ETCHINGS

TO

THE ILLUSTRATED

SHAKSPERE:

DESIGNED BY

KENNY MEADOWS.

LONDON:

WM. S. ORR AND CO. AMEN CORNER.

1846.

LIST OF PLATES.

TEMPEST.

Act III. Scene 3.

Thunder and Lightning. Enter ARIEL, like a Harpy; claps his wings upon the table, and with a quaint device the Banquet vanishes.

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world,
And what is in 't) the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up; and on this island
Where man doth not inhabit; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad;
[*Seeing* Alonso, Sebastian, *&c. draw their swords.*
And even with such like valour, men hang and drown
Their proper selves. You fools! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate; the elements,
Of whom your swords are tempered, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemocked-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle that 's in my plume; my fellow-ministers
Are like invulnerable; if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,
And will not be uplifted: But, remember
(For that 's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,
Him, and his innocent child: for which foul deed
The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
Incensed the seas and shores, yea, all the creatures,
Against your peace: Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
They have bereft; and do pronounce by me,
Lingering perdition (worse than any death
Can be at once) shall step by step attend
You, and your ways; whose wrath to guard you from
(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
And a clear life ensuing.

London. Published by Wm S. Orr & Co. Jan 1. 1845.

[illegible] lower [illegible]

[illegible] must wait to [illegible]. I [illegible]

[Seeing Angelo [illegible]

[illegible] with such like [illegible]

[illegible] proper [illegible]. You [illegible]

[illegible] of [illegible]

[illegible] your swords are [illegible]

[illegible] loud winds, or [illegible]

[illegible] the still-closing waters [illegible]

[illegible] dowle that's in my [illegible]

[illegible] invulnerable: if [illegible]

[illegible] swords are now too [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Tempest.
Act 3. Sc 3.

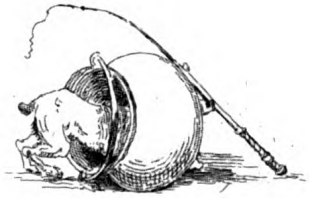
London. Published by Wm S. Orr & Co. Jan 1 1845.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Act IV. Scene 4.

LAUNCE LECTURING HIS DOG.

Laun. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard: one that I brought up of a puppy; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, "Thus I would teach a dog." I was sent to deliver him, as a present to Mistress Silvia, from my master; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher, and steals her capon's leg. O, 't is a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself in all companies! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog indeed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things.



London Published by Wm S. Orr & Co. Feby 1, 1845.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act I. Scene 1.

ANNE PAGE AND SLENDER.

Anne. Will 't please your worship to come in, Sir?

Slen. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily! I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slen. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow: [*Exit* Simple.] A justice of the peace may sometime be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead: But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slen. I' faith, I 'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slen. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears 'i the town?

Anne. I think there are, Sir; I heard them talked of.

Slen. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne. Ay, indeed, Sir.

Slen. That 's meat and drink to me, now: I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shrieked at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favoured rough things.


K. Meadows fec.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Act II. Scene 5.

SIR TOBY BELCH, SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, AND FABIAN (concealed).

Sir Toby. Fire and brimstone!

Fab. O, peace, peace!

Mal. And then to have the humour of state: and after a demure travel of regard,—telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs,—to ask for my kinsman Toby:—

Sir Toby. Bolts and shackles!

Fab. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.

Mal. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him: I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with some rich jewel. Toby approaches; court'sies there to me:—

Sir Toby. Shall this fellow live?

Fab. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace.

Mal. I extend my hand to him thus, quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control:—

Sir Toby. And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?

Mal. Saying, "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece, give me this prerogative of speech:—"

Sir Toby. What, what?

Mal. "You must amend your drunkenness."

Sir Toby. Out, scab!

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

Act II. Scene 1.

ESCALUS AND CLOWN.

Clo. I beseech you, sir, look in this gentleman's face: Good Master Froth, look upon his honour; 't is for a good purpose: Doth your honour mark his face?

Escal. Ay, sir, very well.

Clo. Nay, I beseech you, mark it well.

Escal. Well, I do so.

Clo. Doth your honour see any harm in his face?

Escal. Why, no.

Clo. I 'll be supposed upon a book, his face is the worst thing about him: good then; if his face be the worst thing about him, how could Master Froth do the constable's wife any harm? I would know that of your honour.

Escal. He 's in the right: Constable, what say you to it?

Henry Meadows

ure for Measure

Act II. Sc. I.

London Published by Wm. Smith & Co. Aug. 1841.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Act III. Scene 3.

DOGBERRY AND THE WATCH.

Dogb. First, who think you the most desartless man to be constable?

1*st Watch.* Hugh Oatcake, sir, or George Seacoal; for they can write and read.

Dogb. Come hither, neighbour Seacoal: God hath blessed you with a good name: to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature.

2*nd Watch.* Both which, master constable,—

Dogb. You have; I knew it would be your answer. Well, for your favour, sir, why, give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: you shall comprehend all vagrom men; you are to bid any man stand, in the Prince's name.

2*nd Watch.* How if he will not stand?

Dogb. Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together, and thank God you are rid of a knave.

Verg. If he will not stand when he is bidden, he is none of the Prince's subjects.

