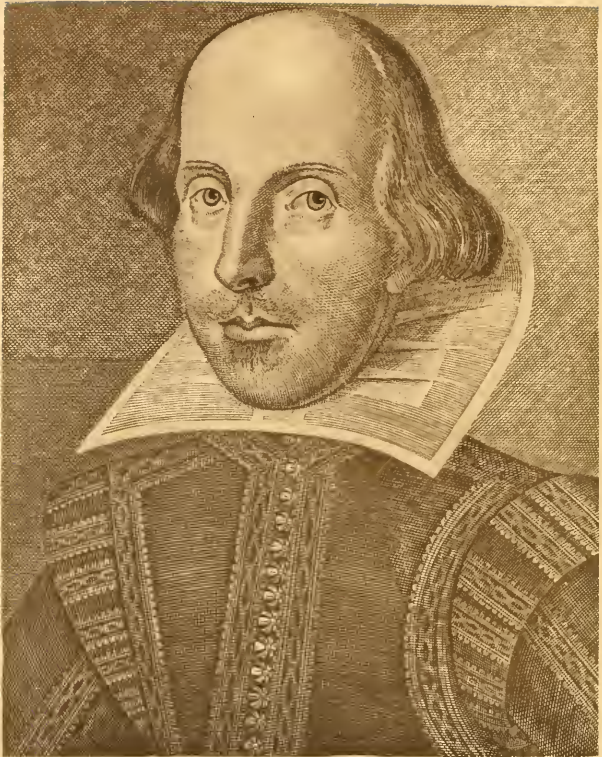


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William Shakespeare.
From the engraving by Trenchout
in the First Folio Edition of the plays.

The Laurel Classics

THE
MERCHANT OF VENICE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

EDITED BY
FREDERICK MANLEY.

BOSTON
C. C. BIRCHARD & COMPANY

1901

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In Memoriam

W. S. STAFFORD

WHO DEVOTED THE BEST YEARS OF HIS LIFE

TO THE INTERPRETATION OF

SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS.

PREFACE.

THIS edition of Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice is intended, primarily, for use in the class room, and therefore I have endeavored, throughout my work, to keep constantly in mind the needs of the young student.

I have avoided, as much as possible, the introduction of any matter calculated to weaken the interest of the student or to interfere with his enjoyment of the play as a great work of art, while I have done my best to give every aid necessary to the mastery of grammatical and etymological difficulties, and to provide such commentaries as, in my opinion, might enable the student to form an appreciative judgment of the play as an example of Shakespeare's dramatic art.

A number of words usually glossed in school texts I have allowed to go unexplained, for the reason that they may be easily looked up by the students themselves in Webster's Dictionary, and because they are treated therein more fully and certainly far more ably than I could ever hope to treat them myself.

I have received help from so many sources in the preparation of this work that it is impossible to enu-

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merate severally all my obligations. I am most deeply indebted, however, to Dr. Wm. J. Rolfe, who very kindly read part of my manuscript, and gave me the benefit of his criticisms. He also made several valuable suggestions to me with respect to the introduction ; and he generously gave me the benefit of his long experience as a teacher and interpreter of the master poet's plays.

Next to my obligation to Dr. Rolfe comes my indebtedness to the *Variorum Shakespeare of Furness*, a work to which I have turned continually for help and which, the more I studied it, the more I admired it, not only for its accuracy and great scholarship, but also for the fine quality of the editor's annotations.

It also gives me pleasure to acknowledge the interest taken in my work by Mr. Edward Howard Griggs, and to thank him here for several timely and most helpful criticisms.

It would take too much space to set forth a list of all the books upon which I have drawn, and so I have contented myself with furnishing the titles of a small number only. These, however, are of the first importance, and some of them (which I indicate by a cross, thus †) are works which the student of Shakespeare should have by him constantly.

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INTRODUCTION.

SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

CONCERNING the source of *The Merchant of Venice* we have no definite knowledge. Many pages have been written upon the subject, and much effort has been put forth by scholars of various nationalities in their search for the book, or story, or legend, to which Shakespeare is indebted for the plot of the present drama. The literatures of Europe and Asia have been ransacked for whatever might bear a resemblance to the poet's comedy; and the zeal with which the search has been conducted has led many students, especially those who have lacked the saving grace of humor, through countries and times with which, in all likelihood, Shakespeare was entirely unacquainted.

In a work like the present, it is impossible to enter exhaustively into any one of the many discussions regarding the source of *The Merchant*, or to set forth, in full, any of the rather numerous conjectures that have been made about Shakespeare's indebtedness to this source or that; for this book is designed to be used in the classroom, and any attempt at a display of antiqua-

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rian learning would not only be out of place, but would defeat the aim of the editor; which is, to make the study of Shakespeare as interesting as possible to the student, and to give him only such assistance as is essential to an understanding and appreciation of the text.

The three stories which, in the present play, are so skillfully interwoven and so perfectly related, are "as old as the hills," and are to be found, with only slight variations, in Buddhistic and in Italian literature, as well as in the ballads and tales of the French, German, Greek and English peoples.

The story of the *bond and the pound of flesh* appears in the "Cursor Mundi," a collection of tales, secular and religious, compiled in Northumbria in the thirteenth century. In the fourteenth century we find it in the *Gesta Romanorum*, a collection of stories written in Anglo-Latin, and translated into English about 1450. The story of the caskets also appears in this collection, and the same story is told in a romance called "Barlaam and Josaphat," written in Greek by Ioannes Damascenus, about A.D. 800, and translated into Latin before the thirteenth century. In this romance the trick of the caskets is employed by a king to illustrate to his courtiers the vanity of appearances.

In the "Confessio Amantis" of Gower (1325?-1408) we read of a king who uses the same means to

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moralize upon the uncertainty of Fortune, and the story is likewise told in the "Decamerone" of Boccaccio.

In the *Gesta Romanorum* there is found the tale of a Roman Emperor who makes use of the casket trick with a view to gaining an estimate of the character of the lady who is betrothed to his son. It is remarkable that the three caskets used by this Emperor have inscriptions almost identical with those given in the present play. It would, however, be unwise to reason from this that Shakespeare was directly indebted to the *Gesta Romanorum* for the ground-plan of his beautiful sub-plot of the caskets; for this story, and others of a like nature, must have enjoyed a widespread popularity; and one may safely believe that the tale of the caskets had been used more than once by some of Shakespeare's predecessors.

The story of the bond occurs in a collection of romances written by a Ser Giovanni, a notary of Florence, about 1378, but not printed till 1558. Here we have a Jew of Venice whose hopes of a bloody revenge are frustrated by a lady from Belmont; and here also we find the sub-plot of the rings.

In Percy's *Reliques* there is an old ballad in which the bond story is set forth, the Jew in this case being named Gernutus, one "who lending to a merchant a hundred crowns, would have a pound of his flesh, because he could not pay him at the day appointed."

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Again, in the 95th Declamation of the Orator, by Alexander Sylvan, there are passages which so closely resemble some of Shylock's speeches in the trial-scene that it is difficult not to believe that Shakespeare was acquainted with this work, a translation of which appeared in 1596.

The fourteenth tale of Masuccio di Salerno suggests the elopement of Jessica. A rich miser figures in it, and this miser acts toward his daughter very much as Shylock does toward Jessica, keeping her securely housed, and exercising the most niggardly economy. This daughter, like Jessica, robs her father and is carried off by her lover; and her father, like Shylock, is stricken with grief by the perfidy of his daughter and infuriated by the loss of his treasure.

That Shakespeare had read this novellino, and that it furnished him with the *motif* of Jessica's elopement, we may doubt, the probability being that he had come across it in some old play, or in the work of one of his contemporaries. Indeed, we know for certain that there was a play produced, some years before Shakespeare began his career as a playwright, embodying the two stories of the bond and the caskets. This old play is mentioned by Stephen Gosson in his *School of Abuse*, published in 1579. Gosson himself was sometime a writer of plays, but later in life he came to regard playwriting as a most ungodly craft, and even

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went so far as to call poets, players, and so forth, the "caterpillars of a commonwealth." There were some plays, however, which Gosson considered tolerable, even commendable, and one of these was, *The Jew*, given at the Bull playhouse, and "representing," says Gosson, "the greediness of worldly choosers, and bloody minds of usurers." By this, no doubt, is meant the story of the bond and the device of the caskets: hence we are inclined to believe that it was this old play to which Shakespeare was indirectly indebted for the plot of the Merchant.

There are some critics who believe that we see in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* the prototype of Shylock; that in *Ithamore*, the slave of Barabas, we have the fellow of *Launcelot Gobbo*, and that the situations between Marlowe's *Jew* and his daughter *Abigail* should be compared with those between *Shylock* and *Jessica*. It is doubtful, however, whether the student will find any resemblance between the two plays, other than that each has for its central figure a Jew. Nay, we may say, with all respect for Marlowe's genius, that *Barabas* is neither Jew, Christian, nor Moslem: he is a monstrous mask. *Shylock* is a human being; *Barabas* is a demon. *Shylock* sins through deep, intense passion; *Barabas* sins unnaturally. *Shylock* suffers, as he sins, profoundly; *Barabas* suffers rhetorically.

As for *Ithamore*, his slave, having any kinship with

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honest Launcelot Gobbo—it were as well to talk of a resemblance between the grotesque and impossible demons of Doré's pictures and the delightfully human peasants of Van Ostade. Launcelot is a good-natured fellow, full of quips and fancies and lovably roguish ways; but one thinks of Ithamore, not as a creature having any counterpart among human beings, but as a monstrosity.

Here is one recountal of his pleasant deeds :

Barabas. But tell me now, how hast thou spent thy time?

Ithamore. In setting Christian villages on fire,
Chaining of eunuchs, binding galley-slaves.
One time I was an ostler in an inn,
And in the night-time secretly would I steal
To travellers' chambers, and there cut their throats.
Once at Jerusalem, where the pilgrims kneeled,
I strewèd powder on the marble stones,
And therewithal their knees would rankle so,
That I have laughed a-good to see the cripples
Go limping home to Christendom on stilts.

Jew of Malta, Act II., Scene iii.

The creation of a monster like this was impossible to Shakespeare's genius. It is true that in the works of the master-dramatist we are sometimes horrified by the depths of passion in his characters and by their lusts; by the intensity of their hatreds, and by the awful results inevitably consequent upon these: but

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the horror in us arises from the knowledge that the tragedies we behold in the poet's works are lying dormant in the nature of every man as terrible possibilities, and our being trembles in their sensible presence. But if we have any sense of humor we are not horrified by such a figure as Marlowe's Ithamore; we are rather inclined to smile, and to see in him only a painted devil, having no parallel in nature, and fitted to inspire fear only in simple folk or children. Or we are disgusted, and turn away from him with loathing.

Shakespeare's indebtedness to Marlowe, then, so far as his characterizations are concerned, may be regarded in the same light as man's indebtedness to his brutish primeval ancestor; for if Shakespeare indeed took advantage of Marlowe's material, he used it as nature is held to have used the ape, and out of something bestial and cruel, his Promethian mind created men.

Marlowe's Jew of Malta was first acted in 1591. The Merchant of Venice was probably produced about 1596, though as to this we cannot be certain.

Barabas was undoubtedly a great favorite with Elizabethan audiences, being the very embodiment of the groundling's conception of a Jew, that is, one whose sole delight in life was to murder Christians, to poison their wells, to drink the blood of Christ on Easter night, to lure Christian children into dark places and there crucify them, and to destroy Christian rulers.

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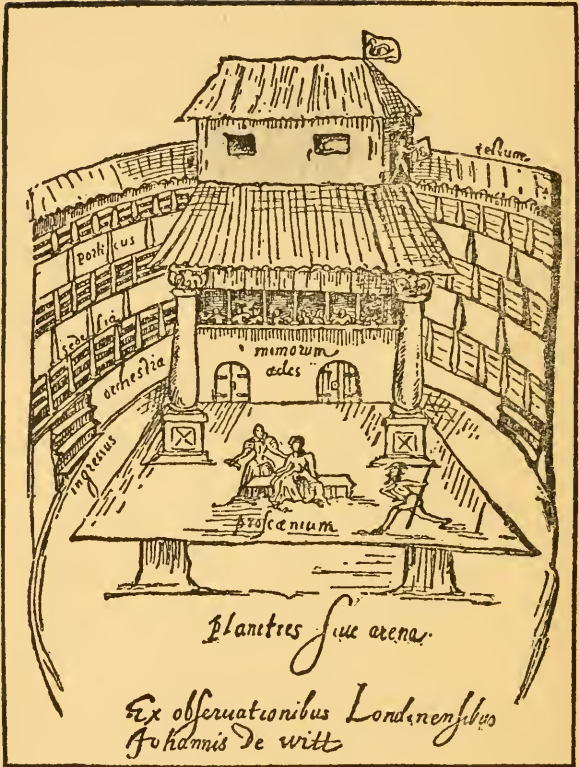
That this last-named charge was not directed by either superstition or prejudice of race, but on good and sufficient evidence, the Londoners of the last decade of the seventeenth century would prove, at least to their own satisfaction, by instancing the case of the then notorious Roderigo Lopez, a Jewish physician, who was hanged at Tyburn in the Spring of 1594, having been found guilty of an attempt upon the life of the queen. Lopez was at one time in the service of Lord Leicester, but was afterwards appointed physician to Elizabeth. At her court he became known to the Earl of Essex, who was at this time nearing the heyday of his power. There was then at the court a Portuguese refugee, one Antonio Perez, who claimed to be the rightful heir to the throne of his country, which, according to his story, he was prevented from occupying by King Philip of Spain: and as in these days there was little love between the Spanish and the English, Perez found in Elizabeth a ready sympathizer, and was received by her with favor. Dr. Lopez, it appears, was master of several languages, among which was the Portuguese, and Essex engaged him as interpreter to Perez. Lopez was at first interested in the pretender, and worked with the others to secure to him the restoration of his rights. It appears, however, that there was nothing kingly in the fellow, and Lopez, undoubtedly a man of strong personality and considerable ability, gradually lost in-

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terest in Perez and his cause, and finally parted with him and his patron, Essex. It is said that after this he attempted to poison Perez, having been bribed to do so by certain hirelings of the Spanish king. It is also said that he was importuned to poison Elizabeth, which, however, he refused to do. Nevertheless, he was arrested by Essex, who had discovered that a plot was being laid against the life of the queen, and was tortured by that young nobleman into a confession of guilt. He was tried at Guildhall and condemned, much to the rabble's satisfaction, who fondly believed him guilty, and saw in the unfortunate man the incarnation of their superstitions concerning the Jewish people.

Imagine, then, after this Lopez affair, the popularity of a play having for its central figure a Hebrew so execrable as Barabas. How the pennies of the Londoners must have flowed into the box-office, and the mob struggled into the "yard" of the theater, since called the pit, but then a fitting name for the place where the crowd herded. There under the heavens (for theaters had not as yet got roofs) the crowd swarmed, cursing the play or praising it, not always according to its merits, swilling beer and cracking nuts, or employing them as small ammunition wherewith to strike unacceptable actors; munching apples, gambling at cards, and behaving generally like a noisy mob at a

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Interior of an Elizabethan Theater.

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fair. And, indeed, fairs and dramatic spectacles were still closely associated in the minds of the people, for it was on a bare platform, under the open sky, that the early actors used to perform, chiefly on fair-days and holy-days, with a rustic multitude for audience, and the village green for auditorium.

Seated about the stage, some in their private boxes, some on three-legged stools which they have hired for the occasion, are the cavaliers, who signify their delight by thumping with their swords, and nodded approval with their plumed heads. Upon the rushes with which the stage is covered, struts the gallant, his silk cloak thrown back upon his shoulder while he strokes his mustachios, and shows his white and jewelled hand to someone whom he is ogling. Near him, with impudent stare and loud, rude voice, there is usually a number of young bullies, who come swaggering in from the Strand. There also may be seen a crowd of coxcombs, titled impertinences, pressing upon the actors and interrupting the play with their senseless tricks, their favorite one consisting in tickling each other's ears with rushes taken from the stage. In the midst of these people the players strut, sometimes losing their cues, the babel is so great, and often coughing out their lines, the smoke is so thick and rank. For all around them, the gentlemen are puffing the smoke of their Trinidad tobacco, and blowing it in rings, in

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divers fancy ways, each according to his ability, the groundlings, or occupants of the "yard," sometimes applauding the fanciest smoker.

We can easily imagine with what greedy delight an audience of this kind would receive Marlowe's Barabas. Indeed, so popular was the Jew of Malta that it was presented no less than twenty times between the spring of 1594 and the close of that year, a long run for a play in those days. Shakespeare and his manager, we may imagine, marked with what fanatical delight the populace flocked to witness Marlowe's play, and perhaps it was this hunger of the Londoners for Jewish characters on which they might feed their hate, that prompted Shakespeare to write his Merchant of Venice.

Some may condemn this belief on the ground that it makes the inspiration of genius dependent upon the capricious demands of the public, and the mind of Shakespeare the handmaid of vulgar taste. There is a difference, however, between the recognition of a demand and the manner in which the demand is met. From the little that we know of Shakespeare, we can be reasonably certain that he was preëminently a man of action. His hand was ever on the pulse of his age, and at no time was he unaware of its needs. If a play was wanted from him, whether by his sovereign or his public, it was quickly forthcoming, —

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but he supplied it in his own way, regardless of opinion, oblivious, we doubt not, to such a [thing as public taste in his hours of creation, and so lovingly occupied with the children of his genius that the world, for the time being, was as a strange family to him.

We may well believe that the crowds in the gallery and the yard of the Globe and Blackfriars theaters accepted Shylock as an offering to their prejudice and loathing, and that they beheld his ruin with much gloating and brave shrieking; with roars of laughter for Gratiano's quips and loud applause for Portia's cleverness. With what jeers must the exit of the frustrated Jew have been attended, with what curses and fierce sibilation!

We have changed somewhat; have grown to pity Shylock — nay, even to sympathize with him. The demon of Burbadge (the original Shylock) with the fiery beard and false nose — the vent-hole of Elizabethan injustice and wrong — what a difference between him and the dignified figure, so full, withal, of the despicable and the pathetic, of our great modern actors! Anathema and execration have given place to philosophical disquisition concerning, not the deviltry of Shylock, but the justice of his bond, the right and wrong of his enemies. Some will even have it that he is no longer the villain, but the victim of "Jus

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Summa Injuria," of the strict interpretation of abstract legal right, and that the play as a whole, instead of being the sometime medium of pleasing the prejudiced groundling, is really a great illustration of the relation of the individual to property.

We may readily grant that the play contains such elements, but we refuse, under favor, to believe, with some writers, that out of the principles of "property and the individual," or of "Jus Summa Injuria," the master dramatist created the Merchant of Venice. For this theory carries with it the ridiculous, but inevitable corollary, that the characters of Shakespeare are but allegorical puppets, which live, move and have their being through virtue of the *ologies* and the *isms* which they are supposed to exemplify; which theory, we may remark, is about as valuable, for mankind, as would be an astronomical theory that held the stars of heaven as chiefly valuable for their practical illustration of the law of gravitation. It was the object of the old plays known as mysteries, miracles, and moralities, to body forth incidents of sacred history, principles of conduct, and theologic dogma: and in this they succeeded admirably. But they never rose to the dignity of the true drama, for they lacked the virility of life, its freedom and mobility, its height and depth, its humor and its tears. They were sermons in *tableaux vivants*, spectacular exhortations to right-

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eousness. We ought, therefore, to look askance upon any theory which classes Shakespeare as a writer of philosophical mysteries or ethical miracles. For the only true way of regarding him is as "the Hierophant of Nature," and to look upon his dramas as interpretations of life. And this, you may remark, implies all manner of mysteries and miracles, all kinds of philosophies, theologies and theories of individual and property, abstract legal right and moral justice, everything, indeed, which makes up the sum of man's existence.

In the Merchant of Venice, it is not any one pivotal principle which interests us to the exclusion of all others; it is the clash of dissimilar natures, the conflict of love and hatred, justice and wrong, mercy and revenge; the intermingling of laughter and tears, of joy and despair, of dark enmities and sunlight friendships — of all the lights and shadows that play, in swift alternation, about the ways of Life.

Not in "Jus Summa Injuria," and not in the relation of the individual to property, nor in any other abstraction, is the genesis of the Merchant to be looked for; and he who attempts to read this, or any other true piece of poetry, in the light of these, will read in but a kind of dim moonshine, and strain his mental vision without any result, and certainly without any enjoyment; which latter, if it be of the right kind, is one

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of the ends toward which the study of literature is directed. It is true, of course, that you will find the above mentioned theories in the Merchant of Venice; but the question is, How many theories and principles will you not find, or imagine you find, in this human circle of the master's creation? It contains both the tragic and comic sides of life; is indeed a sort of twilight comedy, having in it at once the sparkle and joyousness of the day, and the sober shades of evening, yet hovering so perfectly between the two that we know not whether to be sad or merry.

