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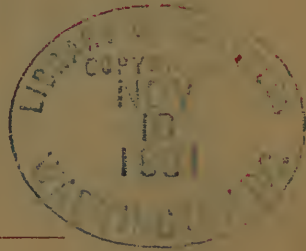
SHAKESPEARE'S RULE OF LIFE.

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Shakespeare's
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SHAKESPEARE'S

RULE OF LIFE.

COMPILED BY
EDWARD E. FISHER.



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INTRODUCTION.

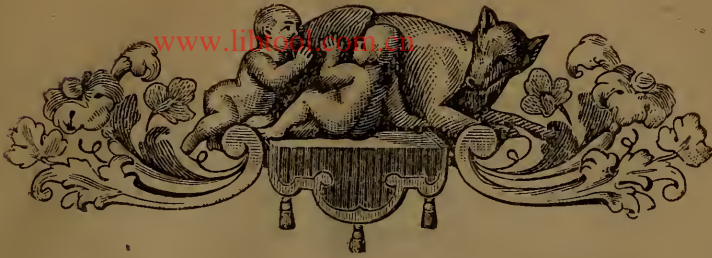
The presentation of this humble addition to the already overwhelmingly voluminous Shakesperian literature may seem inexcusable; but it is a "labour of love," and if it meets with a gracious reception by the public will not be "loves labour lost." We will not attempt to criticise or to panegyryze the great author. No condemnation can deduct from, no praise can increase his fame. As the traveller over the Sahara approaches an oasis it looms up before him like a beautiful picture in the dreary waste of sand: so, in the intellectual world, may Shakespeare be compared to an oasis. His star shines brightly, but has not yet reached the zenith. To his so-called critics we throw down the gauntlet. When the man exists that can write a play, or even a single scene, equal to Shakespeare's, let him tell us the faults of Shakespeare,—and not till then.

Shakespeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.—*Dryden.*

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All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,—
His Acts being seven ages. At first, the Infant
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms:
Then the whining Schoolboy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school: And then the Lover,
Sighing like furnace, with woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow: Then a Soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard;
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble Reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth: And then the Justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lin'd;
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances,—
And so he plays his part: The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd Pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound: Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion;
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans—every thing.

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SHAKESPEARE'S RULE OF LIFE.

IF to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces.
. . . I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than to be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. 9

Talkers are no good doers. 23

Think, what a man is: . . . consider his frailty, and then judge of my merit. 3

Men should be what they seem. 34

We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,—that, with devotion's visage,
And pious action, we do sugar o'er
The Devil himself. 32

'Tis in ourselves that we are thus or thus. 34

Our remedies oft in ourselves do lie,
Which we ascribe to Heaven: the fated sky
Gives us free scope; only, doth backward pull
Our slow designs, when we ourselves are dull. 12

(O,) that we were all, as some would seem to be,
[Free] from our faults, as from faults seeming free! 4

As we are ourselves what things are we! 12

I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom
know most faults. 10

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Men's faults do seldom to themselves appear;

O, how are they wrapp'd in with infamies,
That from their own misdeeds askance their eyes! 39

Excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse. 15

How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
Make ill deeds done! 15

The better foot before. 15

Is it a world to hide virtues in? 13

Assume a virtue if you have it not. 32

Be not thy tongue thy own shame's orator

Apparel vice like virtue's harbinger:

Bear a fair presence, though your heart be tainted;
Teach sin the carriage of a holy saint.

What simple thief brags of his own attain? 5

Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied,
And vice sometime's by action dignified. 28

Men's evil manners live in brass; their virtues

We write in water. 24

'Tis better to be vile than vile esteemed.

I am that I am; and they that level

At my abuses, reckon up their own:

I may be straight, though they themselves be bevel.

