



Pitt Press Series

LAMBS' TALES

FROM

SHAKSPEARE

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FLATHER

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PRICE, 30 CENTS

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TORONTO

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A SELECTION  
OF  
TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE.



Hitt Press Series.

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A SELECTION

OF

TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

THE TEMPEST. AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE. KING LEAR.

TWELFTH NIGHT. HAMLET.

BY

CHARLES AND MARY LAMB.

EDITED

*WITH INTRODUCTION, NOTES AND AN APPENDIX  
OF EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE.*

BY

J. H. FLATHER, M.A.

OF EMMANUEL COLLEGE.

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TORONTO

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## PREFACE.

IT is hoped that this edition of six of the *Tales from Shakspeare* may be useful to teachers who wish to interest their younger pupils in Shakspeare and to lead them on to the study of his plays in the future. It may also serve as a reading-book, for which purpose the *Tales* are admirably suited by their diction and rhythm as well as by their dramatic interest.

The criticism of Shakspeare's characters is most happily suggested in many passages of the *Tales*, as Canon Ainger has shown in the introduction to his edition, and more elaborate literary criticism would be premature for the readers for whom this book is designed. I have therefore confined myself in the notes to the explanation of the text, and especially of words used in a sense which is now obsolete or not familiar to boys and girls.

An appendix of speeches and scenes from three of the plays is added for the use of teachers who may wish to play the part of the elder brother of the Lambs' Preface, and to introduce their pupils at once to Shakspeare himself. Many famous scenes have been excluded on account of



difficulties of language or thought, or because they relate to 'the surprising events and turns of fortune, which for their infinite variety could not be contained' in the *Tales*. It may be interesting to mention some of the chief incidents thus passed over by the Lambs: the masque is omitted from *The Tempest*, the story of the caskets from *The Merchant of Venice*, the Malvolio scenes from *Twelfth Night*, and it is only at the close of *King Lear* that we hear of Gloucester and his sons.

Among the editors of Shakspeare's plays to whom I desire to acknowledge my obligations I would especially name Mr. Aldis Wright and Mr. Verity.

J. H. FLATHER.

CAMBRIDGE,  
*December, 1897.*

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## INTRODUCTION.

THE best introduction to the *Tales from Shakspeare* has been supplied by the authors in their Preface, which will be found on pages 1—4. To this it may be well to add a brief account of the lives of Charles and Mary Lamb, and of Shakspeare.

Charles and Mary Lamb were the children of John Lamb, who was clerk and servant to a barrister. They were both born in the Temple at London, Mary in 1764, Charles in 1775, and in the Temple their childhood and a great part of their life was passed. Charles was educated at Christ's Hospital (the 'Blue-Coat School'), and had among his school-fellows Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who was afterwards a famous poet, and who exercised great influence on Charles Lamb both at school and in after life. Lamb made good progress in his classical studies, and would have wished to go from Christ's Hospital to the University; he was however removed from school in his fifteenth year, partly, it is probable, on account of his father's narrow means. After he had spent a short time in another employment, his friends obtained for him in 1792 a clerkship in the office of the East India Company. Mary Lamb was now busy with household duties and also tried to add to the family income by taking in needlework; the brother and sister found their chief relaxation in reading together old English literature, and especially the works of Shakspeare and the other play-writers who lived in the reign of Elizabeth; sometimes they went to

the theatre, perhaps to see a play of Shakspeare acted; and this was their greatest delight. They had various troubles, which, though they were met bravely and cheerfully, yet told on their health and brought out a family tendency to insanity. In 1796 Mary Lamb in a sudden fit of madness killed her mother, not knowing what she was doing. The friends of the family used their interest on her behalf, and instead of being confined in a public asylum, she was entrusted to the care of her brother, who devoted to her the remainder of his life; they lived together, except that when she felt that an attack of her malady was coming on, she retired for the time to a private asylum. At other times she enjoyed the society of her brother's friends, among whom were the poets Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Southey, and many wits and lovers of literature. Before the *Tales from Shakspeare* were commenced, various writings by Charles Lamb had been published, but, except some poems, none of them deserve to rank with his later works. In 1807 appeared *Tales from Shakspeare, designed for the use of young persons, by Charles Lamb*. Although Mary Lamb was not mentioned on the title-page, it was no secret that she had undertaken the Comedies, and Charles the Tragedies<sup>1</sup>; indeed Charles thought that his sister's task was better executed than his own; and perhaps most readers will be inclined to agree with him, until they come to compare the *Tales* with the original plays, and then they will observe the wonderful skill with which Charles Lamb has explained in simple language the actions and motives of characters in the tragedies, which in some instances have been the subject of endless discussion. When this is perceived, the reader may well be at a loss whether to give more of his admiration to the brother or the sister. The present selection consists of six of the twenty Tales contained in the original book.

The *Tales* were at once welcomed by older readers as well as those for whom they were first intended, and it was no doubt partly their success which led to the publication by Charles

<sup>1</sup> The only Tales therefore in the present selection which were written by Charles Lamb are *King Lear* and *Hamlet*.

Lamb in the next year of *The Adventures of Ulysses*, telling for children the story of Homer's *Odyssey*, and a much more important book, *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*, which restored to English readers the knowledge of the great but almost forgotten play-writers who lived in the days of Shakspeare. Among later works may be mentioned *Poetry for Children*, written by both brother and sister, and the delightful books by which Charles Lamb is best known, *Essays of Elia* and *Last Essays of Elia*,—collections of essays on various subjects, nearly all of which had appeared in the *London Magazine*. Charles Lamb retired from the East India Office in 1825, and died in 1834; Mary Lamb died in 1847.

I shall say less about Shakspeare's life than I have said about the life of the Lambs, for the simple reason that much less is known of it. William Shakspeare was born in 1564 at Stratford-on-Avon, and educated at the Grammar School of that place. When he was thirteen or fourteen years old, his father, who had been a prosperous man and an alderman of the town, fell into difficulties, and probably Shakspeare was removed from school. We know little of his life for some years, except that he married at nineteen. Three or four years later he went to London, and by the time that he was twenty-eight years of age he was well known as an actor and a writer. Two poems which he wrote within the next two years gained him the friendship of the Earl of Southampton, and from this period his prosperity and reputation were established. He had already begun to write for the stage, at first making alterations in the plays of other dramatists, and then composing dramas of his own,—comedies, and plays on subjects taken from English history, such as *King Richard II.* Students of his works are fond of tracing the effect which the changing fortunes of his life had on the character of his plays. Three of the six plays with which we have to do in the present selection belong to the period 1596—1601:—*The Merchant of Venice*, *As You Like It* and *Twelfth Night*. This was a time when he had become master of his art, had many powerful friends, and had grown wealthy—he was now one of the proprietors of the Globe

Theatre, built in 1599. But his youth had passed; and it is thought that the graver anxieties of later life are reflected in these comedies,—for instance in the peril of death to which Antonio's generosity exposes him in *The Merchant of Venice*, and the melancholy which mingles with the cheerfulness of the exiled Duke and his followers in *As You Like It*. Then follows a darker period. In 1601 came the insurrection and execution of the Earl of Essex; many of Shakspeare's friends fell under the Queen's displeasure,—Southampton was imprisoned in the Tower; and, as we gather from his works, Shakspeare's life was darkened; he now turned to the more gloomy subjects of tragedy. To this period (1601—1608) belong *Hamlet* and *King Lear*. There is a still later period, in which these storms seem to have passed away: 'his last days are full of the gentle and loving calm of one who has known sin and sorrow and fate, but has risen above them into peaceful victory<sup>1</sup>.' To this period belongs *The Tempest* (written about 1610 or 1611), and some hold that when he wrote the speech in which Prospero bids farewell to his art (see p. 141), he was thinking of his own retirement to Stratford-on-Avon, and of his intention of relinquishing the magician's staff and book with which he has charmed the world. He retired to Stratford-on-Avon about 1609, and died in 1616.

In the Preface (page 2, line 17) is a reference to passages in which the blank (that is, unrhymed) verse of Shakspeare is given unaltered in the *Tales*. Instances of this will be found on page 20, lines 11—13 (compare page 142, lines 15—18); page 42, lines 2—13 (compare page 146, lines 1—23); page 45, lines 23—30 (compare pages 147—148, lines 5—22). In these passages sometimes the exact words of a line or two of Shakspeare are given, or if the words are slightly altered, yet the metre is not destroyed.

<sup>1</sup> Stopford Brooke, *English Literature*, p. 93.

## PREFACE.

**T**HE following Tales are meant to be submitted to the young reader as an introduction to the study of Shakspeare, for which purpose his words are used whenever it seemed possible to bring them in; and in whatever has been added to give them the regular form of a connected story, diligent care has been taken to select such words as might least interrupt the effect of the beautiful English tongue in which he wrote: therefore, words introduced into our language since his time have been as far as possible avoided. 10

In those tales which have been taken from the Tragedies, the young readers will perceive, when they come to see the source from which these stories are derived, that Shakspeare's own words, with little alteration, recur very frequently in the narrative as well as in the dialogue; but in those made from the Comedies the writers found themselves scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form: therefore it is feared that, in them, dialogue has been made use of too frequently for 15



young people not accustomed to the dramatic form of writing. But this fault, if it be a fault, has been caused by an earnest wish to give as much of Shakspeare's own words as possible : and if the "*He said,*" and "*She said,*" 5 the question and the reply, should sometimes seem tedious to their young ears, they must pardon it, because it was the only way in which could be given to them a few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years, when they come to the rich treasures 10 from which these small and valueless coins are extracted ; pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakspeare's matchless image. Faint and imperfect images they must be called, because the beauty of his language is too frequently destroyed by the necessity 15 of changing many of his excellent words into words far less expressive of his true sense, to make it read something like prose ; and even in some few places, where his blank verse is given unaltered, as hoping from its simple plainness to cheat the young readers into the belief that they are 20 reading prose, yet still his language being transplanted from its own natural soil and wild poetic garden, it must want much of its native beauty.

It has been wished to make these Tales easy reading for very young children. To the utmost of their ability the 25 writers have constantly kept this in mind ; but the subjects of most of them made this a very difficult task. It was no easy matter to give the histories of men and women in terms familiar to the apprehension of a very young mind. For young ladies, too, it has been the intention chiefly to

write ; because boys being generally permitted the use of their fathers' libraries at a much earlier age than girls are, they frequently have the best scenes of Shakspeare by heart, before their sisters are permitted to look into this manly book ; and, therefore, instead of recommending these Tales 5 to the perusal of young gentlemen who can read them so much better in the originals, their kind assistance is rather requested in explaining to their sisters such parts as are hardest for them to understand : and when they have helped them to get over the difficulties, then perhaps they will read 10 to them (carefully selecting what is proper for a young sister's ear) some passage which has pleased them in one of these stories, in the very words of the scene from which it is taken ; and it is hoped they will find that the beautiful extracts, the select passages, they may choose to give their 15 sisters in this way will be much better relished and understood from their having some notion of the general story from one of these imperfect abridgments ;—which if they be fortunately so done as to prove delightful to any of the young readers, it is hoped that no worse effect will result 20 than to make them wish themselves a little older, that they may be allowed to read the Plays at full length (such a wish will be neither peevish nor irrational). When time and leave of judicious friends shall put them into their hands, they will discover in such of them as are here abridged (not 25 to mention almost as many more, which are left untouched) many surprising events and turns of fortune, which for their infinite variety could not be contained in this little book, besides a world of sprightly and cheerful characters, both

men and women, the humour of which it was feared would be lost if it were attempted to reduce the length of them. \_

What these tales shall have been to the *young* readers, that and much more it is the writers' wish that the true  
5 Plays of Shakspeare may prove to them in older years—  
enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing  
from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet  
and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy,  
benignity, generosity, humanity: for of examples, teaching  
10 these virtues, his pages are full.

## THE TEMPEST.

**T**HERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than 5 her father's.

They lived in a cave or cell, made out of a rock ; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study ; there he kept his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all 10 learned men : and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him ; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits 15 that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in 20 his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy

Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Prospero would have been very kind to him, but the  
5 bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

10 When Caliban was lazy and neglected his work, Ariel (who was invisible to all eyes but Prospero's) would come silyly and pinch him, and sometimes tumble him down in the mire; and then Ariel, in the likeness of an ape, would make mouths at him. Then swiftly changing his shape,  
15 in the likeness of a hedgehog, he would lie tumbling in Caliban's way, who feared the hedgehog's sharp quills would prick his bare feet. With a variety of such-like vexatious tricks Ariel would often torment him, whenever Caliban neglected the work which Prospero commanded him to do.

20 Having these powerful spirits obedient to his will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed  
25 his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I  
30 had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero;

"there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in 5 this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or 10 person? Tell me what you can remember, my child."

Miranda said, "It seems to me like the recollection of a dream. But had I not once four or five women who attended upon me?"

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it 15 that this still lives in your mind? Do you remember how you came here?"

"No, sir," said Miranda, "I remember nothing more."

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a princess, and my only 20 heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted everything; and as I was fond of retirement and deep study, I commonly left the management of my state affairs to your uncle, my false brother (for so indeed he proved). I, neglecting all worldly ends, buried among 25 my books, did dedicate my whole time to the bettering of my mind. My brother Antonio being thus in possession of my power, began to think himself the duke indeed. The opportunity I gave him of making himself popular among my subjects awakened in his bad nature a proud ambition 30 to deprive me of my dukedom: this he soon effected with the aid of the king of Naples, a powerful prince, who was my enemy."

"Wherefore," said Miranda, "did they not that hour destroy us?"

"My child," answered her father, "they durst not, so dear was the love that my people bore me. Antonio carried 5 us on board a ship, and when we were some leagues out at sea, he forced us into a small boat, without either tackle, sail, or mast: there he left us, as he thought, to perish. But a kind lord of my court, one Gonzalo, who loved me, had privately placed in the boat water, provisions, apparel, 10 and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

"O my father," said Miranda, "what a trouble must I have been to you then!"

"No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me to 15 bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island, since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

"Heaven thank you, my dear father," said Miranda. 20 "Now pray tell me, sir, your reason for raising this sea-storm?"

"Know then," said her father, "that by means of this storm, my enemies, the king of Naples and my cruel brother, are cast ashore upon this island."

25 Having so said, Prospero gently touched his daughter with his magic wand, and she fell fast asleep; for the spirit Ariel just then presented himself before his master, to give an account of the tempest, and how he had disposed of the ship's company, and though the spirits were always invisible 30 to Miranda, Prospero did not choose she should hear him holding converse (as would seem to her) with the empty air.

"Well, my brave spirit," said Prospero to Ariel, "how have you performed your task?"

**Ariel** gave a lively description of the storm, and of the terrors of the mariners ; and how the king's son, Ferdinand, was the first who leaped into the sea ; and his father thought he saw his dear son swallowed up by the waves and lost. "But he is safe," said Ariel, "in a corner of the isle, sitting 5 with his arms folded, sadly lamenting the loss of the king, his father, whom he concludes drowned. Not a hair of his head is injured, and his princely garments, though drenched in the sea-waves, look fresher than before."

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him 10 hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing ; though 15 each one thinks himself the only one saved : and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbour."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully performed : but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind 20 you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect 25 what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she born? Speak ; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount 30 what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and



here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

5 "Pardon me, dear master," said Ariel, ashamed to seem ungrateful; "I will obey your commands."

"Do so," said Prospero, "and I will set you free." He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and  
10 found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture.

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person."  
15 Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing,

"Full fathom five thy father lies:

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes:

Nothing of him that doth fade,

20 But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:

Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell."

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the  
25 prince from the stupid fit into which he had fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel's voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father.

30 "Miranda," said Prospero, "tell me what you are looking at yonder."

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely

that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

"No, girl," answered her father; "it eats, and sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them."