While we are trembling for the fate of Antonio, and preparing to shed tears over his untimely taking-off, Portia, the embodied love of the drama, as Shylock is the incarnate hate, breaks upon the scene like comforting sunlight through storm-clouds, and dissipates the dire forces which are being prepared for Antonio's destruction. And yet we cannot resist the feeling of sadness which possesses us at the ruin of Shylock, even though we know that with his ruin the salvation of Antonio is purchased, and "Antonio is a good man," a man of generous heart and mind, of practical charity, and of much Christian kindness. But Shylock, too, is such a *man*, in all the strength and force of the word, that while we rejoice for Antonio's sake, we are deeply touched by the confusion of the Jew, and wish that his exit might not be accompanied by such humiliation and

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despair. We feel that under other circumstances than those presented in the play, Shylock might be admirable. We feel that, after all, he is not so culpable in his hatred as the social conditions that have kindled its fierce fires in his heart, conditions surely tragic, under which the Jews wore the badge of infamy and the garb of disgrace, were pent together in foul ghettos like cattle, branded like them by the iron, and stripped of their skin by the bloody lash of Christian persecution, wielded by centuries of prejudice and cruelty. Also under which such a character as Antonio, otherwise thoroughly lovable, could detest the Jew so intensely as to forfeit, for the time being, his rank of gentleman by playing the bully and debasing his manhood by a cowardly misuse of his social privileges, which we cannot read of without a feeling of shame. Let it not be said that this feeling of shame in us is due to the want of "the historical mind," that Antonio was as good as his social environments would let him be; that his ill-treatment of Shylock sprang, not altogether from personal dislike, but from his inherited detestation of the Jew as an enemy of the Saviour, and from his loathing of usury, which the Church had taught him, and all her children, to regard as a sin against God and man. The current opinions and beliefs of any period of history cannot, perhaps, be rightly estimated and appreciated without a well

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adjusted historical perspective, but it yet remains to be proved that the immortal part of man, his indestructible love of justice, his noble impulses and generous motives, have ever been aborted, or even dulled, by the wickedness and ignorance of any century in the history of mankind. Antonio, like many other men, can be generous enough where he loves, where it is easy to be generous, but of the generosity which comes of love, in the beautiful Christly sense of the word, he appears to have little, or even none at all. When we first meet Antonio, we see him under a cloud of sadness, an inexplicable sadness, for which his companions, Salarino and Salanio, have divers explanations. Chiefly that he is worrying about his merchandise; for what else, as they think, is it possible to fret over but wealth and the possible diminution of means to enjoyment which the loss of wealth entails? An explanation, however, which the haughty merchant rejects. As to being in love, he ridicules the idea; and as he himself cannot enlighten us, we are tempted to indulge in guessing, and say that his sadness foreshadows the coming disasters. But as the disasters end in happiness, we must needs let his sadness be, unless we reason that the state of his affairs is really responsible for his condition of mind. For notwithstanding his statement that his "ventures are not in one bottom trusted," nor his "whole estate upon the fortune of the

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present year," it afterwards appears, in his confession to Bassanio, that all his fortunes *are* at sea, and that he has "neither money nor commodity" wherewith to raise the money which Bassanio needs to furnish him "to Belmont, to fair Portia." But Antonio is too proud to make such an admission to his young satellites.

From Bassanio he conceals nothing. Between these two there is an ideal friendship, an affection in whose depths of tenderness all that is base is submerged and lost, and all that is beautiful and ennobling is generated. Their love is like that of two brothers, the wayward and impulsive Bassanio reverencing the thoughtful and sober Antonio, who, in his turn, regards his wild young kinsman with somewhat of a parent's tenderness. There is no thought, whether it be of joy or sorrow, that Bassanio keeps from him; and there is no task too difficult for Antonio's love.

How natural, then, that Bassanio, dreaming of winning a wife and a fortune, yet without the means of purchasing the opportunity to do so, should appeal to Antonio; that Antonio, reckless in the generosity of his love for Bassanio, should, for his love's sake, break an honored custom, and bid him borrow the money which he himself is unable to supply. How natural, too, that Bassanio, intoxicated by sweet thoughts of success, and impatient for the ripening of his schemes, should go straight to the man most likely to have the

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money on hand, to the famous money-lender, Shylock the Jew!

There is a tone of condescension in the reply of the Jew to the request of Bassanio, which irritates that young nobleman; for Shylock speaks of Antonio as though he were some petty dealer in commodities; considers long before signifying his willingness to lend the money, and finally says, with a lordly air: "I think I may take his bond."

To Antonio himself he is more respectful, though from the first we know that on Shylock's side there is hate; on Antonio's, **contempt**. Were this hate for the merchant, as Shylock's first utterances in his presence might imply, the hate of a usurer for one whose charity impairs his business, we might then be justified in representing Shylock, as did the actors before Macklin, as an unnatural monster, and in classing him with Barabas:—but mark the reasons which follow:

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.

If Antonio, a patrician among merchants, is haughty, and contemptuous toward the Jew, Shylock, a dignified presence among his people, is no less proud: a man capable of much reverence, sensitive about that

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nation which he so justly admires, and quick to feel any slight put upon him for his creed, for his worship of the God of Israel. To insult him on account of his religion is to sneer, indirectly, at the augustness of the Jew's Jehovah; and to jeer at the traditions of his, or indeed any man's people, when the traditions are, like those of the Hebrews, so lovingly cherished, is to bruise his egoism, to abase his intelligence, to proclaim his forefathers a race of dotards and his nation a parcel of fools. And there is no people that takes its religion, and even the dogmas and ceremonials which have clustered around it, so deeply in earnest as the Jews; nor can we discover in the spiritual history of man any creed so consistent as theirs, or any conception of Deity which has so withstood the invasions of philosophy, the inroads of new ideas, and the stronger influences of a despotic, proselytizing ecclesiasticism, through centuries of hardship, and among unfriendly peoples. And this consistency of the Jews as a nation is, to a great degree, the key-note of Shylock's character. In thought, word and deed he is a Hebrew; in his devotion to the law of his fathers, in his reverence for their traditions, and in his contempt for whoever or whatever is not of Jewry. Never, for a moment, is his nationality hidden. One can easily imagine him sacrificing with Abraham, or worshipping with David.

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A writer lacking the great genius of Shakespeare would doubtless, in creating Shylock, have given to his conversation a copious Talmudic sprinkling, the better to impress us with his nationality. But the Jew of the master is not compound of such tricks of type; and yet who would not recognize in him a grand Hebraic figure, even were he nameless, and his nationality a secret? In the blaze of the Renaissance, the glorious day of Christianity, following the darkness of Medievalism, he stands alone, somber, proud, and looks down upon the feverish joys and activities of the time with somewhat of the contempt of an old French aristocrat for the ostentation of a parvenue Bourgeoisie. For he is part of that first morning when Jehovah breathed into chaos, and to him the light of the Renaissance is but a mere coruscation of paganism.

Venice is magnificent, full of pomp and grandeur. Her skies have in them a tender azure; her sunsets are unequalled in their ineffable beauty. Mists of opal dream upon her emerald waters, and in them are reflected palaces of marble whose chambers are treasuries of art, whose walls are lovely with the pictures of great masters, Giorgione, Tintoret, Veronese, and Titian. Everywhere the eye is delighted with a blaze of color, and the whole city is a piece of sensuous loveliness. Her quays teem with sailors and traders from every known corner of the globe, who mingle, as

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they hurry to and fro, the hues of their garments under the shadows of the silken-sailed argosies—a vast human rainbow of Protean magnificence. Her very pavements are of chrysoprase, and shine translucent green in the sunlight; and though the feet of sorrow, which is everywhere immortal, press them daily, still they are crowded mostly with figures that are bent upon joy and merriment. Here, indeed, life seems a dream of happiness, all light and fair as the peaks of the Euganean hills in moonlight. Shylock is no part of this beauty, this riotous boyhood of the world. He is like a chapter of Job in the Sermon on the Mount. To him the so-called religion of the Venetians is execrable. Their mirth is unholy. Their God is an outrageous travesty upon his Jehovah. Their prodigality is sinful, and their thoughts and actions impious, being a contradiction and denial of the Law and the Prophets. In this luxuriant valley of the Renaissance, he resembles a solitary rock, cast there by the upheavals of a dim past; an anomaly, preserving, amidst all this softness and poetry, somewhat of the primordial granite.

When Antonio, in the face of Venice, spat upon this dignified figure, and spurned and mocked him, how should he divine what craters of revengeful fires were raging under the submissive shrug of the patient Jew? And could Bassanio have peered into the depths of

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Shylock's heart, he would have gone elsewhere for his ducats. But to him, as to Antonio, Shylock is but a mere Jew, a man, so far as injury to them is concerned, altogether impotent.

Long before Shylock appears upon the scene, the poison of his loathing for Antonio has formed within him. The rank social soil in which the Christian forced the Jew to grow, gave birth, after centuries of darkness and abuse, to bitter plants, souls of hemlock. On such a soul Antonio had trampled often and ruthlessly, crushing out of it all the venom of its nature and diffusing it through Shylock's being. When, therefore, Bassanio comes to Shylock with the proposition that Antonio become his debtor, may we not imagine Shylock thanking God for His goodness in providing him with an opportunity for revenge? Perhaps the bond and the pound of flesh came immediately to his mind. He goes to meet Antonio, inwardly gloating over the thought of the proud merchant's pecuniary embarrassment, but he hides his eagerness to make Antonio indebted to him under a show of business prudence. But the sight of Antonio, his supercilious demeanor, his air of lofty independence, even in borrowing, betray him into a recountal of his wrongs, suffered at the hands of the merchant, and wring from him those words of such bitter irony :

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— you come to me and you say,
“ Shylock, we would have moneys ; you say so,
You that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me, as you would 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 can lend three thousand ducats ? ” Or
Shall I bend low, and in a bondman’s key
Say this : “ Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last
You spurned me such a day ; another time
You called me dog ; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys ? ”

Antonio’s retort is cowardly. He cannot deny the truth of what Shylock says, is unable, or unwilling, to justify himself, and evidently seems to consider the Jew’s criticism of his brutal conduct a great impertinence, for he tells him he is as like to call him dog again, to spit on him again, to spurn him, too ; sneers at his business of money-lending, despite the fact that in this instance he finds it a convenience, and haughtily bids him lend the money, not as to a friend, but to an enemy,

Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty.

It is a challenge. Shylock, in his heart, accepts it, but outwardly deprecates Antonio’s storming, and, that the proposal of the bond may be received “ in a merry

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sport," vows that he would be friends with him, lend him the required money, and take no interest for the use of it. Antonio accepts this offer in good faith; at least, he is content to risk a pound of his flesh and to believe the bond to be, in truth, a merry sport. Bassanio objects, not too strenuously, however; and Antonio, laughing at his fear, closes with the Jew, who goes off to the notary's in triumph.

The strain of thoughtlessness, verging almost on selfishness, which is sufficiently apparent in Bassanio's somewhat weak acquiescence to the sealing of the bond, is not calculated to win our respect; but neither is it, in Bassanio's case, any deterrent to our affection. He has the warrant of friendship for appealing to Antonio for help, the temptation of hope and desire to make him accept of it to the danger of his friend, and a temperamental daring and impulsiveness which make prudence impossible and bedim whatever foresight he may have. Indeed, Bassanio is a creature of impulse, for the most part generous, and even noble; a man, besides, of the liveliest conception and decisive action, but in whom the heart is master of the head: impressionable to an exquisite degree; capable of fiery enthusiasm; chivalrous-hearted, and ready to follow an idea, or even a fancy, whithersoever it may lead him, reckless of consequences. A man of indestructible hope and forward-looking spirit; a soldier of fortune

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to whom chance is as a companion, and the speculative world a fit stage for the activities of his daring nature. In him, more than in any other character of the play, are figured forth the enthusiasm, the courage, the hope, the love of beauty and life, as well as the moral lightness, of the Renaissance; just as the antithetical attributes of patriarchal times, grim conservatism, narrow prudence, and deep earnestness touched with gloom, are embodied in Shylock.

To Bassanio the thought of failure in any scheme he has once formed never comes to trouble him; nay, perhaps even the spectres of old hopes, the minatory shapes of wrecked enterprises rising out of his past, only serve to make the contemplated venture all the more alluring to him. In setting forth his hopes in regard to Portia, he makes light of all the renowned suitors blown into Belmont from every coast, and tells Antonio that, were the means at hand to furnish him to the fair Colchis where the lady dwells, he should, beyond question, prove to be the fortunate Jason. Perhaps the memory of the fair, speechless messages received from Portia's eyes justifies this most confident assertion; but such is the nature of the man that even had the messages never been sent, one can fancy him going forth to try issues with chance from very love of the adventure.

It is clear that in such a character narrow self-interest or sordid motives could never dominate the

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thoughts, or exercise any directive influence upon the actions. And hence Bassanio, of all men in the world, would be the one most likely to appeal to the noble-hearted Portia, and to bring into her life the happiness which she deserves, and which her ever-virtuous father hoped to secure to her in devising the lottery of the three caskets. It is the happy fruition of the father's hopes which forms the element of comedy in *The Merchant of Venice*, not the deliverance of Antonio, for that is accomplished by means of most questionable honesty, and at the expense of the Jew's happiness, perhaps of his life. In conventional melodrama, the downfall, even the destruction of "the villain," does not disturb us; nay, we rather expect to see him either killed or frustrated, and are not at all disturbed when the nemesis overtakes him, for he is usually an impossible creature, the personification of sin and wrong, put into the play as a foil to virtue and to make her inevitable triumph the more glorious. But Shylock is a human being who, though he sins deeply, sins not without provocation, and is, in turn, sinned against; which fact, if it do not give rise to an actual tragic element in the play itself, suggests tragic thoughts to our minds. It is because fate sometimes plays tragically with such beings as Portia, in such situations as hers, and turns the sunshine of such natures into black sorrow, and because, loving and admiring her as we do,

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we behold fortune making her sunshine more radiant, instead of turning her day to night, — it is because of this that we are filled with that sense of repose and gratification which springs from the consummation of something greatly desired, and which it is the chief end of Comedy to bring to us.

Portia is a woman of sensibilities as exquisite as the snow garments which Winter gives to mountain pines, and any breath of rudeness would come to them as a cruel injury. There is in her nature, as in that of all good women, something mountain-like, a noble loftiness of mind, a whiteness of soul, spotless and unassailable, and a tenderness of heart that is like green places nearer earth, full of comfort and peace, of flowers and beauty. Should an unkindly fate marry her to a base man, what a tragedy that were! For with all her tenderness, with all her loyalty to her father's memory and her respect for his wishes, with all the submissiveness of her love and all that faithful recognition of duty which her nature teaches and her mind commends, with all this, she has in her a strength of individuality akin to Chalybean steel. For her love's sake, it will bend: in opposition to one whom she disliked, how easily might it become a thing of danger! For the wit that warms and illumines can also make the spirit dark. The mind that is capable of recognizing and appreciating nobility can also

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recognize baseness and loathe it. And the heart that loves greatly can hate intensely. But Portia is so fair-souled and lovable that it seems as if fate itself must grow tender toward this beautiful creature, make her a favorite, weave chaplets of orange blossoms for her brow, and supplement her worldly opulence with the riches of love.

The happiness of her future is dependent upon chance. Bassanio confesses that he goes to woo Portia in the hope of winning her through chance. Antonio borrows money that the chance may be taken, and trusts to chance to pay this money back; and it is on the chance of revenge that Shylock stakes the interest of his loan. On this current of chance these, and indeed all men, are borne, some to desolate places, others to delightful shores; some to love and beatitude in happy gardens of Belmont, others to sober houses in ghettos, to desolation and despair:

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

It is to be noted here, that by a beautiful stroke the poet has made hatred the lackey of love. The ducats which are given by Shylock in the hope of revenge, are the means wherewith Bassanio is led to Portia. The instrument designed for an evil end is the begetter of good, and the petard by which the plans of the

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designer are brought to nothing. Mark, however, that while an auspicious destiny is watching over Portia at Belmont, reserving her for Bassanio, whom she loves, leading the thrasonical Morocco, in his barbaric taste, to choose the golden casket, and the vain Arragon to select the casket of silver, this same destiny is deepening the night in Shylock's soul, and giving him reasons enough to make his desire for a pound of Christian flesh somewhat natural, however repulsive. In other words, Shakespeare is humanizing the usurious Hebrew.

Launcelot Gobbo, his servant, leaves him to enter the service of Bassanio, who furnishes him with a brave new livery, out of Shylock's ducats. The Jew, according to Launcelot, is the devil himself, a most miserly devil in whose household a servant is almost starved. As we get better acquainted with Launcelot, however, we find that the young gentleman is given to playful epithets and somewhat exaggerated descriptions; that his love of fun is out of all proportion to his respect for truth, and that his irrepressible fondness for pun-making and quibbling keeps his statements in a continual quarrel with fact. And so one can easily believe that he left the service of the Jew, not because he was famished therein, but because the sober house of Shylock did not afford him sufficient opportunity for gossip and merriment. And, then, a nature

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like his, compact of laughter, would hardly discover anything lovable in the stern and taciturn Jew. It is when Launcelot goes to his old master's house to announce his departure that we are introduced to Jessica. The conversation between these two, carelessly read, might lead us to see in Shylock a species of monster, a most unnatural parent, and a man to whom the love of gain is much dearer than his child. These are the first words of 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.

Would it not appear as if Shylock maltreated her? Did Shakespeare mean to convey this impression? If so, he has failed. With his usual mastery, he has made personality a greater force, and a surer basis of judgment, than either incident or statement. As we grow to know Jessica, we find in her a frivolous creature to whom the household of any staid man would be unbearable. For her youth's sake, we can pardon much that she says and does, and taking into consideration the constant suggestion to pleasure in the gay world into which she could gaze longingly, as through bars, but into which she might not enter, we can sympathize with her in her desire for freedom, and even connive at her elopement with the man she loves.

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But taking her all in all, she is one of the few unlovable women that the master has created, vain, falsely proud, ashamed of her father, her religion and her people, while her robbery of her father's money and jewels is, out of doubt, shameful.

It is not without good cause that Shylock, in taking leave of her and Launcelot, should feel some ill a-brewing towards his rest, and be right loath to go to the supper of those Christians by whom he is to be robbed of his money and his child. It is in this scene that there occurs one of the most affecting passages in the play, the one wherein Shylock breaks in upon his daughter and Launcelot while they are preparing a fresh sorrow for his already embittered life.

Launcelot : Mistress, look out at window, for all this :

There will come a Christian by

Will be worth a Jewess' eye.

Shylock : What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha !

Jessica : His words were, "Farewell, mistress," nothing else.

Shylock : The patch is kind enough.

The thought that Launcelot has been kind to his child, and is liked by her, changes Shylock's harsh inquiry to words that have in them a hidden tenderness, words which, coming from one so grim and undemonstrative, are equivalent to the warm praise of an ordinary man.

The elopement of Jessica takes place between the

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signing of the bond and the date of its forfeiture ; and though we cannot presume to say that Shakespeare consciously designed this sub-plot to justify the intensity of Shylock's hatred and the fierceness of his lust for revenge, it is nevertheless true that from this point on the Jew ceases to be merely a despicable usurer, becomes altogether human, an outraged father, and a man who is deeply wronged.

While Bassanio is on his way to Belmont and happiness, we are made acquainted with the grief of Shylock at the loss of his daughter and his treasure : and as though the sorrow of his seared heart were too great to be exhibited, as though his cries of rage and bitterness were too pathetic to be heard, and altogether too tragic for a comedy, the words and actions of the Jew immediately after his discovery of his losses are reported to us by the gossamer-minded Salanio and Salarino.

Salanio : I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets.

Naturally, the "dog Jew" being quite human, as fond of his child as other parents of theirs, as prone to feel wrong, as susceptible to disgrace, and as quick to avenge himself on the wrong-doers. The rabble of Venice follows him with mocking cries ; casts stones at

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him, no doubt, and out of his grief extracts the sweets of Christian enjoyment at a Jew's confusion.

Some time after this, we again meet Salanio and Salarino, and hear from them that Antonio has had misfortune. Shylock breaks in upon their conversation, and is greeted by Salanio with these words :

How, now, Shylock, what news among the merchants ?

What news could there be for him among the merchants but their sneers, their laughter, their ironic references to Jessica's elopement; their winks and nudges and ill-concealed titterings? It is these two gadflies, Salanio and Salarino, devoid of all true charity, that sting Shylock, in this scene, into the grandest vindication of the inherent rights of man, the most sublime protest against injustice, that has ever been written. Here his hate is no longer personal: it is a sort of divine hate which has in it the cry of a martyred people against the slavery of centuries, against the rack, the bloody shambles, the cruel whip, the garb of shame! What an idea we should possess of the ethical consciousness of the times of Elizabeth, could we but know what effect this speech had upon Shakespeare's audience, such a one as we have attempted to describe. They had but lately shrieked and cursed as Lopez mounted the scaffold, "He is a Jew!" And now Shylock stood before

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them, grand in his utterance of eternal truth, proudly declaring, "I am a Jew!" Nowhere is the greatness of Shakespeare more manifest.

It is also in this scene that Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of Shylock's tribe, announces to him the fruitlessness of his search for Jessica; and it is in this scene that Shylock wishes his daughter were dead at his feet, and the ducats she has stolen in her coffin, — cruel words, but, considering how cruelly she had wronged him and disgraced her people, they would not appear wholly unmerited to one who could regard the matter sympathetically with the Jew; and they are certainly the natural outburst of Shylock's present state of mind, now well nigh on the verge of madness, and tormented by the jibes and pricks of Salanio and Salarino into a blind fury.

When Tubal tells him of Antonio's losses, his lamentation is changed to an insane delight, and he thanks God for what, to him, is consoling news. It seems, then, that the Lord of Hosts has not forgotten and deserted him, but on the contrary has delivered one of the authors of his sorrow into his hands! The stroke of art whereby Tubal is made to intermingle bad news with good, the announcement of Antonio's adversity with Shylock's losses, is exceedingly fine; and when we see and hear the sorrow and indignation which burst from Shylock on learning that his daughter has

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sold his turquoise for a monkey, a sacred and precious memento for a frivolous novelty, our hearts are touched with pity, and we feel that his vow to have the heart of Antonio is not the bloody ranting of a demon, but the expression of wild rage in a persecuted man, the fierceness of a long-suffering soul loosed from its thralldom, and seeking vengeance on its harasser.

