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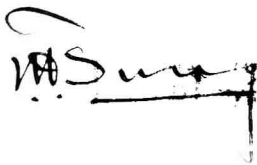
TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

BY CHARLES AND MARY LAMB

WITH CHINESE NOTES

華 文 詳 註

莎 氏 樂 府 本 事



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TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

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英文文學裏最偉大的名字，當然是莎士比亞了(William Shakespeare, 1564-1616)。他是文藝林中矗天的巨樹，巍巍乎，蕩蕩乎，那個比他得來！林中的佳木奇卉，固然也不少，可是都在他的覆蔭之下。歌德說，“我總覺得我生平所遇見的任何書籍，任何人物，任何事蹟，對於我的印象，總不及莎士比亞劇本的那樣深刻。”不過莎氏的原文太深奧，一般讀者竟感到可望不可即的惆悵。於是拉穆姊弟二人，便根據莎氏原文寫了這一本“莎氏樂府本事，”不但可作研究莎氏劇本的入門，且因文字優美，故事有味，反比原文更受讀者的歡迎，真所謂青出於藍而青於藍。

瑪麗·拉穆 (Mary Lamb, 1764-1847) 和查理·拉穆 (Charles Lamb, 1775-1834) 是英國文學史中很有趣的姊弟倆。姊姊終身不嫁，弟弟也終身未娶，共同過着他們畸零的生活。

歷來的天才總有些瘋頭瘋腦，他們倆不過顯著些罷了。1796年查理在瘋人院裏關了六星期；那年九月，瑪麗忽然發狂，拿了小刀竟刺死了他的母親。瑪麗以後時發時輟，幸而查理沒有發過第二次瘋，得以照顧其姊。她清醒時笑盈盈和老弟合作文章；雲翳來時，她老弟只好流着淚送她入瘋人院。查理終身不娶，便是爲了這個緣故。

查理生於熱鬧的倫敦，而性情恬靜，既不喜愛自然又不善於交際。幼年受教育於基督醫院，與哥爾利治 (Coleridge)

同學，二人從此結爲莫逆之交。查理爲了家境窮困，年才十五，便脫離了學校生活，初在南海公司，後在東印度公司，當了三十餘年的書記職司。書記的所得有限，年老的父母又是多病多痛，於是查理忙裏偷閒，寫些文藝作品，得些稿費；瑪麗則以女紅，爲人作嫁；姊弟二人，苦心孤詣，維持着窮困的生活。後來東印度公司，一來爲了查理歷來辦事忠誠，二來爲了他文名日盛，每年給他四百四十一鎊的恩俸，查理從此得以安逸地過他的幽居生活。但是很希奇，他從此反而不努力於文藝了。

莎氏樂府本事是在 1807 年出版的，那時祇署查理的名字。但在事實上，瑪麗的工作却比查理多。瑪麗寫了十四篇喜劇和一篇 *Pericles*，查理祇寫了六篇悲劇。

除莎氏樂府本事外，他們合作的尚有 *Mrs. Leicester's School* (1807)，和 *Poetry for Children* (1809)。查理所譯述的 *Adventures of Ulysses* 頗合少年的口胃。他的小品文更是名貴非凡。他是英國小品文家中第一名手，那幾十篇 *Essays of Elia* 可說是獨創一格的自傳，簡直是百讀不厭的妙文。

編者。

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TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

THE TEMPEST

THERE was a certain island in the sea, the only inhabitants of which were an old man, whose name was Prospero, and his daughter Miranda, a very beautiful young lady. She came to this island so young, that she had no memory 5 of having seen any other human face than her father's.

They lived in a ⁱⁿ cave or ^{SU} cell, made out of a rock; it was divided into several apartments, one of which Prospero called his study; there he kept 10 his books, which chiefly treated of magic, a study at that time much affected by all learned men: and the knowledge of this art he found very useful to him; for being thrown by a strange chance upon this island, which had been enchanted by a witch 15 called Sycorax, who died there a short time before his arrival, Prospero, by virtue of his art, released many good spirits that Sycorax had imprisoned in the bodies of large trees, because they had refused to execute her wicked commands. These gentle 20 spirits were ever after obedient to the will of Prospero. Of these, Ariel was the chief.

The lively little sprite Ariel had nothing mischievous in his nature, except that he took rather too much pleasure in tormenting an ugly monster 25 called Caliban, for he owed him a grudge because

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

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

Having these powerful spirits obedient to his
25 will, Prospero could by their means command the winds, and the waves of the sea. By his orders they raised a violent storm, in the midst of which, and struggling with the wild sea-waves that every moment threatened to swallow it up, he showed
30 his daughter a fine large ship, which he told her was full of living beings like themselves. "O my dear father," said she, "if by your art you have

raised this dreadful storm, have pity on their sad distress. See! the vessel will be dashed to pieces. Poor souls! they will all perish. If I had power, I would sink the sea beneath the earth, rather than the good ship should be destroyed, with all the 5 precious souls within her."

"Be not so amazed, daughter Miranda," said Prospero; "there is no harm done. I have so ordered it, that no person in the ship shall receive any hurt. What I have done has been in care of 10 you, my dear child. You are ignorant who you are, or where you came from, and you know no more of me, but that I am your father, and live in this poor cave. Can you remember a time before you came to this cell? I think you cannot, for 15 you were not then three years of age."

"Certainly I can, sir," replied Miranda.

"By what?" asked Prospero; "by any other house or person? Tell me what you can remember, my child." 20

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

Prospero answered, "You had, and more. How is it that this still lives in your mind? Do you 25 remember how you came here?"

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

"Twelve years ago, Miranda," continued Prospero, "I was duke of Milan, and you were a 30 princess, and my only heir. I had a younger brother, whose name was Antonio, to whom I trusted

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

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

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

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

30 "No, my love," said Prospero, "you were a little cherub that did preserve me. Your innocent smiles made me bear up against my misfortunes. Our food lasted till we landed on this desert island,

since when my chief delight has been in teaching you, Miranda, and well have you profited by my instructions."

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I left them," answered Ariel, "searching for Ferdinand, whom they have little hopes of finding, 5 thinking they saw him perish. Of the ship's crew not one is missing; though each one thinks himself the only one saved: and the ship, though invisible to them, is safe in the harbor."

"Ariel," said Prospero, "thy charge is faithfully 10 performed; but there is more work yet."

"Is there more work?" said Ariel. "Let me remind you, master, you have promised me my liberty. I pray, remember, I have done you worthy service, told you no lies, made no mistakes, served 15 you without grudge or grumbling."

"How now!" said Prospero. "You do not recollect what a torment I freed you from. Have you forgot the wicked witch Sycorax, who with age and envy was almost bent double? Where was she 20 born? Speak; tell me."

"Sir, in Algiers," said Ariel.

"O was she so?" said Prospero. "I must recount what you have been, which I find you do not remember. This bad witch, Sycorax, for her 25 witch-crafts, too terrible to enter human hearing, was banished from Algiers, and here left by the sailors; and because you were a spirit too delicate to execute her wicked commands, she shut you up in a tree, where I found you howling. This torment, 30 remember, I did free you from."

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

“Do so,” said Prospero, “and I will set you free.” He then gave orders what further he would have him do; and away went Ariel, first to where he had left Ferdinand, and found him still sitting on the grass in the same melancholy posture. 5

“O my young gentleman,” said Ariel, when he saw him, “I will soon move you. You must be brought, I find, for the Lady Miranda to have a sight of your pretty person. Come, sir, follow me.” He then began singing: 10

“Full fathom five thy father lies:
 Of his bones are coral made;
 Those are pearls that were his eyes:
 Nothing of him that doth fade,
 But doth suffer a sea-change 15
 Into something rich and strange.
 Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
 Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.”

This strange news of his lost father soon roused the prince from the stupid fit into which he had 20 fallen. He followed in amazement the sound of Ariel’s voice, till it led him to Prospero and Miranda, who were sitting under the shade of a large tree. Now Miranda had never seen a man before, except her own father. 25

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

“O father,” said Miranda, in a strange surprise, “surely that is a spirit. Lord! how it looks about! Believe me, sir, it is a beautiful creature. Is it not 30 a spirit?”

“No, girl,” answered her father: “it eats, and

sleeps, and has senses such as we have. This young man you see was in the ship. He is somewhat altered by grief, or you might call him a handsome person. He has lost his companions, and is wandering about to find them.”

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

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

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

"Silence," said the father; "one word more 5 will make me chide you, girl! What! an advocate for an impostor! You think there are no more such fine men, having seen only him and Caliban. I tell you, foolish girl, most men as far excel this, as he does Caliban." This he said to prove his 10 daughter's constancy; and she replied, "My affections are most humble. I have no wish to see a goodlier man."

"Come on, young man," said Prospero to the prince; "you have no power to disobey me." 15

"I have not indeed," answered Ferdinand; and not knowing that it was by magic he was deprived of all power of resistance, he was astonished to find himself so strangely compelled to follow Prospero: looking back on Miranda as long as he could see 20 her, he said, as he went after Prospero into the cave, "My spirits are all bound up, as if I were in a dream; but this man's threats, and the weakness which I feel, would seem light to me if from my prison I might once a day behold this fair maid." 25

Prospero kept Ferdinand not long confined within the cell: he soon brought out his prisoner, and set him a severe task to perform, taking care to let his daughter know the hard labour he had imposed on him, and then pretending to go into his study, he 30 secretly watched them both.

Prospero had commanded Ferdinand to pile up

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

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

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

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

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

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

30 In answer to his praises of her beauty, which he said exceeded all the women in the world, she replied, "I do not remember the face of any woman,

nor have I seen any more men than you, my good friend, and my dear father. How features are abroad, I know not; but, believe me, sir, I would not wish any companion in the world but you, nor can my imagination form any shape but yours that I could like. But, sir, I fear I talk to you too freely, and my father's precepts I forget." 5

At this Prospero smiled, and nodded his head, as much as to say, "This goes on exactly as I could wish; my girl will be queen of Naples." 10

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

"Ah! sir," said she, "I am a fool to weep at what I am glad of. I will answer you in plain and holy innocence. I am your wife if you will marry me." 15

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

"Fear nothing, my child," said he; "I have 20 overheard, and approve of all you have said. And, Ferdinand, if I have too severely used you, I will make you rich amends, by giving you my daughter. All your vexations were but trials of your love, and you have nobly stood the test. Then as my gift, 25 which your true love has worthily purchased, take my daughter, and do not smile that I boast she is above all praise." He then, telling them that he had business which required his presence, desired they would sit down and talk together till he returned; 30 and this command Miranda seemed not at all disposed to disobey.

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

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

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

Ariel soon returned with the king, Antonio, and old Gonzalo in their train, who had followed him
30 wondering at the wild music he played in the air to draw them on to his master's presence. This Gonzalo was the same who had so kindly provided Prospero

formerly with books and provisions, when his wicked brother left him, as he thought, to perish in an open boat in the sea.

Grief and terror had so stupefied their senses, that they did not know Prospero. He first discovered 5 himself to the good old Gonzalo, calling him the preserver of his life; and then his brother and the king knew that he was the injured Prospero.

Antonio with tears, and sad words of sorrow and true repentance, implored his brother's forgive- 10 ness, and the king expressed his sincere remorse for having assisted Antonio to depose his brother: and Prospero forgave them; and, upon their engaging to restore his dukedom, he said to the king of Naples, "I have a gift in store for you too"; and opening 15 a door, showed him his son Ferdinand playing at chess with Miranda.

Nothing could exceed the joy of the father and the son at this unexpected meeting, for they each thought the other drowned in the storm. 20

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

The king of Naples was almost as much astonished at the beauty and excellent graces of the young 25 Miranda, as his son had been. "Who is this maid?" said he; "she seems the goddess that has parted us, and brought us thus together." "No, sir," answered Ferdinand, smiling to find his father had fallen into the same mistake that he had done when he first saw 30 Miranda, "she is a mortal, but by immortal Providence she is mine; I chose her when I could not ask you,

my father, for your consent, not thinking you were alive. She is the daughter to this Prospero, who is the famous duke of Milan, of whose renown I have heard so much, but never saw him till now: of him
5 I have received a new life: he has made himself to me a second father, giving me this dear lady."

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

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

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

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

landing in this desert island." He then called for Caliban to prepare some food, and set the cave in order; and the company were astonished at the uncouth form and savage appearance of this ugly monster, who (Prospero said) was the only attendant 5 he had to wait upon him.

Before Prospero left the island, he dismissed Ariel from his service, to the great joy of that lively little spirit; who, though he had been a faithful servant to his master, was always longing to enjoy 10 his free liberty, to wander uncontrolled in the air, like a wild bird, under green trees, among pleasant fruits, and sweet-smelling flowers. "My quaint Ariel," said Prospero to the little sprite when he made him free, "I shall miss you; yet you shall have 15 your freedom." "Thank you, my dear master," said Ariel; "but give me leave to attend your ship home with prosperous gales, before you bid farewell to the assistance of your faithful spirit; and then, master, when I am free, how merrily I shall live!" 20 Here Ariel sung this pretty song :

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

Prospero then buried deep in the earth his magical books and wand, for he was resolved never 30 more to make use of the magic art. And having thus overcome his enemies, and being reconciled to

his brother and the king of Naples, nothing now remained to complete his happiness, but to revisit his native land, to take possession of his dukedom, and to witness the happy nuptials of his daughter and prince Ferdinand, which the king said should be instantly celebrated with great splendour on their return to Naples. At which place, under the safe convoy of the spirit Ariel, they, after a pleasant voyage, soon arrived.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

10 **T**HERE was a law in the city of Athens which gave to its citizens the power of compelling their daughters to marry whomsoever they pleased; for upon a daughter's refusing to marry the man her father had chosen to be her husband, 15 the father was empowered by this law to cause her to be put to death; but as fathers do not often desire the death of their own daughters, even though they do happen to prove a little refractory, this law was seldom or never put in execution, though perhaps 20 the young ladies of that city were not unfrequently threatened by their parents with the terrors of it.

There was one instance, however, of an old man, whose name was Egeus, who actually did come before Theseus (at that time the reigning Duke of Athens), 25 to complain that his daughter Hermia, whom he had commanded to marry Demetrius, a young man of a

noble Athenian family, refused to obey him, because she loved another young Athenian, named Lysander. Egeus demanded justice of Theseus, and desired that this cruel law might be put in force against his daughter. 5

Hermia pleaded in excuse for her disobedience, that Demetrius had formerly professed love for her dear friend Helena, and that Helena loved Demetrius to distraction; but this honorable reason, which Hermia gave for not obeying her father's command, 10 moved not the stern Egeus. Theseus, though a great and merciful prince, had no power to alter the laws of his country; therefore he could only give Hermia four days to consider of it: and at the end of that time, if she still refused to marry 15 Demetrius, she was to be put to death.

When Hermia was dismissed from the presence of the duke, she went to her lover Lysander, and told him the peril she was in, and that she must either give him up and marry Demetrius or lose 20 her life in four days.

Lysander was in great affliction at hearing these evil tidings; but recollecting that he had an aunt who lived at some distance from Athens, and that at the place where she lived the cruel law could not 25 be put in force against Hermia (this law not extending beyond the boundaries of the city), he proposed to Hermia that she should steal out of her father's house that night, and go with him to his aunt's house, where he would marry her. "I will meet 30 you," said Lysander, "in the wood a few miles without the city; in that delightful wood where we

have so often walked with Helena in the pleasant month of May."

To this proposal Hermia joyfully agreed; and she told no one of her intended flight but her friend
5 Helena. Helena (as maidens will do foolish things for love) very ungenerously resolved to go and tell this to Demetrius, though she could hope no benefit from betraying her friend's secret, but the poor pleasure of following her faithless lover to the wood;
10 for she well knew that Demetrius would go thither in pursuit of Hermia.

The wood in which Lysander and Hermia proposed to meet was the favorite haunt of those little beings known by the name of *Fairies*.

15 Oberon the king, and Titania the queen of the Fairies, with all their tiny train of followers, in this wood held their midnight revels.

Between this little king and queen of sprites there happened, at this time, a sad disagreement; 20 they never met by moonlight in the shady walks of this pleasant wood, but they were quarrelling, till all their fairy elves would creep into acorn-cups and hide themselves for fear.

The cause of this unhappy disagreement was 25 Titania's refusing to give Oberon a little changeling boy, whose mother had been Titania's friend; and upon her death the fairy queen stole the child from its nurse, and brought him up in the woods.

The night on which the lovers were to meet in 30 this wood, as Titania was walking with some of her maids of honor, she met Oberon attended by his train of fairy courtiers.

"Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania," said the fairy king. The queen replied, "What, jealous Oberon, is it you? Fairies, skip hence; I have forsworn his company." "Tarry, rash fairy," said Oberon; "am not I thy lord? Why does Titania cross her Oberon? Give me your little changeling boy to be my page."

"Set your heart at rest," answered the queen; "your whole fairy kingdom buys not the boy of me." She then left her lord in great anger. "Well, go your way," said Oberon: "before the morning dawns I will torment you for this injury."

Oberon then sent for Puck, his chief favorite and privy-counsellor.

Puck, (or as he was sometimes called, Robin Goodfellow) was a shrewd and knavish sprite, that used to play comical pranks in the neighboring villages; sometimes getting into the dairies and skimming the milk, sometimes plunging his light and airy form into the butter-churn, and while he was dancing his fantastic shape in the churn, in vain the dairy-maid would labor to change her cream into butter: nor had the village swains any better success; whenever Puck chose to play his freaks in the brewing copper, the ale was sure to be spoiled. When a few good neighbors were met to drink some comfortable ale together, Puck would jump into the bowl of ale in the likeness of a roasted crab, and when some old goody was going to drink, he would bob against her lips, and spill the ale over her withered chin; and presently after, when the same old dame was gravely seating herself to

tell her neighbors a sad and melancholy story, Puck would slip her three-legged stool from under her, and down toppled the poor old woman, and then the old gossips would hold their sides and laugh at her, and swear they never wasted a merrier hour.

“Come hither, Puck,” said Oberon to his little merry wanderer of the night; “fetch me the flower which maids call *Love in Idleness*; the juice of that little purple flower laid on the eyelids of those who sleep; will make them, when they awake, dote on the first thing they see. Some of the juice of that flower I will drop on the eyelids of my Titania when she is asleep: and the first thing she looks upon when she opens her eyes she will fall in love with, even though it be a lion or a bear, a meddling monkey, or a busy ape; and before I will take this charm from off her sight, which I can do with another charm I know of, I will make her give me that boy to be my page.”

Puck, who loved mischief to his heart, was highly diverted with this intended frolic of his master, and ran to seek the flower; and while Oberon was waiting the return of Puck, he observed Demetrius and Helena enter the wood: he overheard Demetrius reproaching Helena for following him, and after many unkind words on his part, and gentle expostulations from Helena, reminding him of his former love and professions of true faith to her, he left her (as he said) to the mercy of the wild beasts, and she ran after him as swiftly as she could.

The fairy king, who was always friendly to

true lovers, felt great compassion for Helena; and perhaps, as Lysander said they used to walk by moonlight in this pleasant wood, Oberon might have seen Helena in those happy times when she was beloved by Demetrius. However that might be, 5 when Puck returned with the little purple flower, Oberon said to his favorite, "Take a part of this flower; there has been a sweet Athenian lady here, who is in love with a disdainful youth; if you find him sleeping, drop some of the love-juice in his 10 eyes, but contrive to do it when she is near him, that the first thing he sees when he awakes may be this despised lady. You will know the man by the Athenian garments which he wears." Puck promised to manage this matter very dexterously: and then 15 Oberon went, unperceived by Titania, to her bower, where she was preparing to go to rest. Her fairy bower was a bank, where grew wild thyme, cowslips, and sweet violets, under a canopy of woodbine, musk-roses, and eglantine. There Titania always 20 slept some part of the night; her coverlet the enamelled skin of a snake, which, though a small mantle, was wide enough to wrap a fairy in.

