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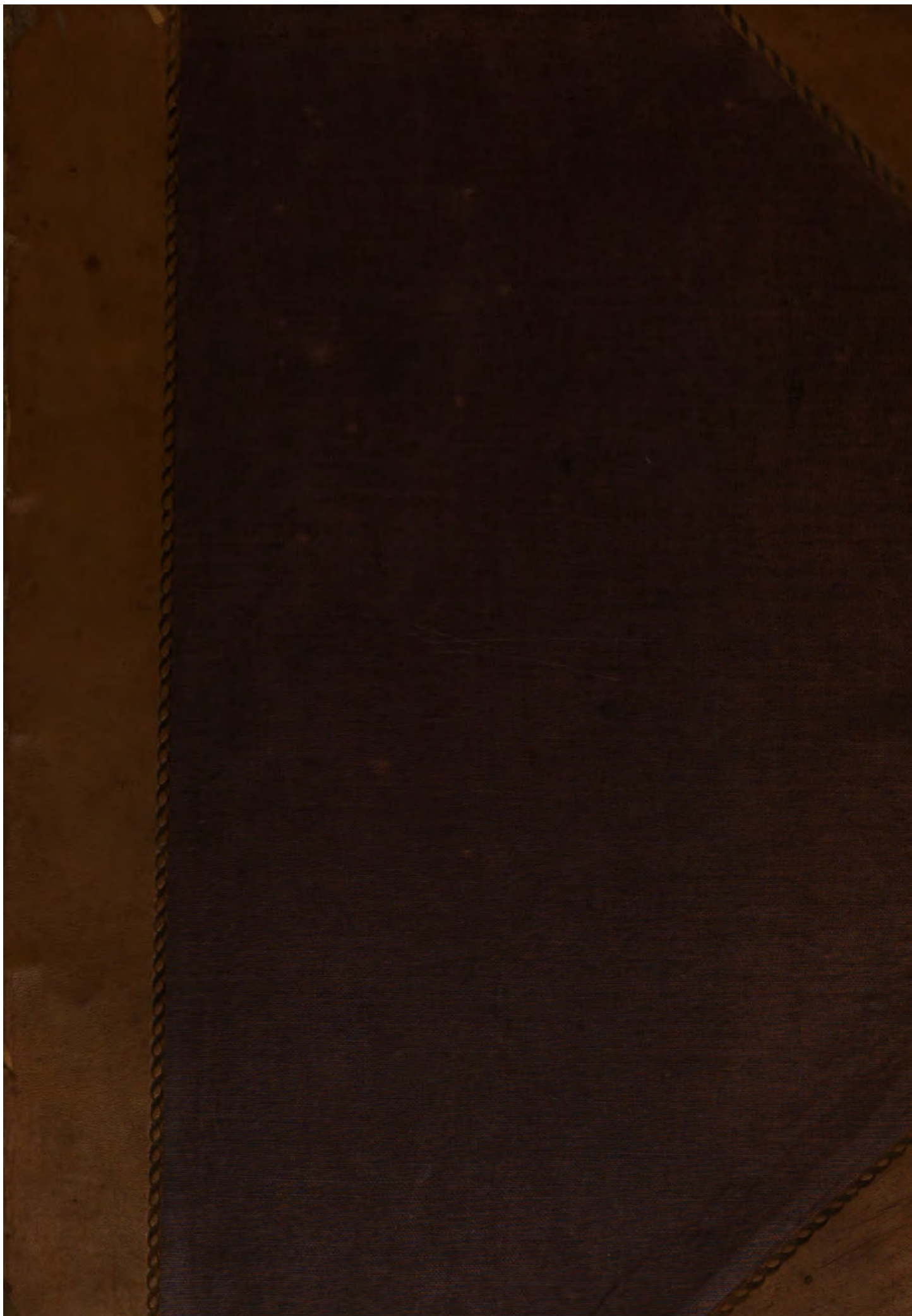
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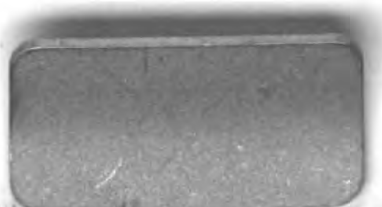
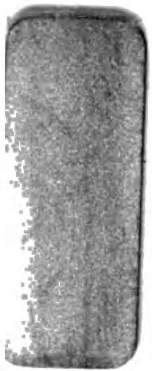


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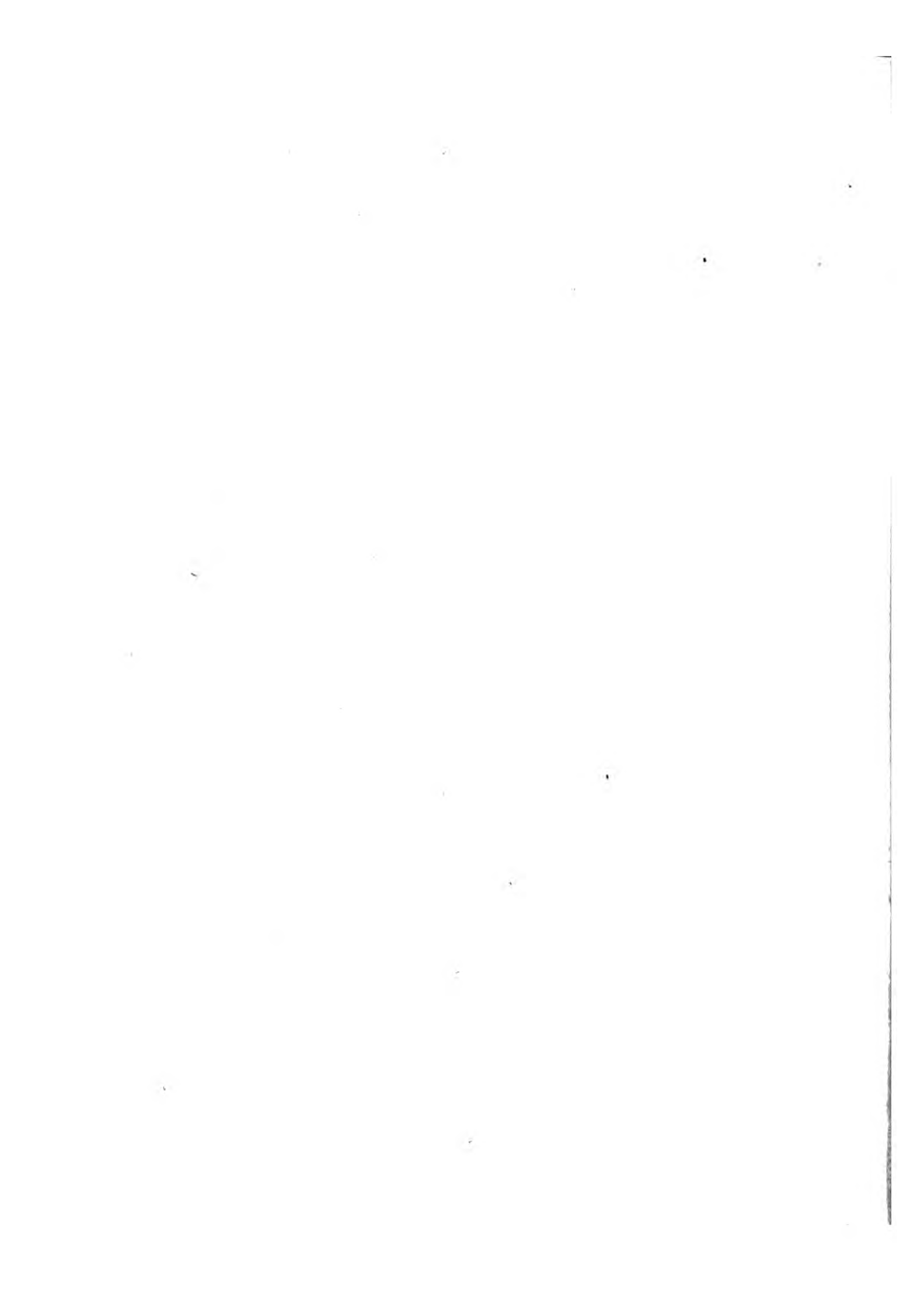
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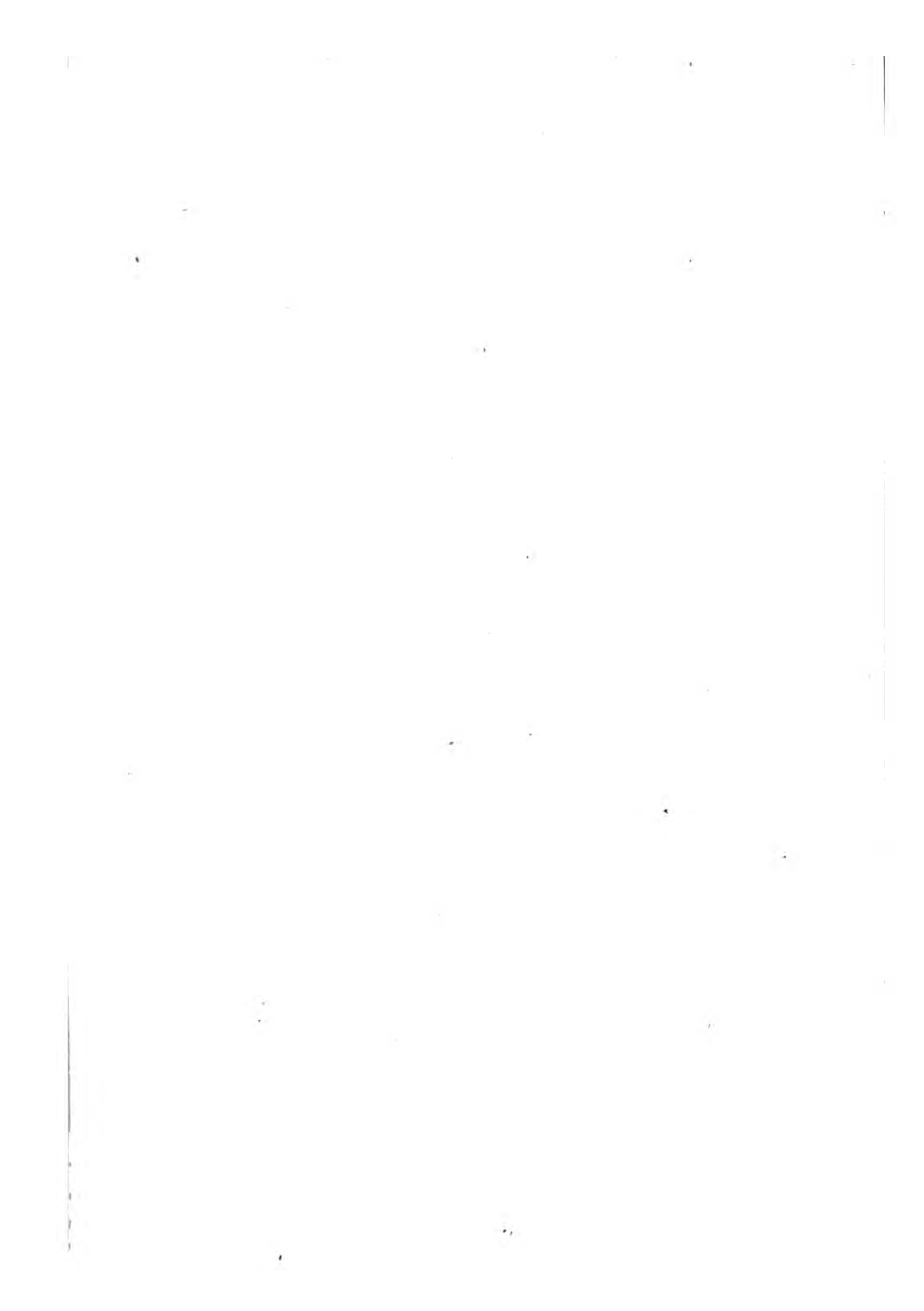
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THE
SHAKSPEARE GALLERY,

CONTAINING

THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS

IN

THE PLAYS OF THE GREAT POET.



ENGRAVED, IN THE MOST HIGHLY-FINISHED MANNER, FROM DRAWINGS BY THE
FIRST ARTISTS, UNDER THE DIRECTION AND SUPERINTENDENCE OF

MR. CHARLES HEATH.

LONDON:
CHARLES TILT, FLEET STREET.



