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THE
PLAYS AND POEMS
OF
SHAKESPEARE.
VOL. I.

When Learning's triumph o'er her barbarous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;
Each change of many color'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new :
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain.
His powerful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

JOHNSON.

A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll ;
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.

CHURCHILL.

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SHAKSPEARE.

Engraved by Freeman.

235-39

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

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BY SHAKESPEARE,

ACCORDING TO THE
IMPROVED TEXT OF EDMUND MALONE,
INCLUDING THE LATEST REVISIONS,

WITH
A LIFE, GLOSSARIAL NOTES, AN INDEX,

AND
ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ILLUSTRATIONS,
FROM DESIGNS BY ENGLISH ARTISTS.

EDITED BY
A. J. VALPY, A.M.
FELLOW OF PEMBROKE COLLEGE, OXFORD.

IN FIFTEEN VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HENRY G. BOHN, YORK STREET, COVENT GARDEN.

1857. 7 5 2

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IN presenting the first volume of this edition of the Works of Shakspeare to the notice of the Public, the Editor deems it expedient to point out the leading features by which it is distinguished.

The text of Malone, as published in 1821, in twenty-one volumes, is scrupulously followed; and a brief Historical Sketch and Argument are affixed to each Play.

Dr. Johnson has observed in his excellent Preface, that 'notes are often necessary, but a necessary evil:' such only are inserted as may serve to elucidate obscure passages, or to explain obsolete words and phrases; by which the Editor hopes to obtain for his work the

appellation of 'a *legible* edition of Shakspeare,' uniform with the most popular productions of the present day, and suited to the taste of the age.

The attention of the youthful reader will be directed to the most striking and brilliant passages by the Index, which is intended to form a complete reference to the Beauties of Shakspeare.

The Illustrations are drawn from the one hundred and seventy plates in Boydell's Edition, and executed on steel, in the first style of outline engraving.

The number and quality of the Illustrations, the convenience and portability of the form adopted, and the general execution of the whole work, will it is hoped merit the approbation of the public, as the most useful, ornamental, and economical edition of Shakspeare.

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CONTENTS

OF THE

FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE
LIFE OF SHAKESPEARE	ix
DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE	lvii
THE TEMPEST	1
TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA	97

ILLUSTRATIONS

TO THE

FIRST VOLUME.

	PAGE.
1. Portrait of Shakspeare. Frontispiece.	
2. Shakspeare nursed by Tragedy and Comedy, from a Painting by <i>Romney</i>	viii
3. Infant Shakspeare attended by Nature and the Passions.— <i>Romney</i>	xiii
4. The Monument of Shakspeare in Stratford Church.— <i>Boydell</i>	xli
5. Shakspeare between Poetry and Painting.— <i>Banks</i> .	lvii

THE TEMPEST.

6. Prospero and Miranda before the cell of Prospero.— <i>Romney</i>	1
7. Prospero, Miranda, and Ariel.— <i>Hamilton</i>	13
8. Prospero, Miranda, Caliban, and Ariel.— <i>Fuseli</i>	19
9. Trinculo, Stephano, and Caliban.— <i>Smirke</i>	45
10. Ferdinand and Miranda.— <i>Hamilton</i>	51
11. Prospero, Ferdinand, Miranda, Mask, &c.— <i>Wright</i> .	70
12. Ferdinand and Miranda playing at Chess.— <i>Wheatley</i>	87

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

13. Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.— <i>Angelica Kauffman</i>	190
14. Valentine, Proteus, Silvia, and Julia.— <i>Stothard</i>	192



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L I F E

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

No feeling appears more universal, and natural to the mind of man, than that which transfers an admiration of works of genius into an inquiry respecting the mind whence they emanated; and seldom has curiosity been less gratified than in its researches into the biography of the greatest genius ever known in dramatic poetry. But little more than two centuries have elapsed since the death of our author, and almost as much is ascertained of the private life of Homer, as can now be gleaned of WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE, of whom little more can be learned, save that he lived and died, and was buried in his native town: yet his talents appear to have been highly appreciated by his contemporaries, and still more so by his immediate successors: and it might

well be imagined, that interest or affection would have induced some of these to collect every material connected with his life, which his surviving relatives would without doubt have been willing to communicate.

It is much to be regretted that no attempt of this kind was made before the year 1709, when an edition of Shakspeare was undertaken by Mr. Nicholas Rowe, the dramatic poet, to which he prefixed some biographical particulars, which were communicated by Betterton, the celebrated player, who had visited Warwickshire in order to obtain them : but too long a period had now elapsed : most of the circumstances of the poet's private life were irrecoverably lost, and the inquiries of the tragedian were comparatively unsuccessful. A few traditional anecdotes, trivial in themselves, and unsupported by sufficient evidence, were indeed procured, and learned men have since added to the number of these scanty materials, the most authentic of which we now present to the reader. Perhaps the obscurity in which the circumstances of our author's life are involved shed a sublimity and halo round his magic name, which a more detailed narrative might fail to have afforded.

William Shakspeare, the son of John and Mary Shakspeare, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in Warwickshire, on the 23rd of April, 1564, and was baptised on the 26th of the same month. 'His fa-

mily,' says Mr. Rowe, 'as appears by the register and public writings relating to that town, were of good figure and fashion there, and are mentioned as gentlemen.' Certain it is that the family of Shakspeare is of great antiquity in the county of Warwick, where it was established long before our author's time : we may presume, however, that the patrimony of Mr. John Shakspeare, the father of our dramatist, was insufficient for the support of his family, independent of trade. He was, in fact, a wool-stapler ; and it may be conjectured that during the former part of his life he was in prosperous circumstances, since we find that he was early chosen a member of the corporation of Stratford, and shortly after high bailiff or chief magistrate, now distinguished by the title of mayor. This office he filled in 1569, as appears by the following extracts from the books of the corporation :—

' Jan. 10. in the sixth year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, John Shakspeare passed his chamberlain's accounts.'

' At the hall holden the eleventh day of September, in the eleventh year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, 1569, were present Mr. John Shakspeare, high bailiff.'

During the period that he filled this office he first obtained a grant of arms ; and, in a note annexed to the subsequent patent of 1596, now in the Col-

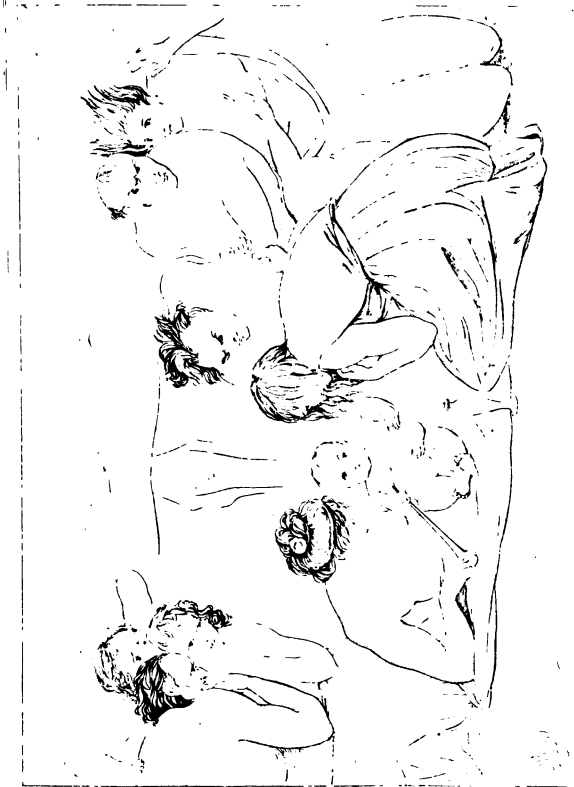
lege of Arms, it is stated that he was likewise a justice of the peace, and possessed of lands and tenements to the amount of 500*l.*

Our author's mother was the daughter and heiress of R. Arden, of Wellingcote, in the county of Warwick, who, in the manuscript above referred to, is called 'a gentleman of worship.' This family appears to have been of considerable antiquity, R. Arden, of Bromwich, Esq. being recorded in Fuller's *Worthies*, among the names of the gentry of this county returned by the commissioners in the twelfth year of Henry VI, A. D. 1433. E. Arden was sheriff for the county in 1568. In consequence of this marriage, Mr. John Shakspeare and his posterity were allowed, by the college of heralds, to impale their arms with the ancient arms of the Ardens of Wellingcote.

Although the father of Shakspeare, at the period of his marriage, appears to have been in easy if not affluent circumstances, an unfavorable change in his prospects may be inferred, because he was excused, in 1579, the weekly payment of 4*d.*, and dismissed the corporation in 1586, as appears from the books, where it is stated that—

'At the hall holden November 19th, in the twenty-first year of the reign of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth, it is ordained, that every alderman shall be taxed to pay weekly 4*d.*, saving J. Shak-

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spere and R. Bruce, who shall not be taxed to pay any thing; and every burgesse to pay 2*d.*'

' At the hall holden on the sixth day of September, in the twenty-eighth year of our sovereign lady, Queen Elizabeth: at this hall W. Smith and R. Courte are chosen to be aldermen, in the places of J. Wheler and J. Shakspeare, for that Mr. Wheler doth desire to be put out of the company, and Mr. Shakspeare doth not come to the halls, when they be warned, nor hath not done of a long time.'

Little more than two months had passed over the head of the infant Shakspeare, when the plague, which in that and the preceding year was so fatal to England, broke out at Stratford-on-Avon, and raged with such violence between the 30th of June and the last day of December, that a seventh part of the population were carried off by the disorder. Fortunately for mankind, it did not reach the house where the infant Shakspeare lay; for not one of that name appears in the dead list.

It appears impossible to ascertain at what period Shakspeare was sent by his father to the free-school at Stratford, where he received his education. Of his school-days, unfortunately, no account whatever has come down to us: we are, therefore, unable to mark his gradual advancement, or to point out the early presages of future renown, which his extraordinary parts must have afforded. Were our poet's

early history accurately known, it would unquestionably furnish us with many indications of that genius, which afterwards rendered him the admiration of the whole civilised world.

Although we know not how long he continued at school, or what proficiency he made there, we may, with the highest probability, assume, that he acquired a competent, though perhaps not a profound knowledge of the Latin language: for why should it be supposed that he, who surpassed all mankind in his maturer years, made less proficiency than his fellows in his youth, while he had the benefit of instructors equally skilful? Even Ben Jonson, who undoubtedly was inclined rather to depreciate than overrate his rival's literary talents, allows that he knew some Latin. In the school of Stratford, therefore, we see no reason to suppose that Shakspeare was outstripped by his contemporaries. Dr. Farmer indeed has proved by unanswerable arguments that he was furnished by translations with most of those topics, which for half a century had been urged as indisputable proofs of his erudition. But though his *Essay* is decisive in this respect, it by no means proves that he had not acquired, at the school of Stratford, a moderate knowledge of Latin, though, perhaps, he never attained such a mastery of that language as to read it without the occasional aid of a dictionary. Like many other scholars who have not

been thoroughly grounded in the ancient tongues, from desuetude in the progress of life, he probably found them daily more difficult; and hence, doubtless, indolence led him rather to English translations, than the original authors, of whose works he wished to avail himself in his dramatic compositions: on which occasion he was certainly too careless minutely to examine whether particular passages were faithfully rendered or not. That such a mind as his was not idle or incurious, and that at this period of his life he perused several of the easier Latin classics, cannot reasonably be doubted; though, perhaps, he never attained a facility of reading those authors, with whom he had not been familiarly acquainted at school. He needed not however, as Dryden has well observed, 'the spectacles of books' to read men: there can be no doubt, that even from his youth he was a curious and diligent observer of the manners and characters, not only of his young associates, but of all around him; a study, in which, unquestionably, he took great delight, and pursued with avidity during the whole course of his future life. Fuller, who was a diligent and accurate inquirer, has given us, in his *Worthies*, printed in 1662, the most full and express opinion on the subject. 'He was an eminent instance,' he remarks, 'of the truth of that rule, *poëta non fit, sed nascitur; one is not made, but born a poet.* Indeed his learning was

very little; so that as Cornish diamonds are not polished by any lapidary, but are pointed and smoothed even as they are taken out of the earth; so nature itself was all the art which was used on him.'

It is generally admitted that Shakspeare was withdrawn from school at a very early age, to direct his attention to his father's business, in order that he might assist in warding off from his family the menacing approach of poverty. Mr. Malone, however, conjectures that he was placed in the office of some country attorney, after leaving school, or with the seneschal of some manor court, where he acquired those technical law phrases that so frequently occur in his plays, and could not have been in common use unless among professional men. But whatever doubts there may be as to his employment on leaving school, it is certain that Shakspeare married and became the father of a family at a very early period; at a period, indeed, when most young men, even in his own days, had only completed their school education; for an entry in the Stratford register mentions, that 'Susanna, daughter of William Shakspeare, was baptised May 26th, 1583,' when he was only nineteen years of age. His wife was Anne Hathaway, the daughter of Richard Hathaway, a substantial yeoman, residing at Shottery, a village near Stratford. It appears also from the tombstone of his widow in the church of Strat-

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William
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ford, that she must have been born in 1556, and was therefore eight years older than her husband, to whom she brought three children, Susanna, Judith, and Hamnet; the last two being twins, who were baptised February 2d, 1584-5.

Shakspeare was now, to all appearance, settled in the country; he was carrying on his own and his father's business; he was married, and had a family around him; a situation, in which the comforts of domestic privacy might be predicted within his reach, but which augured little of that splendid destiny, that universal fame and unparalleled celebrity, which awaited his future career.

Shortly after the birth of his youngest children, our author quitted Stratford for the metropolis: his motive for taking this step must be admitted to be involved in considerable obscurity. We are informed by Rowe, that 'he had; by a misfortune common enough to young fellows, fallen into ill company; and amongst them, some that made a frequent practice of deer-stealing, engaged him more than once in robbing a park that belonged to Sir Thomas Lucy, of Charlecote, near Stratford. For this he was prosecuted by that gentleman, as he thought, somewhat too severely; and in order to revenge that ill usage, he made a ballad on him: and though this, probably the first essay of his poetry, is lost, yet it is said to have been so very bitter, that it re-

doubled the prosecution against him to that degree, that he was obliged to leave his business and family in Warwickshire for some time, and shelter himself in London.'

The detection of Shakspeare in his adventurous amusement, was followed, it is said, by confinement for a short time in the keeper's lodge, until the charge had been substantiated against him. A farm-house in the park, situated on a spot called Daisy Hill, is still pointed out as the very building which sheltered the delinquent on this unfortunate occasion.

That Sir Thomas had reason to complain of this violation of his property, and was warranted in taking proper steps to prevent its recurrence, cannot be denied; and yet it appears from tradition, that a reprimand and public exposure of his conduct constituted all the punishment that was at first inflicted on the offender. Here the matter would have rested, had not the irritable feelings of our young bard, inflamed by the disgrace which he had suffered, induced him to attempt a retaliation on the magistrate. He had recourse to his talents for satire, and the ballad which he is said to have produced for this purpose was probably his earliest effort as a writer.

Of this pasquinade, which the poet took care should be affixed to Sir Thomas's park gates, and extensively circulated through his neighborhood, three stanzas have been brought forward as genuine

fragments. The preservation of the whole would certainly have been a most entertaining curiosity; but even the authenticity of what is said to have been preserved becomes a subject of interest, when we recollect that the fate and fortunes of our author hinged on this juvenile production.

Mr. William Oldys, (Norroy king at arms, and well known from the share he had in compiling the *Biographia Britannica*) among some collections which he left for a life of Shakspeare, observes, 'that there was a very aged gentleman living in the neighborhood of Stratford, where he died fifty years since, who had not only heard from several old people in that town of Shakspeare's transgression, but could remember the first stanza of that bitter ballad, which repeating to one of his acquaintance, he preserved it in writing; and here it is, neither better nor worse, but faithfully transcribed from the copy which his relation very courteously communicated to me:—

A parlamente member, a justice of peace,
 At home a poor scare-crowe, at London an asse,
 If lowsie is Lucy, as some volke miscalle it,
 Then Lucy is lowsie whatever befall it:
 He thinks himself greate,
 Yet an asse in his state
 We allowe by his ears but with asses to mate.
 If Lucy is lowsie, as some volke miscalle it,
 Sing lowsie Lucy, whatever befall it.'

Although neither the wit nor the poetry of this

satire deserves much praise, yet at the time when it was written, it might have had sufficient power to exasperate an irritable magistrate; especially as it was affixed to his park gates, and consequently published among his neighbors. It may be remarked likewise, in favor of its authenticity, that the jingle on which it turns occurs in the first scene of the 'Merry Wives of Windsor.' We may add too, that Steevens considered Mr. Oldys' veracity as unimpeachable, remarking, at the same time, that 'it is not very probable that a ballad should be forged, from which an undiscovered wag could derive no triumph over antiquarian credulity.'

According to Mr. Capell, this ballad came originally from Mr. Thomas Jones, who lived at Tarbick, a village in Worcestershire, about 18 miles from Stratford-on-Avon, and died in 1703, aged upwards of ninety. 'He remembered to have heard from several old people at Stratford the story of Shakspeare's robbing Sir Thomas Lucy's park, and their account of it agreed with Mr. Rowe's, with this addition, that the ballad written against Sir T. Lucy by Shakspeare was stuck on his park gate, which exasperated the knight to apply to a lawyer at Warwick to proceed against him. Mr. Jones put down in writing the first stanza of this ballad, which was all he remembered of it.' In a note on the transcript with which Mr. Capell was furnished, it

is said that 'the people of those parts pronounce lowsie like Lucy.' They do so to this day in Scotland. Mr. Wilkes, grandson of the gentleman to whom Mr. Jones repeated the stanza, appears to have been the person who gave a copy of it to Mr. Oldys and Mr. Capell.

In a manuscript History of the Stage, written between the years 1727 and 1730, in which are contained forgeries and falsehoods of various kinds, we meet with the following passage, on which although we are unable to repose an equal degree of confidence, still the internal evidence is such, as to render its genuineness far from improbable :—

'Here we shall observe that the learned Mr. Joshua Barnes, late Greek professor at Cambridge, baiting, about 40 years ago, at an inn in Stratford, and hearing an old woman singing part of the above song, such was his respect for Shakspeare's genius, that he gave her a new gown for the two following stanzas in it; and, could she have said it all, he would (as he often said in company when any discourse casually arose about him) have given her ten guineas :—

Sir Thomas was too covetous
 To covet so much deer,
 When horns enough upon his head
 Most plainly did appear.
 Had not his worship one deer left?
 What then? He had a wife
 Took pains enough to find him horns
 Should last him during life'

Mr. Malone has endeavored to prove that the whole story of the deer-stealing is unworthy of credit, that the verses are altogether spurious, and that Sir T. Lucy never was in possession of a park at Charlecote; and thinks it much more probable that Shakspeare's own lively disposition made him acquainted with some of the principal performers who visited Stratford, and that there he first determined to engage in the profession of a player. The arrival of our author in London is generally supposed to have taken place in 1586, when he was 22 years of age.

Mr. Rowe has affirmed, on a tradition which we have no claim to dispute, that 'he was obliged to leave his family for some time;' a fact in the highest degree probable, from the causes which led to his removal; for it is not to be supposed, situated as he then was, that he would be willing to render his wife and children the partakers and companions of the disasters and disappointments which it was probable he had to encounter. Tradition farther says, as preserved in the manuscripts of Aubrey, that 'he was wont to go to his native country once a yeare;' and Mr. Oldys, in his collections for a life of our author, repeats this report with an additional circumstance, remarking, 'if tradition may be trusted, Shakspeare often baited at the Crown Inn, at Oxford, in his journey to and from London.' The testimony of

these statements will be strongly corroborated, if we consult the parish register of Stratford; for it appears on that record, that, merely including his children, there is a succession of baptisms, marriages, and deaths in his family at Stratford, from 1583 to 1616. In addition to this evidence, it may be remarked, that the poet, in a mortgage, dated the 10th of March, 1612-13, is described as William Shakspeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, gentleman; and that by his contemporaries he was frequently styled 'the sweet swan of Avon;' designations, which must be considered as implying the family residence of our author. These circumstances induced Mr. Chalmers, after much research, to conclude that Shakspeare 'had no fixed residence in the metropolis, nor ever considered London as his home; but had resolved that his wife and family should remain through life at Stratford, though he himself made frequent excursions to London, the scene of his profit, and the theatre of his fame.'

Much controversy has been excited respecting the nature of our author's early employment at the London theatre, to which he appears to have been introduced by Thomas Greene, a celebrated comedian of the day, a native of Stratford, and, probably, a relative of Shakspeare. We are informed by Rowe, 'that he was received into the company then in being, at first, in a very mean rank.' It has been

related that his first office was that of call-boy, or attendant on the prompter, and that his business was to give notice to the performers when their different entries on the stage were required. We may, however, reasonably conclude that Mr. Rowe only meant to imply that his engagement as an actor was, at first, in the performance of characters of the lowest class, and that his rising talents afterwards recommended him to the personation of a more elevated range of parts. John Aubrey, a student at Oxford, only 26 years after the poet's death, strongly substantiates this view of the case, when he tells us, that 'being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, he came to London, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well.'

Another tradition, which places him in a still meaner occupation, is said to have been transmitted through the medium of Sir W. Davenant to Mr. Betterton, who communicated it to Mr. Rowe, and this gentleman to Mr. Pope, by whom, according to Dr. Johnson, it was related in the following terms:—'In the time of Elizabeth, coaches being yet uncommon, and hired coaches not at all in use, those who were too proud, too tender, or too idle to walk, went on horseback to any distant business or diversion. Many came on horseback to the play; and when Shakspeare fled to London from the terror of a criminal prosecution, his first expedient was to

wait at the door of the playhouse, and hold the horses of those who had no servants, that they might be ready again after the performance. In this office he became so conspicuous for his care and readiness, that, in a short time, every man, as he alighted, called for Will Shakspeare, and scarcely any other waiter was trusted with a horse while Will Shakspeare could be had. This was the first dawn of better fortune. Shakspeare, finding more horses put into his hand than he could hold, hired boys to wait under his inspection, who, when Will Shakspeare was summoned, were immediately to present themselves, 'I am Shakspeare's boy, sir.' In time, Shakspeare found higher employment: but as long as the practice of riding to the playhouse continued, the waiters that held the horses retained the appellation of Shakspeare's boys.'

The authenticity of this tradition appears very questionable. It should be remembered that this anecdote first appeared in Cibber's Lives of the Poets; and that if it were known to Mr. Rowe, it is evident he thought it so little intitled to credit, that he chose not to risk its insertion in his life of our poet. In short, if we reflect for a moment, that Shakspeare, though he fled from Stratford to avoid the severity of a prosecution, could not be destitute of money or friends, as the necessity for that flight was occasioned by an imprudent ebullition of wit,

and not by any serious delinquency; that the father of his wife was a yeoman both of respectability and property; that his own father, though impoverished, was still in business; and that he had, in all likelihood, a ready admission to the stage through the influence of persons of leading weight in its concerns; we cannot, without doing the utmost violence to probability, conceive that, under these circumstances, and in the 23rd year of his age, he would submit to the degrading employment of either a horse-holder at the door of a theatre, or of a call-boy within its walls.

That Shakspeare had a perfect knowlege of his art is sufficiently proved by the instructions which are given to the player in Hamlet, and by other passages in his works: it is improbable, however, that he was entrusted with first-rate characters. Mr. Rowe has mentioned as the sole result of his inquiries, that he excelled in representing the Ghost in Hamlet; and if the names of the actors prefixed to 'Every Man in his Humor' were arranged in the same order as the persons of the drama, he must have performed the part of Old Knowell in that comedy. A traditionary anecdote relating to our author's dramatic performances, preserved by Mr. Oldys, and communicated to him, as Mr. Malone thinks, by Mr. T. Jones, of Tarbick, imports, (as corrected by the learned commentator) that a relation of Shakspeare, then in advanced age, but who

in his youth had been in the habit of visiting London for the purpose of seeing him act in some of his own plays, told Mr. Jones, that he had a faint recollection 'of having once seen him act a part in one of his own comedies, wherein, being to personate a decrepit old man, he wore a long beard, and appeared so weak, and drooping, and unable to walk, that he was forced to be supported and carried by another person to a table, at which he was seated among some company, who were eating, and one of them sang a song.' That this part was the character of Adam, in 'As You Like It,' there can be no doubt: and hence, perhaps, we may be warranted in the conclusion, that the representation of aged characters was peculiarly his forte.

We now come to that era in the life of Shakspeare when he began to write his immortal dramas, and to develop those powers which have rendered him the delight and wonder of successive ages. At the time that he became in some degree a public character, we naturally expect to find many anecdotes recorded of his literary history: but by a strange fatality, the same want of authentic record, the same absence of all contemporary anecdote, marks every stage of his life. Even the date at which his first play appeared is unknown, and the greatest uncertainty prevails with respect to the chronological order in which the whole series was exhibited or published, of which 14

only were printed during the life-time of the poet. As this subject was justly considered by Malone to be both curious and interesting, he has appropriated to its examination a long and laborious essay. Chalmers, in his 'Supplemental Apology,' however endeavors to controvert Malone's dates, and assigns them to other eras. Dr. Drake suggests a new chronological arrangement, and assigns very plausible arguments in support of his opinions: he thinks that the first drama, either wholly, or in great part written by him, was 'Pericles,' which was produced in 1590. Malone says the 'First Part of Henry VI.' published in 1589, and commonly attributed to Shakspeare, was not written by him, though it might receive some corrections from his pen at a subsequent period, in order to fit it for representation. The 'Second Part of Henry VI.' this writer contends, ought therefore to be considered as Shakspeare's first dramatic piece; and he thinks that it might be composed about 1591, but certainly not earlier than 1590.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

	Malone.	Chalmers.	Drake.
1. Henry VI. Part 1.	1589	1595	—
2. Pericles	—	—	1590
3. Henry VI. Part 2.	1591	1595	1592
4. Henry VI. Part 3.	1591	1595	1592
5. Two Gentlemen of Verona	1591	1595	1595
6. Comedy of Errors	1592	1591	1591
7. Richard II.	1593	1596	1596

	Malone.	Chalmers.	Drake.
8. Richard III.	1593	1595	1595
9. Love's Labor's Lost	1594	1592	1591
10. Merchant of Venice	1594	1597	1597
11. Midsummer Night's Dream	1594	1598	1593
12. Taming of the Shrew	1596	1598	1594
13. Romeo and Juliet	1596	1592	1593
14. King John	1596	1598	1598
15. Henry IV. Part 1.	1597	1596	1596
16. Henry IV. Part 2.	1599	1597	1596
17. As You Like It	1599	1599	1600
18. Henry V.	1599	1597	1599
19. Much Ado about Nothing	1600	1599	1599
20. Hamlet	1600	1597	1597
21. Merry Wives of Windsor	1601	1596	1601
22. Troilus and Cressida	1602	1600	1601
23. Measure for Measure	1603	1604	1603
24. Henry VIII.	1603	1613	1602
25. Othello	1604	1614	1612
26. King Lear	1605	1605	1604
27. All's Well that Ends Well	1606	1599	1598
28. Macbeth	1606	1606	1606
29. Julius Cæsar	1607	1607	1607
30. Twelfth Night	1607	1613	1613
31. Antony and Cleopatra	1608	1608	1608
32. Cymbeline	1609	1606	1605
33. Coriolanus	1610	1609	1609
34. Timon of Athens	1610	1601	1602
35. Winter's Tale	1611	1601	1610
36. Tempest	1611	1613	1611

Much has been said by different commentators on certain plays ascribed to Shakspeare, but which are of such a doubtful class, that it is almost impossible to identify their authors; and it is quite impossible to prove them 'to be, or not to be,' the writings of the bard of Avon. 'Titus Andronicus' is generally classed with his plays; but all the critics, except

Capell and Schlegel, consider it to be unworthy of Shakspeare. The editors of the first folio edition however have included it in that volume; which, combined with other circumstances, implies that they considered the play as his production. George Meres, a contemporary and admirer of Shakspeare, enumerates it among his works in 1598, and Meres was personally acquainted with, and consulted by, our poet. 'I cannot conceive,' says Schlegel, 'that all the critical scepticism in the world would be sufficient to get over such a testimony. The same critic assigns other reasons to show that this play was one of Shakspeare's early productions, between 1584 and 1590. 'Can we imagine,' he asks, 'that such an active head would remain idle for six whole years, without making any attempt to emerge by his talents from an uncongenial situation?' The following pieces appeared during Shakspeare's lifetime, and with his name to them:—1. *Lochrine*; 2. *Sir John Oldcastle*; 3. *Lord Cromwell*; 4. *The London Prodigal*; 5. *The Puritan*; and, 6. *A Yorkshire Tragedy*. Schlegel, speaking of these plays, says. 'The last three are not only unquestionably Shakspeare's, but, in my opinion, they deserve to be classed among his best and maturest works. Steevens admits at least in some degree, that they are Shakspeare's, as well as the others, excepting '*Lochrine*;' but he speaks of them all with great contempt, as

quite worthless productions.' On the same subject let us hear the decided language of Dr. Drake:— 'Of these wretched dramas, it has been now positively proved, through the medium of the Henslowe papers, that the name of Shakspeare, which is printed at length in the title-pages of Sir John Oldcastle, 1690, and The London Prodigal, 1605, was affixed to those pieces by a knavish bookseller, without any foundation.' Eight other dramatic pieces have been attributed to Shakspeare; all of which are condemned by Dr. Drake, who says, he does not believe that 'twenty lines can be found of Shakspeare in 'King Henry VI.' or 'Titus Andronicus,' and not so many in the six above enumerated; and therefore,' says he, 'to enter into any critical discussion of the merits or defects of these pieces, would be an utter abuse of time.' The same may be said of other volumes, consisting of poems, &c. which certain unprincipled booksellers have foisted on the world, even with the name of Shakspeare in the title-page. A rare little volume, called 'Cupid's Cabinet Unlocked,' in the possession of James Ferry, Esq., with the name of our author, was inspected by that enthusiastic admirer of Shakspeare, Mr. Britton, who pronounces it to have no other characteristic of the great author, whose name is thus prostituted.

Besides his thirty-six plays, Shakspeare wrote some poetical pieces, which were published separately, viz. Venus and Adonis, printed in 1593; The

Rape of Lucrece, in 1594; *The Passionate Pilgrim*, in 1599; *A Lover's Complaint*, undated; and a volume of *Sonnets*, in 1609. The first and second of these productions were dedicated to his great patron, the Earl of Southampton, who is reported, at one time, to have given Shakspeare 1000*l.* to enable him to complete a purchase; a sum which in those days would be equal in value to more than five times its present amount. This may be, and probably is, an exaggeration; but that it has been founded on the well-known liberality of Lord Southampton to Shakspeare; on a certain knowlege that donations had passed from the peer to the poet, there can be little doubt. The earls of Pembroke and Montgomery are said to have vied with this amiable nobleman in the patronage of our author, who was soon after honored by the favor of Queen Elizabeth, at whose desire he is stated to have composed the '*Merry Wives of Windsor.*' Tradition says, this was executed in a fortnight, and afforded Her Majesty intire satisfaction. The approbation and encouragement of the two sovereigns, under whose reigns he florished, was a subject of contemporary notoriety; for Ben Jonson, in his celebrated eulogy, thus apostrophises his departed friend:—

Sweet swan of Avon, what a sight it were,
To see thee in our waters yet appear;
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames,
That so did take Eliza and our James.

The latter monarch was present at the representation of many of his pieces, and is stated by Lintot to have written 'an amicable letter to Mr. Shakspeare,' in return, as Dr. Farmer supposes, for the compliment paid to him in Macbeth, where allusion is made to the kingdoms of England and Scotland being united under one sovereign, and to James's pretensions of curing the malady of the king's evil by his royal touch. This letter is said to have remained long in the possession of Sir W. Davenant, who was by some persons thought to be an illegitimate son of our author, if the following traditionary anecdote be worthy of credit:—

That Shakspeare was accustomed to pay an annual visit to his native place has been already noticed; and we learn from Antony Wood, that in performing these journeys, he used to bait at the Crown Inn at Oxford, which was then kept by J. Davenant, the father of the poet. Antony represents Mrs. Davenant as both beautiful and accomplished, and her husband as a lover of plays, and a great admirer of Shakspeare. The frequent visits of the bard, and the charms of his landlady, appear to have given birth to some scandalous surmises; for Oldys, repeating Wood's story, adds, on the authority of Betterton and Pope, that their son, young Will Davenant, afterwards Sir William, was then a little school-boy in the town, of about seven or eight years old, and so fond also of Shakspeare, that

whenever he heard of his arrival, he would fly from school to see him. One day, an old townsman, observing the boy running homeward almost out of breath, asked him whither he was posting in that heat and hurry. He answered, to see his *god-father* Shakspeare. 'There's a good boy,' said the other; 'but have a care that you don't take *God's* name in vain.' It has been also said that Sir William had the weakness to feel gratified by the publicity of this supposition.

In the year 1596 Shakspeare's feelings as a father were put to a severe trial, by the loss of his only son, Hamnet, who died in August, at the age of twelve.

Shakspeare was now residing, it would appear from evidence referred to by Mr. Malone, near the Bear Garden in Southwark; and in the following year, 1597, he purchased of Wm. Underhill, Esq. one of the best houses in his native town of Stratford, which, having repaired and improved, he denominated New Place. Whether this was the purchase, in which he is said to have been so materially assisted by Lord Southampton, cannot positively be affirmed; but as he had not long emerged from his difficulties, it is highly probable that, on this, as well as on subsequent occasions, he was indebted to the bounty of his patron.¹ It must be gratifying to

¹ A late reviewer has observed, in estimating the genius of Byron and Shakspeare, that the former could never claim

every reader to reflect, that one, to whom mankind has been so largely indebted for the pleasure and instruction which his writings have afforded, was not, while he was administering to the delight of others, himself laboring under the pressure of poverty; and we are rejoiced to find him, at the close of life, leaving his family in a state of comparative affluence.