Miranda, who thought all men had grave faces and grey beards like her father, was delighted with the appearance of this beautiful young prince; and Ferdinand, seeing such a lovely lady in this desert place, and from the strange sounds he had heard, expecting nothing but wonders, thought he was upon an enchanted island, and that Miranda was the goddess of the place, and as such he began to address her.

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they admired each other, for he plainly perceived they had (as we say) fallen in love at first sight: but to try Ferdinand's constancy, he resolved to throw some difficulties in their way: therefore advancing forward, he addressed the prince with a stern air, telling him, he came to the island as a spy, to take it from him who was the lord of it. "Follow me," said he, "I will tie you neck and feet together. You shall drink sea-water; shell-fish, withered roots, and husks of acorns shall be your food." "No," said Ferdinand, "I will resist such entertainment, till I see a more powerful enemy," and drew his sword; but Prospero, waving his magic wand, fixed him to the spot where he stood, so that he had no power to move.

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Miranda hung upon her father, saying, "Why are you so ungentle? Have pity, sir; I will be his surety. This is the second man I ever saw, and to me he seems a true one."

"Silence," said the father; "one word more will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me."

10 "I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see her, he said, as he went after Prospero  
15 into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid."

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the  
20 cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up some  
25 heavy logs of wood. Kings' sons not being much used to laborious work, Miranda soon after found her lover almost dying with fatigue. "Alas!" said she, "do not work so hard; my father is at his studies, he is safe for these three hours; pray rest yourself."

30 "O my dear lady," said Ferdinand, "I dare not. I must finish my task before I take my rest."

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means

agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

Prospero, who had enjoined Ferdinand this task merely as a trial of his love, was not at his books, as his daughter 5 supposed, but was standing by them invisible, to overhear what they said.

Ferdinand inquired her name, which she told, saying it was against her father's express command she did so.

Prospero only smiled at this first instance of his 10 daughter's disobedience, for having by his magic art caused his daughter to fall in love so suddenly, he was not angry that she showed her love by forgetting to obey his commands. And he listened well pleased to a long speech of Ferdinand's in which he professed to love her above all the 15 ladies he ever saw.

In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman, nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. 20 How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget." 25

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples."

And then Ferdinand, in another fine long speech (for young princes speak in courtly phrases), told the innocent 30 Miranda he was heir to the crown of Naples, and that she should be his queen.

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am

glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

Prospero prevented Ferdinand's thanks by appearing visible before them.

- 5 "Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test.  
10 Then as my gift, which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; and this command  
15 Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with  
20 fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a  
25 voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea; saying, that for this cause these terrors  
30 were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples and Antonio the false brother repented the injustice they had done to Prospero; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was

sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

“Then bring them hither, Ariel,” said Prospero: “if you, who are but a spirit, feel for their distress, shall not I, who am a human being like themselves, have compassion 5 on them? Bring them, quickly, my dainty Ariel.”

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him, wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so 10 kindly provided Prospero formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered himself to the 15 good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgiveness, and the king 20 expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, “I have a gift in store for you too;” and opening a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with 25 Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm.

“O wonder!” said Miranda, “what noble creatures these 30 are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.”

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at

the beauty and excellent graces of the young Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find  
5 his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine, I chose her when I could not ask you, my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the  
10 famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

"Then I must be her father," said the king; "but oh!  
15 how oddly will it sound, that I must ask my child forgiveness."

"No more of that," said Prospero: "let us not remember our troubles past, since they so happily have ended." And then Prospero embraced his brother, and  
20 again assured him of his forgiveness; and said that a wise overruling Providence had permitted that he should be driven from his poor dukedom of Milan, that his daughter might inherit the crown of Naples, for that by their meeting in this desert island, it had happened that the king's son  
25 had loved Miranda.

These kind words which Prospero spoke, meaning to comfort his brother, so filled Antonio with shame and remorse, that he wept and was unable to speak; and the kind old Gonzalo wept to see this joyful reconciliation, and  
30 prayed for blessings on the young couple.

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning.

"In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint 'riel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" Here Ariel sung this pretty song:

"Where the bee sucks, there suck I;  
 In a cowslip's bell I lie:  
 There I couch when owls do cry.  
 On the bat's back I do fly  
 After summer merrily. 25  
 Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough."

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to



revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At  
5 which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they after a pleasant voyage soon arrived.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

**D**URING the time that France was divided into provinces (or dukedoms as they were called) there reigned in one of these provinces an usurper, who had deposed and banished his elder brother, the lawful duke.

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, 5 retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led 10 here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden 15 age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled foals, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply 20 themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say,

“These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude.

5 I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad.” In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that  
10 he saw; and by the help of this moralising turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

The banished duke had an only daughter, named  
15 Rosalind, whom the usurper, duke Frederick, when he banished her father, still retained in his court as a companion for his own daughter Celia. A strict friendship subsisted between these ladies, which the disagreement between their fathers did not in the least interrupt, Celia  
20 striving by every kindness in her power to make amends to Rosalind for the injustice of her own father in deposing the father of Rosalind; and whenever the thoughts of her father’s banishment, and her own dependence on the false usurper, made Rosalind melancholy, Celia’s whole care was  
25 to comfort and console her.

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, “I pray you, Rosalind, my sweet cousin, be merry,” a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling  
30 match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed to go and see it.

In those times wrestling, which is only practised now by country clowns, was a favourite sport even in the courts of princes, and before fair ladies and princesses. To this wrestling match, therefore, Celia and Rosalind went. They found that it was likely to prove a very tragical sight; for 5 a large and powerful man, who had been long practised in the art of wrestling, and had slain many men in contests of this kind, was just going to wrestle with a very young man, who, from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed. 10

When the duke saw Celia and Rosalind, he said, "How now, daughter and niece, are you crept hither to see the wrestling? You will take little delight in it, there is such odds in the men: in pity to this young man, I would wish to persuade him from wrestling. Speak to him, ladies, and 15 see if you can move him."

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for 20 the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, 25 that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered there is one shamed that was never gracious; 30 if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I

only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most 5 for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to 10 have fallen in love with him.

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he 15 was unable to speak or move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection.

20 The stranger said his name was Orlando, and that he was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke: therefore, 25 when Frederick heard Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humour. Hating to hear the very name of any of his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valour of the 30 youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to

Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

The ladies then went up to him; and seeing him 5 abashed by the sudden displeasure shown by the duke, they spoke kind and encouraging words to him; and Rosalind, when they were going away, turned back to speak some more civil things to the brave young son of her father's old friend; and taking a chain from off her 10 neck, she said, "Gentleman, wear this for me. I am out of suits with fortune, or I would give you a more valuable present."

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen 15 in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for 20 then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been 25 for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues, and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger 30 ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her, that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay

upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, 5 played, and eat together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she 10 is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, 15 she went along with her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should 20 disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, 25 and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

In this disguise, and taking their money and jewels to 30 defray their expenses, these fair princesses set out on their long travel; for the forest of Arden was a long way off, beyond the boundaries of the duke's dominions.

The lady Rosalind (or Ganymede as she must now be

called) with her manly garb seemed to have put on a manly courage. The faithful friendship Celia had shown in accompanying Rosalind so many weary miles, made the new brother, in recompense for this true love, exert a cheerful spirit, as if he were indeed Ganymede, the rustic 5 and stout-hearted brother of the gentle village maiden, **Aliena.**

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road ; and being in want of food 10 and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman ; and Aliena declared she could go no farther ; and then again 15 Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel ; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena ; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and 20 forced courage would no longer support them ; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke : and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and perished for want of food ; but provi- 25 dentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray 30 you bring us where we may rest ourselves ; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."



The man replied, that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment; but that if they would go with him, they should be welcome to  
5 what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving them fresh strength; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them; and being  
10 by this means so fortunately provided with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

When they were rested after the fatigue of their journey, they began to like their new way of life, and almost fancied themselves the shepherd and shepherdess they feigned to  
15 be; yet sometimes Ganymede remembered he had once been the same lady Rosalind who had so dearly loved the brave Orlando, because he was the son of old Sir Rowland, her father's friend; and though Ganymede thought that Orlando was many miles distant, even so many weary miles  
20 as they had travelled, yet it soon appeared that Orlando was also in the forest of Arden: and in this manner this strange event came to pass.

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very  
25 young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education, and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his  
30 brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature and in the noble qualities of his mind Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he

seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care ; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him ; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been 5 before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

When, contrary to the wicked hopes he had formed, his brother proved victorious, his envy and malice knew no 10 bounds, and he swore he would burn the chamber where Orlando slept. He was overheard making this vow by one that had been an old and faithful servant to their father, and that loved Orlando because he resembled Sir Rowland. This old man went out to meet him when he returned from 15 the duke's palace, and when he saw Orlando, the peril his dear young master was in made him break out into these passionate exclamations : " O my gentle master, my sweet master, O you memory of old Sir Rowland ! why are you virtuous ? why are you gentle, strong, and valiant ? and why 20 would you be so fond to overcome the famous wrestler ? Your praise is come too swiftly home before you." Orlando, wondering what all this meant, asked him what was the matter. And then the old man told him how his wicked brother, envying the love all people bore him, and now 25 hearing the fame he had gained by his victory in the duke's palace, intended to destroy him, by setting fire to his chamber that night ; and in conclusion, advised him to escape the danger he was in by instant flight ; and knowing Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old 30 man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, " I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for

me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and he that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old I will do the service of  
5 a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon  
10 some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for  
15 want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make  
20 that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees: and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!"  
25 Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large  
30 trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, "Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke

asked him, if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said, he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed 5 with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy 10 boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may 15 gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have 20 sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in 25 pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and 30 presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burthen; you are both welcome." and they fed the old man, and cheered

his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found that he was the son of his old friend, Sir Rowland de Boys, he took him under his protection, and Orlando and his old servant lived with the duke in the forest.

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.

10 Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets, fastened to them, all addressed to Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him  
15 about his neck.

Orlando little thought that Ganymede was the fair princess Rosalind, who, by her noble condescension and favour, had so won his heart that he passed his whole time in carving her name upon the trees, and writing sonnets in  
20 praise of her beauty: but being much pleased with the graceful air of this pretty shepherd-youth, he entered into conversation with him, and he thought he saw a likeness in Ganymede to his beloved Rosalind, but that he had none of the dignified deportment of that noble lady; for Gany-  
25 mede assumed the forward manners often seen in youths when they are between boys and men, and with much archness and humour talked to Orlando of a certain lover, "who," said he, "haunts our forest, and spoils our young trees with carving Rosalind upon their barks; and he hangs  
30 odes upon hawthorns, and elegies on brambles, all praising this same Rosalind. If I could find this lover, I would give him some good counsel that would soon cure him of his love."

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt : 5  
“And then,” said Ganymede, “I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love ; and this is the way 10  
I propose to cure you.” Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede’s cottage, and feign a playful courtship ; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked 15  
over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

Though Orlando thought all this was but a sportive play 20  
(not dreaming that Ganymede was his very Rosalind), yet the opportunity it gave him of saying all the fond things he had in his heart, pleased his fancy almost as well as it did Ganymede’s, who enjoyed the secret jest in knowing these fine love-speeches were all addressed to the right person. 25

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people ; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made 30  
herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the

duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of 'as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke  
5 look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing  
10 Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if  
15 Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and lioness ; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril, was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy  
20 him by fire ; and he was almost tempted to leave him a prey to the hungry lioness ; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother ; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's  
25 life both from the venomous snake and from the furious lioness : but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he  
30 had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the

injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction. 5

The wound in Orlando's arm having bled very much, he found himself too weak to go to visit Ganymede, and therefore he desired his brother to go and tell Ganymede, "whom," said Orlando, "I in sport do call my Rosalind," the accident which had befallen him. 10

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told 15 them of their reconciliation.

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the distress he told her he felt for his 20 fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that 25 he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind, and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the 30 young man, he said, "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede, truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."



Oliver made this visit a very long one, and when at last he returned back to his brother, he had much news to tell him ; for besides the account of Ganymede's fainting at the hearing that Orlando was wounded, Oliver told him how he  
5 had fallen in love with the fair shepherdess Aliena, and that she had lent a favourable ear to his suit, even in this their first interview ; and he talked to his brother, as of a thing almost settled, that he should marry Aliena, saying, that he so well loved her, that he would live here as a shepherd,  
10 and settle his estate and house at home upon Orlando.

"You have my consent," said Orlando. "Let your wedding be to-morrow, and I will invite the duke and his friends. Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this : she is now alone ; for look, here comes her brother."  
15 Oliver went to Aliena ; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and  
20 Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

Ganymede, who well approved of this arrangement, said  
25 that if Orlando really loved Rosalind as well as he professed to do, he should have his wish ; for on the morrow he would engage to make Rosalind appear in her own person, and also that Rosalind should be willing to marry Orlando.

This seemingly wonderful event, which, as Ganymede  
30 was the lady Rosalind, he could so easily perform, he pretended he would bring to pass by the aid of magic, which he said he had learnt of an uncle who was a famous magician.

The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; for if you desire to be married to-morrow 5 to Rosalind, she shall be here."

The next morning, Oliver having obtained the consent of Aliena, they came into the presence of the duke, and with them also came Orlando.

They being all assembled to celebrate this double 10 marriage, and as yet only one of the brides appearing, there was much of wondering and conjecture, but they mostly thought that Ganymede was making a jest of Orlando.

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that 15 was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to 20 her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here." "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms." 25

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little 30 trouble transformed into the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter

Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

The duke ratified the consent he had already given to the marriage; and Orlando and Rosalind, Oliver and Celia, were married at the same time. And though their wedding could not be celebrated in this wild forest with any of the parade or splendour usual on such occasions, yet a happier wedding-day was never passed: and while they were eating their venison under the cool shade of the pleasant trees, as if nothing should be wanting to complete the felicity of this good duke and the true lovers, an unexpected messenger arrived to tell the duke the joyful news, that his dukedom was restored to him.

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met

by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. 5 The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity. 10

This joyful news, as unexpected as it was welcome, came opportunely to heighten the festivity and rejoicings at the wedding of the princesses. Celia complimented her cousin on this good fortune which had happened to the duke, Rosalind's father, and wished her joy very sincerely, 15 though she herself was no longer heir to the dukedom, but by this restoration which her father had made, Rosalind was now the heir: so completely was the love of these two cousins unmixed with anything of jealousy or of envy.

The duke had now an opportunity of rewarding those 20 true friends who had stayed with him in his banishment; and these worthy followers, though they had patiently shared his adverse fortune, were very well pleased to return in peace and prosperity to the palace of their lawful duke.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

**S**HYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment  
5 of the money he lent with such severity that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in  
10 distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant Antonio. When-  
ever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he  
15 secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew  
20 breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little

fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them. 5

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when 10 he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many 15 favours he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.

Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, 20 the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the 25 merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis, and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-30 earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient

for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have  
5 borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come  
10 to me, and say, *Shylock, lend me monies*. Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you monies."  
15 Antonio replied, "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty."—"Why, look you,"  
20 said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending  
25 kindness, and that all he did was to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day,  
30 he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.  
"Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed, "O, father 5 Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are! Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break his day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken 10 from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable neither, as the flesh of mutton or beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did 15 not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was (as the Jew said) merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont: her name was 20 Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter, and the wife of Brutus.

Bassanio being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio, at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont 25 with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano.

Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, 30 and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in



a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him ; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and  
5 said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things ; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday,  
10 Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants ; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord ; I give them with this ring ;" presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder  
15 at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honoured him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness ; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part  
20 with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio ; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the gene-  
25 rous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time.

