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TALES FROM SHAKSPEARE

PUNCHARD

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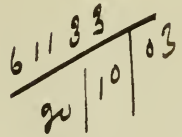
BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

C. D. PUNCHARD, B.A.



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PREFACE.

Charles and Mary Lamb so successfully carried out their purpose of providing the young reader with an easy introduction to the study of Shakspeare that it seems presumptuous to undertake the work of simplifying their *Tales*. The aim of this book is not to explain that which is already simple, but to assist the young reader in making these interesting stories an aid to his study of the English language and literature.

The writers of the *Tales* beautified their own productions by judiciously and happily interweaving Shakspeare's words with their own, and they have preserved the Elizabethan tone of the stories by avoiding words introduced into the English language since Shakspeare's day. Hence the only difficulty of the young reader is caused by the inevitable changes produced in a language by the lapse of three hundred years, and this volume is intended to assist him in translating Shakspearean expressions into those of the present day.

To illustrate the varied thoughts of Shakspeare, and to show the skill and fertility of resource of Charles Lamb and his sister, I have selected four tragedies and four comedies, embodying the most attractive and most

suitable narratives for young readers, and affording a fairly representative collection of the work of the great poet, and that of his great admirers, the Lambs.

The short sketches of character, based chiefly on thoughts suggested by Gervinus, are by no means intended to be exhaustive, but to point out a few prominent features, and boys reading the *Tales* with the aid of a master may easily be led to extend and supplement the few ideas here given.

C. D. P.

February, 1899.

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PREFACE BY CHARLES LAMB.

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

In those Tales which have been taken from the Tragedies, the young readers will perceive, when they come to see the source from which these stories are derived, that Shakspeare's own words, with little alteration, recur very frequently in the narrative as well as in the dialogue; but in those made from the Comedies the writers found themselves scarcely ever able to turn his words into the narrative form: therefore it is feared that, in them, dialogue has been made use of too frequently for young people not accustomed to the dramatic form of writing. But this fault, if it be a fault, has been caused by an earnest wish to give as much of

Shakspeare's own words as possible: and if the "*He said*," and "*She said*," the question and the reply, should sometimes seem tedious to their young ears, they must pardon it, because it was the only way in which could be given to them a few hints and little foretastes of the great pleasure which awaits them in their elder years, when they come to the rich treasures from which these small and valueless coins are extracted; pretending to no other merit than as faint and imperfect stamps of Shakspeare's matchless image. Faint and imperfect images they must be called, because the beauty of his language is too frequently destroyed by the necessity of changing many of his excellent words into words far less expressive of his true sense, to make it read something like prose; and even in some few places, where his blank verse is given unaltered, as hoping from its simple plainness to cheat the young readers into the belief that they are reading prose, yet still his language being transplanted from its own natural soil and wild poetic garden, it must want much of its native beauty.

It has been wished to make these Tales easy reading for very young children. To the utmost of their ability the writers have constantly kept this in mind; but the subjects of most of them made this a very difficult task. It was no easy matter to give the histories of men and women in terms familiar to the apprehension of a very young mind. For young ladies too, it has been the intention chiefly to write; because boys being generally permitted the use of their fathers' libraries at a much earlier age than girls are, they frequently have the best scenes of Shakspeare by heart, before their sisters are permitted to look into this manly book; and, therefore,

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

What these Tales shall have been to the *young* readers, that and much more it is the writers' wish that the true Plays of Shakspeare may prove to them in older years—

enrichers of the fancy, strengtheners of virtue, a withdrawing from all selfish and mercenary thoughts, a lesson of all sweet and honourable thoughts and actions, to teach courtesy, benignity, generosity, humanity: for of examples, teaching these virtues, his pages are full.

INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES LAMB was the son of John Lamb, and was born in 1775. His father was then in the service of Mr. Salt, a barrister of some importance in the Inner Temple. We read that John Lamb was a "scrivener" or copier, but from the description given of him in his son's writings we may conclude that he was rather a domestic servant. Charles Lamb speaks of Mr. Salt in terms which show that he was the greatest friend of the family, and that he treated John Lamb with the utmost trust and confidence.

In 1782, through the influence of Mr. Salt, Charles Lamb received a presentation to the magnificent school of Christ's Hospital, in the City of London. Lamb has left us excellent descriptions, in his *Essays of Elia* and elsewhere, of the life he had at the school, and of masters and friends he met there. He remained at Christ's Hospital till his fifteenth year, by which time he had learned a little elementary Greek and a very great deal of Latin. "Here also he commenced the friendships of life; and of all which he formed he lost none" (De Quincey). Amongst these friends he came to know "Poor S. T. C.," that is, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, who

thus describes himself in an inscription he wrote for his own grave.

As a child, Charles Lamb was extremely sensitive and somewhat superstitious, both of which characteristics were increased by an excessive love of reading. In one of his *Essays of Elia* (On Witches, etc.), he describes this part of his nature, and the effect upon his mind of the pictures in the books of his father's library.

His chief companion at home was his sister Mary, who was eleven years older than himself, and possessed of the same taste for reading. There was a brother, older than them both, who had obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House, and does not appear to have shared the companionship of the younger brother and sister.

Lamb left Christ's Hospital in 1789 and obtained a clerkship in the South Sea House, the headquarters of an old trading company. Here he remained three years, and in 1795 he became a junior clerk in the India House, where the business of the East India Company was managed. He had but a slender salary, which had to contribute to the support of his widowed mother and his sister, now living in lodgings in Holborn. This was a time of change and calamity for Charles Lamb. In 1796 he lost Coleridge, who proceeded to Cambridge. For some time past his sister had shown signs of lunacy at intervals, and in the winter of 1795-6 Charles himself had passed some weeks in confinement on account of the same misfortune. In a sudden attack of her disease, Mary Lamb seized a knife from the dinner table and stabbed her mother, who died on the spot (1796). The poor young lady was transferred to the establishment for lunatics at Hoxton (London), and soon recovered; but

her relapses were as sudden as her recoveries, and she continued through life to visit for periods of uncertain length that house of woe. Fortunately, the attacks seem to have been attended by warnings which enabled brother and sister to take necessary precautions. One of their friends relates that he met them hand in hand walking to the asylum, bathed in tears.

This calamity caused Charles Lamb to resign for ever all thoughts of marriage with the young lady whom he loved, to abandon all ambitious projects, and to humbly content himself with his clerkship, and to dedicate the rest of his future to the care of his desolate and helpless sister. These sacrifices were not made in haste, and they had their reward. His sister, for whom he gave up all, in turn gave up all for him and devoted herself to his comfort.

For twenty-nine years after this, Lamb's time was given to the East India House. His work began at ten and ended at four. The evenings were given up to his literary studies, and amongst his short essays *On Popular Fallacies*, he humorously illustrates the necessity of evening and artificial lights to the prosperity of studies. Twelve years before his death the munificence of the East India House granted him a liberal retiring allowance, which placed him beyond the reach of want in his old age. He therefore supported his sister for forty years, and though his pension died with himself, the noble liberality of his employers granted the same allowance to his sister as was customarily allowed to a widow. Lamb, not venturing to count on this, had applied himself through life to the saving of a provision for his sister in case of any accident to himself.

Thus his life was a continual struggle in the service of the purest love, but among a circle of acquaintances who knew little of his acts and feelings. Even his intellectual work won but little sympathy at the time, and his earliest efforts met often with positive derision or were entirely neglected.

Lamb's first writings were produced by the necessity of doing some remunerative work to aid him in bearing the burden of his sister's maintenance. In 1797 some of his poems were published in a collection in company with others by Coleridge, and in 1798 he tried to increase his income by writing a little story called "A Tale of Rosamond Gray and Old Blind Margaret."

For the next few years he occasionally contributed a few humorous paragraphs to the newspapers of the day, but wrote nothing of importance.

In 1805 they were both pressed by their poverty, and were sinking under the constant and harassing worry of poor circumstances and ill-health. In one of her letters to a friend, in 1805, Mary Lamb thus describes herself and her brother: "It has been sad and heavy times with us lately. When I am pretty well, his low spirits throw me back again; and when he begins to get a little cheerful, then I do the same kind office for him."

In 1805 Lamb made the acquaintance of William Hazlitt, who introduced him to William Godwin. Godwin had started a series of books for children, to which he contributed himself under the name of Edward Baldwin. At this time the Lambs were living in Mitre Court Buildings in the Temple, and Charles had already devoted ten years of his life to the maintenance of his sister. In a letter to a friend he describes the work

which he and his sister had been asked to do by William Godwin: "Mary says you saw her writings about, the other day, and she wishes you should know what they are. She is doing for Godwin's bookseller twenty of Shakspeare's plays, to be made into children's tales. Six are already done by her, to wit, *The Tempest*, *Winter's Tale*, *Midsummer Night*, *Much Ado*, *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, and *Cymbeline;* and the *Merchant of Venice* is in forwardness. I have done *Othello* and *Macbeth*, and mean to do all the tragedies. I think it will be popular among the little people, besides money. It's to bring in sixty guineas. Mary has done them capitally, I think you'll think."

The book appeared in 1807 under the title of "Tales from Shakspeare, designed for the use of young persons, by Charles Lamb," with illustrations by a well-known artist. The name of Mary Lamb did not appear, although the Preface showed that the tales were not all the work of one hand. Perhaps she did not wish her name to be used, but her brother has shown what an important share she had in the work.

The work was at once a success, the first edition being sold very quickly, and a second brought out in 1808.

The writers had found a congenial theme for which they were specially qualified by their extensive reading and their profound and intimate acquaintance with the plays upon which the stories were founded. They had command of a simple and pure style of English, with an unrivalled power of using such language as was easily understood by children. Their familiarity with the words and phrases of Shakspeare's time allowed them easily to form their own narrative almost without effort

in the language of the original plays, and as the Preface says: "Shakspeare's own words, with little alteration, recur very frequently in the narrative."

In a subsequent edition the publishers announced that this book, which had been designed for children, had been found suitable for those of an advanced age. To both young and old the stories form an unequalled introduction to Shakspeare's mind, language, and rhythm. They arouse an interest in the story of each drama, they lead to a familiarity with the diction of the dramatist, and they remove the difficulties and obscurities in such a way that the child when he comes to read the original is able to relish and understand it.

The chief events of the remaining years of Charles Lamb's life may be briefly summarised.

In 1825, then living at Islington, he was pensioned by the East India House. He occupied his leisure in writing for magazines, indulging in frequent walks out into the country to Enfield, where he settled in 1827. He desired rest and freedom from callers who interrupted his work and trespassed on his hospitality. His sister's illnesses became more frequent and long, and, in consequence, he gave up his house at Enfield, and took lodgings at Bay Cottage, Edmonton, a few miles nearer London. In 1834, his friend Coleridge died, and this loss was a death-blow to himself. On the 27th of December of that year he died, and was buried in Edmonton Churchyard, "in a deep grave made in a spot which, about a fortnight before, he had pointed out to his sister on an afternoon wintry walk as the place where he wished to be buried."

Mary Lamb died on 20th May, 1847, at the age of 82. After her brother's death her health rallied somewhat,

but her attacks became worse and her mind was permanently enfeebled. She left Edmonton and lived with friends under the care of a nurse. Her true and faithful friend, Clara Robinson, said "She will live for ever in the memory of her friends as one of the most amiable and admirable of women." Her brother's remarks about her, her own letters and other writings show her to have been characterized by strong, healthy commonsense, true womanliness, and keen and active sympathy. She was mild in her manner to strangers, and ever gentle and tender to her brother. She was his most fitting companion, sharing to the full his best tastes. She was always a great reader, and her reading had the effect of forming a good English style in her writings. She possessed to a large degree the gift of humour which rendered her brother so attractive to his friends. The companionship of brother and sister was strengthened by their trials and misfortunes, and in their better days they recognized that their struggles had "knit their compact closer." "We could never have been what we have been to each other if we had always had the sufficiency which you now complain of."

SKETCHES OF THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS.

THE TEMPEST.

Prospero is a man with great abilities, who neglects his duties, and suffers a severe penalty for his neglect. In his captivity he makes the best use he can of his abilities in order to do acts of kindness to suffering creatures. He shows mercy to his enemies when they are in his power, and has learnt so much goodness and self-control in his misfortunes that the only justice he claims is his own restoration to his dukedom. Those who injured him are nobly pardoned when they are least able to demand mercy.

Miranda is a loving daughter, a cherub that preserved her father in his misfortunes; she is tender-hearted and cannot endure the sight of suffering. Her pity is bestowed on the shipwrecked travellers, on Ferdinand in his captivity, and on her father when she hears the story of his wrongs. She is innocent of evil, and puts all her trust in Ferdinand at first sight because she believes that he is a true man, and she has no wish to see a goodlier one.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Rosalind is a graceful and witty lady, full of tenderness of heart as well as bravery of spirit. After the loss of her father she devoted herself to her cousin Celia, whose life she made so happy, that rather than lose her, Celia determined to leave her father's house. Her goodwill to Orlando arose from pity for his homelessness and distress. When banished, she kept up her spirits rather for her cousin's sake than for her own. Although loving Orlando, she would not reveal her feelings to him until she had tested the depth and reality of his.

The banished **Duke** is a philosopher, who learns wisdom from adversity, and finds comfort in the honesty of those companions who prefer exile with their old master to honour and rank with the usurper. When he recovers his estate his pleasure consists chiefly in the power of rewarding those who have been faithful.

Orlando affords an example of a noble spirit, which is not spoilt by neglect of training. He is generous and forgiving, has no thought of revenge for undeserved injuries, and does not hesitate to risk his life for a traitorous brother.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Antonio, though wealthy, bears a noble character, which prevents him from being wasteful, like Bassanio, or covetous, like Shylock. He is friendly, mild and generous to all, unsuspicious of tricks, and therefore easily deceived by Shylock. He is warm-tempered, and openly attacks Shylock for his cruel treatment of those who borrow from him. For this want of prudence he learns a lesson in the severe trial inflicted on him by the Jew.

Portia is one of Shakspeare's noblest characters. She is compared to Brutus' Portia on account of her strength of will, and with this manly spirit she combines womanly tenderness. She describes herself to Bassanio as a rough jewel, although she was superior to him, and capable of guiding him. She is quick in judgment, skilled in the knowledge of men, and firm in her demeanour. At the trial she appears as the only person capable of maintaining an unruffled mind in the midst of a contest which was rousing in others the highest pitch of excitement.

Bassanio is inconsiderate and extravagant at the expense of others. He seems to be a mere selfish friend of Antonio for the sake of borrowing his money, but Antonio, knowing his extravagance, perceived that he was honourable, and he shows the depth of his friendship by the way in which he stood by Antonio when in the clutches of the Jew. He declared he would part with his wife to save Antonio, and Portia, hearing the declaration, was pleased at the proof of the depth of her husband's feeling, and the reality of his regret for the misfortune his extravagance had brought upon his friend.

Shylock hates Antonio because of his kindness to those whom the Jew would oppress, and his riches have made him a great contrast to the kind-hearted Christian merchant. He is meanly careful, cautious, and quiet, boasts of being a genuine son of the race and ready for any opportunity to make profit at the expense of the Christian. He is revengeful, and under pretence of a pleasant jest, prepares for a fearful revenge. He is hard-hearted

and immovable until he falls into the trap he had set, and then he learns the meaning of Portia's description of mercy, for he receives it at the hands of those to whom he would show none.

KING LEAR.

Lear is by nature obstinate and has been accustomed to absolute rule, in consequence of which he has been obeyed through fear rather than from love. As we see him at first he is a foolish old man, not possessing sufficient judgment to distinguish between empty words and real affection. His mind is unsound, and suffering and opposition lead to actual insanity. Then he shows a changeableness of purpose which contrasts strangely with his former obstinacy. This is shown when he meets Regan after he has left Goneril; after declaring he would not live with Goneril, he says that she is twice as loving as Regan, because she will allow fifty knights instead of Regan's twenty-five; then he madly vows vengeance on both daughters, and rushes out into the storm. After this storm his madness is so settled that his actions are quite uncontrolled by reason, and the only memory which is not lost during his remaining days is the ingratitude of his daughters.

Cordelia is distinguished by love of truth and sense of duty; she was secretly her father's favourite, and this was the cause of his disappointment at her seemingly cold words. She is loved by all around her, and Kent is ready to brave death and exile in her defence. She was mild towards her sisters, whom she begged to love their father as they had professed. Her tender love for Lear is best shown in the patience and filial kindness she bestowed on him when she strove to lighten his sufferings during his last days.

Kent is a striking and noble character, devoted to his master, from whom he has suffered undeserved harshness, untiring in his attention, and regardless of all dangers so long as he could render some service to Lear. Only a brave man would have dared plead for Cordelia as Kent did, and the greater the King's troubles become the more firmly does the faithful earl support him.

MACBETH.

Macbeth is a courageous and energetic soldier, but so ambitious that when temptation comes he is led away to acts of cruelty and injustice. He is looked on by his wife as cowardly and changeable; he shows his weakness by allowing her to persuade him to do a deed which he knows is in opposition to all laws. After the murder of Duncan, Macbeth's character rapidly deteriorated. He murdered Banquo deliberately, and felt no sorrow for the act.

Though he dies fighting bravely he leaves the world as a fearful example of a noble mind, destroyed by yielding to temptation.

Lady Macbeth is a cruel, passionate, and ambitious woman. Her resolution never changes ; she rules her husband's wavering spirit ; without pity she drives him on to the great crime which makes her a queen. After Duncan's death she seems satisfied, and takes no share in her husband's later crimes. Remorse and melancholy gradually made her mind give way, and her health failed in consequence. In her sleep walks she showed her sorely troubled conscience, which ultimately led her to seek relief by means of suicide.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Viola, like her brother Sebastian, is of a harmless, unpretending nature, enterprising in time of misfortune, cheerful in spirit, and quick in intelligence. She quickly wins the favour of Orsino, for whom she soon conceives an affection. Her fidelity to the Duke is manifested in the delivery of his messages to Olivia. She insists on being admitted, and declares her master's love better than he could do it himself.

Olivia is a noble lady of a free and serious mind, proud and cold towards Orsino because she thinks he does not show real earnestness in his suit. He is proud of his rank, she is proud of her character. To Viola she shows herself affable and affectionate, not attempting to conceal her love.

HAMLET.

Hamlet possesses a merry and happy nature, but is very sentimental and liable to attacks of deep melancholy. His feelings are very deep, and as a consequence he uses bitter words in speaking of his father's death and his mother's second marriage. He is possessed of all gentle virtues, and all tender and delicate feelings. His reverence for his lost father is unbounded, and his grief is absolutely sincere. The burden of his sorrow gave him a kind of delight in gloomy ideas and thoughts of death. In considering the justice of punishing the King he shows irresolution, which is the result of virtue and conscientiousness; he cannot act until he feels sure he is right in so doing, and his natural gentleness struggles against the thought of revenge. Hamlet is highly gifted in intellect and culture, possesses a contemplative mind, and is a deep thinker and a careful observer.

Polonius is a crafty old man who considers himself wise and incapable of error. He is very fond of showing his wisdom in

eloquent speeches and of trying to persuade others of his cleverness in discovering things which they have not noticed. Hamlet dislikes him for his ignorance and falsehood; others do not see that his pretended wisdom is only empty eloquence, and his apparently clever speeches the result of a good memory for wise sayings.

OTHELLO.

Othello is by nature violent and passionate, and though he attempts by self-command to hide those feelings, it is impossible for him to hide them. He has been accustomed from childhood to wars, sea voyages, and adventures among savage races, in all of which he has been conspicuous for his bravery and honour. The State of Venice looks on him as a most valuable officer. Being strictly honourable himself, he is readily imposed on by Iago, who pretends to be his watchful friend; and readily believes Desdemona capable of deceiving him because she has deceived her father. He takes care to obtain proofs, as he thinks, of Desdemona's faults, and then when he murders her he believes he is only performing an act of justice. His own death is in his mind another act of justice, his deserved punishment for having made a mistake.

Desdemona is remarkable for her unsuspecting nature, which is the result of her own goodness of heart. She has no suspicion of others, and does not dream that they can think evil of her. This unsuspecting innocence is the cause of her happiness in life, and also the cause of her final misfortunes and death. She admires bravery, and chose the warrior Othello rather than any of the gallants of Venice. Her kindness of heart is shown in her persistent endeavours to aid Cassio, even at the risk of offending Othello.

Iago's character is marked by ill-will, envy, jealousy, and dissatisfaction at the good enjoyed by others. He is cruel and unfeeling, and has no pity for those who suffer through his deceit. His envy of Cassio leads him to thoughts of a terrible revenge, in which he included Desdemona, because she showed friendship to Cassio. He is a keen observer of human nature, and is endowed with all the arts of dissimulation. He knows how to manage everything according to time and circumstance, and finds the open and honest nature of Othello very easy to deceive. The depth of his wickedness is shown in his treatment of Desdemona, who has given him no cause of offence.

NOTES ON PROPER NAMES.

Adam (*As You Like It*), the faithful attendant of Orlando. He saved Orlando from being destroyed by his brother Oliver, and accompanied him in his flight to Arden.

Albany (*Lear*), the husband of Lear's daughter Goneril. He was not so cruel as his wife, and after Lear's death he succeeded to the throne.

Algiers (*Tempest*), the abode of Sycorax before she was banished for sorcery.

Aliena (*As You Like It*), the name assumed by Celia when she fled with Rosalind.

Alonzo (*Tempest*), King of Naples, assisted Antonio to remove Prospero from the Duchy of Milan. He was wrecked on the island, and there consented to his son's marriage with Miranda.

Antonio (*Merchant of Venice*), was the merchant who gave the title to the story.