The commencement of the intimacy between our author and Ben Jonson has been commonly assigned to the year 1598. We are informed by Mr. Rowe, that his friendship 'began with a remarkable piece of humanity and good nature. Mr. Jonson, who was at that time altogether unknown to the world,

equal talent with the latter in his delineations of high life; since Shakspeare never had the advantage of mixing in such society, while Byron was bred and educated in the midst of it. The same opinion has indeed been generally adopted, and some Commentators have even considered that Shakspeare always lived in a state of comparative obscurity. Such however cannot be the fact; for with the acknowledged patronage of such men as Lords Southampton, Pembroke, and Montgomery, it cannot well be doubted that he was introduced to the society and intercourse of great as well as good men.—Is it not a little surprising that Lord Byron should have disparaged the genius of Shakspeare, whom every great poet and philosopher has so universally and unequivocally admired and extolled? The excessive praise bestowed by Byron on Pope suggests many reflections, which more properly belong to his own biography; though perhaps such extreme approbation may have had some reference to his own occasional controversies relative to that poet.

had offered one of his plays to the players to have it acted; and the persons into whose hands it was put, after having turned it carelessly and superciliously over, were just on the point of returning it to him with an ill-natured answer, that it would be of no service to the company, when Shakspeare luckily cast his eye on it, and found something so well in it, as to engage him first to read it through, and afterwards to recommend Mr. Jonson and his writings to the public.'

That this kind office was in perfect unison with the general character of Shakspeare will readily be admitted; yet there is much reason to conclude that the whole account is without foundation. Both Mr. Malone and Dr. Drake concur in disbelieving the story; and 'that Jonson was altogether unknown to the world,' remarks Mr. Gifford, 'is a palpable untruth. At this period, 1598, Jonson was as well known as Shakspeare, and perhaps better. He was poor indeed, and very poor, and a mere retainer of the theatres; but he was intimately acquainted with Henslowe and Alleyn, and with all the performers at their houses: he was familiar with Drayton, Chapman, Rowley, Middleton, and Fletcher; he had been writing for three years, in conjunction with Marston, Decker, Chettle, Porter, Bird, and with most of the poets of the day; he was celebrated by Meres as one of the principal

writers of tragedy; and he had long been rising in reputation as a scholar and poet among the most distinguished characters of the age. At this moment he was employed on 'Every Man out of his Humor,' which was acted in 1599; and, in the elegant dedication of that comedy to the gentlemen of the Inns of Court, he says, 'When I wrote this poem, I had friendship with divers of your societies, who as they were great names in learning, so were they no less examples of living. Of them, and then, that I say no more, it was not despised.' And yet Jonson was, at this time, 'altogether unknown to the world!' and offered a virgin comedy, which had already been three years on the stage, to a player, in the humble hope that it might be accepted!

Neither are the charges of enmity, which have been so often preferred against Jonson by Rowe and others, better deserving of credit. Mr. Gifford, after successfully overthrowing the long prevalent stories of the hostility which is said to have subsisted between these two great men, thus remarks:—'It is my fixed persuasion, not lightly adopted, but deduced from a wide examination of the subject, that Jonson and Shakspeare were friends and associates till the latter finally retired;—that no feud, no jealousy ever disturbed their connexion;—that Shakspeare was pleased with Jonson, and that Jonson loved and admired Shakspeare.'

It appears not a little remarkable, that Jonson seems to have maintained a higher place in the estimation of the public in general than our poet, for more than a century after the death of the latter. Within that period Jonson's works are said to have passed through several editions, while Shakspeare's were comparatively neglected till the time of Rowe. This circumstance is in a great measure to be accounted for on the principle that classical literature and collegiate learning were regarded in those days as the chief criterions of merit.

In 1599, Shakspeare's sister, Joan, was united to Mr. William Hart, a hatter in Stratford;—an occurrence, which, in the great dearth of events unfortunately incident to our subject, is of some importance: and on the 8th of September, 1601. his father, Mr. John Shakspeare, expired, leaving a name immortalized by the celebrity of his offspring.

In 1602, no other trace of our author is discoverable, independent of his literary exertions, than that, on the first day of May, in that year, he purchased, in Stratford, 107 acres of land, for 320*l.* which lands appear to have been connected with his former purchase of New Place, and to have descended with it.

On the last day of 1607, our poet buried, at St. Saviour, Southwark, his brother Edmond. who with singular precision is entered in the register of that

parish as 'Edmond Shakspeare, a player;' so that, as Mr. Chalmers has observed, 'there were two Shakspeares on the stage during the same period.'

Though Shakspeare continued to write till 1611 or 1613, he had probably declined appearing as an actor long before that period; as no mention of his name can be found among the list of players subsequent to the production of Ben Jonson's *Sejanus* in 1603, in which year he succeeded in obtaining a license from King James, to exhibit comedies, tragedies, histories, &c. at the Globe theatre; and was enabled to acquire, during his dramatic career from this period, a considerable accumulation of property. Gildon, in his *Letters and Essays*, 1694, estimated the amount at 300*l.* per annum, a sum at least equal to 1000*l.* in our days; but Mr. Malone thinks that it could not exceed 200*l.*, which yet was a considerable fortune in those times. Being thus in possession of an independence adequate to his wishes, he quitted the business of the theatre, and passed the remainder of his life in honorable ease, at his native town.

The exact period at which Shakspeare quitted the metropolis has not been ascertained; but as his name does not occur in the accounts of the Globe theatre for 1613, and no mention is made of it in his will; it seems reasonable to infer, that he disposed of his interest in that concern previous to

leaving London, which event probably took place in the summer of that year.

That he was greatly honored and respected at Stratford, we are induced to credit, not only from tradition, but from the tone and disposition of heart and intellect which his works everywhere evince; and, accordingly, Rowe has told us, that 'his pleasurable wit and good nature engaged him in the acquaintance, and intitled him to the friendship, of the gentlemen of the neighborhood.'

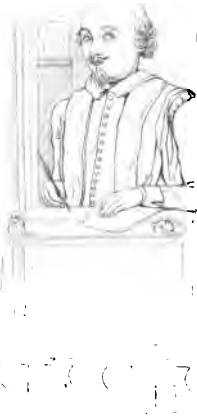
Shortly after the retirement of Shakspeare from public life, his residence narrowly escaped a dreadful conflagration, which, on July 9th, 1614, destroyed 54 houses at Stratford, and consumed much valuable property.

It is not known what particular malady terminated the life and labors of this incomparable genius. He died on the 23d of April, 1616, his birth-day, when he had exactly completed his 52d year. It is remarkable, that on the same day expired, in Spain, his great and amiable contemporary, Cervantes; the world being thus deprived, at nearly the same moment, of the two most original writers which modern Europe has produced.

On the second day after his decease the remains of Shakspeare were committed to the grave, within the chancel of the parish church; where a flat stone and monument were afterwards placed to point out

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Boydell del.

Sturling sc.

MONUMENT OF SHAKESPEARE.
In Stratford Church.

the spot, and commemorate his likeness, name, and memory. In what year the monument was erected is not known, but certainly before 1623, as it is mentioned in the verses of Leonard Digges in that year. He is represented under an arch, in a sitting posture, a cushion spread before him, with a pen in his right hand, and his left rested on a scroll of paper. The following distich is engraved under the cushion :—

Judicio Pylivm, genio Socratem, arte Maronem,
Terra tegit, popvlvs mæret, Olympvs habet.

In addition to this Latin inscription, the following lines are found on a tablet immediately underneath the cushion on his monument :—

Stay, passenger, why goest thou by so fast ?
Read, if thou canst, whom envious death hath plast
Within this monvment, Shakspeare ; with whome
Qvick natvre dide ; whose name doth deck ys tombe
Far more than coste, sieth all yt. he hath writt,
Leaves living art bvt page to serve his witt.

Obiit Ano. Doi. 1616. ætatis 53. die 23 Ap.

On his grave-stone underneath is the following inscription, expressed, as Mr. Steevens observes, in an uncouth mixture of small and capital letters :—

Good Frend for Iesus SAKE forbear
To digg T-E Dust EncløAsed HERe
Blese be T-E Man ^T_Y spares T-ES Stones
And curst be He ^T_Y moves my Bones.

It is uncertain whether this epitaph was written by Shakspeare himself, or by one of his friends after his death. 'The imprecation contained in the last line was probably suggested,' as Mr. Malone has remarked, 'by an apprehension that his remains might share the same fate with those of the rest of his countrymen, and be added to the immense pile of human bones deposited in the charnel-house at Stratford.'

In the year 1741, another very noble and beautiful monument was raised to his memory, at the public expense, in Westminster Abbey, under the direction of the Earl of Burlington, Dr. Mead, Mr. Pope, and Mr. Martyn. It stands near the south door of the Abbey, and was the work of Scheemaker, after a design of Kent. The performers of each of the London theatres gave a benefit to defray the expenses, and the dean and chapter took nothing for the ground.

We have now recorded the substance of the scanty notices respecting the life of Shakspeare, which we are enabled to collect from Rowe and from various commentators on his works. To these we shall add the following anecdotes from John Aubrey, in his manuscript collections in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. It is worthy of note, that Aubrey resided at Oxford for several years after 1642; that he was intimate with Sir W. Davenant,

Hobbes, Milton, Ray, &c.; that he made it a practice to collect and write down anecdotes of his friends and of public characters; that Davenant knew Shakspeare; that there was frequent communication between Stratford and Oxford; and that, although there are some variations in the accounts of Rowe and Aubrey, the latter is, on the whole, most intitled to credit.

‘ Mr. William Shakespear was borne at Stratford upon Avon, in the county of Warwick: his father was a butcher, and I have been told heretofore by some of the neighbours, that when he was a boy he exercised his father’s trade; but when he kill’d a calfe, he would doe it in a high style, and make a speech. There was at that time another butcher’s son in this towne, that was helde not at all inferior to him for a naturall witt, his acquaintance and coetanean, but dyed young. This William, being inclined naturally to poetry and acting, came to London, I guesse about eighteen, and was an actor at one of the playhouses, and did act exceedingly well. Now Ben Jonson never was a good actor, but an excellent instructor. He began early to make essayes at dramatique poetry, which at that time was very lowe, and his playes tooke well. He was a handsome, well-shap’t man, very good company, and of a very readie and pleasant smooth witt: the humour of the constable in ‘ A Midsum-

mer Night's Dreame,'¹ he happened to take at Grendon, in Bucks, which is the roade from London to Stratford; and there was living that constable about 1642, when I first came to Oxon. Mr. Jos. Howe is of that parish, and knew him. Ben Jonson and he did gather humours of men dayly, wherever they came. One time, as he was at the tavern, at Stratford-upon-Avon, one Combes, an old rich usurer, was to be buried; he makes there this extemporary epitaph:—

Ten in the hundred the devill allowes,
 But Combes will have twelve he swears and vowes:
 If any one askes who lies in this tombe,
 'Hoh,' quoth the devill, ' 'tis my John o' Combe.'

' He was wont to goe to his native country once a yeare. I think I have been told, that he left 200 or 300 lib. per annum, there and therabout, to a sister. I have heard Sir William D'Avenant and Mr. Thomas Shadwell, who is counted the best comœdian we have now, say that he had a most prodigious witt; and did admire his naturall parts ueyond all other dramaticall writers. He was wont to say that he never blotted out a line in his life: sayd Ben Jonson, 'I wish he had blotted out a thousand.' His comœdies will remain witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles

¹ Probably Dogberry, in 'Much Ado about Nothing.'

mores hominum: now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that twenty years hence they will not be understood.

‘ Though, as Ben Jonson sayes of him, that he had but little Latine and lesse Greek, he understood Latine pretty well, for he had been in his younger years a schoolmaster in the country.’ See Letters from the Bodleian Library, &c. iii. 307.

In order to reconcile these conflicting testimonies, Malone supposes that Aubrey confounded the father of our poet, with John, son of Thomas Shakspeare, a butcher at Warwick, who lived at the same period. Dr. Drake, however, conjectures that John Shakspeare, when under the pressure of adversity, might combine the two employments of wool-stapler and butcher, which are in a certain degree connected with each other. The same learned author seems also inclined to believe, with Malone, that, in the early part of his life, Shakspeare was employed in the office of an attorney; that some uncertain rumor of this kind might have continued to the middle of the last century; and by the time it reached Aubrey, our poet’s original occupation was changed from a scrivener to that of a schoolmaster.

To the disposition and moral character of Shakspeare, to the felicity of his temper and the sweetness of his manners, tradition has ever borne the most uniform and favorable testimony: and, indeed, had

she been silent on the subject, his own works would have whispered to us the truth; would have told us, in almost every page, of the gentleness, the benevolence, and the goodness of his heart. That a temper of this description, and combined with such talents, should be the object of sincere and ardent friendship, can excite no surprise. 'I loved the man,' says Jonson, with a noble burst of enthusiasm, 'and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature.' 'My gentle Shakspeare' is the language of the same great man, in his poem to the memory of our bard; and Rowe, repeating the uncontradicted rumor of times past, has told us, 'that every one, who had a true sense of merit, and could distinguish men, had generally a just value and esteem for him;' adding, 'that his exceeding candor and good nature must certainly have inclined all the gentler part of the world to love him.'

Mrs. Shakspeare, who survived her husband eight years, was buried between his grave and the north wall of the chancel, under a stone inlaid with brass, and thus inscribed:—

Heere lyeth interred the bodye of Anne, wife of Mr. William Shakespeare, who depected. this life the 6th day of Avgvst, 1623, being of the age of 67 yeares.

Vbera, tv, Mater, tv lac vitamq. dedisti;
Væ mihi! pro tanto mvnere saxa dabo.

Qvam mallem, amoveat lapidem bonvs angel' ore,
 Exeat vt Christi corpvs, imago tva.
 Sed nil vota valent ; venias cito, Christe ; resvrget,
 Clavsa licet tvmvlo, mater, et astra petet.

Of Shakspeare's two daughters, the eldest, Susanna, married Dr. John Hall, a physician of Stratford, who is said to have obtained much reputation and practice. She brought her husband an only child, Elizabeth, who was married, first, to Thomas Nashe, Esq. and afterwards to Sir John Barnard, of Abingdon, in Northamptonshire ; but had no issue by either of them. Judith, Shakspeare's second daughter, married Thomas Quiney, a vintner of Stratford, by whom she had three children ; but none of them reached their twentieth year, and they left no posterity. Hence our poet's last lineal descendant was Lady Barnard, who was buried at Abingdon, February 17, 1669-70. Dr. Hall, her father, died November 25, 1635, and her mother July 11, 1649 ; and both were interred in Stratford church.

Our poet's house and lands continued in the possession of his descendants to the time of the Restoration, when they were repurchased by the Clopton family, the original proprietors. Sir Hugh Clopton, who was knighted by George I., modernised the residence by internal and external alterations, and in 1742, entertained Macklin, Garrick, and Dr. Delany under Shakspeare's mulberry-tree. By Sir

Hugh's executor it was sold to the Rev. Francis Gastrell, vicar of Frodsham in Cheshire; who, if we may judge by his actions, felt no pride or pleasure in this charming retirement, no consciousness of being possessed of the sacred ground, which the Muses had consecrated to the memory of their favorite poet. The celebrated mulberry-tree, planted by Shakspeare's hand, became first an object of his dislike, because it subjected him to answer the frequent importunities of travellers, whose zeal might prompt them to visit it. In an evil hour the sacrilegious priest ordered the tree, then remarkably large and at its full growth, to be cut down; which was no sooner done, than it was cleft to pieces for fire-wood: this took place in 1756, to the great vexation, not only of the inhabitants, but of every admirer of our bard. The greater part of it was however soon after purchased by Mr. T. Sharp, watch-maker, of Stratford; who, well acquainted with the value set on it by the world, turned it much to his advantage, by converting every fragment into small boxes, goblets, tooth-pick cases, tobacco-stoppers, and numerous other articles. Nor did New Place long escape the destructive hand of Mr. Gastrell, who, being compelled to pay the monthly assessments towards the maintenance of the poor, some of which he expected to avoid because he resided part of the year at Lichfield, though his

servants continued in the house at Stratford during his absence;—in the heat of his anger declared, that house should never be assessed again; and to give his imprecation due effect, and wishing as it seems to be ‘damn’d to everlasting fame,’ the demolition of New Place soon followed; for in 1759 he razed the building to the ground, disposed of the materials, and left Stratford amidst the rage and curses of its inhabitants. Thus was the town deprived of one of its principal ornaments and most valued relics, by a man, who, had he been possessed of a true sense, and a veneration for the memory of our bard, would have rather preserved whatever particularly concerned their great and immortal owner, than ignorantly have trodden the ground which had been cultivated by the greatest genius in the world, without feeling those emotions which naturally arise in the breast of the generous enthusiast.

Many portraits have been engraved and published as likenesses of our author; but it is a lamentable and extraordinary fact, that there is no authority attached to one of them. The pedigree of each is defective, and even that in the title of the first folio edition of the author’s works, which has been poetically extolled by Jonson, is so badly drawn and executed, that it cannot be considered a good likeness. Not so the monumental bust in Stratford church; for this appeals to our eyes and under-

standing with all the force of truth, and indeed has always been esteemed the most authentic and probable portrait of the poet. It was executed soon after his decease, and, according to credible tradition, was copied from a cast after nature.

In the present edition the text of Malone has been followed, as published under the superintendence of Mr. Boswell in the year 1821, in 21 volumes. The great superiority of this text over every other hitherto published is now generally acknowledged. By a careful collation of the early folio and quarto editions, and by a rigid adherence to the determination of admitting no reading unsupported by one or more of these early copies, unless where an absolute want of intelligibility from typographical carelessness compelled him to do so, Mr. Malone has succeeded in presenting us with as perfect a transcript of the words of Shakspeare as can reasonably be expected from any materials, of which we are at present in possession.

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SHAKSPEARE'S WILL.

[RETRACTED FROM REGISTRY OF THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.]

Vicesimo quinto die Martii, Anno Regni Domini nostri Jacobi nunc Regis Angliæ, &c. decimo quarto, et Scotiæ quadragesimo nono. Anno Domini 1616.

IN the name of God, Amen. I William Shakspeare, of Stratford-upon-Avon, in the county of Warwick, gent., in perfect health and memory (God be praised), do make and ordain this my last will and testament in manner and form following: that is to say—

First, I commend my soul into the hands of God my Creator, hoping, and assuredly believing, through the only merits of Jesus Christ my Saviour, to be made partaker of life everlasting; and my body to the earth whereof it is made.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds of lawful English money, to be paid unto her in manner and form following; that is to say, one hundred pounds in discharge of her marriage portion, within one year after my decease, with consideration after the rate of two shillings in the pound for so long time as the same shall be unpaid unto her after my decease; and the fifty pounds residue thereof, upon her surrendering of, or giving of such sufficient security as the overseers of this my will shall like of, to surrender or grant all her estate and right that shall descend or come unto her after my decease, or that she now hath of, in, or to, one copyhold tenement, with the appurtenances, lying and being in Stratford-upon-Avon, aforesaid, in

the said county of Warwick, being parcel or holden of the manor of Rowington, unto my daughter Susanus Hall, and her heirs for ever.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said daughter Judith one hundred and fifty pounds more, if she, or any issue of her body, be living at the end of three years next ensuing the day of the date of this my will, during which time my executors to pay her consideration from my decease according to the rate aforesaid: and, if she die within the said term, without issue of her body, then my will is, and I do give and bequeath one hundred pounds thereof to my niece Elizabeth Hall, and the fifty pounds to be set forth by my executors during the life of my sister Joan Harte; and the use and profit thereof coming, shall be paid to my said sister Joan, and after her decease the said fifty pounds shall remain amongst the children of my said sister, equally to be divided amongst them; but if my said daughter Judith be living at the end of the said three years, or any issue of her body, then my will is, and so I devise and bequeath the said hundred and fifty pounds to be set out by my executors and overseers for the best benefit of her and her issue, and the stock not to be paid unto her so long as she shall be married and covert baron; but my will is, that she shall have the consideration yearly paid unto her during her life, and after her decease the said stock and consideration to be paid to her children, if she have any, and if not, to her executors or assigns, she living the said term after my decease; provided that if such husband as she shall at the end of the said three years be married unto, or at [time] after, do sufficiently assure unto her, and the issue of her body, lands answerable to the portion by this my will given unto her, and to be adjudged so by my executors and overseers, then my will is, that the said hundred and fifty pounds shall be paid to such husband as shall make such assurance, to his own use.

Item, I give and bequeath unto my said sister Joan twenty pounds, and all my wearing apparel, to be paid and delivered

within one year after my decease; and I do will and devise unto her the house with the appurtenances, in Stratford, wherein she dwelleth, for her natural life, under the yearly rent of twelve pence.

Item, I give and bequeath unto her three sons, William Harte, ——— Harte, and Michael Harte, five pounds a piece, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the said Elizabeth Hall all my plate that I now have, except my broad silver and gilt boxes, at the date of this my will.

Item, I give and bequeath unto the poor of Stratford aforesaid ten pounds; to Mr. Thomas Combe my sword; to Thomas Russel, Esq., five pounds; and to Francis Collins, of the borough of Warwick, in the county of Warwick, gent., thirteen pounds six shillings and eight-pence, to be paid within one year after my decease.

Item, I give and bequeath to Hamlet Sadler twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to William Reynolds, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence, to buy him a ring; to my godson William Walker twenty shillings in gold; to Anthony Nash, gent., twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to Mr. John Nash twenty-six shillings eight-pence; and to my fellows John Heminge, Richard Burbage, and Henry Condell, twenty-six shillings eight-pence a piece, to buy them rings.

Item, I give, will, bequeath, and devise unto my daughter Susanna Hall, for the better enabling of her to perform this my will, and towards the performance thereof, all that capital messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, in Stratford aforesaid, called the New Place, wherein I now dwell, and two messuages or tenements, with the appurtenances, situate, lying, and being in Henley-street, within the borough of Stratford aforesaid; and all my barns, stables, orchards, gardens, lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever, situate, lying, and being, or to be had, reserved, preserved, or taken within the towns, hamlets, villages, fields, and

grounds of Stratford-upon-Avon, Old Stratford, Bishopton, and Welcome, or in any of them, in the said county of Warwick; and also all that messuage or tenement, with the appurtenances, wherein one John Robinson dwelleth, situate, lying, and being in the Black-Friars in London, near the Wardrobe; and all other my lands, tenements, and hereditaments whatsoever; to have and to hold all and singular the said premises, with their appurtenances, unto the said Susanna Hall, for and during the term of her natural life; and, after her decease, to the first son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said first son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the second son of her body lawfully issuing, and to the heirs males of the body of the said second son lawfully issuing; and for default of such heirs, to the third son of the body of the said Susanna lawfully issuing, and of the heirs males of the body of the said third son lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, the same to be and remain to the fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons of her body lawfully issuing, one after another, and to the heirs males of the bodies of the said fourth, fifth, sixth, and seventh sons lawfully issuing, in such manner as it is before limited to be, and remain to the first, second, and third sons of her body, and to their heirs males; and for default of such issue, the said premises to be and remain to my said niece Hall, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to my daughter Judith, and the heirs males of her body lawfully issuing; and for default of such issue, to the right heirs of me the said William Shakspeare for ever.

Item, I give unto my wife my second-best bed, with the furniture.

Item, I give and bequeath to my said daughter Judith my broad silver gilt bowl. All the rest of my goods, chattels, leases, plate, jewels, and household-stuff whatsoever, after my debts and legacies paid, and my funeral expenses dis-

charged, I give, devise, and bequeath to my son-in-law, John Hall, gent., and my daughter Susanna, his wife, whom I ordain and make executors of this my last will and testament. And I do entreat and appoint the said Thomas Russel, esq., and Francis Collins, gent., to be overseers hereof, and do revoke all former wills, and publish this to be my last will and testament. In witness whereof I have hereunto put my hand, the day and year first above written,

By me, WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

Witness to the publishing hereof,

FRA. COLLINS,
 JULIUS SHAW,
 JOHN ROBINSON,
 HAMLET SADLER,
 ROBERT WHATTCOAT.

Probatum coram Magistro William Byrde, Legum Doctore, Commissario, &c. vicesimo secundo die mensis Junii, A.D. 1616. juramento Johannis Hall unius ex. cui, &c. de bene, &c. jurat. reservata potestate, &c. Susannæ Hall alt. ex. &c. eam cum venerit, &c. petitur, &c.

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PLATE 10
SCULPTURE BY A. B. B. B.

PLATE 10

DR. JOHNSON'S PREFACE

TO

SHAKSPEARE.

THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honors due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment on consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance: all perhaps are more willing to honor past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance; and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised on principles demonstrative and scientific, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed they have often examined and compared; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favor. As among the works of nature no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains and many rivers; so in the production of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavors. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The Pythagorean scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect; but the poems of Homer we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises therefore not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision,

may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of an established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favor and competition are at an end; the tradition of his friendships and his penitencies has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honors at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence Shakspeare has gained and kept the favor of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight awhile, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

Shakspeare is above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his

readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but on small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of Shakspeare with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of Euripides, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of Shakspeare, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shown in the splendor of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenor of his dialogue; and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in Hierocles, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much Shakspeare excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of Shakspeare. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently

determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation and common occurrences.

On every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered, is the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence on the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew, that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with Pope, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find any that can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolical or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence

or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectation of human affairs from the play or from the tale, would be equally deceived. Shakspeare has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: Shakspeare approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful: the event which he represents will not happen; but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned; and it may be said, that he has not only shown human nature as it acts in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of Shakspeare, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which other writers raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language; by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of critics, who form their judgments on narrower principles. Dennis and Rymer think his Romans not sufficiently Roman; and Voltaire censures his kings as not completely royal. Dennis is offended, that Menenius, a senator of Rome, should play the buffoon; and Voltaire perhaps thinks decency violated when the Danish usurper is represented as a drunkard. But Shakspeare always makes nature predominate over accident; and if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires Romans or kings, but

he thinks only on men. He knew that Rome, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show a usurper and a murderer not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power on kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds: a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comic and tragic scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

Shakspeare's plays are not in the rigorous and critical sense either tragedies or comedies; but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolic of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of tragedy and comedy, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the Greeks or Romans a single writer who attempted both.

Shakspeare has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed ; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct ; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alternations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by showing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatic poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much, but that the attention may be easily transferred ; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another ; that different authors have different habits ; and that, on the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce and regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of 'Antony and Cleopatra,' than in the history of 'Richard the Second.' But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, Shakspeare's mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us, we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When Shakspeare's plan is understood, most of the criticisms of Rymer and Voltaire vanish away. The play of 'Hamlet' is opened without impropriety by two sentinels; Iago bellows at Brabantio's window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure: the character of Polonius is seasonable and useful; and the Grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

Shakspeare engaged in dramatic poetry with the world open before him : the rules of the ancients were yet known to few , the public judgment was uninformed ; he had no example of such fame as might force him on imitation, nor critics of such authority as might restrain his extravagance : he therefore indulged his natural disposition ; and his disposition, as Rymer has remarked, led ' him to comedy. In tragedy, he often writes with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity ; but in his comic scenes, he seems to produce without labor, what no labor can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comic ; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragic scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comic scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half in manners or in words. As his personages act on principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places ; they are natural, and therefore durable : the adventitious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre ; but the discriminations of true passion are the colors of nature ; they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance that combined them ; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is con-

tinually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of Shakspeare.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life; among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better: those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right: but there is a conversation above grossness and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comic dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote; and among his other excellences deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. Shakspeare's familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth on the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

Shakspeare with his excellences has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candor higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of

the evil in books or in men : he sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally ; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him ; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked : he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without farther care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate ; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them ; and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force on him ; and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labor to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expense, not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults Pope has endeavored, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find Hector quoting Aristotle, when we see the loves of Theseus and Hippolyta combined with the Gothic mythology of fairies.

Shakspeare, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology ; for in the same age, Sidney, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his 'Arcadia,' confounded the pastoral with the feudal times ; the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm ; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious ; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine : the reign of Elizabeth is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve, yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to choose the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labor is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetic ; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumor, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution ; and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramatic poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action ; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. Shakspeare found it an encumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavored to recommend it by dignity and splendor.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature : when he en-

deavored, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject: he struggles with it awhile, and if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow on it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky: the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have never less reason to indulge their hopes of supreme excellence, than when he seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not long soft and pathetic without some idle conceit or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terror and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to Shakspeare, what luminous vapors are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of the way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisitions, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchanting it in suspense, let but a quibble spring

up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble, poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal Cleopatra for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and of critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favor, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence; that his virtues be rated with his failings: but, from the censure which this irregularity may bring on him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws: nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood, that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue, regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled; he does not endeavor to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and Shakspeare is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly what Aristotle requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as is

other poets there is much talk that only fills up time on the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shown no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time of Corneille, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The critics hold it impossible, that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falshood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at Alexandria, cannot suppose that he sees the next at Rome, at a distance to which not the dragons of Medea could, in so short a time, have transported him: he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was Thebes can never be Persepolis.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critic exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time therefore to tell him, by the authority of Shakspeare, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be

faise. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatic fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at Alexandria, and the next at Rome, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at Alexandria, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to Egypt, and that he lives in the days of Antony and Cleopatra. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can take the stage at one time for the palace of the Ptolemies, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of Actium. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation: if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are Alexander and Cæsar, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of Pharsalia, or the bank of Granicus, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason or of truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brains that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They come to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first Athens, and then Sicily, which was always known to be neither Sicily nor Athens, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended: the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts: for, of so much of the action as is re-

presented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against Mithridates are represented to be made in Rome, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in Pontus: we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in Rome nor Pontus; that neither Mithridates nor Lucullus are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions, and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contemplation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited, with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade,

or the fountains coolness ; but we consider, how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of ' Henry the Fifth,' yet no man takes his book for the field of Agincourt. A dramatic exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre than in the page ; imperial tragedy is always less. The humor of Petruchio may be heightened by grimace ; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of Cato ?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be real ; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the auditor of a drama than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether Shakspeare knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and critics, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety ; I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed : nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at Venice, and his next in Cyprus. Such violations of rules merely positive become the comprehensive genius of Shakspeare, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of Voltaire :—

Non usque adeo permiscuit imis
 Longus summa dies, ut non, si voce Metelli
 Serventur leges, malint a Cæsare tolli.

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Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramatic rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me : before such authorities I am afraid to stand ; not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama ; that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction ; and that a play, written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate curiosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength ; but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy ; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity ; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence ; as Æneas withdrew from the defence of Troy, when he saw Neptune shaking the wall, and Juno heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their

approbation to the judgment of Shakspeare, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to a reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how highly he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship; to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of Peru or Mexico were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of European monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The English nation, in the time of Shakspeare, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philology of Italy had been transplanted hither in the reign of Henry the Eighth; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by Lilly, Linacore, and More; by Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner; and afterwards by Smith, Clerk, Haddon, and Ascham. Greek was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the Italian and Spanish poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The public was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that

which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar as to childish credulity ; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out on adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. 'The Death of Arthur' was the favorite volume.

The mind which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, on the admirers of 'Palmerin' and 'Guy of Warwick,' have made little impression ; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions ; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels ; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more ; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of 'As You Like It,' which is supposed to be copied from Chaucer's 'Gamelyn,' was a little pamphlet of those times ; and old Mr. Cibber remembered the tale of 'Hamlet' in plain English prose, which the critics have now to seek in Saxo Grammaticus.

His English histories he took from English chronicles and English ballads ; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects ; he dilated some of Plutarch's Lives into plays, when they had been translated by North.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded

with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of Shakspeare than of any other writer: others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but Homer in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear; but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labors were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

Voltaire expresses his wonder that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation which has seen the tragedy of 'Cato.' Let him be answered, that Addison speaks the language of poets, and Shakspeare of men. We find in 'Cato' innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us with human sentiments or human actions: we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but 'Othello' is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. 'Cato' affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious; but its hopes and fears communicate no

vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer: we pronounce the name of Cato; but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers; the composition of Shakspeare is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness: Shakspeare opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in inexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether Shakspeare owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastic education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that Shakspeare wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that 'he had small Latin, and less Greek;' who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falshood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of Shakspeare were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from books translated in his time; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation,

and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, 'Go before, I'll follow,' we read a translation of *Ipse, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, 'I cried to sleep again,' the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule: he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication; and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The 'Comedy of Errors' is confessedly taken from the 'Menæchmi' of Plautus; from the only play of Plautus which was then in English. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that, would have copied more; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some French scenes proves but little; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of 'Romeo and Juliet,' he is observed to have followed the English translation, where it deviates from the Italian; but this on the other hand proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned Latin sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the Roman authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination; but as no imitations of French or Italian authors have been discovered, though the Italian poetry was then in high esteem, I am inclined to believe that

he read little more than English, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowlege is scattered over his works is very justly observed by Pope, but it is often such knowlege as books did not supply. He that will understand Shakspeare, must not be content to study him in the closet: he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is however proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the Roman authors were translated, and some of the Greek; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topics of human disquisition had found English writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowlege sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the English stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. Shakspeare may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. Rowe is of opinion, that 'perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did, that, for aught I know,' says he, 'the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.' But the power of nature is only the power of

using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and when images are collected by study and experience, can only assist in combining or applying them. Shakspeare, however favored by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. Shakspeare must have looked on mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of Chaucer, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in English, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which showed life in its native colors.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyse the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those inquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet: he that

would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaming his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

Boyle congratulated himself on his high birth, because it favored his curiosity, by facilitating his access. Shakspeare had no such advantage : he came to London a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favorable to thought or to inquiry ; so many, that he who considers them, is inclined to think that he sees enterprise and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hindrance vanish before them. The genius of Shakspeare was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned : the encumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, ' as dew-drops from a lion's mane.'

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions ; to vary them with great multiplicity, to mark them by nice distinctions, and to show them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has himself been imitated by all succeeding writers ; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men ; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world ; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed, that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must

take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another, and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capricious and casual. Shakspeare, whether life or nature be his subject, shows plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind: the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except Homer, who invented so much as Shakspeare, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty on his age or country. The form, the character, the language, and the shows of the English drama are his. 'He seems,' says Dennis, 'to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trisyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroic harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.'

I know not whether this phrase is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critic rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in 'Gorboduc,' which is confessedly before our author; yet in 'Hieronymo,' of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to

antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless Spenser may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the English language could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of Rowe, without his effeminacy. He endeavors indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigor of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better than when he tries to soothe by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes on his graces, and turn them from his deformities; and endure in him what we should in another loathe or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critic, a collection of anomalies, which show that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honor.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence; but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection: when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than Shakspeare, rise much above the standard of their own age: to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise; and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labor of contending with themselves.

