

A 513691

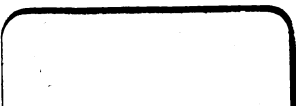
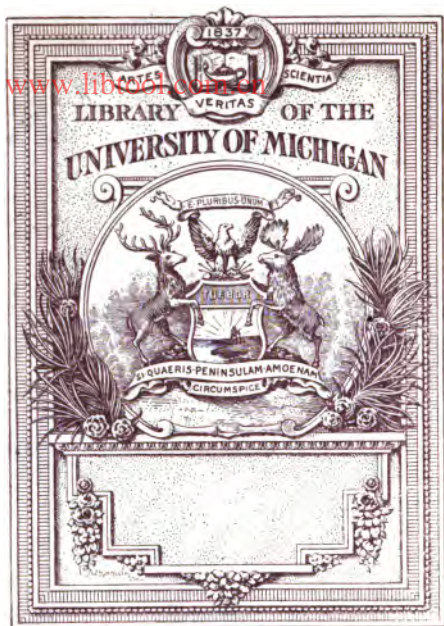
THE

STUDENTS' SERIES

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

OF  
ENGLISH CLASSICS

The Merchant  
of Venice



[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

82 2, 8  
S53  
114  
732  
1894

F. H. Scott

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

**Prices largely reduced.**

---

**The Students' Series of English Classics.**

---

<b>Coleridge's Ancient Mariner . . . . .</b>	<b>25 cts.</b>
<b>A Ballad Book . . . . .</b>	<b>50 "</b>
<b>The Merchant of Venice. . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by KATHARINE LEE BATES, Wellesley College.	
<b>Matthew Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum . . . . .</b>	<b>25 "</b>
<b>Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration . . . . .</b>	<b>25 "</b>
<b>Milton, Lyrics . . . . .</b>	<b>25 "</b>
Edited by LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.	
<b>Introduction to the Writings of John Ruskin . . . . .</b>	<b>50 "</b>
<b>Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by VIDA D. SCUDDER, Wellesley College.	
<b>George Eliot's Silas Marner . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
<b>Scott's Marmion . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS, Instructor, New York.	
<b>Sir Roger de Coverley Papers from The Spectator . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by A. S. ROE, Worcester, Mass.	
<b>Macaulay's Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by W. W. CURTIS, High School, Pawtucket, R.I.	
<b>Johnson's History of Rasselas . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by FRED N. SCOTT, University of Michigan.	
<b>Joan of Arc and Other Selections from De Quincey . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by HENRY H. BELFIELD, Chicago Manual Training School.	

- Carlyle's The Diamond Necklace** . . . . . 35 cts.  
 Edited by W. F. MOZIER, High School, Ottawa, Ill.
- Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison** . . . . . 35 "  
 Edited by JAMES CHALMERS, Ohio State University.
- Selections from Washington Irving** . . . . . 50 "  
 Edited by ISAAC THOMAS, High School, New Haven, Conn.
- Scott's Lady of the Lake** . . . . .  
 Edited by JAMES ARTHUR TUFTS, Phillips Exeter Academy.
- Selected Oration and Speeches** . . . . .  
 Edited by C. A. WHITING, University of Utah.
- Lays of Ancient Rome** . . . . .  
 Edited by D. D. PRATT, High School, Portsmouth, Ohio.
- Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village** . . . . . 25 "  
 Edited by W. F. GREGORY, High School, Hartford, Conn.
- Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America** . . . . .  
 Edited by L. DU PONT SYLE, University of California.
- Macaulay: Life of Samuel Johnson; Essay on Byron** . . . . .  
 Edited by GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR., Instructor in Literature,  
 Wellesley and Boston.
- Wordsworth's White Doe of Rylstone** . . . . .  
 Edited by MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS, Professor of English  
 Literature,
- Tennyson's Elaine** . . . . . 25 "  
 Edited by FANNIE MORE MCCAULEY, Instructor in English  
 Literature, Winchester School, Baltimore.

*All are substantially bound in cloth. The usual discount will be made for these books in quantities.*

---

**LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN, Publishers.**

**BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.**

The Students' Series of English Classics.

---

SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)  
OF THE

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

EDITED

WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

KATHARINE LEE BATES,

WELLESLEY COLLEGE.

*"Music and soesy use to quicken you."*

TAMING OF THE SHREW, I., 1.



LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN,  
BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

**COPYRIGHT, 1894,**  
**BY LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN.**

**ELECTROTYPED BY C. J. PETERS & SON.**  
**PRESS OF BERWICK & SMITH.**



*Transcript  
General  
3-2-4*

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

## P R E F A C E.

---

WITH so many excellent class-room editions of "The Merchant of Venice" already before the public, a fresh arrival on the field finds its only valid excuse for being in the fact that the others are too good. Most school editions tell the student much that he would better find out for himself. Explanation is sometimes necessary, suggestion is often helpful; but the happiest and, in the end, the wisest student is he who makes the most discoveries. Taste and appreciation, critical judgment and discrimination, are developed through free exercise of the reader's own faculties, not by submission to authority. Yet in literature, as elsewhere in education, guidance makes for economy, preventing waste of time and force along mistaken lines. To point the student's way, not to bring the goal to him, is the function of the teacher. The present edition holds by the teacher's method. It does not undertake to give the meaning of words defined by Webster and Worcester, nor to explain classical allusions to a student who, if not himself reading Ovid and

*© 14 Dec 11  
Transf. 1-11-45 D.M.H.*

Virgil and Homer, presumably has access to a classical dictionary. Yet as "The Merchant of Venice" is, in many cases, the first Shakespearian play critically studied, the notes are abundant, and the introduction is fuller and more general in character than would otherwise be deemed appropriate. In both introduction and notes, however, the effort is to stimulate and suggest rather than do the student's work for him.

The text follows somewhat closely that of the first folio, all important quarto variations being given in the textual notes. Where the folio reading is manifestly a blunder, or so inferior as to seriously mar poetic effect, a quarto reading or, very rarely, an emendation is substituted, such instances being duly noted. But in general the folio readings, even where the editor would personally reject them, are retained, with the design that each member of the class may have opportunity, by aid of the textual notes, of constructing a text for himself. It is suggested that the student, in hope of so sharpening his Shakespearian sense, con these notes carefully, and write into the play the readings which seem to him most worthy of the poet. Whatever perils wait upon the result, it is believed that the process will be beneficial. Perhaps, however, the best use to which textual notes, as well as grammatical notes, can be put with a junior class, is to omit them. The folio text, as repro-

duced here, is clear and poetic, and Shakespeare's language is good enough for boys and girls. They can be trusted to originate no quarrel with his syntax. Older students, who should have access to a copy of Dr. Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (Macmillan & Co.), may be interested, in so far as they are of a linguistic turn, in the peculiarities of Elizabethan English — the most fascinating English ever written.

I would make no secret of my own conviction that the chief value of the study of literature is the ennoblement of life. Technical matters, as textual and grammatical questions, should be handled, I venture to think, quite apart from the main study of a Shakespearian drama. In this main study Shakespeare is the teacher. The student who has once come under his potent spell will learn — what in all education is best worth learning — to think and feel. The literary notes of this little volume, whether taking the form of comment or of question, seek only to prick the student's mind into alertness, to fasten his attention more strictly upon the poet's page, to bring him, brain and heart, into closer contact with the vital play. The meaning of terms and structure of arguments should be thoroughly understood, the dramatic form keenly observed, the characterization vividly realized, in order that the beauty and power of the whole may strike home. By dwelling upon the

Master's words and music, reading aloud, listening, memorizing, yielding the response of sympathy and of imagination, the student will win his way, in time, to the apprehension of the "Merchant of Venice" under its ultimate aspect of "heaven-bred poesy."

It remains to acknowledge deep indebtedness to previous editions of the play, especially to the scholarly work of Dr. Rolfe and the invaluable "Variorum" of Dr. Furness. Good notes are freely quoted, due credit being given.

KATHARINE LEE BATES.

WELLESLEY COLLEGE,  
November, 1894.

## CONTENTS.

---

	PAGE
PREFACE . . . . .	iii
INTRODUCTION —	
I. AUTHOR . . . . .	1
II. TEXT . . . . .	14
III. SOURCES AND STRUCTURE . . . . .	21
IV. TREATMENT . . . . .	33
THE MERCHANT OF VENICE . . . . .	43
NOTES —	
TEXTUAL . . . . .	147
GRAMMATICAL . . . . .	156
EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE . . . . .	164
QUESTIONS . . . . .	211

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

www.libtool.com.cn  
INTRODUCTION.

---

I. AUTHOR.

THE author of "The Merchant of Venice" was yet a young man, perhaps no older than thirty, certainly not thirty-five. Grandson of a village farmer, son of an unlettered tradesman, he had become a London player and a writer of stage-plays. The country town of Stratford, with its weekly markets and semi-yearly fairs; its trade-guilds and common council; its low, half-timbered, gabled houses, some faithful to the old-fashioned thatch, some boasting the new-fashioned tiles; its mud-walled gardens and abundant orchards; its ill-kept, fever-breeding streets, and its stately church beside the quiet flow of Avon,— was the first theatre of human life uncurtained for his eyes. Here moved, it may be, Sir Nathaniel, the foolish-wise curate, "a marvellous good neighbor, faith, and a very good bowler;" Holofernes the school-master, "exceeding fantastical," who "teaches boys the horn-book;" Dogberry the constable, indelibly "writ down an ass;" Justice Shallow, Silence and Slender, Juliet's nurse, "sweet bully Bottom," the weaver, and a score more of village oddities destined to wake the laughter of the world.

Satire rises lightly to a young man's lips; but Shakespeare, opening his all-seeing eyes on the shows around him, looked to love as well as to caricature. All about were the hawthorn hedges and fragrant lanes of leafy Warwickshire, with lore of "chalice flowers" and birds chanting "melody on every bush," of "primrose banks" and "rushy brooks," of "golden mornings" and of magic moonlights tipping "with silver all these fruit-tree tops."

The book of nature, the book of life, and the book of his own heart, were the library of the youthful poet, however attentively he may have bent over Lilly's Latin Grammar and the few volumes of the Roman authors, chained to the rude desks of the Free Grammar School. Perhaps it was from the fireside talk of his mother, perhaps at cottage doorways, from

"The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,"

that he garnered strange tales of Oberon, of Titania, and of Puck, "that merry wanderer of the night;" of witches, ghosts, and "monstrous apparitions."

"The Pegasus that uses  
To wait on Warwick Muses"

came at his whistle; and to Anne Hathaway of Shrottery hamlet, a brief run across fields from Stratford, he went for lessons in the lore of love.

After the Stratford life came London—the London of the great Elizabeth—the London of the closing



decade of the glorious sixteenth century. Yet England's chief glory of the Elizabethan Age, or of any age, bore but a humble part in that bright pageant. In the beginning, this buoyant young adventurer from the Midlands, with a thought warm at his heart of the wife, toddling daughter, and twin babies whom he had left behind, picked up a few shillings, as he might, about the rude, cheap, wooden theatres that, the players being forbidden the city, were springing up like mushrooms in the suburbs.

The drama was not new to England. When her gray cathedrals were young, their time-stained walls and broken sculptures still fair and fresh, priests in white vestments used to act within the sacred choir, in sight of the kneeling congregation, the passion, death, and resurrection of Christ. From this root slowly grew the bulky Miracle cycles, which set forth, in successive scenes, the biblical story from the creation of the world to the day of doom, intermingling with solemn and tragic matter rant and burlesque, and even open farce. By the fourteenth century the guilds had, in general, taken the acting of these religious plays out of the hands of the clergy, although the presentations still occurred on high church festivals. From sunrise to sunset of a summer's day, lofty platforms, from thirty to fifty in number, gilded, bannered, and richly tapestried, were wheeled from street-corner to street-corner, where, upon these movable stages, boys and men, in fantastic, costly costumes furnished by the guilds, played the fall of

Lucifer, the loss of Eden, the slaying of Abel, the voyage of Noah, the sacrifice of Isaac, the crossing of the Red Sea, and all the story of the life of Christ, with his death, his burial, his overthrow of Satan at the gates of hell, his resurrection, his ascension, Pentecost, Anti-Christ, the death and ascension of Mary, and the judgment of the world. It is more than possible that Shakespeare, in venturesome boyhood, traversed on foot or on horseback the score of green miles between Stratford and Coventry to witness the Corpus Christi plays of which the city was so proud. But by that date the Miracles were drooping to their end. The Reformation and the Renaissance had made them old-fashioned, discrediting alike their piety and their art. Even the Moralities, where ethical allegory usurped the place of theology, were already, although a matter of three or four centuries younger than the Miracle Plays, antiquated and out of favor. Timidly and dubiously, only experiments as yet, secular dramas were coming into existence. But whatever of acting, good or bad, was to be seen in Stratford or vicinity between 1570 and 1585, we may as well take for granted that the young Shakespeare saw. If a company of six or seven strolling players, parading with pennon, trumpet, and drum from Scholar's Lane to Market Cross, advertised a Moral Show in the guildhall, this "most acute juvenile" was doubtless of their following and their audience. If a droll was exhibited at Fair time, he would be on hand to "see the puppets dallying." If a group of neighbors

had undertaken to set forth the Christmas device of the Nine Worthies, or if the grammar-school boys attempted to regale the townsfolk with an interlude in praise of learning, this lad,

“Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,”

would be foremost in the fun. And what glance would we of to-day have spared for the splendid revels of Kenilworth, if only we could have beheld amidst that gaping concourse the face of John Shakespeare's eleven-year-old boy? “An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread.”

At the date of Shakespeare's arrival in London, a youthful rustic with, perhaps, the manuscript of “Venus and Adonis” securely tucked away in the gray folds of his homespun doublet, Marlowe was the genius of the stage. About this passionate young idealist, destined to brief life and an ignoble death, clustered a group of University men, all young, brilliant, dissolute, who, notwithstanding the classic prejudices of Oxford and Cambridge, fed the popular theatre with plays of the romantic type; for not all the weight of Italian and classic influence could overbear the native Gothic character of the English drama. Latin plays, translations of Greek and Latin plays, original plays in the Latin tongue and in the English tongue after Latin models, were performed in college halls and, not infrequently, in the royal palace. The select spirits of court and university, among them men of such distinction as Gascoigne,

Fulke Greville, Sackville, and Daniel, ignored the public stage, and presented their classical dramas only before lettered audiences. While Gabriel Harvey and his disciples of the Areopagus were clamoring to replace English rhyme and accent by the quantitative prosody of the ancients, no less eminent a critic than Sir Philip Sidney was in his "Apologie of Poetrie" vigorously assailing the romantic drama. He charges it with non-observance of the unities of time and place, with attempts to represent upon the boards an action which upon the Attic stage would be merely narrated by a messenger, and with intermingling the comic and the tragic,—charges, all three, to which Shakespeare must plead supremely guilty.

But for all this chiding from the academic heights, the London prentices carried the day against the dons. The plays that the groundlings, who jostled one another in the pit of the Globe Theatre, applauded, are the plays we study still. The learned and decorous compositions which the gowned scholars of Oxford and Cambridge complacently wrote and complacently witnessed survive only as literary curiosities. The Gothic drama held its own in England, and yet it was a conquest by compromise. Shakespeare owed no small debt to the classic theorists; for by the maxims which these reiterated, the popular play learned in some degree to prune the tedious, to test the true, to curb extravagances, to practise graces, to add charm to strength and self-control to liberty.

But Shakespeare, taking the dramatic quill in hand, did not, at the first stroke, produce a "Merchant of Venice." Patiently he served apprenticeship, studying stage business with an actor's eye, touching up old plays for fresh performances, and, later on, rewriting scenes and acts, or recasting the whole. He sometimes wrote in collaboration with one or another of the University men, who scorned him for his lack of learning, until they came to envy him for his genius. Seeking his way, he struck out in various directions, now trying his hand, in "Titus Andronicus," at bloody melodrama, after the fashion of Kyd; now at the chronicle play, in "Henry VI.;" now at satiric comedy, in the sparkling dialogue of "Love's Labour's Lost;" now, in the "Comedy of Errors," at the Roman farce; and now, in "Two Gentlemen of Verona," at the play of human passion. In "Richard III." he copied Marlowe's distinctive style with close success; and, when Marlowe wrote "Edward II.," in a new manner, Shakespeare caught that manner too, and responded with a "Richard II." to the man in whom he recognized his only worthy rival. It may even be said that before the production of "The Merchant of Venice," Shakespeare had written but two great original plays; for the faults of structure in "King John," together with its dependence upon the elder manuscript, bring it below the level of either the "Midsummer Night's Dream," with its exquisite fairy grace, or the blissful tragedy of youth, "Romeo and Juliet." Yet in both of these the poetic value outweighs the dra-

matic. "The Merchant of Venice," take it all in all, was, when presented, Shakespeare's finest achievement as a play, up to date. Perhaps, in the light of his later work, we could better spare it than either of the foregoing; for the love comedy he repeated over and over, in ever changing forms, but the delicate, frolicsome, irresponsible delight of the fairy court, the lyric ecstasy of youth and passion and despair, were not recaptured by his graver pen. But it is none the less true that "The Merchant of Venice" is the most symmetrical, varied, and virile drama of the three, less unequal in its several parts than the "Midsummer Night's Dream," more firm and self-consistent than "Romeo and Juliet." It declared Shakespeare peerless in his art. Henceforward it was for him to teach the future, not to learn from the past.

It is, nevertheless, a striking feature of Shakespeare's method — we would perhaps better call it an element of his genius — that he utilized so much from the antecedent drama. The clown, the dolt, the braggart, the pedant, the ghost, the witch, Lusty Juventus, all the old stock characters, he made his own. There was no early play so rude and bare that his breath could not give it life — no Italian tale so foul that his touch could not redeem it into virtue. By the affected court comedies of Lyly, with their dainty little classicisms and pretty wax figures of nymphs and pages and cupids, Shakespeare, so much the manlier man, did not disdain to be schooled in the vivacious dialogue of repartee, at

its keenest from the lips of Benedict and Beatrice; nor in the passionate enthusiasm for friendship, so hot in Valentine, so nobly tempered in Horatio; nor in the shy or saucy charm of a girl in boy's disguise, as witness Julia and Viola, Rosalind and Imogen; nor in hints of fairy comedy triumphant in the revels of the Athenian wood; nor in a score of lighter matters.

As regards the two other Oxonians of the scholar-poet group, Shakespeare is indebted to Lodge for the story and many of the phrases of that delectable green-wood romance, "As You Like It;" and to Peele, — although it is our Puritan Milton who took from this "sharking tosspot" suggestion of so beautiful a thing as "Comus," — for many a touch of fancy and of spirit, including the famous cry of the battlefield, —

"A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!"

the passage in Peele's "Alcazar" running, —

"Villain, a horse! . . .

Villain, I say, give me a horse to fly! . . .

A horse, a horse! villain, a horse!"

A fair instance this of how wondrously Shakespeare bettered his borrowings.

From the scholar-poets of Cambridge, Shakespeare drew more freely still. From the "young Juvenal," Nash, he learned the art of satire, although his own sunny spirit sweetened it in the learning. Greene, his jealous, backbiting enemy, helped him to facility and

lyric grace, giving him also Oberon and the story of the "Winter's Tale;" and the impassioned Marlowe with his "mighty line," — Marlowe,

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

"Most highest of all their fires but one,  
Our morning star, sole risen before the sun,"

was the glorious young master of Shakespeare's earliest art.

"The Merchant of Venice" left Shakespeare pre-eminent in romantic comedy. "As You Like It," "Twelfth Night," and "Much Ado About Nothing," could but ring changes on the same sweet note. "Henry IV." was soon to show the playwright supreme in English historical drama, — a victory to be won again on Roman soil by "Julius Cæsar," "Coriolanus," and "Antony and Cleopatra." Doubtless Shakespeare the man paid heavily, with shames and sorrows, with soils and sins, for his consummate laurels as an artist, — his mastery of human tragedy. "Hamlet" and "Othello," "Lear" and "Macbeth" and "Timon," were fruits of no sunshine season. They explore the desert and the dark; but the heart of the reader is bowed before their greatness as a reed before the storm.

At last came the development of a new species of drama, interpretative, optimistic, serene, — a drama of expiation, pardon, and redemptive love. "Cymbeline," "The Tempest," "The Winter's Tale," have celestial lights upon them. But these belong to the poet's later years, the opening years of the seventeenth century,



when the dark, damp streets of London, where the beetling upper stories of opposite houses almost shut the sky from view, often missed for months together the quiet presence of the "poor player." His heart, ever faithful to Stratford, seemed now to cling more and more closely to the riverside fields of his youth. A citizen of substance and of honorable bearing, his character half condoning his profession in the eyes of his Puritan neighbors, he spent the last years of his life peacefully among them in the pleasant home of his choice, that "praty house of bricke and tymbre," a sadder, more tranquil man than the eager playwright who flushed and paled over his own lines, as in the fresh prime of his powers he penned "The Merchant of Venice."

[For Shakespeare's biography the student will find nothing at once so accurate and so elaborate as Halliwell-Phillips's "Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare." Wilder's "Life of Shakespeare," small and inexpensive, is an excellent abridgment of these folio volumes. Dowden's "Introduction to Shakespeare," Dowden's "Shakspeare: His Mind and Art," and Furnivall's "Succession of Shakspeare's Plays," are also of high value. Professor Tyler's book on "Shakespeare's Sonnets" forms an important contribution to the poet's biography. For the history of the antecedent drama, Ward's "History of English Dramatic Literature" and Symonds's "Shakespeare's Predecessors" are the leading English authorities. Pollard's "English Miracle Plays, Moralities, and Interludes" presents, with scholarly introduction and notes, specimens of sacred plays, not elsewhere so easily accessible, while "The English Religious Drama," by the editor of the book in hand, essays to give an accurate and readable account of this phase of the English stage. By reference to Dowden's "Shakspeare Primer," any of the biographical works cited above, histories of English literature, encyclopædias, or whatever authority may be available, the student should make out for himself

a concise tabulation of the chief events, with dates, in Shakespeare's life. A brief table of the earlier varieties of drama is here appended:—

I. RELIGIOUS DRAMA.

- A. *Latin Passion Plays and Saint Plays.* (Early Middle Ages.)
- B. *Miracle Plays.* (Later Middle Ages, and on to seventeenth century.)  
 Leading Cycles.  
 York.  
 Towneley.  
 Chester.  
 Coventry.  
 Cornwall Plays. (In Cornish.)
- C. *Moralities.* (Fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.)

II. SECULAR DRAMA. (Sixteenth century.)

- A. *Interludes.*  
 Chief writer, John Heywood.
- B. *Comedies.* (With Morality traces.)  
 e.g., "Gammer Gurton's Needle."
- C. *Tragedies.* (With Morality traces.)  
 e.g., "Bishop Bale's Kynge Johan."
- D. *Reproductions of the Classic Drama.* (Usually Roman.)
1. Translations.  
 e.g., Seneca's "Ten Tragedies."
  2. Adaptations  
 e.g., Gascoigne's "Jocasta."
  3. Imitations.
    - a'. Comedy.  
 e.g., Udall's "Ralph Roister Doister."
    - b'. Tragedy.  
 e.g., Sackville's "Gorboduc."

**E. Chronicle Plays.**

- e.g., "King Leir and his Three Daughters."  
 "Henry the Fifth."  
 "Richard III."  
 "Contention betwixt the Houses of York and Lancaster."  
 "Troublesome Raigne of King John."
- All used  
by  
Shakespeare.

**F. Domestic Tragedy.**

- e.g., "Arden of Feversham."

**G. Romantic Drama.**

- e.g., Work of the Scholar Poets. (Shakespeare's Predecessors.)
1. Kyd. (Blood and Horror.)  
e.g., "The Spanish Tragedy."
  2. Lyly. M.A. Oxford and Cambridge.  
(Euphuistic Court Comedies.)  
e.g., "Endimion."
  3. Lodge. B.A., M.D., Oxford.  
(Plays, Lyrics, and Romances.)  
Best work, — Romance of "Rosalynde."  
(Used by Shakespeare for "As You Like It.")
  4. Peele. B.A., M.A., Oxford.  
(Plays, Pageants, and Lyrics.)  
Leading works.  
"Edward I." (Chronicle Play.)  
"David and Bethsabe." (Scriptural Tragedy.)  
"The Arraignment of Paris." (Classic Masque.)  
"The Old Wives Tale."  
(Used by Milton for "Comus.")
  5. Nash. B. A., Cambridge.  
(Satirical Tracts and Masques.)  
e.g., "Summer's Last Will and Testament."

6. Greene. M.A., Oxford and Cambridge.  
 (Romances and Plays.)  
 e.g., Romance of "Dorastus and Fawnia."  
 (Used by Shakespeare for "A Winter's Tale.")  
 Plays of  
 "James IV."  
 "Friar Bacon."
7. Marlowe. B.A., M.A., Cambridge.  
 (Tragedies.)  
 "Tamburlaine."  
 "Faustus."  
 "Jew of Malta."  
 "Edward II."  
 Poem of "Hero and Leander."]

## II. TEXT.

THE text of "The Merchant of Venice" presents comparatively few difficulties. Copyright in Shakespeare's day existed for the sake of securing royal censorship of the press, not for the protection of literary property, although this end, also, it indirectly served. Less than fifty years before Shakespeare's birth, Henry VIII. gave a printer, for a brief period, the monopoly of publishing a certain book. This was the first instance in England of anything approaching copyright. In 1556, eight years before the poet's birth, Philip and Mary incorporated the Stationers' Company. By the terms of their charter ninety-seven persons, chiefly printers and booksellers, were invested with the monopoly of printing in England, and were thereby authorized and enjoined to search out and seize upon all "seditious and heretical

books," and all books not published by the Stationers' Company.

This Company of necessity established the Stationers' Registers, — a series of volumes containing the titles of their books, with the names of individual publishers and the record of transfers of ownership. In 1585, the year of Shakespeare's majority, a Star Chamber decree required that all books, before being put forth by the Stationers' Company, should be examined by the Archbishop of Canterbury or Bishop of London, and duly licensed. Henceforth the Stationers entered in their Register the titles of all licensed books, although not every one of these found its way into print. Shakespeare, then, could not hold copyright in his own name, nor obtain from the law any recognition of his claims as an author. If he wished to publish a poem, as "Venus and Adonis," or "Lucrece," he could do this only by making a private bargain with some member of the Stationers' Company, in whose name the book would be registered, and who would ordinarily undertake the printing and the sale. If Shakespeare wished to withhold poems from publication, as, probably, his series of autobiographic sonnets, and if a manuscript copy of these, incorrect, perhaps, and incomplete, fell into the hands of an unscrupulous publisher, this pirate could secure copyright under the law, and appropriate the profits; while Shakespeare, however keenly stung, however openly defrauded, had no legal redress. A play, however, was written not for publication, but for pres-

entation, and was sold to one of the public theatres, although it could not be acted until it had passed the censorship of Elizabeth's Master of Revels. As soon as a play was put upon the boards, it was in danger of being snapped up by one of these greedy publishers of the Stationers' Company. Sometimes one actor after another, not proof against the clink of silver, would lend his part for transcription, until enough of the play had been so secured to stuff out a fourpenny or sixpenny pamphlet. Sometimes a shorthand reporter would patch up from successive representations a wretchedly inaccurate text, "scarce one word true." The managers, fearing lest the public curiosity should be sated, did their best to thwart these piratical schemes, and withhold their new plays from print, but were occasionally driven, by the miserable travesties set afloat, to consent to a fresh publication from the author's autograph. The Stationers' Registers were carelessly kept, the members of the Company were not over particular about infringement on one another's rights, and the system was open to various abuses. Nearly a score of Shakespeare's plays appeared in these cheap quartos, "Richard III." and "1 Henry IV." each achieving six editions; "Richard II." five; "Hamlet" four; "Henry V." and "Romeo and Juliet" three each. Other plays which one would suppose equally popular, as "Macbeth," "Julius Cæsar," "Twelfth Night," "As You Like It," were not printed until the first folio edition, the famous edition of 1623, justly styled by Halliwell-Phillips "the most interesting

and valuable book in the whole range of English literature." One looks with a mingling of pride and pain on these original quartos, — shabby little playbooks, whose faded, timeworn pages are printed closely over with a crooked, brownish lettering, and almost wishes that Shakespeare might cast a glance upon some of the sumptuous modern editions that boast his name. When there are many of these early texts, sometimes differing widely from one another, and all more or less defaced by blunders of the copyist and printer, the task of the editor becomes perplexing in the extreme. Not all the ingenuity of all the critics has yet made peace among the various readings and misreadings of "Romeo and Juliet," for instance; or "Hamlet" or "King Lear." With "The Merchant of Venice" there is smoother sailing.

When the play was written has not been ascertained. The earliest unmistakable mention of it bears date 1598, although on the 15th of August, 1594, there was performed at London "the Venesyon comodey." This play was repeated eight times before the close of the year. There is probability, although no proof, that this was Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice." If so, the theatre was successful for six years in withholding it from the printers. Prominent among these publishers of the Stationers' Company was one James Robertes, who in 1597 was one of the three "chozen to goo to dynner to my lord Maiour's feast." The following year Robertes entered "The Merchant of Venice" on the Sta-

tioners' Registers; but the condition was made by the authorities of the Company that the play was not to be printed "by the said James Robertes or anye other whatsoever without lycence first had from the Right honorable the lord Chamberlen." As the Lord Chamberlain was the patron of the theatrical company to which Shakespeare belonged and for which he usually wrote, this looks like a laudable attempt to protect the interests of the author and his fellow-players. Robertes waited till 1600, and then, with or without the sanction of the Lord Chamberlain, published the thin book now known among Shakespearians as the First Quarto. In October of the same year Thomas Heyes, "by Consent of master Robertes," registered for "The Merchant of Venice," and promptly brought out what is now known as the Second Quarto, also bearing date of 1600. No other edition of the play appeared until after Shakespeare's death. Our third text is that of the folio of 1623, known as the First Folio. This was meant to be a complete edition of Shakespeare's plays as collected by Heminge and Condell, his friends and fellow-actors. These men sometimes had access to better manuscripts than those followed by the quartos; but in the case of "The Merchant of Venice" they seem to have copied, with a few changes and corrections, the text of Heyes. The quarto texts were probably printed from different transcripts of Shakespeare's manuscript. Both are good, — so good that the editors cannot agree as to which is the better; Dr. Furness, for example, holding stoutly to



Q<sub>1</sub>, and Dr. Furnivall to Q<sub>2</sub>. Later texts cannot be regarded as possessing any original authority, although a son of Thomas Heyes issued a third quarto, a reprint of Q<sub>2</sub>, in 1637, and this was in turn reprinted in 1652, at a time when the Jews were begging for readmission into England. The three later folios, following one another at intervals of twenty or thirty years throughout the seventeenth century, reprint at firsthand or secondhand the text of the First Folio.

Critical editions of Shakespeare, with conjectural emendations of the text, began early in the eighteenth century, Rowe leading the way. Pope followed with a more elaborate edition, in which this literary autocrat undertook somewhat too freely to set Shakespeare right, substituting language polite for the frank Elizabethan speech, and smoothing with a waxen touch the living lines. Theobald was by far the best editor of the three, his effort being not to improve, but to restore, the original text of Shakespeare. Before the middle of the century a baronet, Sir Thomas Hanmer, and a bishop, Warburton, had ventured editions, both, but especially the latter, being open to the charge of over-bold emendation. The second half of the eighteenth century produced, for Shakespearian first-fruits, an edition by Dr. Johnson, followed by later issues in which the good, somewhat flat Johnsonian taste was crossed by the tart flavor of Steevens. An edition by Capell, based on a collation of all texts then known, would have been of far higher value than it was, had not his references

been ill-supplied, his notes ill-assorted, and his comments so ill-expressed as to call out from Dr. Johnson the vehement reproach, "He doth gabble monstrously." Malone's edition, closing the Shakespearian texts of the century, was marked by industry, integrity, and scholarship, and has been of sterling value to his successors. Boswell's *Variorum* of 1821 garners the best work of Johnson, Steevens, and Malone. During our own century, editions by Chalmers, Harness, Knight, Collier, Dyce, Singer, and Staunton, together with the acute Cambridge edition and the magnificent Halliwell edition, have carried on in England the task of collation and emendation. Germany has in Delius a critical editor of distinction. America is justly proud of editions by Verplanck, Grant White, Hudson, and Rolfe, while Dr. Furness of Philadelphia is now crowning the toils of all his predecessors by his inestimably precious "*Variorum*."

[Use of the textual notes, as suggested in the Preface, will soon enable the student to realize that, perplexing as it appears, three "*Merchants of Venice*" may be simpler than one. If there is a large city or college library at hand, it would be interesting to look over Arber's "*Transcript of the Stationers' Registers*." Griffith's "*Evenings with Shakespeare*" has accurate accounts of these Elizabethan printers, man by man; and a clear, brief article on "*Shakespeare and Copyright*" may be found in the February number of the *Atlantic Magazine* for 1893. In Richard Grant White's "*Shakespeare Scholar*" is a good account of the Shakespeare editions in order. Fac-similes of both quartos have been issued under Dr. Furnivall's oversight; and the First Folio text, already accessible in Booth's reprint and Staunton's fac-simile, is reproduced in the Furness "*Variorum*." The present edition does not attempt to follow the orthog-

raphy, exact punctuation, or even; in all cases, the readings of the folio. (See Preface.) In various ways the early text is here shaped to modern usage. The First Folio divides only into acts. The quartos have no divisions at all. The earliest list of *dramatis personæ* appeared in the third quarto. It should be noted, too, that the free-and-easy spelling which prevailed in the good old times has made it hard to count Antonio's friends. Many modern editions recognize three, Salerio, as messenger to Belmont, being the third.]

### III. SOURCES AND STRUCTURE.

OUR question here is twofold. What were the original materials? and how were these built up into "The Merchant of Venice"? For the *stuff*, as the Germans say, it is likely that Shakespeare drew in part from books and in part from life itself.

As for books, the story of the pound of flesh reaches away to the far East and back to the dim past. The Persians knew it, the Turks and the Egyptians. It was written in English ("Cursor Mundi") before Chaucer and Wyclif were born. It may be read to-day in monkish Latin ("Gesta Romanorum"); in Sanscrit ("Mahábhárata"); and in Italian (Ser Giovanni Fiorentino's "Il Pecorone"). It is not improbable that Shakespeare himself read this Italian novel, either in the original or in an English rendering; and he may have read as well Silvayn's "Orator," a French book, Englished in 1596, which contained a "declamation" of a Jew suggestive of Shylock's defence in the Trial Scene. There was a black-letter ballad on the subject, too, a doggerel "Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jewe, who, lending

to a merchant an hundred crownes, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed." The same situation appears again, confused with a story resembling the intrigue plot of "Cymbeline," in another jog-trot ballad, entitled "The Northern Lord." In this second ballad, as in the Italian tale, it is a loving woman's wit that wards off the whetted knife of the Jew; but the balladist gives her the more poignant experiences and the more dashing attire, telling "I.: How a Northern Lord sold his fair and beautiful Daughter to a worthy Knight, the Price being her weight in Gold, which was borrowed of a Jew upon a dreadful agreement. II.: How he fled from the Jew to the German Court, where he was kindly entertain'd, till a Dutch Lord had like to have bereav'd him of his Lady, Life, and Honour. III.: How the Dutch Lord not having his Will, sent for the Jew to cut him in Pieces for his Gold, and how he was delivered from the Danger by his Lady in Man's Apparel. IV.: How the Northern Lord hearing the Report of his Daughter's Death, went over to see his Son executed, and how his Daughter, by the Name of the Green Knight, pleaded his Cause, and saved him from Death; concluding with a Discovery that crown'd their Joy."

