

"But oh,
What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
Ingrateful savage and inhuman creature,
Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
That knewst the very bottom of my soul,
That almost might have coined me into gold,
Wouldst thou have practised on me for thy use?
May it be possible that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil
That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange
That though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it;
Oh, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance.
Shew men dutiful,
Why so didst thou, seem they grave and learned,
Why so didst thou, come they of noble family,
Why so didst thou, seem they religious,
Why so didst thou; Scroop, I will weep for thee,
For this revolt of thine methinks is like
Another fall of man."

I saw Henry V. three times altogether. The last time was in May 18— I had some business in the city and saw Hazlewood in the afternoon. He had a large suite of rooms in an old fashioned house on one of the streets which run down from the Strand to what is now the embankment. From the windows of the rooms on one side, there was a grand view of the river, and at evening of the