It does not appear that Shakspeare thought his works

worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute on future times, or had any farther prospect than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honor from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot of perplexity, which may be at least forgiven him by those who recollect, that of Congreve's four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask; by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little 'declined into the vale of years,' before he could be disgusted with fatigue or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of Shakspeare in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death, and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowlege.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, their negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shown. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little farther. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat

quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are ~~more than could have happened~~ without the concurrence of many causes. The style of Shakspeare was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches, and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. Warburton supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages, and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of English printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by Rowe; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for Rowe seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation, but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. Rowe has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake, and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgement, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious expositions of the new reading, and self-congratulations on the happiness of discovering it.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from Rowe, though

not written with much elegance or spirit: it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with Mr. Rowe's performance, when Mr. Pope made them acquainted with the true state of Shakspeare's text, showed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by Dr. Warburton for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own: the plays which he received, were given by Hemings and Condell, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in those times, they were printed during Shakspeare's life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This was a work which Pope seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of 'the dull duty of an editor.' He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary; but an emendatory critic would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast

of thought and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude that their powers are universal. Pope's edition fell below his own expectations; and he was so much offended, when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost: his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

Pope was succeeded by Theobald, a man of narrow comprehension and small acquisitions, with no native and intrinsic splendor of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the first two folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyric in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant ex-crescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over Pope and Rowe I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed ; but I have in some places shown him, as he would have shown himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

Theobald, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having Pope for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking : so willingly does the world support those who solicit favor, against those who command reverence ; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author then fell into the hands of Sir Thomas Hanmer, the Oxford editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much ; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions seems to have been large ; and he is often learned without show. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. Shakspeare regarded more the series of ideas, than of words ; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it conveyed his meaning to the audience.

Hanmer's care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages, by the silent labors of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little farther the license, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labor of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence, indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by Pope and Theobald; he seems not to suspect a critic of fallibility, and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful inquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example; nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardor of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labor only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author

more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just, and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those, against which the general voice of the public has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, on which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of inquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects, that great part of the labor of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabrics which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to show how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to reception in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress: thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge, which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren: the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for awhile appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by critics and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. 'How canst thou beg for life,' says Homer's hero to his captive, 'when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by Achilles?'

Dr. Warburton had a name sufficient to confer celebrity on those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamor too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of 'The Canons of Criticism,' and of 'The Revisal of Shakspeare's Text:' of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of Coriolanus, who was afraid that 'girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle;' when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in Macbeth:

A falcon, towering in his pride of place,
Was by a mousing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and one a scholar. They have both shown acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candor to the endeavors of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, 'Critical Observations on Shakspeare' had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books; but who seems to have had no great vigor of genius or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful; but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardor is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empiric, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator at some unlucky moment frolics in conjecture.

Critical, historical, and explanatory Notes, have been likewise published on Shakspeare by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old English writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed; but as he neither attempts judicial nor emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavor to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowlege.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one has left Shakspeare without improvement, nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them, it was my intention to refer to its original author; and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach on the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honor, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant; for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute: the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candor, which they

have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty, nor favor the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that 'small things make mean men proud,' and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentaries a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politics against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written, are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which deprivations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right; at least, I intend by acquiescence to confess that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labors of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number

of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavored to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved; and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frighted from perusing him; and contributed something to the public, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not systematic and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowlege every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the public attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained, having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added

at his will; and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve: but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary: of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shown so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined; and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has labored with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages. to which the public attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between Pope and Theobald, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy, has been since raised against all the publishers of Shakspeare.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions is indubitably certain: of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labors of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorised, and contented themselves with Rowe's regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very fre-

quent, smoothed the cadence, or regulated the measure; on these I have not exercised the same rigor: if only a word was transposed, or a particule inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text; sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense: for though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavored to discover how it may be recalled to sense with least violence. But my first labor is, always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would Huetius himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of veremity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of cor-

rection. I have adopted the Roman sentiment, that it is more honorable to save a citizen than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play; but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This Shakspeare knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less: it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed on evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind on evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing

trifles will wonder that on mere trifles so much labor is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less, and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. On this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and showing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase; and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and

the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labor appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye so many critical adventures ending in miscarriage, that caution was forced on me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired; and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

Critics I saw, that others' names efface,
 And fix their own, with labor, in the place:
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind. POPE.

That a conjectural critic should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention; and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of Aleria to English Bentley. The critics on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of Shakspeare is condemned to want. They are employed on grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that Homer has fewer passages unintelligible than Chaucer. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet Scaliger could confess to Salmasius how little satisfaction his emendations gave him:—*Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in meliores codices incidimus.* And Lipsius could complain, that critics were making faults, by trying to remove them:—*Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of Scaliger and Lipsius, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or Theobald's.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the public expectations, which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own: yet I have endeavored to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavored to illustrate. In many I have failed like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have

not passed over, with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself; but where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning on easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done; or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of Shakespeare, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of Theobald and of Pope. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through integrity and corruption; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable; and when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject; the reader is weary, he suspects not why; and at last throws away the book which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed. There is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design and in its true proportions; a close approach shows the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet

deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate on him; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood; yet then did Dryden pronounce, ' that Shakspeare was the man, who, of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of Nature were still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously, but luckily: when he describes any thing, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those, who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read Nature; he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is every where alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat and insipid; his comic wit degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him: no man can say, he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things: that which must happen to all, has happened to Shakspeare, by accident and time; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers; and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the critics of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the public; and wish that I could confidently

produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honor of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

Of what has been performed in this revisal, an account is given by Mr. Steevens, who might have spoken both of his own diligence and sagacity in terms of greater self-approbation, without deviating from modesty or truth.

JOHNSON.

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EPITAPH ON WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE,

BY

JOHN MILTON.

What needs my Shakspeare for his honour'd bones,
The labour of an age in piled stones ;
Or that his hallow'd reliques should be hid
Under a star-ypointing pyramic ?
Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,
What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name ?
Thou, in our wonder and astonishment,
Hast built thyself a live-long monument :
For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow ; and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphick lines with deep impression took ;
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving ;
And, so sepulcher'd, in such pomp dost lie,
That kings, for such a tomb, would wish to die.

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No one has hitherto been fortunate enough to discover the romance, on which Shakspeare founded this play. Mr. Collins the poet is said indeed to have informed Mr. T. Warton, that it was founded on an old romance called 'Aurelio and Isabella,' printed in Italian, Spanish, French, and English in 1588: but as no such work could be discovered by the acute and learned writer to whom this information was communicated, it was reasonably inferred by him, that Collins, in consequence of the failure of memory during his last illness, had substituted the name of one novel for another.

It seems probable, that the event, which immediately gave rise to the composition of this drama, was the voyage of Sir George Somers, who was shipwrecked on the Bermudas in 1609, and whose adventures were given to the public by Silvester Jourdan, one of his crew, with the following title:—'A Discovery of the Bermudas, otherwise called the Isle of Divels: by Sir Thomas Gates, Sir Geo. Sommers, and Captayne Newport, and divers others.' In this publication Jourdan informs us, that 'the islands of the Bermudas, as every man knoweth, that hath heard or read of them, were never inhabited by any Christian or heathen people; but ever esteemed and reputed a most prodigious and enchanted place, affording nothing

but gusts, stormes, and foul weather; which made every navigator and mariner to avoid them as Scylla and Charybdis, or as they would shun the devil himselfe.' It has hence been concluded that this play was written towards the close of 1611, and that it was brought on the stage early in the succeeding year.

'Whatever might be Shakspeare's intention,' says Dr. Johnson, 'in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters, diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magic, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.'

It is remarked by Dr. Drake, that 'the Tempest is, next to Macbeth, the noblest product of our author's genius. Never were the wild and the wonderful, the pathetic and the sublime, more artfully and gracefully combined with the sportive sallies of a playful imagination, than in this enchantingly attractive drama. Nor is it less remarkable, that all these excellences of the highest order are connected with a plot, which, in its mechanism, and in the preservation of the unities, is perfectly classical and correct.'

A R G U M E N T.

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Prospero, duke of Milan, being fond of study and retirement entrusts the public business of the state to his younger brother Antonio, who secretly engages with Alonso, king of Naples, to hold Milan as a fief of the Neapolitan crown, in consideration of his assistance in dethroning his unsuspecting brother. Not daring to deprive Prospero of life, on account of his great popularity, the conspirators force him and his daughter Miranda, an infant three years old, into a crazy boat; and with a small supply of provisions abandon them to the fury of the elements. Being cast on a desert island, where no human creature is found but a savage named Caliban, Prospero studies the necromantic art with great success, and employs his leisure hours with the education of Miranda. About twelve years after these transactions, Alonso, having agreed to marry his daughter to the king of Tunis, conducts her to that country, accompanied by the usurping duke of Milan, and a numerous train. Having left the lady with her husband at Tunis they embark on their return to Naples; and the drama commences with a great tempest raised by Prospero, who, by the agency of a spirit named Ariel, wrecks the king's ship in such a manner, that none of the passengers are lost. Ferdinand, the king's son, is separated from his father, who supposes him drowned; while Prospero conducts him to his cell, where he and Miranda become mutually enamored. In the mean time, Alonso, Antonio, and their immediate followers, terrified by spectral illusions raised by the injured Duke, run distracted, till at length, Prospero, satisfied with making them sensible of their former guilt, and with the resumption of his dignity, generously remits farther punishment; extends his mercy to Caliban and his drunken companions, who had conspired to murder him; and, having restored Ferdinand to his disconsolate parent, abjures for ever the magic art, and proceeds to Naples to solemnise the nuptials of the youthful pair.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ALONSO, king of Naples.

SEBASTIAN, his brother.

PROSPERO, the rightful duke of Milan.

ANTONIO, his brother, the usurping duke of Milan.

FERDINAND, son to the king of Naples.

GONZALO, an honest old counsellor of Naples.

ADRIAN, }
FRANCISCO, } lords.

CALIBAN, a savage and deformed slave.

TRINCULO, a jester.

STEPHANO, a drunken butler.

MASTER of a ship, BOATSWAIN, and MARINERS.

MIRANDA, daughter to Prospero.

ARIEL, an airy spirit.

IRIS, }
CERES, } spirits.
JUNO, }
Nymphs, }
Reapers, }

Other Spirits attending on Prospero.

SCENE, the sea, with a ship; afterwards an uninhabited island.

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Program of Materials Development and Revision
Art 2, Page 2

Reading 29

T E M P E S T

A C T I.

SCENE I.

On a ship at sea. A storm with thunder and lightning.

Enter a SHIPMASTER and a BOATSWAIN.

Mast. Boatswain,—

Boat. Here, master: what cheer?

Mast. Good: Speak to the mariners: fall to 't yarely,¹ or we run ourselves aground: bestir, bestir.

[Exit.

Enter MARINERS.

Boat. Heigh, my hearts; cheerly, cheerly, my hearts; yare, yare: Take in the top-sail; Tend to the master's whistle.—Blow till thou burst thy wind, if room enough!

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, FERDINAND, GONZALO, and others.

Alon. Good boatswain, have care. Where's the master? Play the men.²

¹ Readily, nimbly, quickly.

² Act with spirit, behave like men. So 2 Sam. x. 12. 'Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people.'

Boat. I pray now, keep below.

Ant. Where is the master, boatswain?

Boat. Do you not hear him? You mar our labor: keep your cabins: you do assist the storm.

Gon. Nay, good, be patient.

Boat. When the sea is. Hence! What care these roarers for the name of king? To cabin: silence: trouble us not.

Gon. Good; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.

Boat. None that I more love than myself. You are a counsellor; if you can command these elements to silence, and work the peace of the present,¹ we will not hand a rope more; use your authority. If you cannot, give thanks you have lived so long, and make yourself ready in your cabin for the mischance of the hour, if it so hap. —Cheerly, good hearts.—Out of our way, I say.

[*Exit.*

Gon. I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him; his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable.

[*Exeunt.*

Re-enter BOATSWAIN.

Boat. Down with the top-mast; yare; lower,

¹ Of the present instant. So in 1 Cor. xv. 6. 'Of whom the greater part remain unto this present.'

lower; bring her to try with main-course. [*a cry within.*] A plague upon this howling! they are louder than the weather, or our office.—

Re-enter SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, and GONZALO.

Yet again? what do you here? Shall we give o'er, and drown? Have you a mind to sink?

Seb. A pox o' your throat! you bawling, blasphemous, incharitable dog!

Boat. Work you, then.

Ant. Hang, cur, hang! you whoreson, insolent noise-maker, we are less afraid to be drowned than thou art.

Gon. I'll warrant him from drowning; though the ship were no stronger than a nut-shell, and as leaky as an unstanched wench.

Boat. Lay her a-hold, a-hold;¹ set her two courses; off to sea again, lay her off.

Enter MARINERS *wet.*

Mar. All lost! to prayers, to prayers! all lost!
[*Exeunt.*]

Boat. What, must our mouths be cold?

Gon. The king and prince at prayers! let us assist them,

For our case is as theirs.

Seb. I am out of patience.

¹ To lay a ship a-hold, is to bring her to lie as near the wind as she can, in order to keep clear of the land, and get her out to sea.

Ant. We are merely¹ cheated of our lives by drunkards.—
This wide-chapp'd rascal;—'Would thou mightst lie drowning,
The washing of ten tides!

Gon. He'll be hang'd yet;
Though every drop of water swear against it,
And gape at widest to glut² him.
[*a confused noise within.*] Mercy on us!—We split, we split!—Farewell, my wife and children!—Farewell, brother! We split, we split, we split!—

Ant. Let's all sink with the king. [Exit.

Seb. Let's take leave of him. [Exit.

Gon. Now would I give a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground; long heath, brown furze, any thing. The wills above be done! but I would fain die a dry death. [Exit.

SCENE II.

The island: before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO and MIRANDA.

Mir. If by your art, my dearest father, you have Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them: The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch, But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek, Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffer'd With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,

¹ Absolutely.

² Swallow.

Who had no doubt some noble creatures in her.
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd.
 Had I been any god of power, I would
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er¹
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and
 The freighting souls within her.

Pro. Be collected;

No more amazement: tell your piteous heart,
 There's no harm done.

Mir. O, woe the day!

Pro. No harm.

I have done nothing but in care of thee,
 (Of thee, my dear one! thee, my daughter!) who
 Art ignorant of what thou art, naught knowing
 Of whence I am; nor that I am more better²
 Than Prospero, master of a full poor cell,³
 And thy no greater father.

Mir. More to know

Did never meddle⁴ with my thoughts.

Pro. 'Tis time

I should inform thee further. Lend thy hand,

¹ Before. So in our author's *Cymbeline*:—
 ——— or e'er I could

Give him that parting kiss.

² This ungrammatical expression is very frequent among our oldest writers.

³ A cell in a great degree of poverty. So in *Antony and Cleopatra*,—'I am full sorry;' or, as we sometimes say, 'full well.'

⁴ *Mix*. The modern and familiar phrase, by which that of *Miranda* may be explained, is, 'never entered my thoughts.'

And pluck my magic garment from me.—So;

[*lays down his mantle.*

Lie there my art.—Wipe thou thine eyes; have
comfort.

The direful spectacle of the wreck, which touch'd
The very virtue¹ of compassion in thee,
I have with such provision in mine art
So safely order'd, that there is no soul—
No, not so much perdition as a hair,
Betid to any creature in the vessel
Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink.—
Sit down;

For thou must now know further.

Mir. You have often
Begun to tell me what I am: but stopp'd
And left me to a bootless inquisition;²
Concluding, 'Stay, not yet.'

Pro. The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey, and be attentive. Canst thou remember
A time before we came unto this cell?
I do not think thou canst; for then thou wast not
Out³ three years old.

Mir. Certainly, sir, I can.

Pro. By what? by any other house, or person?
Of any thing the image tell me, that
Hath kept with thy remembrance.

Mir. 'Tis far off;

¹ The essence, the most efficacious part.

² Useless inquiry.

³ Quite.

And rather like a dream, than an assurance
 That my remembrance warrants: Had I not
 Four or five women once, that tended me?

Pro. Thou hadst, and more, Miranda. But how
 is it,

That this lives in thy mind? What seest thou else
 In the dark backward and abysm¹ of time?
 If thou remember'st aught, ere thou camest here,
 How thou camest here thou mayst.

Mir. But that I do not.

Pro. Twelve years since, Miranda, twelve years
 since,

Thy father was the duke of Milan, and
 A prince of power.

Mir. Sir, are not you my father?

Pro. Thy mother was a piece of virtue, and
 She said—thou wast my daughter; and thy father
 Was duke of Milan; and his only heir
 A princess;—no worse issued.

Mir. O the heavens!

What foul play had we, that we came from thence;
 Or blessed was 't, we did?

Pro. Both, both, my girl:

By foul play, as thou say'st, were we heaved thence,
 But blessedly help hither.

Mir. O, my heart bleeds

To think o' the teen² that I have turn'd you to,
 Which is from my remembrance! Please you,
 further.

¹ Abyss.

² Sorrow.

Pro. My brother, and thy uncle, call'd Antonio,—

I pray thee, mark me,—that a brother should
 Be so perfidious!—he, whom, next thyself,
 Of all the world I loved, and to him put
 The manage of my state: as, at that time,
 Through all the signiories it was the first,
 And Prospero the prime duke; being so reputed
 In dignity, and, for the liberal arts,
 Without a parallel; those being all my study,
 The government I cast upon my brother,
 And to my state grew stranger, being transported,
 And rapt in secret studies. Thy false uncle—
 Dost thou attend me?

Mir. Sir, most heedfully.

Pro. Being once perfected how to grant suits,
 How to deny them; whom to advance, and whom
 To trash¹ for over-topping; new created
 The creatures that were mine; I say, or changed
 them,
 Or else new form'd them: having both the key
 Of officer and office, set all hearts i' th' state
 To what tune pleased his ear; that now he was
 The ivy, which had hid my princely trunk,
 And suck'd my verdure out on't.—Thou attend'st
 not.

Mir. O good sir, I do.

Pro. I pray thee, mark me.
 I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated

¹ To prune, cut away.

To closeness, and the bettering of my mind
 With that, which, but by being so retired,
 O'er-prized all popular rate, in my false brother
 Awaked an evil nature : and my trust,
 Like a good parent, did beget of him
 A falsehood, in its contrary as great
 As my trust was, which had, indeed, no limit,
 A confidence sans¹ bound. He being thus lorded,
 Not only with what my revenue yielded,
 But what my power might else exact,—like one,
 Who having, unto truth, by telling of it,
 Made such a sinner of his memory,
 To credit his own lie,—he did believe
 He was indeed the duke ; out of the substitution,²
 And executing the outward face of royalty,
 With all prerogative :—Hence his ambition
 Growing,—Dost hear ?

Mir. Your tale, sir, would cure deafness.

Pro. To have no screen between this part he
 play'd

And him he play'd it for, he needs will be
 Absolute Milan : Me, poor man !—my library
 Was dukedom large enough ; of temporal royalties
 He thinks me now incapable : confederates
 (So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage ;
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend
 The dukedom, yet unbow'd, (alas, poor Milan !)
 To most ignoble stooping.

¹ Without.

² From being the substitute.

Mir. O the heavens!

Pro. Mark his condition, and the event; then
tell me,

If this might be a brother.

Mir. I should sin
To think but¹ nobly of my grandmother:
Good wombs have borne bad sons.

Pro. Now the condition.
This king of Naples, being an enemy
To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit;
Which was, that he in lieu o' the premises,²—
Of homage, and I know not how much tribute,—
Should presently extirpate me and mine
Out of the dukedom; and confer fair Milan,
With all the honors, on my brother: Whereon,
A treacherous army levied, one midnight
Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open
The gates of Milan; and, i' the dead of darkness,
The ministers for the purpose hurried thence
Me, and thy crying self.

Mir. Alack, for pity!
I, not remembering how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint³
'That wrings mine eyes⁴ to 't.

Pro. Hear a little further,
And then I'll bring thee to the present business
Which now 's upon us; without the which, this story

¹ Otherwise than.

² In consideration of the foregoing.

³ Suggestion. ⁴ Squeezes the water out of them.

Were most impertinent.

Mir. Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?

Pro. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst
not;

(So dear the love my people bore me) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colors fairer painted their foul ends.
In few,¹ they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea, where they prepared
A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.

Mir. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!

Pro. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst
smile,

Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd² the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which raised in me
An undergoing stomach,³ to bear up
Against what should ensue.

Mir. How came we ashore?

Pro. By Providence divine.

¹ In short. ² Covered. ³ A stubborn resolution.

Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
 Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
 Master of this design) did give us; with
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
 Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentle-
 ness,

Knowing I loved my books, he furnish'd me,
 From my own library, with volumes that
 I prize above my dukedom.

Mir. 'Would I might

But ever see that man!

Pro. Now I arise:—

Sit still, and hear the last of our sea-sorrow.
 Here in this island we arrived; and here
 Have I, thy schoolmaster, made thee more profit
 Than other princes can, that have more time
 For vainer hours, and tutors not so careful.

Mir. Heavens thank you for't! And now, I
 pray you, sir,
 (For still 'tis beating in my mind) your reason
 For raising this sea-storm?

Pro. Know thus far forth.—

By accident most strange, bountiful Fortune,
 Now, my dear lady, hath mine enemies
 Brought to this shore: and by my prescience
 I find my zenith doth depend upon
 A most auspicious star; whose influence,
 If now I court not, but omit, my fortunes
 Will ever after droop.—Here cease more questions;
 Thou art inclined to sleep; 'tis a good dulness,

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And give it way ;—I know thou canst not choose.

[*Miranda sleeps.*]

Come away, servant, come : I am ready now ;
Approach, my Ariel ; come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I
come

To answer thy best pleasure ; be 't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds ; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.¹

Pro. Hast thou, spirit,
Perform'd to point the tempest that I bade thee ?

Ari. To every article.
I boarded the king's ship ; now on the beak,
Now in the waist,² the deck, in every cabin,
I flamed amazement : Sometimes I 'd divide,
And burn in many places ; on the top-mast,
The yards, and bowsprit, would I flame distinctly,
Then meet, and join : Jove's lightnings, the pre-
cursors

O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary
And sight-out-running were not : The fire, and
cracks

Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune
Seem'd to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,
Yea, his dread trident shake.

¹ All his confederates ; all who are of the same profession.

² The part between the quarter-deck and the fore-castle.

Pro. My brave spirit !
Who was so firm, so constant, that this coil ¹
Would not infect his reason ?

Ari. Not a soul
But felt a fever of the mad,² and play'd
Some tricks of desperation : All, but mariners,
Plunged in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,
I then all a-fire with me : the king's son, Ferdinand,
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair)
Was the first man that leap'd ; cried, ' Hell is empty,
And all the devils are here.'

Pro. Why, that's my spirit !
But was not this nigh shore ?

Ari. Close by, my master.

Pro. But are they, Ariel, safe ?

Ari. Not a hair perish'd ;
On their sustaining garments not a blemish,
But fresher than before : and, as thou badest me,
In troops I have dispersed them 'bout the isle :
The king's son have I landed by himself ;
Whom I left cooling of the air with sighs,
In an odd angle of the isle, and sitting,
His arms in this sad knot.³

Pro. Of the king's ship,
The mariners, say, how thou hast disposed,
And all the rest o' the fleet ?

¹ Bustle, tumult.

² Not a soul but felt such a fever as madmen feel, when the frantic fit is on them.

³ Folded.

Ari. Safely in harbor
 Is the king's ship; in the deep nook, where once
 Thou call'dst me up at midnight to fetch dew
 From the still-vex'd Bermoothes,¹ there she's hid
 The mariners all under hatches stow'd;
 Whom, with a charm join'd to their suffer'd labor
 I have left asleep: and for the rest o' the fleet,
 Which I dispersed, they all have met again;
 And are upon the Mediterranean flote,²
 Bound sadly home for Naples;
 Supposing that they saw the king's ship wreck'd,
 And his great person perish.

Pro. Ariel, thy charge
 Exactly is perform'd; but there's more work:
 What is the time o' the day?

Ari. Past the mid season.

Pro. At least two glasses: the time 'twixt six
 and now,
 Must by us both be spent most preciously.

Ari. Is there more toil? Since thou dost give
 me pains,
 Let me remember thee what thou hast promised,
 Which is not yet perform'd me.

Pro. How now? moody?
 What is 't thou canst demand?

Ari. My liberty.

Pro. Before the time be out? no more.

Ari. I pray thee
 Remember, I have done thee worthy service:

¹ Bermudas.

² Wave.

Told thee no lies, made thee no mistakings, served
 Without or grudge, or grumbings: thou didst
 promise www.libtool.com.cn
 To bate me a full year.

Pro. Dost thou forget
 From what a torment I did free thee?

Ari. No.

Pro. Thou dost; and think'st it much to tread
 the ooze
 Of the salt deep;
 To run upon the sharp wind of the north;
 To do me business in the veins o' the earth,
 When it is baked with frost.

Ari. I do not, sir.

Pro. Thou liest, malignant thing! Hast thou
 forgot
 The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,
 Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?

Ari. No, sir.

Pro. Thou hast: where was she born?
 speak; tell me.

Ari. Sir, in Argier.¹

Pro. O, was she so? I must,
 Once in a month, recount what thou hast been,
 Which thou forget'st. This damn'd witch, Sycorax,
 For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible
 To enter human hearing, from Argier,
 Thou know'st, was banish'd; for one thing she did,
 They would not take her life: Is not this true?

¹ Algiers.

Ari. Ay, sir.

Pro. This blue-eyed hag was hither brought with
child,

And here was left by the sailors : thou, my slave,
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant :
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,
Refusing her grand hests,¹ she did confine thee,
By help of her more potent ministers,
And in her most unmitigable rage,
Into a cloven pine ; within which rift
Imprison'd, thou didst painfully remain
A dozen years ; within which space she died,
And left thee there ; where thou didst vent thy
groans,

As fast as mill-wheels strike. Then was this island,
(Save for the son that she did litter here,
A freckled whelp, hag-born) not honor'd with
A human shape.

Ari. Yes ; Caliban her son.

Pro. Dull thing, I say so ; he, that Caliban,
Whom now I keep in service. Thou best know'st
What torment I did find thee in : thy groans
Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts
Of ever-angry bears ; it was a torment
To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax
Could not again undo : it was mine art,
When I arrived, and heard thee, that made gape
The pine, and let thee out.

¹ Commands.

Ari. I thank thee, master.

Pro. If thou more murmur'st, I will rend an oak,
And peg thee in his knotty entrails, till
Thou hast howl'd away twelve winters.

Ari. Pardon, master:
I will be correspondent to command,
And do my sprighting¹ gently.

Pro. Do so; and after two days
I will discharge thee.

Ari. That's my noble master!
What shall I do? say what? what shall I do?

Pro. Go make thyself like a nymph o' the sea;
be subject
To no sight but thine and mine; invisible
To every eye-ball else. Go, take this shape,
And hither come in 't; go, hence, with diligence.

[*Exit Ariel.*]

Awake, dear heart, awake! thou hast slept well;
Awake!

Mir. The strangeness of your story put
Heaviness in me.

Pro. Shake it off: Come on;
We'll visit Caliban, my slave, who never
Yields us kind answer.

Mir. 'Tis a villain, sir,
I do not love to look on.

Pro. But, as 'tis,
We cannot miss² him: he does make our fire,
Fetch in our wood, and serves in offices

¹ My office of a spirit.

² Do without.

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That profit us. What, ho! slave! Caliban!
Thou earth, thou! speak!

Cal. [*within*] There's wood enough within.

Pro. Come forth, I say; there's other business
for thee;
Come, thou tortoise! when?

Re-enter ARIEL, like a water-nymph.

Fine apparition! My quaint Ariel,
Hark in thine ear.

Ari. My lord, it shall be done. [*Exit.*]

Pro. Thou poisonous slave, got by the devil
himself

Upon thy wicked dam, come forth!

Enter CALIBAN.

Cal. As wicked dew as e'er my mother brush'd
With raven's feather from unwholesome fen,
Drop on you both! a south-west blow on ye,
And blister you all o'er!

Pro. For this, be sure, to-night thou shalt have
cramps,

Side-stitches that shall pen thy breath up; urchins¹
Shall, for that vast of night that they may work,
All exercise on thee: thou shalt be pinch'd
As thick as honey-combs, each pinch more stinging
Than bees that made them.

Cal. I must eat my dinner.

¹ Hedge-hogs, which were reckoned among the animals used by witches as their familiar spirits.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,
Which thou takest from me. When thou camest
first,

Thou strokedst me, and madest much of me;
wouldst give me

Water with berries in 't; and teach me how
To name the bigger light, and how the less,
That burn by day and night: and then I loved
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!
For I am all the subjects that you have,
Which first was mine own king: and here you
sty me

In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me
The rest of the island.

Pro. Thou most lying slave,
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have
used thee,
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodged
thee

In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate
The honor of my child.

Cal. O ho, O ho!—'would it had been done
Thou didst prevent me; I had peopled else
This isle with Calibans.

Pro. Abhorred slave:
Which any print of goodness will not take,

Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each
hour

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One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,
Know thine own meaning, but wouldst gabble like
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes
With words that made them known. But thy vile
race,

Though thou didst learn, had that in 't which good
natures

Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou
Deservedly confined into this rock,

Who hadst deserved more than a prison.

Cal. You taught me language; and my profit on 't
Is, I know how to curse: The red plague rid¹ you,
For learning me your language!

Pro. Hag-seed, hence!
Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert best,
To answer other business. Shrug'st thou, malice?
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;
Fill all thy bones with aches; make thee roar;
'That beasts shall tremble at thy din.

Cal. No, 'pray thee!—
I must obey: his art is of such power, [aside.
It would control my dam's god, Setebos,²
And make a vassal of him.

Pro. So, slave; hence!

[Exit Caliban.

¹ Destroy. ² Setebos was supreme god of the Patagonians.

Re-enter ARIEL *invisible, playing and singing ;*

FERDINAND *following him.*

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ARIEL'S SONG.

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands :
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd,
(The wild waves whist¹)
Foot it feately here and there ;
And, sweet sprites, the burden bear.
Hark, hark !

BUR. *Bowgh, wough.* [*dispersedly*]

The watch-dogs bark :

BUR. *Bowgh, wough.* [*dispersedly*]

Hark, hark ! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticlers
Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

Fer. Where should this music be ? i' the air, or
the earth ?

It sounds no more :—and sure, it waits upon
Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,
Weeping again the king my father's wreck,
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.

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,

¹ The wild waves being silent.

But doth suffer a sea-change
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :

[*Bur. ding-dong.*
 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
 That the earth owes :¹—I hear it now above me.

Pro. The fringed curtains of thine eye advance,
 And say, what thou seest yond'.

Mir. What is 't? a spirit?
 Lord, how it looks about! Believe me, sir,
 It carries a brave form :—But 'tis a spirit.

Pro. No, wench; it eats and sleeps, and hath
 such senses

As we have, such : This gallant, which thou seest,
 Was in the wreck; and, but he 's something stain'd
 With grief, that's beauty's canker, thou mightst
 call him

A goodly person : he hath lost his fellows,
 And strays about to find them.

Mir. I might call him
 A thing divine; for nothing natural
 I ever saw so noble.

Pro. It goes on, I see, [*aside.*
 As my soul prompts it :—Spirit, fine spirit! I'll
 free thee

Within two days for this.

Fer. Most sure, the goddess

¹ Owns.

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,
Which I do last pronounce, is, O you wonder!
If you be made, 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.

Pro. How! the best?

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
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.

Pro. The duke of Milan,

And his more braver daughter, could control¹ thee.
If now 'twere fit to do 't:—At the first sight [*aside*.
They have changed eyes:—Delicate Ariel,
I'll set thee free for this!—A word, good sir;

¹ Confute.

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

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

Pro. Soft, sir; one word more.—
They are both in either's powers: but this swift
business

I must uneasy make, lest too light winning [*aside.*
Make the prize light.—One word more; I charge
thee,

'That thou attend me: thou dost here usurp
The name thou owest¹ not; and hast put thyself
Upon this island, as a spy, to win it
From me, the lord on't.

Fer. No, as I am 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.

Pro. Follow me.—[*to Fer.*
Speak not you for him: he's a traitor.—Come.
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

¹ Possessest.

Wherein the acorn cradled. Follow.

Fer. No;

I will resist such entertainment, till
Mine enemy has more power. [*he draws.*]

Mir. O dear father,
Make not too rash a trial of him, for
He's gentle, and not fearful.¹

Pro. What, I say,
My foot my tutor!—Put thy sword up, traitor;
Who makest a show, but darest not strike, thy
conscience

Is so possess'd with guilt: come from thy ward; ²
For I can here disarm thee with this stick,
And make thy weapon drop.

Mir. 'Beseech you, father!

Pro. Hence! hang not on my garments.

Mir. Sir, have pity;
I'll be his surety.

Pro. Silence: one word more
Shall make me chide thee, if not hate thee. What!
An advocate for an impostor? hush!
Thou think'st there are no more such shapes as he,
Having seen but him and Caliban: foolish wench!
To the most of men this is a Caliban,
And they to him are angels.

Mir. My affections
Are then most humble: I have no ambition

¹ Formidable.

² Desist from any hope of awing me by that posture of defence.

To see a goodlier man.

Pro. Come on ; obey : [to *Fer.*
Thy nerves are in their infancy again,
And have no vigor in them.

Fer. So they are :
My spirits, as in a dream, are all bound up.
My father's loss, the weakness which I feel,
The wreck of all my friends, or this man's threats,
To whom I am subdued, are but light to me,
Might I but through my prison once a day
Behold this maid : all corners else o' the earth
Let liberty make use of ; space enough
Have I in such a prison.

Pro. It works :—Come on.—
Thou hast done well, fine Ariel !—Follow me.—
[to *Fer.* and *Mir.*

Hark, what thou else shalt do me. [to *Ariel.*

Mir. Be of comfort ;
My father's of a better nature, sir,
Than he appears by speech : this is unwonted,
Which now came from him.

Pro. Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds : but then exactly do
All points of my command.

Ari. To the syllable.

Pro. Come, follow : speak not for him. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

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SCENE I.

Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. 'Beseech you, sir, be merry : you have cause
(So have we all) of joy ; for our escape
Is much beyond our loss : Our hint of woe¹
Is common ; every day, some sailor's wife ;
The masters of some merchant,² and the merchant,
Have just our theme of woe : but for the miracle,
I mean our preservation, few in millions
Can speak like us : then wisely, good sir, weigh
Our sorrow with our comfort.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. He receives comfort like cold porridge.

Ant. The visitor will not give him o'er so.

Seb. Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit ;
by and by it will strike.

Gon. Sir,—

Seb. One :—Tell.

Gon. When every grief is entertain'd, that 's
offer'd,
Comes to the entertainer—

Seb. A dollar.

¹ The cause that fills our minds with grief.

² Owners of a merchant-ship.

Gon. Dolour comes to him, indeed; you have spoken truer than you purposed.

Seb. You have taken it wiselier than I meant you should.

Gon. Therefore, my lord,—

Ant. Fie, what a spendthrift is he of his tongue!

Alon. I pry'thee, spare.

Gon. Well, I have done: but yet—

Seb. He will be talking.

Ant. Which of them, he, or Adrian, for a good wager, first begins to crow?

Seb. The old cock.

Ant. The cockrel.

Seb. Done: The wager?

Ant. A laughter.

Seb. A match.

Adr. Though this island seem to be desert,—

Seb. Ha, ha, ha!

Ant. So, you've paid.

Adr. Uninhabitable, and almost inaccessible,—

Seb. Yet,

Adr. Yet—

Ant. He could not miss it.

Adr. It must needs be of subtle, tender, and delicate temperance.¹

Ant. Temperance was a delicate wench.

Seb. Ay, and a subtle, as he most learnedly delivered.

¹ Temperature.

Adr. The air breathes upon us here most sweetly.

Seb. As if it had lungs, and rotten ones.

Ant. Or, as 'twere perfumed by a fen.

Gon. Here is every thing advantageous to life.

Ant. True; save means to live.

Seb. Of that there's none, or little.

Gon. How lush¹ and lusty the grass looks! how green! •

Ant. The ground, indeed, is tawny.

Seb. With an eye of green² in 't.

Ant. He misses not much.

Seb. No; he doth but mistake the truth totally.

Gon. But the rarity of it is (which is indeed almost beyond credit)——

Seb. As many vouched rarities are.

Gon. That our garments, being, as they were drenched in the sea, hold notwithstanding their freshness, and glosses; being rather new dyed, than stained with salt water.

Ant. If but one of his pockets could speak, would it not say, he lies?

Seb. Ay, or very falsely pocket up his report.

Gon. Methinks, our garments are now as fresh as when we put them on first in Afric, at the marriage of the king's fair daughter Claribel to the king of Tunis.

Seb. 'Twas a sweet marriage, and we prosper well in our return.

¹ Juicy, succulent.

² Shade of green.

Adr. Tunis was never graced before with such a paragon to their queen.

Gon. Not since widow Dido's time.

Ant. Widow? a pox o' that! How came that widow in? Widow Dido!

Seb. What if he had said, widower Æneas too? good lord, how you take it!

Adr. Widow Dido, said you? you make me study of that: she was of Carthage, not of Tunis.

Gon. This Tunis, sir, was Carthage.

Adr. Carthage?

Gon. I assure you, Carthage.

Ant. His word is more than the miraculous harp.¹

Seb. He hath raised the wall, and houses too.

Ant. What impossible matter will he make easy next?

Seb. I think, he will carry this island home in his pocket, and give it his son for an apple.

Ant. And, sowing the kernels of it in the sea, bring forth more islands.

Gon. Ay?

Ant. Why, in good time.

Gon. Sir, we were talking, that our garments seem now as fresh, as when we were at Tunis at the marriage of your daughter, who is now queen.

Ant. And the rarest that e'er came there.

Seb. 'Bate, I beseech you, widow Dido.

Ant. O, widow Dido; ay, widow Dido.

¹ Alluding to the wonders of Amphion's music.

Gon. Is not, sir, my doublet as fresh as the first day I wore it? I mean, in a sort.¹

Ant. That sort was well fished for.

Gon. When I wore it at your daughter's marriage?

Alon. You cram these words into mine ears
against

The stomach of my sense. 'Would I had never
Married my daughter there! for, coming thence,
My son is lost; and, in my rate, she too
Who is so far from Italy removed,
I ne'er again shall see her. O thou mine heir
Of Naples and of Milan, what strange fish
Hath made his meal on thee?

Fran. Sir, he may live:

I saw him beat the surges under him,
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,
Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted
The surge most swoln that met him: his bold
head

'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd
Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke
To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd
As stooping to relieve him: I not doubt,
He came alive to land.

Alon. No, no, he's gone.

Seb. Sir, you may thank yourself for this great
loss;
That would not bless our Europe with your
daughter,

¹ Degree or quality.

But rather lose her to an African;
 Where she, at least, is banish'd from your eye,
 Who hath cause to wet the grief on 't.

Alon. Pr'ythee, peace.

Seb. You were kneel'd to, and importuned other-
 wise

By all of us; and the fair soul herself
 Weigh'd, between loathness and obedience, at
 Which end o' the beam she 'd bow.¹ We have lost
 your son,

I fear, for ever: Milan and Naples have
 More widows in them of this business' making,
 Than we bring men to comfort them: the fault's
 Your own.

Alon. So is the dearest of the loss.

Gon. My lord Sebastian,

The truth you speak doth lack some gentleness,
 And time to speak it in: you rub the sore,
 When you should bring the plaster.

Seb. Very well.

Ant. And most chirurgeonly.

Gon. It is foul weather in us all, good sir,
 When you are cloudy.

Seb. Foul weather?

Ant. Very foul.

Gon. Had I plantation of this isle, my lord,—

Ant. He 'd sow it with nettle-seed.

¹ Whether she should yield to duty or inclination.

Seb. Or docks, or mallows.

Gon. And were the king of it, what would I do?

Seb. 'Scape being drunk, for want of wine.

Gon. I' the commonwealth I would by contraries
Execute all things : for no kind of traffic
Would I admit, no name of magistrate ;
Letters should not be known ; riches, poverty,
And use of service, none ; contract, succession,
Bourn, bound of land, tilth, vineyard, none :
No use of metal, corn, or wine, or oil :
No occupation ; all men idle, all ;
And women too ; but innocent and pure :
No sovereignty :—

Seb. Yet he would be king on 't.

Ant. The latter end of his commonwealth forgets
the beginning.

Gon. All things in common nature should pro-
duce

Without sweat or endeavor : treason, felony,
Sword, pike, knife, gun, or need of any engine,¹
Would I not have ; but nature should bring forth,
Of its own kind, all foizon,² all abundance,
'To feed my innocent people.

Seb. No marrying 'mong his subjects ?

Ant. None, man : all idle ; whores and knaves.

Gon. I would with such perfection govern, sir,
To excel the golden age.

Seb. Save his majesty !

¹ Rack.

² Plenty.

Ant. Long live Gonzalo !

Gon. And, do you mark me, sir ?—

Alon. Pr'ythee, no more ; thou dost talk nothing to me.

Gon. I do well believe your highness ; and did it to minister occasion to these gentlemen, who are of such sensible and nimble lungs, that they always use to laugh at nothing.

Ant. 'Twas you we laughed at.

Gon. Who, in this kind of merry fooling, am nothing to you ; so you may continue, and laugh at nothing still.

Ant. What a blow was there given !

Seb. An it had not fallen flat-long.

Gon. You are gentlemen of brave mettle ; you would lift the moon out of her sphere, if she would continue in it five weeks without changing.

Enter ARIEL invisible, playing solemn music.

Seb. We would so, and then go a bat-fowling.¹

Ant. Nay, good my lord, be not angry.

Gon. No, I warrant you ; I will not adventure my discretion so weakly. Will you laugh me asleep, for I am very heavy ?

Ant. Go sleep, and hear us.

[all sleep but Alon. Seb. and Ant.]

Alon. What, all so soon asleep ! I wish mine eyes Would, with themselves, shut up my thoughts : I find

¹ Bird-catching in the night time.

They are inclined to do so.

Seb. Please you, sir,
Do not omit the heavy offer of it:
It seldom visits sorrow; when it doth,
It is a comforter.

Ant. We two, my lord,
Will guard your person, while you take your rest,
And watch your safety.

Alon. Thank you: wondrous heavy.—
[*Alonso sleeps. Exit Ariel.*]

Seb. What a strange drowsiness possesses them!

Ant. It is the quality o' the climate.

Seb. Why
Doth it not then our eyelids sink? I find not
Myself disposed to sleep.

Ant. Nor I; my spirits are nimble.
They fell together all, as by consent;
They dropp'd, as by a thunder-stroke. What might,
Worthy Sebastian?—O, what might?—No more:—
And yet, methinks, I see it in thy face,
What thou shouldst be: the occasion¹ speaks thee;
and

My strong imagination sees a crown
Dropping upon thy head.

Seb. What, art thou waking?

Ant. Do you not hear me speak?

Seb. I do; and, surely
It is a sleepy language, and thou speak'st
Out of thy sleep. What is it thou didst say?

¹ Opportunity.

This is a strange repose, to be asleep
 With eyes wide open ; standing, speaking, moving,
 And yet so fast asleep.

Ant. Noble Sebastian,
 Thou let'st thy fortune sleep—die rather ; wink'st
 Whiles thou art waking.

Seb. Thou dost snore distinctly ;
 There 's meaning in thy snores.

Ant. I am more serious than my custom : you
 Must be so too, if heed me ; which to do,
 Trebles¹ thee o'er.

Seb. Well ; I am standing water.

Ant. I'll teach you how to flow.

Seb. Do so : to ebb,
 Hereditary sloth instructs me.

Ant. O,
 If you but knew, how you the purpose cherish,
 Whiles thus you mock it ! how, in stripping it,
 You more invest it !² Ebbing men, indeed,
 Most often do so near the bottom run,
 By their own fear, or sloth.

Seb. Pr'ythee, say on :
 The setting of thine eye, and cheek, proclaim
 A matter from thee ; and a birth, indeed,
 Which throes thee much to yield.

¹ If you bestow attention, it will in the end make you thrice what you are.

² How, in stripping the words of their common meaning, and using them figuratively, you adapt them to your own situation !

Ant. Thus, sir :
 Although this lord of weak remembrance, this
 (Who shall be of as little memory,
 When he is earth'd) hath here almost persuaded
 (For he's a spirit of persuasion, only
 Professes to persuade) the king, his son's alive ;
 'Tis as impossible that he's undrown'd,
 As he that sleeps here, swims.

Seb. I have no hope
 That he's undrown'd.

Ant. O, out of that no hope,
 What great hope have you ! no hope, that way, is
 Another way so high a hope, that even
 Ambition cannot pierce a wink beyond,
 But doubts discovery there. Will you grant, with
me,
 That Ferdinand is drown'd ?

Seb. He's gone.

Ant. Then tell me:
 Who's the next heir of Naples ?

Seb. Claribel.

Ant. She that is queen of Tunis ; she that dwells
 Ten leagues beyond man's life ;¹ she that from
Naples
 Can have no note,² unless the sun were post,
 (The man i' the moon's too slow) till new-born
chins

¹ At a greater distance than the life of man is long enough to reach.

² Notice, information

Be rough and razorable : she, from whom ¹
 We all were sea-swallow'd, though some cast
 again ;

And, by that, destiny to perform an act,
 Whereof what's past is prologue ; what to come,
 In yours and my discharge.²

Seb. What stuff is this ?—How say you ?
 'Tis true, my brother's daughter's queen of Tunis ;
 So is she heir of Naples ; 'twixt which regions
 There is some space.

Ant. A space, whose every cubit
 Seems to cry out, ' How shall that Claribel
 Measure us back to Naples ?'—Keep in Tunis,
 And let Sebastian wake !—Say, this were death
 That now hath seized them ; why, they were no
 worse

Than now they are : there be, that can rule
 Naples,

As well as he that sleeps ; lords, that can prate
 As amply, and unnecessarily,
 As this Gonzalo : I myself could make
 A chough ³ of as deep chat. O, that you bore
 The mind that I do ! what a sleep were this
 For your advancement ! Do you understand me ?

Seb. Methinks I do.

Ant. And how does your content

¹ In coming from whom.

² Depends on what you and I are to perform.

³ A bird of the jackdaw kind.

Tender your own good fortune ?

Seb. I remember,
You did supplant your brother Prospero.

Ant. True :
And, look, how well my garments sit upon me ;
Much feater¹ than before : my brother's servants
Were then my fellows, now they are my men.

Seb. But, for your conscience,—

Ant. Ay, sir ; where lies that ? if it were a
kybe,

'Twould put me to my slipper ; but I feel not
This deity in my bosom : twenty consciences,
That stand 'twixt me and Milan, candied be they,
And melt, ere they molest ! Here lies your brother,
No better than the earth he lies upon,
If he were that which now he 's like, that 's dead :
Whom I, with this obedient steel, three inches
of it,

Can lay to bed for ever : whiles you, doing thus,
To the perpetual wink for aye² might put
This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who
Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,
They 'll take suggestion,³ as a cat laps milk ;
They 'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour.

Seb. Thy case, dear friend,
Shall be my precedent : as thou got'st Milan,

¹ Much more elegant.

² For ever.

³ Any hint.

I 'll come by Naples. Draw thy sword : one stroke
 Shall free thee from the tribute which thou pay'st ;
 And I, the king, shall love thee.

Ant. Draw together ;
 And when I rear my hand, do you the like,
 'To fall it on Gonzalo.

Seb. O, but one word.

[they converse apart.]

Music. Re-enter ARIEL, invisible.

Ari. My master through his art foresees the
 danger
 That you, his friend, are in ; and sends me forth,
 (For else his project dies) to keep them living.
[sings in Gonzalo's ear.]

While you here do snoring lie,
 Open-eyed conspiracy
 His time doth take :
 If of life you keep a care,
 Shake off slumber, and beware :
 Awake ! awake !

Ant. Then let us both be sudden.

Gon. Now, good angels, preserve the king !

[they wake.]

Alon. Why, how now, ho ! awake ! Why are you
 drawn ?

Wherefore this ghastly looking ?

Gon. What's the matter ?

Seb. Whiles we stood here securing your repose,
 Even now, we heard a hollow burst of bellowing,
 Like bulls, or rather lions : did it not wake you ?
 It struck mine ear most terribly.

Alon. I heard nothing.

Ant. O, 'twas a din to fright a monster's ear;
To make an earthquake! sure, it was the roar
Of a whole herd of lions.

Alon. Heard you this, Gonzalo?

Gon. Upon mine honor, sir, I heard a humming,
And that a strange one too, which did awake me:
I shaked you, sir, and cried: as mine eyes open'd,
I saw their weapons drawn:—there was a noise,
That's verity. 'Tis best we stand upon our guard;
Or that we quit this place: let's draw our weapons.

Alon. Lead off this ground; and let's make
further search

For my poor son.

Gon. Heavens keep him from these beasts!
For he is, sure, i' the island.

Alon. Lead away.

Ari. Prospero, my lord, shall know what I have
done: [*aside.*

So, king, go safely on to seek thy son. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

Enter CALIBAN, with a burden of wood.

A noise of thunder heard.

Cal. All the infections that the sun sucks up
From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make
him
By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,

And yet I needs must curse. But they 'll nor pinch,
Fright me with urchin shows, pitch me i' the mire,
Nor lead me, like a fire-brand, in the dark
Out of my way, unless he bid them; but
For every trifle are they set upon me:
Sometime like apes, that moe¹ and chatter at me,
And after bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which
Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount
Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I
All wound with adders, who, with cloven tongues,
Do hiss me into madness:—Lo! now! lo!

Enter TRINCULO.

Here comes a spirit of his; and to torment me,
For bringing wood in slowly: I'll fall flat;
Perchance he will not mind me.

Trin. Here's neither bush nor shrub, to bear off
any weather at all, and another storm brewing; I
hear it sing i' the wind: yond' same black cloud,
yond' huge one, looks like a foul bumbard² that
would shed his liquor. If it should thunder as it
did before, I know not where to hide my head:
yond' same cloud cannot choose but fall by pailfuls.
—What have we here? a man or a fish? Dead or
alive? A fish: he smells like a fish; a very ancient
and fish-like smell; a kind of, not of the newest,
Poor-John. A strange fish! Were I in England
now, as once I was, and had but this fish painted,
not a holiday fool there but would give a piece of

¹ Make mouths.

² A leathern flagon to hold beer.

silver : there would this monster make a man : any strange beast there makes a man : when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian. Legged like a man ! and his fins like arms ! Warm, o' my troth ! I do now let loose my opinion, hold it no longer ; this is no fish, but an islander, that hath lately suffered by a thunderbolt. [*thunder.*] Alas ! the storm is come again : my best way is to creep under his gaberdine ;¹ there is no other shelter hereabout. Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows. I will here shroud till the dregs of the storm be past.

Enter STEPHANO, singing ; a bottle in his hand.

Ste. I shall no more to sea, to sea ;
Here shall I die a-shore ;—

This is a very scurvy tune to sing at a man's funeral :

Well, here's my comfort. [*drinks.*

The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
The gunner, and his mate,

Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,

But none of us cared for Kate :

For she had a tongue with a tang,

Would cry to a sailor, ' Go, hang : '

She loved not the savor of tar nor of pitch,

Yet a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch :

Then to sea, boys, and let her go hang.

This is a scurvy tune too : but here's my comfort.

[*drinks.*

Cal. Do not torment me. O !

¹ The coarse frock of a peasant.

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Starling 2-

TEMPEST

Tragedy. Stephano & Caliban.

Act II. Scene II.

Ste. What's the matter? Have we devils here? Do you put tricks upon us with savages, and men of Inde? Ha! I have not 'scaped drowning, to be afeard now of your four legs; for it hath been said, As proper a man as ever went on four legs cannot make him give ground; and it shall be said so again, while Stephano breathes at nostrils.

Cal. The spirit torments me. O!

Ste. This is some monster of the isle, with four legs; who hath got, as I take it, an ague. Where the devil should he learn our language? I will give him some relief, if it be but for that: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, and get to Naples with him, he's a present for any emperor that ever trod on neat's-leather.

Cal. Do not torment me, pr'ythee;
I'll bring my wood home faster.

Ste. He's in his fit now; and does not talk after the wisest. He shall taste of my bottle: if he have never drunk wine afore, it will go near to remove his fit: if I can recover him, and keep him tame, I will not take too much for him: he shall pay for him that hath him, and that soundly.

Cal. Thou dost me yet but little hurt; thou wilt anon, I know it by thy trembling: now Prosper works upon thee.

Ste. Come on your ways; open your mouth; here is that which will give language to you, cat;¹

¹ Alluding to an old proverb, that 'good liquor will make a cat speak.'

open your mouth : this will shake your shaking,¹ I can tell you, and that soundly : you cannot tell who's your friend ; open your chaps again.

Trin. I should know that voice : it should be—
But he is drowned, and these are devils. O ! defend me !—

Ste. Four legs, and two voices ! a most delicate monster ! His forward voice now is to speak well of his friend ; his backward voice is to utter foul speeches, and to detract. If all the wine in my bottle will recover him, I will help his ague. Come, —Amen ! I will pour some in thy other mouth.

Trin. Stephano,—

Ste. Doth thy other mouth call me ? Mercy ! mercy ! This is a devil, and no monster : I will leave him ; I have no long spoon.²

Trin. Stephano !—if thou beest Stephano, touch me, and speak to me ; for I am Trinculo : be not afeard,—thy good friend Trinculo.

Ste. If thou beest Trinculo, come forth : I'll pull thee by the lesser legs :³ if any be Trinculo's legs, these are they. Thou art very Trinculo, indeed. How camest thou to be the siege⁴ of this moon-calf ?⁵ Can he vent Trinculos ?

¹ Dispel your fears.

² Alluding to the proverb, 'a long spoon to eat with the devil.'

³ Trinculo's legs were somewhat shorter than those of Caliban.

⁴ Stool.

⁵ A moon-calf is an inanimate, shapeless mass, supposed by Pliny to be engendered of woman only.

Trin. I took him to be killed with a thunder-stroke.—But art thou not drowned, Stephano? I hope now, thou art not drowned. Is the storm overblown? I hid me under the dead moon-calf's gaberdine, for fear of the storm. And art thou living, Stephano? O Stephano, two Neapolitans 'scaped!

Ste. Pr'ythee, do not turn me about; my stomach is not constant.

Cal. These be fine things, an if they be not sprites.

That's a brave god, and bears celestial liquor:
I will kneel to him.

Ste. How didst thou 'scape? How camest thou hither? Swear by this bottle, how thou camest hither. I escaped upon a butt of sack, which the sailors heaved overboard, by this bottle! which I made of the bark of a tree, with mine own hands, since I was cast a-shore.

Cal. I'll swear, upon that bottle, to be thy true subject; for the liquor is not earthly.

Ste. Here; swear then how thou escapedst.

Trin. Swam a-shore, man, like a duck: I can swim like a duck, I'll be sworn.

Ste. Here, kiss the book. Though thou canst swim like a duck, thou art made like a goose.

Trin. O Stephano, hast any more of this?

Ste. The whole butt, man; my cellar is in a rock by the sea-side, where my wine is hid. How now, moon-calf! how does thine ague?

Cal. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?

Ste. Out o' the moon, I do assure thee: I was the man in the moon, when time was.¹

Cal. I have seen thee in her, and I do adore thee: My mistress show'd me thee, and thy dog, and thy bush.²

Ste. Come, swear to that; kiss the book: I will furnish it anon with new contents: swear.

Trin. By this good light, this is a very shallow monster:—I afraid of him?—a very weak monster. The man i' the moon?—a most poor, credulous monster. Well drawn, monster, in good sooth.

Cal. I'll show thee every fertile inch o' the island;

And I will kiss thy foot: I pr'ythee, be my god.

Trin. By this light, a most perfidious and drunken monster: when his god's asleep, he'll rob his bottle.

Cal. I'll kiss thy foot: I'll swear myself thy subject.

Ste. Come on then; down, and swear.

Trin. I shall laugh myself to death at this puppy-headed monster. A most scurvy monster! I could find in my heart to beat him,—

Ste. Come, kiss.

Trin. —but that the poor monster's in drink: An abominable monster!

Cal. I'll show thee the best springs; I'll pluck thee berries;

¹ Formerly.

² It was a popular legend, that in the moon's circle could be seen a man, bearing a bundle of sticks, or bush, and leading a dog.

I'll fish for thee, and get thee wood enough.
 A plague upon the tyrant that I serve!
 I'll bear him no more sticks, but follow thee,
 Thou wondrous man.

Trin. A most ridiculous monster, to make a wonder of a poor drunkard.

Cal. I pr'ythee, let me bring thee where crabs
 grow ;
 And I with my long nails will dig thee pig-nuts ;¹
 Show thee a jay's nest, and instruct thee how
 To snare the nimble marmozet ;² I'll bring thee
 To clustering filberds ; and sometimes I'll get thee
 Young sea-mells³ from the rock. Wilt thou go
 with me ?

Ste. I pr'ythee now, lead the way, without any more talking. Trinculo, the king and all our company else being drowned, we will inherit here. Here ; bear my bottle. Fellow Trinculo, we'll fill him by and by again.

Cal. 'Farewell, master ; farewell, farewell.'

[*sings drunkenly*]

Trin. A howling monster ; a drunken monster.

Cal. No more dams I'll make for fish ;
 Nor fetch in firing
 At requiring,
 Nor scrape trenchering, nor wash dish ;
 Ban Ban, Ca—Caliban,
 Has a new master—Get a new man.

¹ Earth-nuts.

² A small monkey.

³ Sea-gulls.

Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom! freedom,
hey-day, freedom!

Ste. O brave monster! lead the way. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter FERDINAND, bearing a log.

Fer. There be some sports are painful; and their
labor

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness
Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters
Point to rich ends. This my mean task
Would be as heavy to me, as odious; but
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's dead,
And makes my labors pleasures. O, she is
Ten times more gentle than her father's crabbed;
And he's composed of harshness. I must remove
Some thousands of these logs, and pile them up,
Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress
Weeps when she sees me work; and says, such
baseness

Had ne'er like executor. I forget:
But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my la-
bors;

Most busy-less, when I do it.

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Hamilton del.

Starbuck sculp.

TEMPEST
Ferdinand & Miranda.
Act III Scene I.

Enter MIRANDA ; and PROSPERO at a distance.

Mir. Alas, now ! pray you,
Work not so hard : I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs, that you are enjoin'd to pile !
Pray, set it down, and rest you : when this burns,
'Twill weep for having wearied you. My father
Is hard at study ; pray, now, rest yourself ;
He's safe for these three hours.

Fer. O most dear mistress
The sun will set, before I shall discharge
What I must strive to do.

Mir. If you'll sit down,
I'll bear your logs the while : pray, give me that ;
I'll carry it to the pile.

Fer. No, precious creature ;
I had rather crack my sinews, break my back,
Than you should such dishonor undergo,
While I sit lazy by.

Mir. It would become me
As well as it does you : and I should do it
With much more ease ; for my good will is to it,
And yours it is against.

Pro. Poor worm ! thou art infected ;
This visitation shows it.

Mir You look wearily.

Fer. No, noble mistress ; 'tis fresh morning with
me,
When you are by at night. I do beseech you,
(Chiefly that I might set it in my prayers)
What is your name ?

Mir. Miranda :— O my father,
I have broke your hest¹ to say so !

Fer. www.libtool.com Admired Miranda !
Indeed, the top of admiration ; worth
What 's dearest to the world ! Full many a lady
I have eyed with best regard ; and many a time
The harmony of their tongues hath into bondage
Brought my too diligent ear : for several virtues
Have I liked several women ; never any
With so full soul, but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,²
And put it to the foil :³ But you, O you,
So perfect, and so peerless are created
Of every creature's best.⁴

Mir. I do not know
One of my sex ; no woman's face remember,
Save, from my glass, mine own ; nor have I seen
More that I may call men, than you, good friend,
And my dear father : how features are abroad,
I am skill-less of ; but, by my modesty,
The jewel in my dower, I would not wish
Any companion in the world but you ;
Nor can imagination form a shape,
Besides yourself, to like of : but I prattle
Something too wildly, and my father's precepts
I therein do forget.

¹ Command.

² Possessed.

³ Made it doubtful whether the virtue or the defect preponderated.

⁴ Alluding to the picture of Venus by Apelles.

Fer. I am, in my condition,
 A prince, Miranda ; I do think, a king ;
 (I would, not so !) and would no more endure
 This wooden slavery, than to suffer
 The flesh-fly blow my mouth.¹ Hear my soul
 speak :—

The very instant that I saw you, did
 My heart fly to your service ; there resides,
 To make me slave to it ; and, for your sake,
 Am I this patient log-man.

Mir. Do you love me ?

Fer. O heaven, O earth, bear witness to this
 sound,

And crown what I profess with kind event.
 If I speak true ; if hollowly, invert
 What best is boded me, to mischief ! I,
 Beyond all limit of what else ² i' the world,
 Do love, prize, honor you.

Mir. I am a fool,

To weep at what I am glad of.

Pro. Fair encounter

Of two most rare affections ! Heavens rain grace
 On that which breeds between them !

Fer. Wherefore weep you ?

Mir. At mine unworthiness, that dare not offer
 What I desire to give ; and much less take,
 What I shall die to want. But this is trifling ;
 And all the more it seeks to hide itself,

¹ Swell and inflame my mouth.

² Of aught else.

The bigger bulk it shows. Hence, bashful cunning!
 And prompt me, plain and holy innocence!
 I am your wife, if you will marry me;
 If not, I'll die your maid: to be your fellow
 You may deny me; but I'll be your servant,
 Whether you will or no.

Fer. My mistress, dearest;
 And I thus humble ever.

Mir. My husband then?

Fer. Ay, with a heart as willing
 As bondage e'er of freedom: here's my hand,

Mir. And mine, with my heart in't: and now
 farewell,

Till half an hour hence.

Fer. A thousand! thousand!

[*Exeunt Fer. and Mir.*]

Pro. So glad of this as they, I cannot be,
 Who are surprised with all; but my rejoicing
 At nothing can be more. I'll to my book;
 For yet, ere supper time, must I perform
 Much business appertaining.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.

Another part of the island.

*Enter STEPHANO and TRINCULO; CALIBAN following
 with a bottle.*

Ste. Tell not me;—when the butt is out, we will
 drink water; not a drop before: therefore bear up,
 and board 'em. Servant-monster, drink to me.

Trin. Servant-monster? the folly of this island! They say, there's but five upon this isle: we are three of them; if the other two be brained like us, the state totters.

Ste. Drink, servant-monster, when I bid thee: thy eyes are almost set in thy head.

Trin. Where should they be set else? he were a brave monster indeed, if they were set in his tail.

Ste. My man-monster hath drowned his tongue in sack: for my part, the sea cannot drown me: I swam, ere I could recover the shore, five-and-thirty leagues, off and on, by this light. Thou shalt be my lieutenant, monster, or my standard.

Trin. Your lieutenant, if you list; he's no standard.¹

Ste. We'll not run, monsieur monster.

Trin. Nor go neither: but you'll lie like dogs; and yet say nothing neither.

Ste. Moon-calf, speak once in thy life, if thou beest a good moon-calf.

Cal. How does thy honor? Let me lick thy shoe: I'll not serve him: he is not valiant.

Trin. Thou liest, most ignorant monster; I am in case to juggle a constable. Why, thou deboshed² fish thou, was there ever man a coward, that hath drunk so much sack as I to-day? Wilt thou tell a monstrous lie, being but half a fish, and half a monster?

¹ Meaning, he is so much intoxicated, as not to be able to stand.

² Debauched.

Cal. Lo, how he mocks me! wilt thou let him, my lord?

Trin. Lord, quoth he!—that a monster should be such a natural!

Cal. Lo, lo, again! bite him to death, I pr'ythee.

Ste. Trinculo, keep a good tongue in your head: if you prove a mutineer, the next tree——. The poor monster's my subject, and he shall not suffer indignity.

Cal. I thank my noble lord. Wilt thou be pleased to hearken once again to the suit I made thee?

Ste. Marry will I: kneel, and repeat it; I will stand, and so shall Trinculo.

Enter ARIEL, invisible.

Cal. As I told thee before, I am subject to a tyrant; a sorcerer, that by his cunning hath cheated me of this island.

Ari. Thou liest.

Cal. Thou liest, thou jesting monkey, thou: I would, my valiant master would destroy thee: I do not lie.

Ste. Trinculo, if you trouble him any more in his tale, by this hand, I will supplant some of your teeth.

Trin. Why, I said nothing.

Ste. Mum then, and no more.—[*to Caliban.*] Proceed.

Cal. I say, by sorcery he got this isle ;
From me he got it. If thy greatness will
Revenge it on him—for, I know, thou darest ;
But this thing dare not.

Ste. That's most certain.

Cal. Thou shalt be lord of it, and I'll serve thee.

Ste. How now shall this be compassed ? Canst
thou bring me to the party ?

Cal. Yea, yea, my lord ; I'll yield him thee
asleep,

Where thou mayst knock a nail into his head.

Ari. Thou liest, thou canst not.

Cal. What a pied¹ ninny's this ! Thou scurvy
patch !—

I do beseech thy greatness, give him blows,
And take his bottle from him : when that's gone,
He shall drink naught but brine ; for I'll not show
him

Where the quick freshes² are.

Ste. Trinculo, run into no further danger : in-
terrupt the monster one word further, and, by this
hand, I'll turn my mercy out of doors, and make a
stock-fish of thee.

Trin. Why, what did I ? I did nothing ; I'll go
further off.

Ste. Didst thou not say, he lied ?

Ari. Thou liest.

¹ Parti-colored, in allusion to the striped coat worn by
Trinculo, as a jester.

² Springs.

Ste. Do I so? take thou that. [*strikes him.*] As you like this, give me the lie another time.

Trin. I did not give the lie. Out o' your wits, and hearing too? A pox o' your bottle! this can sack, and drinking do. A murrain on your monster, and the devil take your fingers!

Cal. Ha, ha, ha!

Ste. Now, forward with your tale. Pr'ythee stand further off.

Cal. Beat him enough : after a little time, I'll beat him too.

Ste. Stand further. Come, proceed.

Cal. Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him I' the afternoon to sleep : there thou mayst brain him,

Having first seized his books ; or with a log
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,
 Or cut his wezand¹ with thy knife. Remember,
 First to possess his books ; for without them
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor hath not
 One spirit to command. They all do hate him
 As rootedly as I. Burn but his books ;
 He has brave utensils, (for so he calls them)
 Which, when he has a house, he'll deck withal.
 And that most deeply to consider, is
 The beauty of his daughter ; he himself
 Calls her a non-pareil : I never saw a womap
 But only Sycorax my dam, and she ;

¹ 'throat

But she as far surpasseth Sycorax,
As great'st does least.

Ste. Is it so brave a lass? www.libtool.com.cn

Cal. Ay, lord; she will become thy bed, I
warrant,

And bring thee forth brave brood.

Ste. Monster, I will kill this man: his daughter
and I will be king and queen; (save our graces!)
and Trinculo and thyself shall be viceroys. Dost
thou like the plot, Trinculo?

Trin. Excellent.

Ste. Give me thy hand. I am sorry I beat thee;
but, while thou livest, keep a good tongue in thy
head.

Cal. Within this half hour will he be asleep;
Wilt thou destroy him then?

Ste. Ay, on mine honor.

Ari. This will I tell my master.

Cal. Thou makest me merry: I am full of plea-
sure.

Let us be jocund. Will you troll¹ the catch
You taught me but while-ere?²

Ste. At thy request, monster, I will do reason, any
reason: Come on, Trinculo; let us sing. [*sings.*

Flout 'em, and skout 'em; and skout 'em, and flout 'em;
Thought is free.

Cal. That's not the tune.

[*Ariel plays the tune on a tabor and pipe.*

¹ Sing with spirit, dismiss it trippingly from the tongue.

² A short time since.

Ste. What is this same ?

Trin. This is the tune of our catch, played by the picture of Nobody. libtool.com.cn

Ste. If thou beest a man, show thyself in thy likeness : if thou beest a devil, take 't as thou list.

Trin. O, forgive me my sins !

Ste. He that dies, pays all debts : I defy thee. Mercy upon us !

Cal. Art thou afeard ?

Ste. No, monster, not I. .