Antonio (*Tempest*), the usurping Duke of Milan. He ruled while his brother neglected the government in order to study magic. His ambition led him to cast Prospero adrift in a boat. After being wrecked on the island he repented of his cruelty and was reconciled to Prospero.

Antonio (*Twelfth Night*), a sea-captain, who rescued Sebastian from the sea after his shipwreck. He took Sebastian to Illyria on a visit to Orsino's court, but was himself arrested there for an offence committed long before.

Apollo (*Hamlet*). Hamlet compared his father's hair to the curls of Apollo.

Ariel (*Tempest*), a sprite rescued by Prospero from the trunk of a tree in which he had been imprisoned by Sycorax. Ariel was Prospero's instrument in producing the storm, and in conducting the occupants of the ship to Prospero.

Arden (*As You Like It*), or Ardennes, the forest to which the banished duke and his followers retired.

Balthazar (*Merchant of Venice*), the name assumed by Portia when she appeared as a lawyer.

Banquo (*Macbeth*), thane of Lochaber, murdered by order of Macbeth, because he suspected Macbeth as the murderer of Duncan. The witches prophesied that his descendants should be kings of Scotland. His ghost appeared to Macbeth at the banquet given to the nobles on the night of his murder.

Baptista (*Hamlet*), wife of Gonzago, a character in the play shown by Hamlet to his mother and her husband. Baptista's history resembled that of Hamlet's mother.

Bassanio (*Merchant of Venice*), the friend for whom Antonio borrowed money from Shylock. He married Portia, whose ring he gave to her after the trial.

Bedlam (*King Lear*), or Bethlehem, the London home for lunatics. Sturdy beggars called themselves Toms o' Bedlam.

Bellario (*Merchant of Venice*), a lawyer who gave advice to Portia, with a letter of recommendation to the Duke of Venice.

Belmont (*Merchant of Venice*), the home of Portia.

Birnam (*Macbeth*), a wood near Dunkeld, on the banks of the Tay (Scotland).

Brabantio (*Othello*), the father of Desdemona.

Brutus (*Merchant of Venice*), a conspirator against Julius Caesar. His wife, Portia, is compared to the Portia of the *Merchant of Venice*.

Burgundy (*King Lear*), a suitor for Cordelia, whom he refused to accept when he knew that Lear would not give her a portion of his kingdom.

Caius (*King Lear*), the name assumed by Kent when he attended King Lear in his madness.

Caliban (*Tempest*), an ugly monster, son of Sycorax. He was employed by Prospero to do laborious work.

Cassio (*Othello*), Othello's favourite officer. He was employed by Othello to carry on his love suit with Desdemona, who treated him with kindness and affection. Iago was jealous of Cassio's friendship with Othello, and plotted against him and Desdemona. The treachery of Iago led to the violent ends of the chief characters in the play.

Cato (*Merchant of Venice*), incidentally referred to as the father of Portia, the wife of Brutus. Cato was noted for his stern sense of honour.

Cawdor (*Macbeth*), Macbeth's castle, a few miles south of the town of Nairn (on Moray Firth, Scotland).

Celia (*As You Like It*), the daughter of the usurping Duke Frederick. She loved Rosalind, and accompanied her to the forest of Arden, dressed as a country peasant, and bearing the name of Aliena. She married Oliver, the brother of Orlando.

Cesario (*Twelfth Night*), the name assumed by Viola, when she dressed as a page and entered the service of the Duke Orsino.

Charles (*As You Like It*), the champion wrestler of Duke Frederick. After killing many opponents he was overcome by Orlando.

Claudius (*Hamlet*), the brother of King Hamlet, whom he murdered. He married Gertrude, the widow of his victim, and was himself slain by Hamlet with the poisoned sword which he had prepared as a means of destroying Hamlet.

Cordelia (*King Lear*), the youngest daughter of King Lear. She married the King of France after she had been rejected by the Duke of Burgundy.

> Fr. Fairest Cordelia, thou are most rich, being poor ;
> Most choice, forsaken ; and most loved, despised !
> Thee and thy virtues here I seize upon :
> Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
> Can buy this unprized precious maid of me.
> Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind :
> Thou losest here, a better where to find. (Act I., Sc. i.

Cornwall, Duke of (*King Lear*), husband of Regan.

Cyprus (*Othello*), the scene of the troubles of Othello and Desdemona. Othello was sent there to defend the island against the Turks, and when peace was restored Desdemona joined him there.

Daniel (*Merchant of Venice*). "A Daniel come to judgment!" words of admiration of Portia uttered by Shylock, and repeated by Gratiano.

Denmark (*Hamlet*), the kingdom of Hamlet.

Desdemona (*Othello*), daughter of Brabantio, the rich senator of Venice.

Donalbain (*Macbeth*), the younger son of the murdered King Duncan. He fled to England after his father's death.

Dover (*Lear*). Lear wandered near there in his madness, and Cordelia and a French army landed at Dover.

Duke (*As You Like It*), living in banishment in the Forest of Arden. Shakspeare does not speak of him by name.

Duncan the Meek (*Macbeth*), King of Scotland, murdered by Macbeth in 1039 or 1040, after a reign of about nine years.

in which he suffered severe defeats in Northumberland and in his own country.

Dunsinane (*Macbeth*), on the Sidlaw Hills, a castle defended by Macbeth against Malcolm (son of the late King Duncan) and an army assisted by the English. Near the castle was the scene of Macbeth's last fight and death.

Edgar (*Lear*), son of the Earl of Gloucester. Although his father had disinherited him, he still showed filial love and affection, and when his father was in distress, Edgar was his helper and companion.

Edmund (*Lear*), son of the Earl of Gloucester, whose mind he turned against Edgar by representing him as plotting his father's death. He was the object of the wicked love of Goneril and Regan, and when the Duke of Cornwall died he married Regan, who was then poisoned by the jealous Goneril.

Emilia (*Othello*), wife of Iago and attendant on Desdemona. She stole Desdemona's handkerchief and gave it to Iago, who used it as a means of turning Othello's anger against Desdemona.

England (*Hamlet*) was the object of an expedition sent from Denmark. The King sent Hamlet in one of the ships to be murdered as soon as he landed.

Ferdinand (*Tempest*), son of the King of Naples. He fell in love with Miranda on meeting her on the enchanted island, and afterwards became her husband.

Fife, Duke of (*Macbeth*). This was Macduff, the chief enemy of Macbeth, who murdered his wife and destroyed his castle.

Fleance (*Macbeth*), son of Banquo ; he escaped when his father was murdered.

Florentine (*Othello*), a native of Florence, viz. Michael Cassio.

France, King of (*Lear*), husband of Cordelia.

Frederick (*As You Like It*), the usurping duke. His jealousy of the popularity of others caused him to banish his niece Rosalind, and to bring an army to Arden with the intention of attacking the exile and his friends. He yielded to the persuasions of a holy hermit and retired from the dukedom, leaving the government to his brother.

Ganymede (*As You Like It*), the name assumed by Rosalind when she dressed as a shepherd lad and lived in the Forest of Arden.

Gertrude (*Hamlet*), Queen of Denmark, wife of the murdered King Hamlet, and afterwards wife of his murderer, Claudius.

Glamis (*Macbeth*). Macbeth was thane of Glamis. The castle is situated about ten miles due north of Dundee, and belongs to the Earl of Strathmore. The room in which Malcolm was murdered is still shown to visitors.

Gloucester (*Lear*), an earl, who was faithful to Lear, and was deposed by the Dukes of Albany and Cornwall, who make his son Edmund duke in his place.

Goneril (*Lear*), daughter of Lear, married the Duke of Albany. Lear stayed first at her house with his hundred knights after he gave up the government.

Gonzago (*Hamlet*), a murdered duke in the play shown by Hamlet to his mother. He was poisoned in his garden by his relation, Lucianus.

Gonzalo (*Tempest*), the kind lord who provided Prospero with books, food, etc., when he was cast adrift in the boat.

Gratiano (*Merchant of Venice*), the attendant on Bassanio. He married Nerissa, Portia's attendant.

Hamlet (*Hamlet*), King of Denmark, murdered by Claudius.

Hamlet (*Hamlet*), Prince of Denmark.

Hecuba (*Hamlet*), wife of Priam, King of Troy. Her grief for her lost husband was the subject of Hamlet's favourite speech, delivered by certain strolling players.

Horatio (*Hamlet*), the bosom friend of Prince Hamlet.

Iago (*Othello*), an officer of Othello.

Illyria (*Twelfth Night*), the scene of the events in *Twelfth Night*.

Jessica (*Merchant of Venice*), daughter of Shylock, fled from her father's house in order to marry Lorenzo.

Jupiter (*Hamlet*), to whom Hamlet compared his father because of his lofty forehead.

Kent (*Lear*), the earl who defended Cordelia, and was banished by Lear in consequence. He then, in disguise, attended on Lear under the name of Caius.

Lady Macbeth (*Macbeth*), persuaded her husband to murder Duncan.

Laertes (*Hamlet*), brother of Ophelia. He fought with Hamlet, using a sword poisoned by King Claudius, but in consequence of the accidental changing of the swords he received a fatal wound and died.

Lear (*King Lear*), the King of Britain.

Lorenzo (*Merchant of Venice*), friend of Gratiano. He married Jessica, the daughter of Shylock, and went with her to Belmont with the news of Antonio's losses.

Lucianus (*Hamlet*), in Hamlet's play before his mother, represented Hamlet's uncle by poisoning a duke in his garden and then marrying the murdered man's wife.

Macbeth (*Macbeth*), thane of Glamis, a famous general under Duncan, King of Scotland, whom he succeeded on the flight of Duncan's two sons.

Macduff (*Macbeth*), thane of Fife, the chief supporter of Malcolm, son of Duncan, in his attack on Macbeth. Macduff's wife and children were murdered by Macbeth.

Malcolm (*Macbeth*), son of Duncan, succeeded Macbeth as King of Scotland.

Marcellus (*Hamlet*), one of the guard when the ghost of Hamlet's father was first seen.

Mars (*Hamlet*). Hamlet said his father's eyes were like those of Mars, and his posture like that of Mercury.

Messaline (*Twelfth Night*), an imaginary city which Shakspeare mentions as the birthplace of Sebastian and Viola.

Milan (*Tempest*), a city in the north of Italy. Prospero had been Duke of Milan.

Miranda (*Tempest*), daughter of Prospero, the only female character in the *Tempest*.

Montano (*Othello*), governor of Cyprus before the arrival of Othello, was wounded in a scuffle caused by Iago.

Naples (*Tempest*), an important kingdom in South Italy. The King of Naples was the father of Ferdinand, and was wrecked on Prospero's island.

Nerissa (*Merchant of Venice*), attendant on Portia, was married to Gratiano, the friend of Bassanio, and dressed as a lawyer's clerk accompanied Portia to Venice to assist at the trial.

Oliver, (*As You Like It*), elder brother of Orlando, whom he neglected and tried to destroy. He was saved from a snake and a lioness by his brother, to whom he then became reconciled. He married Celia.

Olivia (*Twelfth Night*), the lady to whom Duke Orsino paid his addresses. She fell in love with Cesario (Viola) and afterwards married Sebastian.

Ophelia (*Hamlet*), daughter of Polonius, died of grief when her father was slain by her lover, Hamlet.

Orlando (*As You Like It*), overcame the champion wrestler, fled from his brother into the forest of Arden, where he met Rosalind, disguised as Ganymede.

Orsino (*Twelfth Night*), Duke of Illyria, loved Olivia, took Viola as a page under the name of Cesario, and, in the end, married her.

Oswald (*Lear*), steward of Goneril, who encouraged him to treat Lear and his knights with rudeness.

Othello (*Othello*), a Moor, who married Desdemona, the daughter of a noble Venetian, Brabantio.

Polonius (*Hamlet*), father of Ophelia. He was killed by Hamlet when he hid behind the arras in the queen's room.

Portia (*Merchant of Venice*), a wealthy lady living at Belmont, was married to Bassanio. She saved Antonio from the Jew.

Priam (*Hamlet*), King of Troy. (See *Hecuba.*)

Prospero (*Tempest*), Duke of Milan, the ruler of the enchanted island.

Regan (*Lear*), obtained a portion of her father's kingdom by her flattery, and married the Duke of Cornwall.

Rialto (*Merchant of Venice*), in Venice, the meeting place of the merchants.

Robin Hood (*As You Like It*), a famous English outlaw to whom the banished duke is compared.

Rosalind (*As You Like It*), daughter of the banished duke.

Sebastian (*Twelfth Night*), brother of Viola, saved from drowning by Antonio, a sea captain. He married Olivia.

Shylock (*Merchant of Venice*), the Jew who lent money to Antonio.

Sir Rowland de Boys (*As You Like It*), friend of the banished duke and father of Oliver and Orlando.

Sycorax (*Tempest*), a witch, mother of Caliban.

Tom Turlygood (*Lear*), and Tom o' Bedlam, names assumed by beggars in Shakspeare's day.

Venice, the scene of *The Merchant of Venice*, the home of Desdemona, an important city at the north end of the Adriatic Sea.

Vienna (*Hamlet*), the scene of the play shown by Hamlet before his mother.

Viola (*Twelfth Night*), twin sister of Sebastian, was wrecked on the coast of Illyria. She disguised herself and became the page of Orsino, whom she ultimately married.

THE TEMPEST

THERE was a certain island in the sea the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory of having seen any other human face than her father's.

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

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because he was the son of his old enemy Sycorax. This Caliban, Prospero found in the woods, a strange misshapen thing, far less human in form than an ape: he took him home to his cell, and taught him to speak; and Pros-

pero would have been very kind to him, but the bad nature which Caliban inherited from his mother Sycorax, would not let him learn anything good or useful: therefore he was employed like a slave, to fetch wood, and do the most laborious offices; and Ariel had the charge of compelling him to these services.

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

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

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you

came to this cell? I think you cannot, for you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

apparel, and some books which I prize above my dukedom."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"That's my delicate Ariel," said Prospero. "Bring him

hither: my daughter must see this young prince. Where is the king, and my brother?"

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

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

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

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

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her witchcrafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, remember, I did free you from."

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

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

"O my young gentleman," said Ariel, when he saw him, "I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for

the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me." He then began singing:

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

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

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

"O father," said Miranda, in a strange surprise, "surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not a spirit?"

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

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

She timidly answered, she was no goddess, but a simple maid, and was going to give him an account of herself, when Prospero interrupted her. He was well pleased to find they

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

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

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

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

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

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe

task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he secretly watched them both.

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

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

"If you will sit down," said Miranda, "I will carry your logs the while." But this Ferdinand would by no means agree to. Instead of a help Miranda became a hindrance, for they began a long conversation, so that the business of log-carrying went on very slowly.

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

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

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

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

like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget."

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

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

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me."

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

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

When Prospero left them, he called his spirit Ariel, who quickly appeared before him, eager to relate what he had done with Prospero's brother and the king of Naples. Ariel said he had left them almost out of their senses with fear, at the strange things he had caused them to see and hear. When fatigued with wandering about, and famished for want of food, he had suddenly set before them a delicious banquet, and then, just as they were going to eat, he appeared visible before them in the shape of a harpy, a voracious monster with wings, and the feast vanished away. Then, to their utter amazement, this seeming harpy spoke

to them, reminding them of their cruelty in driving Prospero from his dukedom, and leaving him and his infant daughter to perish in the sea, saying, that for this cause these terrors were suffered to afflict them.

The king of Naples, and Antonio the false brother, repented the injustice they had done to Prospero ; and Ariel told his master he was certain their penitence was sincere, and that he, though a spirit, could not but pity them.

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

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

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

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

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

"O wonder!" said Miranda, "what noble creatures these

are! It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it."

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

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

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

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

Prospero now told them that their ship was safe in the harbour, and the sailors all on board her, and that he and his daughter would accompany them home the next morning. "In the meantime," says he, "partake of such refreshments as my poor cave affords; and for your evening's entertainment I will relate the history of my life from my first landing in

this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant he had to wait upon him.

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

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

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and Prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

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

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendour of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their

tooth is nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingratitude. I find that howsoever men speak against adversity, yet some sweet uses are to be extracted from it; like the jewel, precious for medicine, which is taken from the head of the venomous and despised toad." In this manner did the patient duke draw a useful moral from everything that he saw; and by the help of this moralising turn, in that life of his, remote from public haunts, he could find tongues in trees, books in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything.

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

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

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

from his extreme youth and inexperience in the art, the beholders all thought would certainly be killed.

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

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

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

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he per-

formed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or move.

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

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

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

Rosalind was delighted to hear that her new favourite was the son of her father's old friend; and she said to Celia, "My father loved Sir Rowland de Boys, and if I had known this young man was his son, I would have added tears to my entreaties before he should have ventured."

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

When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosa-

lind replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

Frederick being enraged at the sight of Sir Rowland de Boys' son, which reminded him of the many friends the banished duke had among the nobility, and having been for some time displeased with his niece, because the people praised her for her virtues, and pitied her for her good father's sake, his malice suddenly broke out against her; and while Celia and Rosalind were talking of Orlando, Frederick entered the room, and with looks full of anger ordered Rosalind instantly to leave the palace, and follow her father into banishment; telling Celia, who in vain pleaded for her that he had only suffered Rosalind to stay upon her account. "I did not then," said Celia, "entreat you to let her stay, for I was too young at that time to value her; but now that I know her worth, and that we so long have slept together, rose at the same instant, learned, played, and eat together, I cannot live out of her company." Frederick replied, "She is too subtle for you; her smoothness, her very silence, and her patience speak to the people, and they pity her. You are a fool to plead for her, for you will seem more bright and virtuous when she is gone; therefore open not your lips in her favour, for the doom which I have passed upon her is irrevocable."

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

Before they set out, Celia considered that it would be unsafe for two young ladies to travel in the rich clothes they then wore; she therefore proposed that they should disguise their rank by dressing themselves like country maids. Rosalind said it would be a still greater protection if

one of them was to be dressed like a man; and so it was quickly agreed on between them, that as Rosalind was the tallest, she should wear the dress of a young countryman, and Celia should be habited like a country lass, and that they should say they were brother and sister, and Rosalind said she would be called Ganymede, and Celia chose the name of Aliena.

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

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

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman; and Aliena declared she could go no farther; and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, "Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena; we are now at the end of our travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke: and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and

perished for want of food; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, "Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, and faints for want of food."

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

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

Orlando was the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys, who, when he died, left him (Orlando being then very young) to the care of his eldest brother Oliver, charging Oliver on his blessing to give his brother a good education,

and provide for him as became the dignity of their ancient house. Oliver proved an unworthy brother; and disregarding the commands of his dying father, he never put his brother to school, but kept him at home untaught and entirely neglected. But in his nature, and in the noble qualities of his mind, Orlando so much resembled his excellent father, that without any advantages of education he seemed like a youth who had been bred with the utmost care; and Oliver so envied the fine person and dignified manners of his untutored brother, that at last he wished to destroy him; and to effect this he set on people to persuade him to wrestle with the famous wrestler, who, as has been before related, had killed so many men. Now, it was this cruel brother's neglect of him which made Orlando say he wished to die, being so friendless.

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

Orlando had no money, Adam (for that was the good old man's name) had brought out with him his own little hoard, and he said, "I have five hundred crowns, the thrifty hire I saved under your father, and laid by to be provision for me when my old limbs should become unfit for service; take that, and he that doth the ravens feed be comfort to my age! Here is the gold; all this I give to you: let me be your servant; though I look old I will do the service of a younger man in all your business and necessities." "O good old man!" said Orlando, "how well appears in you the constant service of the old world! You are not for the fashion of these times. We will go along together, and before your youthful wages are spent, I shall light upon some means for both our maintenance."

Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, "O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no farther!" He then laid himself down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees; and he said to him, "Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here awhile, and do not talk of dying!"

Orlando then searched about to find some food, and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees.

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said,

"Forbear and eat no more; I must have your food!" The duke asked him, if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of good manners? On this Orlando said, he was dying with hunger; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which he had demanded their food. "Pardon me, I pray you," said he: "I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, lose and neglect the creeping hours of time; if ever you have looked on better days; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear and know what it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy!" The duke replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man," answered Orlando, "who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke; "we will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burthen; you are both welcome": and they fed the old man, and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

The duke inquired who Orlando was; and when he found

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

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

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

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

Orlando confessed that he was the fond lover of whom he spoke, and asked Ganymede to give him the good counsel he talked of. The remedy Ganymede proposed, and the counsel he gave him, was that Orlando should come every day to the cottage where he and his sister Aliena dwelt: "And then," said Ganymede, "I will feign myself to be Rosalind, and you shall feign to court me in the same manner as you would do

if I was Rosalind, and then I will imitate the fantastic ways of whimsical ladies to their lovers, till I make you ashamed of your love; and this is the way I propose to cure you." Orlando had no great faith in the remedy, yet he agreed to come every day to Ganymede's cottage, and feign a playful courtship; and every day Orlando visited Ganymede and Aliena, and Orlando called the shepherd Ganymede his Rosalind, and every day talked over all the fine words and flattering compliments which young men delight to use when they court their mistresses. It does not appear, however, that Ganymede made any progress in curing Orlando of his love for Rosalind.

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

In this manner many days passed pleasantly on with these young people; and the good-natured Aliena, seeing it made Ganymede happy, let him have his own way, and was diverted at the mock-courtship, and did not care to remind Ganymede that the lady Rosalind had not yet made herself known to the duke her father, whose place of resort in the forest they had learnt from Orlando. Ganymede met the duke one day, and had some talk with him, and the duke asked of what parentage he came. Ganymede answered that he came of as good parentage as he did, which made the duke smile, for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing

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

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

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

Thither then Oliver went, and told to Ganymede and Aliena how Orlando had saved his life: and when he had

finished the story of Orlando's bravery, and his own providential escape, he owned to them that he was Orlando's brother, who had so cruelly used him; and then he told them of their reconciliation.