He found Titania giving orders to her fairies, how they were to employ themselves while she 25 slept. "Some of you," said her majesty, "must kill cankers in the musk-rose buds, and some wage war with the bats for their leathern wings, to make my small elves coats; and some of you keep watch that the clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, come not 30 near me: but first sing me to sleep." Then they began to sing this song:—

" You spotted snakes with double tongue,
 Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
 Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
 Come not near our Fairy Queen.
 5 Philomel, with melody,
 Sing in our sweet lullaby,
 Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
 Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,
 Come our lovely lady nigh;
 10 So good night with lullaby."

When the fairies had sung their queen asleep
 with this pretty lullaby, they left her to perform
 the important services she had enjoined them.
 Oberon then softly drew near his Titania, and
 15 dropped some of the love-juice on her eyelids,
 saying,—

" What thou seest when thou dost wake,
 Do it for thy true-love take."

But to return to Hermia, who made her escape
 20 out of her father's house that night, to avoid the
 death she was doomed to for refusing to marry
 Demetrius. When she entered the wood, she found
 her dear Lysander waiting for her, to conduct her
 to his aunt's house; but before they had passed half
 25 through the wood, Hermia was so much fatigued,
 that Lysander, who was very careful of this dear
 lady, who had proved her affection for him even by
 hazarding her life for his sake, persuaded her to
 rest till morning on a bank of soft moss, and lying
 30 down himself on the ground at some little distance,
 they soon fell fast asleep. Here they were found
 by Puck, who, seeing a handsome young man asleep,

and perceiving that his clothes were made in the Athenian fashion, and that a pretty lady was sleeping near him, concluded that this must be the Athenian maid and her disdainful lover whom Oberon had sent him to seek; and he naturally enough conjectured that, as they were alone together, she must be the first thing he would see when he awoke; so, without more ado, he proceeded to pour some of the juice of the little purple flower into his eyes. But it so fell out, that Helena came that way, and, instead of Hermia, was the first object Lysander beheld when he opened his eyes; and strange to relate, so powerful was the love-charm, all his love for Hermia vanished away, and Lysander fell in love with Helena.

15

Had he first seen Hermia when he awoke, the blunder Puck committed would have been of no consequence, for he could not love that faithful lady too well; but for poor Lysander to be forced by a fairy love-charm to forget his own true Hermia, and to run after another lady, and leave Hermia asleep quite alone in a wood at midnight, was a sad chance indeed.

Thus this misfortune happened. Helena, as has been before related, endeavored to keep pace with Demetrius when he ran away so rudely from her; but she could not continue this unequal race long, men being always better runners in a long race than ladies. Helena soon lost sight of Demetrius; and as she was wandering about, dejected and forlorn, she arrived at the place where Lysander was sleeping. "Ah!" said she, "this is Lysander lying on the

30

ground: is he dead or asleep?" Then, gently touching him, she said, "Good sir, if you are alive, awake." Upon this Lysander opened his eyes, and (the love-charm beginning to work) immediately
5 addressed her in terms of extravagant love and admiration; telling her she as much excelled Hermia in beauty as a dove does a raven, and that he would run through fire for her sweet sake; and many more such lover-like speeches. Helena, knowing
10 Lysander was her friend Hermia's lover, and that he was solemnly engaged to marry her, was in the utmost rage when she heard herself addressed in this manner; for she thought (as well she might) that Lysander was making a jest of her. "Oh!" said
15 she, "why was I born to be mocked and scorned by every one? Is it not enough, is it not enough, young man, that I can never get a sweet look or a kind word from Demetrius; but you, sir, must pretend in this disdainful manner to court me? I
20 thought, Lysander, you were a lord of more true gentleness." Saying these words in great anger, she ran away; and Lysander followed her, quite forgetful of his own Hermia, who was still asleep.

When Hermia awoke, she was in a sad fright
25 at finding herself alone. She wandered about the wood, not knowing what was become of Lysander, or which way to go to seek for him. In the meantime Demetrius not being able to find Hermia and his rival Lysander, and fatigued with his fruitless
30 search, was observed by Oberon fast asleep. Oberon had learnt by some questions he had asked of Puck, that he had applied the love-charm to the wrong

person's eyes ; and now having found the person first intended, he touched the eyelids of the sleeping Demetrius with the love-juice, and he instantly awoke ; and the first thing he saw being Helena, he, as Lysander had done before, began to address 5 love-speeches to her ; and just at that moment Lysander, followed by Hermia (for through Puck's unlucky mistake it was now become Hermia's turn to run after her lover) made his appearance ; and then Lysander and Demetrius, both speaking to- 10 gether, made love to Helena, they being each one under the influence of the same potent charm.

The astonished Helena thought that Demetrius, Lysander, and her once dear friend Hermia, were all in a plot together to make a jest of her. 15

Hermia was as much surprised as Helena : she knew not why Lysander and Demetrius, who both before loved her, were now become the lovers of Helena ; and to Hermia the matter seemed to be no jest. 20

The ladies, who before had always been the dearest of friends, now fell to high words together.

“Unkind Hermia,” said Helena, “it is you have set Lysander on to vex me with mock praises ; and your other lover Demetrius, who used almost to 25 spurn me with his foot, have you not bid him call me Goddess, Nymph, rare, precious, and celestial ? He would not speak thus to me, whom he hates, if you did not set him on to make a jest of me. Unkind Hermia, to join with men in scorning your 30 poor friend. Have you forgot our school-day friendship ? How often, Hermia, have we two, sitting on

one cushion, both singing one song, with our needles working the same flower, both on the same sampler wrought; growing up together in fashion of a double cherry, scarcely seeming parted? Hermia, 5 it is not friendly in you, it is not maidenly to join with men in scorning your poor friend."

"I am amazed at your passionate words," said Hermia: "I scorn you not; it seems you scorn me." "Ay, do," returned Helena, "persevere, 10 counterfeit serious looks, and make mouths at me when I turn my back; then wink at each other, and hold the sweet jest up. If you had any pity, grace, or manners, you would not use me thus."

While Helena and Hermia were speaking these 15 angry words to each other, Demetrius and Lysander left them, to fight together in the wood for the love of Helena.

When they found the gentlemen had left them, they departed, and once more wandered weary in 20 the wood in search of their lovers.

As soon as they were gone, the fairy king, who with little Puck had been listening to their quarrels, said to him, "This is your negligence, Puck; or did you do this wilfully?" "Believe me, king of 25 shadows," answered Puck, "it was a mistake; did not you tell me I should know the man by his Athenian garments? However, I am not sorry this has happened, for I think their jangling makes excellent sport." "You heard," said Oberon, "that 30 Demetrius and Lysander are gone to seek a convenient place to fight in. I command you to overhang the night with a thick fog, and lead these

quarrelsome lovers so astray in the dark, that they shall not be able to find each other. Counterfeit each of their voices to the other, and with bitter taunts provoke them to follow you, while they think it is their rival's tongue they hear. See you do this, till they are so weary they can go no farther; and when you find they are asleep, drop the juice of this other flower into Lysander's eyes, and when he awakes he will forget his new love for Helena, and return to his old passion for Hermia; and then the two fair ladies may each one be happy with the man she loves, and they will think all that has passed a vexatious dream. About this quickly, Puck, and I will go and see what sweet love my Titania has found." 15

Titania was still sleeping, and Oberon seeing a clown near her, who had lost his way in the wood, and was likewise asleep: "This fellow," said he, "shall be my Titania's true love;" and clapping an ass's head over the clown's, it seemed to fit him as well as if it had grown upon his own shoulders. Though Oberon fixed the ass's head on very gently, it awakened him, and rising up, unconscious of what Oberon had done to him, he went towards the bower where the fairy queen slept. 25

"Ah! what an angel is that I see?" said Titania, opening her eyes, and the juice of the little purple flower beginning to take effect: "are you as wise as you are beautiful?"

"Why, mistress," said the foolish clown, "if I have wit enough to find the way out of this wood, I have enough to serve my turn."

“ Out of the wood do not desire to go,” said the enamoured queen. “ I am a spirit of no common rate. I love you. Go with me, and I will give you fairies to attend upon you.”

5 She then called four of her fairies : their names were, Pease-blossom, Cobweb, Moth, and Mustard-seed.

“ Attend,” said the queen, “ upon this sweet gentleman ; hop in his walks, and gambol in his
10 sight ; feed him with grapes and apricots, and steal for him the honey-bags from the bees. Come, sit with me,” said she to the clown, “ and let me play with your amiable hairy cheeks, my beautiful ass ! and kiss your fair large ears, my gentle joy ! ”

15 “ Where is Pease-blossom ? ” said the ass-headed clown, not much regarding the fairy queen’s courtship, but very proud of his new attendants.

“ Here, sir,” said little Pease-blossom.

“ Scratch my head,” said the clown. “ Where
20 is Cobweb ? ”

“ Here, sir,” said Cobweb.

“ Good Mr. Cobweb,” said the foolish clown, “ kill me the red humble bee on the top of that thistle yonder ; and, good Mr. Cobweb, bring me
25 the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, Mr. Cobweb, and take care the honey-bag break not ; I should be sorry to have you overflown with a honey-bag. Where is Mustard-seed ? ”

“ Here, sir,” said Mustard-seed ; “ what is your
30 will ? ”

“ Nothing,” said the clown, “ good Mr. Mustard-seed, but to help Mr. Pease-blossom to scratch ; I

must go to a barber's, Mr. Mustard-seed, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face."

"My sweet love," said the queen, "what will you have to eat? I have a venturous fairy, shall seek the squirrel's hoard, and fetch you some new 5 nuts."

"I had rather have a handful of dried pease," said the clown, who, with his ass's head, had got an ass's appetite. "But, I pray, let none of your people disturb me, for I have a mind to sleep." 10

"Sleep, then," said the queen, "and I will wind you in my arms. O how I love you! how I dote upon you!"

When the fairy king saw the clown sleeping in the arms of his queen, he advanced within her 15 sight, and reproached her with having lavished her favors upon an ass.

This she could not deny, as the clown was then sleeping within her arms, with his ass's head crowned by her with flowers. 20

When Oberon had teased her for some time, he again demanded the changeling boy; which she, ashamed of being discovered by her lord with her new favorite, did not dare to refuse him.

Oberon, having thus obtained the little boy he 25 had so long wished for to be his page, took pity on the disgraceful situation into which, by his merry contrivance, he had brought his Titania, and threw some of the juice of the other flower into her eyes; and the fairy queen immediately recovered her 30 senses, and wondered at her late dotage, saying how she now loathed the sight of the strange monster.

Oberon likewise took the ass's head from off the clown, and left him to finish his nap with his own fool's head upon his shoulders.

Oberon and his Titania being now perfectly
5 reconciled, he related to her the history of the lovers, and their midnight quarrels; and she agreed to go with him and see the end of their adventures.

The fairy king and queen found the lovers and their fair ladies, at no great distance from each
10 other, sleeping on a grass-plot; for Puck, to make amends for his former mistake, had contrived with the utmost diligence to bring them all to the same spot, unknown to each other; and he had carefully removed the charm from off the eyes of Lysander
15 with the antidote the fairy king gave to him.

Hermia first awoke, and finding her lost Lysander asleep so near her, was looking at him and wondering at his strange inconstancy. Lysander presently opening his eyes, and seeing his dear Hermia, recovered
20 his reason which the fairy charm had before clouded, and with his reason, his love for Hermia; and they began to talk over the adventures of the night, doubting if these things had really happened, or if they had both been dreaming the same bewildering
25 dream.

Helena and Demetrius were by this time awake; and a sweet sleep having quieted Helena's disturbed and angry spirits, she listened with delight to the professions of love which Demetrius still made to
30 her, and which, to her surprise as well as pleasure, she began to perceive were sincere.

These fair night-wandering ladies, now no longer

rivals, became once more true friends; all the unkind words which had passed were forgiven, and they calmly consulted together what was best to be done in their present situation. It was soon agreed that, as Demetrius had given up his pretensions to Hermia, he should endeavor to prevail upon her father to revoke the cruel sentence of death which had been passed against her. Demetrius was preparing to return to Athens for this friendly purpose, when they were surprised with the sight of Egeus, Hermia's father, who came to the wood in pursuit of his runaway daughter.

When Egeus understood that Demetrius would not now marry his daughter, he no longer opposed her marriage with Lysander, but gave his consent that they should be wedded on the fourth day from that time, being the same day on which Hermia had been condemned to lose her life; and on that same day Helena joyfully agreed to marry her beloved and now faithful Demetrius.

The fairy king and queen, who were invisible spectators of this reconciliation, and now saw the happy ending of the lovers' history, brought about through the good offices of Oberon, received so much pleasure, that these kind spirits resolved to celebrate the approaching nuptials with sports and revels throughout their fairy kingdom.

And now, if any are offended with this story of fairies and their pranks, as judging it incredible and strange, they have only to think that they have been asleep and dreaming, and that all these adventures were visions which they saw in their sleep:

and I hope none of my readers will be so unreasonable as to be offended with a pretty, harmless *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

THE WINTER'S TALE

L EONTES, king of Sicily, and his queen, the beautiful and virtuous Hermione, once lived in the greatest harmony together. So happy was Leontes in the love of this excellent lady, that he had no wish ungratified, except that he sometimes desired to see again, and to present to his queen, his old companion and school-fellow, Polixenes, king of Bohemia. Leontes and Polixenes were brought up together from their infancy, but being, by the death of their fathers, called to reign over their respective kingdoms, they had not met for many years, though they frequently interchanged gifts, letters, and loving embassies.

At length, after repeated invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court, to make his friend Leontes a visit.

At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He recommended the friend of his youth to the queen's particular attention, and seemed in the presence of his dear friend and old companion to have his felicity quite completed. They talked over old times; their school-days and their youthful pranks were remembered, and recounted to Hermione, who always took a cheerful part in these conversations.

When, after a long stay, Polixenes was preparing to depart, Hermione, at the desire of her husband, joined her entreaties to his that Polixenes would prolong his visit.

And now began this good queen's sorrow; for 5 Polixenes, refusing to stay at the request of Leontes, was won over by Hermione's gentle and persuasive words to put off his departure for some weeks longer. Upon this, although Leontes had so long known the integrity and honorable principles of his friend 10 Polixenes, as well as the excellent disposition of his virtuous queen, he was seized with an ungovernable jealousy. Every attention Hermione showed to Polixenes, though by her husband's particular desire, and merely to please him, increased the unfortunate 15 king's jealousy; and from being a loving and true friend, and the best and fondest of husbands, Leontes became suddenly a savage and inhuman monster. Sending for Camillo, one of the lords of his court, and telling him of the suspicion he en- 20 tertained, he commanded him to poison Polixenes.

Camillo was a good man; and he, well knowing that the jealousy of Leontes had not the slightest foundation in truth, instead of poisoning Polixenes, acquainted him with the king his master's orders, 25 and agreed to escape with him out of the Sicilian dominions; and Polixenes, with the assistance of Camillo, arrived safe in his own kingdom of Bohemia, where Camillo lived from that time in the king's court, and became the chief friend and favorite of 30 Polixenes.

The flight of Polixenes enraged the jealous

Leontes still more; he went to the queen's apartment, where the good lady was sitting with her little son Mamillus, who was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse his mother, when the king
5 entered, and taking the child away, sent Hermione to prison.

Mamillus, though but a very young child, loved his mother tenderly; and when he saw her so dishonored, and found she was taken from him to be
10 put into a prison, he took it deeply to heart, and drooped and pined away by slow degrees, losing his appetite and his sleep, till it was thought his grief would kill him.

The king, when he had sent his queen to prison,
15 commanded Cleomenes and Dion, two Sicilian lords, to go to Delphos, there to inquire of the oracle at the temple of Apollo, if his queen had been unfaithful to him.

When Hermione had been a short time in prison,
20 a little daughter was born to her; and the poor lady received much comfort from the sight of her pretty baby, and she said to it, "My poor little prisoner, I am as innocent as you are."

Hermione had a kind friend in the noble-spirited
25 Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord; and when the lady Paulina heard that a child was born to her royal mistress, she went to the prison where Hermione was confined; and she said to Emilia, a lady who attended upon Hermione, "I
30 pray you, Emilia, tell the good queen, if her majesty dare trust me with her little babe, I will carry it to the king, its father; we do not know how he may

soften at the sight of his innocent child." "Most worthy madam," replied Emilia, "I will acquaint the queen with your noble offer; she was wishing to-day that she had any friend who would venture to present the child to the king." "And tell her," 5 said Paulina, "that I will speak boldly to Leontes in her defence." "May you be forever blessed," said Emilia, "for your kindness to our gracious queen!" Emilia then went to Hermione, who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina, for 10 she had feared that no one would dare venture to present the child to its father.

Paulina took the new-born infant, and forcing herself into the king's presence, notwithstanding her husband, fearing the king's anger, endeavored 15 to prevent her, she laid the babe at its father's feet, and Paulina made a noble speech to the king in defence of Hermione, and she reproached him severely for his inhumanity, and implored him to have mercy on his innocent wife and child. But 20 Paulina's spirited remonstrances only aggravated Leontes' displeasure, and he ordered her husband Antigonus to take her from his presence.

When Paulina went away, she left the little baby at its father's feet, thinking when he was alone 25 with it, he would look upon it, and have pity on its helpless innocence.

The good Paulina was mistaken: for no sooner was she gone than the merciless father ordered Antigonus, Paulina's husband, to take the child, and 30 carry it out to sea, and leave it upon some desert shore to perish.

Antigonus, unlike the good Camillo, too well obeyed the orders of Leontes; for he immediately carried the child on ship-board, and put out to sea, intending to leave it on the first desert coast he
5 could find.

So firmly was the king persuaded of the guilt of Hermione, that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion, whom he had sent to consult the oracle of Apollo at Delphos; but before the
10 queen was recovered from her lying-in, and from her grief for the loss of her precious baby, he had her brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. And when all the great lords, the judges, and all the nobility of the land were
15 assembled together to try Hermione, and that unhappy queen was standing as a prisoner before her subjects to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered the assembly, and presented to the king the answer of the oracle, sealed up; and
20 Leontes commanded the seal to be broken, and the words of the oracle to be read aloud, and these were the words:—“*Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true subject, Leontes a jealous tyrant, and the king shall live without an heir if that which is*
25 *lost be not found.*” The king would give no credit to the words of the oracle; he said it was a falsehood invented by the queen’s friends, and he desired the judge to proceed in the trial of the queen; but while Leontes was speaking, a man entered and told him
30 that the prince Mamillus, hearing his mother was to be tried for her life, struck with grief and shame, had suddenly died.

Hermione, upon hearing of the death of this dear affectionate child, who had lost his life in sorrowing for her misfortune, fainted; and Leontes, pierced to the heart by the news, began to feel pity for his unhappy queen, and he ordered Paulina, 5 and the ladies who were her attendants, to take her away, and use means for her recovery. Paulina soon returned, and told the king that Hermione was dead.