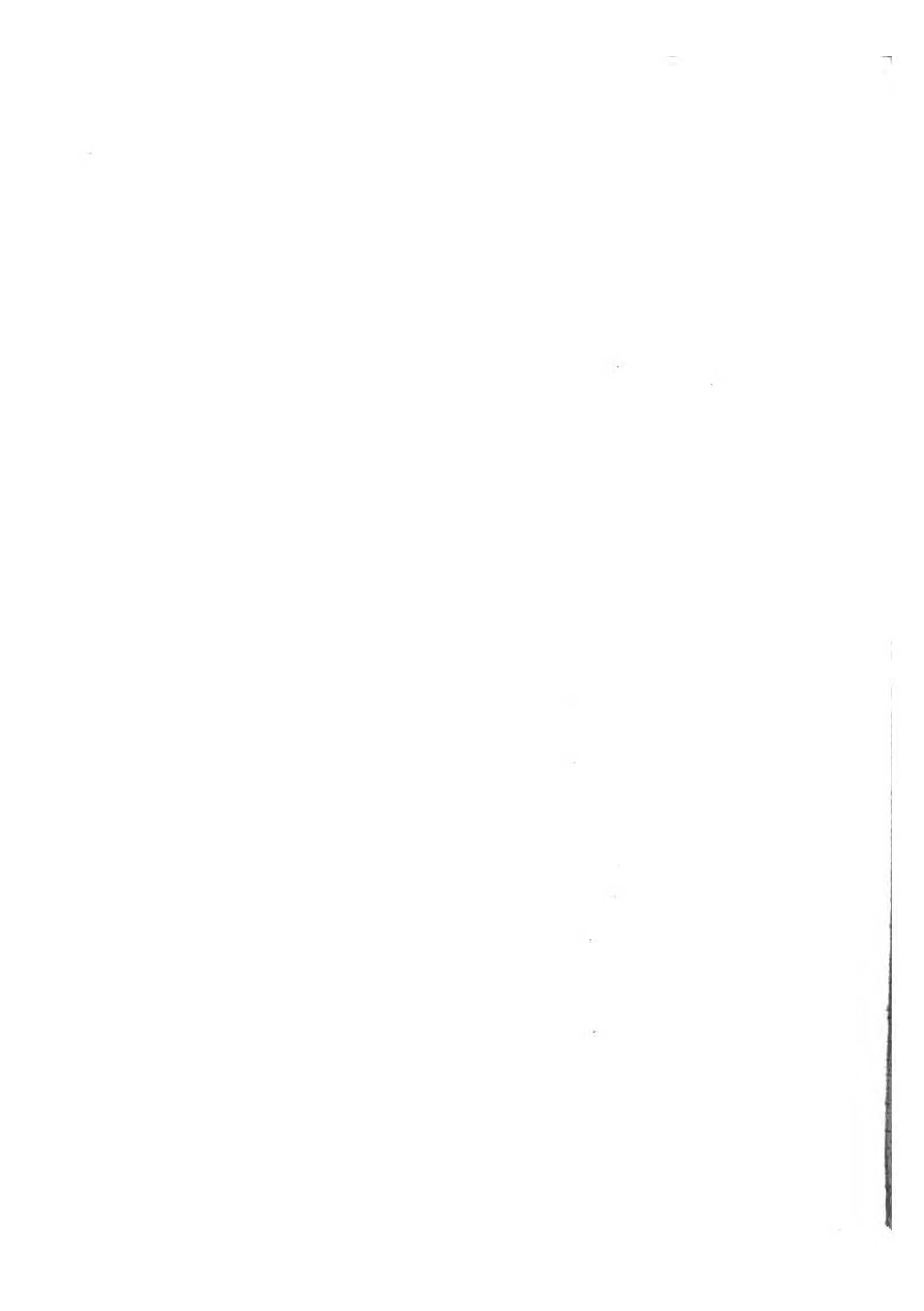
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1840

JULIA.

Proteus. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal
This letter ;—that's her chamber. Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber,
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary. (*Exit Proteus.*)

Julia. How many women would do such a message ?
Alas, poor Proteus ! thou hast entertained
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs :
Alas, poor fool ! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me ?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me ;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good-will :
And now am I (unhappy messenger !)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain ;
To carry that, which I would have refused ;
To praise his faith, which I would have disprais'd.
I am my master's true confirmed love ;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet I will woo for him ; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven, it knows, I would not have him speed.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—*Act IV. Scene 4.*





Albion

SILVIA.

Enter Silvia, attended.

Julia. Gentlewoman, good day ! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you do with her, if that I be she ?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, Sir Protheus, madam.

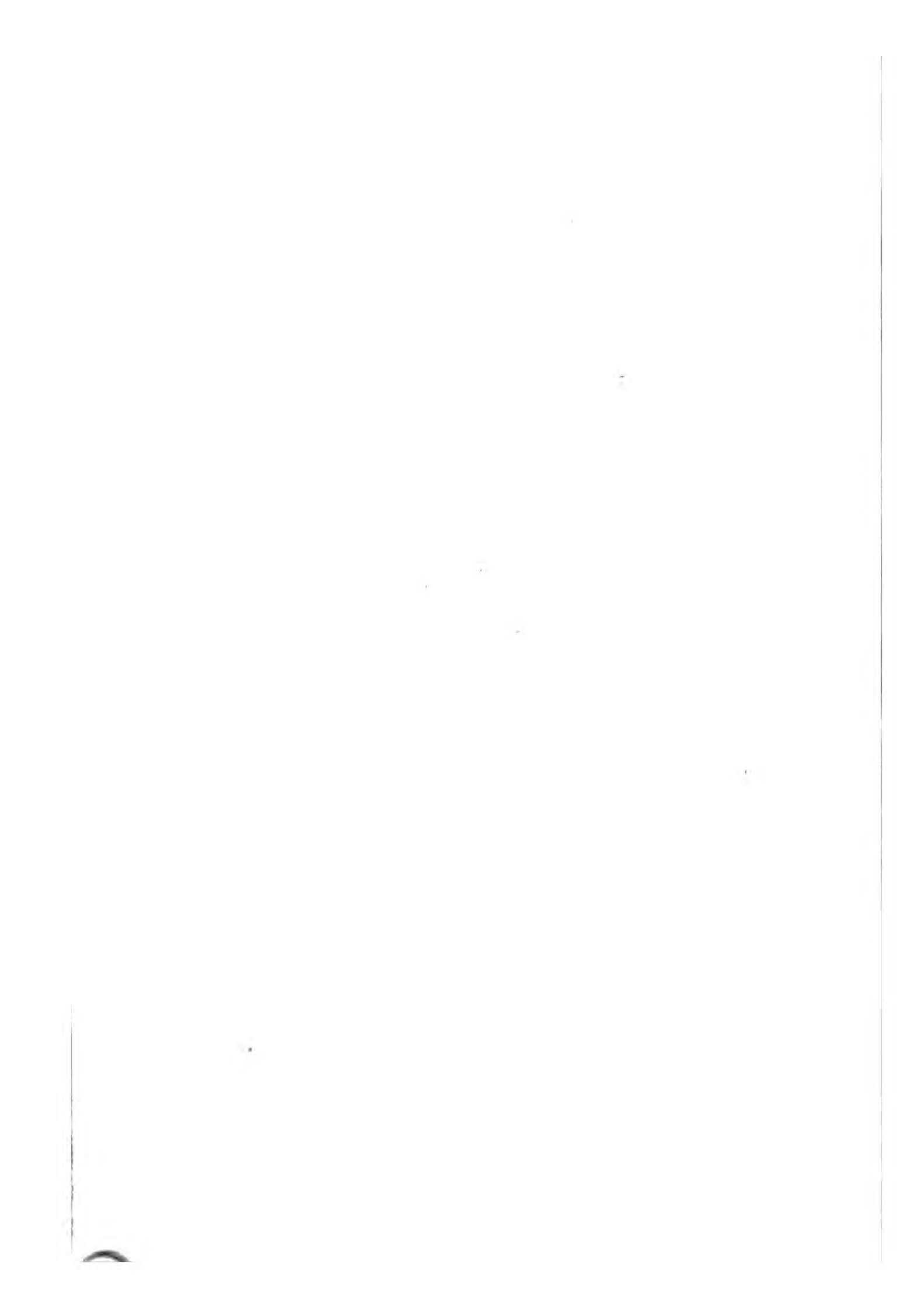
Sil. O !—he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there. *[Picture brought.*

Go, give your master this : tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber than this shadow.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—*Act IV. Scene 4.*







Portrait of a Lady

1850

W. M. W. P. 1850

Portrait of a Lady

ANNE PAGE.

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

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne. The dinner attends you, Sir.

Slender. 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 peace sometime may 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.

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

Anne. I pray you, Sir, walk in.

Slender. 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 veneyes 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?

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act I. Scene I.*





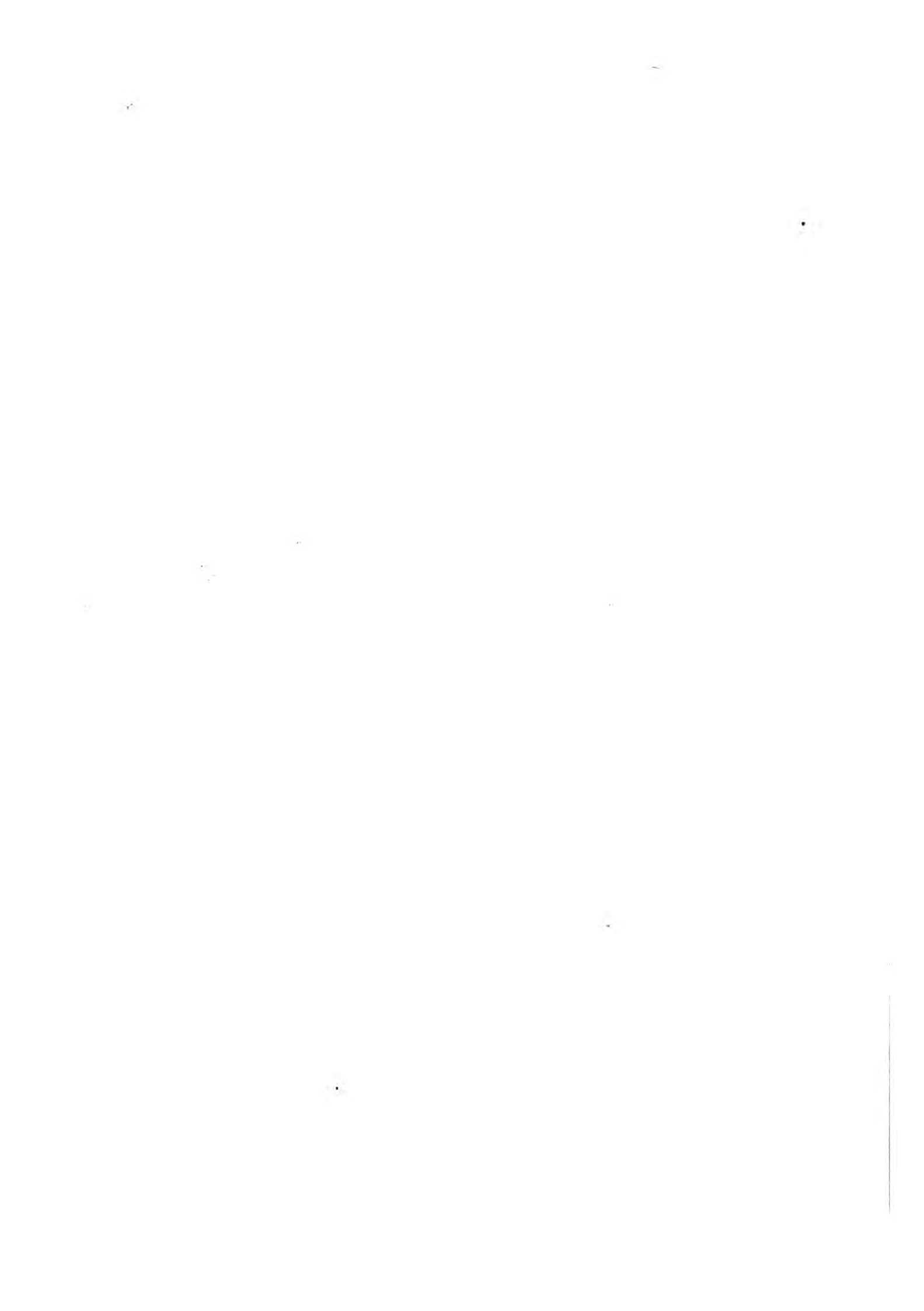
MRS. FORD.

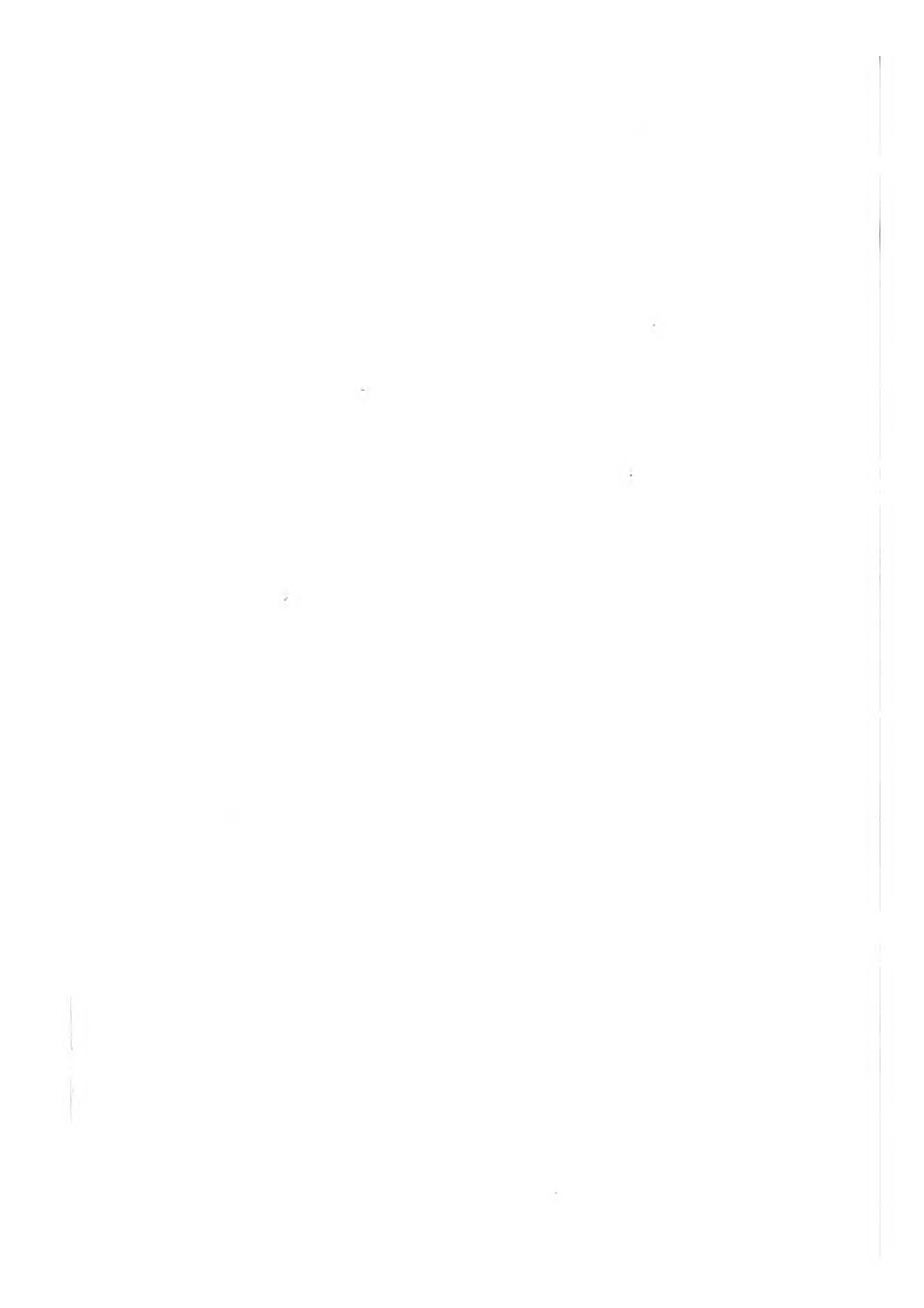
Mrs. Ford. Did you ever hear the like?