Kenny Meadows

Much ado about Nothing
Act III Sc III

London. Published by Wm S. Orr & Co April 1838.

MACBETH.

Act I. Scene 3.

MACBETH AND BANQUO.

1st Witch. Hail!
2nd Witch. Hail!
3rd Witch. Hail!
1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.
2nd Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.
3rd Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:
So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo!
1st Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!
Macb. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more!
By Sinel's death, I know I am thane of Glamis;
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king
Stands not within the prospect of belief,
No more than to be Cawdor. Say from whence
You owe this strange intelligence; or why
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way
With such prophetic greeting.—Speak I charge you.

[Witches *vanish.*


K Meadows

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Act IV. Scene 2.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

Tro. Dear, trouble not yourself; the morn is cold.
Cres. Then, sweet my lord, I 'll call mine uncle down;
He shall unbolt the gates.
Tro. Trouble him not;
To bed, to bed: sleep kill those pretty eyes,
And give as soft attachment to thy senses
As infants'—empty of all thought!
Cres. Good morrow, then.
Tro. Pr'y thee now, to bed.
Cres. Are you aweary of me?
Tro. O, Cressida! but that the busy day,
Waked by the lark, hath roused the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cres. Night hath been too brief.
Tro. Beshrew the witch! with venomous wights she stays
As tediously as hell; but flies the grasps of love,
With wings more momentary-swift than thought.
You will catch cold, and curse me.
Cres. Pr'y thee tarry;—you men will never tarry.
O, foolish Cressida! I might have still held off,
And then you would have tarried.

London Published by Wm S. Orr & Co April 1845.

London Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. April 1845.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Act III. Scene 6.

TIMON.

Tim. May you a better feast never behold,
You knot of mouth-friends! smoke and lukewarm water
Is your perfection. This is Timon's last;
Who stuck and spangled you with flatteries,
Washes it off, and sprinkles in your faces
[*Throwing water in their faces.*
Your reeking villany. Live loathed and long,
Most smiling, smooth, detested parasites,
Courteous destroyers, affable wolves, meek bears,
You fools of Fortune, trencher-friends, Time's flies,
Cap-and-knee slaves, vapours, and minute-jacks!
Of man, and beast, the infinite malady
Crust you quite o'er!—What, dost thou go?
Soft, take thy physic first; thou too,—and thou:—
[*Throws the dishes at them, and drives them out.*

Tom & of Ware
Aesop

London Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. May [illegible]

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT V. SCENE 2.

HAMLET AND LAERTES.

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both sides.—How is it, my lord?
Osr. How is 't, Laertes?
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own springe, Osric:
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the queen?
King. She swoons to see them bleed.
Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink!—O, my dear Hamlet!
The drink, the drink; I am poisoned! [*Dies.*
Ham. O villany! Ho! let the door be locked:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*
Laer. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good;
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed: the foul practice
Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother 's poisoned;
I can no more;—the king, the king 's to blame.
Ham. The point envenomed too!—
Then, venom to thy work. [*Stabs the* KING.

my own springe,
treachery.

bleed.

In thee there is not half an hour's l
The treacherous instrument is in thy
Unbated and envenomed: the foul p
Hath turned itself on me; lo, here I
Never to rise again. Thy mother's
I can no more;—the king, the king

Hor. The point envenomed too
Then, begin to thy work.

London Published by Wm S. Orr & Co. June 1845.

CYMBELINE.

Act IV. Scene 2.

ARVIRAGUS, bearing IMOGEN, as dead, in his arms.

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occasion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!
Arv. The bird is dead
That we have made so much on. I had rather
Have skipped from sixteen years of age to sixty,
To have turned my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have seen this.
Gui. O sweetest, fairest lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half so well,
As when thou grew'st thyself.
Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could sound thy bottom? find
The ooze, to show what coast thy sluggish crare
Might easiliest harbour in?—Thou blessed thing!
Jove knows what man thou mightst have made; but I,
Thou diedst, a most rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?
Arv. Stark, as you see:
Thus smiling, as some fly had tickled slumber,
Not as death's dart, being laughed at: his right cheek
Reposing on a cushion.

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co June 1845.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Act III. Scene 2.

KATHARINA AND PETRUCHIO.

Pet. O Kate, content thee; pr'y thee, be not angry.
Kath. I will be angry. What hast thou to do;
Father, be quiet; he shall stay my leisure.
Gre. Ay marry, sir: now it begins to work.
Kath. Gentlemen, forward to the bridal dinner:
I see a woman may be made a fool,
If she had not a spirit to resist.
Pet. They shall go forward, Kate, at thy command:
Obey the bride, you that attend on her;
Go to the feast, revel and domineer,
Carouse full measure to her maidenhead,
Be mad and merry, or go hang yourselves;
But for my bonny Kate, she must with me.
Nay, look not big, nor stamp, nor stare, nor fret;
I will be master of what is mine own:
She is my goods, my chattels; she is my house,
My household stuff, my field, my barn,
My horse, my ox, my ass, my anything;
And here she stands, touch her whoever dare;
I 'll bring my action on the proudest he
That stops my way in Padua.—Grumio,
Draw forth thy weapon, we 're beset with thieves;
Rescue thy mistress, if thou be a man.—
Fear not, sweet wench, they shall not touch thee, Kate;
I 'll buckler thee against a million.