"With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair  
30 waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting,

Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter; the words of which were, "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "O, my dear love," said Portia, "dispatch all business, and begone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheerfully to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding when she wished to honour her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honoured husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the

duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig. 10

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend. 15

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform: and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the 20 25 30

three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the  
5 law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young  
10 judge, how I do honour you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said, "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to  
15 be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock, "Be merciful: take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said, "By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me."—"Why then, Antonio,"  
20 said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife:" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio, "Have you anything to say?" Antonio with  
a calm resignation replied, that he had but little to say,  
25 for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio, "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honourable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio in the deepest affliction  
30 replied, "Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering, "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia, "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied, "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this all the answer Shylock would make was, "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed, "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something

else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your lands and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the  
5 state of Venice." Now as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of  
10 the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used, "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

15 Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out, "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying, "Softly; there is no haste; the  
20 Jew shall have nothing but the penalty: therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood: nor do not cut off more nor less than just a pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the  
25 laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate." "Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock. "I have it ready," said Bassanio: "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold  
30 upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state.'

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up 5 his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, 10 which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will 15 sign over half my riches to my daughter."—"Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the 20 court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure 25 to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then Bassanio said to Portia, "Most worthy gentleman, I and 30 my friend Antonio have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew." "And



we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of  
5 some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied the ring which she had given him upon his finger: now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio  
10 again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring, "and for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could  
15 not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying, "You teach me, sir, how a beggar  
20 should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after  
25 Portia with the ring; and then the *clerk* Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, she begged his ring, and Gratiano (not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord) gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got home, how they would tax their  
30 husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having

performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said 5 to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day." 10

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that 15 lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's 20 knife: *Love me, and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa. "You swore to me when I gave it to you, that you would keep it till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to 25 a woman."—"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth, a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy, no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him." 30 Portia said, "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world."

Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said, "My lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, he begged my ring."

5 Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said, Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness,  
10 "No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the  
15 ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

20 Portia bid Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said, "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit,  
25 your lord will never more break his faith with you."—"Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find it was the same he gave away; and then  
30 Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbour. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives: Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

10

—while he lived, he'd fear no other thing  
So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

## KING LEAR.

LEAR, king of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the king of France and duke of Burgundy were joint  
5 suitors, and were at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old, determined to take no further part in state affairs, but to  
10 leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might part his kingdom  
15 among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty,  
20 with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case.

The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded 5 what she had to say. Regan, who was made of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; insomuch that she found all other joys 10 dead, in comparison with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

Lear blessed himself in having such loving children, as he thought; and could do no less, after the handsome assurances which Regan had made, than bestow a third 15 of his kingdom upon her and her husband, equal in size to that which he had already given away to Goneril.

Then turning to his youngest daughter Cordelia, whom he called his joy, he asked what she had to say, thinking no doubt that she would glad his ears with the same loving 20 speeches which her sisters had uttered, or rather that her expressions would be so much stronger than theirs, as she had always been his darling, and favoured by him above either of them. But Cordelia, disgusted with the flattery of her sisters, whose hearts she knew were far from their 25 lips, and seeing that all their coaxing speeches were only intended to wheedle the old king out of his dominions, that they and their husbands might reign in his lifetime, made no other reply but this,—that she loved his majesty according to her duty, neither more nor less. 30

The king, shocked with this appearance of ingratitude in his favourite child, desired her to consider her words, and to mend her speech, lest it should mar her fortunes.

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him. But that she could  
5 not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for anything but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand  
10 would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all.

Cordelia, who in earnest loved her old father even almost as extravagantly as her sisters pretended to do, would have plainly told him so at any other time, in  
15 more daughter-like and loving terms, and without these qualifications, which did indeed sound a little ungracious; but after the crafty flattering speeches of her sisters, which she had seen draw such extravagant rewards, she thought the handsomest thing she could do was to love and be  
20 silent. This put her affection out of suspicion of mercenary ends, and showed that she loved, but not for gain; and that her professions, the less ostentatious they were, had so much the more of truth and sincerity than her sisters'

25 This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch—who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay  
30 painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing

it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned; with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn. 10

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers with astonishment and sorrow; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master; and he had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his old principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still; and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness: for he would answer with his life his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave 15  
20  
25  
30



no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

5 The honest freedom of this good earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished his true servant, and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth  
10 his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to  
15 the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love; and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

20 The king of France and duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her  
25 own person to recommend her: and the duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech,  
30 and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters and of her father,

though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away 5 like water.

Then Cordelia with weeping eyes took leave of her sisters, and besought them to love their father well, and make good their professions: and they sullenly told her not to prescribe to them, for they knew their duty; but 10 to strive to content her husband, who had taken her (as they tauntingly expressed it) as Fortune's alms. And Cordelia with a heavy heart departed, for she knew the cunning of her sisters, and she wished her father in better hands than she was about to leave him in. 15

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out 20 the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his 25 fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness or anything to be rid of the sight of him: 30 for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to

the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to  
5 hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon  
10 them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill*, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good, usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and  
15 his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy,  
20 so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his  
25 answers, which the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never  
30 suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master; for Goneril's steward that same day

behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the 5  
unmannerly slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace 10 while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make them sport after serious business: this poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good humour, though 15 he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters; at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

For sudden joy did weep 20  
And he for sorrow sung,  
That such a king should play bo-peep,  
And go the fools among.

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of songs, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his 25 heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick: such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying, that an ass may 30 know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow

of Lear : for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daughter : she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights ; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot and feasting ; and she prayed him that he would lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested kite, and said that she spoke an untruth ; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behaviour and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting or feasting, as she said. And he bid his horses to be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights ; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril so as was terrible to hear ; praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him : that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless child. And Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any

share which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) 5 now appeared, in comparison with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court in 10 great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear despatched his servant Caius with letters to his daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception, while he and his train followed after. But it seems that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending letters also to Regan, accusing her father of 15 waywardness and ill humours, and advising her not to receive so great a train as he was bringing with him. This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius, and Caius and he met: and who should it be but Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly tripped up by the heels 20 for his saucy behaviour to Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspecting what he came for, began to revile him, and challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages 25 deserved; which coming to the ears of Regan and her husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks, though he was a messenger from the king her father, and in that character demanded the highest respect: so that the first thing the king saw when he entered the castle, was his 30 faithful servant Caius sitting in that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which he was to expect; but a worse followed, when, upon inquiry for his

daughter and her husband, he was told they were weary with travelling all night, and could not see him; and when lastly, upon his insisting in a positive and angry manner to see them, they came to greet him, whom should he see in their  
5 company but the hated Goneril, who had come to tell her own story, and set her sister against the king her father!

This sight much moved the old man, and still more to see Regan take her by the hand; and he asked Goneril if she was not ashamed to look upon his old white beard.  
10 And Regan advised him to go home again with Goneril, and live with her peaceably, dismissing half of his attendants, and to ask her forgiveness; for he was old and wanted discretion, and must be ruled and led by persons that had more discretion than himself. And Lear showed  
15 how preposterous that would sound, if he were to go down on his knees, and beg of his own daughter for food and raiment, and he argued against such an unnatural dependence, declaring his resolution never to return with her, but to stay where he was with Regan, he and his hundred  
20 knights; for he said that she had not forgot the half of the kingdom which he had endowed her with, and that her eyes were not fierce like Goneril's, but mild and kind. And he said that rather than return to Goneril, with half his train cut off, he would go over to France, and beg a wretched  
25 pension of the king there, who had married his youngest daughter without a portion.

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she  
30 declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and

so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other 5 in cruelty to their old father, who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once 10 been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced 15 this poor king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill-usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth! 20

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the 25 utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition and shut their doors upon him. 30

The winds were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles



about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did king Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder; and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea, or swell the  
 5 waves of the sea till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying it was but a naughty  
 10 night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing :—

But he that has a little tiny wit,  
 With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!  
 Must make content with his fortunes fit,

15        Though the rain it raineth every day :  
 and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good earl of Kent, now transformed to Caius, who ever followed close at his  
 20 side, though the king did not know him to be the earl; and he said, "Alas! sir, are you here? creatures that love night, love not such nights as these. This dreadful storm has driven the beasts to their hiding places. Man's nature cannot endure the affliction or the fear." And Lear rebuked  
 25 him and said, these lesser evils were not felt, where a greater malady was fixed. When the mind is at ease, the body has leisure to be delicate, but the tempest in his mind did take all feeling else from his senses, but of that which beat at his heart. And he spoke of filial ingratitude, and said it was  
 30 all one as if the mouth should tear the hand for lifting food to it; for parents were hands and food and everything to children.

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that

the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor 5 Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frightened the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people, who go about the country, calling themselves poor 10 Tom and poor Turlygood, saying, "Who gives anything to poor Tom?" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country-folks into giving 15 them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that 20 pass: for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill usage had 25 really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master 30 removed at daybreak to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia,

and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband 5 that he would give her leave to embark for England, with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

10 Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad, and singing aloud to himself, with a 15 crown upon his head which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till by sleep and the operation 20 of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

25 A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his dis- 30 pleasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him:

and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did 5 not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! and she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold 10 air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget 15 and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

So we will leave this old king in the protection of this 20 dutiful and loving child, where, by the help of sleep and medicine, she and her physicians at length succeeded in winding up the untuned and jarring senses which the cruelty of his other daughters had so violently shaken. Let us return to say a word or two about those cruel daughters. 25

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. 30 It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disin-

heriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself; a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Goneril and Regan. It falling out about this time that 5 the duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away 10 with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband, the duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at 15 last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes were suddenly taken off from this sight to admire at the mysterious ways of the same power in the melancholy fate 20 of the young and virtuous daughter, the lady Cordelia, whose good deeds did seem to deserve a more fortunate conclusion: but it is an awful truth, that innocence and piety are not always successful in this world. The forces which Goneril and Regan had sent out under the command 25 of the bad earl of Gloucester were victorious, and Cordelia, by the practices of this wicked earl, who did not like that any should stand between him and the throne, ended her life in prison. Thus, Heaven took this innocent lady to itself in her young years, after showing her to the world an 30 illustrious example of filial duty. Lear did not long survive this kind child.

Before he died, the good earl of Kent, who had still attended his old master's steps from the first of his daughters'

ill usage to this sad period of his decay, tried to make him understand that it was he who had followed him under the name of Caius ; but Lear's care-crazed brain at that time could not comprehend how that could be, or how Kent and Caius could be the same person : so Kent thought 5 it needless to trouble him with explanations at such a time ; and Lear soon after expiring, this faithful servant to the king, between age and grief for his old master's vexations, soon followed him to the grave.

How the judgment of Heaven overtook the bad earl of 10 Gloucester, whose treasons were discovered, and himself slain in single combat with his brother, the lawful earl ; and how Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, who was innocent of the death of Cordelia, and had never encouraged his lady in her wicked proceedings against 15 her father, ascended the throne of Britain after the death of Lear, is needless here to narrate ; Lear and his Three Daughters being dead, whose adventures alone concern our story.

## TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

**S**EBASTIAN and his sister Viola, a young gentleman and lady of Messaline, were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other, that, but for the difference in their  
5 dress, they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria, as they were making a sea-voyage together. The ship, on board of which they were, split on a rock in a  
10 violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing  
15 at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss; but the captain comforted her with the assurance that he had seen her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up  
20 above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope

this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place."—"Who governs here?" said Viola. The captain told her, Illyria was governed by Orsino, a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said she had heard her father speak of Orsino, and that he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," said the captain; "or was so very lately, for, but a month ago, I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as, you know, what great ones do, the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia, a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she could live with this lady, who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would willingly serve this lady. But he replied, this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the Lady Olivia would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit, to serve the duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire, and pass for a boy; but the forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

She having observed a fair behaviour in the captain, and that he showed a friendly concern for her welfare, entrusted



him with her design, and he readily engaged to assist her. Viola gave him money, and directed him to furnish her with suitable apparel, ordering her clothes to be made of the same colour and in the same fashion her brother Sebastian used to wear, and when she was dressed in her manly garb, she looked so exactly like her brother that some strange errors happened by means of their being mistaken for each other; for, as will afterwards appear, Sebastian was also saved.

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino under the feigned name of Cesario. The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain: and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station, and showed such a ready observance and faithful attachment to her lord, that she soon became his most favoured attendant. To Cesario Orsino confided the whole history of his love for the lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and unsuccessful suit he had made to one who, rejecting his long services, and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence; and for the love of this lady who had so unkindly treated him, the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field and all manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignoble sloth, listening to the effeminate sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love-songs; and neglecting the company of the wise and learned lords with whom he used to associate, he was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion no doubt his grave courtiers thought Cesario was for their once noble master, the great duke Orsino.

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the

confidants of handsome young dukes ; which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia, she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him ; and much it moved her wonder, that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom 5 she thought no one could behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino, that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities ; and she said, " If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one 10 who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must she not be content with this answer ? " But Orsino would not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He said, no woman's heart was 15 big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare the love of any lady for him, to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference for the duke's opinions, she could not help thinking this was not quite true, for she thought her heart had full as 20 much love in it as Orsino's had ; and she said, " Ah, but I know, my lord. "—" What do you know, Cesario ? " said Orsino. " Too well I know, " replied Viola, " what love women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter loved a man, as I perhaps, 25 were I a woman, should love your lordship. "—" And what is her history ? " said Orsino. " A blank, my lord, " replied Viola : " she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy, she 30 sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief. " The duke inquired if this lady died of her love, but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer ; as probably

she had feigned the story, to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my  
5 lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her hand-  
maid she returned you this answer: Until seven years  
hence, the element itself shall not behold her face; but  
like a cloistress she will walk veiled, watering her chamber  
with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother."  
10 On hearing this, the duke exclaimed, "O she that has a  
heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead  
brother, how will she love, when the rich golden shaft has  
touched her heart!" And then he said to Viola, "You  
know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart;  
15 therefore, good youth, go to Olivia's house. Be not denied  
access; stand at her doors, and tell her, there your fixed  
foot shall grow till you have audience."—"And if I do  
speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O then,"  
replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my love.  
20 Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will  
well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more  
to you than to one of graver aspect."

Away then went Viola; but not willingly did she under-  
take this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become  
25 a wife to him she wished to marry: but having undertaken  
the affair, she performed it with fidelity; and Olivia soon  
heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being  
admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant,  
"that you were sick: he said he knew you were, and there-  
30 fore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were  
asleep: he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too,  
and said, that therefore he must speak with you. What is  
to be said to him, lady? for he seems fortified against all

denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no." Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted; and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke, by 5 his importunity. Viola, entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and affecting the fine courtier language of great men's pages, she said to the veiled lady, "Most radiant, exquisite, and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house; for I should be sorry to 10 cast away my speech upon another; for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it."—"Whence come you, sir?" said Olivia. "I can say little more than I have studied," replied Viola; "and that question is out of my part."—"Are you a comedian?" 15 said Olivia. "No," replied Viola; "and yet I am not that which I play;" meaning that she, being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house. Olivia said she was; and then Viola, having more curiosity to see her rival's features, than 20 haste to deliver her master's message, said, "Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply; for this haughty beauty, whom the duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the humble Cesario. 25

When Viola asked to see her face, Olivia said, "Have you any commission from your lord and master to negotiate with my face?" And then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, she drew aside her veil, saying, "But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. 30 Is it not well done?" Viola replied, "It is beauty truly mixed; the red and white upon your cheeks is by Nature's own cunning hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady

living, if you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy.”—“O, sir,” replied Olivia, “I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; one neck; one chin; and so forth. Were you sent here to praise me?” Viola replied, “I see what you are: you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O such a love could but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty: 10 for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire.”—“Your lord,” said Olivia, “knows well my mind. I cannot love him; yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless youth. All voices 15 proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I cannot love him, he might have taken his answer long ago.”—“If I did love you as my master does,” said Viola, “I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name, I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and 20 sing them in the dead of the night; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, but you should pity me.”—“You might do much,” said Olivia: 25 “what is your parentage?” Viola replied, “Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.” Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, “Go to your master, and tell him, I cannot love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how 30 he takes it.” And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone, Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman*. And she said aloud, “I will be sworn he

is ; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit, plainly show he is a gentleman." And then she wished Cesario was the duke ; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love : but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own 5 faults has no deep root ; and presently the noble lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a lady's character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and 10 sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation of her design ; and truly it did make Viola suspect ; for knowing that 15 Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas," said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, 20 for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia, that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still 25 the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him he should go to her again the next day. In the mean time, to pass away the tedious interval, he commanded a song which he loved to be sung ; and he 30 said, "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the

knitters when they sit in the sun, and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."