By their rank thoughts my deeds must not be shewn. 40

We must not stint

Our necessary actions, in the fear

To cope malicious censurers. 24

Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear. 38

The web of our life is of a mingled yarn, good and ill together;
our virtues would be proud, if our faults whipp'd them not; and our
crimes would despair, if they were not cherish'd by our virtues. 12

Heaven doth with us as we with torches do,
Not light them for themselves; for if our virtues
Did not go forth of us, 'twere all alike
As if we had them not. 4

No man is the lord of any thing,
(Though in and of him there be much consisting,)
Till he communicate his parts to others:
Nor doth he of himself know them for aught
Till he behold them formed in th' applause
Where they're extended; who, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or like a gate of steel
Fronting the sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. 25

Men, like butterflies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the summer;
And not a man, for being simply man,
Hath any honour; but honour for those honours
That are without him, as place, riches, and favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit. 25

Time hath . . . a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion,—
A great-siz'd monster of ingritudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past; which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance . . .
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way;
For honour travels in a straight so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: keep, then, the path,
For emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue: if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.
Things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. 25

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Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt. 4

Dull not device by coldness and delay. 34

There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows, and in miseries. 30
Men at some time are masters of their fates:
The fault . . . is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings. 30

That we would do

We should do when we would; for this 'would' changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, accidents. 32

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay. 23

I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary. 23

Those that much covet are with gain so fond,
That what they have not, that which they possess,
They scatter and unloose it from their bond,
And so, by hoping more, they have but less;
Or, gaining more, the profit of excess
Is but to surfeit, and such griefs sustain,
That they prove bankrupt in this poor rich gain.

The aim of all is but to nurse the life
With honour, wealth, and ease, in waning age;
And in this aim there is such thwarting strife,
That one for all, or all for one we gage;
As life for honour in fell battles' rage;
Honour for wealth, and oft that wealth doth cost
The death of all, and all together lost.

So that in venturing ill, we leave to be
The things we are for that which we expect;
And this ambitious foul infirmity,

In having much, torments us with defect
Of that we have: so then we do neglect
The thing we have; and, all for want of wit,
Make something nothing by augmenting it. 39

Did'st thou never hear
That things ill got had ever bad success?
And happy always was it for that son
Whose father, for his hoarding, went to Hell?
I'll leave my son my virtuous deeds behind,
And would my father had left me no more;
For all the rest is held at such a rate
As brings a thousand-fold more care to keep
Than in possession any jot of pleasure. 22

They are as sick, that surfeit with too much, as they that starve
with nothing: it is no small happiness, therefore, to be seated in the
mean. 9

'Tis better to be lowly born,
And range with humble livers in content,
Than to be perk'd up in a glist'ring grief,
And wear a golden sorrow. 24

Lord, who would live turmoiled in the Court,
And may enjoy such quiet walks as these?
This small inheritance, my father left me,
Contenteth me, and worth a monarchy.
I seek not to wax great by others' waning,
Or gather wealth I care not with what envy:
Sufficeth that I have maintains my state,
And sends the poor well pleased from my gate, 21

Poor and content is rich, and rich enough. 34

This is the state of man: to-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hopes, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him:
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost;

nips his root,
And then he falls. 24

Banish the canker of ambitious thoughts. 21

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Fling away ambition:

By that sin fell the angels.

Love thyself last: cherish those hearts that hate thee;

Corruption wins not more than honesty.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,

To silence envious tongues: be just, and fear not;

Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,

Thy God's, and truth's. 24.

Prefer a noble life before a long. 26

What stronger breast-plate than a heart untainted?

Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;

And he but naked, though lock'd up in steel,

Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted. 21

He's truly valiant that can wisely suffer

The worst that man can breathe, and make his wrongs

His outsides; to wear them like his raiment, carelessly,

And ne'er prefer his injuries to his heart,

To bring it into danger.

If wrongs be evils, and enforce us kill,

What folly 'tis to hazard life for ill? 29

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,

That do not do the thing they most do shew,

Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,

Unmoved, cold, and to temptation slow;

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,

They are the lords and owners of their faces,

Others but stewards of their excellence. 40

'Tis meet that noble minds keep ever with their likes;

For who so firm that cannot be seduc'd? 30

For by our ears our hearts oft tainted be.

For unstain'd thoughts do seldom dream on evil.

Then, where is truth, if there be no self-trust? 39

It is certain that either wise bearing or ignorant carriage is caught, as men take diseases, one of another: therefore, let men take heed of their company. 18

How use doth breed a habit in a man! ²

Be wary, then; best safety lies in fear. ³²

I cannot sing,

Nor heel the high lavolt, nor sweeten talk,

Nor play at subtle games; fair virtues all,

But I can tell, that in each grace of these

There lurks a still and dumb discursive devil,

That tempts most cunningly. But be not tempted.