Cal. 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 waked after long sleep,
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 waked,
I cried to dream again.

Ste. This will prove a brave kingdom to me,
where I shall have my music for nothing.

Cal. When Prospero is destroyed.

Ste. That shall be by and by : I remember the story.

Trin. The sound is going away : let 's follow it,
and after, do our work.

Ste. Lead, monster ; we 'll follow. I would, I
could see this taborer : he lays it on.

Trin. Wilt come ? I 'll follow, Stephano. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

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Another part of the island.

Enter ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO,
ADRIAN, FRANCISCO, *and others.*

Gon. By 'r lakin,¹ I can go no further, sir ;
My old bones ache : here 's a maze trod, indeed.
Through forth-rights and meanders !² by your pa-
tience,
I needs must rest me.

Alon. Old lord, I cannot blame thee,
Who am myself attach'd with weariness,
To the dulling of my spirits : sit down, and rest.
Even here I will put off my hope, and keep it
No longer for my flatterer : he is drown'd,
Whom thus we stray to find ; and the sea mocks
Our frustrate search on land. Well, let him go.

Ant. I am right glad that he 's so out of hope.

[aside to Sebastian.

Do not, for one repulse, forego the purpose
That you resolved to effect.

Seb. The next advantage
Will we take thoroughly.

Ant. Let it be to-night ;
For, now they are oppress'd with travel, they
Will not nor cannot use such vigilance,
As when they are fresh.

¹ By our lady. ² Through straight and crooked paths.

Seb.

I say, to night : no more.

Solemn and strange music ; and Prospero above, invisible. Enter several strange shapes, bringing in a banquet : they dance about it with gentle actions of salutation ; and, inviting the king, &c. to eat, they depart.

Alon. What harmony is this ? my good friends,
hark !

Gon. Marvellous sweet music !

Alon. Give us kind keepers, heavens ! What were
these ?

Seb. A living drollery.¹ Now I will believe,
That there are unicorns ; that, in Arabia
There is one tree, the phoenix' throne ; one phoenix
At this hour reigning there.

Ant. I'll believe both ;
And what does else want credit, come to me,
And I'll be sworn 'tis true. Travellers ne'er did lie,
Though fools at home condemn them.

Gon. If in Naples
I should report this now, would they believe me ?
If I should say, I saw such islanders,
(For, certes,² these are people of the island)
Who, though they are of monstrous shape, yet,
note,
Their manners are more gentle, kind, than of
Our human generation you shall find
Many, nay, almost any.

¹ Pageant.

² Certainly.

Pro. Honest lord,
Thou hast said well; for some of you there present,
Are worse than devils. *[aside.]*

Alon. I cannot too much muse,¹
Such shapes, such gesture, and such sound, ex-
pressing

(Although they want the use of tongue) a kind
Of excellent dumb discourse.

Pro. Praise in departing. *[aside.]*

Fran. They vanish'd strangely.

Seb. No matter, since
They have left their viands behind; for we have
stomachs.—

Will 't please you taste of what is here?

Alon. Not I.

Gon. Faith, sir, you need not fear. When we
were boys,

Who would believe that there were mountaineers,
Dew-lapp'd like bulls, whose throats had hanging at
them

Wallets of flesh? or that there were such men,
Whose heads stood in their breasts?² which now
we find,

Each putter out of one for five will bring us
Good warrant of.

Alon. I will stand to, and feed,
Although my last: no matter, since I feel

¹ Wonder.

² 'The Blemmyi have no heads, but mouth and eyes in their breasts.'—Plin. Hist. Nat. book vi. chap. 8.

The best is past. Brother, my lord the duke,
Stand too, and do as we.

*Thunder and lightning. Enter ARIEL like a harpy ;
claps his wings upon the table, and, with a quaint
device, the banquet vanishes.*

Ari. You are three men of sin, whom destiny
(That hath to instrument this lower world
And what is in 't)¹ the never-surfeited sea
Hath caused to belch up ; and on this island,
Where man doth not inhabit ; you 'mongst men
Being most unfit to live. I have made you mad ;
[seeing Alon. Seb. &c. draw their swords.
And even with such like valor, men hang and
drown

Their proper selves. You fools ! I and my fellows
Are ministers of fate ; the elements,
Of whom your swords are temper'd, may as well
Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs
Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish
One dowle² that's in my plume ; my fellow mi-
nisters

Are like invulnerable : if you could hurt,
Your swords are now too massy for your strengths
And will not be uplifted. But remember,
(For that's my business to you) that you three
From Milan did supplant good Prospero ;
Exposed unto the sea, which hath requit it,

¹ That makes use of this world, and every thing in it, as its instruments to bring about its ends.

² Feather.

Him and his innocent child ; for which foul deed.
 The powers, delaying, not forgetting, have
 Incensed the sea and shores, yea, all the creatures.
 Against your peace. Thee, of thy son, Alonso,
 They have bereft ; and do pronounce by me,
 Lingering perdition (worse than any death
 Can be at once) shall step by step attend
 You and your ways ; whose wraths to guard you
 from,

(Which here, in this most desolate isle, else falls
 Upon your heads) is nothing, but heart's sorrow,
 And a clear¹ life ensuing.

*He vanishes in thunder : then, to soft music, enter the
 shapes again, and dance with mops and mowes,² and
 carry out the table.*

Pro. [aside.] Bravely the figure of this harpy
 hast thou

Perform'd, my Ariel ; a grace it had, devouring :
 Of my instruction hast thou nothing 'bated,
 In what thou hadst to say : so, with good life,³
 And observation strange, my meaner ministers
 Their several kinds have done : my high charms
 work,

And these, mine enemies, are all knit up
 In their distractions : they now are in my power ;
 And in these fits I leave them, whilst I visit

¹ Pure, blameless. Making mouths, or wry faces.

² With exact representation of their several characters : so
 we say, ' acted to the life.'

Young Ferdinand, whom they suppose is drown'd;
And his and my loved darling.

[Exit Prospero from above.]

Gon. I' the name of something holy, sir, why
stand you

In this strange stare?

Alon. O, it is monstrous! monstrous!
Methought, the billows spoke, and told me of it;
The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,
That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounced
The name of Prosper; it did bass¹ my trespass.
Therefore my son i' the ooze is bedded; and
I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,
And with him there lie mudded. *[Exit]*

Seb. But one fiend at a time,
I'll fight their legions o'er.

Ant. I'll be thy second.

[Exeunt Seb. and Ant.]

Gon. All three of them are desperate; their great
guilt,

Like poison given to work a great time after,
Now 'gins to bite the spirits. I do beseech you
That are of suppler joints, follow them swiftly,
And hinder them from what this ecstasy²
May now provoke them to.

Adr. Follow, I pray you.

[Exeunt.]

¹ Told it me in a rough bass sound.

² Alienation of mind.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

Before Prospero's cell.

Enter PROSPERO, FERDINAND, and MIRANDA.

Pro. If I have too austere¹ly punish'd you,
Your compensation makes amends : for I
Have given you here a thread of mine own life,¹
Or that for which I live ; whom once again
I tender to thy hand : all thy vexations
Were but my trials of thy love, and thou
Hast strangely² stood the test : here, afore Heaven,
I ratify this my rich gift. O Ferdinand,
Do not smile at me, that I boast her off,
For thou shalt find she will outstrip all praise,
And make it halt behind her.

Fer. I do believe it,
Against an oracle.

Pro. Then, as my gift, and thine own acquisition
Worthily purchased, take my daughter : but
If thou dost break her virgin knot before
All sanctimonious ceremonies may
With full and holy rite be minister'd,
No sweet aspersion³ shall the heavens let fall
To make this contract grow ; but barren hate,

¹ A fibre or portion of myself.

² To admiration.

³ Sprinkling.

Sour-eyed disdain, and discord, shall bestrew
 'The union of your bed with weeds so loathly,
 'That you shall hate it both; therefore, take heed,
 As Hymen's lamps shall light you.

Fer. As I hope
 For quiet days, fair issue, and long life,
 With such love as 'tis now; the murkiest den,
 The most opportune place, the strong'st suggestion¹
 Our worser Genius can, shall never melt
 Mine honor into lust; to take away
 The edge of that day's celebration,
 When I shall think, or Phœbus' steeds are founder'd,
 Or night kept chain'd below.

Pro. Fairly spoke:
 Sit then, and talk with her: she is thine own.
 What, Ariel; my industrious servant Ariel!

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. What would my potent master? here I am.

Pro. Thou and thy meaner fellows your last
 service

Did worthily perform; and I must use you
 In such another trick: go, bring the rabble,²
 O'er whom I give thee power, here, to this place:
 Incite them to quick motion; for I must
 Bestow upon the eyes of this young couple
 Some vanity of mine art; it is my promise,
 And they expect it from me.

Ari. Presently?

¹ Temptation.

² The crew of meaner spirits.

Pro. Ay, with a twink.

Ari. Before you can say, Come and go,

And breathe twice, and cry, So, so;

Each one, tripping on his toe,¹

Will be here with mop and mowe.²

Do you love me, master? no.

Pro. Dearly, my delicate Ariel. Do not approach,
Till thou dost hear me call.

Ari. Well I conceive. [*Erit.*

Pro. Look, thou be true; do not give dalliance
Too much the rein: the strongest oaths are straw
To the fire i' the blood: be more abstemious,
Or else, good night, your vow!

Fer. I warrant you, sir;
The white-cold virgin snow upon my heart
Abates the ardor of my liver.

Pro. Well.—
Now come, my Ariel; bring a corollary,³
Rather than want a spirit: appear, and pertly.—
No tongue; all eyes; be silent. [*soft music.*

A masque. Enter IRIS.

Iris. Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas
Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats, and peas;
Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,
And flat meads thatch'd with stover,⁴ them to keep;

¹ So in Milton's *L'Allegro*, v. 33.

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe.

² Making mouths or wry faces.

³ More than are sufficient.

⁴ Coarse hay.

Thy banks with pioned and twilled brims,¹
 Which spongy April at thy hest² betrimms,
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy
 broom groves,

Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,
 Being lass-lorn; ³ thy pole-clipt vineyard; ⁴
 And thy sea-marge, steril, and rocky-hard,
 Where thou thyself dost air: the queen o' the sky,
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain; ⁵
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

Cer. Hail, many-color'd messenger, that ne'er
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;
 Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown
 My bosky⁶ acres, and my unshrubb'd down,
 Rich scarf to my proud earth; why hath thy queen
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

Iris. A contract of true love to celebrate;

¹ It is conjectured that by 'pioned and twilled brims' Shakspeare meant banks fringed with pionies and thickly-matted grass, resembling the stuff called twilled cloth, in which the cords appear closely twisted together.

² Command.

³ Forsaken of his mistress.

⁴ The pole embraced by the vines.

⁵ With vigor.

⁶ Woody.

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Wright del.

Reading

RESPECT
From the Ethnological Museum, Vienna
At 17: 1866

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And some donation freely to estate¹
On the bless'd lovers.

Cer. Tell me, heavenly bow,
If Venus, or her son, as thou dost know,
Do now attend the queen? Since they did plot
The means, that dusky Dis² my daughter got,
Her and her blind boy's scandal'd company
I have forsworn.

Iris. Of her society
Be not afraid: I met her deity
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos; and her son
Dove-drawn with her: here thought they to have
done

Some wanton charm upon this man and maid,
Whose vows are, that no bed-rite shall be paid
Till Hymen's torch be lighted: but in vain;
Mars's hot minion is return'd again:
Her waspish-headed son has broke his arrows,
Swears he will shoot no more, but play with spar-
rows,

And be a boy right out.

Cer. Highest queen of state,
Great Juno comes; I know her by her gait.

Enter JUNO.

Juno. How does my bounteous sister? Go with
me,

To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,
And honor'd in their issue.

¹ Bestow.

² Pluto.

SONG.

Juno. Honor, riches, marriage-blessing,
 Long continuance, and increasing ;
 Hourly joys be still upon you !
Juno sings her blessings on you.

Cer. Earth's increase, and foison ¹ plenty ;
 Barns and garner's never empty ;
 Vines, with clustering bunches growing ;
 Plants, with goodly burden bowing ;
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,
 In the very end of harvest !
 Scarcity and want shall shun you ;
Ceres' blessing so is on you.

Fer. This is a most majestic vision, and
 Harmonious charmingly. May I be bold
 To think these spirits ?

Pro. Spirits, which by mine art
 I have from their confines call'd to enact
 My present fancies.

Fer. Let me live here ever ;
 So rare a wonder'd ² father, and a wife,
 Make this place Paradise.

[Juno and Ceres whisper, and send Iris on employment.]

Pro. Sweet now, silence :
Juno and Ceres whisper seriously ;
 There's something else to do : hush, and be mute,
 Or else our spell is marr'd.

Iris. You nymphs, call'd Naiads, of the wandering
 brooks,
 With your sedged crowns, and ever-harmless looks,

¹ Abundance.

² Able to produce such wonders.

Leave your crisp ¹ channels, and on this green land
Answer your summons; Juno does command:
Come, temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate
A contract of true love; be not too late.

Enter certain nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,
Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;
Make holy-day; your rye-straw hats put on,
And these fresh nymphs encounter every one
In country footing.

Enter certain reapers, properly habited: they join with the nymphs in a graceful dance; towards the end whereof Prospero starts suddenly, and speaks; after which, to a strange, hollow, and confused noise, they heavily vanish.

Pro. [*aside*] I had forgot that foul conspiracy
Of the beast Caliban, and his confederates,
Against my life; the minute of their plot
Is almost come.—[*to the spirits.*] Well done;—
avoid;—no more.

Fer. This is strange: your father's in some
passion
That works him strongly.

Mir. Never till this day,
Saw I him touch'd with anger so distemper'd.

Pro. You do look, my son, in a moved sort,
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir:

¹ Curling, winding.

Our revels now are ended ; these our actors
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
 Are melted into air, into thin air :
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve ;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,¹
 Leave not a rack² behind. We are such stuff
 As dreams are made of, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep. Sir, I am vex'd ;
 Bear with my weakness ; my old brain is troubled.
 Be not disturb'd with my infirmity :
 If you be pleased, retire into my cell,
 And there repose : a turn or two I'll walk,
 To still my beating mind.

Fer. Mir. We wish your peace. [*Exeunt.*]

Pro. Come with a thought :—I thank you :—
 Ariel, come.

Enter ARIEL.

Ari. Thy thoughts I cleave to. What's thy
 pleasure ?

Pro. Spirit,
 We must prepare to meet with Caliban.

Ari. Ay, my commander : when I presented
 Ceres,
 I thought to have told thee of it ; but I fear'd,

¹ Vanished.

² The last fleeting vestige of the highest clouds.

Lest I might anger thee.

Pro. Say again, where didst thou leave these varlets? www.libtool.com.cn

Ari. I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;

So full of valor, that they smote the air
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground
For kissing of their feet; yet always bending
Towards their project. Then I beat my tabor,
At which, like unback'd colts, they prick'd their
ears,

Advanced their eye-lids, lifted up their noses,
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,
That, calf like, they my lowing follow'd, through
Tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss,¹ and
thorns,

Which enter'd their frail shins: at last I left them
I' the filthy mantled pool beyond your cell,
There dancing up to the chins, that the foul lake
O'erstunk their feet.

Pro. This was well done, my bird:
Thy shape invisible retain thou still:
The trumpery in my house, go, bring it hither,
For stale² to catch these thieves.

Ari. I go, I go. [*Exit.*]

Pro. A devil, a born devil, on whose nature
Nurture³ can never stick; on whom my pains,
Humanely taken, all, all lost, quite lost;

¹ A kind of low furze.

² Bait.

³ Education.

And as, with age, his body uglier grows,
So his mind cankers : I will plague them all,

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Re-enter ARIEL loaden with glistering apparel, &c.

Even to roaring :—Come, hang them on this line.

PROSPERO *and* ARIEL *remain invisible. Enter* CALIBAN, STEPHANO, *and* TRINCULO, *all wet.*

Cal. Pray you, tread softly, that the blind mole
may not

Hear a foot fall : we now are near his cell.

Ste. Monster, your fairy, which, you say, is a harmless fairy, has done little better than played the Jack¹ with us.

Trin. Monster, I do smell all horse-piss ; at which my nose is in great indignation.

Ste. So is mine. Do you hear, monster ? If I should take a displeasure against you ; look you,—

Trin. Thou wert but a lost monster.

Cal. Good my lord, give me thy favor still :
Be patient ; for the prize I'll bring thee to
Shall hood-wink this mischance : therefore, speak
softly ;

All's hush'd as midnight yet.

Trin. Ay, but to lose our bottles in the pool,—

Ste. There is not only disgrace and dishonor in that, monster, but an infinite loss.

Trin. That's more to me than my wetting : yet this is your harmless fairy, monster.

¹ Jack with a lantern.

Ste. I will fetch off my bottle, though I be o'er ears for my labor.

Cal. Pr'ythee, my king, be quiet. Seest thou here?

This is the mouth o' the cell: no noise, and enter: Do that good mischief, which may make this island Thine own for ever, and I, thy Caliban, For aye¹ thy foot-licker.

Ste. Give me thy hand: I do begin to have bloody thoughts.

Trin. O king Stephano! O peer! O worthy Stephano! look, what a wardrobe here is for thee!

Cal. Let it alone, thou fool; it is but trash.

Trin. O, ho, monster; we know what belongs to a frippery:²—O king Stephano!

Ste. Put off that gown, Trinculo: by this hand, I'll have that gown.

Trin. Thy grace shall have it.

Cal. The dropsy drown this fool! what do you mean,

To dote thus on such luggage? Let it alone, And do the murder first: if he awake, From toe to crown he'll fill our skins with pinches; Make us strange stuff.

Ste. Be you quiet, monster.—Mistress line, is not this my jerkin? Now is the jerkin under the line: now, jerkin, you are like to lose your hair, and prove a bald jerkin.³

¹ For ever.

² A shop for the sale of old clothes.

³ 'An allusion to what often happens to people who pass

Trin. Do, do: we steal by line and level, an't like your grace.

Ste. I thank thee for that jest; here's a garment for 't: wit shall not go unrewarded, while I am king of this country. 'Steal by line and level,' is an excellent pass of pate;¹ there's another garment for 't.

Trin. Monster, come, put some lime² upon your fingers, and away with the rest.

Cal. I will have none on 't: we shall lose our time,

And all be turn'd to barnacles,³ or to apes
With foreheads villanous low.

Ste. Monster, lay-to your fingers; help to bear this away, where my hogshead of wine is, or I'll turn you out of my kingdom: go to, carry this.

Trin. And this.

Ste. Ay, and this.

A noise of hunters heard. Enter divers spirits, in shape of hounds, and hunt them about; PROSPERO and ARIEL setting them on.

Pro. Hey, Mountain, hey!

Ari. Silver! there it goes, Silver!

Pro. Fury, Fury! there, Tyrant, there! hark, hark! [*Cal. Ste. and Trin. are driven out.*]

the line. 'The violent fevers, which they contract in that hot climate, make them lose their hair.' Edwards' Mss.

¹ A happy turn of thought.

² Bird-lime.

³ A barnacle is a kind of shell-fish, which sticks to the bottoms of ships, and which was anciently supposed, when broken off, to become a Scottish goose.

Go, charge my goblins that they grind their joints
With dry convulsions ; shorten up their sinews
With aged cramps ; and more pinch-spotted make
them,

Than pard, or cat o' mountain.

Ari. Hark, they roar.

Pro. Let them be hunted soundly. At this hour
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies.

Shortly shall all my labors end, and thou
Shalt have the air at freedom : for a little,
Follow, and do me service.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T V.

SCENE I.

Before the cell of Prospero.

Enter PROSPERO in his magic robes, and ARIEL.

Pro. Now does my project gather to a head :
My charms crack not ; my spirits obey ; and time
Goes upright with his carriage.¹ How 's the day ?

Ari. On the sixth hour ; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

Pro. I did say so,
When first I raised the tempest. Say, my spirit,
How fares the king and his followers ?

Ari. Confined together

¹ Time brings forward all the expected events without
faltering under his burden.

In the same fashion as you gave in charge :
 Just as you left them, sir ; all prisoners,
 In the lime-grove which weather-fends¹ your cell :
 They cannot budge till your release. The king,
 His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted ;
 And the remainder mourning over them,
 Brimfull of sorrow and dismay ; but chiefly
 Him you term'd, sir, ' The good old lord, Gonzalo ;'
 His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops
 From eaves² of reeds : your charm so strongly
 works them,
 That if you now beheld them, your affections
 Would become tender.

Pro. Dost thou think so, spirit ?

Ari. Mine would, sir, were I human.

Pro. And mine shall.

Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling
 Of their afflictions ? and shall not myself,
 One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,
 Passion as they, be kindlier moved than thou art ?
 Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the
 quick,

Yet, with my nobler reason, 'gainst my fury
 Do I take part : the rarer action is
 In virtue than in vengeance : they being penitent,
 The sole drift of my purpose doth extend
 Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel ;
 My charms I'll break, their senses I'll restore,

¹ Defends from bad weather.

² Thatches.

And they shall be themselves.

Ari. I'll fetch them, sir. [*Exit.*

Pro. 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 demy-puppets, that
By moon-shine do the green-sour ringlets make,
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 be¹) I have bedimm'd
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
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 spurs² pluck'd up
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,
Have waked their sleepers; oped, and let them
forth

By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure: and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, (which even now I do)
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,

¹ Though you possess these supernatural powers but in a low degree.

² The longest roots.

And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book. [solemn music.]

Re-enter ARIEL: after him, ALONSO, with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO; SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO in like manner, attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter the circle which PROSPERO had made, and there stand charmed; which PROSPERO observing, speaks.

A solemn air, and the best comforter
To an unsettled fancy, cure thy brains,
Now useless, boil'd within thy skull! There stand,
For you are spell-stopp'd.—
Holy Gonzalo, honorable man,
Mine eyes, even sociable to the show of thine.
Fall fellowly drops. The charm dissolves apace;
And as the morning steals upon the night,
Melting the darkness, so their rising senses
Begin to chase the ignorant fumes that mantle
Their clearer reason. O my good Gonzalo,
My true preserver, and a loyal sir
To him thou follow'st; I will pay thy graces
Home, both in word and deed. Most cruelly
Didst thou, Alonso, use me and my daughter:
Thy brother was a furtherer in the act;—
Thou'rt pinch'd for't now, Sebastian. Flesh and
blood,
You brother mine, that entertain'd ambition,
Expell'd remorse and nature;¹ who, with Sebastian,

¹ Tenderness of heart, and natural affection.

(Whose inward pinches therefore are most strong)
 Would here have kill'd your king; I do forgive
 thee,

Unnatural though thou art! Their understanding
 Begins to swell; and the approaching tide
 Will shortly fill the reasonable shores,
 That now lie foul and muddy. Not one of them,
 That yet looks on me, or would know me. Ariel,
 Fetch me the hat and rapier in my cell;

[*Exit Ariel.*]

I will discase me,¹ and myself present,
 As I was sometime Milan:—quickly, spirit;
 Thou shalt ere long be free.

ARIEL *re-enters, singing, and helps to attire* PROSPERO.

Ari. 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.
 Merrily, merrily, shall I live now
 Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Pro. Why, that's my dainty Ariel: I shall miss
 thee;
 But yet thou shalt have freedom: so. so. so —
 To the king's ship, invisible as thou art:
 There shalt thou find the mariners asleep
 Under the hatches; the master, and the boatswain,

¹ Strip off my magic garments.

Being awake, enforce them to this place :
And presently, I pr'ythee.

Ari. I drink the air before me, and return
Or e'er¹ your pulse twice beat. [*Exit Ariel.*]

Gon. All torment, trouble, wonder, and amazement

Inhabits here. Some heavenly power guide us
Out of this fearful² country !

Pro. Behold, sir king,
The wronged duke of Milan, Prospero :
For more assurance that a living prince
Does now speak to thee, I embrace thy body ;
And to thee, and thy company, I bid
A hearty welcome.

Alon. Whe'r³ thou beest he, or no,
Or some enchanted trifle to abuse me,
As late I have been, I not know : thy pulse
Beats, as of flesh and blood ; and, since I saw thee,
The affliction of my mind amends, with which,
I fear, a madness held me : this must crave
(An if this be at all) a most strange story.
Thy dukedom I resign ; and do entreat
Thou pardon me my wrongs. But how should
Prospero
Be living, and be here ?

Pro. First, noble friend,
Let me embrace thine age ; whose honor cannot
Be measured or confined.

¹ Before.

² Frightful.

³ Whether.

Gon. Whether this be
Or be not, I'll not swear.

Pro. You do yet taste
Some subtilties o' the isle, that will not let you
Believe things certain. Welcome, my friends all.
But you, my brace of lords, were I so minded,

[*aside to Seb. and Ant.*

I here could pluck his highness' frown upon you,
And justify you traitors: at this time
I'll tell no tales.

Seb. The devil speaks in him. [*aside.*

Pro. No.

For you, most wicked sir, whom to call brother
Would even infect my mouth, I do forgive
Thy rankest fault; all of them; and require
My dukedom of thee, which, perforce, I know
Thou must restore.

Alon. If thou beest Prospero,
Give us particulars of thy preservation:
How thou hast met us here, who three hours since
Were wreck'd upon this shore; where I have lost
(How sharp the point of this remembrance is!)
My dear son Ferdinand.

Pro. I am woe¹ for 't, sir.

Alon. Irreparable is the loss; and Patience
Says, it is past her cure.

Pro. I rather think
You have not sought her help; of whose soft grace,

¹ Sorry.

For the like loss, I have her sovereign aid,
And rest myself content.

Alon. www.litindia.com You the like loss?

Pro. As great to me, as late; ¹ and, portable ²
To make the dear loss, have I means much weaker
Than you may call to comfort you; for I
Have lost my daughter.

Alon. A daughter?
O heavens! that they were living both in Naples,
The king and queen there! That they were, I
wish

Myself were mudded in that oozy bed
Where my son lies. When did you lose your
daughter?

Pro. In this last tempest. I perceive, these lords
At this encounter do so much admire,³
That they devour their reason; and scarce think
Their eyes do offices of truth, their words
Are natural breath: but, howsoe'er you have
Been justled from your senses, know for certain,
That I am Prospero, and that very duke
Which was thrust forth of Milan; who most
strangely,
Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was
landed,
To be the lord on 't. No more yet of this:
For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,

¹ My loss is as great as yours, and has happened to me as lately.

² Bearable.

³ Are so much surprised at this meeting.

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Wheatley del.

Stirling sc.

TEMPEST

Ferdinand & Miranda playing at Chess
Act V. Scene I.

Not a relation for a breakfast, nor
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir ;
 This cell's my court : here have I few attendants,
 And subjects none abroad : pray you, look in.
 My dukedom since you have given me again.
 I will requite you with as good a thing ;
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,
 As much as me my dukedom.

The entrance of the cell opens, and discovers FERDINAND and MIRANDA playing at chess.

Mir. Sweet lord, you play me false.

Fer. No, my dearest love,
 I would not for the world.

Mir. Yes, for a score of kingdoms, you should
 wrangle,

And I would call it fair play,

Alon. If this prove

A vision of the island, one dear son
 Shall I twice lose.

Seb. A most high miracle !

Fer. Though the seas threaten, they are merciful :
 I have cursed them without cause.

[Ferdinand kneels to Alonso.]

Alon. Now all the blessings

Of a glad father compass thee about !

Arise, and say how thou camest here.

Mir. O wonder !

How many goodly creatures are there here !

How beauteous mankind is ! O brave new world,

That has such people in 't !

Pro. 'Tis new to thee.

Alon. What is this maid, with whom thou wast
at play ?

Your eld'st acquaintance cannot be three hours.

Is she the goddess that hath sever'd us,

And brought us thus together ?

Fer. Sir, she's mortal ;

But, by immortal Providence, she's mine.

I chose her, when I could not ask my father

For his advice ; nor thought I had one : she

Is daughter to this famous duke of Milan,

Of whom so often I have heard renown,

But never saw before ; of whom I have

Received a second life, and second father

This lady makes him to me.

Alon. I am hers :

But O, how oddly will it sound, that I

Must ask my child forgiveness !

Pro. There, sir, stop ;

Let us not burden our remembrances

With a heaviness that's gone.

Gon. I have inly wept,

Or should have spoke ere this. Look down, you
gods,

And on this couple drop a blessed crown ;

For it is you, that have chalk'd forth the way

Which brought us hither !

Alon. I say, amen, Gonzalo !

Gon. Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his
issue

Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice
 Beyond a common joy; and set it down
 With gold on lasting pillars. In one voyage
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,
 Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom.
 In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,
 When no man was his own.¹

Alon.

Give me your hands:

[*To Fer. and Mir.*

Let grief and sorrow still embrace his heart,
 That doth not wish you joy!

Gon.

Be 't so! Amen!

*Re-enter RIEL, with the MASTER and BOATSWAIN
 amazedly following.*

O look, sir, look, sir; here are more of us!
 I prophesied, if a gallows were on land,
 This fellow could not drown. Now, blasphemy,
 That swear'st grace o'erboard, not an oath on
 shore?

Hast thou no mouth by land? What is the news?

Boat. The best news is, that we have safely
 found

Our king and company: the next, our ship,—
 Which, but three glasses since, we gave out split,—
 Is tight, and yare,² and bravely rigg'd, as when
 We first put out to sea.

¹ In his senses

² Ready.

Ari. Sir, all this service
Have I done since I went. } [*aside.*

Pro. My tricky¹ spirit ! }

Alon. These are not natural events ; they
strengthen,
From strange to stranger. Say, how came you
hither ?

Boat. If I did think, sir, I were well awake,
I'd strive to tell you. We were dead on sleep,
And (how, we know not) all clapp'd under hatches,
Where, but even now, with strange and several
noises

Of roaring, shrieking, howling, gingling chains,
And more diversity of sounds, all horrible,
We were awaked ; straightway, at liberty :
Where we, in all her trim, freshly beheld
Our royal, good, and gallant ship ; our master
Capering to eye her. On a trice, so please you,
Even in a dream, were we divided from them,
And were brought moping hither.

Ari. Was 't well done ? }

Pro. Bravely, my diligence. Thou shalt } [*aside.*
be free.

Alon. This is as strange a maze as e'er men trod :
And there is in this business more than nature
Was'ever conduct² of : some oracle
Must rectify our knowlege.

Pro. Sir, my liege,

¹ Clever, adroit.

² Conductor.

Do not infest your mind with beating on
 The strangeness of this business : at pick'd leisure,
 Which shall be shortly, single I'll resolve you ¹
 (Which to you shall seem probable) of every
 These happen'd accidents : till when be cheerful,
 And think of each thing well. Come hither, spirit :
[*aside.*

Set Caliban and his companions free :
 Untie the spell. [*Exit Ariel.*] How fares my gracious
 sir ?

There are yet missing of your company
 Some few odd lads, that you remember not.

*Re-enter ARIEL, driving in CALIBAN, STEPHANO, and
 TRINCULO, in their stolen apparel.*

Ste. Every man shift for all the rest, and let no
 man take care for himself ; for all is but fortune.
 Coragio ! ² bully-monster, Coragio !

Trin. If these be true spies which I wear in my
 head, here's a goodly sight.

Cal. O Setebos, these be brave spirits, indeed !
 How fine my master is ! I am afraid
 He will chastise me.

Seb. Ha, ha !
 What things are these, my lord Antonio ?
 Will money buy them ?

Ant. Very like ; one of them

¹ I will relate to you circumstantially.

² Exclamation of encouragement.

Is a plain fish,¹ and, no doubt, marketable

Pro. Mark but the badges of these men, my lords,

Then say, if they be true.² This mis-shapen knave,—

His mother was a witch; and one so strong,
That could control the moon, make flows and ebbs,
And deal in her command, without her power.³
These three have robb'd me; and this demi-devil
(For he's a bastard one) had plotted with them
To take my life: two of these fellows you
Must know, and own; this thing of darkness I
Acknowledge mine.

Cal. I shall be pinch'd to death.

Alon. Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?

Seb. He is drunk now: where had he wine?

Alon. And Trinculo is reeling ripe: where should they

Find this grand liquor that hath gilded them?⁴
How camest thou in this pickle?

Trin. I have been in such a pickle, since I saw you last, that, I fear me, will never out of my bones: I shall not fear fly-blowing.

Seb. Why, how now, Stephano?

Ste. O, touch me not; I am not Stephano, but a cramp.

¹ Is evidently a fish.

² Honest.

³ Sycorax could control the moon, and act as her vicegerent, without being commissioned by her so to do.

⁴ Arrayed them in glittering apparel.

Pro. You'd be king of the isle, sirrah?

Ste. I should have been a sore one then.

Alon. This is a strange thing as e'er I look'd on.

[*pointing to Caliban.*]

Pro. He is as disproportion'd in his manners,
As in his shape. Go, sirrah, to my cell;
Take with you your companions; as you look
To have my pardon, trim it handsomely.

Cal. Ay, that I will; and I'll be wise hereafter,
And seek for grace. What a thrice-double ass
Was I, to take this drunkard for a god,
And worship this dull fool!

Pro. Go to; away!

Alon. Hence, and bestow your luggage where you
found it.

Seb. Or stole it, rather.

[*Exeunt Cal. Ste. and Trin.*]

Pro. Sir, I invite your highness, and your train,
To my poor cell, where you shall take your rest
For this one night; which (part of it) I'll waste
With such discourse, as, I not doubt, shall make
Go quick away: the story of my life,
And the particular accidents, gone by,
Since I came to this isle: and in the morn,
I'll bring you to your ship, and so to Naples,
Where I have hope to see the nuptial
Of these our dear-beloved solemnised;
And thence retire me to my Milan, where
Every third thought shall be my grave.

Alon. I long

To hear the story of your life. which must

Take the ear strangely.¹

Pro. I'll deliver all;
And promise you calm seas, auspicious gales,
And sail so expeditious, that shall catch
Your royal fleet far off. My Ariel! chick!
That is thy charge; then to the elements
Be free, and fare thou well! [*aside.*] Please you,
draw near. [*Exeunt.*]

¹ Which must needs be interesting.

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY PROSPERO.

