

X. SHAKESPEARIAN ROLES: IMOGEN

Helen Faucit, 'Imogen', *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*, 6th edn (Edinburgh and London: William Blackwood and Sons, 1899), pp. 157–64. British Library, shelfmark 822.33 *1104*.

Charles Rice, 'Cymbeline, Covent-Garden Theatre, Thursday', *Dramatic Register* (18 May 1837), pp. 48–9. British Library, shelfmark PP.5198.

George Fletcher, 'Characters in Cymbeline', *Studies of Shakespeare in the Plays of King John, Cymbeline, Macbeth, As You Like It, Much Ado About Nothing, Romeo and Juliet* (London: Longman, Brown, Green, and Longmans, 1847), pp. 95–105. British Library, shelfmark 11762.d.4.

Henry Morley, *The Journal of a London Playgoer from 1851–1866* (London: George Routledge and Sons, 1866), pp. 346–8. Leeds University Library.

'Drury Lane Theatre', *Morning Post*, 19 October 1864. British Library, Colindale Newspaper Collection.

Helen Faucit's essay on Imogen, addressed to her friend Anna Maria Swanwick, says relatively little about her stage experience in the role. In fact, the actress stresses that her understanding of Imogen as a character came from the more intimate experience of reading the play. She treats Imogen as a womanly ideal in all respects: as 'a noble, cultivated, loving woman and wife at her best'; and more hyperbolically, as 'strong in the possession of fine and cultivated intelligence, and equal, through all her womanly tenderness and by very reason of that tenderness, to any strain which may be put on her fortitude and endurance – one who, while she draws on all insensibly to love her by her mere presence, at the same time inspires them with a reverent devotion.' Faucit also paints Imogen as a Victorian angel in the house when caring for her biological brothers in the Welsh cave: '... a true lady and princess, – not sitting apart, brooding over her own grief, that he dear lord should be "one o' the false ones," but bestirring herself to make their cavern-home as attractive and pleasant to them as only the touch and feeling of a refined woman could!'¹

In the selection from the letter on Imogen printed here, Faucit recalls playing as a child the cave scene from *Cymbeline* as a birthday surprise for her governess; later in the essay she details her stage business and mindset on stage during the same scene. She also recalls Macready's unsolicited substitution of her ankle-length gown for a tunic that was more clearly recognizable as boy's dress and, concomitantly, showed off the actress's legs.² (Helen herself insists that Imogen's 'womanliness' shines through her 'boyish disguise'.)³ We get a glimpse

as well of another important Faucit role, Pauline Deschappelles of Edward Bulwer's *The Lady of Lyons*, and of Faucit's early appearance on stage before Queen Victoria; a fascination with flowers and a torn handkerchief are recurrent themes in the career of young Helen Faucit.

The second excerpt, by Charles Rice, describes Faucit's appearance in the role of Imogen on 18 May 1837. Rice (1817–76) worked as an attendant in the British Museum and sang comic songs in taverns at night; he was also an avid theatregoer, and the Charles Rice Manuscript at the Harvard Theatre Collection offers his responses to London Theatre over a span of four years. Although the *Dramatic Register's* commentary is not always eloquent, it provides a useful glimpse into the reception of important actors from the period.⁴ In his account, although Faucit plays her heroine in a 'chaste and elegant manner', she is overshadowed by Macready and Elton.

Helen Faucit's appearance as Imogen during Macready's last season at Drury Lane Theatre (1842–3) was important to establishing her reputation as a Shakespearian actress and her persona as an embodiment of sanctified 'womanliness'. George Fletcher saw and analysed at length Faucit in the role of Imogen there on 15 April 1843. Theodore Martin referred to Fletcher, somewhat disparagingly, as a 'scholarly recluse' whose friends had enticed him to the theatre, where he became a true Faucit fan and an acquaintance of the actress.⁵ Fletcher's essays on *The Female Characters of Shakespeare, and Some of their Present Representatives on the Stage*, later collected in *Studies of Shakespeare* (1847), were originally published in the *Athenaeum* in 1843 and focus their attention on Faucit as the embodiment of those Shakespearian heroines. Remembering her early performance with Macready in 1838 in *On Some of Shakespeare's Female Characters*, Faucit herself would dwell on the domestic scene between Imogen and her brothers at the Welsh cave; Fletcher in 1843, by contrast, focuses on the sexually tense scene in which Iachimo seeks to seduce her, Imogen's confrontation with Pisanio at Milford Haven, and her affecting reunion with Posthumus in the play's final reconciliation scene. Throughout, he praises the combined nobility and sweetness of Faucit's Imogen. Other changes from Faucit's early career are also apparent. While early reviewers had disliked the vehemence of her facial expressions and while Faucit herself recounts Charles Kemble's advice to avoid melodramatic gestures and distorted expressions,⁶ by this point in her career, she is secure in her craft, and Fletcher expresses unbounded enthusiasm for Faucit's 'mute acting' – the subtle changes in her countenance, the 'nice and just discrimination of those rapidly rising or sinking graduations of feeling'. While Fletcher was an independent critic, it is worth remembering that Faucit herself provided him with 'eulogistic reviews' which he then quoted in postscripts to his essays. This is a reminder not only that Faucit manipulated her own legend, but also that the citation of reviews, whether by Faucit, Fletcher or Theodore Martin, was never disinterested.⁷

Another important commentator, Henry Morley was a reformer, educator and Professor of Literature at University College, London, where he supported the admission of women students.⁸ Morley's *Journal* of his experiences at the London Theatre between 1851 and 1866 had a reformist goal, combining good wishes for the stage with a sense that the patient was, in many ways, not doing well. In his Prologue to the *Journal*, Morley writes:

A warm interest in the patient never affected the determination to set down precisely what I took for truth. Always, also, I have watched the case from the same point of view; desiring to see our Drama, with a clean tongue and a steady pulse, able to resume its place in society as a chief form of Literature, with a stage fitly interpreting its thoughts and in wide honour as one of the strongest of all secular aids towards the intellectual refinement of the people.⁹

Assessing Faucit's contribution, Morley asserted that she sometimes is more pleasing to the eye than the ear, but found her rendition of Imogen's sentimental moments quite affecting. The *Morning Post*, welcoming Faucit back to the stage after her marriage, insisting that none of her characteristic qualities had been diminished by time or absence from the stage. Imogen's – or Faucit's – apotheosis is complete.

Notes:

1. Faucit, p. 167, 176, 205.
2. This incident took place during the 1838–9 season at Covent Garden.
3. Faucit, p. 196.
4. See C. Rice, 'The Dramatic Register of the Patent Theatres etc., 1835–1838', Harvard Theatre Collection, ed. A. Colby Sprague and B. Shuttleworth, *The London Theatre in the Eighteen-Thirties*, 8 vols (London: Society for Theatre Research, 1950). See also Carlisle, pp. 47–8.
5. Martin, p. 92–3; Carlisle, p. 95.
6. Faucit, p. 295.
7. See Carlisle, p. 165.
8. See *ODNB*.
9. Henry Morley, Prologue to *The Journal of a London Playgoer from 1851–1866* (London: George Routledge and Sons, 1891), p. 11.