5

## SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid ;  
Fly away, fly away, breath,  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

- 10 My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O prepare it !  
My part of death no one so true did share it.  
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strewn :  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
15 My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me O where  
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there !

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of un-  
20 requited love, and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad looks were observed by Orsino, who said to her, "My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye has looked upon some face that it loves : has it not, boy ?"—"A little,  
25 with your leave," replied Viola. "And what kind of woman, and of what age is she ?" said Orsino. "Of your age and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola ; which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a woman so much older than himself, and of a man's dark complexion ;  
30 but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia, she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome

young messengers ; and the instant Viola arrived, the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect ; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf, this lady said, " I desired you never to speak 5 of him again ; but if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit, than music from the spheres." This was pretty plain speaking, but Olivia soon explained herself still more plainly, and openly confessed her love ; and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed in 10 Viola's face, she said, " O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip ! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honour, and by truth, I love you so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit nor reason to conceal my passion." But in vain the lady 15 wooed ; Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love ; and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitation was, a declaration of a resolution *Never to love any woman.*

No sooner had Viola left the lady than a claim was 20 made upon her valour. A gentleman, a rejected suitor of Olivia, who had learned how that lady had favoured the duke's messenger, challenged him to fight a duel. What should poor Viola do, who, though she carried a manlike outside, had a true woman's heart, and feared to look on 25 her own sword ?

When she saw her formidable rival advancing towards her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman ; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger 30 that was passing by, who made up to them, and as if he had been long known to her, and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, " If this young gentleman has done



offence, I will take the fault on me ; and if you offend him. I will for his sake defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy  
5 where his bravery was of no use to him ; for the officers of justice coming up in that instant, apprehended the stranger in the duke's name, to answer for an offence he had committed some years before : and he said to Viola, "This comes with seeking you." and then he asked her for a  
10 purse, saying, "Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you, than for what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received  
15 a purse from him ; but for the kindness he had just shown her, she offered him a small sum of money, being nearly the whole she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth, whom you see here, I snatched from the  
20 jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria, and have fallen into this danger." But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as he was carried away, he called Viola by the name of Sebastian,  
25 reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend, as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to ask an explanation, she conjectured that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mis-  
30 taken for her brother ; and she began to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, whose name was Antonio, was a sea-captain. He had taken Sebastian up

into his ship, when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian, that he resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court, Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew, if his person should be known there, his life would be in danger, because in a sea-fight he had once dangerously wounded the duke Orsino's nephew. This was the offence for which he was now made a prisoner. 10

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if he saw anything he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn, while Sebastian went to view the town; but Sebastian not 15 returning at the time appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him, and Viola being dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword (as he thought) in defence of the youth he had saved, and when Sebastian (as he supposed) disowned him, and 20 denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. She had not been long gone, when her adversary thought he saw her 25 return; but it was her brother Sebastian, who happened to arrive at this place, and he said, "Now, sir, have I met with you again? There's for you;" and struck him a blow. Sebastian was no coward; he returned the blow with interest, and drew his sword. 30

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she too mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow

at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario  
5 (as she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face, which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

10 Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses; but perceiving that she was mistress of a fine house, and  
15 that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship; and Olivia finding Cesario in this good humour, and fearing he might change his mind,  
20 proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal; and when the marriage ceremony was over, he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the meantime  
25 Orsino came to visit Olivia: and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house, the officers of justice brought their prisoner, Antonio, before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master; and when Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner  
30 he had rescued this youth from the perils of the sea; and after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying, that for three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had

been with him. But now the lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story; and he said, "Here comes the countess: now Heaven walks on earth! but for thee, fellow, thy words are madness. Three months has this youth attended on me:" and then he 5 ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as Antonio had done, for all the words he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario: and when he found his page had obtained this 10 high place in Olivia's favour, he threatened him with all the terrors of his just revenge; and as he was going to depart, he called Viola to follow him, saying, "Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe for mischief." Though it seemed in his jealous rage he was going to doom Viola 15 to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, "Where goes my Cesario?" Viola replied, "After him I love more than my life." Olivia, however, pre- 20 vented their departure by loudly proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia; the evidence of that lady and the 25 priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But thinking that it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress, and the *young dissembler*, her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when 30 (as it seemed to them) a miracle appeared! for another Cesario entered, and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia; and

when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other; for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and  
5 Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola, and his sister, under that disguise.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme  
10 likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned, they laughed at the lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman; and Olivia showed no dislike to her exchange when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

15 The hopes of Orsino were for ever at an end by this marriage of Olivia, and with his hopes, all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were fixed on the event of his favourite, young Cesario, being changed into a fair lady. He viewed Viola with great attention,  
20 and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's attire; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page; but  
25 now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings, which were like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife; and he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and  
30 *boy*), "Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me, and for the faithful service you have done for me so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master

so long, you shall now be your master's mistress, and Orsino's true duchess."

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart, which she had so ungraciously rejected, to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the 5 good priest, who had married her to Sebastian in the morning, to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day: the storm and shipwreck, which had separated them, being the 10 means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino the duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the lady Olivia.

## HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

**G**ERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse : for this Claudius did no ways resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance, as he was base and unworthy in disposition ; and suspicions did not fail to arise in the minds of some, that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

15 But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honour, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to  
20 heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude : in-  
somuch that, between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded

with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks; all his customary pleasure in books forsook him, his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable; he grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded garden, where all the wholesome flowers were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity; but what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was, that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory: and such a father! who had been to her so loving and so gentle a husband! and then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him: and now within two months, or as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dear husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly character of the man whom she had chosen to be the partner of her throne and bed. This it was, which more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits and brought a cloud over the mind of this honourable young prince. 25

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the king could do to contrive to divert him; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he had never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that (as appeared to him) disgraceful day.



What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by Claudius that a serpent had stung him; but young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent; 5 in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on the throne.

How far he was right in this conjecture, and what he ought to think of his mother, how far she was privy to this 10 murder, and whether by her consent or knowledge, or without, it came to pass, were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

A rumour had reached the ear of young Hamlet, that an apparition, exactly resembling the dead king his father, had 15 been seen by the soldiers upon watch, on the platform before the palace at midnight, for two or three nights successively. The figure came constantly clad in the same suit of armour, from head to foot, which the dead king was known to have worn: and they who saw it (Hamlet's bosom 20 friend Horatio was one) agreed in their testimony as to the time and manner of its appearance: that it came just as the clock struck twelve; that it looked pale, with a face more of sorrow than of anger; that its beard was grisly, and the colour a *sable silvered*, as they had seen it in his life-time: 25 that it made no answer when they spoke to it; yet once they thought it lifted up its head, and addressed itself to motion, as if it were about to speak; but in that moment the morning cock crew, and it shrunk in haste away, and vanished out of their sight.

30 The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost which they had seen, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers

that night, that he might have a chance of seeing it; for he reasoned with himself, that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that the ghost had something to impart, and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him. And he waited with impatience for the coming 5 of night.

When night came he took his stand with Horatio, and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform, where this apparition was accustomed to walk: and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and 10 Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon 15 the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad; whether it came for good or evil: but he gradually assumed more courage; and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversa- 20 tion with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him: he called him by his name, Hamlet, King, Father! and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly 25 bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight: and besought him that he would let them know if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place, where 30 they might be alone; and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt

him to the neighbouring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason. But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who  
5 cared too little about life to fear the losing of it; and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? And he felt as hardy as a lion, and bursting from them, who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit  
10 led him.

And when they were alone together, the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet, his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it; that it was done by his own brother Claudius,  
15 Hamlet's uncle, as Hamlet had already but too much suspected, for the hope of succeeding to his bed and crown. That as he was sleeping in his garden, his custom always in the afternoon, his treasonous brother stole upon him in his sleep, and poured the juice of poisonous henbane into  
20 his ears, which has such an antipathy to the life of man, that swift as quicksilver it courses through all the veins of the body, baking up the blood, and spreading a crust-like leprosy all over the skin: thus sleeping, by a brother's hand he was cut off at once from his crown, his queen, and his  
25 life: and he adjured Hamlet, if he did ever his dear father love, that he would revenge his foul murder. And the ghost lamented to his son, that his mother should so fall off from virtue, as to prove false to the wedded love of her first husband, and to marry his murderer; but he cautioned  
30 Hamlet, howsoever he proceeded in his revenge against his wicked uncle, by no means to act any violence against the person of his mother, but to leave her to heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. And Hamlet promised to

observe the ghost's direction in all things, and the ghost vanished.

And when Hamlet was left alone, he took up a solemn resolution, that all he had in his memory, all that he had ever learned by books or observation, should be instantly 5 forgotten by him, and nothing live in his brain but the memory of what the ghost had told him, and enjoined him to do. And Hamlet related the particulars of the conversation which had passed to none but his dear friend Horatio; and he enjoined both to him and Marcellus the strictest 10 secrecy as to what they had seen that night.

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, 15 which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating anything against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution, from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and 20 truly mad; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy. 25

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and behaviour, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived, and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a 30 distemper, for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost, they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought they had found out the object.

Before Hamlet fell into the melancholy way which has been related, he had dearly loved a fair maid called Ophelia, the daughter of Polonius, the king's chief counsellor in affairs of state. He had sent her letters and rings, and made many tenders of his affection to her, and importuned her with love in honourable fashion: and she had given belief to his vows and importunities. But the melancholy which he fell into latterly had made him neglect her, and from the time he conceived the project of counterfeiting madness, he affected to treat her with unkindness, and a sort of rudeness: but she, good lady, rather than reproach him with being false to her, persuaded herself that it was nothing but the disease in his mind, and no settled unkindness, which had made him less observant of her than formerly; and she compared the faculties of his once noble mind and excellent understanding, impaired as they were with the deep melancholy that oppressed him, to sweet bells which in themselves are capable of most exquisite music, but when jangled out of tune, or rudely handled, produce only a harsh and unpleasing sound.

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his murderer, did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between, and in one of these moments, when he thought that his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild starts of passion, and in extravagant terms, such as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection, which could not but show to this honoured lady that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart. He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to

doubt that the sun did move, to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved; with more of such extravagant phrases. This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time 5 supposed that the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again, to both their honours. 10

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a 15 violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he 20 could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle 25 as Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose, which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit 30 which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the devil who, he had heard, has power to take any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's

shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, 5 which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, king of Troy, with 10 the grief of Hecuba his queen. Hamlet welcomed his old friends, the players, and remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it; which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble old king, with the destruction of 15 his people and city by fire, and the mad grief of the old queen, running barefoot up and down the palace, with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe; that not only it 20 drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself delivered it with a broken voice and real tears. This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to 25 weep for one that he had never seen, for Hecuba, that had been dead so many hundred years, how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and 30 muddy forgetfulness! and while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who seeing a murder on the

stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly 5 what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen. 10

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the 15 love of Gonzago's wife.

At the representation of this play, the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was present, with his queen and the whole court: Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The play began with a 20 conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protestations of love, and of never marrying a second husband, if she should outlive Gonzago; wishing she might be accursed if she ever took a second husband, and adding that no woman did so, but those 25 wicked women who kill their first husbands. Hamlet observed the king his uncle change colour at this expression, and that it was as bad as wormwood both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong 30 resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king his brother, whom he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was



unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king being departed, the play was given over. Now  
5 Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio, that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds.  
10 But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.  
15 It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behaviour had displeased them both; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let  
20 slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old counsellor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the dis-  
25 position of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behaviour,  
30 and she told him that he had given great offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she should give so dear and honoured a

name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, "Mother, *you* have much offended *my* father." The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet. The queen 5 asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to? "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; and you are my mother: I wish you were not what you are." "Nay, then," said the queen, "if you show me so little respect, I 10 will set those to you that can speak," and was going to send the king or Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit 15 down. She, affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out; and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, "Help, help, the queen!" which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking that it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his 20 sword and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that ran there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious counsellor, that had planted himself as a 25 spy behind the hangings. "Oh me!" exclaimed the queen, "what a rash and bloody deed have you done!" "A bloody deed, mother," replied Hamlet, "but not so bad as yours, who killed a king, and married his brother." Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now 30 in the humour to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the

son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose of upbraiding. And now this virtuous prince did  
5 in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offence, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer : such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows  
10 of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamesters' oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words. He said she had done such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he  
15 showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference ; what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked ! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the  
20 eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill ! this man, he said, *had been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead : how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen  
25 was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man, and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief  
30 ——— and just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would have ; and the ghost said that it came to remind

him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot ; and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her. It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, 5 make his mother perceive it ; who was terribly frightened all this while to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing ; and she imputed it to the disorder of his mind. But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think that it was his madness, 10 and not her own offences, which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears, to confess herself to heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the 15 king, and be no more as a wife to him : and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended. 20

And now Hamlet was at leisure to consider who it was that in his unfortunate rashness he had killed : and when he came to see that it was Polonius, the father of the lady Ophelia, whom he so dearly loved, he drew apart the dead body, and, his spirits being now a little quieter, he wept 25 for what he had done.

The unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretence for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous ; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet, 30 and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called

to account for Polonius' death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English court, which in that time was in subjection and paid tribute 5 to Denmark, requiring for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night-time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he in the stead of it put in the names of 10 those two courtiers, who had the charge of him, to be put to death: then sealing up the letters, he put them into their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced; in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valour, with sword in hand singly 15 boarded the enemy's vessel; while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

20 The pirates, who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies; and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favour they might show him, they set Hamlet on shore at the nearest port in 25 Denmark. From that place Hamlet wrote to the king, acquainting him with the strange chance which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his majesty. When he got home, a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing 30 to his eyes.

This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he

should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs 5 about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves on the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, 10 with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke and precipitated this fair young maid, garland, and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her 15 clothes bore her up for a while, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element: but long it was not before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and 20 miserable death. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present, when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the 25 flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them she said, "Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's 30 wife." And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave: and he saw him leap into the grave all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains

of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than 5 forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till 10 the attendants parted them : and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes ; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths 15 seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet's wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes, under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to 20 a friendly trial of skill at fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were 25 known to excel at this sword play ; and Hamlet taking up the foils chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes' weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned. 30 At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet's success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue : but after

a few pauses, Laertes growing warm made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case, that being warm in fencing, he should call for drink: into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank of, and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no farther, for he was the traitor; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it: and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him; and begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy; and with his dying breath requested him that he would live



to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death), and Horatio promised that he would make a true report, as one that was privy to all the circumstances. And, 5 thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked; and Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of this sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and princelike qualities; and if 10 he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.

## NOTES.

### THE TEMPEST.

Page 8.

1. *A certain island.* Shakspeare does not tell us the name of this island, or where it was situated, and we must think of it as an imaginary island, created by the poet's fancy.

About the time when Shakspeare wrote *The Tempest*, Englishmen were hearing and reading accounts of the adventures of sailors and settlers in America and the West Indies. In 1609 Sir George Somers sailed with nine ships carrying settlers and provisions to the colony of Virginia, which had been founded in the previous year. His fleet was scattered by a storm, and his own ship driven ashore on the Bermudas; the crew stayed there some months, built two new ships, and then sailed to Virginia, and returned to England in 1610. One of them at once published a book giving an account of all that had happened to them. It is thought probable that Shakspeare wrote *The Tempest* at the end of 1610 or the beginning of 1611, and that when he was writing it he had the adventures of these sailors in his mind, as there are many things in the play which remind us of the story of their shipwreck and life on the Bermudas.