In the trial scene, the cruel inflexibility of the man changes this feeling of pity into one of horror ; yet in his most despicable moments we cannot resist entertaining for him a secret admiration, he is so great intellectually, so granite-like in the strength and consistency of his resolve, so honest in his hatred. Such a perfectly able man ! He fights the Christian state of Venice single-handed, and they must needs resort to quibbles to defeat him.

The capacity for intense hatred is a sad attribute in the most prosaic of beings : in a man like Shylock it is tragic. That we ought to loathe him for nursing such a terrible design upon Antonio, is true ; but it is also true that the existence of so cruel and unjust a society as this wherein Shylock's lot is cast, a society so bloody and fierce in its prejudices as to justify the great hatred which the Jew has for it, is a tragedy in itself, so full of awe that no comedy, however exquisitely humorous, can quite make us consider it lightly, or pass over it with a smile.

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When the news of Antonio's danger reaches Belmont, Bassanio immediately hurries off to Venice, bearing with him a large sum of money furnished by Portia, whom he has had the good fortune to win as his wife; by which means he hopes to tempt Shylock from his bloody purpose. In this he acts impulsively, relying, as usual, upon a happy chance to deliver his friend, and not upon any well conceived plan of action. Had he paid sufficient attention to the words of Jessica:

When I was with him I have heard him swear,
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him —

had he marked these words, his belief in the potency of his ducats to charm the Jew might not have been so great.

It is Portia who, broader- visioned than Bassanio, and divining that a man's hate, like his love, may be stronger in him than greed of gain — it is she who now becomes the protagonist in this drama of life-and-death struggle between friendship and enmity. We have seen how faithful she has been to her duty, with what a noble passivity she has bowed to the will of her dead father, with what fortitude she has submitted and endured; we now begin to see with what strength

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she can act, with what clear-sightedness she can plan, and how forcefully she is able to put her plans into execution. Her preparations for Antonio's defense are made with all the attention to detail, and with all the elaborate care of a practiced lawyer. This practical spirit, however, which in Portia is the wisdom of womanhood co-operating with a beautiful femininity, does not at any time prevent the joyous element of her nature from expressing itself, and her girlishness, with all its delicate humor and love of innocent fun, robs her preparations of their somber significance, and comes to us as a beautiful relief to the dark earnestness of Shylock's malice. Bound on a mission whose success is essential to her husband's well-being, and feeling the weight of her responsibility with all the earnestness of her heart and mind, she can, withal, give play to the sunshine of her being in her humorous comments on her undertaking, and in her proposed wager with Nerissa, that being accoutered like young men she will prove the prettier fellow of the two, and play the part of a young bragging Jack with more fidelity. Even when, as Balthasar, she enters the court and takes her place as judge, there is a playfulness breaking through her assumed dignity which lights up the gloom of the scene and serves to rob it of its terrors. But this playfulness must not be mistaken for a want of appreciation, on her part, of the situation.

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It is rather an inward exulting that she finds it difficult to control and conceal. For well she knows that the case is already decided; that here she is supreme; and her heart is glad at the thought that she, for whose love's sake Antonio is suffering, is now able to discharge love's debt and be his savior.

Portia is the nemesis of Shylock. It is this great love of hers, which the Jew's ducats helped Bassanio to win, that now confronts his fierce hatred. It is dawn come to annihilate darkness. Yet such is the kindness of her womanly heart that she would fain be merciful even to this most inveterate enemy of her husband's friend, and would win him to mercy rather than force him to justice. The pity of it is that the Jew cannot understand her mercy. He is a graduate, not of a school of charity, but of a school of villainy, wherein he has been well taught, and the instruction whereof he now purposes putting into practice.

Mercy belongs to Christ, and the followers of Christ have murdered, tortured, vilified the Jew. Justice belongs to God, and the child of Jehovah will kill the Christian! An eye for an eye—what, to Shylock, could be fairer? The Mercy of which Portia speaks is as foolish to him as the grim Law of Shylock is horrible to Portia, and besides, between the Jew and the Christian it is a question of "Thy life or mine; thy prosperity and happiness or mine!" and thinking

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himself master of the situation, could anything appear more foolish to Shylock than to throw away his advantage, and break the oath of vengeance which he has recorded in heaven? His reasoning is unanswerable; his logic irresistible. Beyond question, he is horrible in his thirst for a bloody satisfaction, but notwithstanding, he is great; and we cannot resist the impulse to admiration as he stands there striking all Venice into dumb terror. The combined intellects of that court would be no match for the man: in fair open fight he can catch them all upon the hip and beat them. But as of old the great Samson was shorn of his strength by a woman's art, so now is Shylock's power of mind, the strength of his legal position, and the mighty force of his hatred brought low, utterly overturned and rendered impotent by the wit of Portia.

She sets her trap in the cunningest way imaginable, leading the Jew to the gin of self-interest, and catching him fast in the toils of his weaknesses, which the hoodwinked victim believes to be his most inexpugnable strengths. Nevertheless, he is but trapped; and traps and Justice, gins and Right, have no faintest shadow of relationship.

It has often been said that Shylock is robbed of his pound of flesh by a legal quibble; that for the court to declare that it awards a pound of flesh, and that the law doth justly give it, and then to say that if, in cutting

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the flesh, one drop of blood is shed, it is no longer a lawful act, but a crime — all this, it is held, is but the merest trick of sophistic refinement. And this is true: but Portia, it must be remembered, does not rest her case, ultimately, on this quibble. Shakespeare, as Mr. Wm. J. Rolfe has admirably pointed out,¹ was too great an artist to be content to follow strictly the old and familiar story of *the bond and the pound of flesh*. It was a story undoubtedly well known to his audience, and had he neglected to incorporate in his play the most sensational part of the tale, it is almost certain that *The Merchant* would have failed of popular success. Besides, the ingenious quibble served his dramatic purpose admirably, and he uses it with an effect unparalleled in dramatic literature. The intellectual power of Shylock is met by the wit of Portia; the fierceness of the Jew's lust for Antonio's blood is brought into sharp opposition with the mercifulness and pity of his victim's beautiful savior, and the mad desire of the Jew for a frightful satisfaction is contrasted with the calmness and self-possession of Portia, secure in her sense of justice and upheld by the sacredness of her cause. But whence springs this sense of justice? Surely not from her knowledge of the dead letter of the law, not from the certainty that it is impossible for Shylock to cut "just a pound of flesh" and in the cutting to avoid

¹ See Furness' *Variorum Shakespeare*, p. 225.

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spilling a drop of Antonio's blood: it springs from a far deeper source than this, from the consciousness that it is eternally wrong for any man to desire the life of another and eternally right to deprive the would-be murderer of his power to carry out his awful design. The hold which the law has on Shylock is, not that he cannot conform to the condition of the bond, but that he has plotted against the life of Antonio, whom he hates. Shakespeare was too great a man, was too deeply religious and fair-minded to overlook an indestructible ethical law for the sake of a dramatic situation, however ingenious it might be. But it is this very greatness of Shakespeare as a humanist which gives rise to inconsistencies in Portia's behavior irreconcilable with her actions in general, and certainly with her lofty principles of Christianity as set forth in the famous plea for mercy. For acting in harmony with her own principles of mercy, Portia would have advised Shylock beforehand of the worthlessness of his case, and so proved consistent with herself: as it is, she plays with the Jew, and even seems to throw brands of promise upon the fire of his hope, as if to deepen her pleasure in its inevitable extinguishment, or to enjoy her own sense of power. But the necessities of the plot compel this behavior on Portia's part, for though according to justice Shylock ought not to be robbed of his money, still, according to dramatic

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laws, he must be so robbed, else where were the thrilling climax of the scene, and, in the player's parlance, the "fine business" of the situation.

It is not the loss of Shylock's ducats, however, which disturbs us, for what is his money compared with Antonio's salvation?—nor is it his failure to wreak his vengeance upon the good merchant; for, on the contrary, the chagrin, the inward rage, the bitterness of spirit, which this failure must bring to Shylock, are but a merited punishment for the crime of his monstrous desire. But when we learn that he is to be robbed of his goods; that he is to be a pensioner on the bounty of those who have wronged him; that he is to be compelled, on pain of death, to forswear his nation and renounce his God; that he is, in short, to be reduced to a social cipher, a nonentity—then our hearts get full of pity for the man; he becomes in one's eyes a martyr to Christian injustice, and the thought of his wrong casts a gloom over the joy of Antonio's deliverance, and the comedy of the scene is quite lost in the pathos of its humanity.

Love, as we have seen, conquers hate: and this is well. But cruelty crushes mercy, and strength and cowardice trample upon weakness. This is not well. The crowds in the Globe and Blackfriars were no doubt delighted; and one may be permitted to wish that Shakespeare had not provided this particular cause

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of their enjoyment. For the genius of the master, working after the manner of all mighty spirits, created Shylock a man, with all the failings to which man is heir, and with certain qualities to which but few are heirs, and by creating him thus he has, at least for the modern mind, raised up a figure of so tragic an aspect that it casts a shadow over the joyousness of the play, a shadow that will not be dispelled, and which makes it almost impossible to regard the Merchant as a comedy, but rather as a tragedy greatly relieved by a wealth of humorous incident and dialogue.

The fifth act of this drama is justly placed among the great lyrics of the world's literature. Perhaps, as many commentators agree, its soft airs, its peace, its music, its poetry, its rich suggestiveness of the charms of a night flooded with moonlight and beautiful with the witchery of love, were designed as a contrast to the struggle and the fever of the trial-scene, and meant to lead the spirit from the storm and stress of the preceding act into a sweet repose. But does it not rather deepen our feeling of sorrow for Shylock, and intensify the gloom into which the Jew has been cast? Not if we share the Venetians' prejudice, and dismiss Shylock as a demon who has been well served. But it is quite otherwise if we consider him as a man hardly treated, and especially if a sympathetic imagination follows him from the court-room. May we not, in

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fancy, go with him through the streets of Venice? There, with bent head and wild eyes, dazed by the stroke which Christian mercy has dealt him, he totters along, the cries and curses of the rabble sounding to him like dream-noises, and their blows and pelted scoria falling upon him unheeded. We may go with him to the door of his sober house wherein his child once dwelt with him, not without love; where the Christians envied, and his countrymen honored him; where he passed his days in peace, worthily, honestly, a good citizen (could the Venetians have but seen his qualities), but wherein he must henceforth dwell in solitude, in darkness of soul and disgrace; perhaps cease to exist at all, for what his thoughts are on staggering from the court, no one can tell. Meanwhile, the pretty Jessica will be happy with her lover at Belmont. Portia will banish Shylock from her thoughts and live in the light of her love, Bassanio. Antonio will continue to be honored, perhaps to soil Jewish gaberdines, and all the fortunate ones of the play will no doubt live long and prosper, and make their final exit from life as good Christians and much lamented citizens.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

THE DUKE OF VENICE.

THE PRINCE OF MOROCCO, }
THE PRINCE OF ARRAGON, } *suitors to Portia.*

ANTONIO, *a Merchant of Venice.*

BASSANIO, *his friend, suitor likewise to Portia.*

SALANIO,

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

SALERIO,

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.*

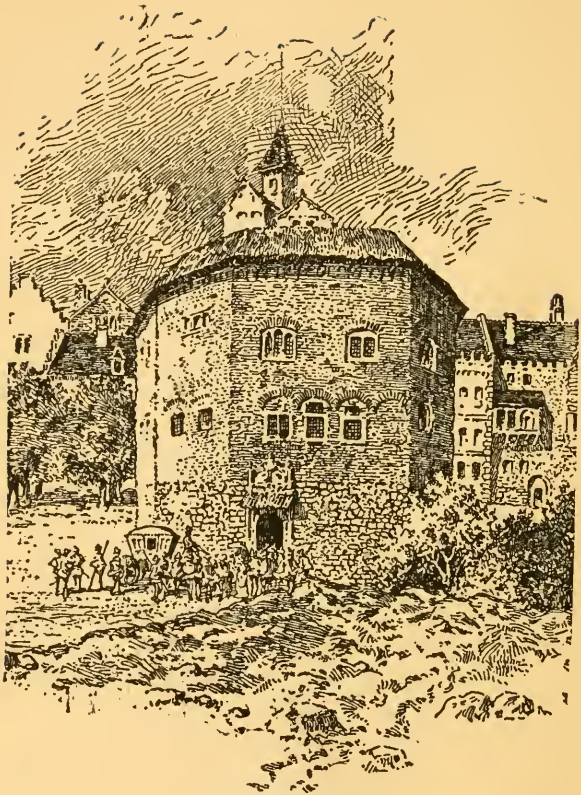
PORTIA, *a rich heiress.*

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.*



The Globe Theatre.

The authenticity of this drawing is somewhat doubtful.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

ACT ONE.

Scene I.

Venice. A street.

Enter Antonio, Salarino, and Salanio.

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 curt'sy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salanio. 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.

Salar. 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

Ant. 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.

Salar. Why, then, you are in love.

Ant. Fie, fie !

Salar. 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.

Salar. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kins-
 man,

Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well :

We leave you now with better company.

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

If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.

I take it your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

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

You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt Salarino and Salanio.*]

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.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gratiano. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

Ant. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage, where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

Gra. 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, An-
tonio —

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.

Lor. 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.

Gra. Well, keep me company but two years more,
Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own
tongue.

Ant. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear. 110
[*Exeunt Gratiano and Lorenzo.*]

Bass. 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.

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

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Antonio, 120
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,

I owe the most, in money and in love ;
 And from your love I have a warranty 130
 To unburden all my plots and purposes,
 How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. 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.

Bass. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,
 I shot his fellow of the self-same flight
 The self-same way with more advised watch, 140
 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,
 Or bring your latter hazard back again,
 And thankfully rest debtor for the first. 150

Ant. 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.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left ;
 And she is fair, and, fairer than that word, 160
 Of wondrous virtues : sometimes from her eyes
 I did receive fair speechless messages :
 Her name is Portia ; nothing undervalued
 To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia :
 Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth ;
 For the four winds blow in from every coast
 Renowned suitors : and her sunny locks
 Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,
 Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos'
 strand,
 And many Jasons come in quest of her. 170
 O my Antonio, had I but the means
 To hold a rival place with one of them,
 I have a mind presages me such thrift,
 That I should questionless be fortunate !

Ant. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea ;
 Neither have I money nor commodity
 To raise a present sum : therefore go forth ;
 Try what my credit can in Venice do :
 That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
 To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia. 180

Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is
awearry of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your mis-
eries 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.

10

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well followed.

Por. 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 20
decree: such a hare is madness, the youth, to
skip o'er the meshes of good counsel, the cripple.
But this reasoning is not in the 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?

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy 30
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 shall rightly love. But
what warmth is there in your affection towards
any of these princely suitors that are already
come?

Por. I pray thee, over-name them; and as thou 40
namest them, I will describe them; and,
according to my description, level at my affec-
tion.

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

Por. 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.

Ner. Then there is the County Palatine.

Por. He doth nothing but frown; as who should 50
say, 'if 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!

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

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass 60
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 mad-
ness, I shall never requite him. 70

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

Por. You know I say nothing to him; for he under-

stands 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 dumb-show? 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 every where. 80

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

Por. 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.

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew? 90

Por. 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.

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform 100

your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

Por. 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 any thing, Nerissa, ere I'll be married to a sponge.

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with 110 their determination; 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.

Por. 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; 120 and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner. 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?

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

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady. 130

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.

Enter a Serving-man.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for 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.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good a heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I 140 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.

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

Scene III.

Venice. A public place.

Enter Bassanio and Shylock.

Shylock. Three thousand ducats ; well.

Bassanio. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months ; well.

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

Shy. Antonio shall become bound ; well.

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

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

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the con-
trary ?

Shy. 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 Trip-
olis, another to the Indies ; I understand, more-
over, upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, 20
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.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may ; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio? 30

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. 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? 40

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. [*Aside*] How like a fawning publican he looks ! I hate him for he is a Christian ;
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, 50
 On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
 Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
 If I forgive him !

Bass. Shylock, do you hear ?

Shy. 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 Ant.*] Rest you fair, good
 signior ; 60
 Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, although I neither lend nor borrow,
 By taking nor by giving of excess,
 Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
 I'll break a custom. Is he yet possess'd
 How much ye would ?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. 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 70

Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's
sheep, —

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

Ant. And what of him? did he take interest?

Shy. 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

80

Should fall as Jacob's hire,
The skilful shepherd pilled me certain wands,
And stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
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.

Ant. 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. 90
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

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

Ant. 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 !

Shy. Three thousand ducats ; 'tis a good round 100
sum.

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

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

Shy. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
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. 110
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,
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 can lend three thousand ducats?’ or
Shall I bend low and in a bondman’s key, 120
With bated breath and whispering humbleness,
say this,—

‘Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurn’d me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I’ll lend you thus much moneys’?

Ant. 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 for barren metal of his friend? 130
But lend it rather to thine enemy,
Who if he break, thou mayest with better face
Exact the penalty.

Shy. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained 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.

Bass. This were kindness.

- Shy.* This kindness will I show.
 Go with me to a notary, seal me there 140
 Your single bond, and, in a merry sport,
 If you repay me not on such a day,
 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.
- Ant.* Content, i' faith: I 'll seal to such a bond,
 And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
- Bass.* You shall not seal to such a bond for me: 150
 I 'll rather dwell in my necessity.
- Ant.* Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it:
 Within these two months, that 's a month before
 This bond expires, I do expect return
 Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
- Shy.* 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? 160
 A pound of man's flesh taken from a man
 Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
 As flesh of muttons, 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.

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

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;

Give him direction for this merry bond,

And I will go and purse the ducats straight ; 170

See to my house, left in the fearful guard

Of an unthrifty knave, and presently

I will be with you.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew. [*Exit Shylock.*

The Hebrew will turn Christian : he grows kind.

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

Ant. Come on : in this there can be no dismay ;

My ships come home a month before the day.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT SECOND.

Scene I.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Flourish of cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco and his train; Portia, Nerissa, and others attending.

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
 Hath loved it too: I would not change this hue,
 Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. 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.

Mor. 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 outstare 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.

Por. 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.

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

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

Mor. Good fortune then !
To make me blest or cursed 'st among men.

[*Cornets, and exeunt.*]

Scene II.

Venice. A street.

Enter Launcelot.

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 con-
science 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 cour- 10
ageous 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 incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but 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 command; I will run.

Enter Old Gobbo, with a basket.

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

Laun. [*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.

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to master Jew's? 40

Laun. 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.

Gob. 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?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [*Aside*] 50
Mark me now; now will I raise the waters. Talk you of young Master Launcelot?

Gob. 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.

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

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, ergo, old man, ergo, I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot? 60

Gob. Of Launcelot, an't please your master-ship.

Laun. 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.

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

Laun. Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop? Do you know me, father? 70

Gob. 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?

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

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

Laun. 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: (*Launcelot kneels.*) truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but in the end truth will out. 80

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

Laun. 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.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son. 90

Laun. 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.

Gob. 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.

Laun. It should seem, then, that Dobbin's tail 100 grows backward: I am sure he had more hair of his tail than I have of my face when I last saw him.

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

Laun. 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 110 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.

Enter Bassanio with Leonardo and other followers.

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the 120 clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making, and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a servant.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! wouldst thou aught with me?

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

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man, that would, sir, — as my father shall specify, — 130

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

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

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

Laun. 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 140 unto you, —

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

Laun. 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.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir. 150

Bass. 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.

Laun. 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.

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

Take leave of thy old master and inquire 160
My lodging out. Give him a livery
More guarded than his fellow's : see it done.

Laun. 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 170
 drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life
 with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple
 escapes. 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. [*Exeunt Launcelot and Old Gobbo.*]

Bass. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
 These things being brought and orderly bestow'd,
 Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
 My best-esteem'd acquaintance: hie thee, go. 180

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter Gratiano.

Gratiano. Where is your master?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit.*]

Gra. Signior Bassanio, —

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

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

Bass. Why, then you must. But hear thee, 190
 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
 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.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me : 200

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,'
 Use all the observance of civility,
 Like one well studied in a sad ostent
 To please his grandama, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night : you shall not gauge 210
 me

By what we do to-night.

Bass. 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 :
 I have some business.

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

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.

Laun. Adieu ! tears exhibit my tongue. Most 10
beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew ! But, adieu :
these foolish drops do something drown my
manly spirit : adieu.

Jes. 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. [*Exit.* 20

Scene IV.

*The same. A street.**Enter Gratiano, Lorenzo, Salarino and Salanio.*

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

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

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

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

Lor. 'Tis now but four o'clock : we have two hours
 To furnish us.

Enter Launcelot with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what 's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this, it 10
 shall seem to signify.

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

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

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

Lor. Hold here, take this : tell gentle Jessica

I will not fail her ; speak it privately. 20

Go, gentlemen, [*Exit Launcelot.*

Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?

I am provided of a torch-bearer.

Salar. Ay, marry, I 'll begone about it straight.

Salan. And so will I.

Lor. Meet me and Gratiano

At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.

Salar. 'Tis good we do so [*Exeunt Salar. and Salan.*

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

Lor. 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. Before Shylock's house.

Enter Shylock and Launcelot.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be the 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 !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

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

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

Enter Jessica.

Jes. Call you ? what is your will ? 10

Shy. 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.

Laun. I beseech you, sir, go : my young master
doth expect your reproach. 20

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. 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.

Shy. 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.

Laun. I will go before, sir. Mistress, look out at 40
window, for all this,

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

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

Jes. His words were 'Farewell, mistress;' nothing else.

Shy. 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.*

Jes. 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.

Gra. This is the pent-house under which Lorenzo
 Desired us to make stand.

Salar. His hour is almost past.

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

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
 To seal love's bonds new-made, than they are
 wont

To keep obliged faith unforfeited !