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VI.

IMOGEN, PRINCESS OF BRITAIN.

“Alas, poor princess,
Thou divine Imogen !”

“So every spirit, as it is most pure,
And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
So it the fairer body doth procure
To habit in
For of the soule the bodie forme doth take,
For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.”

—SPENSER.

October 1882.

MY DEAR ANNA SWANWICK, —

YOU wonder, I daresay, at my long delay in yielding to your urgent request that I should write of Imogen,—your chief favourite, as you tell me, among all Shakespeare's women. You would not wonder, could I make you feel how, by long brooding over her character, and by living through all her emotions and trials on the stage till she seemed to become “my very life of life,” I find it next to impossible to put her so far away from me that I can look at her as a being to be scanned, and measured, and written about. All words—such, at least, as are at my command—seem inadequate to express what I felt about her from my earliest years, not to speak of all that the experiences of my woman's heart and of human life have taught me since of the

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matchless truth and beauty with which Shakespeare has invested her. In drawing her he has made his masterpiece; and of all heroines of poetry or romance, who can be named beside her?

It has been my happy lot to impersonate not a few ideal women—among them two of your own Greek favourites, *Antigone* and *Iphigenia in Aulis*:¹ but *Imogen* has always occupied the largest place in my heart; and while she taxed largely my powers of impersonation, she has always repaid me for the effort tenfold by the delight I felt at being the means of placing a being in every way so noble before the eyes and hearts of my audiences, and of making them feel, perhaps, and think of her, and of him to whose genius we owe her, with something of my own reverence and love. Ah, how much finer a medium than all the pen can do for bringing home to the heart what was in Shakespeare's mind when he drew his men and women, is the "well-trod stage," with that living commentary which actor and actress capable in their art can give! How much has he left to be filled up by accent, by play of feature, by bearing, by action, by subtle shades of expression, inspired by the heart and striking home to the heart,—by all those movements and inflections of tone which come intuitively to the sympathetic artist, apparently trifling in themselves, but which play so large a part in producing the impression left upon us by a living interpretation of the master-poet! To one accustomed like myself to such helps as these for bringing out the results of my studies of Shakespeare's women, it seems hopeless to endeavour to convey the same impressions by mere words. The more a character has wound itself round the heart, the more is this felt. Can you wonder, then, that I approach my "woman of women" with fear and trembling?

Do you remember what that bright, charming, frank old lady,

¹ What delight I had in acting these plays in Dublin, and to what intelligent and sympathetic audiences! The *Antigone* gave me the greater pleasure, both for itself, and because of Mendelssohn's music. The chorus was admirable, and all the scenic adjuncts correct and complete. Although the whole performance occupied little more than an hour, great audiences filled the theatre night after night. It is strange how much more deeply these Greek plays moved the Irish heart than either the Scotch or the English. (See Appendix, p. 397.)

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—no, I will not call her “old,” for there is nothing old about her, I know many far older in spirit who count not half or a quarter her years,—Mrs D—— S—— said to me lately when you were standing by? She had been scolding me in her playful way for not having given her more of my “letters” to read, and, after calling me idle, forgetful, &c., asked me who was to be the subject of my next. I replied, I thought Imogen, but that I knew I should find it most difficult to express what I felt about her. “Ah, my dear!” she exclaimed, throwing up her hands in her usual characteristic manner when she feels strongly, “you will never write of Imogen as you acted her!” I told her that her words filled me with despair. “Never mind,” was her rejoinder, “go on and try. My memory will fill up the gaps.” I have one of the kind letters by me, which you wrote after seeing me act Imogen at Drury Lane in 1866. So *your* memory too will have to come to my aid, by filling up the gaps. It is very pleasant to think that our friend’s feeling may possibly be shared by many of that unknown public who were always so ready to put themselves in sympathy with me; but that thought does not make the fulfilment of my promise to you the less formidable.

Imogen had been one of the great favourites of my girlhood. At school we used to read the scenes at the cave with Belarius, Arviragus, and Guiderius; and never can I forget our getting them up to act as a surprise for our governess on her birthday. We always prepared some “surprise” on this occasion, or what she kindly took as one. The brothers were arrayed in all the fur trimmings, boas, cuffs, muffs, &c., we could muster,—one of the muffs doing duty as the cap for Belarius. Then the practisings for something suggestive of the Æolian harp that has to play a *Misereve* for Imogen’s supposed death! Our only available means of simulating Belarius’s “ingenious instrument” was a guitar; but the girl who played it had to be apart from the scene, and, as she never would take the right cue, she was always breaking in at the wrong place. I was the Imogen; and, curiously enough, it was as Imogen my dear governess first saw me on the stage. I wondered whether she remembered the incidents of our school-girl performance as I did. She might very well forget, but not I; for what escapes our memory of things done or thought in

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childhood? Such small matters then appear eventful, and loom so very large to young eyes and imaginations!

I cannot quite remember who acted with me first in *Cymbeline*, but I can never forget Mr Macready's finding fault with my page's dress, which I had ordered to be made with a tunic that descended to the ankles. On going to the theatre at the last rehearsal, he told me, with many apologies and much concern, that he had seen my page's dress, and had given directions to have it altered. He had taken the liberty of doing this, he said, without consulting me, because, although he could understand the reasons which had weighed with me in ordering the dress to be made as I had done, he was sure I would forgive him when he explained to me that such a dress would not tell the story, and that one-half the audience—all, in fact, who did not know the play—would not discover that it was a disguise, but would suppose Imogen to be still in woman's attire. Remonstrance was too late, and, with many tears, I had to yield, and to add my own terror to that of Imogen when first entering the cave. I managed, however, to devise a kind of compromise, by swathing myself in the "franklin housewife's riding-cloak," which I kept about me as I went into the cave; and this I caused to be wrapped round me afterwards when the brothers carry in Imogen—the poor "dead bird, which they have made so much on."

