Cal. Of your name was unknown. I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,

I heard that there,
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

"FEAR NOT: THE FOREST IS NOT THREE LEAGUES OFF; IF WE RECOVER THAT, WE ARE SURE ENOUGH."

Act V, Scene 2.

London: Published by Thomas Longman junr. at Chapman's March, 1804.
MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Act 1.

In full force lies the question: this question is

present to me, and I will now put it to you.

You must tell me what you will do for me.

If you will do as I desire, I will give you

peace and security.

But if you refuse, I will make war upon you.

Your own safety is at stake.

I will not allow you to harm me.

That you may well understand, I will tell you this:

I am a powerful monarch, and I will do whatever

I wish.

I will even go to war, if necessary.

I will use any means to achieve my ends.

You must obey me, or face the consequences.

This is my ultimatum.

I will not tolerate disobedience.

You must do as I say, or suffer the

consequences.

Think carefully about this.

I am a formidable enemy.

I will not be easily swayed.

You must give me what I demand.

Or else.

I will take your land.

I will seize your treasures.

I will destroy your cities.

I will make you suffer.

You must comply with my wishes.

Or else.

I am a powerful monarch.

I will not be denied.

You must do as I say.

Or else.

I will make you pay.

I will make you suffer.

I will make you rue your disobedience.

You must give me what I demand.

Or else.

I am a formidable enemy.

I will not be appeased.

You must do as I say.

Or else.

I will make you pay.

I will make you suffer.

I will make you rue your disobedience.

You must give me what I demand.

Or else.

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Or else.

I will make you pay.

I will make you suffer.

I will make you rue your disobedience.

You must give me what I demand.

Or else.

I am a formidable enemy.

I will not be appeased.

You must do as I say.

Or else.
...
you have sent him visitation.

Luke. He professes to have received such a number of visits from his judge, but most willfully and obstinately refuses to come. You framed to himself, by the instruction of his principal, in the midst of the most distressing moment of his life, that which you, in your own interests, have discredited to him, and his case was deemed to be a just one.

Aesop. You have paid the heavens you owed, and the prisoner the very debt of your call.
Measure for Measure. 

Act 3.

Scene 1.

Isabella. I do, my lord. 

Duke. For this married man, approaching in your behalf, whose suit imagination yet hath wrong'd your well-defended honor, you must pardon. 

Isabella. For Mariana's sake, but as she adjured your lordship in that capacity of your charitie, and of your brother's sake. 

Duke. You, the very terror of the law cries out. 

Isabella. Must murder, even from his proper tongue. 


Isabella. Haste will, in heaven, and all the answers heaven. Like death shall be, and Measure shall for Measure.

Duke. This, Angelo, thy fault's thou manifestest. 

Isabella. Which though thou wouldst deny, desire thou hast. 

Duke. We do condemn thee to the very block. 

Isabella. Wherein Shakespeare doth indeed, and with like hand away with him. 

Duke. O, my most gracious lord! 

Isabella. I hope you will not mock me with a husband! 

Duke. It is your husband! I hold you with a hand, 

Committing to the safeguard of your honors, (hand.) 

But this, lord Angelo, perceives he's safe.
Pedro. By my truth, a good song.

Balth. And an ill singer, my lord.

Pedro. Ha! no; an ill singer: thou singest for a shift.

Balth. (Aside) As he had been a dog, that he howled, thou would have hanged him. I pray, sir, to his voice, had he misbegotten us, I have heard the night-evens, come, one could have some after it.

Pedro. Yes, master; (To Claudius) Don't, Balthasar; I pray thee, get us some excellent: for to-morrow night we would have it in Hero's chamber-window.

Balth. The best I can, my lord.

Pedro. Do as you are sent. (Exit Balthasar)

Music. Come hither, Leonato. (Exit.)
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MINERS' HOGS DREAM.
Now by holy time's
beauties;
For night's soft dragons cut the clouds full
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
In whose approach ghastly, wandering berae
Trove home to church-yards: damned spirits
That in cross-ways and fields have buried,
Ready to their arms' beds are gone:
For four last day should lack their shames
They wildly themselves calls from light:
And must for age consort with black-brow'd
Ola. But we are spirits of another sort:
I with the Morning's Love have eft made spate
And, like a foresters, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all very red,
Opening on Neptune with this blessed beams
Turns into yellow gold himself-same streams.
But, notwithstanding, bare; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.