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

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

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

ceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her

marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here." "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

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

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said he also had observed the resemblance.

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

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

The usurper, enraged at the flight of his daughter Celia, and hearing that every day men of great worth resorted to the forest of Arden to join the lawful duke in his exile, much envying that his brother should be so highly respected in his adversity, put himself at the head of a large force, and advanced towards the forest, intending to seize his brother, and put him with all his faithful followers to the sword ; but, by a wonderful interposition of Providence, this bad brother was converted from his evil intention ; for just as he entered the skirts of the wild forest, he was met by an old religious man, a hermit, with whom he had much talk, and who in the end completely turned his heart from his wicked design. Thenceforward he became a true penitent, and resolved, relinquishing his unjust dominion, to spend the remainder of his days in a religious house. The first act of his newly-conceived penitence was to send a messenger to his brother (as has been related) to offer to restore to him his dukedom, which he had usurped so long, and with it the lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

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

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

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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

Antonio was the kindest man that lived, the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honour more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him;

and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

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

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

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousand ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "if I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him; he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis, and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said, "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied, "Signor Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my monies and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon

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

"Content," said Antonio: "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew."

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

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

beef. I say, to buy his favour I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

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

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

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

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

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry was all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring;" presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder

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

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

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

Gratiano then said that he loved the lady Portia's fair waiting gentlewoman Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied, "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said, "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honoured by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which

were: "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*" "O, my dear love," said Portia, "despatch all business, and begone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

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

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

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to

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

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and presented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young doctor Balthasar (so he called Portia) might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

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

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform: and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it

became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavour to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favour, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honour you! How much elder are you than your looks?"

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

"Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

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

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

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

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

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

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

The duke then said to Shylock. "That you may see the

difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

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

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

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

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

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said, "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your

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

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

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa, "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world;" and hearing the sound of music from her

house, she said, "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

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

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

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness, "No, by my honour, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the

ring, which when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

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

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

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

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

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

KING LEAR.

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

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

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one third of his ample kingdom.

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

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

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

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

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honour him. But that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters husbands, if (as they said) they had no love for any-

thing but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all.

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

This plainness of speech, which Lear called pride, so enraged the old monarch—who in his best of times always showed much of spleen and rashness, and in whom the dotage incident to old age had so clouded over his reason, that he could not discern truth from flattery, nor a gay painted speech from words that came from the heart—that in a fury of resentment he retracted the third part of his kingdom which yet remained, and which he had reserved for Cordelia, and gave it away from her, sharing it equally between her two sisters and their husbands, the dukes of Albany and Cornwall; whom he now called to him, and in presence of all his courtiers bestowing a coronet between them, invested them jointly with all the power, revenue, and execution of government, only retaining to himself the name of king; all the rest of royalty he resigned; with this reservation, that himself, with a hundred knights for his attendants, was to be maintained by monthly course in each of his daughters' palaces in turn.

So preposterous a disposal of his kingdom, so little guided by reason, and so much by passion, filled all his courtiers

with astonishment and sorrow ; but none of them had the courage to interpose between this incensed king and his wrath, except the earl of Kent, who was beginning to speak a good word for Cordelia, when the passionate Lear on pain of death commanded him to desist ; but the good Kent was not so to be repelled. He had been ever loyal to Lear, whom he had honoured as a king, loved as a father, followed as a master ; and he had never esteemed his life further than as a pawn to wage against his royal master's enemies, nor feared to lose it when Lear's safety was the motive ; nor now that Lear was most his own enemy, did this faithful servant of the king forget his own principles, but manfully opposed Lear, to do Lear good ; and was unmannerly only because Lear was mad. He had been a most faithful counsellor in times past to the king, and he besought him now, that he would see with his eyes (as he had done in many weighty matters), and go by his advice still ; and in his best consideration recall this hideous rashness : for he would answer with his life, his judgment that Lear's youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honour was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service ? That should not hinder duty from speaking.

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

and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might be answered with deeds of love ; and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The king of France and duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her: and the duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such conditions; but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters, took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the duke of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

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

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in their true colours. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between

promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance: and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign sickness, or anything to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this alteration in the behaviour of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them.

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill*, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good, usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving man, all his greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness, in his answers, which the earl put on (so different from that smooth, oily flattery

which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favourite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

This Caius quickly found means to show his fidelity and love to his royal master: for Goneril's steward that same day behaving in a disrespectful manner to Lear, and giving him saucy looks and language, as no doubt he was secretly encouraged to do by his mistress, Caius, not enduring to hear so open an affront put upon his majesty, made no more ado but presently tripped up his heels, and laid the unmannerly slave in the kennel; for which friendly service Lear became more and more attached to him.

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

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

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of song, of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick: such as comparing

the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer Lear, but the shadow of Lear; for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behaviour, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five-and-twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go back with her, for her fifty doubled five-and-twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself, and said, what need of so many as five-and-twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two

wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father, who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once commanded a kingdom), which was left to him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it which pierced this poor king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill-usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

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

The winds were high, and the rain and storm increased, when the old man sallied forth to combat with the elements, less sharp than his daughters' unkindness. For many miles about there was scarce a bush; and there upon a heath, exposed to the fury of the storm in a dark night, did king Lear wander out, and defy the winds and the thunder; and he bid the winds to blow the earth into the sea or swell the waves of the sea till they drowned the earth, that no token might remain of any such ungrateful animal as man. The old king was now left with no other companion than the

poor fool, who still abided with him, with his merry conceits striving to outjest misfortune, saying it was but a naughty night to swim in, and truly the king had better go in and ask his daughter's blessing:

> But he that has a little tiny wit,
> With heigh ho, the wind and the rain!
> Must make content with his fortunes fit,
> Though the rain it raineth every day:

and swearing it was a brave night to cool a lady's pride.

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

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frighted the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity, from the compassionate

country people, who go about the country calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying, "Who gives anything to poor Tom?" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers, and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country-folks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass: for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having unkind daughters.

And from this and many such wild speeches which he uttered, the good Caius plainly perceived that he was not in his perfect mind, but that his daughters' ill usage had really made him go mad. And now the loyalty of this worthy earl of Kent showed itself in more essential services than he had hitherto found opportunity to perform. For with the assistance of some of the king's attendants who remained loyal, he had the person of his royal master removed at day-break to the castle of Dover, where his own friends and influence, as earl of Kent, chiefly lay; and himself embarking for France, hastened to the court of Cordelia, and did there in such moving terms represent the pitiful condition of her royal father, and set out in such lively colours the inhumanity of her sisters, that this good and loving child with many tears besought the king her husband that he would give her leave to embark for England, with a sufficient power to subdue these cruel daughters and their husbands, and restore the old king her father to his throne; which being granted, she set forth, and with a royal army landed at Dover.

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train,

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

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him: and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! and she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have stayed by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself. And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget

and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him, but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

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

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another. It happened that the object of their guilty loves was the same. It was Edmund, a natural son of the late earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked practices was now earl himself; a wicked man, and a fit object for the love of such wicked creatures as Goneril and Regan. It falling out about this time that the duke of Cornwall, Regan's husband, died, Regan immediately declared her intention of wedding this earl of Gloucester, which rousing the jealousy of her sister, to whom as well as to Regan this wicked earl had at sundry times professed love, Goneril found means to make away with her sister by poison; but being detected in her practices, and imprisoned by her husband, the duke of Albany, for this deed, and for her guilty passion for the earl which had come to his ears, she, in a fit of disappointed love and rage, shortly put an end to her own life. Thus the justice of Heaven at last overtook these wicked daughters.

While the eyes of all men were upon this event, admiring the justice displayed in their deserved deaths, the same eyes

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

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

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

MACBETH.

When Duncan the Meek reigned king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valour and conduct in the wars; an example of which he had lately given, in defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures; but how much more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honour he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him "All hail! king that shalt be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so*

happy, but much happier! and prophesied that though he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air, and vanished: by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters, or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who were empowered by him to confer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane of Cawdor: an event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply to the messengers; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

Turning to Banquo, he said, "Do you not hope that your children shall be kings, when what the witches promised to me has so wonderfully come to pass?" "That hope," answered the general, "might enkindle you to aim at the throne; but oftentimes these ministers of darkness tell us truths in little things, to betray us into deeds of greatest consequence."

But the wicked suggestions of the witches had sunk too deep into the mind of Macbeth to allow him to attend to the warnings of the good Banquo. From that time he bent all his thoughts how to compass the throne of Scotland.

Macbeth had a wife, to whom he communicated the strange prediction of the weird sisters, and its partial accomplishment. She was a bad, ambitious woman, and so as her husband and herself could arrive at greatness, she cared not much by what means. She spurred on the reluctant purpose of Macbeth, who felt compunction at the thoughts of blood, and did not cease to represent the murder of the king as a step absolutely necessary to the fulfilment of the flattering prophecy.

It happened at this time that the king, who out of his

royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honour Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars.

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered well-pleased with the place, and not less so with the attentions and respect of his honoured hostess, lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles; and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The king being tired with his journey, went early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers; and among the rest, had sent a rich diamond to lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of the night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the murderer is abroad. This was the time when lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the king. She would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution; and she feared that the natural tenderness of his disposition

(more humane than her own) would come between, and defeat the purpose. So with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the king's bed ; having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine, that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father ; and she had not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near kinsman to the king ; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him ; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favours of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honours be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder !

In these conflicts of the mind lady Macbeth found her husband inclining to the better part, and resolving to proceed no further. But she being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken ; how easy the deed was ; how soon it would be over ; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign sway and royalty ! Then she threw contempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice ; and declared that she had given suck, and knew how tender it was to love the babe that milked her ; but she

would, while it was smiling in her face, have plucked it from her breast, and dashed its brains out, if she had so sworn to do it, as he had sworn to perform that murder. Then she added, how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken, sleepy grooms. And with the valour of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions, that he once more summoned up courage to the bloody business.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the king's room, whom he despatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the other cried "Murder," which woke them both; but they said a short prayer; one of them said "God bless us!" and the other answered "Amen," and addressed themselves to sleep again. Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say "Amen," when the fellow said, "God bless us!" but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

Again he thought he heard a voice which cried, "Sleep no more; Macbeth doth murder sleep, the innocent sleep, that nourishes life." Still it cried, "Sleep no more," to all the house. "Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor shall sleep no more, Macbeth shall sleep no more."

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state, that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the

blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor silly grooms could be supposed to have; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The king's sons, who should have succeeded him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters, that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood, and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass.

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes; and, among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo; but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with

James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

At supper, the queen, whose manners were in the highest degree affable and royal, played the hostess with a gracefulness and attention which conciliated every one present, and Macbeth discoursed freely with his thanes and nobles, saying, that all that was honourable in the country was under his roof, if he had but his good friend Banquo present, whom yet he hoped he should rather have to chide for neglect, than to lament for any mischance. Just at these words the ghost of Banquo, whom he had caused to be murdered, entered the room and placed himself on the chair which Macbeth was about to occupy. Though Macbeth was a bold man, and one that could have faced the devil without trembling, at this horrible sight his cheeks turned white with fear, and he stood quite unmanned with his eyes fixed upon the ghost. His queen and all the nobles, who saw nothing, but perceived him gazing (as they thought) upon an empty chair, took it for a fit of distraction; and she reproached him, whispering that it was but the same fancy which made him see the dagger in the air, when he was about to kill Duncan. But Macbeth continued to see the ghost, and gave no heed to all they could say, while he addressed it with distracted words, yet so significant, that his queen, fearing the dreadful secret would be disclosed, in great haste dismissed the guests, excusing the infirmity of Macbeth as a disorder he was often troubled with.

To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms, by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be digged in the dark), the gall of a goat, and the liver of a Jew, with slips of the yew tree that roots itself in graves, and the finger of a dead child : all these were set on to boil in a great kettle, or cauldron, which, as fast as it grew too hot, was cooled with a baboon's blood : to these they poured in the blood of a sow that had eaten her young, and they threw into the flame the grease that had sweaten from a murderer's gibbet. By these charms they bound the infernal spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where are they? let me see them." And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the thane of Fife, for which caution Macbeth thanked him, for Macbeth had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

And the second spirit arose in the likeness of a bloody child, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him have no fear, but laugh to scorn the power of man, for none of woman born should have power to hurt him ; and he advised him to be bloody, bold, and resolute. "Then live, Macduff!" cried the king ; "what need I fear of thee? but yet I will make assurance doubly sure. Thou shalt not live ; that I may tell pale-hearted Fear it lies, and sleep in spite of thunder."

That spirit being dismissed, a third arose in the form of a child crowned, with a tree in his hand. He called Macbeth by name, and comforted him against conspiracies, saying, that he should never be vanquished, until the wood of Birnam to Dunsinane Hill should come against him. "Sweet bodements! good!" cried Macbeth, "who can unfix the forest, and move it from its earth-bound roots? I see I shall live the usual period of man's life, and not be cut off by a violent death. But my heart throbs to know one thing. Tell me, if your art can tell so much, if Banquo's issue shall ever reign in this kingdom?" Here the cauldron sank into the ground, and a noise of music was heard, and eight shadows, like kings, passed by Macbeth, and Banquo last, who bore a glass which showed the figures of many more, and Banquo all bloody smiled upon Macbeth, and pointed to them; by which Macbeth knew that these were the posterity of Banquo, who should reign after him in Scotland; and the witches, with a sound of soft music, and with dancing, making a show of duty and welcome to Macbeth, vanished. And from this time the thoughts of Macbeth were all bloody and dreadful.

The first thing he heard when he got out of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England, to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army, which they had raised in England; and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they could take no active part. His recruits went

on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant; nobody loved or honoured him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against whom treason had done its worst: steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, in whose bosom he could sometimes seek a momentary repose from those terrible dreams which afflicted them both nightly, died, it is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt, and public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes.

He grew careless of life, and wished for death, but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it), "with armour on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with a false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege: here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm. When, upon a day, there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen; for he averred, that as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move! "Liar and slave!" cried Macbeth; "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me:" for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood

did move! "However," said he, "if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end." With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance, which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valour, cutting to pieces all who were opposed to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to avoid Macduff above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his turning, and a fierce contest ensued; Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat; but Macduff still urged him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, hell-hound, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him; and smiling confidently he said to Macduff, "Thou losest thy labour,

Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with thy sword, as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

"Despair thy charm," said Macduff, "and let that lying spirit whom thou hast served tell thee that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but was untimely taken from his mother."

"Accursed be the tongue which tells me so," said the trembling Macbeth, who felt his last hold of confidence give way; "and let never man in future believe the lying equivocations of witches and juggling spirits, who deceive us in words which have double senses, and while they keep their promise literally, disappoint our hopes with a different meaning. I will not fight with thee."

"Then live!" said the scornful Macduff; "we will have a show of thee, as men show monsters, and a painted board, on which shall be written, 'Here men may see the tyrant!'"

"Never," said Macbeth, whose courage returned with despair; "I will not live to kiss the ground before young Malcolm's feet, and to be baited with the curses of the rabble. Though Birnam wood be come to Dunsinane, and thou opposed to me, who wast never born of woman, yet will I try the last." With these frantic words he threw himself upon Macduff, who, after a severe struggle, in the end overcame him, and cutting off his head, made a present of it to the young and lawful king, Malcolm, who took upon him the government which, by the machinations of the usurper, he had so long been deprived of, and ascended the throne of Duncan the Meek, amid the acclamations of the nobles and the people.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL.

Sebastian and his sister Viola, a young gentleman and lady of Messaline, were twins, and (which was accounted a great wonder) from their birth they so much resembled each other, that, but for the difference in their dress, they could not be known apart. They were both born in one hour, and in one hour they were both in danger of perishing, for they were shipwrecked on the coast of Illyria, as they were making a sea-voyage together. The ship, on board of which they were, split on a rock in a violent storm, and a very small number of the ship's company escaped with their lives. The captain of the vessel, with a few of the sailors that were saved, got to land in a small boat, and with them they brought Viola safe on shore, where she, poor lady, instead of rejoicing at her own deliverance, began to lament her brother's loss; but the captain comforted her with the assurance that he had seen her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see anything of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew anything of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place."—"Who governs here? said Viola. The captain told her, Illyria was governed by Orsino,

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

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

Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at

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

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to be the confidants of handsome young dukes; which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia, she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him; and much it moved her wonder, that Olivia could be so regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one could behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino, that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities; and she said, "If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must she not be content with this answer?" But Orsino would not admit of

this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He said, no woman's heart was big enough to hold so much love, and therefore it was unfair to compare the love of any lady for him, to his love for Olivia. Now, though Viola had the utmost deference for the duke's opinions, she could not help thinking this was not quite true, for she thought her heart had full as much love in it as Orsino's had; and she said, "Ah, but I know, my lord."—"What do you know, Cesario?" said Orsino. "Too well I know," replied Viola, "what love women may owe to men. They are as true of heart as we are. My father had a daughter loved a man, as I perhaps, were I a woman, should love your lordship."—"And what is her history?" said Orsino. "A blank, my lord," replied Viola: "she never told her love, but let concealment, like a worm in the bud, feed on her damask cheek. She pined in thought, and with a green and yellow melancholy, she sat like Patience on a monument, smiling at Grief." The duke inquired if this lady died of her love, but to this question Viola returned an evasive answer; as probably she had feigned the story, to speak words expressive of the secret love and silent grief she suffered for Orsino.

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer: Until seven years hence, the element itself shall not behold her face; but like a cloistress she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother." On hearing this, the duke exclaimed, "O she that has a heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how will she love, when the rich golden shaft has touched her heart!" And then he said to Viola, "You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart; therefore, good youth, go to Olivia's house. Be not denied access; stand at her doors, and tell her, there your fixed

foot shall grow till you have audience."—"And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O then," replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my love. Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will well become you to act my woes for she will attend more to you than to one of graver aspect."

Away then went Viola; but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady to become a wife to him she wished to marry; but having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity; and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant, "that you were sick; he said he knew you were, and therefore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep; he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said that therefore he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? for he seems fortified against all denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no." Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted; and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke, by his importunity. Viola, entering, put on the most manly air she could assume, and affecting the fine courtier language of great men's pages, she said to the veiled lady, "Most radiant, exquisite, and matchless beauty, I pray you tell me if you are the lady of the house, for I should be sorry to cast away my speech upon another; for besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken great pains to learn it."—"Whence come you, sir?" said Olivia. "I can say little more than I have studied," replied Viola; "and that question is out of my part."—"Are you a comedian?" said Olivia. "No," replied Viola; "and yet I am not that which I play;" meaning that she, being a woman, feigned herself to be a man. And again she asked Olivia if she were the lady of the house. Olivia said she was; and then Viola,

having more curiosity to see her rival's features, than haste to deliver her master's message, said, "Good madam, let me see your face." With this bold request Olivia was not averse to comply; for this haughty beauty, whom the duke Orsino had loved so long in vain, at first sight conceived a passion for the supposed page, the humble Cesario.

When Viola asked to see her face, Olivia said, "Have you any commission from your lord and master to negotiate with my face?" And then, forgetting her determination to go veiled for seven long years, she drew aside her veil, saying, "But I will draw the curtain and show the picture. Is it not well done?" Viola replied, "It is beauty truly mixed; the red and white upon your cheeks is by Nature's own cunning hand laid on. You are the most cruel lady living, if you will lead these graces to the grave, and leave the world no copy."—"O, sir," replied Olivia, "I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; one neck; one chin; and so forth. Were you sent here to praise me?" Viola replied, "I see what you are: you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O such a love could but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty: for Orsino loves you with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire."—"Your lord," said Olivia, "knows well my mind. I cannot love him; yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I cannot love him, he might have taken his answer long ago."—"If I did love you as my master does," said Viola, "I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name, I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O you should not rest between the elements of

earth and air, but you should pity me."—"You might do much," said Olivia: "what is your parentage?" Viola replied, "Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman." Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, "Go to your master, and tell him, I cannot love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes it." And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone, Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.* And she said aloud, "I will be sworn he is; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit, plainly show he is a gentleman." And then she wished Cesario was the duke; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love: but the gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root; and presently the noble lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a lady's character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring, she should give him some intimation of her design; and truly it did make Viola suspect; for knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas," said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia, that the duke should trouble her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would

in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him he should go to her again the next day. In the mean time, to pass away the tedious interval, he commanded a song which he loved to be sung; and he said, "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters when they sit in the sun, and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."

SONG.

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath,
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O prepare it!
My part of death no one so true did share it.
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strewn:
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave to weep there!