Something may be done, that we will not:

And sometimes we are devils to ourselves,

When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,

Presuming on their changeful potency. ²⁵

The purest treasure mortal times afford

Is spotless reputation; that away,

Men are but gilded loam or painted clay. ¹⁶

These few precepts in thy memory

See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,

Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.

Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar:

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,

Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment

Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware

Of entrance to a quarrel; but, being in,

Bear 't that th' opposed may beware of thee.

* Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;

Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.

Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,

But not express'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:

For the apparel oft proclaims the man;

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;

For loan oft loses both it self and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.

This above all,—to thine own self be true;

And it must follow, as the night the day,

Thou canst not then be false to any man. ³²

The Prince but studies his companions,
 Like a strange tongue: wherein, to gain the language,
 'Tis needful that the most immodest word
 Be looked upon and learn'd; which, once attain'd
 comes to no farther use
 But to be known, and hated. So, like gross, terms,
 The Prince will, in the perfectness of time,
 Cast off his followers; and their memory
 Shall as a pattern or a measure live,
 By which his grace must mete the lives of others,
 Turning past evils to advantages. 18

I am strong and lusty:
 For in my youth I never did apply
 Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
 Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
 The means of weakness and debility. 19

Self love . . . is not so vile a sin
 As self neglecting. 19

Fool. Sirrah, I'll teach thee a speech.

Lear. Do.

Fool. Mark it nuncle.—

Have more than thou shewest,
 Speak less than thou knowest,
 Lend less than thou owest,
 Ride more than thou goest,
 Learn more than thou trowest,
 Set less than thou throwest;
 Leave thy drink and thy whore,
 And keep in-a-door,
 And thou shalt have more
 Than two tens to a score.

He that keeps nor crust nor crum,
 Weary of all, shall want some. 33

He's mad, that trusts in the tameness of a wolf, a horse's health,
 a boy's love, or a whore's oath. 33

Let senses rule; the word is, 'Pitch and pay;'

Trust none;
 For oaths are straws, men's faith are wafer-cakes,
 And Hold-fast is the only dog, . . . :
 Therefore, *caveto* be thy counsellor. 33

Love all, trust a few,
 Do wrong to none: be able for thine enemy
 Rather in power than use; and keep thy friend
 Under thy own life's key: be check'd for silence,
 But never tax'd for speech. 12

Speak scholarly, and wisely. 3

We must give folks leave to prate. 3

Few words to fair faith. 25

Words pay no debts, give her deeds. 25

Speak to be understood. 7

Be plain . . . and homely in thy drift. 28

I hear, yet say not much, but think the more. 22

Rather be unmannerly, than troublesome. 3

Ceremony was but devis'd at first,
 'To set a gloss on faint deeds, hollow welcomes,
 Recanting goodness, sorry ere 'tis shown;
 But where there is true friendship, there needs none. 29

Every one that flatters thee,
 Is no friend in misery.

He that is thy friend indeed,
 He will help thee in thy need.
 If thou sorrow, he will weep;
 If thou wake, he cannot sleep:
 Thus of every grief in heart
 He with thee doth bear a part.
 These are certain signs to know
 Faithful friend from flattering foe. 42

They that thrive well take counsel of their friends. 38

'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
 But to support him after. 29

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There's none

Can truly say, he gives, if he receives. 29

For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low, never reliev'd by any. 38

Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge. 27

Friends should associate friends in grief and woe. 27

The king-becoming graces,

As justice, verity, temp'rance, stableness,

Bounty, perseverance, mercy, lowliness,

Devotion, patience, courage, fortitude. 31

Hate ingratitude more

Than lying, vainness, babbling, drunkenness. 13

All places that the eye of heaven visits

Are to a wise man ports and happy havens. 16

To mourn a mischief that is past and gone

Is the next way to draw more mischief on. 34

There is no virtue like necessity. 16

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,

Rough-hew them how we will. 32

How poor are they that have not patience! 34

Stay, my lord,

And let your reason with your choler question

What 'tis you go about. To climb steep hills.