10. *a study much affected*, a study much pursued,—to which learned men gave themselves up. See note on page 75, line 8.

15. *by virtue of*, by means of; *virtue* here means *power* (Latin *virtus*, power, virtue).

20. *sprite* is another form of the word *spirit*.

## Page 6.

8. *offices, duties; charge, task with which he was charged or entrusted.*

23. *struggling* refers to *ship* (l. 25).

27. *art*, his magical art.

## Page 7.

13. We are told on p. 5, line 5, that Miranda had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's; yet, when questioned, she is able to recollect dimly the women who were her attendants.

20. *duke of Milan*. In Shakspeare's days and for centuries before, Italy did not form one kingdom as it has done since 1870, but there were a number of separate states, ruled over by sovereigns with various titles. Among the chief states in the north of Italy was the duchy of Milan, among the chief states in the south the kingdom of Naples (l. 32).

21. *heir* is used by Shakspeare in speaking of a woman as well as a man; he never uses the feminine *heiress*.

24. *my state affairs*, business of governing my state.

25. *ends*, objects.

## Page 8.

3. *durst*, dared; *I durst* is an old form of the past tense of the verb *to dare*.

6. *tackle*, rigging.

9. *privately*, secretly.

13. *cherub*. A beautiful child is often called a cherub, but here the word is used in its proper sense; Miranda was like a protecting angel to her father. The *cherubs* or *cherubim* were said to be winged spirits with human faces, distinguished by their knowledge; they came next among the orders of angels to the *seraphim*, who were distinguished by their ardent love.

19. *thank*, reward.

26. *magic wand*, the staff with which magicians touched persons in order to compel them to do what they wished.

29. *the ship's company* is properly the crew, including the officers; here it also includes the passengers.

31. *holding converse*, holding conversation, conversing.

*as would seem*; here the subject *it* is omitted before the impersonal verb *would seem*.

## Page 9.

7. *concludes drowned*, concludes to be drowned.  
 10. *delicate*, exquisite, of a fine and dainty shape and spirit.  
 27. *envy*; she was deformed as much by her malicious thoughts as by her age.  
 33. *enter human hearing*, be heard by human ears.

## Page 10.

16. 'Thy father lies buried full (quite) five fathoms deep in the sea.' *Fathom* stands for the plural; so we say 'five foot ten,' 'five pound ten,' and so with many nouns expressing measure, &c. preceded by a numeral.

19, 20. There is nothing of him which can fade (can be changed), which does not undergo a sea-change; that is, a change such as being buried in the sea produces.

*but doth suffer*, which doth not suffer; in this sense *but* is only used after a negative, and it means 'who or which...not.'

22. *sea-nymphs*, mermaids; *knell*, tolling of a bell at a funeral.

25. *stupid fit*, fit of stupidity,—of sullenly thinking about his losses instead of bestirring himself.

## Page 11.

11. *desert place*, uninhabited place (*Lat. desertus*, abandoned, uninhabited). We seldom use the word *desert* now except in speaking of sandy tracts where there is no vegetation, such as the deserts of Africa and Asia, but in Shakspeare's time it was applied to any place not occupied by man. So in St Mark, chap. vi. verses 35, 39, the 'desert place' has 'green grass' growing in it.

16. *maid*, girl.

27. *entertainment*, treatment. 'I will resist such treatment, till an enemy stronger than you makes me submit to it.'

32. *I will be his surety*, I will be responsible for his behaviour.

33. *true*, honest, honourable.

## Page 12.

2. *chide*, scold. *An advocate for an impostor* != Will you intercede for an impostor?

5. *to prove his daughter's constancy*, to try whether her love for Ferdinand will remain constant, unchanged.

7. *goodlier*, more handsome.

## Page 13.

4. *enjoined Ferdinand this task*, enjoined this task on Ferdinand, set him this task.

9. *express command*, command which he had directly expressed or given.

18. *exceeded all the women*, stands for 'exceeded the beauty of all the women.'

21. 'I do not know how handsome the features of men in other countries are.'

## Page 14.

7. *make rich amends*, give you a full recompense for my harshness.

10. *worthily purchased*, deservedly obtained; to purchase (French *pour* for, *chasser* to hunt) meant originally to strive after or obtain a thing in any way; (so in 1 Timothy iii. 13). Now it is used only of obtaining things by paying for them.

17. *relate*, report.

24. *harpy*; the Latin poets represent the Harpies as monsters, in the shape of birds, with long claws, the heads of maidens, and pale, famine-stricken faces; they swoop down on feasts and devour or defile the food.

26. *seeming harpy*, creature which seemed to be a harpy.

30. *suffered*, permitted.

## Page 15.

6. *dainty*, fine, delightful (Latin *dignus*, worthy); this, like *delicate* (p. 9, line 10) and *quaint* (p. 17, line 14), is one of the words which shew the delight which Prospero takes in Ariel.

8. *train*, retinue.

23. *engaging*, promising.

31. *brave*, fine, noble.

## Page 16.

3. He thinks (as his son did when first he saw her) that she must be the goddess of the enchanted island, and that it was she who had brought about all their adventures by her magic.

6. *immortal*, everlasting.

21. *overruling*: Providence had overruled the wicked actions of Antonio, that is, had brought forth good results from them.

## Page 17.

14. *quaint*, fine, dainty, trim. It now generally means 'odd, curious,' but that sense is not found in Shakspeare.

18. *to attend*, to escort.

24. *couch*, lie down (French *coucher*, to lay down); *when owls do cry*=at night.

25, 26. *fly after summer*; Ariel loves the bright warm weather, and when winter comes on, he 'flies after the summer' to a sunnier climate.

## Page 18.

2. *nuptials*, wedding.

5. *convoy*, escort, attendance.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

The comedy of *As You Like It* was probably published by Shakspeare in 1600. The story was for the most part taken from *Rosalynde*, a novel by Thomas Lodge, which was published in 1590. In the dedication of *Rosalynde* to his readers Lodge says 'If you like it, so;' meaning 'If you like this book, well and good'; and these words must have suggested to Shakspeare the title *As You Like It*. There is a tradition that Shakspeare himself acted in this play, taking the part of Adam.

## Page 19.

2. *dukedom*s. The kings of France were always jealous of these dukedom and gradually united them to the French crown; the last to disappear was the dukedom of Brittany, which was joined to the French crown by the marriage of the duchess to king Charles VIII. in 1491.

6. The forest of *Arden*, in French *Ardennes*, stretched over a district including what is now the French department of Ardennes and the south of Belgium.

13. *Robin Hood* in the old English ballads was the leader of a band of outlaws, who lived in the forests, hunting the deer and showing kindness to all but the nobles and the wealthy.

14. *daily resorted*, that is, every day many noble youths left the court and flocked to the forest. *To resort* (French *res-sortir*, to come

forth again) generally means 'to go often'; here it means simply 'to go.'

*fleet the time*, make the time pass fleetly or swiftly. *Fleet* is here a verb which Shakspeare has formed from the adjective *fleet* (swift).

15. *golden age*: according to the Greek and Roman poets mankind lived at first in a state of innocence and ease and happiness; this they called the *golden age*; after it came the silver age, then the age of brass, then the iron age, each being worse than its predecessor.

16. *lay along*, lay stretched at full length.

18. *poor dappled fools*, poor spotted creatures. 'Fool' often expressed not contempt, but affection and pity; so Shakspeare makes King Lear speak of his dear daughter Cordelia as 'my poor fool.'

Page 20.

7. *jewel...from the head of the venomous...toad*. In old times two things were falsely believed about toads: that they were venomous (poisonous), and that in their heads was to be found a precious stone, called a toad-stone, which was a sure antidote to poisons.

10. *moralising turn*, turn or habit of finding morals or lessons in things.

11. *public haunts*, places haunted or frequented by crowds of men.

17. *strict friendship*, a close friendship; Latin *strictus*, tightly drawn.

Page 21.

2. *clown*, a lout, a clumsy country fellow.

5. *a very tragical sight*, a sight which, like a tragedy, has a very sad ending.

12. *crept*, come stealthily: it suggests that they have come without asking the duke's leave.

14. *such odds in the men*, they are so far from being evenly matched.

17. *humane office*, kindly duty.

29. *trial*, contest.

30. *gracious*, looked upon by others with grace or favour.

Page 22.

2. *supplied*, filled.

14. *antagonist*, opponent; *agony* (a Greek word) means a contest, a struggle; an *ant-agonist* is one who contends or struggles *against* another.

## Page 23.

4. *ventured*, that is, ventured to wrestle.

11. *out of suits with fortune*, out of favour with fortune. Two explanations of these words have been given :—(1) 'I no longer wear the suit or livery of fortune; I am no longer fortune's favoured servant'; (2) 'fortune no longer grants my suits or requests.'

## Page 24.

4—5. *rose, eat* are used as past participles instead of *risen, eaten*. In Shakspeare's days many verbs had two forms for their past participles, one ending in *-en*, and one the same as that of their past tenses; so we still may use either *trod* or *trodden* as the past participle of *tread*.

11. *doom*, judgment, sentence. So 'to *decem*' properly means 'to judge.'

*irrevocable*, not to be revoked or recalled.

25. *habited*, dressed,—derived from *habit* in the sense of costume.

30. *defray*, to pay; from French *de* and *frais*, expenses.

## Page 25.

1. *garb*, dress.

4. *exert*, rouse up in herself.

17. *the weaker vessel*: this refers to the *First Epistle* of St Peter, chap. 3, verse 7: 'giving honour unto the wife, as unto the weaker vessel.'

30. *desert*, see note on p. 11, l. 11. *entertainment*, lodging and food. It is used in a slightly different sense on p. 11, line 27.

## Page 26.

26. *on his blessing*, as a condition of giving Oliver his blessing.

## Page 27.

1. *bred*, educated.

19. *memory*, memorial, reminder—'you who always remind me of old Sir Rowland.'

21. *fond*, foolish—'so foolish as to overcome.'

22. *is come too swiftly home*, that is, 'it has already come to Oliver's ears.'

32. *thrifty hire*, wages thriftily saved.



## Page 28.

2. *he that doth the ravens feed*: these words are taken from Psalm 147, verse 9: 'He giveth to the beast his food, and to the young ravens which cry.'

6—7. 'How well you shew us the faithfulness with which servants served their masters in the days of our fathers!'

9. *your youthful wages*, the wages you earned in your youth.

10. *both our maintenance*, the support of both of us.

15. *that*: it would have been more regular to write '*in which*.'

17. *spent*, worn out.

24. *cheerly* = 'behave cheerly or cheerily!'

29. *covert*, shelter.

32. *meat* formerly meant any kind of food, and not the flesh of animals only.

## Page 29.

8. *had been* = would have been.

10. *melancholy*. In Shakspeare's days the noun *melancholy* often meant not sadness or lowness of spirit, but thoughtfulness; and here the boughs under the shade of which the exiles found it pleasant to sit and think are themselves called melancholy or thoughtful.

11. *lose and neglect the creeping hours*, waste and take no account of the slowly passing hours.

13. *knoll*, to toll; the noun corresponding to this verb is *knell*; see p. 10, line 22.

16. *human courtesy*, the courtesy one man should shew to another.

20. *holy bell*, a consecrated church bell.

22. *sacred* means 'regarded or set apart as holy'; it is therefore well applied to the noble feeling of pity or compassion.

*engendered*, produced.

23. *minister to*, serve, satisfy.

30. *like a doe*, as a doe goes.

## Page 30.

11. *sonnets* are rhymed poems fourteen lines in length.

24. *deportment*, bearing, demeanour, carriage; from Latin *portare*, to carry.

27. *archness*, slyness.

30. *odes* are poems which may suitably be sung, and which express

the poet's enthusiasm or emotion; *elegies* are poems in which the poet expresses his sadness.

## Page 31.

21. *very*, real, true, Latin *verus*, true.

## Page 32.

4. *lineage*, race, descent, from Latin *linea*, a line.

8. *a large green snake*: it scarcely need be said that large green snakes and lionesses were not really to be found in the forest of Ardennes; but in old romances and novels such forests were made the scene of all sorts of strange adventures.

## Page 33.

22. *he*, love, here spoken of as though he were a real person; so the Romans thought of love as a real god, whom they named Cupid.

26. *to counterfeit* is to imitate, or (as in lines 31 and 32) to pretend, from Latin *contra*, against, *facere*, to make.

## Page 35.

2. *sober*, serious, not jesting.

20. Ganymede said 'If I bring your daughter, will you consent to her marriage?'

## Page 36.

20. *felicity*, happiness, from Latin *felix*, happy.

31. *interposition*, interference, intervention.

## Page 37.

1. *religious man*, a man who had retired from the world to lead a religious life. He was a *hermit*, that is, he lived by himself in a lonely cell or cave, and not in a monastery.

5. *religious house*, a monastery.

6. *newly conceived*, recently formed.

12. *opportunedly*, at the right opportunity, at the right moment.

## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shakspeare wrote *The Merchant of Venice* not later than 1598.

The story of one man's claiming from another a pound of his flesh is told in many countries. The form of the story which was known in Europe in the Middle Ages makes the claimant a cruel Jewish money-lender. The Jews were allowed by the law of Moses to take interest for loans from those who were not Jews: 'unto a stranger thou mayest lend upon usury; but unto thy brother thou shalt not lend upon usury' (*Deuteronomy*, chap. 23, verse 20). Jewish money-lenders were disliked not only because they were thought to be cruel and grasping, but also because Christians then thought that all taking of interest for loans of money was wrong. In Shakspeare's time large numbers of these Jewish usurers were settled at Venice, because it had been for several centuries one of the greatest commercial cities of Europe.

## Page 38.

2. *usurer* originally meant a money-lender of any sort, but it is generally used for a grasping money-lender who exacts or extorts a very high rate of interest; so *usury* (line 13) generally stands for the lending of money at excessive interest.

17. *conditioned: condition* was often used in the sense of temper or disposition; *best conditioned* then means 'possessing the best disposition.'

19. *Roman honour*, the sense of uprightness and honour for which the great men of Rome had been famous in ancient times.

*more appeared*, was more apparent or noticeable.

22. *noble*, of noble or gentle birth.

23. *patrimony*, the estate left him by his father (Latin *pater*, father).

## Page 39.

8. *that*: in place of *that* we should now say *who*, for we only use *that* as a relative pronoun when it limits the meaning of its antecedent. If a man had several brothers, we might distinguish one of them as 'his brother that was lately dead'; but he can have only one father; therefore *that* could not now be used as a relative to *his father*.

14. *appearance*, dress and retinue—everything that would make him appear a fitting lover for a great lady.

16. *ducats*: Venetian ducats were coins which in Shakspeare's days were worth about five shillings of English money.

22. *credit of those ships*: the value of his ships at sea made men willing to give him credit, to lend him money.

27. *catch him on the hip*: if a wrestler caught his opponent on the hip, he could throw him; the expression then means 'have him at my mercy.'

28. *feed fat*, indulge fully.

29. *gratis*, for nothing, without requiring any interest, Lat. *gratis* (ablative plural of *gratia*) 'out of kindness.'

32. *my tribe* means the Jewish race.

## Page 40.

5. '*sufferance* (endurance, patience) is the badge by which you may know a Jew.'

7. *Jewish garments*: it is said that at Venice Jews born in Italy were compelled to wear red hats, those coming from the East yellow turbans.

8. *spurned*, kicked.

18. *break*, that is, *break my day* (page 41, line 9), fail to keep the day appointed for payment, just as we say that a man who is bankrupt 'fails.'

19. *face*, assurance, confidence.

32. *content*, I am content with your proposal.

*sign to this bond*, put my signature to this agreement.

## Page 41.

10. *exaction of the forfeiture*, exacting or extorting the penalty for breaking the bond.

11. *nor...neither*: in Shakspeare's days it was allowable to add a second negative to a sentence to strengthen the force of the first.

12. *mutton or beef*, sheep or ox. In Shakspeare Shylock says 'flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats.'