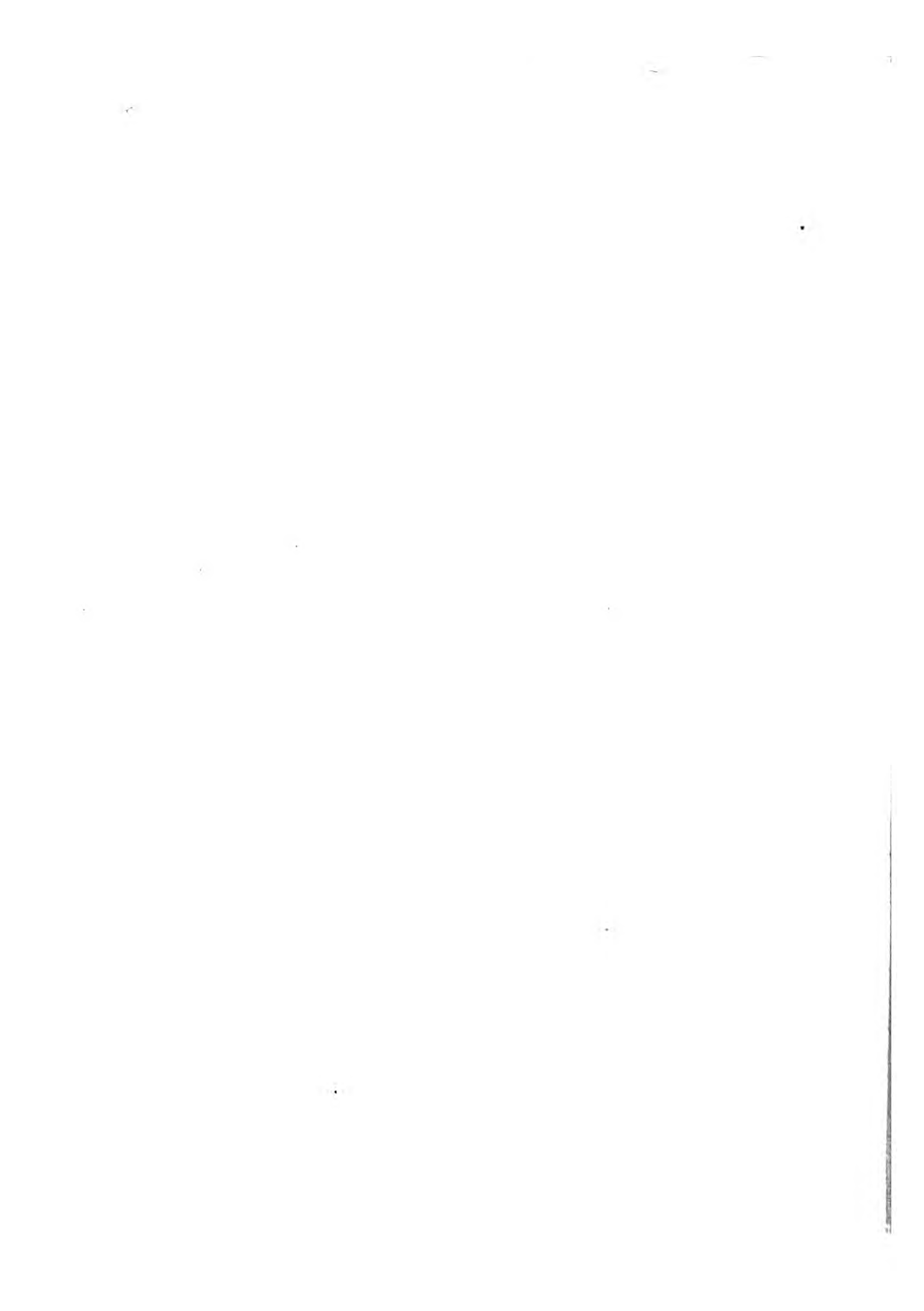
Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs!—To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill-opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first, for I protest mine never shall. I warrant, he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names, (sure more) and these are of the second edition: He will print them out of doubt; for he cares not what he puts into the press.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act II. Scene 1.*









MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Ford. How near is he, Mistress Page?

Mrs. Page. Hard by; at street end; he will be here anon.

Mrs. Ford. I am undone!—the knight is here.

Mrs. Page. Why, then thou art utterly shamed, and he's but a dead man. What a woman are you? away with him, away with him; better shame than murder.

Mrs. Ford. Which way should he go? how should I bestow him? Shall I put him into the basket again?

[*Enter Falstaff.*]

Falstaff. No, I'll come no more i' the basket; may I not go out ere he come?

Mrs. Page. Alas, three of Master Ford's brothers watch the door with pistols, that none should issue out; otherwise you might slip away ere he come. But what make you here?

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act IV. Scene 2.*







OLIVIA.

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text: but we will draw the curtain, and show you the picture.

Look you, Sir, such a one I was this present :
Is't not well done ?

(Unveiling.)

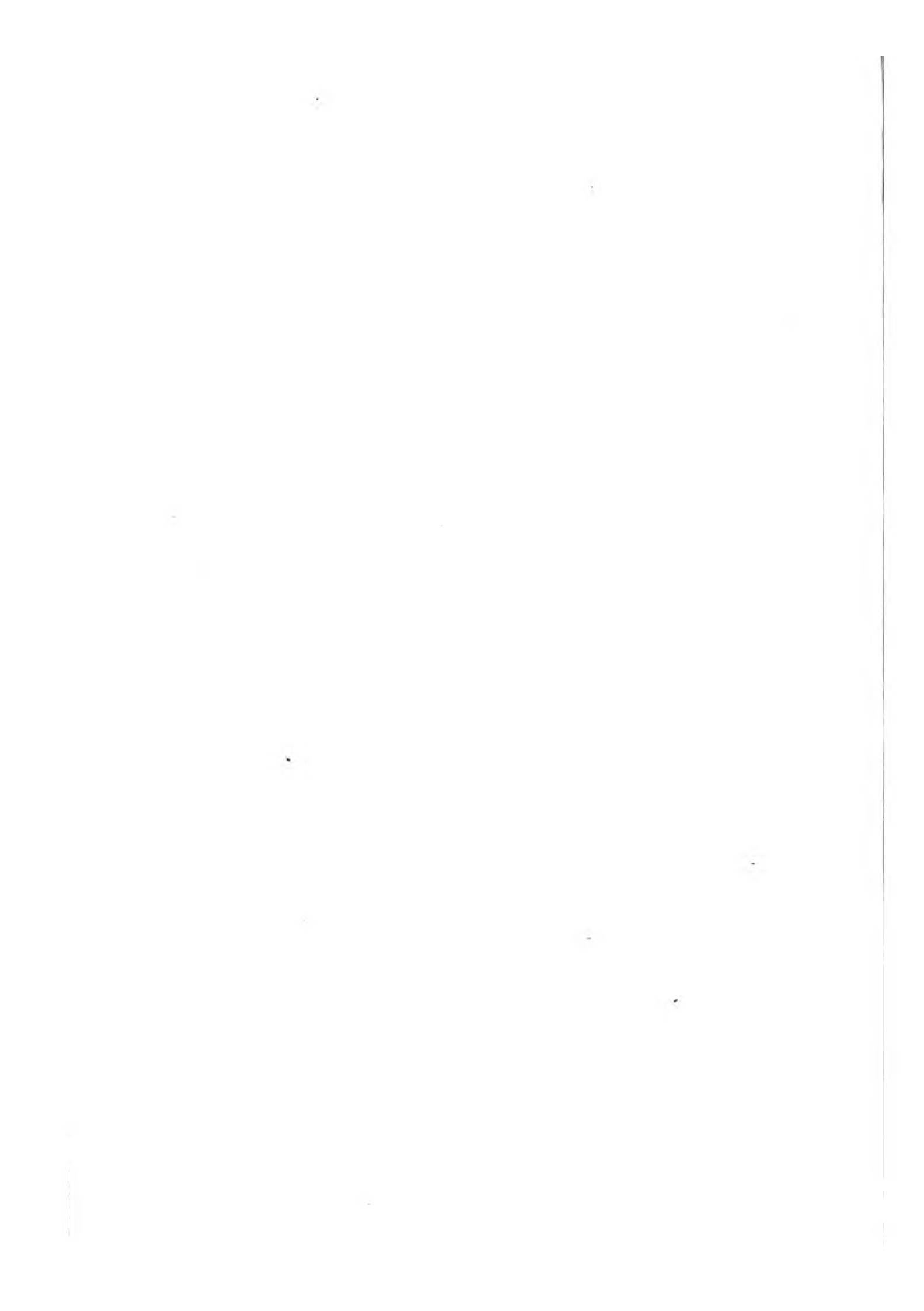
Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

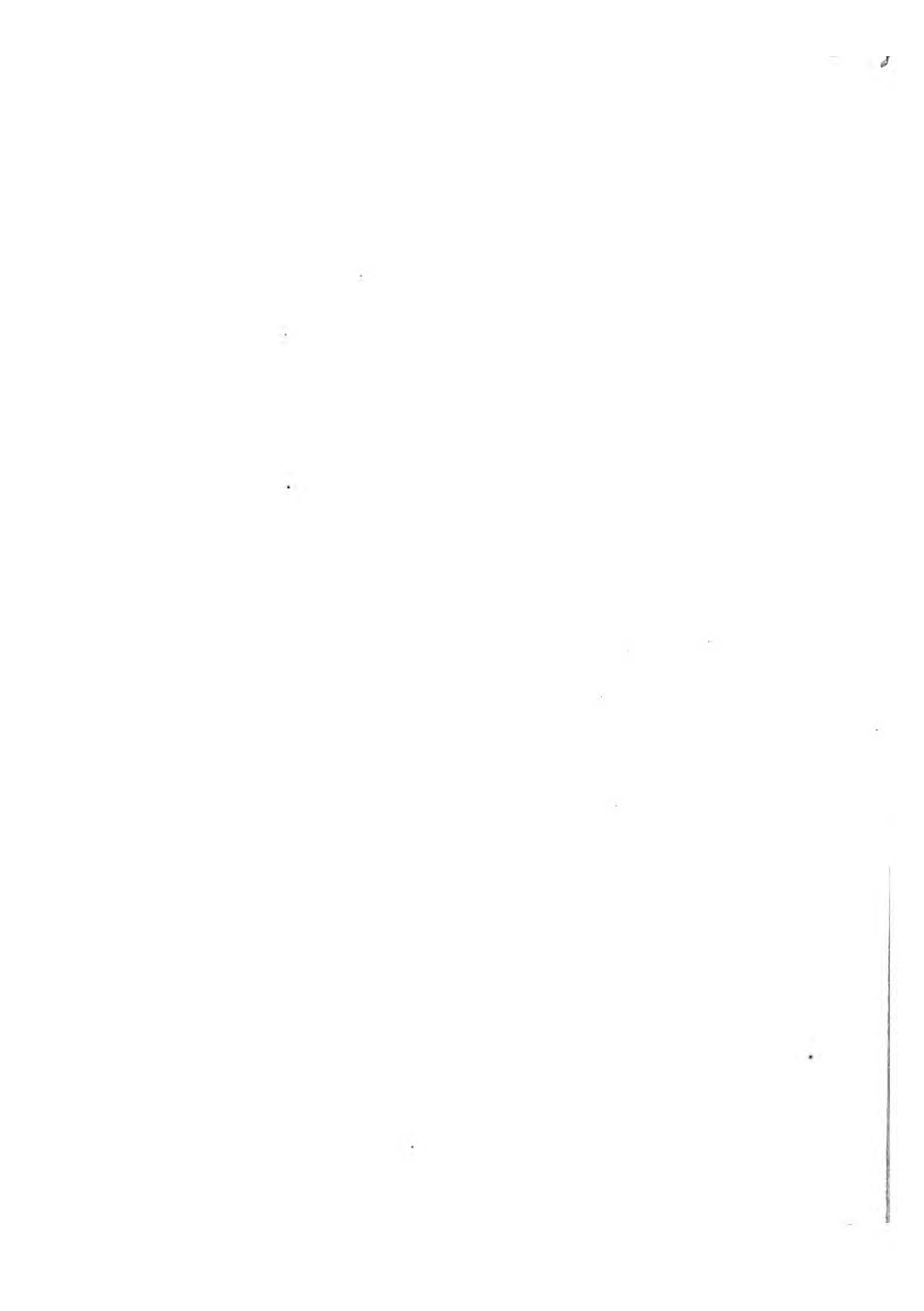
Oli. 'Tis in grain, Sir ; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on :
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave,
And leave the world no copy.

