

The Beauties of Shakespear

Regularly Selected from each Play

William Dodd

Eighteenth Century Shakespeare No. 9

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY SHAKESPEARE

No. 9

General Editor : Professor Arthur Freeman, Boston University

The Beauties of Shakespear

A complete list of titles in this series
is included at the end of this volume.

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BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEAR

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WITH A
GENERAL INDEX
Digesting them under Proper Heads

ILLUSTRATED WITH
Explanatory Notes, and Similar Passages
from Ancient and Modern Authors



BY

William Dodd



IN TWO VOLUMES

VOLUME I

 **Routledge**
Taylor & Francis Group
LONDON AND NEW YORK

Published by
Routledge
2 Park Square, Milton Park, Abingdon, Oxon, OX14 4RN

New preface Copyright © 1971 Arthur Freeman

First edition	1752
Reprint of First edition with a new preface	1971

Transferred to Digital Printing 2006

ISBN 0 7146 2528 0 (Set)
ISBN 0 415 41632 9 (hbk)

Publisher's Note

The publisher has gone to great lengths to ensure the quality of this reprint
but points out that some imperfections in the original may be apparent

Printed and bound by CPI Antony Rowe, Eastbourne

PREFACE

"Unfortunate Doctor Dodd" (1729–1777), adulated preacher of comfort, mountebank and hack, is certainly best known by the hard fact of his hanging. *DNB*, indeed, characterizes him only as "forger," on account of the £4200 bond to which he affixed the endorsement of the Fifth Earl of Chesterfield. Efforts of Dr. Johnson (among others), who composed many general petitions and letters to the King on Dodd's behalf, to say nothing of a popular plea signed by 23,000 citizens of London and the trial jury's "recommendation" (Johnson), did not stay his execution, performed 27 June 1777. John Hawkins, perhaps cynically, remarks that the public "by various artifices, and particularly, the insertion of his name in the public papers, with such palliatives as himself and his friends could invent, never without the epithet of *unfortunate* . . . were betrayed into such an enthusiastic commiseration of his case, as would have led a stranger to believe, that himself had been no accessory to his distresses, but that they were the inflictions of Providence" (*Life of Johnson*, p. 520).

Dodd's published works number at least fifty-five, but of these *The Beauties of Shakespeare* certainly commands pride of popularity. First issued in 1752, in two volumes, the selection with commentary was re-edited in 1757, and published posthumously in three volumes (1780). Jaggard and *BMC* list no fewer than thirty-nine editions before 1893, to say nothing of partial inclusion in early compendia preceding collected editions of

PREFACE

Shakespeare (e.g., Blair's, Edinburgh, of 1753). The width of Dodd's readership is extraordinary: Goethe's first experience of Shakespeare, we know, was through *The Beauties*, and most probably the selection and format can be credited both with the remarkable succession of such extract-anthologies of other works in the late eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and with at least some part of the enduring, often pernicious, attention to individual passages of Shakespeare whose sense or sentence obtrudes, seemingly, from the general context of the plays. But doubtless among eighteenth century contributions to the Shakespearean vogue, Dodd's *Beauties* must be reckoned in the very foremost, if not indisputably first.

We reprint the first edition of 1752, a rare book now, rather than the expanded versions which follow it. We think the initial impetus toward the sentimentalization of Shakespeare's text of more importance than the latter thoughts of the anthologizer. 1752 collates A-M¹²; [A]²B-L¹²M¹⁰; our text is photographically reproduced from the Birmingham copy, collated with BM 11766. aaa. 20 [lacking M¹⁰ of volume II] and two copies in America.

November, 1970

A. F.

THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEARE:
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GENERAL INDEX,
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Illustrated with
EXPLANATORY NOTES, and Similar Passages
from Ancient and Modern AUTHORS.

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

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

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

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

L O N D O N:
Printed for T. WALLER, at the Mitre and Crown,
opposite Fetter-Lane, Fleet-Street.
M.DCC.LII.

TO THE HONOURABLE
Sir George Lyttleton,
One of the Lords-Commissioners
of the Treasury,

As to a PATRON, on whom
The Inimitable SHAKESPEAR wou'd most
probably have fixed his Choice,

The following
Collection of HIS BEAUTIES,
IS,

With all due RESPECT,

AND

The Highest ESTEEM,

INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED

BY

HIS MOST OBEDIENT

AND

DEVOTED SERVANT,

William Dodd.



T H E
P R E F A C E.



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

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

To

* See p. 84. Vol. II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

There

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

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publish the works of their own country poets.

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

William Dodd.

West-Ham, March 17, 1752.

P. S.

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



T H E



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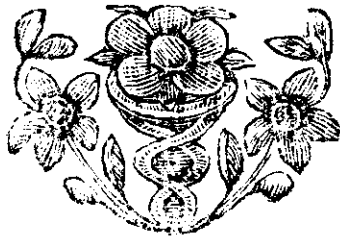
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T H E



THE
BEAUTIES
OF
SHAKESPEAR.