Lond. Published by Wm. Nicol & Co. June 1845.

Taming the Shrew
Act 3 Sc 1

London Published by Wm. Clowes & Co. June 1845.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Act IV. Scene 3.

ANTIPHOLUS AND DROMIO OF SYRACUSE, AND A COURTESAN.

Court. Your man and you are marvellous merry, sir.
Will you go with me? We 'll mend our dinner here.
Dro. S. Master, if you do, expect spoon-meat, or bespeak a long spoon.
Ant. S. Why, Dromio?
Dro. S. Marry, he must have a long spoon that must eat with the devil.
Ant. S. Avoid then, fiend! What tell'st thou me of supping?
Thou art, as you are all, a sorceress.
I conjure thee to leave me and be gone.
Court. Give me the ring of mine you had at dinner,
Or, for my diamond, the chain you promised;
And I 'll begone, sir, and not trouble you.
Dro. S. Some devils ask but the pairing of one's nail,
A rush, a hair, a drop of blood, a pin,
A nut, a cherry-stone; but she, more covetous,
Would have a chain.
Master, be wise; an if you give it her,
The devil will shake her chain, and fright us with it.
Court. I pray you, sir, my ring, or else the chain;
I hope you do not mean to cheat me so.
Ant. S. Avaunt, thou witch! Come, Dromio, let us go.
Dro. S. Fly, pride, says the peacock: mistress, that you know.

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co July 1843.

Tarry of Cicero
Act 3

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co July 1845.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Act I. Scene 3.

ANTONIO AND SHYLOCK.

Ant. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholden to you?
Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances:
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me "misbeliever, cut-throat dog,"
And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine;
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help:
Go to, then: you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys." You say so
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold. Moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness
Say this:—
"Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog: and for these courtesies
I 'll lend you thus much moneys?"
Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friends (for when did friendship take
A breed for barren metal of his friend?),
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

London. Published by Wm S Orr & Co May 1845

Merchant of Venice
Act I. Sc. 3.

Pub. by Wm. S. Orr & Co. May 1842.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Act III. Scene 2.

LYSANDER, PUCK, AND DEMETRIUS.

Enter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now.
Puck. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Puck. Follow me then
To plainer ground. [*Exit* Lysander, *as following the voice.*

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak. In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Puck. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come recreant; come, thou child;
I 'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled,
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea; art thou there?
Puck. Follow my voice; we 'll try no manhood here.
[*Exeunt.*

London Published by W.H.S. Orr & Co. July 1845.

Midsummer Nights Dream
Act 3. S. 2

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co July 1. 1845.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

Act IV. Scene 1.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE AND COSTARD.

Prin. Here comes a member of the common-wealth.
Cost. God dig-you-den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?
Prin. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.
Cost. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?
Prin. The thickest and the tallest.
Cost. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth.
An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit,
One of these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit.
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.
Prin. What's your will, sir? what's your will?
Cost. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron, to one Lady Rosaline.
Prin. O, thy letter, thy letter: he's a good friend of mine:
Stand aside, good bearer.

London Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. August 1845.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Act III. Scene 3.

TOUCHSTONE AND AUDREY.

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey; I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was amongst the Goths.

Jaq. O knowledge ill-inhabited! worse than Jove in a thatched house! [*Aside.*

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded by the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room.—Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what poetical is. Is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said as lovers, they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical.

Touch. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest: now, if, thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No truly, unless thou wert hard-favoured; for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. A material fool! [*Aside.*

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come herafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have been with Sir Oliver Martext, the Vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

W. S. Orr & Co. Oct. 1845.

WINTER'S TALE.

Act V. Scene III.

LEONTES, POLIXENES, AND PAULINA.

Leon. Her natural posture!
Chide me, dear stone, that I may say indeed
Thou art Hermione: or rather, thou art she
In thy not chiding; for she was as tender
As infancy, and grace.—But yet, Paulina,
Hermione was not so much wrinkled, nothing
So agéd as this seems.
Pol. O, not by much.
Paul. So much the more our carver's excellence;
Which lets go by some sixteen years, and makes her
As she lived now.
Leon. As now she might have done,
So much to my good comfort, as it is
Now piercing to my soul. O, thus she stood,
Even with such life of majesty (warm life,
As now it coldly stands), when first I wooed her!
I am ashamed—does not the stone rebuke me,
For being more stone than it?—O, royal piece,
There 's magic in thy majesty, which has
My evils conjured to remembrance, and
From thy admiring daughter took the spirits,
Standing like stone with thee!

London Published Nov. 1st & 1st Sep 1845

London Published by W[illegible] [illegible] & [illegible] Sept 1845.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

Act II. Scene 1.

KING OF FRANCE AND HELENA.

King. Now, fair one, does your business follow us?

Hel. Ay, my good lord. Gerard de Narbon was my father:
In what he did profess, well found.

King. I knew him.

Hel. The rather will I spare my praises towards him:
Knowing him is enough. On his bed of death
Many receipts he gave me; chiefly one,
Which, as the dearest issue of his practice,
And of his old experience the only darling,
He bade me store up, as a triple eye,
Safer than mine own two; more dear. I have so:
And, hearing your high majesty is touched
With that malignant cause wherein the honour
Of my dear father's gift stands chief in power,
I come to tender it, and my appliance,
With all bound humbleness.