Oli. O, Sir, I will not be so hard-hearted ; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty : it shall be inventoried ; and every particle, and utensil, labelled to my will : as item, two lips indifferent red ; item, two grey eyes, with lids to them ; item, one neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me ?

TWELFTH NIGHT.—Act I. Scene 5.







MARIA.

Maria. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night; since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she's much out of quiet. For monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nay-word, and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed: I know I can do it.

Sir Toby Belch. Possess us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Maria. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan.

Sir Andrew Ague-cheek. O, if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir T. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

TWELFTH NIGHT.—*Act II. Scene 3.*





W. J. D. P. 1851

VIOLA.

Duke. How dost thou like this tune?

Viola. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is thron'd.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly :
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stay'd upon some favour that it loves :
Hath it not, boy?

Viola. A little, by your favour.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Viola. Of your complexion.

Duke. She's not worth thee then. What years, i' faith?

Viola. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven ; Let still the woman take
An elder than herself ; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
Than women's are.

Viola. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then let thy love be younger than thyself,
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent :
For women are as roses ; whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Viola. And so they are : alas, that they are so ;
To die, even when they to perfection grow !

TWELFTH NIGHT, *Act II. Scene IV.*

PT. 1.



Portrait of a woman

ISABELLA.

Isabella. I have no tongue but one: gentle my lord,
Let me entreat you speak the former language.

Angelo. Plainly conceive, I love you.

Isab. My brother did love Juliet; and you tell me,
That he shall die for it.

Ang. He shall not, Isabel, if you give me love.

Isab. I know, your virtue hath a licence in't,
Which seems a little fouler than it is,
To pluck on others.

Ang. Believe me, on mine honour,
My words express my purpose.

Isab. Ha! little honour to be much believ'd,
And most pernicious purpose!—Seeming, seeming!—
I will proclaim thee, Angelo; look for't:
Sign me a present pardon for my brother,
Or, with an outstretch'd throat, I'll tell the world
Aloud, what man thou art.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Act II. Scene 4.*



HERO.

Don Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially when I walk away.

D. Pedro. With me in your company?

Hero. I may say so, when I please.

D. Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for God defend, the lute should be like the case!

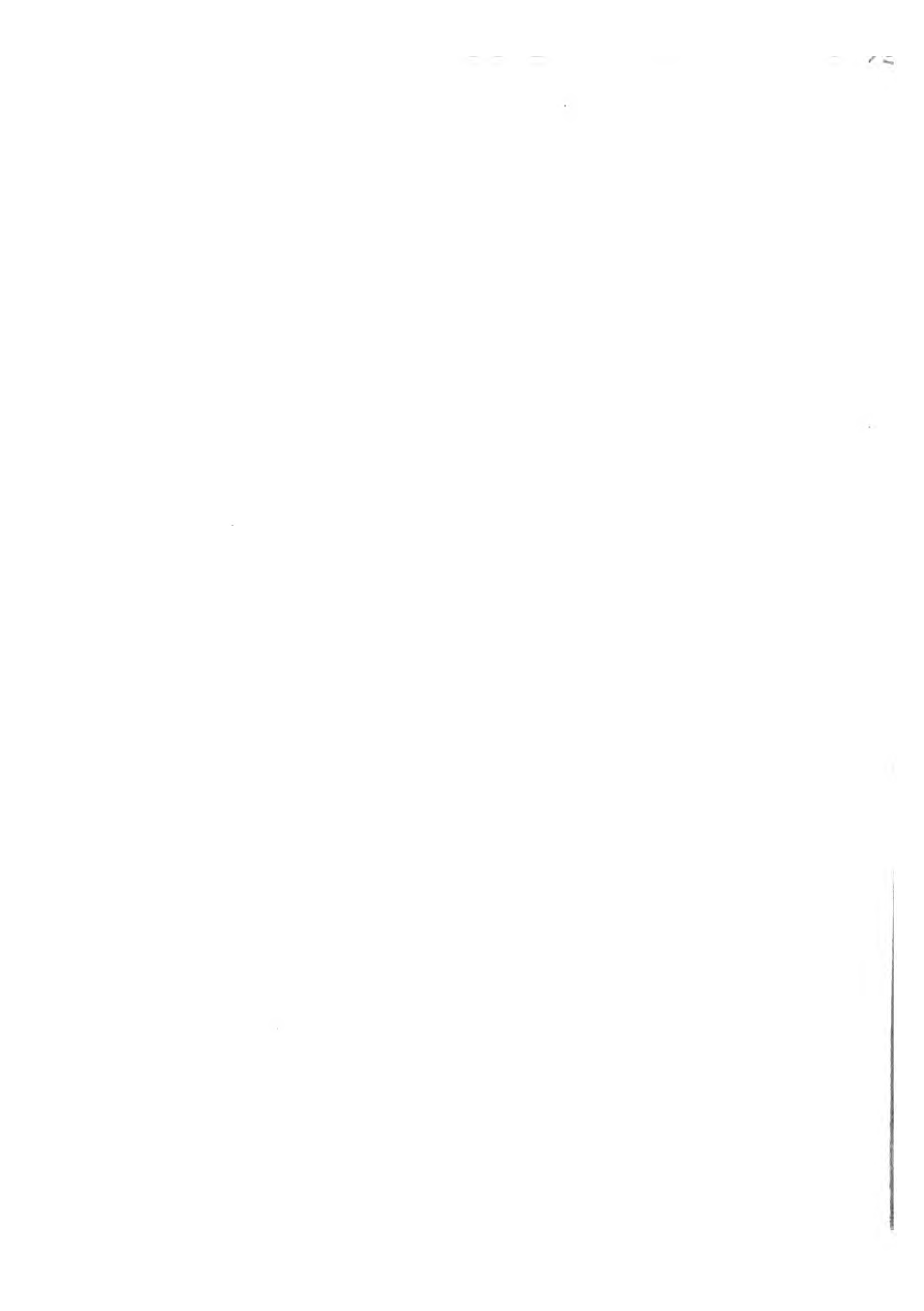
D. Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then your visor should be thatch'd.

D. Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love. [*Takes her aside.*]

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act II. Scene 1.*







M. H. 409 467 13 1500 2 1 4

Portrait of a woman in a dress, by Charles Théodore Stuet.

BEATRICE.

Benedick. By my sword, Beatrice, thou lovest me.

Beatrice. Do not swear by it, and eat it.

Benedick. I will swear by it, that you love me; and I will make him eat it, that says, I love not you.

Beatrice. Will you not eat your word?

Benedick. With no sauce that can be devised to it: I protest I love thee.

Beatrice. Why then, God forgive me!

Benedick. What offence, sweet Beatrice?

Beatrice. You have staid me in a happy hour; I was about to protest, I loved you.

Benedick. And do it with all thy heart.

Beatrice. I love you with so much of my heart that none is left to protest.

Benedick. Come, bid me do any thing for thee.

Beatrice. Kill Claudio.

Benedick. Ha! not for the wide world.

Beatrice. You kill me to deny it: Farewell!

Benedick. Tarry, sweet Beatrice.

Beatrice. I am gone, though I am here;—there is no love you:—nay, I pray you, let me go.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act IV. Scene I.*

1

2

3

4

5





Liberty

TITANIA.

Enter TITANIA, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel, and a fairy song ;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence :
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds ;
Some, war with rear-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats ; and some, keep back
The clam'rous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits : sing me now asleep ;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

SONG.

1 *Fai.* *You spotted snakes, with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen ;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong ;
Come not near our fairy queen.*

CHORUS.

*Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby ;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby ; lulla, lulla, lullaby ;
Never harm, nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh ;
So, good night, with lullaby.*

II.

2 *Fai.* *Weaving-spiders come not here :
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence :
Beetles black, approach not near :
Worm, nor snail, do no offence.*

CHORUS.

Philomel, with melody, &c.

1 *Fai.* Hence, away ; now all is well :
One, aloof, stand sentinel.

(Exeunt FAIRIES. TITANIA sleeps.)

MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM.—Act II. Scene 3.



Portrait of a woman

PRINCESS.

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHARINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Prin. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in :
A lady wall'd about with diamonds !—
Look you, what I have from the loving king.

Ros. Madam, came nothing else along with that ?

Prin. Nothing but this ? yea, as much love in rhyme,
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all ;
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Ros. That was the way to make his god-head wax ;
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Kath. Ay, and a shrewd unhappy gallows too.

Ros. You'll ne'er be friends with him ; he kill'd your sister.

Kath. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy ;
And so she died : had she been light like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might have been a grandam ere she died :
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—*Act V. Scene II.*





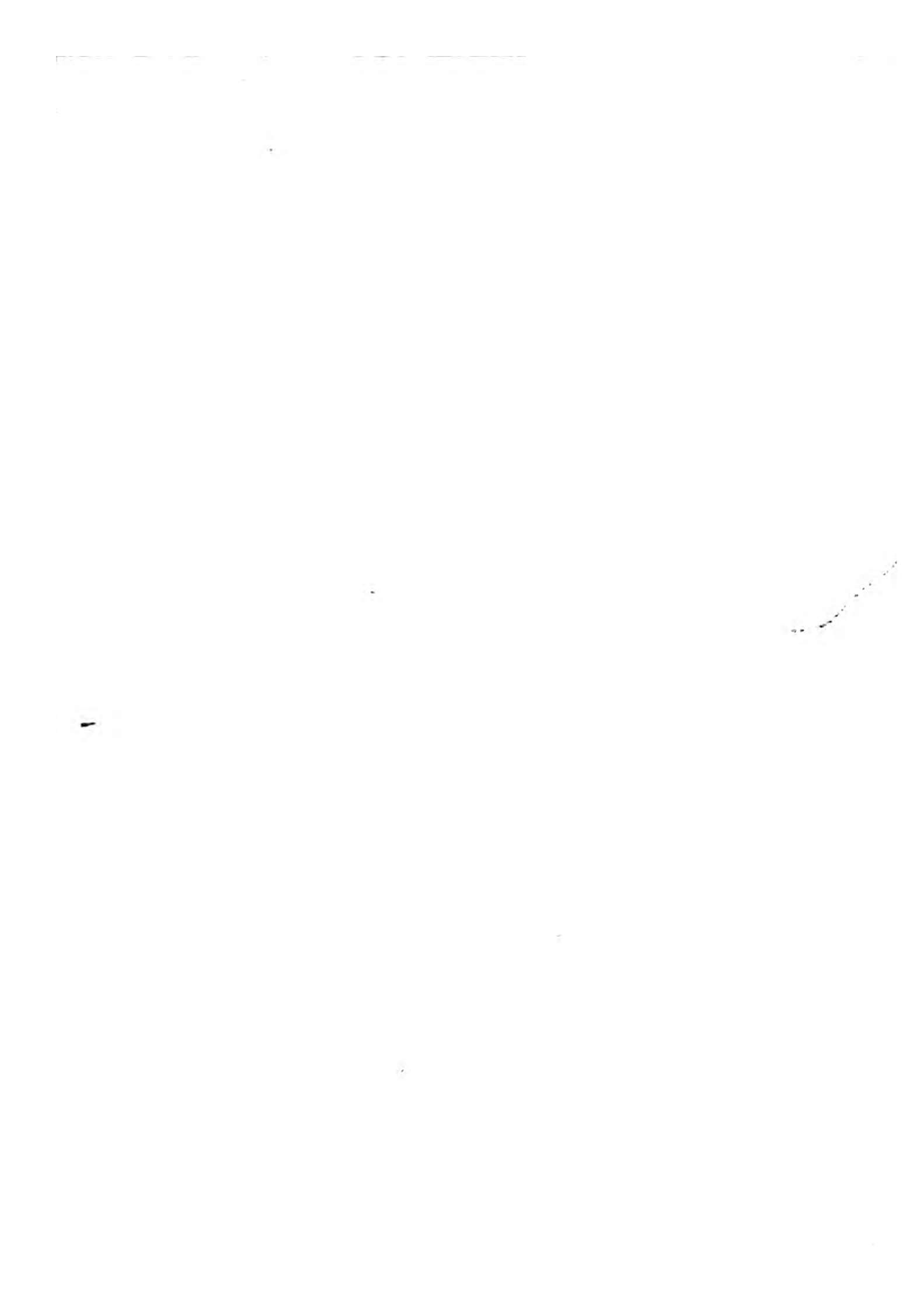
JESSICA.

Shylock. The patch is kind enough ; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat ; drones hive not with me ;
Therefore I part with him ; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you : Fast bind, fast find ;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. *(Exit.)*

Jessica. Farewell : and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. *(Exit.)*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—*Act II. Scene 5.*







Portrait of a Venetian Girl

SILHOUETTE GALLERY 169.

MARSHALL'S VENICE, 1675, 502

Portrait of a Venetian Girl

PORTIA.

Portia. You were to blame, I must be plain with you,
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And rivetted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands:
I dare be sworn for him, he would not leave it,
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief;
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

Bassanio. Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.