Gra. That ever holds : who riseth from a feast
 With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
 Where is the horse that doth untread again 10
 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 the prodigal doth she return,
 With over-weather'd ribs and ragged sails,
 Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

Sal. Here comes Lorenzo : more of this here-
 after. 20

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sweet friends, your patience for my long
 abode ;
 Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait :
 When you shall chose 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.

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

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

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

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

Jes. 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.

Lor. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer. 40

Jes. 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.

Lor. 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.

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

[*Exit above.*]

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

Lor. 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.

Ant. Who's there?

60

Gra. Signior Antonio!

Ant. 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.

Gra. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than 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.

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

Mor. 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

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

Mor. 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, Moroco,
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 afeard 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 paved 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 throughfares 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 ? 'T were dam-
 nation

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

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

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

Mor. 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.]

Por. A gentle riddance. Draw the curtains, go.
Let all of his complexion choose me so. *[Exeunt.]*

Scene VIII.

Venice. A street.

Enter Salarino and Salanio.

Salar. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail :
With him is Gratiano gone along ;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries raised the
Duke

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came 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.

Salar. 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, 20
 Stolen by my daughter ! Justice ! find the girl !
 She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats ! ’

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

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

Salar. 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 wished in silence that it were not his.

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

Salar. 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 then, 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.

Salan. I think he only loves the world for him. 50

I pray thee, let us go and find him out,

And quicken his embraced heaviness

With some delight or other.

Salar. Do we so. [Exeunt.

Scene IX.

Belmont. A room in Portia's house.

Enter Nerissa and a Servitor.

Ner. 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.*

Por. 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.

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things :
First, never to unfold to any one 10
Which casket 't was 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.

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

Ar. 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.*

Por. [*Aside*] Too long a pause for that which you find
 there.

Ar. 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

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

Ar. 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, 70
 I will ever be your head :
 So be gone : you are sped.

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 wroth.

[Exeunt Arragon and train.

Por. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
 O, these deliberate fools ! when they do choose, 80
 They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

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

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady?

Por. Here : what would my lord !

Serv. 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 regrets,
 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.

Por. No more, I pray thee : I am half afraid
 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

Ner. Bassanio, lord Love, if thy will it be ! [*Exeunt.*]

ACT THIRD.

Scene I.

Venice. A Street.

Enter Salanio and Salarino.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto ?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there unchecked, that
 Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wrecked
 on the narrow 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.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that

as ever knapped ginger, or made her neighbors
believe she wept for the death of a third hus- 10
band. But it is true, without any slips of pro-
lixity, 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! —

Salar. Come, the full stop.

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

Salar. I would it might prove the end of his losses. 20

Salar. 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?

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

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

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

Shy. She is damned for it.

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

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel !

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

Shy. I say, my daughter is my flesh and blood.

Salar. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory ; 40
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 ?

Shy. 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 50
money for a Christian courtesy ; let him look to his bond.

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

Shy. 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 his reason ? I 60
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. 70

Enter a Servant.

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

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

Enter Tubal.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe: a third 80
cannot be matched, unless the devil himself
turn Jew. [*Exeunt Salan. Salar. and Servant.*]

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

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

Shy. 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 90 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 what's 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 on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; 100 no tears but of my shedding.

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

Shy. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

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

Shy. I thank God, I thank God! Is 't true, is 't true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wreck. 110

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

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

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

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

120

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

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

Shy. 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.

Tub. But Antonio is certainly undone.

Shy. Nay, that 's true, that 's very true. Go, Tubal, 130
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, 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.

Por. 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 I am then 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'er-look'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.

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

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

Bass. 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.

Por. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforced do speak any thing.

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

Por. Well then, confess and live.

Bass. '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.

Por. Away, then ! I am lock'd in one of them : 40
If you do love me, you will find me out.
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, while Bassanio comments on the casket 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.

Bass. So may the outward shows be least them-
selves :

✓ 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 livers 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 !

Por. [*Aside*] How all the other passions fleet to air,
 As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
 And shuddering fear, and greed-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 !

Bass.

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 120
hairs

The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
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.

Por. 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 something, which, to term in gross,
Is an unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractised ; 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.

Bass. 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 !

Ner. 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 !

Gra. My lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, 190
 I wish you all the joy that you can wish ;
 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.

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

Gra. 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.

Por. Is this true, Nerissa ?

Ner. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. 210

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

Gra. Yes, faith, my lord.

Bass. Our feast shall be much honored in your
marriage.

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

What, and my old Venetian friend Salerio ?

Enter Lorenzo, Jessica, and Salerio, a Messenger from Venice.

Bass. Lorenzo and Salerio, 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.

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

Lor. I thank your honour. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

Saler. I did, my lord;
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[Gives Bassanio a letter.]

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

Saler. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind; 230
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

Gra. Nerissa, cheer yon stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio: 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.

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

Por. 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.

Bass. 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 as 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 very 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, Salerio ?
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 ?

Saler. 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.

Jes. When I was with him I have heard him swear 280
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
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.

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

Bass. 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.

Por. What sum owes he the Jew?

Bass. For me three thousand ducats.

Por. 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

Bass. [*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 but see you at my death! Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*

Por. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!

Bass. Since I have your good leave to go away, 320

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

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

No rest be interposer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene III.

Venice. A street.

Enter Shylock, Salarino, Antonio, and Gaoler.

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;

This is the fool that lent out money gratis:

Gaoler, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. 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

Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.

Shy. 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.*]

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

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

Salar. I am sure the Duke
 Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.

Ant. 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 his 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.

Lor. 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.

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
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,

10

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 misery !
 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 will we abide. I do desire you
 Not to deny this imposition ;
 The which my love and some necessity
 Now lays upon you.

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

Por. 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

Lor. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on
 you !

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

Por. 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;

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.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient speed.

[*Exit.*]

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

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

Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they see us?

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

That they shall think we are accomplished

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 a 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 practice.

Ner. Why, shall we turn to men?

Por. Fie, what a question 's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter! 80
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.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children: therefore, I promise ye, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore 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.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee? 10

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

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

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways. 20

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

Laun. 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.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say : here he comes. 30

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

Jes. 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.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word ! 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. 40

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

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

Laun. That is done too, sir; only 'cover' is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir?

50

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

Lor. 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.

Laun. 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.

60

Lor. 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 tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opinion,
How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

Jes. Past all expressing. It is very meet

70

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

ACT FOURTH.

Scene I.

Venice. A court of justice.

*Enter the Duke, the Magnificoes, Antonio, Bassanio,
Gratiano, Salerio, and others.*

Duke. What, is Antonio here?

Ant. 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.

Ant. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but since he stands ob-
durate,

And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose
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.

Saler. 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 't is 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
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courtesy.

30

We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

Shy. I have possess'd your Grace of what I purpose ;

And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn

To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

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

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

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

Bass. Every offence is not a hate at first.

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

Ant. I pray you, think you question with the Jew :
 You may as well go stand upon the beach, 70
 And bid the main flood bate his usual height ;
 You may 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 fretten with the gusts of heaven ;
 You may as well do any thing most hard,
 As seek to soften that — than which what's
 harder ? —

His Jewish heart : therefore, I do beseech you,
 Make no more offers, use no farther means, 80
 But with all brief and plain conveniency
 Let me have judgment and the Jew his will.

Bass. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

Shy. 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?

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

You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and
mules,

90

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; 't is mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law!

100

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.

Salar. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor,
New come from Padua.

Duke. Bring us the letters; call the messenger.

Bass. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet! 110

The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,

Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood.

Ant. 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?

Ner. From both my lord. Bellario greets your Grace.

[Presenting a letter.

Bass. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly? 120

Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.

Gra. 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?

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

Gra. O, be thou damn'd, execrable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.

Thou almost makest me waver in my faith,
 To hold opinion with Pythagoras, 130
 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 woolvish, bloody, starved and ravenous.

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

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

Ner. 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.

Clerk. [*reads*] *Your Grace shall understand that at
 the receipt of your letter I am very sick : but in the 150
 instant that your messenger came, in loving visita-
 tion was with me a young doctor of Rome ; his
 name is Balthasar. I acquainted him with the*

cause in controversy 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 opportunity, 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. 160

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

Enter Portia for Balthasar.

Give me your hand. Come you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

Duke. You are welcome: take your place.
Are you acquainted with the difference 170
That holds this present question in the court?

Por. I am informed thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

Duke. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

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

Ant. Ay, so he says.

Por. Do you confess the bond ? 180

Ant. I do.

Por. Then must the Jew be merciful.

Shy. On what compulsion must I ? tell me that.

Por. 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, 190
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
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 200

The needs of mercy. I have spoke thus much
 To mitigate the justice of thy plea ;
 Which if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
 Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant
 there.

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

Por. Is he not able to discharge the money ?

Bass. 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, 210
 On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart :
 If this will not suffice, it must appear
 That malice bears down truth. And I beseech
 you,

Wrest once the law to your authority :
 To do a great right, do a little wrong,
 And curb this cruel devil of his will.

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

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

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

Shy. Here 't is, most reverend doctor, here it is.

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

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

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

Shy. 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 240
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me : I stay here on my bond.

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

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

Shy. O noble judge ! O excellent young man !

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

Shy. 'T is very true : O wise and upright judge !
How much more elder art thou than thy looks ! 250

Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.

Shy. Ay, his breast :

So says the bond : — doth it not, noble judge ? —

‘ Nearest his heart : ’ those are the very words.

Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh

The flesh ?

Shy. I have them ready.

Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,

To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.

Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond ?

Por. It is not so express’d : but what of that ?

’T were good you do so much for charity. 260

Shy. I cannot find it ; ’t is not in the bond.

Por. You, merchant, have you any thing to say ?

Ant. 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 270

Of such misery doth she cut me off.

Commend me to your honourable wife :

Tell her the process of Antonio’s end ;

Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death ;

And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
 Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
 Repent not you that you shall lose your friend,
 And he repents not that he pays your debt ;
 For if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
 I 'll pay it presently with all my heart. 280

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

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

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

Ner. 'T is well you offer it behind her back ;
 The wish would make else an unquiet house.

Shy. These be the Christian husbands. I have a
 daughter ;

Would any of the stock of Barrabas
 Had been her husband rather than a Christian !

[*Aside.*

We trifle time : I pray thee, pursue sentence.

Por. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is
thine :

The court awards it, and the law doth give it.

Shy. Most rightful judge ! 300

Por. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast :

The law allows it, and the court awards it.

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

Por. Tarry a little ; there is something else.

This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood ;

The words expressly are ' a pound of flesh : '

Take then thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh ;

But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed

One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods

Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate 310

Unto the state of Venice.

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

Shy. Is that the law ?

Por. Thyself shalt see the act :

For, as thou urgest justice, be assured

Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desirest.

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

Shy. I take this offer, then : pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.

Bass. Here is the money.

Por. Soft !

The Jew shall have all justice ; soft ! no haste : 320

He shall have nothing but the penalty.

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

Por. 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 cut'st more

Or less than a just pound, be it but 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,

330

Thou diest and all thy goods are confiscate.

Gra. A second Daniel, a Daniel, Jew !

Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.

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

Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.

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

Por. He hath refused it in the open court :

He shall have merely justice and his bond.

Gra. A Daniel, still say I, a second Daniel !

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

340

Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal ?

Por. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew.

Shy. Why, then, the devil give him good of it !

I'll stay no longer question.

Por.

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, 350
 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 360
 The danger formerly by me rehearsed.
 Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the Duke.

Gra. 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
 spirits,
 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, 370
Which humbleness may drive unto a fine.

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

Shy. 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.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Antonio ?

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

Ant. So please my lord the Duke and all the court
To quit the fine for one half of his goods, 380
I am content ; so he will let me have
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 390
The pardon that I late pronounced here.

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

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. 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.

Gra. In christening shalt thou have two godfathers :

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 dinner. 400

Por. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon :

I must away this night toward Padua,

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.*]

Bass. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend

Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted

Of grievous penalties ; in lieu whereof,

Three thousands ducats, due unto the Jew, 410

We freely cope your courteous pains withal.

Ant. And stand indebted, over and above,

In love and service to you evermore.

Por. 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.

Bass. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further: 420

Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee: grant me two things, I pray you,
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.

Por. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.

Give me your gloves, I 'll wear them for your sake;

[*To Ant.*

And, for your love, I 'll take this ring from you:

[*To Bass.*

Do not draw back your hand; I 'll take no
more;

And you in love shall not deny me this.

Bass. This ring, good sir, alas, it is a trifle!

I will not shame myself to give you this.

430

Por. I will have nothing else but only this;

And now methinks I have a mind to it.

Bass. 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.

Por. 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.

Bass. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife; 440

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

Por. 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 the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!

[Exeunt Portia and Nerissa.]

Ant. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring;
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandment. 450

Bass. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him;
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.

Scene II.

The same. A street.

Enter Portia and Nerissa.

Por. 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.

Gra. 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.

Por. 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.

Gra. That will I do.

Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.
I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,

[Aside to Portia.]

Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.

Por. *[Aside to Ner.]* Thou mayst, 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.

Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this
house ? *[Exeunt.]*

ACT FIFTH. Scene I.

*Belmont. Avenue to Portia's house.**Enter Lorenzo and Jessica.*

Lor. 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 Troyan walls,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.

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

Lor. 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. 10

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

Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,

And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.

Jes. 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.

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

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

Enter Stephano.

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

Steph. A friend.

Lor. A friend? what friend? your name, I pray
you, friend?

Steph. 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.

Lor. Who comes with her?

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

Lor. 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.

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

Lor. Who calls?

40

Laun. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?

Master Lorenzo, sola, sola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man: here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

Laun. 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.*

Lor. 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.

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

Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive : 70

For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
 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 ; 80

Since nought so stockish, hard and full of rage,

But music for the time doth change his nature.
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 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.

Por. 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.

Ner. When the moon shone, we did not see the
 candle.

Por. 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 !

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

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

Ner. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. 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 awaked. [Music ceases.

Lor. That is the voice, 110

Or I am much deceived, of Portia.

Por. He knows me as the blind man knows the
cuckoo,

By the bad voice.

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

Por. We have been praying for our husbands'
healths,

Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.

Are they return'd ?

Lor. Madam, they are not yet ;

But there is come a messenger before,

To signify their coming.

Por. 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.

Lor. Your husband is at hand ; I hear his trumpet :

We are no tell-tales, madame ; fear you not.

Por. This night methinks is but the daylight sick ;
It looks a little paler : 't is a day,
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter Bassanio, Antonio, Gratiano, and their followers.

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

Por. 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.

Bass. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my
friend.

This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.

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

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

Por. Sir, you are very welcome to our house :
It must appear in other ways than words, 140
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

Gra. [*To Nerissa*] By yonder moon I swear you
do me wrong ;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk :
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.

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

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give me, whose posy was

For all the world like cutler's poetry

Upon a knife, 'Love me, and leave me not.' 150

Ner. What talk you of the posy or the value?

You swore to me, when I did give it you,

That you would wear it till your 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.

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

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

Gra. 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.

Por. 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 nade 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 't were to me, I should be mad at it.

Bass. [*Aside*] Why, I were best to cut my left
 hand off,

And swear I lost the ring defending it.

Gra. 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.

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

Bass. 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.

Por. 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.

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

Bass. 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 dis-
 pleasure.

Por. 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.

Bass. No, by my 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 did uphold 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.

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house,
 Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
 And that which you did swear to keep for me.

Ant. I am the unhappy subject of these quarrels.

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

Bass. Portia, forgive me this enforced wrong ;
 And, in the hearing of these many friends,
 I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes, 230
 Wherein I see myself, —

Por. 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.

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

Ant. 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 240
 Will never more break faith advisedly.
- Por.* Then you shall be his surety. Give him this,
 And bid him keep it better than the other.
- Ant.* Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this
 ring.
- Bass.* By heaven, it is the same I gave the doctor!
- Por.* I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio.
- Ner.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano.
- Gra.* Why, this is like the mending of highways
 In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
- Por.* You are all amazed: 250
 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,
 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 260
 Are richly come to harbour suddenly:
 You shall not know by what strange accident
 I chanced on this letter.
- Ant.* I am dumb.
- Bass.* Were you the doctor and I knew you not?



NOTES.

The Merchant of Venice was first printed in 1600, when two editions were published, bearing the following title-pages :

I. "The excellent history of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock, the Jew, towards the said Merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh. And the obtaining of Portia, by the choise of three caskets. Written by William Shakespeare. Printed by J. Roberts, 1600."

This edition, which is known as the first quarto, was registered on July 22d, 1598, with the following proviso, "that it be not printed by the said James Roberts or any other whatsoever without lycence first had from the Right Honorable the Lord Chamberlin."

II. "The most excellent Historie of the Merchant of Venice. With the extreme cruelty of Shylock, the Jew, toward the said merchant, in cutting a just pound of his flesh : and the obtaining of Portia by the choise of three chests. As it hath been divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlin his servants. Written by William Shakespeare. At London. Printed by J. R. for Thomas Hayes, and are to be sold in Paul's Church Yard, at the sign of the Greene Dragon. 1600."

This quarto, the second, was entered in the stationer's register on the 28th of October, 1600. The J. R. of the second quarto are probably the initials of the printer of the first quarto. The two editions are not printed in the same type, however, and it is

evident from their textual disagreements that they were printed from different copies of the author's manuscript.

A reprint of the second quarto appeared in 1837, with a list of the actors' names. A fourth quarto, differing from the third only in the title-page, was published in 1652, and was probably brought out (this is the suggestion of Professor Hales) to deepen the bitter resentment with which the proposed readmission of the Jews into England was opposed by a great number of English people.

In 1623 was published the first Folio Edition. The text of this is, in the main, the same as that of the second quarto, with a few changes, the most notable being that of "the Scottish Lord" into "the other Lord," evidently out of respect to James the First, who was then reigning.

An abortion called "The Jew of Venice," by George Granville, Viscount Lansdowne, appeared in 1701. It seems to have won some popularity, for it was acted from 1701 until 1741, when Maclin's Shylock, presented at Drury Lane in 1741, put an end to Lansdowne's freak, and brought again before the public the work of Shakespeare undefiled.

The best and most complete edition of the Merchant is the work of Horace Howard Furness: *The Variorum Shakespeare*; Lippincott, 1892.

ACT I. Scene I.

9 This passage is a good example of Shakespeare's sensitive-
to ness to the kinship of words, and the harmonious rela-
14. tionship of ideas. What a happy resemblance there is
between "portly sails" and "rich burghers"! Portly
because of the wind, which makes the sails round and
stout, like the stomach of many a well-fed, prosperous
citizen.

13. **Curt'sy**: The wash from the larger vessels would naturally set the "petty traffickers" to bobbing up and down, as if really courtesying.
14. **Woven wings**: "The term wings applied to the sails of vessels is of great antiquity, and is found in classical writers." — HALLIWELL
18. **Sits**: Used in the present tense to make the description more vivid.
25. **Hour-glass**: "Clocks and watches being then (in Shakespeare's time) but rarely in use, it was thought fit to prescribe the length of the sermons of the reformist of that time to an hour, that is, the run of an hour-glass." Notice how the thought of the sandy hour-glass, suggesting shallows and flats, leads Salarino to think of the holy edifice of stone, which, in turn, reminds him of dangerous rocks. Halliwell remarks that in Shakespeare's day an hour-glass was fixed on an iron stand near every pulpit.
35. **Worth this**: It would seem that Shakespeare meant "this" to include, by an expressive gesture, all the riches of the vessel.
56. **Nestor**: The oldest of the Greek heroes in the Iliad. As he was also the wisest and gravest, his laughing at a jest would be sufficient proof of its excellence.
80. **Old Wrinkles**: Gratiano would have merriment, rather than old age, draw wrinkles on his face. In laughing heartily the countenance is, naturally, somewhat distorted; and it is worth while observing that the original sense of wrinkle is, "a little twist," wrinkle being a diminutive of Anglo Saxon *wringan*, to wring, hence, to distort. Compare
— *some Dick, that smiles his cheek in years.*

Love's Labour's Lost, V. ii. 465.

- 80 **With Mirth** — peevish. Bucknill remarks that “in this to whole passage the intimate connection between body and mind is sketched with exact physiological truth,”
86. and that these are “unquestionably medical thoughts.” We may be permitted to doubt whether, in causing Gratiano to speak thus, the poet’s thoughts were “medical.” Gratiano speaks as a keen observer of men, not as a student of physiology.
89. **Mantle**: “Mantle” would serve of itself to describe this sort of visage, but “cream” makes a happy tautology, giving, as it does, a picture perfectly descriptive of the sort of impostors that Gratiano ridicules.
90. **Wilfull Stillness**: Voluntary silence. Some say “obstinate silence,” but obstinate implies resistance to some external agent, whereas “willful” is here used in its literal sense of “volition on one’s own part,” the silence being entertained for the purpose of appearing wise.
93. **As who**: as, or like, one who should say.
93. **I am Sir Oracle**: The early Folios read, “I am, sir, an oracle.”
- There are reasons for thinking “Sir Oracle” better: 1st, because it is more vain and humorously pompous; 2d, because it refers, not to an individual, but to a class. Furness thinks that “this very pomposity gives a disagreeable tone.” True, and therefore “Sir Oracle” is more fitting, as the persons whom Gratiano speaks of are exceedingly offensive.
98. **Would**: Supply the nominative “they,” after “speak.”
98. **Damn**: Some people are thought to be wise because of their silence, but when they do speak they prove themselves so stupid that their hearers can hardly help calling them “fools,” and so place themselves in danger

of the punishment set forth in the Gospels (Matt. v. 22).

124. **Make moan to be abridged**: Complain of my straitened circumstances. There are many instances in Middle and early Modern English of this use of the gerund for the infinitive. Comp.,

"Wythout to make (i.e. making) any noyse."