Pack, up and down, up and down:
I will lead them up and down:
I am heart in field and love;
Oaths, lead them up and down.
Than Agrippa; a dowry for a queen,
Be now no prodigal of all dear grace,
As nature was in making grace dear,
When she did scarce the general world build'd,
And prodigally gave them all to you,
First, Good lord Boyet, my country, though but mean,
Needs not the painted flourish of your praise;
Nor can it be bought by judicious pay,
Not iver'd by base sale of champion's tongue;
Yet less proud to hear you talk of a worth,
Than you must willing to be esteemed wise.
In spending your wit in the praise of mine,
You now to task the bolder Boyet,
You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
Dost with advantage, Nature with sense a very
Till painful study shall out-wear three years,
A woman may approach his strict court;
Therefore to in whether it is needful course,
Before we enter his forbidden gate;
To know his pleasure; and in that behalfe,
How of your worthiness, we singe you.
As our best moving for solicitor,
Tell him, the daughter of the king of France,
On serious business, casting quick despatchs,
Importance personal conference with his grace;
Haste, signally so much, while we attend,
Like humble, staid'd nature, his high will.
Prorog. Present empolement, willingly I go. Exit.
Prior. All pride is willing pride, and yeasts is so.
Woe be the virus, my loving lady.
That all you follow, will they suffer, lads?

Between lord Pernott and the beantome lady,
Jacques Falconbridge solemnis'd,
In Normanly saw I this wisely leads
A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd;
Well fitted in the arts, present to essay;
Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well,
Yet only of his father's name.
Of virtue's glass will stain with any soil.
In sharp wit match'd with too brint a will;
Some edge he power to cut, whose will will cut;
Should some spare that come within his power.
Some mercy more we entreat alike, in utterance.
For they say most, that most this humours know.
Price. Such short-ter'd is he do witter as they grow.
Who are the rest?

First. The yong Domain, a well-accomplish'd
All that virtue love for virtue lov'd:
Youth, but power to do most harm, least knowing ill.
To he bane will to make an ill shape good.
And shape to win grace though he bane an ill.
I saw him at the dark Alencon's once;
I much too little of that good to say,
My report, to his great worthiness.
For another of those times he is that time
Thee with him, if I have heard a truth,
On they call him; but a minister may,
Within the limits of believing.
I never spent an hour's talk withal,
In eye heeget occasion taken.
In every object that the one doth catch,
Ofhearts is a with-moving lust,
With his fair tongue (conceit's atonement),
Levy's in such apt and gracious words,
As good ears play truant to his discours.
If younger heurings are quite ravish'd,
Of fact and resolves is his discourse.
Pray, God bless my ladyship are they all in hate;
My mind, cooling my brow ague, when I thought so great might do a sea
body hour-glass rus; shallows and of flats;
Andrew sunk’d in sand; lower than her ribs,
should I go to church, one of mine,
strait of dangerous rocks;“my grate sauce’s edge,”
spin in the stream; then with so
Nor. Your father was ever victorious at their death, have good inspirations; loyalty, that he hath derived in these the gold, silver, and lead (whereof who shadow, choose you will, so doubt, never any rightly, but one who you shall right what warnsh is there is your affection of these princeful authors that are abroad. For, I pray thee, over-name them; mark them, I will describe them; to my description, heart at my affection.

Nor. First, there is the Neapolitan:

"Ay, that's a coil; indeed, for he but talk of his horse; and he makes it relation to his own good parts, than he himself: I am much afraid my lady, his wife, with a maid.

Nor. Then, is there the county Palatine, his meaning, may the man, is to have you understand me; yet his means are in subposition, you bound to Tripoli, another to the

understand moreover upon the Nile, one at Mexico, a third in England — then he hath, squander'd absurd: But, a red sailors but men there by land, rain, water-thieves, and land-thieves; and then, there is the peril of war and rocks: The man is, notwithstanding, three thousand ducats, — I think I

Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend, I'll break a custom: — Is he yet possess'd; How much you would?
Act 2.

SCENE II. Venice, A Street.

Eton Lancelot (Gobbo).

God: Her name is Margery, indeed; I'll be sworn, if thou be Lancelot, thou art mine own flesh and
The several caskets to this noble prince:

Mr. the first, of gold, who this inscription.

Who closeth me, shall gain what many and

The second, silver, which this promise cast

The end, which this promise cast

To clothe me, and gain what many and

Who closeth me, shall gain what many and

Who closeth me, shall gain what many and

Who shall I know if I do choose the right

The one of them contains my picture.

If you choose that, then I am yours without

Mr. Some god direct my judgment! I

I will survey the inscriptions back again:

Who closeth me, must give and hazard all

This casket contains what the deed is the

O What is there?—what is that inside?