[*Aside.*

Gratiano. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begg'd it. * * *

Portia. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, which you received of me?

* * * * *

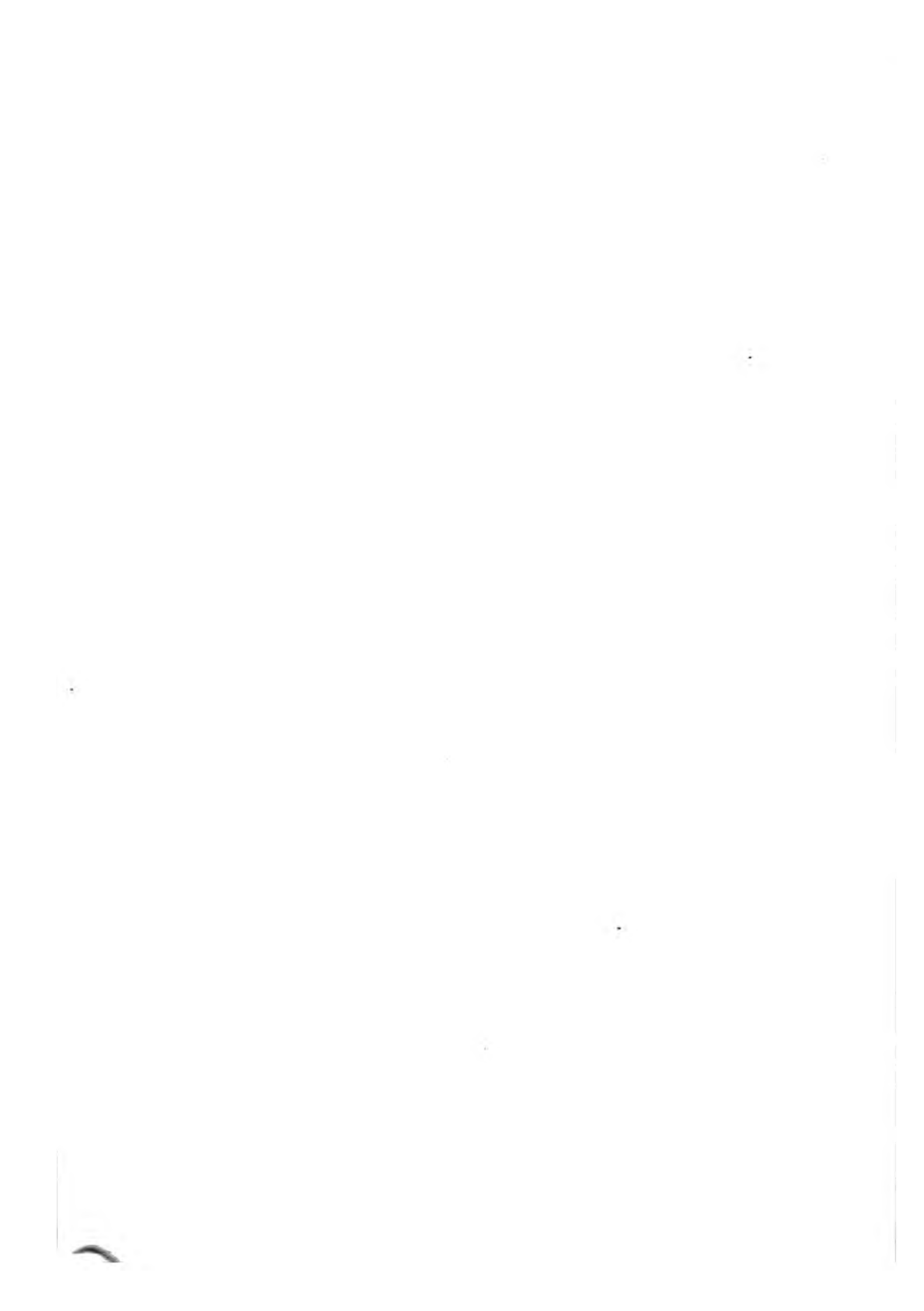
Bassanio. Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.

Antonio. I once did lend my body for his wealth;
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.

Portia. Then you shall be his surety: Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Antonio. Here, lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.

Bassanio. By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!





CELIA.

Rosalind. O Jupiter ! how weary are my spirits !

Touchstone. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel, and to cry like a woman : but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat ; therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Celia. I pray you, bear with me ; I can go no further.

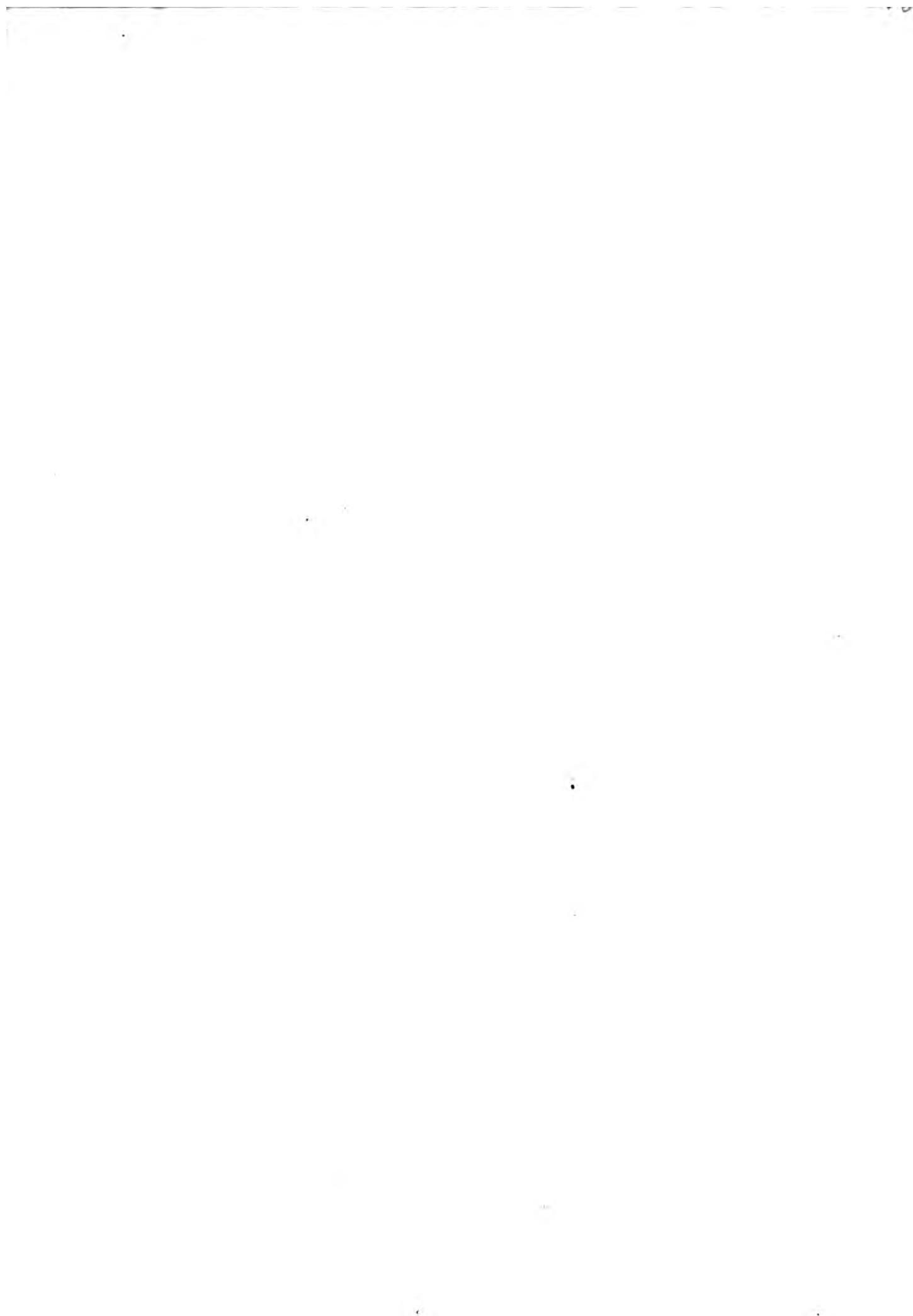
Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you, than bear you ; yet I should bear no cross, if I did bear you ; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden ; the more fool I ; when I was at home, I was in a better place : but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone :—look you, who comes here ? a young man, and an old, in solemn talk.

AS YOU LIKE IT.—*Act II. Scene 4.*





Portrait

1850

THE END OF THE WORLD

Illustration of a woman in 19th-century attire

ROSALIND.

Orlando. Did you ever cure any so?

Rosalind. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: At which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing, and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something, and for no passion truly any thing, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this colour: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; then I drave my suitor from his mad humour of love, to a living humour of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic: And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote, and woo me.

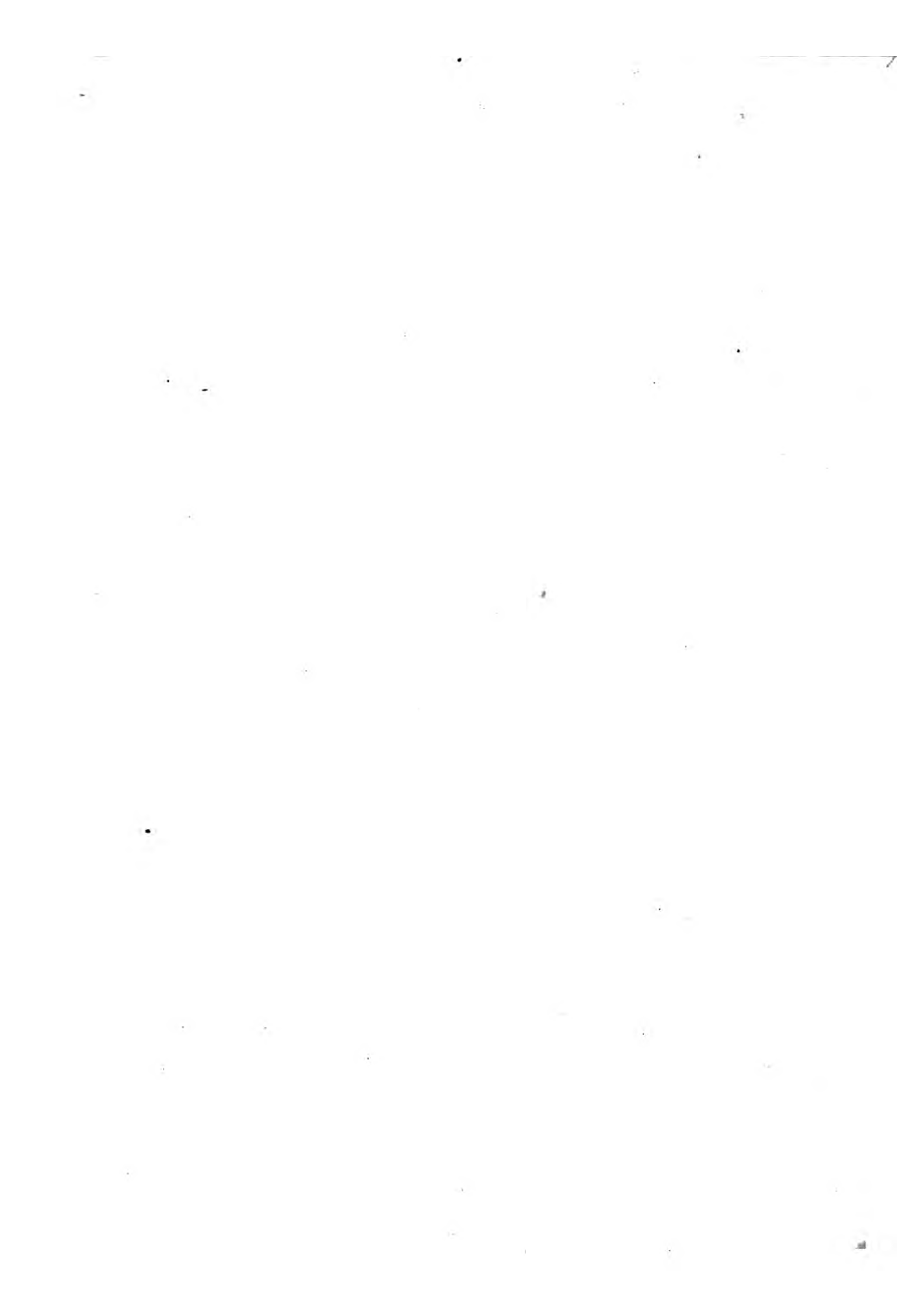
Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will; tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it, and I'll show it to you: and, by the way, you shall tell me where in the forest you live: Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind:—Come, sister, will you go?
(*Exeunt.*)

AS YOU LIKE IT.—Act III. Scene 2.





HELENA.

Helena. O, were that all!—I think not on my father;
And these great tears grace his remembrance more
Than those I shed for him. What was he like?
I have forgot him: my imagination
Carries no favour in it but Bertram's.
I am undone; there is no living, none,
If Bertram be away. It were all one,
That I should love a bright particular 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.
The ambition in my love thus plagues itself:
The hind, that would be mated by the lion,
Must die for love. 'Twas pretty, though 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 relics. Who comes here?

ALL'S WELL THAT END'S WELL.—*Act I. Scene I.*



KATHARINE.

Petruchio. Good Kate; I am a gentleman.

Katharine. That I'll try.

[*Striking him.*]

Pet. I swear, I'll cuff you, if you strike again.

Kath. So may you lose your arms:

If you strike me, you are no gentleman;

And if no gentleman, why, then no arms.

Pet. A herald, Kate? oh, put me in thy books.

Kath. What is your crest? a coxcomb?