Requires slow pace at first: anger is like

A full hot-horse, who being allow'd his way,

Self-mettle tires him. Not a man in England

Can advise me like you: be to yourself

As you would to your friend. 24

Blind fear, that seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind
reason, stumbling without fear: to fear the worst, oft cures the worse. 25

Do not plunge thyself too far in anger. 12

Wisely and slow: they stumble that run fast. 28

Firm of word,

Speaking in deeds, and deedless in his tongue:

Not soon provok'd, nor being provok'd soon calm'd:
 His heart and hand both open and both free;
 For what he has, he gives, what thinks, he shews;
 Yet gives he not till judgement guide his bounty. 25
 Whate'er you think, good words, I think, were best. 15

Sir, sir, impatience hath his privilege.
 'Tis true; to hurt his master, no man else. 15

Never anger made good guard for itself. 35

Be pitifully good:
 Who cannot condemn rashness in cold blood?
 To kill, I grant, is sin's extremest gust;
 But in defence, by mercy, 'tis most just.
 To be in anger, is impiety;
 But who is man, that is not angry? 29

Be stirring as the time; be fire with fire;
 Threaten the threatener, and outface the brow
 Of bragging honour.

Shew boldness and aspiring confidence. 15

What is a man,
 If his chief good and market of his time
 Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
 Sure, He that made us with such large discourse,
 Looking before and after, gave us not
 That capability and godlike reason,
 To fust in us unus'd. 32

Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits. 2

Be great impeachment to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth. 2

He cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried and tutor'd in the world:
 Experience is by industry achiev'd,
 And perfected by the swift course of time. 2

There be some sports are painful, and their labour
 Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

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Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. 1

No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en;—
In brief, sir, study what you most affect. 11

If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. 32

What's sweet to do, to do will aptly find. 41

Direct not him whose way himself will choose. 16

He tires betimes that spurs too-fast betimes. 16

Omission to do what is necessary
Seals a commission to a blank of danger;
And danger, like an ague, subtly taints,
Even then, when we sit id'ly in the sun. 25

It oft falls out,

To have what we would have, we speak not what
We mean. 4

Truth hath a quiet breast. 16

I do now remember a saying; 'The fool doth think he is wise, but
the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' 10

There's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself. 6

Better a witty fool than a foolish wit.

Infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool. 14

Light vanity, insatiate cormorant,
Consuming means, soon preys upon itself. 16

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so: I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows.

Jaq. It is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many
simples, extracted from many objects, and, indeed, the sundry contem-
plation of my travels. . . .

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad.
I fear you have sold your own land to see other men's. . . .

Jaq. Yes, I have gain'd my experience. . . .

Ros. And your experience makes you sad. . . . And
to travel for it too! . . . Farewell, Monsieur Traveller.
Look you lisp, and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your

own country; be out of love with your nativity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. 10

Apem. A poor unmanly melancholy, sprung
 From change of fortune.

The middle of humanity thou never knewest, but the extremity of both ends. . . . What man did'st thou ever know unthrif't, that was belov'd after his means?

Tim. Who, without those means thou talk'st of, did'st thou ever know belov'd? 29

A light heart lives long. 7

A merry heart goes all the day, your sad tires in a mile. 14

Melancholy is the nurse of frenzy. 11

Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,
 Which bars a thousand harms, and lengthens life. 11

Care's an enemy to life. 13

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth:
 Turn melancholy forth to funerals. 8

Lay aside life-harming heaviness,
 And entertain a cheerful disposition. 16

Sir. To. Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i'th' mouth too. 13

Unquiet meals make ill digestions. 5

Sweet recreation barr'd what doth ensue
 But moody and dull melancholy. 5

Though it be honest, it is never good
 To bring bad news: give to a gracious message
 An host of tongues; but let ill tidings tell
 Themselves, when they be felt. 35

Learn to jest in good time: there's a time for all things. 5

That part of philosophy

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Will I apply, that treaty of happiness
By virtue specially to be achiev'd. 11

Love they to live, that love and honour have. 16

Were man

But constant, he were perfect: that one error
Fills him with faults, makes him run th' all the sins.