All's well that ends well.

ACT I. SCENE I.
ADVICE.



E (1) thou blest, *Bertram*, and succeed
thy father
In manners as in shape ; thy blood and
virtue
Contend for empire in thee, and thy
goodness
Share with thy birth-right. Love all ; trust a few ;
Do wrong to none ; be able for thine enemy

Rather

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

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

POPE'S *Iliad*. B. 6. v. 606.

And

2 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

Rather in power than use ; and keep thy friend
Under thy own life's key : be check'd for silence ;
But never tax'd for speech —

SCENE II. *Too ambitious Love.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

——which requires

Collateral love, and dearest amity,

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

To have thee *by my side*
Henceforth an individual solace dear.

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

From his radiant seat
Of high *collateral* glory.

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

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

A parasitical, vain Coward.

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

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

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

Gives

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

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

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

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

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

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

Honour due to personal Virtue, not to Birth.

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

In

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

——— They therefore as to right belong'd,
So were created, nor can justly accuse,
Their maker, or their making, or their fate,
As if predestination over-rul'd
Their will, dispos'd by absolute decree
Or high foreknowledge : they themselves decreed
Their own revolt, not I : if I foreknew,
Foreknowledge had no influence on their fault,
Which had no less prov'd certain unforeknown.
So without least impulse or shadow of fate,
Or ought by me immutably foreseen,
They trespass, authors to themselves in all
Both what they judge, and what they choose.—B.3 111.

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

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

Will

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

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Self Accusation of too great Love.

Poor lord ! is't I

'That chase thee from thy country, and expose

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

The third line in the first folio is printed thus,

Where great *addition* *swells*, and virtue none ;

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

All that life can rate
Worth name of life in thee hath estimate,
Youth, beauty, wisdom——

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

Those

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

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

Move the still *piercing* ear
 That sings with piercing.

I think his emendation must be approved.

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

}

And she thus intreats his enemies;

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

}

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

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

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

Acts xxi, 11.

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

—This

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

SCENE VII. *A Maid's Honour.*

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

Advice to young Girls.

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

———This military art
I grant to be the noblest of professions :
And yet (I thank my stars for't) I was never
Inclin'd to learn it, since this bubble Honour
(Which is indeed the *nothing* soldiers fight for,
With the loss of limbs or life) is in my judgment,
Too dear a purchase.

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

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

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ACT IV SCENE II.

Custom of Seducers.

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

CHASTITY.

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

SCENE III. *Life chequer'd.*

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

SCENE VI. *Cowardly Braggart.*

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

}

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Against Delay.

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

Th'

(11) *Mine, &c.*] See *Coriolanus*, Act 5: Sc. 3. and n.

(12) *Let's, &c.*] We have many beautiful passages on this topic in
the ancients, advising against delay, and exhorting to the enjoy-
ment of the present moment. *Sapias*

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

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

Od. 13: L. 1.

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

In like manner *Juvenal*,

——— *Festinat decurrere velox
Flosculus angustæ miseræque brevissima vitæ
Portio; dum bibimus, dum ferta, unguenta, puellas,
Poscimus, obrepit non intellecta senectus.*

Sat. 9. V. 126.

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

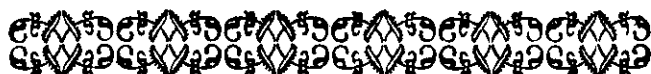
And *Persius*,

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

Sat. 3 V. 151.

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

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



As you like it.

ACT I. SCENE IX.

Play-Fellows.

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

SCENE X. *Beauty.*

(2) Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Woman in a Man's Dress.

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

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

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

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

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

We'll

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

ACT II. SCENE I.

*Solitude preferr'd to a Court Life, and the Advan-
tages of Adversity.*

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

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

—— Fie, *Mannish*, fie.

Shakspear, in *As you like it*,

As many other *mannish* cowards have.

Fairfax,

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

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

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

B. 3.

Which

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

Reflections on a wounded Stag.

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

Being

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

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

See *Autumn*, v. 445.

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

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

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

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

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

Upon

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

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

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

See B. 16. p. 317.

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

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

Seeing

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

Duke. But what said *Jaques* ?

Did he not moralize this spectacle ?

1st Lord. O yes, into a thousand families.
 First, for his weeping in the needless stream ;
 Poor deer, quoth he, thou mak'st a testament
 As worldlings do, giving thy sum of more
 To that which had too much. Then being alone,
 Left and abandon'd of his velvet friends ;
 'Tis right, quoth he, thus misery doth part
 The flux of company : anon a careless herd,
 Full of the pasture, jumps along by him,
 And never stays to greet him : ay, quoth *Jaques*,
 Sweep on, you fat and greasie citizens,

'Tis

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

Act. 1.

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

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

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

Gratitude in an old Servant.