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

but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

When Viola made her second visit to Olivia, she found no difficulty in gaining access to her. Servants soon discover when their ladies delight to converse with handsome young messengers; and the instant Viola arrived, the gates were thrown wide open, and the duke's page was shown into Olivia's apartment with great respect; and when Viola told Olivia that she was come once more to plead in her lord's behalf, this lady said, "I desired you never to speak of him again; but if you would undertake another suit, I had rather hear you solicit, than music from the spheres." This was pretty plain speaking, but Olivia soon explained herself, still more plainly, and openly confessed her love; and when she saw displeasure with perplexity expressed in Viola's face, she said, "O what a deal of scorn looks beautiful in the contempt and anger of his lip! Cesario, by the roses of the spring, by maidhood, honour, and by truth, I love you so, that, in spite of your pride, I have neither wit nor reason to conceal my passion." But in vain the lady wooed; Viola hastened from her presence, threatening never more to come to plead Orsino's love; and all the reply she made to Olivia's fond solicitation was, a declaration of a resolution *Never to love any woman.*

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

When she saw her formidable rival advancing towards her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by, who made up to them, and as if he had been

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

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

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

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

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she too mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as she

thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for though their features were exactly the same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face, which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

Sebastian did not at all object to the fondness the lady lavished on him. He seemed to take it in very good part, yet he wondered how it had come to pass, and he was rather inclined to think Olivia was not in her right senses; but perceiving that she was mistress of a fine house, and that she ordered her affairs and seemed to govern her family discreetly, and that in all but her sudden love for him she appeared in the full possession of her reason, he well approved of the courtship; and Olivia finding Cesario in this good humour, and fearing he might change his mind, proposed that, as she had a priest in the house, they should be instantly married. Sebastian assented to this proposal; and when the marriage ceremony was over, he left his lady for a short time, intending to go and tell his friend Antonio the good fortune that he had met with. In the meantime Orsino came to visit Olivia: and at the moment he arrived before Olivia's house, the officers of justice brought their prisoner, Antonio, before the duke. Viola was with Orsino, her master; and when Antonio saw Viola, whom he still imagined to be Sebastian, he told the duke in what manner he had rescued this youth from the perils of the sea; and after fully relating all the kindness he had really shown to Sebastian, he ended his complaint with saying, that for three months, both day and night, this ungrateful youth had been with him. But now the lady Olivia coming forth from her house, the duke could no longer attend to Antonio's story; and he said, "Here comes the countess: now Heaven walks on earth! but for thee fellow, thy words are madness. Three months has this youth attended on me:" and then he ordered Antonio to be taken aside. But Orsino's heavenly countess soon gave the duke cause to accuse Cesario as much of ingratitude as

Antonio had done, for all the words he could hear Olivia speak were words of kindness to Cesario; and when he found his page had obtained this high place in Olivia's favour, he threatened him with all the terrors of his just revenge; and as he was going to depart, he called Viola to follow him, saying, "Come, boy, with me. My thoughts are ripe for mischief." Though it seemed in his jealous rage he was going to doom Viola to instant death, yet her love made her no longer a coward, and she said she would most joyfully suffer death to give her master ease. But Olivia would not so lose her husband, and she cried, "Where goes my Cesario?" Viola replied, "After him I love more than my life." Olivia, however, prevented their departure by loudly proclaiming that Cesario was her husband, and sent for the priest, who declared that not two hours had passed since he had married the lady Olivia to this young man. In vain Viola protested she was not married to Olivia; the evidence of that lady and the priest made Orsino believe that his page had robbed him of the treasure he prized above his life. But thinking that it was past recall, he was bidding farewell to his faithless mistress, and the *young dissembler*, her husband, as he called Viola, warning her never to come in his sight again, when (as it seemed to them) a miracle appeared! for another Cesario entered and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia; and when their wonder had a little ceased at seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other; for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola, and his sister, under that disguise.

When all the errors were cleared up which the extreme likeness between this twin brother and sister had occasioned,

they laughed at the lady Olivia for the pleasant mistake she had made in falling in love with a woman; and Olivia showed no dislike to her exchange, when she found she had wedded the brother instead of the sister.

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

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

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.

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

But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honour, and a most exquisite practiser of propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude; insomuch that, between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his mirth and all his good looks; all his customary pleasure in books forsook him, his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable; he grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded garden, where all

the wholesome flowers were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits, though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity; but what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was, that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory: and such a father! who had been to her so loving and so gentle a husband! and then she always appeared so loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him; and now within two months, or as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dear husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly character of the man whom she had chosen to be the partner of her throne and bed. This it was, which more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits and brought a cloud over the mind of this honourable young prince.

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

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

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

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

The young prince, strangely amazed at their relation, which was too consistent and agreeing with itself to disbelieve, concluded that it was his father's ghost which they had seen, and determined to take his watch with the soldiers that night, that he might have a chance of seeing it ; for he reasoned with himself, that such an appearance did not come for nothing, but that the ghost had something to impart, and though it had been silent hitherto, yet it would speak to him. And he waited with impatience for the coming of night.

When night came he took his stand with Horatio, and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform, where this apparition was accustomed to walk : and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and

Horatio and their companion fell into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad; whether it came for good or evil: but he gradually assumed more courage; and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him: he called him by his name, Hamlet, King, Father! and conjured him that he would tell the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight: and besought him that he would let them know if there was anything which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place, where they might be alone; and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who would tempt him to the neighbouring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some horrible shape which might deprive the prince of his reason. But their counsels and entreaties could not alter Hamlet's determination, who cared too little about life to fear the losing of it; and as to his soul, he said, what could the spirit do to that, being a thing immortal as itself? And he felt as hardy as a lion, and bursting from them, who did all they could to hold him, he followed whithersoever the spirit led him.

And when they were alone together, the spirit broke silence, and told him that he was the ghost of Hamlet, his father, who had been cruelly murdered, and he told the manner of it; that it was done by his own brother Claudius,

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

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

The terror which the sight of the ghost had left upon the senses of Hamlet, he being weak and dispirited before, almost unhinged his mind, and drove him beside his reason. And he, fearing that it would continue to have this effect, which might subject him to observation, and set his uncle upon his guard, if he suspected that he was meditating anything against him, or that Hamlet really knew more of his

father's death than he professed, took up a strange resolution, from that time to counterfeit as if he were really and truly mad ; thinking that he would be less an object of suspicion when his uncle should believe him incapable of any serious project, and that his real perturbation of mind would be best covered and pass concealed under a disguise of pretended lunacy.

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

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

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his murderer, did

not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder but that soft thoughts of his Ophelia would come between, and in one of these moments, when he thought that his treatment of this gentle lady had been unreasonably harsh, he wrote her a letter full of wild starts of passion, and in extravagant terms, such as agreed with his supposed madness, but mixed with some gentle touches of affection, which could not but show to this honoured lady that a deep love for her yet lay at the bottom of his heart. He bade her to doubt the stars were fire, and to doubt that the sun did move, to doubt truth to be a liar, but never to doubt that he loved; with more of such extravagant phrases. This letter Ophelia dutifully showed to her father, and the old man thought himself bound to communicate it to the king and queen, who from that time supposed that the true cause of Hamlet's madness was love. And the queen wished that the good beauties of Ophelia might be the happy cause of his wildness, for so she hoped that her virtues might happily restore him to his accustomed way again, to both their honours.

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as

Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be the devil who he had heard has power to take any form he pleases, and who might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, which might be a delusion.

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

moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness! and while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

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

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

he had poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theatre. The king being departed, the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio, that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much his late behaviour had displeased them both; and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polonius, the old counsellor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the disposition of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behaviour, and she told him that he had given great offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she should give so dear and honoured a name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the murderer of his true father, with some sharpness

replied, "Mother, *you* have much offended *my father*." The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet. The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speaking to? "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife; and you are my mother: I wish you were not what you are." "Nay then," said the queen, "if you show me so little respect, I will set those to you that can speak," and was going to send the king or Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit down. She, affrighted at his earnest manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out; and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, "Help, help, the queen!" which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking that it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword and stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that ran there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious counsellor, that had planted himself as a spy behind the hangings. "Oh me!" exclaimed the queen, "what a rash and bloody deed have you done!" "A bloody deed, mother," replied Hamlet, "but not so bad as yours, who killed a king and married his brother." Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humour to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the son may have leave to speak even to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose of upbraiding. And now this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her

offence, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer: such an act as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamester's oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of words. He said she had done such a deed that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade her mark the difference; what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill! this man, he said, *had been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead: how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man, and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief——— and just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great terror, asked what it would have; and the ghost said that it came to remind him of the revenge he had promised, which Hamlet seemed to have forgot; and the ghost bade him speak to his mother, for the grief and terror she was in would else kill her. It then vanished, and was seen by none but Hamlet, neither could he by pointing to where it stood, or by any description, make his mother perceive it; who was terribly frightened all this while to hear him conversing, as it seemed to her, with nothing; and she imputed it to the disorder of his

mind. But Hamlet begged her not to flatter her wicked soul in such a manner as to think that it was his madness, and not her own offences, which had brought his father's spirit again on the earth. And he bade her feel his pulse, how temperately it beat, not like a madman's. And he begged of her with tears, to confess herself to heaven for what was past, and for the future to avoid the company of the king, and be no more as a wife to him: and when she should show herself a mother to him, by respecting his father's memory, he would ask a blessing of her as a son. And she promising to observe his directions, the conference ended.

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

The unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretence for sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as dangerous; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet, and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius' death, caused him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English court, which in that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring, for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night-time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he in the stead of it put in the names of those two courtiers, who had the charge of him, to be put to death; then sealing up the letters, he put them into their

place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea fight commenced, in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valour, with sword in hand singly boarded the enemy's vessel; while his own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction.

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

This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves on the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making, mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke, and precipitated this fair young maid, garland, and all that she

had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore her up for a while, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element; but long it was not before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy and miserable death. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present, when Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them she said, "Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet's wife." And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave: and he saw him leap into the grave all frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet's love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father's and his sister's death, grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them: and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet's wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He set on Laertes, under

cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword play; and Hamlet taking up the foils chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes' weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned. At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet's success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue: but after a few pauses, Laertes growing warm made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case, that being warm in fencing, he should call for drink: into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the queen of the bowl, which she drank of, and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no farther, for he was the traitor; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a victim to it: and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an

hour to live, for no medicine could cure him: and begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mischief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy; and with his dying breath requested him that he would live to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death), and Horatio promised that he would make a true report, as one that was privy to all the circumstances. And, thus satisfied, the noble heart of Hamlet cracked; and Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of this sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and princelike qualities; and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.

OTHELLO.

Brabantio, the rich senator of Venice, had a fair daughter, the gentle Desdemona. She was sought to by divers suitors, both on account of her many virtuous qualities, and for her rich expectations. But among the suitors of her own clime and complexion, she saw none whom she could affect; for this noble lady, who regarded the mind more than the features of men, with a singularity rather to be admired than imitated, had chosen for the object of her affections, a Moor, a black, whom her father loved, and often invited to his house.

Neither is Desdemona to be altogether condemned for the unsuitableness of the person whom she selected for her lover. Bating that Othello was black, the noble Moor wanted nothing which might recommend him to the affections of the greatest lady. He was a soldier, and a brave one; and by his conduct in bloody wars against the Turks, had risen to the rank of general in the Venetian service, and was esteemed and trusted by the state.

He had been a traveller, and Desdemona (as is the manner of ladies) loved to hear him tell the story of his adventures, which he would run through from his earliest recollection; the battles, sieges, and encounters, which he had passed through; the perils he had been exposed to by land and by water; his hairbreadth escapes, when he had entered a breach, or marched up to the mouth of a cannon; and how

he had been taken prisoner by the insolent enemy, and sold to slavery; how he demeaned himself in that state, and how he escaped: all these accounts, added to the narration of the strange things he had seen in foreign countries, the vast wilderness and romantic caverns, the quarries, the rocks and mountains, whose heads are in the clouds; of the savage nations, the cannibals who are man-eaters, and a race of people in Africa whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders: these travellers' stories would so enchain the attention of Desdemona, that if she were called off at any time by household affairs, she would despatch with all haste that business, and return, and with a greedy ear devour Othello's discourse. And once he took advantage of a pliant hour, and drew from her a prayer, that he would tell her the whole story of his life at large, of which she had heard so much, but only by parts: to which he consented, and beguiled her of many a tear, when he spoke of some distressful stroke which his youth had suffered.

His story being done, she gave him for his pains a world of sighs: she swore a pretty oath, that it was all passing strange, and pitiful, wondrous pitiful: she wished (she said) she had not heard it, yet she wished that heaven had made her such a man; and then she thanked him, and told him, if he had a friend who loved her, he had only to teach him how to tell his story, and that would woo her. Upon this hint, delivered not with more frankness than modesty, accompanied with certain bewitching prettiness, and blushes, which Othello could not but understand, he spoke more openly of his love, and in this golden opportunity gained the consent of the generous lady Desdemona privately to marry him.

Neither Othello's colour nor his fortune were such that it could be hoped Brabantio would accept him for a son-in-law. He had left his daughter free; but he did expect that, as the manner of noble Venetian ladies was, she would choose ere long a husband of senatorial rank or expectations; but

in this he was deceived ; Desdemona loved the Moor, though he was black, and devoted her heart and fortunes to his valiant parts and qualities ; so was her heart subdued to an implicit devotion to the man she had selected for a husband, that his very colour, which to all but this discerning lady would have proved an insurmountable objection, was by her esteemed above all the white skins and clear complexions of the young Venetian nobility, her suitors.

Their marriage, which, though privately carried, could not long be kept a secret, came to the ears of the old man, Brabantio, who appeared in a solemn council of the senate, as an accuser of the Moor Othello, who by spells and witchcraft (he maintained) had seduced the affections of the fair Desdemona to marry him, without the consent of her father, and against the obligations of hospitality.

At this juncture of time it happened that the state of Venice had immediate need of the services of Othello, news having arrived that the Turks with mighty preparation had fitted out a fleet, which was bending its course to the island of Cyprus, with intent to regain that strong post from the Venetians, who then held it ; in this emergency the state turned its eyes upon Othello, who alone was deemed adequate to conduct the defence of Cyprus against the Turks. So that Othello, now summoned before the senate, stood in their presence at once as a candidate for a great state employment, and as a culprit, charged with offences which by the laws of Venice were made capital.

The age and senatorial character of old Brabantio, commanded a most patient hearing from that grave assembly ; but the incensed father conducted his accusation with so much intemperance, producing likelihoods and allegations for proofs, that, when Othello was called upon for his defence, he had only to relate a plain tale of the course of his love ; which he did with such an artless eloquence, recounting the whole story of his wooing, as we have related it above, and delivered his speech with so noble a plainness

(the evidence of truth), that the duke, who sat as chief judge, could not help confessing that a tale so told would have won his daughter too: and the spells and conjurations which Othello had used in his courtship, plainly appeared to have been no more than the honest arts of men in love; and the only witchcraft which he had used, the faculty of telling a soft tale to win a lady's ear.

This statement of Othello was confirmed by the testimony of the lady Desdemona herself, who appeared in court, and professing a duty to her father for life and education, challenged leave of him to profess a yet higher duty to her lord and husband, even so much as her mother had shown in preferring him (Brabantio) above *her* father.

The old senator, unable to maintain his plea, called the Moor to him with many expressions of sorrow, and, as an act of necessity, bestowed upon him his daughter, whom, if he had been free to withhold her (he told him), he would with all his heart have kept from him; adding, that he was glad at soul that he had no other child, for this behaviour of Desdemona would have taught him to be a tyrant, and hang clogs on them for her desertion.

This difficulty being got over, Othello, to whom custom had rendered the hardships of a military life as natural as food and rest are to other men, readily undertook the management of the wars in Cyprus: and Desdemona, preferring the honour of her lord (though with danger) before the indulgence of those idle delights in which new-married people usually waste their time, cheerfully consented to his going.

No sooner were Othello and his lady landed in Cyprus, than news arrived, that a desperate tempest had dispersed the Turkish fleet, and thus the island was secure from any immediate apprehension of an attack. But the war, which Othello was to suffer, was now beginning; and the enemies, which malice stirred up against his innocent lady, proved in their nature more deadly than strangers or infidels.

Among all the general's friends no one possessed the confidence of Othello more entirely than Cassio. Michael Cassio was a young soldier, a Florentine, gay, amorous, and of pleasing address, favourite qualities with women ; he was handsome and eloquent, and exactly such a person as might alarm the jealousy of a man advanced in years (as Othello in some measure was), who had married a young and beautiful wife ; but Othello was as free from jealousy as he was noble, and as incapable of suspecting as of doing a base action. He had employed this Cassio in his love affair with Desdemona, and Cassio had been a sort of go-between in his suit ; for Othello, fearing that himself had not those soft parts of conversation which please ladies, and finding these qualities in his friend, would often depute Cassio to go (as he phrased it) a courting for him : such innocent simplicity being rather an honour than a blemish to the character of the valiant Moor. So that no wonder, if next to Othello himself (but at far distance, as beseems a virtuous wife) the gentle Desdemona loved and trusted Cassio. Nor had the marriage of this couple made any difference in their behaviour to Michael Cassio. He frequented their house, and his free and rattling talk was no unpleasing variety to Othello, who was himself of a more serious temper : for such tempers are observed often to delight in their contraries, as a relief from the oppressive excess of their own : and Desdemona and Cassio would talk and laugh together, as in the days when he went a courting for his friend.

Othello had lately promoted Cassio to be the lieutenant, a place of trust, and nearest to the general's person. This promotion gave great offence to Iago, an older officer who thought he had a better claim than Cassio, and would often ridicule Cassio as a fellow fit only for the company of ladies, and one that knew no more of the art of war or how to set an army in array for battle than a girl. Iago hated Cassio, and he hated Othello, as well for favouring Cassio, as for an unjust suspicion, which he had lightly taken up against

Othello, that the Moor was too fond of Iago's wife Emilia. From these imaginary provocations, the plotting mind of Iago conceived a horrid scheme of revenge, which should involve both Cassio, the Moor, and Desdemona in one common ruin.

Iago was artful, and had studied human nature deeply, and he knew that of all the torments which afflict the mind of man (and far beyond bodily torture), the pains of jealousy were the most intolerable, and had the sorest sting. If he could succeed in making Othello jealous of Cassio, he thought it would be an exquisite plot of revenge, and might end in the death of Cassio or Othello, or both ; he cared not.

The arrival of the general and his lady, in Cyprus, meeting with the news of the dispersion of the enemy's fleet, made a sort of holiday in the island. Everybody gave themselves up to feasting and making merry. Wine flowed in abundance, and cups went round to the health of the black Othello, and his lady the fair Desdemona.

Cassio had the direction of the guard that night, with a charge from Othello to keep the soldiers from excess in drinking, that no brawl might arise, to fright the inhabitants, or disgust them with the new-landed forces. That night Iago began his deep-laid plans of mischief ; under colour of loyalty and love to the general, he enticed Cassio to make rather too free with the bottle (a great fault in an officer upon guard). Cassio for a time resisted, but he could not long hold out against the honest freedom which Iago knew how to put on, but kept swallowing glass after glass (as Iago still plied him with drink and encouraging songs), and Cassio's tongue ran over in praise of the lady Desdemona, whom he again and again toasted, affirming that she was a most exquisite lady : until at last the enemy which he put into his mouth stole away his brains ; and upon some provocation given him by a fellow whom Iago had set on, swords were drawn, and Montano, a worthy

officer, who interfered to appease the dispute, was wounded in the scuffle. The riot now began to be general, and Iago, who had set on foot the mischief, was foremost in spreading the alarm, causing the castle-bell to be rung (as if some dangerous mutiny instead of a slight drunken quarrel had arisen): the alarm bell ringing awakened Othello, who, dressing in a hurry, and coming to the scene of action, questioned Cassio of the cause. Cassio was now come to himself, the effect of the wine having a little gone off, but was too much ashamed to reply; and Iago, pretending a great reluctance to accuse Cassio, but, as it were, forced into it by Othello, who insisted to know the truth, gave an account of the whole matter (leaving out his own share in it, which Cassio was too far gone to remember) in such a manner, as while he seemed to make Cassio's offence less, did indeed make it appear greater than it was. The result was, that Othello, who was a strict observer of discipline, was compelled to take away Cassio's place of lieutenant from him.

Thus did Iago's first artifice succeed completely; he had now undermined his hated rival, and thrust him out of his place: but a further use was hereafter to be made of the adventure of this disastrous night.

Cassio, whom this misfortune had entirely sobered, now lamented to his seeming friend Iago that he should have been such a fool as to transform himself into a beast. He was undone, for how could he ask the general for his place again? he would tell him he was a drunkard. He despised himself. Iago, affecting to make light of it, said, that he, or any man living, might be drunk upon occasion; it remained now to make the best of a bad bargain; the general's wife was now the general, and could do anything with Othello; that he were best to apply to the lady Desdemona to mediate for him with her lord; that she was of a frank, obliging disposition, and would readily undertake a good office of this sort, and set Cassio right again in the general's favour; and then this crack in their love would be made

stronger than ever. A good advice of Iago, if it had not been given for wicked purposes, which will after appear.

Cassio did as Iago advised him, and made application to the lady Desdemona, who was easy to be won over in any honest suit; and she promised Cassio that she should be his solicitor with her lord, and rather die than give up his cause. This she immediately set about in so earnest and pretty a manner, that Othello, who was mortally offended with Cassio, could not put her off. When he pleaded delay, and that it was too soon to pardon such an offender, she would not be beat back, but insisted that it should be the next night, or the morning after, or the next morning to that at farthest. Then she showed how penitent and humbled poor Cassio was, and that his offence did not deserve so sharp a check. And when Othello still hung back, "What! my lord," said she, "that I should have so much to do to plead for Cassio, Michael Cassio, that came a courting for you, and oftentimes, when I have spoken in dispraise of you, has taken your part! I count this but a little thing to ask of you. When I mean to try your love indeed, I shall ask a weighty matter." Othello could deny nothing to such a pleader, and only requesting that Desdemona would leave the time to him, promised to receive Michael Cassio again in favour.