When Leontes heard that the queen was dead, 10 he repented of his cruelty to her; and now that he thought his ill-usage had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her innocent; and now he thought the words of the oracle were true, as he knew "if that which was lost was not found," which he concluded 15 was his young daughter, he should be without an heir, the young prince Mamillus being dead; and he would give his kingdom now to recover his lost daughter: and Leontes gave himself up to remorse, and passed many years in mournful thoughts and 20 repentant grief.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the infant princess out to sea was driven by a storm upon the coast of Bohemia, the very kingdom of the good king Polixenes. Here Antigonus landed, and here 25 he left the little baby.

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter, for as he was going back to the ship, a bear came out of the woods, and tore him to pieces; a just punishment on him 30 for obeying the wicked order of Leontes.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and

jewels ; for Hermione had made it very fine when she sent it to Leontes, and Antigonus had pinned a paper to its mantle, and the name of *Perdita* written thereon, and words obscurely intimating its high birth and untoward fate.

This poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a humane man, and so he carried the little *Perdita* home to his wife, who nursed it tenderly ; but poverty tempted the shepherd to conceal the rich prize he had found : therefore he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches, and with part of *Perdita's* jewels he bought herds of sheep, and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up *Perdita* as his own child, and she knew not she was any other than a shepherd's daughter.

The little *Perdita* grew up a lovely maiden ; and though she had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter, yet so did the natural graces she inherited from her royal mother shine forth in her untutored mind, that no one from her behaviour would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court.

Polixenes, the king of Bohemia, had an only son, whose name was *Florizel*. As this young prince was hunting near the shepherd's dwelling, he saw the old man's supposed daughter ; and the beauty, modesty, and queen-like deportment of *Perdita* caused him instantly to fall in love with her. He soon, under the name of *Doricles*, and in the disguise of a private gentleman, became a constant visitor at the old shepherd's house. *Florizel's* frequent

absences from court alarmed Polixenes ; and setting people to watch his son, he discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter.

Polixenes then called for Camillo, the faithful Camillo, who had preserved his life from the fury of Leontes, and desired that he would accompany him to the house of the shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita. 5

Polixenes and Camillo, both in disguise, arrived at the old shepherd's dwelling while they were celebrating the feast of sheep-shearing ; and though they were strangers, yet at the sheep-shearing every guest being made welcome, they were invited to walk in, and join in the general festivity. 10

Nothing but mirth and jollity was going forward. Tables were spread, and great preparations were making for the rustic feast. Some lads and lasses were dancing on the green before the house, while others of the young men were buying ribbons, gloves, and such toys, of a pedlar at the door. 15 20

While this busy scene was going forward, Florizel and Perdita sat quietly in a retired corner, seemingly more pleased with the conversation of each other, than desirous of engaging in the sports and silly amusements of those around them. 25

The king was so disguised that it was impossible his son could know him; he therefore advanced near enough to hear the conversation. The simple yet elegant manner in which Perdita conversed with his son did not a little surprise Polixenes: he said to Camillo, "This is the prettiest low-born lass I ever saw ; nothing she does or says but looks like 30

something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Camillo replied, "Indeed she is the very queen of curds and cream."

5 "Pray, my good friend," said the king to the old shepherd, "what fair swain is that talking with your daughter?" "They call him Doricles," replied the shepherd. "He says he loves my daughter, and, to speak truth, there is not a kiss to choose which
10 loves the other best. If young Doricles can get her, she shall bring him that he little dreams of;" meaning the remainder of Perdita's jewels; which, after he had bought herds of sheep with part of them, he had carefully hoarded up for her marriage portion.

15 Polixenes then addressed his son. "How now, young man!" said he: "your heart seems full of something that takes off your mind from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents; but you have let the pedlar go, and have
20 bought your lass no toy."

The young prince, who little thought he was talking to the king his father, replied, "Old sir, she prizes not such trifles; the gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart." Then,
25 turning to Perdita, he said to her, "O hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems was once himself a lover; he shall hear what I profess." Florizel then called upon the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which
30 he made to Perdita, saying to Polixenes, "I pray you, mark our contract."

"Mark your divorce, young sir," said the king,

discovering himself. Polixenes then reproached his son for daring to contract himself to this low-born maiden, calling Perdita "shepherd's-brat, sheep-hook," and other disrespectful names; and threatening, if ever she suffered his son to see her again, 5 he would put her, and the old shepherd her father, to a cruel death.

The king then left them in great wrath, and ordered Camillo to follow him with prince Florizel.

When the king had departed, Perdita, whose 10 royal nature was roused by Polixenes' reproaches, said, "Though we are all undone, I was not much afraid; and once or twice I was about to speak, and tell him plainly that the selfsame sun which shines upon his palace, hides not his face from our cottage, 15 but looks on both alike." Then sorrowfully she said, "But now I am awakened from this dream, I will queen it no further. Leave me, sir; I will go milk my ewes and weep."

The kind-hearted Camillo was charmed with the 20 spirit and propriety of Perdita's behavior; and perceiving that the young prince was too deeply in love to give up his mistress at the command of his royal father, he thought of a way to befriend the lovers, and at the same time to execute a favorite 25 scheme he had in his mind.

Camillo had long known that Leontes, the king of Sicily, was become a true penitent; and though Camillo was now the favored friend of king Polixenes, he could not help wishing once more to see his 30 late royal master and his native home. He therefore proposed to Florizel and Perdita, that they should

accompany him to the Sicilian court, where he would engage Leontes should protect them, till, through his mediation, they could obtain pardon from Polixenes, and his consent to their marriage.

5 To this proposal they joyfully agreed; and Camillo, who conducted every thing relative to their flight, allowed the old shepherd to go along with them.

The shepherd took with him the remainder of
10 Perdita's jewels, her baby clothes, and the paper which he had found pinned to her mantle.

After a prosperous voyage, Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the old shepherd, arrived in safety at the court of Leontes. Leontes, who still mourned
15 his dead Hermione and his lost child, received Camillo with great kindness, and gave a cordial welcome to prince Florizel. But Perdita, whom Florizel introduced as his princess, seemed to engross
20 all Leontes' attention: perceiving a resemblance between her and his dead queen Hermione, his grief broke out afresh, and he said, such a lovely creature might his own daughter have been, if he had not so cruelly destroyed her. "And then, too," said he to Florizel, "I lost the society and friendship of
25 your brave father, whom I now desire more than my life once again to look upon."

When the old shepherd heard how much notice the king had taken of Perdita, and that he had lost a daughter, who was exposed in infancy, he fell to
30 comparing the time when he found the little Perdita, with the manner of its exposure, the jewels and other tokens of its high birth; from all which it

was impossible for him not to conclude that Perdita and the king's lost daughter were the same.

Florizel and Perdita, Camillo and the faithful Paulina, were present when the old shepherd related to the king the manner in which he had found the child, and also the circumstance of Antigonus' death, he having seen the bear seize upon him. He showed the rich mantle in which Paulina remembered Hermione had wrapped the child; and he produced a jewel which she remembered Hermione had tied about Perdita's neck, and he gave up the paper which Paulina knew to be the writing of her husband; it could not be doubted that Perdita was Leontes' own daughter: but oh! the noble struggles of Paulina, between sorrow for her husband's death, and joy that the oracle was fulfilled, in the king's heir, his long-lost daughter being found. When Leontes heard that Perdita was his daughter, the great sorrow that he felt that Hermione was not living to behold her child, made him that he could say nothing for a long time, but, "O thy mother, thy mother!"

Paulina interrupted this joyful yet distressful scene, with saying to Leontes, that she had a statue, newly finished by that rare Italian master, Julio Romano, which was such a perfect resemblance of the queen, that would his majesty be pleased to go to her house and look upon it, he would be almost ready to think it was Hermione herself. Thither then they all went; the king anxious to see the semblance of his Hermione, and Perdita longing to behold what the mother she never saw did look like.

When Paulina drew back the curtain which concealed this famous statue, so perfectly did it resemble Hermione, that all the king's sorrow was renewed at the sight: for a long time he had no power to speak or move.

"I like your silence, my liege," said Paulina, "it the more shows your wonder. Is not this statue very like your queen?"

At length the king said, "O, thus she stood, even with such majesty, when I first wooed her. But yet, Paulina, Hermione was not so aged as this statue looks." Paulina replied, "So much the more the carver's excellence, who has made the statue as Hermione would have looked had she been living now. But let me draw the curtain, sire, lest presently you think it moves."

The king then said, "Do not draw the curtain; would I were dead! See, Camillo, would you not think it breathed? Her eye seems to have motion in it." "I must draw the curtain, my liege," said Paulina. "You are so transported, you will persuade yourself the statue lives." "O, sweet Paulina," said Leontes, "make me think so twenty years together! Still methinks there is an air comes from her. What fine chisel could ever yet cut breath? Let no man mock me, for I will kiss her." "Good, my lord, forbear!" said Paulina. "The ruddiness upon her lip is wet; you will stain your own with oily painting. Shall I draw the curtain?" "No, not these twenty years," said Leontes.

Perdita, who all this time had been kneeling, and beholding in silent admiration the statue of her

matchless mother, said now, "And so long could I stay here, looking upon my dear mother."

"Either forbear this transport," said Paulina to Leontes, "and let me draw the curtain ; or prepare yourself for more amazement. I can make the statue move indeed ; ay, and descend from off the pedestal, and take you by the hand. But then you will think, which I protest I am not, that I am assisted by some wicked powers."

"What you can make her do," said the astonished king, "I am content to look upon. What you can make her speak, I am content to hear ; for it is as easy to make her speak as move."

Paulina then ordered some slow and solemn music, which she had prepared for the purpose, to strike up ; and, to the amazement of all the beholders, the statue came down from off the pedestal, and threw its arms around Leontes' neck. The statue then began to speak, praying for blessings on her husband, and on her child, the newly-found Perdita.

No wonder that the statue hung upon Leontes' neck, and blessed her husband and her child. No wonder ; for the statue was indeed Hermione herself, the real, the living queen.

Paulina had falsely reported to the king the death of Hermione, thinking that the only means to preserve her royal mistress' life ; and with the good Paulina, Hermione had lived ever since, never choosing Leontes should know she was living, till she heard Perdita was found ; for though she had long forgiven the injuries which Leontes had done

to herself, she could not pardon his cruelty to his infant daughter.

His dead queen thus restored to life, his lost daughter found, the long-sorrowing Leontes could
5 scarcely support the excess of his own happiness.

Nothing but congratulations and affectionate speeches were heard on all sides. Now the delighted parents thanked prince Florizel for loving their lowly-seeming daughter ; and now they blessed the
10 good old shepherd for preserving their child. Greatly did Camillo and Paulina rejoice that they had lived to see so good an end of all their faithful services.

And as if nothing should be wanting to complete
15 this strange and unlooked-for joy, king Polixenes himself now entered the palace.

When Polixenes first missed his son and Camillo, knowing that Camillo had long wished to return to Sicily, he conjectured he should find the fugitives
20 here ; and, following them with all speed, he happened to arrive just at this, the happiest moment of Leontes' life.

Polixenes took a part in the general joy ; he forgave his friend Leontes the unjust jealousy he
25 had conceived against him, and they once more loved each other with all the warmth of their first boyish friendship. And there was no fear that Polixenes would now oppose his son's marriage with Perdita. She was no "sheep-hook" now, but the heiress of
30 the crown of Sicily.

Thus have we seen the patient virtues of the long-suffering Hermione rewarded. That excellent

lady lived many years with her Leontes and her Perdita, the happiest of mothers and of queens.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

THERE lived in the palace at Messina two ladies, whose names were Hero and Beatrice. Hero was the daughter, and Beatrice the niece, of 5 Leonato, the governor of Messina.

Beatrice was of a lively temper, and loved to divert her cousin Hero, who was of a more serious disposition, with her sprightly sallies. Whatever was going forward was sure to make matter of mirth 10 for the light-hearted Beatrice.

At the time the history of these ladies commences some young men of high rank in the army, as they were passing through Messina on their return from a war that was just ended, in which they had distin- 15 guished themselves by their great bravery, came to visit Leonato. Among these were Don Pedro, the Prince of Aragon; and his friend Claudio, who was a lord of Florence; and with them came the wild and witty Benedick, and he was a lord of Padua. 20

These strangers had been at Messina before, and the hospitable governor introduced them to his daughter and his niece as their old friends and acquaintance.

Benedick, the moment he entered the room, began 25 a lively conversation with Leonato and the prince. Beatrice, who liked not to be left out of any dis-

course, interrupted Benedick with saying, "I wonder that you will still be talking, signior Benedick: nobody marks you." Benedick was just such another rattle-brain as Beatrice, yet he was not pleased at this free salutation; he thought it did not become a well-bred lady to be so flippant with her tongue; and he remembered, when he was last at Messina, that Beatrice used to select him to make her merry jests upon. And as there is no one who so little likes to be made a jest of as those who are apt to take the same liberty themselves, so it was with Benedick and Beatrice; these two sharp wits never met in former times but a perfect war of raillery was kept up between them, and they always parted mutually displeased with each other. Therefore when Beatrice stopped him in the middle of his discourse with telling him nobody marked what he was saying, Benedick, affecting not to have observed before that she was present, said, "What, my dear lady Disdain, are you yet living?" And now war broke out afresh between them, and a long jangling argument ensued, during which Beatrice, although she knew he had so well approved his valor in the late war, said that she would eat all he had killed there: and observing the prince take delight in Benedick's conversation, she called him "the prince's jester." This sarcasm sunk deeper into the mind of Benedick than all Beatrice had said before. The hint she gave him that he was a coward, by saying she would eat all he had killed, he did not regard, knowing himself to be a brave man; but there is nothing that great wits so much dread as the imputation of buffoonery,

because the charge comes sometimes a little too near the truth : therefore Benedick perfectly hated Beatrice when she called him "the prince's jester."

The modest lady Hero was silent before the noble guests; and while Claudio was attentively observing 5 the improvement which time had made in her beauty, and was contemplating the exquisite graces of her fine figure (for she was an admirable young lady), the prince was highly amused with listening to the humorous dialogue between Benedick and Beatrice ; 10 and he said in a whisper to Leonato, "This is a pleasant-spirited young lady. She were an excellent wife for Benedick." Leonato replied to this suggestion, "O, my lord, my lord, if they were but a week married, they would talk themselves mad." But though 15 Leonato thought they would make a discordant pair, the prince did not give up the idea of matching these two keen wits together.

When the prince returned with Claudio from the palace, he found that the marriage he had 20 devised between Benedick and Beatrice was not the only one projected in that good company, for Claudio spoke in such terms of Hero, as made the prince guess at what was passing in his heart; and he liked it well, and he said to Claudio, "Do you affect 25 Hero?" To this question Claudio replied, "O, my lord, when I was last at Messina, I looked upon her with a soldier's eye, that liked, but had no leisure for loving; but now, in this happy time of peace, thoughts of war have left their places vacant in 30 my mind, and in their room come thronging soft and delicate thoughts, all prompting me how fair

young Hero is, reminding me that I liked her before I went to the wars." Claudio's confession of his love for Hero so wrought upon the prince, that he lost no time in soliciting the consent of Leonato to accept
5 of Claudio for a son-in-law. Leonato agreed to this proposal, and the prince found no great difficulty in persuading the gentle Hero herself to listen to the suit of the noble Claudio, who was a lord of rare endowments, and highly accomplished, and
10 Claudio, assisted by his kind prince, soon prevailed upon Leonato to fix an early day for the celebration of his marriage with Hero.

Claudio was to wait but a few days before he was to be married to his fair lady; yet he complained
15 of the interval being tedious, as indeed most young men are impatient when they are waiting for the accomplishment of any event they have set their hearts upon: the prince, therefore, to make the time seem short to him, proposed as a kind of merry
20 pastime that they should invent some artful scheme to make Benedick and Beatrice fall in love with each other. Claudio entered with great satisfaction into this whim of the prince, and Leonato promised them his assistance, and even Hero said she would
25 do any modest office to help her cousin to a good husband.

The device the prince invented was, that the gentlemen should make Benedick believe that Beatrice was in love with him, and that Hero should make
30 Beatrice believe that Benedick was in love with her.

The prince, Leonato, and Claudio began their operations first: and watching an opportunity

when Benedick was quietly seated reading in an arbor, the prince and his assistants took their station among the trees behind the arbor, so near that Benedick could not choose but hear all they said; and after some careless talk the prince said, 5
“Come hither, Leonato. What was it you told me the other day—that your niece Beatrice was in love with signior Benedick? I did never think that lady would have loved any man.” “No, nor I neither, my lord,” answered Leonato. “It is most wonderful 10
that she should so dote on Benedick, whom she in all outward behavior seemed ever to dislike.” Claudio confirmed all this with saying that Hero had told him Beatrice was so in love with Benedick, that she would certainly die of grief, if he could not be 15
brought to love her; which Leonato and Claudio seemed to agree was impossible, he having always been such a railer against all fair ladies, and in particular against Beatrice.

The prince affected to hearken to all this with 20
great compassion for Beatrice, and he said, “It were good that Benedick were told of this.” “To what end?” said Claudio; “he would but make sport of it, and torment the poor lady worse.” “And if he should,” said the prince, “it were a good 25
deed to hang him; for Beatrice is an excellent sweet lady, and exceeding wise in every thing but in loving Benedick.” Then the prince motioned to his companions that they should walk on, and leave Benedick to meditate upon what he had overheard. 30

Benedick had been listening with great eagerness to this conversation; and he said to himself when he

heard Beatrice loved him, "Is it possible? Sits the wind in that corner?" And when they were gone, he began to reason in this manner with himself: "This can be no trick! they were very serious, and
5 they have the truth from Hero, and seem to pity the lady. Love me! Why, it must be requited! I did never think to marry. But when I said I should die a bachelor, I did not think I should live to be married. They say the lady is virtuous and fair.
10 She is so. And wise in every thing but in loving me. Why, that is no great argument of her folly. But here comes Beatrice. By this day, she is a fair lady. I do spy some marks of love in her." Beatrice now approached him, and said with her usual tartness,
15 "Against my will I am sent to bid you come in to dinner." Benedick, who never felt himself disposed to speak so politely to her before, replied, "Fair Beatrice, I thank you for your pains": and when Beatrice, after two or three more rude speeches,
20 left him, Benedick thought he observed a concealed meaning of kindness under the uncivil words she uttered, and he said aloud, "If I do not take pity on her, I am a villain. If I do not love her, I am a Jew. I will go get her picture."
25 The gentleman being thus caught in the net they had spread for him, it was now Hero's turn to play her part with Beatrice and for this purpose she sent for Ursula and Margaret, two gentlewomen who attended upon her, and she said to Margaret, "Good
30 Margaret, run to the parlor; there you will find my cousin Beatrice talking with the prince and Claudio. Whisper in her ear, that I and Ursula

are walking in the orchard, and that our discourse is all of her. Bid her steal into that pleasant arbor, where honeysuckles, ripened by the sun, like ungrateful minions, forbid the sun to enter." This arbor, into which Hero desired Margaret to 5 entice Beatrice, was the very same pleasant arbor where Benedick had so lately been an attentive listener.

"I will make her come, I warrant, presently," 10 said Margaret.

