as the palm of ploughman !

Troilus and Crefſida, A. 1. Sc. 1.

M I S T R E S S.

———She is my own ;

And I as rich in having fuch a jewel,
As twenty feas, if all their fand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 4.

M O O N L I G H T.

Sit, *Jefſica* : look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patterns of bright gold !
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims ;
Such harmony is in immortal ſounds !

But

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 5. Sc. 1.

MORTALITY.

—All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then a soldier;
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation,
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice
In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

D

Turning

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
 That ends this strange eventful history,
 Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

As You Like It, A. 2. Sc. 5.

M U S I C.

I'm never merry, when I hear sweet music.
 The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
 (Which is the hot condition of their blood)
 If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
 Or any air of music touch their ears,
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
 By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
 Did feign that *Orpheus* draw trees, stones, and floods;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
 The motions of his spirits are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as *Erebus*;
 Let no such man be trusted.

The Merchant of Venice, A. 5. Sc. 1.
 If

If music be the food of love, play on ;
 Give me excess of it ; that, surfeiting,
 The appetite may sicken, and so die.
 That strain again ;—it had a dying fall :
 O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
 That breathes upon a bank of violets,
 Stealing, and giving odour !

Twelfth Night, A. 1. Sc. 1.

NEWS-TELLERS.

I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a taylor's news,
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,
 Told of a many thousand warlike *French*,
 That were embattled and rank'd in *Kent*.
 Another lean unwash'd artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of *Arthur's* death.

King John, A. 4. Sc. 2.

OPPORTUNITY.

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune ;
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries.

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On such a full sea are we now afloat ;
And we must take the current when it serves,
Or lose our ventures. *Julius Cæsar*, A. 4. Sc. 3.

O L D A G E.

———It is as common to Old Age
To cast beyond itself in its opinions,
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. *Hamlet*, A. 2. Sc. 1.

O R D E R.

———O, when degree is shak'd,
Which is the ladder to all high designs,
The enterprize is sick !———
Troilus and Cressida, A. 1. Sc. 3.

P E R S E V E R A N C E.

For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer : *Welcome* ever smiles,
And *Farewell* goes out fighting.
Troilus and Cressida, A. 3. Sc. 3.

P E R S O N A L V I R T U E.

———That is honour's scorn,
Which challenges itself as honour's born,
And is not like the fire. Honours best thrive,
When

When rather from our acts we them derive,
 Than our fore-goers : the mere words a slave,
 Debauch'd on every tomb, on every grave ;
 A lying trophy ; and as oft is dumb,
 Where dust and damn'd oblivion is the tomb
 Of honour'd bones, indeed.

All's Well that Ends Well, A. 2. Sc. 3.

PREPARATION FOR DEATH,

——Reason thus with life :
 I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep. A breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skiey influences
 That do this habitation, where thou keep'st,
 Hourly afflict : merely thou art death's fool ;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st tow'rd him still. Thou art not noble ;
 For all th' accommodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness : thou'rt by no means valiant ;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm. Thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st ; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more. Thou'rt not thyself ;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains,
 That issue out of dust. Happy thou art not ;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get ;
 And what thou hast forget'st. Thou art not certain ;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects

After

30 THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE.

After the moon. If thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an afs, whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'ft thy heavy riches but a journey,
 And death unloadeth thee. Friend haft thou none;
 For thy own bowels, which do call thee Sire,
 The mere effufion of thy proper loins,
 Do curfe the *gout*, *ferpigo*, and the *rheum*,
 For ending thee no fooner. Thou haft nor youth,
 nor age;

But as it were an after-dinner's fleep,
 Dreaming on both; for all thy bleffed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsied Eld; and when thou'rt old and rich,
 Thou haft neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty
 To make thy riches pleafant. What's yet in this
 That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thoufand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes thefe odds all even.

Measure for Measure, A. 3. Se. 1.

PRODIGIES RIDICULED.

—The earth fhook to fee the heav'ns on fire,
 And not in fear of your nativity.
 Diseafed nature oftentimes breaks forth
 In ftrange eruptions; and the teeming Earth
 Is with a kind of cholic pinch'd and vext,
 By the imprifoning of unruly wind

Within

THE BEAUTIES OF SHAKSPEARE. 31

Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam Earth, and topples down
High tow'rs and moss-grown steeples.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 1.

RESOLUTION.

—————Dar'ft thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension;
And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
In corp'ral sufferance finds a pang as great
As when a giant dies.

Measure for Measure, A. 3. Sc. 1.

RESPECT OF THE WORLD.

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

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 2.

RHYMERS.

† had rather be a kitten, and cry *mew*!
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.
I'd rather hear a brazen candlestick turn'd,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axletree;
And that wou'd nothing set my teeth on edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forc'd gait of a shuffling nag.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 3. Sc. 1.

RUMOUR.

R U M O U R.

————— Rumour is a Pipe,
Blown by surmises, jealousies, conjectures;
And of so easy and so plain a stop,
That the blunt monster, with uncounted heads,
The still discordant wavering multitude,
Can play upon it.

Henry IV. Part II. A. 1. Sc. 2.