It happened that Othello and Iago had entered into the room where Desdemona was, just as Cassio, who had been imploring her intercession, was departing at the opposite door: and Iago, who was full of art, said in a low voice, as if to himself, "I like not that." Othello took no great notice of what he said; indeed, the conference which immediately took place with his lady put it out of his head; but he remembered it afterwards. For when Desdemona was gone, Iago, as if for mere satisfaction of his thought, questioned Othello whether Michael Cassio, when Othello was courting his lady, knew of his love. To this the general answering in the affirmative, and adding, that he had gone between them

very often during the courtship, Iago knitted his brow, as if he had got fresh light on some terrible matter, and cried, "Indeed!" This brought into Othello's mind the words which Iago had let fall upon entering the room, and seeing Cassio with Desdemona; and he began to think there was some meaning in all this: for he deemed Iago to be a just man, and full of love and honesty, and what in a false knave would be tricks, in him seemed to be the natural workings of an honest mind, big with something too great for utterance: and Othello prayed Iago to speak what he knew, and to give his worst thoughts words. "And what," said Iago, "if some thoughts very vile should have intruded into my breast, as where is the palace into which foul things do not enter?" Then Iago went on to say, what a pity it were, if any trouble should arise to Othello out of his imperfect observations; that it would not be for Othello's peace to know his thoughts; that people's good names were not to be taken away for slight suspicions; and when Othello's curiosity was raised almost to distraction with these hints and scattered words, Iago, as if in earnest care for Othello's peace of mind, besought him to beware of jealousy: with such art did this villain raise suspicions in the unguarded Othello, by the very caution which he pretended to give him against suspicion. "I know," said Othello, "that my wife is fair, loves company and feasting, is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well: but where virtue is, these qualities are virtuous. I must have proof before I think her dishonest." Then Iago, as if glad that Othello was slow to believe ill of his lady, frankly declared that he had no proof, but begged Othello to observe her behaviour well, when Cassio was by; not to be jealous nor too secure neither, for that he (Iago) knew the dispositions of the Italian ladies, his countrywomen, better than Othello could do; and that in Venice the wives let heaven see many pranks they dared not show their husbands. Then he artfully insinuated that Desdemona deceived her father in marrying with Othello,

and carried it so closely, that the poor old man thought that witchcraft had been used. Othello was much moved with this argument, which brought the matter home to him, for if she had deceived her father, why might she not deceive her husband?

Iago begged pardon for having moved him; but Othello, assuming an indifference, while he was really shaken with inward grief at Iago's words, begged him to go on, which Iago did with many apologies, as if unwilling to produce anything against Cassio, whom he called his friend: he then came strongly to the point, and reminded Othello how Desdemona had refused many suitable matches of her own clime and complexion, and had married him, a Moor, which showed unnatural in her, and proved her to have a headstrong will; and when her better judgment returned, how probable it was she should fall upon comparing Othello with the fine forms and clear white complexions of the young Italians her countrymen. He concluded with advising Othello to put off his reconcilement with Cassio a little longer, and in the meanwhile to note with what earnestness Desdemona should intercede in his behalf; for that much would be seen in that. So mischievously did this artful villain lay his plots to turn the gentle qualities of this innocent lady into her destruction, and make a net for her out of her own goodness to entrap her: first setting Cassio on to entreat her mediation, and then out of that very mediation contriving stratagems for her ruin.

The conference ended with Iago's begging Othello to account his wife innocent, until he had more decisive proof; and Othello promised to be patient; but from that moment the deceived Othello never tasted content of mind. Poppy, nor the juice of mandragora, nor all the sleeping potions in the world, could ever again restore to him that sweet rest, which he had enjoyed but yesterday. His occupation sickened upon him. He no longer took delight in arms. His heart, that used to be roused at the sight of troops, and

banners, and battle array, and would stir and leap at the sound of a drum, or a trumpet, or a neighing war-horse, seemed to have lost all that pride and ambition which are a soldier's virtue ; and his military ardour and all his old joys forsook him. Sometimes he thought his wife honest, and at times he thought her not so ; sometimes he thought Iago just, and at times he thought him not so ; then he would wish that he had never known of it ; he was not the worse for her loving Cassio, so long as he knew it not : torn to pieces with these distracting thoughts, he once laid hold on Iago's throat, and demanded proof of Desdemona's guilt, or threatened instant death for his having belied her. Iago, feigning indignation that his honesty should be taken for a vice, asked Othello if he had not sometimes seen a handkerchief spotted with strawberries in his wife's hand. Othello answered that he had given her such a one, and that it was his first gift. "That same handkerchief," said Iago, "did I see Michael Cassio this day wipe his face with." "If it be as you say," said Othello, "I will not rest till a wide revenge swallow them up ; and first, for a token of your fidelity, I expect that Cassio shall be put to death within three days ; and for that fair devil (meaning his lady), I will withdraw and devise some swift means of death for her."

Trifles light as air are to the jealous proofs as strong as holy writ. A handkerchief of his wife's seen in Cassio's hand, was motive enough to the deluded Othello to pass sentence of death upon them both, without once inquiring how Cassio came by it. Desdemona had never given such a present to Cassio, nor would this constant lady have wronged her lord with doing so naughty a thing as giving his presents to another man ; both Cassio and Desdemona were innocent of any offence against Othello : but the wicked Iago, whose spirits never slept in contrivance of villany, had made his wife (a good, but a weak woman) steal this handkerchief from Desdemona, under pretence of getting the work copied,

but in reality to drop it in Cassio's way, where he might find it, and give a handle to Iago's suggestion that it was Desdemona's present.

Othello, soon after meeting his wife, pretended that he had a headache (as he might indeed with truth), and desired her to lend him her handkerchief to hold to his temples. She did so. "Not this," said Othello, "but that handkerchief I gave you." Desdemona had it not about her (for indeed it was stolen, as we have related). "How?" said Othello, "this is a fault indeed. That handkerchief an Egyptian woman gave to my mother; the woman was a witch and could read people's thoughts: she told my mother, while she kept it, it would make her amiable, and my father would love her; but, if she lost it, or gave it away, my father's fancy would turn, and he would loathe her as much as he had loved her. She dying gave it to me, and bade me, if I ever married, to give it to my wife. I did so; take heed of it. Make it a darling as precious as your eye." "Is it possible?" said the frighted lady. "'Tis true;" continued Othello; "it is a magical handkerchief; a sibyl that had lived in the world two hundred years, in a fit of prophetic fury worked it; the silkworms that furnished the silk were hallowed, and it was dyed in a mummy of maidens' hearts conserved." Desdemona, hearing the wondrous virtues of the handkerchief, was ready to die with fear, for she plainly perceived she had lost it, and with it, she feared, the affections of her husband. Then Othello started, and looked as if he were going to do some rash thing, and still he demanded the handkerchief, which when she could not produce, she tried to divert her husband from too serious thoughts, and cheerfully told him she saw all his talk about the handkerchief was only to put her off from her suit about Michael Cassio, whom she went on to praise (as Iago had foretold), till Othello in perfect distraction burst out of the room, and then Desdemona, though unwillingly, began to suspect that her lord was jealous.

What cause she could have ministered to him she knew not, and then she accused herself for accusing the noble Othello, and thought to be sure that some untoward news from Venice, or some state troubles had puddled his spirits, and made his temper not so sweet as formerly. And she said, "Men are not gods, and we must not look for that observance from them when they are married, which they show us on the bridal day." And she beshrewed herself for so unkindly judging of his unkindness.

Again Othello and Desdemona met, and he accused her more plainly of being unfaithful, and of loving another man, but he did not name whom: and Othello wept, and Desdemona said, "Alas! the heavy day! why do you weep?" And Othello told her, he could have borne all sorts of evils with fortitude—poverty, and disease, and disgrace; but her infidelity had broken his heart: and he called her a weed, that looked so fair, and smelled so sweet, that the sense ached at it; and wished she had never been born. And when he had left her, this innocent lady was so stupefied with wonder at her lord's untrue suspicion of her, that a weight-like sleep came over her, and she only desired her attendant to make her bed, and to lay her wedding-sheets upon it, saying, that when people teach their babes, they do it by gentle means and easy tasks, and Othello might have chid her so; for in good faith she was but a child when she was chidden. And this was all the complaint which this gentle lady made.

Desdemona being retired to bed expecting her lord would follow her, soon fell into a slumber, the effect of her troubled spirits, when Othello entered the chamber, full of the black purpose which he had meditated of putting his lady to death. But when he saw her asleep, he thought he would not shed her blood, nor scar that white skin of hers, more white than alabaster. But he was resolved she should die; else (as he said) she would live to betray more men, as she had done him. Then he kissed her for the last time (as he

said), and that kiss was so sweet, that he must needs kiss her again: and he wept, but he said they were cruel tears.

Desdemona was awakened with his kisses, and she looked upon Othello, and she saw him gnaw his under lip, and roll his eyes, and she knew he was always fatal when he looked so: and he bade her prepare for death, and to say her prayers, for he would not kill her soul. And this innocent wife, as she lay at his mercy, begged for compassion, and to know her fault, and then he named Cassio, and the handkerchief which (he said) she had given him; and as the guiltless lady was proceeding to clear herself he suddenly would hear no more, but covering her up in the bed-clothes, stifled her till she died.

In this instant of time was brought into the house Cassio, wounded and bleeding, whom Iago had set one of his creatures on to assassinate; but the fellow not succeeding in his attempt to kill Cassio (whom he wounded, but not mortally), and being himself killed by Iago to prevent discovery, in his pockets were found certain letters, which made the guilt of Iago, and the innocence of Cassio, clear beyond all doubt; and Cassio now came to beg pardon of Othello, and to ask wherein he had offended him, that he had employed Iago to murder him.

This discovery was as a thunderstroke to Othello, who now plainly saw that he was no better than a murderer, and that his wife (poor innocent lady) had been ever faithful to him; the extreme anguish of which discovery making life insupportable, he fell upon his sword, and throwing himself upon the body of his dear injured lady, expired.

These rash acts raised much passion of horror and amazement in the bystanders, for Othello had borne a fair reputation, and till he was wrought upon by the arts of a villain, which his own noble nature never gave him leave to suspect, he was a loving and a doting husband. He had loved not wisely, but too well; and his manly eyes (when he learned his mistake), though not used to weep on every small

occasion, dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees their gum. And when he was dead all his former merits and his valiant acts were remembered. Nothing now remained for his successor but to put the utmost censure of the law in force against Iago, who was executed with strict tortures; and to send word to the state of Venice of the lamentable death of their renowned general.

NOTES.

THE TEMPEST.

The *Tempest* was written by Shakspeare about 1609 or 1610 There was throughout Europe at that time a general belief in witchcraft and magic. In England an interest in such things was kept up by a number of learned works on magic. King James was among the writers, and published *Demonology* in 1603, in which he believed that he had proved the existence of witches. Readers were also greatly attracted at this time by stories of the marvels of nature in distant lands recorded by travellers, some of whom described imaginary beings and phenomena quite as remarkable as those which figure in the *Tempest*. Shakspeare has therefore in his play followed the spirit of the time. To make it more attractive he connected with it an event that had attracted the attention of the London world. In 1609 Sir George Somers had been wrecked off the Bermudas, and in 1610 a pamphlet, called *The Discovery of the Bermudas or Devil's Island*, gave a description of the storm in which Admiral Somers' ship had been driven on the rocks, and how the sailors had escaped on to an island resembling that which is described in the *Tempest*.

Page 1, line 9. **magic.** This included most of the early researches and discoveries in science. The "learned men" who "affected it," *i.e.* devoted their time to the study of magic, included such men as Roger Bacon, whose researches led to the discovery of the composition of gunpowder. The word 'magic' is derived from Greek, μάγος, an enchanter, or a wise man, who interprets dreams. His skill was 'magic art.'

12. **had been enchanted**, *i.e.* had been changed in such a way that objects appeared different and acted differently from what nature would suggest.

15. **bodies**, or trunks. We also call the human body the trunk.

17, 19. **spirit** and **sprite** are both derived from Latin, *spiritus*, but we use 'spirit' for all imaginary creatures, and 'sprite' only for lively, mischievous spirits, like Ariel. The word was once spelt 'spright,' hence we have the word 'sprightly.'

21. **owed him a grudge**, had been injured by Caliban's parent, Sycorax, and so wished to punish Caliban himself.

Page 2, l. 5. **offices**, from Latin, *officium*, duty. Ariel's duty or charge was to urge Caliban on to do very hard work.

10. **mire**, mud.

11. **make mouths**, or grimaces. This is a very common form of teasing, especially with the young. Caliban, being dull and foolish, would feel hurt by such treatment.

12. **hedgehog**, a small animal covered with sharp quills like those of a porcupine, though shorter. It has a round body and a small head, and possesses the power of rolling itself up like a ball, exposing on all sides the sharp points of the quills.

18. **command** here means more than to issue an order, it includes the power to make winds and waves obey.

31. **I have so ordered it**, I have arranged the events in such a way.

Page 3, l. 4. **By what?** Prospero thinks that some object Miranda had seen when very young may help her to remember the time before she came to the island. Hence he says, "Tell me *what* you can remember?"

14. **Milan**, a state on the north side of the river Po. Its capital was the city of Milan. It now forms part of the kingdom of Italy.

18. **false**, unfaithful, deceitful. The word is also used to mean 'pretended,' *e.g.* "false brother" may be used to mean one who pretends to be a brother.

19. **neglecting all worldly ends**, omitting to strive for the objects generally sought after by rulers.

26. **Naples** was an independent state in the south of Italy. It included about half the peninsula as well as the island of Sicily. The ruler was therefore more powerful than the dukes who reigned farther north.

28. Here the exact words of Shakspeare are used.

30. **durst**, past tense of 'dare,' to venture. When 'dare' means 'to challenge,' the past tense is 'dared,' thus, "I *dared* him to leap the hedge; he *durst* not attempt it."

so dear, etc., so dearly did my subjects love me. "Me" is indirect (dative) object of "bore."

36. **privately**, not openly; that is, without the knowledge of Antonio and the king of Naples.

Page 4, l. 1. **I prize**, present tense, because Prospero is now employing these books to punish his enemies.

5. **you were**, etc. In the *Tempest* Prospero says:

"O, a *cherubin*
Thou wast that did preserve me."

He means, 'You were an angel that saved me from despair.' Cherubs, or cherubim, are usually represented with children's faces, and small wings. The philosopher Dionysius divided angels into nine orders, and the Cherubim were the second order, being placed with the Seraphim in the first circle round the throne of God.

8. **desert**, lonely, deserted. The word does not suggest that the island was barren.

21. **the ship's company**, the people on the ship.

23. The words in brackets apply chiefly to the word "empty." To Miranda the air would seem to be empty in the direction of Ariel's voice. The subject of "would seem" is 'it,' understood.

25. **brave**, good, obedient; a word of praise not necessarily connected with courage.

36. **delicate**, dainty, beautiful; a word of flattery.

Page 5, l. 13. **grudge**, hesitation; without complaining that Prospero was requiring too much work from him.

18. **bent double**. Shakspeare says she "was grown into a hoop," that is, her back was curved so much that her head and feet nearly met.

20. **recount**, recall to your memory, remind you.

22. **too terrible**, etc., too dreadful for human ears to listen to.

33. **same melancholy posture** (p. 4, ll. 32, 3), the same position which showed the sadness of his mind.

Page 6, l. 3. **Full**, quite. Thy father lies below thirty feet of water.

4. **are coral made**. The subject "coral" must be considered plural, meaning 'pieces of coral,' so that the verb "are" may agree with its subject.

6. Every part of him which can fade is undergoing a change produced by the sea water.

7. The subject "it" must be introduced after "but."

9. **Sea-nymphs** toll the funeral bell every hour. The "sea-nymphs" are imaginary spirits living in the sea as Ariel lived in the air.

12. **stupid fit**, fit of helplessness. See p. 4, ll. 32, 3.

15. We read before that Miranda remembered only her female attendants.

20. Miranda uses the pronoun "it" because she does not yet know that the prince is human.

27. **grave**, old and serious.

30. **desert.** See p. 5, l. 8.

33. **the goddess**, the ruling spirit who had power to produce the wonders he had seen and heard.

Page 7, l. 9. **I will resist**, etc. I will try to prevent you from treating me in this way.

17. If you say one word more it will cause me to scold you. What! will you plead for one who is not what he pretends to be?

20. **most ... Caliban.** Most men are as far above this man in beauty, as he is above Caliban.

22. **My affections**, etc. I would not wish to love one more beautiful, I am content with this man.

23. **goodlier**, more beautiful.

33. **would seem light**, would seem very small troubles, not burdensome.

Page 8, l. 4. **to pile up**, to place in regular order in a heap.

8. **he is safe**, it is certain that he will not leave his studies.

13. **the while**, while you sit down. "While" is a noun, and is here used adverbially in the objective case to denote duration of time. Similarly we say 'in a little while,' 'for a while,' etc.

17. **enjoined**, etc., ordered Ferdinand to perform this task.

18. **as a trial of his love**, to see if his love for Miranda would cause him to try to obey her father.

21. **it was**, etc. Her father had particularly commanded her not to tell Ferdinand her name.

31. After "exceeded" insert 'that of.' Her beauty was greater than *that of* all the women he had seen.

33. **How features are abroad**, what sort of features men have in other lands. "Abroad," in any country across the sea.

Page 9, l. 2. **precepts**, lessons, instruction; but here it also includes commands.

17. **rich amends**, abundant reward in return for his sufferings.

20-22. Take my daughter as a gift from me, which your love has honourably earned. 'Purchase' usually means 'buy with money,' but here it is 'to earn by his labour.'

21. **do not smile**, etc. Do not think me foolish if I boast that she cannot be praised as much as she deserves.

31. **famished**, very hungry. Latin, *fames*, hunger.

34. **harpy.** The Greeks believed in the harpies as the spirits of the whirlwind, and described them as winged monsters with

terrible claws, which flew down and snatched the food from the table before the feasters could eat it.

36. **seeming harpy.** To them Ariel seemed to be a harpy as he flew near them.

Page 10, l. 3. **saying**, etc., telling them that because they had done those evil deeds, therefore the terrible things now happening were allowed to punish them.

8. **though a spirit.** Not being human (that is, a man), Ariel would not be able to feel pity or sorrow, but in this case he is moved by the sufferings he has caused.

14. **in their train**, following behind them.

21. **discovered himself to Gonzalo**, made known to Gonzalo that he was Prospero.

Page 11, l. 1. **brave**, beautiful. See also p. 4, l. 25.

6. **goddess.** See p. 6, l. 33. Shakspeare makes use of the belief in spirits which was as common among the great as among the poor and ignorant. Both the king and his son believe that an island may be ruled by a goddess.

9. **immortal Providence**, the care which God takes of the creatures in the world. This idea is opposed to the belief in spirits and guardian goddesses.

17. **my child.** *i.e.* Miranda, who, by marrying Ferdinand, would become the daughter-in-law of Alonzo, who would ask her to forgive him for assisting to cast her adrift on the sea.

18. Prospero's exact words were :

> " Let us not burthen our remembrance with
> A heaviness that's gone."

24. **desert**, lonely.

35. **entertainment**, amusement; to pleasantly occupy your thoughts during the evening.

Page 12, l. 3. **uncouth**, strange, unfamiliar. The Anglo-Saxon word *cuth* was the perfect participle of the verb *cunnan*, to know. Thus *uncouth* meant *unknown*, and hence strange and odd in appearance.

11. **quaint**, dainty, spruce. Skeat says the word is derived from Latin, *cognitus*, well-known, famous, but others have thought it to be from Latin, *comptus*, neat. The modern meaning is ' curious,' ' old-fashioned.'

15. **to attend ... gales**, to guide your ship, and help it with favourable winds.

20. **cowslip**, a small spring flower, with a yellow, bell-shaped blossom, very common in English meadows.

21. **I couch**, I lie down to sleep. Owls sleep during the day,

and fly about at night; hence the line means, 'I sleep at night in the cowslip's bell.'

22. **bat**, a winged animal which flies by night.

26. We see that the books had brought misfortune on Prospero, therefore he left them behind him on the island, so that they should not again cause him to neglect his duty in Milan.

32. **nuptials**, marriage festivities. Latin, *nuptus*, married.

35. **the safe convoy.** See l. 15, above. A 'convoy' is an armed ship which attends merchant vessels to protect them on their voyage.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

The comedy, *As You Like It*, was written somewhere between 1598 and 1600. It has been described as Shakspeare's most playful comedy, because the scenes are shifted most irregularly, and with no regard to rules of time or place. The subject was borrowed from a pastoral romance by Thomas Lodge (*Rosalynde; Euphues Golden Legacy*, published about 1590), the only change made by Shakspeare being the introduction of a few more characters. The purpose of the romance, *Rosalynde*, and of Shakspeare's play, was to contrast town and court life with rural and pastoral life, the first as a source of evil and misery of which the second is the natural remedy. "Cares wait upon a crown. Joyfulness dwells in a cottage. Griefs are incident to dignity and sorrows haunt royal palaces" (*Rosalynde*). Shakspeare pursues the same idea, and appears to let the sorrows that arise at court in the first and second acts of *As You Like It* find their cure in the pastoral life in the last three acts. Envy and hatred arise from the covetousness and ambition belonging to courts and to worldly life, while moderation and simple contentment are the natural results of the quiet solitude of a country life.

Page 13, l. 1. France was divided. Reference to the history of England (1066-1485) will illustrate this. William I. was Duke of Normandy; Dukes of Burgundy were allies of England in the Hundred Years War; the Dukedom of Brittany was part of the territory of Henry II.; and the Black Prince ruled at Bordeaux as Duke of Aquitaine. Besides the dukedoms there were numerous counties (ruled by counts), also, to a great extent, independent of the King of France.

6. **Arden.** The woody hills, the Ardennes, are situated on the borders of Belgium and France.

8. **had put ... exile,** had chosen of their own free will to leave their homes.

9. **revenues.** The Feudal System was in force in France at this period, and the wealth of dukes was obtained from their vassals who held lands in their dukedoms.

10. **custom,** habit.

careless, free from care or anxiety; not 'neglectful,' which is a very common meaning.

11. **uneasy** is used as a contrast to 'careless.' It was Shakspeare who wrote, "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown" (*Henry IV.*, Part II.).