13. *so*, so be it.

21. *person*, body.

23. *Cato*, famous for his stern uprightness, preferred to kill himself rather than submit to Julius Caesar, B.C. 46.

*Brutus* assassinated Julius Caesar, whom he regarded as a tyrant, B.C. 44. You may read more about Brutus and Portia in Shakspeare's *Julius Caesar*.

26. *train*, retinue of attendants.

## Page 42.

9. *converted*, changed, from Latin *convertere*, to turn.  
 30. *waiting gentlewoman*, a waiting woman or attendant of gentle birth.

## Page 43.

1. *pleasantly*, jestingly; so the French *plaisant* often means jocose or laughable.  
 11. *imparted my love*, imparted the news of my love, told you of it.  
 23. *use your pleasure*, do as you please.  
 24. *dispatch*, hastily finish, from French *dépêcher*, to hasten.

## Page 44.

4. *cause*, law-suit.  
 6. *event*, issue, result.  
 12. *be instrumental*, be an instrument or means.  
 18. *nothing is here* used as an adverb, 'not at all.'  
 22. *counsellor in the law*, one who gave others counsel or advice in the law; as we should say, 'a barrister.'  
 24. *stating the case*, writing a statement of the facts which were to be brought before the judges.  
 27. *letters...of advice*, a letter giving her advice.

## Page 45.

6. *doctor*, doctor of law.  
 10. *her large wig*: Mary Lamb was no doubt accustomed to see this play acted with Portia dressed like an English barrister in wig and gown. Wigs however were not worn in Italy until about 1620, nor in England until the reign of Charles II. Now, when the play is acted, the characters are all dressed in their proper Italian costumes.  
 16. *arduous*, difficult, from Latin *arduus*, steep.  
 20. *forfeit expressed*, penalty mentioned.  
 26. *attribute*, quality, characteristic.  
 27—8. 'the more the powerful on earth allowed mercy to moderate the sternness of justice, the more they resembled God himself.'

## Page 46.

4. *wrest*, to twist, to turn aside.  
 9. *A Daniel*: in the *History of Susanna* in the Apocrypha the

'young child, whose name was Daniel' proves the falseness of the charges made by the two elders.

10. *elder*, wiser, showing the wisdom of age.

Page 47.

14. *trifle time*, trifle away time, waste it.

24. *charity*, compassion.

Page 48.

4. *confiscated*: to confiscate property originally meant to seize it for the public treasury (from Latin *fiscus*, the emperor's treasury).

11. *expedient*, device.

*plaudits*, applause.

19. *softly* = 'do not be so hasty.'

22. *nor do not cut off more nor less* = do not cut off more or less.

See note on page 41, line 11.

23. *scruple*, a small weight, one third of a drachm.

Page 49.

2. *pardon you your life*, give you back your life; *pardon* is from Latin *per-donare*, to remit a debt.

16. *sign over*, make over half my riches by signing the deed:

16—17. *Get thee gone, ... if you repent*: the duke uses first *thou* and then *you* in addressing Shylock. This change was common in Shakespeare's days.

32. *acquitted of*, set free from; in modern English we speak only of acquitting anyone of a charge, not of acquitting them of its punishment.

Page 50.

18. *proclamation*, sending a crier round the city to announce that Bassanio will buy the most valuable ring in Venice.

*affected to be affronted*, pretended to be offended.

23. *be valued against*, be counted against,—outweigh your wife's displeasure.

33. 'which never fails to enter our minds when we feel that we have done a good deed.'

Page 51.

8. *naughty*, derived from *naught*, at first meant 'worth nothing,' 'worthless,' and so came to mean 'bad,' 'wicked.'

20. *cutler's knife*: in old times cutlers used to engrave verses or mottoes on the knives which they made.

27. *scrubbed*, mean, stunted in growth, like 'scrub' or brushwood.

## Page 52.

4. *that took some pains in writing*, who had taken some trouble in writing—probably in writing the deed for Shylock to sign (page 49, lines 6—17). As Portia had only one clerk, we should now say 'who' in place of 'that': see note on page 39, line 8.

10. *civil doctor*, doctor of Civil Law. Civil Law is the law of ancient Rome, which was still in use in many parts of Europe. It was called the Civil Law because it was the law which protected Roman citizens (*cives*).

13. *beset*, overcome. To be-set is to set about, surround.

24. *my soul upon the forfeit*, I will risk my soul upon the forfeit or breach of the bond, so sure am I that it will not be broken.

## Page 53.

4. *supposed lost*, supposed to be lost.

5—8. *tragicall beginnings...comical adventure*. If Antonio had paid his forfeit to Shylock, that sad ending would have turned the play into a *tragedy*; but everything has turned out happily, and the adventure of the ring and of the husbands not knowing their wives gives the play the merry ending which a *comedy* should have.

11. *he'd fear no other thing so sore*, he would be so sorely anxious about nothing else. *Sore* is here an adverb.

## KING LEAR.

Shakspeare wrote *King Lear* probably in 1605 or 1606.

The earliest book in which we find the story of Lear is Geoffrey of Monmouth's *History of the Britons*, written in Latin at the end of Henry I.'s reign. Geoffrey composed a great part of his history out of Welsh legends; it is therefore not a truthful history, but a collection of interesting tales, from which later writers have drawn many famous stories, such as that of King Arthur. According to Geoffrey, Lear became king about 900 years before Christ. Geoffrey, unlike Shakspeare, makes Lear's life end happily; after he had been unkindly

treated by his elder daughters, he was restored to his kingdom by Cordelia's husband.

## Page 54.

2. *Albany* is the name given in Geoffrey's *History of the Britons* to Scotland. It is still sometimes used as a name of the Highlands of Scotland.

4. *king of France and duke of Burgundy*. The kingdom of France and the duchy of Burgundy really arose centuries after the time when Lear was supposed to have lived; the Franks and the Burgundians, from whom the names France and Burgundy are derived, were German tribes who invaded Gaul in the fifth century after Christ.

*joint suitors*: they are so called because they were both alike suitors.

10. *younger strengths*, those whose strength is younger and more vigorous.

12. *ensue*, follow.

18. *give out*, express.

20. *professing stuff*, empty words in which she made false professions or promises.

21. *counterfeit*, see note on page 32, line 26.

22. *delivered with confidence*, spoken boldly, with assurance.

## Page 55.

7. *hollow metal*: if you strike a hollow vessel made of metal, it rings more loudly than a solid mass, but it has less strength.

14. *handsome assurances*, fair promises.

20. *glad*, gladden.

25. *far from their lips*: their feelings were very different from their words.

## Page 56.

2. *breeding*, rearing and education.

11. *all*, altogether; *all* is here used as an adverb, just as *nothing* was on page 44, line 18.

16. *qualifications*, limitations.

20. 'This freed her affection from the suspicion of being assumed for selfish objects.'

22. *ostentatious*, boastful, full of empty display.



27. *spleen*, peevishness. The ancients thought the spleen was the seat of anger and ill-humour.

28. *incident to old age*, falling upon or belonging to old age, from Latin *incidere*, to fall upon.

29. *discern*, distinguish.

*a gay painted speech*, a speech full of glowing but insincere words,—just like a board which, however gaily it may be painted, is still only a board underneath its bright colours.

31. *retracted*, drew back, withdrew his gift.

Page 57.

4. *invested them jointly*, put them jointly in possession of: that is, both the dukes together had the power of government; it did not belong to either of them separately. To *invest* was originally to clothe, from Latin *vestis*, garment.

5. *execution of government*, the performing of the work of government.

9. *monthly course*, monthly exchange; that is, he was to stay first a month with one daughter, then a month with the other.

11. *preposterous*, absurd; the Latin *præposterus* is derived from *præ*, before and *post*, behind; it therefore means 'inverted so that the hind part comes in front,' topsy-turvy.

14. *incensed*, angered; from Latin *incendere*, to set on fire.

21. *a pawn*, a pledge; *to wage*, to stake or risk.

28. *that he would see with his eyes*, that Lear would see with Kent's eyes.

30. *in his best consideration*, after his wisest reflection.

31. 'he would answer or maintain at the cost of his life his conviction.'

33. *low sound...hollowness*; Cordelia is just the opposite of her sisters; they are hollow vessels, and ring loud (see page 55, line 7); she does not ring loud, and therefore is not hollow.

Page 58.

1—2. 'When those in power stoop to be flattered, their honourable servants are bound to speak plainly.'

3. *to him*, to Kent, with whose life Lear could do what he pleased.

5. *freedom*, plain speech.

7. *mortal*, deadly.

19. *he, Lear.*  
 18. *to shape his course* means to turn his steps, to go; *to shape his old course to a new country* means to go to a new country, still keeping to his old line of behaviour.  
 32. *above*, worth more than.

## Page 59.

10. *prescribe*, dictate.  
 11. *Fortune's alms*; *alms* means relief given to a poor person; *Fortune's alms* means whatever had been given to him by fortune or chance.  
 31. *esteemed*, considered.

## Page 60.

2. *affected*, pretended. See note on p. 75, line 8.  
 11. *estranged*, offended, alienated; from French *estranger* (modern French *étranger*) strange.  
 13. *eminently*, especially, in a striking degree.  
 15. *made forfeit*, declared to be forfeited.  
 20. *so as it can but do*, if only it can do.  
*where it owes an obligation*, to those to whom it feels bound.  
 21. *serving man*, man-servant.  
 27. *answerable*, corresponding (to her words).  
 33. *steward*, the superintendent of her household.

## Page 61.

4. *affront put upon his majesty*, insult offered to his majesty.  
 6. *kennel*, gutter; derived like *channel* and *canal* from Latin *canalis*, a canal or channel.  
 10. *been of his palace*, been an inmate of his palace.  
 20—23. In these verses everything is topsy-turvy; Lear behaves like a child ('plays bo-peep') or a fool, not like a king; his daughters weep for joy instead of laughing, his fool sings for sorrow instead of weeping.  
 25. *pleasant*, amusing; see note on page 43, L 1.  
 27. *cut to the quick*, made his hearers wince as if a knife had cut into their quick (that is, living, sensitive) flesh.  
 29. *the cuckoo* lays its eggs in the nest of the hedge-sparrow or some other bird, which carefully rears the young cuckoo when it is hatched. The young cuckoo, however, as soon as it is strong enough,

tries to turn the other birds out of the nest ; the fool here goes so far as to say that it bites the hedge-sparrow's head off.

30—3. The fool means : As even an ass can tell when the cart draws the horse, so even a fool can tell when the king's daughters govern the king.

Page 62.

- 19. *kite*, a bird of prey.
- 21. *choice*, admirable.
- 22. *particulars*, details.
- 26. *marble-hearted*, having its affections as cold as marble.
- 27. *sea-monster*, 'the monsters of the deep,' such as the whales, were supposed to devour each other.
- 31. *how sharper*, how much sharper ; *a serpent's tooth*, a serpent's bite.

Page 63.

- 16. *waywardness*, perverseness ; *way-ward* is for *away-ward*, turned away, perverse.
- 32. *omen*, a sign foretelling what is to come.

Page 64.

- 26. *portion*, dowry.
- 29. *unfilial*, not becoming a child ; Latin *filius*, son, *filia*, daughter.
- 32. *nigh*, nearly. In old English *nigh* is the positive, *near* the comparative.

Page 65.

- 10. *essential*, necessary.
- 17. *unsettled*, unhinged, upset.
- 19. *examples that should be a terror to the earth*, examples (of the punishment deserved by undutiful daughters) which all the world should be frightened to behold.
- 28. *procure to themselves*, bring upon themselves.
- 32. *elements* : some ancient Greek philosophers believed that the world was composed of four elements : earth, air, fire, water ; with these elements (in the shape of the open heath, the wind, the lightning, the sea and the rain) Lear in his madness was ready to fight.

## Page 66.

8. *conceits*, clever or ingenious ideas: a *conceit* is that which anyone *conceives* in his mind, a notion or idea; it now generally means the excessive idea anyone has of his own cleverness.

9. *outjest misfortune*, to banish the thought of misfortune by his jests.

*naughty*, bad, unsuitable; see note on page 51, line 8.

12—15. In these verses the second and the fourth lines are the refrain repeated in every verse of a ballad well known in Shakspeare's days: they have little connexion with the sense of the first and third lines, which mean 'He that has but little wit (wisdom), must make his content (contentment) agree with his fortunes, must be contented with his fortunes.'

16. *brave*, fine; compare p. 15, line 31.

17. *poorly accompanied*, poorly attended, not attended by a suitable train.

24. *the affliction*, the violence of the storm.

25. *not felt where a greater malady was fixed*, not felt by those who have in their hearts anguish greater than any storm can cause.

27. *delicate*, dainty, luxurious; used in a rather different sense on p. 9, line 10.

28. *all feeling else...but of that which beat*, all feeling except the feeling of that grief which beat like a storm at his heart.

## Page 67.

5. *Bedlam beggar*, mad beggar. *Bedlam* is a corruption of Bethlehem; the Bethlehem Hospital in London was founded by Henry VIII. for lunatics. Such hospitals for lunatics however were not common, and many lunatics, who had no well-to-do friends to provide for them, used to wander about the country begging their bread in the way described in lines 8—16.

## Page 68.

1. *moving*, affecting.

6. *power*, army.

## Page 69.

7. *very*, real; see note on page 31, line 21.

23. *untuned and jarring senses*; his senses were like a musical instrument which has been so roughly treated that it is out of tune and gives forth jarring sounds.

## Page 70.

2. *practices*, devices, plots.
18. *to admire at* here means to be astonished at something hard to explain; in line 16 *admiring* is used in the sense which it now bears, to feel wonder and delight concerning something.
19. *power*, Providence.

## TWELFTH NIGHT.

Shakspeare wrote *Twelfth Night* probably in 1601.

Twelfth Night is January 6—the twelfth day after Christmas and the last of the twelve days of Christmas festivity; it was formerly a time of great feasting and revel, and plays were acted on that night at Court and in noblemen's houses. This play was called *Twelfth Night* because it was originally intended to be acted on Twelfth Night; some think it was first acted before Queen Elizabeth on Twelfth Night, 1602. We know that it was acted before the barristers of the Middle Temple in their hall at a feast on Candlemas (February 2), 1602.

The second Title, *What You Will*, means 'You may call the play what you please—a comedy, because it has amusing scenes, or a serious play, because it has serious love scenes.' (The amusing scenes however are omitted in the *Tales*.) *As You Like It* takes its name from a similar reason; see page 111.

## Page 72.

2. *Messaline*: this is a name invented by Shakspeare; it is not the name of any real city.
7. *Illyria*, the ancient name of the country stretching from the head of the Adriatic down its eastern shore, now called Dalmatia.
9. *ship's company*, see note on p. 8, line 29.

## Page 73.

2. *how to dispose of herself*, what to do with herself.
17. *abjured*, foresworn, sworn she would forsake, Latin *ab-jurare*, to foreswear. Compare *con-jure*, p. 91, line 24; *ad-jure*, p. 92, line 25.
26. *habit*, dress.
31. *plead her excuse*, persuade us to excuse her.
32. *fair*, honourable.

## Page 74.

11. *interest*, influence.  
 13. *address*, manner of speaking, manners.  
*deportment*, see note on page 30, line 24.  
 16. *observance*, watchful obedience.  
 21. *services*, devotion as a lover.

## Page 75.

5. *peerless*, matchless, unequalled, from Latin *par*, equal.  
 8. *affect*, shew a preference for. *Affect* is used in nearly the same sense on page 5, line 10, and in a different sense on page 60, line 2, and page 93, line 26.  
 18. *deference*, regard, respect; to defer to anyone is to submit your opinion to his.  
 27. *A blank*: that is, she had no history; 'a blank' properly means a clean sheet of paper with no writing on it.  
 28—29. 'she allowed the burden of keeping her secret to destroy the rosiness of her cheek, just as a worm destroys the rose-bud.' *damask*, rosy; from *Damascus*, the city of Damascus being famous for its red or *damask* roses.  
 29. *She pined in thought*, she wasted away, silently thinking of her love.  
 30—31. 'she sat bearing her grief with a patient smile, like a statue of Patience on a monument.'