London, Published by Wm S. Orr & Co Oct. 1847.

All's well that ends well

Act V. Sc. I.

London, Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. Oct. 1848.

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Act II. Scene 4.

THE NURSE AND PETER.

Mercutio. A sail, a sail, a sail!
Benvolio. Two, two; a shirt, and a smock.
Nurse. Peter!
Peter. Anon?
Nurse. My fan, Peter.

* * * *
* * * *

Romeo. Commend me to thy Lady.
Nurse. Ay, a thousand times.—Peter!
Peter. Anon?
Nurse. Peter, take my fan, and go before.

London Published by W. T. Clarke & Co

KING LEAR.

Act III. Scene 4.

LEAR, FOOL, AND EDGAR.

Edg. Pillicock sat on pillicock's-hill!—
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

Fool. This cold night will turn us all to fools and madmen.

Edg. Take heed o' the foul fiend. Obey thy parents; keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.—Tom 's a-cold.

Lear. What hast thou been?

Edg. A serving-man, proud in heart and mind; that curled my hair; wore gloves in my cap, served the lust of my mistress's heart, and did the act of darkness with her; swore as many oaths as I spake words, and broke them in the sweet face of heaven: one that slept in the contriving of lust, and waked to do it. Wine loved I deeply; dice dearly; and in woman, out-paramoured the Turk. False of heart, light of ear, bloody of hand: hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in greediness, dog in madness, lion in prey. Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray thy poor heart to women. Keep thy foot out of brothels, thy hand out of plackets, thy pen from lenders' books, and defy the foul fiend.—Still through the hawthorn blows the cold wind: says suum mun, ha no nonny, dolphin my boy, my boy, sessa; let him trot by.

King Lear
Act 3. Sc. 6.

London. Published by Wm S. Orr & Co Nov 1845.

OTHELLO, THE MOOR OF VENICE.

Act III. Scene 4.

OTHELLO AND DESDEMONA.

Oth. Take heed of 't,
Make it a darling like your precious eye:
To lose or give 't away, were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
Des. Is it possible?
Oth. 'T is true. There 's magic in the web of it:
A sybil, that had numbered in the world
The sun to make two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work:
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk:
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maiden's hearts.
Des. Indeed! is 't true.
Oth. Most veritable; therefore look to 't well.
Des. Then 'would to heaven that I had never seen it.
Oth. Ha! wherefore?
Des. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
Oth. Is 't lost? is 't gone? Speak, is 't out of the way?
Des. Heaven bless us!
Oth. Say you?
Des. It is not lost: but, what an if it were?
Oth. Ha!
Des. I say it is not lost.
Oth. Fetch it; let me see it.
Des. Why, so I can, sir, but I will not now:
This is a trick to put me from my suit.
I pray, let Cassio be received again.
Oth. Fetch me that handkerchief.—My mind misgives.

Tooke Pinxit Published by Wm S Orme Oct 1st 1820

Take heed of it,
darling like your pr
give it away, were
[illegible] would match.