12. **the old Robin Hood,** *i.e.* the Robin Hood of olden times. 'Robin Hood' was the name given to an outlawed Earl of Huntingdon, who took up his abode with his followers in the forest of Sherwood (Nottingham). He and his men were famous for their skill in archery, and lived partly on the game they shot, partly on the wealth which they took from rich travellers. Poor travellers were treated with gentleness, and sometimes received aid. The doings of Robin Hood and his merry men formed the subject of popular ballads in the Middle Ages.

13. Many youths belonging to noble families daily left the court to live in the forest.

14. **fleet,** a verb formed by Shakspeare from an adjective. 'To fleet the time' is to pass the time quickly. The adjective 'fleet' means 'swift.'

carelessly (as in l. 10), in a manner free from anxiety.

15. **the golden age,** the age described in poets' fables, when all was innocence and happiness. when there was no need for toil, nor cause for disputes.

18. **dappled,** spotted. The commonest of tame deer is the fallow deer, of a brown colour spotted all over with white.

fools is here rather an affectionate term than one of contempt.

22. **change ... fortune,** the change which fortune had brought now it was turned against him.

23. **These chilling,** etc. The following passage gives the duke's exact words. The lines are from Act. II., Scene I.

"Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference, as the icy fang

And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in every thing."

The following song was sung by Amiens, one of the banished lords attending on the exiled duke:

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

"Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing," etc.

Page 14, l. 4. **the jewel**, this was only a popular superstition.

5. **venomous**, poisonous. This also was a superstition. All British toads are quite harmless.

6. **draw ... moral**, learn and suggest to others a useful lesson.

7. **moralising turn**, inclination of mind to draw a lesson from things around.

8. **public haunts**, cities and other places in which many people are met with.

14. **strict**, unbroken.

subsisted, existed.

26. **court**, the open space, or court-yard.

30. **clown**, a countryman of the lower class. Wrestling is still a favourite sport in the north of England.

33. **to prove ... sight**, to result in the death of one of the wrestlers.

36. **who** is subject of "would be killed" (p. 15, l. 2).

Page 15, l. 14. **to forego his purpose**, to withdraw his intention of wrestling.

17. **felt ... him**, felt more anxiety for his safety.

22. **gracious**, graced, *i.e.* honoured with the favour of others.

Page 16, l. 1. **his antagonist**, his opponent, Charles, the champion wrestler of the Duke Frederick.

28. **civil things**, kind words.

31. **out of suits with fortune**, out of the livery of fortune, that is, 'I am not protected or favoured by fortune now.' To wear the suit or livery of a noble was to declare that the noble was the guardian of the wearer.

Page 17, l. 6. **which**, relative pronoun, neuter. Its antecedent is "sight."

15. **he had**, etc., he had only allowed Rosalind to remain on account of Celia, *i.e.* because of Celia's love for Rosalind.

18, 19. **rose**, risen; **eat**, eaten. In each case an incorrect form of the perfect participle has been used. Lamb employs the same words as Shakspeare.

21. **subtle**, clever, in a bad sense, suggesting deceitfulness.

23. **you will ... gone**, others will think more of your beauty and virtue when they cannot see Rosalind.

Page 18, l. 3. **tallest**. It is usual to employ the comparative, 'taller,' when comparing only two persons.

4. **habited**, clothed, dressed. Latin, *habitus*, dress. A lady's coat is sometimes called a 'habit.'

9. **to defray their expenses**, to pay for the food and lodgings on the journey.

12. **Ganymede** was the name of Jove's cupbearer, the most beautiful boy ever born.

13. **garb**, dress. French, *garbe*, corresponding to 'garment.'

manly, like the courage of a man; hence 'manly' often means 'brave.'

23. **happy remarks**, cheerful and pleasant conversation.

24. **he could ... woman.** To quote from Shakspeare:

"*Ros.* Never talk to me; I will weep.

"*Cel.* Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that *tears do not become a man.*"

28. **weaker vessel**, the weaker of the two sexes. The expression, "weaker vessel," is used in St. Peter's First Epistle (New Testament) to describe the wife when compared with the husband.

32. To pretend to be brave and to force himself to show courage could not keep up Ganymede's strength.

Page 19, l. 5. **desert**, lonely.

31. **this strange event**, namely, that Orlando was in the forest.

35. **charging**, commanding.

36. **on his blessing.** Oliver had to promise this before his father gave him a blessing.

Page 20, l. 1. **ancient house**, a family which had belonged to the nobility for very many years. Compare the 'House' of York, the 'House' of Lancaster.

8. **bred**, trained. Education is the training of the mind.

10. **untutored**, untaught, therefore lacking education.

14. **he wished to die.** See p. 15, ll. 2-6.

26. **you memory of old Sir Rowland**, you who resemble your father so much as to bring him to mind. "Memory" (abstract used for the concrete), memorial, that which calls to remembrance.

28. **fond**, foolish. Adam says Orlando was foolish to overcome the wrestler, because the victory had roused Oliver's anger.

29. **Your praise**, other people's praise of you has already arrived here.

Page 21, l. 2. **hoard**, store of money which had been saved.

3. **thrifty**, carefully saved.

hire, wages. We should rather describe Adam as 'thrifty,' because he had saved the money.

6. **he ... feed.** "Who provideth for the raven his food" (*Job*, xxxviii. 41).

11. **the constant service**, the faithfulness of servants.

the old world, the days gone by. 'What a good example you give us of the fidelity of servants in the days of my father!'

13. **your youthful wages**, the five hundred crowns which he had saved in his youth, when he served Orlando's father.

14. **both** and **our** are not usually combined. It would be better to say 'of both of us,' or 'of us both.' "Both" is in apposition with "our."

18. **same** requires to be followed by 'as,' thus 'the *same* distress *as* that in which G. and A. had been.'

21. **spent**, exhausted.

22. **I die**, that is, I am dying or I am likely to die.

24. **grave.** "Here lie I down, and measure out my grave" (Adam).

27. **cheerly**, cheer up, do not despair.

34. **canopy**, a tent-shaped covering, like a 'cone.'

36. **meat**, food of any kind, not merely flesh.

Page 22, l. 9. savage, barbarous; 'I thought all things would certainly be barbarous in this forest.'

I put ... command, I looked at you in a stern, commanding manner.

11. **melancholy**, gloomy, dull; because the trees shut out the light.

12. **lose the hours**, waste the time.

14. **knolled to church**, rung to call men to church. 'Knoll' (verb) corresponds to 'knell' (noun), but the latter is almost always used with reference to a funeral bell. See p. 6, l. 9.

17. **to do ... courtesy**, to treat me in a kindly manner.

24. **as much ... wants**, as much as you now require.

minister, serve, compare Latin, *minister*, a servant.

28. **till he be satisfied**, till his wants have been satisfied.

31. **like a doe**, like a mother caring for her child.

Page 23, l. 8. love-sonnets, rhyming verses speaking of his love.

20. **dignified deportment**, lofty bearing in her dealings with others.

23. **archness**, openness and freedom of language, sauciness.

26. **odes**, songs in honour of a person; **elegies**, lamentations, poems in memory of a person. Orlando wrote poems in praise of Rosalind, and poems showing his grief for losing her.

36. **to court me**, to tell your love to me, and try to make me love you.

Page 24, l. 1. fantastic, absurd.

2. **whimsical**, full of fancies.

28. **of what parentage he came**, to what family he belonged and who were his parents.

31. **royal lineage**, a royal family or line of descent. 'Royal' is not usually applied to the family of a duke, but the French dukes were rulers equal to kings. See p. 13, l. 1.

Page 25, l. 2. lioness. A creature of Shakspeare's imagination, since such an animal has never lived in a wild state in France.

16. **venomous**, poisonous. This again is imagination; no large poisonous snakes live in France, such creatures as well as lions belonging to hotter climates.

28. **bent on his destruction**, determined to destroy him.

Page 26, l. 10. he, that is, the passion of love, which is treated here as a person.

13. **he ... swoon**, he had only pretended to faint away.

19. **take a good heart**, try to be brave like a man.

Page 27, l. 19. **spoke ... meaning**, actually meant what he said.

36. If Ganymede brought the duke's daughter, whether the duke would consent.

Page 28, l. 7. **attire**, dress.

male attire, dress of a man.

23. **trifle**, jest, make a pretence that she used magic.

26. **ratified**, confirmed, settled finally.

Page 29, l. 1. **the usurper**, Duke Frederick, father of Celia.

2. **men of great worth**, men of high rank as well as of noble character.

9. **converted**, turned away. The usual meaning is 'changed.'

10. **skirts**, borders.

11. **hermit**, a man who retires from the world and lives alone, usually in a cave, to devote himself to religious study and meditation. This is why he is here called a "religious man," and a monastery is called a "religious house" (l. 15), because the inmates are assembled in it for religious work.

14. **unjust dominion**. "Unjust" applies to the duke; his dominion was 'unlawful' rather than unjust. 'Dominion' usually means the land ruled over, but here it is the power held by the ruler.

22. **opportunely**, at a very suitable moment.

23. **complimented**, congratulated, expressed her joy.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It is uncertain when Shakspeare wrote this play, but the first mention of it that has been discovered is in 1598. The two principal features of the plot are the stories of the three caskets, and of the dispute concerning the pound of flesh. Both of these had appeared in a Latin collection of stories, the *Gesta Romanorum*, as far back as the thirteenth century; and both stories had been repeated in other works before Shakspeare made use of them. The trial of a Jewish doctor in 1594 for plotting against Elizabeth caused much excitement in London, and, according to Mr. S. L. Lee, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* (1880), Shakspeare has used in his play some of the incidents of the trial.

Jews had been banished from England in the reign of Edward I., and were not formally allowed to return till the time of Cromwell. In other countries in Europe they were subjected to much ill-treatment, chiefly because many of them were money-lenders and managed to make large fortunes out of the Christians who borrowed from them. Usury was considered to be contrary to the teaching of the Bible, and the Jews demanded interest only from Christians and not from other Jews. In Shakspeare's day 'usury' was the common name for interest, since the word means merely 'money paid for the *use* of money,' but, at the present day, the term is rarely used, and is applied only to a very high rate of interest.

Page 30, l. 1. Venice, on the shore of the Adriatic, was the greatest trading city in Europe, and the capital of a very powerful republic. There were many merchants in Venice, and therefore many money-lenders.

4. **exacted**, etc., forced the borrowers to pay.

12. **Rialto**, on an island, in a very convenient part of the city, near the Grand Canal, was always crowded with merchants, who transacted their most important business there.

17. **one in whom ... Italy.** These are almost the exact words in which Bassanio described Antonio to Portia. The honourable spirit which was so characteristic of the ancient Romans appeared more in Antonio than in any other in Italy. Antonio was, of course, a descendant of the ancient Romans.

22. **patrimony**, property inherited from his father.

Page 31, l. 4. to repair his fortune, to pay his debts, and thereby enable him to live more comfortably.

wealthy would apply better to the noun "lady" than to "marriage."

10. **to furnish**, etc., to provide himself with such dress and attendants as would make him appear the equal of the lady.

14. A ducat at that time was equal in value to about two rupees. The name is derived from *Ducatus*, meaning a Duchy, inscribed on the coin.

18. **upon the credit**, etc., upon promising to pay when the ships arrived.

24. **on the hip**, at a disadvantage. A wrestler taken "on the hip" has no chance of escape from being beaten. Shylock means, 'If I ever find an opportunity of taking advantage of him, I will thoroughly punish him for his insults to me.'

26. **gratis**, without charge. See p. 30, ll. 9, 10.

27. **rails at me**, abuses me.

28. **interest**; the word is here used in a bad sense, as we now use 'usury.'

35. **shrug**, a shake of the shoulders, usually a sign of indifference.

our tribe here means 'our nation'; in l. 28 above it means one of the twelve tribes of the Israelites. Shylock's meaning is that suffering patiently marks a Jew as plainly as a badge, or label, would indicate him.

Page 32, l. 2. **a cur**, a wretched dog.

11. **if I break** (my contract), that is, if I do not carry out my part of the bargain.

13. **I would be friends**, I wish to be friendly, or a friend. The plural, 'friends,' would include both persons.

21. **bond**, a written agreement signed by both the lender and the borrower.

24. **Content**, I agree to the arrangement.

34. **the forfeiture**, the pound of flesh, which would be forfeited, that is, lost by the borrower for not fulfilling his promise.

36. **mutton**, Fr. *mouton* (sheep); **beef**, Fr. *boeuf* (ox). In Middle English both words were applied to the living animal.

Page 33, l. 5. **hazard**, risk.

11. **that Portia** was the wife of Brutus, the chief leader of the conspirators who assassinated Julius Caesar. In Shakspeare's *Julius Caesar*, this Portia is described as a very noble woman.

15. **a splendid train**, well-dressed followers and servants.

26. **dispraised**, pointed out her own faults.

27. **unlessoned**, untaught. She had not received many lessons.

30. "**Myself ... converted.**" These are the exact words of the play. The singular verb 'is' shows that "Myself and what is mine" must be looked upon as forming one whole. *Converted*, changed; they cease to be mine, they become yours.

32. **queen of myself**, not ruled by another, as a monarch is the highest ruler in a kingdom.

Page 34, l. 15. Nerissa was Portia's "waiting-maid" (see l. 7), but was a lady in rank, hence here she is called a "waiting gentlewoman."

27. Bassanio's words here are the same as in the play, "O sweet Portia ... in my veins."

Page 35, l. 6. **despatch all business**, do all that is necessary as quickly as possible.

21. **event** (Latin, *eventus*), the result.

33. **the sole**, etc., being guided only by her own mind.

33. **judgment**, the power of deciding what was best.

36. **counsellor in the law**; the word 'counsel' is now generally employed, a lawyer who advises how others shall proceed in cases of law.

Page 36, l. 6. **for her equipment**, for completing her preparations for appearing as a lawyer.

11. **cause**, the case, or trial.

20. **prettily disguised**, etc. This passage suggests more modern costumes than would be common in Shakspeare's day. The play does not mention 'a wig,' and when the *Merchant of Venice* is performed in England Portia does not wear one.

30. **allowing**, admitting. Portia's words are, "If thou follow justice, this strict court of Venice must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant here."

32. **mercy**. This refers to the well-known lines commencing—

> "The quality of mercy is not strained,
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath."

Page 37, l. 1. **an attribute**, a part of God's nature, a quality that helped to make up man's idea of God.

3. **tempered**, rendered less severe. Although God is just and man also must be just, man will resemble God more by being merciful than by merely rendering justice.

12. **wrest the law**, forcibly compel the law to favour Antonio in this case.

16. **A Daniel is come to judgment!** One as wise as Daniel has come to administer justice. "Daniel," according to the *History of Susannah and the Elders* (Apocrypha) v. 45, "was a young youth when he convicted the two elders of false witness by their own mouth" (Wordsworth). Portia's youthful appearance would suggest the young Daniel to Shylock.

18. **elder**, older, and therefore wiser.

19. **the bond**, the paper which Bassanio had signed.

25. **no power ... me**, no man could use words which would persuade me to alter my intentions.

Page 38, l. 3. **with me**, in my opinion.

16. **else**, etc., otherwise she would quarrel with you for wishing her to be in heaven.

18. **trifle**, waste.

19. **pronounce the sentence**, give order that the sentence is to be carried out.

27. **It were good**; "were" is subjunctive mood. 'It would be a good act if you did so much as an act of pity.'

Page 39, l. 1. **Tarry**, wait, stay.

5. **by the law.** Shylock has all along demanded to be treated as the law allowed. Portia now says, "The Jew shall have all justice," because he chose justice and refused mercy.

confiscated, forfeited.

12. **expedient**, a clever plan for getting out of a difficulty.

plaudits, cheers and clapping of hands. (Latin, *plaudere*, to clap hands in sign of approval.)

23. **nor do not cut.** In correct English two negatives make an affirmative, and here the conjunction 'and' should be substituted for 'nor.'

be it, etc., if it 'be' more, etc.; "be" is subjunctive mood.

24. **one poor scruple**; a scruple is equal to twenty grains, and would therefore be a very small, or "poor," weight. In the next sentence Portia impresses on the Jew the real meaning and value of justice, which he has so anxiously desired.

31. **by the laws of Venice.** This law was aimed at those who were not citizens. It treated strangers with more severity than citizens of Venice.

Page 40, l. 1. **pardon**, restore. We should now apply "pardon" only to the offence. 'I pardon you for your offence, and therefore give you your life again.'

10. **which**, (rel. pronoun) has no noun or pronoun as antecedent, but refers to the marriage of Jessica.

12. **despoiled**, stripped.

13. **the deed**, the paper of agreement by which he handed over his wealth to his daughter.

14. The use of "thee" is a sign of contempt.

16. **turn Christian**, change his faith, and become a Christian.

30. **acquitted of**, saved from.

grievous, heavy, serious. We have been rescued from very serious punishment.

32. **over and above**, beyond the 3000 ducats; we shall still owe you a debt of love and service beyond this payment.

Page 41, l. 3. **wily**, artful. A 'wile' is a trick intended to deceive.

12. **and ... proclamation**, he would publicly proclaim his wish to find the most valuable ring.

13. **affected**, pretended.

24. **tax**, charge, accuse.

27. **that happy temper**, etc., the feeling of pleasure which is always present in the mind when we know we have performed a good action.

30. Insert 'had.' The moon 'had' never seemed, etc.

33. **charmed fancy**, her pleased imagination.

Page 42, l. 11. **paltry**, of little value.

12. **poetry on a cutler's knife**, poetry inscribed on blades by makers of knives. In *Henry IV.*, Part II., the sword of Pistol has a motto, "Si fortune me tormente, sperato me contento." The words were inscribed by means of *aqua fortis*.

19. **a kind of boy**, one who seemed to be rather boy than man.

scrubbed, dwarfed, not fully grown.

21. **prating**, chattering. Gratiano's language is curious to notice because, in the first place, he is unknowingly applying these uncomplimentary words to his own wife, and moreover they would suit his own character much better. He is very apt to say too much, and to make unseasonable jests.

26. Here we see Gratiano is very meddlesome. He should have left Bassanio to confess his own faults.

28. **took some pains**, did a little work.

35. **a civil doctor**, a Doctor of Civil Law.

Page 43, l. 2. **I ... shame**, I was so greatly ashamed.

3. **I was forced**, I felt obliged.

13. **my soul upon the forfeit**; this is in contrast to "lend my body" (l. 11). As he had pledged his body for Bassanio before, so now he would pledge his soul.

24. **by some chance**. Portia tells him, "You shall not know by what strange accident I chanced on this letter."

26. **tragical**, fatal. A tragedy has a violent death as an important part of the drama, but Portia had prevented this story from becoming a tragedy. The beginning was "tragical" because it appeared likely to lead to Antonio's death.

33. **sore**, seriously; adverb, limiting "fear." The usual word is 'sorely.'

safe, adjective, limiting "ring"; an objective complement of the gerund "keeping."

KING LEAR.

SHAKSPEARE'S *King Lear* was first acted in 1606, and is supposed to have been written between 1603 and 1606. It was a very popular play, and several editions were published within a few years of its first appearance. Geoffrey of Monmouth (d. 1154) related the story of King Lear in his *History of British Kings*, and placed the king's death 800 years before Christ. Out of this story a drama had been composed in 1593 or 1594. Shakspeare has increased the horrors of the original story by enlarging it. Geoffrey of Monmouth's story does not include the deaths of Cordelia and Lear, but after Lear and Kent have fled to France for protection from the cruel daughters, they are brought back in triumph by Cordelia and her husband, the King of France, and the wicked daughters and their husbands are banished.

Page 44, l. 2. Albany included the country north of the Humber, and was named 'Albania' after Albanactus, son of Brutus, the first king of the Britons.

4. **Burgundy**, a rich duchy bordering on the Rhine, and occupying the north and north-eastern parts of what is now France. The Duke of Burgundy was the most powerful vassal of the King of France in the twelfth to fifteenth centuries. If Lear actually lived 800 years before Christ there could have been no such titles as King of France and Duke of Burgundy in his day.

joint generally suggests united action; here it denotes only that they sought the same object, and were therefore rivals.

9. **state affairs**, the government of his country.

10. **strengths**, an example of metonomy; the word is used to denote persons possessing strength or power.

11. **at no long period**, within a short period. Lamb very often uses 'no long' instead of 'a short,' or similar expressions. This usage is a figure of speech called 'litotes.'

17. **more ... out**, to a greater degree than she could state in words.

19. **with ... stuff**, with much more of the same kind of language, making professions of love. **stuff**, nonsense, insincere words.

20. **only a few**, etc., it was only necessary to utter confidently a few flattering words.

23. **truly** should be applied to "went," rather than to "thinking."

Page 45, l. 2. **made ... metal**, a metaphor to denote her want of sincerity, and her deceitful nature. There is an old proverb, "Empty vessels make the greatest sound," *e.g.* a drum. The two sisters had many words of kindness, but no feelings of kindness.

3. **a whit**, a particle, a little bit, *i.e.* in the least degree. **whit** is a noun in objective case adverbial.

9. **blessed himself**, thought himself very fortunate.

16. **glad**, delight, please.

23. **to wheedle**, to coax; to coax the old king to give up his dominions.

29. **to mend**, to improve. To alter her words lest it should spoil her chance of obtaining a share of the kingdom.

31. **that she ... fit**, that she performed properly her duty to her parent in return for Lear's performance of his duty to her.

Page 46, l. 4. **all**, only; adverb, limiting "love."

13. **mercenary ends**, aiming at reward for her statement of her love. (Latin, *merces*, pay, reward.) This prevented her from being suspected of trying to obtain a reward for her affection.

15. **ostentatious**, showy, not supported by reality.