Shakespeare may have taken hints from these ballads. On the other hand, the ballads may not have been written and hawked about the London streets until after his play had made the story popular. Or, again, ballads and play may have been mutually independent. Cer-

tainly the story was well known, by the early seventeenth century, throughout England. Joseph Fletcher, in his sacred poem of "Christe's Bloodie Sweat," 1613, does not scruple to allude to it, evidently with a reminiscence of the theatre, —

"He di'd indeed not as an actor dies,  
To die to-day, and live againe to-morrow;  
In shew to please the audience, or disguise  
The idle habit of inforced sorrow:  
The Crosse his stage was, and he plaid the part  
Of one that for his friend did pawne his heart."

The casket story is scarcely less a ranger. It was written in Greek by a Syrian monk about the year 800; it found its way five centuries later into the Latin of the "Gesta Romanorum;" it slipped among the Italian tales of Boccaccio's "Decameron;" it was stitched by the moral Gower into the patchwork of his "Confessio Amantis;" it was reflected in the "Speculum Historiale," and added a gleam to the "Golden Legend." The chests sometimes give place to vats, and even — shades of Launcelot! — to pasties; but the general features of the story are ever discernible.

In the Italian tale "Il Pecorone," is found, united with the bond story, the episode of the rings. The Jessica story bears some slight resemblance to another Italian romance, which recounts the elopement of a miser's daughter and her theft of her father's jewels. Jessica, in herself, may naturally have been suggested

by Abigail, in Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," just as Marlowe's portraiture of Barabas certainly gave impetus to Shakespeare's conception of Shylock. The union of the two main stories, the bond story and the casket story, was probably effected by an earlier playwright than Shakespeare. Gosson, a young Elizabethan of a Puritanic strain, writing in 1579 his "School of Abuse," a violent attack upon the literary and musical arts, and especially upon the stage, was graciously pleased to except from his reprobation some three or four modest plays of edifying tenor, among these "'The Jew' . . . showne at the Bull, . . . representing the greedinesse of worldly chusers, and bloody mindes of Usurers." Did Shakespeare, who had a King Midas fashion, against which poor Greene fumed and foamed in vain, of transmuting with his golden touch the straw and cobble of his predecessors into eternal beauty, rewrite this play? What was "the Venesyon comodey," acted in 1594? And what was Dekker's lost "Jew of Venice"? The final fact is this, that many men from many climes brought together and wrought upon the materials out of which the master-builder reared, as if by a careless accident, "The Merchant of Venice."

But it was not enough that many men should sow with ink for Shakespeare's harvesting. There was, it would seem, one who sowed with blood. Although banished from England from 1290 to 1650, from Edward the First to Cromwell, there were Jews in London in Shakespeare's day. One of these, Dr. Lopez, of Span-

ish-Jew extraction, stood at the head of the medical profession in the metropolis, was a favorite of Lord Leicester, and sworn physician to the Queen. He was the father of several daughters. Misfortune came to him through his relations with a Portuguese refugee, Antonio Perez, an illegitimate kinsman of the royal house of Portugal, fleeing to England for protection from Philip of Spain. For hatred of the Spaniards, Elizabeth's court received the fugitive with open arms, and playfully dubbed him King Antonio. Lopez, who spoke Portuguese, as well as four other European tongues, was called upon to act as interpreter, especially between Antonio and Essex. In 1592 Lopez, thus thrown much with Essex, revealed to Elizabeth one of the young nobleman's political intrigues. In the quarrel that ensued, Antonio sided with the earl, and Lopez, seeking revenge upon Antonio, became entangled in his own toils, and presently found himself, by the stratagems of his powerful enemies, lodged in the Tower, "for intelligence with the King of Spain." Popular prejudice raged against the "vile Jew," upon whom, at his trial by jury, prosecutor and judges heaped terms of obloquy, Sir Edward Coke describing him as "a perjured and murdering villain and Jewish doctor worse than Judas himself." Lopez, in terror of the rack, confessed to guilt which he afterwards vehemently denied; and the white-haired physician, surrounded by the hoots and jeers of a brutal mob, was hanged at Tyburn in the spring of 1594. All London buzzed with the affair, many pamphlets relat-

ing to the so-called treason of the old Jew were published, and theatrical managers grew eager for Jewish plays. But Shakespeare, whose patron Southampton was a friend of Essex, and who may thus have had personal acquaintance with Dr. Lopez, apparently stood alone among the playwrights in his comparatively august interpretation of the Hebrew character. By the side of Shylock, Marlowe's Barabas is a mere bogey.

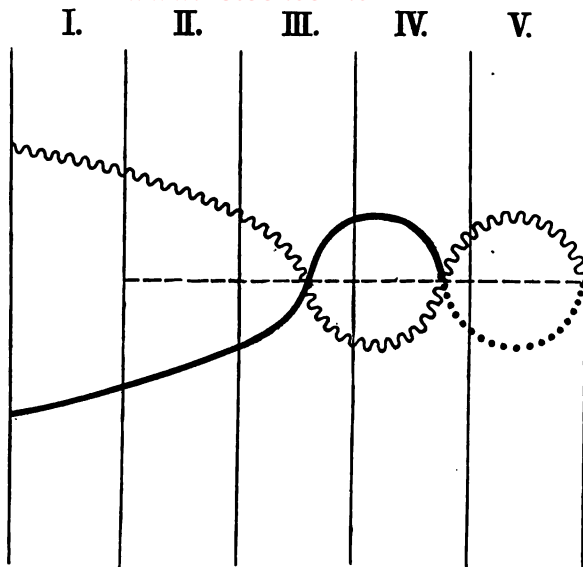
But given these somewhat heterogeneous materials, how did Shakespeare combine them into the symmetry of "The Merchant of Venice"? In the first place, the casket story, whose essential figures are Portia and Bassanio, runs throughout the play, thus constituting itself the main action, and imparting to the drama the general character of romantic comedy. The bond story, whose essential figures are Antonio and Shylock, is substantially concluded with the fourth act. Lest the fifth act be too meagre, into this enters as a distinct factor the ring episode, introduced toward the close of the fourth act, and, indeed, prepared for in the third. The Jessica story, intermediate between the two, runs through the last four acts. See Diagram I., where the heavy line represents the bond story, the wavy line the casket story, the dotted line the ring episode, and the broken line the Jessica story. This diagram takes no account of Launcelot, who may be considered as an attendant personage to Jessica.

In the second place, regarding the play now less with reference to the symmetrical disposal of its component



elements than with a view to its dramatic balance, we turn to seek its central idea. It is true, as Dowden puts it, that "Shakespeare's trade was not that of pre-

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



*DIAGRAM, I.*

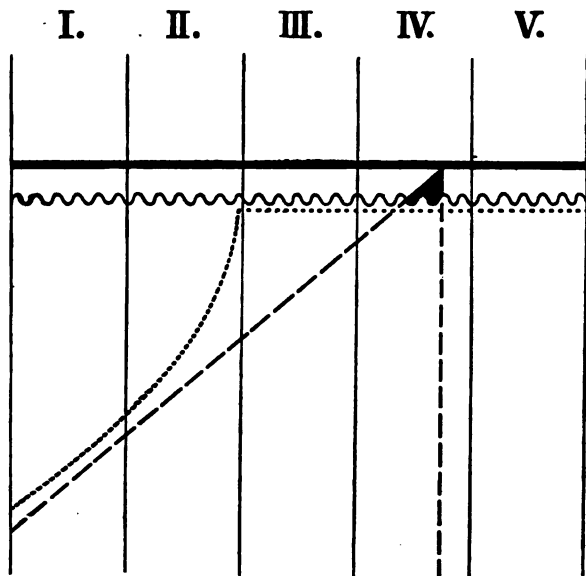
paring nuts with concealed mottoes and sentiments in them for German commentators to crack." It is indisputable, nevertheless, that this play, containing Shylock and Portia, embodies in them the two principles of law and love, represented, however imperfectly, by the

Hebrew money-lender on the one hand, straining the letter of the law until he breaks the spirit, and by the group of Christians, clustered about the woman-judge, on the other, aware of the beauty of that mercy they are not deft in practising. "The collision which supplies the nerve of the play," says Snider, "may be stated, in a general form, to be between Christianity and Judaism. But mark! it is not between these religions as dogmatic systems of theology, but as realized in the practical life of men."

The general dramatic scheme for that portion of the play which partakes of the nature of tragedy is sketched in Diagram II., where the heavy line represents the over-rule of Divine Justice, as voiced in Portia; the wavy line the trend of Christian life; the broken line the opposition of the Jew, with his consequent downfall; and the dotted line the withdrawal of his household, Jessica and Launcelot, from union with him to union with the Christians. We are taking here, as the dramatist, though hardly the poet, requires, the attitude of the times toward Antonio and Bassanio, in that we regard these two, who, in Shakespearian reality, transgress and suffer punishment, as holding their main course parallel with the over-line of Right. Whatever strictures we may pass in private judgment upon these Venetian kinsmen, whatever faults and follies Shakespeare may suggest in them, whatever sorrows and dignities in Shylock, in the dramatic upshot it is they who are approved and not the Jew. Shylock may bear off the stage with him the sym-

pathies of a nineteenth century audience, but in the sixteenth century play he is crushed and rejected.

It is, however, a mistake to think of "The Merchant of Venice" as chiefly tragic. The love-story holds from



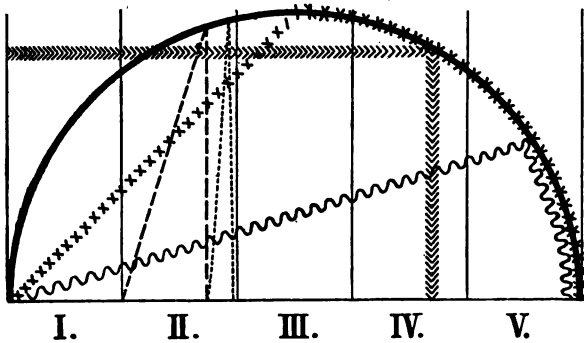
*DIAGRAM, II.*

first to last. The hate-story, deep as is the impression made by its intensity, passes out of sight before the fourth act closes. One of the main efforts made by the Elizabethan classicists was to effect a distinction

between comedy and tragedy. Aristotle had insisted on the necessity, for tragedy, of a great subject, greatly treated, and hence purifying the mind through the emotions of pity and terror. The collision must be mighty, the central clash terrific, and the response of the spirit profound. But comedy, in the academic conception, concerns itself rather with the dexterous untwisting of a knot, and looks to it that the perplexities of the plot produce upon the mind of the spectator only a pleasant titillation. Shakespeare, however, makes no set and formal separation between the earnest and the sportive. As in life, so in his dramas, grief is crossed by smiles, tears follow swiftly on laughter. Yet he recognizes the artistic gain which arises from making, in every play, one or the other strain predominate. The confusion, the incertitude, the lack of point, of atmosphere—this which so annoys and distresses in most of the antecedent drama, is done away with by Shakespeare. The black shadow of Shylock falls across the moonshine lustres of "The Merchant of Venice," his hiss of hatred and moan of despair still echo among those "touches of sweet harmony" from Belmont musicians; but above is the ethereal song quired by the stars to "young-ey'd cherubins." The enchantment of love and joy and beauty enfolds and overcomes all evil.

The action of the drama, then, should be finally sketched in the light of comedy; but a Shakespeare comedy of his golden period is not a plot of intrigue, nor a satire on manners, nor a farcical extravagance, but

an optimistic romance, flavored with mirth and folly. A flavor cannot be diagrammed ; but the general outline of action may be simply reproduced, as in the third figure. The perfect arch is the sweet and gracious life of Portia, who draws, one by one, all the other characters, save Shylock and Tubal, Morocco and Arragon, into harmony with herself. The true climax of the drama,



DIAGRAM, III.

therefore, belongs to the third act, which witnesses the happy choice of Bassanio and his consequent union with Portia, rather than to the fourth, in which Shylock, a being from an alien sphere, refuses to respond to her appeal and be like her. In this view of the play, it must be understood that the choice of the caskets constitutes a test of character, in which Morocco fails through rash ambition and undue faith in appearances,

and Arragon through pride, Bassanio's courage and devotion being proven by his readiness to give and hazard all he had. In Diagram III. the heavy arch-line is for Portia, the star-line for Bassanio, the dagger-line for Shylock, the wavy line for Antonio, the broken line for Morocco, and the dotted line for Arragon.

The dramatic structure of "The Merchant of Venice" may be viewed under still other aspects. Dr. Snider looks upon the play as governed by three central movements, — the Conflict, made up of the two threads of Love-Conflict and Property-Conflict; the Mediation, wherein the Property-Conflict is closed by Portia's judgment, and the Love-Conflict by the three marriages; and the Return, bringing lovers, attendants, and Antonio all safely home to Belmont. Mr. Moulton lays stress on the element of Nemesis in the play, making the Jew story, with the Jessica story as underplot, the first main action, and the casket problem, with the ring puzzle as underplot, the second, Launcelot being classed with the underplots as affording a comic relief action. Those who choose to study the comedy in the light of the twisting and un-twisting of a knot, technically termed complication and resolution, claim that since Bassanio's necessity causes the complication, and Portia's agency the resolution, their union in the third act thus becomes the event of central significance, and hence the true dramatic climax.

[In Furness's ever valuable "Variorum" will be found a full account of the sources. In Collier's Shakespeare Library, or in Hazlitt's, the translation of "Il Pecorone" is accessible, and the student

might well make a close study of the relation of tale to play. Gower's version of the casket story is printed in the second volume of Morris and Skeat's "Specimens of Early English." In Moulton's "Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist" may be found an elaborate study of the structure of this play, which should be thoroughly examined, as well as Suider's analysis in his "System of Shakespeare's Dramas."]

#### IV. TREATMENT.

OUT of the faded shreds and patches of old wonder-tales, Shakespeare has woven a glistening romance, which, from his own day to this, has held the English stage whenever there was any English stage to hold. One of the favorite acting plays of his own company, promptly revived after the Restoration, it was almost the first drama presented by any regular theatrical troupe to an American audience. The greatest Shakespearian actors and scholars have striven to interpret it; and to its famous "revivals" by Macklin and Kean must now be added the modern revival by Irving, who has delightfully restored the fifth act so long missed from the boards. What magic has infused immortal life into those dry bones of mediæval fable?

Earlier ages have claimed that there was something divine in a poet. Lovers of Shakespeare claim it yet. And how his lovers love him! If his own day took him somewhat too lightly, more friendly with the man than reverent of the genius, not looking above the smile for the halo, subsequent generations have surely made amends. It is good to remember how many disciples, distinguished and undistinguished, have been glad to lav-

ish years of life in laborsome poring over the text for whose fate the master, dreaming on poems for which not even he could find an earthly speech, seemed to reckon so little. If old Ben Jonson, smarting as he was with envious concern for his own praises, found it none too easy to keep his love of Gentle Will "this side idolatry," can the hero-worship of humbler hearts be blamed? Here, assuredly, is a poet in whom there would seem to reside something of the godlike faculty of creation. He wakes the clay to manhood. He in-breathes a soul. The *dramatis personæ* of "The Merchant of Venice" are more real to us to-day than our actual contemporaries, and more charming; for when we look up from the Rialto of Venice and the gardens of Belmont out upon our workaday streets, Shakespeare no longer lends a precious seeing to our eyes.

This vividness of characterization is one of the surest marks of Shakespearian handling. And yet these personages of mediæval legend, the bloody-minded Jew, the spendthrift suitor, the quibbling woman judge, are not altogether Shakespeare's. They are like flowers plucked from the field, with the smell of the common earth still clinging to their roots. Whatever is inconsistent or displeasing in character, as in plot, may safely be referred to the original tales. A Hebrew usurer is by no means bloodthirsty. He may seek revenge, but not with his own knife. The deeds of Bassanio fall far below his character—a character upon which the supreme loves of Portia and Antonio are set. The bad



law of the Trial Scene is no less an inheritance than the pound of flesh, the caskets, and the rings.

But notwithstanding these reminders of their origin, the men and women of the play are so like the men and women of our own acquaintance, that the critic is in danger of showing them no more charity than if they lived next door. Not a single reputation escapes. The Duke is a time-server; Morocco is sheer vanity and Arragon sheer hauteur; Antonio's melancholy is liver complaint, and his love for Bassanio a dotting folly; Bassanio is a mere matrimonial gambler, who cares neither for Antonio nor Portia, but only for their ducats; Salarino and Solanio are parasites; Gratiano is a brute, Lorenzo a burglar, Shylock a monster rent by the lesser monster Tubal; Launcelot is silly and self-conceited, and Old Gobbo tedious; Portia is not wise nor witty nor amiable nor modest; Nerissa is her servile copy, and Jessica — "most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew!" — is a heartless little hussy, destined to lead Lorenzo, who deserves nothing better, a miserable life.

This line of censure may answer for our neighbors, since these can at least retaliate in kind; but for the fair group of Venetians, who, veiled in their glowing atmosphere of poetry and romance, have shed delight about them for three centuries, one would fain entreat a gentler judgment.

"The quality of mercy is not strain'd.

It blesseth him that gives."

Despite their errors, for which they suffered much, and their foibles, for which they have been soundly rated by posterity ever since, what a lovable company they are! The curtain rises on Antonio in his sadness, foiled by the gay young gallants. Our attention is drawn to his wealth and the perils attending his merchandise, and no less, for such is the irony of the drama and of life, to his secure confidence in his own riches.

“My merchandise makes me not sad.”

The five young men of the drama are soon before us, turning our thoughts for a moment to the five young men of “Romeo and Juliet.” Gratiano is a poor exchange for Mercutio, and so, it must be admitted, is Bassanio for Romeo. But the poetic Lorenzo is dearer to us than a dozen grandsire Benvolios, although Salarino and Solanio, the former perhaps of livelier fancy, the latter perhaps of more practical bent, are less individual than Paris and Tybalt. Launcelot and his father are as good, almost, as the nurse and Peter. Portia holds her own against Juliet, while Shylock and Jessica are clear gain. Shakespeare’s earlier plays are affluent in youthful figures both of men and maidens. The second scene of “The Merchant of Venice” gives us a glimpse of Portia in dishabille, so to speak, chatting in girlish freedom with her companion-maid, and nowhere more bewitching than here. There falls little in the way of poetry from her lips,—only a continuous ripple of clearest, crispest fun; for Portia, as truly as Rosalind

and Beatrice, has the madcap quality in her, the essential heart of mirth. The scope of the play immensely widens with the entrance of Shylock. The secret wisdom of the East, the stubborn patience of a persecuted, imperishable race, hoarded wrath for personal wrong, burn beneath his Jewish gabardine. Antonio and Bassanio are cheapened beside him. Their passions lose dignity, their words lose eloquence, their thoughts are dull and shallow. Shylock is mysterious, and raises unanswered questions. Does he know of Antonio's losses already? Will he try foul play? Does he believe his plotted vengeance acceptable to God? The Christians are fools to him, and their feelings to his as water unto wine. The two great forces of the drama have been made apparent before the close of the first act,—“the cruel, masculine force of Shylock, which holds the merchant in its relentless, vicelike grip, and the feminine force of Portia, which is as bright as the sunlight, and as beneficent;” and with these two forces the ever-widening contrast between the rich Renaissance life of the Christian lady, abounding in all beauty and delight, attracting to itself all that is youthful, fair, and noble, and the lonely, brooding, embittered life of the gray old Jew, cherishing, even above his money-bags, a stealthy, thirsting hate, and repelling from his shut, suspicious house the very child of his care. The nine swift scenes of the second act press on the business of the play. Thrice we are at Belmont, approving Portia in her gracious but remote bearing toward the two princes, who

betray their own false metal by rising one to the golden and one to the silver bait. If girls had had nerves in those happy days, the situation would have involved intolerable strain; but Portia, contrasting here with Jessica, is loyal to her father, and Nerissa is loyal to her, their loyalty being rewarded at last by the alighting at Belmont gates of a true "ambassador of Love." For the remaining scenes we are at Venice; now entertained by the droll discourse of the Gobbos, now witnessing Jessica's brief farewell to Launcelot, and now Shylock's long farewell to Jessica, now planning the elopement, now achieving it, and now learning from the chat of Antonio's friends of the confused passion of the bereaved Jew and — ominous suggestion! — of the rumored loss of one of Antonio's ships. We grieve for the frank Morocco; we laugh at the absurd Gobbos; we pity Jessica, who has been robbed of her girlhood; and we pity Shylock, who is robbed of his ducats and his daughter; we tremble for Antonio. The spell of Portia has begun to work. Bassanio and Gratiano, Lorenzo and Jessica, have departed from Venice on journeys that, with or without intention of theirs, will bring them to Belmont. Even Launcelot, following in the train of Bassanio, turns from Shylock to Portia, — Launcelot, the living parody, who debates the claims of good and evil in advance of the Trial Scene; who has a father, as Portia had, and cheats his father, as Jessica hers; who is a scholar, as Bassanio is; who reviles the Jew and dotes on the gentleman, as Antonio does; who loves the

pleasures of this life, even as the Renaissance, and disputes, like the nineteenth century, the validity of external conversion. The third act shows us Shylock in his fury, a baited tiger, with the haggard and wasted merchant now almost within reach of his spring. At Belmont all is music, bliss, and triumph. The gods of destiny have ratified the loves of Portia and Bassanio, the rich poetry of whose courtship is merrily echoed by Gratiano and Nerissa. But in the very hour of union the two main forces of the drama clash, and against the destructive rage of Shylock must be matched the redeeming love and wisdom of Portia. The Trial Scene, with its concentrated energy of passion and terrible irony of justice, mounts to its climax in the overcoming of evil by good. More than this, there is an effort, in the forcing of baptism upon Shylock — a thing repulsive to the modern conscience — to show that the wicked life shall yet be reclaimed, even as it is already made to serve the ends of goodness. But our hearts ache for the desolate Jew, while we must rejoice in Antonio's deliverance. We have suffered enough of pity and of terror for tragic purification, and now the poet proceeds to heal and comfort and delight. Leaving behind the Jew and the darkness, the baffled vengeance and the self-destructive hate, we come again, now with Antonio and all, to beautiful Belmont, more beautiful than ever with moonlight and starlight, with "sweetest touches" of music and of lovers' tones, of roguish mirth and tender reconciliation. A little teasing will not hurt these two youthful hus-

bands, who need more discipline than this to make them worthy of their brides. And if the "young Lorenzo" and that "sweet soul" Jessica, have erred, let the glamour of the moonlight and of their "lyrical boy-and-girl love" screen them from untimely blame. We must allow a little enchantment in the realm of romance.

One of the devices of Shakespeare's witchcraft is dramatic time. Grave heads have puzzled over the hours and days and weeks of this play which moves at once so swiftly and so slowly; but the magician has chosen to bewilder human wits. Bassanio is "under sail and gone to-night" from Antonio to Portia, "lives upon the rack" until she "leads him to his fortune and the caskets," "is gone" on the instant to Venice, and "in the morning early" "flies" again toward Belmont,— and the commentator counts forty hours. But the slow "ripening of the time" brings the fatal bond to maturity; tidings travel from far shores of the loss of one ship upon another; Antonio grows so meagre with humiliation and suspense that he can "hardly spare a pound of flesh,"— and the commentator counts three months

Nor is this the utmost of Shakespeare's wizardry. That very feature of the play which one would most eagerly explain defies all explanation,— the poetic atmosphere. It is not alone the Shakespearian language, flexible, rapid, graphic, free, as never other language was, nor the Shakespearian music, deepening, softening, thrilling, varying with the pulses of the human heart; not alone the leaping jets, the sustained sweep, the tremu-

lous pause of passion, the lightning flash of irony, the twinkling sheen of humor, the rainbow play of fancy; not alone the basal rock of a moral code as sound and sweet as nature, a Christian code of expiation, love, and pardon; nor the encompassing arch of an imagination as august and gracious as the summer skies — not one, but all of these, and more than these, make up the poetry of Shakespeare.

“Such harmony is in immortal souls.”

[Literary criticism should be used, with young students, somewhat sparingly, lest it overawe their own opinions, or come between them and the literature itself. Jerrold compares Shakespearian commentators to persons who write on glass with diamonds, and obscure the light by a multitude of scratches. But if any critics are to be read for this play, the following will be found of especial interest: Gervinus, in his “Shakespeare Commentaries;” Ulrici, in his “Shakespeare’s Dramatic Art;” Hazlitt, in his “Characters of Shakespeare’s Plays;” Hudson, in his “Shakespeare, His Life, Art, and Characters;” and Mrs. Jameson, in her “Shakespeare’s Heroines.” Comparative studies could be made with advantage by German students in Lessing’s “Nathan der Weise;” by French students in Molière’s “L’Avare;” by English students in Marlowe’s “Jew of Malta,” Scott’s “Ivanhoe,” George Eliot’s “Daniel Deronda,” and the Jewish poems of Robert Browning and of Emma Lazarus. Studies of the “double time” in “The Merchant of Venice” may be found in Furness’s “Variorum,” and in the Cowden-Clarke “Key to Shakespeare.” Daniel’s time-analysis runs as follows:—

Day 1. Act I., *Interval* — say a week.

Day 2. Act II., 1-7. *Interval* — one day.

Day 3. Act II., 8-9. *Interval* — bringing the time to within a fortnight of the maturity of the bond.

Day 4. Act III., 1. *Interval* — rather more than a fortnight.

Day 5. Act III., 2-4.

Day 6. Act III., 5 — Act IV.

Days 7 and 8. Act V.]

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



# THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

---

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The DUKE OF VENICE.

The PRINCE OF MOROCCO, } suitors to  
The PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } Portia.

ANTONIO, a merchant of Venice.

BASSANIO, his kinsman, suitor likewise to  
Portia.

SALARINO, } friends to Antonio and  
SOLANIO, } Bassanio.  
GRATIANO, }

LORENZO, in love with Jessica.

SHYLOCK, a rich Jew.

TUBAL, a Jew, his friend.

LAUNCELOT GOBBO, the clown, servant  
to Shylock.

OLD GOBBO, father to Launcelot.

LEONARDO, servant to Bassanio.

BALTHASAR, {  
STEPHANO, } servants to Portia.

PORTIA, a rich heiress.

NERISSA, her waiting-maid.

JESSICA, daughter to Shylock.

Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the  
Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servants to  
Portia, and other Attendants.

SCENE: *Partly at Venice, and partly at  
Belmont, the seat of Portia, on the  
Continent.*

---

## ACT I.

### SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter* ANTONIO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

ANTONIO. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad :  
It wearies me ; you say it wearies you ;  
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,  
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,  
I am to learn ;

And such a want-wit sadness makes of me  
That I have much ado to know myself.

SALARINO. Your mind is tossing on the ocean ;  
There, where your argosies with portly sail,  
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood, 10  
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea,  
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,  
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,  
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

SOLANIO. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,  
The better part of my affections would  
Be with my hopes abroad. I should be still  
Plucking the grass, to know where sits the wind,  
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads ;  
And every object that might make me fear 20  
Misfortune to my ventures out of doubt  
Would make me sad.

SALARINO. My wind cooling my broth  
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought  
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.  
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,  
But I should think of shallows and of flats,  
And see my wealthy Andrew dock'd in sand,  
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs  
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church  
And see the holy edifice of stone, 30  
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,  
Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,  
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,

Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,  
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,  
 And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought  
 To think on this, and shall I lack the thought  
 That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?  
 But tell not me; I know, Antonio  
 Is sad to think upon his merchandise. 40

ANTONIO. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,  
 My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,  
 Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate  
 Upon the fortune of this present year:  
 Therefore my merchandise makes me not sad.

SALARINO. Why, then you are in love.

ANTONIO. Fie, fie!

SALARINO. Not in love neither. Then let us say you  
 are sad,  
 Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy  
 For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,  
 Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus, 50  
 Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:  
 Some that will evermore peep through their eyes  
 And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,  
 And other of such vinegar aspect  
 That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,  
 Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

*Enter* BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

SOLANIO. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble  
 kinsman,

Gratiano and Lorenzo. Fare ye well :

We leave you now with better company.

SALARINO. I would have stay'd till I had made you  
merry, 60

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANTONIO. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it, your own business calls on you

And you embrace the occasion to depart.

SALARINO. Good-morrow, my good lords.

BASSANIO. Good signiors both, when shall we  
laugh ? say, when ?

You grow exceeding strange : must it be so ?

SALARINO. We'll make our leisures to attend on  
yours. [*Exeunt* SALARINO and SOLANIO.]

LORENZO. My Lord Bassanio, since you have found  
Antonio,

We two will leave you : but at dinner-time, 70

I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASSANIO. I will not fail you.

GRATIANO. You look not well, Signior Antonio ;

You have too much respect upon the world :

They lose it that do buy it with much care :

Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANTONIO. I hold the world but as the world,  
Gratiano ;

A stage where every man must play a part,

And mine a sad one.

GRATIANO. Let me play the fool :

With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come, 80

And let my liver rather heat with wine  
 Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.  
 Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,  
 Sit like his ~~grandsire cut in alabaster~~?  
 Sleep when he wakes and creep into the jaundice  
 By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio —  
 I love thee, and it is my love that speaks —  
 There are a sort of men whose visages  
 Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,  
 And do a wilful stillness entertain, 90  
 With purpose to be dress'd in an opinion  
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit,  
 As who should say 'I am Sir Oracle,  
 And when I ope my lips let no dog bark !'  
 O my Antonio, I do know of these  
 That therefore only are reputed wise  
 For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,  
 If they should speak, would almost damn those ears  
 Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.  
 I'll tell thee more of this another time : 100  
 But fish not, with this melancholy bait,  
 For this fool gudgeon, this opinion.  
 Come, good Lorenzo. Fare ye well awhile :  
 I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LORENZO. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-  
 time :

I must be one of these same dumb wise men,  
 For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRATIANO. Well, keep me company but two years  
 more,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANTONIO. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRATIANO. Thanks, i' faith, for silence is only commendable. 111

In a neat's tongue dried, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO and LORENZO.]

ANTONIO. Is that anything now?

BASSANIO. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANTONIO. Well, tell me now what lady is the same  
To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage, 120  
That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASSANIO. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio,  
How much I have disabled mine estate,  
By something showing a more swelling port  
Than my faint means would grant continuance:  
Nor do I now make moan to be abridged  
From such a noble rate; but my chief care  
Is to come fairly off from the great debts  
Wherein my time something too prodigal  
Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio, 130  
I owe the most, in money and in love,  
And from your love I have a warranty  
To unburden all my plots and purposes  
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANTONIO. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it;

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,  
 Within the eye of honour, be assured,  
 My purse, my person, my extremest means,  
 Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

BASSANIO. In my school-days, when I had lost one  
 shaft

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight 141  
 The self-same way, with more advised watch,  
 To find the other forth, and by adventuring both  
 I oft found both: I urge this childhood proof,  
 Because what follows is pure innocence.  
 I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,  
 That which I owe is lost; but if you please  
 To shoot another arrow that self way  
 Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt,  
 As I will watch the aim, or to find both 150  
 Or bring your latter hazard back again  
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANTONIO. You know me well, and herein spend but  
 time

To wind about my love with circumstance;  
 And out of doubt you do me now more wrong  
 In making question of my uttermost  
 Than if you had made waste of all I have:  
 Then do but say to me what I should do  
 That in your knowledge may by me be done,  
 And I am prest unto it: therefore speak. 160

BASSANIO. In Belmont is a lady richly left;  
 And she is fair and, fairer than that word,





NERISSA. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

PORTIA. Good sentences and well pronounced. 10

NERISSA. They would be better, if well followed.

PORTIA. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reason is not in fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word 'choose'! I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none? 25

NERISSA. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men at their death have good inspirations: therefore the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you shall rightly love. But what

warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come ?

PORTIA. I pray thee over-name them ; and as thou namest them, I will describe them ; and, according to my description, level at my affection. 36

NERISSA. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

PORTIA. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse ; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself.

NERISSA. Then is there the County Palatine. 42

PORTIA. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say 'And you will not have me, choose' ; he hears merry tales and smiles not : I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a death's head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two !

NERISSA. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon ? 51

PORTIA. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker : but, he ! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning than the Count Palatine ; he is every man in no man ; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a capering : he will fence with his own shadow : if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him, for if he love me to madness, I should never requite him. 61

NERISSA. What say you then to Falconbridge, the young baron of England?

PORTIA. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian, and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas, who can converse with a dumbshow? How oddly he is suited! I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour everywhere. 72

NERISSA. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbour?

PORTIA. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another.

NERISSA. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 81

PORTIA. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober, and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him.

NERISSA. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him. 90

PORTIA. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

NERISSA. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is indeed to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets. 101

PORTIA. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

NERISSA. Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in company of the Marquis of Montferrat? 111

PORTIA. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, he was so called.

NERISSA. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

PORTIA. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. 118

*Enter a Serving-man.*

How now! what news?

SERV. The four strangers seek you, madam, to take their leave: and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

PORTIA. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.

Come, Nerissa. Sirrah, go before. 129

Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another  
knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A public place.*

*Enter BASSANIO with SHYLOCK the Jew.*

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats; well.

BASSANIO. Ay, sir, for three months.

SHYLOCK. For three months; well.

BASSANIO. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

SHYLOCK. Antonio shall become bound; well.

BASSANIO. May you stead me? will you pleasure me? shall I know your answer?

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound. 10

BASSANIO. Your answer to that.

SHYLOCK. Antonio is a good man.

BASSANIO. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary? [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

SHYLOCK. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand, moreover, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, water-thieves and land-thieves, I mean pirates, and then there is the peril of waters, winds and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think I may take his bond. 26

BASSANIO. Be assured you may.

SHYLOCK. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

BASSANIO. If it please you to dine with us.

SHYLOCK. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following, but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here? 37

*Enter* ANTONIO.

BASSANIO. This is Signior Antonio.

SHYLOCK [*aside*]. How like a fawning publican he looks!

I hate him for he is a Christian, 40  
But more for that in low simplicity  
He lends out money gratis and brings down  
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.  
If I can catch him once upon the hip,  
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.  
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,  
Even there where merchants most do congregate,  
On me, my bargains and my well-won thrift,  
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,  
If I forgive him!

BASSANIO. Shylock, do you hear? 50

SHYLOCK. I am debating of my present store,  
And, by the near guess of my memory,  
I cannot instantly raise up the gross  
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?  
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,  
Will furnish me. But soft! How many months  
Do you desire? [*To* ANTONIO.] Rest you fair, good  
signior;  
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

ANTONIO. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow  
By taking nor by giving of excess, 60  
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,

I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd  
How much ye would ?

SHYLOCK. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

ANTONIO. And for three months.

SHYLOCK. I had forgot ; three months ; you told  
me so.

Well then, your bond ; and let me see ; but hear you ;  
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow  
Upon advantage.

ANTONIO. I do never use it.

SHYLOCK. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's  
sheep —

This Jacob from our holy Abram was, 70  
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,  
The third possessor ; ay, he was the third —

ANTONIO. And what of him ? Did he take interest ?

SHYLOCK. No, not take interest, not, as you would  
say,

Directly interest : mark what Jacob did.

When Laban and himself were compromised  
That all the eanlings which were streak'd and pied  
Should fall as Jacob's hire,

The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands

And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes, 80

Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time,  
Fall parti-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.

This was a way to thrive, and he was blest :

And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

ANTONIO. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served  
for ;



A thing not in his power to bring to pass,  
 But sway'd and fashion'd by the hand of heaven.  
 Was this inserted to make interest good ?  
 Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams ?

SHYLOCK. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast : 90  
 But note me, signior.

ANTONIO. Mark you this, Bassanio,  
 The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.  
 An evil soul producing holy witness  
 Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,  
 A goodly apple rotten at the heart :  
 O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath !

SHYLOCK. Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round  
 sum.

Three months from twelve ; then, let me see ; the rate —

ANTONIO. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to  
 you ?