With her came in the chthonic cave.

shall I think, in silver she’s tenant’d,

Ten times undervalued to try’d gold!

Never, never!—Unveil it not!—To

I was in worse than gold. They have in England

But that the figure of an angel

but that’s inculpa’d upon:

Here an angel in a golden bed

all within.—Deliver me the key;

or do I choose, and thrive I so may!

Mr. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,

Mr. Unlocks the golden Casket.

O what have we here!—What harm death, within whose empty eye

and in a written paper I'll read the writing.

They were not with beams in the eye,

Side by side, a passion to confound,

a strange, outrageous, and so variable;

as the dog.Two did enter in the streets

My daughter?—O my daughter!—O my daughter!

My daughter?—O my daughter!—O my daughter!

Justice! the law? my dearest, and my daughter!

A golden bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Which ducats, friend from me by my daughter!

And jewels; two stones, two rich and precious stones

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats!

Why, all the gods is known to follow suit.

Crying.—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
He plies the stake at morn and at even,  
And dials impregnate the freedom of the man.  
If they deny him justice, twenty merchants  
The duke himself, and the magnificence  
Of greatest part, have all perished with  
But none can drive him: from the envious  
Of fortune, of justice, and his hand.  

"Whet I was with him, I have heard  
To Tubal, and to Chus, his countryman,  
That he would rather have Antonio's fool.
press this unworthy husband! Be not so cruel as to refuse her prayers, whom Heaven delights to love, and that she avails to save him from the wrath of his just deserts. Write, sir, to Hidalgo, this unworthy husband of his wife.

Yet, you will not weigh her so lightly, nor will you let her think she has the same weight of her worth. That he does weigh too light: my greatest grief is, though little he do feel it, yet does it without notice or observation. If there be anything that she is doing, it will return; and hope I may, that she, being so much, will speed her foot again, and if her husband be not in love, which she is sure of, I have no heart in me to make another.
shakes, another from the shed of the new armory, with a broken hilt, and chine; with two broken points: His horse big with an old, musty saddle, the straps of no brand; shoulder, mounted with the glanders, and he looks in the chaise: touched with the lamp, feasted with the fashion, full of wind, all the aged sapsion, reared with the yellow, poor core of love, stark you'd with the wiagars, beguine in the bulb; awayed in the back, and audder-shut me in legged before, and with a half-cheeked and a sandal of many's matter: which, he resurrection to keep him from stumbling, hath been brought and now escaped from him, six times pieced, and a woman's crupper of velvet, with both two letters for her name, fairly set this in stud, and here and there pieced with patches. Boy. Who comes with him??
When we first met, I thought my heart was hard.

Percurran! I cannot be with you,

Agrippa, my father, of whom I bear so well.

Agrippa, Sir, pardon me in what I have in your presence, and your suit, but it is true it is, sir. Lucanio, here doth SOE my daughter, and she loveth him. Or both resemble deeply their affection. And therefore, if you say no more than this,

That like a father you will deal with him, and pass my daughter a sufficient dowry. The match is fully made, and all is done:

Your son shall have my daughter with ease.

Yes; I thank you, sir. Where then do you now?

We be selle, and such assurance takes, As shall with either part’s agreement stand.

Agrippa. Not in my house, Lucanio; for, you wis, we have ears, and I have many secrets. Besides, old Geronio is hearing still; and, happily, we might be interrupted.

Yes. Thou at my lodging, as it like you. These doth my father lie; and there, this is

We'll pass the business presently and well;

and for your daughter by your servant here. Thy boy shall fetch the advocate presently.

The worst is this, that he so slender seems.
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Luc. It's not from the start he's somewhere gone to spend, nor, let us dote, and never tire; man is master of his liberty.
Luc. Time is their master; and, when they see it they'll go, or come in, as he pleases him.
Adr. Why should their liberty then be curbed?
Luc. Because their business will be out.
Adr. Look, when I serve him on, he takes.
Luc. O, know, he is the master of your Adr. There's none, but master, will he be in.
Luc. Why, headstrong liberty is lost'd.
Adr. There's nothing, situate under heaven's eye
That hath his bound, is earth, in sea, in sky.
The beasts, the fishes, and the winged fowl,
Are subject to their masters; and the souls
Men, more divine, the masters of all these,
Induced with intellectual sense and soul.
Adr. I see two husbands, or mine eyes deceive me.

Oth. One of these men is greater by far the other;
And so of thee: Which is the natural man,
I think the spirit? Who deceiveth thee?