Pet. A combless cock, so Kate will be my hen.

Kath. No cock of mine, you crow too like a craven.

Pet. Nay, come, Kate, come; you must not look so sour.

Kath. It is my fashion, when I see a crab.

Pet. Why, here's no crab, and therefore look not sour.

Kath. There is, there is.

Pet. Then show it me,

Kath. Had I a glass, I would.

Pet. What, you mean my face?

Kath. Well aim'd of such a young one.

Pet. Now, by St. George, I am too young for you.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.—*Act II. Scene 1.*



1774

PERDITA.

Perdita. Now, my fairest friend,
I would, I had some flowers o' the spring, that might
Become your time of day ; and yours ; and yours ;

Daffodils,

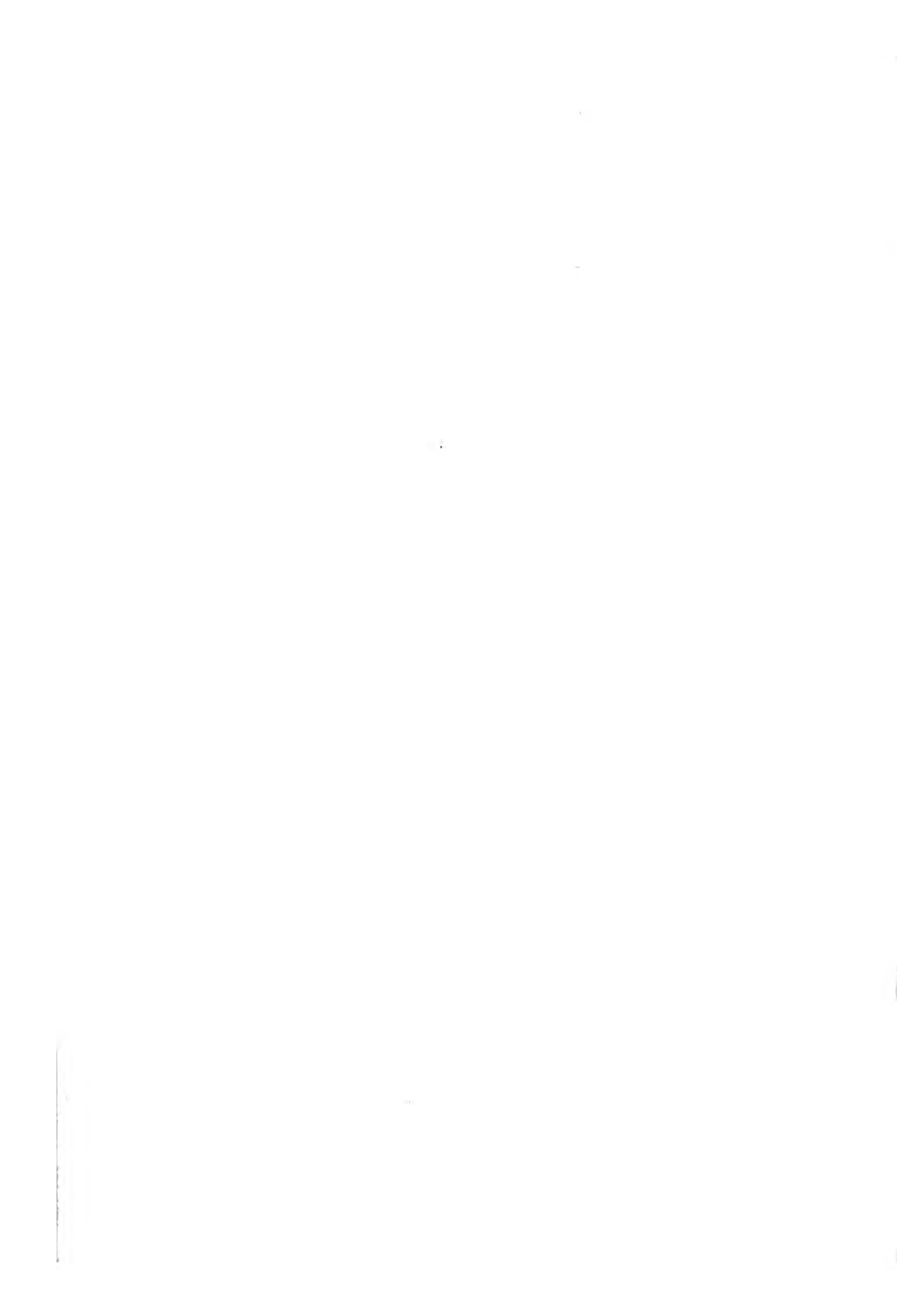
That come before the swallow dares, and take
The winds of March with beauty ; violets, dim,
But sweeter than the lids of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath ; pale primroses,
That die unmarried, ere they can behold
Bright Phœbus in his strength ; bold oxlips, and
The crown-imperial ; lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-luce being one ! O, these I lack,
To make you garlands of ; and, my sweet friend,
To strew him o'er and o'er.

Florizel. What? like a corse?

Per. No, like a bank, for love to lie and play on ;
Not like a corse : or if,—not to be buried,
But quick, and in mine arms. Come, take your flowers :
Methinks, I play as I have seen them do
In Whitsun' pastorals : sure, this robe of mine
Does change my disposition.

Flo. What you do,
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever : when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so ; so give alms ;
Pray so ; and, for the ordering your affairs,
To sing them too : When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that ; move still, still so, and own
No other function : Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

WINTER'S TALE.—Act IV. Scene 3.





THE ABBESS.

Abbess. No, not a creature enters in my house.

Adriana. Then, let your servants bring my husband forth.

Abb. Neither ; he took this place for sanctuary,
And it shall privilege him from your hands,
'Till I have brought him to his wits again,
Or lose my labour in assaying it.

Adr. I will attend my husband, be his nurse,
Diet his sickness, for it is my office ;
And will have no attorney but myself ;
And therefore let me have him home with me.

Abb. Be patient : for I will not let him stir,
Till I have us'd the approved means I have,
With wholesome syrups, drugs, and holy prayers,
To make of him a formal man again ;
It is a branch and parcel of mine oath,
A charitable duty of my order ;
Therefore, depart, and leave him here with me.

COMEDY OF ERRORS.—*Act V. Scene 1.*



Elizabeth I.

LADY MACBETH.

Glamis thou art, and Cawdor ; and shalt be
What thou art promised : — Yet do I fear thy nature ;
It is too full o' the milk of human kindness,
To catch the nearest way : Thou would'st be great ;
Art not without ambition ; but without
The illness should attend it. What thou would'st highly,
That would'st thou holily ; would'st not play false,
And yet would'st wrongly win ; thou'd'st have, great Glamis,
That which cries, *Thus thou must do, if thou have it ;*
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,
Than wishest should be undone. Hie thee hither,
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear ;
And chastise with the valour of my tongue
All that impedes thee from the golden round,
Which fate and metaphysical aid doth seem
To have thee crown'd withal.

MACBETH.—*Act I. Scene 5.*



W. Kneller

CONSTANCE.

Constance. Thou may'st, 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.

[*She throws herself on the ground.*]

Enter King Philip.

Phil. 'Tis true, fair daughter ; and this blessed day
Ever in France shall be kept festival :
To solemnize this day, the glorious sun
Stays in his course, and plays the alchemist ;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glittering gold ;
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holiday,

Const. A wicked day, and not a holyday !

KING JOHN.—*Act III. Scene 1.*

1



1848

LADY PERCY.

Lady Percy. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

Hotspur. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love? I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world,
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too.—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what would'st thou have with me?

Lady P. Do you not love me? do you not, indeed?
Well, do not then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if you speak in jest, or no.

KING HENRY IV.—PART I.—*Act II. Scene 3.*



Princess Catharina

PRINCESS KATHARINE.

Kath. Alice, tu as esté en Angleterre, et tu parles bien le langage.

Alice. Un peu, madame.

Kath. Je te prie, m'enseignes : il faut que j'apprenne à parler. Comment appelez vous la main, en Anglois ?

Alice. La main ? Elle est appelée, *de hand*.

Kath. *De hand*. Et les doigts ?

Alice. Les doigts ? ma foye, je oublie les doigts ; mais je me souviendray. Les doigts, je pense, qu'ils sont appelé *de fingers* ; ouy, *de fingers*.

KING HENRY V.—*Act III. Scene 4.*



Joan of Arc

JOAN OF ARC.

Talbot. Where is my strength, my valour, and my force !
Our English troops retire, I cannot stay them ;
A woman, clad in armour, chaseth them.

[*Enter La Pucelle.*]

Here, here she comes :—I'll have a bout with thee ;
Devil, or devil's dam, I'll conjure thee :
Blood will I draw on thee, thou art a witch,
And straightway give thy soul to him thou serv'st.

Puc. Come, come, 'tis only I that must disgrace thee.

[*They fight.*]

Tal. Heavens, can you suffer hell so to prevail ?
My breast I'll burst with straining of my courage,
And from my shoulders crack my arms asunder,
But I will chastise this high-minded strumpet.

Puc. Talbot, farewell ; thy hour is not yet come :
I must go victual Orleans forthwith.
O'ertake me, if thou canst ; I scorn thy strength.
Go, go, cheer up thy hunger-starved men ;
Help Salisbury to make his testament :
This day is ours, as many more shall be.

KING HENRY VI.—PART. I.—*Act I. Scene 5.*



MARGARET.

Suffolk. I'll over then to England with this news,
And make this marriage to be solemnised :
So, farewell, Reignier ! Set this diamond safe,
In golden palaces as it becomes.

Reignier. I do embrace thee, as I would embrace
The Christian prince, king Henry, were he here.

Margaret. Farewell, my lord ! Good wishes, praise, and
prayers,
Shall Suffolk ever have of Margaret. [*Going.*

Suff. Farewell, sweet madam ! But hark you, Margaret ;
No princely commendations to my king ?

Marg. Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant, say to him.

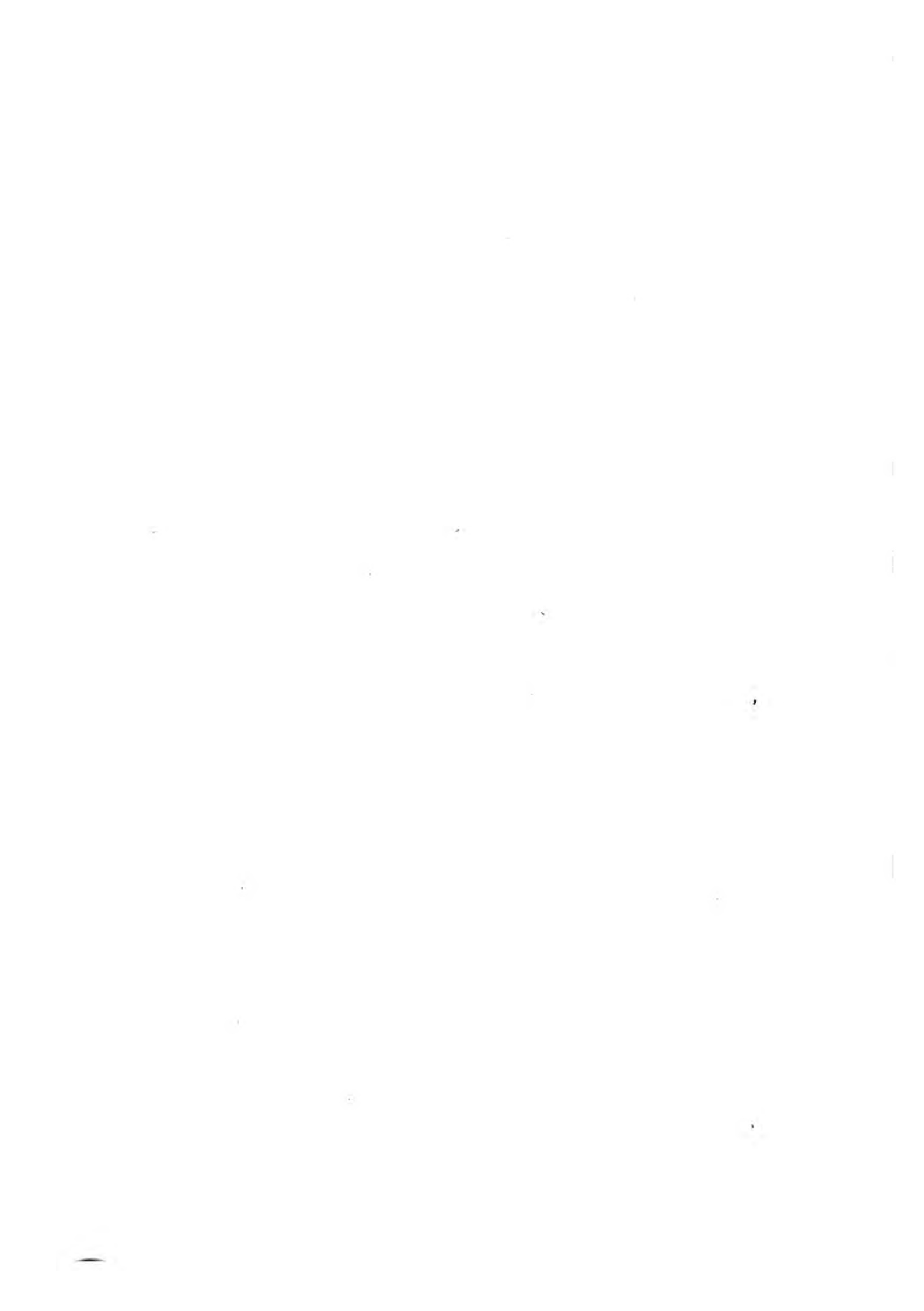
Suff. Words sweetly plac'd, and modestly directed.
But, madam, I must trouble you again,—
No loving token to his majesty ?