I remember well the Pisanio was my good friend Mr Elton, the best Pisanio of my time. No one whom I have since acted with has so truly thrown into the part the deep devotion, the respectful manly tenderness and delicacy of feeling, which it requires. He drew out all the nicer points of the character with the same fine and firm hand which we used to admire upon the French stage in M. Regnier, that most finished of artists, in characters of this kind. As I write, by some strange association of ideas—I suppose we must have been rehearsing *Cymbeline* at the time—a little circumstance illustrative of the character of this good Mr Elton comes into my mind. Pardon me if I leave Imogen for the moment, to speak of other matters. This helpful friend did not always cheer and praise, but very kindly told me of my mistakes. We were to appear in *The Lady of Lyons*, which was then in its first run, and had been commanded by the

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Queen for a State performance. I had never acted before Her Majesty and Prince Albert; and to me, young as I was, this was a great event. Immediately I thought there ought to be something special about my dress for the occasion. Now, either from a doubt as to the play's success, or for some good financial reason, no expense had been incurred in bringing it out. Mr Macready asked me if I had any dresses which could be adapted for Pauline Deschappelles. He could not, he said, afford to give me new dresses, and he would be glad if I could manage without them. Of course I said I would willingly do my best. Upon consulting with the excellent Mr Dominic Colnaghi, the printseller in Pall Mall, who always gave me access to all his books of costume, I found, as I had already heard, that the dress of the young girl of the period was simple in material and form—fine muslin, with lace *fichus*, ruffles, broad sashes, and the hair worn in long loose curls down the back, my own coming in naturally for this fashion. As it was in my case, so I suppose it was with the others—the costumes, however, being all true to the period. The scenery was of course good and sufficient, for in this department Mr Macready never failed. And thus, with trifling cost, this play, which was to prove so wonderfully successful, came forth to the world unassisted by any extraneous adjuncts, depending solely upon its own merits and the actors' interpretation of it. It must have been written with rare knowledge of what the stage requires, for not one word was cut out, nor one scene rearranged or altered after the first representation. The author was no doubt lucky in his interpreters. Mr Macready, though in appearance far too old for Claude Melnotte, yet had a slight, elastic figure, and so much buoyancy of manner that the impression of age quickly wore off. The secret of his success was, that he lifted the character, and gave it the dignity and strength which it required to make Claude respected under circumstances so equivocal. This was especially conspicuous in a critical point early in the play (Act ii.), where Claude passes himself off as a prince. Mr Macready's manner became his dress. The slight confusion, when addressed by Colonel Damas in Italian, was so instantly turned to his own advantage by the playful way in which he laid the blame on the general's bad Italian, his whole bearing was so dignified and

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courteous, that it did not seem strange he should charm the girlish fancy of one who was accustomed to be courted, but whose heart was hitherto untouched. He made the hero, indeed, one of nature's exceptional gentlemen, and in this way prepossessed his audience, despite the unworthy device to which Claude lends himself in the first frenzy of wounded vanity. Truth to say, unless dealt with poetically and romantically, both Claude and Pauline drop down into very commonplace people—indeed I have been surprised to see how commonplace. Again, Mrs Chford as Madame Deschappelles, by a stately aristocratic bearing, carried off the heartless foolishness of her sayings. The Damas of Mr Bartley was a fine vigorous impersonation of the blunt, impetuous, genial soldier. Mr Elton acted, as he always did, most carefully and well, and gave importance and style to the disagreeable character of M. Deauseant

But to return to the evening of the Royal command, and what I was going to say. I had nothing especially new and fresh to wear; so in honour of the occasion I had ordered from Foster's some lovely pink roses with silver leaves, to trim the dress I wore in the second act. I had hitherto used only real roses—friends, known and unknown, always supplying me with them. One dear friend never failed to furnish Pauline with the bouquet for her hand. Oh, how very often, as she might tell you, has she seen me in that play!¹ I thought my new flowers, when arranged about my dress, looked lovely—quite fairy-like. When accosted with the usual "Good evenings" while waiting at the side scenes for the opening of the second act, I saw Mr Elton looking at me with a sort of amused wonder. I said at once, "Do you not think my fresh flowers pretty?" "Oh," he said, "are they fresh? They must have come a long way. Where do they grow? I never saw any of the kind before. They must have come out of Aladdin's garden. Silver leaves! How remarkable! They may be more rare, but I much prefer the home-

¹ In my mind was always the idea that Pauline loved flowers passionately. It was in the garden, among his flowers, that Claude first saw and loved her. I never was without them in the play; even in the sad last act I had violets on my plain muslin dress. You remember how Madame Deschappelles reproaches Pauline for not being *en grande tenue* on that "joyful occasion."

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grown ones you have in your hand." Ridicule of my fine decoration! Alas! alas! I felt at once that it was deserved. It was too late to repair my error. I must act the scene with them—before the Queen, too!—and all my pleasure was gone. I hid them as well as I could with my fan and handkerchief, and hoped no one would notice them. Need I say how they were torn off when I reached my dressing-room, never to see the light again? I never felt more ashamed and vexed with myself.¹

It was well I had a handkerchief on this occasion to help to screen my poor silver leaves; but as a general rule I kept it in my pocket—and for this reason. In the scene in the third act—where Pauline learns the infamous stratagem of which she is the victim—on the night the play was first acted I tore my handkerchief right across without knowing that I had done so, and in the passion and emotion of the scene it became a streamer, and waved about as I moved and walked. Surely any one might have seen that this was an accident, the involuntary act of the maddened girl; but in a criticism on the play—I suppose the day after, but as I was never allowed to have my mind disturbed by theatrical criticisms, I cannot feel sure—I was accused of having arranged this as a trick in order to produce an effect. So innocent was I of a device which would have been utterly at variance with the spirit in which I looked at my art, that when my dear home master and friend asked me if I *had* torn a handkerchief in the scene, I laughed and said, "Yes; at the end of the play my dresser had shown me one in ribbons." "I would not," was his remark, "have you carry one again in the scene, if you can do without it;" and I did not usually do so. It was some time after-

¹ Like many pleasures long looked forward to, the whole of this evening was a disappointment. The side scenes were crowded with visitors, Mr Macready having invited many friends. They were terribly in the way of the exits and entrances. Worse than all, those who knew you insisted on saluting you; those who did not, made you run the gauntlet of a host of curious eyes,—and this in a place where, most properly, no stranger had hitherto been allowed to intrude. Then, too, though of course I never looked at the Queen and the Prince, still their presence was felt by me more than I could have anticipated. It overawed me somehow—stood between me and Pauline, and instead of doing my best, I could not in my usual way lose myself entirely in my character, so that, on the whole, I never acted worse or more artificially—too like my poor flowers!

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wards before I learned his reason, and I then continued to keep my handkerchief mostly in my pocket, lest the same accident should happen again; for, as I always allowed the full feeling of the scene to take possession of me, I could not answer but that it might. There would have been nothing wrong in acting upon what strong natural emotion had suggested in the heat of actual performance; but all true artists will, I believe, avoid the use of any action, however striking, which may become by repetition a mere mechanical artifice.