Dor. S. I, sir, am Dromio; command him away.

Dor. E. I sir, am Dromio; pray let me stay.

Dor. S. A man, or else his ghost?

Dor. S. O, my old master! whom hast thou bound him here?

Dor. If he bound him, I will lose his bonds;
And gain a bondage by his liberty:

Good, old Dromio, if thou hast the man
That hadst a wife once call'd Euphilia,

But here thee at a bound our two fair now,
If thou hast the same Euphilia speak;

And speak unto the same Euphilia!

But if I dream not, thou art Euphilia;

That art she, tell me, where is that sea

That liest with thee as the fatal raft?
But here, upon this bank and isle of time,
We'd jump the life to consist of them, in these cases,
We still have taught; that we but teach
No pay, no salary, which, being taught, returns,
To plague the inventor: This one-handed justice
Commands the ingredients of our poison'd choice.
To our own lips. He's here in double trust:
First, as I am his kinman and his subject,
Strong both against the deed: then, as his host,
Who should against his murderer shut the door,
Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
Had borne his faculties so meek, had been
So clear in his great office, that his virtue
Will stand the test of time, and yet his name
Shall live in this bright and warlike act.
This sudden course of blood, ills so begot
That they themselves might be without a heart,
An outrage moving them to thick heartedness,
And shame'd to look man in the face, no more
That bears the crown. The deep damnation of his taking-off,
And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, bore'd
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
Shall how the horrid deed in his own eye,
That sees the stars shall水量 the wind. I have no spur
To prick the sides of my intent, but only
Vaulting ambition, which o'ercreeps itself,
And falls on him that loved it.}

1. It is no more than what you are; you would
much more the man. Nothing new, nor places,
I then adhere, and yet you would make oath:
You have made themselves, and that in their own
not even: I have given you; and know
he lighter this; to love the hate that kills me;
would, while it was smiling. By this fact,
re plac'd my simple from his baseless grace,
and think'd: he knows not, and I so sworn, as you
are done to this.

2. If we should fail—We fail!

3. I screw your courage to the sticking-place,
Merry, sir, now-painting, sleep. 

Lechery, sir, it provokes and unproves: 

It takes the desire, but it takes away the desire. 

Therefore, weak humor may be said to 

create with lechery; it makes him, and it sets him on, and it takes him off; 

him, and dishonors him; makes him not stand in; 

in conclusion, equivocally sleep, and, giving him the lie, leaves him.

Mood. I believe, drink, gave thee this. 

Merry. That it did, sir. I saw very much 

of it required him for his life; and, I think, strong for him, though he took up my left hand I could not stir him.

Mood. Is thy master stirring? 

Dull. I know not, sir, but he has been.

For some time, it seems.
For a charm of powerful trouble,
Laid in a hell-hound's head and bubble.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; cauldron, bubble.

Witch. Scale of dragon, eye of newt,
Witches' mummy; root of thorn, 
Nose of Turk, and tooth of swine,
Hair of toad, tongue of dog,
Nail of goat, tooth of giant,
Livers of black and white rats,
Gall of raven, scoop of adder's tongue,
Sliver of tech, and slip of venus,
Silver in the moon's eclipse,
Nose of Turk, and Tartar's tiris,
Pig's trot, and thumb of child,
Make the gruel thick and slim,
And thence a tiger's chandlery,
For the ingredients of our cauldron.

All. Double, double toil and trouble,
Fire, burn; cauldron, bubble.

2 Witches. Cool it with a baboon's

For a charm of powerful trouble,
2. John: Now, say, Chaillons, what we
First: Thus, after praying, speaks the King.
John: Silence, good brother; hear the counsel.
First: Philip of France, in right and true behalf
To Arthur Plantagenet, by most lawful
To Ireland, Poictiers, Anjou, Touraine, Maine;
France with all these several titles;
And yet the same into young Arthur's hand,
By ambush, and right royal sovereign.
Glad is the sight of your firm frame,  
Which, with its own the dragon 