Hero, then taking Ursula with her into the orchard, said to her, "Now, Ursula, when Beatrice comes, we will walk up and down this alley, and our talk must be only of Benedick, and when I name him, let it be your part to praise him more 15 than ever man did merit. My talk to you must be how Benedick is in love with Beatrice. Now begin; for look where Beatrice like a lapwing runs close by the ground, to hear our conference." They then began; Hero saying, as if in answer to some- 20 thing which Ursula had said, "No, truly, Ursula. She is too disdainful; her spirits are as coy as wild birds of the rock." "But are you sure," said Ursula, "that Benedick loves Beatrice so entirely?" Hero replied, "So says the prince, and my lord 25 Claudio, and they entreated me to acquaint her with it; but I persuaded them, if they loved Benedick, never to let Beatrice know of it." "Certainly," replied Ursula, "it were not good she knew his love, lest she made sport of it." "Why, to say truth," 30 said Hero, "I never yet saw a man, how wise soever, or noble, young, or rarely featured, but she would

dispraise him." "Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable," said Ursula. "No," replied Hero, "but who dare tell her so? If I should speak, she would mock me into air." "O! you wrong your
5 cousin," said Ursula: "she cannot be so much without true judgment, as to refuse so rare a gentleman as signior Benedick." "He hath an excellent good name," said Hero: "indeed, he is the first man in Italy, always excepting my dear Claudio." And now,
10 Hero giving her attendant a hint that it was time to change the discourse, Ursula said, "And when are you to be married, madam?" Hero then told her that she was to be married to Claudio the next day, and desired she would go in with her, and look at
15 some new attire, as she wished to consult with her on what she would wear on the morrow. Beatrice, who had been listening with breathless eagerness to this dialogue, when they went away, exclaimed, "What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?
20 Farewell, contempt and scorn, and maiden pride, adieu! Benedick, love on! I will requite you, taming my wild heart to your loving hand."

It must have been a pleasant sight to see these old enemies converted into new and loving friends,
25 and to behold their first meeting after being cheated into mutual liking by the merry artifice of the good-humored prince. But a sad reverse in the fortunes of Hero must now be thought of. The morrow, which was to have been her wedding-day, brought
30 sorrow on the heart of Hero and her good father Leonato.

The prince had a half-brother, who came from

the wars along with him to Messina. This brother (his name was Don John) was a melancholy, discontented man, whose spirits seemed to labor in the contriving of villainies. He hated the prince his brother, and he hated Claudio, because he was the prince's friend, and determined to prevent Claudio's marriage with Hero, only for the malicious pleasure of making Claudio and the prince unhappy; for he knew the prince had set his heart upon this marriage, almost as much as Claudio himself; and to effect this wicked purpose, he employed one Borachio, a man as bad as himself, whom he encouraged with the offer of a great reward. This Borachio paid his court to Margaret, Hero's attendant; and Don John, knowing this, prevailed upon him to make Margaret promise to talk with him from her lady's chamber window that night, after Hero was asleep, and also to dress herself in Hero's clothes, the better to deceive Claudio into the belief that it was Hero; for that was the end he meant to compass by this wicked plot.

Don John then went to the prince and Claudio, and told them that Hero was an imprudent lady, and that she talked with men from her chamber window at midnight. Now this was the evening before the wedding, and he offered to take them that night, where they should themselves hear Hero discoursing with a man from her window; and they consented to go along with him, and Claudio said, "If I see any thing to-night why I should not marry her, to-morrow in the congregation, where I intended to wed her, there will I shame her." The prince

also said, "And as I assisted you to obtain her, I will join with you to disgrace her."

When Don John brought them near Hero's chamber that night, they saw Borachio standing
5 under the window, and they saw Margaret looking out of Hero's window, and heard her talking with Borachio: and Margaret being dressed in the same clothes they had seen Hero wear, the prince and Claudio believed it was the lady Hero herself.

10 Nothing could equal the anger of Claudio, when he had made (as he thought) this discovery. All his love for the innocent Hero was at once converted into hatred, and he resolved to expose her in the church, as he had said he would, the next day; and
15 the prince agreed to this, thinking no punishment could be too severe for the naughty lady, who talked with a man from her window the very night before she was going to be married to the noble Claudio.

The next day, when they were all met to celebrate
20 the marriage, and Claudio and Hero were standing before the priest, and the priest, or friar, as he was called, was proceeding to pronounce the marriage ceremony, Claudio, in the most passionate language, proclaimed the guilt of the blameless Hero, who,
25 amazed at the strange words he uttered, said meekly, "Is my lord well, that he does speak so wide?"

Leonato, in the utmost horror, said to the prince, "My lord, why speak not you?" "What should I speak?" said the prince; "I stand dishonored,
30 that have gone about to link my dear friend to an unworthy woman. Leonato, upon my honor, myself, my brother, and this grieved Claudio, did see

and hear her last night at midnight talk with a man at her chamber window."

Benedick, in astonishment at what he heard, said, "This looks not like a nuptial."

"True, O God!" replied the heart-struck Hero; 5 and then this hapless lady sunk down in a fainting fit, to all appearance dead. The prince and Claudio left the church, without staying to see if Hero would recover, or at all regarding the distress into which they had thrown Leonato. So hard-hearted had their 10 anger made them.

Benedick remained, and assisted Beatrice to recover Hero from her swoon, saying, "How does the lady?" "Dead, I think," replied Beatrice in great agony, for she loved her cousin; and knowing 15 her virtuous principles, she believed nothing of what she had heard spoken against her. Not so the poor old father; he believed the story of his child's shame, and it was piteous to hear him lamenting over her, as she lay like one dead before him, 20 wishing she might never more open her eyes.

But the ancient friar was a wise man, and full of observation on human nature, and he had attentively marked the lady's countenance when she heard herself accused, and noted a thousand blushing 25 shames to start into her face, and then he saw an angel-like whiteness bear away those blushes, and in her eye he saw a fire that did belie the error that the prince did speak against her maiden truth, and he said to the sorrowing father, "Call me a 30 fool; trust not my reading, nor my observation; trust not my age, my reverence, nor my calling,

if this sweet lady lie not guiltless here under some biting error."

When Hero had recovered from the swoon into which she had fallen, the friar said to her, "Lady, 5 what man is he you are accused of?" Hero replied, "They know that do accuse me; I know of none": then turning to Leonato, she said, "O my father, if you can prove that any man has ever conversed with me at hours unmeet, or that I yesternight 10 changed words with any creature, refuse me, hate me, torture me to death."

"There is," said the friar, "some strange misunderstanding in the prince and Claudio"; and then he counselled Leonato, that he should report 15 that Hero was dead; and he said that the death-like swoon in which they had left Hero would make this easy of belief: and he also advised him that he should put on mourning, and erect a monument for her, and do all rites that appertain to a burial. "What shall 20 become of this?" said Leonato; "What will this do?" The friar replied, "This report of her death shall change slander into pity: that is some good; but that is not all the good I hope for. When Claudio shall hear she died upon hearing his words, the idea 25 of her life shall sweetly creep into his imagination. Then shall he mourn, if ever love had interest in his heart, and wish that he had not so accused her; yea, though he thought his accusation true."

Benedick now said, "Leonato, let the friar 30 advise you; and though you know how well I love the prince and Claudio, yet on my honor I will not reveal this secret to them."

Leonato, thus persuaded, yielded; and he said sorrowfully, "I am so grieved that the smallest twine may lead me." The kind friar then led Leonato and Hero away to comfort and console them, and Beatrice and Benedick remained alone; and this was the meeting from which their friends, who contrived the merry plot against them, expected so much diversion; those friends who were now overwhelmed with affliction, and from whose minds all thoughts of merriment seemed forever banished.

Benedick was the first who spoke, and he said, "Lady Beatrice, have you wept all this while?" "Yea, and I will weep a while longer," said Beatrice. "Surely," said Benedick, "I do believe your fair cousin is wronged." "Ah!" said Beatrice, "how much might that man deserve of me who would right her!" Benedick then said, "Is there any way to show such friendship? I do love nothing in the world so well as you: is not that strange?" "It were as possible," said Beatrice, "for me to say I loved nothing in the world so well as you; but believe me not, and yet I lie not. I confess nothing, nor I deny nothing. I am sorry for my cousin." "By my sword," said Benedick, "you love me, and I protest I love you. Come, bid me do any thing for you." "Kill Claudio," said Beatrice. "Ha! not for the wide world," said Benedick; for he loved his friend Claudio, and he believed he had been imposed upon. "Is not Claudio a villain, that has slandered, scorned, and dishonored my cousin?" "O that I were a man!" "Hear me, Beatrice!" said Benedick. But Beatrice would hear

nothing in Claudio's defence; and she continued to urge on Benedick to revenge her cousin's wrongs: and she said, "Talk with a man out of the window; a proper saying! Sweet Hero! she is wronged; she is slandered; she is undone. O that I were a man for Claudio's sake! or that I had any friend, who would be a man for my sake! but valor is melted into courtesies and compliments. I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving." "Tarry, good Beatrice," said Benedick: "by this hand I love you." "Use it for my love some other way than swearing by it," said Beatrice. "Think you on your soul, that Claudio has wronged Hero?" asked Benedick. "Yea," answered Beatrice; "as sure as I have a thought, or a soul." "Enough," said Benedick; "I am engaged; I will challenge him. I will kiss your hand, and so leave you. By this hand, Claudio shall render me a dear account! As you hear from me, so think of me. Go, comfort your cousin."

While Beatrice was thus powerfully pleading with Benedick, and working his gallant temper by the spirit of her angry words, to engage in the cause of Hero, and fight even with his dear friend Claudio, Leonato was challenging the prince and Claudio to answer with their swords the injury they had done his child, who, he affirmed, had died for grief. But they respected his age and his sorrow, and they said, "Nay, do not quarrel with us, good old man." And now came Benedick, and he also challenged Claudio to answer with his sword the injury he had done to Hero; and Claudio and

the prince said to each other, "Beatrice has set him on to do this." Claudio nevertheless must have accepted this challenge of Benedick, had not the justice of Heaven at the moment brought to pass a better proof of the innocence of Hero than 5 the uncertain fortune of a duel.

While the prince and Claudio were yet talking of the challenge of Benedick, a magistrate brought Borachio as a prisoner before the prince. Borachio had been overheard talking with one of his com- 10 panions of the mischief he had been employed by Don John to do.

Borachio made a full confession to the prince in Claudio's hearing, that it was Margaret dressed in her lady's clothes that he had talked with from 15 the window, whom they had mistaken for the lady Hero herself; and no doubt continued on the minds of Claudio and the prince of the innocence of Hero. If a suspicion had remained it must have been removed by the flight of Don John, who, finding 20 his villainies were detected, fled from Messina to avoid the just anger of his brother.

The heart of Claudio was sorely grieved when he found he had falsely accused Hero, who, he thought, died upon hearing his cruel words; and 25 the memory of his beloved Hero's image came over him, in the rare semblance that he loved it first; and the prince asking him if what he heard did not run like iron through his soul, he answered, that he felt as if he had taken poison while Bora- 30 chio was speaking.

And the repentant Claudio implored forgiveness

of the old man Leonato for the injury he had done his child; and promised, that whatever penance Leonato would lay upon him for his fault in believing the false accusation against his betrothed wife, 5 for her dear sake he would endure it.

The penance Leonato enjoined him was, to marry the next morning a cousin of Hero's who, he said, was now his heir, and in person very like Hero. Claudio, regarding the solemn promise he 10 had made to Leonato, said, he would marry this unknown lady, even though she were an Ethiop: but his heart was very sorrowful, and he passed that night in tears, and in remorseful grief, at the tomb which Leonato had erected for Hero.

15 When the morning came, the prince accompanied Claudio to the church, where the good friar, and Leonato and his niece, were already assembled, to celebrate a second nuptial; and Leonato presented to Claudio his promised bride; and she wore a mask, 20 that Claudio might not discover her face. And Claudio said to the lady in the mask, "Give me your hand, before this holy friar; I am your husband, if you will marry me." "And when I lived I was your other wife," said this unknown lady; and, taking off her 25 mask, she proved to be no niece (as was pretended), but Leonato's very daughter, the lady Hero herself. We may be sure that this proved a most agreeable surprise to Claudio, who thought her dead, so that he could scarcely for joy believe his eyes; and the prince, 30 who was equally amazed at what he saw, exclaimed, "Is not this Hero, Hero that was dead?" Leonato replied, "She died, my lord, but while her slander

lived." The friar promised them an explanation of this seeming miracle, after the ceremony was ended; and was proceeding to marry them, when he was interrupted by Benedick, who desired to be married at the same time to Beatrice. Beatrice making some demur 5 to this match, and Benedick challenging her with her love for him, which he had learned from Hero, a pleasant explanation took place; and they found they had both been tricked into a belief of love, which had never existed, and had become lovers in truth by the 10 power of a false jest: but the affection, which a merry invention had cheated them into, was grown too powerful to be shaken by a serious explanation; and since Benedick proposed to marry, he was resolved to think nothing to the purpose that the world could 15 say against it; and he merrily kept up the jest, and swore to Beatrice, that he took her but for pity, and because he heard she was dying of love for him; and Beatrice protested, that she yielded but upon great persuasion, and partly to save his life, for she heard 20 he was in a consumption. So these two mad wits were reconciled, and made a match of it, after Claudio and Hero were married; and to complete the history, Don John, the contriver of the villainy, was taken in his flight, and brought back to Messina; and a brave 25 punishment it was to this gloomy, discontented man, to see the joy and feastings which, by the disappointment of his plots, took place at the palace in Messina.

AS YOU LIKE IT

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

The duke, who was thus driven from his dominions, retired with a few faithful followers to the forest of Arden; and here the good duke lived with his loving friends, who had put themselves into a voluntary
10 exile for his sake, while their land and revenues enriched the false usurper; and custom soon made the life of careless ease they led here more sweet to them than the pomp and uneasy splendor of a courtier's life. Here they lived like the old Robin
15 Hood of England, and to this forest many noble youths daily resorted from the court, and did fleet the time carelessly, as they did who lived in the golden age. In the summer they lay along under the fine shade of the large forest trees, marking the
20 playful sports of the wild deer; and so fond were they of these poor dappled fools, who seemed to be the native inhabitants of the forest, that it grieved them to be forced to kill them to supply themselves with venison for their food. When the cold winds of winter
25 made the duke feel the change of his adverse fortune, he would endure it patiently, and say, "These chilling winds which blow upon my body are true counsellors; they do not flatter, but represent truly to me my condition; and though they bite sharply, their tooth is
30 nothing like so keen as that of unkindness and ingrati-

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

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

One day, when Celia was talking in her usual kind manner to Rosalind, saying, "I pray you, Rosalind, 25
my sweet cousin, be merry," a messenger entered from the duke, to tell them that if they wished to see a wrestling match, which was just going to begin, they must come instantly to the court before the palace; and Celia, thinking it would amuse Rosalind, agreed 30
to go and see it.

In these times wrestling, which is only practised

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

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

The ladies were well pleased to perform this humane office, and first Celia entreated the young
20 stranger that he would desist from the attempt; and then Rosalind spoke so kindly to him, and with such feeling consideration for the danger he was about to undergo, that instead of being persuaded by her gentle words to forego his purpose, all his thoughts were bent
25 to distinguish himself by his courage in this lovely lady's eyes. He refused the request of Celia and Rosalind in such graceful and modest words, that they felt still more concern for him; he concluded his refusal with saying, "I am sorry to deny such fair
30 and excellent ladies any thing. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial, wherein if I be conquered there is one shamed that was never

gracious; if I am killed, there is one dead that is willing to die; I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; for I only fill up a place in the world which may be better supplied when I have made it 5 empty."

And now the wrestling match began. Celia wished the young stranger might not be hurt; but Rosalind felt most for him. The friendless state which he said he was in, and that he wished to die, made Rosalind 10 think that he was like herself, unfortunate; and she pitied him so much, and so deep an interest she took in his danger while he was wrestling, that she might almost be said at that moment to have fallen in love with him. 15

The kindness shown this unknown youth by these fair and noble ladies gave him courage and strength, so that he performed wonders; and in the end completely conquered his antagonist, who was so much hurt, that for a while he was unable to speak or 20 move.

The duke Frederick was much pleased with the courage and skill shown by this young stranger; and desired to know his name and parentage, meaning to take him under his protection. 25

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

Sir Rowland de Boys, the father of Orlando, had been dead some years; but when he was living, 30 he had been a true subject and dear friend of the banished duke: therefore, when Frederick heard

Orlando was the son of his banished brother's friend, all his liking for this brave young man was changed into displeasure, and he left the place in very ill humor. Hating to hear the very name of any of
5 his brother's friends, and yet still admiring the valor of the youth, he said, as he went out, that he wished Orlando had been the son of any other man.

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

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

25 When the ladies were alone, Rosalind's talk being still of Orlando, Celia began to perceive her cousin had fallen in love with the handsome young wrestler, and she said to Rosalind, "Is it possible you should fall in love so suddenly?" Rosalind
30 replied, "The duke, my father, loved his father dearly." "But," said Celia, "does it therefore follow that you should love his son dearly? for

then I ought to hate him, for my father hated his father; yet I do not hate Orlando."

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

When Celia found she could not prevail upon her father to let Rosalind remain with her, she generously resolved to accompany her; and leaving her father's palace that night, she went along with

her friend to seek Rosalind's father, the banished duke, in the forest of Arden.

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

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

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

When at last they came to the forest of Arden, they no longer found the convenient inns and good accommodations they had met with on the road ; and being in want of food and rest, Ganymede, who had

so merrily cheered his sister with pleasant speeches and happy remarks all the way, now owned to Aliena that he was so weary, he could find in his heart to disgrace his man's apparel, and cry like a woman ; and Aliena declared she could go no farther ; 5 and then again Ganymede tried to recollect that it was a man's duty to comfort and console a woman, as the weaker vessel ; and to seem courageous to his new sister, he said, " Come, have a good heart, my sister Aliena ; we are now at the end of our 10 travel, in the forest of Arden." But feigned manliness and forced courage would no longer support them ; for though they were in the forest of Arden, they knew not where to find the duke : and here the travel of these weary ladies might have come 15 to a sad conclusion, for they might have lost themselves, and perished for want of food ; but providentially, as they were sitting on the grass, almost dying with fatigue and hopeless of any relief, a countryman chanced to pass that way, and Ganymede 20 once more tried to speak with a manly boldness, saying, " Shepherd, if love or gold can in this desert place procure us entertainment, I pray you bring us where we may rest ourselves ; for this young maid, my sister, is much fatigued with travelling, 25 and faints for want of food."

The man replied, that he was only a servant to a shepherd, and that his master's house was just going to be sold, and therefore they would find but poor entertainment ; but if they would go with him, 30 they should be welcome to what there was. They followed the man, the near prospect of relief giving

them fresh strength ; and bought the house and sheep of the shepherd, and took the man who conducted them to the shepherd's house to wait on them ; and being by this means so fortunately provided
5 with a neat cottage, and well supplied with provisions, they agreed to stay here till they could learn in what part of the forest the duke dwelt.