— CAXTON, Aymon, 78, 24.

Too proud to be so valiant, i.e., of being so valiant.

— Coriolanus, III. i. 2.

See Abbott, "Shakespearian Grammar," § 356. Also Kellner's "Historical Outlines of English Syntax," § 397. Comp. also IV., i. 431 of the present play.

I will not shame myself to give you this, i.e. *by giving*, etc.

135. **Within the eye of Honor**: Within honor's bounds,— "that is, within the limits of that which can be regarded as honorable." — CLARENDON.

139. **The self same flight**: With exactly the same aim and elevation. — HALLIWELL.

142. **Childhood proof**: The experience of childhood. Comp., —

*That love, so gentle in his view, should be so tyrannous
and rough in proof.*

— Romeo and Juliet, I. i. 176.

Also,

What my love is, proof hath made you know.

— Hamlet, III. ii. 179.

In Shakespeare the first of two nouns is often the genitive used adjectively. In this case "childhood" sets a limit upon the experience, and denotes the quality or worth of it.

169. **Colchos**: (See gloss.)

173. **presages**: The relative "which" is omitted, in this case happily so, as too nice a regard for grammatical construction would be out of keeping with Bassanio's enthusiasm.
175. **Thou know'st**: Compare this confession with his haughty reply to Salarino concerning his merchandise (41, 45 of the present scene).

Scene II.

1. **awearry**: The prefix *a* in this word is really a preposition, and in this instance is used to denote state, or condition. Comp., a-bed, a-board, a-shore, a-foot, a-float, a-live, etc. In all these words, the prefix *a* is the modern form of the Old English "on," "an."
3. **You would be**: We can easily understand, from Nerissa's first speech, with its good sense and happy epigrams, why the relation between her and Portia is more like that of two friends than of maid and mistress.
23. **reasoning**: Debating. Portia seems to think that the argument does not apply in her case, since even were she inclined to skip, in the madness of her youth, over the meshes of good counsel, she could not do so, being hedged in by the will of her dead father. Chaucer also has reason in the sense of opinion;

"His reasons he spak ful solempenly."

Cant. Tales, l. 274.

40. **I pray thee**: Nerissa says "you;" Portia says "thee." Thou was the pronoun used by a superior to a servant, but it was also used, as in this instance, in affectionate address. It is so employed to-day in European countries.
44. **Neapolitan prince**: Portia says of him, "that's a colt indeed," and it may be worthy of remark that in Shake-

speare's time the Neapolitans were famous for their skill in horsemanship, — but, of course, "colt," in this instance, means a wild, riotous youngster.

47. **Appropriation**: He makes the ability to shoe his own horse an excellent addition to his other talents.
53. **Weeping Philosopher**: Heraclitus of Ephesus, misnamed the "weeping philosopher," for his views of life, though sober, were not without great truth and nobility. The influence of his philosophy has been felt in every age, and is still operative.
55. **had rather**: Sooner, the comparative of A. S. *hrathe*, soon, early. Comp.,
the rathe primrose.

MILTON, Lycidas.

58. **by the French Lord**: The original meaning of "by," as here, is "near" "about," "concerning." We still use it in this sense when we say that "gold-bug," for instance, is a *by-word* for an advocate of the gold standard, that is, a direct verbal way of making known his principles, in the sense of coming "near" to them. Comp. also, *by-name*; but not *by-law*, the *by* in this latter word being, not a preposition, but a noun, — Scand. *by*, town, village.
63. **better bad**: That is, worse. Better is here an intensative, without the usual implication of goodness.
73. **say to**: "Portia playfully uses the phrase 'say to' in a different sense from that Nerissa meant." — CLARENDON.
76. **come into court**: That is, "you will witness the fact that I have very little English."
83. **Scottish**: The Folios read, "other lord," "other" having been here substituted for Scottish to avoid giving offense to the countrymen of King James I.

88. **Frenchman**: "Alluding to the constant assistance, or promise of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English." — **WARBURTON**.
104. **a deep glass of Rhenish**: Portia's criticism of the German, though harsh-seeming, is not lacking either in truth or justice when applied to the Germans of Shakespeare's time. It appears, from all accounts, that the Germans of those days were great toppers, people to whom the drinking of alcoholic liquors was a serious business, a national custom, to be observed and practiced with all due reverence and decorum. "In their drinking they (the Germans) use no mirth and little discourse, but sadly ply the business, sometimes crying, one to the other, 'seyte frolich!' (be merry); ('trink aus!' (drink out), and as, according to the proverb, every psalm ends in gloria, so every speech of theirs ends in 'Ich trinke euch' (I drink to you)." — **MORYSON'S ITINERARY**.
116. **Sibylla**: The name of several prophetesses renowned in ancient times. Used here, however, as a proper name. The Cumean Sibyl is the one meant. She obtained from Apollo a promise that her years should be as many as the grains of sand she was holding in her hands. — **OVID'S METAMORPHOSES**, Book xiv, Fable iii.
126. **It was Bassanio**: Portia's assumed indifference does not deceive her clever maid. Nerissa knows how grateful to her mistress must be the name of Bassanio, a scholar and soldier, after the fops and other undesirable suitors; and she goes on to praise him in a tentative way, slyly calling her eyes foolish, lest Portia should be displeased.
134. **Four strangers**: Nerissa has already mentioned six. Furness suggests that in the old play of which Gosson

makes mention (see the present introduction) there were but four suitors, and that Shakespeare added the Englishman and the Scotchman to please his countrymen. If so, he certainly did not flatter them. Collanz (Temple Edition) says it is "an interesting oversight on the part of the poet," which is probably the correct explanation.

- 146 The close of this scene is in Shakespeare's early manner,
to such doggerel lines not being found in his latest plays.
148. But perhaps this rhyming, as Knight suggests, grows out of the playfulness of the dialogue. Portia's speeches certainly have playfulness in them, but it is a playfulness somewhat tinged with bitter sarcasm. Nor does the sprightliness of the dialogue, in this instance, spring altogether from Portia's love of humor; it is rather a veil with which the dignified lady partly conceals and partly shadows forth her chagrin, her gifted, self-sufficient nature keeping her, in speaking of her father's will, from bemoaning, or sentimentalizing over, her lot.

Scene III.

7. **may**: Used here in its original meaning, can,—A. S. *mugan*, to be able; *ic maeg*, I can. Hence "may you" means, "are you willing?" since the doing of a thing, on the part of one who has the needful power, depends upon his willingness.
20. **Rialto**: "The Rialto is at the farthest side of the bridge (of the Rialto) as you come from St. Mark, a most stately building, being the exchange of Venice, where the Venetians and the merchants doe meet twice a day." CORYAT'S Crudities (quoted in Halliwell).
22. **ships are but boards**: It is plain, from the disjointed manner of Shylock's talk, that while he is uttering these

words, his mind is fixed on some other matter. Perhaps in making question of Antonio's means, he wishes to conceal his eagerness to get into his power one whom he so intensely hates; for mark how, after enumerating his objections to lending money to one whose means are in supposition, he concludes abruptly, "The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient."

28. **his bond**: Observe the condescension in the words "the man," and "I *think* I may take his bond."
42. **publican**: See St. Luke, xviii, 10-14. The publicans were tax-gatherers, Roman officials who certainly had no need to fawn in collecting tribute from the Jews, a subject race. The allusion is therefore not clear. It may be that Shakespeare used the word in the sense of "politician," as a man dependent upon the favor of the *public* for his power, and therefore one given to fawning in the presence of his constituents. Or it may be that "publican" is used in the modern sense, for "inn-keeper," a class of men who were fawning enough in the poet's time.
44. **low simplicity**: It is only natural that Shylock should regard the generosity of Antonio as "low simplicity," the silliness of a foolish man, one whom the money-lender would dislike as heartily as a miserly clothier would a philanthropist that distributed clothing gratis near his shop.
53. **forgive him**: It is not necessary for a man to be a Shylock in order to utter, in the flood of bitter memories which sweeps through the mind of the Jew, this unchristian sentiment.
70. **Methought**: The *me* in *methinks* is the dative in conjunction with the verb:—*thincan*, to seem, to appear, = "it

seems to me." **Thought**, the imp. tense of A. S. *then-can*, to think, was easily mistaken for the past tense of *thin-can*, to seem, and this illogical combination is the result of that false analogy.

73. **Jacob**: See Genesis, chap. xxx.
82. **peel'd me**: This peculiar use of the pronoun is called, in Latin grammar, "the ethical dative," the dative of advantage. It is to be noticed that Shylock makes the case of Jacob a vindication of his own usury, and that he speaks of the shepherd as though he had peel'd the wands for the purpose of establishing a precedent for Shylock, and for all whose business was to be the making of barren metal breed. Comp. our idiom: "I bought me a coat"; "I got me a hat."
87. **thrift is blessing**: Shylock loves the character of Jacob, admires his clever, shifty ways, his smooth talk, and especially his knack of prospering (thrift being used here to mean prosperity). He also venerates him as the type of man dear to the God of Abram, and he sets forth Jacob's questionable methods as models to be extolled and even imitated. Jacob was dishonest, if you will, but he succeeded, and Jehovah blessed him. Shylock is guided, in every thought and action, by the Law — the Hebrew Law, and whatsoever fails to be consonant with that is despicable to him.
88. **served for**: Shylock takes the story of Jacob literally; Antonio interprets it differently. He is a renaissance Christian, and between him and the Jew there is fixed a gulf of centuries, principles and sentiments. To Shylock, Antonio's charity is "low simplicity"; to Antonio, Shylock's thrift is sinful usury.
96. **devil**: See Mat. iv., 6, where the devil quotes Psalm xci.

99. **falsehood** : Not merely untruth, but wickedness in general.
103. **many a time and oft** : The actor Henderson, says Boadent, (Memoirs of Mrs. Siddons) used to pause after "time," as if to convey the impression that besides insulting him in the Rialto, Antonio had frequently done so in many places: but, bitterest of all, the haughty Christian merchant had spat upon the proud Jew "in the Rialto," in the presence of the misbelievers, the mockers of Israel: "even there where merchants most do congregate"!
106. **with a patient shrug**: Comp.,

*I learned in Florence how to kiss my hand,
Heave up my shoulders when they called me dog,
And duck as low as any barefoot friar.*

MARLOWE'S Jew of Malta.

But in comparing Marlowe's lines with Shakespeare's, the student will do well to go beyond textual comparisons. There is, in the lines above, a hypocrisy never found in Shylock, whose words,

"Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,"

have in them, considering the abuses heaped upon him, the dignity of a strong man suffering dumbly. In no instance does Barabas reveal any such quality.

114. **void your rheum** : Void is no longer an active verb; but how the word deepens the odium cast upon Shylock. Substitute "Spat out" or "expectorated" and see how the line would be weakened.
130. **a breed for barren metal** : In Shakespeare's time money was looked upon as barren, that is, it could not breed, like cattle, nor increase of itself like corn, wheat, etc. Therefore it was considered disgraceful to take interest

on money. So Antonio calls the interest which Shylock receives "a breed," and his principal "barren metal."

132. **Who if he break:** "The relative with a supplementary pronoun." Supply "from him," after penalty, and the sense will be clear.
141. **Your single bond:** "Single" does not seem to be used here in a legal sense. There is a subtle flattery in these words, the humble Jew making it appear that he regards the unsecured bond of the great Christian merchant as all-sufficient. Besides, what need of troubling about other security, this being but "a merry sport"? Irving chuckles forth, rather than speaks, these words, as if to show Antonio that the monstrous condition of the bond is a joke on Shylock's part, and to prove his good-nature in the transaction, as well as to ridicule the idea of taking interest from one with whom he "would be friends."
146. **your fair flesh:** "This suggests Shylock's darker, oriental hue." — FURNESS.
156. **O-others:** Is this spoken aside? or is Shylock playing the part of offended honesty, of outraged generosity?
158. He immediately afterwards remonstrates with Bassanio for suspecting in him a bloody desire; tells Bassanio that the offer is made in friendship, and assumes an indifference as to whether his favor is accepted or not, though in his heart he is longing to have Antonio seal his bond.
159. **Break his day:** That is, break his word, fail to redeem his bond or pledge. This expression is found also in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, I. i. 158.
163. **muttons, beefs or goats:** We call the living animals cattle, oxen, sheep. When killed and prepared for

market, we call their flesh beef and mutton. Perhaps Shylock uses the Norman-French words to make more distinct the value of mutton, etc., as marketable articles, in contradistinction to human flesh.

171. **fearful**: That is, causing fear. Adjectives in -able, -less, -ive, and -ful, have in Shakespeare an active as well as a passive meaning. Comp., —

A fearful eye thou hast.

King John, IV. ii. 106.

Also,

*You have some hideous matter to deliver,
When the courtesy of it is so fearful.*

Tw. N., I. v. 222.

ACT II. Scene I.

1. Notice, throughout this whole speech, how admirably the figures and sentiments, the somewhat naive boasting and the spirit of romantic chivalry, are suited to the character of this child of the sun.
7. **reddest**: "To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that red blood is a traditionary sign of courage. Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers 'a lily-livered boy;' again, in this play, cowards are said to have livers white as milk; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a milksop." — SAM. JOHNSON.
9. **fear'd**: Made afraid. This interchange of transitive and intransitive verbs is common in English writers from the earliest times. Comp., —

*To you I am bound for life and education :
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you.*

Oth., I. iii. 183.

Also,

*Because thy flinty heart, more hard than they,
Might in the palace perish Margaret.*

Henry VI. (Part II.), III. ii. 100.

25. **Sophy** : A title given to the Emperor of Persia. The original signification of the word was "wise," "learned."
26. **Sultan Solyman** : Probably a reference to Solyman the Magnificent. For an account of this ruler see Encyclopædia Britannica, under "Turkey."
32. **Hercules and Lichas** : Lichas was the servant of Hercules, who brought him the poisoned shirt from Deianira. See the story in Ovid's *Metamorphose*, Book ix., 142-175 (Bohn Library). Notice therein that Hercules, in dying, recounts his brave deeds, and bitterly asks whether his life, so great and so rich in wonderful exploits, has been preserved for an end so unworthy. Ovid appears to have been a favorite with Shakespeare, as he has been with a great number of poets and painters from the thirteenth century, when his works became generally known, almost to the present time. There is, indeed, no single author of antiquity whose works have furnished so many subjects to poets, painters and sculptors as the writings of Ovid.
47. **blest or cursed'st** : Most blessed, etc. Wherever brevity was required, or wherever a metrical exigency compelled, Shakespeare never hesitated to sacrifice the rules of grammar to force, directness, or beauty of phrase. To insist too much upon ellipsis, or to explain

every irregularity of Shakespeare's language on grammatical grounds, is frequently apt to be misleading, and rarely profitable or entirely satisfactory.

Scene II.

2. **The fiend**: Among the peasantry of some countries in Europe, there is a belief that every one is accompanied by two spirits, a guardian angel, who stands on the right hand, and a fiend, who stands on the left, the one tempting to evil, the other exhorting to virtue.
7. **take heed, etc.**: The smack of legal phrase in Launcelot's good angel is very amusing. With its tautologies, its involutions, and its many opportunities for tangling thought in the web of speech, the language of the law-courts would naturally attract Launcelot, who delights in the juggling of words and ideas.
9. **scorn running with thy heels**: The literal sense of "scorn" is "dirt," "filth," and "scorning with the heels" may mean "avoiding with contempt," figuratively, "to throw mud on," as the heels of a man or a horse on something from which they run. In any case, the meaning is, "to spurn," "to kick."
12. **for the heavens**: That is, "for heaven's sake." Launcelot lives too much in the sunshine of life to entertain any consistent metaphysical devils, and hence his fiend is a very human devil, that calls upon him, with humorous incongruity, in the name of heaven.
37. **high-gravel-blind**: Launcelot's coinage for the superlative of sand-blind. (See gloss.) Like all punsters, he
38. is continually making a verbal freak of every word which lends itself to the occasion. And even when a word affords little or no chance for a quibble, his spirit

of parody turns it into something ludicrous, so that it may be mischievousness, rather than ignorance, which gives rise to such blunders as "incarnal" for incarnate; "confusions" for conclusions; "fruitify" for fructify, "impertinent" for pertinent, etc.

65. **The Sisters Three**: The three Fates. The Christian world being acquainted with them through the study of the classics, they would appear as mere "branches of learning" to one like Launcelot, whose mind seems to be filled with a farrago of intellectual trifles, probably picked out of the conversations of his superiors.
71. **father**: At one time it was the custom to address all old people as "father" or "mother." Hence old Gobbo does not take Launcelot's "father" in its proper application.
81. **Launcelot kneels**: A piece of stage "business." Having Launcelot's back to him, the old man feels his long hair and mistakes it for a beard.
116. **far as God has any ground**: Which in Venice would not be very far, for, according to an Irish traveler, "most of the ground there is water."
128. **rich Jew's man**: One may be a boy in England, but for all that, as a servant he is somebody's "man."
131. **infection**: For "inclination." The old gentleman is putting his best foot forward in his son's interest, and thinks that the occasion calls for big words. A little later he uses "defect" for "effect."
165. **which doth offer, etc.**: That is, if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which (on account of its good promise) doth offer to swear (doth afford ground for swearing) I shall have good fortune. In palmistry, or chiromancy, the palm of the hand is called "the table." "The line

of life" is the line which runs upward round the base of the thumb. Launcelot is so elated by his success that he reads in the lines of his hand all sorts of good fortune and future success.

187. **You have obtain'd it**: A characteristic touch of impulsive generosity. Bassanio does not stop to ask whether the nature of the suit will permit of his gratifying the suitor, but with his usual unreflecting goodheartedness, he pledges himself beforehand.
204. **hood mine eyes**: It was once customary for people to wear their hats at table, and to remove them only while grace was being said.
213. **your boldest suit of mirth**: In order that the pleasure of stealing the Jew's daughter may be heightened.

Scene III.

5. **soon at supper**: About supper time.
20. **thy loving wife**: An extremely simple way of resolving her doubts.

Scene IV.

5. **spoke us yet of torch-bearers**: Bespoken, or arranged for, torch-bearers.
23. **of a torch-bearer**: In Shakespeare's time "of" was loosely used for "about," "by," "with," etc.

Scene V.

3. **What, etc.**: Exclamations of impatience
18. **to night**: Last night, as in *Julius Cæsar*, III. iii. 1.
21. **So do I his**: There is a grim humor in Shylock's play upon Launcelot's blunder, and also, perhaps, a dim pre-figuration of events to come.

NOTES

Act II. Sc. vii.

24. **fell-a-bleeding** : To have one's nose fall a-bleeding was accounted "a bad sign" by the superstitious.
25. **Black Monday** : Easter Monday, called black Monday because on this day, in the reign of King Edward III., the cold was so intense that many English soldiers perished of it, as they lay before the city of Paris, which they were besieging. See STOWE'S Chronicles.
30. **wry-neck'd fife** : The player, not the instrument : wry-necked, because in playing this instrument the neck is somewhat twisted.
36. **Jacob's staff** : see Hebrews xi. 21.
43. **a Jewess' eye** : At one time in the history of England, the king and nobles extorted money from the Jews by threatening them with the loss of sight and other terrible mutilations : hence "worth a Jew's eye" became a proverbial expression for something of great value.

Scene VI.

5. **Venus' pigeons** : According to the fancy of the ancients, Venus, the goddess of love, rode in a chariot drawn by doves.
51. **A Gentile** : A very questionable compliment, under the circumstances, to the Gentile.

Scene VII.

40. **this shrine** : Devout persons, in olden times, often went on pilgrimages to the shrines of favorite saints.
51. **To rib her cerecloth** : To contain her shroud.
56. **an angel** : So called because on one side of the coin there was a representation of Saint Michael piercing the dragon.
60. **Here do I choose** : The choice of the golden casket is ex-

actly the one that we should expect so magnificent a barbarian to make.

Scene VIII.

47. **turning his face**: "The outline of a beautiful picture." — MALONE.

Scene IX.

42. **derived corruptly**: It may be worthy of remark that at one time civic offices were legally purchasable, and the custom of selling commissions in the army, instead of conferring them only where deserved, has but lately died out in England.
44. **should cover**: Wear their hats as masters and superiors, who now stand bareheaded as menials or inferiors.
81. **by their wit to lose**: By being overconfident in their own acuteness.
89. **sensible regrets**: Substantial greetings; to wit, gifts of rich value.

ACT III. Scene I.

2. **lives there unchecked**: The report goes uncontradicted.
5. **call the place**: Salarino, being a Venetian, is not sure of the name of the place. "By such touches as these, Shakespeare keeps perpetually before us the circumstance that the scene of his play is abroad." — COWDEN CLARKE.
6. **carcasses**: Whoever has seen a wrecked vessel, half buried in the sands, her planking torn away, her over-weathered ribs lying naked against the sky, her masts, her rigging, everything that makes the life of a ship, decayed by time, by wind and by wave, will appreciate the force of the word "carcasses," as here used.