It was different with another suggestion which was made to me as to the way I acted in the same scene. As I recalled to Claude, in bitter scorn, his glowing description of his palace by the Lake of Como, I broke into a paroxysm of hysterical laughter, which came upon me, I suppose, as the natural relief from the intensity of the mingled feelings of anger, scorn, wounded pride, and outraged love, by which I found myself carried away. The effect upon the audience was electrical because the impulse was genuine. But well do I remember Mr Macready's remonstrance with me for yielding to it. It was too daring, he said; to have failed in it on a first representation might have ruined the scene (which was true). No one, moreover, should ever, he said, hazard an unrehearsed effect. I could only answer that I could not help it; that this seemed the only way for my feelings to find vent; and if the impulse seized me again, again, I feared, I must act the scene in the same way. And often as I have played Pauline, never did the situation fail to bring back the same burst of hysterical emotion; nor, so far as I know, did any one ever regard my yielding to it as out of place, or otherwise than true to nature. Some time afterwards I was comforted by reading a reply of the great French actor Baron, when he was blamed for raising his hands above his head in some impassioned scene, on the ground that such a gesture was contrary to the rules of art. "Tell me not of art," he said. "If nature makes you raise your hands, be it ever so high, be sure nature is right, and the business of art is to obey her." When playing with Mr Macready the following year at the Haymarket, I noticed a chair placed every evening at the wing as I went on the stage for this act. On inquiry, I found it was for Mrs Glover, the



XXV. "CYMBELINE"

COVENT-GARDEN THEATRE, THURSDAY MAY 18TH 1837

Cymbeline, The Day after the Wedding, Tam O'Shanter

THE benefit of Miss Helen Faucit on Thursday must hold a place in the recollection of all who were present on that occasion, as having presented to the public the most perfect revival since the production of *Othello* this season; I allude to Shakspeare's play of *Cymbeline*. Benefits invariably give rise to the idea of forbearance, so seldom has one of those evenings' entertainments passed without that principle being called into requisition, but with regard to *Cymbeline* I can without fear survey most of the performers without benefit restriction, and yet pronounce their exhibitions good. Why this play should for nine years have lain in quiet repose on the shelf is to me matter of astonishment, seeing with what delight its performance was received on Thursday; it is a work of consummate ability, and the interest is sustained with increased vigour even to the last scene.

Mr Macready performed the character of Posthumus with great force and feeling,¹ and the Iachimo of Mr Elton was a splendid piece of acting. I have no time now to particularize in what parts of their respective performance[s] these actors were most effective, and have therefore merely to add that such a struggle for ascendancy as occurred in the famous scenes in which Mr Macready and Mr Elton were concerned, has seldom passed under my observation; the majority of the audience seemed to consider that Mr Macready was the victor, but such was not the case with me; they were, in my opinion, equal. Mr Elton had his best scenes to play in the first three acts, whilst Mr Macready's opportunity for a full display was in the fourth and fifth²; ere the last scene arrived the acting of Mr Elton was partly obliterated from the mind, whilst that of Mr Macready came pouring in, and thus, as is too frequently the stimulant of newspaper criticism,—

He whose merits shone the latest,
Was by the public thought the greatest !

Miss Helen Faucit acted Imogen in a very chaste and elegant manner, and carefully preserved her dignity in the more impassioned scenes of the play; it was one of her most successful performances. Farren's Cloten³ was a disgrace to that highly talented actor; he made the insignificant prince more like the father than the son of the Queen. The character would have received much better support at the hands of Mr Webster. Mr G. Bennett played very well as Bellarius, and the Pisanio of Pritchard, though not quite so effective as it might be made, was nevertheless a meritorious performance. A Glee, "Hark! the lark!", which was sung by Collins, Ransford, Giffin, and Miss Land, was so well executed as to receive an encore. The generality of the minor characters were well represented, and the whole play is one of the greatest hits of the season. Mr Macready, Miss Faucit, and Mr Elton were called for, and appeared

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before the curtain, but the play was not announced for repetition : to become popular it must terminate in future before eleven.

The songs of "The old English gentleman," "Hurrah for the road,"⁴ and "The Wolf,"⁵ were afterwards very well sung by Mr W. Farren, Mr Collins, and Mr Ransford, and the last two were encored. In *The Day After the Wedding* the acting of all concerned was excellent ; the Lady Elizabeth and Colonel Freelove of Miss Helen Faucit and Mr Pritchard were equal, if not superior, to their Katherine and Petruchio. *Tam O'Shanter* is a miserable production, render'd only tolerable by the excellent support it received. The song of "Green grow the rushes, O !" by W. Farren was of course twice sung ; it is a treat indeed ! The house was, what the talented beneficiare might without scruple expect, a bumper.

¹ "Acted Posthumus in a most discreditable manner, undigested, unstudied. Oh, it was most culpable to hazard so my reputation ! I was ashamed of myself ; I trust I shall never so commit myself again. The audience applauded, but they knew not what they did." So wrote Macready in his *Diaries*; but whether his judgment or Rice's was the correct one—and an actor is not always the best judge of his own work—the point is that Rice was seeing an unfamiliar Shakespeare play, and viewing it quite differently from *Macbeth* or *Richard III*, of which he would know every word.

²It is possible that Macready insisted on a special version of the play. The usual acting editions, which derive from Garrick, have nothing for Posthumus in the fourth act, and only about half the original text of the part in the fifth.

³"For this night only."

⁴Both from *Paul Clifford*.

⁵This ballad was popular with generations of baritones. It is from *The Castle of Andalusia* by O'Keeffe, music by Shield, and was sung "in character" on this occasion.



4.—ON THE ACTING OF THIS PLAY, AS LATELY REVIVED AT DRURY-LANE; AND CHIEFLY ON THE PERFORMANCE OF THE PART OF IMOGEN.

[April 15th, 1843.]

WE proceed, for the purpose of illustrating more thoroughly the beauties unfolded in the dramatic developement of the character of Imogen, to consider the personation of it by Miss Helen Faucit, its present representative on the boards of Drury-Lane.

By her appropriate manner of delivering that sagacious reflection—"Oh, dissembling courtesy," &c.—which forms the very opening of the part, this actress gives at once that tone of dignity, moral and intellectual, as well as of person and of rank—that unaffected majesty of mind, as well as bearing—the accustomed absence of which, in the commonplace conception of the character, has deprived even its exquisite sweetness of its most delicious charm. Her Imogen forgets not for a moment that, in person and character, she is to be no less "the noble" than "the sweet." She makes us feel this throughout—no less in the tender parting scene with her husband, and her kind communings respecting him with her delicately affectionate servant, than in her vindication of her own conduct against her father's injustice, and

her rebuking of the vulgar contempt heaped by her odious suitor upon her banished lord.

Her scene with Iachimo demands a more particular consideration, for it is here that those storms begin to assail the inmost heart of the heroine, which are to heave it so deeply through the rest of the drama. Here, too, it is that Imogen's representative is first called upon for a large display of that mute acting which constitutes so much of the most delicate and difficult execution belonging to this part, seeing that the actress has to personate, almost throughout the scene, a most interested and most agitated *listener*. From the commencement of Iachimo's exclamations of affected abstraction, begins that course of silent but expressive acting which calls for the highest qualities of the performer, consisting as it does of such variety, such fine gradation, of delicate yet significant touches.