SHYLOCK. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft 100  
 In the Rialto you have rated me  
 About my moneys and my usances :  
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,  
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.  
 You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,  
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,  
 And all for use of that which is mine own.  
 Well then, it now appears you need my help :  
 Go to, then ; you come to me, and you say  
 "Shylock, we would have moneys : " you say so ; 110  
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard

And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur  
 Over your threshold : moneys is your suit.  
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say  
 " Hath a dog money ? is it possible  
 A cur should lend three thousand ducats ? " Or  
 Shall I bend low and in a bondman's key,  
 With bated breath and whispering humbleness,  
 Say this ;  
 " Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last ;                   120  
 You spurn'd me such a day ; another time  
 You call'd me dog ; and for these courtesies  
 I'll lend you thus much moneys " ?

ANTONIO. I am as like to call thee so again,  
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.  
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not  
 As to thy friends ; for when did friendship take  
 A breed of barren metal of his friend ?  
 But lend it rather to thine enemy,  
 Who if he break, thou mayst with better face                   130  
 Exact the penalties.

SHYLOCK. Why, look you, how you storm !  
 I would be friends with you and have your love,  
 Forget the shames that you have stain'd me with,  
 Supply your present wants and take no doit  
 Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me :  
 This is kind I offer.

BASSANIO. This were kindness.

SHYLOCK. This kindness will I show.  
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there

Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,  
 If you repay me not on such a day, 140  
 In such a place, such sum or sums as are  
 Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit  
 Be nominated for an equal pound  
 Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
 In what part of your body pleaseth me.

ANTONIO. Content, i'faith : I'll seal to such a bond  
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.

BASSANIO. You shall not seal to such a bond for me :  
 I'll rather dwell in my necessity.

ANTONIO. Why, fear not, man ; I will not forfeit it :  
 Within these two months, that's a month before 151  
 This bond expires, I do expect return  
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.

SHYLOCK. O father Abram, what these Christians are,  
 Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect  
 The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;  
 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, profitable neither, 160  
 As flesh of muttens, beefs, or goats. I say,  
 To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :  
 If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;  
 And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.

ANTONIO. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.

SHYLOCK. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;  
 Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats straight,  
 See to my house, left in the fearful guard  
 Of an unthrifty knave, and presently 170  
 I will be with you.

ANTONIO. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit SHYLOCK.*  
 This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.

BASSANIO. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind.

ANTONIO. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;  
 My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF MOROCCO, a tawny Moor all in white, with three or four followers dressed accordingly; PORTIA, NERISSA, and their train.*

MOROCCO. Mislike me not for my complexion,  
 The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,  
 To whom I am a neighbour and near bred.  
 Bring me the fairest creature northward born,  
 Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,  
 And let us make incision for your love,  
 To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.  
 I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine  
 Hath fear'd the valiant: by my love, I swear  
 The best-regarded virgins of our clime 10  
 Have loved it too: I would not change this hue,

Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

PORTIA. In terms of choice I am not solely led  
 By nice direction of a maiden's eyes ;  
 Besides, the lottery of my destiny  
 Bars me the right of voluntary choosing :  
 But if my father had not scanted me,  
 And hedged me by his wit, to yield myself  
 His wife who wins me by that means I told you,  
 Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair 20  
 As any comer I have look'd on yet  
 For my affection.

MOROCCO. Even for that I thank you :  
 Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets  
 To try my fortune. By this scimitar,  
 That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince  
 That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,  
 I would o'er-stare the sternest eyes that look,  
 Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,  
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,  
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey, 30  
 To win thee, lady. But, alas the while !  
 If Hercules and Lichas play at dice  
 Which is the better man, the greater throw  
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand :  
 So is Alcides beaten by his page ;  
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,  
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,  
 And die with grieving.

PORTIA. You must take your chance,

And either not attempt to choose at all  
 Or swear, before you choose, if you choose wrong 40  
 Never to speak to lady afterward  
 In way of marriage: therefore be advised.

MOROCCO. Nor will not. Come, bring me unto my  
 chance.

PORTIA. First, forward to the temple: after dinner  
 Your hazard shall be made.

MOROCCO. Good fortune then!  
 To make me blest or cursed'st among men.  
 [*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT the clown.*

LAUNCELOT. Certainly my conscience will serve me  
 to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine  
 elbow and tempts me, saying to me "Gobbo, Launcelot  
 Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good  
 Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run  
 away." My conscience says "No; take heed, honest  
 Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo," or, as aforesaid,  
 "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running  
 with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids  
 me pack: "Via!" says the fiend; "away!" says the  
 fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says  
 the fiend, "and run." Well, my conscience, hanging  
 about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me "My  
 honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son," or

rather an honest woman's son; for indeed my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste; well, my conscience says "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" "Fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel: I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run. 29

*Enter OLD GOBBO, with a basket.*

GOBBO. Master young man, you, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT [*aside*]. O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel-blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.

GOBBO. Master, young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's?

LAUNCELOT. Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house. 41

GOBBO. By God's sonties, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no ?

LAUNCELOT. Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?  
[*Aside.*] Mark me now ; now will I raise the waters. —  
Talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

GOBBO. No master, sir, but a poor man's son : his father, though I say it, is an honest exceeding poor man and, God be thanked, well to live. 50

LAUNCELOT. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

GOBBO. Your worship's friend and Launcelot.

LAUNCELOT. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot ?

GOBBO. Of Launcelot, an't please your mastership.

LAUNCELOT. Ergo, Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father ; for the young gentleman, according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning, is indeed deceased, or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven. 62

GOBBO. Marry, God forbid ! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

LAUNCELOT. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop ? Do you know me, father ?

GOBBO. Alack the day, I know you not, young gentleman : but, I pray you, tell me, is my boy, God rest his soul, alive or dead ?

LAUNCELOT. Do you not know me, father ? 70



GOBBO. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind ; I know you not.

LAUNCELOT. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me : it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son : give me your blessing : truth will come to light ; murder cannot be hid long ; a man's son may, but in the end truth will out.

GOBBO. Pray you, sir, stand up : I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy. 79

LAUNCELOT. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing : I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

GOBBO. I cannot think you are my son.

LAUNCELOT. I know not what I shall think of that ; but I am Launcelot, the Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

GOBBO. Her name is Margery, indeed : I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord worshipped might he be ! what a beard hast thou got ! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my fill-horse has on his tail. 92

LAUNCELOT. It should seem then that Dobbin's tail grows backward : I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

GOBBO. Lord, how art thou changed ! How dost thou and thy master agree ? I have brought him a present. How 'gree you now ?

LAUNCELOT. Well, well : but, for mine own part, as

I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run some ground. My master's a very Jew: give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who indeed gives rare new liveries: if I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man: to him, father; for I am a Jew, if I serve the Jew any longer. 109

*Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO and other followers.*

BASSANIO. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging.

*[Exit a Servant.]*

LAUNCELOT. To him, father.

GOBBO. God bless your worship!

BASSANIO. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

GOBBO. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy —

LAUNCELOT. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify — 120

GOBBO. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve —

LAUNCELOT. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify. —

GOBBO. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins —

LAUNCELOT. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you, — 131

GOBBO. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is —

LAUNCELOT. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

BASSANIO. One speak for both. What would you?

LAUNCELOT. Serve you, sir.

GOBBO. That is the very defect of the matter, sir. 140

BASSANIO. I know thee well; thou hast obtain'd thy suit:

Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,  
And hath preferr'd thee, if it be preferment  
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become  
The follower of so poor a gentleman.

LAUNCELOT. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

BASSANIO. Thou speak'st it well. Go, father, with thy son.

Take leave of thy old master and inquire 150  
My lodging out. Give him a livery  
More guarded than his fellows': see it done.

LAUNCELOT. Father, in. I cannot get a service, no ; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to, here's a simple line of life ; here's a small trifle of wives : alas, fifteen wives is nothing ! eleven widows and nine maids is a simple coming in for one man : and then to 'scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ; here are simple 'scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear. Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. 164

[*Exeunt* LAUNCELOT and OLD GOBBO.

BASSANIO. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this :

These things being bought and orderly bestow'd  
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night  
My best-esteem'd acquaintance : hie thee, go.

LEONARDO. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

GRATIANO. Where is your master ?

LEONARDO. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

GRATIANO. Signior Bassanio ! 171

BASSANIO. Gratiano !

GRATIANO. I have a suit to you.

BASSANIO. You have obtain'd it.

GRATIANO. You must not deny me : I must go with you to Belmont.

BASSANIO. Why then you must. But hear thee,  
Gratiano;

Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;  
Parts that become thee happily enough  
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;  
But where thou art not known, why, there they show  
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain 181  
To allay with some cold drops of modesty  
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour  
I be misconstrued in the place I go to  
And lose my hopes.

GRATIANO. Signior Bassanio, hear me :

If I do not put on a sober habit,  
Talk with respect and swear but now and then,  
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,  
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes  
Thus with my hat, and sigh and say "amen," 190  
Use all the observance of civility,  
Like one well studied in a sad ostent  
To please his grandam, never trust me more.

BASSANIO. Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRATIANO. Nay, but I bar to-night: you shall not  
gauge me

By what we do to-night.

BASSANIO. No, that were pity :

I would entreat you rather to put on  
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends  
That purpose merriment. But fare you well : 200  
I have some business.

GRATIANO. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest:  
But we will visit you at supper-time. [*Exeunt.*

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

SCENE III. *The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.*

*Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.*

JESSICA. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:  
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,  
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.  
But fare thee well, there is a ducat for thee:  
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see  
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:  
Give him this letter; do it secretly;  
And so farewell: I would not have my father  
See me in talk with thee. 9

LAUNCELOT. Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most  
beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew, adieu: these foolish  
drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu.

JESSICA. Farewell, good Launcelot.

[*Exit LAUNCELOT.*

Alack, what heinous sin is it in me  
To be ashamed to be my father's child!  
But though I am a daughter to his blood,  
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,  
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,  
Become a Christian and thy loving wife. 18

[*Exit.*

SCENE IV. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* GRATIANO, LORENZO, SALARINO, and SOLANIO.

LORENZO. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,  
Disguise us at my lodging and return,  
All in an hour.

GRATIANO. We have not made good preparation.

SALARINO. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.

SOLANIO. 'Tis vile, unless it may be quaintly order'd,  
And better in my mind not undertook.

LORENZO. 'Tis now but four of clock : we have two  
hours  
To furnish us.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT, *with a letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news ?

LAUNCELOT. And it shall please you to break up  
this, shall it seem to signify. 11

LORENZO. I know the hand : in faith, 'tis a fair hand,  
And whiter than the paper it writ on  
Is the fair hand that writ.

GRATIANO. Love-news, in faith.

LAUNCELOT. By your leave, sir.

LORENZO. Whither goest thou ?

LAUNCELOT. Marry, sir, to bid my old master the  
Jew to sup to-night with my new master the Christian.

LORENZO. Hold here, take this : tell gentle Jessica  
I will not fail her ; speak it privately. 20

[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.]

Go, gentlemen,  
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night?  
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

SALARINO. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.

SOLANIO. And so will I.

LORENZO. Meet me and Gratiano  
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

SALARINO. 'Tis good we do so.

[*Exeunt* SALARINO and SOLANIO.]

GRATIANO. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?

LORENZO. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed

How I shall take her from her father's house, 30  
What gold and jewels she is furnish'd with,  
What page's suit she hath in readiness.  
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,  
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake:  
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,  
Unless she do it under this excuse,  
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.  
Come, go with me; peruse this as thou goest:  
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A room in SHYLOCK'S house.*

*Enter* SHYLOCK and LAUNCELOT.

SHYLOCK. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy  
judge,

The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio:—



What, Jessica! — thou shalt not gormandise,  
 As thou hast done with me : — What, Jessica! —  
 And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out : —  
 Why, Jessica, I say!

LAUNCELOT. Why, Jessica!

SHYLOCK. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee  
 call.

LAUNCELOT. Your worship was wont to tell me I  
 could do nothing without bidding.

*Enter JESSICA.*

JESSICA. Call you? what is your will? 10

SHYLOCK. I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:  
 There are my keys. But wherefore should I go?  
 I am not bid for love; they flatter me:  
 But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon  
 The prodigal Christian. Jessica, my girl,  
 Look to my house. I am right loath to go:  
 There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,  
 For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

LAUNCELOT. I beseech you, sir, go: my young mas-  
 ter doth expect your reproach. 20

SHYLOCK. So do I his.

LAUNCELOT. And they have conspired together, I  
 will not say you shall see a masque; but if you do, then  
 it was not for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on  
 Black-Monday last at six o'clock i' the morning, falling  
 out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year, in the  
 afternoon.

SHYLOCK. What, are there masques ? Hear you me,  
Jessica :

Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum  
And the vile squealing of the wry-neck'd fife, 30  
Clamber not you up to the casements then,  
Nor thrust your head into the public street  
To gaze on Christian fools with varnish'd faces,  
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements :  
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter  
My sober house. By Jacob's staff, I swear,  
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night :  
But I will go. Go you before me, sirrah ;  
Say I will come.

LAUNCELOT. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out  
at window, for all this ; 41

There will come a Christian by,  
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit.*

SHYLOCK. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring,  
ha ?

JESSICA. His words were " Farewell, mistress ; " nothing  
else.

SHYLOCK. The patch is kind enough, but a huge  
feeder ;

Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day  
More than the wild-cat : drones hive not with me :  
Therefore I part with him, and part with him  
To one that I would have him help to waste 50  
His borrow'd purse. Well, Jessica, go in :  
Perhaps I will return immediately :

Do as I bid you ; shut doors after you :

Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

JESSICA. Farewell ; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VI. *The same.*

*Enter GRATIANO and SALARINO, masqued.*

GRATIANO. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo

Desired us to make stand.

SALARINO. His hour is almost past.

GRATIANO. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour,  
For lovers ever run before the clock.

SALARINO. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly  
To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are wont  
To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

GRATIANO. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast  
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?  
Where is the horse that doth untread again  
His tedious measures with the unbated fire  
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,  
Are with more spirit chased than enjoy'd.  
How like a younker or a prodigal  
The scarfed bark puts from her native bay,  
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind !  
How like a prodigal doth she return,

With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,  
Lean, rent and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

SALARINO. Here comes Lorenzo : more of this here-  
after. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) 20

*Enter* LORENZO.

LORENZO. Sweet friends, your patience for my long  
abode ;

Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :  
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,  
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach ;  
Here dwells my father Jew. Ho ! who's within ?

*Enter* JESSICA, above, in boy's clothes.

JESSICA. Who are you ? Tell me, for more certainty,  
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LORENZO. Lorenzo, and thy love.

JESSICA. Lorenzo, certain, and my love indeed,  
For who love I so much ? And now who knows 30  
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours ?

LORENZO. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that  
thou art.

JESSICA. Here, catch this casket ; it is worth the  
pains.

I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,  
For I am much ashamed of my exchange :  
But love is blind and lovers cannot see  
The pretty follies that themselves commit ;  
For if they could, Cupid himself would blush  
To see me thus transformed to a boy. 39

LORENZO. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JESSICA. What, must I hold a candle to my shames ?  
They in themselves, good sooth, are too too light.  
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love ;  
And I should be obscured.

LORENZO. So are you, sweet,  
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.  
But come at once ;  
For the close night doth play the runaway, .  
And we are stay'd for at Bassanio's feast.

JESSICA. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself  
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. 50

[*Exit above.*]

GRATIANO. Now, by my hood, a Gentile and no Jew.

LORENZO. Beshrew me but I love her heartily ;  
For she is wise, if I can judge of her,  
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true,  
And true she is, as she hath proved herself,  
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,  
Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

*Enter JESSICA below.*

What, art thou come ? On, gentlemen ; away !  
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.

[*Exit with JESSICA and SALARINO.*]

*Enter ANTONIO.*

ANTONIO. Who's there ?

60

GRATIANO. Signior Antonio !

ANTONIO. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?  
 'Tis nine o'clock: our friends all stay for you.  
 No masque to-night: the wind is come about;  
 Bassanio presently will go aboard:  
 I have sent twenty out to seek for you.

GRATIANO. I am glad on't: I desire no more delight  
 That to be under sail and gone to-night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE VII. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the PRINCE  
 OF MOROCCO, and their trains.*

PORTIA. Go draw aside the curtains and discover  
 The several caskets to this noble prince.  
 Now make your choice.

MOROCCO. The first, of gold, who this inscription  
 bears,  
 "Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire;"  
 The second, silver, which this promise carries,  
 "Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves;"  
 This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt,  
 "Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
 How shall I know if I do choose the right? 10

PORTIA. The one of them contains my picture, prince:  
 If you choose that, then I am yours withal.

MOROCCO. Some God direct my judgment! Let me  
 see;  
 I will survey the inscriptions back again.  
 What says this leaden casket?

"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."

Must give! for what? for lead? hazard for lead?

This casket threatens. Men that hazard all

Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross; 20

I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.

What says the silver with her virgin hue?

"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."

As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,

And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,

Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough

May not extend so far as to the lady:

And yet to be afeared of my deserving

Were but a weak disabling of myself. 30

As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady:

I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,

In graces, and in qualities of breeding;

But more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no further, but chose here?

Let's see once more this saying graved in gold;

"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."

Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her;

From the four corners of the earth they come,

To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing saint: 40

The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds

Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now

For princes to come view fair Portia:

The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head

Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar  
 To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,  
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.  
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.  
 Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation  
 To think so base a thought: it were too gross 50  
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave.  
 Or shall I think in silver she's immured,  
 Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?  
 O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem  
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England  
 A coin that bears the figure of an angel  
 Stamped in gold, but that's insculp'd upon;  
 But here an angel in a golden bed  
 Lies all within. Deliver me the key:  
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may! 60

PORTIA. There, take it, prince; and if my form lie  
 there,

Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

MOROCCO. O hell! what have we here?  
 A carrion Death, within whose empty eye  
 There is a written scroll! I'll read the writing.

[*Reads.*] All that glisters is not gold;  
 Often have you heard that told:  
 Many a man his life hath sold  
 But my outside to behold:  
 Gilded tombs do worms infold.  
 Had you been as wise as bold, 70  
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,



Your answer had not been inscroll'd :

Fare you well ; your suit is cold.

Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost !

Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart

To take a tedious leave : thus losers part.

[*Exit with his train. Flourish of Cornets.*

PORTIA. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.

Let all of his complexion choose me so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII. Venice. A street.

*Enter SALARINO and SOLANIO.*

SALARINO. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :

With him is Gratiano gone along ;

And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

SOLANIO. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

SALARINO. He comes too late, the ship was under sail :

But there the duke was given to understand

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :

Besides, Antonio certified the duke

10

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

SOLANIO. I never heard a passion so confused,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :

“ My daughter ! O my ducats ! O my daughter !

Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!  
 Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!  
 A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,  
 Of double ducats, stolen from me by my daughter!  
 And jewels, two stones, two rich and precious stones,  
 Stolen by my daughter! Justice! find the girl; 21  
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats."

SALARINO. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,  
 Crying, his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

SOLANIO. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,  
 Or he shall pay for this.

SALARINO. Marry, well remember'd.  
 I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday,  
 Who told me, in the narrow seas that part  
 The French and English, there miscarried  
 A vessel of our country richly fraught: 30  
 I thought upon Antonio when he told me,  
 And wish'd in silence that it were not his.

SOLANIO. You were best to tell Antonio what you  
 hear;  
 Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him.

SALARINO. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.  
 I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:  
 Bassanio told him he would make some speed  
 Of his return: he answer'd, "Do not so;  
 Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,  
 But stay the very riping of the time; 40  
 And for the Jew's bond which he hath of me,  
 Let it not enter in your mind of love:

Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts  
 To courtship and such fair ostents of love  
 As shall conveniently become you there : ”  
 And even there, his eye being big with tears,  
 Turning his face, he put his hand behind him,  
 And with affection wondrous sensible  
 He wrung Bassanio’s hand ; and so they parted.

SOLANIO. I think he only loves the world for him.  
 I pray thee, let us go and find him out 51  
 And quicken his embraced heaviness  
 With some delight or other.

SALARINO. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA’S house.*

*Enter NERISSA with a Servitor.*

NERISSA. Quick, quick, I pray thee ; draw the curtain  
 straight :  
 The Prince of Arragon hath ta’en his oath,  
 And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the PRINCE OF ARRAGON,  
 PORTIA, and their trains.*

PORTIA. Behold, there stand the caskets, noble prince :  
 If you choose that wherein I am contain’d,  
 Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized :  
 But if you fail, without more speech, my lord,  
 You must be gone from hence immediately.

ARRAGON. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :

First, never to enfold to any one 10  
 Which casket 'twas I chose ; next, if I fail  
 Of the right casket, never in my life  
 To woo a maid in way of marriage :  
 Lastly,  
 If I do fail in fortune of my choice,  
 Immediately to leave you and be gone.

PORTIA. To these injunctions every one doth swear  
 That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

ARRAGON. And so have I address'd me. Fortune  
 now

To my heart's hope ! Gold ; silver ; and base lead. 20  
 " Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."  
 You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.  
 What says the golden chest ? ha ! let me see :  
 " Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."  
 What many men desire ! that " many " may be meant  
 By the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
 Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach ;  
 Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet,  
 Builds in the weather on the outward wall,  
 Even in the force and road of casualty. 30  
 I will not choose what many men desire,  
 Because I will not jump with common spirits  
 And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.  
 Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house ;  
 Tell me once more what title thou dost bear :

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves : ”

And well said too ; for who shall go about

To cozen fortune and be honourable

Without the stamp of merit ? Let none presume

To wear an undeserved dignity. 40

O, that estates, degrees and offices

Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honour

Were purchased by the merit of the wearer !

How many then should cover that stand bare !

How many be commanded that command !

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd

From the true seed of honour ! and how much honour

Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times

To be new-varnish'd ! Well, but to my choice :

“ Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves. ”

I will assume desert. Give me a key for this, 51

And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

[*He opens the silver casket.*

PORTIA. Too long a pause for that which you find  
there.

ARRAGON. What's here ? the portrait of a blinking  
idiot,

Presenting me a schedule ! I will read it.

How much unlike art thou to Portia !

How much unlike my hopes and my deservings !

“ Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves. ”

Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?

Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ? 60

PORTIA. To offend, and judge, are distinct offices  
And of opposed natures.

ARRAGON.

What is here ?

[*Reads.*]

The fire seven times tried this :  
 Seven times tried that judgment is,  
 That did never choose amiss.  
 Some there be that shadows kiss ;  
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :  
 There be fools alive, I wis,  
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.  
 Take what wife you will to bed,  
 I will ever be your head :  
 So be gone : you are sped.

70

Still more fool I shall appear  
 By the time I linger here :  
 With one fool's head I came to woo,  
 But I go away with two.  
 Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,  
 Patiently to bear my wrath.

[*Exeunt ARRAGON and train.*]

PORTIA. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.  
 O, these deliberate fools ! when they do choose,  
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

80

NERISSA. The ancient saying is no heresy,  
 Hanging and wiving goes by destiny.

PORTIA. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT. Where is my lady ?

PORTIA.

Here : what would my lord ?

SERVANT. Madam, there is alighted at your gate  
 A young Venetian, one that comes before  
 To signify the approaching of his lord ;  
 From whom he bringeth sensible greets,  
 To wit, besides commends and courteous breath 90  
 Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen  
 So likely an ambassador of love :  
 A day in April never came so sweet,  
 To show how costly summer was at hand,  
 As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

PORTIA. No more, I pray thee : I am half afeard  
 Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,  
 Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.  
 Come, come, Nerissa ; for I long to see  
 Quick Cupid's post that comes so mannerly. 100

NERISSA. Bassanio. lord Love, if thy will it be !

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

SCENE I. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter SOLANIO and SALARINO.*

SOLANIO. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

SALARINO. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that  
 Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the nar-  
 row seas ; the Goodwins, I think they call the place ;  
 a very dangerous flat and fatal, where the carcasses of

many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word. 7

SOLANIO. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped ginger or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the good Antonio, the honest Antonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SALARINO. Come, the full stop.

SOLANIO. Ha! what sayest thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship. 17

SALARINO. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOLANIO. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer, for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHYLOCK. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight. 25

SALARINO. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

SOLANIO. And Shylock, for his own part, knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam. 30

SHYLOCK. She is damned for it.

SALARINO. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.



SHYLOCK. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOLANIO. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years?

SHYLOCK. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SALARINO. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no? 42

SHYLOCK. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beggar, that was used to come so smug upon the mart; let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SALARINO. Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? 51

SHYLOCK. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's the reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we

not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

71

*Enter a Servant.*

SERVANT. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house and desires to speak with you both.

SALARINO. We have been up and down to seek him.

*Enter TUBAL.*

SOLANIO. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

*[Exeunt SOLANIO, SALARINO, and Servant.]*

SHYLOCK. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? hast thou found my daughter?

TUBAL. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her.

80

SHYLOCK. Why, there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin!

No news of them? Why, so: and I know not how much is spent in the search: why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs but o' my breathing; no tears but o' my shedding. 93

TUBAL. Yes, other men have ill luck too: Antonio, as I heard in Genoa, —

SHYLOCK. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUBAL. Hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHYLOCK. I thank God, I thank God. Is it true, is it true? 100

TUBAL. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

SHYLOCK. I thank thee, good Tubal: good news, good news! ha, ha! where? in Genoa?

TUBAL. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night fourscore ducats.

SHYLOCK. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats! 109

TUBAL. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break.

SHYLOCK. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

TUBAL. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter for a monkey. 116

SHYLOCK. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) 120

TUBAL. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHYLOCK. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Belmont. A room in PORTIA'S house.*

*Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, and Attendants.*

PORTIA. I pray you, tarry: pause a day or two  
 Before you hazard; for, in choosing wrong,  
 I lose your company: therefore forbear awhile.  
 There's something tells me, but it is not love,  
 I would not lose you; and you know yourself,  
 Hate counsels not in such a quality.  
 But lest you should not understand me well, —  
 And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought, —  
 I would detain you here some month or two  
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you 10  
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn;  
 So will I never be: so may you miss me;  
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,

That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,  
 They have o'erlook'd me and divided me;  
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,  
 Mine own, I would say; but if mine, then yours,  
 And so all yours. O, these naughty times  
 Put bars between the owners and their rights!  
 And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so, 20  
 Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.  
 I speak too long; but 'tis to peize the time,  
 To eke it and to draw it out in length,  
 To stay you from election.

BASSANIO. Let me choose;  
 For as I am, I live upon the rack.

PORTIA. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess  
 What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASSANIO. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,  
 Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love:  
 There may as well be amity and life 30  
 'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

PORTIA. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,  
 Where men enforced do speak anything.

BASSANIO. Promise me life, and I'll confess the truth.

PORTIA. Well then, confess and live.

BASSANIO. "Confess" and "love"  
 Had been the very sum of my confession:  
 O happy torment, when my torturer  
 Doth teach me answers for deliverance!  
 But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

PORTIA. Away, then! I am lock'd in one of them:

If you do love me you will find me out. 41  
 Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof.  
 Let music sound while he doth make his choice;  
 Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
 Fading in music : that the comparison  
 May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream  
 And watery death-bed for him. He may win ;  
 And what is music then ? Then music is  
 Even as the flourish when true subjects bow  
 To a new-crowned monarch : such it is 50  
 As are those dulcet sounds in break of day  
 That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear  
 And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,  
 With no less presence, but with much more love,  
 Than young Alcides, when he did redeem  
 The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy  
 To the sea-monster : I stand for sacrifice ;  
 The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,  
 With bleared visages, come forth to view  
 The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules ! 60  
 Live thou, I live : with much much more dismay  
 I view the fight than thou that makest the fray.

*Music, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.*

SONG.

Tell me where is fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart or in the head ?  
 How begot, how nourished ?  
 Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
 With gazing fed ; and fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell :

70

I'll begin it, — Ding, dong, bell.

ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASSANIO. So may the outward shows be least themselves :

The world is still deceived with ornament.

In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt

But, being season'd with a gracious voice,

Obscures the show of evil ? In religion,

What damned error, but some sober brow

Will bless it and approve it with a text,

Hiding the grossness with fair ornament ?

80

There is no vice so simple but assumes

Some mark of virtue on his outward parts :

How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false

As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins

The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,

Who, inward search'd, have livèrs white as milk ;

And these assume but valour's excrement

To render them redoubted ! Look on beauty,

And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight ;

Which therein works a miracle in nature,

90

Making them lightest that wear most of it :

So are those crisped snaky golden locks

Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,

Upon supposed fairness, often known

To be the dowry of a second head,  
 The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.  
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore  
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf  
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on 100  
 To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,  
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;  
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge  
 'Tween man and man; but thou, thou meagre lead,  
 Which rather threatenest than dost promise aught,  
 Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence;  
 And here choose I: joy be the consequence!

PORTIA [*aside*]. How all the other passions fleet to  
 air,  
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,  
 And shuddering fear, and green-eyed jealousy! 110  
 O love, be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;  
 In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess.  
 I feel too much thy blessing: make it less,  
 For fear I surfeit.

BASSANIO. What find I here?

[*Opening the leaden casket.*]

Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god  
 Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes?  
 Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,  
 Seem they in motion? Here are sever'd lips,  
 Parted with sugar breath: so sweet a bar  
 Should sunder such sweet friends. Here in her hairs



The painter plays the spider and hath woven 121  
 A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men  
 Faster than gnats in cobwebs : but her eyes, —  
 How could he see to do them? Having made one,  
 Methinks it should have power to steal both his  
 And leave itself unfurnish'd. Yet look, how far  
 The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow  
 In underprizing it, so far this shadow  
 Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,  
 The continent and summary of my fortune. 130

[*Reads.*] You that choose not by the view,  
 Chance as fair and choose as true!  
 Since this fortune falls to you,  
 Be content and seek no new.  
 If you be well pleased with this  
 And hold your fortune for your bliss,  
 Turn you where your lady is  
 And claim her with a loving kiss.

A gentle scroll. Fair lady, by your leave ;  
 I come by note, to give and to receive. 140  
 Like one of two contending in a prize,  
 That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,  
 Hearing applause and universal shout,  
 Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt  
 Whether those peals of praise be his or no,  
 So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so ;  
 As doubtful whether what I see be true,  
 Until confirm'd, sign'd, ratified by you.

PORTIA. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,  
 Such as I am : though for myself alone 150  
 I would not be ambitious in my wish,  
 To wish myself much better; yet for you  
 I would be trebled twenty times myself ;  
 A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times  
 More rich ;  
 That only to stand high in your account,  
 I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,  
 Exceed account ; but the full sum of me  
 Is sum of nothing, which, to term in gross,  
 Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractis'd ; 160  
 Happy in this, she is not yet so old  
 But she may learn ; happier than this,  
 She is not bred so dull but she can learn ;  
 Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit  
 Commits itself to yours to be directed,  
 As from her lord, her governor, her king.  
 Myself and what is mine to you and yours  
 Is now converted : but now I was the lord  
 Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,  
 Queen o'er myself ; and even now, but now, 170  
 This house, these servants and this same myself  
 Are yours, my lord : I give them with this ring ;  
 Which when you part from, lose, or give away,  
 Let it presage the ruin of your love  
 And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

BASSANIO. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,  
 Only my blood speaks to you in my veins ;

And there is such confusion in my powers  
 As, after some oration fairly spoke  
 By a beloved prince, there doth appear 180  
 Among the buzzing pleased multitude ;  
 Where every something, being blent together,  
 Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,  
 Express'd and not express'd. But when this ring  
 Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence :  
 O, then be bold to say Bassanio's dead !

NERISSA. My lord and lady, it is now our time,  
 That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,  
 To cry, good joy : good joy, my lord and lady !

GRATIANO. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady,  
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ; 191  
 For I am sure you can wish none from me :  
 And when your honours mean to solemnize  
 The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,  
 Even at that time I may be married too.

BASSANIO. With all my heart, so thou canst get a  
 wife.

GRATIANO. I thank your lordship, you have got me  
 one.

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours :  
 You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid ;  
 You loved, I loved, for intermission 200  
 No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.  
 Your fortune stood upon the casket there,  
 And so did mine too, as the matter falls ;  
 For wooing here until I sweat again,

And swearing till my very roof was dry  
 With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,  
 I got a promise of this fair one here  
 To have her love, provided that your fortune  
 Achieved her mistress.

PORTIA. Is this true, Nerissa? 209

NERISSA. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal.

BASSANIO. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRATIANO. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASSANIO. Our feast shall be much honour'd in your  
 marriage.

GRATIANO. But who comes here? Lorenzo and his  
 infidel?

What, and my old Venetian friend Solanio?

*Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, and SOLANIO, a messenger  
 from Venice.*

BASSANIO. Lorenzo and Solanio, welcome hither;  
 If that the youth of my new interest here  
 Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave,  
 I bid my very friends and countrymen,  
 Sweet Portia, welcome.

PORTIA. So do I, my lord: 220  
 They are entirely welcome.

LORENZO. I thank your honour. For my part, my  
 lord,  
 My purpose was not to have seen you here;  
 But meeting with Solanio by the way,

He did entreat me, past all saying nay,  
To come with him along.

SOLANIO. I did, my lord ;  
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio  
Commends him to you. [*Gives BASSANIO a letter.*]

BASSANIO. Ere I ope his letter,  
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.

SOLANIO. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind ;  
Nor well, unless in mind : his letter there 231  
Will show you his estate. [*BASSANIO opens the letter.*]

GRATIANO. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger ; bid her  
welcome.

Your hand, Solanio : what's the news from Venice ?  
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio ?  
I know he will be glad of our success ;  
We are the Jasons, we have won the fleece.

SOLANIO. I would you had won the fleece that he hath  
lost.

PORTIA. There are some shrewd contents in yon same  
paper,  
That steals the colour from Bassanio's cheek ; 240  
Some dear friend dead ; else nothing in the world  
Could turn so much the constitution  
Of any constant man. What, worse and worse !  
With leave, Bassanio ; I am half yourself,  
And I must freely have the half of anything  
That this same paper brings you.

BASSANIO. O sweet Portia,  
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words

That ever blotted paper ! Gentle lady,  
 When I did first impart my love to you,  
 I freely told you, all the wealth I had 250  
 Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman ;  
 And then I told you true : and yet, dear lady,  
 Rating myself at nothing, you shall see  
 How much I was a braggart. When I told you  
 My state was nothing, I should then have told you  
 That I was worse than nothing ; for indeed  
 I have engaged myself to a dear friend,  
 Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,  
 To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady ;  
 The paper as the body of my friend, 260  
 And every word in it a gaping wound,  
 Issuing life-blood. But is it true, Solanio ?  
 Have all his ventures fail'd ? What, not one hit ?  
 From Tripolis, from Mexico and England,  
 From Lisbon, Barbary and India ?  
 And not one vessel 'scape the dreadful touch  
 Of merchant-marring rocks ?

SOLANIO.

Not one, my lord.

Besides, it should appear, that if he had  
 The present money to discharge the Jew,  
 He would not take it. Never did I know 270  
 A creature, that did bear the shape of man,  
 So keen and greedy to confound a man :  
 He plies the duke at morning and at night,  
 And doth impeach the freedom of the state,  
 If they deny him justice : twenty merchants,

The duke himself, and the magnificoes  
 Of greatest port, have all persuaded with him ;  
 But none can drive him from the envious plea  
 Of forfeiture, of justice and his bond.

JESSICA. When I was with him I have heard him  
 swear

To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen, 281  
 That he would rather have Antonio's flesh  
 Than twenty times the value of the sum  
 That he did owe him : and I know, my lord,  
 If law, authority and power deny not,  
 It will go hard with poor Antonio.

PORTIA. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble ?

BASSANIO. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,  
 The best-condition'd and unwearied spirit  
 In doing courtesies, and one in whom 290  
 The ancient Roman honour more appears  
 Than any that draws breath in Italy.

PORTIA. What sum owes he the Jew ?

BASSANIO. For me three thousand ducats.

PORTIA. What, no more ?

Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond ;  
 Double six thousand, and then treble that,  
 Before a friend of this description  
 Shall lose a hair through Bassanio's fault.  
 First go with me to church and call me wife,  
 And then away to Venice to your friend ; 300  
 For never shall you lie by Portia's side  
 With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold

To pay the petty debt twenty times over :  
 When it is paid, bring your true friend along.  
 My maid Nerissa and myself meantime  
 Will live as maids and widows. Come, away !  
 For you shall hence upon your wedding-day :  
 Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer :  
 Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.  
 But let me hear the letter of your friend. 310

BASSANIO [*reads*]. Sweet Bassanio, my ships have  
 all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very  
 low, my bond to the Jew is forfeit; and since in paying  
 it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared  
 between you and I, if I might see you at my death.  
 Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not  
 persuade you to come, let not my letter.

PORTIA. O love, despatch all business, and be gone !

BASSANIO. Since I have your good leave to go away,

I will make haste: but, till I come again, 320

No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *Venice. A street.*

*Enter SHYLOCK, SALARINO, ANTONIO, and GAOLER.*

SHYLOCK. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;  
 This is the fool that lent out money gratis:  
 Gaoler, look to him.

ANTONIO. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

SHYLOCK. I'll have my bond; speak not against my  
 bond:



I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.  
 Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause ;  
 But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs :  
 The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,  
 Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond  
 To come abroad with him at his request. 10

ANTONIO. I pray thee, hear me speak.

SHYLOCK. I'll have my bond ; I will not hear thee  
 speak :

I'll have my bond ; and therefore speak no more.  
 I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,  
 To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield  
 To Christian intercessors. Follow not ;  
 I'll have no speaking ; I will have my bond. [*Exit.*]

SALARINO. It is the most impenetrable cur  
 That ever kept with men.

ANTONIO. Let him alone :

I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers. 20  
 He seeks my life ; his reason well I know :  
 I oft delivered from his forfeitures  
 Many that have at times made moan to me ;  
 Therefore he hates me.

SALARINO. I am sure the duke  
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

ANTONIO. The duke cannot deny the course of law ;  
 For the commodity that strangers have  
 With us in Venice, if it be denied,  
 Will much impeach the justice of the state ;  
 Since that the trade and profit of the city 30

Consisteth of all nations. Therefore go :  
 These griefs and losses have so bated me,  
 That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh  
 To-morrow to my bloody creditor.  
 Well, gaoler, on. Pray God, Bassanio come  
 To see me pay his debt, and then I care not ! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *Belmont. A room in Portia's house.*

*Enter* PORTIA, NERISSA, LORENZO, JESSICA, and  
 BALTHASAR.

LORENZO. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,  
 You have a noble and a true conceit  
 Of god-like amity ; which appears most strongly  
 In bearing thus the absence of your lord.  
 But if you knew to whom you show this honour,  
 How true a gentleman you send relief,  
 How dear a lover of my lord your husband,  
 I know you would be prouder of the work  
 Than customary bounty can enforce you.

PORTIA. I never did repent for doing good, 10  
 Nor shall not now : for in companions  
 That do converse and waste the time together,  
 Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,  
 There must be needs a like proportion  
 Of lineaments, of manners and of spirit ;  
 Which makes me think that this Antonio,  
 Being the bosom lover of my lord,

Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,  
 How little is the cost I have bestow'd  
 In purchasing the semblance of my soul 20  
 From out the state of hellish cruelty!  
 This comes too near the praising of myself:  
 Therefore no more of it: hear other things.  
 Lorenzo, I commit into your hands  
 The husbandry and manage of my house  
 Until my lord's return: for mine own part,  
 I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow  
 To live in prayer and contemplation,  
 Only attended by Nerissa here,  
 Until her husband and my lord's return: 30  
 There is a monastery two miles off;  
 And there we will abide. I do desire you  
 Not to deny this imposition,  
 The which my love and some necessity  
 Now lays upon you.

LORENZO. Madam, with all my heart:  
 I shall obey you in all fair commands.

PORTIA. My people do already know my mind,  
 And will acknowledge you and Jessica  
 In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.  
 And so farewell, till we shall meet again. 40

LORENZO. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on  
 you!

JESSICA. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

PORTIA. I thank you for your wish, and am well  
 pleased

To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA and LORENZO.]

Now, Balthasar,

As I have ever found thee honest-true,

So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,

And use thou all the endeavour of a man

In speed to Padua: see thou render this

Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario, 50

And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,

Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed

Unto the tranect, to the common ferry

Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,

But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTHASAR. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

PORTIA. Come on, Nerissa; I have work in hand

That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands

Before they think of us.

NERISSA. Shall they see us?

PORTIA. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit,

That they shall think we are accomplished 61

With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,

When we are both accoutred like young men,

I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,

And wear my dagger with the braver grace,

And speak between the change of man and boy

With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps

Into a manly stride, and speak of frays

Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint lies,

How honourable ladies sought my love, 70  
 Which I denying, they fell sick and died ;  
 I could not do withal ; then I'll repent,  
 And wish, for all that, that I had not kill'd them ;  
 And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,  
 That men shall swear I have discontinued school  
 Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind  
 A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,  
 Which I will practise.

NERISSA. Why, shall we turn to men ?

PORTIA. Fie, what a question's that ! 180  
 But come, I'll tell thee all my whole device  
 When I am in my coach, which stays for us  
 At the park gate ; and therefore haste away,  
 For we must measure twenty miles to-day. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V. *The same. A garden.*

*Enter LAUNCELOT and JESSICA.*

LAUNCELOT. Yes, truly ; for, look you, the sins of  
 the father are to be laid upon the children : therefore, I  
 promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you,  
 and so now I speak my agitation of the matter : there-  
 fore be of good cheer, for truly I think you are damned.  
 There is but one hope in it that can do you any good ;  
 and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

JESSICA. And what hope is that, I pray thee ?

LAUNCELOT. Marry, you may partly hope that you  
 are not the Jew's daughter. 10

JESSICA. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed : so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me.

LAUNCELOT. Truly then I fear you are dammed both by father and mother : thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother : well, you are gone both ways.

JESSICA. I shall be saved by my husband ; he hath made me a Christian. 18

LAUNCELOT. Truly, the more to blame he : we were Christians enow before ; e'en as many as could well live, one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs : if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

*Enter* LORENZO.

JESSICA. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes.

LORENZO. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my wife into corners.

JESSICA. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo : Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter : and he says, you are no good member of the commonwealth, for in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. 33

LORENZO. I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah ; bid them prepare for dinner.

LAUNCELOT. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

LORENZO. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner. 41

LAUNCELOT. That is done too, sir; only "cover" is the word.

LORENZO. Will you cover then, sir?

LAUNCELOT. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

LORENZO. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. 50

LAUNCELOT. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humours and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*]

LORENZO. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!

The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words; and I do know  
A many fools, that stand in better place,  
Garnish'd like him, that for a tricksy word  
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica? 60  
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,  
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

JESSICA. Past all expressing. It is very meet  
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life;  
For, having such a blessing in his lady,

He finds the joys of heaven here on earth ;  
 And if on earth he do not mean it, then  
 In reason he should never come to heaven.  
 Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,  
 And on the wager lay two earthly women, 70  
 And Portia one, there must be something else  
 Pawn'd with the other, for the poor rude world  
 Hath not her fellow.

LORENZO. Even such a husband  
 Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JESSICA. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LORENZO. I will anon : first, let us go to dinner.

JESSICA. Nay, let me praise you while I have a  
 stomach.

LORENZO. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk ;  
 Then, howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things 79  
 I shall digest it.

JESSICA. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Venice. A court of justice.*

*Enter the DUKE, the MAGNIFICOES, ANTONIO, BASSANIO,  
 GRATIANO, SALARINO, SOLANIO, and others.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here ?

ANTONIO. Ready, so please your grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee : thou art come to answer



A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch  
 Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
 From any dram of mercy.

ANTONIO. I have heard  
 Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify  
 His rigorous course; but since he stands obdurate  
 And that no lawful means can carry me  
 Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose 10  
 My patience to his fury, and am arm'd  
 To suffer, with a quietness of spirit,  
 The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SOLANIO. He is ready at the door: he comes, my  
 lord.

*Enter SHYLOCK.*

DUKE. Make room, and let him stand before our face.  
 Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,  
 That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice  
 To the last hour of act; and then 'tis thought  
 Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse more strange 20  
 Than is thy strange apparent cruelty;  
 And where thou now exact'st the penalty,  
 Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,  
 Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,  
 But, touch'd with human gentleness and love,  
 Forgive a moiety of the principal;  
 Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,  
 That have of late so huddled on his back,  
 Enow to press a royal merchant down

And pluck commiseration of his state 30  
 From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,  
 From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd  
 To offices of tender courtesy.

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHYLOCK. I have possess'd your grace of what I purpose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn  
 To have the due and forfeit of my bond :  
 If you deny it, let the danger light  
 Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

You'll ask me, why I rather choose to have 40

A weight of carrion flesh than to receive  
 Three thousand ducats : I'll not answer that :

But, say, it is my humour : is it answer'd ?

What if my house be troubled with a rat,

And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats

To have it baned ? What, are you answer'd yet ?

Some men there are love not a gaping pig ;

Some that are mad if they behold a cat ;

And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' th' nose,

Cannot contain their motions for affection. 50

Masters of passion sway it to the mood

Of what it likes or loathes. Now, for your answer :

As there is no firm reason to be render'd,

Why he cannot abide a gaping pig ;

Why he, a harmless necessary cat ;

Why he, a woollen bag-pipe ; but of force

Must yield to such inevitable shame

As to offend, himself being offended ;  
 So can I give no reason, nor I will not,  
 More than a lodg'd hate and a certain loathing 60  
 I bear Antonio, that I follow thus  
 A losing suit against him. Are you answer'd ?

BASSANIO. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,  
 To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHYLOCK. I am not bound to please thee with my  
 answer.

BASSANIO. Do all men kill the things they do not  
 love ?

SHYLOCK. Hates any man the thing he would not  
 kill ?

BASSANIO. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHYLOCK. What, wouldst thou have a serpent sting  
 thee twice ?

ANTONIO. I pray you, think you question with the  
 Jew : 70

You may as well go stand upon the beach  
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;  
 Or even as well use question with the wolf  
 Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb ;  
 You may as well forbid the mountain pines  
 To wag their high tops and to make no noise,  
 When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven ;  
 You may as well do anything most hard,  
 As seek to soften that — than which what's harder ? —  
 His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you, 80  
 Make no more offers, use no farther means,

But with all brief and plain conveniency  
Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

BASSANIO. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHYLOCK. If every ducat in six thousand ducats  
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,  
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering  
none?

SHYLOCK. What judgment shall I dread, doing no  
wrong?

You have among you many a purchased slave, 90

Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,

You use in abject and in slavish parts,

Because you bought them: shall I say to you,

Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?

Why sweat they under burthens? let their beds

Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates

Be season'd with such viands? You will answer

"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:

The pound of flesh, which I demand of him,

Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it. 100

If you deny me, fie upon your law!

There is no force in the decrees of Venice.

I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,

Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,

Whom I have sent for to determine this,

Come here to-day.

SOLANIO. My lord, here stays without

A messenger with letters from the doctor,  
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters ; call the messenger. 110

BASSANIO. Good cheer, Antonio ! What, man, courage yet !

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,  
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

ANTONIO. I am a tainted wether of the flock,  
Meetest for death ; the weakest kind of fruit  
Drops earliest to the ground ; and so let me :  
You cannot better be employ'd, Bassanio,  
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

*Enter NERISSA, dressed like a lawyer's clerk.*

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario ?

NERISSA. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your  
grace. [*Presenting a letter.* 120

BASSANIO. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly ?

SHYLOCK. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt  
there.

GRATIANO. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh  
Jew,

Thou makest thy knife keen ; but no metal can,  
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness  
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee ?

SHYLOCK. No, none that thou hast wit enough to  
make.

GRATIANO. Oh, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog !

And for thy life let justice be accused.  
 Thou almost makest me waver in my faith 130  
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras,  
 That souls of animals infuse themselves  
 Into the trunks of men : thy currish spirit  
 Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human slaughter,  
 Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,  
 And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallow'd dam,  
 Infused itself in thee ; for thy desires  
 Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

SHYLOCK. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my  
 bond,  
 Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud : 140  
 Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall  
 To endless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend  
 A young and learned doctor to our court.  
 Where is he ?

NERISSA. He attendeth here hard by,  
 To know your answer, whether you'll admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart. Some three or four of you  
 Go give him courteous conduct to this place.  
 Meantime the court shall hear Bellario's letter. 149

CLERK [*reads*]. " Your grace shall understand that  
 at the receipt of your letter I am very sick ; but in the  
 instant that your messenger came, in loving visitation  
 was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his name is  
 Balthasar. I acquainted him with the cause in contro-  
 versy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant : we

turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my opinion; which, bettered with his own learning, the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend, comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation; for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes: And here, I take it, is the doctor come. 166

*Enter PORTIA, dressed like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

PORTIA. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place. Are you acquainted with the difference That holds this present question in the court?

PORTIA. I am informed thoroughly of the cause. Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

PORTIA. Is your name Shylock?

SHYLOCK. Shylock is my name.

PORTIA. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow; Yet in such rule that the Venetian law 176 Cannot impugn you as you do proceed. You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANTONIO. Ay, so he says.

PORTIA. Do you confess the bond?

ANTONIO. I do.

PORTIA. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHYLOCK. On what compulsion must I? tell me  
that. [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn) 181

PORTIA. The quality of mercy is not strain'd,  
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven  
Upon the place beneath; it is twice blest;  
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes:  
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest: it becomes  
The throned monarch better than his crown;  
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,  
The attribute to awe and majesty,  
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings; 190  
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;  
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,  
It is an attribute to God himself;  
And earthly power doth then show likest God's  
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, ~~Jew~~  
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,  
That, in the course of justice, none of us  
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;  
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render  
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much 200  
To mitigate the justice of thy plea;  
Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice  
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHYLOCK. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,  
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

PORTIA. Is he not able to discharge the money?



BASSANIO. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court :  
 Yea, twice the sum : if that will not suffice,  
 I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,  
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart : 210  
 If this will not suffice, it must appear  
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech you,  
 Wrest once the law to your authority :  
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,  
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

PORTIA. It must not be ; there is no power in Venice  
 Can alter a decree established :  
 'Twill be recorded for a precedent,  
 And many an error by the same example  
 Will rush into the state : it cannot be. 220

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

PORTIA. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.

SHYLOCK. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor, here it is.

PORTIA. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered  
 thee.

SHYLOCK. An oath, an oath, I have an oath in  
 heaven :

Shall I lay perjury upon my soul ?  
 No, not for Venice.

PORTIA. Why, this bond is forfeit ;  
 And lawfully by this the Jew may claim  
 A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off 230  
 Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful :  
 Take thrice thy money ; bid me tear the bond.

SHYLOCK. When it is paid according to the tenour.  
 It doth appear you are a worthy judge ;  
 You know the law, your exposition  
 Hath been most sound : I charge you by the law,  
 Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,  
 Proceed to judgment : by my soul I swear  
 There is no power in the tongue of man  
 To alter me : I stay here on my bond. 240

ANTONIO. Most heartily I do beseech the court  
 To give the judgment.

PORTIA. Why then, thus it is :  
 You must prepare your bosom for his knife.

SHYLOCK. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

PORTIA. For the intent and purpose of the law  
 Hath full relation to the penalty  
 Which here appeareth due upon the bond.

SHYLOCK. 'Tis very true : O wise and upright judge !  
 How much more elder art thou than thy looks !

PORTIA. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

SHYLOCK. Ay, his breast :  
 So says the bond : doth it not, noble judge ? 251  
 "Nearest his heart : " those are the very words.

PORTIA. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh  
 The flesh ?

SHYLOCK. I have them ready.

PORTIA. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your  
 charge,  
 To stop his wounds, lest he should bleed to death.

SHYLOCK. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

PORTIA. It is not so express'd : but what of that ?  
'Twere good you do so much for charity.

SHYLOCK. I cannot find it ; 'tis not in the bond. 260

PORTIA. ~~Come, merchant, have~~ you any thing to  
say ?

ANTONIO. But little : I am arm'd and well prepared.  
Give me your hand, Bassanio : fare you well !  
Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you ;  
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind  
Than is her custom : it is still her use  
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,  
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow  
An age of poverty ; from which lingering penance  
Of such misery doth she cut me off. 270

Commend me to your honourable wife :  
Tell her the process of Antonio's end ;  
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;  
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge  
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.  
Repent but you that you shall lose your friend,  
And he repents not that he pays your debt ;  
For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,  
I'll pay it instantly with all my heart.

BASSANIO. Antonio, I am married to a wife 280  
Which is as dear to me as life itself ;  
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,  
Are not with me esteem'd above thy life :  
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all  
Here to this devil, to deliver you.

PORTIA. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,

If she were by, to hear you make the offer.

GRATIANO. I have a wife, whom I protest I love :  
I would she were in heaven, so she could  
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew. 290

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

SHYLOCK [*aside*]. These be the Christian husbands.  
I have a daughter ;  
Would any of the stock of Barrabas  
Had been her husband rather than a Christian !  
[*Aloud.*] We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

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

SHYLOCK. Most rightful judge !

PORTIA. And you must cut this flesh from off his  
breast : 300  
The law allows it, and the court awards it.

SHYLOCK. Most learned judge ! A sentence ! Come.  
prepare !

PORTIA. Tarry a little ; there is something else.  
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;  
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh :"  
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;  
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed  
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods  
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate  
Unto the state of Venice. 310

GRATIANO. O upright judge! Mark, Jew: O learned judge!

SHYLOCK. Is that the law?

PORTIA. Thyself shalt see the act:

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured  
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

GRATIANO. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!

SHYLOCK. I take this offer, then; pay the bond  
thrice,

And let the Christian go.

BASSANIO. Here is the money.

PORTIA. Soft!

The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:  
He shall have nothing but the penalty. 320

GRATIANO. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!

PORTIA. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.  
Shed thou no blood, nor cut thou less nor more  
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more  
Or less than a just pound, be it so much  
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,  
Or the division of the twentieth part  
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn  
But in the estimation of a hair,  
Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate. 330

GRATIANO. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!  
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

PORTIA. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.

SHYLOCK. Give me my principal and let me go.

BASSANIO. I have it ready for thee ; here it is.

PORTIA. He hath refused it in the open court :  
He shall have merely justice and his bond.

GRATIANO. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !  
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHYLOCK. Shall I not have barely my principal ? 340

PORTIA. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,  
To be so taken at thy peril, Jew !

SHYLOCK. Why, then the devil give him good of it !  
I'll stay no longer question.

PORTIA. Tarry, Jew :

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That by direct or indirect attempts

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive

Shall seize one half his goods ; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state ;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st ;

For it appears, by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly and directly too

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant ; and thou hast incurr'd

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.

Down therefore and beg mercy of the duke.

350

360

GRATIANO. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state,  
Thou hast not left the value of a cord;  
Therefore thou must be hang'd at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it:

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive unto a fine. 370

PORTIA. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio.

SHYLOCK. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life

When you do take the means whereby I live.

PORTIA. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRATIANO. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake.

ANTONIO. So please my lord the duke and all the court

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have 380

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this favour,

He presently become a Christian;

The other, that he do record a gift,  
 Here in the court, of all he dies possess'd,  
 Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant  
 The pardon that I late pronounced here. 390

PORTIA. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou  
 say?

SHYLOCK. I am content.

PORTIA. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHYLOCK. I pray you, give me leave to go from  
 hence;

I am not well: send the deed after me,  
 And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone, but do it.

GRATIANO. In christening thou shalt have two god-  
 fathers:

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,  
 To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[Exit SHYLOCK.]

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to din-  
 ner.

PORTIA. I humbly do desire your grace of pardon:  
 I must away this night toward Padua, 401  
 And it is meet I presently set forth.

DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you  
 not.

Antonio, gratify this gentleman,  
 For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[Exeunt DUKE and his train.]



BASSANIO. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend  
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted  
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,  
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,  
We freely cope your courteous pains withal. 410

ANTONIO. And stand indebted, over and above,  
In love and service to you evermore.

PORTIA. He is well paid that is well satisfied;  
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,  
And therein do account myself well paid:  
My mind was never yet more mercenary.  
I pray you, know me when we meet again:  
I wish you well, and so I take my leave.

BASSANIO. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you  
further:  
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute, 420  
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,  
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

PORTIA. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.  
[To ANTONIO.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them  
for your sake;  
[To BASSANIO.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring  
from you:

Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;  
And you in love shall not deny me this.

BASSANIO. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!  
I will not shame myself to give you this.

PORTIA. I will have nothing else but only this; 430  
And now methinks I have a mind to it.

BASSANIO. There's more depends on this than on the value.

The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,  
And find it out by proclamation :

Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

PORTIA. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers :  
You taught me first to beg ; and now methinks  
You teach me how a beggar should be answer'd.

BASSANIO. Good sir, this ring was given me by my  
wife ;

And when she put it on, she made me vow 440  
That I should neither sell nor give nor lose it .

PORTIA. That 'scuse serves many men to save their  
gifts.

An if your wife be not a mad-woman,  
And know how well I have deserved this ring,  
She would not hold out enemy for ever,  
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you !

[*Exeunt* PORTIA and NERISSA.]

ANTONIO. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring :  
Let his deservings and my love withal  
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment.

BASSANIO. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him ; 450  
Give him the ring, and bring him, if thou canst,  
Unto Antonio's house : away ! make haste.

[*Exit* GRATIANO.]

Come, you and I will thither presently ;  
And in the morning early will we both  
Fly toward Belmont : come, Antonio.

[*Exeunt*.]

SCENE II. *The same. A street.*

*Enter* PORTIA and NERISSA.

PORTIA. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed

And let him sign it : we'll away to-night

And be a day before our husbands home :

This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

*Enter* GRATIANO.

GRATIANO. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en :  
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice  
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat  
Your company at dinner.

PORTIA. That cannot be :  
His ring I do accept most thankfully :  
And so, I pray you, tell him : furthermore, 10  
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.

GRATIANO. That will I do.

NERISSA. Sir, I would speak with you.  
[*Aside to* PORTIA]. I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,  
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

PORTIA [*Aside to* NERISSA]. Thou may'st, I warrant.  
We shall have old swearing  
That they did give the rings away to men ;  
But we'll outface them, and outswear them too.

[*Aloud*]. Away ! make haste : thou know'st where I will  
tarry.

NERISSA. Come, good sir, will you shew me to this  
house ?

[*Exeunt.* 19

## ACT V.

SCENE I. *Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.**Enter LORENZO and JESSICA.*

LORENZO. The moon shines bright: in such a night  
as this,

When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees  
And they did make no noise, in such a night  
Troilus methinks mounted the Trojan walls  
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,  
Where Cressid lay that night.

JESSICA. In such a night  
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew  
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself  
And ran dismay'd away.

LORENZO. In such a night  
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand  
Upon the wild sea banks and waft her love  
To come again to Carthage.

JESSICA. In such a night  
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs  
That did renew old Æson.

LORENZO. In such a night  
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew  
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice  
As far as Belmont.

JESSICA. In such a night  
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,

Stealing her soul with many vows of faith  
And ne'er a true one.

LORENZO. In such a night 20  
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,  
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

JESSICA. I would out-night you, did no body come ;  
But, hark, I hear the footing of a man.

*Enter* STEPHANO.

LORENZO. Who comes so fast in silence of the night ?

STEPHANO. A friend.

LORENZO. A friend ! what friend ? your name, I pray  
you, friend ?

STEPHANO. Stephano is my name ; and I bring word  
My mistress will before the break of day  
Be here at Belmont : she doth stray about 30  
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays  
For happy wedlock hours.

LORENZO. Who comes with her ?

STEPHANO. None but a holy hermit and her maid.  
I pray you, is my master yet return'd ?

LORENZO. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.  
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica,  
And ceremoniously let us prepare  
Some welcome for the mistress of the house.

*Enter* LAUNCELOT.

LAUNCELOT. Sola, sola ! wo ha, ho ! sola, sola !

LORENZO. Who calls ? 40

LAUNCELOT. Sola ! did you see Master Lorenzo ?  
Master Lorenzo, sola, sola !

LORENZO. Leave hollaing, man : here.

LAUNCELOT. Sola! where? where?

LORENZO. Here.

LAUNCELOT. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [Exit.

LORENZO. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.

And yet no matter: why should we go in? 50

My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,

Within the house, your mistress is at hand;

And bring your music forth into the air. [Exit Stephano.

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!

Here will we sit and let the sounds of music

Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night

Become the touches of sweet harmony.

Sit, Jessica. Look how the floor of heaven

Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:

There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st 60

But in his motion like an angel sings,

Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;

Such harmony is in immortal souls;

But whilst this muddy vesture of decay

Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

*Enter* MUSICIANS.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:

With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear

And draw her home with music.

[Music.

JESSICA. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.

LORENZO. The reason is, your spirits are attentive :  
For do but note a wild and wanton herd, 71  
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,  
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,  
Which is the hot condition of their blood ;  
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,  
Or any air of music touch their ears,  
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,  
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze  
By the sweet power of music : therefore the poet  
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones and floods ;  
Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage, 81  
But music for the time doth change his nature.  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils ;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night  
And his affections dark as Erebus :  
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music.

*Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.*

PORTIA. That light we see is burning in my hall.  
How far that little candle throws his beams ! 90  
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

NERISSA. When the moon shone we did not see the  
candle.

PORTIA. So doth the greater glory dim the less :  
A substitute shines brightly as a king

Until a king be by, and then his state  
 Empties itself, as doth an inland brook  
 Into the main of waters. Music! hark!

NERISSA. It is your music, madam, of the house.

PORTIA. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:  
 Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day. 100

NERISSA. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

PORTIA. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark  
 When neither is attended, and I think  
 The nightingale, if she should sing by day,  
 When every goose is cackling, would be thought  
 No better a musician than the wren.  
 How many things by season season'd are  
 To their right praise and true perfection!  
 Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion  
 And would not be awak'd. [*Music ceases.*]

LORENZO. That is the voice, 110  
 Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

PORTIA. He knows me as the blind man knows the  
 cuckoo,  
 By the bad voice.

LORENZO. Dear lady, welcome home.

PORTIA. We have been praying for our husbands'  
 welfare,  
 Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.  
 Are they return'd?

LORENZO. Madam, they are not yet;  
 But there is come a messenger before,  
 To signify their coming.



PORTIA. Go in, Nerissa ;  
 Give order to my servants that they take  
 No note at all of our being absent hence ; 120  
 Nor you, Lorenzo ; Jessica, nor you. [*A tucket sounds.*]

LORENZO. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his  
 trumpet :  
 We are no tell-tales, madam ; fear you not.  
 PORTIA. This night methinks is but the daylight  
 sick ;  
 It looks a little paler : 'tis a day,  
 Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

*Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, and their  
 followers.*

BASSANIO. We should hold day with the antipodes,  
 If you would walk in absence of the sun.

PORTIA. Let me give light, but let me not be light ;  
 For a light wife doth make a heavy husband, 130  
 And never be Bassanio so for me :  
 But God sort all ! You are welcome home, my lord.

BASSANIO. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to  
 my friend.  
 This is the man, this is Antonio,  
 To whom I am so infinitely bound.

PORTIA. You should in all sense be much bound to  
 him,  
 For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.

ANTONIO. No more than I am well acquitted of.

PORTIA. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :

It must appear in other ways than words, 140  
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

GRATIANO [*to NERISSA*]. By yonder moon I swear  
you do me wrong;

In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :  
Would he were dead that had it, for my part,  
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

PORTIA. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?

GRATIANO. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring  
That she did give me, whose poesy was  
For all the world like cutler's poetry  
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not." 150

NERISSA: What talk you of the poesy or the value?  
You swore to me, when I did give it you,  
That you would wear it till the hour of death,  
And that it should lie with you in your grave :  
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,  
You should have been respective and have kept it.  
Gave it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,  
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRATIANO. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NERISSA. Ay, if a woman live to be a man. 160

GRATIANO. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,  
A kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy,  
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,  
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee :  
I could not for my heart deny it him.

PORTIA. You were to blame, I must be plain with  
you,

To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;  
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger  
And so riveted with faith unto your flesh.  
I gave my love a ring and made him swear 170  
Never to part with it; and here he stands;  
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it  
Nor pluck it from his finger, for the wealth  
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,  
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:  
An 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

BASSANIO [*aside*]. Why, I were best to cut my  
left hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

GRATIANO. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away  
Unto the judge that begg'd it and indeed 180  
Deserved it too: and then the boy, his clerk,  
That took some pains in writing, he begg'd mine;  
And neither man nor master would take aught  
But the two rings.

PORTIA. What ring gave you, my lord?  
Not that, I hope, which you received of me.

BASSANIO. If I could add a lie unto a fault,  
I would deny it; but you see my finger  
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

PORTIA. Even so void is your false heart of truth.  
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed 190  
Until I see the ring.

NERISSA. Nor I in yours  
Till I again see mine.

BASSANIO. Sweet Portia,  
 If you did know to whom I gave the ring,  
 If you did know for whom I gave the ring,  
 And would conceive for what I gave the ring,  
 And how unwillingly I left the ring,  
 When nought would be accepted but the ring,  
 You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

PORTIA. If you had known the virtue of the ring,  
 Or half her worthiness that gave the ring, 200  
 Or your own honour to contain the ring,  
 You would not then have parted with the ring.  
 What man is there so much unreasonable,  
 If you had pleased to have defended it  
 With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty  
 To urge the thing held as a ceremony?  
 Nerissa teaches me what to believe:  
 I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.

BASSANIO. No, by mine honour, madam, by my soul,  
 No woman had it, but a civil doctor, 210  
 Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me  
 And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him  
 And suffer'd him to go displeas'd away;  
 Even he that had held up the very life  
 Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?  
 I was enforced to send it after him;  
 I was beset with shame and courtesy;  
 My honour would not let ingratitude  
 So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady;  
 For, by these blessed candles of the night, 220

Had you been there, I think you would have begg'd  
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

PORTIA. Let not that doctor e'er come near my  
house : [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)

Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,  
And that which you did swear to keep for me,  
I will become as liberal as you ;  
I'll not deny him any thing I have.

NERISSA. Nor I his clerk ; therefore be well advised  
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

GRATIANO. Well, do you so : let not me take him  
then ; 230

For if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

ANTONIO. I am the unhappy subject of these  
quarrels.

PORTIA. Sir, grieve not you ; you are welcome not-  
withstanding.

BASSANIO. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;  
And, in the hearing of these many friends,  
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,  
Wherein I see myself —

PORTIA. Mark you but that !  
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself ;  
In each eye, one : swear by your double self,  
And there's an oath of credit.

BASSANIO. Nay, but hear me : 240  
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear  
I never more will break an oath with thee.

ANTONIO. I once did lend my body for his wealth ;

Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,  
 Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,  
 My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord  
 Will never more break faith advisedly.

PORTIA. Then you shall be his surety. Give him  
 this,  
 And bid him keep it better than the other.

ANTONIO. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this  
 ring. 250

BASSANIO. By heaven, it is the same I gave the  
 doctor!

PORTIA. I had it of him; pardon me, Bassanio.

NERISSA. And I had this, my gentle Gratiano,  
 From that same scrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk.

PORTIA. You are all amazed:  
 Here is a letter: read it at your leisure;  
 It comes from Padua, from Bellario:  
 There you shall find that Portia was the doctor,  
 Nerissa there her clerk: Lorenzo here  
 Shall witness I set forth as soon as you, 260  
 And even but now return'd: I have not yet  
 Enter'd my house. Antonio, you are welcome;  
 And I have better news in store for you  
 Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;  
 There you shall find three of your argosies  
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly:  
 You shall not know by what strange accident  
 I chanced on this letter.

ANTONIO.

I am dumb.

BASSANIO. Were you the doctor and I knew you not ?

GRATIANO. Were you the clerk that is to make me  
sorrow ? 270

NERISSA. Ay, but the clerk that never means to do  
it,

Unless he live until he be a man.

ANTONIO. Sweet lady, you have given me life and  
living ;

For here I read for certain that my ships  
Are safely come to road.

PORTIA. How now, Lorenzo !  
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.

NERISSA. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.  
There do I give to you and Jessica,  
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,  
After his death, of all he dies possess'd of. 280

LORENZO. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way  
Of starved people.

PORTIA. It is almost morning,  
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied  
Of these events at full. Let us go in ;  
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,  
And we will answer all things faithfully.

GRATIANO. Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing  
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring. [*Exeunt.*

[www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)



www.libtool.com.cn  
TEXTUAL NOTES.

---

ACT I.—SCENE I.

19. **Q<sub>2</sub> has Prying.** Is there any reason for such a change?  
**Q<sub>1</sub> has for Peeres.** Which is better?
24. **Q<sub>1</sub> has at sea, might do.** Which is better?
33. **Q<sub>1</sub> has the spices.** Which is better?
46. **Dyce** thinks that Antonio replied: "In love! fie, fie!" Discuss this emendation.
47. **Q<sub>1</sub> puts neither as a question.** Which is better?
78. **Q<sub>1</sub> has one must.** Which is better?
89. **Q<sub>1</sub> has dreame.** How did the printer happen to make the blunder?
93. Here the present text abandons the folio reading for that of both the quartos. **F. has I am sir an Oracle.** Is there any reason for thinking the folio may be right?
95. **Q<sub>1</sub> has those.** Which is better?
113. Both quartos and the folio read: **It is that any thing now.** Discuss the following suggested emendations: **Is that anything new?** — JOHNSON. **Is that anything now?** — ROWE. **It is that: — anything now.** — COLLIER.
155. Here, again, the folio reading must be rejected for that of the two quartos. Why? **F. has doe more wrong.**

SCENE II.

7. Here, again, the reading of the two quartos, **mean,** is preferred to the folio reading, **smal.** Why is the quarto reading better?
- 20-21. **Q<sub>4</sub> read reasoning and the fashion.** Is the folio reading better? Cf. II., 8, 27.
- 22-23. **Q<sub>4</sub> have, in both instances, who.** Cf. II., 6, 30.

31. **Q<sub>1</sub>**, has one who shall rightly love. Which reading fits in better with the context? (See grammatical notes.)

60. **Q<sub>q</sub>** have shall. Which is better?

73. Here the reading of the quartos, **Scottish**, is preferred to that of the folio, **other**. What court reason probably caused the change?

106-107. Here, again, the quarto reading is retained. **F.** has **I wish them a faire departure**. In 1605 was issued the following decree: "To restrain the abuses of Players: For the preventing and avoiding of the great abuse of the holy Name of God, in Stage-playes, Enterludes, May-games, Shews, and such like, be it enacted by our Sovereign Lord the Kings Majesty, and by the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Commons in this present Parliament assembled, and by the authority of the same, That if at any time or times after the end of this present Session of Parliament, any person or persons do or shall in any Stage-play, Enterlude, Sew (shew), May-game, or Pageant, jestingly or prophanely speak, or use the holy Name of God, or of Jesus Christ, or of the Holy Ghost, or of the Trinity, which are not to be spoken, but with fear and reverence, shall forfeit for every such offence by him or them committed, ten pounds: The one moiety thereof to the Kings Majesty, his Heirs and Successors, the other moiety thereof to him or them that will sue for the same in any Court of Record at Westminster, wherin no Essoin, Protection or Wager of Law shall be allowed."

119. Supplied from the quartos.

### SCENE III.

48. The reading of the first quarto. **F.** has **well-worne**. Which is better?

62-63. The reading of the second quarto. Discuss the other early readings, viz.: **Are you resolv'd, How much he would have?** **Q<sub>1</sub>**. **Is he yet possesst How much he would?** **F.**

116. **Q<sub>q</sub>** have can. Which is better?

121-122. **Q<sub>q</sub>** punctuate

**You spurn'd me such a day another time,  
You call'd me dog:**

Which is the better reading?

145. Here the reading of the two quartos is preferred to the folio reading, **it pleaseth**. Why?

172.  $Q_1$  has the Hebrew . . . so kinde.  $Q_2$  has the Hebrew . . . kinde. Which of the three readings is best?