As a wall'd town is more worthier than a village, so is the forehead
of a married man more honourable than the bare brow of a bachelor. 10

Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:

Thou wast begot, to get it is thy duty;

That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so in spite of death thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive. 38

Then what could death do if thou should'st depart,
Leaving thee living in posterity.

Thou single wilt prove none.

No love towards others in that bosom sits,

That on himself such murtherous shame commits.

If all were minded so, the times should cease,

And threescore year would make the world away. 40

We cannot cross the cause why we are born. 7

Make use of time, let not advantage slip. 38

Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel

What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth? 38

O, powerful love! that, in some respects, makes a beast a man, in
some other, a man a beast. 3

Hymen's lamps shall light you. 1

Do not give dalliance too much the rein. 1

She gives the leer of invitation. 3

O wicked, wicked world! 3

A woman impudent and mannish grown
Is not more loathed than an effeminate man. 25

Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,

But lust's effect is tempest after sun;
 Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
 Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done:
 Love's surfeits not, lust like a glutton dies;
 Love is all truth, lust full of forged lies. 38

Obey thy parents, keep thy word justly; swear not; commit not
 with man's sworn spouse; set not thy sweet heart on proud array.

. . . Let not the creaking of shoes, nor the rustling of silks, betray
 thy poor heart to woman: keep thy foot out of brothels—— 33

(Nor) coin heaven's image
 In stamps that are forbid. 4

All sects, all ages smack of this vice. 4

A sin prevailing much in youthful men
 Who give their eyes the liberty of gazing. 5

To be wise and love exceeds man's might; that dwells with gods
 above. 25

Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly. 10

Love moderately; long love doth so. 28

Love keeps his revels where there are but twain. 38

The perfect ceremony of love's rite. 40

A world-without-end bargain. 7

Win her with gifts, if she respect not words.
 Dumb jewels often, in their silent kind,
 More than quick words do move a woman's mind. 2

A woman sometimes scorns what best contents her. 2

Never give her o'er, . . . take no repulse—
 That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
 If with his tongue he cannot win a woman. 2

Hope to joy is little less in joy,
 Than hope enjoy'd. 16

Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
 Chiefly in love.

Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover. 38

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolv'd t' effect. 1

But love will not be spurr'd to what it loathes. 2

A man may be too confident. 3

Let thy love be younger than thyself. 13

Prosperity's the very bond of love;
Whose fresh complexion and whose heart together
Affliction alters. 14

Self-harming jealousy!—fie! beat it hence. 5

Striving to better, oft we mar what's well. 33

A young man married is a man that's marr'd. 12

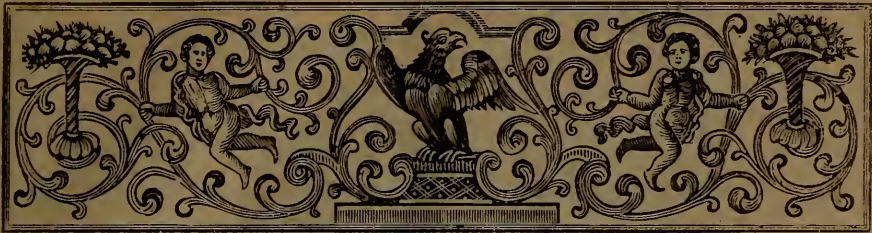
Hasty marriage seldom proveth well. 22

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none. 31

What fates impose, that men must needs abide:
It boots not to resist both wind and tide. 22

Come what come may,
Time and the hour runs through the roughest day. 31





This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

The bright day is done,
And we are for the dark. 35

Let the world slide. 11

Thou among the wastes of time must go. 40

Fall into the blind cave of eternal night. 23

Let the world slip. 11

The earth can yield me but a common grave. 40

How brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage;
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in the sum of age. 10
A life was but a flower
In spring time. 10

Like the baseless fabric of a vision
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like an insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep. 1

This world is not for aye. 32

To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
 Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,
 To the last syllable of recorded time;
 And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
 The way to dusty death.—Out, out, brief candle!
 Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
 And then is heard no more: it is a tale
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
 Signifying nothing. 31

O ruin'd piece of nature! This great world
 Shall so wear out to naught. 33

Crowns have their compass, length of days their date,
 Triumphs their tomb, Felicity her fate:
 Of naught but earth can Earth make us partaker. 43