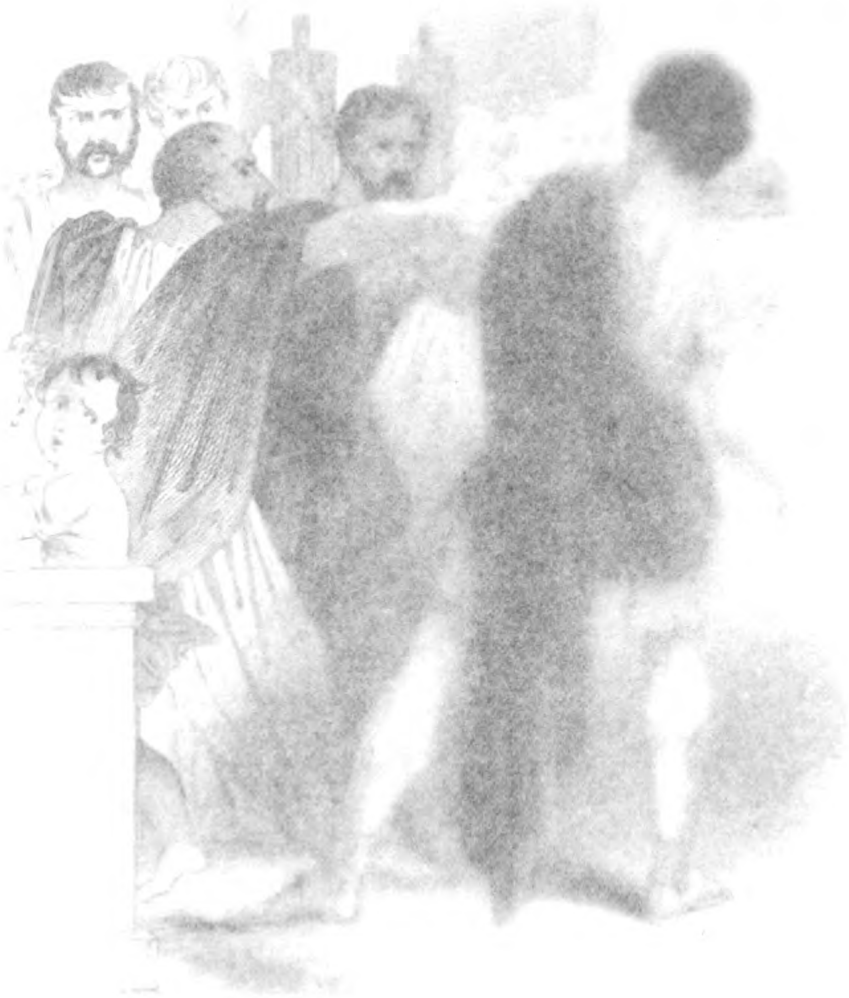

Meadows

CORIOLANUS.

Act III. Scene 1.

CORIOLANUS, SICINIUS, AND BRUTUS.

Cor. That is the way to lay the city flat;
To bring the roof to the foundation;
And bury all, which yet distinctly ranges,
In heaps and piles of ruin.
Sic. This deserves death.
Bru. Or let us stand to our authority,
Or let us lose it.—We do here pronounce,
Upon the part o' the people, in whose power
We were elected theirs, Marcius is worthy
Of present death.
Sic. Therefore lay hold of him:
Bear him to the rock Tarpeian, and from thence
Into destruction cast him.
Bru. Ædiles, seize him.
Cit. Yield, Marcius, yield.
Men. Hear me one word:
Beseech you, tribunes, hear me but a word.
Æd. Peace, peace!
Men. Be that you seem, truly your country's friend,
And temperately proceed to what you would
Thus violently redress.
Bru. Sir, those cold ways,
That seem like prudent helps, are very poisonous
Where the disease is violent.—Lay hands upon him,
And bear him to the rock.
Cor. No: I 'll die here. [*Drawing his sword.*
There 's some among you have beheld me fighting:
Come, try upon yourselves what you have seen me.



London Published by W. S. Orr & Co. 1846

Coriolanus
Act 3. Sc 1

Published by W. Smith & Son

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Act III. Scene 1.

ANTONY.

Ant. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, triumphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure?—Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend;
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour; nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords, made rich
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death,
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co 1845

Julius Caesar.
Act 3. Sc 1.