173. Reading of the two quartos is here substituted for the blunder of the folio, *teames*.

## ACT II. — SCENE I.

27.  $Q_1$  has *out-stare*. Which is better?

35. Early editions all have *rage*. Theobald amended to *page*. Discuss the emendation.

## SCENE II.

3. The name *Gobbo* comes from  $Q_1$ .  $Q_2$  and F. have *Jobbe*. Why is *Gobbo* preferred?

20.  $Q_1$  has *ill*. (*Fiend say I yqu counsell ill*.) Which is the better reading?

25.  $Q_1$  has *incarnall*. Discuss Keightley's alteration to *Devil's incarnation*.

26.  $Q_1$  have *but a kinde*. Which is better?

34.  $Q_1$  has *conclusions*. Which is better?

164. *Of an eye* supplied from the first quarto.

## SCENE III.

9. Here the reading of the quartos is preferred to the folio reading. *See me talke with thee*. Why?

12.  $Q_4$  have *something*. Which is better?

## SCENE IV.

11.  $Q_4$  have *it shall seeme*. Which is better?

## SCENE V.

30.  $Q_1$  has *squeaking*. Which is better?

47. F. has *but he sleeps*. How did the printer come by the blunder?

## SCENE VI.

2. Reading of the quartos preferred to the folio reading, *a stand*. Why? Discuss the suggestion of Steevens that to make be omitted.

2. Discuss the suggestion of Grey that almost be omitted.
6. The reading of the quartos. F., by misprint, has *steale*.
17. Q<sub>q</sub> have the prodigal. Which is better?
44. The reading of the quartos preferred to the folio text, so you are. Why? [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)
51. Reading of the first quarto. Discuss the reading of the folio and the second quarto, *gentle*, in the light of Johnson's note: "A jest arising from the ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *heathen* and *one well born*."
66. The first quarto is careless here, omitting this line and adding the two lines following, which constitute Gratiano's response, to the speech of Antonio.

## SCENE VII.

5. F. omits *many*. How is it evident that this is a slip?
41. F. has *vaste*. How should it be pronounced?
69. All the early texts, the three quartos and the four folios, have *timber do* (or *doe*). Discuss this reading, and with it the suggested emendation of Pope, *wood may*, and that of Johnson, incorporated in the present text, *tombs do*. Cf. Sidney's "Arcadia," —

"But gold can guild a rotten piece of wood;"

and Shakespeare's 101st Sonnet, —

"It lies in thee  
To make him much outlive a gilded tomb."

## SCENE VIII.

6. Q<sub>q</sub> have *came*. Which is better?
39. Q<sub>q</sub> has *slumber*. Which is better?

## SCENE IX.

7. Reading of the quartos *you*, preferred to the *thou* of the folio. But can any defence be made for the folio reading?
46. F. has *pleasantry*, — an obvious misprint.
101. Theobald's punctuation. Early editions point: —

"Bassanio Lord, love if thy will it be."

How does the context favor Theobald's emendation?

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

6-7. Reading of the second quarto.  $Q_1$  and F. have **gossips report**.

24.  $Q_1$  has **know**. Which is better?

57.  $Q_4$  have **his reason**. Which is better.

88. Here the punctuation of the first quarto is preferred to that of the other early texts, — **why so?** Yet can anything be said for the latter reading?

88-89.  $Q$  have **what's spent**. Which is better?

The later folios, followed by many editors, substitute **then** for **thou**. Discuss this alteration.

99-100.  $Q_1$  has **ist**. Which is better?

106.  $Q_1$  inserts **in** before **one**. Which is the better reading?

114.  $Q_1$  has **on't**. Which is better?

126.  $Q_1$  repeats the **go**, though carelessly punctuating **I will go : go Tuball**. Is it better to repeat?

## SCENE II.

11.  $Q_1$  has **I am then**. Which is better?

61. Here the reading of the second quarto **much much** is preferred to the single **much** of the first quarto and the folio. Why?

61-62.  $Q_1$  reads:—

“Live thou, I live with much more dismay

To view the fight, then thou that mak'st the fray.”

101. Here the reading of the first quarto must be preferred to that of the folio, which mars the music by inserting **then** after **therefore**.

102.  $Q_1$  has here the blunder **foole** for **food**.

103. Farmer, followed by some critics of eminence, would substitute **stale** for **pale**. Discuss this suggestion.

106. Warburton, followed by many excellent editors, would substitute **plainness** for **paleness**. Thoroughly discuss this suggestion, with careful reference to the context.

112.  $Q_1$  has **range** for **raine**, the reading of the folio and second quarto. Editors are divided between **rain** and **rein**, Elizabethan spelling being far from regular. Discuss.

145. Here  $Q_1$  blunders again, writing **pearles** for **peales**.

149. Here the reading of the quartos *see me* is preferred to the *my* of the folios. How would the folio reading be punctuated?

159. *Q<sub>4</sub>* have *summe* (or *sume*) of something. In view of the context and of Portia's character, which is the better reading? Can anything be said for the suggestion *some of nothing*?

162. The later folios read *happier then* in this. Is this reading enough of an improvement to warrant departure from the earlier text?

197. Here the blunder of the folio, *gave*, is corrected by the *have* of the quartos.

205. *Q<sub>1</sub>* has *rooffe*. *Q<sub>2</sub>* and *F*. spell what is probably the same word, *rough*. Halliwell suggests *mouth*. Discuss this suggestion.

210. The reading of the quartos is here preferred to the folio reading, *it is so, so you*, etc. Why?

315. *Q<sub>4</sub>* have *but see*. Which is better?

#### SCENE III.

29. *Q<sub>1</sub>* has *his state*. Which is better?

#### SCENE IV.

21. *Q<sub>1</sub>* has *misery*. Which is better?

32. *Q<sub>1</sub>* has *will we*. Which is better?

49. The early texts have *Mantua*. Show this to be an error.

63. *Q<sub>1</sub>* has *apparraid*. Which is better?

#### SCENE V.

60. *Q<sub>1</sub>* has *far'st*. Which is better?

67-68. The reading of the first quarto is here preferred to the folio text:—

"And if on earth he doe not meane it, it  
Is reason he should never come to heaven?"

What is the sense of the passage? Halliwell suggests that *mean* it may be an error for *find* it. Pope conjectures *merit*. Staunton conjectures *moan*. Rolfe interprets *mean* as "intend to live an upright life." Capell, supported by Furness, explains as follows: "If on earth he do not observe a mean in his pleasures." Discuss these various suggestions.

## ACT IV. — SCENE I.

31. Here the reading of the first quarto is preferred to the flints of the folio. Why?

49-51. A much-disputed passage. The present edition follows the punctuation, and, with one exception, the text of the quartos and folio, — altering *swayes*, moreover, to *sway*, the frequent Shakespearian use of singular verb with plural subject not being admitted in modern syntax. Thirby, followed by many editors, would read: —

“For affection,  
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood,” etc.

Other editors hold a little more closely to the original text by reading **Master of passion**.

56. The **woollen bag-pipe** has led the critics another dance. Johnson would have it **wooden**; Capell, **wawling**; Hawkins, **swollen**; Dyce, **bolten** (puffed out); Cartwright, **wailing**. Douce calls attention to the “accurate testimony of Dr. Leyden, who, in his edition of ‘The Complaynt of Scotland,’ p. 149, informs us that the Lowland bagpipe commonly had the bag covered with *woollen cloth* of a green colour, a practice which, he adds, prevailed in the northern counties of England.”

74. The folio verse is defective here. The reading is taken from the first quarto, with the change of **bleake** to **bleat**.

75. **Q<sub>q</sub> have mountaine of Pines**. Which is better?

77. **Q<sub>q</sub> have fretten**. Which is better?

142. **Q<sub>q</sub> read cureless**. Which is better?

256. **Q<sub>q</sub> read do bleed**. Which is better?

257. The quarto reading is here preferred to that of the folio: —

“It is not nominated in the bond?”

Which, in view of the appropriate action, is better?

261. **Q<sub>q</sub> read You Merchant**. Which is better?

279. **Q<sub>1</sub> has presently**, synonymous in meaning. Cf. I. i. 183 and IV. i. 402. Which word makes the smoother verse?

306. **Q<sub>q</sub> read Take then**. Which is better?

324. **Q<sub>1</sub> has cut’st**. Which is better?

325. **Q<sub>q</sub> have be it but**. Which is better?

342. Reading of the quartos preferred to that of the folio, **taken so**. Why?

344.  $Q_1$  reads *Ile stay no longer heere in question.* Which is better?

366.  $Q_1$  has *spirits.* Which is better?

396.  $Q_4$  have *shalt thou.* Which is better?

399. Reading of the second quarto preferred to the *with me home* of the folio. Why?

421. Reading of the first quarto preferred to the *not as fee* of the folio. Why?

432.  $Q_1$  reads: —

“There’s more then this depends upon the valew.”

Theobald conjectures: —

“There’s more depends on this than is the value.”

Capell suggests: —

“There’s more depends on this than the stone’s value.”

444.  $Q_1$  has *the ring.* Which is better?

449. Here the quarto reading is preferred to the *against* of the folio. But how is the verse to be scanned?

#### SCENE II.

9.  $Q_1$  has *This ring.* Which is better?

#### ACT V.—SCENE I.

51. The reading of the first quarto. The folio bungles here: —

“My friend Stephen, signifie pray you.”

59. There is a puzzle here. F. and  $Q_1$ , spelling *pattens*, perhaps mean *patines*, sacramental plates of silver or of gold. If so, is the metaphor a worthy one? And is it true that “floor of heaven” appears “thick inlaid” with stars on a bright moonlight night?  $Q_1$  has *patterns*. What would that mean as applied to the stars? To what else could it apply? Does *orb*, in the following line, refer back to *patines*?

65. The present text here follows the second quarto. The first quarto and the folio read *close in it*. Rowe suggested as an emendation *close us in*.



109. Malone's emendation. The early texts have: —

“Peace, how the Moone sleepes with Endimion.”

Which is better?

114.  $Q_1$  has **health**. Which is better?

148.  $Q_2$  has **posie**. Would **posy** be the better word here? Does it mean the same as **posy**? In either case, would the line be smoother for a slight emendation? What?

153.  $Q_4$  have **your hour**. Which is better?

157. Folio is here weakened from the original expression, as preserved in quartos, to **but wel I know**. Why was this change made? Has such change been made uniformly in the text?

213.  $Q_1$  has **away displeaséd**. Which is better?

214.  $Q_1$  has **did uphold**. Which is better?

220. Here the **For** of the quartos is substituted for the **And** of the folio.

243. Here the **his** of the quartos is substituted for the **thy** of the folio. Why? What may be the meaning of **wealth** here? To what does **which**, opening word of following line, refer?

252. The **me** is supplied from the quartos.

## GRAMMATICAL NOTES.

---

### ACT I. — SCENE I.

5. **I am to learn.** Ellipsis of *under necessity*. — ABBOTT, § 405.
12. **Do overpeer.** This use of the auxiliary, still allowable in poetry, was frequent in Elizabethan English. — ABBOTT, §§ 303-304.
38. **Bechanced.** Prefix *be* gives verbal force to nouns and adjectives. — ABBOTT, § 438.
40. **Sad to think** = in thinking. Gerund use. — ABBOTT, § 356.
54. **Other.** Used as plural pronoun. — ABBOTT, § 12.
55. **In way.** Article omitted because of modifying genitive. — ABBOTT, § 89.
- 57-58. **Comes** = come. — ABBOTT, § 336.
74. **Respect upon.** Preposition shows that there is in respect the sense of its original meaning. — ABBOTT, § 191.
90. **And do.** *Who* omitted. — ABBOTT, § 382.
93. **As who** = like one who. — ABBOTT, § 257.
98. **Would** = they would. — ABBOTT, § 399.
- 116-117. **You shall** = you may. — ABBOTT, § 315.
124. **Something** = somewhat. — ABBOTT, § 68.
126. **To be abridged** = at being abridged. See note on line 40 above.
144. **Childhood proof.** Shakespeare often converts a noun to an adjective. — ABBOTT, § 22.
150. **As** = for so. — ABBOTT, § 110.
- 150-151. **Or . . . or** = either . . . or. — ABBOTT, § 136.
154. **To wind** = in winding. — See note on line 40 above.
175. **Presages** = which presages. — ABBOTT, § 244.
185. **Of** = as a consequence of. — ABBOTT, § 168.

## SCENE II.

2. **Aweary.** The prefix *a* before nouns represents some contracted preposition, as *in* or *on*; e.g., *asleep*, *alive*. Cf. in line 57 below, a *capering*. Before the adjective here it would rather seem a contraction of the intensive prefix *of*. — ABBOTT, § 24. (See close of section.)

15. **Easier.** Shakespeare often uses the adjective for the adverb. — ABBOTT, § 1.

25. **Cannot . . . nor . . . none.** In Elizabethan English, as in that of the earlier centuries, the more negatives the more emphasis. — ABBOTT, §§ 406, 408.

26. **Your.** Note the use of the second person pronouns throughout the scene. “*Thou* is the language of a lord to a servant, of an equal to an equal, and expresses also companionship, love, permission, defiance, scorn, threatening; whilst *ye* is the language of a servant to a lord, and of compliment, and further expresses honour, submission, entreaty.” — SKEAT. — ABBOTT, §§ 231, 232.

31. **Who you.** If the reading of *Q*, (see textual notes) be preferred, *who* is plainly nominative. With the reading as here given, the context must determine the case, as Shakespeare often uses *who* for *whom*. — ABBOTT, § 274.

33. **Are . . . come.** This use of *be* with intransitive verbs is more common in Shakespearian than in modern English. — ABBOTT, § 295.

43. **As who** = like one who. — ABBOTT, § 257.

44. **And** = if. — ABBOTT, § 101. Cf. § 105.

47. **Had rather be** = would rather be. — ABBOTT, § 230, 349.

50. **By** = concerning. — ABBOTT, § 145.

89. **Should** = would. — ABBOTT, § 322.

124-125. **So . . . as = as . . . as.** — ABBOTT, § 275.

130. **Whiles** = while. The old genitive of the noun *while*. ABBOTT, § 137.

## SCENE III.

4. **The which** = which. — ABBOTT, § 270.

7. **May** = can. — ABBOTT, § 307.

**Stead . . . pleasure.** Cf. *foot* in 112 below. “Any noun or adjective could be converted into a verb by the Elizabethan authors.” — ABBOTT, § 290.

22. **There be land-rats.** Older form of the verb. — ABBOTT, § 300.
- 40-41. **For = because.** — ABBOTT, § 151.
51. **Of = concerning.** — ABBOTT, § 174.
60. **Of.** Naturally used after a verbal noun. — ABBOTT, § 178.
67. **Methought.** "An abundance of impersonal verbs is a mark of an early stage in a language." — ABBOTT, § 297.
71. **As = for so.** — ABBOTT, § 110.
79. **Me.** Ethical dative. Cf. 136 below. — ABBOTT, § 220.
82. **Fall = drop.** Shakespeare often converts an intransitive verb into a transitive. — ABBOTT, § 291.
99. **Beholding = beholden.** — ABBOTT, § 372.
103. **Still = constantly.** — ABBOTT, § 69.
113. **Moneys is.** Cf. 155 below. — ABBOTT, § 333.
130. **Who if he break.** "**Qui si fidem franget**; a proof of Shakespeare's grammar-school instruction; he *translates* as he was taught. 'Who—he' may be taken as one subject, separated by *if*. Or else 'who' is used for the **from whom** which Shakespeare would have written if he had foreseen how he was to end." — ABBOTT, § 249.
154. **What.** — ABBOTT, § 256.
155. **Suspect = to suspect.** — ABBOTT, § 349.
169. **Fearful = to be feared because untrustworthy.** — ABBOTT, § 3.

## ACT II. — SCENE I.

1. **Mislike.** Shakespeare uses this word but three times, usually preferring **dislike**.
3. **Whom.** Personification. — ABBOTT, § 264.
7. **Reddest.** "The use of the superlative in a comparison of two objects, though condemned by most of the modern grammars, is good old English." — ROLFE.
9. **Fear'd.** The earlier signification. — ABBOTT, § 291.
16. **Bars.** Preposition omitted. — ABBOTT, § 198.
19. **His wife = wife of him.** — ABBOTT, § 218.
20. **Stood = would have stood.**
- 23, 31. **You : thee.** Varying attitude. — ABBOTT, §§ 231-236.
- 32-33. **At dice, which = at dice, to find out which.** — ABBOTT, § 382.

43. **Nor will not.** Emphatic. — ABBOTT, § 406.  
 46. **Blest** = most blessed. — ABBOTT, § 398.

## SCENE II.

20. **To be ruled** = in being ruled. — ABBOTT, § 356.  
 40. **Of** = on. — ABBOTT, § 165.  
 84, 89. **You: thou.** See on II., 1, 23, 31 above.  
 90. **Might.** Optative use. — ABBOTT, § 313.  
 91, 92, 94, 95. **On on, of of.** Equivalent in meaning. — ABBOTT, § 175.  
 98. **'Gree.** Prefix dropped. — ABBOTT, § 460.  
 104. **Me.** Ethical dative. — ABBOTT, § 220.  
 156. **Go to** = come, come! — ABBOTT, § 185.  
 176. **You . . . thee.** See on II. i. 23, 31 above. Cf. in this same scene 109, 110 *et seq.*  
 201. **Must to.** Verb omitted. — ABBOTT, § 405.

## SCENE IV.

1. **In** = at. — ABBOTT, § 161.  
 5. **Us.** Ethical dative. — ABBOTT, § 220. (Some editors follow the fourth folio, and change **us** to **as**.)  
 7. **Undertook.** Earlier usage. — ABBOTT, §§ 343, 344.  
 23. **Of** = with. — ABBOTT, § 171.  
 26. **Some.** Used by association with singular. — ABBOTT, § 21.  
 29. **Needs.** Originally a genitive. — ABBOTT, § 25.  
 35. **Cross.** Subjunctive used imperatively. — ABBOTT, § 364.  
 39. **Shall** = is to be. — ABBOTT, § 315.

## SCENE V.

3. **What.** Used, as **when** and **why**, in calling. — ABBOTT, § 73 *a.*  
 17. **A-brewing** = in the act of brewing. — ABBOTT, §§ 24, 140.  
 18. **To-night** = last night. — ABBOTT, § 190.  
 37. **Of** = for. — ABBOTT, § 174.  
**Forth.** Motion implied. — ABBOTT, § 41.  
 52. **Will.** "Abbott (Gr. 319), who denies that Shakespeare ever uses **will** for **shall**, thinks this (and **Perchance I will**) may be 'a regular idiom.' It may be that the **will** = **shall** (as Clark and Wright make it), but it is quite as likely that the shade of meaning is such as

would now be expressed by **will** — ‘Perhaps I may decide to return,’ or something of the sort.” — **ROLFE**. Cf. : —

“Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.” — *Othello*, V. ii. 197.

www.libtoco.com  
SCENE VI.

9. **Sits down**. Preposition not repeated. — **ABBOTT**, § 394.
30. **Who love I** = whom love I. — **ABBOTT**, § 274.
44. **Should be** = ought to be. — **ABBOTT**, § 323.
52. **But I love her** = if I do not love her. — **ABBOTT**, § 126.
54. **If that** = if. — **ABBOTT**, 287.

SCENE VII.

4. **Gold, who**. “In the Elizabethan age, which was not yet established as the neuter relative. It was often applied to persons (as in the Lord’s Prayer, ‘Our Father which art in heaven’), and who to things. In the next line but one we have ‘silver, which.’” — **ROLFE**. — **ABBOTT**, §§ 264–265. Cf. II. i. 3 above.

43. **Come view** = come to view. — **ABBOTT**, § 349.
53. **To** = in comparison with. — **ABBOTT**, § 187.
71. **Young . . . old**. Supply with each adjective as from line above. — **ABBOTT**, § 275.

SCENE VIII.

25. **Look he** = look that he. — **ABBOTT**, § 368.
33. **You were best**. Dative mistaken for nominative. — **ABBOTT**, § 260 *ad fin.*
42. **In** = into. — **ABBOTT**, § 159.

SCENE IX.

83. **Goes** = go. — **ABBOTT**, § 336.
90. **Commends** = commendations. — **ABBOTT**, § 451.
91. **Yet**. Used in modern English only after a negative. In Elizabethan English also used before a negative. — **ABBOTT**, § 76.

ACT III. — SCENE I.

7. **Of** = as regards. — **ABBOTT**, § 173.
54. **Half a million**. Elliptical. — **ABBOTT**, § 198 *a*.
82. **Cost** = which cost. — **ABBOTT**, § 244.
- 101–102. **Escaped** = escaped from. — **ABBOTT**, § 198.

## SCENE II.

2. **In choosing.** Elliptical. — ABBOTT, § 372.
9. **Some month or two.** By association. — ABBOTT, § 21.
21. **Not I = not me.** — ABBOTT, § 216.
29. **Fear the enjoying = fear for the enjoying.** — ABBOTT, § 200.
61. **Live thou.** Subjunctive. — ABBOTT, § 361.
82. **His = its.** — ABBOTT, § 228.
109. **As = namely.** — ABBOTT, § 113.
117. **Or whether.** Redundant for modern usage. — ABBOTT, § 136.
149. **See me . . . where I stand.** Redundant object. — ABBOTT, § 414.
- 162-163. **But . . . but = but that.** — ABBOTT, § 127 *ad fin.*
179. **Spoke = spoken.** — ABBOTT, § 343.
196. **So = provided that.** — ABBOTT, § 133.
204. **Sweat = sweated.** — ABBOTT, § 341.
217. **If that = if.** — ABBOTT, § 287.
223. **To have seen.** Counted an error in modern usage. — ABBOTT, § 360.
226. **Along.** Not the modern position. — ABBOTT, § 30.
240. **Steals = steal.** — ABBOTT, § 247.
268. **Should.** "It is not easy to define this 'should;' as the past tense of **shall** there seems to be somewhat too much compulsion in it. Abbott (§ 324) suggests a verb **shall**, like the German **sollen**, which means **is to**, not quite **ought**. Perhaps it is of this **shall** that 'should' is here the past tense. Rolfe refers to Abbott (§ 322), where instances are given of 'should' as the past tense of the usual **shall**; he may be right. The Elizabethan use of **should** is to me always difficult to analyze. Compare Stephano's question about Caliban: 'Where the devil should he learn our language?' — FURNESS.
277. **Persuaded with = argued with.** Unique in Shakespeare. — ABBOTT, § 194.
289. **Unwearied.** Cf. II. i. 46. — ABBOTT, § 398.
315. **I = me.** — ABBOTT, §§ 205, 209.

## SCENE III.

10. **To = as to.** — ABBOTT, § 281.
15. **The head = my head.** French influence. — ABBOTT, § 92.
30. **Since that = since.** — ABBOTT, § 287.

## SCENE IV.

6. **Gentleman.** Dative. "We, in modern English, use such a dative, i.e., without the preposition *to*, only when it comes between the verb and its accusative, as, 'You send the gentleman relief.'" — CLARK AND WRIGHT. — ABBOTT, § 394.

- 14. **Needs** = of necessity. — ABBOTT, § 25.
- 21. **From out** = out of. — ABBOTT, § 157.
- 22. **The praising of.** Substantive use. — ABBOTT, § 93.
- 25. **Manage** = management. — ABBOTT, § 451.
- 34. **The which** = which. — ABBOTT, § 270.
- 46. **Honest-true** = truly honest. — ABBOTT, § 2.
- 52. **Imagined** = imaginable. — ABBOTT, § 375.
- 75. **That** = so that. — ABBOTT, § 283.

## SCENE V.

- 3. **Fear you** = fear for you. — ABBOTT, § 200.
- 58. **A many.** See Abbott (§ 87) for two suggested explanations.
- 74. **Of me** = in me. — ABBOTT, § 172.

## ACT IV. — SCENE I.

- 5. **Uncapable** = incapable. — ABBOTT, § 442.
- 6. **From.** "Elsewhere Shakespeare always uses *of* as we do, with 'void' and 'empty.'" — CLARK AND WRIGHT.
- 9. **That.** Redundant. — ABBOTT, § 285.
- 22. **Where** = Whereas. — ABBOTT, § 134.
- 47. **Love** = who love. — ABBOTT, § 244.
- 104. **Upon** = in accordance with. — ABBOTT, § 192.
- 134. **Who** = which. The construction is puzzling. "This is another instance of what is called *nominativus pendens* in Latin." — CLARK AND WRIGHT. (For the other instance referred to see I. iii. 130.) Abbott (§ 376) explains it as a case of the nominative absolute.
- 148. **Go give** = go and give. — ABBOTT, § 349.
- 149-150. **Shall . . . shall** = is to. — ABBOTT, § 315.
- 163. **Whose** = for his. — ABBOTT, § 263.
- 165. **Bellario, what.** Redundant object. — ABBOTT, § 414.
- 222. **Thee.** Rhetorical. — ABBOTT, § 233.
- 240. **On** = in dependence on. — ABBOTT, § 180.



249. **More elder.** Double comparative. — ABBOTT, § 11.
253. **Balance = Balances.** "This is the only instance where 'balance' is used as a plural by Shakespeare. . . . It is common to find a confusion in the number of nouns ending in a sibilant." — CLARK AND WRIGHT, [www.libtool.com.cn](http://www.libtool.com.cn)
259. **'Twere . . . do.** Confusion of tenses. — ABBOTT, § 370.
281. **Which = who.** — ABBOTT, § 266.
307. **The cutting it.** Substantive use. — ABBOTT, § 93.
309. **Confiscate = confiscated.** — ABBOTT, § 342.
325. **Just pound = even pound.** — ABBOTT, § 14.
349. **Seek.** Subjunctive. — ABBOTT, § 368.
350. **The which = which.** — ABBOTT, § 270.
353. **In = at.** — ABBOTT, § 163.
366. **Shalt.** Future for subjunctive. — ABBOTT, § 348.
410. **Withal.** Emphatic form of with. — ABBOTT, § 196.
429. **To give = by giving.** — ABBOTT, § 356.

## ACT V. — SCENE II.

11. **Waft = wafted.** — ABBOTT, § 341.
56. **In = into.** — ABBOTT, § 159.
77. **Make = to make.** — ABBOTT, § 349.
103. **Attended = attended to.** — ABBOTT, § 200.
177. **I were best.** Ungrammatical survival. — ABBOTT, §§ 230, 352.
203. **Much.** Used with the positive adjective. — ABBOTT, § 51.
211. **Which = who.** — ABBOTT, § 266.
212. **The which = which.** — ABBOTT, § 270.

www.libtool.com.cn

## EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

---

### ACT I. — SCENE I.

**Venice.** "In perusing his play, we should keep constantly in mind the ideas which prevailed in England in the time of Shakespeare of the magnificence of Venice. Now the name calls up ideas only of glory departed — 'Her long life hath reached its final day'; but in the age of the poet, Venice was gazed on with admiration by the people of every country, and by none with more devotion than those of England. Her merchants were princes, her palaces were adorned with the works of Titian, and she was, moreover, the seat of all pleasant delights, — 'The pleasure place of all festivity, the revel of the world, the masque of Italy.'" — HUNTER.

**Antonio.** Imagine Antonio's look and bearing, remembering his Italian complexion, his age and occupation. He would, perhaps, wear over his doublet and hose a long, dull-colored gown, the skirt slashed up the sides, and the waist girded by a tasselled silken sash. A short cloak or cape, ruffs at neck and wrists, the merchant's flat cap, and the aristocratic gloves which Portia asks as her reward after the trial, would be conspicuous features of his costume.

8. Scan. Cf. I. i. 102 and 139; I. iii. 38; II. i. 1; and III. iv. 23.

9. **Argosies.** A word supposed to be enriched by classic fable. See classical dictionary for Argo and Jason. See also William Morris's "Life and Death of Jason." But Murray derives the word from **Ragusa**, an Italian city whose merchant-vessels were well known in English ports.

**Portly.** Cf. :—

"A portly sail of ships make hitherward." — *Pericles*, I. iv. 61.

"I am a gentleman of good fame and name, majestic, in apparel comely, in gait portly." — *Lochrine*.

Search out also the use of the word in Spenser's "Epithalamium."

11. **Pageants.** "An allusion to those enormous machines, in the shape of castles, dragons, ships, giants, etc., that were drawn about the streets in the ancient shows or pageants." — DOUCE.

Cf. Scott's "Kenilworth" and Kingsley's "Westward Ho!"

18. "When I was in the myd way betwixt the markes whyche was an open place, there I toke a fether or a lytle lyght grasse, and so well as I could, learned how the wynd stooode." — ASCHAM'S *Tozophilus*.

"But now how stands the wind?  
Into what corner peers my halcyon's bill?  
Ha! to the east? yes; see, how stand the vanes?"

MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

"The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail." — *Hamlet*, I. iii. 56.

19. **Roads.**

"For we be come unto a quiet rode." — SPENSER'S *Faery Queene*.

Cf. below V. i. 284-285.

25. **Hour-glass.** "This illustration was a very familiar one in Shakespeare's time, when the hour-glass was an almost invariable accompaniment of the pulpit, fixed near it on an iron stand." — HALLIWELL.

28. **Vailing.**

"That France must vail her lofty-plumed crest." — *1 Henry VI.*, V. iii. 25.

"It did me good  
To see the Spanish carvel vail her top  
Unto my maiden flag." — HEYWOOD'S *Fair Maid of the West*.

33-34. "Mine argosy from Alexandria  
Loaden with spice and silks."

Thine argosy from Alexandria,  
Know, Barabas, doth ride in Malta-road,  
Loaden with riches, and exceeding store  
Of Persian silks, of gold, and orient pearl."

MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

"When in the Gulf of Lyons I flung over my merchandise to lighten the ship . . . robed the seething billows in my choice silks . . . perfumed their briny foam with myrrh and aloes." — SCOTT'S *Ivanhoe*.

42. **Bottom.**

"With which such scathful grapple did he make  
With the most noble bottom of our fleet."

*Twelfth Night*, V. i. 60.

"For what wise merchant adventurere all his good in one ship?"

—MOBE'S *History of Richard III.*

52. **Peep through their eyes.** "As in laughing, when the eyes are half shut." — WARBURTON.

53. "And laugh at a bagpiper as wildly as parrots laugh: not as parrots laugh at a bagpiper." — DEIGHTON.

54. **Aspect.** "Aspect is always accented on the last syllable in Shakespeare. Cf. SPENSER, F. Q., I. xii. 23: 'Most ugly shapes, and horrible aspects;' Milton, P. L., III. 266: 'His words here ended, but his meek aspect,' etc. This is but one illustration out of many that show the tendency of the accent in English to fall back toward the beginning of the word." — ROLFE.

Cf. distinct, II. ix. 61; obdurate, IV. i. 8; Stephano, V. i. 28.

**Enter Bassanio.** "Young lovers wear generally a doublet and breeches of satin, tabby, or other silk, cut or slashed in the form of crosses or stars, through which slashes is seen the lining of coloured taffeta; gold buttons, a lace ruff, a bonnet of rich velvet or silk with an ornamental band, a silk cloak, and silk stockings, Spanish morocco shoes, a flower in one hand and their gloves and handkerchief in the other." — VECCELLIO.

61. **Prevented** = anticipated, been beforehand. Cf.: —

"Mine eyes prevent the night-watches." — *Ps.* cxix. 148.

66-67. Bassanio, bowing the gallants out, substantially says: "When shall we have a right merry meeting? say, now, when? You are becoming great strangers. And must you really leave us now?"

69-71. "Lorenzo enters with a design of retiring, having executed the purpose he came for, to wit — the finding of Anthonio; but such a sudden and silent departure not suiting with his companion, he is kept a while 'till the other has gratify'd his passion for talking, and, that done, repeats [at line 105] his declaration in this speech, and soon after puts it in execution." — CAPELL.

74-75. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it." — *Matt.* xvi. 25.

77-79.

"All the world's a stage,

And all the men and women merely players," etc.

*As You Like It*, II. vii. 139-166.

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player  
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
And then is heard no more." — *Macbeth*, V. v. 24-26.

"She found the world but a wearisome stage to her, where she played a part against her will." — SIDNEY'S *Arcadia*.

"'Twas the Play of Life,  
And that woman played Despair."

ALDRICH'S *The Tragedy*.

80.

"Frame your mind to mirth and merriment,  
Which bars a thousand harms and lengthens life."

*Taming of the Shrew*, Induction, 2. 131-132.

"Seldom he smiles; and smiles in such a sort  
As if he mock'd himself, and scorn'd his spirit  
That could be mov'd to smile at anything."

*Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 200-202.

"This same young sober-blooded boy doth not love me; nor a man cannot make him laugh." — 2 *Henry IV.* IV. iii.

"Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,  
And merrily hent the stile-a.

Your merry heart goes all the way,  
Your sad tires in a mile-a." — *Winter's Tale*, IV. 116-119.

"I count merry mirth a golden gift." — JOHN HAYWOOD.

81-86. "In this whole passage the intimate connection between mind and body is sketched with exact physiological truth. Perhaps the most curious and undoubted instance of the mind's influence in the production of bodily disease, is jaundice, caused by depressing emotion. . . . The effect of wine on the temperature of the liver, and dependency on that of the heart, are also unquestionably medical thoughts." — DR. BUCKNILL.

"There may be an allusion here to the old belief that every sigh or groan robbed the heart of a drop of blood." — ROLFE.

"With sighs of love that cost the fresh blood dear."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 98.

84. "Alabaster, spelt in the older editions 'alablastrer;' was frequently used for tombs in the Elizabethan and Jacobean times. One magnificent specimen is in the north aisle of Stratford church, and may have suggested this simile to the poet." — CLARK AND WRIGHT.

85. "What grief hath set the jaundice on your cheeks?"

*Troilus and Cressida*, I. iii. 2.

89. "The green mantle of the standing pool." — *Lear*, III. iv. 139.

90-97. "Even a fool when he holdeth his peace is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding." — *Prov.* xvii. 28.

98-99. "Whosoever shall say to his brother, Raca, shall be in danger of the council; but whosoever shall say, Thou fool, shall be in danger of hell fire." — *Matt.* v. 22.

102. "It [the gudgeon] is an excellent fish to enter [initiate] a young angler, being easy to be taken." — IZAAK WALTON'S *Complete Angler*.

104. "The humour of this consists in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those times; who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to put off that part of their sermon, called the *exhortation*, till after dinner."

WARBURTON.

110. **For this gear.** "A colloquial expression perhaps of no very determinate import." — STEEVENS.

Cf. II. ii. 162 below.

124. **Port.**

"King Richarde being destitute of treasure to furnishe suche a Princely porte as he mainteined, borrowed greate summes of money of many of the greate Lordes and Peeres of hys realme." — HOLINSHED'S *Chronicle*.

"Thou shalt be master, Tranio, in my stead,  
Keep house and port and servants, as I should."

*Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 207-208.

126-134. Bassanio, hanging his velvet-capped head and fingering his gold buttons, says that he does not complain, not he, of his straitened circumstances, but he is anxious to rid himself of this burden of debt heaped up by his youthful extravagance. He owes the most to Antonio, and has the grace to hesitate a little in proposing that Antonio lend him another large sum with which he may equip himself handsomely and go heiress-hunting, so "to get clear of all the debts" he owes.

140-152. An ignoble petition most charmingly put, winding about Antonio's love "with circumstance."

141. "Ye must have divers shafts of one flight, feathered with divers wings, for divers winds." — ASCHAM'S *Toxophilus*.

"He tell thee how to finde that eare againe.  
Children, in shooting, when they loose an Arrow  
In high growne or deepe grasse, omit no paine,  
But with their Bowes end, rake and search it narrow,

And when they bootlesse seeke, and finde it not,  
After some sorrow, this amendes is got :

An other shaft they shoote that direct way  
As whilome they the first shot: and be plaine  
Twentie to one, as I have heard some say,  
The former Arrow may be found againe.  
So, as you lost the first eare, gentle brother,  
Venture the second eare, to finde the tother."