The ground that gave them first has them again:
 Their pleasures here are past, so is their pain. 36

Death will have his day. 16

That what we have we prize not to the worth,
 Whiles we enjoy it, but being lack'd and lost,
 Why, then we rack the value; then we find
 The virtue, that possession would not show us,
 Whiles it was ours. 6

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs. 16

In the dark backward and abysm of time. 1

To dwell in solemn shades of endless night. 16

Grav'd in the hollow ground. 16

The Earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
 What is her burying grave, that is her womb. 28

Of all my lands,
 Is nothing left me but my body's length?
 Why, what is pomp, rule, reign, but earth and dust?
 And, live we how we can, yet die we must. 22

Every thing that grows

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Holds in perfection but a little moment;
 . . this huge stage presenteth naught but shews,

Men as plants increase,
 Cheered and check'd even by the selfsame sky,
 Vaunt in their youthful sap, at height decrease,
 And wear their brave state out of memory. 40

Wasteful time debateth with decay,
 To change your day of youth to sulli'd night. 40
 Death remember'd should be like a mirror,
 Who tells us, life's but breath, to trust it, error. 37

Claud. The miserable have no other medicine,
 But only hope.

I've hope to live, and am prepar'd to die.

Duke. Be absolute for death; either death or life
 Shall thereby be the sweeter. Reason thus with life:—
 If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
 That none but fools would keep: a breath thou art,
 Servile to all the skyeey influences
 That dost this habitation where thou keep'st
 Hourly afflict. Merely, thou art Death's Fool;
 For him thou labour'st by thy flight to shun,
 And yet run'st toward him still: thou art not noble;
 For all the accomodations that thou bear'st,
 Are nurs'd by baseness: thou art by no means valiant;
 For thou dost fear the soft and tender fork
 Of a poor worm: thy best of rest is sleep,
 And that thou oft provok'st; yet grossly fear'st
 Thy death, which is no more: thou art not thyself;
 For thou exist'st on many a thousand grains
 That issue out of dust: happy thou art not;
 For what thou hast not, still thou striv'st to get,
 And what thou hast, forget'st: thou art not certain;
 For thy complexion shifts to strange effects,
 After the moon: if thou art rich, thou'rt poor;
 For, like an ass whose back with ingots bows,
 Thou bear'st thy heavy riches but a journey,

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And Death unloads thee: friend hast thou none;
 For thine own bowels which do call thee sire,
 The mere effusion of thy proper loins,
 Do curse the gout, serpigo, and the rheum,
 For ending thee no sooner: thou hast nor youth nor age,
 But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,
 Dreaming on both, for all thy blessed youth
 Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms
 Of palsi'd eld; and when thou art old and rich,
 Thou hast neither heat, affection, limb, nor beauty,
 To make thy riches pleasant. What's yet in this,
 That bears the name of life? yet in this life
 Lie hid more thousand deaths; yet death we fear,
 That makes these odds all even.

Claud. I humbly thank you,
 To sue to live, I find, I seek to die,
 And seeking death, find life: let it come on. 4

Dar'st thou die?

The sense of death is most in apprehension
 And the poor beetle, that we tread upon,
 In corporal sufferance finds a pang as great
 As when a giant dies. 4

Kings and mightiest potentates must die,
 For that's the end of human misery. 20

By med'cine life may be prolong'd, yet death
 Will seize the doctor too. 36

Cowards die many times before their deaths;
 The valiant never taste of death but once.

It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
 Seeing that death, a necessary end,
 Will come, when it will come. 30

The earth can have but earth, which is his due. 40

Ch. Just. How doth the King?

War. Exceeding well: his cares are now all ended.

Ch. Just. I hope not dead.