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

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

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

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

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

20 Together then this faithful servant and his loved master set out ; and Orlando and Adam travelled on, uncertain what course to pursue, till they came to the forest of Arden, and there they found themselves in the same distress for want of food that
25 Ganymede and Aliena had been. They wandered on, seeking some human habitation, till they were almost spent with hunger and fatigue. Adam at last said, " O my dear master, I die for want of food, I can go no farther ! " He then laid himself
30 down, thinking to make that place his grave, and bade his dear master farewell. Orlando, seeing him in this weak state, took his old servant up in his

arms, and carried him under the shelter of some pleasant trees ; and he said to him, " Cheerly, old Adam, rest your weary limbs here a while, and do not talk of dying ! "

Orlando then searched about to find some food, 5 and he happened to arrive at that part of the forest where the duke was ; and he and his friends were just going to eat their dinner, this royal duke being seated on the grass, under no other canopy than the shady covert of some large trees. 10

Orlando, whom hunger had made desperate, drew his sword, intending to take their meat by force, and said, " Forbear and eat no more ; I must have your food ! " The duke asked him, if distress had made him so bold, or if he were a rude despiser of 15 good manners. On this Orlando said, he was dying with hunger ; and then the duke told him he was welcome to sit down and eat with them. Orlando, hearing him speak so gently, put up his sword, and blushed with shame at the rude manner in which 20 he had demanded their food. " Pardon me, I pray you," said he : " I thought that all things had been savage here, and therefore I put on the countenance of stern command ; but whatever men you are, that in this desert, under the shade of melancholy boughs, 25 lose and neglect the creeping hours of time ; if ever you have looked on better days ; if ever you have been where bells have knolled to church ; if you have ever sat at any good man's feast ; if ever from your eyelids you have wiped a tear, and know what 30 it is to pity or be pitied, may gentle speeches now move you to do me human courtesy ! " The duke

replied, "True it is that we are men (as you say) who have seen better days, and though we have now our habitation in this wild forest, we have lived in towns and cities, and have with holy bell been
5 knolled to church, have sat at good men's feasts, and from our eyes have wiped the drops which sacred pity has engendered ; therefore sit you down, and take of our refreshment as much as will minister to your wants." "There is an old poor man,"
10 answered Orlando, " who has limped after me many a weary step in pure love, oppressed at once with two sad infirmities, age and hunger ; till he be satisfied, I must not touch a bit." "Go, find him out, and bring him hither," said the duke ; "we
15 will forbear to eat till you return." Then Orlando went like a doe to find its fawn and give it food ; and presently returned, bringing Adam in his arms ; and the duke said, "Set down your venerable burthen ; you are both welcome" : and they fed the
20 old man, and cheered his heart, and he revived, and recovered his health and strength again.

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

Orlando arrived in the forest not many days after Ganymede and Aliena came there, and (as has been before related) bought the shepherd's cottage.
30 Ganymede and Aliena were strangely surprised to find the name of Rosalind carved on the trees, and love-sonnets, fastened to them, all addressed to

Rosalind; and while they were wondering how this could be, they met Orlando, and they perceived the chain which Rosalind had given him about his neck.

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

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

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

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

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

for he did not suspect the pretty shepherd-boy came of royal lineage. Then seeing the duke look well and happy, Ganymede was content to put off all further explanation for a few days longer.

One morning, as Orlando was going to visit 5 Ganymede, he saw a man lying asleep on the ground, and a large green snake had twisted itself about his neck. The snake, seeing Orlando approach, glided away among the bushes. Orlando went nearer, and then he discovered a lioness lie crouching, with her 10 head on the ground, with a cat-like watch, waiting till the sleeping man awaked (for it is said that lions will prey on nothing that is dead or sleeping). It seemed as if Orlando was sent by Providence to free the man from the danger of the snake and 15 lioness; but when Orlando looked in the man's face, he perceived that the sleeper who was exposed to this double peril was his own brother Oliver, who had so cruelly used him, and had threatened to destroy him by fire; and he was almost tempted to 20 leave him a prey to the hungry lioness; but brotherly affection and the gentleness of his nature soon overcame his first anger against his brother; and he drew his sword, and attacked the lioness, and slew her, and thus preserved his brother's life both from the 25 venomous snake and from the furious lioness; but before Orlando could conquer the lioness, she had torn one of his arms with her sharp claws.

While Orlando was engaged with the lioness, Oliver awaked, and perceiving that his brother 30 Orlando, whom he had so cruelly treated, was saving him from the fury of a wild beast at the risk of his

own life, shame and remorse at once seized him, and he repented of his unworthy conduct, and besought with many tears his brother's pardon for the injuries he had done him. Orlando rejoiced to
5 see him so penitent, and readily forgave him: they embraced each other; and from that hour Oliver loved Orlando with a true brotherly affection, though he had come to the forest bent on his destruction.

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

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

The sincere sorrow that Oliver expressed for his offences made such a lively impression on the kind heart of Aliena, that she instantly fell in love with him; and Oliver observing how much she pitied the
25 distress he told her he felt for his fault, he as suddenly fell in love with her. But while love was thus stealing into the hearts of Aliena and Oliver, he was no less busy with Ganymede, who hearing of the danger Orlando had been in, and that he was
30 wounded by the lioness, fainted; and when he recovered, he pretended that he had counterfeited the swoon in the imaginary character of Rosalind,

and Ganymede said to Oliver, "Tell your brother Orlando how well I counterfeited a swoon." But Oliver saw by the paleness of his complexion that he did really faint, and much wondering at the weakness of the young man, he said "Well, if you did counterfeit, take a good heart, and counterfeit to be a man." "So I do," replied Ganymede truly, "but I should have been a woman by right."

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

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

Oliver went to Aliena; and Ganymede, whom Orlando had perceived approaching, came to inquire after the health of his wounded friend.

When Orlando and Ganymede began to talk over the sudden love which had taken place between Oliver and Aliena, Orlando said he had advised his brother to persuade his fair shepherdess to be married

on the morrow, and then he added how much he could wish to be married on the same day to his Rosalind.

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

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

15 The fond lover Orlando, half believing and half doubting what he heard, asked Ganymede if he spoke in sober meaning. "By my life I do," said Ganymede; "therefore put on your best clothes, and bid the duke and your friends to your wedding; 20 for if you desire to be married to-morrow to Rosalind, she shall be here."

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

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

30 The duke, hearing that it was his own daughter that was to be brought in this strange way, asked Orlando if he believed the shepherd-boy could really

do what he had promised; and while Orlando was answering that he knew not what to think, Ganymede entered, and asked the duke, if he brought his daughter, whether he would consent to her marriage with Orlando. "That I would," said the duke, "if 5 I had kingdoms to give with her." Ganymede then said to Orlando, "And you say you will marry her if I bring her here." "That I would," said Orlando, "if I were king of many kingdoms."

Ganymede and Aliena then went out together, 10 and Ganymede throwing off his male attire, and being once more dressed in woman's apparel, quickly became Rosalind without the power of magic; and Aliena changing her country garb for her own rich clothes, was with as little trouble transformed into 15 the lady Celia.

While they were gone, the duke said to Orlando, that he thought the shepherd Ganymede very like his daughter Rosalind; and Orlando said, he also had observed the resemblance. 20

They had no time to wonder how all this would end, for Rosalind and Celia in their own clothes entered; and no longer pretending that it was by the power of magic that she came there, Rosalind threw herself on her knees before her father, and begged 25 his blessing. It seemed so wonderful to all present that she should so suddenly appear, that it might well have passed for magic; but Rosalind would no longer trifle with her father, and told him the story of her banishment, and of her dwelling in the forest as a shepherd-boy, her cousin Celia passing as her sister.

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

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

lands and revenues of his friends, the faithful followers of his adversity.

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

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

THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

THERE lived in the city of Verona two young gentlemen, whose names were Valentine and Proteus, between whom a firm and uninterrupted friendship had long subsisted. They pursued their studies together, and their hours of leisure were always passed in each other's company, except when Proteus visited a lady he was in love with; and these visits to his mistress, and this passion of

Proteus for the fair Julia, were the only topics on which these two friends disagreed; for Valentine, not being himself a lover, was sometimes a little weary of hearing his friend forever talking of his
5 Julia, and then he would laugh at Proteus, and in pleasant terms ridicule the passion of love, and declare that no such idle fancies should ever enter his head, greatly preferring (as he said) the free and happy life he led, to the anxious hopes and fears
10 of the lover Proteus.

One morning Valentine came to Proteus to tell him that they must for a time be separated, for that he was going to Milan. Proteus, unwilling to part with his friend, used many arguments to prevail
15 upon Valentine not to leave him; but Valentine said, "Cease to persuade me, my loving Proteus. I will not, like a sluggard, wear out my youth in idleness at home. Home-keeping youths have ever homely wits. If your affection were not chained to the sweet
20 glances of your honored Julia, I would entreat you to accompany me, to see the wonders of the world abroad; but since you are a lover, love on still, and may your love be prosperous!"

They parted with mutual expressions of un-
25 alterable friendship. "Sweet Valentine, adieu!" said Proteus; "think on me when you see some rare object worthy of notice in your travels, and wish me partaker of your happiness."

Valentine began his journey that same day to-
30 wards Milan; and when his friend had left him, Proteus sat down to write a letter to Julia, which he gave to her maid Lucetta to deliver to her mistress.

Julia loved Proteus as well as he did her, but she was a lady of a noble spirit, and she thought it did not become her maiden dignity too easily to be won; therefore she affected to be insensible of his passion, and gave him much uneasiness in the prosecution of his suit. 5

And when Lucetta offered the letter to Julia, she would not receive it, and chid her maid for taking letters from Proteus, and ordered her to leave the room. But she so much wished to see what was written in the letter, that she soon called in her maid again; and when Lucetta returned, she said, "What o'clock is it?" Lucetta, who knew her mistress more desired to see the letter than to know the time of day, without answering her question, again offered the rejected letter. Julia, angry that her maid should thus take the liberty of seeming to know what she really wanted, tore the letter in pieces, and threw it on the floor, ordering her maid once more out of the room. As Lucetta was retiring, she stooped to pick up the fragments of the torn letter; but Julia, who meant not so to part with them, said, in pretended anger, "Go, get you gone, and let the papers lie; you would be fingering them to anger me." 25

Julia then began to piece together as well as she could the torn fragments. She first made out these words, "Love-wounded Proteus"; and lamenting over these and such like loving words, which she made out though they were all torn asunder, or, she said, *wounded* (the expression "Love-wounded Proteus" giving her that idea), she talked to these kind words, 30

telling them she would lodge them in her bosom as in a bed, till their wounds were healed, and that she would kiss each several piece, to make amends.

In this manner she went on talking with a pretty lady-like childishness, till finding herself unable to make out the whole, and vexed at her own ingratitude in destroying such sweet and loving words, as she called them, she wrote a much kinder letter to Proteus than she had ever done before.

10 Proteus was greatly delighted at receiving this favorable answer to his letter; and while he was reading it, he exclaimed, "Sweet love, sweet lines, sweet life!" In the midst of his raptures he was interrupted by his father. "How now!" said the
15 old gentleman; "what letter are you reading there?"

"My lord," replied Proteus, "it is a letter from my friend Valentine, at Milan."

"Lend me the letter," said his father: "let me see what news."

20 "There are no news, my lord," said Proteus, greatly alarmed, "but that he writes how well beloved he is of the duke of Milan, who daily graces him with favors; and how he wishes me with him, the partner of his fortune."

25 "And how stand you affected to his wish?" asked the father.

"As one relying on your lordship's will, and not depending on his friendly wish," said Proteus.

Now it had happened that Proteus' father had
30 just been talking with a friend on this very subject: his friend had said, he wondered his lordship suffered his son to spend his youth at home, while most men

were sending their sons to seek preferment abroad; "some," said he, "to the wars, to try their fortunes there, and some to discover islands far away, and some to study in foreign universities; and there is his companion Valentine, he is gone to the duke of Milan's court. Your son is fit for any of these things, and it will be a great disadvantage to him in his riper age not to have travelled in his youth."

Proteus' father thought the advice of his friend was very good, and upon Proteus telling him that Valentine "wished him with him, the partner of his fortune," he at once determined to send his son to Milan; and without giving Proteus any reason for this sudden resolution, it being the usual habit of this positive old gentleman to command his son, not reason with him, he said, "My will is the same as Valentine's wish"; and seeing his son look astonished, he added, "Look not amazed, that I so suddenly resolve you shall spend some time in the duke of Milan's court; for what I will I will, and there is an end. To-morrow be in readiness to go. Make no excuses, for I am peremptory."

Proteus knew it was of no use to make objections to his father, who never suffered him to dispute his will; and he blamed himself for telling his father an untruth about Julia's letter, which had brought upon him the sad necessity of leaving her.

Now that Julia found she was going to lose Proteus for so long a time, she no longer pretended indifference; and they bade each other a mournful farewell, with many vows of love and constancy. Proteus and Julia exchanged rings, which they both

promised to keep forever in remembrance of each other: and thus, taking a sorrowful leave, Proteus set out on his journey to Milan, the abode of his friend Valentine.

5 Valentine was in reality what Proteus had feigned to his father, in high favor with the duke of Milan; and another event had happened to him, of which Proteus did not even dream, for Valentine had given up the freedom of which he used so much to boast,
10 and was become as passionate a lover as Proteus.

She who had wrought this wondrous change in Valentine was the lady Silvia, daughter of the duke of Milan, and she also loved him; but they concealed their love from the duke, because although he showed
15 much kindness for Valentine, and invited him every day to his palace, yet he designed to marry his daughter to a young courtier whose name was Thurio. Silvia despised this Thurio, for he had none of the fine sense and excellent qualities of Valentine.

20 These two rivals, Thurio and Valentine, were one day on a visit to Silvia, and Valentine was entertaining Silvia with turning every thing Thurio said into ridicule, when the duke himself entered the room, and told Valentine the welcome news of his friend
25 Proteus' arrival. Valentine said, "If I had wished a thing, it would have been to have seen him here!" And then he highly praised Proteus to the duke, saying, "My lord, though I have been a truant of my time, yet hath my friend made use and fair
30 advantage of his days, and is complete in person and in mind, in all good grace to grace a gentleman."

“Welcome him then according to his worth,” said the duke. “Silvia, I speak to you, and you, Sir Thurio; for Valentine, I need not bid him do so.” They were here interrupted by the entrance of Proteus, and Valentine introduced him to Silvia, saying, 5
“Sweet lady, entertain him to be my fellow-servant to your ladyship.”

When Valentine and Proteus had ended their visit, and were alone together, Valentine said, “Now tell me how all does from whence you came? How does your 10 lady, and how thrives your love?” Proteus replied, “My tales of love used to weary you. I know you joy not in a love discourse.”

“Ay, Proteus,” returned Valentine, “but that life is altered now. I have done penance for condemning 15 love. For in revenge of my contempt of love, love has chased sleep from my enthralled eyes. O gentle Proteus, Love is a mighty lord, and hath so humbled me, that I confess there is no woe like his correction, nor no such joy on earth as in his service. I now like 20 no discourse except it be of love. Now I can break my fast, dine, sup, and sleep, upon the very name of love.”

This acknowledgment of the change which love had made in the disposition of Valentine was a great 25 triumph to his friend Proteus. But “friend” Proteus must be called no longer, for the same all-powerful deity Love, of whom they were speaking (yea, even while they were talking of the change he had made in Valentine), was working in the heart of Proteus; 30 and he, who had till this time been a pattern of true love and perfect friendship was now, in one short

interview with Silvia, become a false friend and a faithless lover; for at the first sight of Silvia all his love for Julia vanished away like a dream, nor did his long friendship for Valentine deter him from endeavoring to supplant him in her affections; and although, as it will always be, when people of dispositions naturally good become unjust, he had many scruples before he determined to forsake Julia, and become the rival of Valentine; yet he at length overcame his sense of duty, and yielded himself up, almost without remorse, to his new unhappy passion.

Valentine imparted to him in confidence the whole history of his love, and how carefully they had concealed it from the duke her father, and told him, that, despairing of ever being able to obtain his consent, he had prevailed upon Silvia to leave her father's palace that night, and go with him to Mantua; then he showed Proteus a ladder of ropes, by help of which he meant to assist Silvia to get out of one of the windows of the palace after it was dark.

Upon hearing this faithful recital of his friend's dearest secrets, it is hardly possible to be believed, but so it was, that Proteus resolved to go to the duke, and disclose the whole to him.

This false friend began his tale with many artful speeches to the duke, such as that by the laws of friendship he ought to conceal what he was going to reveal, but that the gracious favor the duke had shown him, and the duty he owed his grace, urged him to tell that which else no worldly good should draw from him. He then told all he had heard from Valentine, not omitting the ladder of ropes, and the

manner in which Valentine meant to conceal them under a long cloak.

The duke thought Proteus quite a miracle of integrity, in that he preferred telling his friend's intention rather than he would conceal an unjust 5 action, highly commended him, and promised him not to let Valentine know from whom he had learnt this intelligence, but by some artifice to make Valentine betray the secret himself. For this purpose the duke awaited the coming of Valentine in the 10 evening, whom he soon saw hurrying towards the palace, and he perceived somewhat was wrapped within his cloak, which he concluded was the rope-ladder.

The duke upon this stopped him, saying, "Whither 15 away so fast, Valentine?"—"May it please your grace," said Valentine, "there is a messenger that stays to bear my letters to my friends, and I am going to deliver them." Now this falsehood of Valentine's had no better success in the event than 20 the untruth Proteus told his father.

"Be they of much import?" said the duke.

"No more, my lord," said Valentine, "than to tell my father I am well and happy at your grace's 25 court."

"Nay then," said the duke, "no matter; stay with me a while. I wish your counsel about some affairs that concern me nearly." He then told Valentine an artful story, as a prelude to draw his secret from him, saying that Valentine knew he 30 wished to match his daughter with Thurio, but that she was stubborn and disobedient to his commands,

“neither regarding,” said he, “that she is my child, nor fearing me as if I were her father. And I may say to thee, this pride of hers has drawn my love from her. I had thought my age should have
5 been cherished by her childlike duty. I now am resolved to take a wife, and turn her out to whosoever will take her in. Let her beauty be her wedding dower, for me and my possessions she esteems not.”

Valentine, wondering where all this would end,
10 made answer, “And what would your grace have me to do in all this?”

“Why,” said the duke, “the lady I would wish to marry is nice and coy, and does not much esteem my aged eloquence. Besides, the fashion of court-
15 ship is much changed since I was young: now I would willingly have you to be my tutor to instruct me how I am to woo.”

Valentine gave him a general idea of the modes of courtship then practised by young men, when
20 they wished to win a fair lady’s love, such as presents, frequent visits, and the like.

The duke replied to this, that the lady did refuse a present which he sent her, and that she was so strictly kept by her father, that no man might have
25 access to her by day.

“Why then,” said Valentine, “you must visit her by night.”

“But at night,” said the artful duke, who was now coming to the drift of his discourse, “her doors
30 are fast locked.”

Valentine then unfortunately proposed that the duke should get into the lady’s chamber at night by

means of a ladder of ropes, saying he would procure him one fitting for that purpose ; and in conclusion advised him to conceal this ladder of ropes under such a cloak as that which he now wore. "Lend me your cloak," said the duke, who had feigned 5 this long story on purpose to have a pretence to get off the cloak ; so upon saying these words, he caught hold of Valentine's cloak, and throwing it back, he discovered not only the ladder of ropes, but also a letter of Silvia's, which he instantly opened and 10 read ; and this letter contained a full account of their intended elopement. The duke, after upbraiding Valentine for his ingratitude in thus returning the favor he had shown him, by endeavoring to steal away his daughter, banished him from the court and 15 city of Milan forever ; and Valentine was forced to depart that night, without even seeing Silvia.

While Proteus at Milan was thus injuring Valentine, Julia at Verona was regretting the absence of Proteus ; and her regard for him at last so far 20 overcame her sense of propriety, that she resolved to leave Verona, and seek her lover at Milan ; and to secure herself from danger on the road, she dressed her maiden Lucetta and herself in men's clothes, and they set out in this disguise, and arrived 25 at Milan soon after Valentine was banished from that city through the treachery of Proteus.