*Quips upon Questions, 1600.*

144. "All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence."

*Midsummer Night's Dream, III. ii. 202.*

153-160. If generosity could be too generous, or love too loving, the instance would be here.

166. **Portia.** See classical dictionary, Plutarch's "Lives," and Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar."

177-185. The poetry of deed as contrasted with the poetry of speech.

183. **Presently.** This word regularly signifies in Shakespeare immediately, at the present time.

## SCENE II.

**Portia.** Portia, it would seem, is a "little body," with a fleece of "sunny locks." Her robe of cloth of gold, her veil of silken gauze, the jewelled chain about her neck and string of pearls wound in her hair, mark her as the heiress of Belmont no more distinctly than her confident and gracious bearing. "There is," says Mrs. Jameson, "a commanding grace, a high-bred, airy elegance, a spirit of magnificence in all that she does and says, as one to whom splendour had been familiar from her very birth. She treads as though her footsteps had been among marble palaces, beneath roofs of fretted gold, floors and pavements of jasper and porphyry, — amid gardens full of statues, and flowers, and fountains, and haunting music."

26-31. Note how this word of simple faith from Nerissa lifts the casket lottery above the region of chance into that of divine guidance.

37-41. "The Neapolitans, in the time of Shakespeare, were eminently skilled in all that belongs to horsemanship." — STEEVENS.

"When I was a young lad, I saw the Prince of Salmona, at Naples, manage a young, rough, and fierce horse, and show all manner of

horsemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to show his sure, steady, and immovable sitting." — MONTAIGNE.

43. The frown of the County Palatine seems to say: "If you will not have ME, Heaven can offer nothing further. Choose as you can where nothing is left worth the choosing."

45-46. "An allusion to Heraclitus, a Greek philosopher, who lived about 500 B.C. He was a man of such a melancholy disposition that it was habitual to him to weep over the follies of mankind."

MORRIS.

56. "A man so various that he seemed to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome."

DRYDEN'S *Absalom and Achitophel*.

65-66. "It is to be inferred from this passage that, in Shakespeare's time, a knowledge of those three languages was an indispensable requisite of a man of culture; Portia laughs at the Baron for his ignorance of them. It would have been impossible for Shakespeare to hold up to ridicule this ignorance, had he himself come under the same condemnation." — PROELSS.

68. **Proper.** Cf.:—

"Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day." — *Midsummer Night's Dream*, I. ii. 88.

69. **Suited.** Cf. Tennyson's epithet in "sober-suited Freedom," and Milton's in "civil-suited morn."

77-78. "Alluding to the constant assistance that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English." — WARBURTON.

102. **Sibylla.** See classical dictionary.

"A sibyl, that had number'd in the world  
The sun to course two hundred compasses."

*Othello*, III. iv. 70-71.

104. **Parcel of Woovers.** Cf.:—

"This youthful parcel of noble bachelors."

*All's Well that Ends Well*, II. iii. 58.

126-127. **Condition.**

"She's full of most blessed condition."

*Othello*, II. i. 255.

"Madame, I have a touch of your condition,  
Which cannot brook the accent of reproof."

*Richard III.*, IV. iv. 157.



## SCENE III.

Shylock's "Jewish gabardine," or loose cloak, usually seen on the stage sober brown in hue, is a less distinctive portion of his dress than the tawny orange turban which the men of his tribe were compelled to wear. This yellow turban will be remembered as a conspicuous feature of Isaac's dress in "Ivanhoe." There is some reason for supposing that the Jews of Venice at one time wore red headgear, but this too honorable color, flaming in cardinals' caps, they were obliged to exchange for the shameful yellow. With Shylock enters the tragedy of the play. In a debased eighteenth-century version of the drama, Lansdowne's "Jew of Venice," Shylock was acted by the comedy-man of the troupe. In 1741 an Irish actor, Macklin, revived the tragic interpretation of Shylock so successfully as to call out from Pope the proposed epitaph:—

" Here lies the Jew  
That Shakespeare drew."

In 1814 a nobler impersonation was given by Edmund Kean, who, when he made his *début* in the rôle of Shylock, made his fortune as an actor. The critic Hazlitt wrote, in 1817:—

" When we first went to see Mr. Kean in Shylock, we expected to see what we had been used to see, a decrepit old man, bent with age and ugly with mental deformity, grinning with deadly malice, with the venom of his heart congealed in the expression of his countenance, sullen, morose, gloomy, inflexible, brooding over one idea, that of his hatred, and fixed on one unalterable purpose, that of his revenge. We were disappointed, because we had taken our idea from other actors, not from the play."

Booth played Shylock as the villain. " I think," he wrote, " Macready was the first to lift the uncanny Jew out of the darkness of his native element of revengeful selfishness into the light of the venerable Hebrew, the Martyr, the Avenger. He has had several followers, and I once tried to view him in that light, but he doesn't cast a shadow sufficiently strong to contrast with the sunshine of the comedy,— to do which he must, to a certain extent, be repulsive, a sort of party that one doesn't care to see among the dainty revellers of Venice in her prime. Antonio's liver-trouble is gloom enough for them, but to heighten the brilliancy for us a heavier cloud is necessary, and it takes the form of Shylock,—

" ' An inhuman wretch,  
Uncapable of pity, void and empty  
From any dram of mercy.' "

Of Irving's impersonation of Shylock a critic has said (*The Theatre*, December, 1879): " Irving evidently believes that Shakespeare intended to enlist our sympathies on the side of the Jew, and the conception is embodied in a manner altogether new to the stage. . . Except in the scene with Tubal, where passion will out, the bearing of Shylock is distinguished by a comparatively quiet and tranquil dignity, — perhaps we ought rather to say the superb dignity of the Arabian race. The whole force of an 'old, untainted religious aristocracy' is made manifest in his person. He feels and acts as one of a noble but long-oppressed nation, as a representative of Judaism against the apostate Galilean, as an instrument of vengeance in the hands of an offended God."

1. " Shylock enters with slow, shuffling gait; restless, half-closed eyes, and the fingers of his disengaged hand (one holds his staff) ever moving, as if from the constant habit of feeling and caressing the ducats that are passing through them." — BOOTH.

(The ducat is a Venetian coin worth something over a dollar.)

" From the first moment that he [Kean] appeared and leant upon his stick to listen gravely while moneys are requested of him, he impressed the audience, as Douglas Jerrold used to say, 'like a chapter of Genesis.' " — LEWES.

7. " My intercession likewise steads my foe."

*Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 54.

19. " The Rialto, which is at the farthest side of the bridge as you come from St. Mark's, is a most stately building, being the Exchange of Venice, where the Venetian gentlemen and the merchants doe meete twice a day, betwixt eleven and twelve of the clocke in the morning, and betwixt five and sixe of the clocke in the afternoon. This Rialto is of a goodly height, built all with bricke as the palaces are, adorned with many faire walkes or open galleries that I have before mentoned, and hath a pretty quadrangular court adjoining to it. But it is inferior to our Exchange in London, though indeede there is a farre greater quantity of building in this than in ours."

CORYAT'S *Crudities*, 1611.

21. **Squandered.**

" They drive, they squander the huge Belgian fleet."

DRYDEN'S *Annus Mirabile*.

33. **Nazarite.** The term Nazarene, as signifying a dweller in Nazareth, appeared for the first time in King James' Bible of 1611.

39. "The publicans were farmers of taxes under the Roman Government, and Shylock speaks of them here in the spirit of the Pharisees of our Lord's day." — MORRIS.

"Shakespeare must have made Shylock, as a Jew, speak of a 'publican' as his forefathers did in the New Testament; and yet the epithet he used shows that he conceived of him as an English inn-keeper." — ALLEN.

At all events, Shylock's keen glance has noted, even at a distance, the measure of complaisance, however scant, substituted in Antonio's carriage toward him for the habitual open scorn; and, an accomplished hypocrite himself, he sneers in bitter hatred at the poor merchant's awkward attempt at fawning. Note, however, Moulton's suggestion that the line should be given to Antonio.

43. **Usance.** Usance, usury, and interest were in Shakespeare's day equivalent terms and equally disreputable. There was a strange mediæval prejudice in the matter. It was natural, the old schoolmen thought, for life to bring forth life. The bird might lay her eggs and nest her young, the fruit might scatter seed; but for gold and silver, "barren metal," to produce more gold and silver, was monstrous and unholy.

"It is against nature, for money to beget money."

BACON'S *Essays*.

"If thou recallest to thy memory Genesis at the beginning, it behooves man to gain his bread, and multiply the people. And because the usurer takes another way, he contemns nature." — DANTE'S *Inferno*.

(Dante but expressed the sentiment of mediæval Christianity when he consigned money-lenders who take interest to one of the lowest circles of hell, — a region of glowing sand, where flakes of fire rained ceaselessly on the defenceless souls, and "ever restless was the dance of miserable hands, now here, now there, shaking off the fresh burning.")

The Jews were justly open to the reproach of taking excessive interest; their usual rate at Venice in Shakespeare's time being fifteen per cent.

"It is almost incredible what gains the Venetians receive by the usury of the Jewes, both pryvately and in common. For in everye citee the Jewes kepe open shops of usurie, taking gaiges of ordinarie for XV. in the hundred by the yere." — THOMAS' *Historie of Italye*, 1561.

44. Upon the hip. "Here, at IV. 1. 350,

'Now, infidel, I have you on the hip,'

and in "Othello," II. i. 338,

'I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,'

are the only passages in Shakespeare where this phrase is found. Johnson says that it is a phrase from the art of wrestling, but in his dictionary he derived it from hunting." — FURNESS.

57. Desire. "This, like many other archaic modes of pronunciation, occurs more frequently in Shakespeare's earlier plays than in his later, and even in them he is more sparing of it, or, at any rate, applies it to a smaller number of words, than Marlowe, Greene, etc."

WALKER.

Rest you fair. Cf.:—

"God rest you merry!" — *As You Like It*, V. i. 165.

69-84. "In that part where, leaning on his stick, he [Kean] told the tale of Jacob and his flock with the garrulous ease of old age and animation of spirit that seems borne back to the olden time, and the privileged example in which he exults, he shows them that a man of genius has lighted on the stage. His acting here is all a study. There is one present who notes with delight the flexibility and indefiniteness of outline about it, like a figure with a landscape background; Shylock is in Venice with his money-bags, his daughter, and his injuries; but his thoughts take wing to the East; his voice swells and deepens at the mention of his sacred tribe and ancient law, and he dwells with joy on any digression to distant times and places, as a relief to his rooted and vindictive purposes."

HAWKINS' *Life of Kean*.

72. "Again the actors have misunderstood one of the finest allusions in the play. The reader will remember the part taken by Rebecca, the wife of Isaac and mother of Jacob, to obtain his father's blessing for him, in preference to Esau, the elder son. (Genesis, chap. xxvii.) It was by this act of hers that Jacob became the third possessor; and for this deceit, Shylock thinks her entitled to great praise. . . . Shylock therefore says with great exultation, 'Aye, he was the third,' whereas the actors have uttered the line as if Shylock doubted whether Jacob were the third, or a subsequent possessor,— a point of genealogy, not only thoroughly well known to Shylock, but to every Jew who has lived from the time of Jacob to the present hour." — FARREN'S *Essay on Shylock*.

100. **Many a time and oft.** Cf.: —

“How and which way I may bestow myself.”

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. 1. 87.

“So, and in such manner.” — *Winter's Tale*, V. 2. 42.

“Time and the hour runs through the roughest day.”

*Macbeth*, I. 3. 147.

100-123. Cf.: —

“Thus trowls our fortune in by land and sea,  
 And thus are we on every side enriched:  
 These are the blessings promised to the Jews,  
 And herein was old Abram's happiness:  
 What more may Heaven do for earthly man  
 Than thus to pour out plenty in their laps,  
 Ripping the bowels of the earth for them,  
 Making the seas their servants, and the winds  
 To drive their substance with successful blasts?  
 Who hateth me but for my happiness?  
 Or who is honoured now but for his wealth?  
 Rather had I a Jew be hated thus  
 Than pitied in a Christian poverty:  
 For I can see no fruits in all their faith  
 But malice, falsehood, and excessive pride,  
 Which methinks fits not their profession.

I am not of the tribe of Levy, I,  
 That can so soon forget an injury.  
 We Jews can fawn like spaniels when we please:  
 And when we grin we bite, yet are our looks  
 As innocent and harmless as a lamb's.  
 I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,  
 Heave up my shoulders when they call me dog,  
 And duck as low as any barefoot friar,  
 Hoping to see them starve upon a stall.

Great injuries are not so soon forgot.

To undo a Jew is charity, and not sin.”

MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

170. **Knave.** “Knave, which meant originally only a boy, and now means only a rogue, was in current use in Shakespeare's time with either signification.” — ROLFE.

171. "The thoughtful rejoinder of Bassanio marks apprehension, and this is the very cautiousness that besteads him in his venture on the caskets, when he comments on the deceptiveness of ornament."

LLOYD.

"With consummate dramatic skill has Shakespeare (under the natural semblance of the usurer's hesitation to lend the sum required) kept in view by repetition the terms of the loan, and the main circumstance which weighs with Shylock, — the 'bond' that Antonio enters into, — while at the same time the Jew takes pains to conceal his own malignant interest in the point. After letting fall the word, he turns off attention from it by the words 'let me see — but hear you:' and goes on to speak of another subject. Then when he returns to the essential point, he mentions it lightly, speaks of a 'merry sport,' and afterwards calls it 'this merry bond.'"

COWDEN-CLARKE.

#### ACT II.—SCENE I.

The Prince of Morocco enters in robe and turban of white, but color and golden ornaments show in his fringed sash, and his buskins of red leather are richly embroidered with the precious metals. The sword-belt across his breast glitters with jewels, and from his ears hang barbaric rings of gold. His frank warmth of heart and luxuriance of fancy, no less than his undisguised solicitude, not ill-founded, as to the effect of his dusky complexion, enlist for him a certain sympathy; but he would be no more fitting a mate for the high-bred lady of Belmont than would that other splendid barbarian, "Ligurge himself, the grete king of Trace," for the gentle Emelye. See Chaucer's "Knights Tale."

1. "Look not upon me, because I am black, because the sun hath looked upon me." — *Solomon's Song*.

"Noble signior,  
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,  
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black."

*Othello*, I. iii. 287-289.

2. The word *livery*, in Elizabethan times, was still poetic. Cf.:—

"The clouds in thousand liveries dight."

MILTON'S *L'Allegro*.

6. "It is customary in the East for lovers to testify the violence of their passion by cutting themselves in the presence of their mistresses." — HARRIS.

7. "Red blood was a traditional sign of courage. Macbeth (V. iii. 15) calls one of his frightened soldiers a 'lily-livered boy,' and Falstaff ('2 Henry IV.,' IV. iii. 113) speaks of the 'liver white and pale' as a badge of cowardice. Below (III. ii. 86) Bassanio talks of cowards who 'have livers white as milk.'" — ROLFE.

"Reed clothes ben layed upon deed men in remembrance of theyr hardynes and boldnes, whyle they were in theyr bloude." — GLANTVILLE.

"It appereth in the time of the Saxons that the manner over their dead was a red cloath, as we now use black. The red of valiancie, and that was over kings, lords, knights, and valyannt souldiers; white over cleargie men, in token of their profession and honest life, and over virgins and matrons." — BATMAN.

14. **By nice direction** = by fastidious estimation.

25. **Sophy** = the Shah of Persia.

26. **Sultan Solyman** = Solyman the Magnificent, who reigned (1520-1566) close upon Shakespeare's own day, and undertook, in 1535, an unlucky campaign against the Persians.

32-35. See classical dictionary.

44. "Surely 'temple' has no meaning here. Must not the poet have written **table**? In 'Lucrece' (st. 168) in the Variorum Shakespeare 'Her sacred temple' is printed 'Her sacred table.'" — KEIGHTLEY.

"The mention of a temple instead of a church seems odd here. Perhaps Portia's Roman name led Shakespeare momentarily to forget that she was a Christian, or the mention of Hercules and Lichas may have given his thoughts a classical turn." — CLARK AND WRIGHT.

## SCENE II.

8-9. Launcelot's conscience is a punster. Cf.:—

"I scorn that with my heels."

*Much Ado About Nothing*, III. iv. 51.

10. **Via**. (F. reads **fla.**) Italian for away, but probably in use among the Thames watermen and London teamsters.

11. Note the peculiar oath of the fiend.

16. **Grow to.** "A household phrase applied to milk when burnt to the bottom of the saucepan, and thence acquiring an unpleasant taste." — CLARK AND WRIGHT.

22. **God bless the mark** is used here much as **saving your reverence** is used below, — in apology for mentioning the devil.

40. **Marry** = by Mary.

42. **Sonties** = saints.

46. **Raise the waters**; i.e., in old Gobbo's eyes.

50. **Well to live** = well to do.

56. **An't** = if it.

58. **Father.** Used to an old man much as an elderly negro in the South was familiarly addressed as **uncle**.

65. **Hovel-post.** "Escraigne, a little hovell made of poles set round with their ends meeting at the top, and covered with turves, sods, etc., so thicke that no weather can pierce it." — COTGRAVE.

92. **Fill-horse** = thill-horse = shaft-horse.

100. **Set up my rest.** "I have determined; a term taken from gaming, where 'to set up the rest' is to name the wager to be played for." — DEIGHTON.

106-107. **As far as God has any ground.** "A characteristic speech in the mouth of a Venetian. The lower orders in Venice regard the mainland with an admiration which can hardly be understood by those who have been able, all their days, to walk where they would." — KNIGHT. Cf.: —

"My lord, no leave take I; for I will ride,  
As far as land will let me, by your side."

*Richard II.*, I. iii. 251-252.

108. Cf.: —

"If I do not love her, I am a Jew."

*Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. 272.

116. **Gramercy.** From French *grand merci* = many thanks.

120. **Specify.** It has been suggested by Bishop that the reading should be **spicify**, to correspond with **frutify**.

127. **Cater-cousins.** "Cater is supposed to be derived from the French *quatre*, four; so that 'cater-cousins' would mean 'fourth-cousins.' The sense of the expression is 'scarcely friendly.'" — MORRIS.

132. **Dish of Doves.** "Where did he [Shakespeare] obtain his



numerous graphic touches of national manners? Where did he learn of an old villager's coming into the city with a 'dish of doves' as a present to his son's master? A present thus given, and in our days too, and of doves, is not uncommon in Italy." — C. A. BROWN.

143. **Prefer'd; preferment.** A play upon the word, in its two senses of recommend and advancement.

146. **The old proverb** = "God's grace is gear enough."

152. **Guarded** = bordered with braid.

"In a long yellow coat, guarded with yellow."

*Henry VIII.*, Prologue, 16.

155. **Table** = palm. "Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shown, by raising it to lay on the book, in judicial attestations." — JOHNSON.

"It is noteworthy that, after a sort, Launcelot is a rustic *bel esprit*; a servant who has picked up, here and there, scraps and orts of learning. He uses Latin words, which he places higgledy-piggledy in his sentences; we shall find him displaying a knowledge of palmistry; he criticises mythological expressions and metaphors used by the learned; he plays on words sharply enough to drive Lorenzo mad, and loses no opportunity to discourse. Before entering the Jew's service he must have been the domestic of some savant of the Renaissance, or of some canon of Venice, or have been a choir-boy under the curate of the village where he was born." — MONTÉGUT.

162. See above on I. i. 110.

186. Note the pun, **habit** meaning here demeanor.

189-190. "It should be remembered that in Shakespeare's time they wore their hats during the time of dinner." — MALONE.

"Then skimming the fat off,  
Say grace with your hat off."

*Recipe for Dressing a Knuckle of Veal, sent by Dr. Delany to Swift.*

192. **Sad ostent** = show of gravity.

### SCENE III.

**Jessica.** "Jessica should wear a yellow sash or veil of the same color as Shylock's cap." — BOOTH.

2-3. Note the balanced alliterations, and the way in which the

metaphor is carried out. Note, too, that Jessica's idea of hell relates itself to "tediousness."

4. "Can we point to a single trait in her [Jessica] that stamps her not only as a daughter of Shylock, but even as a Jewess? She is lavish of money to Gobbo, and profusely lavish of it on her own pleasures; she has fallen in love with a gay Christian, and longs to change her religion; she shows no respect for her dead mother, and not an atom of regard for her living father; her very complexion is not Oriental, but fair. In the next scene her hand is spoken of as whiter than paper, and the contrast between Shylock and her is declared by Salarino to be greater than between jet and ivory."—**FURNESS.**

14-17. These four lines should be carefully weighed in any estimation of Jessica's character and conduct.

#### SCENE IV.

1-2. "To him who is unacquainted with the old customs of the Venetians, it must seem to be a very extraordinary, nay, almost fantastic, invention of the poet to represent Lorenzo as slinking away with his friends from a supper whereto they had been invited by Bassanio, to go to a masquerade, when it was not even carnival time. Such an idea could be conceived of in no other country, not even in any other state of Italy, except in Venice, although the custom of wearing masks was at that time very common; but here in Venice it was practiced universally, and at all seasons of the year."—**ELZE.**

5. "That torch-bearers were also needed arose from the fact that the streets were a tangle and the street-lighting deficient."—**ELZE.**

6. **Quaintly.** Cf.:—

"A ladder quaintly made of cords."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i.

10. **Break up**=break open. Cf.:—

"Break up the seals and read."

*Winter's Tale*, III. ii. 132.

29-32. Note how, in Lorenzo's emotion, his speech becomes elliptical.

37. **Faithless.** Shylock has far more faith than Lorenzo, but not faith in Christianity.

39. "It is not rendered very apparent whether it was designed that this frolic of a masking party should continue no longer than while they were absent from the company, and that they should return to it in their proper habits, or whether they were to enter in masquerade, as a surprise to the rest of Bassanio's guests. The circumstance of Jessica's being expected to accompany them in her flight must incline us to imagine the latter to have been the case; for, that it was not proposed that Lorenzo and she should separate themselves from the others, is sufficiently evident from what is said of her being a 'torch-bearer,' and from their being 'to return *all* in an hour.' The manner of their intended disguise was, doubtless, happily calculated to favour the lady's escape, and, possibly, they had this end in view when the masking scheme was first concerted, though that particular be not expressly declared. From Gratiano's lodging, the scene of their rendezvous, all matters being previously settled, we may conclude they were to proceed to supper with Bassanio." — ECCLES.

Compare the masques in "Henry VIII.," I. iv. and in "Romeo and Juliet," I. iv.

#### SCENE V.

"The second scene of Shylock exhibits him with his late servant and his daughter. . . . There is nothing of acerbity in this scene towards Launcelot nor Jessica — he is kind to each, and both betray him. Still every word is consistent. He has now a much stronger inducement to *go forth* than he had to *dine* with *Antonio* — he goes to help to *waste* the *borrowed* money, — to *aid* the profligacy of the *prodigal* — that he may thereby be the less able to furnish at maturity the three thousand ducats for which *Antonio* is now BOUND. Every feeling is sacrificed to the prosecution of his main design. Shylock's faith in dreams glances exquisitely at the dreams of Jacob and Joseph, and at the expositions of those types of waking thoughts given by many of the Jewish prophets. The allusion to *Hagar's offspring* is very appropriate to the departure of his servant; Hagar having been *bondswoman* to Sarah, the wife of Abraham, and having quitted her, as Launcelot does Shylock, under the supposed grievance of too little indulgence." (Genesis xvi.) — FARREN.

18. "Some say that to dreame of money, and all kinde of coyne is ill." — ARTEMIDORUS. "Probably on the principle that dreams go by contraries." — FURNESS.

25. **Black Monday** = Easter Monday.

"In the 34 Edw. III. (1360) the 14 of April, & the morrow after Easter-day, K. *Edward*, with his hoast, lay before the cittle of *Paris*; which day was full darke of mist & haile, & so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore unto this day it hath beene called the **Black Monday**." — *Stowe's Chronicles*.

"The tradition remained; as the tradition of **Black Friday** in 1866, when Gurneys' Bank broke, and there was a money panic in the city of London, still remains." — *MEIKLEJOHN*.

30. **Wry-neck'd fife**. The old English fife had a curved mouth-piece. But possibly the epithet refers to the twisted neck of the fifer. "A fife is a wry-necked musician, for he always looks away from his instrument." — *BARNABY RICH*, 1618.

33. **Varnish'd**. In direct allusion either to the painted masques or to painting upon the faces of the masquers; but perhaps with an underlying thought of Christian duplicity. Cf.: —

"But only painted, like his varnish'd friends."

*Timon of Athens*, IV. ii. 36.

36. **Jacob's staff**. Commonly used in the sense of a pilgrim's staff, but here the allusion is doubtless Hebraic.

43. **A Jewess' eye**. One of Launcelot's sallies of wit. Mediæval Jews, unluckily fallen into the hands of the fierce nobles, paid down heavy ransom rather than endure the threatened loss of an eye or such torture as is described in Scott's "*Ivanhoe*." "It's worth a Jew's eye" so became a proverbial phrase. Spelled *Jewes* in the early text, it may have been, although pronounced as a dissyllable, equivalent to *Jews* rather than *Jewess*. But it is like Launcelot, although he has previously called *Jessica* "most sweet Jew," and so cannot be supposed to entertain grammatical scruples, to point his joke by a little improvement on the original proverb.

44. **Hagar's offspring** = the Gentiles.

46. **Patch** = foolish fellow. Its suggestion of contempt still lives in **cross-patch**. Cf.: —

"A crew of patches, rude mechanicals."

*Midsummer Night's Dream*, III. ii. 9.

48. "The wild cat, which prowls and preys by night, sleeps during the day." — *CLARKE AND WRIGHT*.

SCENE VI.

1. **Pent-house** = lean-to, or shed with sloping roof.

5. **Venus' pigeons.** Cf.:—

“I met her deily  
Cutting the clouds towards Paphos, and her son  
Dove-drawn with her.” — *The Tempest*, IV. i. 94-96.

14. **Younker.**

“How well resembles it the prime of youth,  
Trimmd'd like a younker prancing to his love.”

*3 Henry VI.* II. i. 24.

“Shakespeare only once employs the word **younker.**”

MEIKLEJOHN.

15. **Scarfed** = decked with flags and pennants.

“The scarfs and the bannerets about thee did manifoldly dissuade me from believing thee a vessel of too great a burthen.”

*All's Well That Ends Well*, II, iii. 214.

33. “If we care to apologize for the casket she [Jessica] carried off, we may say that she helped herself, perhaps not exorbitantly, to her dowry.” — LLOYD.

“Jessica appropriates the ducats, all of which must necessarily fall to her after her father's death, as she is his only child. Gervinus considers her to be an ‘ethereal being, naïve and inexperienced as a child, and perfectly unacquainted with the value of money.’ This last assertion is, however, contradicted by her own words here.”

ELZE.

Compare lines 49-50.

42. **Too too light.**

“O, that this too too solid flesh would melt.”

*Hamlet*, I. ii. 129.

“But I did too too inestimable wey her.”

*Constable.*

51. **By my hood.** As this form of oath is not found elsewhere in Shakespeare, Malone is probably right in his conjecture that the merry Gratiano is swearing by this portion of his masquer's dress.

58-59. “Her conduct [Jessica's] I regard as in a high degree reprehensible; and those who have the care of families, must, I think, feel as I do.” — GILES.

“Jessica's elopement, in itself and its circumstances, puts us to the alternative that either she is a bad child or Shylock is a bad father.

And there is enough to persuade us of the latter; though not in such sort but that some share of the reproach falls to her." — HUDSON.

"Where is 'die tragische Schuld' of our German brothers, that relentless fate which pursues the guilty and ensures their downfall, here in Jessica's career? From the hour of the cruel deception of her father, onward, smooth success is strewed before her little feet, until they trip into bliss and Belmont under patines of bright gold."

FURNESS.

#### SCENE VII.

41. *Hyrcean deserts.* The ancient name for the wild regions, supposed to abound in tigers, south of the Caspian Sea.

43. The cadence here, as again in line 47 which terminates this lyric passage (38-47) carries an echo from Marlowe's "Tamburlaine."

"Now walk the angels on the walls of Heaven,  
As sentinels to warn the immortal souls  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
Apollo, Cynthia, and the ceaseless lamps  
That gently looked upon this loathsome earth,  
Shine downward now no more, but deck the Heavens,  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
The crystal springs, whose taste illuminates  
Refined eyes with an eternal sight,  
Like trièd silver, run through Paradise,  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
The cherubins and holy seraphins,  
That sing and play before the King of kings,  
Use all their voices and their instruments  
To entertain divine Zenocrate.  
And in this sweet and curious harmony,  
The God that tunes this music to our souls,  
Holds out his hand in highest majesty  
To entertain divine Zenocrate."

*Tamburlaine. Part Second, II. 4.*

46. *Spirits.*

"A braver choice of dauntless spirits  
Than now the English bottoms have waft o'er,  
Did never float upon the swelling tide."

*King John, II. i. 72-75.*

"Before I drew this gallant head of war,  
And cull'd those fiery spirits from the world."

*King John, V. ii. 114-115.*

51. Rib.

"As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in  
With rocks unscalable and roaring waters."

*Cymbeline*, III. i. 19-20.

See dictionary for **cercloth** or **cerements**.

53. The Encyclopædia Britannica makes the Prince of Morocco quite accurate here, according to English standards. In the year 1600, the forty-third year of Elizabeth's reign, gold was to silver in the proportion of 10 to 1. In the beginning of her reign the ratio was 11 to 1; at the present time it is nearly 15 to 1.

56-57. The Elizabethan **angel**, a word on which Shakespeare never wearies of punning, was a ten-shilling coin, one side bearing in relief the device of St. Michael piercing the dragon, and the reverse a vessel displaying the royal arms. Pope Gregory's venerable pun upon **Angli** and **Angeli** may be responsible for the winged figure that, from a very early date, has adorned the English coinage.

63. A **carrion Death** = a skull.

65. **Glisters**. "Glisten does not occur in Shakespeare nor in Milton. In both we find **glisters** several times." — ROLFE.

75. "This is a paraphractical inversion of the common old proverb, 'Farewell, frost,' which was used on the absence or departure of anything that was unwelcome or displeasing.

'Farewell, frost, will you needes be gone?' — WAPULL'S *Tyde Taryeth*  
*No Man*, 1576." HALLIWELL.

77. **Part** = depart.

SCENE VIII.

8. **Gondola**. "Staunton and Halliwell give a long account by Tom Coryat ('Crudities,' pp. 170, 171, ed. 1611) of the gondola as it was in Shakespeare's day, whereby it appears that it differed little from that of the present time; then, as now, 'if the passenger meaneth to be private, he may draw down 'the faire black cloth,' and after row so secretly that no man can see him.' Wherefore, if Lorenzo and the amorous Jessica were 'seen,' it was because they chose to be, as Knight suggests." — FURNESS.

15. Changing the words, Shakespeare keeps the alliterative emphasis of Marlowe.

"O my girl,  
My gold, my fortune, my felicity!  
O girl! O gold! O beauty! O my bliss!"

MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

16.

"Are there not Jews enow in Malta,  
But thou must doat upon a Christian?"

MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

39. Slubber = slur.

40. Wait till the time is ripe.

48. Sensible = sensitive.

"I would your cambric were sensible as your finger."

*Coriolanus*, I. iii. 95.

"Love's feeling is more soft and sensible  
Than are the tender horns of cockled snails."

*Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 337.

52. Embraced heaviness. "We say of a man now that 'he hugs his sorrows,' and why might not Antonio embrace heaviness?"

JOHNSON.

## SCENE IX.

1. Draw = draw it open, here. In line 84, below, the opposite meaning is indicated.

2. Prince of Arragon. As a nobleman of Spain, the Prince of Arragon would be handsomely dressed, his cloak of crimson silk or velvet, embroidered with gold, being the most striking feature of his attire. His manner should be courtly, but his dark face would glow with eagerness, and his brows be set with determination.

26. By = for, unless one chooses to adopt White's suggested reading:—

"By that 'many' may be meant  
The foolish multitude, that choose by show."

28. Martlet = the little martin, which builds beneath the eaves, mentioned once again by Shakespeare in "*Macbeth*."

"This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting martlet, doth approve  
By his lov'd mansionry, that the heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here; no jutting frieze,  
Buttress, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendant bed and procreant cradle.  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate." — *Macbeth*, I. vi. 3-10.

32. Jump with = agree with.

"Both our inventions meet and jump in one."

*Taming of the Shrew*, I. i. 195.



61-62. "There is surely an obscurity in this reply. She seems to consider him as having offended by the injudicious choice he had made; he ought not, therefore, to assume the character of a judge in deciding upon his own merits, which, indirectly, he may be said to do by this indignant inquiry." — ECCLES.

85. Portia, buoyant of heart at the departure of another unwelcome suitor, answers her servant merrily. Cf. : —

"HOSTESS. O Jesu! my lord, the prince.

P. HENRY. How now, my lady, the hostess."

*1 Henry IV.*, II. iv.

98. High-day wit.

"He writes verses, he speaks holiday, he smells April and May."

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, III. ii. 69.

"With many holiday and lady terms

He question'd me." — *1 Henry IV.*, I. iii. 49-50.

#### ACT III. — SCENE I.

4. **The Goodwins.** Quicksands off the coast of Kent, where, according to tradition, an island belonging to Earl Godwin, father of Harold, was swallowed up by the sea in the year 1100.

6. **Gossip.** Originally sib (cousin) in God = related in God = godfathers and godmothers.

9. **Knapped** = nibbled.

20. **Amen.**

"Listening their fear, I could not say 'Amen,'

When they did say 'God bless us.'"

*Macbeth*, III. ii. 29-30.

29. **Complexion** = nature.

37. Scott has caught up these words in sweeter echo: —

"'Art thou in thy senses, Israelite?' said the Norman sternly — 'has thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?' 'I care not,' said the Jew, rendered desperate by paternal affection; 'do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than those limbs which thy cruelty threatens.'" — SCOTT'S *Ivanhoe*.

43. **Match** = bargain.

45. **Smug** = spruce.

"A smug bridegroom." — *Lear*, IV. vi. 202.

57. **I am a Jew.**

In the seventeenth century Sir Thomas Browne writes:—

“Neither doth herein [Christianity] my zeal so far make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jews.” — *Religio Medici*.

57-65. An echo of this passage, in style rather than significance, may be traced in the following:—

“Sure I am mortal,  
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,  
And she that bore me mortal: prick my hand,  
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and  
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink  
Makes me a-cold.” — FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*.

69. With reference to this entire speech Victor Hugo says:—

“This sublime imprecation is the most eloquent plea that the human voice has ever dared to utter for a despised race.”

75. It was said of Macklin, that in this scene with Tubal, which had been made grotesque and boisterously comic by previous actors since the Restoration, he “shook the hearts and not the sides of the audience.”

82. **Frankfort.**

“There are two things which make this citie famous over all Europe. The one the election of the King of the Romanes, the other the two noble fayres kept heere twice a yeare, which are called the Martes of Franckford.”

CORYAT'S *Crudities*.

85-87.

“O, unhappy day!

False, credulous, inconstant Abigail!  
But let 'em go: and, Ithamore, from hence  
Ne'er shall she grieve me more with her disgrace;  
Ne'er shall she live to inherit aught of mine,  
Be blest of me, nor come within my gates,  
But perish underneath my bitter curse,  
Like Cain by Adam for his brother's death.”

“Do you not sorrow for your daughter's death?”  
‘No, but I grieve because she lived so long.  
An Hebrew born, and would become a Christian!  
Cazzo, diavolo.’ — MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

107.

“She speaks poniards, and every word stabs.”

*Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 255.

117. **Nemesis.** Farren notes that Shylock has scarcely uttered his exultant threat of torturing Antonio, when he himself is driven to cry out: "Thou torturest me, Tubal."