And now it is that the eye of the auditor, if he would apprehend the inmost spirit of the scene, should be intently fixed upon every gesture, upon every the slightest change of countenance, in the heroine's representative. Here, if ever on the present stage, will he be made to feel how much there is of the noble and the exquisite in Shakespeare's dramatic creations, that cannot be realized in the closet. He will be vividly reminded of the fact which we emphatically indicated in commencing these critical notices—that Shakespeare dramatised, not to a *reading*, but to a *seeing* and *hearing* public,—and that for this reason chiefly, amongst others, the more thoroughly any reader shall have possessed himself of the true spirit and meaning of any portion of Shakespeare's dramatic text, the more will he be in a condition to receive that additional and crowning illustration which no critic or commentator can give him—which can only come from the performer whom Nature and Shakespeare have themselves inspired, and which is indispensable to realise that living and breathing creation which each of these dramas *primarily* was in the mind of its author. Nor is it because we can never hope,

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any more than he himself could ever expect it, to see any one of his dramatic works completely rendered to us by an adequate personation of all its characters, that we should neglect to derive such scattered illustrations as even a very imperfect theatrical representation may afford us. Speaking from the experience of our own heart and mind, we should say that the more earnestly and cordially any reader shall have applied himself to follow up the dramatic spirit and expression of any one of our great poet's productions, to the utmost limit to which the verbal text can lead him, the more thankfully will he repair to the scene where he may be gratified and instructed by that far more complete, more vivid and precise expression which the truly inspired actor or actress will always convey to him—even though that perfectness of expression should be confined to a single character in any given play; and in this spirit it is that we return to an attentive consideration of Miss Faucit's acting in the first great scene of 'Cymbeline.'

Here, especially, we find the advantage of this lady's figure, and the dignity which pervades her conception of the part. To this scene, above all others, the absence of these requisites would be peculiarly fatal. They are demanded by its every circumstance; but we see more particularly the truth and force which they lend to Iachimo's expressions of admiration upon first beholding the princess; for we must be permitted to observe, that although the mental powers of a performer can do a great deal in overcoming personal disadvantages, no amount of them would be enough to overcome the absurdity, for instance, of Iachimo's exclamation, "All of her that is out of door most rich!" &c., addressed to an actress of ungraceful or undignified aspect, whether as to manner or to figure. Nevertheless, it is far more important, as well as interesting, to trace in the performer the intellectual powers and graces—the nice and just discrimination of those rapidly rising or sinking gradations of feeling

which pass over the heroine's heart, from the beginning of Iachimo's exclamations to the end of his retraction—which, as we have remarked already, the actress is here called upon to render, much less by the brief words that drop from her lips in the intervals of Iachimo's speeches, than by that mute expressiveness of figure as well as feature, which is so familiar to the consideration of every true physiognomist, as well as to every genuine professor of histrionic art.

After shewing us, then, in the opening of the scene, that unalterable dignity of the woman, noble in mind yet more than in station, which is requisite to prevent the soliloquy,—

A father cruel and a stepdame false, &c.—

from degenerating into merely weak and querulous complaining,—and her sudden joy at receiving the news from her husband, and grateful cordiality towards the bearer, from taking the commonplace character of a childish fondness and thankfulness,—this actress proceeds through the first great trial of her more delicate skill, in exhibiting to us the changing and deepening impressions which Iachimo's exclamations and disclosures make upon Imogen's mind, until it sinks oppressed by the full consciousness of her husband's falsehood. In the varying aspect of the performer, we read, successively, the look of mere surprise at his first exclamation, "What! are men mad?"—that of enquiring interest at his rumination upon the difference "'twixt two such shes;"—the anxious curiosity as his meaning begins to unfold itself—deepening into the most painful concern when she is told how her lord "laughs from's free lungs" at those who believe in feminine constancy;—and so on, by the nicest gradations, to that appealing look, and gesture of unutterably agonizing suspense, with which she urges him,—

Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be sure they do,—

to declare explicitly what is the matter. Then, see

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the whole expression of that face and figure, thus wound up to the highest pitch of painful expectation, relaxing gradually, yet rapidly, under Iachimo's direct intimation of her lord's infidelity, "Had I this cheek," &c.—until we trace, in their look of blank and utter desolation, that dying of the heart which prompts the faint ejaculation, "My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain!"

The bursting into tears with the exclamation, "Revenged! how should I be revenged?" so naturally expressing the first convulsive effort which the over-charged heart makes to relieve itself, gives also the fuller effect to that sudden transition of idea and of feeling which takes place in her mind, while she listens to the few brief sentences that convey Iachimo's most unexpected and most insulting proposal. Here we think that Miss Faucit's mute acting is peculiarly happy. The sudden passing away of the whole cloud that has gathered over Imogen's mind and heart,—the silent conviction so instantly wrought within her, that the man addressing her is a villain,—are vividly and beautifully set before us, in that withdrawing of the hands from the weeping face, that gradual elevating of the depressed brow, and recovery of the drooping form, till they reach that thorough clearness of the countenance and firmness of the figure with which she delivers her first call to Pisanio. So far, however, we are come only to the look and tone of prompt decision. That one step further of Iachimo's, "Let me my service tender on your lips," raises, most properly, both the look, and voice, and attitude of the actress to a pitch of proudly and even fiercely indignant expression, the contrast of which to the habitual gentleness, not tameness, of manner in Imogen's representative, is in strict accordance with the contrast which the indignant bitterness of the speech, "Away! I do condemn mine ears," &c., presents to the tone of the heroine's ordinary language. This particular passage is one of those which display to the highest advantage those characteristic powers of this lady as a Shakespearian performer, which we have had occasion to point out in a former notice of her acting.

Again, the relaxing of the whole aspect, in the course of Iachimo's apologetic retractation, until it reaches the dignified complacency with which she says, "All's well, sir: take my power i' the court for yours," requires no less delicacy of discrimination and execution than is demanded by all the earlier parts of the scene. And in the verbal text of the dialogue that follows, there is nothing beyond the difference between "You are *kindly* welcome" and "You are *very* welcome," to mark the difference of manner which undoubtedly the dramatist conceived his heroine as displaying, notwithstanding her recovered goodwill towards her Italian visitor, after his presumptuous experiment. Here, again, we regard Miss Faucit's performance as truly illustrating that implied blending of the graceful pride of offended delicacy with the kind complacency of a generous forgiveness.

So far as violent revulsion of feeling can make it so, the passage where Imogen reads the letter from her husband commanding Pisanio to kill her, is the most arduous of all in this diversified part. To have her joyful anticipation of the affectionate meeting with her beloved lord checked at its height by a communication like this—what a shock of feeling for the actress to represent, with no more precise indication to guide her than Pisanio's exclamation—

What shall I need to draw my sword?—The paper
Hath cut her throat already!

In expressing to us the stunning blow given to the adoring wife by the very first words, "Thy mistress, Pisanio, hath played the strumpet in my bed;" the *staggering and faltering of her eye and voice, in sheer bewildered incredulity, until she comes to the murderous command, "Let thine own hands take away her life;"* the fainting away of her accents at the close, under the withering conviction that her eyes have not deceived her, but that her calamity is real; the sinking senseless to the ground; and the hysterical reviving;—in all these the actress has had nothing

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to direct her but her own instinct as to the true spirit of the character and the situation. That instinct, we think, has directed her aright, leaving us indebted to her for so much genuine illustration of the dramatist's conception.