Marg. Yes, my good lord ; a pure unspotted heart,
Never yet taint with love, I send the king.

Suff. And this withal. [*kisses her.*

Marg. That for thyself ;—I will not so presume,
To send such peevish tokens to a king.

KING HENRY VI.—*Part 1.—Act V. Scene 3.*







Handwritten signature or inscription

LADY GREY.

L. Grey. 'Tis better said than done, my gracious lord ;
I am a subject fit to jest withal,
But far unfit to be a sovereign.

K. Edward. Sweet widow, by my state I swear to thee,
I speak no more than what my soul intends
And that is, to enjoy thee for my love.

L. Grey. And that is more than I will yield unto :
I know, I am too mean to be your queen ;
And yet too good to be your concubine.

K. Edw. You cavil, widow ; I did mean, my queen.

L. Grey. 'Twill grieve your grace, my sons should call you—
father.

K. Edw. No more, than when thy daughters call thee mother.

KING HENRY VI.—PART III.—*Act III. Scene 2.*



Handwritten signature or text, possibly "W. G. M. 1852", located below the engraving.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Messenger. My lord ambassador, these letters are for you ;
Sent from your brother, marquis Montague.
These from our king unto your majesty.—
And, madam, these for you ; from whom, I know not.

[*To Margaret. They all read their letters.*

Oxford. I like it well, that our fair queen and mistress
Smiles at her news, while Warwick frowns at his.

Prince. Nay, mark, how Lewis stamps as he were nettled :
I hope, all's for the best.

King Lewis. Warwick, what are thy news? and your's, fair
queen?

Queen Margaret. Mine, such as fills my heart with unhop'd joys.

Warwick. Mine, full of sorrow and heart's discontent.

K. Lewis. What! has your king married the Lady Grey?
And now, to sooth your forgery and his,
Sends me a paper to persuade me patience?
Is this the alliance that he seeks with France?
Dare he presume to scorn us in this manner?

Q. Mar. I told your majesty as much before :
This proveth Edward's love, and Warwick's honesty.

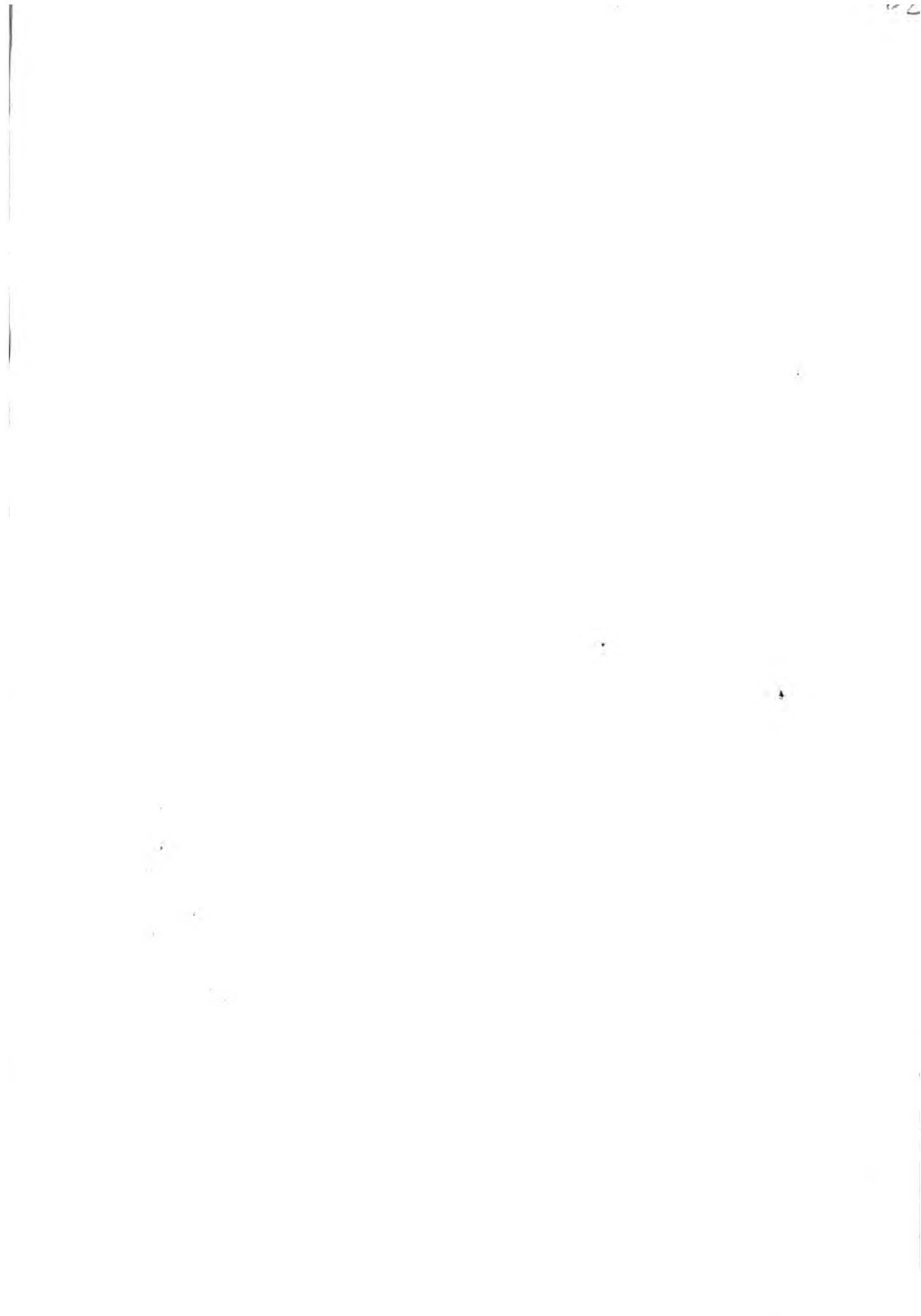
HENRY VI. PART THIRD.—*Act III. Scene 3.*



LADY ANN.

Ann. No! Why?—When he, that is my husband now,
Came to me, as I followed Henry's corse ;
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands,
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dead saint which then I weeping follow'd;
O, when I say, I look'd on Richard's face,
This was my wish, — *Be thou, quoth I, accurs'd,*
For making me, so young, so old a widow !
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed ;
And be thy wife (if any be so mad)
More miserable by the life of thee,
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death !
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
E'en in so short a space, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse ;
Which ever since hath held mine eyes from rest ;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick ;
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

KING RICHARD III.—*Act IV. Scene 1.*





QUEEN KATHARINE.

Queen Katharine. Take thy lute, wench: my soul grows sad
with troubles;
Sing, and disperse them, if thou canst; leave working.

SONG.

Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain-tops, that freeze,
Bow themselves, when he did sing;
To his music, plants and flowers
Ever sprung; as sun, and showers,
There had been a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
Hung their heads, and then lay by,
In sweet music is such art;
Killing care, and grief of heart,
Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

[*Enter a Gentleman.*]

Q. Kath. How now?

Gent. An't please your grace, the two great cardinals
Wait in the presence.

Q. Kath. Would they speak with me?

Gent. They will'd me say so, madam,

Q. Kath. Pray their graces
To come near.

[*Exit Gent.*]

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act III. Scene 1.*



ANNE BULLEN.

At length Her Grace rose, and with modest paces
Came to the altar : where she kneel'd, and, saint-like,
Cast her fair eyes to heaven, and prayed devoutly.
Then rose again, and bow'd her to the people :
When by the Archbishop of Canterbury
She had all the royal makings of a Queen ;
As holy oil, Edward Confessor's crown,
The rod, and bird of peace, and all such emblems
Laid nobly on her ; which performed, the choir,
With all the choicest music of the kingdom,
Together sung *Te Deum*. So she parted,
And with the same full state pac'd back again,
To York-place, where the feast is held.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act IV. Scene 1.*





CASSANDRA.

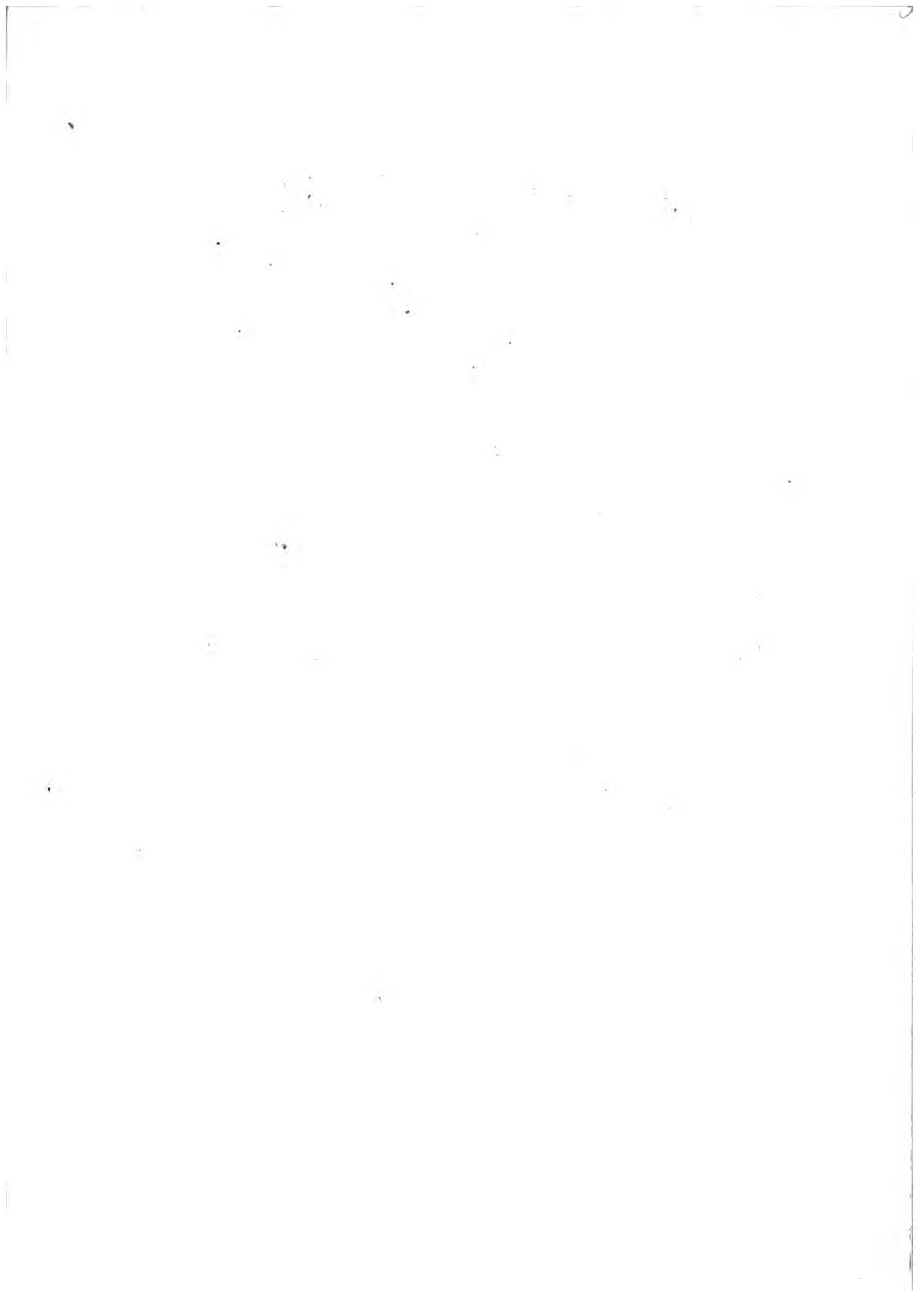
Cassandra. Cry, Trojans, cry ! lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetic tears.

Hector. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled elders,
Soft infancy, that nothing canst but cry,
Add to my clamours ! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! practise your eyes with tears !
Troy must not be, nor goodly Ilium stand ;
Our fire-brand brother, Paris, burns us all.
Cry, Trojans, cry ! a Helen, and a woe :
Cry, cry ! Troy burns, or else let Helen go. [Exit.

Hector. Now youthful Troilus, do not these high strains
Of divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse ? or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,
Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause,
Can qualify the same ?

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—Act II. Scene 2.





HELEN.

Pandarus. Sweet queen, sweet queen; that's a sweet queen, i'faith.

Helen. And to make a sweet lady sad, is a sour offence.

Pan. Nay, that shall not serve your turn; that shall it not, in truth, la. Nay, I care not for such words; no, no.—And, my lord, he desires you, that, if the king call for him at supper, you will make his excuse.

Helen. My Lord Pandarus,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen; my very very sweet queen?

Paris. What exploit's in hand? Where sups he to-night?

Helen. Nay but, my lord,—

Pan. What says my sweet queen? My cousin will fall out with you. You must not know where he sups.

Par. I'll lay my life with my disposer Cressida.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act III. Scene 1.*





CRESSIDA.

Agamemnon. Is this the Lady Cressid?

Diomedes. Even she.

Agam. Most dearly welcome to the Greeks, sweet lady.

Nestor. Our General doth salute you with a kiss.

Ulysses. Yet is the kindness but particular ;
'Twere better she were kiss'd in general.

Nest. And very courtly counsel ; I'll begin.—
So much for Nestor.

Achilles. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady :
Achilles bids you welcome.