22. **cross my prayer**: Mar his prayer, i.e., that the report of Antonio's losses may prove false.
26. **You knew**: Instead of answering Salanio's conventional greeting, Shylock speaks of Jessica's flight as if it were the only news among the merchants. Doubtless it was; doubtless the whole town was talking of it, the Jews regretfully, the Christians gleefully, with many a laugh and jibe at Shylock's expense. Under the circumstances, Salanio's greeting has in it a good deal of cool impudence.
46. **a prodigal**: Anyone who, like Antonio, lent out money gratis, would certainly be a prodigal in the eyes of Shylock.
- 60-61. **I am a Jew**: What scorn for Antonio there is in these words: what bitterness, and, withal, what dignity and pathos!
70. **revenge**: "To those who, like the present editors, can remember Edmund Kean's delivery of this superb speech of wild wrath, pleading its claim to some show of justice, there is excitement in recalling the wonderful eyes flashing out their red sparkles, the body writhing from head to foot, the arm thrown upward as witness to the recorded oath of vengeance. The attitude, as the voice, rose to a sublime climax when these words were uttered: then there was a drop, both of person and tone, as he hissed out the closing sentence of deep concentrated malignity."—COWDEN CLARKE.
76. "This sublime imprecation is the most eloquent plea that the human voice has ever dared to utter for a despised race."—VICTOR HUGO. Here it is that this Jew, made up, according to many people, of greed, malice and hatred, rises, through the greatness of his intellect, to

the grandeur of a Moses. After this speech, it is impossible to despise Shylock. You must either hate him or admire him. The petty spirits that tease this sublime justification from him become as gnats in a thunder-storm when the fire of his eloquence flashes about them. They cannot answer him fairly. They cannot appreciate the truth of what he says. They can retort only in stupid jibes and mean insults.

94. **in her coffin**: Honigman (Shakespeare Jahrbuch, vol. xvii., p. 222) says that this passage, instead of proving that Shylock's love of gain had eradicated all human affection from his heart, proves, on the contrary, a master-stroke of the poet in depicting the unbridled passion of a volcanic nature, like Shylock's, whose violence forces his speech beyond the bounds of genuine feeling.
107. **I thank God**: It must be remembered that Shylock's grief is still fresh. If "misery loves company," then what sweet balm is Antonio's misfortune to the wound made by him and his friends in the heart of the Jew!
114. **fourscore ducats**: Tubal is not a lovable man. He stands, as it were, with sweet wine in one hand and gall in the other, each of which he gives, in turn, to his countryman. But what force and what intensity his cunning alternation of good and bad lends to the dialogue. Can it be possible that this Jew Tubal hates the Christian as fiercely as his friend? that he is anxious to have his race revenged, and that, with every mention of Antonio's loss he goads Shylock into fury by telling him of some new calamity brought about by his Christian enemies? "But Antonio is certainly undone," are his last words, words which wring from Shylock the terrible declaration, "I will have the heart of him."

126. **of Leah** : " With marvellous art Shakespeare here shows us the betrayed and persecuted Jew, at the moment when he is raving at the desertion of his daughter, and panting for a wild revenge, as looking back upon the days when the fierce passions had no place in his heart." — FURNESS.
135. **synagogue** : " In entering his synagogue, Shylock entrusts his hatred to the safeguard of his faith. Henceforward his vengeance assumes a consecrated character. His bloodthirstiness against the Christian becomes sacerdotal. When he appears before the tribunal, his bearing is the indomitable impassiveness of a priest about to sacrifice an expiatory lamb to the God of Sabaoth." — VICTOR HUGO.

Scene II.

1. **I pray you, tarry** . The delicacy of Portia's nature is shown in this speech. She loves Bassanio, and she would tell him so, but her modesty restrains her. " There's something tells me I would not lose you," she says; and fearing he will think her bold, she hastens to add, — " it is not love " : then, thinking he will consider her devoid of love for him, she says, " Hate counsels not in such a quality." She would like to confess everything to him, " yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought." Still, she succeeds in making her feelings known, for her wish to have him " pause a day or two " grows into the desire to detain him " some month or two."
20. **yours, not yours** : Though I am yours by right of love, yet fortune may part us. If you should prove it so by choosing unluckily, then let fortune go to hell for being

- so blind : but I will not be damned by breaking my oath, by committing the sin of disobedience.
20. **Prove it so** : If it should prove so.
29. **fear the enjoying** : That is, "fear *for* the enjoying."
51. **dulcet sounds** : An allusion to the old custom of playing music under the windows of a bridegroom's bedroom on the morning of his wedding-day.
55. **Young Alcides** : Young Hercules. Hesione, daughter of Laomedon, King of Troy, was chained to a rock in the sea, that she might be devoured by a sea monster, and so appease the wrath of Neptune and Apollo. Hercules undertook to save her for a reward. Hence Bassanio "goes with more love" than the ancient hero, and, in the eyes of Portia, with no less manly beauty. The story is told by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, Book xi, Fable iv.
57. **I stand for sacrifice** : As Hesione did.
58. **Dardanian wives** : Women of Dardania, or Troy. In E. E. wife is frequently used for woman. Cp. *fish-wife*.
62. **A song**. Notice that this song cautions the lover against being led by fancy, the creations of which are only superficial things, no matter how beautiful they may appear. In the old novel, "Il Pecorone," the maid does actually betray the secret of the caskets to the lover, and maybe Nerissa is guilty of doing the same thing in Bassanio's behalf. She would favor him for several reasons. She is devoted to Portia ; is anxious to see her happily married ; considers Bassanio most worthy of her, and fearing that fortune might wed her dear mistress to some disagreeable suitor, it would only be natural if she were led to throw out a few hints to the clever Bassanio. And then there is Gratiano. Nerissa loves him ; he returns her affection ; and their happiness

depends upon Bassanio's success. Certainly a person would not have to be so clever as Bassanio in order to profit by such a broad hint as that which tells us that fancy "is engendered in the eyes;" that it is fed on appearance, and that it goes no farther than appearance. Therefore, says the song, "let's have no fancy; no judging by looks. Let us ring old fancy's knell."

73. **outward shows:** He has caught his cue, and is already determined to choose that casket to which the fancy would be least attracted.
87. **Valor's excrement:** A beard like that of Hercules, which would give even the coward a formidable appearance.
95. **dowry:** A satire upon the wearing of periwigs, a custom very common toward the close of the 16th century.
99. **Veiling an Indian beauty:** Many attempts have been made to explain this passage. Some propose that we read:

Veiling an Indian; beauty's, etc.

Others say that it means, "concealing a black, thick-lipped woman," beautiful in the eyes of her countrymen; hideous in ours. Is it necessary to take "beauty" so strictly? May it not mean "an Indian land," that is, beauty of an Indian kind, which, seen from the sea, attracts men by its loveliness, a loveliness that is, however, only a scarf which hides what is ugly and horrible; wild beasts, venomous reptiles, and all manner of disagreeable things? But whether it be an Indian land or an Indian woman, the thought is clear enough.

102. **Midas:** King of Phrygia. He performed a service for Bacchus who, in return, gave him the choice of desiring any favor he pleased. "Cause that whatever I touch with my body shall be turned into yellow gold."

Bacchus assented to his wish, and for awhile Midas was happy. But his joy was soon turned to grieving, for his food, his bed, his clothing, and everything that he touched, turned into the yellow metal for which he had longed.

103. **pale**: Some read "stale," but as Furness well remarks, "It is the drudge's overwork between man and man that makes him pale."
106. **paleness**: Some editions give "plainness," as an emendation, or attempted emendation, made by Warburton. Paleness is the better word. It agrees with *meagre* lead, whose pale, hungry appearance threatens the chooser with disappointment.
112. **rain thy joy**: Comp., —

— *pour not too fast thy joys on me,
But sprinkle them so gently I may stand them.*

Law of Candy, BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

188. **our wishes**: See note to line 62 of this scene.
192. **wish none from me**: "That is, none differently from me; none which I do not wish you." — ABBOT.
200. **for intermission, etc.**: I am no more likely to fail to take advantage of (intermit) fair opportunities than you are. To read (with the Cambridge editors) "I loved for intermission" is to make Gratiano's affection for Nerissa very questionable. Besides, a man does not make earnest love for pastime. Indeed it would seem, from Gratiano's own account (204-209), that there was much labor in his "pastime." He is a clever fellow, but Nerissa is more than his equal; so we can easily understand that it required more from Gratiano than fond looks and lover's sighs to win the lady.

223. **not to have seen**: We should say, to see; but it is doubtful whether in doing so we are superior to the Elizabethans. They generally used the complete present infinitive after verbs of wishing, willing, and hoping, as if to imply that the thing desired was already an accomplished fact, something past and done, and beyond the power of altering. See ABBOTT, § 360.
230. **unless it be in mind**: He is apparently well, but unless courage support him, he may be sick in mind, on account of his misfortunes.
235. **royal merchant**: In the middle ages, a royal merchant was one who conducted business in the interest of a sovereign. It is to this kind of merchant that the Duke refers in Act IV. i. 29; but in view of Antonio's liberality, such as he practiced toward the poor of Venice, and toward his friend Bassanio, may not "royal" here mean "kingly," in the same sense as our expression: "He's a royal good fellow"?
274. **impeach**: Bring disgrace upon, by proving that equal rights are not recognized in Venice. It was the justice which Venice insured to strangers that made her commerce so great, and drew such large numbers of foreigners to her shores.
277. **persuaded**: What a triumph for "the dog Jew" to have the great Christians of Venice pleading with him for the life of the man that was wont to spit upon him!
315. **between you and I**: "Between you and I seems to have been a regular Elizabethan idiom. The sound of *d* and *t* before *me* was avoided." — ABBOTT, § 205. Grammatically considered, this explanation is sufficient; but it furnishes no reason for the usage. We may safely question whether it was a conscious dislike for "the sound of

d and *t* before *me*" that gave rise to this irregular use of the pronoun. It will be found, upon inquiry, to belong to that class of syntactical irregularities called by grammarians, *anacoluthia*, wherein a sentence is begun in one way and finished in another. This particular irregularity is frequent in the speech of uneducated people, who invariably get their cases mixed, if they be at all separated from the words which govern them. And this is also true of educated people, when they speak under excitement or when they are affected emotionally. This is precisely the case with Antonio, who is overwhelmed with grief, and who, instead of controlling his thoughts, is controlled by them. A good many so-called grammatical irregularities become quite explicable when studied in the light of human nature. Comp., —

Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face, etc.

I. iii. 132.

In all hurried or unreflecting speech, in which the speaker begins without knowing how he is going to end, case-attraction is greatly responsible for errors of syntax, and "between you and I" is a mistake easily made, on account of the suggestiveness in "you" for the use of the nominative.

Scene III.

16. **Christian intercessors**: There is one admirable trait in Shylock, his contempt for hypocrisy or cant. At no time does he regret the cruelty which he contemplates, nor does he offer any apologies for his intended act. His hatred for Antonio, while it is horrible, is an in-

tensely honest hatred, and to his steadfast nature the prayers of all Christian intercessors are but sentimental exhibitions of weakness. Mercy? what mercy have they ever taught him, these voiders of rheum, these child-stealers? They have instructed him only in villainy, and, by the God of Hosts, he will show them how a Jew can take advantage of their tutoring!

22. **I oft deliver'd**: Antonio will admit no wrong in himself, and believes that the Jew hates him for his riches, for his charity and loving kindness toward the Christian, not for his loathing of the Jew, and his cruelty to *him*.

Scene IV.

8. **prouder of the work**: Portia is so used to being generous that her customary bounty appears to her a simple duty; but to help her husband's friend is an act of which she may well be proud.
30. **her husband and my lord's return**: The ellipsis in husband (husband's) is perhaps due to the fact that Gratiano and Bassanio are thought of as acting and thinking, in this matter, as one. Comp., —

A deadly groan, like life and death's departing.

Henry VI. (Part III), II. vi. 43.

50. **cousin's hand**: *Cousin* was at one time used to denote kinship generally, not, as now, in the narrow sense of cousin-german.
52. **imagined speed**: With the speed of imagination. Comp., —

Thus with imagined wings our swift scene flies.

Hen. V., III., chorus.

53. **tranect**: (see glossary). "Whence did the poet get a knowledge of the traghetto" (the ferry)? "Coryat" (his

book "Crudities" was published in 1661: the play appeared in 1600) "is out of the question, and Vecellio, even if we knew that Shakespeare had read his book, which we do not, has not a word about the traghetto, so that the disbelievers in an Italian journey of Shakespeare cannot account for his knowledge by any other means than by oral communication."—KARL ELZE, "The supposed Travels of Shakespeare," quoted in Furness' *Variorum* Ed. The ferry in question (so Elze says) was then at Fusina, at the mouth of the river Brenta. We need not wonder at Shakespeare's knowledge of the topography of Venice and its suburbs; but his acquaintance with the details of the city is remarkable, and so faithfully painted, according to all accounts, as to tempt one to believe that the eyes of the master rested upon these scenes, and that in the rich lowlands under the Euganian hills, the incomparable Portia was created. We must not forget, however, that many of the books of Shakespeare's time have been lost to us, and that one or more of them may have described this ferry. If the life of Defoe were as unknown to us as the life of Shakespeare, who would dream that Robinson Crusoe was a landsman, and that the narrator had never experienced any of the things which he describes?

Scene V.

12. **the Jew's daughter:** When, in the bitterness of his grief, that terrible cry, "I would that my daughter were dead at my feet," etc., is wrung from Shylock, is it not because he has found Jessica the faithless creature which in this scene she shows herself to be, a traitor to her

father, to her nation, to everything that Shylock considers great and holy? She has ceased to be his child, and the stolen jewels have become dearer to him than this foolish, butterfly daughter. Notice the change in Launcelot's manner of addressing her. It is wanting in respect, is even impertinent and familiar, and would not be tolerated by any woman but one, like Jessica, wanting in character and self-esteem. It may be that Launcelot is a "patch" whom nobody takes seriously; perhaps, with his wonted fondness, he is playing upon the word; but it may also be that he is telling Jessica, in his peculiar way, that the making of such Christians as she can serve only to raise the price of pork and to make rashers scarce.

62. **suitéd**; Matched, or arranged (see gloss.); which is as much as to say that Launcelot's words are as well matched as the patches of a crazy-quilt.
74. **mean it**: Strive for, aim at it. But "it" may refer to "upright life," and in that case the meaning is clear. "If he does not mean (contemplate) an upright life, and so prove worthy of the earthly joys wherewith he is blessed, then in reason he should never come to heaven."
81. **of me**: That is, in me.

ACT IV. Scene I.

16. **make room, etc.**: This speech throughout is worthy of a noble governor. His reference to Antonio's sad state has much pathos, and his appeal to the Jew's humanity is full of tenderness. His speech is, in every respect, a Christian intercession, contrasted with which the hard, cold answer of Shylock comes like a chill blast of

Winter in a day of Spring. The wonderful antitheses of human passions in this scene are unequalled in all the range of literature: nation against nation; personal spite and racial hate; the law and human charity fronting each other; the gentleness of mercy appealing to the grandeur of Justice; the merciful spirit of Christianity entreating pity of the inexorable descendant of Joshua and Job; the despair of stricken friendship and the exultation of enmity; the fires of truth and the lightnings of intellect which flash from the allision of diverse and gifted personalities — taken together, these make a scene unique in its combination of the humorous and the tragic, and without a fellow in perfectness of action and greatness of dialogue.

49. **affection, mistress of passion:** By affection is here meant an inherent sympathy for a thing, as the affection of a child for its parents. As we cannot have a passion for anything towards which we are not drawn by affection, it follows that affection is the mistress of passion. Comp., "Every man with his *affects* is born." L. L. L. I. i. 152. (That is, he cannot have a passion for a thing which it is not in his nature to like.)
59. **certain loathing;** *Certain* may here mean *fixed, sure*; but it may also mean a loathing which is as inexplicable as the antipathy of some people for a cat or a gaping pig, that is, a roast pig with a lemon in its mouth. It is hardly likely that Shylock would tell the Christian judge that he hated Antonio "for he is a Christian," or "because he lends out money gratis," etc. He therefore declares that his loathing for Antonio is indefinable, is a peculiar humor which prefers a weight of carrion flesh to three thousand ducats.

67. **offence** : In this sense it means *resentment*, as well as the injury itself. "That is, displeasure is not a hate, neither is our manner of making our displeasure known. Bassanio uses the word in the former sense, Shylock's reply alludes to the latter." — CLARENDON, quoted in FURNESS.
74. **forbid — make no noise** : The practice of making one verb to serve for two nouns, each of which requires a distinct verb, is common among Elizabethan writers. So long as the sense could be gathered from the context, they were not over-nice in their observance of grammatical principles. In Old English and in Middle English the double negative seems to have been a common idiom, as it is to-day in the speech of the unlettered. Comp., —

*He never yet no vileyne ne sayd
In all his lyf unto no maner wight.*

Cant. Tales, 70.

Also :

I do not care for no man, I.

Rom. and Juliet.

Examples might be multiplied. We should err in considering such forms from a narrow grammatical standpoint, for so regarded, they cannot be satisfactorily explained. There is a principle of relationship, a desire for concord, underlying these forms. "Not care," and "no man," "forbid" and "no noise," are mutually attractive, and however they may outrage rules of syntax, they certainly serve to make the negation more explicit and emphatic than the single negative. So in our vulgar speech, "I ain't seen nobody," "I ain't done nothing," etc., the *not having seen* and the *not having*

done suggesting absolute want of result = complete negation. Comp. also the French *ne pas*, as an example of emphatic negation. *Ne* (not) of itself is sufficient, and in Old Fr. *pas* is not used; but just as in English we say "not a bit" etc., so in French it became the custom to strengthen *ne* (not) by adding *pas* (a step), so that to-day, *ne-pas*, "not a step," is the regular form of negation.

104. **Bellario**: Dr. Johnson criticises the bringing in of Bellario as a forced expedient: but his criticism will not hold. The learned Bellario is a logical unit in the play, has an important share in the shaping of events, and comes into the action quite naturally. In the second scene of act III., we are told that the Duke himself and the magnificoes of greatest port, "have all persuaded with him" (Shylock), but none can drive him from his envious plea. Now the Duke, and every Christian in Venice, would be eager to deliver a fellow-Christian from the power of a Jew, especially such a Christian as Antonio from such a Jew as Shylock; and finding no jurist in Venice capable of resolving the case in Antonio's favor, what more natural than that the Duke, at his wit's end, should seek outside of Venice for an advisor? Bellario is learned, evidently famous. He lives in the adjacent city of Padua. To him the Duke sends a message, acquainting him with the case; and we assume that the Duke, being a man of some foresight, does not wait until the day before the trial to summon him, but calls upon him immediately after he himself, twenty merchants, and the manificoes of greatest port have failed to soften Antonio's stony adversary. In scene iv. of act III. we find Lorenzo complimenting Portia upon the

manner in which she bears the absence of her lord. Some time, then, has passed between the close of scene iii. and the opening of scene iv. Portia has furnished Bassanio with money for his friend's deliverance; but she doubts whether the money will appease the Jew (having in mind the words of Jessica; III. ii. 280), and like the Duke, she sends to her learned kinsman to see what may be done by law for her husband's friend, in case the Jew refuse to accept the money from Bassanio. Bellario has evidently answered her before the opening of scene iv. act III.; told her that even though the money be refused, Antonio may be delivered from the Jew; and he has promised her that, if she so desires, he will give her all the assistance in his power. Portia's arrangements have been made; and while she is deceiving Lorenzo and the others with tales of a monastery, the erudite Bellario is consulting his books, and preparing a good case for his fair cousin.

128. **let justice be accused**: Let justice herself be charged with crime for permitting you to exist.
130. **Pythagoras**: A celebrated Greek philosopher who lived about 540-510 B.C. He believed in what is called metempsychosis, or the transmigration of the souls of men into the bodies of animals, and of animals into men.
138. **rail**: "My father says that the prolonged, grating, guttural tone of contempt with which Edmund Kean dwelt on this word, has never left his memory." — FURNESS.
141. **for law**: Vituperation, tactful speeches and appeals to mercy, these are to Shylock but Christian follies. The Law! nothing equals that; nothing else can be right. He stands upon the basal principle of his faith. For

the sake of it he will bear taunts, jeers, every form of ignominy which it is possible for the misbelievers to devise. "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth!" That is the law; and he has a covenant with God that the law shall be observed. To the Christian, Shylock's God is bloody, fierce and cruel; but to the Jew, with his fatalistic philosophy, it is the peculiar privilege of Jehovah to be and do whatsoever He pleases; and as the tribes on Mount Ebal accepted the terrific despotism set forth by Moses, and to the horrors of the dictum of their deity cried: "Amen, so let it be," so this grim child of his forefathers stands in the presence of a Christian world, and to the most beautiful appeal for mercy ever uttered, can be as cold and stony as the blasted top of Mount Ebal, and answer, "I crave the Law!"

161. **no impediment to let him lack:** That is, to hinder him from receiving.
185. **twice blest:** As an attribute to God, it is, like all divine virtues, blessed in its nature and in the merciful offices that it performs.
199. **pray for mercy:** In the Lord's prayer, "forgive us our trespasses." When we consider that the Jews of Shakespeare's time had small cause, so far as Christians were concerned, to pray for forgiveness, that the Jew was powerless to trespass against the Christian, while the Christian was constantly and wantonly trespassing against the Jew, we must admit that Portia's reference to the Lord's Prayer is sadly out of point. To Shylock her reasoning is shallow, and her illustrations impertinent. "That same prayer" had never taught the Christians mercy toward the Jew. Besides,

Portia's "Our Father" is not Shylock's. His deity is a sublime terror, a smiter of men, awful, implacable; and her God is to Shylock too gentle to be admirable, a power that deals out mercy after a manner too nearly resembling Antonio's Christian courtesies, for Shylock to worship. And so he answers with a haughty contempt for her God: "My deeds upon my head. I crave the law!"

261. 'tis not in the bond: It must be remembered that Shylock has almost ceased to be a man: he has become an embodied hate, one great incarnate lust for revenge.