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

Be

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

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

SCENE IV. *Lover describ'd.*

(8) O thou didst then ne'er love so heartily ;
 If thou remembr'st not the slightest folly,
 That ever love did make thee run into :
 Thou hast not lov'd——
 Or if thou has not fate as I do now,
 Wearying the hearer in thy mistress' praise,
 Thou hast not lov'd——
 Or if thou hast not broke from company

ing this his young master, preferably to the elder and richer son, by making him call him the *memory of old Sir Rowland*. We are strongly affected by the honesty and friendship of this venerable servant, as he delivers to him, without much ornament, the cautions above-mentioned : but how are our hearts struck within us, when to the despair of his young master, on the thought of his flying to misery and want, from the tyranny of his cruel brother, he answers,——*But do not so, &c.*—The unfeigned tears that trickled down the player's cheeks, as he deliver'd this generous and noble speech, were accompanied with those of every spectator : and the applause that succeeded these, shew'd sufficiently the sense of the audience, and spoke in the strongest terms the praises of that sensibility, that feeling, which we are so earnestly recommending to every other player."

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

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

Abruptly,

Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not lov'd. —

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

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

Duke. What fool is this?

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

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

Fortuna, nimium quem fovet, stultum facit.

Whom fortune favours much, she makes a fool.

which has much the same satirical turn as the line quoted in our author. *Ben Jonson*, who is ever alluding to some sort of lea-ning or other, has several passages like this (as *Mr. Upton* has shewn);

*Fortune, that favours fools, those two short hours,
We wish away.*

Prologue to the Alchemist.

And in *Every Man out of his Humour*;

Sag. Why, who am I, Sir?

Mac. One of those that *fortune favours*.

Car. The periphrasis of a fool.

Act I. Sc. 2.

18 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

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

A Fool's Liberty of Speech.

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

An Apology for Satire.

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

SCENE

SCENE VIII. *A tender Petition.*

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

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

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

(10) *Lose, &c.*] *An secretum iter & fallentis semita vitæ.*
Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1.

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

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

Trapp, Æn. 1. v. 755.
(12) *All the, &c.*] This comparison of life, to a stage-play, has been no uncommon one with the poets and other authors long before *Shakespeare's* time ; but, I believe we may challenge all that went before him, and all that have succeeded him, to equal the beauties of this speech. Plays before his time, were frequently divided into seven acts :—*Shakespeare* has many passages to ridicule the false notions of military honour ; see the foregoing play, p. 6. and n. 8. where *Massinger* has used his very expressive word—the bubble honour. Mr. *Warburton* observes upon the word *modern*, that *Shakespeare* uses it in the double sense that the *Greeks* used *κακός*, both for *recens*, and *absurdus* ; and on the word *Pantaloon*, that *Shakespeare* alludes to that general character in the *Italian* comedy called *Il Pantalone* : who is a thin, emaciated old man, in slippers, and well designed, in that epithet, because *Pantalone* is the only character that acts in slippers."—In the fragments ascribed to *Solon*, there is a passage, (preserved by *Philo* and *Clemens*

20 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

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' eyebrow. Then, a soldier ;
 Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
 Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
 Seeking the *bubble* reputation
 Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice
 In fair round belly, with good capon lin'd,
 With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
 Full of wise saws and modern instances,
 And so he plays his part ; the sixth age shifts
 Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,

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

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

With

With spectacles on's nose, and pouch on's side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes,
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.

SCENE X. *Ingratitude, A Song.*

I.

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

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

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

Freeze,

2.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh,
As benefits forgot :
Tho' thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp,
As friend remembred not.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

A Lover describ'd.

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

SCENE XI. *Real Passion dissembled.*

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

A

A little riper, and more lusty red
 Than that mix'd in his cheek ; 'twas just the difference
 Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
 There be some women, *Silvius*, had they mark'd him
 In parcels, as I did, wou'd have gone near
 To fall in love with him ; but for my part,
 I love him not, nor hate him not ; and yet
 I have more cause to hate him than to love him ;
 For what had he to do to chide at me ?
 He said, mine eyes were black, and my hair black :
 And, now I am remembred, scorn'd at me.
 I marvel, why I answer'd not again ;
 But that's all one, omittance is no quittance.

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

The different sorts of Melancholy.

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

S C E N E II. *Marriage alters the Temper of both Sexes.*

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

Cupid

Cupid (*or Love's*) Parentage.

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

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

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

A

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

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

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

Thus

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

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

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

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

Not with *indented* wave
 Prone on the ground——

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

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

26 *The Beauties of SHAKESPEAR.*

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

A C T V. S C E N E III.
L O V E.

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

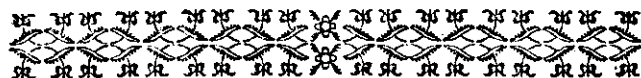
(15) *Good, &c.*] In the 3d and 5th pages the reader will find two descriptions of a lover ; I deferr'd taking notice of them, till I came to this passage, that they might all be compar'd together and with what *Speed* gives us of his love-sick master, in the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, p. 1. and the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

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

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

In amoris hæc omnia insunt vitia, &c.

The



The Comedy of Errors.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Man's Preheminence.

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

Patience, easier taught than practis'd.

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

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

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

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

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

They