118. **Turquoise.** A pale blue gem brought from the East, and hence sometimes called the Turkey-stone. It was believed to have various marvellous properties. It would forewarn its wearer of danger.

"The **Turkeys** doth move when there is any perill prepared to him that weareth it." — FENTON'S *Secret Wonders of Nature*.

It would vary in brightness with the health of the wearer.

"And true as Turkise in the deare lord's ring,  
Looke well or ill with him." — *Jonson's Sejanus*.

But it was especially valuable as a test of true love, paling if the affection of the giver waned.

126. **Coryat** is authority for the statement that there were at this date at least seven synagogues in Venice.

## SCENE II.

15. **O'erlooked** = bewitched.

"Vile worm, thou wast o'erlook'd even in thy birth."

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, V. v. 87.

22. **Pelze** = retard. "Portia wants to stay the flight of Time, and to hang leaden weights upon his wings." — MEIKLEJOHN.

32-33. "At the very time when Shakespeare's actors were repeating these words at the Black Friars, or on the Bankside, the secret chambers of the Tower were actually echoing the groans of suspected persons who were subjected to this unreasonable mode of extorting information. Shakespeare must have known this, and I hope that it was because he knew it that he sent the thrilling words through the crowds that resorted to his theatre." — HUNTER.

44. So twice again in Shakespeare's plays: —

"I will play the swan, and die in music."

*Othello*, V. ii. 247-248.

"'Tis strange that death should sing!

I am the cygnet to this pale, faint swan,  
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death:  
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings  
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

*King John*, V. vii, 20-25.

So with Tennyson:—

“The wild swan’s death-hymn took the soul  
Of that waste place, with joy  
Hidden in sorrow.”—*The Dying Swan*.

“Although the swan has no ‘song,’ properly so called, it has a soft and rather plaintive note, monotonous, but not disagreeable.”

HARTING’S *Ornithology of Shakespeare*.

46-47. “Shakespeare frequently has lines and passages in a strain quite false, and which are entirely unworthy of him. But one can imagine his smiling if one could meet him in the Elysian Fields and tell him so; smiling and replying that he knew it perfectly well himself, and what did it matter?”—ARNOLD’S *Essays in Criticism*.

49-50. “At the coronation of English sovereigns, the moment of putting on the crown is announced by a flourish of trumpets.”

CLARK AND WRIGHT.

51-53. “An allusion to the custom of playing music under the windows of the bridegroom’s bedroom on the morning of his marriage.”—HALLIWELL.

53-62. See classical dictionary. Clark and Wright consider the “much more love” attested by the fact that Hercules, in rescuing Hesione, had an eye to the Olympian horses. But how about the “golden fleece”?

63. **Fancy** = the love of the eyes.

“How near to good is what is fair!  
Which we no sooner see,  
But with the lines, and outward air,  
Our senses taken be.”

BEN JONSON’S *Love Freed from Folly*.

71. The Cowden-Clarkes have noticed Shakespeare’s familiarity with popular song-burdens.

“With such delicate burdens of ‘dildos’ and ‘fadings,’ ‘jump her and thump her.’”—*Winter’s Tale*, IV. iv. 193.

“Heigh, ho! sing, heigh, ho! unto the green holly;  
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:  
Then heigh, ho! the holly!”—*As You Like It*, II. vii. 180-182.

“Philomel, with melody,  
Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.”

*Midsummer Night’s Dream*, II. ii. 13-15.

"Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey, nonny, nonny."

*Much Ado About Nothing*, II. iii. 63-64.

"With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino."

*As You Like It*, V. iii. 17.

87. **Excrement** = the beard.

"Let me pocket up my pedlar's excrement.

(*Takes off his false beard.*)" — *Winter's Tale*, IV. iv. 734.

92. Note the triple epithet, so common in Spenser.

Such "golden tresses of the dead" were the fashionable wear because of Elizabeth's reddish locks.

94. **Upon supposed fairness** = "surmounting fictitious beauty."

CLARK AND WRIGHT.

Shakespeare objects, and more than once, not only to the wearing of false hair, but to the painting of the cheeks, the foppish dressing of the locks by "the wealthy curled darlings of our nation," the dyeing of the beard to "your straw-coloured beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French crown-colour beard, your perfect yellow," the adoption of foreign fashions, as the love-lock from the Continent, and "strange suits" from strange lands, "a Dutchman to-day, a Frenchman to-morrow; or in the shape of two countries at once; as, a German from the waist downward, all slops, and a Spaniard from the hip upward, no doublet," and the imitating of foreign manners, as "French nods and apish courtesy." It would appear that Shakespeare never overcame his honest, countrybred amusement, dashed with English contempt, at the affectations of London.

97. **Gulled** = full of guile.

99. **Indian beauty.** "The emphatic and contrasting word is Indian, a beauty that is dark and dusky, and merely Indian." — MEIKLEJOHN.

"'An Indian beauty' may mean the worst species of ugliness, just as 'a Dutch nightingale' means a toad." — *Blackwood's Magazine*.

See Furness's "Variorum" for two folio pages of fine-print discussion on a possible error of the press here. Among suggested substitutes for beauty are blackness, body, favour (= face), visage, feature, bosom, beldam, Deity, idol, dowdy, gipsy, suttee.

100. **Cunning times.** "'Tis opportune to look back upon old times, and contemplate our forefathers. Great examples grow thin,

and to be fetched from the past world. Simplicity flies away, and iniquity comes at long strides upon us." — SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

107. Bassanio's gift of language goes far to excuse his somewhat unheroic conduct. "When Nature makes a poet, she seems willing to sacrifice all other considerations!" — LOWELL'S *Old English Dramatists*.

111-114.

"Come slowly, Eden!  
Lips unused to thee,  
Bashful, sip thy jasmynes,  
As the fainting bee,  
  
Reaching late his flower,  
Round her chamber hums,  
Counts his nectars — enters,  
And is lost in balms!"

EMILY DICKINSON.

115. Counterfeit = likeness.

"His counterfeit was taken by Tytiano, that excellent drawer."

HARRINGTON'S *Life of Ariosto*.

126. Unfurnish'd = unfellowed.

"If Apelles had been tasked to have drawn her counterfeit, her two bright-burning lampes would have so dazled his quicke-seeing sences, that quite despairing to expresse with his cunning pensill so admirable a worke of nature, he had been inforced to have staid his hand, and left this earthly Venus unfinished." — GREENE'S *History of Faire Bellora*.

149. *Et seq.* "In Portia's confession, which is not breathed from a moonlit balcony, but spoken openly in the presence of her attendants and vassals, there is nothing of the passionate self-abandonment of Juliet nor of the artless simplicity of Miranda, but a consciousness and a tender seriousness approaching to solemnity, which are not less touching." — MRS. JAMESON.

"I took you — how could I otherwise?  
For a world to me, and more;  
For all, love greatens and glorifies,  
Till God's aglow, to the loving eyes,  
In what was mere earth before."

BROWNING'S *James Lee's Wife*.

157. Livings = possessions.

192. "That is, none away from me, since you have enough yourselves." — ROLFE.

199. "Nerissa was no servant-maid, according to modern notions, but an attendant friend, as well born and bred, perhaps, though not as wealthy, as Portia herself. Such a relation was common of old. It existed between Gratiano and Bassanio, whose intercourse is that of equals, and the former of whom is evidently a gentleman in every sense of the word." [!] — GRANT WHITE.

233. "The Poet has shewn a singular art here in his conduct with relation to Jessica. As the audience were already apprized of her story, the opening it here to Portia would have been a superfluous repetition. Nor could it be done properly while a letter of such haste and consequence was to be delivered, and on which the main action of the play depended. Jessica is, therefore, artfully complimented in dumb show; and no speech made to her, because the Scene is drawn out to a great length by more important business."

THEOBALD.

239. **Shrewd** = evil.

264. **Mexico.** One of Shakespeare's very few slips in the present play, this allusion being English rather than Venetian. "The Republic never had any direct communication with Mexico, nor even with America." — ELZE.

274. Compare IV. i. 38-39 below.

276-277. **Magnificoes of greatest port** = "grandees of highest rank." — ROLFE.

278. **Envious** = malicious.

303. "In her enthusiasm and her love, Portia talks largely. In Shakespeare's time sixty thousand ducats were equal to at least one million of dollars now." — GRANT WHITE.

309. The masculine commentators are hugely shocked at the suggestion that Portia had any reference in this line to the sixty thousand ducats. Portia was, however, as frank as the sunshine, and it is not clear that Bassanio's feelings in relation to money matters were so sensitive as to be in danger of a wound, even although his bride seasons her love with a spice of sauciness.

### SCENE III.

9. **Naughty** = good for naught.

10. "Debtors in prison seem to have been allowed to go out, accompanied by an officer, for the purpose of making arrangements

with their creditors. This was also the case in London down to 1800.”  
— MEIKLEJOHN.

27-29. “For the refusal of the usual facilities enjoyed by strangers in Venice will bring in serious question the justice of the state.”

www.libtool.com.cn CLARK AND WRIGHT.

“Al men, specially strangers, have so muche libertee there, that though they speake very ill by the Venetians, so they attempt nothinge in effect against theyr astate, no man shal control them for it. . . . And generally of all other thynges, so thou offende no man privately, no man shal offende the: whyche undoubtedly is one principall cause, that draweth so many strangers thither.”— THOMAS'S *History of Italye*, 1561.

#### SCENE IV.

2-3. **Conceit Of . . . amity** = conception of friendship.

12. **Waste** = spend.

“March is wasted fourteen days.”

*Julius Caesar*, II. i. 59.

31. “Monasteries there were in abundance at that time everywhere in Italy, but as it happens there really was a Convent not far from the locality selected by the poet for Belmont.”— ELZE.

50. “This cousin of hers we may suppose to have been a constant visitor at princely Belmont, and, indeed, to have been her instructor in jurisprudence, a not unfitting branch of the future heiress of Belmont's education. One can imagine how the girl Portia would rush to him for help in her youthful perplexities.”— LADY MARTIN.

See for a similar line of fancy Mrs. Cowden-Clarke's “Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines.”

51. **Notes and garments.** “Whereby the dramatist plausibly explains his heroine's being supplied with the needful documents and apparel . . . and also Nerissa's being provided with a ‘deed of gift,’ which she has but to draw forth from her lawyer-clerk's bag of papers, and copy neatly out for the Jew to sign.”— COWDEN-CLARKE.

53. **Tranect.** A word not elsewhere found. “The ‘tranect’ was, most probably, the tow-boat of the ferry.”— KNIGHT. Yet the reference may be to the ferry itself, the second portion of the line translating the first. “There are in Venice thirteen ferries or passages, which they commonly call *Traghetti*, where passengers may be transported in a gondola to what place of the city they will.”

CORYAT'S *Crudities*.



67. Reed voice.

“ Our voices  
Have got the mannish crack.”

*Cymbeline*, IV. ii. 236-237.

72. I could not do withal = I could not help it.

81. All my whole. “ A phrase found eight times in Shakespeare. See ‘Henry VI.,’ Part I. (I. i. 126).

‘ All the whole army stood agazed on him.’ ”

MEIKLEJOHN.

82. Coach. By 1600, coaches had become so common in England that their excessive use had to be restrained by law. Coryat did not see coaches in Venice; but in 1662, coach-makers were entered, with saddlers, as a branch of the guild of upholsterers there.

SCENE V.

17. “ I have no desire to hypercriticise, or to see more in our poet than he himself intended; but the very circumstance of Jessica's trifling with the Clown upon her conversion from the faith of her fathers strikingly harmonizes with her general tone of character. She would have turned Mohammedan, or Buddhist, or Spinning Der-vish, or Spinning Jenny, or spinning *anything*, and danced a polka at her new faith; flimsy, thoughtless, and unstable.”

CHARLES COWDEN-CLARKE.

67-68. See textual notes.

ACT IV. — SCENE I.

“ The Trial Scene, with its tugging vicissitudes of passion, and its hush of terrible expectation, — now ringing with the Jew's sharp, spiteful snaps of malice, now made musical with Portia's strains of eloquence, now holy with Antonio's tender breathings of friendship, and dashed, from time to time, with Gratiano's fierce jets of wrath and fiercer jets of mirth, — is hardly surpassed in tragic power any-where; and as it forms the catastrophe proper, so it concentrates the interest of the whole play.” — HUDSON.

The Duke of Venice. “ The Duke of Venis is chosen for the terme of his lyfe, he shall not mary by cause his sonne shall not clayme no inheritance of the dukedomshyp, . . . the duke shal

never ryd nor go nor sayle out of the cyte as longe as he doth lyve. The duke shal rule the seniorite, and the seniorite shall govyrne and rule the comenalte and depose and put to deth the duke if thei do find a lawful cause. The duke werith a coronet over a cap of sylke the which standeth up lyke a podyng or a cokes come."

ANDREW BORDE.

"The fifth day of August being Friday, . . . I saw the Duke in some of his richest ornaments. . . . He himself then wore two very rich robes, or long garments, whereof the uppermost was white cloth of silver, with great massy buttons of gold; the other cloth of silver also, but adorned with many curious works made in colours with needlework."—CORYAT'S *Crudities*.

2. **Ready.** "The answer, to this day, when cases are called in court."—FURNESS.

7. **Qualify** = modify.

"Time qualifes the spark and fire of it."—*Hamlet*, IV. vii. 114.

20. **Remorse** = relenting.

"The tears of soft remorse."—*King John*, IV. iii. 50.

28. **Huddled** = confusedly crowded.

"Huddling jest upon jest with such impossible conveyance upon me."

*Much Ado About Nothing*, II. i. 252.

"Whose artful strains have oft delayed  
The huddling brook to hear his madrigal."

MILTON'S *Comus*.

46. **Baned** = poisoned. Cf. rat's-bane.

47. **A gaping pig.**

"He could not abide to see a pig's head gaping; I thought your grace would find him a Jew."—WEBSTER'S *Duchess of Malft*, III. ii.

The editors have spent ink enough to choke the gaping pig, over a question of life and death. Was he a squealing pig in the pen, or a Christmas pig, holding a lemon in his mouth, on the platter? It is a curious illustration for the Jew to use, as the religious antipathy of his nation to pork would seem too intense a feeling to be called into evidence here; and yet, if Shylock does not in this instance refer to Jewish prejudice, he is none the less a Jew, and it seems strange that he should put into the same category with the "harmless necessary cat" and the nasal bagpipe that loathed habitation which the Christian prophet conjured the devil into.

48. **Cat.**

"I could endure anything before but a cat."

*All's Well that Ends Well*, IV. iii. 225.

51-52. See textual notes.

56. See textual notes.

63-69. There is here something of the Greek effect of *stichomythia*, the keen answering of line to line. This is not uncommon in Elizabethan dramas of the would-be classical type.

80. "'Is there any cause in nature that makes these hard hearts?' The Christian who looks frankly and faithfully at this work will not find matter for exultation or for ridicule, but only for shame and sadness." — HALES.

123-124. "Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,  
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart."

*2 Henry IV.*, IV. v. 107-108.

125. **The hangman's axe.** In earlier times a criminal was often decapitated after being hanged.

131. **Pythagoras.** See classical dictionary.

"It is certain that he believed in the transmigration of souls of one human being into another; but whether he believed in the peculiar doctrine referred to here, that is to say, the transmigration of souls from animals into men, and *vice versa*, is doubtful. But there is no doubt that one of the main principles of his philosophy was that the soul was capable of a process of purification, and that having been exalted to nobler forms of life in corporeal form, at last it attained to an invisible and spiritual existence." — MARSHALL.

CLOWN. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MALVOLIO. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

*Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 54, 55.

"I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, when I was an Irish rat." — *As You Like It*, III. ii. 187.

140. **Offend'st = hurtest.**

"In mine eye

The dust that did offend it."

*All's Well that Ends Well*, V. iii. 55.

"She is pistol-proof: you shall hardly offend her."

*2 Henry IV.*, II. iv. 126.

142. "The word of law is to him sanctity, and he has no sense of the ends for which law was framed." — LLOYD.

143-144. "Is it not very natural to suppose that, after Bassanio was called away in such haste to Venice, his bride Portia would send a messenger to her cousin Bellario, in order to ask his opinion of so extraordinary a case, or to interest him in Anthonio's behalf? And can anything be more probable than that he should inform her, on receiving such a message, that he was actually sent for to Venice on that very account? . . . This being the case, was not here a very apt foundation on which to build Portia's plot of officiating for the doctor?" — KENRICK.

166. As doctor of law, Portia would appear in black robes of silk or velvet, with high black cap. The clerk would wear no gown, but the customary doublet and hose.

182. Compare Portia's plea for mercy with those of Castabella and Isabella. Which is most moving?

"CASTABELLA. O father, mercy is an attribute  
As high as justice, an essential part  
Of his unbounded goodness, whose divine  
Impression, form, and image man should bear!  
And, methinks, man should love to imitate  
His mercy, since the only countenance  
Of justice were destruction, if the sweet  
And loving favour of his mercy did  
Not mediate between it and our weakness.

D'AMVILLE. Forbear. You will displease me. He shall rot.

CASTABELLA. Dear sir, since by your greatness you  
Are nearer heaven in place, be nearer it  
In goodness. Rich men should transcend the poor  
As clouds the earth, raised by the comfort of  
The sun to water dry and barren grounds."

TOURNEUR'S *Atheist's Tragedy*. About 1607.

"ISABELLA. Too late? why, no; I that do speak a word,  
May call it back again. Well, believe this,  
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,  
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,  
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,  
Become them with one half so good a grace  
As mercy does.  
If he had been as you, and you as he,  
You would have slipp'd like him; but he, like you,  
Would not have been so stern.

ANGELO.

Pray you, be gone.

ISABELLA. I would to Heaven I had your potency,  
 And you were Isabel! should it then be thus?  
 No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,  
 And what a prisoner.

LUCIO, (to *Isabella*). Ay, touch him, there's the vein.

ANGELO. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,  
 And you but waste your words.

ISABELLA. "Alas! alas!  
 Why, all the souls that were, were forfeit once;  
 And He that might the vantage best have took,  
 Found out the remedy. How would you be,  
 If He, which is the top of judgment, should  
 But judge you as you are? O, think on that,  
 And mercy then will breathe within your lips,  
 Like man new-made." — *Measure for Measure*, II. ii. 57-79.

183-184.

"Mercy is seasonable in the time of affliction, as clouds of rain in the time of drought." — *Ecclesi. xxxv. 20.*

193. "At the mention of the sacred name, Shylock bows reverently, which none of the Christians do. Cooke, when commended for this, said it was Macklin's 'business,' and, according to my belief, Burbage did it — perhaps at Shakespeare's suggestion." — BOOTH.

228. "There is a strange, indescribable sneer conveyed in that 'not for Venice.'" — FITZGERALD'S *Henry Irving*.

279. A sorrowful jest. Antonio's mood is akin to that of Raleigh, who, at the block, pronounced the axe "a sharp medicine," that would "cure all diseases;" to that of More, who, asking the aid of the sheriff to mount the unsteady stairs to the scaffold, added, "and for my coming down, I will shift for myself." So Charles the Second remarked with his failing breath that he had been "a most unconscionable time dying;" and poor Hood, wasted almost to a skeleton by consumption, whispered, as hot poultices were bound upon his feet, "There's very little meat for the mustard."

So Shakespeare's Gaunt, in dying, jests on his name: —

"Old Gaunt indeed, and gaunt in being old:

Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave."

*Richard II.*, II. i. 74-75.

293-295. "Upon this passage, upon these few words spoken aside, we base the sentence of condemnation that we must pass on the fair

Jessica. It was no unloving father whom she forsook, whom she robbed, whom she betrayed." — HEINE.

355-361. "This train he laid to have entrapped thy life;  
Now, Selim, note the unhallowed deeds of Jews:  
Thus he determined to have handled thee,  
But I have rather chose to save thy life."

MARLOWE'S *Jew of Malta*.

392. I am content. "The desire of revenge is almost inseparable from the sense of wrong; and we can hardly help sympathizing with the proud spirit hid beneath his Jewish gaberdine, stung to madness by repeated undeserved provocations, and labouring to throw off the load of obloquy and oppression heaped upon him and all his tribe by one desperate act of 'lawful' revenge, till the ferociousness of the means by which he is to execute his purpose, and the pertinacity with which he adheres to it turn us against him; but even at last, when disappointed of the sanguinary revenge with which he had glutted his hopes, and exposed to beggary and contempt by the letter of the law on which he had insisted with so little remorse, we pity him, and think him hardly dealt with by his judges." — HAZLITT.

"If there are ranks in suffering, Israel takes precedence of all the nations."  
ZUNZ.

"At the time of the great European persecution of the Jews, in the year 1349, all the Jews in Strasburg who refused to kiss the crucifix, nine hundred in number, were burned on one huge pile of wood; the *Brandgasse* or Rue Brûlée still bears its name in memory of this terrible scene. Only children were spared, and they were baptized before the eyes of their parents. Eleven hundred Jews escaped death by kissing the cross and becoming Christians."

MENZEL'S *History of the Germans*.

Oh, let us die as warriors of the Lord.  
The Lord is great in Zion. Let our death  
Bring no reproach to Jacob, no rebuke  
To Israel. Hark ye! let us crave one boon  
At our assassins' hands; beseech them build  
Within God's acre where our fathers sleep,  
A dancing-floor to hide the fagots stacked.  
Then let the minstrels strike the harp and lute,  
And we will dance and sing above the pile,  
Fearless of death, until the flames engulf,  
Even as David danced before the Lord,  
As Miriam danced and sung beside the sea."

EMMA LAZARUS'S *The Dance to Death*.

"These three words [I am content] might have spared unto millions of Jews their lives, and saved fearful, innumerable agonies. No, a thousand times no! Shylock has no Jewish blood in his veins, else with that very knife that was to pay Antonio's forfeited bond he would have spilled it to the very last drop." — KOHLER.

"Are we to understand that Shylock, Judas-like, committed suicide when he left the Court? There is something peculiar in his exclamation, 'I am not well.' A man of his stern character would have scorned to acknowledge any feeling of illness at such a time, unless he intended to end illness and health alike by ending his life. Besides, he would never really have consented to become a Christian, and his ready acceptance of that condition showed that he meant to break it, — and for that there was but one way." — SOUTHWICK.

See, by all means, Browning's poem on "Holy-Cross Day," when the Jews in Rome were "haled, as it were, by the head and hair, and against their obstinate hearts," to hear a Christian sermon, a few of their thieves and beggars being detailed by the synagogue to suffer conversion.

404. **Gratify** = recompense.

"To gratify his noble service."

*Coriolanus*, II. ii. 44.

410. **Cope** = requite.

442. **'Scuse**. "'Scuse' for excuse occurs in but one other passage of Shakespeare, 'Othello,' IV. i. 80: —

'And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy.'

CLARK AND WRIGHT.

**Law in the Trial Scene.** See Furness's "Variorum."

In brief, it has been discovered that the method of court procedure, unEnglish as it is, resembles the methods of Spanish tribunals, to which the forms of an Italian court in Shakespeare's day might naturally have approximated. In legal equity Shylock's case does not hold, because a bond containing an unreasonable condition, and one involving a capital crime, could be considered as good only for the sum actually lent on the faith of it. The bond was, moreover, nullified by the tender, late though it was, of the three thousand ducats. But as regards the shedding no blood and the taking no more nor less than an exact pound, Portia, lawyer-like, is trying to get her client off by unfair legal quibbles. She has, however, a clear case against Shylock in his having sought Antonio's life. The Jew is still

entitled, nevertheless, to his principal. Antonio's proposal is not clear. It can hardly be supposed, as the indignant Farren supposes, that Antonio declines to accept the sum outright, lest his creditors claim it, but will reconcile himself, despite his previous attitude, to living off the interest of Shylock's money. It is more likely that the prudent merchant, if he still deserves the epithet, offers to act as trustee for the giddy young couple, Lorenzo and Jessica, holding half of the Jew's estate in trust for them until Shylock's death. A little obscurity of speech may be pardoned to a man who has just passed through Antonio's court-room experience; and Shakespeare, who knows, no less than Portia, that three of Antonio's argosies are "richly come to harbour suddenly," will not let him be anxious for his own future.

## SCENE II.

15. **Old Swearing.** The epithet is intensive. Rolfe compares our modern slang: "a high old time."

"I'll rack thee with old cramps, fill all thy bones."

*Tempest*, I. ii.

"Here will be an old abusing of God's patience."

*Merry Wives of Windsor*, I. iv.

"If a man were porter of hell gate, he should have old turning the key."

*Macbeth*, II. iii.

## ACT V. — SCENE I.

After the fierce agonies of the court-room, Shakespeare refreshes us here with a love-scene bathed in moonlight:—

"Just to show what beauty may,  
Just to prove what music can."

The opening portion of the scene is a notable instance of Shakespeare's delight in graceful love-making, with which an academic contemporary reproached him.

"His sweeter verse containes hart robbing life,  
Could but a graver subject him content,  
Without love's foolish, lazy languishment."

*The Return from Parnassus*, about 1601-1602.

And here even critics less genial than Hudson must perforce soften their judgments of Lorenzo and Jessica.



"Lorenzo and Jessica, the runaway lovers, are in such a lyrical state of mind as rather hinders a clear view of their characters. Both are indeed overflowing with sweetness and beauty, but more, perhaps, as the result of nuptial inspiration than of inherent qualities. For I suppose the worst tempers are apt to run sweet while the honeymoon is upon them. However, as regards the present couple, it may be justly said that the instrument should be well-tuned and delicately strung to give forth such tones, be it touched ever so fine. Even Love, potent little god as he is, can move none but choice spirits to such delectable issues."

HUDSON'S *Shakespeare's Life, Art, and Characters*.

4. **Troilus.** We seem to have evidence in this and the three following allusions that Shakespeare, like Spenser and Milton and Rare Old Ben, was a reader, and consequently a lover, of Chaucer: —

"Upon the wallis fast eke would he walke."

CHAUCER'S *Troilus and Cresseide*.

7. **Thisbe.**

"At nyght she stalle away ful prevely,  
With hire face ywympled subtilly.  
For al hir frendes, for to save hire trouthe,  
She hath forsake; allas, and that is routhe,  
That ever woman wolde be so trewe,  
To trusten man, but she the bet hym knewe!  
And to the tree she gooth a ful goode pass,  
For love made hir so hardy in this caas;  
And by the welle adoune she gan hir dresse.  
Allas, than commeth a wilde leonesse  
Out of the woode, withouten more arreste,  
With bloody mouth of strangelynge of a beste,  
To drynken of the welle ther as she sat.  
And whan that Tesbe had espyed that,  
She ryst hire up, with a ful drery herte,  
And in a cave, with dredful foot she sterte,  
For by the moone she saugh yt wel withalle."

CHAUCER'S *Legende of Goode Women*.

The roguish use which Shakespeare had already made of this story in "A Midsummer Night's Dream" will not be forgotten.

10. **Dido.** Chaucer's story of Dido, although it is noteworthy that in his "Legende of Goode Women" it directly follows that of Thisbe and directly precedes that of Medea, makes no mention of such a moonlight scene as this. But the legend of Ariadne, in the same poem, gives a parallel: —

" 'Allas,' quod she, ' that ever I was wroghte!  
 I am betrayed,' and hire heer to-rent,  
 And to the stronde barefote faste she went,  
 And cryed, ' Theseus, myn herte swete!  
 Where be ye, that I may not wyth yow mete?  
 And myghte thus with bestes ben yslayne.'  
 The holowe roches answerde her agayne.  
 No man she sawe, and yet shone the moone,  
 And hye upon a rokke she went soone,  
 And sawe hys barge saylynge in the see.  
 Colde waxe hire herte, and ryghte thus sayde she  
 ' Meker then ye fynde I the bestes wilde!  
 (Hath he not synne, that he hire thus begylde?)  
 She cried, ' O turne agayne for routhe and synne,  
 Thy barge hath not al thy meyny ynne.'  
 Hire kercheffe on a pole styked shee,  
 Ascaunce that he shulde hyt wel ysee,  
 And hym remembre that she was behynde,  
 And turne agayne, and on the stronde hire fynde.  
 But al for noghte; hys wey he ys goon,  
 And downe she felle a-swowne on a stoon;  
 And up she ryste, and kyssed in al hire care  
 The steppes of hys fete, there he hath fare."

CHAUCER'S *Legende of Goode Women*.

**Willow.** Symbol of love forsaken.

" I'll wear the willow garland for his sake."

*3 Henry VI.*, III. iii. 228.

" The willow, worne of forlorne paramours."

SPENSER'S *Faery Queene*, I. i. 9.

See also Desdemona's " Song of Willow," " Othello," IV. iii. 28.

13. **Medea.** Although Chaucer's legend of Medea fails to give this picture, other poets have made his deficiency good.

" As soone as that she shone  
 Most full of light, and did behold the earth with fulsome face,  
 Medea with hir haire not trust so much as in a lace,  
 But flaring on hir shoulders twalne, and barefoote, with hir gowne  
 Ungirded, gate hir out of doores and wandred up and downe  
 Alone the dead time of the night." — GOLDING'S *Ovid*, Ed. 1567.

" Thus it befell upon a night

Whaun there was nought but sterre light,

She was vanished right as hir list,  
That no wight but herself wist,  
And that was at midnight tide,  
The world was still on every side."

GOWER'S *Confessio Amantis*.

www.libtool.com.cn  
" Beneath her feet the way was rough enow,  
And often would she meet some trunk or bough,  
And draw back shrinking, then press on again  
With eager steps, not heeding fear or pain;  
At last an open space she came unto,  
Where the faint glimmering starlight, shining through,  
Showed in the midst a circle of smooth grass,  
Through which, from dark to dark, a stream did pass,  
And all around was darkness like a wall.  
So, kneeling there, she let the wallet fall,  
And from it drew a bundle of strange wood  
Wound all about with strings as red as blood;  
Then breaking these, into a little pyre  
The twigs she built, and swiftly kindling fire,  
Set it alight, and with her head bent low  
Sat patiently, and watched the red flames grow  
Till it burned bright and lit the dreary place;  
Then, leaving it, she went a little space  
Into the shadow of the circling trees  
With wood-knife drawn, and whiles upon her knees  
She dropt, and sweeping the sharp knife around,  
Took up some scarce-seen thing from off the ground  
And thrust it in her bosom, and at last  
Into the darkness of the trees she passed."

MORRIS'S *Life and Death of Jason*.

14. A passage similar to the foregoing, with the poetry left out, occurs in the anonymous play of "Wily Beguiled," probably of later date than "The Merchant of Venice."

"SOPHOS. In such a night did Paris win his love.  
LELIA. In such a night Æneas prov'd unkind.  
SOPHOS. In such a night did Troilus court his dear.  
LELIA. In such a night fair Phillis was betray'd.  
SOPHOS. I'll prove as true as ever Troilus was.  
LELIA. And I as constant as Penelope."

24. Lest our hearts, bewitched with poetry, should forget the play, Shakespeare reminds us that Portia is returning.

31. **Crosses.** "These holy crosses still, as of old, bristle the land in Italy, and sanctify the sea. Besides those contained in churches, they mark the spot where heroes were born, where saints rested, where travellers died. They rise on the summits of hills, and at the intersections of roads; and there is now a shrine of Madonna del Mare in the midst of the sea between Mestre and Venice, and another between Venice and Palestrina, where the gondolier and the mariner cross themselves in passing, and whose lamp nightly gleams over the waters, in moonlight or storm." — KNIGHT.

39. **Sola.** Launcelot, with characteristic sportiveness, imitates the horn of the courier or "post." Compare lines 46-47 below.

59. **Patines.** See textual notes.

60-65. "As soon as I had recovered myself, I said, 'What is this sound, so great and so sweet, which fills my ears?' — 'This,' he replied, 'is that music which, composed of intervals unequal, but divided proportionately by rule, is caused by the swing and movement of the spheres themselves, and, by the proper combination of acute tones with grave, creates with uniformity manifold and diverse harmonies.'" — CICERO'S *Dream of Scipio*.

"Thanne shewede he hym the litel erthe that here is,  
At regard of the hevenys quantite;  
And after shewede he hym the nyne speris;  
And aftyr that the melodye herde he,  
That comyth of thilke speris thryes thre,  
That welle is of music and melodye,  
In this world here and cause of armonye."

CHAUCER'S *Parlament of Foules*.

"Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low sounds in a due proportionable disposition, such, notwithstanding, is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself, by nature is, or hath in it, harmony."

Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*.

"But else, in deep of night, when drowsiness  
Hath locked up mortal sense, then listen I  
To the celestial Sirens' harmony,  
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres,  
And sing to those that hold the vital shears,  
And turn the adamantine spindle round  
On which the fate of gods and men is wound.  
Such sweet compulsion doth in music lie,  
To lull the daughters of Necessity,

And keep unsteady Nature to her law,  
 And the low world in measured motion draw  
 After the heavenly tune, which none can hear  
 Of human mould with gross unpurgèd ear."

MILTON'S *Arcades*.

69. "Our sweetest songs are those which tell of saddest thought."

SHELLEY'S *Ode to a Skylark*.

80. "Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain tops that freeze,  
 Bow themselves when he did sing,"

*Henry VIII.*, III. i. 3.

"For Orpheus' lute was strung with poets' sinews,  
 Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,  
 Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans .  
 Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. ii. 78-81.

Compare Tennyson's "Amphion."

- 83 *et seq.* "I do not know the man I should avoid  
 So soon as that spare Cassius; . . .

he loves no plays,

As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music."

*Julius Cæsar*, I. ii. 200, 201, 203, 204.

87. "Not Erebus itself were dim enough  
 To hide thee from prevention."

*Julius Cæsar*, II, i. 84-85.

93. Many a novelist has come to Shakespeare for his titles, as Howells in "The Undiscovered Country," and, most recently, the Dutch novelist, Maarten Maartens, in "The Greater Glory."

- 104-106. "As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,  
 And stops her pipe in growth of riper days;  
 Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
 Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,  
 But that wild music burthens every bough,  
 And sweets grown common lose their dear delight."

SHAKESPEARE'S *Sonnets*, 107.

"Less Philomel will deign a song,  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.

Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
Most musical, most melancholy!"

MILTON'S *Il Penseroso*.

"Except I be by Sylvia in the night,  
There is no music in the nightingale."

*Two Gentlemen of Verona*, III. i. 178-179.

"But although she [the nightingale] is usually supposed to withhold her notes until sunset, and then to be the only songstress left, she in reality sings in the day often as sweetly and as powerfully as at night, but, amidst the general chorus of other birds, her efforts are less noticed."

HARTING'S *Ornithology of Shakespeare*.

109.

"'Tis a ditty

Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told  
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;  
And then the forest told it in a dream  
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam  
A poet caught as he was journeying  
To Phœbus' shrine; and in it he did fling  
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,  
And after, straight in that inspired place,  
He sang the story up into the air,  
Giving it universal freedom." — KEATS' *Endymion*.

"How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,  
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes  
She took eternal fire that never dies;  
How she convey'd him softly in a sleep,  
His temples bound with poppy, to the steep  
Head of old Latmos, where she stoops each night,  
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,  
To kiss her sweetest." — FLETCHER'S *Faithful Shepherdess*.

"Little doest thou know, Endimion, when thou shalt wake. . . . Thou that laist downe with golden lockes, shalt not awake untill they bee turned to silver haire; and that chin, on which scarcely appeareth soft downe, shall be filled with brissles as hard as broome: thou shalt sleepe out thy youth and flowering time, and become dry hay before thou knewest thyselfe greene grasse; and readie by age to step into the grave when thou wakest, that was youthfull in the court when thou laldst thee downe to sleepe."

LILLY'S *Endimion*.

121. **Tucket.** Flourish on a trumpet.

141. **Breathing courtesy.** "This phrase may be compared with an ordinary trick of Shakespeare's, where the relations of the adject-

tive and the noun seem to be inverted. Thus, he speaks of a 'swift extremity' for extreme swiftness; of 'shady stealth' for a stealing shadow; of 'aged honour' for honourable age; of 'excellent differences' for different excellencies; and of 'negligent danger' for dangerous negligence."