280. with all my heart: "A jest like this enhances the pathos. Men at the point of death have a natural tendency to beguile the time by playing upon words." — CLARENDON. When Ridley and Latimer were being burned at the stake, Latimer cried as the flames hissed around him: "Play the man, Master Ridley: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as I trust shall never be put out." As the executioner was about to cut off the head of Sir Thomas More, the old hero moved his beard from the block, saying, "Pity that should be cut that has never committed treason." Gaunt (King Richard, act II. i.) plays upon his name on his death-bed:

GAUNT. *Gaunt am I for the grave, gaunt as a grave.*

KING RICHARD. *Can sick men play so nicely with their names?*

GAUNT. *No, misery makes sport to mock itself.*

306. jot of blood: This is "the merest verbal quibble. When I see Antonio saved by a species of construction, according to which, if a man contracted to cut a slice of melon, he would be deprived of the benefit of his con-

tract unless he had stipulated, in so many words, for the incidental spilling of the juice, one cannot help recognizing, in the fiction of the immortal poet, an intensified representation of the popular faith — that the law regarded the letter, not the spirit.” — HAYNES, *Outlines of Equity* (quoted in Furness).

367. **our spirit**: The Jew having been robbed of his possessions by Christian sophistry, the magnanimous Duke proceeds to give Shylock an example of the superiority of Christian virtue over that of the Jew.
382. **half in use**: That is, to hold it in trust for Shylock, to be given to Lorenzo after the Jew's death. Doubtless Antonio means to be kind, nevertheless, had he spent months in devising some mode of punishment that should be refinedly cruel, he could not have hit upon a better way of crushing the spirit of his enemy. That Antonio, the man whom he hates so fiercely, should become his patron and deal out his own property to him “for a Christian courtesy,” could any sharper dagger be fashioned to stick in the proud Jew? And that Antonio, who rails against the sacred nation of Shylock, should propose Christianity, apostasy, to him — what sorrow could be more bitter, what ignominy more deep?
393. **I am content**: Do these words discover a weakness in Shylock, or are they the words of hopeless despair? He has fought his fight and lost. Victory seemed certain, but in its stead came defeat, sudden, overwhelming; and now the grim old man stands dazed, crushed, and helpless. The world has caught him upon the hip, and has downed him. Hatred, his strength, has been made impotent. “I am content,” content to stagger

home with a jeering mob at his heels, and to sit there in the blackness of his disappointment, with the venom meant for others embittering his every hour.

Scene II.

“It is worth noting how Shakespeare, in his short and apparently insignificant scenes, makes them serve fullest dramatic purpose. Here, the very first thing, Portia fulfills, in careful, practical, professional way, the duty of conveying the deed to Shylock for signature; and afterwards, by her desiring Gratiano to shew her clerk the way to the Jew’s house, the opportunity for Nerissa to obtain her husband’s ring is naturally brought about.”

— COWDEN CLARKE.

Act V. Scene I.

4. **Troilus**: This passage is perhaps a reminiscence of that in Chaucer’s *Troilus and Cressid*, Book V., 606.
7. **Thisbe**: A beautiful lady of Babylon, whose parents were opposed to her marriage with Pyramus, whom she loved. They once arranged to meet at the tomb of Ninus, and while Thisbe, who had arrived first, was waiting for Pyramus, she saw a lioness in the act of tearing an ox to pieces. Terror-stricken, she fled, and in going she dropped her mantle, which the lioness soiled with blood. When Pyramus reached the meeting-place he saw the bloody garment, and thinking that Thisbe had been slain, he killed himself. Thisbe returned and found her lover’s body, the sight of which crazed her with grief, and she likewise made away with herself. In Chaucer’s *Legend of Good Women*, Thisbe, Dido, and

Media come in succession. Compare Bottom's version of Pyramus and Thisbe; *Midsummer Night's Dream* V. i.

10. **Dido**: "*This noble queen that cleped was Dido,
That whylom was the wyf of Sitheo,
That fairer was than is the brightë sonne,
This noble toun of Carthage hath begonne.* (i.e. founded).
CHAUCER, Legend of Good Women, 1004.

Carthage was the capital of Libya, of which the beautiful Dido was queen. Aeneas, after the war of Troy, landed at Carthage, saw Dido, fell in love with her, and in return was beloved. Afterwards he sailed away to Italy, and left her in great sorrow.

10. **willow**: The willow was an emblem of sorrow. Compare the song of Desdemona in *Othello*, IV. iii. Although the classical Dido is never represented thus, the present picture is made more beautiful by the introduction of the willow, for it adds a tender pathos to the description, and humanizes what might otherwise be a mere lifeless illustration from the ancients.
14. **old Aeson**: The father of Jason the Argonaut, whom Media restored to youth by boiling him in a caldron filled with enchanted herbs. How natural it is that the stillness of night, and the indefinite, mysterious character which the light of the moon gives to everything, should bring to Lorenzo's mind the thought of the enchantress and her witchery. How natural, too, that the mention of Media, whose departure with Jason was a classical elopement, should suggest to him his own flight with Jessica.
15. **steal**: Lorenzo, as Furness remarks, might have chosen a

happier word. "Steal" jars upon us. For the thought of Jessica's wrong-doing robs the scene of somewhat of its joyousness, like a dark cloud among the "patines of bright gold," made darker by her light-heartedness, by her absolute forgetfulness, in the midst of all this loveliness and happiness, of the old Jew who sits alone in his sober dwelling, crushed, reviled, and deserted.

37. **ceremoniously prepare:** Notice the interchange of ideas, that which really proceeds from the action (ceremonious welcome), being given to the action itself. This figure, by which the relations of things are interchanged, is called, in rhetoric, Hypallage. Sometimes an adjective is used for an adverb, e. g., "He ate a hasty plate of soup." Sometimes the adverb takes the place of the adjective, as in this case: Let us ceremoniously prepare, for, let us prepare a ceremonious welcome; and sometimes one noun changes position with another: "*dare classibus austros*" (to give the winds to the fleet), which should read, logically, "to give the fleet to the winds."

63. **Such harmony:** The harmony of the spheres is figuratively treated in Plato's Republic, Book X. Comp., also, —

*Then listen I
To the celestial siren's harmony,
That sit upon the nine infolded spheres.*

MILTON, Arcades, 62.

The fancy is very old: comp.,—

When the morning stars sang together. — Job, xxxviii.

- 64-65. We cannot hear the immortal harmony because our souls are closed in by mortal garments of flesh.
99. **respect:** Attention, fitness; so that the music which Portia

might not notice by day seems now part of the loveliness about her, and commands attention.

103. **attended:** Accompanied by fit attributes. The crow's song, in its place, is well enough, but heard at the same time with the lark's, it is a sad performance. Music heard by day, when other sounds break in upon us, is not so pleasing as when it rises in the stillness of night, especially a night in which the landscape wears the sober glory of moonlight, and when our own hearts are radiant with love, and our spirits are bright as the heavens. Music is then the harmony of nature and the spirit made audible.
109. **Endymion:** A figure of speech with Shakespeare, as with all great poets, is never a mere transposition of meaning. It is a noble mode of expressing his conception; nor is it ever used with the purpose of making the thought clearer, for the figure is itself the thought, not a rhetorical aid to beauty of expression. "The moon sleeps with Endymion" does not mean, "the moon is behind a cloud." It means here that the exquisite-souled Portia looks upon nature with the eyes of love and imagination, so that, for her, everything of beauty takes on a beautiful personality. When the silver light is fleeting away, it is not to Portia a physical phenomenon; it is the moon stealing to meet her beloved; and when her face is hidden by the clouds, Dian sleeps with Endymion; and Portia, as if the darkness and the deep hush held a meaning for her, bids the music cease.
124. **daylight sick:** Mark the happy effect here. The moon has been hidden, but immediately before the entrance of Bassanio, Antonio and Gratiano, she sheds her light upon the scene, so that the night is like the day, pale,

as it were, with sickness. In this joy darkness has no place, and from this point on, the fair garden at Belmont is flooded with radiance.

139. **our house**: "How delicate is this little touch of modesty and generosity. She has just endowed her husband with her property." — COWDEN CLARKE.
203. **much unreasonable**: *Much* was used in Early English to denote size and degree, as well as quantity. "Much and lite" (big and little), CHAUCER, Cant. Tales, 496. Hence it was sometimes used by Shakespeare and his contemporaries as an adverb of degree. Comp. also, —

wonderliche deep, much and swithe strong: (wonderfully deep, large, and exceedingly strong).

LAYAMON, Brut.

205. **wanted the modesty**: "As to have lacked the moderation" (the subject is "man").
217. **shame and courtesy**: That is, "I was beset with feelings of shame and appeals to my courtesy."
233. **double self**: "Used in a bad sense for, *full of duplicity*." — MALONE.
281. **inter'gatories**: interrogatories. In the court of Queen's Bench, persons on trial are "charged upon interrogatories," and made to swear that they will answer all things faithfully. The play has indeed become a comedy. But a little while since, these persons of whom we take our leave to the sounds of music, light mirth, and joyous laughter, stood within the shadow of death. To them the Law was great and august, its very name to be spoken with fear and reverence: now it is something to make merry over. Portia, the sometime grave young judge, plays with the musty terms of the law, and turns its

sober language into a pleasant invitation. "The discords are heard no more, as we linger on the moonlit bank at Belmont, and seek to catch the faint echoes upon earth of the choral music of the spheres." — BOAS, *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, ch. x.

GLOSSARY.

CONTRACTIONS.

A. Adjective.	N. Noun.
Acc. Accusative.	O. Fr. Old French.
Ad. Adverb.	P. P. Past Participle.
A. S. Anglo-Saxon.	Prep. Preposition.
Comp. Compare.	Pt. Participle.
Con. Conjunction.	Scan. Scandinavian.
Du. Dutch.	Subst. Substantive.
E. E. Early English.	Swed. Swedish.
Fr. French.	V. Verb.
Gr. Greek.	I., II., III., IV., etc. Act.
Inter. Interjection.	i., ii., iii., iv., etc. Scene.
Lat. Latin.	1, 2, 3, 4, etc. Lines.
Low Lat. Low Latin.	—, derived from.
M. E. Middle English.	N. E. D., New English Dictionary.

A.

- Abode:** (subst.) delay, Act II., sc. vi., l. 21. This is commonly the sense in M. E.
- Achieved:** Won, or brought to a successful issue: III. ii. 209. Comp., "*Then began the justs (jousts) which was valiantlie atchieved by the king.*" — HOLINSHED, Chronicle III.
- Advice:** Consideration, IV. ii. 6. Comp., *That's not suddenly to be performed, but with advice and silent secrecy.* — 2 Henry VI., II. ii. 68.
- Andrew:** A large ship, I. i, 27. So called because vessels of great burden were commanded by the famous naval commander, Andrea Dorea.
- An:** if, I. ii. 96; and so throughout.

GLOSSARY

Anon : Immediately, presently, II. ii. 123.

Approve : Justify, III. ii. 79. Comp., *I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit the king hath of you*; Henry VIII., II. iii. 74.

Argosy : A merchant vessel, I. i. 9. A corruption of Ragošie, a ship of Ragusa. Perhaps from the Spanish "Argos," the name of the famous ship in which Jason and his companions sailed in search of the golden fleece.

Attempt : Tempt, endeavor to win over, IV. i. 420.

Attentive : Sensitive, easily impressed or enthralled, V. i. 70. Literally, on the stretch; Lat. *attentus*, stretched out; *attendere*, to stretch towards, give heed to.

B.

Bated : (vb.) Reduced, worn out; III. iii. 32.

Bated : (pt.) Lowered (from fear), I. iii. 121. M. E. *bate*, a contraction of "to beat."—O. Fr. *abatre*, to lower, to beat down.—Low Lat. *abbatere*, to beat, or lower, down.

Bestowed : (pt.) II. ii. 178: Arranged, ordered. M. E. *bestowen*, to place, arrange.

Bottom : (n.) Vessel, ship, I. i. 42.

Beauty : (n.) False, show, III. ii. 88. Comp.,

— *the harlot's cheek,*

Beautied with plastering art.

Hamlet, III. i. 51.

Burial : (n.) Grave, I. i. 29. M. E. *burial*, a grave;—A. S. *bir-gals*, a tomb.

Baned : (pt.) Killed, destroyed, IV. i. 46. M. E. *bane*;—A. S. *bana*, a slayer, destroyer.

Behanced : Having happened, I. i. 38. The prefix is A. S., and implies "to make," to "bring to pass." So benumb,

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become, befall. O. Fr. *chaunce*;—Lat. *cadentia*, that which falls out or happens;—*cadere*, to fall.

C.

Cater: "Cater-cousins," II. ii. 137. Of doubtful etymology, Some derive it from Fr. *quatre cousin* (fourth cousin), others from Eng. *cater* † *cousin*, which would mean one being catered to at the same table, hence a close companion. See N. E. D. for a full discussion of the phrase.

Certified: Informed, assured, II. viii. 10.

Cheer: Face, countenance, III. ii. 308. Comp., *The children of Israel myghten not beholden into the face of Mose for the glory of his cheere*.—2 Cor. iii., Wyck. trans. Also, *Received her with so glad a chcere*.—Cant. T., 4816. *Pale of cheere*. Mid. Night's Dr., III. ii. 96.

Civility: Good manners, refinement, II. ii. 206.

Close: Secretive, sheltering, II. vi. 47.

Colchos: (properly Colchis) The modern Mingretia, a country lying at the east end of the Black Sea. I. i. 169. Thither Jason and the Argonauts went to win the golden fleece, which was fastened to a tree in a garden consecrated to Ares (Mars), and guarded by a dragon. Jason succeeded in securing the fleece, with the aid of Media, daughter of King Aaëtes, whom he married, and subsequently deserted.

Commends: Compliments, praise, II. ix. 90.

Commodity: Goods, property, I. i. 176.

Complexion: Nature, habit, III. i. 32.

Compromised: Mutually agreed, I. iii. 79.

Conceit: (1) (n.) Intellect, understanding, I. i. 92. This word is but another form of "conceive." O. Fr. *concever*, to conceive;—Lat. *con* (for *cum*) together, or wholly, and

GLOSSARY

capere, to take, lay hold on. It will readily be seen how the ability to take hold of, or to grasp, a material thing with ease would come to be applied to mental capability or readiness of understanding. Comp., *Unripe years did want conceit*. — Pilgr. i. 51.

Conceit: (2) (n.) Breeding, nature, extraction. Comp., *I know you are a gentleman of good conceit*. — As You Like It, V. ii. 59.

Conceit: (3) Conception, III. iv. 2.

Conceits: (4) Fanciful ideas, III. v., 61. Comp.,

'Tis nothing but conceit, my gracious lady.

King Richard II., II. ii. 33.

Condition: Temperament, disposition, I. ii. 142.

Confound: To ruin, destroy, III. ii. 272. Comp., *All is confounded*. — Henry V., IV. v. 3.

Constant: Steadfast, not easily moved, III. ii. 243.

Convenient: Suitable, III. iv. 56.

Cope: Pay, reward. — Du. *koopēn* to buy, bargain with, IV. i. 411. Gower has "under the cope of heaven"; Milton, "under the cope of Hell"; Par. L., Book I., 309, and it may be that *cope* is a noun used here as a verb: *we freely cover your courteous palm (pains) withal*. Comp., "to cover one's losses," that is, to be assured of indemnity.

Counterfeit: Portrait, III. ii. 115. Comp., *Much liker than your painted counterfeit*. — Sonnet XVI. 8.

County: "The County Palatine," I. ii. 49. Shakespeare frequently uses county for count. Palatine originally meant "belonging," or "pertaining to," a palace. A count palatine was a nobleman attached to the palace, or household, of the king. O. Fr. *compte*, count, equivalent to the

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English "Earle." The word originally meant "companion;" Lat. *comitem*, acc. of *comes*, a companion.

Cozen: To cheat, flatter; II. ix. 38. Formed from the noun "cousin"; — Fr. *cousiner*, "to claim kindred for advantage, or particular ends; as he who, to save charges in travelling, goes from house to house, as *cosin* to the honour of every one." — COTGRAVE.

Crisped: Curled, III. ii. 92.

D.

Danger: Power to inflict punishment; power to harm, IV. i. 179.

Comp., *Al found they Daunger for a time a lord.*

CHAUCER, Legend of Good Women, Prologue A, 160.

M. E. *daunger*, absolute power; O. Fr. *dangier*, absolute

authority. Littré traces the word back to O. Lat. *dom-*

inarium, *dominum*=absolute power. In feudal times

dangier=power, authority, became synonymous, in the

minds of people harassed by a dishonest, cruel aristocracy,

with "*risk*," in which sense we now use it.

Deface: Cancel, make null, III. ii. 295.

Devised: Arranged by bequest, ordained, I. ii. 32. Comp.,

But he shal maken, as ye wil devyse,

Of wommen trewe in lovinge al hir lyve.

CHAUCER, Legend of Good Wom., Prol. A., I. 437.

M. E. *devisen*; — O. Fr. *deviser*, arrange, bequeath, regulate;

— Low Lat. *divisa*, disposition of property; — *dividere*, to

divide.

Discover: Exhibit, uncover, disclose, II. vii. 1.

Doit: A coin of little value, I. iii. 136. Merely the English form of Dut. *duit*, a doit.

GLOSSARY

Ducat: A piece of money coined by a duke, I. iii. 1. The Venetian ducat of Shakespeare's time was about equal in value to the American dollar.

E.

Eanlings: New-born lambs (commonly spelled yeanelings), I. iii. 80.
Entertain: To put on, preserve, maintain, I. i. 90. Comp., *He entertained a show so seeming just.* — Rape of Lucrece, I. 1514.

Envious: Malicious, full of hate, III. ii. 278. Comp., *For he wiste that the higheste priestis hadden take him by envy:* that is, out of hate. Mark xv., Wyck. trans.

Equal: Exact, just the weight, I. iii. 145.

Ergo: Therefore, hence, II. ii. 59. Lat. *ergo*, therefore.

Estate: Condition, III. ii. 232. In act I. i. 43, estate means "possessions," "commercial standing." The two words are identical, both of them being from Lat. *status*, literally a standing; hence, condition, rank, state.

Exclaim: Censure, accuse, III. ii. 175. Comp., *Exclaim on death.* Rape of Lucrece, I. 741.

F.

Fancy: Love, III. ii. 63. Shakespeare uses the word frequently in this sense. Comp., *A martial man to be soft fancy's slave.* — Rape of Lucrece, C. 200.

Faithless: Unbelieving, pagan (in the opprobrious Christian application of the word), II. iv. 37.

Fell: Wicked, cruel, IV. i. 134. A. S. *fel*, cruel, fierce.

Fill: "Fill-horse," shaft horse, II. ii. 98. The proper form is thill, A. S., *thille*, a board, piece of wood, shaft of a cart.

Firm: Sound, which cannot be overturned, IV. i. 52.

GLOSSARY

Fleet : (vb.) Flit, escape, III. ii. 108; IV. i. 134.

Fond : Foolish, II. ix. 27; III. iii. 9. M. E. *fanned*, p.p. of *fennen*, to act foolishly. Swed., *fane*, a fool, simpleton.

Foot : (vb.) Kick, spurn, I. iii. 115.

For : Because, for the reason that, I. iii. 43. Comp.,—

My foolish rival that her father likes

Only for his possessions are so huge.

Two Gent. of Ver., II. iv. 175.

Also,

And for the morning now is something worn,

Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.

Mid. Night's Dr., IV. i. 187.

G.

Gaberdine : A frock, a large cloak, I. iii. 109. Span. *gaberdine*, a coarse frock. Connected with Span. *cabaza*, a hooded cloak, and with Span. *cabana*, a hut, cabin, which is, in turn, from the Celtic *caban*, a tent, a cottage. As a tent or hut afforded protection from the elements, so the large cloak, or gaberdine, derived its name from the Celtic *caban*.

Gaged : Pledged, I. i. 128.

Garnish : Dress, apparel, II. vi. 45.

Gear : Generally explained as "stuff," "business." "For this gear," i.e., for this business, or matter, I. i. 110 and II. ii. 174.

A. S. *gearwe*, preparation, dress. Comp., for this latter sense,

Disguised like Muscovites in shapeless gear.

Love's Labor's Lost, V. ii. 303.

The preparation of a warrior in the Middle Ages must have been attended with a good deal of "business" or

“fuss,” considering the complicated harness, tackle, and suits of mail in which the men of those times were imprisoned. Perhaps the modern “business,” in the expression “What’s all this business about?” is an equivalent. One can easily imagine an Elizabethan asking “What’s all this ‘gear’ about?” and it is also remarkable that the word is generally used to denote disorder, or fussy activity, especially that kind consequent upon elaborate preparation. Words like this, however, can never be satisfactorily explained; and so it is wise to content one’s self with a feeling for its meaning, depending upon its context for illumination rather than seeking to guess a meaning into it, or to force Shakespeare’s use of the word to conform to that of Early English writers. When we consider the fact that words and phrases which have originated within the memory of living men cannot be satisfactorily accounted for (e.g., “flat,” an apartment; “at that,” a phrase which is gaining in use, and which is grammatically inexplicable) it becomes at once apparent that great care and diffidence must be exercised in the explanation of words of other times, especially when their meaning is at all nebulous, or their ideas indeterminate,

Good: Solvent, I. iii. 12. This special meaning of the word is still in use. Comp., *He is perfectly good*, that is, trustworthy, reliable, in a business sense.

Governed: Inhabited, dwelt in, in the same sense that the spirit of man is said to govern the body, IV. i. 133. It was an old-time superstition that the spirit of sorcerers could inhabit the bodies of animals.

Gramercy: (inter.) “Much obliged!” II. ii. 126. Fr. *grand merci*, “thanks!”

Gross: (1) The sum, the whole, I. iii. 56.

GLOSSARY

Gross: (2) "To term in gross," to conclude, state broadly, sum up, III. ii. 159.

Guarded: trimmed, decorated, II. ii. 162. Comp., *In a long motley coat, guarded with yellow.* — Henry VIII., Prologue.

H.

Habit: Demeanor, behavior, II. ii. 201.

Heaviness: Melancholy, sadness, II. viii. 52.