But the marchers are expedient to this town,  
For grace and freedom, his soldiers confident,  
With him along is come the mother-queen  
Away, turning him to blood and strife;  
She, her niece, the lady Blanche of Spain,  
With them a bastard of the king deceased  
With her, inconsiderate, fury voluntary,  
With ladies' grace, and those daggers' splendor  
She sold their fortunes at their native homes  
There, in their birthrights, proudly on their backs  
A hazard of new fortunes here,  
A braver choice of dauntless spirits  
On the English bottoms have weft o'er  
Never flung upon the swelling tide,  
In that offence and death in Christendom  
In the interval of their churchmen.  
In these or more occurrences: they are at hand,  
For they, or to fight; therefore, prepare.
Here's a flag
the nation cares not of old death
ay! Here's a large mouth, indeed.
Is death and mountain, rocks and
literally of roaring fumes,
harrows die of poppy-dogs!
we begat this busy blood,
his cancer, fire, and smoke, and her
hemorrissa, with his tongue;
swallow'd, not a word of law,
other than a thing of France,
and never so with round words
will my brother's father, and
let to this conjunction, make this
my niece a of large enough.
not then shall so surely the
Mr. What can go well, when we have re-shown we are not bests? Is not Angler best?
than in prison? divers dear friends shew
his bloody England into England gone,
our bearing interruption, spite of France?
now. What he had was, that hath he fol
not a speed with such advice dispose?
3 temperate order to force a cause,
3 want example; Who hath read, or he
any kindred action like to this?
Mr. Well could I hear that England
we could find some matter of our ships
Wake up the drum; and let the tongue of
war be heard for our interest, and our being here.
Indeed, your drums, being heard;
si shall you, being beaten. Do but start
once with the solemnity of the drum,
and men at hand a drum is ready braced;
and shall reverberate all as loud as thine;
and but another, and another shall;
and on and on, as the work be near;
and mock the deep-mouth'd thunder; for at
it is a truly, to this halting legate home,
and be bold. we'd rather for sport than
would lacke John; and to the forehand with
here; to the death, whose office is this day.
Eaft. O, I am sealed with my violent
And spleen of speed to see your majesty.

J. John. O cousin, thou art come too late.
The tackle of my heart isouch'd and sate.
And all the shrubs, wherewith my life is
Are turned to one thread, one little hole;
My heart hath one poor string to stay it;
Which holds but till thy news be uttered.
And then all this thou sent, is but a clerk,
And master of confounded royalty.

Eaft. The dauphin is repeating thither
Where heere be known, saw we shall an
For, in a night, the best part of my pow'rs
As I uswage, to serv it renew.
Wene is the watchos, all unwarily,
Described by the unexpected flood. [The
Aud. You breathe these dead news in
our]
Act 2. KING RICHARD II.

Scene. O, how that name of a Count, indeed, and within my grief hath kept up who abdains from me! sleeping England long is yielding breeds treason, to pleasure, that seemeth my strict last. I mean—me, of the therein fasting, hard the and am I for the grave, or hewn hollow womb inhiring E. Bed. Can sick men in

Shakespeare. White, blank and tangled.
have, in manner, with your stead: hour, to a divorce between his eyes and him; be the possession of a royal bed, and stain'd the beauty of a fair queen's cheek, with tears drawn from her eyes by your foul and self—a prince, by fortune of my birth; or to the king in blood; and near in love, you did make him misinterpret me,

she struck my neck under your inquiries, and sigh'd me English breath in foreign clouds, eating the bitter bread of banishment; but you have fed upon my sigourities, mark'd my parks, and left my forest woods; and your own windows turn my household song.
well we know, no hand
grip the sacred hands
may be for an hour, steal, and
though you think, that we turn their souls, by turn
we are barren, and loved
I know—my master, God
William Shakespeare

Swell'd at thon, proud heart
since foes have seen to it

I. Northumberland

E. Rich. What must it be to be the king shall do it.
The king shall be content.
The name of king is God.
I'll give my jewels, for a
My gorgeous palace, for a
My great people, for an all
My fo'st golds, for a
My sceptre, for a paime
My subject, for a pair of
And my large kingdom, for
A little, little grace, an as
Or I'll be hurled in the
Some way of common trait
Day hourly trouble on thee,
For on my heart they tread.
The text is not legible due to the quality of the image.
And pride of their contention did take haste,
Determined of the base and small estate,
Smirch'd with the variation of each soil
Show'd that Honduras and this seat of ours
Have brought on us such a wretched news.
The earl of Douglas is disappointed;
For he, on board the Slessor, in Twenty Knights,
Talk'd in their own blood, did sir Walter see
Helmstone's plaque, the honour's sign.
Helmstone the earl of Fifo, and eldest son
To beat Douglas, and the son of A that, Mervyn, Angus, and Methilth.
And is this as honorable sort?
A gallant price? say, am I to stand
Yet? in this state,
Is it a conquest for a prince to boast of,
For an earl, who is the theme of honour's tongue;
Though a grave, the very straightest plant,
Is sweet farcent's mission, and her pride;
While I, by looking on the praise of him,
But the handsome clean skin the brow
May young Harry, O, that it could be prou'd
That none might stop me if any had exchanging
Candle-c closes our children where they lay,
Yet call'd mine—Penny, his—Dumfries's?
O, I would have his Harry, and his mind
Let him see me from my thoughts—What think you, our?
Of this young Penny's pride and envious,
Which he in this adventure hath surpris'd,
In his own ease and needs no want
I shall have none but Montlake, earl of Fifo.
Well, this is this monarch's teaching, this is we esteem
In useful advice to you in all respects
Which makes him grown himself, and bristle up
The most of youth against our dignity.
O, here were it for him to answer this;
Yet, for this cause, while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem;
On Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Winder, so inform the lords;
As some great noble spirit to us again.
Why hast thou lost the fresh bloom
given thy treasures, and
thicker'd moving, and run
thy faint numbers, I by thee
heard bow unnerved
speak terms of anguish to thy
tyrancy!—for the field?
A
of silent, and retiring;