And here, in justice to the performer, we must point out a certain misconception as to the predominant spirit of this scene, which her judgment has led her to avoid. Mrs. Jameson, for example, tells us, in relation to it, that, after Imogen's "affecting lamentation over the falsehood and injustice of her husband," "she then resigns herself to his will with the most entire submission." The critic here falls into the error of making Imogen desire Pisanio to "do his master's bidding," simply from a motive of *obedience* to the will of a man whom she is all the while so emphatically assuring us that she feels called upon to regard with indignant pity. This, however, is but one instance of the mistakes occasioned by the low estimate of Imogen's character, in her conjugal relation, which has been so unaccountably prevalent among the critics; abasing her from her proper station as a noble, generous, and intellectual woman, whose understanding has sanctioned the election of her heart, to that of a creature blindly impassioned and affectionate, ready to submit quite passively to any enormity of indignity and injustice inflicted upon her by the man to whom she has devoted herself. The present actress of the character makes herself no party to this degradation. The most nobly characteristic passages which she ought to deliver in this scene are, indeed, struck out, on the principle, no doubt, of indispensable saving of time, especially the grand one cited in our last paper:—

Though those that are betray'd
Do feel the treason sharply, &c.

But it is plain that she has studied them attentively; and so has raised her conception and expression of the heroine's character, as shown in this trying situation,

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to that noble elevation which the poet has so clearly indicated. She gives the true *dignity* of tone, as well as the true *feeling*, to every sentence;—the pathetic indignation with which the slandered wife first repels the charge,—

False to his bed!—what is it to be false?—
the deep grief with which she feels herself compelled to retort it,—

Iachimo,
Thou didst accuse him of incontinency, &c. ;—
and then, the intensity of despair, *not the excess of mean, slavish submission*, which dictates that most affecting appeal,—

Come, fellow, be thou honest, &c.
By delivering the words, “A little witness my obedience,” in that tone of pathetic irony which shews how truly she apprehends the meaning of what follows:—

Look!
I draw the sword myself. take it, and hit
The innocent mansion of my love, my heart.
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things but grief:
Thy master *is not* there; who *was*, indeed,
The riches of it. —

she makes us feel convincingly, that it is from no submissiveness to the unjust will of him whom her heart at this moment *rejects*, but from the very extremity of heart-rending anguish that *his* heart should have so revolted from her as to be capable of issuing such a command, that she exclaims,—

Pr'ythee, despatch!
The lamb entreats the butcher. Where's thy knife?
Thou art too slow to do thy master's bidding,
When I desire it too.

It may be readily inferred—even by readers who have had no opportunity of witnessing this lady's personation—that the union of grace, dignity, and intelligence, which we have pointed out as qualifying her so peculiarly for the representation of Shakespeare's more ideal heroines, is especially conspicuous

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in imparting to the scenes of Imogen in her male disguise, that characteristic charm which we indicated in our preceding paper. Nevertheless, it is due to the actress to mention this emphatically—evincing as it does that exquisitely feminine nature in the performer which is indispensable for interpreting the most perfect of Shakespeare's feminine creations.

Still, one of the greatest tests which this drama affords of the truth and delicacy both of conception and expression in the actress, appears to us to be the share assigned her in that great concluding scene, from the moment when Imogen recognizes the diamond on Iachimo's finger, to that where the latter restores the stolen bracelet; for here, perhaps, it is, in all the part, that the poet has imposed on the performer the most of that task of *completion*, which we indicated at the close of our foregoing paper. Here, again, the world of anxious, and then delighted feelings, which, in that interval, rush in rapid succession upon the heroine's heart, while for the most part she is a silent auditor, are rather suggested than expressed in the mere text of the dramatist. The tide of happy affections that flows back so plenteously into the lately desolate bosom of Imogen, have to be rendered to us by the actress, for the most part, independently of any direct indications afforded by the dialogue.

Here we must express our regret at the omission, in the present acting, of that affecting passage which forms the proper starting-point of this interesting *dénouement*. The Roman commander, Lucius, after begging of the conqueror the life of his affectionate page, is expecting that the latter will avail himself of Cymbeline's offer, of granting him any boon he may desire, even though he "do demand a prisoner, the noblest ta'en," to ask in return the life of his generous master:—

I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

And, at this moment, the auditor feels as if he knew

so too; for all that he has learned both of the character and the circumstances of Imogen, leads him inevitably to this conclusion. Her husband being, she supposes, dead,—her servant treacherous,—her father, though present to her eyes, yet lost to her heart,—the only ray of sympathy that beams upon her soul amid the settled gloom of its deep though calm despair, is that which she finds in the paternal kindness of the noble Roman. Can Imogen, then, do otherwise than petition for his life? Yes; for,

Alack,

There's other work in hand.

Upon the finger of the captive Iachimo she has recognized the consecrated jewel, even that "diamond that was her mother's," which when she had last beheld it, her beloved Leonatus was putting on his finger, saying,

Remain, remain thou here,

While sense can keep it on!

Again, therefore, her doubts are cruelly awakened as to her deceased lord's fidelity—

I see a thing

Bitter to me as death!

And the craving of her heart for the final solution of this horrible enigma, makes her eagerly forego the last human tie that slenderly binds her to existence—

Your life, good master,

Must shuffle for itself.

This explicit rejection of the opportunity to save her "good master's" life, should be retained in acting, to give, as we have hinted before, its full effect to the intensity of interest with which she looks upon the ring.

From the beginning, however, of Iachimo's confession, the countenance and gesture of the present performer express to us, in their delicate variation, what Shakespeare's text can but dimly suggest, even to the most thoughtful and imaginative reader. In them we trace, in vivid succession, the intensely fixed

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attention of the heroine to the commencement of Iachimo's narrative,—the trembling anxiety as it proceeds,—the tenderly mournful delight on receiving the full conviction of her husband's fidelity,—and then, the grateful, tearful, overpowering joy, on seeing him so suddenly alive, and hearing his repentant exclamations,—and that most difficult, perhaps, as it is the most pathetic stroke of all, the coming forward, forgetful of her male disguise, to discover herself to him, and relieve him from that intolerable anguish which her generous heart can no longer endure to contemplate. We might dwell upon the charming expression given to the words—

Why did you throw your wedded lady from you? &c.—

but that we regard as a higher merit in this actress her power of entering so thoroughly into that affectionate nature of Imogen, which makes even her sudden restoration to conjugal happiness but cause her bosom to overflow with grateful benevolence towards every one who has any claim to share it. Many a woman, we are persuaded, would be found capable of adequately representing to us, in such a scene, the gratified feelings of the lover or the wife, for one that could render, with a truth at once so genial and so delicate, the passage, for instance, where Imogen goes up to her brothers, and expresses her delight at their restoration to her:—

Oh, my gentle brothers,
Have we thus met? Oh, never say hereafter,
But I am truest speaker: you call'd me brother
When I was but your sister; I you brothers,
When you were so indeed!