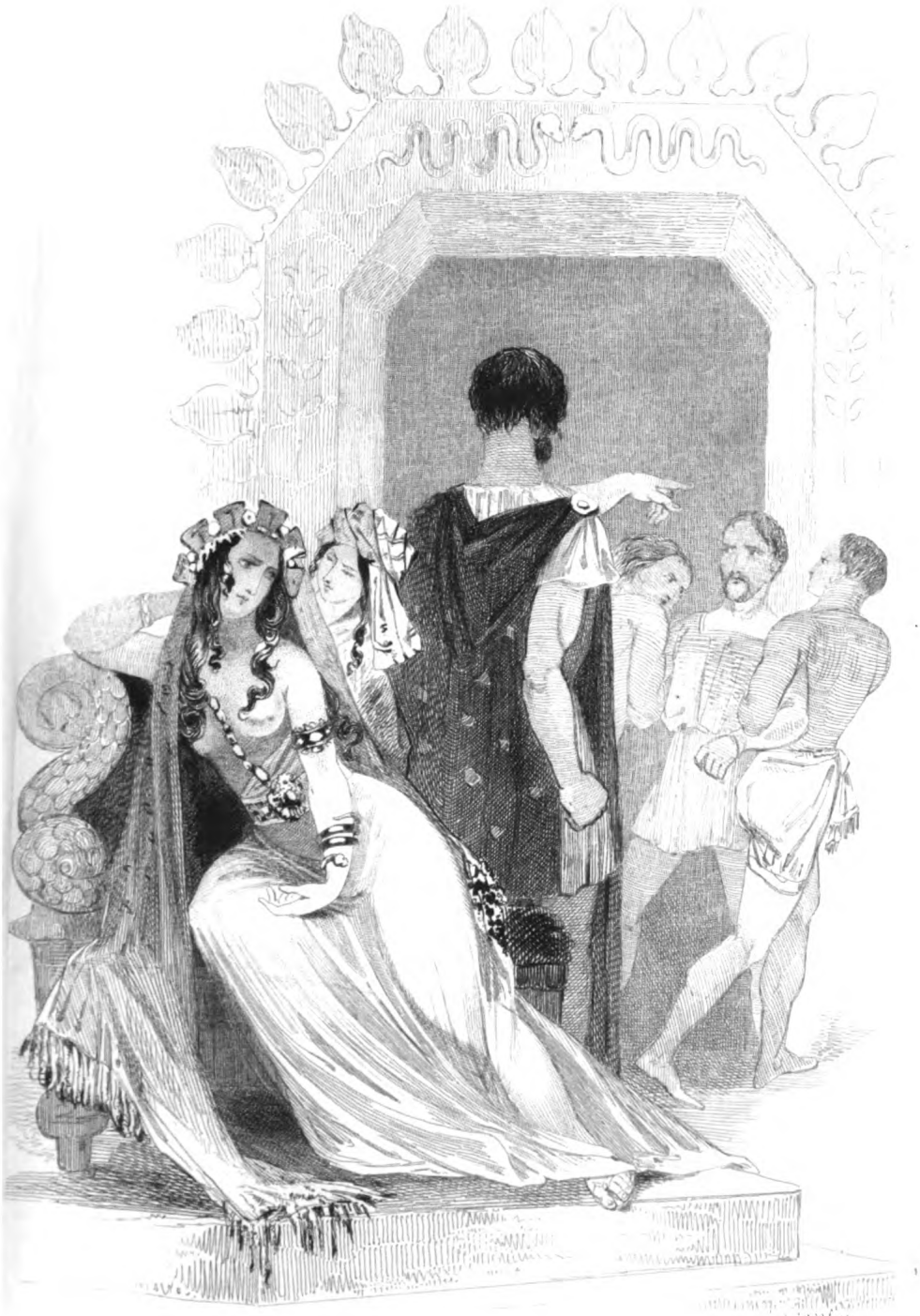
London Published by Wm S Orr & Co 1845

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

Act III. Scene 11.

MARC ANTONY, ENOBARBUS, AND THYREUS.

Ant. Have you no ears?—I am
Enter Attendants.
Antony yet.—Take hence this Jack, and whip him.
Eno. 'T is better playing with a lion's whelp,
Than with an old one dying.
Ant. Moon and stars!
Whip him.—Were 't twenty of the greatest tributaries
That do acknowledge Cæsar, should I find them
So saucy with the hand of she here,—(what 's her name
Since she was Cleopatra?)—Whip him, fellows,
Till, like a boy you see him cringe his face,
And whine aloud for mercy. Take him hence.
Thyr. Marc Antony,—
Ant. Tug him away: being whipped,
Bring him again.—This Jack of Cæsar's shall
Bear us an errand to him.—
[*Exeunt* Attendants *with* Thyreus.
You were half blasted ere I knew you.—Ha!
Have I my pillow left unpressed in Rome,
Forborne the getting of a lawful race,
And by a gem of women, to be abused
By one that looks on feeders?



Antony & Cleopatra.
Act 3. Sc. 9.

London. Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. 1845.

KING JOHN.

Act III. Scene 1.

SALISBURY AND CONSTANCE.

Const. If thou that bidd'st me be content wert grim,
Ugly, and slanderous to thy mother's womb,
Full of unpleasing blots and sightless stains,
Lame, foolish, crooked, swart, prodigious,
Patched with foul moles and eye-offending marks,
I would not care, I then would be content;
For then I should not love thee; no, nor thou
Become thy great birth, nor deserve a crown:
But thou art fair; and at thy birth, dear boy,
Nature and fortune joined to make thee great;
Of nature's gifts thou mayst with lilies boast,
And with the half-blown rose. But fortune, O!
She is corrupted, changed, and won from thee;
She adulterates hourly with thy uncle John;
And with her golden hand hath plucked on France
To tread down fair respect of sovereignity,
And made his majesty the bawd to theirs.
France is a bawd to fortune and King John;
That strumpet fortune, that usurping John!—
Tell me, thou fellow, is not France foresworn;
Envenom him with words; or get thee gone,
And leave those woes alone, which I alone
Am bound to under-bear.

Sal. Pardon me, madam,
I may not go without you to the kings.

Const. Thou mayst, thou shalt; I will not go with thee:
I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes his owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief's so great
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit:
Here is my throne; bid kings come bow to it.
[*Throws herself on the ground.*

London Published by W. S. [illegible]

Mina Joan.

London Published by Wm S. Orr & Co 1843.

KING RICHARD THE SECOND.

Act V. Scene 5.

Enter EXTON and Servants, armed.

K. Rich. How now! what means death in this rude assault?—
Villain, thine own hand yields thy death's instrument.—
[*Snatching a weapon, and killing one.*
Go thou, and fill another room in hell—
[*He kills another, then* Exton *strikes him down.*
That hand shall burn in never-quenching fire
That staggers thus my person!—Exton, thy fierce hand
Hath with the King's blood stained the King's own land.
Mount, mount, my soul! thy seat is up on high;
Whilst my gross flesh sinks downward, here to die. [*Dies.*