Julia entered Milan about noon, and she took up her abode at an inn ; and her thoughts being all on her dear Proteus, she entered into conversation with 30 the innkeeper, or host, as he was called, thinking by that means to learn some news of Proteus.

The host was greatly pleased that this handsome young gentleman (as he took her to be), who from his appearance, he concluded was of high rank, spoke so familiarly to him; and being a good-natured man, he was sorry to see him look so melancholy; and to amuse his young guest, he offered to take him to hear some fine music, with which he said, a gentleman that evening was going to serenade his mistress.

The reason Julia looked so very melancholy was, that she did not well know what Proteus would think of the imprudent step she had taken; for she knew he had loved her for her noble maiden pride and dignity of character, and she feared she should lower herself in his esteem: and this it was that made her wear a sad and thoughtful countenance.

She gladly accepted the offer of the host to go with him, and hear the music; for she secretly hoped she might meet Proteus by the way.

But when she came to the palace whither the host conducted her, a very different effect was produced to what the kind host had intended; for there, to her heart's sorrow, she beheld her lover, the inconstant Proteus, serenading the lady Silvia with music, and addressing discourse of love and admiration to her. And Julia overheard Silvia from a window talk with Proteus, and reproach him for forsaking his own true lady, and for his ingratitude to his friend Valentine; and then Silvia left the window, not choosing to listen to his music and his fine speeches; for she was a faithful lady to her banished Valentine, and abhorred the ungenerous conduct of his false friend Proteus.

Though Julia was in despair at what she had just witnessed, yet did she still love the truant Proteus; and hearing that he had lately parted with a servant, she contrived with the assistance of her host, the friendly innkeeper, to hire herself to Proteus as a page; and Proteus knew not she was Julia, and he sent her with letters and presents to her rival Silvia, and he even sent by her the very ring she gave him as a parting gift at Verona. 5

When she went to that lady with the ring, she 10 was most glad to find that Silvia utterly rejected the suit of Proteus; and Julia, or the page Sebastian as she was called, entered into conversation with Silvia about Proteus' first love, the forsaken lady Julia. She putting in (as one may say) a good word for 15 herself, said she knew Julia; as well she might, being herself the Julia of whom she spoke; telling how fondly Julia loved her master Proteus, and how his unkind neglect would grieve her: and then she with a pretty equivocation went on: "Julia is about my 20 height, and of my complexion, the color of her eyes and hair the same as mine": and indeed Julia looked a most beautiful youth in her boy's attire. Silvia was moved to pity this lovely lady, who was so sadly forsaken by the man she loved; and when 25 Julia offered the ring which Proteus had sent, refused it, saying, "The more shame for him that he sends me that ring; I will not take it; for I have often heard him say his Julia gave it to him. I love thee, gentle youth, for pitying her, poor lady! Here 30 is a purse: I give it you for Julia's sake." These comfortable words coming from her kind rival's

tongue cheered the drooping heart of the disguised lady.

But to return to the banished Valentine; who scarce knew which way to bend his course, being
5 unwilling to return home to his father a disgraced and banished man: as he was wandering over a lonely forest, not far distant from Milan, where he had left his heart's dear treasure, the lady Silvia, he was set upon by robbers, who demanded his money.

10 Valentine told them that he was a man crossed by adversity, that he was going into banishment, and that he had no money, the clothes he had on being all his riches.

The robbers, hearing that he was a distressed man,
15 and being struck with his noble air and manly behavior, told him if he would live with them, and be their chief, or captain, they would put themselves under his command; but that if he refused to accept their offer, they would kill him.

20 Valentine, who cared little what became of himself, said he would consent to live with them and be their captain, provided they did no outrage on women or poor passengers.

Thus the noble Valentine became, like Robin
25 Hood, of whom we read in ballads, a captain of robbers and outlawed banditti; and in this situation he was found by Silvia, and in this manner it came to pass.

Silvia, to avoid a marriage with Thurio, whom
30 her father insisted upon her no longer refusing, came at last to the resolution of following Valentine to Mantua, at which place she had heard her lover had

taken refuge; but in this account she was misinformed, for he still lived in the forest among the robbers, bearing the name of their captain, but taking no part in their depredations, and using the authority which they had imposed upon him in no other way 5 than to compel them to show compassion to the travellers they robbed.

Silvia contrived to effect her escape from her father's palace in company with a worthy old gentleman, whose name was Eglamour, whom she took 10 along with her for protection on the road. She had to pass through the forest where Valentine and the banditti dwelt; and one of these robbers seized on Silvia, and would also have taken Eglamour, but he escaped. 15

The robber who had taken Silvia, seeing the terror she was in, bid her not be alarmed, for that he was only going to carry her to a cave where his captain lived, and that she need not be afraid, for their captain had an honorable mind, and always 20 showed humanity to women. Silvia found little comfort in hearing she was going to be carried as a prisoner before the captain of a lawless banditti. "O Valentine," she cried, "this I endure for thee!"

But as the robber was conveying her to the cave 25 of his captain, he was stopped by Proteus, who, still attended by Julia in the disguise of a page, having heard of the flight of Silvia, had traced her steps to this forest. Proteus now rescued her from the hands of the robber; but scarce had she time to thank him 30 for the service he had done her, before he began to distress her afresh with his love suit; and while he

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“How is this?” said he, “this is Julia’s ring: how came you by it, boy?” Julia answered, “Julia herself did give it me, and Julia herself hath brought it hither.”

Proteus, now looking earnestly upon her, plainly 5 perceived that the page Sebastian was no other than the lady Julia herself; and the proof she had given of her constancy and true love so wrought in him, that his love for her returned into his heart, and he took again his own dear lady, and joyfully resigned 10 all pretensions to the lady Silvia to Valentine, who had so well deserved her.

Proteus and Valentine were expressing their happiness in their reconciliation, and in the love of their faithful ladies when they were surprised with 15 the sight of the duke of Milan and Thurio, who came there in pursuit of Silvia.

Thurio first approached, and attempted to seize Silvia, saying, “Silvia is mine.” Upon this Valentine said to him in a very spirited manner, “Thurio, 20 keep back: if once again you say that Silvia is yours, you shall embrace your death. Here she stands, take but possession of her with a touch! I dare you but to breathe upon my love.” Hearing this threat, Thurio, who was a great coward, drew back, and 25 said he cared not for her, and that none but a fool would fight for a girl who loved him not.

The duke, who was a very brave man himself, said now in great anger, “The more base and degenerate in you to take such means for her as you have done, 30 and leave her on such slight conditions.” Then turning to Valentine, he said, “I do applaud your

spirit, Valentine, and think you worthy of an empress' love. You shall have Silvia, for you have well deserved her." Valentine then with great humility kissed the duke's hand, and accepted the noble present which he had made him of his daughter with becoming thankfulness: taking occasion of this joyful minute to entreat the good-humored duke to pardon the thieves with whom he had associated in the forest, assuring him, that when reformed and restored to society, there would be found among them many good, and fit for great employment; for the most of them had been banished, like Valentine, for state offences, rather than for any black crimes they had been guilty of. To this the ready duke consented: and now nothing remained but that Proteus, the false friend, was ordained, by way of penance for his love-prompted faults, to be present at the recital of the whole story of his loves and falsehoods before the duke; and the shame of the recital to his awakened conscience was judged sufficient punishment: which being done, the lovers, all four returned back to Milan, and their nuptials were solemnized in the presence of the duke, with high triumphs and feasting.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was a usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man,

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

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

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, that was lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's life-time he used to visit at her house, when he thought

he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the
5 lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats.

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

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

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

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

Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a 30- bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment

came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

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

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

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

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

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

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no

fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a 5 thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, 10 and that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said, "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and 15 mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring"; presenting a ring to Bassanio.

Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich 20 and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by any thing but broken words of love and thankfulness; and taking the ring, he vowed never to part 25 with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and 30 the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time,

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

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

The happiness of these two lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio’s letter, Portia
15 feared it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said, “O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper: gentle lady, when I
20 first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had run in my veins; but I should have told you that I had less than nothing, being in debt.” Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio,
25 and of Antonio’s procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day: and then Bassanio read Antonio’s letter; the words of which were, “*Sweet Bassanio, my ships*
30 *are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your*

pleasure ; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.” “Oh, my dear love,” said Portia, “despatch all business, and begone ; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio’s fault ; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you.” Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money ; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa ; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison.

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

When Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned ; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio’s friend ; and notwithstanding when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril

of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's
5 defence.

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

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

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she

saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform: and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's; saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to show mercy. Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of three thousand ducats as many times over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading

in his favor, and he said, "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

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

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady
30 was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in these strong terms, yet could not help answering,

“Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer.” And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio’s, and he said, in Nerissa’s hearing, who was writing in her clerk’s dress by the side of Portia, “I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew.”—“It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have 10 but an unquiet house,” said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently, “We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence.” And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio. 15

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew, “Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death.” Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, “It is not so named in the bond.” 20 Portia replied, “It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity.” To this all the answer Shylock would make was, “I cannot find it; it is not in the bond.” “Then,” said Portia, “a pound of Antonio’s flesh 25 is thine. The law allows it and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it and the court awards it.” Again Shylock exclaimed, “O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!” And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, “Come, prepare!”

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

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

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying, "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the life of one of its citizens, 5 and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock, "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth 10 belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew 15 that the Jew had an only daughter who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this: and being thus disap- 20 pointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said, "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter."—"Get thee gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty and 25 turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him 30 home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied, "I humbly

thank your grace, but I must away directly." The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and turning to Antonio, he added, "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are
5 much indebted to him."

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

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

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

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

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when

they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room. "A quarrel already?" said Portia. "What is the matter?" Gratiano replied, "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife; *Love me, and leave me not.*"

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

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

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

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

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

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

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, which contained an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arriv'd in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was

leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives : Gratiano merrily swearing, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

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

CYMBELINE

DURING the time of Augustus Caesar, Emperor of Rome, there reigned in England (which was then called Britain) a king whose name
10 was Cymbeline.

Cymbeline's first wife died when his three children (two sons and a daughter) were very young. Imogen, the eldest of these children, was brought up in her father's court; but by a strange chance
15 the two sons of Cymbeline were stolen out of their nursery, when the eldest was but three years of age, and the youngest quite an infant; and Cymbeline could never discover what was become of them, or by whom they were conveyed away.

20 Cymbeline was twice married; his second wife was a wicked, plotting woman, and a cruel step-mother to Imogen, Cymbeline's daughter by his first wife.

The queen, though she hated Imogen, yet wished her to marry a son of her own by a former husband
25 (she also having been twice married): for by this means she hoped upon the death of Cymbeline to place the crown of Britain upon the head of her son

Cloten; for she knew that, if the king's sons were not found, the princess Imogen must be the king's heir. But this design was prevented by Imogen herself, who married without the consent or even knowledge of her father or the queen. 5

Posthumus (for that was the name of Imogen's husband) was the best scholar and most accomplished gentleman of that age. His father died fighting in the wars for Cymbeline, and soon after his birth his mother died also for grief at the loss of her husband. 10

Cymbeline, pitying the helpless state of this orphan, took Posthumus (Cymbeline having given him that name, because he was born after his father's death), and educated him in his own court.

Imogen and Posthumus were both taught by the 15 same masters, and were playfellows from their infancy; they loved each other tenderly when they were children, and, their affection continuing to increase with their years, when they grew up they privately married. 20

The disappointed queen soon learned this secret, for she kept spies constantly in watch upon the actions of her daughter-in-law, and she immediately told the king of the marriage of Imogen with Posthumus. 25

Nothing could exceed the wrath of Cymbeline, when he heard that his daughter had been so forgetful of her high dignity as to marry a subject. He commanded Posthumus to leave Britain, and banished him from his native country forever. 30

The queen, who pretended to pity Imogen for the grief she suffered at losing her husband, offered

to procure them a private meeting before Posthumus set out on his journey to Rome, which place he had chosen for his residence in his banishment: this seeming kindness she showed, the better to succeed
5 in her future designs in regard to her son Cloten; for she meant to persuade Imogen, when her husband was gone, that her marriage was not lawful, being contracted without the consent of the king.

Imogen and Posthumus took a most affectionate
10 leave of each other. Imogen gave her husband a diamond ring, which had been her mother's, and Posthumus promised never to part with the ring; and he fastened a bracelet on the arm of his wife, which he begged she would preserve with great care,
15 as a token of his love; they then bid each other farewell, with many vows of everlasting love and fidelity.

Imogen remained a solitary and dejected lady in her father's court, and Posthumus arrived at Rome,
20 the place he had chosen for his banishment.

Posthumus fell into company at Rome with some gay young men of different nations, who were talking freely of ladies: each one praising the ladies of his own country, and his own mistress. Posthumus, who
25 had ever his own dear lady in his mind, affirmed that his wife, the fair Imogen, was the most virtuous, wise, and constant lady in the world.

One of those gentlemen, whose name was Iachimo, being offended that a lady of Britain should be so
30 praised above the Roman ladies, his country-women, provoked Posthumus by seeming to doubt the constancy of his so highly-praised wife; and at length,

after much altercation, Posthumus consented to a proposal of Iachimo's, that he (Iachimo) should go to Britain, and endeavor to gain the love of the married Imogen. They then laid a wager, that if Iachimo did not succeed in this wicked design, he was to forfeit a large sum of money; but if he could win Imogen's favor, and prevail upon her to give him the bracelet which Posthumus had so earnestly desired she would keep as a token of his love, then the wager was to terminate with Posthumus giving to Iachimo the ring, which was Imogen's love present when she parted with her husband. Such firm faith had Posthumus in the fidelity of Imogen, that he thought he ran no hazard in this trial of her honor.

Iachimo, on his arrival in Britain, gained admittance, and a courteous welcome from Imogen, as a friend of her husband; but when he began to make professions of love to her, she repulsed him with disdain, and he soon found that he could have no hope of succeeding in his dishonorable design.

The desire Iachimo had to win the wager made him have recourse to a stratagem to impose upon Posthumus, and for this purpose he bribed some of Imogen's attendants, and stole her bracelet while she was asleep. The next day he set off for Rome with great expedition, and coming to Posthumus he took out the bracelet, and said, "Know you this jewel, sir? She gave me this. She took it from her arm. I see her yet; her pretty action did outsell her gift, and yet enriched it too. She gave it me, and said, *she prized it once.*"

Posthumus broke out into the most passionate

exclamations against Imogen. He delivered up the diamond ring to Iachimo, which he had agreed to forfeit to him, if he obtained the bracelet from Imogen.

5 Posthumus then in a jealous rage wrote to Pisanio, a gentleman of Britain, who was one of Imogen's attendants, and had long been a faithful friend to Posthumus; and after telling him what proof he had of his wife's disloyalty, he desired Pisanio would take
10 Imogen to Milford-Haven, a seaport of Wales, and there kill her. And at the same time he wrote a deceitful letter to Imogen, desiring her to go with Pisanio, for that finding he could live no longer without seeing her, though he was forbidden upon pain
15 of death to return to Britain, he would come to Milford-Haven, at which place he begged she would meet him. She, good unsuspecting lady, who loved her husband above all things, and desired more than her life to see him, hastened her departure with
20 Pisanio, and the same night she received the letter she set out.

When their journey was nearly at an end, Pisanio who, though faithful to Posthumus, was not faithful to serve him in an evil deed, disclosed to Imogen the
25 cruel order he had received.

Imogen, who, instead of meeting a loving and beloved husband, found herself doomed by that husband to suffer death, was afflicted beyond measure.

Pisanio persuaded her to take comfort, and wait
30 with patient fortitude for the time when Posthumus should see and repent his injustice: in the mean time, as she refused in her distress to return to her father's

court, he advised her to dress herself in boy's clothes for more security in travelling; to which advice she agreed, and thought in that disguise she would go over to Rome, and see her husband, whom, though he had used her so barbarously, she could not forget 5 to love.

When Pisanio had provided her with her new apparel, he left her to her uncertain fortune, being obliged to return to court; but before he departed he gave her a phial of cordial, which he said the queen 10 had given him as a sovereign remedy in all disorders.

The queen, who hated Pisanio, because he was a friend to Imogen and Posthumus, gave him this phial, which she supposed contained poison, she hav- 15 ing ordered her physician to give her some poison, to try its effects (as she said) upon animals; but the physician, knowing her malicious disposition, would not trust her with real poison, but gave her a drug which would do no other mischief than causing a 20 person to sleep with every appearance of death for a few hours. This mixture, which Pisanio thought a choice cordial, he gave to Imogen, desiring her, if she found herself ill upon the road, to take it; and so, with blessings and prayers for her safety 25 and happy deliverance from her undeserved troubles, he left her.

Providence strangely directed Imogen's steps to the dwelling of her two brothers, who had been stolen away in their infancy. Bellarius, who stole 30 them away, was a lord in the court of Cymbeline, and having been falsely accused to the king of trea-

son, and banished from the court, in revenge he stole away the two sons of Cymbeline, and brought them up in a forest, where he lived concealed in a cave. He stole them through revenge, but he soon
5 loved them as tenderly as if they had been his own children, educated them carefully, and they grew up fine youths, their princely spirits leading them to bold and daring actions ; and as they subsisted by hunting, they were active and hardy, and were
10 always pressing their supposed father to let them seek their fortune in the wars.

At the cave where these youths dwelt it was Imogen's fortune to arrive. She had lost her way in a large forest, through which her road lay to
15 Milford-Haven (from which she meant to embark for Rome) ; and being unable to find any place where she could purchase food, she was with weariness and hunger almost dying ; for it is not merely putting on a man's apparel that will enable a young
20 lady, tenderly brought up, to bear the fatigue of wandering about lonely forests like a man. Seeing this cave, she entered, hoping to find some one within of whom she could procure food. She found the cave empty, but looking about she discovered some cold
25 meat, and her hunger was so pressing, that she could not wait for an invitation, but sat down and began to eat. " Ah," said she, talking to herself, " I see a man's life is a tedious one ; how tired am I ! for two nights together I have made the ground my
30 bed : my resolution helps me, or I should be sick. When Pisanio showed me Milford-Haven from the mountain top, how near it seemed ! " Then the

thoughts of her husband and his cruel mandate came across her, and she said, "My dear Posthumus, thou art a false one!"

The two brothers of Imogen, who had been hunting with their reputed father, Bellarius, were by this time returned home. Bellarius had given them the names of Polydore and Cadwal, and they knew no better, but supposed that Bellarius was their father; but the real names of these princes were Guiderius and Arviragus.

Bellarius entered the cave first, and seeing Imogen, stopped them, saying, "Come not in yet; it eats our victuals, or I should think it was a fairy."

"What is the matter, sir?" said the young men. "By Jupiter," said Bellarius again, "there is an angel in the cave, or if not, an earthly paragon." So beautiful did Imogen look in her boy's apparel.

She, hearing the sound of voices, came forth from the cave, and addressed them in these words: "Good masters, do not harm me; before I entered your cave, I had thought to have begged or bought what I have eaten. Indeed I have stolen nothing, nor would I, though I had found gold strewed on the floor. Here is money for my meat, which I would have left on the board when I had made my meal, and parted with prayers for the provider." They refused her money with great earnestness. "I see you are angry with me," said the timid Imogen; "but, sirs, if you kill me for my fault, know that I should have died if I had not made it."