19. **spleen**, ill-humour. This liability to fall into a rage with very slight cause was the chief feature of Lear's character. The spleen, an organ of digestion on the left side of the stomach, was formerly supposed to be the origin of ill-humour. Hence an ill-tempered person was called 'splenetic.'

20. **dotage**, the childish folly of old age.

incident to, belonging to.

21. **discern** (Latin, *discerno*), to distinguish the difference between two things which are somewhat alike.

23. **retracted**, took back. He had not yet actually given it her, but intended to do so.

28. **a coronet between them.** The kingly power was to be shared by two dukes, so there was only one coronet.

30. **execution**, authority to carry on the government.

31. **all the rest of royalty**, all other power belonging to a king.

33. **by monthly course**, for periods of a month at a time.

35. **preposterous**, senseless, stupid.

Page 47, l. 2. **to interpose ... wrath**, to interfere with the angry king in order to calm his anger.

9. **a pawn**, the least valuable piece in chess. The duty of all pieces in chess is to guard the king. Kent values his life only as a means of guarding the king's safety.

11. **was ... enemy**, was doing more injury to himself than to others.

16. **he ... eyes**, that Lear would consider the matters in the same way as Kent considered them.

18. **he would ... judgment**, he would support his opinion with his life.

20. **empty-hearted**, etc. See note on p. 45, l. 3.

22. **When ... plainness.** Three examples of metonomy, abstract nouns being used to denote three groups of persons. *Power*, those in power, *i.e.* Lear; *flattery*, those who flatter, *i.e.* Regan and Goneril; *honour*, an honourable man, *i.e.* Kent.

25. **duty** (an example of metonomy), the dutiful man, *i.e.* Kent.

31. **that moment**, the moment when he should be captured.

Page 48, l. 2. **answered**, followed; that their deeds of love should correspond with (or 'answer' to) their large speeches.

3. **his old course**, his former manner of living; he went to try and live in a new country the same kind of life as before.

5. **determination**, decision.

13. **tardiness of speech**, slowness of words, hesitation to flatter.

16. **above**, *i.e.* in value.

28. **Fortune's alms**, something which fortune has given out of mere charity. "Alms," a singular noun, from A.S. *aelmaesse*, a gift to the poor.

Page 49, l. 4. **small remnants of royalty**, the few remaining signs that Lear was still king, *e.g.* his hundred attendants.

9. **feign sickness**, pretend to be too ill to see him.

10. **she esteemed**, etc., she looked upon Lear as a useless burden because of his old age.

12. **slackened ... king**, she used less dutiful words in addressing the king.

13. **not without** is equivalent to 'with.' See note on p. 44, l. 11.

14. **affected to treat**, did so intentionally.

16. **more contemptuously**, showing more contempt for Lear in not noticing his words than in refusing to obey his commands.

22. **estranged**, turned away from their object.

22, 24. **ill** and **good** are adjectives, qualifying "usage" at the end of the sentence.

22, 23. **love, fidelity, falsehood**, and **hollow-heartedness** should be looked on as denoting various classes of persons, the loving, the faithful, etc.

23. **conciliated**, caused to become friendly disposed.

24. **eminently**, very clearly and plainly.

27. **abide all consequences**, run the risk of whatever might result.

30. **so as**, so long as; if it can but assist the one to whom it owes a duty.

31. **obligation** is any duty which binds one person to another; for example, gratitude for a kindness received.

Page 50, l. 2. **the effects**, etc., the performance was not in accordance with the promises.

answerable. See note on "answered," p. 48, l. 2.

12. **affront**, insult.

made no more ado, made no more trouble about the matter; that is, he punished the offender at once.

14. **unmannerly**, rather uncommon word; now 'ill-mannered' is used.

kennel, gutter; a corruption of old English, *canel*, a channel, and Latin, *canalis*. There is another word, 'kennel' (from Latin, *canis*), meaning a dog's house.

18. **the poor fool, or jester**, might be one whose reason was affected, but as Shakspeare represents him, a king's fool was generally one whose wit was very much sharper than that of other men, and he merely played the part of fool on account of his skill in making witty speeches.

had been of, had belonged to.

29. **sung**, incorrect past tense of 'sing.' Used here instead of 'sang,' in order to rhyme with "among."

33. **pleasant**, pleasing, entertaining.

35. **cut to the quick**, a figurative expression, borrowed from the sharp feeling of pain produced by a cut through the skin into the quick (*i.e.* living) flesh. We also speak of a person being "cut to the heart," that is, feeling something very acutely.

Page 51, l. 1. **the cuckoo** builds no nest, but lays its eggs singly in the nests of smaller birds, often the hedge-sparrows'. The young cuckoo grows very fast, and as soon as it is strong enough it pushes the young hedge-sparrows out of the nest, which it then occupies alone, and by its greediness gives its foster-mother much trouble in providing its food.

7. **threatened**, by Goneril.

10. **fond**, foolishly affectionate.

18. **fitting his age**, suitable companions for such an old man.

22. **to cut off his train**, to reduce the number of his attendants.

25. **kite**, a bird of prey, which preys largely upon sickly or wounded victims. Goneril was now preying upon her helpless parent.

33. **the sea-monster** may perhaps refer to one which was slain by Hercules. Shakspeare mentions this one in the *Merchant of Venice*.

Page 52, l. 2. **thankless**, unthankful, ungrateful.

19. **waywardness**, obstinate changeableness of mind and purpose, which led him to act unreasonably and in opposition to the wishes of those who advised him.

30. **stocks**, an instrument formerly employed in every English village to punish vagrants and other petty offenders. The person so punished was compelled to sit on a wooden bar with his legs fixed horizontally through two holes in a wooden frame in front of him.

35. **bad omen**, etc., a sign of the unkind manner in which Lear might expect to be received by his daughter.

Page 53, l. 5. **to tell her own story**, to tell Regan about Lear in her own way. Her own story would contain everything in her own favour and against her father.

12. **wanted discretion**, did not possess good sense.

14. **preposterous**, absurd, unsuitable to his position.

17. **unnatural dependence**. It was not natural for Lear, a king, to depend on the charity of his daughter; he ought to receive food and raiment as a right, and not as a gift.

24. **a wretched pension**, a small income, insufficient for a king.

25. **portion**, property granted to a daughter on her marriage, usually called a 'marriage portion.'

28. **outdo**, to do more than, to exceed.

unfilial behaviour, unkind treatment of a parent. Latin, *filia*, a daughter.

Page 54, l. 3. **abated**, stripped. 'To abate' is usually 'to lower,' and the object would rather be "his train"; thus 'to abate his train' is 'to lower the number of his followers.'

6. **essential to happiness**, so necessary that a king could not be happy without it.

7. From 'being' a king to 'being' a beggar.

9. It was the ingratitude in the action of his daughters when they refused to allow him to have a train.

in, preposition, governing the gerund "denying."

daughters', noun in possessive case, limiting "denying."

it, a train.

12. **vexation**, sorrow, regret. The more modern meaning is 'annoyance.'

14. **hags**, wicked, ugly women; usually old women.

15. **a terror to the earth**, such an example as would frighten all other daughters in the world, and prevent them from doing as these had done.

24. **procure to themselves**, are at pains to bring upon themselves.

28. **sallied**, hastened, rushed. He was eager to leave his daughters to combat with the elements, to fight against Fire (lightning), Water (rain), and Air (wind). These and Earth are usually known as "the elements," though in chemistry none of them are so called.

Page 55, l. 1. **abided**, remained. The usual past tense is 'abode.'

conceits, fancies, ideas. See note on p. 50, l. 18.

2. **to outjest misfortune**, to make cleverer jests than misfortune, as though their misfortunes were only jests. He tried to jest so cleverly as to make Lear forget his misfortunes.

3. **to swim in**, this is a jest on the heavy rain that was falling; the night was not favourable for swimming.

7. **Must make content fit with his fortunes**, *i.e.* must endeavour to be content with his fortune.

10. **poorly accompanied**, with a small train of followers. His hundred knights had left him.

17. **the affliction or the fear**, the fury of the storm or the terror it produces.

18. **where ... fixed**, in a mind which was suffering from a greater trouble.

19. **the body ... delicate**, a man has leisure to be careful about his body.

22. **it was all one**, it was exactly the same.

28. **hovel**, a small hut (A.S. *hof*, a house; *el*, diminutive).

32. **Bedlam**, corruption of 'Bethlehem.' Bethlehem Hospital, in the south of London, was for many years the only asylum for lunatics in England and one of the chief sights for country visitors. Bedlam beggars, or Toms o' Bedlam, or Poor Toms, as they were called, were usually sturdy vagabonds, who would not work, but wandered about the country begging, exciting sympathy by pretending they had been in Bedlam, and were not in their right senses.

35. **extort**, to obtain by force. People would often give through fear.

Page 56, l. 13. **having**, gerund governed by the preposition "but." It is more usual to leave out 'the' before a gerund which governs an object, as is the case here.

23. **lay**, lived, abode. This meaning is not common now.

Page 57, l. 18. **passions**, emotions of the mind; viz. joy and shame.

20. **made him**, affected him in such a way.

28. **very** (Latin, *verus*), true, real; the repetition of the same idea as in the word "true" gives emphasis.

35. **with ... bring**, for the purpose of bringing.

Page 58, l. 4. She had no cause which should prevent her loving him; no more cause than they had.

8. **winding up ... senses**, a metaphorical expression derived from the action of straining strings to produce music in various instruments. A string is 'untuned' when it is loose; two strings will produce a 'jarring' sound when they are not correctly stretched.

21. **his ... himself.** He had persuaded the Duke of Cornwall to remove his father, by representing him as a traitor. The Earl of Gloucester was not dead at this time, although he is here spoken of as the 'late' earl.

35. While all men were thinking of this event.

Page 59, l. 1. **to admire**, to wonder (Latin, *miror*, I wonder, I am astonished).

8. **were victorious**, It is natural that Shakspeare should represent the English victorious over the French who were invaders, although by so doing he introduces the tragic end of the faithful daughter Cordelia.

14. **still**, always.

MACBETH.

The tragedy, *Macbeth*, was written about 1605, and the earliest mention of it appears in 1610. The subject was taken from Holinshed, who borrowed it from a Scotch translation of the Latin Chronicle of Hector Boethius (1541). Shakspeare had here before him an excellent and finished subject, quite suitable for the theatre. Macbeth, the cousin of the weak king Duncan, forms with Banquo the support of the throne against rebels in the kingdom and enemies without. The witches prophesy similarly to Macbeth and Banquo; the former is excited by his haughty wife to murder the King. Envy and distrust of Banquo lead Macbeth to remove him out of his path, but Banquo's son,

Fleance, escapes. Macbeth's tyranny, suspicion, and thirst for blood, his distrust of Macduff, Macduff's flight, the slaughter of his family, the further predictions of the witches, and the deliverance of Scotland,—all these circumstances were so simply and naturally connected in the original story that the whole plot could be taken without alteration, even to the lengthy dialogues such as that between Macduff and Malcolm.

Page 60, l. 1. Duncan the meek reigned till 1039 A.D., when he was slain by Macbeth.

2. **thane** (A.S. *thegn*), a title of honour among the ancient Scots.

9. **blasted heath**, a piece of moorland country which was bare of verdure, either from fire, or the natural barrenness of the soil.

14. **choppy**, full of cracks or chaps caused by the cold.

19. **to which ... pretensions**, Macbeth became thane of Glamis by succession after his father's death. The thane of Cawdor had assisted the King of Norway, and had been condemned for treason, but Macbeth did not yet know this.

25. **lesser ... greater!** Inferior to Macbeth because he will be king and you will not, greater because your descendants will be kings and his not.

Page 61, l. 1. happy, fortunate.

4. **the weird sisters**, the fates. (A.S. *wyrd*, fate, destiny.)

8. **to confer**, etc. After the execution of the previous thane of Cawdor, his lands and offices were given by the King to Macbeth.

19. **to aim at the throne**, to try to obtain it by unlawful means.

20. **but oftentimes**, etc.—

> "*Banquo*—Oftentimes, to win us to our harm,
> The instruments of darkness tell us truths,
> Win us with honest trifles, to betray us
> In deepest consequence."—(Act I., Sc. iii.)

ministers of darkness, the servants of the Evil One.

Page 62, l. 8. martlet, the name given in heraldry to the martin, one of the birds which come to England in early summer from the South of Europe. It builds a nest of mud beneath the eaves of buildings.

9. **frieze**, the flat band of masonry below the cornice.

10. **advantage**, convenience.

34. **inordinate ambition**, ambition which knows no bounds.

Page 64, l. 4. practicable, easy to perform.

5. **grooms**, attendants. The word is now restricted to men who attend to a horse, but in court language the word is still used as formerly, *e.g.* "the groom of the bedchamber."

6. **chastised**, whipped; a figurative use of the word; as whip-

ping urges on a horse, so Lady Macbeth's words roused her husband and quickened his resolutions.

14. **phantasm**, creature of the imagination, that which appears but which has no real existence.

15. **business**, undertaking, that is, the murder of Duncan.

27. **he heard a voice—**

"*Macb.*—Methought I heard a voice cry 'Sleep no more!
Macbeth doth murder sleep,' the innocent sleep,
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleave of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.—

"*Lady Macb.*— What do you mean?

"*Macb.*—Still it cried 'Sleep no more!' to all the house:
'Glamis hath murdered sleep, and therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more; Macbeth shall sleep no more.'"

Page 65, l. 26. void, of no effect.

to make, etc., to prevent the fulfilment of the predictions.

35. **From that Fleance**, etc. This part of the story is entirely fiction. None of the ancient chronicles make reference to either Banquo or Fleance. Banquo was said to be thane of Lochaber, but such a thane is not known in Scotch history.

Page 66, l. 17. unmanned, terrified, having lost all his 'manly' courage.

Page 67, l. 6. newt, a small kind of lizard; 'a newt' is a corruption of 'an ewt,' the original name being 'ewt,' from which another name 'eft' has been derived.

8. **maw**, stomach.

10. **gall**, or bile, a digestive fluid formed in the liver.

11. **slips**, twigs. The yew tree was regarded as poisonous.

15. **blood of a sow.** The sow was looked on as an unholy thing in this instance. One of the laws of Kenneth II. orders that "If a sowe eate hir pigges, let hyr be stoned to death and buried" (Holinshed's *History of Scotland*).

17. **sweaten**, sweated, oozed out.

19. **have his doubts resolved**, receive answers to all the questions about which he was in doubt, so as to put his doubts at rest.

24. **an armed head**, this "represented Macbeth's own head cut off and brought to Malcolm by Macduff. The bloody child is Macduff untimely ripped from his mother's womb. The child with the crown is Malcolm, who ordered his soldiers to hew down boughs to bear before them to Dunsinane" (Upton).

Page 68, l. 5. Birnam, near Dunkeld, and twelve miles from

Dunsinane (Dunsinnan), which is on the opposite side of the valley of the Tay, on the western slope of the Sidlaw Hills.

6. **bodements**, prophecies, predictions. Compare 'forebodings.'

12. **eight shadows**. These represented Robert II. (1371), Robert III., and the six kings James I. to James VI.

14. **a glass**, a mirror to show the reflections of future kings. On seeing it Macbeth says—

"some I see
That two-fold orbs and treble sceptres carry,"

representing the union of England with Scotland and Ireland.

31. **alienated the minds from him**, roused hatred in the minds against him.

36. **recruits**, new troops, those which he had to levy in order to oppose the invaders.

Page 69, l. 7. **were acting**, were being done.

15. **careless of life**, not desirous to live; he was not anxious to live.

24. **his castle**, a ruin on Dunsinane Hill is still called Macbeth's castle.

30. **to his thinking**, in his opinion, as he thought.

32. **till famine end thee**, till thou diest of starvation.

35. **equivocal**, ambiguous. Like the sayings of the ancient oracles, each promise or prophecy of the witches was capable of two explanations which were quite opposite to each other.

Page 70, l. 2. **There ... here**, there is no means of escape by flight, and it is impossible to remain with safety in the castle.

3. **to ... sun**, to be tired of life.

Page 71, l. 1. **impress the air**, make a visible mark or impression on the air.

2. **vulnerable**, capable of being wounded.

a charmed life, a life which is under the protection of a supernatural power.

4. **Despair thy charm**, do not trust to thy charm, do not hope that the charm will protect thee.

lying spirit, the evil spirit which had deceived him with lies.

11. **juggling**, deceitful, as shown in the words which follow. A juggler is one skilled in playing tricks with the hands so cleverly as to deceive the onlooker.

13. **literally**, according to the exact meaning of the words.

23. **try the last**, test the last utterance of the witches to see if that were true like the others.

27. **machinations**, plots and devices.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

The earliest allusion to the comedy, *Twelfth Night*, appears in 1602, and the supposed date of its composition was 1601. The play resembles an Italian comedy, *Gl' Inganni*, which was printed in 1582, but the comic parts are entirely Shakspeare's own, and he has treated the love affairs in an entirely different manner from their treatment in the above-named comedy.

What You Will is the purest and merriest comedy written by Shakspeare. No tragic incidents interrupt the course of comedy. According to the title, it was intended to be played on Twelfth Night,—the twelfth day after Christmas, a season in which at that day in England, as at the present day in Germany, kings were chosen by ballot, merry court scenes were acted in family circles, and masquerades for the purpose were performed in the theatres. This day concluded the festivities of Christmas.

Page 72, l. 2. **Messaline**, an imaginary city, suggestive of Italy.

7. **Illyria**, or Illyricum, a state situated on the eastern side of the Adriatic Sea, now forming part of the Austrian Empire.

8. **A sea-voyage** on this sea would be a common experience in the Middle Ages when Venice was most flourishing.

10. **ship's company**, the crew only are now called the 'ship's company.' Here it probably includes passengers as well.

Page 73, l. 1. **noble in dignity**, of high rank on account of his extensive dominions.

6. **prattle**, gossip, talk freely. The lower classes of people talk freely about the actions of the great.

10. **abjured**, given up; vowed not to see or associate with men.

22. **forlorn**, lost.

23. **must plead her excuse**, must plead with us to excuse her, that is, must furnish us with a reason for excusing her.

25. **having ... captain**, having noticed that the captain acted honourably.

26. **entrusted ... design**, explained to him what she intended to do.

Page 74, l. 3. **address**, intelligence.

graceful deportment, polite behaviour.

11. **rejecting ... services**, refusing to receive the attentions he had so long offered her.

15. **ignoble**, unworthy of his noble character. *Ig* = in = not, hence 'ignoble' is the opposite of 'noble.'

16. **effeminate**, womanish; but used rather as the opposite of 'manly' in line 14, that is, unsuitable for an active man.

20. **Unmeet**, unsuitable. His courtiers thought Cesario was an unsuitable companion.

23. **confidants**, persons to whom secrets are entrusted.

28. **peerless**, without an equal. Cf. homeless, careless (p. 13 l. 10). 'Peer' is from Latin, *par*, equal.

31. **should affect a lady**, should bestow his 'affection' on a lady.

Page 75, l. 5. **had ... opinions**, thought his opinions far superior to her own.

Deference is 'giving way to others.'

14. **A blank**, an unwritten page; that is, her history contains no events which are of importance. Viola's words here are the same as they appear in the play.

15. **a worm in the bud** is a very common cause of the destruction of the flower of the rose-tree. **damask**, rosy, because of the variety of roses known as "damask roses" which are red in colour. A rosy cheek is a sign of good health in an English face, hence the whole passage means, 'She kept her love secret, and the effect of the concealment was to ruin her health, and to make her cheek pale.'

16. **pined in thought**, the silent thinking of her grief caused her to pine (waste away).

17. **she sat ... Grief**, she sat like a monument representing the virtue of Patience, smiling in spite of her sorrow.

20. **she ... story**, the story was an account of her own feelings.

25. **by her handmaid**; this was an insult to the duke, for the lady would not even speak to his messenger.

27. **the element**, the air, that is, 'she will not appear outside the house.'

28. **cloistress.** This is a feminine word, coined by Shakspeare, and meaning 'a nun.' 'Cloister' (Latin, *clausus*, shut in) is often used for 'nunnery,' or 'monastery'; and 'recluse' (common gender) is a name applied to both monks and nuns who are said to 'walk the cloisters.'

veiled, her face covered with a veil, like nuns wear.

31. **fine frame**, delicate feelings. If her heart still feels her brother's death so acutely, how excellently she will love, when, etc.

32. **rich golden shaft**, Cupid's dart. Cupid, the Roman god

of love, is always represented as a little boy with a bow and arrows. The arrows were his "golden shafts," which pierced the hearts of those whom he wished to influence by the passion of love.

35. **Be ... access**, do not allow any one to prevent you from entering.

Page 76, l. 1. **shall grow**, shall remain firm as a plant, which is held to the ground as it grows.

3. **passion**, depth of feeling, earnestness.

4. **dear faith**, fidelity; the constancy and unchangeableness of my love.

5. **to act my woes**, to imitate the duke in such a way as to show his feelings.

6. **of graver aspect**, with an older and more serious face.

15. **to have a foreknowledge of that**, to know that before I told him. The prefix 'fore-,' like the Latin *ante*, means 'before.'

17. **fortified ... denial**, determined to resist all refusals.

22. **embassy**, ambassador, messenger.

24. **affecting**, imitating.

29. **penned**, written.

30. "**I can ... part.**" I cannot repeat more of my speech than the part which I know by heart, and the answer to that question is not in my speech. Viola speaks as though she were performing a part of a drama.

Page 77, l. 7. "**Have you ... face?**" Has your master ordered you to see my face while you explain your message?

12. **beauty truly mixed**, beauty in which the colours are correctly blended.