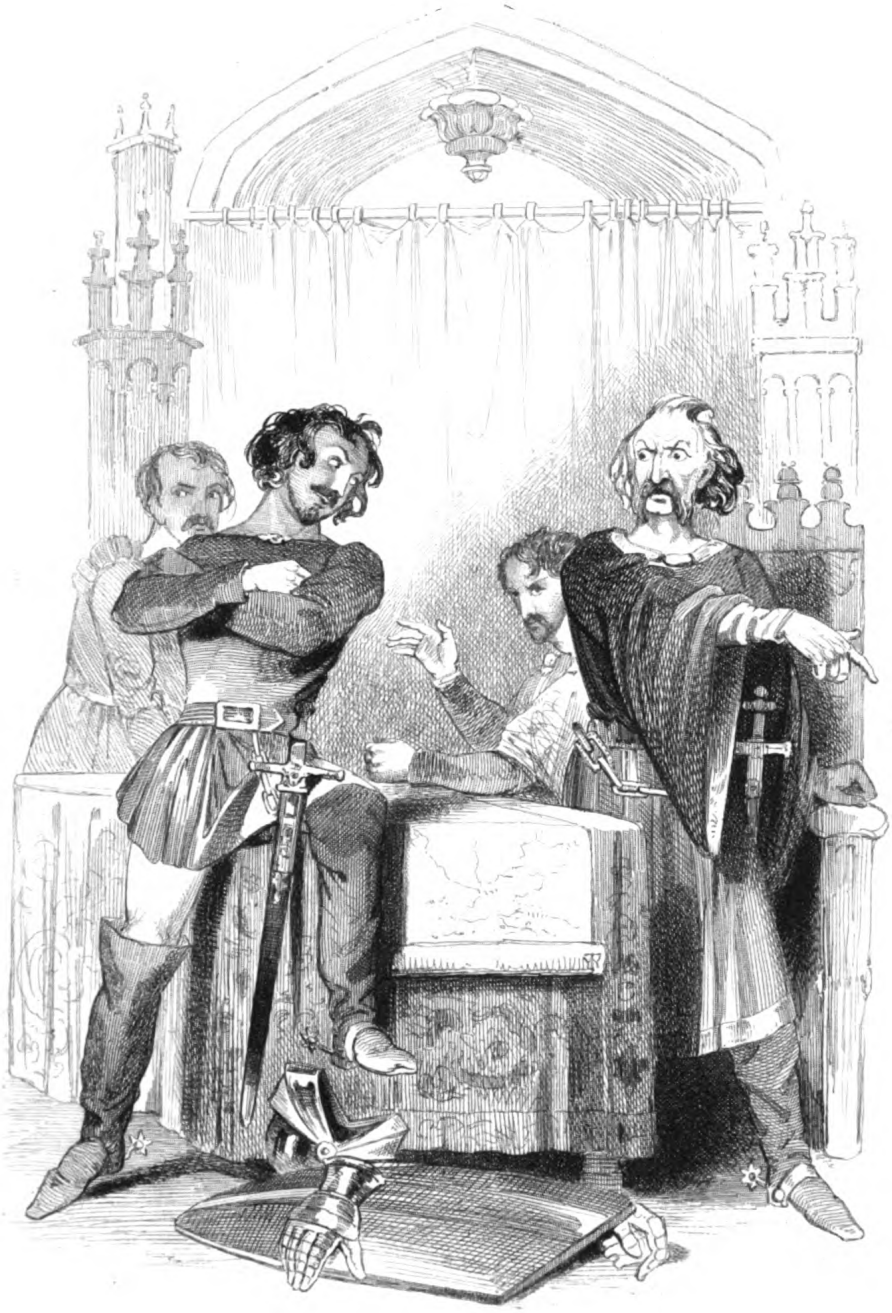
London Published by Wm S Orr & Co 1845.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH. (PART I.)

Act III. Scene 1.

MORTIMER, GLENDOWER, AND HOTSPUR.

Mort. Peace, cousin Percy: you will make him mad.
Glend. I can call spirits from the vasty deep.
Hot. Why, so can I, or so can any man:
But will they come when you do call for them?
Glend. Why, I can teach you, cousin, to command
The devil.
Hot. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil;
By telling truth: tell truth and shame the devil.
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I 'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O, while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil.
Mort. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat.
Glend. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head
Against my power: thrice, from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn, have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
Hot. Home without boots, and in foul weather too!
How 'scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
Glend. Come, here 's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?



Henry 4th Act 1st

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co 1845.

KING HENRY THE FOURTH. (PART II.)

Act II. Scene 4.

FALSTAFF AND DOLL.

Fal. Peace, good Doll! do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow; he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

* * * *

* * * *

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.

[illegible] (PART II.)

Act II. Scene 4.

FALSTAFF AND DOLL.

Fal. Prose, good Doll: do not speak like a death's head: do not bid me remember mine end.

Doll. Sirrah, what humour is the prince of?

Fal. A good shallow young fellow: he would have made a good pantler, he would have chipped bread well.

* * * *

* * * *

Fal. Thou dost give me flattering busses.

Doll. Nay, truly; I kiss thee with a most constant heart.

Fal. I am old, I am old.

Doll. I love thee better than I love e'er a scurvy young boy of them all.


London, Published by

KING HENRY THE FIFTH.

Act II. Scene 2.

KING HENRY, SCROOP, CAMBRIDGE, AND GREY.

We 'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey (in their dear care
And tender preservation of our person),
Would have him punished.—And now to our French causes :
Who are the late commissioners ?
Cam. I one, my lord :
Your highness bade me ask for it to-day.
Scroop. So did you me, my liege.
Grey. And me, my royal sovereign.
K. Hen. Then, Richard, Earl of Cambridge, there is yours :
There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham, and sir knight,
Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours.
Read them ; and know I know your worthiness —
My lord of Westmoreland, and uncle Exeter,
We will abroad to-night.—Why, how now, gentlemen ?
What see you in those papers, that you lose
So much complexion.—Look ye how they change !
Their cheeks are paper.—Why, what read you there,
That hath so cowarded and chased your blood
Out of appearance ?
Cam. I do confess my fault,
And do submit me to your highness' mercy.
Grey, Scroop. } To which we all appeal.