## Page 76.

5. *might not be admitted*, could not gain admission.  
 7. *element*; see note on page 65, line 32. Here the particular element intended is the air.  
 8. *cloistress*, a nun, one who lives in a cloister or nunnery.  
 11. *of this fine frame to pay*, so finely framed as to pay.  
*this debt of love*; he thinks her love for her brother is a matter of duty, a debt; when she loves him, the duke, her love will be of her own choice, and will be even stronger.  
 12. *golden shaft*; according to an ancient Roman legend Cupid, the god of love, shot a golden arrow into the heart of anyone whom he wished to fall in love.  
 16. *access*, entrance, admission.

17. *there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience*, your foot shall be fixed and rooted at her doors till she gives you an interview.

19. *passion*, eagerness.

20. *my dear faith*, my earnest devotion or love.

22. *aspect*, appearance.

Page 77.

12. *penned*, written.

15. *out of my part*, not in the part which I have studied: the expression is borrowed from the stage, and leads Olivia to ask her whether she is a comedian.

31. *It is a beauty truly mixed*: Olivia has called her face a picture; Viola follows this up and says that its beautiful colours have been truly blended; no artist but Nature herself can have painted it.

Page 78.

4. *indifferent*, moderately.

8. *could but be recompensed*: 'would only be duly rewarded by gaining you.'

18. *willow cabin*, a hut made of willow wood. The willow was regarded as the token of unhappy lovers.

19. *sonnet*, see note on page 30, line 11.

22. *babbling gossip*: in Greek legends Echo was a real person, a divinity; so here she is spoken of as the babbling gossip or companion who is always talking to the air.

23. *you should not rest but you should pity me*, your name should be echoed unceasingly between the earth and the air, unless you took pity on me.

25. *Above my fortunes*: my birth is above my present position, and yet my position is good.

Page 79.

33. *spinster* is here used in its original sense as the feminine of spinner, and not in the sense of an unmarried woman.

Page 80.

2. *bone*, a bobbin made of bone on which the thread is wound.

7. *cypress*, that is, a coffin made of the wood of the cypress tree,

which was especially used at funerals. Another explanation is that *cypress* here means a shroud made of a sort of black crape called cypress, probably because it first came from the island of Cyprus; but we see from line 10 that the shroud was white.

10. Sprays of *yew* were used at funerals in England, just as the cypress was in the south of Europe. *all* is here an adverb, 'stuck all over.'

11. 'Though *death* is a *part* in which everyone acts his *share*, yet of all these actors no one is so true as I.'

15. *where my bones shall be thrown*=at my grave.

16. *find*, is in the subjunctive mood=may find.

## Page 81.

7. *music from the spheres*. The ancient Greek philosopher Pythagoras believed that the heavenly bodies revolved round the earth, in eight distinct spheres; that each sphere as it revolved gave forth a musical sound, and that the eight musical sounds produced a grand harmony, which human beings could not hear. See p. 152, lines 7—12.

## Page 82.

5. *an enemy where*, an enemy with whom.

11—12. 'I am much more sorry because I cannot help you than because misfortune befalls myself.'

## Page 83.

19. *he returned the blow with interest*, he repaid his one blow with a sound beating.

## Page 85.

14. 'My mind is ready for mischief, for taking vengeance on Cesario.'

29. *dissembler*, one who disguises the truth.

## Page 86.

11. *pleasant*, amusing; see note on page 43, line 1.

32. *beneath your...breeding*, unsuited to the way in which you were brought up.



## HAMLET.

Shakspeare published the tragedy of *Hamlet* in 1603, but the first edition of the play is different in many respects from a second edition which was published in 1604. This second edition is the *Hamlet* with which modern readers of Shakspeare are familiar.

The earliest book in which the story of Hamlet is found is the *Danish History* of Saxo Grammaticus, written about the end of the xiith century. In the outline of the story Shakspeare for the most part follows Saxo Grammaticus; according to Saxo, however, Hamlet after his uncle's death became king of Denmark and was at last slain in battle.

## Page 88.

15. *unadvised*, ill advised, unwise.  
 18. 'having a delicate sense of honour, and being most careful to behave with propriety himself.'  
*exquisite*, exact: Latin *ex-quisitus*, sought out, choice, refined, exact.  
 It is used in the sense of *choice* on page 77, line 9.

## Page 89.

10. *indignity*, humiliation.  
 16. *her affection grew to him*, her affection to him grew.

## Page 90.

9. *privy to this murder*, acquainted with the secret of this murder. *Privy* is another form of the word *private*, and means 'sharing any one's secrets,' 'an accomplice.' So on page 106, line 4.  
 14. *apparition*, a ghost or unearthly appearance.  
 15. *platform*, a terrace in front of the palace.  
 23. *grisly*, grayish; in this sense the word is generally spelt *grizzly* (as 'a grizzly bear') and is derived from the French *gris*, grey. The spelling *grisly* is generally kept for another adjective, meaning 'hideous,' 'horrible,' and derived from the old English *gryslig*, horrible.  
 24. *sable silvered*, black tinged with silver; there were some white hairs in his black beard. *Sable* is, first, the name of an animal of the weasel kind found in Russia and Siberia; next, the name of its fur; then, because the finest sable fur is of a dark colour, *sable* is used in heraldry to mean black.

26. *addressed itself to motion*, began to move its face or lips. *To address oneself to a thing* is to direct or turn oneself to it, French *s'adresser*.

30. *relation*, narrative, story; so the verb *to relate* often means to narrate.

31. *agreeing with itself*, consistent, all of a piece.

## Page 91.

16. *heavenly ministers*, servants or messengers of heaven; Latin *minister*, a servant.

24. *conjured*, solemnly implored; from Latin *con-jurare*, to band people together by oath. See note on p. 73, line 17.

26. *bestowed*, placed; this is the original meaning of *bestow*, which is simply *stow* with the strengthening prefix *be-*.

30. *removed*: we should now say 'remote.'

## Page 92.

7. *hardy*, bold; French *hardi*, bold.

18. *treasonous*, treacherous.

19. *henbane*: this plant was so called because it was a bane or poison to fowls.

20. *antipathy* properly means enmity, aversion; things which cannot exist together are said to have an antipathy.

22. *crust-like leprosy*: the smooth skin was parched up into a dry, stiff crust.

25. *adjured*, to urge or implore by means of an oath; Latin *ad-jurare*, to swear or entreat. See note on p. 73, line 17.

31. *to act*, to commit.

## Page 93.

23. *perturbation*, disturbance.

26. *affected*: assumed, pretended, see note on page 75, line 8.

31. *distemper*, derangement of the mind.

## Page 94.

5. *tenders*, offers.

24. *society*: his rough business would not allow itself to be associated or united with love.

28. *starts*, outbursts.

## Page 95.

1. *to doubt*, to suspect.
7. *good beauties*, great charms.
10. *to both their honours*, in a way honourable to both Hamlet and Ophelia.
13. *injunction*, command—that which is *enjoined*.
20. *remorse* generally means anguish felt for some deed which one has already done; here it is anguish for the intention to do it.  
*blunted the edge of his purpose*: his purpose is spoken of as if it were a sword which was blunted and so rendered useless.

## Page 96.

8. *tragical speech*, speech out of a tragedy.
9. *Priam*: according to the legend the Greeks captured and sacked Troy after besieging it for ten years, put Priam to death, and carried Hecuba into captivity.
17. *clout*, a rag.
21. *lively* is used as an adverb for *livelily*.
24. *fictitious speech*, a speech invented for the actor, not expressing his real feelings.
27. *cue*: the cue is the end of one actor's speech, which is the signal for the next actor to begin; so the murder of his father was the cue which called upon the revengeful passions of Hamlet to awake.
30. *muddy*, slothful.

## Page 97.

11. *dome...upon a duke*, committed on the person of a duke; *upon* is used in the same way in line 31.
12. 'his wife (was named) Baptista.'
28. *bad as wormwood*, as bitter as wormwood. A bitter drink made from the herb called wormwood was much used in medicine.

## Page 98.

3. *lights to his chamber*, lights to light him to his chamber.
8. *resolved*, solved, cleared up; Latin *re-solvere* to unloose.
14. *closet*, private apartment.
19. *partial*, favourable, taking her son's *part* too much.
21. *import the king to know*, concern or be important for the king to know.

22. *hangings*, tapestries which were hung on the walls.  
 25. *maxims*, rules or principles: *policies of state*, cunning methods of government.  
 27. *indirect*, not direct or straightforward.  
 28. *tax him with his actions*, charge him with his actions, censure him for them.  
 29. *roundest*, most open or straightforward.

## Page 99.

11. *set those to you* ; we should say 'set those on you.'  
 17. *a mischief*, an injury.  
 25. *officious*, over-busy, fussy.  
 31. *pursued it*, pursued or gave free course to his humour.

## Page 100.

2. *so as*, so long as.  
 5. *heinousness*, hatefulness, from French *hatne*, hate.  
 11. *wedding contracts*, vows made at marriage.  
*gamesters*, gamblers.  
 15. *two pictures* ; hanging no doubt on the walls of the queen's closet.  
 19—20. *Jupiter*, the king of the gods according to Roman legends, was represented with a commanding king-like brow; *Apollo*, the god of poetry and music, as a beautiful youth with curly locks; *Mars*, the god of war, had fierce, warlike eyes.  
 20. Hamlet is thinking of *Mercury*, the messenger of the gods, as coming down from heaven with a message from Jupiter and alighting gracefully on some hill which kisses or reaches to heaven.

## Page 101.

8. *imputed it to the disorder*, accounted for it by the disorder.  
 24. *apart*, aside, to a private place.

## Page 102.

5. *there pretended*, falsely stated in the letters.  
 18. *sense*, meaning.

## Page 103.

19. *clambering* refers to Ophelia ; the regular construction of the sentence would have been 'she came...and, clambering up to hang her

garland upon the boughs of the willow, was precipitated' &c. ; but it is convenient to break off the first sentence without finishing it, and make a *bough* subject to a second sentence.

- 18. *element*, namely, *water*. See note on page 65, line 32.
- 24. *imported*, meant (used in a different sense on p. 98, line 21).
- 25. *inclining*, wishing, being inclined.

## Page 104.

- 19. *to brave*, to challenge, to provoke.
- 32. *extolled*, praised.
- 33. *issue*, result of the match.

## Page 105.

- 1. *growing warm*, growing keen and eager.
- 3. *incensed*, see note on page 57, line 14.
- 6. *repaid Laertes home*, repaid Laertes' thrust with a thrust driven home.
- 8. *inadvertently*, without noticing what she did.
- 11. *infused*, poured in ; Latin *in-fundere*, to pour in.
- 21. *envenomed*, poisoned.

## Page 106.

- 5. *cracked* ; we should say ' broke. '
- 11. *complete*, perfect.

## EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

### THE TEMPEST :

- (1) Act I. Scene ii. 331—344
- (2) Act III. Scene ii. 144—152
- (3) Act I. Scene ii. 376—464
- (4) Act v. Scene i. 33—57.

### AS YOU LIKE IT :

- (1) Act II. Scene i. 1—18.
- (2) Songs from Act II, Scenes v. and vii.
- (3) Act II. Scene vii. 136—166.

### THE MERCHANT OF VENICE :

- (1) Act III. Scene ii. 149—186
- (2) Act IV. Scene i. 181—322 (*with slight omissions*)
- (3) Act v. Scene i. 54—113.

# EXTRACTS FROM SHAKSPEARE.

## THE TEMPEST.

### 1. *Caliban's grievances against Prospero.*

(See page 6, lines 1—9.)

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest first,  
Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me ; wouldst give me  
Water with berries in't ; and teach me how  
To name the bigger light, and how the less, 5  
That burn by day and night : and then I lov'd thee,  
And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place and fertile :—  
Cursed be I that did so ! All the charms  
Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you ! 10  
For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king : and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, while you do keep from me  
The rest o' the island.

7. *qualities, resources.*

8. *brine-pits, salt springs.*

### 2. *Caliban's description of the invisible Ariel's music.*

Be not afeard ; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears, and sometime voices  
That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep, 5  
Will make me sleep again : and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me ; that, when I wak'd,  
I cried to dream again.

1. *afeard, afraid.*

3. *twangling, clear-sounding.*

3. *The first meeting of Ferdinand and Miranda*

(pages 10, 11).

PROSPERO is in front of his cell with MIRANDA, whom he has charmed to sleep (page 8, line 26). Enter ARIEL, invisible, playing and singing; FERDINAND following.

ARIEL sings:

Come unto these yellow sands,  
 And then take hands:  
 Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
 The wild waves whist,  
 Foot it featly here and there; 5  
 And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.  
 Hark, Hark! [Burden: Bow, wow.]  
 The watch-dogs bark: [Burden: Bow, wow.]  
 Hark, hark! I hear  
 The strain of strutting chanticleer 10  
 Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

*Fer.* Where should this music be? i' the air or the earth?  
 It sounds no more:—and, sure, it waits upon  
 Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,  
 Weeping again the king my father's wreck, 15  
 This music crept by me upon the waters,  
 Allaying both their fury and my passion  
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
 Or it hath drawn me rather:—but 'tis gone.  
 No, it begins again. 20

4. *whist*, silent: 'when you have kissed the waves silent, into silence.'  
 5. *foot it featly*, dance nimbly. 6. *burden*, refrain  
 13. *waits upon*, attends. 15. *weeping*, bewailing. 17. *passion*,  
 grief.



ARIEL *sings*:

Full fathom five thy father lies ;  
 Of his bones are coral made ;  
 Those are pearls that were his eyes ;  
 Nothing of him that doth fade  
 But doth suffer a sea-change 25  
 Into something rich and strange.  
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :  
 Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

*Fer.* The ditty does remember my drown'd father :

This is no mortal business, nor no sound 30  
 That the earth owes : I hear it now above me.

*Prospero* [*awaking Miranda*]. The fringed curtains of thine  
 eye advance,

And say what thou see'st yond.

*Mir.* What is't? a spirit?

Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,  
 It carries a brave form :—but 'tis a spirit. 35

*Pros.* No, wench ; it eats, and sleeps, and hath such senses  
 As we have, such. This gallant which thou see'st  
 Was in the wreck ; and but he's something stain'd  
 With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou might'st call him  
 A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows, 40  
 And strays about to find 'em.

*Mir.* I might call him

A thing divine ; for nothing natural

I ever saw so noble.

*Pros.* [*Aside*]. It goes on, I see,

As my soul prompts it.—Spirit, fine spirit ! I'll free thee 45  
 Within two days for this.

21—8. These lines are explained on page 109. 29. *remember*,  
 call to mind. 31. *owes*, owns. 32. *fringed curtains*, eyelids ;  
*advance*, lift. 38. *but*, except that. 39. *canker*, canker-worm ;  
 grief devours beauty as a canker-worm devours a bud. 40. *goodly*,  
 handsome ; *fellows*, comrades. 44. *it*, his design of making them  
 fall in love with each other.

*Fer.* [*seeing Mir.*] Most sure, the goddess  
 On whom these airs attend!—Vouchsafe my prayer  
 May know if you remain upon this island ;  
 And that you will some good instruction give  
 How I may bear me here : my prime request, 50  
 Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder !  
 If you be maid or no ?

*Mir.* No wonder, sir ;  
 But certainly a maid.

*Fer.* My language ! heavens !  
 I am the best of them that speak this speech,  
 Were I but where 'tis spoken.

*Pros.* How ! the best ! 55  
 What wert thou, if the King of Naples heard thee ?

*Fer.* A single thing, as I am now, that wonders  
 To hear thee speak of Naples. He does hear me ;  
 And that he does I weep : myself am Naples ;  
 Who with mine eyes, ne'er since at ebb, beheld 60  
 The king my father wreck'd.