High-Day: Holiday, II. ix. 98.

High-Top: The highest yard-arm of a ship, I. i. 28. This yard-arm, dangling from the mast of a vessel lying on its side in the sands, would actually be lower, at the end, than the greater part of the vessel's hull.

Hip: "To catch upon the hip," to have at an advantage, I. iii. 47. A figure taken from the sport of wrestling, wherein to catch one's adversary upon the hip is to have him in one's power, and to be able to throw him.

Hovel-Post: A post supporting a hut, or small outhouse, II. ii. 70.

Humility: Kindness, charity, III. i. 72. — Lat. *humilis*, lit., "near the ground," hence, belonging to humanity, and so, kindness, charity.

Husbandry: Management, care, stewardship, III. iv. 25.

I.

Imagined: Imaginable, III. iv. 52.

Impertinent: A blunder of Launcelot for pertinent, apposite, II. ii. 144.

Imposition: (1) Duty, task imposed, III. iv. 33; (2) Unalterable disposition, or arrangement, I. ii. 114. Lat. *impositus*, lit., "laid on," hence, obligatory; Lat. *imponere*, "to lay, or place on."

Incarnal: Launcelot's blunder for incarnate; II. ii. 29.

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- Indirectly**: Directly, II. ii. 45; Launcelot here uses the wrong word willfully to confuse his father.
- Infection**: Desire, II. ii. 131.
- Insculpt**: Carved in relief, II. vii. 57.
- Iwis**: Certainly, II. ix. 68. Erroneously taken to mean "I wis," — i.e., I know, but really M. E. *ȝwis*, surely, certainly; A. S. *gewis*, certain. Coleridge, Byron, and other poets, have mistaken this adverb for a phrase.

J.

- Jacks**: Used contemptuously for "fellows," III. iv. 77.
- Jump**: (vb.) "jump with," be like, agree with, II. ix. 32. Comp., *Both our inventions meet and jump in one.* — Tam. of the Shr., I. i. 295.

K.

- Kept**: Dwelt, lived, III. iii. 19. Ultimately from A. S. *ceap*, — to traffic, bargain, and hence, to come frequently into contact with, and so, dwell with. This A. S. word, however, is said to be derived from the Lat. Comp., *caudo*, a huckster.
- Knapped**: "Knapped ginger," ginger nibbled, or broken off, in small pieces; III. i. 10. Comp. Dut. *knabben*, to bite or snap off.

L.

- Level**: (vb.) Aim, in the sense of "guess at," I. ii. 42.
- Liberal**: (adj.) Free, to the point of impertinence; II. ii. 195. Comp. "To make too free," i.e., be impudently familiar.
- Livings**: Property, possessions, III. ii. 157. Comp., *where my land and living lies.* Wint. Tale, IV. iii. 104.
- Low**: Used here, perhaps, in the sense of base, I. iii. 44. "Humble," the definition sometimes given, fails to express the contempt which lurks in Shylock's words. He classes Antonio with the ignorant masses who, in Shakespeare's

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time, regarded the taking of interest as sinful, and he seems to use "low" in the sense of ignorant, foolish.

M.

Magnificoes: A title of respect given to Venetian gentlemen of of rank, III. ii. 276.— Lat. *magnificus*, great, grand, illustrious.

Manage: (n.) Management, III. iv, 25.

Marry: (inter.) An abbreviation of the expression, "by Mary" (by our Lady), II. ii. 44.

Mart: A contraction of market, III. i. 48.

Martlet: A kind of swallow, a martin, II. ix. 28.

Mean: (1) Common, base, I. ii. 7. M. E. *mene*, base, poor: *The mene and the riche*.— Piers Plowman, prol. I. 18. A. S. *gemoene*, common, general.

Mean: (2) Between, in an intermediate state, I. ii. 8. Fr. *moyen*, mean, intermediate; Lat. *medianus*, *medius*, middle, intermediate.

Mere: "Mere enemy," absolute enemy, III. ii. 258. Comp., *The mere perdition of the Turkish fleet*. Oth. II. ii. 3.

Moe: More, II. vi. 50. Frequent in Shakespeare. "The mod. E. *more* does duty for *two* M. E. words which were generally well distinguished, viz., *mo* and *more*, the former relating to number, the latter to size."— SKEAT.

Moiety; A little, a portion, IV. i. 26. Fr. *moitié*, a part, or half part. Shakespeare so uses it in *All's Well*, III. ii. 69.

Mutual: General, V. i. 77. The proper sense is reciprocal;— Lat. *mutare*, to exchange.

N.

Narrow: (adj.) "narrow seas," the English Channel, III. i. 4.

Naughty: (adj.) Not mischievous merely, but good-for-nothing,

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wicked, III. ii. 18; III. iii. 9. Comp., *While he lives upon this naughty earth.*—Hen. VIII., V. i. 139.

Nice : Fastidious, II. i. 14.

Nominated : Expressed, stated, I. iii. 145; IV. i. 258.

O.

Obliged : Bound, pledged, II. vi., 7.

Occasions : “to your occasions,” to whatever needs may arise, I. i. 137. Also, “quarrelling with occasion,” III. v. 52, which may mean, quarreling with every trifling or casual remark (with whatever happens to be said) or quarreling, i.e., arguing irrelevantly, by making remarks having no bearing upon the subject in hand. “Occasion” is here used for the subject of the conversation (that which *happens* to be under discussion), and Launcelot’s remarks are so far off the point that they may truly be said to be at enmity with relevancy.

O’er-looked : Charmed, bewitched, III. ii. 15.

Of : About, I. iii. 54; on, I. ii. 86; with, II. iv. 23.

Offend’st : Injurest, vexest, IV. i. 139. Used in its literal sense; — Lat. *offendere*, to hurt, injure.

Opinion : Reputation, I. i. 91.

Ostent : Appearance, mien, II. ii. 207.

Outdwells : Out-lingers, outstays, II. vi. 3.

Overname : Repeat their names, run them over, I. ii. 40.

Overweathered : Buffeted by the elements, weather-beaten, II. vi. 18.

P.

Pageants : Spectacles, shows, I. i. 11. The word pageant originally meant “a movable scaffold,” or portable stage on which the old plays called “mysteries” were represented. Later, the meaning was transferred to the spectacle itself. Lat. *pagina*, a stage, platform.

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Pain : "Take pain" = care, pains, II. i. 195. As painfulness was frequently used in the sense of carefulness, so *pain* was used in the sense of *care*.

Parcel : Lot, company, I. ii. 118.

Parts : Duties, tasks, IV. i. 91. — Lat. *partem*, acc. of *pars*, a part, something set aside; hence, an assigned task, or function.

Passion : Vehement outcry, II. viii. 12.

Patch : Fool, II. v. 46. The costume of the court-fool, or jester, was made of pieces or *patches* of divers colors, sewn together; and as this dress was characteristic of professional fools, it was only natural that the distinctive peculiarity of the clown's garb should come to be used as a nickname for simpletons and fools in general.

Pawned : Pledged, staked, III. v. 79. Fr. *pan*, a piece of cloth : Lat. *paunus*, a rag, piece of cloth. It came to be employed in this sense because a piece of cloth, or article of wearing apparel, was the easiest thing to lay hands on, and the most convenient to carry to the pawnbroker's.

Patines : The golden plate used for the blessed bread in the Eucharist (the Lord's Supper), V. i. 59. Some would read "patterns," but so commonplace a word is not in harmony with the beauty of the passage. It is more probable, as Furness suggests (Variorum Shakespeare) that "patines" refers to the exquisite cirrus clouds so often seen on calm moonlight nights, and which cause the heavens to seem actually inlaid with mosaics of sober gold. The stars on a bright moonlight night are certainly too pale to be compared to disks of bright gold.

Peize : Balance, weight, hence, to draw out the time by holding it, as it were, in suspense, III. ii. 22.

Pent-house : A projecting roof, a porch, II. vi. 1. O. Fr. *apendre*,

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to belong to, or be added to: Lat. *ad*, to, and *pendere*, to hang; hence, a pent-house is a structure appended to another, and in this sense an outhouse.

Pied: Covered with spots, I. iii. 80.

Pill'd: "pill'd me certain wands." Peeled off the bark in strips, I. iii. 82. M. E. *pillen*, to peel. The word, however, comes from O. Fr. *piler*, to plunder, and was taken erroneously to mean "peel," "strip." The true French form is *peler*, to strip, unskin; Ital. *pellare*, to unskin; Lat. *pellis*, the skin.

Port: (1) Appearance, mode of living, I. i. 122.

Port: (2) Rank, importance, III. ii. 277.

Possessed: Informed, I. iii. 65. Comp., *Possess the people in Messina how innocent she died*. Much Ado, V. i. 290. *Possess us, tell us something of him*.—Twel. Night, II. iii. 149.

Post: Postman, messenger, II. ix. 100.

Posy: A motto, short verse, V. i. 148. Contracted from poesy. It was, at one time, the fashion to cut mottoes on rings and knives, and as these mottoes were usually in verse, they were called "cutler's poesy." At a later day, any short inscription was known as "a posy."

Power: Authority, IV. i. 103.

Preferred: Spoken well of, recommended, II. ii. 153.

Presence: Air, mien, III. ii. 54. Comp., *Show a fair presence and put off these frowns*. Romeo and Juliet, I. v. 75.

Presently: Instantly, immediately, I. i. 181.

Prest: Ready, prepared, I. i. 158. Prest, or pressed, in its modern sense, is a corruption of this old word "prest," ready. The money given to a recruit was called "prest-money," i.e., ready money. "To take the shilling" is, in England, equivalent to becoming a soldier, and as, from

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time to time, the English government had occasion to force its shillings or "prest-money" upon unwilling recruits, and to compel many of its subjects to enter service by means of the notorious "press-gang," the word *press* naturally came to be associated, in the popular mind, with the idea of forceful coercion. — O. Fr. *prest*, prompt, ready; — Lat. *praestare*, to stand by, be ready. Comp.,

*Behold the wicked bend their bows
And make their arrows prest.*

Ps. II.

Prevented: Anticipated, I. i. 61. — O. Fr. *prevenir*, to forestall; — Lat. *prae*, before, and *venire*, to go or come.

Proper: Handsome, comely, I. ii. 77. M. E. *proppe*, handsome. Comp., "propreman," Ancren Riwle, p. 196. — Fr. *proppe*; — Lat. *proprius*, one's own, belonging to, and hence, suitable, fit, and so, comely, handsome.

Q.

Qualify: Moderate, change, IV. i. 7.

Quaint: Fine, clever, pretty, III. iv. 69. Comp., *To show how quaint an orator you are.* Hen. VI. (Part 2), III. ii. 74.

Quaintly: Elegantly, gracefully, II. iv. 6.

Question: (1) (vb.) Reason argue, IV. 1, 69. Comp.,

*Let your reason with your cholor question
What tis you go about.*

Hen. VIII., I. 1. 130.

Question: (2) (n.) Discourse, debate, IV. i. 171. Comp., *I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him.* As You Like it, III. iv. 39.

Quit: Remit, IV. i. 380.

R.

Racked: Stretched, as on a rack, I. i. 179.

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Raise the waters: Make a storm, II. ii. 51. Comp., "Raise the roof;" "raise the dead," etc.

Reasoned: Talked with, conversed with, II. viii. 27. Comp.,

I am not very sick, since I can reason of it.

Cymbeline, IV. ii. 14.

Cp., also, modern Italian *raggiunare*, to converse, talk.

Redoubted: Dreaded, terrible, III. ii. 88. Also used frequently by Shakespeare as a form of great respect. Comp., *My most redoubted Lord*, Richard II., III. iii. 198.

Regreets: Greetings, II. ix. 89.

Relation: "Hath full relation," i.e., is in every way applicable, IV. i. 247.

Remorse: Pity, compassion, IV. i. 20. Comp., *The tears of soft remorse*, King John, IV. iii. 50.

Repent: Regret, IV. i. 277.

Reproach: Used by Launcelot for "approach," II. v. 20.

Respect: "Respect upon," i.e., regard for, I. i. 74. — Fr. *respect*.

— Lat. *respectus*, p.p. of *respicere*, to look upon, regard closely. Lat. *re*, again (in the sense of thoroughly), and *spicere*, to spy into. Compare this passage with Wordsworth's sonnet beginning,

*The world is too much with us, late or soon,
Getting or spending we lay waste our powers, etc.*

Respect: Attention, fitness to circumstance, V. i. 99. The music which Portia might not notice by day, seems now a part of the loveliness about her, and commands attention.

Respective: Regardful, mindful, V. i. 156.

Rest: "Set up my rest," equivalent to "I am determined;" "I have made choice or decision," II. ii. 108. A phrase taken from a game of cards known as *primer*, wherein

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resto meant bet, or wager. To put up a bet is a quiet but thoroughly adequate way of expressing one's choice or decision. Comp., our saying, "money talks," "I'm down on him," etc., as picturesque declarations of preference, belief, or choice in any person or event.

Rib: Shut in, inclose, II. vii. 51.

Ripe: "ripe wants" = wants come to maturity, and therefore urgent, importunate, I. iii. 64.

Riping: "Stay the very riping of the time;" riping, i.e., until you are fully satisfied, until your scheme bear harvest, II. viii. 40.

Roads: Anchorages, I. i. 19. In the singular it means, port, harbor, as in V. i. 271.

S.

Sabbath: King, or Lord, of hosts, IV. i. 36. — Heb. *tsevaoth*, hosts, pl. of *tsava*, an army.

Sad: "sad ostent," grave or sober demeanor, II. ii. 207.

Sand-blind: Half-blind, II. ii. 37. — A. S. *Sam*, half. Comp., semi.

Scarfed: Bedecked with flags, II. vi. 15.

Scrubbed: Undergrown, in the sense of contemptible, insignificant, V. i. 162. "The Norwegian *skrub* means a scrubbing-brush; and *scrubba* is a name for the dwarf cornel tree, answering to English shrub, A. S. *scrobb*, a shrub." Skeat. Comp., "a scrub game," "scrub players," etc.

Self: Same, I. i. 146. Comp., *I am made of that self metal that my sister is*. Lear, I. i. 71. So in Chaucer, *right in the self place*, Cant. T., II. 706. This use of the word is found even as late as Dryden's time.

Sense: Reason, V. i. 136.

Sensible: (1) Apparent, evident, II. ix. 89.

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- Sensible** : (2) Touching, affecting, II. viii. 48.
- Sentences** : Sayings, opinions, I. ii. 11. — Fr. *sentence*, an opinion ;
— Lat. *sententia*, a sentiment, pithy saying.
- Should** : Would, I. ii. 100.
- Shows** : Appearances, II. vii. 20.
- Shrewd** : Evil, causing sorrow, III. ii. 239. M. E. shrewed, bad, evil. Comp., *For where is envy and stryf there is unstedfastness and al schrewid werk* (evil-doing). N. T., James III. 16. Wycklif trans.
- Shrive** : “shrive me” i.e., “be my confessor ;” “Impose some penance on me,” I. ii. 143.
- Single** : “Your single (personal) bond,” bond without securities, I. iii. 141. And see note.
- Skipping** : Light, frivolous, II. ii. 197.
- Slubber** : To hurry over, perform carelessly, II. viii. 39. Comp. Dut. *slobberen*, to lick or slop up, which involves the idea of haste ; also the saying, “A lick and a promise.”
- Smug** : Fine, in the sense of showy, self-important, III. i. 48. Comp. Dan. “*Det smukke kion*,” “the fair sex.” See Skeat, Ety. Dict.
- So** : if so be, provided that, III. ii. 196.
- Sola, sola** : Launcelot is mimicking the horn of a courier or postman, V. i. 39.
- Something** : (adv.) Somewhat, I. i. 122.
- Sonties** : Saints, II. ii. 47.
- Sophy** : A title given to the Emperor of Persia. The original signification was “wise,” “learned ;” Grk., *Sofos*, wise, II. i. 25.
- Sore** : Sorely, V. i. 288.
- Sort** : (1) (vb.) Arrange, dispose, V. i. 132.
- Sort** : (2) (n.) “some other sort” — “some other means,” manner. I. ii. 114. Some editors interpret this as “lot, fortune,”

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which is the radical sense of sort; (Lat. *sors*, a lot, fortune), but it is hardly likely that Nerissa would admit of any other destiny or lot save the one prepared for Portia by her ever-virtuous father, whom Nerissa regarded as inspired. Comp., *to teach you gamut in a briefer sort*. Tam. of the Shr., III. i. 67. *Express yourself in a more comfortable sort*. Coriolanus, I. iii. 2.

Sped: Undone, II. ix. 72.

Spend: Waste, I. i. 151. A contraction of the Low Lat. word *dispendere*, to consume, waste.

Squandered: "squandered abroad," scattered abroad, I. iii. 22. Still used, says Haliwell, in Warwickshire: "*His family are all grown up and squandered about the country.*"

Starved: Deadly (A. S. *steorfan*, to die), but here it probably means fierce, like the desire of a famished wolf for food, IV. i. 137. Comp., *From beds of raging fire to starve in ice*. — Par. Lost, Book II. 600.

Stead: Help, I. iii. 7.

Still: Always, continually, I. i. 17; I. i. 134. Comp., *Thou still hast been the father of good news*. — Ham., II. ii. 42. *he is a wise fellow, daughter, a very wise fellow, for he is still just of my opinion*. — MARSTON'S Parisitaster and Malcontent.

Stockish: Insensible, brutal, V. i. 81.

Stomachs: Appetites, III. v. 45.

Strained: Forced (in answer to Shylock's question, "On what compulsion must I?"), IV. i. 183.

Straight: Immediately, I. iii. 170; II. ix. i.

Strange: Unneighborly, unfriendly, I. i. 67.

Substance: "in the substance" = in the mass, gross weight, IV. i. 327.

Suited: (1) Dressed, I. ii. 79. — Fr. *suite*, — Lat. *secta*, a following.

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In Low Lat. it came to mean "a series," "a set," and finally a suit of clothes.

Suited: (2) Arranged, matched, III. v. 62.

Supposed: False, III. ii. 94. Comp., *Let the supposed fairies pinch him.* Merry Wives, IV. i. 61.

Supposition: "in supposition" = only assumed, not certain, being subject to all the perils of the sea, I. iii. 18.

T.

Table: Palm of the hand, II. ii. 165.

Tall: Strong, large, III. i. 6. Comp., *Yon tall anchoring bark.* K. Lear, IV. vi. 18.

Tenour: Subject, purport, IV. i. 234. M. E. *tenour*, — Fr. *teneur*, "the tenor, content, stuffe, or substance of a matter." COTGRAVE.

Thought: Care, anxiety, I. i. 36. Comp., *Take no thought for the morrow.* Matt. vi. 34.

Think: Imagine, fancy, IV. i. 69.

Thrift: (1) Prosperity, success, I. i. 173.

Thrift: (2) Gains, profits, I. iii. 51.

Time: Youth, I. i. 127. Comp. our sayings, "A good one in his time," "A beauty in her day," etc.

Tranect: Perhaps a corruption of the French *traject* (Italian *traghetto*), a ferry, III. iv. 53. See note.

Tricksy: Tricky, in our sense of the word "smart," III. v. 66.

Truth: Honesty, fair play, IV. i. 213.

Tucket: A flourish on a trumpet, V. i. 122. — Ital, *toccata*, a prelude (to music).

U.

Undervalued: "nothing undervalued," in no way inferior to, I. i. 163.

Unfurnished: Unmated, wanting its fellow, III. ii. 126.

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Untread : Go over again, retrace, II. vi. 10.

Unthrift : Worthless, V. i. 16.

Usance : Exorbitant interest for the use of money, I. iii. 46.

Use : "in use" = to have the interest of; perhaps to have in trust, though the former seems to be the more likely meaning, IV. i. 382.

Uttermost : "of my uttermost," that is, "of my uttermost means," I. i. 154. Adjectives as nouns are frequent in Shakespeare. Comp., —

*'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,
But to support him after.*

Timon of Athens, I. i. 107.

A sudden pale usurps her cheek. Venus and Adonis, l. 589.

V.

Villain : "the villain Jew," i.e., contemptible Jew, II. viii. 4. This is the old meaning of the word: — O. Fr. *vilein*, base, servile; — Low Lat. *villanus*, a serf, farm-hand; a clown, paltry fellow.

Vailing : Lowering, I. i. 28. Comp.,

*Do not forever with thy veiled lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust.*

Ham. I. ii. 70.

Vantage : Opportunity, III. ii. 175. A form of advantage.

Varnished : Painted, II. v. 33.

Vasty : Immense; vast, II. vii. 41.

Very : "very friends" = true friends, III. ii. 219. Comp., *He was a very perfect gentil knight.* — CHAUCER, Cant. Tales. I. 72. "Very charity = true charity, Piers Plowman, book XVII., 289. — O. Fr. *verai*, — Lat. *verus*, true.

Virtue : True value, or worth, V. i. 199.

W.

Waft : "waft her love" i.e., beckon to her love, wave to him, V. i. 11. Waft is probably another form of wave.

Warranty : Assurance, guarantee, I. i. 130.

Wealth : Prosperity, welfare, V. i. 237. A form of weal, well-being, the suffix (th) denoting condition or state of being, as in health, length, mirth, strength, etc. Comp. commonwealth.

Weather : "builds in the weather" i.e., in the storms, II. ix, 29.

Where : Whereas, IV. i. 22.

While : Time, II. i. 31. A. S. *hwile*, originally a noun denoting time. The genitive *whiles* occurs in I. ii. 147, *Whiles we shut the gate*," during the time that we shut, etc. We still say "all the while," for "all the time."

Wroth : Sorrow, misery, II. ix. 78.

Y.

Yunker : a young man, II. vi. 14. Dut. *jonker*, young lord, young gentleman.

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