S E L F - I N T E R E S T.

————— Rounded in the ear,
With that same purpose-changer, that fly devil,
That broker, that still breaks the pate of Faith,
That daily break-vow; he that wins of all,
Of kings, of beggars, old men, young men, maids,
Who having no external thing to lose
But the word Maid, cheats the poor maid of that;
That smooth-fac'd gentleman, tickling commodity,
Commodity, the bias of the world,
The world, which of itself is poised well,
Made to run even, upon-even ground:
'Till this advantage, this vile drawing bias,
This sway of motion, this commodity,
Makes it take head from all indifferency,
From all direction, purpose, course, intent.

King John, A. 2. Sc. 6.

SLANDER.

S L A N D E R.

— For haply slander,
 Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter
 As level as the cannon to his blank
 Transports his poison'd shot. —

Hamlet, A. 4. Sc. 1.

S L E E P.

— The innocent sleep;
 Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
 The death of each day's life, fore labour's bath,
 Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
 Chief nourisher in life's feast. —

Macbeth, A. 2. Sc. 2.

Why rather, Sleep, ly'st thou in smoaky cribs,
 Upon uneasy pallets stretching thee,
 And husht with buzzing night-flies to thy slumber,
 Than in the perfum'd chambers of the great,
 Under the canopies of costly state,
 And lull'd with sounds of sweetest melody?

King Henry IV. A. 3. Sc. 1.

SPECULATION AND PRACTICE.

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot
 temper leaps o'er a cold decree; such a hare is Madness
 the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of Good Counsel the
 cripple!

The Merchant of Venice, A. 1. Sc. 2.

E

STREAM.

S T R E A M.

The current that with gentle murmur glides,
 Thou know'ft, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage:
 But when his fair courfe is not hindered,
 He makes fweet mufick with th' enamel'd ftones,
 Giving a gentle kifs to every fedge
 He overtaketh in his pilgrimage;
 And fo by many winding nooks he ftrays,
 With willing fport, to the wild ocean.

The Two Gentlemen of Verona, A. 2. Sc. 7.

S T U D Y.

Study is like the heaven's glorious fun,
 That will not be deep fearch'd with fawcy looks;
 Small have continual plodders ever won,
 Save bafe authority, from other books.
 Thefe earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,
 That give a name to every fixed ftar,
 Have no more profit of their fhining nights,
 Than thofe that walk, and wot not what they are.

Love's Labour Loft, A. 1. Sc. 1.

S U P E R F L U I T Y.

————— Take phyfic, Pomp;
 Expose thyfelf to feel what wretches feel,
 That thou may'ft fhake the fuperflux to them,
 And fhew the heav'ns more juft.

King Lear, A. 3. Sc. 4.

WARRIOR.

W A R R I O R.

I saw young *Harry* with his beaver on,
 His cuiffes on his thighs, gallantly arm'd,
 Rife from the ground like feather'd *Mercury*;
 And vaulted with fuch eafe into his feat,
 As if an angel dropt down from the clouds,
 To turn and wind a fiery *Pegasus*,
 And witch the world with noble horfemanship.

Henry IV. Part I. A. 4. Sc. 2.

Cleopatra's sailing down the River Sydnus.

—————For her own perfon,
 It beggar'd all defcription: fhe did lie
 In her pavilion (cloth of gold, of tiffue)
 O'erpicaturing that *Venus*, where we fee
 The fancy outwork Nature: on each fide her
 Stood pretty dimpled boys, like fmiling *Cupids*,
 With diverfe-colour'd fans, whofe wind did feem
 To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
 And what they undid,—did.

Antony and Cleopatra, A. 2. Sc. 2.

HENRY V. CHARACTER.

—————When he fpeaks,
 The air, a charter'd libertine, is fill;
 And the mute wonder lurketh in men's ears,
 To steal his fweet and honey'd fentences.

King Henry V. A. 1. Sc. 1.

E 2

MACBETH'S

MACBETH'S CHEER OR GRACE.

—Now good digestion wait on appetite,
And health on both ! *Macbeth, A. 3. Sc. 4.*

Give you a reason on compulsion ! If reasons were as plenty as black-berries, I would not give you a reason upon compulsion—! !

FALSTAFF, 1st Part of King Henry IV, A. 2. Sc. 4.

WARWICK.

There is a history in all men's lives,
Figuring the nature of the times deceas'd ;
The which observ'd, a man may prophesy,
With a near aim, of the main chance of things,
As yet not come to life, which in their seeds
And weak beginnings lie intreasur'd.

King Henry IV. A. 3. Sc. 1.

KING HENRY.

Every subject's duty is the King's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience ; and dying so, death is to him advantage ; or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained : and, in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making God so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

King Henry V. A. 4. Sc. 5.

HAMLET.

H A M L E T.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making ?

Hor. Custom hath made it to him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so. The hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

I A G O.

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord, is the immediate jewel of their souls.

Othello, A. 3. Sc. 3.

M I R A N D A.

Alas, now, pray you,
Work not so hard ; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoind to pile :
Pray, set it down and rest you ; when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you.

Tempest, A. 3. Sc. 1.