War. He's walked the way of nature,

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And to our purposes he lives no more. 18

A. Rich. What says he?

North. Nay, nothing; all is said,

His tongue is now a stringless instrument:

Words, life, and all, old Lancaster hath spent. 16

The rest is silence. 32

Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it

No longer for my flatterer. 1

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure:

Youth's a stuff will not endure." 13

Defer no time; delays have dangerous ends. 20

(Men are) the slaves of chance, and flies

Of every wind that blows. 14

Grim death, how foul and loathesome is thine image. 11

Death is the end of all. 28

The arbitrator of despairs,

Just Death, kind umpire of men's miseries. 20

Every third thought shall be my grave. 1

Men must endure

Their going hence even as their coming hither. 33

Cease to lament for that thou canst not help. 2

Care is no cure, but rather corrosive,

For things that are not to be remedi'd. 20

Wise men ne'er wail their present woes,

But presently prevent the ways to wail. 16

Give thanks you have liv'd so long, and make yourself ready
for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. 1

The wills above be done. 1

Have patience, and endure. 6

'Tis common,—all that lives must die. 32

Moderate lamentation is the right of the dead; excessive grief, the
enemy to the living. 12

Give sorrow words; the grief that does not speak
Whispers the o'er-fraught heart, and bids it break. 31

To weep is to make less the depth of grief. 22

Some grief shews much of love;
But much of grief shews still some want of wit. 28

Things without all remedy,
Should be without regard; what's done is done. 31

What's gone, and what's past help,
Should be past grief. 14

Woe doth the heavier sit
Where it perceives it is but faintly borne. 16

Gnarling sorrow hath less power to bite
The man that mocks at it, and sets it light. 16

Wise men ne'er sit and wail their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.

Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament or fear. 22

The time of life is short!
To spend that shortness basely, were too long. 17

Time's thievish progress to eternity. 40

To the perpetual wink for aye. 1

Even through the hollow eyes of death,
I spy life peering. 16



NOTE.-- The small figures, (technically called superiors), after each quotation designate the play from which they are taken.

The following list, with the figures affixed, will serve as a key:—

PLAYS.

1. The Tempest.
2. The Two Gentlemen of Verona.
3. The Merry Wives of Windsor.
4. Measure for Measure.
5. The Comedy of Errors.
6. Much Ado About Nothing.
7. Love's Labour's Lost.
8. A Midsummer-Nights Dream
9. The Merchant of Venice.
10. As You Like It.
11. The Taming of the Shrew.
12. All's Well that Ends Well.
13. Twelfth Night; or, What You Will.
14. The Winter's Tale.
15. The Life and Death of King John.
16. The Tragedy of King Richard II.
17. The First Part of King Henry IV.
18. The Second Part of King Henry IV.
19. The Life of King Henry V.
20. The First Part of King Henry VI.
21. The Second Part of King Henry VI.
22. The Third Part of King Henry VI.
23. The Tragedy of King Richard III.
24. The History of King Henry VIII.
25. Troilus and Cressida.
26. Coriolanus.
27. Titus Andronicus.
28. Romeo and Juliet.
29. Timon of Athens.
30. Julius Cæsar.
31. Macbeth.
32. Hamlet, Prince of Denmark.
33. King Lear.
34. Othello, The Moor of Venice.
35. Antony and Cleopatra.
36. Cymbeline.
37. Pericles.

POEMS.

38. Venus and Adonis.
39. Lucrece.
40. Sonnets.
41. A Lover's Complaint.
42. The Passionate Pilgrim.
43. On the King.

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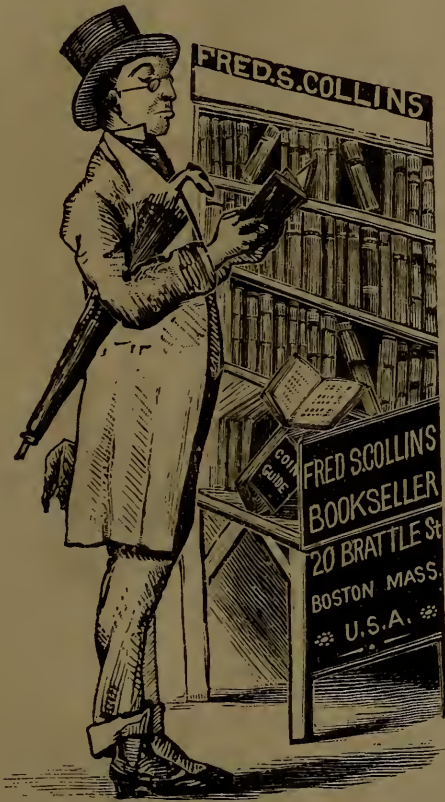
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