London Published by Wm S Orr & Co 1845

Henry 1st
Act 2 Sc 2.

London Published by W.m S. Orr & Co. 1845

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. (PART I.)

Act II. Scene 5.

PLANTAGENET AND MORTIMER.

Plan. O uncle, 'would some part of my young years
Might but redeem the passage of your age!
Mor. Thou dost then wrong me; as the slaughterer doth
Which giveth many wounds when one will kill.
Mourn not, except thou sorrow for my good:
Only give order for my funeral.
And so farewell; and fair be all thy hopes,
And prosperous be thy life in peace and war. [*Dies.*
Plan. And peace, no war, befall thy parting soul!
In prison hast thou spent a pilgrimage,
And like a hermit overpassed thy days.—
Well, I will lock his counsel in my breast,
And what I do imagine let that rest.—
Keepers, convey him hence; and I myself
Will see his burial better than his life.

Henry 6th Part 1st
Act 2. Sc. 5.

London Printed by [illegible]

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. (PART II.)

Act III. Scene 3.

KING HENRY, SALISBURY, WARWICK, and others. The CARDINAL in bed; Attendants with him.

K. Hen. O thou eternal Mover of the heavens,
Look with a gentle eye upon this wretch!
O beat away the busy meddling fiend
That lays strong siege unto this wretch's soul,
And from his bosom purge this black despair!
War. See how the pangs of death do make him grin.
Sal. Disturb him not; let him pass peaceably.
K. Hen. Peace to his soul, if God's good pleasure be!
Lord Cardinal, if thou think'st on heaven's bliss,
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope.—
He dies and makes no sign: O God, forgive him!
War. So bad a death argues a monstrous life.
K. Hen. Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all.—
Close up his eyes and draw the curtain close;
And let us all to meditation. [*Exeunt.*

London Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. 1845.

A with a gentle eye upon
[illegible] away the busy medli
[illegible] strong siege made
[illegible]

Henry 6th. Part 2nd.
Act 3. Sc. 3.

London. Published by Wm. S. Orr & Co. 1845.

KING HENRY THE SIXTH. (PART III.)

Act V. Scene 6.

GLOSTER.

Down, down to hell; and say I sent thee thither;
[*Stabs him again.*
I, that have neither pity, love, nor fear.—
Indeed 't is true that Henry told me of;
For I have often heard my mother say
I came into the world with my legs forward:
Had I not reason, think ye, to make haste,
And seek their ruin that usurped our right?
The midwife wondered; and the women cried,
"O Jesus bless us, he is born with teeth!"
And so I was: which plainly signified
That I should snarl, and bite, and play the dog.
Then, since the Heavens have shaped my body so,
Let hell make crook'd my mind to answer it.
I have no brother; I am like no brother:
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me: I am myself alone.—
Clarence, beware; thou keep'st me from the light;
But I will sort a pitchy day for thee:
For I will buzz abroad such prophecies
That Edward shall be fearful of his life:
And then, to purge his fear, I 'll be thy death.
King Henry and the Prince his son are gone:
Clarence, thy turn is next, and then the rest:
Counting myself but bad till I be best.—
I 'll throw thy body in another room,
And triumph, Henry, in thy day of doom. [*Exit.*

London: Published by A. & C. Black, 1864.

Engd by Ch. Tait 3d
Act 5 Sc 5

London. Published by Wm S. Orr & Co 1845

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

Act I. Scene 4.

CLARENCE AND MURDERERS.

2nd Murd. Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.
Clar. Hast thou that holy feeling in thy soul
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And art thou yet to thy own soul so blind
That thou wilt war with God, by murdering me?
Ah sirs, consider, he that set you on
To do this deed, will hate you for the deed.
2nd. Murd. What shall we do?
Clar. Relent, and save your souls.
1st Murd. Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish.
Clar. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish.—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?—
My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks:
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and entreat for me,
As you would beg were you in my distress.
A begging prince what beggar pities not?
2nd Murd. Look behind you, my lord.
1st Murd. Take that, and that! If all this will not do, [*Stabs him.*
I 'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within. [*Exit with the body.*

Richard 3rd

Act 1. Sc 1.

Lond. Published by M. Jones & Co. 1845

KING HENRY THE EIGHTH.

Act III. Scene 2.

KING HENRY AND WOLSEY.

I presume
That, as my hand has opened bounty to you,
My heart dropped love, my power rained honour, more
On you than any; so your hand and heart,
Your brain, and every function of your power,
Should, notwithstanding that your bond of duty,
As 't were in love's particular, be more
To me, your friend, than any.

Wol. I do profess
That for your highness' good I ever laboured
More than mine own: that am, have, and will be.
Though all the world should crack their duty to you,
And throw it from their soul; though perils did
Abound as thick as thought could make them, and
Appear in forms more horrid; yet my duty,
As doth a rock against the chiding flood,
Should the approach of this wild river break,
And stand unshaken yours.

K. Hen. 'T is nobly spoken.
Take notice, lords, he has a loyal breast,
For you have seen him open 't—Read o'er this;
[*Giving him papers.*
And, after, this: and then to breakfast with
What appetite you have.

London Published by Wm S. Orr & Co. 1846.

Henry 8th
Act 3. Sc 2.

Engraved Published by Wm Scott & Son