Now my charms are all o'erthrown,
 And what strength I have 's mine own,
 Which is most faint : now, 'tis true,
 I must be here confined by you,
 Or sent to Naples. Let me not,
 Since I have my dukedom got,
 And pardon'd the deceiver, dwell
 In this bare island, by your spell ;
 But release me from my bands,
 With the help of your good hands.¹
 Gentle breath of yours my sails
 Must fill, or else my project fails,
 Which was to please. Now I want
 Spirits to enforce, art to enchant ;
 And my ending is despair,
 Unless I be relieved by prayer ;
 Which pierces so, that it assaults
 Mercy itself, and frees all faults.

As you from crimes would pardon'd be,
 Let your indulgence set me free.

¹ By your applause. Noise was supposed to dissolve a spell.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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HISTORICAL NOTICE

OF THE

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

Mr. Steevens conjectures that some of the incidents of this play were taken by Shakspeare from the *Arcadia*, book i. chap. 6. where Pyrocles consents to head the Helots; to which tale the adventures of Valentine with the outlaws, in this drama, bear a striking resemblance. But however this question may be disposed of, there can be little doubt that the episode of Felismena, in the *Diana* of George of Montemayor, a romance translated from the Spanish, and published in the year 1598, was the source whence the principal part of the plot of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* has been derived. The story of Proteus and Julia, in this play, closely corresponds with its prototype; and in several passages the dramatist has copied the very language of the pastoral.

The authenticity of this drama has been disputed by Hanmer, Theobald, and Upton, who condemn it as a very inferior production: but Dr. Johnson, in ascribing it to the pen of Shakspeare, asks, 'if it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given?' justly remarking, that 'it will be found more credible that Shakspeare might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.' 'It is observable,' says Pope, 'that the style of this comedy is less figurative, and more natural and unaffected

than the greater part of this author's, though supposed to be one of the first he wrote.'

Dr. Johnson remarks, that 'in this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one inland town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at Milan, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more: he makes Proteus, after an interview with Silvia, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered and sometimes forgot.'—'When I read this play,' adds the same writer, 'I cannot but think that I find, both in the serious and ludicrous scenes the language and sentiments of Shakspeare. It is not, indeed, one of his most powerful effusions; it has neither many diversities of character, nor striking delineations of life; but it abounds in γνῶμαι beyond most of his plays; and few have more lines or passages which, singly considered, are eminently beautiful.'

A R G U M E N T

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A young gentleman of Verona, named Valentine, after taking leave of his friend Proteus, visits the court of Milan, where he becomes captivated by the charms of Silvia, the duke's daughter, who secretly favors his addresses, in preference to those of a rich suitor provided by her father. In the mean time, Proteus, who had become enamored of Julia, a Veronese lady, successfully prosecutes his suit, and obtains from his mistress assurances of mutual regard. The satisfaction of these lovers is soon interrupted by the young gentleman's father, who, ignorant of his son's attachment, is anxious to send him to Milan, where Valentine still resides. After quitting Julia with professions of unalterable constancy, Proteus joins his friend, who receives him with the utmost tenderness; confides to him the secret of his love; and, having introduced him into the presence of Silvia, informs him of his intended elopement with her: but he has soon reason to repent his misplaced confidence; for Proteus, who by this time had forgotten his former vows, and was resolved to supplant Valentine, treacherously informs the duke of his daughter's purposed flight, which procures the banishment of Valentine and the imprisonment of Silvia. During this period, Julia, unable to endure the absence of her lover, travels to Milan in the disguise of a youth, and contrives to hire herself as a page to Proteus, whose perfidy she soon discovers. Silvia soon after effects her escape from confinement, but is overtaken in a forest by Proteus, who endeavors to obtain her consent by threats of violence, when she is unexpectedly rescued by Valentine, whose life had recently been spared by a band of outlaws settled here, on condition of becoming their leader. The remonstrances of Valentine awaken the remorse of Proteus: he entreats forgiveness, which is readily granted him; and Julia, having discovered herself, is united to her lover; while the duke, after pardoning the outlaws and recalling them from exile, willingly consents to the nuptials of his daughter with Valentine.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

DUKE of MILAN, father to Silvia.

VALENTINE, } gentlemen of Verona.
PROTEUS, }

ANTONIO, father to Proteus.

THURIO, a foolish rival to Valentine.

EGLAMOUR, agent for Silvia in her escape.

SPEED, a clownish servant to Valentine.

LAUNCE, servant to Proteus.

PANTHINO, servant to Antonio.

HOST, where Julia lodges in Milan.

OUTLAWS.

JULIA, a lady of Verona, beloved by Proteus.

SILVIA, the duke's daughter, beloved by Valentine.

LUCETTA, waiting-woman to Julia.

Servants, Musicians.

SCENE, sometimes in Verona ; sometimes in Milan ; and on the frontiers of Mantua.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

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A C T I.

SCENE I.

An open place in Verona.

Enter VALENTINE and PROTEUS.

Val. Cease to persuade, my loving Proteus;
Home-keeping youth have ever homely wits:
Were 't not, affection chains thy tender days
To the sweet glances of thy honor'd love,
I rather would entreat thy company,
To see the wonders of the world abroad,
Than, living dully sluggardized at home,
Wear out thy youth with shapeless idleness.¹
But, since thou lovest, love still, and thrive therein,
Even as I would, when I to love begin.

Pro. Wilt thou be gone? Sweet Valentine,
adieu!

Think on thy Proteus, when thou haply seest
Some rare note-worthy object in thy travel:
Wish me partaker in thy happiness,
When thou dost meet good hap; and, in thy danger,

¹ Idleness, which prevents the giving any form or character to the manners.

If ever danger do environ thee,
Commend thy grievance to my holy prayers,
For I will be thy bead's-man, Valentine.

Val. And on a love-book pray for my success.

Pro. Upon some book I love, I'll pray for thee.

Val. That's on some shallow story of deep love,
How young Leander cross'd the Hellespont.

Pro. That's a deep story of a deeper love;
For he was more than over shoes in love.

Val. 'Tis true; for you are over boots in love
And yet you never swom the Hellespont.

Pro. Over the boots? nay, give me not the boots.¹

Val. No, I will not, for it boots thee not.

Pro. What?

Val. To be in love, where scorn is bought with
groans;
Coy looks, with heart-sore sighs; one fading mo-
ment's mirth,

With twenty watchful, weary, tedious nights:
If haply won, perhaps, a hapless gain;
If lost, why then a grievous labor won;
However, but a folly bought with wit,
Or else a wit by folly vanquished.

Pro. So, by your circumstance, you call me fool.

Val. So, by your circumstance,² I fear, you'll
prove.

¹ Do not make a laughing-stock of me. A proverbial expression, deriving its origin from a humorous punishment at harvest-home feasts.

² Circumstance is used equivocally: it here means conduct; in the preceding line, circumstantial deduction.

Pro. 'Tis love you cavil at; I am not Love.

Val. Love is your master, for he masters you;
And he that is so yoked by a fool,
Methinks should not be chronicled for wise.

Pro. Yet writers say; as in the sweetest bud^d.
The eating canker dwells, so eating love
Inhabits in the finest wits of all.

Val. And writers say; as the most forward bud
Is eaten by the canker ere it blow,
Even so by love the young and tender wit
Is turn'd to folly; blasting in the bud,
Losing his verdure even in the prime,
And all the fair effects of future hopes.
But wherefore waste I time to counsel thee,
That art a votary to fond desire?
Once more adieu: my father at the road¹
Expects my coming, there to see me shipp'd.

Pro. And thither will I bring thee, Valentine.

Val. Sweet Proteus, no; now let us take our
leave.

At Milan, let me hear from thee by letters,
Of thy success in love, and what news else
Betideth here in absence of thy friend,
And I likewise will visit thee with mine.

Pro. All happiness bechance to thee in Milan!

Val. As much to you at home! and so, farewell!

[*Exit Valentine.*]

Pro. He after honor hunts, I after love:

¹ At the haven where ships anchor

He leaves his friends, to dignify them more ;
I leave myself, my friends, and all for love.
Thou, Julia, thou hast metamorphosed me ;
Made me neglect my studies, lose my time,
War with good counsel, set the world at naught ;
Made wit with musing weak, heart sick with thought.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. Sir Proteus, save you. Saw you my master ?

Pro. But now he parted hence, to embark for
Milan.

Speed. Twenty to one then, he is shipp'd already ;
And I have play'd the sheep, in losing him.

Pro. Indeed a sheep doth very often stray,
An if the shepherd be awhile away.

Speed. You conclude, that my master is a shepherd
then, and I a sheep ?

Pro. I do.

Speed. Why then my horns are his horns, whether
I wake or sleep.

Pro. A silly answer, and fitting well a sheep.

Speed. This proves me still a sheep.

Pro. True ; and thy master a shepherd.

Speed. Nay, that I can deny by a circumstance.

Pro. It shall go hard, but I'll prove it by an-
other.

Speed. The shepherd seeks the sheep, and not the
sheep the shepherd ; but I seek my master, and my
master seeks not me ; therefore, I am no sheep.

Pro. The sheep for fodder follow the shepherd ;
the shepherd for food follows not the sheep ; thou

for wages followest thy master, thy master for wages follows not thee; therefore, thou art a sheep.

Speed. Such another proof will make me cry baa.

Pro. But dost thou hear? gavest thou my letter to Julia?

Speed. Ay, sir: I, a lost mutton, gave your letter to her, a laced mutton; and she, a laced mutton, gave me, a lost mutton, nothing for my labor.

Pro. Here's too small a pasture for such store of muttons.

Speed. If the ground be overcharged, you were best stick her.

Pro. Nay, in that you are astray; 'twere best pound you.

Speed. Nay, sir, less than a pound shall serve me for carrying your letter.

Pro. You mistake; I mean the pound, a pinfold.

Speed. From a pound to a pin? fold it over and over,

'Tis threefold too little for carrying a letter to your lover.

Pro. But what said she? did she nod?

[*Speed nods.*]

Speed. I.

Pro. Nod, I? why, that's noddy.

Speed. You mistook, sir; I say, she did nod: and you ask me, if she did nod; and I say, I.

Pro. And that set together, is—noddy.

Speed. Now you have taken the pains to set it together, take it for your pains.

Pro. No, no, you shall have it for bearing the letter.

Speed. Well, I perceive, I must be fain to bear with you.

Pro. Why, sir, how do you bear with me?

Speed. Marry, sir, the letter very orderly; having nothing but the word, noddy, for my pains.

Pro. Beshrew me, but you have a quick wit.

Speed. And yet it cannot overtake your slow purse.

Pro. Come, come, open the matter in brief. What said she?

Speed. Open your purse, that the money, and the matter, may be both at once delivered.

Pro. Well, sir, here is for your pains. What said she?

Speed. Truly, sir, I think you'll hardly win her.

Pro. Why? Couldst thou perceive so much from her?

Speed. Sir, I could perceive nothing at all from her; no, not so much as a ducat for delivering your letter: and being so hard to me that brought your mind, I fear, she'll prove as hard to you in telling your mind. Give her no token but stones; for she's as hard as steel.

Pro. What, said she nothing?

Speed. No, not so much as—'Take this for thy pains.' To testify your bounty, I thank you, you have testern'd me;¹ in requital whereof, henceforth

¹ Given me a sixpence.

carry your letters yourself: and so, sir, I'll commend you to my master.

Pro. Go, go, be gone, to save your ship from wreck;
Which cannot perish, having thee aboard,
Being destined to a drier death on shore.
I must go send some better messenger:
I fear, my Julia would not deign my lines,
Receiving them from such a worthless post.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

The same. Garden of Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Ju' But say, Lucetta, now we are alone,
Wouldst thou then counsel me to fall in love?

Luc. Ay, madam; so you stumble not unheed-
fully.

Jul. Of all the fair resort of gentlemen,
That every day with parle¹ encounter me,
In thy opinion, which is worthiest love?

Luc. Please you, repeat their names, I'll show
my mind

According to my shallow, simple skill.

Jul. What think'st thou of the fair sir Eglamour?

Luc. As of a knight well-spoken, neat and fine;
But, were I you, he never should be mine.

Jul. What think'st thou of the rich Mercatio?

Luc. Well, of his wealth; but of himself, so, so.

¹ Talk

Jul. What think'st thou of the gentle Proteus ?

Luc. Lord, lord ! to see what folly reigns in us !

Jul. How now ! what means this passion at his name ?

Luc. Pardon, dear madam ; 'tis a passing shame, That I, unworthy body as I am, Should censure¹ thus on lovely gentlemen.

Jul. Why not on Proteus, as of all the rest ?

Luc. Then thus,——of many good I think him best.

Jul. Your reason ?

Luc. I have no other but a woman's reason ; I think him so, because I think him so.

Jul. And wouldst thou have me cast my love on him ?

Luc. Ay, if you thought your love not cast away,

Jul. Why, he of all the rest hath never moved me.

Luc. Yet he of all the rest, I think, best loves ye.

Jul. His little speaking shows his love but small.

Luc. Fire, that's closest kept, burns most of all.

Jul. They do not love, that do not show their love.

Luc. O, they love least, that let men know their love.

Jul. I would, I knew his mind.

Luc. Peruse this paper, madam.

Jul. 'To Julia,'—

Say, from whom ?

Luc. That the contents will show.

¹ Pass sentence.

Jul. Say, say : who gave it thee ?

Luc. Sir Valentine's page ; and sent, I think,
from Proteus :

He would have given it you ; but I, being in the
way,

Did in your name receive it : pardon the fault, I
pray.

Jul. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker !¹

Dare you presume to harbor wanton lines ?

To whisper and conspire against my youth ?

Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,

And you an officer fit for the place.

There, take the paper ; see it be return'd,

Or else return no more into my sight.

Luc. To plead for love deserves more fee than
hate.

Jul. Will you be gone ?

Luc. That you may ruminatè. [*Exit.*

Jul. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.

It were a shame, to call her back again,

And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.

What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,

And would not force the letter to my view !

Since maids, in modesty, say No, to that

Which they would have the profferer construe, Ay.

Fie, fie ! how wayward is this foolish love,

That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,

And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod !

¹ A match-maker.

How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
 When willingly I would have had her here !
 How angerly I taught my brow to frown,
 When inward joy enforced my heart to smile !
 My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
 And ask remission for my folly past.
 What ho ! Lucetta !

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. What would your ladyship ?

Jul. Is it dinner-time ?

Luc. I would it were ;

That you might kill your stomach¹ on your meat,
 And not upon your maid.

Jul. What is 't that you
 Took up so gingerly ?²

Luc. Nothing.

Jul. Why didst thou stoop then ?

Luc. To take a paper up that I let fall.

Jul. And is that paper nothing ?

Luc. Nothing concerning me.

Jul. Then let it lie for those that it concerns.

Luc. Madam, it will not lie where it concerns,
 Unless it have a false interpreter.

Jul. Some love of yours hath writ to you in
 rhyme.

Luc. That I might sing it, madam, to a tune :
 Give me a note : your ladyship can set.

¹ Passion.

² So cautiously.

Jul. As little by such toys as may be possible :
Best sing it to the tune of ' Light o' love.'¹

Luc. It is too heavy for so light a tune.

Jul. Heavy ? belike, it hath some burden then.

Luc. Ay ; and melodious were it, would you
sing it.

Jul. And why not you ?

Luc. I cannot reach so high.

Jul. Let's see your song. How now, minion ?

Luc. Keep tune there still, so you will sing it out :
And yet, methinks, I do not like this tune.

Jul. You do not ?

Luc. No, madam ; 'tis too sharp.

Jul. You, minion, are too saucy.

Luc. Nay, now you are too flat,

And mar the concord with too harsh a descant :²

There wanteth but a mean³ to fill your song.

Jul. The mean is drown'd with your unruly base.

Luc. Indeed, I bid the base for Proteus.⁴

Jul. This babble shall not henceforth trouble me.
Here is a coil⁵ with protestation !— [*tears the letter.*]
Go, get you gone ; and let the papers lie :
You would be fingering them, to anger me.

Luc. She makes it strange ;⁶ but she would be
best pleased

¹ An old tune. frequently alluded to by the ancient dramatists.

² Variations.

³ The tenor in music.

⁴ I take pains to make you a captive to Proteus' passion.

⁵ Tumult.

⁶ She affects this distance of behaviour

To be so anger'd with another letter. [Exit.]

Jul. Nay, would I were so anger'd with the same !
 O hateful hands, to tear such loving words !
 Injurious wasps ! to feed on such sweet honey,
 And kill the bees, that yield it, with your stings !
 I'll kiss each several paper for amends.
 Look, here is writ—' kind Julia ;'—unkind Julia !
 As in revenge of thy ingratitude,
 I throw thy name against the bruising stones,
 Trampling contemptuously on thy disdain.
 And here is writ—' love-wounded Proteus : '—
 Poor wounded name ! my bosom, as a bed,
 Shall lodge thee, till thy wound be thoroughly heal'd ;
 And thus I search it with a sovereign kiss.
 But twice, or thrice, was Proteus written down :
 Be calm, good wind, blow not a word away,
 Till I have found each letter in the letter,
 Except mine own name ; that some whirlwind bear
 Unto a ragged, fearful, hanging rock,
 And throw it thence into the raging sea !
 Lo, here in one line is his name twice writ,—
 ' Poor forlorn Proteus, passionate Proteus,
 For the sweet Julia ; '—that I'll tear away ;
 And yet I will not, sith¹ so prettily
 He couples it to his complaining names :
 Thus will I fold them one upon another ;
 Now kiss, embrace, contend, do what you will.

¹ Since.

Re-enter LUCETTA.

Luc. Madam, www.libtool.com.cn
Dinner is ready, and your father stays.

Jul. Well, let us go.

Luc. What, shall these papers lie like tell-tales here ?

Jul. If you respect them, best to take them up.

Luc. Nay, I was taken up¹ for laying them down :

Yet here they shall not lie, for catching cold.²

Jul. I see, you have a month's mind³ to them.

Luc. Ay, madam, you may say what sights you see ;

I see things too, although you judge I wink.

Jul. Come, come, will 't please you go ? [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A room in Antonio's house.

Enter ANTONIO and PANTHINO.

Ant. Tell me, Panthino, what sad talk was that, Wherewith my brother held you in the cloister ?

Pan. 'Twas of his nephew Proteus, your son.

Ant. Why, what of him ?

Pan. He wonder'd, that your lordship Would suffer him to spend his youth at home ; While other men, of slender reputation,

¹ Chidden.

² Lest they should catch cold.

³ A lingering desire.

Put forth their sons to seek preferment out :
 Some, to the wars, to try their fortune there ;
 Some, to discover islands far away ;
 Some, to the studious universities.
 For any, or for all these exercises,
 He said, that Proteus, your son, was meet ;
 And did request me, to importune you,
 To let him spend his time no more at home,
 Which would be great impeachment¹ to his age,
 In having known no travel in his youth.

Ant. Nor need'st thou much importune me to that
 Whereon this month I have been hammering.
 I have consider'd well his loss of time ;
 And how he cannot be a perfect man,
 Not being tried, and tutor'd in the world :
 Experience is by industry achieved,
 And perfected by the swift course of time :
 Then, tell me, whither were I best to send him ?

Pan. I think, your lordship is not ignorant,
 How his companion, youthful Valentine,
 Attends the emperor in his royal court.

Ant. I know it well.

Pan. 'Twere good, I think, your lordship sent
 him thither :
 There shall he practise tilts and tournaments,
 Hear sweet discourse, converse with noblemen ;
 And be in eye of every exercise,
 Worthy his youth and nobleness of birth.

¹ Reproach, imputation.

Ant. I like thy counsel; well hast thou advised:
 And, that thou mayst perceive how well I like it,
 The execution of it shall make known;
 Even with the speediest expedition
 I will despatch him to the emperor's court.

Pas. To-morrow, may it please you, Don Alphonso,
 With other gentlemen of good esteem,
 Are journeying to salute the emperor,
 And to commend their service to his will.

Ant. Good company; with them shall Proteus go:
 And, in good time,—now will we break with him.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Sweet love! sweet lines! sweet life!
 Here is her hand, the agent of her heart;
 Here is her oath for love, her honor's pawn.
 O, that our fathers would applaud our loves,
 To seal our happiness with their consents!
 O heavenly Julia!

Ant. How now? what letter are you reading there?

Pro. May't please your lordship, 'tis a word or two
 Of commendations sent from Valentine,
 Deliver'd by a friend that came from him.

Ant. Lend me the letter: let me see what news.

Pro. There is no news, my lord; but that he
 writes
 How happily he lives, how well beloved,

And daily graced by the emperor,
Wishing me with him, partner of his fortune.

Ant. And how stand you affected to his wish?

Pro. As one relying on your lordship's will,
And not depending on his friendly wish.

Ant. My will is something sorted¹ with his wish:
Muse not that I thus suddenly proceed;
For what I will, I will, and there an end.
I am resolved, that thou shalt spend some time
With Valentinus in the emperor's court;
What maintenance he from his friends receives,
Like exhibition² thou shalt have from me.
To-morrow be in readiness to go:
Excuse it not, for I am peremptory.

Pro. My lord, I cannot be so soon provided;
Please you, deliberate a day or two.

Ant. Look, what thou want'st, shall be sent after
thee:

No more of stay; to-morrow thou must go.—
Come on, Panthino; you shall be employ'd
To hasten on his expedition. [*Exeunt Ant. and Pan.*]

Pro. Thus have I shunn'd the fire, for fear of
burning;
And drench'd me in the sea, where I am drown'd:
I fear'd to show my father Julia's letter,
Lest he should take exceptions to my love:
And with the vantage of mine own excuse
Hath he excepted most against my love.

¹ Joined.

² Allowance.

O, how this spring of love resembleth
 The uncertain glory of an April day :
 Which now shows all the beauty of the sun,
 And by and by a cloud takes all away !

Re-enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, your father calls for you ;
 He is in haste, therefore, I pray you, go.

Pro. Why, this it is ! my heart accords thereto ,
 And yet a thousand times it answers, no. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

Milan. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

Speed. Sir, your glove.

Val. Not mine ; my gloves are on.

Speed. Why then this may be yours, for this is
 but one.

Val. Ha ! let me see : ay, give it me, it's mine :—
 Sweet ornament that decks a thing divine !
 Ah Silvia ! Silvia !

Speed. Madam Silvia ! madam Silvia !

Val. How now, sirrah ?

Speed. She is not within hearing, sir.

Val. Why, sir, who bade you call her ?

Speed. Your worship, sir ; or else I mistook.

Val. Well, you'll still be too forward.

Speed. And yet I was last chidden for being too slow.

Val. Go to, sir; tell me, do you know madam Silvia?

Speed. She that your worship loves?

Val. Why, how know you that I am in love?

Speed. Marry, by these special marks: First, you have learned, like sir Proteus, to wreath your arms like a male-content; to relish a love-song, like a Robin-red-breast; to walk alone, like one that had the pestilence; to sigh, like a school-boy that had lost his A B C; to weep, like a young wench that had buried her grandam; to fast, like one that takes diet;¹ to watch, like one that fears robbing; to speak puling, like a beggar at Hallowmas.² You were wont, when you laughed, to crow like a cock; when you walked, to walk like one of the lions; when you fasted, it was presently after dinner; when you looked sadly, it was for want of money: and now you are metamorphosed with a mistress, that, when I look on you, I can hardly think you my master.

Val. Are all these things perceived in me?

Speed. They are all perceived without ye.

Val. Without me? they cannot.

Speed. Without you? nay, that's certain; for, without you were so simple, none else would: but

¹ To 'take diet' was the phrase for being under regimen for a disease.

² About the feast of All Saints, when winter begins, and the life of a vagrant becomes less comfortable.

you are so without these follies, that these follies are within you, and shine through you like the water in an urinal; that not an eye, that sees you, but is a physician to comment on your malady.

Val. But, tell me, dost thou know my lady Silvia?

Speed. She, that you gaze on so, as she sits at supper?

Val. Hast thou observed that? even she I mean.

Speed. Why, sir, I know her not.

Val. Dost thou know her by my gazing on her, and yet knowest her not?

Speed. Is she not hard-favored, sir?

Val. Not so fair, boy, as well-favored.

Speed. Sir, I know that well enough.

Val. What dost thou know?

Speed. That she is not so fair, as (of you) well-favored.

Val. I mean, that her beauty is exquisite, but her favor infinite.

Speed. That's because the one is painted, and the other out of all count.

Val. How painted? and how out of count?

Speed. Marry, sir, so painted, to make her fair, that no man counts of her beauty.

Val. How esteemest thou me? I account of her beauty.

Speed. You never saw her since she was deformed.

Val. How long hath she been deformed?

Speed. Ever since you loved her.

Val. I have loved her ever since I saw her: and still I see her beautiful.

Speed. If you love her, you cannot see her.

Val. Why?

Speed. Because love is blind. O, that you had mine eyes; or your own eyes had the lights they were wont to have, when you chid at sir Proteus for going ungartered!

Val. What should I see then?

Speed. Your own present folly, and her passing deformity; for he, being in love, could not see to garter his hose; and you, being in love, cannot see to put on your hose.

Val. Belike, boy, then you are in love; for last morning you could not see to wipe my shoes.

Speed. True, sir; I was in love with my bed: I thank you, you swung me for my love, which makes me the bolder to chide you for yours.

Val. In conclusion, I stand affected to her.

Speed. I would you were set; so, your affection would cease.

Val. Last night she enjoined me to write some lines to one she loves.

Speed. And have you?

Val. I have.

Speed. Are they not lamely writ?

Val. No, boy, but as well as I can do them:—
Peace, here she comes.

Enter SILVIA.

Speed. O excellent motion! ¹ O exceeding puppet!
Now will he interpret to her.

¹ Puppet-show.

Val. Madam and mistress, a thousand good morrows.

Speed. O, 'give ye good even! here's a million of manners. [*aside.*

Sil. Sir Valentine and servant,¹ to you two thousand.

Speed. He should give her interest; and she gives it him.

Val. As you enjoin'd me, I have writ your letter,
Unto the secret nameless friend of yours;
Which I was much unwilling to proceed in,
But for my duty to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you, gentle servant: 'tis very clerkly² done.

Val. Now trust me, madam, it came hardly off;
For, being ignorant to whom it goes,
I writ at random, very doubtfully.

Sil. Perchance you think too much of so much pains?

Val. No, madam; so it stead you, I will write,
Please you command, a thousand times as much:
And yet,—

Sil. A pretty period! Well, I guess the sequel;
And yet I will not name it:—and yet I care not;—
And yet take this again;—and yet I thank you;
Meaning henceforth to trouble you no more.

Speed. And yet you will; and yet another yet.

[*aside.*]

¹ Lovers were called servants by their mistresses at the time when Shakspeare wrote.

² Like a scholar.

Val. What means your ladyship? do you not like it?

Sil. Yes, yes; the lines are very quaintly writ :
But since unwillingly, take them again ;
Nay, take them.

Val. Madam, they are for you.

Sil. Ay, ay ; you writ them, sir, at my request ;
But I will none of them ; they are for you :
I would have had them writ more movingly.

Val. Please you, I'll write your ladyship another.

Sil. And, when it's writ, for my sake read it
over :

And, if it please you, so ; if not, why, so.

Val. If it please me, madam ! what then ?

Sil. Why, if it please you, take it for your labor ;
And so good-morrow, servant. [*Exit Silvia.*]

Speed. O jest unseen, inscrutable, invisible,
As a nose on a man's face, or a weathercock on a
steeple !

My master sues to her ; and she hath taught her
suitor,

He being her pupil, to become her tutor.

O excellent device ! was there ever heard a better ?
That my master, being scribe, to himself should
write the letter ?

Val. How now, sir ? what are you reasoning¹
with yourself ?

Speed. Nay, I was rhyming ; 'tis you that have the
reason.

¹ Discoursing.

Val. To do what?

Speed. To be a spokesman from madam Silvia.

Val. To whom? www.libtool.com.cn

Speed. To yourself: why, she woos you by a figure.

Val. What figure?

Speed. By a letter, I should say.

Val. Why, she hath not writ to me?

Speed. What need she, when she hath made you write to yourself? Why, do you not perceive the jest?

Val. No, believe me.

Speed. No believing you indeed, sir: but did you perceive her earnest?

Val. She gave me none, except an angry word.

Speed. Why, she hath given you a letter.

Val. That's the letter I writ to her friend.

Speed. And that letter hath she delivered, and there an end.¹

Val. I would it were no worse.

Speed. I'll warrant you, 'tis as well:

For often have you writ to her; and she, in modesty,
Or else for want of idle time, could not again reply;
Or fearing else some messenger, that might her mind
discover,

Herself hath taught her love himself to write unto
her lover.—

All this I speak in print; ² for in print I found it,—

¹ There is the conclusion of the matter.

² With exactness

Why muse you, sir? 'tis dinner-time.

Val. I have dined.

Speed. Ay, but hearken, sir: though the cameleon Love can feed on the air, I am one that am nourished by my victuals, and would fain have meat. O, be not like your mistress; be moved, be moved.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter PROTEUS *and* JULIA.

Pro. Have patience, gentle Julia.

Jul. I must, where is no remedy.

Pro. When possibly I can, I will return.

Jul. If you turn not, you will return the sooner:
Keep this remembrance for thy Julia's sake.

[*giving a ring.*]

Pro. Why then we 'll make exchange; here, take
you this.

Jul. And seal the bargain with a holy kiss.

Pro. Here is my hand for my true constancy;
And when that hour o'erslips me in the day,
Wherein I sigh not, Julia, for thy sake,
The next ensuing hour some foul mischance
Torment me for my love's forgetfulness!
My father stays my coming; answer not;
The tide is now: nay, not thy tide of tears:

¹ Have compassion on me, though your mistress has none on you.

That tide will stay me longer than I should ;
Julia, farewell.—What ! gone without a word ?

www.libtool.com [Exit Julia.

Ay, so true love should do : it cannot speak ;
For truth hath better deeds, than words, to grace it.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Sir Proteus, you are stayed for.

Pro. Go ; I come, I come :—

Alas ! this parting strikes poor lovers dumb.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same. A street.

Enter LAUNCE, leading a dog.

Launce. Nay, 'twill be this hour ere I have done weeping ; all the kind of the Launces have this very fault. I have received my proportion, like the prodigious son, and am going with sir Proteus to the Imperial's court. I think, Crab my dog be the sourest-natured dog that lives : my mother weeping, my father wailing, my sister crying, our maid howling, our cat wringing her hands, and all our house in a great perplexity, yet did not this cruel-hearted cur shed one tear : he is a stone, a very pebble-stone, and has no more pity in him than a dog : a Jew would have wept to have seen our parting : why, my grandam, having no eyes, look you, wept herself blind at my parting. Nay, I'll show you the manner of it : This shoe is my father ;

—no, this left shoe is my father ;—no, no, this left shoe is my mother ;—nay, that cannot be so neither ;—yes, it is so, it is so, it hath the worsor sole. This shoe, with the hole in it, is my mother, and this my father. A vengeance on't ! there 'tis : now, sir, this staff is my sister ; for, look you, she is as white as a lily, and as small as a wand : this hat is Nan, our maid ; I am the dog :—no, the dog is himself, and I am the dog,—O, the dog is me, and I am myself ; ay, so, so. Now come I to my father ; ' Father, your blessing ; ' now should not the shoe speak a word for weeping ; now should I kiss my father ; well, he weeps on :—now come I to my mother, (O, that she could speak now !) like a wood¹ woman ;—well, I kiss her ;—why there 'tis ; here 's my mother's breath up and down : now come I to my sister ; mark the moan she makes : now the dog all this while sheds not a tear, nor speaks a word ; but see how I lay the dust with my tears.

Enter PANTHINO.

Pan. Launce, away, away, aboard ; thy master is shipped, and thou art to post after with oars. What 's the matter ? why weepest thou, man ? Away, ass ; you 'll lose the tide if you tarry any longer.

Launce. It is no matter if the ty'd were lost ; for it is the unkindest ty'd that ever any man ty'd.

Pan. What 's the unkindest tide ?

¹ Wild, distracted.

Launce. Why, he that's ty'd here; Crab, my dog.

Pan. Tut, man, I mean thou'lt lose the flood; and, in losing the flood, lose thy voyage; and, in losing thy voyage, lose thy master; and, in losing thy master, lose thy service; and, in losing thy service,—Why dost thou stop my mouth?

Launce. For fear thou shouldst lose thy tongue.

Pan. Where should I lose my tongue?

Launce. In thy tale.

Pan. In thy tail?

Launce. Lose the tide, and the voyage, and the master, and the service:—and the tide. Why, man, if the river were dry, I am able to fill it with my tears: if the wind were down, I could drive the boat with my sighs.

Pan. Come, come, away, man; I was sent to call thee.

Launce. Sir, call me what thou darest.

Pan. Wilt thou go?

Launce. Well, I will go. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Milan. *A room in the Duke's palace.*

Enter VALENTINE, SILVIA, THURIO, and SPEED.

Sil. Servant,—

Val. Mistress?

Speed. Master, sir Thurio frowns on you.

Val. Ay, boy, it's for love.

Speed. Not of you.

Val. Of my mistress then.

Speed. 'Twere good, you knocked him.

Sil. Servant, you are sad.

Val. Indeed, madam, I seem so.

Thu. Seem you that you are not?

Val. Haply, I do.

Thu. So do counterfeits.

Val. So do you.

Thu. What seem I, that I am not?

Val. Wise.

Thu. What instance of the contrary?

Val. Your folly.

Thu. And how quote ¹ you my folly?

Val. I quote it in your jerkin.

Thu. My jerkin is a doublet.

Val. Well, then, I'll double your folly.

Thu. How?

Sil. What, angry, sir Thurio? do you change color?

Val. Give him leave, madam; he is a kind² of cameleon.

Thu. That hath more mind to feed on your blood, than live in your air.²

Val. You have said, sir.

Thu. Ay, sir, and done too, for this time.

Val. I know it well, sir; you always end ere you begin.

Sil. A fine volley of words, gentlemen, and quickly shot off.

¹ Observe.

² Breathe the same air with you.

Val. 'Tis indeed, madam ; we thank the giver.

Sil. Who is that, servant ?

Val. Yourself, sweet lady ; for you gave the fire :
sir Thurio borrows his wit from your ladyship's
looks, and spends what he borrows, kindly in your
company.

Thu. Sir, if you spend word for word with me, I
shall make your wit bankrupt.

Val. I know it well, sir : you have an exchequer
of words, and, I think, no other treasure to give your
followers ; for it appears, by their bare liveries, that
they live by your bare words.