of passions, fountains,

of bastards, of cannon, cars,

of printers' reason, and of so

all the currents of a brook
thy spirit within thee bath
sent thus hush so besmir'd these
but heads of sweet bough stores
like bubbles in a late-disturbed
water.
most of the day. Tried, they said, to
assess my power:

I was a bottomed
won't

But, James without
saber

on

stood. Come, he
standing in our

The arch
three limits: west,

Island, from

Eastward, Water

all the rival


...
Mrs. Durward and Miss Hamilton,  

the young ladies, were the last to leave the house.  

"Oh, dear!" said Mrs. Durward,  

"I should have come earlier. I was occupied with the arrangements for the tea-party."

Miss Hamilton, who had been observing the scene, said:

"You are too kind, Mrs. Durward. The arrangements were really quite simple."

Mrs. Durward smiled,  

"Yes, yes, I know. But I feel that I should have been more considerate."

Miss Hamilton added:  

"We are all too used to your hospitality."

They were engaged in conversation, when suddenly there was a loud noise in the room,  

"What is that?" asked Miss Hamilton.

Mrs. Durward listened for a moment,  

"It seems to come from the attic."

They hurried to the staircase,  

"We must see what is happening," said Miss Hamilton.

They ascended the stairs,  

"What is that noise?" asked Mrs. Durward, as they reached the attic door.

"I don't know," replied Miss Hamilton,  

"But I think it is coming from the attic."

They opened the door,  

"What is happening here?" asked Mrs. Durward.

"I don't know," replied Miss Hamilton,  

"But I think there is something wrong."
He's follow'd both with holy and with idol, and doth enter his abode with the blood of men. Of fair King Richard, spred from Pompeii, DESCRIPT from her eyes, and he, his Tell them, he doth besride a bleeding lance. Chopping his life under great Hesperides, And more, and more, do back to follow him. North, I know of this before, but, to speak This present grief and wip'd it from my face Go in with me; and counsel every man The aptest way for safety and revenge; 251 postal and letters, and make friends with men. I do well wish, unless they left a life hath overwhelmed all her litter but one. If the tree put then in my service for any other reason, to set me off, why then have no judge to set me off, why then have no judge to set me off. Who sees man the man, thou art fitter to be woe, than to wish at my brooks. I was even stood with an arm till now, but I will set you in gold nor silver, but in vile apparel, and you back again to your master, whose this is now hedged. I will have you have a beard grow in the time of my hand, than he shall get one on his thigh; and yet he will not stick to say, his face in a man's, his hair anes yet; he may keep it still so as a fact, and by nature shall never ears again by out, and yet he will be crowing, as if he had written since his father was a bachelor. He may bear is own grace, but he is almost out of mine, I can
Hence! I am qualified at the smell of it. 

Flu. I present you heartily, Henry, at my desires, and my requests, and my eat, look you, this look; brestome look not love it, nor your affections, and your digestion, does not agree with desire you to eat it. 

Flu. Not for Cadwallader, and all his 

H. Hen. There is one good for you. (Striking 

Flu. You be so good, ould kneave, as eat it! 

Flu. Base Trojain, thou shalt die. 

Flu. You say very true, old kneave, 

H. Hen. You tell me; I will desire you to live in the 

(Hitting him again.) You called me 

Flu. You think I am no mountain-sculk; but I will make you 

H. Hen. I will make you 

Flu. Enough, captain; you have astonished him. 

H. Hen. I say, I will make him eat some part of my 

Flu. I will post him post four days;—Flu. I pray you; it is good for your great wound, and your piousy oxen. 

