HERMIONE The bug which you would fright me with I seek To me can life be no commodity: The crown and comfort of my life, your favour, I do give lost, for I do feel it gone, But know not how it went. My second joy And first-fruits of my body, from his presence I am barr'd, like one infectious. My third comfort Starr'd most unluckily, is from my breast, The innocent milk in its most innocent mouth, Haled out to murder: myself on every post Proclaimed a strumpet with immodest hatred The child-bed privilege denied which 'longs To women of all fashion lastly, hurried Here to this place, i' the open air, before I have got strength of limit. Now, my liege, Tell me what blessings I have here alive, That I should fear to die? Therefore proceed But yet hear this mistake me not no life, I prize it not a straw, but for mine honour, Which I would free, if I shall be condemn'd Upon surmises, all proofs sleeping else But what your jealousies awake, I tell you 'Tis rigor and not law Your honours all, I do refer me to the oracle; Apollo be my judge! I then did use the person of your father,/ The image of his power lay then in me://

And, in the administration of his law, Whiles I was busy for the commonwealth, Your highness pleased to forget my place, The majesty and power of law and justice, The image of the king whom I presented, And struck me in my very seat of judgment, Whereon, as an offender to your father, I gave bold way to my authority And did commit you If the deed were ill, Be you contented, wearing now the garland, To have a son set your decrees at nought, To pluck down justice from your awful bench, To trip the course of law and blunt the sword That guards the peace and safety of your person;/ Nay, more, to spurn at your most royal image And mock your workings in a second body. Question your royal thoughts, make the case yours; e now the father and propose a son, Hear your own dignity so much profaned, See your most dreadful laws so loosely slighted, Behold yourself so by a son disdain'd; And then imagine me taking your part And in your power soft silencing your son: After this cold considerance, sentence me; And, as you are a king, speak in your state What I have done that misbecame my place,

My person, or my liege's sovereignty.

Earlier, the Senator asked, "Upon what meat does this, our Caesar, feed?" Had he looked three lines earlier in Shakespeare's Caesar, he would have found this line, which is not altogether inappropriate: "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars, but in ourselves." No one familiar with the history of this country can deny that congressional committees are useful. It is necessary to investigate before legislating, but the line between investigating and persecuting is a

very fine one and the junior Senator from
Wisconsin has stepped over it repeatedly.
His primary achievement has been in
confusing the public mind, as between internal

and the external threats of Communism.

We must not confuse dissent with disloyalty.

We must remember always that accusation is not proof and that conviction depends upon evidence and due process of law. We will not walk in fear, one of another. We will not be driven by fear into an age of unreason, if we dig deep in our history and our doctrine, and

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remember that we are not descended from fearful men - not from men who feared to write, to speak, to associate and to defend causes that were, for the moment, unpopular. This is no time for men who oppose Senator McCarthy's methods to keep silent, or for those who approve. We can deny our heritage and our history, but we cannot escape responsibility for the result. There is no way for a citizen of a republic to abdicate his responsibilities. As a nation we have come into our full inheritance at a tender age. We proclaim ourselves, as indeed we are, the defenders of freedom, wherever it continues to exist in the world, but we cannot defend freedom abroad by deserting it at home. The actions of the junior Senator from Wisconsin have caused alarm and dismay amongst our allies abroad, and given considerable comfort to our enemies. And whose fault is that? Not really his. He didn't create this situation of fear; he merely

exploited it - and rather successfully Cassius

was right. "The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our

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sik in fear, one of another. We will not b

stars, but in ourselves."

Good night, and good luck.