Sil. No more, gentlemen, no more ; here comes
my father.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. Now, daughter Silvia, you are hard beset.
Sir Valentine, your father's in good health :
What say you to a letter from your friends
Of much good news ?

Val. My lord, I will be thankful
To any happy messenger from thence.

Duke. Know you Don Antonio, your countryman ?

Val. Ay, my good lord, I know the gentleman
To be of worth, and worthy estimation,
And not without desert so well reputed.

Duke. Hath he not a son ?

Val. Ay, my good lord ; a son, that well deserves
The honor and regard of such a father.

Duke. You know him well ?

Val. I knew him, as myself, for from our infancy

We have conversed, and spent our hours together :
 And though myself have been an idle truant,
 Omitting the sweet benefit of time,
 To clothe mine age with angel-like perfection ;
 Yet hath sir Proteus, for that 's his name,
 Made use and fair advantage of his days ;
 His years but young, but his experience old ;
 His head unmellow'd, but his judgment ripe ;
 And, in a word, (for far behind his worth
 Come all the praises that I now bestow)
 He is complete in feature and in mind,
 With all good grace to grace a gentleman.

Duke. Beshrew me, sir, but, if he make this
 good

He is as worthy for an empress' love,
 As meet to be an emperor's counsellor.
 Well, sir, this gentleman is come to me,
 With commendation from great potentates ;
 And here he means to spend his time awhile :
 I think, 'tis no unwelcome news to you.

Val. Should I have wish'd a thing, it had been he.

Duke. Welcome him then according to his worth :
 Silvia, I speak to you ; and you, sir Thurio :—
 For Valentine, I need not 'cite him to it :
 I'll send him hither to you presently. [*Exit Duke.*]

Val. This is the gentleman, I told your ladyship,
 Had come along with me, but that his mistress
 Did hold his eyes lock'd in her crystal looks.

Sil. Belike, that now she hath enfranchised them
 Upon some other pawn for fealty.

Val. Nay, sure, I think, she holds them prisoners still.

Sil. Nay, then he should be blind; and, being blind,

How could he see his way to seek out you?

Val. Why, lady, love hath twenty pair of eyes.

Thu. They say, that love hath not an eye at all.

Val. To see such lovers, Thurio, as yourself;

Upon a homely object love can wink.

Enter PROTEUS.

Sil. Have done, have done; here comes the gentleman.

Val. Welcome, dear Proteus!—Mistress, I beseech you,

Confirm his welcome with some special favor.

Sil. His worth is warrant for his welcome hither, If this be he you oft have wish'd to hear from.

Val. Mistress, it is: sweet lady, entertain him To be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.

Sil. Too low a mistress for so high a servant.

Pro. Not so, sweet lady; but too mean a servant To have a look of such a worthy mistress.

Val. Leave off discourse of disability: Sweet lady, entertain him for your servant.

Pro. My duty will I boast of, nothing else.

Sil. And duty never yet did want his meed:¹ Servant, you are welcome to a worthless mistress.

¹ Its reward.

Pro. I'll die on him that says so, but yourself.

Sil. That you are welcome?

Pro. No; that you are worthless.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, my lord your father would speak with you.

Sil. I wait upon his pleasure. *[Exit Servant.*

Come, sir Thurio,

Go with me:—Once more, new servant, welcome:
I'll leave you to confer of home-affairs;

When you have done, we look to hear from you.

Pro. We'll both attend upon your ladyship.

[Exeunt Silvia, Thurio, and Speed.

Val. Now tell me, how do all from whence you came?

Pro. Your friends are well, and have them much commended.

Val. And how do yours?

Pro. I left them all in health.

Val. How does your lady? and how thrives your love?

Pro. My tales of love were wont to weary you:
I know, you joy not in a love-discourse.

Val. Ay, Proteus, but that life is alter'd now:
I have done penance for contemning love;
Whose high imperious thoughts have punish'd me
With bitter fasts, with penitential groans,
With nightly tears, and daily heart-sore sighs;
For, in revenge of my contempt of love,

Love hath chased sleep from my enthralled eyes,
 And made them watchers of mine own heart's sor-
 row.

O, gentle Proteus, Love's a mighty lord ;
 And hath so humbled me, as, I confess,
 There is no woe to his correction,¹
 Nor, to his service, no such joy on earth !
 Now, no discourse, except it be of love ;
 Now can I break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep,
 Upon the very naked name of love.

Pro. Enough ; I read your fortune in your eye :
 Was this the idol that you worship so ?

Val. Even she ; and is she not a heavenly saint ?

Pro. No ; but she is an earthly paragon.

Val. Call her divine.

Pro. I will not flatter her.

Val. O, flatter me ; for love delights in praises.

Pro. When I was sick, you gave me bitter pills ;
 And I must minister the like to you.

Val. Then speak the truth by her ; if not divine,
 Yet let her be a principality,²
 Sovereign to all the creatures on the earth.

Pro. Except my mistress.

Val. Sweet, except not any ;
 Except thou wilt except against my love.

Pro. Have I not reason to prefer mine own ?

Val. And I will help thee to prefer her too :

¹ No misery that can be compared to the punishment inflicted by love.

² The first or principal of women.

She shall be dignified with this high honor,—
To bear my lady's train ; lest the base earth
Should from her vesture chance to steal a kiss,
And, of so great a favor growing proud,
Disdain to root the summer-swelling flower,
And make rough winter everlastingly.

Pro. Why, Valentine, what braggardism is this ?

Val. Pardon me, Proteus ; all I can, is nothing
To her, whose worth makes other worthies nothing ;
She is alone.

Pro. Then let her alone.

Val. Not for the world : why, man, she is mine
own ;

And I as rich in having such a jewel,
As twenty seas, if all their sand were pearl,
The water nectar, and the rocks pure gold.
Forgive me, that I do not dream on thee,
Because thou seest me dote upon my love.
My foolish rival, that her father likes,
Only for his possessions are so huge,
Is gone with her along ; and I must after,
For love, thou know'st, is full of jealousy.

Pro. But she loves you ?

Val. Ay, and we are betrothed ; nay, more, our
marriage hour,

With all the cunning manner of our flight,
Determined of : how I must climb her window ;
The ladder made of cords ; and all the means
Plotted, and 'greed on, for my happiness.
Good Proteus, go with me to my chamber,
In these affairs to aid me with thy counsel.

Pro. Go on before ; I shall inquire you forth :
I must unto the road,¹ to disembark
Some necessaries that I needs must use ;
And then I'll presently attend you.

Val. Will you make haste ?

Pro. I will.

[*Exit Val.*]

Even as one heat another heat expels,
Or as one nail by strength drives out another,
So the remembrance of my former love
Is by a newer object quite forgotten.
Is it her mien, or Valentinus' praise,
Her true perfection, or my false transgression,
That makes me, reasonless, to reason thus ?
She is fair ; and so is Julia, that I love ;
That I did love, for now my love is thaw'd ;
Which, like a waxen image 'gainst a fire,²
Bears no impression of the thing it was.
Methinks, my zeal to Valentine is cold ;
And that I love him not, as I was wont :
O ! but I love his lady too, too much ;
And that's the reason I love him so little.
How shall I dote on her with more advice,³
That thus without advice begin to love her ?
'Tis but her picture⁴ I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light ;
But when I look on her perfections,

¹ The haven where ships ride at anchor.

² Alluding to the figures made by witches, as representative of those whom they designed to torment or destroy.

³ On farther knowlege.

⁴ Her outside form.

There is no reason but I shall be blind.
If I can check my erring love, I will ;
If not, to compass her I'll use my skill.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

A street.

Enter SPEED and LAUNCE.

Speed. Launce! by mine honesty, welcome to Milan.

Launce. Forswear not thyself, sweet youth; for I am not welcome. I reckon this always—that a man is never undone, till he be hanged; nor never welcome to a place, till some certain shot¹ be paid, and the hostess say, welcome.

Speed. Come on, you mad-cap, I'll to the ale-house with you presently; where, for one shot of five pence, thou shalt have five thousand welcomes. But, sirrah, how did thy master part with madam Julia?

Launce. Marry, after they closed in earnest, they parted very fairly in jest.

Speed. But shall she marry him?

Launce. No.

Speed. How then? Shall he marry her?

Launce. No, neither.

Speed. What, are they broken?

Launce. No, they are both as whole as a fish.

¹ Score, reckoning.

Speed. Why then, how stands the matter with them?

Launce. Marry, thus; when it stands well with him, it stands well with her.

Speed. What an ass art thou! I understand thee not.

Launce. What a block art thou, that thou canst not! My staff understands me.

Speed. What thou say'st?

Launce. Ay, and what I do too: look thee, I'll but lean, and my staff understands me.

Speed. It stands under thee, indeed.

Launce. Why, stand under and understand is all one.

Speed. But tell me true, will't be a match?

Launce. Ask my dog: if he say, ay, it will; if he say, no, it will; if he shake his tail, and say nothing, it will.

Speed. The conclusion is then, that it will.

Launce. Thou shalt never get such a secret from me, but by a parable.

Speed. 'Tis well that I get it so. But, Launce, how say'st thou,¹ that my master is become a notable lover?

Launce. I never knew him otherwise.

Speed. Than how?

Launce. A notable lubber, as thou reportest him to be.

¹ What say'st thou to this circumstance?

Speed. Why, thou whoreson ass, thou mistakest me.

Launce. Why, fool, I meant not thee; I meant thy master.

Speed. I tell thee, my master is become a hot lover

Launce. Why, I tell thee, I care not though he burn himself in love. If thou wilt go with me to the alehouse, so; if not, thou art an Hebrew, a Jew, and not worth the name of a Christian.

Speed. Why?

Launce. Because thou hast not so much charity in thee, as to go to the ale¹ with a Christian. Wilt thou go?

Speed. At thy service.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE VI.

The same. *A room in the palace.*

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. To leave my Julia, shall I be forsworn;
To love fair Silvia, shall I be forsworn;
To wrong my friend, I shall be much forsworn;
And even that power, which gave me first my oath,
Provokes me to this threefold perjury.
Love bade me swear, and love bids me forswear:
O sweet-suggesting² love, if thou hast sinn'd,

¹ Ales were merry-meetings instituted in country places.

² Sweet-tempting.

Teach me, thy tempted subject, to excuse it :
At first I did adore a twinkling star,
But now I worship a celestial sun.
Unheedful vows may heedfully be broken ;
And he wants wit, that wants resolved will
To learn his wit to exchange the bad for better. —
Fie, fie, unreverend tongue ! to call her bad,
Whose sovereignty so oft thou hast preferred
With twenty thousand soul-confirming oaths.
I cannot leave to love, and yet I do ;
But there I leave to love, where I should love.
Julia I lose, and Valentine I lose :
If I keep them, I needs must lose myself ;
If I lose them, thus find I by their loss,
For Valentine, myself ; for Julia, Silvia.
I to myself am dearer than a friend ;
For love is still most precious in itself :
And Silvia, witness Heaven, that made her fair :
Shows Julia but a swarthy Ethiope.
I will forget that Julia is alive,
Remembering that my love to her is dead ;
And Valentine I'll hold an enemy,
Aiming at Silvia as a sweeter friend.
I cannot now prove constant to myself,
Without some treachery used to Valentine :—
This night, he meaneth with a corded ladder
To climb celestial Silvia's chamber-window .
Myself in counsel, his competitor :¹

Myself, who am his rival, being admitted to his counsel.

Now presently I'll give her father notice
 Of their disguising, and pretended¹ flight;
 Who, all enraged, will banish Valentine;
 For Thurio, he intends, shall wed his daughter:
 But, Valentine being gone, I'll quickly cross,
 By some sly trick, blunt Thurio's dull proceeding.
 Love, lend me wings to make my purpose swift,
 As thou hast lent me wit to plot this drift! [*Exit.*]

SCENE VII.

Verona. A room in Julia's house.

Enter JULIA and LUCETTA.

Jul. Counsel, Lucetta; gentle girl, assist me!
 And, ev'n in kind love, I do conjure thee,—
 Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
 Are visibly character'd and engraved,—
 To lesson me; and tell me some good mean,
 How, with my honor, I may undertake
 A journey to my loving Proteus.

Luc. Alas! the way is wearisome and long.

Jul. A true-devoted pilgrim is not weary
 To measure kingdoms with his feeble steps;
 Much less shall she, that hath love's wings to fly;
 And when the flight is made to one so dear,
 Of such divine perfection, as sir Proteus.

Luc. Better forbear, till Proteus make return.

Jul. O, know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's
 food?

¹ Intended.

Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
By longing for that food so long a time.
Didst thou but know the inly touch of love,
Thou wouldst as soon go kindle fire with snow,
As seek to quench the fire of love with words.

Luc. I do not seek to quench your love's hot fire;
But qualify the fire's extreme rage,
Lest it should burn above the bounds of reason.

Jul. The more thou dam'st it up, the more it
burns :

The current, that with gentle murmur glides,
Thou know'st, being stopp'd, impatiently doth rage ;
But, when his fair course is not hindered,
He makes sweet music with the enamel'd stones,
Giving a gentle kiss to every sedge
He overtaketh in his pilgrimage ;
And so by many winding nooks he strays,
With willing sport, to the wild ocean.
Then let me go, and hinder not my course :
I'll be as patient as a gentle stream,
And make a pastime of each weary step,
Till the last step have brought me to my love ;
And there I'll rest, as, after much turmoil,
A blessed soul doth in Elysium.

Luc. But in what habit will you go along ?

Jul. Not like a woman ; for I would prevent
The loose encounters of lascivious men :
Gentle Lucetta, fit me with such weeds
As may beseem some well-reputed page.

Luc. Why then your ladyship must cut your hair.

Jul. No, girl ; I'll knit it up in silken strings,

With twenty odd-conceited true-love knots :
To be fantastic may become a youth
Of greater time than I shall show to be.

Luc. What fashion, madam, shall I make your breeches ?

Jul. That fits as well, as—' Tell me, good my lord,

What compass will you wear your farthingale ? ' 1
Why, even what fashion thou best likest, Lucetta.

Luc. You must needs have them with a cod-piece madam.

Jul. Out, out, Lucetta ! that will be ill-favor'd.

Luc. A round hose, madam, now's not worth a pin,

Unless you have a cod-piece to stick pins on.

Jul. Lucetta, as thou lovest me, let me have.

What thou think'st meet, and is most mannerly :
But tell me, wench, how will the world repute me,
For undertaking so unstaidd a journey ?
I fear me, it will make me scandalized.

Luc. If you think so, then stay at home, and go not.

Jul. Nay, that I will not.

Luc. Then never dream on infamy, but go.
If Proteus like your journey, when you come,
No matter who's displeas'd, when you are gone :
I fear me, he will scarce be pleas'd withal.

Jul. That is the least, Lucetta, of my fear :

* stoop, which was formerly an appendage to female apparel.

A thousand oaths, an ocean of his tears,
And instances of the infinite of love,
Warrant me welcome to my Proteus.

Luc. All these are servants to deceitful men.

Jul. Base men, that use them to so base effect !
But truer stars did govern Proteus' birth :
His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles ;
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate ;
His tears, pure messengers sent from his heart :
His heart as far from fraud, as heaven from earth.

Luc. Pray Heaven, he prove so, when you come
to him !

Jul. Now, as thou lovest me, do him not that
wrong,

To bear a hard opinion of his truth :
Only deserve my love, by loving him ;
And presently go with me to my chamber,
To take a note of what I stand in need of,
To furnish me upon my longing¹ journey.
All that is mine I leave at thy dispose,
My goods, my lands, my reputation ;
Only, in lieu thereof, despatch me hence.
Come, answer not, but to it presently ;
I am impatient of my tarrance.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Longed-for.

ACT III.

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SCENE I.

Milan. An ante-room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE, THURIO, and PROTEUS.

Duke. Sir Thurio, give us leave, I pray, awhile;
We have some secrets to confer about.—

[*Exit Thurio.*]

Now, tell me, Proteus, what's your will with me?

Pro. My gracious lord, that which I would discover,

The law of friendship bids me to conceal:
But, when I call to mind your gracious favors
Done to me, undeserving as I am,
My duty pricks me on to utter that
Which else no worldly good should draw from me.
Know, worthy prince, sir Valentine, my friend,
This night intends to steal away your daughter;
Myself am one made privy to the plot.

I know, you have determined to bestow her
On Thurio, whom your gentle daughter hates;
And should she thus be stolen away from you,
It would be much vexation to your age.
Thus, for my duty's sake, I rather chose
To cross my friend in his intended drift,
Than, by concealing it, heap on your head
A pack of sorrows, which would press you down,
Being unprevented, to your timeless grave.

Duke. Proteus, I thank thee for thine honest care ;

Which to requite, command me while I live
This love of theirs myself have often seen,
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep
And oftentimes have purposed to forbid
Sir Valentine her company and my court :
But, fearing lest my jealous aim ¹ might err,
And so, unworthily, disgrace the man,
(A rashness that I ever yet have shunn'd)
I gave him gentle looks ; thereby to find
That which thyself hast now disclosed to me.
And, that thou mayst perceive my fear of this,
Knowing that tender youth is soon suggested,²
I nightly lodge her in an upper tower,
The key whereof myself have ever kept ;
And thence she cannot be convey'd away.

Pro. Know, noble lord, they have devised a mean
How he her chamber-window will ascend,
And with a corded ladder fetch her down ;
For which the youthful lover now is gone,
And this way comes he with it presently ;
Where, if it please you, you may intercept him.
But, good my lord, do it so cunningly,
That my discovery be not aimed ³ at ;
For love of you, not hate unto my friend,
Hath made me publisher of this pretence.⁴

Duke. Upon mine honor, he shall never know

¹ Guess.

² Tempted.

³ Guessed.

⁴ Design.

That I had any light from thee of this.

Pro. Adieu, my lord ; sir Valentine is coming.

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[*Exit.*

Enter VALENTINE.

Duke. Sir Valentine, whither away so fast ?

Val. Please it your grace, there is a messenger
That stays to bear my letters to my friends,
And I am going to deliver them.

Duke. Be they of much import ?

Val. The tenor of them doth but signify
My health, and happy being at your court.

Duke. Nay, then no matter ; stay with me
awhile ;

I am to break with thee of some affairs,
That touch me near, wherein thou must be secret.
'Tis not unknown to thee, that I have sought
To match my friend, sir Thurio, to my daughter.

Val. I know it well, my lord ; and, sure, the
match

Were rich and honorable ; besides, the gentleman
Is full of virtue, bounty, worth, and qualities
Beseeming such a wife as your fair daughter.
Cannot your grace win her to fancy him ?

Duke. No, trust me ; she is peevish, sullen, fro-
ward,
Proud, disobedient, stubborn, lacking duty ;
Neither regarding that she is my child,
Nor fearing me as if I were her father :
And, may I say to thee, this pride of hers,
Upon advice, hath drawn my love from her ;

And, where ¹ I thought the remnant of mine age
Should have been cherish'd by her child-like duty,
I now am full resolved to take a wife,
And turn her out to who will take her in :
Then let her beauty be her wedding-dower ;
For me and my possessions she esteems not.

Val. What would your grace have me to do in
this ?

Duke. There is a lady, sir, in Milan, here,
Whom I affect ; but she is nice, and coy,
And naught esteems my aged eloquence :
Now, therefore, would I have thee to my tutor,
(For long ago I have forgot to court ;
Besides, the fashion of the time is changed)
How, and which way, I may bestow myself,
To be regarded in her sun-bright eye.

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

Duke. But she did scorn a present that I sent her.

Val. A woman sometime scorns what best con-
tents her :

Send her another ; never give her o'er ;
For scorn at first makes after-love the more.
If she do frown, 'tis not in hate of you,
But rather to beget more love in you :
If she do chide, 'tis not to have you gone ;
For why ? the fools are mad, if left alone.

¹ Whereas

² Way.

Take no repulse, whatever she doth say ;
For, ' Get you gone,' she doth not mean, ' Away :'
Flatter, and praise, commend, extol their graces ;
Though ne'er so black, say, they have angels' faces.
That man that hath a tongue, I say, is no man,
If with his tongue he cannot win a woman.

Duke. But she I mean, is promised by her friends
Unto a youthful gentleman of worth ;
And kept severely from resort of men,
That no man hath access by day to her.

Val. Why then I would resort to her by night.

Duke. Ay, but the doors be lock'd, and keys kept
safe,

That no man hath recourse to her by night.

Val. What lets,¹ but one may enter at her
window ?

Duke. Her chamber is aloft, far from the ground ;
And built so shelving, that one cannot climb it
Without apparent hazard of his life.

Val. Why then, a ladder, quaintly made of cords,
To cast up, with a pair of anchoring hooks,
Would serve to scale another Hero's tower,
So bold Leander would adventure it.

Duke. Now, as thou art a gentleman of blood,
Advise me, where I may have such a ladder.

Val. When would you use it ? pray, sir, tell me
that.

Duke. This very night ; for love is like a child,

¹ Hinders.

That longs for every thing that he can come by.

Val. By seven o'clock I'll get you such a ladder.

Duke. But hark thee; I will go to her alone.

How shall I best convey the ladder thither?

Val. It will be light, my lord, that you may bear it Under a cloak, that is of any length.

Duke. A cloak as long as thine will serve the turn.

Val. Ay, my good lord.

Duke. Then let me see thy cloak;

I'll get me one of such another length.

Val. Why, any cloak will serve the turn, my lord.

Duke. How shall I fashion me to wear a cloak?—

I pray thee, let me see thy cloak upon me.—

What letter is this same? What's here—'To Silvia?'

And here an engine fit for my proceeding!

I'll be so bold to break the seal for once. [*reads.*

'My thoughts do harbor with my Silvia nightly;

And slaves they are to me, that send them flying:

O, could their master come and go as lightly,

Himself would lodge, where senseless they are lying.

My herald thoughts¹ in thy pure bosom rest them;

While I, their king, that thither them importune,

Do curse the grace that with such grace hath bless'd them;

Because myself do want my servants' fortune:

¹ The thoughts contained in my letter.

I curse myself, for ¹ they are sent by me,
That they should harbor where their lord should be.
What's here? www.libtool.com.cn

' Silvia, this night I will enfranchise thee :'
'Tis so ; and here 's the ladder for the purpose.—
Why, Phaëton, (for thou art Merops' son,²)
Wilt thou aspire to guide the heavenly car,
And with thy daring folly burn the world ?
Wilt thou reach stars, because they shine on thee ?
Go, base intruder ! over-weening slave !
Bestow thy fawning smiles on equal mates ;
And think, my patience, more than thy desert,
Is privilege for thy departure hence :
Thank me for this, more than for all the favors,
Which, all too much, I have bestow'd on thee.
But if thou linger in my territories,
Longer than swiftest expedition
Will give thee time to leave our royal court,
By heaven, my wrath shall far exceed the love
I ever bore my daughter, or thyself.
Be gone ; I will not hear thy vain excuse :
But, as thou lovest thy life, make speed from hence

[Exit Duke

Val. And why not death, rather than living torment ?

To die, is to be banish'd from myself ;

¹ Since.

² Thou art not descended from Apollo, as Phaëton was ; but art the son of an earthly parent. Merops was the husband of Clymene, the mother of Phaëton.

And Silvia is myself: banish'd from her,
Is self from self; a deadly banishment!
What light is light, if Silvia be not seen?
What joy is joy, if Silvia be not by?
Unless it be, to think that she is by,
And feed upon the shadow of perfection.
Except I be by Silvia in the night,
There is no music in the nightingale;
Unless I look on Silvia in the day,
There is no day for me to look upon:
She is my essence; and I leave to be,¹
If I be not by her fair influence
Foster'd, illumined, cherish'd, kept alive.
I fly not death, to fly his deadly doom:²
Tarry I here, I but attend on death;
But, fly I hence, I fly away from life.

Enter PROTEUS *and* LAUNCE.

Pro. Run, boy, run, run, and seek him out.

Launce. So-ho! so-ho!

Pro. What seest thou?

Launce. Him we go to find: there's not a hair
on 's head, but 'tis a Valentine.

Pro. Valentine?

Val. No.

Pro. Who then? his spirit?

Val. Neither.

¹ Cease to exist.

² By avoiding the execution of this sentence I shall not escape death.

Pro. What then ?

Val. Nothing.

Launce. Can nothing speak ? master, shall I strike ?

Pro. Who wouldst thou strike ?

Launce. Nothing.

Pro. Villain, forbear.

Launce. Why, sir, I'll strike nothing : I pray you,—

Pro. Sirrah, I say, forbear : Friend Valentine, a word. /

Val. My ears are stopp'd, and cannot hear good news,

So much of bad already have possess'd them.

Pro. Then in dumb silence will I bury mine,
For they are harsh, untuneable, and bad.

Val. Is Silvia dead ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, indeed, for sacred Silvia !—
Hath she forsworn me ?

Pro. No, Valentine.

Val. No Valentine, if Silvia have forsworn me !—
What is your news ?

Launce. Sir, there's a proclamation that you are
vanish'd.

Pro. That thou art banish'd, O, that is the news,
From hence, from Silvia, and from me thy friend.

Val. O, I have fed upon this woe already,
And now excess of it will make me surfeit.
Doth Silvia know that I am banished ?

Pro. Ay, ay, and she hath offer'd to the doom,

(Which, unreversed, stands in effectual force)
A sea of melting pearl, which some call tears :
Those at her father's churlish feet she tender'd ;
With them, upon her knees, her humble self ;
Wringing her hands, whose whiteness so became
 them,

As if but now they waxed pale for woe :
But neither bended knees, pure hands held up,
Sad sighs, deep groans, nor silver-shedding tears
Could penetrate her uncompassionate sire ;
But Valentine, if he be ta'en, must die.
Besides, her intercession chafed him so,
When she for thy repeal was suppliant,
That to close prison he commanded her,
With many bitter threats of 'biding there.

Val. No more ; unless the next word, that thou
 speak'st,

Have some malignant power upon my life :
If so, I pray thee, breathe it in mine ear,
As ending anthem of my endless dolor.

Pro. Cease to lament for that thou canst not help
And study help for that which thou lament'st.
Time is the nurse and breeder of all good.
Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love ;
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.
Hope is a lover's staff ; walk hence with that,
And manage it against despairing thoughts.
Thy letters may be here, though thou art hence ;
Which, being writ to me, shall be deliver'd
Even in the milk-white bosom of thy love.
The time now serves not to expostulate :

Come, I'll convey thee through the city-gate ;
 And, ere I part with thee, confer at large
 Of all that may concern thy love affairs :
 As thou lovest Silvia, though not for thyself,
 Regard thy danger, and along with me.

Val. I pray thee, Launce, an if thou seest my boy,
 Bid him make haste, and meet me at the north gate.

Pro. Go, sirrah, find him out. Come, Valentine.

Val. O my dear Silvia ! hapless Valentine !

[*Exeunt Valentine and Proteus.*]

Launce. I am but a fool, look you ; and yet I have the wit to think, my master is a kind of a knave ; but that's all one, if he be but one knave. He lives not now, that knows me to be in love ; yet I am in love ; but a team of horse shall not pluck that from me ; nor who 'tis I love, and yet 'tis a woman : but what woman, I will not tell myself ; and yet 'tis a milk-maid : yet 'tis not a maid, for she hath had gossips : ¹ yet 'tis a maid, for she is her master's maid, and serves for wages. She hath more qualities than a water-spaniel,—which is much in a bare christian. Here is the cate-log [*pulling out a paper*] ¹ of her conditions. ² Imprimis, 'She can fetch and carry : ' why, a horse can do no more : nay, a horse cannot fetch, but only carry ; therefore, is she better than a jade. Item, 'She can milk ; ' look you, a sweet virtue in a maid with clean hands.

¹ For she has had children. Gossips are the idle, tattling women who attend child-births.

² Qualities.

Enter SPEED.

Speed. How now, signior Launce? what news with your mastership?

Launce. With my master's ship? why, it is at sea

Speed. Well, your old vice still; mistake the word. What news then in your paper.

Launce. The blackest news that ever thou heard'st.

Speed. Why, man, how black?

Launce. Why, as black as ink.

Speed. Let me read them.

Launce. Fie on thee, jolt-head; thou canst not read.

Speed. Thou liest, I can.

Launce. I will try thee. Tell me this: Who begot thee?

Speed. Marry, the son of my grandfather.

Launce. O illiterate loiterer! it was the son of thy grandmother: this proves, that thou canst not read.

Speed. Come, fool, come: try me in thy paper.

Launce. There; and saint Nicholas¹ be thy speed!

Speed. Imprimis, 'She can milk.'

Launce. Ay, that she can.

Speed. Item, 'She brews good ale.'

Launce. And thereof comes the proverb,—
Blessing of your heart, you brew good ale.

¹ Saint Nicholas was said to preside over scholars.

Speed. Item, 'She can sew.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, Can she so?

Speed. Item, 'She can knit.'

Launce. What need a man care for a stock¹ with a wench, when she can knit him a stock?²

Speed. Item, 'She can wash and scour.'

Launce. A special virtue; for then she need not be washed and scoured.

Speed. Item, 'She can spin.'

Launce. Then may I set the world on wheels,³ when she can spin for her living.

Speed. Item, 'She hath many nameless virtues.'

Launce. That's as much as to say, bastard virtues; that indeed know not their fathers, and therefore have no names.

Speed. 'Here follows her vices.'

Launce. Close at the heels of her virtues.

Speed. Item, 'She is not to be kissed fasting, in respect of her breath.'

Launce. Well, that fault may be mended with a breakfast. Read on.

Speed. Item, 'She hath a sweet mouth.'

Launce. That makes amends for her sour breath.

Speed. Item, 'She doth talk in her sleep.'

Launce. It's no matter for that, so she sleep not in her talk.

Speed. Item, 'She is slow in words.'

Launce. O villain, that set this down among her

¹ Dowry.

² Stocking.

³ Defy the world

vices ! To be slow in words, is a woman's only virtue : I pray thee, out with 't ; and place it for her chief virtue.

Speed. Item, ' She is proud.'

Launce. Out with that too ; it was Eve's legacy, and cannot be ta'en from her.

Speed. Item, ' She hath no teeth.'

Launce. I care not for that neither, because I love crusts.

Speed. Item, ' She is curst.'

Launce. Well ; the best is, she hath no teeth to bite.

Speed. Item, ' She will often praise her liquor.'¹

Launce. If her liquor be good, she shall : if she will not, I will ; for good things should be praised.

Speed. Item, ' She is too liberal.'²

Launce. Of her tongue she cannot ; for that's writ down she is slow of : of her purse she shall not ; for that I'll keep shut : now of another thing she may ; and that cannot I help. Well, proceed.

Speed. Item, ' She hath more hair than wit, and more faults than hairs, and more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Stop there ; I'll have her : she was mine, and not mine, twice or thrice in that last article. Rehearse that once more.

Speed. Item, ' She hath more hair than wit,—'

Launce. More hair than wit,—it may be ; I'll

¹ Show how well she likes her liquor by drinking often.

² Licentious in discourse.

prove it: The cover of the salt hides the salt, and therefore 't is more than the salt: the hair, that covers the wit, is more than the wit; for the greater hides the less. What's next?

Speed.—'And more faults than hairs,—'

Launce. That's monstrous: O, that that were out!

Speed.—'And more wealth than faults.'

Launce. Why, that word makes the faults gracious.¹ Well, I'll have her: and if it be a match, as nothing is impossible,—

Speed. What then?

Launce. Why, then will I tell thee,—that thy master stays for thee at the north gate.

Speed. For me?

Launce. For thee? ay; who art thou? he hath stayed for a better man than thee.

Speed. And must I go to him?

Launce. Thou must run to him; for thou hast stayed so long, that going will scarce serve the turn.

Speed. Why didst not tell me sooner? 'pox of your love-letters! [*Exit.*

Launce. Now will he be swung for reading my letter: an unmannerly slave, that will thrust himself into secrets!—I'll after, to rejoice in the boy's correction. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter DUKE and THURIO; PROTEUS behind.

Duke. Sir Thurio, fear not, but that she will love you, .

Now Valentine is banish'd from her sight.

Thu. Since his exile she hath despised me most,
Forsworn my company, and rail'd at me,
That I am desperate of obtaining her.

Duke. This weak impress of love is as a figure
Trenched¹ in ice; which with an hour's heat
Dissolves to water, and doth lose his form
A little time will melt her frozen thoughts,
And worthless Valentine shall be forgot.—
How now, sir Proteus? Is your countryman,
According to our proclamation, gone?

Pro. Gone, my good lord.

Duke. My daughter takes his going grievously.

Pro. A little time, my lord, will kill that grief.

Duke. So I believe; but Thurio thinks not so.—
Proteus, the good conceit I hold of thee,
(For thou hast shown some sign of good desert)
Makes me the better to confer with thee.

Pro. Longer than I prove loyal to your grace,
Let me not live to look upon your grace.

Duke. Thou know'st, how willingly I would effect

¹ Trench'd.

The match between sir Thurio and my daughter.

Pro. I do, my lord.

Duke. And also, I think, thou art not ignorant
How she opposes her against my will.

Pro. She did, my lord, when Valentine was here.

Duke. Ay, and perversely she perseveres so.
What might we do, to make the girl forget
The love of Valentine, and love sir Thurio?

Pro. The best way is to slander Valentine
With falshood, cowardice, and poor descent;
Three things that women highly hold in hate.

Duke. Ay, but she'll think, that it is spoke in
hate.

Pro. Ay, if his enemy deliver it:
Therefore it must, with circumstance,¹ be spoken
By one, whom she esteemeth as his friend.

Duke. Then you must undertake to slander him.

Pro. And that, my lord, I shall be loath to do:
'Tis an ill office for a gentleman;
Especially, against his very friend.

Duke. Where your good word cannot advantage
him,
Your slander never can endamage him;
Therefore the office is indifferent,
Being entreated to it by your friend.

Pro. You have prevail'd, my lord: if I can do it,
By aught that I can speak in his dispraise,

¹ With the addition of such incidental particulars, as may induce belief.

She shall not long continue love to him.
 But say, this weed her love from Valentine,
 It follows not that she will love sir Thurio.

Thu. Therefore as you unwind her love from him,
 Lest it should ravel, and be good to none,
 You must provide to bottom it on me :¹
 Which must be done, by praising me as much
 As you in worth dispraise sir Valentine.

Duke. And, Proteus, we dare trust you in this
 kind ;

Because we know, on Valentine's report,
 You are already love's firm votary,
 And cannot soon revolt and change your mind.
 Upon this warrant shall you have access,
 Where you with Silvia may confer at large ;
 For she is lumpish, heavy, melancholy,
 And, for your friend's sake, will be glad of you ;
 Where you may temper her,² by your persuasion,
 To hate young Valentine, and love my friend.