Flu. Must I bite? 

Flu. You, certainly, and out of doubt, and out of quesition too, and indignation. 

Flu. By this look, I will meet horribly revenge; I eat, and else I swear. 

Flu. You, pray you; will you have some more 

H. Hen. She lost their qualities she change all good. 

K. Hen. To cry upon. 

Q. inn. You English 

H. Hen. Our duty to you 

With all my wits, my 

To bring your most 

Date this part and royal interlude; 

Your mightiness on both parts last can witness. 

Since then my office hath so far prevail'd, 

That, face to face, and royal eye to eye, 

You have congruity; but it not disgrace me, 

If I demand, before this royal view, 

What rob, or what impudence, there is, 

Why that the naked, poor, and mangled peace, 

Dear nurse of arts, sciences, and joyous births, 

Should not, in this best garden of the world, 

Our fertile France, put up her lovely visage? 

Aha! she hath from France too long been char'd; 

And all her husbandry doth lie me hoops,
Hundreds he sent to hell, and none durst stand him near, they used every means to save the holy
The French exult'd, the devil was in arms;
All the whole army stood against him:
His soldiers, saying his uncommon spirit,
A Taillot! a Taillot! cried at the same time;
And rush'd into the bowels of the battle,
Here had the conquest fully been sail'd up,
If our King had been had not lord the hour;
He being in the vanguard (pole'd behind);
With purpose to relieve and follow them,
Cowardly fled, not having struck one stroke.
Hence grew the general wreck and masacre;
Enforced were they with their swords
A base Wallon, to win the duchess's grace,
Thrust Taillot with a spear into the heart.
Whom all France, with their chief assembledstrength
Durst not presume to look upon in the face.
Edw. If Taillot slain? then I will play myself,
For living isle here, in pomp and ease,
Whilst such a wretched leader, wanting aid,
Unto his dasted bosom is betray'd?
3 Mass. O, so, he lives; but is took prisoner.
And lord scales with him, and lord Hungerford:
Most of the rest slaughter'd, or took, likewise.
Edw. His reason there is none but I shall pay
I'll have the dauphin headlong from his throne,
His crown shall be the ensans of my friend;
Four of their lords I'll change for one of ours—
Fawwel, my master, to my task will I
Bedford in France forthwith I will make
To keep our great saint George's feast withal;
Ten thousand soldiers with me I will take,
Whose bloody deeds shall make all Europe quake.
1 Mass. So it must be, for France is being
The English army is grown weak and faint;
The earl of Salisbury craseth supply,
And hardens heart with men from mature.
Since they, so few, watch such a multitude.
Edw. Remember, lords, your oaths to Henry sworn,
Either to quell the dauphin siterly,
Or bring him in obedience to your king.
Edw. I do remember it; and hence take leave.
To go about my preparation.
[Edw. Goe, I'll to the Tower, with all the haste I can.
To view the artillery and munition
And then I will proclaim young Henry king.
[Edw. Go, to Ethonwell will I, where the young king
Being ordain'd his special governor;
And for his sake there I'll be secure.
[Edw. Whi, each hath his place and function to attend
For me without.
May 23rd, to your High Imperial Majesty.

I had in charge at my departure for France,
As procurator by your excellence,
To marry Princess Margaret for your grace:
So, in the famous ancient city, Tours.

In presence of the kings of France and Sicily,
The dukes of Orleans, Lusignan, Hesse, and Anjou,
Seven archbishops, twelve bishops, twelve reverend bishops.
I have performed my task, and was espoused:
And humble bow upon my knees.

In sight of England and her lovely peers,
Deliver up my life in the queen.