15. **leave the world no copy**, leave no child who would grow up to be like you, that is, a copy of your beauty. Olivia pretends to misunderstand this, and says the world may have a written list or inventory of her charms.

18. **indifferent red**, fairly red.

22. **O such ... beauty**, even though you were proclaimed by all as queen of beauty, to gain you would be no more than a just reward for my master's love.

31. **willow cabin**, a cottage built of willows. The willow known as the 'weeping willow' has long drooping branches, which hang towards the ground, and is a symbol of mourning, being often planted on graves.

33. **dead of the night**, midnight. Viola means that she would not even allow sleep to interrupt these songs.

35. **babbling gossip**, chattering companion. The echo is here treated as a real person speaking to the air.

36. **you should not rest**, etc. Earth and Air should repeat your name and not give you any rest until you should take pity on me.

Page 78, l. 3. **Above well.** My parents were of higher rank than my present fortunes would seem to show, although my present position in the duke's service is a good one.

19. **maidenly reserve**, the duty of a maiden to conceal her feelings of love for a man.

Page 79, l. 7. **spinsters**, female spinners. 'Spinster' is an example of the use of the old English feminine termination 'ster.' Another example occurs in the word 'songster,' originally a female 'singer.'

9. **bone**, bobbins made of bone.

13. **sad cypress**, the shroud in which the dead are wrapped. "Cypress" was the name of a thin transparent texture of fine linen. In this same play Olivia says, "A cypress, not a bosom, hides my poor heart," because she cannot conceal the feelings of her heart.

16. **yew**, which has very dark leaves, was a favourite tree for graveyards in England, and was an emblem of mourning.

17. **My ... it**, no one did feel the pain of death so really as I do.

part, lot, fate. Death is the fate which is shared by all.

26. **she bore ... expressed**, the expression of her face showed that she understood the meaning of the song.

Page 80, l. 12. **the spheres**, the planets which revolve round the sun. Old philosophers said that the motion of the planets created sounds, and that as the planets moved at regular intervals the sounds must harmonize. Plato said that a syren sat on each planet, carolling a most sweet song, which agreed to the motion of her own particular planet, and harmonized with the other seven. To wish to hear the music of the spheres is to wish to hear heavenly music, which no human being has ever heard.

Page 81, l. 6. **where**, against whom.

10. **"This ... you."** This arrest is caused by my seeking you.

12. **it grieves**, etc. I am grieved more on account of not being able to help you, than for what has happened to me.

14. **be of comfort**, be comforted, or, be not alarmed.

Page 82, l. 6. **if his person should be known**, if he should be recognized.

28. **with interest**, with greater force than the other blow.

Page 84, l. 7. **ripe for mischief**, ready to do you mischief.

21. **mistress**, the lady he loved, so called because she commanded his affections, and was therefore mistress of his heart. Similarly on p. 85, l. 24.

22. **dissembler**, pretender, one who had hidden her real intentions.

28. **habit**, dress. Similarly a few lines later.

Page 85, l. 1. pleasant, laughable.

22. **your soft and tender breeding**, the softness and tenderness with which you have been brought up.

HAMLET.

The tragedy, *Hamlet*, was written by Shakspeare about 1601-2, and published in 1603, a second, enlarged edition appearing in 1604. The story first appeared in Scandinavian writings, and then in the *Histories Tragiques* of Belleforest, a French writer, about 1570. In the *Historie of Hamblet*, translated into English from Belleforest's tales, the king is killed by his brother, who takes possession of the widowed queen and her dominions. The central point of the story is the feigned madness of the murdered king's son. Events in Scotch history in 1567 may have suggested this story to Shakspeare as subject for his tragedy. Darnley, husband of Mary, Queen of Scots, had been murdered by Lord Bothwell, who shortly after Darnley's death had married his widow.

Page 86, l. 5. no ways, not at all. "Ways" is a noun in the objective case adverbial, limiting the verb "did resemble."

8. **suspicions**. This explains why Gertrude's marriage is called a "strange act of indiscretion, or worse."

13. **lawful successor**, rightful successor by birth. But the son of a king was not always chosen to succeed him among Saxon and Scandinavian races. For example, King Alfred of England succeeded his brother, whose son was considered too young to reign.

14. **unadvised**, thoughtless, foolish.

17. **nice**, delicate.

18. **exquisite**, very careful. Hamlet had a very strict idea of what was honourable, and was extremely careful to do what was considered proper.

18. **sorely take to heart**, was deeply grieved by his conduct.

24. **proper to his youth**, suitable to his age.

Page 87, l. 6. **galled him**, tormented him, distressed his mind. 'To gall' means to rub a sore place, hence 'to torture,' 'to irritate.'

11. **as if ... grew**, as if her love for him were increasing.

23. **to divert him**, to turn his mind away from sad thoughts.

Page 88, l. 2. **how far**, etc., to what extent she knew the real cause of the king's death. 'To be privy to an affair' is to know something about it which is not generally known.

16. **grisly** (in the play the word is 'grizzled'), greyish in colour. This is explained by "sable silvered," that is, black tinged with white. The fur of the sable, a small Siberian animal, is very dark, hence the adjective 'sable' denotes 'black.'

19. **addressed**, prepared.

20. **motion** applies to the lips, as it seemed about to speak.

21. **the morning cock crew.** It was a common belief among country people that the crowing of the cock shortly before sunrise drove the midnight spirits back to their resting-places.

23. **their relation**, the account of the ghost which they had just given.

24. **too consistent.** The various parts of the story agreed together, and did not contradict one another.

29. **something to impart**, some information to give.

Page 89, l. 6. **ministers**, servants, spirits sent from heaven to protect men, guardian angels.

15. **bestowed**, placed. This meaning is not usual now. To 'stow' is to pack away: to 'bestow' is to make a gift.

30. **hardy**, brave.

Page 90, l. 4. *Treason* is plotting against the king, hence the treachery and crime of the brother are rightly described as **treasonous.**

5. **henbane**, a plant from the seeds of which a poisonous oil is extracted. The oil was especially injurious when poured into the ears.

6. **antipathy**, hatred, a feeling of enmity. The word is usually applied only to human feelings. The meaning is, 'the juice is so fatal to the life of man.'

8. **leprosy**, a skin disease, hence called "crust-like" because it appears on the outside of the body.

17. **to act**, to perform any act. "To act" now is used as a transitive verb in the sense of 'to imitate,' 'to mimic.'

20. **direction**, command.

32. **drove**, etc., caused him to lose his reason and become mad.

34. **subject ... observation**, caused him to be watched, and put under a guard.

Page 91, l. 2. **to counterfeit**, to pretend, to act in such a way as to deceive others. In l. 10 it means 'imitate,' 'act.'

5. **perturbation** (Latin, *turbare*, to disturb), trouble, disturbance.

8. **affected**, purposely showed in order to attract attention.

19. **made**, etc., had many times offered her his love.

24. **affected**, pretended. He spoke in unkind words to her, although he felt no unkindness.

29. **observant of her**, kindly to her.

Page 92, l. 1. **or admit**, etc., or allow the passion of love to occupy his mind in company with the thoughts of revenge.

society, company.

6. **wild starts of passion**, passionate outbursts.

7. **extravagant terms**, words and phrases which exaggerated his feelings.

11, etc. He told her she might be at liberty to disbelieve that the stars were made of fire, or that the sun moved across the sky, she might even suspect that truth was false, but she must never suspect that his love was false.

18. **the good beauties**, the attraction of her beauty and grace.

23. **so**, in the way thought of by the queen.

24. **sacred injunction**, a command which Hamlet considered most binding on him because given him by a spirit.

33. **usurper**, one who takes a throne which belongs to another.

34. **remorse**, usually sorrow for a deed which has been committed. Here Hamlet feels sorrow for the effect the deed may have upon his mother. He remembers what the ghost had commanded. See p. 90, ll. 15-18.

still, always. The thought always made him less ready to act, as a blunt sword is not ready for action.

Page 93, l. 16. **speak a tragical speech**, recite a speech taken from a tragedy.

18. **Troy**, near the shores of the Dardanelles (Hellespont), was besieged ten years by the Greeks. After the siege Priam, the king, was killed by Pyrrhus, son of Achilles, and Hecuba, his queen, was given to Pyrrhus as his captive.

22. **feeble old king**, the speech of the players describes him as being so weak that he could not use his sword to strike Pyrrhus, while he himself is struck down merely "with the whiff and wind of Pyrrhus' fell sword."

25. **clout**, a piece of cloth, snatched up in her hurry.

29. **thought they saw**, had a lively imagination of the real events, and could fancy they saw the persons themselves.

lively, vividly; adverb, limiting "represented."

32. **a mere fictitious speech**, a speech which was only artificial; it had not been composed by the actor who uttered it, nor intended to show his own thoughts and feelings.

35. **cue** (Fr. *queue*), the tail of a sentence, the catch word which indicates when a fresh actor is to speak. Hence it is used to mean any word or motive which prompts a person to act.

passion, deep feeling. Hamlet had a real motive and cause for his grief.

Page 94, l. 2. **muddy**, dull, sluggish. As quickly flowing water is clear, and slow water is dull and muddy, so 'muddy' suggests a dull and sluggish brain which is slow to think.

4. **to the life**, in a real and life-like manner.

17. **upon a duke**, that is, a duke was the victim.

33. **wormwood**, a herb from the leaves of which a very bitter drink is prepared. Wormwood is frequently spoken of as an emblem of bitterness.

Page 95, l. 2. **to sit out**, to stay and watch.

3. **on a sudden**, suddenly. Calling for candles to be brought to light him to his sleeping room.

9. **scruple**, a cause of perplexity, something which puzzles. To "resolve" it is to explain it.

20. **too partial report**, an account which would favour Hamlet too much. As a mother she would be inclined to make excuses for her son, and "let slip," that is, omit some of his words.

21. **it might import**, it might be important.

23. **the hangings**; curtains of tapestry were hung round the walls of the rooms of the wealthy in olden times before wall papers came into use. These curtains formed convenient hiding-places for listeners.

26. **crooked maxims**, deceitful rules and precepts.

30. **roundest**, plainest and most direct.

Page 96, l. 8. **I will**, etc. I will set others to speak to you who will speak with more authority over you.

15. **a voice**, this was the voice of Polonius, who was too great a coward to come out himself to help the Queen.

19. **as he would ... a rat**, as if he wished to stab a rat. He pretended he thought it was a rat.

23. **officious**, too fond of interfering where his services were not needed.

29. **pursued**, continued. He went on speaking plainly.

33. **so as**, if, on condition that.

36. **heinousness**, extreme wickedness (Fr. *haïr*, to hate), hateful wickedness.

Page 97, l. 3. reputed, supposed (Latin, *putare*, to think, or consider).

6. **wedding contracts**, promises made by husband and wife to each other at their marriage.

gamester's oaths. A gamester is a gambler who relies on chance, and he would not be likely to keep his oaths.

14. **Apollo**, the sun-god, was represented on old coins with an abundance of curls.

Jupiter, the king of heaven, was represented with a lofty brow, which was suggestive of kingly power.

15. **Mars**, the god of war, with a bright, fierce eye.

Mercury was the messenger of the gods to men. He had winged feet, and was very graceful in person, and fleet in movement.

16. **heaven-kissing**, so high as to seem to touch the sky.

19. **blasted**, destroyed. As winds produce blight and mildew which destroy good crops, so the evil brother had destroyed the good king.

36. **she imputed**, etc. She thought this strange talking was caused by Hamlet's madness.

Page 98, l. 20. pretence, pretext, a reason which could be openly stated.

24. **subtle**, crafty, deceitful.

Page 99, l. 6. made the best of their way, went as quickly as they could.

7. **charged with**, etc., bearing the letters of which Hamlet had altered the intention in such a way as to lead to their own deaths.

Page 100, l. 4. natural to that element, fitted by nature to live in the water.

9. **what ... imported**, what the funeral procession meant, that is, whose funeral it was.

12. **maiden burials**, the burials of young girls.

22. **transport**, excess, which carried him beyond the power to control his feelings.

24. **discovering himself**, showing to those around who he was.

25. **all**, altogether, quite; an adverb limiting "as frantic." A second 'as' is required after 'frantic'; thus, "all as frantic as, or more frantic than."

30. **to brave**, to challenge. Hamlet in his apology, says that his act was hasty, and that he did not jump into the grave for the purpose of challenging Laertes.

31. **outgo**, to go beyond; we now generally use 'outdo,' *i.e.* to do more than another.

Page 101, l. 8. **foils**, swords with blunt ends.

15. **rich bets**; the king wagered a pearl

> "Richer than that which four successive kings
> In Denmark's crown have worn."

21. **home**, thoroughly, completely. A nail is said to be driven "home," when it has been completely hammered into the wood. So Hamlet's thrust was delivered as though there was a real fight and not merely a trial of skill.

23. **inadvertently**, accidentally, not observing that she was drinking from the wrong cup, although the king said to her, "Gertrude, do not drink!"

31. **sought it out**, inquired into the nature of the treachery.

Page 102, l. 15. **as one**, etc., being one who knew all the secret causes of the events which he had seen.

privy (Latin, *privatus*, private), suggests circumstances not known by others.

16. **the noble heart**. In the play Horatio says, "Now cracks a noble heart." The modern expression is that the heart is broken.

22. **royal**, kingly, that is, endowed with qualities worthy of a king.

complete, perfect, free from failings.

OTHELLO.

SHAKSPEARE probably read the story of Othello in a collection of Italian tales, and his play was written before 1604 but the exact period is unknown. The purpose of the original story and of Shakspeare's tragedy is to warn young maidens not to marry against the will of their parents; "an Italian girl should not marry a man whom nature, heaven, and mode of life have wholly separated from her."

Page 103, l. 3. **her rich expectations**, the probability that her father would leave her great wealth.

5. **whom ... affect**, on whom she could bestow her affection.

13. **Bating**, abating, putting aside.

Page 104, l. 2. **demeaned**, behaved; 'demeanour' is one's manner of behaving. He told how he acted when he was in a state of slavery.

12. **with ... discourse**, Shakspeare's words. Her ready ear is called "greedy" because she is always anxious to hear more.

13. **a pliant hour**, a time when Desdemona was 'pliant,' that is, easy to persuade.

15. **at large**, in full.

17. **beguiled ... tear**, drew many a tear from her eye.

18. **distressful stroke**, severe injury.

20. **passing strange**, extremely remarkable. "Passing" is used in the sense of 'surpassing'; 'it was more than strange.'

36. **of senatorial ... expectations**, one who was already a senator of the Venetian Republic, or who expected to become one.

Page 105, l. 3. **parts**, abilities.

5. **discerning**, far-seeing; she saw the inner man, and understood his character, not judging him merely by his colour.

9. **carried**, performed, carried out.

15. **the obligations of hospitality**, the unwritten law that a guest shall not injure his host.

22. **adequate**, capable. 'Adequate' usually applies to things rather than persons, thus we should speak of 'adequate preparations' for the defence of Cyprus; here 'adequate' would have its general meaning of 'sufficient.'

26. **culprit**, offender, criminal. Latin, *culpa*, an offence.

31. **producing ... proofs**, instead of proofs he stated only what he thought might have happened, or what was likely to have happened.

34. **artless**, natural, honest: opposite of 'artful.'

Page 106, l. 3. **spells and conjurations**, the works of witchcraft. This was the accusation of Brabantio, who said that Desdemona had been "corrupted by spells and medicines."

20. **to hang clogs on them**, to keep them in chains so that they might not follow Desdemona's example.

33. **the war**, this refers to Othello's domestic troubles.

Page 107, l. 3. **Florentine**, a native of Florence, an important city in the north of Italy, on the Arno.

11. **a go-between in his suit**, a messenger employed to take messages between Othello and Desdemona.

14. **depute Cassio**, appoint Cassio to take Othello's place.

18. **at far distance**, much less. Her love for Cassio was "at far distance" from her love for Othello.

36. **lightly**, with very slight reasons.

Page 108, l. 16. **Everybody** is singular, and should be here followed by 'himself'; but as 'everybody' includes both males and females, and 'himself' is only masculine, the mistake is often made of using 'themselves' which, like 'everybody,' includes both sexes. To be accurate we might say "All gave themselves up, etc."

26. **to make ... bottle**, to drink wine too freely.

Page 109, l. 28. **affecting ... it**, pretending to consider the matter very trivial.

32. **he ... apply**, it would be best for him to apply.

36. **crack in their love**, this love, which is now cracked. It is not the crack, or break, in the love that will grow stronger, but the love itself.

Page 110, l. 6. **his solicitor**, the one who pleads for him.

18. **dispraise**, blame, the opposite of 'praise.'

Page 111, l. 16. **it ... thoughts**, if Othello knew Iago's thoughts, they would disturb his peace of mind.

21. **to beware of jealousy**, to be careful not to become jealous.

31. **secure**, careless, free from care. Latin, *se*, apart from; *cura*, care.

34. **pranks**, tricks, discreditable actions.

Page 112, l. 1. **carried it so closely**, closely concealed her intentions.

13. **which ... her**, which appeared an unnatural action for her to do.

16. **she ... comparing**, she would be likely to compare, or it would happen that she should compare. "Fall" is used like the Latin, *accidere*, to happen.

21. **for that**, because, '*for* the reason *that*.'

23. **to turn ... destruction**, to cause her gentle qualities to lead to her death.

28. **to account**, to believe.

31. **poppy**, used in making opium.

32. **mandragora**, of which 'mandrake' is a shortened form, is the name of a plant used for making sleeping draughts.

potion, a draught. Latin, *potare*, to drink.

Page 113, l. 25. **Trifles ... writ.** These are Iago's words:

> "Trifles, light as air,
> Are to the jealous confirmations strong
> As proofs of holy writ."

Insignificant trifles are looked on by the jealous as being proofs equal to those taken from the *Bible*.

Page 114, l. 18. Make ... eye, treat it as though it were as precious as your eye.

sibyl, a woman gifted with the power of prophecy. There were several of these in Greek and Roman mythology. They were represented as working themselves into a condition of frenzied excitement when about to prophesy; so here the sibyl worked the handkerchief in a "fit of prophetic fury," that is, when the spirit of prophecy was upon her.

23. **mummy ... conserved**, a fluid composed of blood drawn from maidens' hearts. "Mummy," an embalmed body, is so called from *mom* (Persian), a substance used in embalming.

Page 115, l. 1. What ... not, she knew not what cause of jealousy she could have given him.

3. **untoward**, unfavourable.

4. **puddled**, disturbed. A 'puddle' is a pool of dirty water, so the spirits are here described as "puddled" because bad feelings have been aroused.

7. **observance**, kindly consideration.

8. **beshrewed**, scolded, blamed.

Page 116, l. 5. fatal, determined to slay.

11. **to clear herself**, to prove her innocence.

34. **a doting husband**, one who was jealously fond of his wife.

He ... well, He had loved so earnestly that his love became folly and destroyed his judgment. The following is an extract from Othello's last speech before he stabs himself:

> "I pray you, in your letters,
> When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
> Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
> Nor set down aught in malice: then must you speak
> Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well;
> Of one not easily jealous, but being wrought
> Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
> Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes,
> Albeit unused to the melting mood,
> Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
> Their medicinal gum.

Page 117, l. 4. utmost censure, severest punishment.

A FEW GENERAL QUESTIONS FOR EXAMINATION.

1. Write a short account of one or more of the following:
   (*a*) The story of the rings in *The Merchant of Venice.*
   (*b*) The attack on Macbeth at Dunsinane.
   (*c*) The adventures of Ferdinand on the enchanted island.
   (*d*) The appearances of the ghost in *Hamlet.*
   (*e*) The journey of Rosalind and Celia.
   (*f*) The courtship of Othello and Desdemona.
   (*g*) The first visit of Cesario to Olivia.
   (*h*) Lear's visit to Regan after he left Goneril.
   (*i*) Hamlet's interview with his mother.

2. Explain as fully as you can one or more of the following:
   (*a*) Why Lear left Goneril's house.
   (*b*) Why Orlando wished to contend with the champion wrestler.
   (*c*) Why Rosalind went to Arden.
   (*d*) Why the sea-captain Antonio was arrested.
   (*e*) Why Shylock hated the merchant Antonio.
   (*f*) Why Macbeth believed the third witch's prophecy.
   (*g*) Why Hamlet and Laertes fought a duel.
   (*h*) Why Othello was sent to Cyprus.

3. Name three men whose characters you admire, and give your reasons in each case.

4. What do you admire most in the characters of Desdemona, Portia, Celia, Cordelia?

5. Where were the following places, and what events took place at each: Belmont, Cyprus, Glamis Castle, Illyria, Milan?

6. Quote the prophecy about Birnam Wood, and explain how it was fulfilled.

7. With regard to each of the following quotations, state who spoke the words; explain the meaning of the passage, and what the speaker referred to:

(*a*) A Daniel is come to judgment!
(*b*) Sweet are the uses of adversity.
(*c*) Your wife would give you little thanks to hear you make this offer.
(*d*) Speak to him and see if you can move him.
(*e*) Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell.
(*f*) I begin to be weary of the sun.
(*g*) Go and persuade your shepherdess to agree to this.
(*h*) Like Patience on a Monument, smiling at Grief.
(*i*) It must surely be a brave world that has such people in it.
(*j*) I thought that all things had been savage here.
(*k*) What suspicious people these Christians are!
(*l*) He seems fortified against all denial.
(*m*) I count this but a little thing to ask of you.
(*n*) That question is out of my part.

8. Explain the following expressions, and say, if you can, in which story each is to be found:

Poor dappled fools: Roman honour; a civil doctor; the weaker vessel; sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; an old religious man; a gay painted speech; a cloistress; catch him on the hip; outjest misfortune; sad cypress; joint suitors: beauty truly mixed: sable-silvered; Fortune's alms; an old officious counsellor; the weird sisters.

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