148. "I bought for Ann Brett a gold ring, this being the posy: *When this you see, remember me.*" — REV. GILES MOORE'S *Journal*, 1673-1674.

193-208. "For I am sick and capable of fears;  
Oppress'd with wrongs, and therefore full of fears;  
A widow, husbandless, subject to fears;  
A woman, naturally born to fears." — *King John*, III. i. 12-15.

"Have not to do with him, beware of him;  
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,  
And all their ministers attend on him."

*Richard III.*, I. iii. 292-294.

"FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer?

MEPHISTOPHILIS. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer,  
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,  
And are for ever damned with Lucifer."

MARLOWE'S *Doctor Faustus*.

"What said I? falsehood? ay, that filthy crime,  
For Locrine hath forsaken Gwendolen.  
Behold the heavens do wail for Gwendolen;  
The shining sun doth blush for Gwendolen;  
The liquid air doth weep for Gwendolen;  
The very ground doth groan for Gwendolen!  
Ay, they are milder than the Britain king,  
For he rejecteth luckless Gwendolen."

*Locrine*, V. ii.

"Out with the moon-line, I will none of it,  
And let me have her liken'd to the sun;  
Say, she hath thrice more splendour than the sun,  
Say, her perfection emulates the sun,  
That she breeds sweets as plenteous as the sun,  
That she doth thaw cold winter like the sun,  
That she doth cheer fresh summer like the sun,  
And, in this application to the sun,  
Bid her be free and general as the sun."

*Edward III.*, II. i. 156-165.

220.

"Night's candles are burnt out." — *Macbeth*, II. i. 5.

## 210 EXPLANATORY AND ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

255. "The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter showed the ring, told every thing which he had said to the lawyer; that she was herself the lawyer: and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard . . . and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady." — *Il Pecorone*.

285-286. "In the Court of Queen's Bench, when a complaint is made against a person for 'contempt,' the practice is, that before sentence is finally pronounced he is sent into the Crown Office, and being there 'charged upon interrogatories,' he is made to swear that he will 'answer all things faithfully.'" — LORD CAMPBELL'S *Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements*.

288. "In conclusion, when Portia invites her company to enter her palace to refresh themselves after their travels, and talk over 'these events at full,' the imagination, unwilling to lose sight of the brilliant group, follows them in gay procession from the lovely moonlit garden to marble halls and princely revels, to splendour and festive mirth, to love and happiness."

MRS. JAMESON'S *Shakespeare's Heroines*.



www.libtool.com.cn  
QUESTIONS.

---

ACT I.—SCENE I.

ACCOUNT for Antonio's sadness. Is it natural to his disposition? Is he whimsical? Do circumstances in any degree explain it? Is it presentiment? Compare with Romeo, as he enters the feast of the Capulets; and, again, just before he receives the tidings of Juliet's death. Compare also with Shylock in II. v. Why compare [10] the argosies to burghers? Why [13] the repetition of the idea? Note in Salarino's first speech, beautiful words, vivid words, pictures and alliterations. Where and how are lightness and swiftness of motion indicated? Close the eyes and see the picture. What is Solanio's tone toward Antonio? Examine the metre of Solanio's first speech for cæsura, overflow; and trochees where iambs are expected. What is there in Salarino's second speech of youthful extravagance, of Italian vivacity, of Shakespearian truth to nature? Where are gestures needed? Where does Salarino slip, and speak like an Englishman? What characteristic touch of grace is in Antonio's second speech? Is his statement concerning his business borne out by the event? Why should Antonio so put aside the suggestion of his being in love? What of Salarino's philosophy? What is the memorable line of this passage [47-56]? How is it appropriate here to swear by Janus? Discuss the expression "vinegar aspect." Why would a jest approved by Nestor be surely laughable? Which is the livelier talker, Solanio or Salarino? How does Antonio reconcile truth and courtesy [60-64]? Is Gratiano naturally rude as well as blunt? Does he rally Antonio out of friendliness, to raise the merchant's heavy spirits, or only because he cannot hold his rattling tongue? How does Gratiano's guess at the cause of Antonio's melancholy compare with that of Salarino? How does his wit compare with Salarino's? Is Bassanio witty? What of Gratiano's philosophy [79-104]? Is this

long speech of his "an infinite deal of nothing"? How does the manner of Lorenzo contrast with that of Gratiano? With what look and tone does Antonio turn to Bassanio, as Gratiano swaggers out [113]? Does Bassanio, replying, speak of Gratiano in contempt or admiration or indulgent amusement? Does line 121 afford a possible clew to Antonio's melancholy? Is there any romantic element in his friendship for Bassanio? Is it, on either side, a selfish friendship? Has Bassanio cause for an embarrassed manner in opening the conversation? Translate lines 123-125 into more direct English. Does Bassanio's scheme stand "within the eye of honour" in Antonio's opinion, in Shakespeare's, in yours? In what sense is Bassanio's request "pure innocence"? What would have been Bassanio's sentiments toward Portia, had she not been an heiress? What would have been his actions? What does he know of her virtues [162, 163]? Note that when she hides her beauty in a doctor's gown and cap, there is nothing of Portia—not dignity nor eloquence, nor wisdom, nor compassion—that he recognizes. Did Portia's eyes really send, or did youthful conceit imagine those "fair speechless messages"? Why should Portia love Bassanio? Why does Antonio love him? What [167-172] has made Bassanio suddenly a poet? Note the music, the color, and the life. Is it altogether well to compare this heiress, with her sunny tresses, to the golden fleece of classic story? Note how the passage kindles our interest in Portia and her "many Jasons," and prepares us for the second scene. Is Bassanio's assurance of success [173-176] youthful self-confidence, or oratory, or love? What is the significance of *thrift* [175]? Compare I. iii. 84, below. Note the strong metaphor in *rack'd*, and the climax in line 182. Is Bassanio ideal in love and penitence and modesty? Is Antonio ideal in wisdom and in generosity?

## SCENE II.

Why does Shakespeare show us Portia for the first time chatting with her maid, in unrestrained, girlish freedom and fun? What fashion of girl is Nerissa? Why did not Shakespeare give Portia, for her companion, a duenna or chaperon? How old is Portia? Follow the changes of her mood through the first twenty-four lines. Which is the better philosopher, mistress or maid? Note the antitheses, the metaphors, the epigrams, the puns. What is the metaphor in level

[36]? To what, in less saucy language, does Portia really object in the Neapolitan prince, the County Palatine, the French lord, the English baron, the Scottish lord, and the young German? Is the sadness of Antonio like the sadness of the County Palatine? Where has Portia ever seen "a death's head with a bone in his mouth" [48]? Which is sharper, her eye or her tongue? On which nation does her keenest satire fall? What are her most incisive sentences? Is it a "sin to be a mocker" like Portia? How far do the English, French, and German still demonstrate the truth of her mockeries? Picture to the mind's eye these various suitors as they present themselves before the lady of Belmont. Is Nerissa inclined to tease her mistress? Where falls a pause in the dialogue? What alternations appear in Portia of submission and rebellion, of maidenly shame and maidenly pride? Does her courage ever falter? In all her flow of fun, is there any lapse from dignity? Is there any indication in this scene of alteration or revision? — any inconsistency as it now stands?

## SCENE III.

Which of the great actors [see explanatory and illustrative notes] has the true conception of Shylock? If Bassanio proposes to spend three thousand ducats in winning Portia's love, how many ducats will Portia have to spend in keeping his? How does Bassanio pass the three months? How does Portia? How does Antonio? How does Shylock? What does Shylock mean by calling Antonio "a good man"? Why should Bassanio resent the phrase? How are Antonio's means "in supposition"? What dramatic skill appears in the clause "a fourth for England"? Is there any trip on the part of Shylock or of Shakespeare or of the printers in Shylock's long speech [15-26]? What is the tone and what the emphasis of Bassanio's rejoinder? Of Shylock's reply? Of Bassanio's invitation? Of Shylock's refusal? Was such an invitation a customary courtesy? Where does Bassanio, through this dialogue, show impatience? Where does the Jew show passion? How does he check himself? Which hates Antonio more bitterly, Shylock the usurer or Shylock the Jew? Is either hatred in any degree excusable? What is Antonio's bearing, through the earlier part of the interview, toward Shylock? Note instances where the Jew fails in truth and the Christians in courtesy. What sinister touch is there in Shylock's saluta-

tion of Antonio? What is the metaphor in "ripe wants" [61]? How do the two merchants differ in their views of Jacob's transaction? How far are they correct in their opinion of each other? Why does Shylock tend to prolong the business and the others to hurry it to a close? Does Shylock overhear Antonio's words to Bassanio [91-96]? Do the Christians overhear Shylock's calculations [97, 98]? Note in the dialogue previous to line 100, the melodious effect of the changing cæsuras, and the tendency, especially in the more colloquial passages, to use the eleven-syllabled line. Select stately and vivid expressions from the language of Shylock. What Oriental traces show in him? In his outbreak [100-123], has Shylock lost self-control, or is he taking an ungenerous advantage of the situation, or is an inner manhood asserting itself over the feigned humility of the Jew? If Antonio had met Shylock's remonstrances with an acknowledgment of its justice, an admission of error, what then? What is the effect of Shylock's reproach upon Antonio? What in Antonio's response is admirable and what blameworthy? What is the apparent effect of this response upon Shylock? What the real effect? What tone and emphasis in Bassanio's words? What should be said in excuse of Antonio's habitual usage of Shylock? What should be said in condemnation? Is such outrage compatible with Antonio's refinement and gentleness as elsewhere displayed? Which is stronger in Antonio, feeling or reason? Would the Jew have proposed so strange a bond to a man of different nature? How well does Antonio know the Jew? How well does the Jew know Antonio? Which has the deeper contempt for the other? Study Shylock's address for alliterations, for balanced phrases, for pathos, for irony, for epigrammatic point and emphasis, and note how the metre, smooth at first, becomes broken and forceful with the mounting of his passion. Through it all, does Shylock "storm"? What gesture would be appropriate with line 102? When Shylock first comes upon the stage, has he this treacherous bond in mind? If not, at what point in the scene does he conceive his plot? Does he intend, before he is maddened by the flight of Jessica, to pursue his vengeance to the uttermost? Does he at any time cause false rumors of the loss of Antonio's ships to be spread abroad? Is it possible that Shylock already has information respecting the fate of some of Antonio's ventures, and so is aware that the bond may easily become forfeit? Would the Jew hazard three thousand ducats on an unlikely chance? Does he show eager-

ness to conclude the bargain? Why does he stipulate "your single bond"? Why does Bassanio take alarm? Why does Shylock send Antonio in advance to the notary to "give him directions for this merry bond"? Does Antonio evince sufficient gratitude for Shylock's "kindness"?

## ACT II.—SCENE I.

Is the Prince of Morocco ashamed of his color? For what does he love Portia? Where does he speak like a barbarian? Where like a lover? Where like a poet? What suggestion of pride and splendor in line 3? Are Greek allusions natural in the mouth of an African prince? See II. vii. 33 below. Illustrate from the scene Portia's dignity and courtesy. Note her graceful play on words in line 20. Is there any insincerity in her courtesies? Where does her tone become sorrowful? Does her heart incline at all toward Morocco? Which uses the more poetic diction? Illustrate. Why do they go to the temple?

## SCENE II.

If the name *Gobbo* signifies hunchback, as has been claimed, is it the father or son who bears the hump? Does Launcelot, servant to the Jew, wear a livery? Does he care for such finery? At what point in the scene does Launcelot become serious? At what point does he twirl his father around and around? At what point does he dodge behind his father's back and out again, and so repeatedly? At what point does he kneel with his back to his father, and shake out his long hair? What evidences are there in the opening soliloquy and following dialogue of Launcelot's happy self-conceit? Are his conscience and the fiend equally polite? Equally tautological? Examine Launcelot's metaphor in lines 12-13. What opinion does Launcelot entertain of his father's honesty? By Launcelot's own logic should he stay with the Jew or run? What tips the scale? What is old Gobbo's gait? What is his infirmity? Is Launcelot of a filial turn? Are any of Launcelot's peculiarities hereditary? What of Launcelot's classic learning? What of Launcelot's arithmetic? Correct Launcelot's verbal errors throughout the scene. Correct old Gobbo's. Collect all the examples of "Launcelotese," as, "you may tell every finger I have with my ribs," and try to discover the law of his blunders. Collect his puns. Is there any mock pathos in the

scene? Any real pathos? Does Launcelot's opinion of the Jew prove Shylock a miser? What is Bassanio's bearing toward the suppliants? Toward Gratiano? Is the "grandam" to whom Gratiano makes reference of the Episcopal or the new Puritan party, a Venetian of the Roman Church, or what? Does Bassanio put faith in Gratiano's promises? How does Bassanio toss back Gratiano's pun?

#### SCENE III.

How old is Jessica? Why has her girlhood been dreary? Is there any evidence in this scene that she fears her father? Is Launcelot's emotion genuine, or related to the ducat? What is his feeling toward Jessica, as evinced in his antitheses? How old is Launcelot? To what "strife" does Jessica refer? What is her idea of becoming a Christian?

#### SCENE IV.

Why is Lorenzo so eager for the masque? At whose lodging are they to dress? (Cf. 2 and 26.) Why does Lorenzo address Launcelot in such familiar fashion? How are Launcelot's answers characteristic? Is Launcelot rewarded for his love-news? Point out Lorenzo's pun. What epithets does Lorenzo apply to Jessica? Why do his friends now show alacrity in preparing for the masque? Which is the leading spirit of the two, Salarino or Solanio? Is it a creditable adventure that these four young men have in view? Is it well done in Lorenzo to show Jessica's love-letter to Gratiano? Does Lorenzo exhibit any traits of his patron Bassanio? Which is the most poetic line in Lorenzo's last speech, and in what does its poetry consist? Note the number of short lines in the scene. By what slight emendation could lines 15 and 16 be made to read as one correct pentameter? But does Launcelot ever speak in verse? See following scene.

#### SCENE V.

Is Launcelot a profitable servant? Is Shylock, in his own honest opinion, an easier master than Bassanio? Why has Shylock recommended Launcelot to Bassanio? Why had Bassanio received a servant on such recommendation? Why does Shylock take this tone with Launcelot now? What tone is it? In what manner does Jessica

address her father? In what manner does Shylock address his daughter? How long a time has passed since Shylock refused an invitation from Bassanio to dinner? What new element has entered into the situation? Why should Bassanio invite the Jew to a banquet where he feasts his "best-esteem'd acquaintance"? Is it to this banquet, with Shylock present, that the masquers, with Jessica as their torchbearer, propose to return? Why does Shylock still hesitate to go forth? Why does Launcelot urge Shylock to go? How fully is Launcelot aware of the situation? What does Launcelot intend to say? What is the sinister suggestion in Shylock's play upon the blunder? Has Shylock secret intelligence? or how is it that he feels so sure of his revenge? Does Launcelot distinguish himself as a keeper of secrets? Is it a look of alarm from Jessica, or belated caution of his own, or sheer natural folly, that hurries his tongue into the confusions of that inextricable date? What is the dramatic irony of the moment? What from Shylock's commands do we infer of Jessica's tastes, of Shylock's prejudices, of the ordinary life of his household? Where could Lorenzo have caught sight of Jessica, and how could he have obtained opportunity of courtship? What is the modern equivalent of the phrase "feasting forth"? Is Jessica's falsehood excusable?—as excusable as those of Juliet, Ophelia, Desdemona? What makes these girls untruthful? What is the spirit in which Shylock speaks of Launcelot? Is what Shylock says of Launcelot probably true? Why does Shylock say to Jessica, "Perhaps I will return immediately"? Should the actors represent him as affectionately clasping Jessica in his arms for farewell? Does Jessica show emotion? Has she shown throughout the interview, her last interview with her father, any touch of concern for him? Has he spoken to her any word of gentleness?

## SCENE VI.

What is Lorenzo's hour? Note how Shakespeare, who never makes the dramatic action halt for poetry, takes advantage of a pause in the action to put exquisite poetry into the mouth even of a Gratiano. What is Gratiano's central thought? Which is his finest illustration of it? Note the double interrogation preceding the statement, and the double exclamation following. What is Lorenzo's mood? How evinced? What is Jessica's mood? How

evinced? Has Cupid reason to blush for these lovers? Explain the expressions, as here used, "an office of discovery," "the lovely garish of a boy," "the close night doth play the runaway." How far does Jessica merit Lorenzo's three praises? How much time has been spent by the masquers before the Jew's house? Why is Gratiano so eager to be gone? Were Bassanio and Antonio privy to this elopement so certain to enrage the Jew against them? Did Lorenzo and Gratiano know of the bond?

## SCENE VII.

Is Portia's manner toward Morocco anything more or less than gracious? What are her objections to him? What is Morocco's action as he twice surveys the caskets? Why does he reject the leaden casket? How does Morocco's self-apostrophe compare for poetic value with the preceding debate (15-24) and the following lyric of praise (38-47)? What hyperboles in this lyric passage? What metaphors? What beautiful phrases? How does it compare with the corresponding passage from Marlowe, quoted in the explanatory and illustrative notes? What is it that finally determines Morocco to choose the golden casket? Is the motive of his choice creditable to him? Is his farewell creditable? Is Portia touched by his disappointment?

## SCENE VIII.

How did Lorenzo and Jessica make their escape? What epithets does Solanio apply to the Jew? Why does Shakespeare have Solanio tell of Shylock's confused passion instead of having it acted before our eyes by Shylock himself? Is it characteristic that even in his blind distress the Jew calls upon the law? In what spirit do Salarino and Solanio discuss Shylock's loss? What reflection changes their mood? Is there any indication in this scene that not only Antonio's friends, but Antonio himself, were becoming anxious about the bond? What touch of the merchant in Antonio's words? What hint of the fortune-hunting nature of Bassanio's enterprise? What evidence of magnanimity on the part of Antonio? Is the picture of farewell naturally drawn? How far does Bassanio return Antonio's affection? Which has shown himself the leading spirit in the scene, Salarino or Solanio?



## SCENE IX.

What does the scene gain by these opening words from Nerissa? How does Arragon compare with Morocco? How does Arragon bear the stamp of the Spanish aristocrat? What is his conception of aristocracy? Why does Arragon reject the leaden chest? Why does he reject the golden chest? Is line 30 tautological? What is Arragon's reason for choosing the silver chest? What lines of his speech are noble in sentiment? Beautiful in expression? Is there any crowding of metaphors? Is Portia's remark upon his silence audible? What is Portia's most graceful saying to the prince? How does Arragon compare with Morocco? Which loves Portia the better? How do they compare in intellect? In the acceptance of failure? What is the purport of each of the two scrolls? How does Portia's father succeed at poetry? Are his scrolls all that could be desired in the way of consolation? Why did he make the conditions of election so severe? Does Portia seem sorry for Arragon? What indications are there that the spirits of Portia and Nerissa rise at his departure? Does Portia stand on her dignity with her servants? Who is the young Venetian at the gate? Note the description of this "ambassador of love." Who provided the "gifts of rich value"? Who provided the "courteous breath"? Is the servant a poet? Is Portia still a mocker? Are her lips true to her heart? What suggests "lord Love" to Nerissa? How have these girls spoken together of Bassanio before?

## ACT III.—SCENE I.

Where already have we heard the words: "What news on the Rialto?" How does the recurrence of the expression here mark the progress of the plot? Why does Shakespeare represent Salarino as not sure of the name of the Goodwins? What picture comes to the mind in reading of a gossip knapping ginger? Does Solanio commit any "slips of prolixity"? What is the meaning of the phrase "the devil cross my prayer"? Note that the devil, wont to come in the likeness of a black cat or a black poodle or a magpie, comes this time "in the likeness of a Jew." How does Solanio's verbal greeting to Shylock compare with his verbal greeting to Salarino? Does Shylock make the deep bow customary when a Jew accosted a Christian?

What is his bearing toward the gallants? What is their bearing toward him? Why should Shylock call Antonio a prodigal? What tone or changes of tone in Shylock's speech (43-49)? In Salarino's reply? Study Shylock's great response for tone and emphasis. Where is the first climax? Where is the main climax? What are the three words that, fiercely or bitterly iterated, reverberate through the whole? What clauses are contrasted? What evidence, in the arrangement of words in one of the clauses, of the confusion that attends on excitement? What words are taunting? What words are pathetic? What is the effect of Shylock's outburst on the young men? Why does Antonio send for his friends? How is it necessary, for literary effect, that the Christians be withdrawn at this point, and Shylock left alone with his fellow-Israelite? What in Tubal's dress proclaims him a Jew? What fresh passion possesses Shylock, as he turns to Tubal? Which of these two Jews is the wealthier, and hence of the greater consequence in the tribe? Note the passionate iterations in Shylock's lament and throughout the dialogue. Trace the varying passions in his lament. Does Shylock love his ducats better than his daughter? Does he love his daughter at all? Did he ever love his daughter? Did he always love his ducats? Did he love his wife? In this wild lament, what is there of avarice, of egotism, of pathos, of horror? Note how Shylock's eloquence is distinctly Oriental in its intensity of passion and in its parallelism of style. What is the most impressive example in the scene of this Hebraic parallelism? Show how Tubal plays on Shylock's passions. Does Tubal do this in friendship, relieving bad news with good, or is he teasing Shylock? What motive could Tubal have for torturing his friend? Is it probable that Tubal's reports of Jessica's extravagance are correct? Why does Shylock value his turquoise? Is it probable that Jessica knew the history of the ring? Would Shylock have sold the turquoise if a better bargain than "a wilderness of monkeys" had presented itself? What are Shylock's prayers at the synagogue? What language of religion has fallen from him in the scene with Tubal? Can this be ascribed to hypocrisy? Does Shakespeare appoint the meeting at the synagogue to "add another shade of darkness to the character of Shylock, by making him still formally devout while meditating his horrible vengeance," or that the vengeance of the Jew, intrusted to "the safeguard of his faith, may henceforth assume "a consecrated character"?

## SCENE II.

How long has Bassanio been at Belmont? Has he already professed love for Portia? Why does Portia hesitate to confess her love for him? What temptation has visited her mind? How has the temptation been met? Scan line 20, comparing lines 16, 17, and 18. Expand the conditional sentence of lines 20, 21. Where, in this opening speech of Portia's, does a smile lighten out over the blushes and the starting tears? How does she proceed to tease Bassanio? Is Bassanio her match in this word-fencing? Why is Bassanio so impatient to try his fortune? How much of Portia's second long speech is meant for Bassanio's ears? What does it testify as to her knowledge, imagination, and strength of feeling? What would the Prince of Morocco say to line 41? Did Portia assist her other suitors with music? What of Portia's metaphors? Where does one of them become far-fetched and fantastic? What does Portia imply as to Bassanio's look and bearing? What are the two divisions of the song? What warning does the song convey to Bassanio? Is this right in Portia? Does Bassanio catch the warning? Analyze Bassanio's soliloquy into main statement, illustrations, subordinate statement, illustrations, conclusion, metaphorically and then directly expressed, decision. Is his main statement true? What constitutes the excellence of the illustrations? Is the subordinate statement true? Are the illustrations as good as the preceding? Is the conclusion logical? How does it accord with Bassanio's method of winning Portia? Study the diction, especially in epithets, of this soliloquy? How does the diction of the soliloquy compare with that of the song? Why does Shakespeare have Portia speak here in verse? What is her beautiful word? Is there any one of these passions enumerated by Portia as having been recently felt by her which surprises the reader? What is Portia's prayer to love? How many times iterated? Does Bassanio realize his success in his transport over Portia's portrait? Is there anything in his language here that savors of Elizabethan affectation rather than of genuine poetry?—anything you do not like? How many epithets, throughout this scene, does Bassanio apply to Portia? At what point does he act upon the closing recommendation of the scroll? What is the metaphor in line 140? What of Bassanio's simile? Is it finely imagined, finely expressed, applicable? What later simile of his resembles this, and how? What is the most beau-

tiful element in Portia's address to Bassanio? Is there anything that jars? How far have Portia's words already disproved her description of herself? How does her rhetoric compare with Bassanio's? Is there any touch of woman's pathos in her words? What are Portia's "three nothings"? Between lines 160 and 173 (inclusive) how many times does Portia employ an ascending scale of three? Note that she uses "twenty" as a general number late in this scene again, and again late in scene fourth. Note, too, the stateliness with which the lovers address each other. What is left to Bassanio, if he is bereft of words? What does he mean by line 177? How does Nerissa now address Bassanio? How does Gratiano now address Portia? What of characteristic bluntness appears in Gratiano's speech? What of characteristic fun? What is the meaning of lines 200, 201? How politely does Gratiano recognize Jessica? How much recognition does she receive from the others? Is her single remark to her credit? Does any one show any regard for her relationship to Shylock, as they discuss him before her? What touch of becoming modesty in Bassanio's greeting of his friends? What other worthy feelings appear in his words during the remainder of the scene? Why did Solanio bring Lorenzo with him? What is the taste of Gratiano's words in line 237? What is the tone of Solanio's reply? Does Bassanio even now tell Portia all the truth as to his fortunes? What is the significance of mere in line 258? Does Bassanio, even in his agitation, forego his habit of metaphors? Is it natural that Bassanio should be astonished at Antonio's simultaneous losses? Why did not the "twenty merchants" lend Antonio three thousand ducats the day before his bond fell due? What is this "ancient Roman honour" that appears in Antonio? What is superfluous in Bassanio's reply to Portia in line 294? What feeling is deepest now in Bassanio? What is the tone of Portia's response [294-310]? What of Antonio's letter in itself? What of its effect upon Bassanio? Upon Portia?

### SCENE III.

What is Shylock's idea of a fool? Note his double use of the word in this short scene. How often does Shylock use the word bond? What other word does he repeat to Antonio's despair? How does Salarino indorse that word? Does Antonio admit that he has done the Jew any wrong? Where does Antonio display pride, resignation, business sense, sad humor, and human longing?

## SCENE IV.

What, in simpler words, is the compliment that Lorenzo pays Portia? Is Portia's inference in lines 10-18 correct? Is she wise in committing the "husbandry and manage" of her house to Lorenzo? Is her falsehood justifiable? How does the name Balthasar appear in the fourth act? What is Portia's mood as she confides her plan to Nerissa? What does Portia think about boys? Does she appear before her husband in the disguise of a gallant? What is the "whole device" she tells in her coach to Nerissa? What is the most beautiful line in the entire scene?

## SCENE V.

Has Launcelot's wit improved with his livery? How does this sportive discussion of conversion from Judaism to Christianity bear on the fourth act? Does Jessica show any trace of Jewish feeling or of filial feeling? Does Launcelot show any trace of gluttony? What modern idiom sounds strangely in Jessica's mouth? What is the word-play on cover? What fresh example of Launcelotese? In what spirit does Jessica speak of Portia? In what spirit does Lorenzo reply? How does Jessica intend to set him forth?

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

Picture the courtroom scene. What is the bearing of Antonio? To what in Shylock does the Duke appeal? Has the Duke cause for shame in urging this appeal? What is the threefold answer of Shylock? What evidences of fluctuating passion in Shylock's reply? What has been Antonio's reason for dishonoring Shylock? What is now Shylock's reason for persecuting Antonio? How do the reasons compare? How does Bassanio's address to Shylock contrast with the Duke's in courtesy? What corresponding difference in Shylock's responses to the two? Expand line 70. Which of Antonio's three comparisons is the most beautiful? Which is the most appropriate? What qualities does Antonio display in this address? Is there anything, besides revenge, dearer to Shylock than money? Does Shylock truly believe himself to be "doing no wrong"? Could the silent Duke have made other answer to Shylock's words (89-100) than that which Shakespeare puts into his mouth? What is Shylock's

line of defence against Christian reproaches? What is Shylock's line of defence against his own conscience? Why is Shylock so confident (101-103)? What beauty is there in Antonio's response to Bassanio (114-118)? Is it noble or ignoble? Is Antonio quite right in thinking that Bassanio would be in his element writing an epitaph? In what tone do Antonio's friends remonstrate with Shylock as he whets his knife on his boot? In what tone does he reply? How many of the Christians present have called Shylock dog? Does Gratiano behave at all like a barking dog himself? What is Shylock's attitude toward Gratiano? Is Bellario sick? How does Shylock bear himself toward the young doctor from Rome? What elements make up the beauty of Portia's poem on mercy? Study the *cæsuras*. Note the coupling of nouns and clauses. Is Portia's appeal to Shylock based on Hebraic or Christian principles? Does Shylock "pray for mercy"? Is Portia's appeal to Shylock anywhere lacking in courtesy or tact? Does Portia admit Shylock to common ground with herself? Is Shylock's purpose shaken? Is his self-justification silenced? Which is holier to the Jew, law or grace? What is there characteristic, both for good and for ill, in Bassanio's words (207-215)? Is Shylock altogether or even in part a hypocrite in lines 226-228? What has been wrong in Antonio's life? Does he escape punishment? What has been wrong in Bassanio's life? Does he escape punishment? What is wrong in the Jew? Should he escape punishment? Are all the punishments equally severe? What is the use of punishment? Is there evidence in the play that any of these punishments served that use? How is it Jewish for Shylock to insist upon the letter of the bond? What is the full contrast here between the principles of Judaism and of Christianity? Why should not Bassanio be as ready with the surgeon as Shylock with the balances? What of Antonio's farewell address? What of Bassanio's response? How and why does Shakespeare at this point relieve the tragedy? Is there a vulnerable spot in the hardness of Shylock's Jewish heart? Would it be more natural for him to say "I had a daughter"? How might Shylock have replied to the legal quibble of "no jot of blood"? How comes it that the Jew is incapable of reply? What answer might be given to the second quibble? What is Shylock's tone in line 334? How does the second clause contrast with the first clause of line 316? What is Shylock's tone in line 343? What of Gratiano's behavior? Is Shylock conscious of Gratiano's jeers? Is Portia's

third point against Shylock good law? Is Antonio merciful? What is the spirit of Shylock's three words in line 392? Does Nerissa know how to draw a deed of gift? What of Shylock's last words in the courtroom? What conjectures would you venture as to his future? What is the meaning of Gratiano's farewell fling? Did Shakespeare sympathize with Shylock? What is there of roguishness on Portia's side in her interview with Bassanio?

## SCENE II.

What does this scene contribute to the progress of the plot? What special skill of the playwright is displayed? Why are these two girls in such gay spirits?

## ACT V. SCENE I.

How do Lorenzo's first four words strike the keynote of the scene? How happens it that the Jewess is so well versed in Greek and Latin story? What is the refrain of all this opening music? What does Shakespeare add to Chaucer's account of Thisbe? (See explanatory and illustrative notes.) In Lorenzo's second speech note the alliterations. Is Lorenzo's description of himself as an "unthrift love" correct? Does Jessica's description of him as "young Lorenzo" at all relieve the situation? Does Jessica "slander her love"? How does Shakespeare pronounce Stephano here? Compare:—

"Is not this Stephano, my drunken butler?" — *The Tempest*, V. i. 277.

Why does Portia travel at night? Is this final view of Launcelot at all touched by the glamour of the hour? Has Lorenzo before called Jessica "sweet soul"? What new qualities appear in both Lorenzo and Jessica under this enchanted moonlight? Why "soft stillness"? Why "sweet harmony"? Why "bright gold"? Why "immortal souls"? Is it a happy simile to compare the stars to sacramental plates? Does Lorenzo's thought tend here more and more to the sacred? Why "young-eyed cherubins"? Why do we fail to hear the music of our own souls and of the souls about us? Why not learn these last twelve lines by heart? Why "wake Diana" rather than any other goddess? How often has Shakespeare used the word "sweet" in these twenty lines (49-69)? How often "music"? What other words suggestive of music? What words and suggestions of light? Does Lorenzo give the true explanation of Jessica's inability to be

merry when she hears sweet music? Does Lorenzo judge too harshly "the man that hath no music in himself"? Would it have been better if Shakespeare had put this exquisite duet into the mouths of Bassanio and Portia? Could he have given it to Gratiano and Nerissa? To Antonio and Salarino or Solanio? To Shylock and Tubal? What change in the heavens as Portia and Nerissa approach? What difference appears between the thoughts of Portia and those of Nerissa? What change comes over them all with the ceasing of the music? In what spirit does Portia reply to Bassanio's courtly compliment? Is the moon still shining? What new evidence of Gratiano's rudeness? Why do Portia and Nerissa so love to tease their husbands? How well do Bassanio and Gratiano defend themselves? What is the effect of "these quarrels" upon Antonio? Is it natural that Portia, after her great anxiety and effort, should indulge herself in a madcap mood? Is there any shadow across the moonlight at the last?



**Prices largely reduced.**

---

**The Students' Series of English Classics.**

---

<b>Coleridge's Ancient Mariner . . . . .</b>	<b>25 cts.</b>
<b>A Ballad Book . . . . .</b>	<b>50 "</b>
<b>The Merchant of Venice . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by KATHARINE LEE BATES, Wellesley College.	
<b>Matthew Arnold's Sohrab and Rustum . . . . .</b>	<b>25 "</b>
<b>Webster's First Bunker Hill Oration . . . . .</b>	<b>25 "</b>
<b>Milton, Lyrics . . . . .</b>	<b>25 "</b>
Edited by LOUISE MANNING HODGKINS.	
<b>Introduction to the Writings of John Ruskin . . . . .</b>	<b>50 "</b>
<b>Macaulay's Essay on Lord Clive . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by VIDA D. SCUDDER, Wellesley College.	
<b>George Eliot's Silas Marner . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
<b>Scott's Marmion . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS, Instructor, New York.	
<b>Sir Roger de Coverley Papers from The Spectator . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by A. S. ROE, Worcester, Mass.	
<b>Macaulay's Second Essay on the Earl of Chatham . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by W. W. CURTIS, High School, Pawtucket, R.I.	
<b>Johnson's History of Rasselas . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by FRED N. SCOTT, University of Michigan.	
<b>Joan of Arc and Other Selections from De Quincey . . . . .</b>	<b>35 "</b>
Edited by HENRY H. BELFIELD, Chicago Manual Training School.	

2 **THE STUDENTS' SERIES OF ENGLISH CLASSICS.**

---

- Carlyle's The Diamond Necklace** . . . . . 35 cts.  
Edited by W. F. MOZIER, High School, Ottawa, Ill.
- Macaulay's Essays on Milton and Addison** . . . . . 35 "  
Edited by JAMES CHALMERS, Ohio State University.
- Selections from Washington Irving** . . . . . 50 "  
Edited by ISAAC THOMAS, High School, New Haven, Conn.
- Scott's Lady of the Lake** . . . . .  
Edited by JAMES ARTHUR TUFTS, Phillips Exeter Academy.
- Selected Orations and Speeches** . . . . .  
Edited by C. A. WHITING, University of Utah.
- Lays of Ancient Rome** . . . . .  
Edited by D. D. PRATT, High School, Portsmouth, Ohio.
- Goldsmith's Traveller and Deserted Village** . . . . . 25 "  
Edited by W. F. GREGORY, High School, Hartford, Conn.
- Burke's Speech on Conciliation with America** . . . . .  
Edited by L. DU PONT SYLE, University of California.
- Macaulay: Life of Samuel Johnson; Essay on Byron** . . . . .  
Edited by GAMALIEL BRADFORD, JR., Instructor in Literature,  
Wellesley and Boston.
- Wordsworth's White Doe of Rylstone** . . . . .  
Edited by MARY HARRIOTT NORRIS, Professor of English  
Literature.
- Tennyson's Elaine** . . . . . 25 "  
Edited by FANNIE MORE MCCAULEY, Instructor in English  
Literature, Winchester School, Baltimore.

*All are substantially bound in cloth. The usual discount will be made for these books in quantities.*

---

**LEACH, SHEWELL, & SANBORN, Publishers.**

**BOSTON. NEW YORK. CHICAGO.**