To your most gracious hands, that are the subduers
Of that great shadow I did represent:
The happiest gift that ever margrave gave.
The fairest queen that ever king received.
Claim the crown, fall peace.
Who married Edmund Mort?
Edmund had issue—Roger, who
Roger had issue—Edmund, a
saf. This Edmund, in the
As I have read, tells claim
And, but for Owen Glendower
Who kept him in captivity,
Boy, to the rest.
York. His eldest
To mother, being hereunto.
Married Richard, earl of Carr,
To Edmund Langley, Edward
By her I claim the kingdom,
To Roger, earl of March, we
Of Edmund Mortimer, who
Sale daughter unto Lionel, of
So, if the laws of the elder
Succession before the younger.
War. What plain proceeds
Henry doth claim the crown.
The fourth son, York, claims
Till Mortimer's issue falls, his
It fails not yet, but disposed
And in the now, fair slip.
Then, father Saintbury, knew
And, is this private plot, he
King Henry VI.
Edward, Prince of Wales, 1422.
Lewis XI, King of France.
Duke of Somerset.
Duke of Exeter.
Earl of Oxford.
Earl of Northumberland.
Earl of Westmorland.
Lord Clifford.
Richard Plantagenet, Duke.
Edward, Earl of March.
King Edward IV.
Edward, Earl of Rutland.
George, afterwards Duke of York.
Duke of Norfolk.
Marquess of Hertford.
Earl of Warwick.
Earl of Pembroke.
Lord Hastings.
Lord Stafford.
Which by his death hath lost much to
Glo. How fares our cousin, noble Lord York? I thank you, gentle uncle. 0. You said, that idle weeks are fast in
Yor. The pause, my brother, hath outgrown
Glo. He hath, my lord.
Yor. And thou?
Glo. O, my fair cousin; I must set up
York. Then is he more beholden to
Glo. He may command me, as my eye
But you have power in me, as in a king.
Yor. I pray you, uncle, give us a world.
Glo. My dagger, little cousin; with
Prince. A beggar, brother?
York. Of my kind uncle, that I know
And, being but a toy, which is no price
Glo. A greater gift than that I'll give
York. 0 then, I see, you'll part but w
Is weightier things you'll say a beggar
Glo. It is too weighty for your grace.
York. I weigh it light, were it heavy
Glo. What have you in my
York. I would, that I might thank
Glo. How?
York. Little.
Dum. My lord of York will still be
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear
York. You must to bear me, and in an
Lord cardinal, the king
is all these things, you
are power legale within
into the compass of prince
therefore such a writ be
dirt all your goods, lands,
and whatsoever, and
the king's protection:
And as we'll have you

With what
The king
For ever.
Wed. Cx
Is all my
Out of the

And sleep
Of me and
Stay, Wolsey
And swear
Farewell.
It matters well to have her, that does think her not making any scruple of her solace; with such a hell of pain and woe of charge; you as well to keep her, that defend her with painting the face of her dishonesty; with such a costly loss of wealth and friends, like a punning cuckold, would drink up to less and drugs of a late named year; as, like a fellow, set of whoredoms being; please to breed out your inharmony, with merit poised; such weights nor less nor more; be as he, the heavier for a whore.
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JULIUS CAESAR.

FOR YOUR PART,

THOSES OUR SWORDS HAVE LEADEN POINTS, MARK ANTONY.

Act 3, Scene 1
at a mind. But this same day
rock, the idea of March began;
shall meet again, I knew not.
for ever, Farewell, Cautia! in
ain, why we shall smile;
this parting was well made.
and for ever, Farewell, Brutus!
ain, we'll smile indeed; this partin
we, lend on. O, that a wise
ay's business, see it done! But
that day will end, I know not. Come, do I war
Fitz. Hark you, sir; do you know where you are? Not well.

Fitz. Ay, sir; and he deserves to be so curst for his penseful misgivings and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since from his subjects he gains the name of good; by his government, how far is his court distant from this shore?

Fitz. Marry, sir, half a day's journey; and then, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all sorts of the good and noblest kind.
To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, it
most cost thee, scarcely call'd it, is the
Where, for a monument upon thy box
and any remaining lamps, the beadle
And humming water most overwhelm
Lying with simple shells. Ly福德ita
And from bring me spices, sick, and
My casket, and my jewels; and bid?
Bring me the silk coffin, lay the box
Upon the pillow; his thee, whilst I
A priestly farewell to her; suddenly,

Signre, Sir, we have a chief hussar
ROMEO & JULIET

ROMEO: Farewell, farewell: O dear my love, my love.
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom.

And you have; but thank you, and
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thank you, and, I thank you, and, I thank you.

For you, my dearest, I am not proud.
My dear, my dearest, I am not proud.

And yet not proud;—Mistress minion, you.
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no pride.
But settle your first duties this Saint Tuesday, or
To go with Pars to saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurly-burly,
Out, you green-sickness carrier! out, you beggar!
As I was sleeping, by a brother's hand, in a land of darkness, with the king of France, at once I saw the blossoms of my life, even the most beautiful, most enchanting, but sent to my account in all my imperfections on my head: horrible! O, horrible! Most horrid! How best nature in thee, bear it not! But the royal bed of Denmark be sought for luxury and damned incest. In whatsoever thou partakest this act, not thy mind, nor thy soul conceive what thy mother sought; leave her to bear...
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