We cannot call to mind anything more full of affectionate grace, than the tone and gesture with which these lines are delivered by this heroine's present representative.

The queen, the wicked stepmother of Imogen—the “woman that bears all down with her brain”—the “crafty devil,” “hourly coining plots”—the hypocritical and systematic assassin—is personated by



‘Theatre Royal Edinburgh’, *Caledonian Mercury*

- p. 194, col. 1, ll. 28–31: *Should a villain say so ... Do but mistake: The Winter’s Tale*, II.i.80–3.
- p. 194, col. 1, ll. 33–7: *How will this grieve you ... You did mistake: The Winter’s Tale*, II.i.98–102.
- p. 194, col. 1, ll. 43–4: *crown and comfort of [her] life: The Winter’s Tale*, III.ii.92.
- p. 194, col. 1, ll. 47–50: *This action I now go on ... I trust, I shall: The Winter’s Tale*, II.i.122–6.
- p. 194, col. 1, ll. 61–5: *If powers divine ... Tremble at patience: The Winter’s Tale*, III.ii.26–30.
- p. 194, col. 1, l. 66: *Raphael’s pencil*: Raffaello Sanzio da Urbino (1483–1520), Italian Renaissance painter and architect known for his depictions of the Madonna and of various saints.
- p. 194, col. 1, l. 67: *St. Cecilia*: Raphael’s *The Ecstasy of St. Cecilia* (c. 1516) depicts the patron saint of music with her eyes uplifted, listening to a heavenly choir. The poet Percy Bysshe Shelley wrote of this painting that the saint’s countenance was ‘calmed by the depth of its passion and rapture, and penetrated throughout with the warm and radiant light of life’ (*Letters from Italy*, quoted in Esther Singleton, *Great Pictures as Seen and Described by Famous Writers* (New York: Dodd, Mead, and Company, 1899), p. 288).
- p. 194, col. 2, l. 12: *Held their breath for a time*: perhaps referring to Thomas Campbell’s (1777–1842) ‘Battle of the Baltic’, stanza 2, ll. 7–9: There was silence deep as death; / And the boldest held his breath / For a time’.
- p. 194, col. 2, ll. 28–9: *‘saintlike sorrow’, ‘That wide gap of time’*: *The Winter’s Tale*, V.i.2; V.iii.155.
- p. 194, col. 2, ll. 30–1: *The sweetest companion ... Bred his hopes out of*: *The Winter’s Tale*, V.i.12–13.
- p. 194, col. 2, l. 54: *Lady Teazle*: character in Richard Brinsley Sheridan’s *School for Scandal* (1777).
- p. 194, col. 2, l. 64: *Lady of Lyons*: the romantic drama by Edward Bulwer.
- p. 194, col. 2, ll. 69–70: *Madame Anna Bishop*: Anna Bishop [*née* Riviere] (1810–84) was a popular English singer of sacred music, English songs and later opera; she had a high soprano voice (*ODNB*).

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- p. 199, l. 3: *Alas ... divine Imogen: Cymbeline*, II.i.53–4.
- p. 199, ll. 5–10: *So every spirit ... doth the body make*: Edmund Spenser (1552–99), ‘An Hymn in Honor of Beauty’, stanza 19.
- p. 199, ll. 19–20: *my life of life*: the citation is difficult to attribute; perhaps it refers to Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Prometheus Unbound* (1820), l. 58.
- p. 200, ll. 5–6: *Antigone and Iphigenia in Aulis*: Antigone is the heroine of Sophocles’s play of the same name; Faucit played Antigone (in the translation of William Bartholomew) in Dublin (1845) and Edinburgh (1847). Through the influence of Theodore Martin, who introduced her to Greek tragedy and Archibald Alison, Faucit’s acting style became more influenced by classicism and the visual arts. Based on the success of *Antigone*, John Calcraft produced Euripides’s *Iphigenia in Aulis*; Carlisle argues that Faucit’s experience of the Greek tragic heroines and her new classicism are visible in her portrayal of Hermione-as-statue in *The Winter’s Tale* (on Antigone and Iphigenia as Faucit roles, see Carlisle, pp. 170–3).
- p. 200, l. 16: *well-trod stage*: from John Milton, *L’Allegro*: Then to the well-trod stage anon, / If Jonsons learned Sock be on, / Or sweetest Shakespear fancies childe, / Warble his native Wood-notes wilde’ (ll. 131–4).
- p. 200, l. 29: *my woman of women*: the phrase had become proverbial, but may refer here to Guinevere in Alfred, Lord Tennyson’s *Idylls of the King*, as Vivien petitions Guinevere to save her from King Mark:

Save, save me thou – Woman of women – thine
 The wreath of beauty, thine the crown of power,
 Be thine the balm of pity, O Heaven’s own white
 Earth-angel, stainless bride of stainless King –