Pro. As much as I can do, I will effect :—
 But you, sir Thurio, are not sharp enough ;
 You must lay lime,³ to tangle her desires,
 By wailful sonnets, whose composed rhymes
 Should be full fraught with serviceable vows.

Duke. Ay,

¹ As you wind off her love from him, make me the bottom on which you wind it. The housewife's term for a ball of thread wound on a central body, is a bottom of thread.

² Mould her, like wax, to whatever shape you please.

³ Birdlime.

Much is the force of heaven-bred poesy.

Pro. Say, that upon the altar of her beauty
 You sacrifice your tears, your sighs, your heart :
 Write, till your ink be dry ; and with your tears
 Moist it again ; and frame some feeling line,
 That may discover such integrity :—¹
 For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews ;
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.
 After your dire-lamenting elegies,
 Visit by night your lady's chamber-window
 With some sweet concert : to their instruments
 Tune a deploring dump ;² the night's dead silence
 Will well become such sweet-complaining grievance.
 This, or else nothing, will inherit her.³

Duke. This discipline shows thou hast been in
 love.

Thu. And thy advice this night I'll put in prac-
 tice :

Therefore, sweet Proteus, my direction-giver,
 Let us into the city presently
 To sort⁴ some gentlemen well skill'd in music :
 I have a sonnet, that will serve the turn,
 To give the onset to thy good advice.

Duke. About it, gentlemen.

¹ Such a union of feeling and expression.

² Mournful elegy.

³ Will obtain possession of her.

⁴ Choose out.

Pro. We'll wait upon your grace, till after supper;

And afterward determine our proceedings.

Duke. Even now about it; I will pardon you.¹

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.

A forest, near Mantua.

Enter certain OUTLAWS.

1 *Out.* Fellows, stand fast; I see a passenger.

2 *Out.* If there be ten, shrink not, but down with 'em.

Enter VALENTINE and SPEED.

3 *Out.* Stand, sir, and throw us that you have about you;

If not, we'll make you sit, and rifle you.

Speed. Sir, we are undone! these are the villains That all the travellers do fear so much.

Val. My friends,—

1 *Out.* That's not so, sir; we are your enemies.

2 *Out.* Peace; we'll hear him.

3 *Out.* Ay, by my beard, will we; for he is a proper² man.

Val. Then know, that I have little wealth to lose,

¹ I will excuse you from waiting.

² Well-looking.

A man I am, cross'd with adversity :
 My riches are these poor habiliments,
 Of which if you should here disfurnish me,
 You take the sum and substance that I have.

2 *Out.* Whither travel you ?

Val. To Verona.

1 *Out.* Whence came you ?

Val. From Milan.

3 *Out.* Have you long sojourned there ?

Val. Some sixteen months ; and longer might
 have stay'd,

If crooked fortune had not thwarted me.

2 *Out.* What, were you banish'd thence ?

Val. I was.

2 *Out.* For what offence ?

Val. For that which now torments me to rehearse :
 I kill'd a man, whose death I much repent ;
 But yet I slew him manfully in fight,
 Without false vantage, or base treachery.

1 *Out.* Why ne'er repent it, if it were done so.
 But were you banish'd for so small a fault ?

Val. I was, and held me glad of such a doom.

1 *Out.* Have you the tongues ? ¹

Val. My youthful travel therein made me happy ;
 Or else I often had been miserable.

3 *Out.* By the bare scalp of Robin Hood's fat
 friar, ²

¹ Languages.

² Robin Hood was captain of a band of robbers, and was much inclined to rob churchmen.

This fellow were a king for our wild faction.

1 *Out.* We'll have him : sirs, a word.

Speed. Master, be one of them ;

It is an honorable kind of thievery.

Val. Peace, villain !

2 *Out.* Tell us this : Have you any thing to take to ?

Val. Nothing, but my fortune.

3 *Out.* Know then, that some of us are gentlemen,
Such as the fury of ungovern'd youth
Thrust from the company of awful ¹ men :
Myself was from Verona banished,
For practising to steal away a lady,
An heir, and near allied unto the duke.

2 *Out.* And I from Mantua, for a gentleman,
Who, in my mood,² I stabb'd unto the heart.

1 *Out.* And I, for such like petty crimes as these.
But to the purpose,—for we cite our faults,
That they may hold excused our lawless lives,
And, partly, seeing you are beautified
With goodly shape ; and by your own report
A linguist ; and a man of such perfection,
As we do in our quality ³ much want :—

2 *Out.* Indeed, because you are a banish'd man,
Therefore, above the rest, we parley to you :
Are you content to be our general ?
To make a virtue of necessity,
And live, as we do, in this wilderness ?

¹ Lawful.

² Anger.

³ Profession.

3 *Out.* What say'st thou? wilt thou be of our consort?

Say, ay, and be the captain of us all;
We'll do thee homage, and be ruled by thee,
Love thee as our commander, and our king.

1 *Out.* But if thou scorn our courtesy, thou diest.

2 *Out.* Thou shalt not live to brag what we have offer'd.

Val. I take your offer, and will live with you;
Provided that you do no outrages
On silly women, or poor passengers.

3 *Out.* No, we detest such vile, base practices.
Come, go with us, we'll bring thee to our crews,
And show thee all the treasure we have got;
Which, with ourselves, all rest at thy dispose.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.

Milan. The court of the palace.

Enter PROTEUS.

Pro. Already have I been false to Valentine,
And now I must be as unjust to Thurio.
Under the color of commending him,
I have access my own love to prefer:
But Silvia is too fair, too true, too holy,
To be corrupted with my worthless gifts.
When I protest true loyalty to her,
She twits me with my falshood to my friend;
When to her beauty I commend my vows,
She bids me think, how I have been forsworn

In breaking faith with Julia whom I loved :
And, notwithstanding all her sudden quips,¹
The least whereof would quell a lover's hope,
Yet, spaniel-like, the more she spurns my love,
The more it grows, and fawneth on her still.
But here comes Thurio ; now must we to her window,
And give some evening music to her ear.

Enter THURIO, and musicians.

Thu. How now, sir Proteus ? are you crept before us ?

Pro. Ay, gentle Thurio ; for, you know, that love
Will creep in service where it cannot go.

Thu. Ay, but, I hope, sir, that you love not here.

Pro. Sir, but I do ; or else I would be hence.

Thu. Who ? Silvia ?

Pro. Ay, Silvia,—for your sake.

Thu. I thank you for your own. Now, gentlemen,
Let's tune, and to it lustily awhile.

Enter HOST, at a distance ; and JULIA in boy's clothes.

Host. Now, my young guest ! methinks you're
allycholly ; I pray you, why is it ?

Jul. Marry, mine host, because I cannot be
merry.

Host. Come, we'll have you merry : I'll bring
you where you shall hear music, and see the gentle-
man that you asked for.

¹ Passionate reproaches and scoffs.

Jul. But shall I hear him speak ?

Host. Ay, that you shall.

Jul. That will be music. [*Music plays.*

Host. Hark ! hark !

Jul. Is he among these ?

Host. Ay : but peace, let 's hear 'em.

SONG.

Who is Silvia ? What is she,
That all our swains commend her ?
Holy, fair, and wise is she ;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind, as she is fair ?
For beauty lives with kindness :¹
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness ;
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling ;
She excels each mortal thing,
Upon the dull earth dwelling :
To her let us garlands bring.

Host. How now ? are you sadder than you were before ? How do you, man ? the music likes you not.

Jul. You mistake ; the musician likes me not.

Host. Why, my pretty youth ?

Jul. He plays false, father.

¹ Beauty without kindness dies unenjoyed and undelighting.

Host. How? out of tune on the strings?

Jul. Not so; but yet so false, that he grieves my very heart-strings. www.libtool.com.cn

Host. You have a quick ear.

Jul. Ay, I would I were deaf! it makes me have a slow heart.

Host. I perceive, you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.

Host. Hark, what fine change is in the music!

Jul. Ay; that change is the spite.

Host. You would then have them always play but one thing?

Jul. I would always have one play but one thing. But, host, doth this Proteus, that we talk on, often resort unto this gentlewoman?

Host. I tell you what Launce, his man, told me, he loved her out of all nick.¹

Jul. Where is Launce?

Host. Gone to seek his dog; which, to-morrow, by his master's command, he must carry for a present to his lady.

Jul. Peace! stand aside; the company parts.

Pro. Sir Thurio, fear you not; I will so plead, That you shall say, my cunning drift excels.

Thu. Where meet we?

Pro. At saint Gregory's well.

Thu. Farewell. [*Exeunt Thurio and musicians.*]

¹ Beyond all reckoning.

SILVIA *appears above, at her window.*

Pro. Madam, good evening to your ladyship.

Sil. I thank you for your music, gentlemen :
Who is that, that spake ?

Pro. One, lady, if you knew his pure heart's
truth,

You'd quickly learn to know him by his voice.

Sil. Sir Proteus, as I take it.

Pro. Sir Proteus, gentle lady, and your servant.

Sil. What is your will ?

Pro. That I may compass yours.

Sil. You have your wish ; my will is even this,—
That presently you hie you home to bed.

Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man !

Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,

To be seduced by thy flattery,

That hast deceived so many with thy vows ?

Return, return, and make thy love amends.

For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,

I am so far from granting thy request,

That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit ;

And by and by intend to chide myself,

Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.

Pro. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady ;
But she is dead.

Jul. 'Twere false, if I should speak it ;
For, I am sure, she is not buried. [*aside.*]

Sil. Say, that she be ; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives ; to whom, thyself art witness,

I am betrothed; and art thou not ashamed
 'To wrong him of¹ thy importunacy?

Pro. I likewise hear, that Valentine is dead.

Sil. And so, suppose, am I; for in his grave,
 Assure thyself, my love is buried.

Pro. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.

Sil. Go to thy lady's grave, and call her's thence;
 Or, at the least, in her's sepulchre thine.

Jul. He heard not that. [*aside.*

Pro. Madam, if your heart be so obdurate,
 Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
 The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
 To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
 For, since the substance of your perfect self
 Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
 And to your shadow will I make true love.

Jul. If 'twere a substance, you would, sure, de-
 ceive it,

And make it but a shadow, as I am. [*aside.*

Sil. I am very loath to be your idol, sir;
 But, since your falshood shall become you well²
 'To worship shadows, and adore false shapes,
 Send to me in the morning, and I'll send it:
 And so, good rest.

Pro. As wretches have o'er night,
 'That wait for execution in the morn.

[*Exeunt Proteus; and Silvia, from above.*

Jul. Host, will you go?

¹ With.

² But, since your falshood, it shall become you well, &c.

Host. By my halidom,¹ I was fast asleep.

Jul. Pray you, where lies sir Proteus ?

Host. Marry, at my house : trust me, I think, 'tis almost day.

Jul. Not so ; but it hath been the longest night That e'er I watch'd, and the most heaviest.²

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The same.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eg. This is the hour that madam Silvia Entreated me to call, and know her mind : There's some great matter she'd employ me in.— Madam, madam !

SILVIA appears above, at her window.

Sil. Who calls ?

Eg. Your servant, and your friend ; One that attends your ladyship's command.

Sil. Sir Eglamour, a thousand times good mor-
row.

Eg. As many, worthy lady, to yourself. According to your ladyship's impose,³ I am thus early come, to know what service It is your pleasure to command me in.

¹ Holy dame.

² This use of the double superlative is frequent in our author.

³ Injunction.

Sil. O Eglamour, thou art a gentleman,
(Think not, I flatter, for, I swear, I do not)
Valiant, wise, remorseful,¹ well accomplish'd.
Thou art not ignorant, what dear good will
I bear unto the banish'd Valentine ;
Nor how my father would enforce me marry
Vain Thurio, whom my very soul abhorr'd.
'Thyself hast loved ; and I have heard thee say,
No grief did ever come so near thy heart,
As when thy lady and thy true love died,
Upon whose grave thou vow'dst pure chastity.
Sir Eglamour, I would to Valentine,
To Mantua, where, I hear, he makes abode ;
And, for² the ways are dangerous to pass,
I do desire thy worthy company,
Upon whose faith and honor I repose.
Urge not my father's anger, Eglamour,
But think upon my grief, a lady's grief ;
And on the justice of my flying hence,
To keep me from a most unholy match,
Which heaven and fortune still reward with plagues.
I do desire thee, even from a heart
As full of sorrows as the sea of sands,
To bear me company, and go with me :
If not, to hide what I have said to thee,
That I may venture to depart alone.

Eg. Madam, I pity much your grievances ;³
Which since I know they virtuously are placed,

¹ Compassionate.

² Because.

³ Sorrows.

I give consent to go along with you :
 Recking¹ as little what betideth me,
 As much I wish all good befortune you.
 When will you go ?

Sil. This evening coming.

Eg. Where shall I meet you ?

Sil. At friar Patrick's cell,
 Where I intend holy confession.

Eg. I will not fail your ladyship :
 Good morrow, gentle lady.

Sil. Good morrow, kind sir Eglamour. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

The same.

Enter LAUNCE, with his dog.

Launce. When a man's servant shall play the cur with him, look you, it goes hard : one that I brought up of a puppy ; one that I saved from drowning, when three or four of his blind brothers and sisters went to it ! I have taught him—even as one would say precisely, thus I would teach a dog. I was sent to deliver him, as a present to mistress Silvia, from my master ; and I came no sooner into the dining-chamber, but he steps me to her trencher,² and steals her capon's leg. O, 'tis a foul thing, when a cur cannot keep himself³ in all companies ! I would have, as one should say, one that takes upon him to be a dog in-

¹ Caring.

² Wooden plate.

³ Restrain himself.

deed, to be, as it were, a dog at all things. If I had not had more wit than he, to take a fault upon me that he did, I think verily he had been hanged for't; sure as I live, he had suffered for't: you shall judge. He thrusts me himself into the company of three or four gentleman-like dogs, under the duke's table: he had not been there (bless the mark) a pissing while, but all the chamber smelt him. 'Out with the dog,' says one; 'What cur is that?' says another; 'Whip him out,' says the third. 'Hang him up,' says the duke. I, having been acquainted with the smell before, knew it was Crab; and goes me to the fellow that whips the dogs: 'Friend,' quoth I, 'you mean to whip the dog?' 'Ay, marry, do I,' quoth he. 'You do him the more wrong,' quoth I; 'twas I did the thing you wot of.' He makes me no more ado, but whips me out of the chamber. How many masters would do this for his servant? Nay, I'll be sworn, I have sat in the stocks for puddings he hath stolen, otherwise he had been executed: I have stood on the pillory for geese he hath killed, otherwise he had suffered for't: thou think'st not of this now!—Nay, I remember the trick you served me, when I took my leave of madam Silvia; did not I bid thee still mark me, and do as I do? When didst thou see me heave up my leg, and make water against a gentlewoman's farthingale?¹ Didst thou ever see me do such a trick?

¹ Hoop.

Enter PROTEUS and JULIA.

Pro. Sebastian is thy name? I like thee well,
And will employ thee in some service presently.

Jul. In what you please;—I will do what I can.

Pro. I hope thou wilt.—How now, you whore-
son peasant? [to Launce.

Where have you been these two days loitering?

Launce. Marry, sir, I carried mistress Silvia the
dog you bade me.

Pro. And what says she to my little jewel?

Launce. Marry, she says, your dog was a cur;
and tells you, currish thanks is good enough for
such a present.

Pro. But she received my dog?

Launce. No, indeed, did she not: here have I
brought him back again.

Pro. What, didst thou offer her this from me?

Launce. Ay, sir; the other squirrel¹ was stolen
from me by the hangman's boys in the market-
place: and then I offered her mine own; who is a
dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the
greater.

Pro. Go, get thee hence, and find my dog again,
Or ne'er return again into my sight.

Away, I say. Stay'st thou to vex me here?

A slave, that, still an end,² turns me to shame.

[*Exit Launce.*

¹ A diminutive animal, more resembling a squirrel in size
than a dog.

² At the conclusion of every business.

Sebastian, I have entertained thee,
Partly, that I have need of such a youth,
That can with some discretion do my business,
For 'tis no trusting to yond foolish lowt;
But, chiefly, for thy face and thy behaviour,
Which (if my augury deceive me not)
Witness good bringing up, fortune, and truth:
Therefore know thee, for this I entertain thee.
Go presently, and take this ring with thee,
Deliver it to madam Silvia:

She loved me well, deliver'd it to me.¹

Jul. It seems, you loved not her, to leave² her
token:

She's dead, belike.

Pro. Not so; I think, she lives.

Jul. Alas!

Pro. Why dost thou cry, alas?

Jul. I cannot choose but pity her.

Pro. Wherefore shouldst thou pity her?

Jul. Because, methinks, that she loved you as
well

As you do love your lady Silvia:

She dreams on him, that has forgot her love;

You dote on her, that cares not for your love.

'Tis pity, love should be so contrary;

And thinking on it makes me cry, alas!

Pro. Well, give her that ring, and therewithal

¹ She, who delivered it to me, loved me well.
To part with.

This letter; that's her chamber.—Tell my lady,
I claim the promise for her heavenly picture.
Your message done, hie home unto my chamber.
Where thou shalt find me sad and solitary.

[*Exit Proteus.*]

Jul. How many women would do such a message?

Alas, poor Proteus! thou hast entertain'd
A fox, to be the shepherd of thy lambs:
Alas, poor fool! why do I pity him
That with his very heart despiseth me?
Because he loves her, he despiseth me;
Because I love him, I must pity him.
This ring I gave him, when he parted from me,
To bind him to remember my good will:
And now am I (unhappy messenger)
To plead for that, which I would not obtain;
To carry that, which I would have refused;
To praise his faith, which I would have dispraised.
I am my master's true confirmed love;
But cannot be true servant to my master,
Unless I prove false traitor to myself.
Yet will I woo for him; but yet so coldly,
As, heaven it knows, I would not have him speed.

Enter SILVIA, attended.

Gentlewoman, good day! I pray you, be my mean
To bring me where to speak with madam Silvia.

Sil. What would you with her, if that I be she?

Jul. If you be she, I do entreat your patience
To hear me speak the message I am sent on.

Sil. From whom ?

Jul. From my master, sir Proteus, madam.

Sil. O !—he sends you for a picture ?

Jul. Ay, madam.

Sil. Ursula, bring my picture there.

[*picture brought.*]

Go, give your master this . tell him from me,
One Julia, that his changing thoughts forget,
Would better fit his chamber, than this shadow.

Jul. Madam, please you peruse this letter.——

Pardon me, madam ; I have unadvised
Deliver'd you a paper that I should not ;
This is the letter to your ladyship.

Sil. I pray thee, let me look on that again.

Jul. It may not be ; good madam, pardon me.

Sil. There, hold.

I will not look upon your master's lines :
I know, they are stuff'd with protestations,
And full of new-found oaths ; which he will break,
As easily as I do tear his paper.

Jul. Madam, he sends your ladyship this ring.

Sil. The more shame for him that he sends it me :
For, I have heard him say a thousand times,
His Julia gave it him at his departure :
Though his false finger have profaned the ring,
Mine shall not do his Julia so much wrong.

Jul. She thanks you.

Sil. What say'st thou ?

Jul. I thank you, madam, that you tender her :
Poor gentlewoman ! my master wrongs her much.

Sil. Dost thou know her ?

Jul. Almost as well as I do know myself :
To think upon her woes, I do protest,
That I have wept a hundred several times.

Sil. Belike, she thinks that Proteus hath forsook
her.

Jul. I think she doth ; and that's her cause of
sorrow.

Sil. Is she not passing fair ?

Jul. She hath been fairer, madam, than she is :
When she did think my master loved her well,
She, in my judgment, was as fair as you ;
But since she did neglect her looking-glass,
And threw her sun-expelling mask away,
The air hath starved the roses in her cheeks,
And pinch'd the lily-tincture of her face,
That now she is become as black as I.

Sil. How tall was she ?

Jul. About my stature : for, at Pentecost,
When all our pageants of delight were play'd,
Our youth got me to play the woman's part,
And I was trimm'd in madam Julia's gown ;
Which served me as fit, by all men's judgment,
As if the garment had been made for me :
Therefore, I know she is about my height.
And, at that time, I made her weep a-good.¹
For I did play a lamentable part :
Madam, 'twas Ariadne, passioning
For Theseus' perjury, and unjust flight ;

¹ In good earnest.

Which I so lively acted with my tears,
That my poor mistress, moved therewithal,
Wept bitterly ; and, would I might be dead,
If I in thought felt not her very sorrow !

Sil. She is beholden to thee, gentle youth !—
Alas, poor lady ! desolate and left !—
I weep myself, to think upon thy words.
Here, youth, there is my purse ! I give thee this
For thy sweet mistress' sake, because thou lovest her.
Farewell. [*Exit Silvia.*

Jul. And she shall thank you for't, if e'er you
know her.—

A virtuous gentlewoman, mild, and beautiful.
I hope, my master's suit will be but cold,
Since she respects my mistress' love so much.
Alas, how love can trifle with itself !
Here is her picture. Let me see ; I think,
If I had such a tire,¹ this face of mine
Were full as lovely as is this of hers :
And yet the painter flatter'd her a little,
Unless I flatter with myself too much.
Her hair is auburn, mine is perfect yellow :
If that be all the difference in his love,
I'll get me such a color'd periwig.
Her eyes are grey as glass ; and so are mine :
Ay, but her forehead's low, and mine's as high.
What should it be, that he respects in her,
But I can make respective² in myself,

¹ Head-dress.

² Respectful or respectable.

If this fond love were not a blinded god?
 Come, shadow, come, and take this shadow up,
 For 'tis thy rival. O thou senseless form,
 Thou shalt be worship'd, kiss'd, loved, and adored:
 And, were there sense in his idolatry,
 My substance should be statue in thy stead.
 I'll use thee kindly for thy mistress' sake,
 That used me so; or else, by Jove I vow,
 I should have scratch'd out your unseeing eyes.
 To make my master out of love with thee. [*Exit*]

ACT V.

SCENE I.

The same. An abbey.

Enter EGLAMOUR.

Eg. The sun begins to gild the western sky;
 And now it is about the very hour
 That Silvia, at friar Patrick's cell, should meet me.
 She will not fail; for lovers break not hours,
 Unless it be to come before their time;
 So much they spur their expedition.

Enter SILVIA.

See, where she comes. Lady, a happy evening!
Sil. Amen, amen! go on, good Eglamour,
 Out at the postern by the abbey-wall;
 I fear, I am attended by some spies.

Eg. Fear not : the forest is not three leagues off ;
If we recover that, we are sure enough.¹ [*Exeunt.*

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SCENE II.

The same. A room in the Duke's palace.

Enter THURIO, PROTEUS, *and* JULIA.

Thu. Sir Proteus, what says Silvia to my suit ?

Pro. O, sir, I find her milder than she was ;
And yet she takes exceptions at your person.

Thu. What, that my leg is too long ?

Pro. No ; that it is too little.

Thu. I'll wear a boot, to make it somewhat
rounder.

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

Thu. What says she to my face ?

Pro. She says, it is a fair one.

Thu. Nay, then the wanton lies ; my face is black.

Pro. But pearls are fair ; and the old saying is,
Black men are pearls in beauteous ladies' eyes.

Jul. 'Tis true, such pearls as put out ladies' eyes ;
For I had rather wink than look on them. [*aside.*

Thu. How likes she my discourse ?

Pro. Ill, when you talk of war.

Thu. But well, when I discourse of love and
peace ?

Jul. But better, indeed, when you hold your peace.
[*aside.*

¹ Out of danger.

Thu. What says she to my valor?

Pro. O, sir, she makes no doubt of that.

Jul. She needs not, when she knows it cowardice. [*aside.*]

Thu. What says she to my birth?

Pro. That you are well derived.

Jul. True; from a gentleman to a fool. [*aside.*]

Thu. Considers she my possessions?

Pro. O, ay; and pities them.

Thu. Wherefore?

Jul. That such an ass should owe¹ them. [*aside.*]

Pro. That they are out by lease.

Jul. Here comes the duke.

Enter DUKE.

Duke. How now, sir Proteus? how now, Thurio?
Which of you saw sir Eglamour of late?

Thu. Not I.

Pro. Nor I.

Duke. Saw you my daughter?

Pro. Neither.

Duke. Why, then she's fled unto that peasant
Valentine;

And Eglamour is in her company.

'Tis true; for friar Laurence met them both,

As he in penance wander'd through the forest:

Him he knew well, and guess'd that it was she;

But, being mask'd, he was not sure of it:

¹ Possess.

Besides, she did intend confession
 At Patrick's cell this even; and there she was not:
 These likelihoods confirm her flight from hence.
 Therefore, I pray you, stand not to discourse,
 But mount you presently; and meet with me
 Upon the rising of the mountain-foot
 That leads towards Mantua, whither they are fled:
 Despatch, sweet gentlemen, and follow me. [*Exit.*]

Thu. Why, this it is to be a peevish¹ girl,
 That flies her fortune when it follows her:
 I'll after; more to be revenged on Eglamour,
 Than for the love of reckless² Silvia. [*Exit.*]

Pro. And I will follow, more for Silvia's love,
 Than hate of Eglamour that goes with her. [*Exit.*]

Jul. And I will follow, more to cross that love,
 Than hate for Silvia, that is gone for love. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.

Frontiers of Mantua. The forest.

Enter SILVIA and OUTLAWS.

1 Out. Come, come; be patient; we must bring
 you to our captain.

Sil. A thousand more mischances than this one
 Have learn'd me how to brook this patiently.

2 Out. Come, bring her away.

1 Out. Where is the gentleman that was with her?

3 Out. Being nimble-footed, he hath outrun us

¹ Foolish.

² Heedless.

But Moyses, and Valerius, follow him.
 Go thou with her to the west end of the wood;
 There is our captain : we 'll follow him that 's fled ;
 The thicket is beset, he cannot 'scape.

1 *Out.* Come, I must bring you to our captain's
 cave :

Fear not ; he bears an honorable mind,
 And will not use a woman lawlessly.

Sil. O Valentine, this I endure for thee !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.

Another part of the forest.

Enter VALENTINE.

Val. How use doth breed a habit in a man !
 This shadowy desert, unfrequented woods,
 I better brook than flourishing peopled towns :
 Here can I sit alone, unseen of any,
 And, to the nightingale's complaining notes,
 Tune my distresses, and record ¹ my woes.
 O thou that dost inhabit in my breast,
 Leave not the mansion so long tenantless ;
 Lest, growing ruinous, the building fall,
 And leave no memory of what it was !
 Repair me with thy presence, Silvia ;
 Thou gentle nymph, cherish thy forlorn swain !—
 What halloing, and what stir, is this to-day ?
 These are my mates, that make their wills their law,

¹ Sing.

Have some unhappy passenger in chase :
 They love me well ; yet I have much to do,
 To keep them from uncivil outrages.
 Withdraw thee, Valentine ; who 's this comes here ?
[*steps aside.*

Enter PROTEUS, SILVIA, and JULIA.

Pro. Madam, this service I have done for you,
 (Though you respect not aught your servant doth)
 To hazard life, and rescue you from him,
 That would have forced your honor and your love.
 Vouchsafe me, for my meed,¹ but one fair look ;
 A smaller boon than this I cannot beg,
 And less than this, I am sure, you cannot give.

Val. How like a dream is this I see and hear !
 Love, lend me patience to forbear awhile. [*aside.*

Sil. O miserable, unhappy that I am !

Pro. Unhappy were you, madam, ere I came ;
 But, by my coming, I have made you happy.

Sil. By thy approach thou makest me most un-
 happy.

Jul. And me, when he approacheth to your
 presence. [*aside.*

Sil. Had I been seized by 'a hungry lion,
 I would have been a breakfast to the beast,
 Rather than have false Proteus rescue me.
 O, Heaven be judge, how I love Valentine,
 Whose life 's as tender² to me as my soul ;

¹ Reward.

² Dear.

And full as much (for more there cannot be)
I do detest false, perjured Proteus :
Therefore be gone, solicit me no more.

Pro. What dangerous action, stood it next to
death,

Would I not undergo for one calm look !
O, 'tis the curse in love, and still approved,¹
When women cannot love where they 're beloved.

Sil. When Proteus cannot love where he's be-
loved.

Read over Julia's heart, thy first best love,
For whose dear sake thou didst then rend thy faith
Into a thousand oaths ; and all those oaths
Descended into perjury, to love me.

Thou hast no faith left now, unless thou hadst two,
And that's far worse than none ; better have none
Than plural faith, which is too much by one :
Thou counterfeit to thy true friend !

Pro. In love,

Who respects friend ?

Sil. All men but Proteus.

Pro. Nay, if the gentle spirit of moving words
Can no way change you to a milder form,
I'll woo you like a soldier, at arms' end ;
And love you 'gainst the nature of love : force you.

Sil. O heaven !

Pro. I'll force thee yield to my desire.

Val. Ruffian, let go that rude uncivil touch ,

¹ Experienced.



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Engraver: Is.

Shading: sc

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Translation by Anna Seward & John

Act I. Scene IV.

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Thou friend of an ill fashion !

Pro. Valentine !

Val. Thou common friend, that 's without faith or
love ;

(For such is a friend now) treacherous man !

Thou hast beguiled my hopes ; naught but mine
eye

Could have persuaded me. Now I dare not say
I have one friend alive ; thou wouldst disprove me.
Who should be trusted when one's own right
hand

Is perjured to the bosom ? Proteus,

I am sorry I must never trust thee more,

But count the world a stranger for thy sake.

The private wound is deepest. O time most ac-
cursed !

'Mongst all foes, that a friend should be the worst !

Pro. My shame and guilt confounds me.—

Forgive me, Valentine : if hearty sorrow

Be a sufficient ransom for offence,

I tender it here : I do as truly suffer,

As e'er I did commit.

Val. Then I am paid ;

And once again I do receive thee honest :—

Who by repentance is not satisfied,

Is nor of heaven nor earth ; for these are pleased ;

By penitence the Eternal's wrath 's appeased :—

And, that my love may appear plain and free,

All that was mine in Silvia, I give thee.

Jul. O me unhappy !

[*faints.*

Pro. Look to the boy.

Val. Why, boy! why, wag! how now? what's the matter? look up; speak.

Jul. O good sir, my master charged me to deliver a ring to madam Silvia; which, out of my neglect, was never done.

Pro. Where is that ring, boy?

Jul. Here 'tis: this is it. [*gives a ring.*]

Pro. How! let me see: why this is the ring I gave to Julia!

Jul. O, cry your mercy, sir, I have mistook; this is the ring you sent to Silvia. [*shows another ring.*]

Pro. But how camest thou by this ring? at my depart, I gave this unto Julia.

Jul. And Julia herself did give it me;
And Julia herself hath brought it hither.

Pro. How! Julia!

Jul. Behold her that gave aim¹ to all thy oaths,
And entertain'd them deeply in her heart:
How oft hast thou with perjury cleft the root!²
O Proteus, let this habit make thee blush!
Be thou ashamed, that I have took upon me
Such an immodest raiment; if shame live
In a disguise of love:³
It is the lesser blot, modesty finds,
Women to change their shapes, than men their
minds.

¹ Direction.

² Cleft the root of her heart. Here an allusion is made to cleaving the pin in archery.

³ If it be any shame to wear a disguise for the purposes of love.

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TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

Valentine Proteus Silvia & Julia

Act V. Scene 1st.

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Pro. Than men their minds ! 'tis true. O heaven !
were man

But constant, he were perfect : that one error
Fills him with faults ; makes him run through all
sins ;

Inconstancy falls off, ere it begins :
What is in Silvia's face, but I may spy
More fresh in Julia's with a constant eye ?

Val. Come, come, a hand from either :
Let me be blest to make this happy close.
'Twere pity two such friends should be long foes.

Pro. Bear witness, Heaven, I have my wish for
ever.

Jul. And I mine.

Enter OUTLAWS, *with* DUKE and THURIO.

Out. A prize, a prize, a prize !

Val. Forbear, forbear, I say ; it is my lord the
duke.

Your grace is welcome to a man disgraced,
Banished Valentine.

Duke. Sir Valentine !

Thu. Yonder is Silvia ; and Silvia's mine.

Val. Thurio give back, or else embrace thy
death ;

Come not within the measure of my wrath :¹
Do not name Silvia thine ; if once again,
Verona shall not hold thee. Here she stands :

¹ The length of my sword.

Take but possession of her with a touch ;—
I dare thee but to breathe upon my love.

Thu. Sir Valentine, I care not for her, I :
I hold him but a fool, that will endanger
His body for a girl that loves him not :
I claim her not, and therefore she is thine.

Duke. The more degenerate and base art thou,
To make such means ¹ for her as thou hast done,
And leave her on such slight conditions.—
Now, by the honor of my ancestry,
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,
And think thee worthy of an empress' love.
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,²
Cancel all grudge, repeal thee home again.—
Plead ³ a new state in thy unrival'd merit,
To which I thus subscribe,—sir Valentine,
Thou art a gentleman, and well derived ;
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserved her.

Val. I thank your grace ; the gift hath made me
happy.

I now beseech you, for your daughter's sake,
To grant one boon that I shall ask of you.

Duke. I grant it, for thine own, whate'er it be.

Val. These banish'd men, that I have kept withal,
Are men endued with worthy qualities.
Forgive them what they have committed here,
And let them be recall'd from their exile :
They are reformed, civil, full of good,

¹ Interest.

² Grievances, wrongs.

³ i. e. plead thou.

And fit for great employment, worthy lord.

Duke. Thou hast prevail'd ; I pardon them, and thee ;

Dispose of them, as thou know'st their deserts.

Come, let us go ; we will include¹ all jars

With triumphs,² mirth, and rare solemnity.

Val. And, as we walk along, I dare be bold
With our discourse to make your grace to smile :
What think you of this page, my lord ?

Duke. I think the boy hath grace in him : he blushes.

Val. I warrant you, my lord ; more grace than boy.

Duke. What mean you by that saying ?

Val. Please you, I'll tell you as we pass along,
That you will wonder, what hath fortun'd.—
Come, Proteus ; 'tis your penance, but to hear
The story of your loves discovered :
That done, our day of marriage shall be yours ;
One feast, one house, one mutual happiness.

[*Exeunt.*

¹ Conclude.

² Masques and revels.

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