“Whither are you bound?” asked Bellarius,
“and what is your name?”

“Fidele is my name,” answered Imogen. “I have a kinsman, who is bound for Italy; he embarked
5 at Milford-Haven, to whom being going, almost
spent with hunger, I am fallen into this offence.”

“Prithee, fair youth,” said old Bellarius, “do not think us churls, nor measure our good minds by this rude place we live in. You are well en-
10 countered; it is almost night. You shall have better cheer before you depart, and thanks to stay and eat it. Boys, bid him welcome.”

The gentle youths, her brothers, then welcomed Imogen to their cave with many kind expressions,
15 saying they would love her (or, as they said, *him*) as a brother; and they entered the cave, where (they having killed venison when they were hunting) Imogen delighted them with her neat housewifery, assisting them in preparing their supper; for though
20 it is not the custom now for young women of high birth to understand cookery, it was then, and Imogen excelled in this useful art; and, as her brothers prettily expressed it, Fidele cut their roots in characters, and sauced their broth, as if Juno had been
25 sick, and Fidele were her dieter. “And then,” said Polydore to his brother, “how angel-like he sings!”

They also remarked to each other, that though Fidele smiled so sweetly, yet so sad a melancholy did overcloud his lovely face, as if grief and patience
30 had together taken possession of him.

For these her gentle qualities (or perhaps it was their near relationship, though they knew it not)

Imogen (or, as the boys called her, *Fidele*) became the dotting-piece of her brothers, and she scarcely less loved them, thinking that but for the memory of her dear Posthumus, she could live and die in the cave with these wild forest youths; and she 5 gladly consented to stay with them, till she was enough rested from the fatigue of travelling to pursue her way to Milford-Haven.

When the venison they had taken was all eaten, and they were going out to hunt for more, *Fidele* 10 could not accompany them because she was unwell. Sorrow, no doubt, for her husband's cruel usage, as well as the fatigue of wandering in the forest, was the cause of her illness.

They then bid her farewell, and went to their 15 hunt, praising all the way the noble parts and graceful demeanor of the youth *Fidele*.

Imogen was no sooner left alone than she recollected the cordial *Pisanio* had given her, and drank it off, and presently fell into a sound and deathlike 20 sleep.

When *Bellarius* and her brothers returned from hunting, *Polydore* went first into the cave, and supposing her asleep, pulled off his heavy shoes, that he might tread softly and not awake her; so did 25 true gentleness spring up in the minds of these princely foresters; but he soon discovered that she could not be awakened by any noise, and concluded her to be dead, and *Polydore* lamented over her with dear and brotherly regret, as if they had never from 30 their infancy been parted.

Bellarius also proposed to carry her out into the

forest, and there celebrate her funeral with songs and solemn dirges, as was then the custom.

Imogen's two brothers then carried her to a shady covert, and there laying her gently on the grass, they sang repose to her departed spirit, and covering her over with leaves and flowers, Polydore said, "While summer lasts and I live here, Fidele, I will daily strew thy grave. The pale primrose, that flower most like thy face; the bluebell, like thy clear veins; and the leaf of eglantine, which is not sweeter than was thy breath; all these will I strew over thee. Yea, and the furred moss in winter, when there are no flowers to cover thy sweet corse."

When they had finished her funeral obsequies they departed very sorrowful.

Imogen had not been long left alone, when, the effect of the sleepy drug going off, she waked, and easily shaking off the slight covering of leaves and flowers they had thrown over her, she arose, and imagining she had been dreaming, she said, "I thought I was a cave-keeper, and cook to honest creatures; how came I here covered with flowers?" Not being able to find her way back to the cave, and seeing nothing of her new companions, she concluded it was certainly all a dream; and once more Imogen set out on her weary pilgrimage, hoping at last she should find her way to Milford-Haven, and thence get a passage in some ship bound for Italy; for all her thoughts were still with her husband Posthumus, whom she intended to seek in the disguise of a page.

But great events were happening at this time, of

which Imogen knew nothing; for a war had suddenly broken out between the Roman emperor Augustus Caesar and Cymbeline, the king of Britain; and a Roman army had landed to invade Britain, and was advanced into the very forest over which Imogen 5 was journeying. With this army came Posthumus.

Though Posthumus came over to Britain with the Roman army, he did not mean to fight on their side against his own countrymen, but intended to join the army of Britain, and fight in the cause of 10 the king who had banished him.

He still believed Imogen false to him; yet the death of her he had so fondly loved, and by his own orders too (Pisanio having written him a letter to say he had obeyed his command, and that Imogen 15 was dead), sat heavy on his heart, and therefore he returned to Britain, desiring either to be slain in battle, or to be put to death by Cymbeline for returning home from banishment.

Imogen, before she reached Milford-Haven, fell 20 into the hands of the Roman army; and her presence and deportment recommending her, she was made a page to Lucius, the Roman general.

Cymbeline's army now advanced to meet the enemy, and when they entered this forest, Polydore 25 and Cadwal joined the king's army. The young men were eager to engage in acts of valor, though they little thought they were going to fight for their own royal father: and old Bellarius went with them to the battle. He had long since repented of the injury 30 he had done to Cymbeline in carrying away his sons; and having been a warrior in his youth, he

gladly joined the army to fight for the king he had so injured.

And now a great battle commenced between the two armies, and the Britons would have been 5 defeated, and Cymbeline himself killed, but for the extraordinary valor of Posthumus and Bellarius, and the two sons of Cymbeline. They rescued the king, and saved his life, and so entirely turned the fortunes of the day, that the Britons gained the victory.

10 When the battle was over, Posthumus, who had not found the death he sought for, surrendered himself up to one of the officers of Cymbeline, willing to suffer the death which was to be his punishment if he returned from banishment.

15 Imogen and the master she served were taken prisoners, and brought before Cymbeline, as was also her old enemy Iachimo, who was an officer in the Roman army; and when these prisoners were before the king, Posthumus was brought in to receive 20 his sentence of death; and at this strange juncture of time, Bellarius with Polydore and Cadwal were also brought before Cymbeline, to receive the rewards due to the great services they had by their valor done for the king. Pisanio, being one of the 25 king's attendants, was likewise present.

Therefore there were now standing in the king's presence (but with very different hopes and fears) Posthumus and Imogen, with her new master the Roman general; the faithful servant Pisanio, and 30 the false friend Iachimo; and likewise the two lost sons of Cymbeline, with Bellarius, who had stolen them away.

The Roman general was the first who spoke; the rest stood silent before the king, though there was many a beating heart among them.

Imogen saw Posthumus, and knew him, though he was in the disguise of a peasant; but he did not know her in her male attire: and she knew Iachimo, and she saw a ring on his finger which she perceived to be her own, but she did not know him as yet to have been the author of all her troubles: and she stood before her own father a prisoner of war. 10

Pisanio knew Imogen, for it was he who had dressed her in the garb of a boy. "It is my mistress," thought he; "since she is living, let the time run on to good or bad." Bellarius knew her too, and softly said to Cadwal, "Is not this boy revived from death?"—"One sand," replied Cadwal, "does not more resemble another than that sweet rosy lad is like the dead Fidele."—"The same dead thing alive," said Polydore. "Peace, peace," said Bellarius; "if it were he, I am sure he would have spoken to us." 20—"But we saw him dead," again whispered Polydore. "Be silent," replied Bellarius.

Posthumus waited in silence to hear the welcome sentence of his own death; and he resolved not to disclose to the king that he had saved his life in the battle, lest that should move Cymbeline to pardon him. 25

Lucius, the Roman general, who had taken Imogen under his protection as his page, was the first (as has been before said) who spoke to the king. 30 He was a man of high courage and noble dignity, and this was his speech to the king:—

“I hear you take no ransom for your prisoners, but doom them all to death: I am a Roman, and with a Roman heart will suffer death. But there is one thing for which I would entreat.” Then bringing
5 Imogen before the king, he said, “This boy is a Briton born. Let him be ransomed. He is my page. Never master had a page so kind, so duteous, so diligent on all occasions, so true, so nurse-like. He hath done no Briton wrong, though he hath served a
10 Roman. Save him, if you spare no one beside.”

Cymbeline looked earnestly on his daughter Imogen. He knew her not in that disguise; but it seemed that all-powerful Nature spake in his heart, for he said, “I have surely seen him, his face appears
15 familiar to me. I know not why or wherefore I say, Live, boy; but I give you your life, and ask of me what boon you will, and I will grant it you. Yea, even though it be the life of the noblest prisoner I have.”

“I humbly thank your highness,” said Imogen.
20 What was then called granting a boon was the same as a promise to give any one thing, whatever it might be, that the person on whom that favor was conferred chose to ask for. They all were attentive to hear what thing the page would ask for; and
25 Lucius her master said to her, “I do not beg my life, good lad, but I know that is what you will ask for.”—“No, no, alas!” said Imogen, “I have other work in hand, good master; your life I cannot ask for.”

30 This seeming want of gratitude in the boy astonished the Roman general.

Imogen then, fixing her eye on Iachimo, demanded

no other boon than this: that Iachimo should be made to confess whence he had the ring he wore on his finger.

Cymbeline granted her this boon, and threatened Iachimo with the torture if he did not confess how 5 he came by the diamond ring on his finger.

Iachimo then made a full acknowledgment of all his villainy, telling, as has been before related, the whole story of his wager with Posthumus, and how he had succeeded in imposing upon his credulity. 10

What Posthumus felt at hearing this proof of the innocence of his lady cannot be expressed. He instantly came forward, and confessed to Cymbeline the cruel sentence which he had enjoined Pisanio to execute upon the princess; exclaiming wildly, "O 15 Imogen, my queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen, Imogen, Imogen!"

Imogen could not see her beloved husband in this distress without discovering herself, to the unutterable joy of Posthumus, who was thus relieved 20 from a weight of guilt and woe, and restored to the good graces of the dear lady he had so cruelly treated.

Cymbeline, almost as much overwhelmed as he with joy, at finding his lost daughter so strangely recovered, received her to her former place in his 25 fatherly affection, and not only gave her husband Posthumus his life, but consented to acknowledge him for his son-in-law.

Bellarius chose this time of joy and reconciliation to make his confession. He presented Polydore and 30 Cadwal to the king, telling him they were his two lost sons, Guiderius and Arviragus.

Cymbeline forgave old Bellarius; for who could think of punishments at a season of such universal happiness? To find his daughter living, and his lost sons in the persons of his young deliverers, that he had seen so bravely fight in his defence, was unlooked-for joy indeed!

Imogen was now at leisure to perform good services for her late master, the Roman general Lucius, whose life the king her father readily granted at her request; and by the mediation of the same Lucius a peace was concluded between the Romans and the Britons, which was kept inviolate many years.

How Cymbeline's wicked queen, through despair of bringing her projects to pass, and touched with remorse of conscience, sickened and died, having first lived to see her foolish son Cloten slain in a quarrel which he had provoked, are events too tragical to interrupt this happy conclusion by more than merely touching upon. It is sufficient that all were made happy who were deserving; and even the treacherous Iachimo, in consideration of his villainy having missed its final aim, was dismissed without punishment.

KING LEAR

LEAR, king of Britain, had three daughters; Goneril, wife to the duke of Albany; Regan, wife to the duke of Cornwall; and Cordelia, a young maid, for whose love the king of France and the duke of Burgundy were joint suitors, and were

at this time making stay for that purpose in the court of Lear.

The old king, worn out with age and the fatigues of government, he being more than fourscore years old determined to take no further part in state affairs, 5 but to leave the management to younger strengths, that he might have time to prepare for death, which must at no long period ensue. With this intent he called his three daughters to him, to know from their own lips which of them loved him best, that he might 10 part his kingdom among them in such proportions as their affection for him should seem to deserve.

Goneril, the eldest, declared that she loved her father more than words could give out, that he was dearer to her than the light of her own eyes, dearer 15 than life and liberty, with a deal of such professing stuff, which is easy to counterfeit where there is no real love, only a few fine words delivered with confidence being wanted in that case. The king, delighted to hear from her own mouth this assurance of her 20 love, and thinking truly that her heart went with it, in a fit of fatherly fondness bestowed upon her and her husband one-third of his ample kingdom.

Then calling to him his second daughter, he demanded what she had to say. Regan, who was made 25 of the same hollow metal as her sister, was not a whit behind in her professions, but rather declared that what her sister had spoken came short of the love which she professed to bear for his highness; inso- much that she found all other joys dead, in compari- 30 son with the pleasure which she took in the love of her dear king and father.

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

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

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

Cordelia then told her father, that he was her father, that he had given her breeding, and loved her; that she returned those duties back as was most fit, and did obey him, love him, and most honor him. But
30 that she could not frame her mouth to such large speeches as her sisters had done, or promise to love nothing else in the world. Why had her sisters hus-

bands, if (as they said) they had no love for any thing but their father? If she should ever wed, she was sure the lord to whom she gave her hand would want half her love, half of her care and duty; she should never marry like her sisters, to love her father all. 5

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

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

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

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

youngest daughter did not love him least, nor were those empty-hearted whose low sound gave no token of hollowness. When power bowed to flattery, honor was bound to plainness. For Lear's threats, what could he do to him, whose life was already at his service? That should not hinder duty from speaking. 5

The honest freedom of this good earl of Kent only stirred up the king's wrath the more, and like a frantic patient who kills his physician, and loves his mortal disease, he banished this true servant, 10 and allotted him but five days to make his preparations for departure; but if on the sixth his hated person was found within the realm of Britain, that moment was to be his death. And Kent bade farewell to the king, and said, that since he chose to show 15 himself in such fashion, it was but banishment to stay there; and before he went, he recommended Cordelia to the protection of the gods, the maid who had so rightly thought, and so discreetly spoken; and only wished that her sisters' large speeches might 20 be answered with deeds of love; and then he went, as he said, to shape his old course to a new country.

The king of France and duke of Burgundy were now called in to hear the determination of Lear about his youngest daughter, and to know whether 25 they would persist in their courtship to Cordelia, now that she was under her father's displeasure, and had no fortune but her own person to recommend her: and the duke of Burgundy declined the match, and would not take her to wife upon such 30 conditions; but the king of France, understanding what the nature of the fault had been which had lost

her the love of her father, that it was only a tardiness of speech, and the not being able to frame her tongue to flattery like her sisters', took this young maid by the hand, and saying that her virtues were a dowry
5 above a kingdom, bade Cordelia to take farewell of her sisters and of her father, though he had been unkind, and she should go with him, and be queen of him and of fair France, and reign over fairer possessions than her sisters: and he called the duke
10 of Burgundy in contempt a waterish duke, because his love for this young maid had in a moment run all away like water.

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

Cordelia was no sooner gone, than the devilish dispositions of her sisters began to show themselves in
25 their true colors. Even before the expiration of the first month, which Lear was to spend by agreement with his eldest daughter Goneril, the old king began to find out the difference between promises and performances. This wretch having got from her father all that he
30 had to bestow, even to the giving away of the crown from off his head, began to grudge even those small remnants of royalty which the old man had reserved

to himself, to please his fancy with the idea of being still a king. She could not bear to see him and his hundred knights. Every time she met her father, she put on a frowning countenance; and when the old man wanted to speak with her, she would feign 5 sickness, or any thing to be rid of the sight of him; for it was plain that she esteemed his old age a useless burden, and his attendants an unnecessary expense: not only she herself slackened in her expressions of duty to the king, but by her example, 10 and (it is to be feared) not without her private instructions, her very servants affected to treat him with neglect, and would either refuse to obey his orders, or still more contemptuously pretend not to hear them. Lear could not but perceive this altera- 15 tion in the behavior of his daughter, but he shut his eyes against it as long as he could, as people commonly are unwilling to believe the unpleasant consequences which their own mistakes and obstinacy have brought upon them. 20

True love and fidelity are no more to be estranged by *ill*, than falsehood and hollow-heartedness can be conciliated by *good, usage*. This eminently appears in the instance of the good earl of Kent, who, though banished by Lear, and his life made forfeit if he were 25 found in Britain, chose to stay and abide all consequences, as long as there was a chance of his being useful to the king his master. See to what mean shifts and disguises poor loyalty is forced to submit sometimes; yet it counts nothing base or unworthy, 30 so as it can but do service where it owes an obligation! In the disguise of a serving man, all his

greatness and pomp laid aside, this good earl proffered his services to the king, who, not knowing him to be Kent in that disguise, but pleased with a certain plainness, or rather bluntness in his answers, which
5 the earl put on (so different from that smooth oily flattery which he had so much reason to be sick of, having found the effects not answerable in his daughter), a bargain was quickly struck, and Lear took Kent into his service by the name of Caius, as
10 he called himself, never suspecting him to be his once great favorite, the high and mighty earl of Kent.

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

Nor was Kent the only friend Lear had. In his
25 degree, and as far as so insignificant a personage could show his love, the poor fool, or jester, that had been of his palace while Lear had a palace, as it was the custom of kings and great personages at that time to keep a fool (as he was called) to make
30 them sport after serious business : this poor fool clung to Lear after he had given away his crown, and by his witty sayings would keep up his good

humor, though he could not refrain sometimes from jeering at his master for his imprudence in uncrowning himself, and giving all away to his daughters; at which time, as he rhymingly expressed it, these daughters

5

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

And in such wild sayings, and scraps of songs, 10 of which he had plenty, this pleasant honest fool poured out his heart even in the presence of Goneril herself, in many a bitter taunt and jest which cut to the quick: such as comparing the king to the hedge-sparrow, who feeds the young of the cuckoo 15 till they grow old enough, and then has its head bit off for its pains; and saying, that an ass may know when the cart draws the horse (meaning that Lear's daughters, that ought to go behind, now ranked before their father); and that Lear was no longer 20 Lear, but the shadow of Lear: for which free speeches he was once or twice threatened to be whipped.

The coolness and falling off of respect which Lear had begun to perceive, were not all which this foolish fond father was to suffer from his unworthy daugh. 25 ter: she now plainly told him that his staying in her palace was inconvenient so long as he insisted upon keeping up an establishment of a hundred knights; that this establishment was useless and expensive, and only served to fill her court with riot 30 and feasting; and she prayed him that he would

lessen their number, and keep none but old men about him, such as himself, and fitting his age.

Lear at first could not believe his eyes or ears, nor that it was his daughter who spoke so unkindly. 5 He could not believe that she who had received a crown from him could seek to cut off his train, and grudge him the respect due to his old age. But she persisting in her undutiful demand, the old man's rage was so excited, that he called her a detested 10 kite, and said that she spoke an untruth; and so indeed she did, for the hundred knights were all men of choice behavior and sobriety of manners, skilled in all particulars of duty, and not given to rioting or feasting, as she said. And he bid his horses to 15 be prepared, for he would go to his other daughter, Regan, he and his hundred knights; and he spoke of ingratitude, and said it was a marble-hearted devil, and showed more hideous in a child than the sea-monster. And he cursed his eldest daughter Goneril 20 so as was terrible to hear; praying that she might never have a child, or if she had, that it might live to return that scorn and contempt upon her which she had shown to him: that she might feel how sharper than a serpent's tooth it was to have a thankless 25 child. And Goneril's husband, the duke of Albany, beginning to excuse himself for any share, which Lear might suppose he had in the unkindness, Lear would not hear him out, but in a rage ordered his horses to be saddled, and set out with his followers 30 for the abode of Regan, his other daughter. And Lear thought to himself how small the fault of Cordelia (if it was a fault) now appeared, in comparison

with her sister's, and he wept; and then he was ashamed that such a creature as Goneril should have so much power over his manhood as to make him weep.