- p. 201, l. 3: *Mrs. D— S—* : perhaps Eleanor Sellar (*née* Denistoun), wife of William Sellar, a classical scholar. The Martins met them in Homburg in 1852 (Carlisle, p. 242).
- p. 202, l. 4: *Mr Macready*: see p. 186, l. 32.
- p. 202, l. 24: *Mr Elton*: Edward William Elton (1794–1843) played Pisanio, the friend of Imogen's husband Posthumus, who is given the unpleasant assignment to kill Imogen for her supposed sexual infidelity (he does not go through with it).
- p. 202, l. 30: *M. Regnier*: François-Joseph Régnier (1807–85), distinguished actor in the *Comédie Française*; see also Martin, p. 339.
- p. 203, l. 11: *Mr. Dominic Colnaghi*: Dominic Charles Colnaghi (1790–1879) was a member of the Colnaghi, a noted family of art dealers. Dominic was the most successful son of the original Colnaghi patriarch (*ODNB*).
- p. 203, l. 28: *Claude Melnotte*: the gardener's son who loves Pauline in *The Lady of Lyons* and the drama's romantic hero.
- p. 203, l. 36: *Colonel Damas*: in *The Lady of Lyons*, cousin of Pauline's mother and an officer in the French army.
- p. 204, ll. 9–10: *Mrs. Clifford as Madame Deschappelles*: Mrs. William Henry Clifford (1794–1852), a student of John Kemble, acted in Macready's company and played the role of Pauline's mother in *The Lady of Lyons*; see 'Mrs. W. Clifford', *Lady's Monthly Museum*, 20 (1824): 121–7; Obituary in *The Musical World*, 25 (1852), pp. 612–13.
- p. 204, l. 12: *Mr. Bartley*: George Bartley (1782?–1858), who played 'comic older men, bluff uncles, and the like', was also the stage manager of Covent Garden under Macready (*ODNB*).
- p. 204, l. 15: *M. Beauseant*: the corrupt aristocrat and rejected suitor of Pauline Deschappelles, who hatches the plot to have Claude Melnotte wed Pauline under a false aristocratic identity.
- p. 204, l. 35 (footnote): *en grande tenue*: in full dress.
- Copyright
Rice, 'Cymbeline'
- p. 207, ll. 17–18: *Mr Macready performed the character of Posthumus ... the Iachimo of Mr Elton*: William Charles Macready played the part of Posthumus, Imogen's husband; while in Faucit's account of her first appearance in the part, William Elton had played Pisanio, here he plays Iachimo, the Italian villain who persuades Posthumus that Imogen has been disloyal.
- p. 207, ll. 31–2: *He whose merits ... thought the greatest*: source unknown, or perhaps not a quotation at all.
- p. 207, l. 35: *Farren's Cloten*: Percy Farren, Helen's relative and mentor, played the role of the Queen's clownish, but evil, son in *Cymbeline*.
- p. 207, l. 38: *Mr Webster*: actor-manager Benjamin Webster (1798–1882).
- p. 207, l. 39: *Mr. G. Bennett, Bellarius*: George Bennett (1800–79) was a Shakespearian actor at Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres (*ODNB*); he had played Romeo to Helen Faucit's Juliet. Old Belarius is an exiled courtier who had stolen and raised Cymbeline's sons in the Welsh mountains.
- p. 207, l. 39: *Pisanio of Pritchard*: for Pisanio, see p. 160, l. 24, above; John Langford Pritchard (1799–1850) had been playing in Dublin and Edinburgh before making his London debut in November 1835.
- p. 207, l. 41: *'Hark the lark!': Cymbeline*, II.iii.17.
- p. 207, l. 42: *Collins, Ransford, Giffin, and Miss Land*: V. Mssrs Collins (orchestra) and Giffin (Chorus, Tenor) are mentioned in a Prospectus for the Grand Opera, Theatre Royale, Drury Lane (*The Musical World*, 32 [11 December 1847] p. 798); Edwin Ransford (1805–76), was a composer and opera singer (*ODNB*); Miss Land, a concert and opera singer, is listed as part of the Covent Garden Company in 1840 by Alfred Bunn, *The Stage both Before and Behind the Curtain*, 2 vols (Philadelphia, PA: Lea and Blanchard, 1840), vol. 2, p. 80; see also *The Musical World*, 25 (1851), p. 827.
- p. 208, l. 4: *Mr. W. Farren*: William Farren, Helen Faucit's 'step-father'.
- p. 208, ll. 5–6: *The Day After the Wedding*: a farce by Marie Thérèse De Camp Kemble.

- p. 208, ll. 7–8: *Mr Pritchard*: John Langford Pritchard (1799–1850) belonged to W. H. Murray’s company in Edinburgh and also played in Dublin; he made his London debut in 1835 (*ODNB*).
- p. 208, l. 9: *Tam O’Shanter*: a musical farce by Henry Robert Addison (1834).

Fletcher, ‘Characters in Cymbeline’

- p. 209, l. 17: *O dissembling courtesy: Cymbeline*, I.i.85, where Imogen correctly mistrusts the Queen’s offer to intercede with the King on behalf of her and her husband.
- p. 210, l. 3: *Her scene with Iachimo: Cymbeline*, I.vi, in which Iacomo tests Imogen’s virtue and slanders Posthumus.
- p. 211, ll. 34–5: *All of her that is out of door most rich!: Cymbeline*, I.vi.15.
- p. 212, l. 14: *A father cruel and a stepdame false: Cymbeline*, I.vi.1.
- p. 212, ll. 16–17: *receiving the news from her husband*: Iachimo brings Imogen a letter from Posthumus.
- p. 212, ll. 27–32: *‘What! are men mad?’; ‘twixt two such shes’; ‘laughs from’s free lungs’*: *Cymbeline*, I.vi.33, 41, 69: Iachimo tells Imogen that her husband, known as ‘the jolly Briton’, is sexually unfaithful and has forgotten her.
- p. 212, ll. 37–8: *Since doubting things go ill ... be sure they do: Cymbeline*, I.vi.96–7.
- p. 213, l. 4: *Had I this cheek: Cymbeline*, I.vi.100.
- p. 213, l. 7: *My lord, I fear, has forgot Britain: Cymbeline*, I.vi.113–14.
- p. 213, l. 9: *Revenged! ... how should I be revenged: Cymbeline*, I.vi.1, 129–30.
- p. 213, l. 29: *Let my service tender on thy lips: Cymbeline*, I.vi.141.
- p. 213, ll. 35–6: *Away! I do condemn my ears: Cymbeline*, I.vi.142. Iachimo has offered to help Imogen ‘revenge herself’ against Posthumus by ‘dedicating’ himself to her ‘sweet pleasure’ (l. 137); Imogen immediately rejects him and calls to Pisanio for help.
- p. 214, ll. 4–5: *All’s well, sir ... for yours: Cymbeline*, I.vi.160. Iachimo reverses himself, and Imogen believes him.
- p. 214, ll. 27–8: *What shall I need ... cut her throat already: Cymbeline*, III.iv.31–2. Imogen is reading the letter in which Posthumus commands Pisanio to kill Imogen.
- p. 214, ll. 30–1: *Thy mistress ... strumpet in my bed: Cymbeline*, III.iv.21–2.
- p. 214, ll. 34–5: *Let thine own hands ... her life: Cymbeline*, III.iv.26.
- p. 215, ll. 9–15: *Mrs. Jameson ... do his master’s bidding*: Anna Jameson, *Characteristics of Women* (London: George Routledge and Sons, n.d.), p. 254.
- p. 215, ll. 35–6: *Though those that are betray’d / Do feel the treason sharply: Cymbeline*, III.iv.84–5.
- p. 216, l. 6: *False to his bed!: Cymbeline*, III.iv.39.
- p. 216, ll. 9–10: *Iachimo ... of insconstancy: Cymbeline*, III.iv.46.
- p. 216, l. 14: *Come, fellow, be thou honest: Cymbeline*, III.iv.63.
- p. 216, ll. 15–24: *A little witness my obedience ... riches of it: Cymbeline*, III.iv.65–71.
- p. 216, ll. 31–4: *Pr’ythee, dispatch ... I desire it too: Cymbeline*, III.iv.94–7.
- p. 217, ll. 38–9: *do not bid ... I know, thou wilt: Cymbeline*, V.vi.101–2.
- p. 218, ll. 11–12: *Alack, / There’s other work in hand: Cymbeline*, V.vi.103–4.
- p. 218, ll. 18–19: *Remain ... keep it on: Cymbeline*, I.i.118.
- p. 218, ll. 22–8: *I see a thing / Bitter to me as death: Your life ... shuffle for itself: Cymbeline*, V.vi.102–4.
- p. 219, l. 14: *Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?: Cymbeline*, V.vi.260.
- p. 219, ll. 28–32: *Oh, my gentle brothers ... were so indeed!: Cymbeline*, V.vi.375–9.