*Mir.* Alack, for mercy !

*Fer.* Yes, faith, and all his lords ; the Duke of Milan  
 And his brave son being twain.

*Pros.* [*Aside.*] The Duke of Milan  
 And his more braver daughter could control thee,  
 If now 'twere fit to do't.—At the first sight 65  
 They have chang'd eyes.—Delicate Ariel,  
 I'll set thee free for this ! [*To Fer.*] A word, good sir ;  
 I fear you have done yourself some wrong : a word.

*Mir.* Why speaks my father so ungently ? This  
 Is the third man that e'er I saw, the first 70

47. *Vouchsafe, &c.*, 'Allow me who ask you to learn.' 50. *bear me*, behave ; *prime*, chief. 57. *single*, poor. 60. *ne'er since at ebb*, which have shed tears ever since. 64. *control*, contradict. 65—6. 'exchanged loving looks.' 68. *done yourself some wrong*, claimed less than your due—an ironical way of saying 'you claim more than belongs to you.'

That e'er I sigh'd for : pity move my father  
To be inclin'd my way !

*Fer.* O, if a virgin,  
And your affection not gone forth, I'll make you  
The queen of Naples.

*Pros.* Soft, sir ! one word more.—  
[*Aside*] They're both in either's powers : but this swift business  
I must uneasy make, lest too light winning 76  
Make the prize light. [*To Fer.*] One word more ; I charge thee  
That thou attend me : thou dost here usurp  
The name thou ow'st not ; and hast put thyself  
Upon this island as a spy, to win it 80  
From me, the lord on't.

*Fer.* No, as I'm a man.  
*Mir.* There's nothing ill can dwell in such a temple :  
If the ill spirit have so fair a house,  
Good things will strive to dwell with't.

*Pros.* [*To Fer.*] Follow me.—  
Speak not you for him ; he's a traitor.—Come ; 85  
I'll manacle thy neck and feet together :  
Sea-water shalt thou drink ; thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

73. *gone forth*, given to another. 82. *temple*, body. 88. *husks*,  
the cups of acorns.

4. *Prospero abandons his magic art* (page 17, line 29).

Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;  
 And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
 Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him  
 When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that  
 By moonshine do the green-sour ringlets make, 5  
 Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime  
 Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
 To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,  
 Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
 The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds, 10  
 And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
 Set roaring war : to the dread-rattling thunder  
 Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
 With his own bolt : the strong-based promontory  
 Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up 15  
 The pine and cedar : graves at my command  
 Have waked their sleepers, op'd, and let 'em forth  
 By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
 I here abjure ; and, when I have requir'd  
 Some heavenly music,—which even now I do,— 20  
 To work mine end upon their senses that  
 This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
 Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
 I'll drown my book. [Solemn music. 25

2. *printless*, leaving no foot-print on account of their lightness.  
 3. *Neptune*, sea. 4. *demi-puppets*, tiny fairies half as large as a puppet or doll. 5. *green-sour ringlets*, little rings of sour grass.  
 7. *that*, who. 9. 'though you are too weak to control the elements if left to yourselves, I can do it by your aid.' 11. *azured vault*, blue sky. 13. *rifted*, split. The oak was sacred to Jupiter, and the thunderbolt was his weapon. 15. *spurs*, forked roots. 21. 'To work my purpose on the senses of those for whom this charm is meant.'  
 22. *airy*, worked by the spirits of the air.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

1. *The lawful Duke, conversing with some of his lords, speaks in praise of life in the Forest of Arden.*

(Compare this speech with the prose version of it on page 20, lines 1—13).

*Duke S.* Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,  
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet  
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods  
 More free from peril than the envious court?  
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam, 5  
 The seasons' difference, as the icy fang  
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,  
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,  
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say  
 'This is no flattery: these are counsellors 10  
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.'  
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,  
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;  
 And this our life exempt from public haunt 15  
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
 Sermons in stones and good in everything.  
 I would not change it.

1. In Shakespeare's days *exile* was sometimes accented on the last syllable. 3. *painted*, hollow, false. See note on p. 56, line 29. 5—6. It was thought that the change of the seasons was one of the punishments inflicted on Adam at the Fall. *as the icy fang*, such as the icy tooth. 13. See note on page 20, line 7. 15. *exempt*, remote.

2. *Two of the songs which they sang in the Forest:*

## I.

*Sung by Amiens, one of the lords.*

Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:      5  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

*Sung in chorus.*

Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to live i' the sun,      10  
 Seeking the food he eats  
 And pleased with what he gets,  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy      15  
 But winter and rough weather.

## II.

*Sung by Amiens.*

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
 Thou art not so unkind  
 As man's ingratitude;  
 Thy tooth is not so keen,  
 Because thou art not seen,      5  
 Although thy breath be rude.  
 Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly!  
 This life is most jolly.      10

1. *unkind*, unnatural.      4—6. 'thy rudeness gives us the less pain, because thou art not a visible enemy.'

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,  
 That dost not bite so nigh  
 As benefits forgot :  
 Though thou the waters warp,  
 Thy sting is not so sharp 15  
 As friend remember'd not.  
 Heigh-ho ! sing, heigh-ho ! unto the green holly :  
 Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :  
 Then, heigh-ho, the holly !  
 This life is most jolly.

13. *so nigh*, so deeply, so keenly.  
 'freeze' or 'ruffle.'

14. *warp* means either

3. *When Orlando had gone to bring Adam to the lawful Duke's table (page 29, line 30), the thought of the new-comers' necessities leads the Duke and Jaques, one of his followers, to compare the world to a theatre and the life of man to the scenes of a play :*

*Duke.* Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:  
 This wide and universal theatre  
 Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
 Wherein we play in.

*Jaq.* All the world's a stage,  
 And all the men and women merely players: 5  
 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.  
 And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel 10  
 And shining morning face, creeping like snail  
 Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,  
 Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad  
 Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,

3. *pageants*, spectacles, shows.

9. *mewling*, wailing.

Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,                   15  
 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 lined,  
 With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,                         20  
 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 saved, a world too wide                   25  
 For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,  
 Turning again toward childish treble, pipes  
 And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,  
 That ends this strange eventful history,  
 Is second childishness and mere oblivion,                         30  
 Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

15. *bearded like the pard*, with mustaches like a panther's.  
 16. *jealous in honour*, sensitive about his honour.     17. *reputation*  
 is as hard to secure and as short-lived as a bubble.     21. *saws*,  
*maxims*; *modern*, commonplace.     23. *pantaloons*, a foolish old man  
 (from the character in pantomimes).     25. *hose*, breeches.     28. *his*,  
 its.     31. *sans*, without.



## THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

**I. Portia declares to Bassanio her love; Bassanio's reply.**  
(See page 42.)

*Portia.* You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
Such as I am: though for myself alone  
I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
To wish myself much better; yet, for you  
I would be trebled twenty times myself; **5**  
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times more rich;  
That, only to stand high in your account,  
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
Exceed account; but the full sum of me  
Is sum of something, which, to term in gross, **10**  
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschoo'd, unpractis'd;  
Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
But she may learn; happier than this,  
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;  
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit **15**  
Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
Is now converted: but now I was the lord  
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants, **20**  
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,  
This house, these servants and this same myself  
Are yours, my lord: I give them with this ring;  
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
Let it presage the ruin of your love **25**

**7.** *account, esteem; to exceed account* (line 9) means to exceed computation. *Account, sum, gross* are book-keeping terms. **8.** *livings, estates.* **10.** *to term in gross, to sum up.* **15.** *happiest, the happiest thing.* **25.** *presage, foretell.*

And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

*Bassanio.* Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;  
 And there is such confusion in my powers  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke 30  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;  
 Where every something, being blent together,  
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring 35  
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :  
 O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !

26. 'Give me the right to cry out against you.' 35. The words of each man in the multitude (=every something) are blended not into a clear expression of their thoughts, but into a wild confused murmur of joy.

2. *Venice: a court of justice.* The Duke has asked Shylock to show mercy to Antonio, Bassanio has offered him six thousand ducats instead of the three thousand; Portia, dressed like a doctor of laws, has entered the court, been welcomed by the Duke, and is enquiring into the case (page 45).

*Portia [to Antonio].* Do you confess the bond ?

*Antonio.* I do.

*Portia.* Then must the Jew be merciful.

*Shylock.* On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

*Portia.* The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
 It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven 5  
 Upon the place beneath ; it is twice blest ;  
 It blesseth him that gives and him that takes :  
 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest : it becomes  
 The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;

4. *strain'd*, forced, acting on compulsion.

His sceptre shows the force of temporal power, 10  
 The attribute to awe and majesty,  
 Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;  
 But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;  
 It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
 It is an attribute to God himself ; 15  
 And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
 When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,  
 Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
 That, in the course of justice, none of us  
 Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy ; 20  
 And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
 The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much  
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;  
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there. 25  
*Shylock.* My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
 The penalty and forfeit of my bond.  
*Portia.* Is he not able to discharge the money?  
*Bassanio.* Yes, here I tender it for him in the court ;  
 Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice, 30  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority : 35  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

10—12. 'His sceptre is the symbol of the force of earthly power, which is the characteristic of awe and majesty, and from which the dread and fear inspired by kings arise.' 17. *seasons*, tempers.  
 19. *in the course of justice*, if justice took its course. 21. *render*, to pay as though it were a debt. 23. *mitigate*, soften. 24. *follow*, pursue, insist on. 26. 'Let me bear the responsibility for my deeds.'  
 27. *forfeit of my bond*, what is forfeited to me by the breaking of my bond. 28. *discharge*, pay. 34. *truth*, honour. 37. *curb...* of his will, restrain him from getting his will.

*Portia.* It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
Can alter a decree establishèd :  
'Twill be recorded for a precedent, 40  
And many an error by the same example  
Will rush into the state: it cannot be.

*Shylock.* A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!  
O wise young judge, how I do honour thee!

*Portia.* I pray you, let me look upon the bond. 45

*Shylock.* Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

*Portia.* Shylock, there's thrice thy money offer'd thee.

*Shylock.* An oath, an oath, I have an oath in heaven:  
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?  
No, not for Venice.

*Portia.* Why, this bond is forfeit ; 50  
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off  
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful:  
Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

*Shylock.* When it is paid according to the tenour. 55  
It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;  
You know the law, your exposition  
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law,  
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear 60  
There is no power in the tongue of man  
To alter me: I stay here on my bond.

*Antonio.* Most heartily I do beseech the court  
To give the judgment.

*Portia.* Why then, thus it is  
You must prepare your bosom for his knife. 65

*Shylock.* O noble judge! O excellent young man!

*Portia.* Therefore lay bare your bosom.

*Shylock.* Ay, his breast:  
So says the bond: doth it not, noble judge?  
'Nearest his heart:' those are the very words.

50. *forfeit*, forfeited, broken. 55. *the tenour*, its meaning or in-  
tention. 62. *stay*, insist.

- Portia.* It is so. Are there balance here to weigh 70  
The flesh?  
*Shylock.* I have them ready.  
*Portia.* Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,  
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.  
*Shylock.* Is it so nominated in the bond?  
*Portia.* It is not so express'd: but what of that? 75  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.  
*Shylock.* I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.  
*Portia.* You, merchant, have you any thing to say?  
*Antonio.* But little: I am arm'd and well prepared.  
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well! 80  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom: it is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow 85  
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off.  
Commend me to your honourable wife:  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;  
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death; 90  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt;  
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough, 95  
I'll pay it presently with all my heart.  
*Bassanio.* Antonio, I am married to a wife  
Which is as dear to me as life itself;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life: 100  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

70. *balance* is here used for the plural, *balances*. 72. *on your charge*, at your expense. 83. *still*, ever, constantly; *use*, custom.  
89. *process*, manner. 90. *speak me fair*, speak well of me.

*Portia.* Your wife would give you little thanks for that,  
If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

*Gratiano.* I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love: 105  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.

*Nerissa.* 'Tis well you offer it behind her back;  
The wish would make else an unquiet house.

*Portia.* A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine: 110  
The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

*Shylock.* Most rightful judge!

*Portia.* And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

*Shy.* Most learned judge! A sentence! Come, prepare! 115

*Portia.* Tarry a little; there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;  
The words expressly are 'a pound of flesh:'  
Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed 120  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice.

*Gratiano.* O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

*Shylock.* Is that the law?

*Portia.* Thyself shalt see the act: 125  
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

*Gratiano.* O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

*Shylock.* I take this offer, then; pay the bond thrice  
And let the Christian go.

*Bassanio.* Here is the money. 130

*Portia.* Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:  
He shall have nothing but the penalty.

122. *confiscate*, confiscated, forfeited.  
the law.

125. *act*, the record of

3. *Portia's coming home* (page 50, line 32). *The scene is the avenue leading to Portia's house at Belmont on a moonlight night; Lorenzo with his wife Jessica, Shylock's daughter* (page 49, line 10), *is awaiting Portia's return and has sent for the musicians.*

*Lorenzo.* How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
 Here will we sit and let the sounds of music  
 Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night  
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
 Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven 5  
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
 There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st  
 But in his motion like an angel sings,  
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;  
 Such harmony is in immortal souls; 10  
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter Musicians.*

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
 With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear  
 And draw her home with music. [Music. 15

*Jessica.* I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

*Lorenzo.* The reason is, your spirits are attentive:  
 For do but note a wild and wanton herd,  
 Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
 Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud, 20  
 Which is the hot condition of their blood;

4. *become the touches*, befit the sounds. *Touches* means the touching of a musical instrument by the hand. 6. *patines of gold*, golden discs; *patine* is the same word as *paten*. 7—12. These lines refer to the harmony of the spheres; see note on page 81, line 7. *his, its*; so in line 29. 9. *young-eyed*, with the fresh looks of youth. 11. *muddy vesture of decay*, the mortal clay of our bodies. 12. *grossly close it in*, enclose it with its grossness. 13. *Diana*, the goddess of the moon. 17. *attentive*, heedful, sensitive. 19. *unhandled*, unbroken. 21. 'Such is the heat of their blood.'

If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
 Or any air of music touch their ears,  
 You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
 Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze 25  
 By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet  
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods;  
 Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,  
 But music for the time doth change his nature.  
 The man that hath no music in himself, 30  
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
 And his affections dark as Erebus:  
 Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music. 35

*Enter* PORTIA and NERISSA, *unperceived by the others.*

*Portia.* That light we see is burning in my hall.  
 How far that little candle throws his beams!  
 So shines a good deed in a naughty world.  
*Nerissa.* When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.  
*Portia.* So doth the greater glory dim the less: 40  
 A substitute shines brightly as a king  
 Until a king be by, and then his state  
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
 Into the main of waters. Music! hark!  
*Nerissa.* It is your music, madam, of the house. 45  
*Portia.* Nothing is good, I see, without respect:  
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.  
*Nerissa.* Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

24. *mutual*, joint; they all together come to a stand. 27. *feigns*, represent, imagine; according to the Greek poets Orpheus could make trees, rocks and streams follow him by the sweet music of his lute.  
 28. *stockish*, insensible, with as little feeling as a stock or stick.  
 32. *stratagems*, plots; *spoils*, plundering. 34. *Erebus*, hell.  
 44. *main of waters*, the sea. 45. 'It is your household musicians.'  
 46. *without respect*, without regard to its surroundings, by itself.



- Portia.* The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark  
 When neither is attended, and I think 50  
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
 No better a musician than the wren.  
 How many things by season season'd are  
 To their right praise and true perfection! 55  
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion  
 And would not be awaked. [Music ceases.]
- Lorenzo.* That is the voice,  
 Or I am much deceived, of Portia.
- Portia.* He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,  
 By the bad voice.
- Lorenzo.* Dear lady, welcome home. 60

50. *attended*, attended to, carefully noticed. 54—5. 'are made fit by their season or circumstances to gain their due praise and true perfection.' 56. Portia's arrival is now made known by her saying 'Peace, ho!' to the musicians. *Endymion* was beloved by Diana.