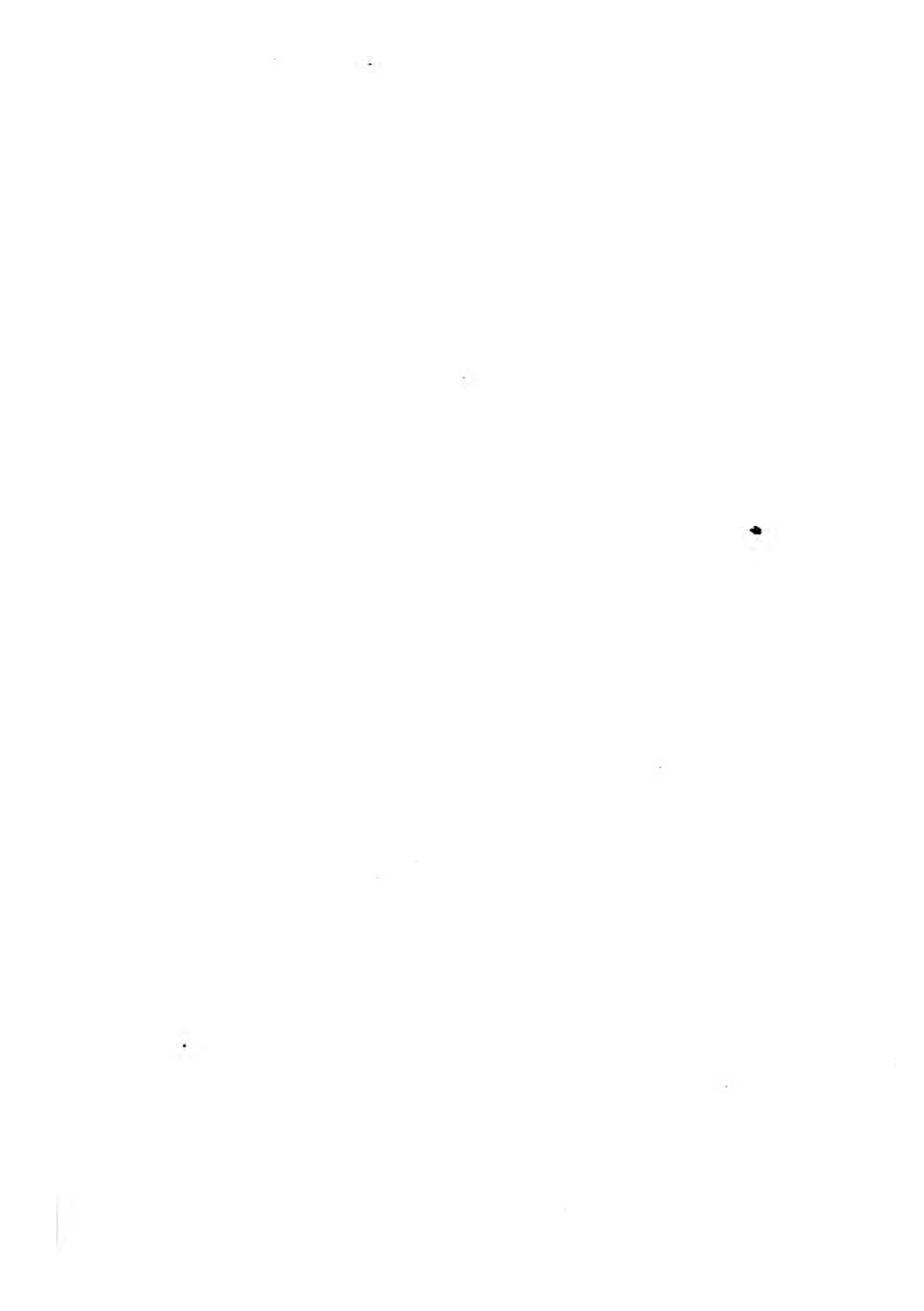
Menelaus. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patroclus. But that's no argument for kissing now :
For thus popp'd Paris in his hardiment ;
And parted thus you and your argument.

Ulyss. O deadly gall, and theme of all our scorns !
For which we lose our heads, to gild his horns.

Patro. The first was Menelaus' kiss ;—this, mine :
Patroclus kisses you.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act IV. Scene 5.*





Allegory

Allegory

Allegory

VIRGILIA.

Coriolanus. My gracious silence, hail !
Would'st thou have laugh'd, had I come coffin'd home,
That weep'st to see me triumph ? Ah, my dear,
Such eyes the widows in Corioli wear,
And mothers that lack sons.

Menenius Agrippa. Now the gods crown thee !

Cor. And live you yet ?—O my sweet lady, pardon.

[*To Valeria.*

Volumnia. I know not where to turn :—O, welcome home ;
And welcome, general ;—and you are welcome all !

Men. A hundred thousand welcomes ; I could weep,
And I could laugh ; I am light and heavy : Welcome :
A curse begin at very root of his heart,
That is not glad to see thee !—You are three,
That Rome should dote on : yet by the faith of men,
We have some old crab-trees here at home, that will not
Be grafted to your relish. Yet welcome, warriors :
We call a nettle but a nettle ; and
The faults of fools but folly.

CORIOLANUS.—*Act II. Scene 1.*





*Portrait of
Mrs. F. B. Jones*

PORTIA.

[WIFE OF BRUTUS.]

Portia. Hark, boy! what noise is that?

Lucius. I hear none, madam.

Portia. Pr'ythee, listen well;
I heard a bustling rumour, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the capitol.

Lucius. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

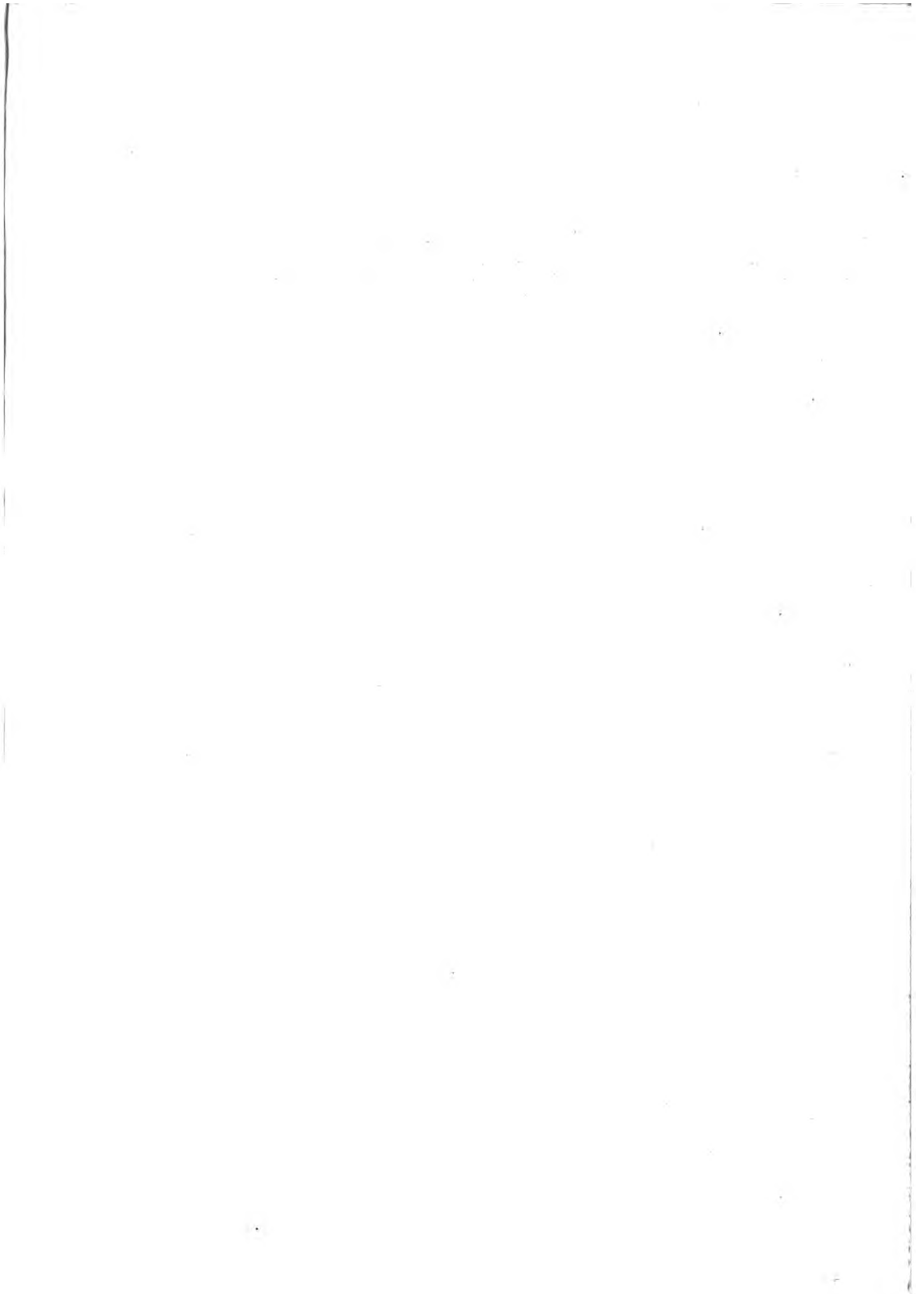
(*Enter Soothsayer.*)

Portia. Come hither, fellow,
Which way hast thou been?

Sooth. At mine own house.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—*Act II. Scene 4.*







Elizabeth

CLEOPATRA.

Cleopatra. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse! for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demy Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, '*Where's my serpent of old Nile?*'
For so he calls me;—Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison:—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—*Act I. Scene 5.*





Handwritten signature or mark

IMOGEN.

Enter IMOGEN, in boy's clothes.

Imogen. I see, a man's life is a tedious one :
I have tired myself; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I should be sick,
But that my resolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Pisanio show'd thee,
Thou wast within a ken : O Jove ! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched : such, I mean,
Where they should be relieved. Two beggars told me,
I could not miss my way : will poor folks lie,
That have affliction on them ; knowing 'tis
A punishment, or trial ? Yes ; no wonder,
When rich ones scarce tell true : To lapse in fulness
Is sorer, than to lie in need ; and falsehood
Is worse in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord !
Thou art one of the false ones : Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone ; but even before, I was
At point to sink for food.—But what is this ?
Here is a path to it ; 'Tis some savage hold :
I were best not call ; I dare not call : yet famine,
Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards : hardness ever
Of hardness is mother.—Ho ! who's here ?
If any thing that's civil, speak ; if savage,
Take, or lend.—Ho !—No answer ; then I'll enter.
Best draw my sword ; and if mine enemy
But fear the sword like me, he'll scarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens ! *[She goes into the cave.]*

CYMBELINE.—*Act III. Scene 6.*





LAVINIA.

Lavinia. O Tamora, be called a gentle queen,
And with thine own hands kill me in this place :
For 'tis not life, that I have begg'd so long ;
Poor I was slain, when Bassianus died.

Tamora. What begg'st thou, then ? Fond woman, let me go.

Lav. 'Tis present death I beg ; and one thing more,
That womanhood denies my tongue to tell :
O, keep me from their worse than killing lust,
And tumble me into some loathsome pit ;
Where never man's eye may behold my body :
Do this, and be a charitable murderer.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.—*Act II. Scene 3.*





Allegory

Engraved by J. G. Kneller

Printed by J. G. Kneller

CORDELIA.

Kent. Made she no verbal question ?

Gent. 'Faith ; once, or twice, she heav'd the name of ' father '
Pantingly forth, as if it press'd her heart ;
Cried, ' Sisters ! sisters !—Shame of ladies ! sisters !
Kent ! father ! sisters ! What ! i' the storm ? i' the night ?
Let pity not be believed !—There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamour moisten'd : then away she started
To deal with grief alone.

Kent. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions ;
Else one self mate and mate could not beget
Such different issues. You spoke not with her since ?

KING LEAR.—*Act IV. Scene 3.*



JULIET.

Juliet. Come hither, nurse: What is yon gentleman?

Nurse. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?

Nurse. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.

Jul. What's he, that follows there, that would not dance?

Nurse. I know not.

Jul. Go, ask his name:—if he be married,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.

Nurse. His name is Romeo, and a Montague;
The only son of your great enemy.

Jul. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathed enemy.

Nurse. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhyme I learn'd even now
Of one I danc'd withal. (*One calls within, Juliet.*)

Nurse. Anon, anon:—
Come, let's away; the strangers all are gone. (*Exeunt.*)

ROMEO AND JULIET.—*Act I. Scene 5.*





Alma

OPHELIA.

Enter Ophelia, fantastically dressed with Straws and Flowers.

O heat, dry up my brains ! tears, seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue of mine eye !—
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid with weight,
Till our scale turn the beam. O rose of May !
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia !—
O heavens ! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life ?
Nature is fine in love : and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

*Oph. They bore him barefac'd on the bier ;
 Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny :
 And in his grave rain'd many a tear ;—*

Fare you well, my dove !

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You must sing, *Down-a-down, an you call him a-down-a.*
O, how the wheel becomes it ! it is the false steward, that stole his
master's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance ; pray you, love,
remember : and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madness ; thoughts and remembrance filled.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines :—there's rue for
you ; and here's some for me :—we may call it herb of grace
o' Sundays :—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a
daisy :—I would give you some violets ; but they withered all, when
my father died :—They say, he made a good end.—

HAMLET.—*Act IV. Scene 5.*



THE FINE ARTS

DESDEMONA.

Othello. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline :
But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
Which ever, as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse : Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour ; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intently : I did consent ;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs :
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange ;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful :
She wish'd she had not heard it ; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man : she thank'd me ;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake :
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd ;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

OTHELLO.—*Act I. Scene 3.*