Regan and her husband were keeping their court 5
in great pomp and state at their palace; and Lear
despatched his servant Caius with letters to his
daughter, that she might be prepared for his reception,
while he and his train followed after. But it seems
that Goneril had been beforehand with him, sending 10
letters also to Regan, accusing her father of way-
wardness and ill humors, and advising her not to
receive so great a train as he was bringing with him.
This messenger arrived at the same time with Caius,
and Caius and he met: and who should it be but 15
Caius's old enemy the steward, whom he had formerly
tripped up by the heels for his saucy behavior to
Lear. Caius not liking the fellow's look, and suspect-
ing what he came for, began to revile him, and
challenged him to fight, which the fellow refusing, 20
Caius, in a fit of honest passion, beat him soundly, as
such a mischief-maker and carrier of wicked messages
deserved; which coming to the ears of Regan and her
husband, they ordered Caius to be put in the stocks,
though he was a messenger from the king her father, 25
and in that character demanded the highest respect:
so that the first thing the king saw when he entered
the castle, was his faithful servant Caius sitting in
that disgraceful situation.

This was but a bad omen of the reception which 30
he was to expect; but a worse followed, when, upon
inquiry for his daughter and her husband, he was

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

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

But he was mistaken in expecting kinder treatment of Regan than he had experienced from her

sister Goneril. As if willing to outdo her sister in unfilial behavior, she declared that she thought fifty knights too many to wait upon him: that five and twenty were enough. Then Lear, nigh heart-broken, turned to Goneril, and said that he would go ⁵ back with her, for her fifty doubled five and twenty, and so her love was twice as much as Regan's. But Goneril excused herself and said, what need of ¹⁰ so many as five and twenty? or even ten? or five? when he might be waited upon by her servants, or her sister's servants? So these two wicked daughters, as if they strove to exceed each other in cruelty to their old father, who had been so good to them, by little and little would have abated him of all his train, all respect (little enough for him that once ¹⁵ commanded a kingdom), which was left him to show that he had once been a king! Not that a splendid train is essential to happiness, but from a king to a beggar is a hard change, from commanding millions ²⁰ to be without one attendant; and it was the ingratitude in his daughters' denying it, more than what he would suffer by the want of it, which pierced this poor king to the heart; insomuch, that with this double ill-usage, and vexation for having so foolishly given away a kingdom, his wits began to ²⁵ be unsettled, and while he said he knew not what, he vowed revenge against those unnatural hags, and to make examples of them that should be a terror to the earth!

While he was thus idly threatening what his weak ³⁰ arm could never execute, night came on, and a loud storm of thunder and lightning with rain; and his

daughters still persisting in their resolution not to admit his followers, he called for his horses, and chose rather to encounter the utmost fury of the storm abroad, than stay under the same roof with these ungrateful daughters: and they, saying that the injuries which wilful men procure to themselves are their just punishment, suffered him to go in that condition, and shut their doors upon him.

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

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

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

Thus poorly accompanied, this once great monarch was found by his ever-faithful servant the good earl

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

But the good Caius still persisting in his entreaties that the king would not stay out in the open air, at last persuaded him to enter a little wretched hovel which stood upon the heath, where the fool first entering, suddenly ran back terrified, saying that he had seen a spirit. But upon examination this spirit proved to be nothing more than a poor Bedlam beggar, who had crept into this deserted hovel for shelter, and with his talk about devils frightened the fool, one of those poor lunatics who are either mad, or feign to be so, the better to extort charity from the compassionate country people, who go about the country, calling themselves poor Tom and poor Turlygood, saying, "Who gives any thing to poor Tom?" sticking pins and nails and sprigs of rosemary into their arms to make them bleed; and with such horrible actions, partly by prayers,

and partly with lunatic curses, they move or terrify the ignorant country-folks into giving them alms. This poor fellow was such a one; and the king seeing him in so wretched a plight, with nothing but a blanket
5 about his loins to cover his nakedness, could not be persuaded but that the fellow was some father who had given all away to his daughters, and brought himself to that pass: for nothing he thought could bring a man to such wretchedness but the having
10 unkind daughters.

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

Lear having by some chance escaped from the guardians which the good earl of Kent had put over him to take care of him in his lunacy, was found by some of Cordelia's train, wandering about the fields near Dover, in a pitiable condition, stark mad, 5 and singing aloud to himself, with a crown upon his head which he had made of straw, and nettles, and other wild weeds that he had picked up in the corn-fields. By the advice of the physicians, Cordelia, though earnestly desirous of seeing her father, was 10 prevailed upon to put off the meeting, till by sleep and the operation of herbs which they gave him, he should be restored to greater composure. By the aid of these skilful physicians, to whom Cordelia promised all her gold and jewels for the recovery of 15 the old king, Lear was soon in a condition to see his daughter.

A tender sight it was to see the meeting between this father and daughter; to see the struggles between the joy of this poor old king at beholding again his 20 once darling child, and the shame at receiving such filial kindness from her whom he had cast off for so small a fault in his displeasure; both these passions struggling with the remains of his malady, which in his half-crazed brain sometimes made him that he 25 scarce remembered where he was, or who it was that so kindly kissed him and spoke to him: and then he would beg the standers-by not to laugh at him, if he were mistaken in thinking this lady to be his daughter Cordelia! And then to see him fall on his 30 knees to beg pardon of his child; and she, good lady, kneeling all the while to ask a blessing of him, and

telling him that it did not become him to kneel, but it was her duty, for she was his child, his true and very child Cordelia! and she kissed him (as she said) to kiss away all her sisters' unkindness, and said
5 that they might be ashamed of themselves, to turn their old kind father with his white beard out into the cold air, when her enemy's dog, though it had bit her (as she prettily expressed it), should have staid by her fire such a night as that, and warmed himself.
10 And she told her father how she had come from France with purpose to bring him assistance; and he said that she must forget and forgive, for he was old and foolish, and did not know what he did; but that to be sure she had great cause not to love him,
15 but her sisters had none. And Cordelia said that she had no cause, no more than they had.

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

These monsters of ingratitude, who had been so
25 false to their old father, could not be expected to prove more faithful to their own husbands. They soon grew tired of paying even the appearance of duty and affection, and in an open way showed they had fixed their loves upon another—Edmund, a son
30 of the late earl of Gloucester, who by his treacheries had succeeded in disinheriting his brother Edgar, the lawful heir, from his earldom, and by his wicked

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

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

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

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

MACBETH

25 **W**HEN Duncan the Meek reigned king of Scotland, there lived a great thane, or lord, called Macbeth. This Macbeth was a near kinsman to the king, and in great esteem at court for his valor and conduct in the wars; an example

of which he had lately given, in defeating a rebel army assisted by the troops of Norway in terrible numbers.

The two Scottish generals, Macbeth and Banquo, returning victorious from this great battle, their way 5 lay over a blasted heath, where they were stopped by the strange appearance of three figures like women, except that they had beards, and their withered skins and wild attire made them look not like any earthly creatures. Macbeth first addressed them, when they, 10 seemingly offended, laid each one her choppy finger upon her skinny lips, in token of silence; and the first of them saluted Macbeth with the title of thane of Glamis. The general was not a little startled to find himself known by such creatures; but how much 15 more, when the second of them followed up that salute by giving him the title of thane of Cawdor, to which honor he had no pretensions; and again the third bid him "All hail! king that shalt be hereafter!" Such a prophetic greeting might well amaze him, 20 who knew that while the king's sons lived he could not hope to succeed to the throne. Then turning to Banquo, they pronounced him, in a sort of riddling terms, to be *lesser than Macbeth and greater! not so happy, but much happier!* and prophesied that though 25 he should never reign, yet his sons after him should be kings in Scotland. They then turned into air, and vanished: by which the generals knew them to be the weird sisters, or witches.

While they stood pondering on the strangeness 30 of this adventure, there arrived certain messengers from the king, who were empowered by him to con-

fer upon Macbeth the dignity of thane of Cawdor : an event so miraculously corresponding with the prediction of the witches astonished Macbeth, and he stood wrapped in amazement, unable to make reply
5 to the messengers ; and in that point of time swelling hopes arose in his mind that the prediction of the third witch might in like manner have its accomplishment, and that he should one day reign king in Scotland.

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

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

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

It happened at this time that the king, who out of his royal condescension would oftentimes visit his principal nobility upon gracious terms, came to Macbeth's house, attended by his two sons, Malcolm and Donalbain, and a numerous train of thanes and attendants, the more to honor Macbeth for the triumphal success of his wars. 5

The castle of Macbeth was pleasantly situated, and the air about it was sweet and wholesome, which appeared by the nests which the martlet, or swallow, 10 had built under all the jutting friezes and buttresses of the building, wherever it found a place of advantage; for where those birds most breed and haunt, the air is observed to be delicate. The king entered well-pleased with the place, and not less so with the 15 attentions and respect of his honored hostess, lady Macbeth, who had the art of covering treacherous purposes with smiles; and could look like the innocent flower, while she was indeed the serpent under it.

The king being tired with his journey, went 20 early to bed, and in his state-room two grooms of his chamber (as was the custom) slept beside him. He had been unusually pleased with his reception, and had made presents before he retired to his principal officers; and among the rest, had sent a 25 rich diamond to lady Macbeth, greeting her by the name of his most kind hostess.

Now was the middle of night, when over half the world nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse men's minds asleep, and none but the wolf and the 30 murderer is abroad. This was the time when lady Macbeth waked to plot the murder of the king. She

would not have undertaken a deed so abhorrent to her sex, but that she feared her husband's nature, that it was too full of the milk of human kindness, to do a contrived murder. She knew him to be 5 ambitious, but withal to be scrupulous, and not yet prepared for that height of crime which commonly in the end accompanies inordinate ambition. She had won him to consent to the murder, but she doubted his resolution; and she feared that the 10 natural tenderness of his disposition (more humane than her own) would come between, and defeat the purpose. So with her own hands armed with a dagger, she approached the king's bed; having taken care to ply the grooms of his chamber so with wine, 15 that they slept intoxicated, and careless of their charge. There lay Duncan in a sound sleep after the fatigues of his journey, and as she viewed him earnestly, there was something in his face, as he slept, which resembled her own father; and she had 20 not the courage to proceed.

She returned to confer with her husband. His resolution had begun to stagger. He considered that there were strong reasons against the deed. In the first place, he was not only a subject, but a near 25 kinsman to the king; and he had been his host and entertainer that day, whose duty, by the laws of hospitality, it was to shut the door against his murderers, not bear the knife himself. Then he considered how just and merciful a king this Duncan had been, how 30 clear of offence to his subjects, how loving to his nobility, and in particular to him; that such kings are the peculiar care of Heaven, and their subjects

doubly bound to revenge their deaths. Besides, by the favors of the king, Macbeth stood high in the opinion of all sorts of men, and how would those honors be stained by the reputation of so foul a murder!

In these conflicts of the mind lady Macbeth found 5 her husband inclining to the better part, and resolving to proceed no further. But she being a woman not easily shaken from her evil purpose, began to pour in at his ears words which infused a portion of her own spirit into his mind, assigning reason upon 10 reason why he should not shrink from what he had undertaken; how easy the deed was; how soon it would be over; and how the action of one short night would give to all their nights and days to come sovereign sway and royalty! Then she threw con- 15 tempt on his change of purpose, and accused him of fickleness and cowardice. She added, how practicable it was to lay the guilt of the deed upon the drunken sleepy grooms. And with the valor of her tongue she so chastised his sluggish resolutions, that he once 20 more summoned up courage.

So, taking the dagger in his hand, he softly stole in the dark to the room where Duncan lay; and as he went, he thought he saw another dagger in the air, with the handle towards him, and on the blade 25 and at the point of it drops of blood; but when he tried to grasp at it, it was nothing but air, a mere phantasm proceeding from his own hot and oppressed brain and the business he had in hand.

Getting rid of this fear, he entered the king's 30 room, whom he despatched with one stroke of his dagger. Just as he had done the murder, one of the

grooms, who slept in the chamber, laughed in his sleep, and the other cried, "Murder," which woke them both; but they said a short prayer; one of them said, "God bless us!" and the other answered
5 "Amen"; and addressed themselves to sleep again.

Macbeth, who stood listening to them, tried to say, "Amen," when the fellow said, "God bless us!" but, though he had most need of a blessing, the word stuck in his throat, and he could not pronounce it.

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

With such horrible imaginations Macbeth returned to his listening wife, who began to think he had failed of his purpose, and that the deed was somehow frustrated. He came in so distracted a state,
20 that she reproached him with his want of firmness, and sent him to wash his hands of the blood which stained them, while she took his dagger, with purpose to stain the cheeks of the grooms with blood, to make it seem their guilt.

25 Morning came, and with it the discovery of the murder, which could not be concealed; and though Macbeth and his lady made great show of grief, and the proofs against the grooms (the dagger being produced against them and their faces smeared with
30 blood) were sufficiently strong, yet the entire suspicion fell upon Macbeth, whose inducements to such a deed were so much more forcible than such poor

silly grooms could be supposed to have ; and Duncan's two sons fled. Malcolm, the eldest, sought for refuge in the English court ; and the youngest, Donalbain, made his escape to Ireland.

The king's sons, who should have succeeded 5 him, having thus vacated the throne, Macbeth as next heir was crowned king, and thus the prediction of the weird sisters was literally accomplished.

Though placed so high, Macbeth and his queen could not forget the prophecy of the weird sisters, 10 that, though Macbeth should be king, yet not his children, but the children of Banquo, should be kings after him. The thought of this, and that they had defiled their hands with blood, and done so great crimes, only to place the posterity of Banquo upon 15 the throne, so rankled within them, that they determined to put to death both Banquo and his son, to make void the predictions of the weird sisters, which in their own case had been so remarkably brought to pass. 20

For this purpose they made a great supper, to which they invited all the chief thanes ; and, among the rest, with marks of particular respect, Banquo and his son Fleance were invited. The way by which Banquo was to pass to the palace at night was beset 25 by murderers appointed by Macbeth, who stabbed Banquo ; but in the scuffle Fleance escaped. From that Fleance descended a race of monarchs who afterwards filled the Scottish throne, ending with James the Sixth of Scotland and the First of England, 30 under whom the two crowns of England and Scotland were united.

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

30 To such dreadful fancies Macbeth was subject. His queen and he had their sleeps afflicted with terrible dreams, and the blood of Banquo troubled

them not more than the escape of Fleance, whom now they looked upon as father to a line of kings who should keep their posterity out of the throne. With these miserable thoughts they found no peace, and Macbeth determined once more to seek out the 5 weird sisters, and know from them the worst.

He sought them in a cave upon the heath, where they, who knew by foresight of his coming, were engaged in preparing their dreadful charms by which they conjured up infernal spirits to reveal to them 10 futurity. Their horrid ingredients were toads, bats, and serpents, the eye of a newt, and the tongue of a dog, the leg of a lizard, and the wing of the night-owl, the scale of a dragon, the tooth of a wolf, the maw of the ravenous salt-sea shark, the mummy of 15 a witch, the root of the poisonous hemlock (this to have effect must be digged in the dark), the gail of a goat, and slips of the yew tree that roots itself in graves: all these were set on to boil in a great kettle, or caldron. By these charms they bound 20 the spirits to answer their questions.

It was demanded of Macbeth, whether he would have his doubts resolved by them, or by their masters, the spirits. He, nothing daunted by the dreadful ceremonies which he saw, boldly answered, "Where 25 are they? let me see them." And they called the spirits, which were three. And the first arose in the likeness of an armed head, and he called Macbeth by name, and bid him beware of the thane of Fife; for which caution Macbeth thanked him; for Macbeth 30 had entertained a jealousy of Macduff, the thane of Fife.

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

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

The first thing Macbeth heard when he got out

of the witches' cave, was that Macduff, thane of Fife, had fled to England to join the army which was forming against him under Malcolm, the eldest son of the late king, with intent to displace Macbeth, and set Malcolm, the right heir, upon the throne. Macbeth, 5 stung with rage, set upon the castle of Macduff, and put his wife and children, whom the thane had left behind, to the sword, and extended the slaughter to all who claimed the least relationship to Macduff.

These and such-like deeds alienated the minds of 10 all his chief nobility from him. Such as could, fled to join with Malcolm and Macduff, who were now approaching with a powerful army, which they had raised in England; and the rest secretly wished success to their arms, though for fear of Macbeth they 15 could take no active part. His recruits went on slowly. Everybody hated the tyrant; nobody loved or honored him; but all suspected him, and he began to envy the condition of Duncan, whom he had murdered, who slept soundly in his grave, against 20 whom treason had done its worst: steel nor poison, domestic malice nor foreign levies, could hurt him any longer.

While these things were acting, the queen, who had been the sole partner in his wickedness, died, it 25 is supposed, by her own hands, unable to bear the remorse of guilt, and public hate; by which event he was left alone, without a soul to love or care for him, or a friend to whom he could confide his wicked purposes. 30

He grew careless of life, and wished for death; but the near approach of Malcolm's army roused in

him what remained of his ancient courage, and he determined to die (as he expressed it), "with armor on his back." Besides this, the hollow promises of the witches had filled him with a false confidence, and he remembered the sayings of the spirits, that none of woman born was to hurt him, and that he was never to be vanquished till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane, which he thought could never be. So he shut himself up in his castle, whose impregnable strength was such as defied a siege: here he sullenly waited the approach of Malcolm. When, upon a day, there came a messenger to him, pale and shaking with fear, almost unable to report that which he had seen; for he averred, that as he stood upon his watch on the hill, he looked towards Birnam, and to his thinking the wood began to move! "Liar and slave!" cried Macbeth; "if thou speakest false, thou shalt hang alive upon the next tree, till famine end thee. If thy tale be true, I care not if thou dost as much by me": for Macbeth now began to faint in resolution, and to doubt the equivocal speeches of the spirits. He was not to fear till Birnam wood should come to Dunsinane; and now a wood did move! "However," said he, "if this which he avouches be true, let us arm and out. There is no flying hence, nor staying here. I begin to be weary of the sun, and wish my life at an end." With these desperate speeches he sallied forth upon the besiegers, who had now come up to the castle.

The strange appearance, which had given the messenger an idea of a wood moving is easily solved. When the besieging army marched through the wood

of Birnam, Malcolm, like a skilful general, instructed his soldiers to hew down every one a bough and bear it before him, by way of concealing the true numbers of his host. This marching of the soldiers with boughs had at a distance the appearance which 5 had frightened the messenger. Thus were the words of the spirit brought to pass, in a sense different from that in which Macbeth had understood them, and one great hold of his confidence was gone.

And now a severe skirmishing took place, in 10 which Macbeth, though feebly supported by those who called themselves his friends, but in reality hated the tyrant and inclined to the party of Malcolm and Macduff, yet fought with the extreme of rage and valor, cutting to pieces all who were opposed 15 to him, till he came to where Macduff was fighting. Seeing Macduff, and remembering the caution of the spirit who had counselled him to avoid Macduff, above all men, he would have turned, but Macduff, who had been seeking him through the whole fight, opposed his 20 turning, and a fierce contest ensued; Macduff giving him many foul reproaches for the murder of his wife and children. Macbeth, whose soul was charged enough with blood of that family already, would still have declined the combat; but Macduff still urged 25 him to it, calling him tyrant, murderer, and villain.

Then Macbeth remembered the words of the spirit, how none of woman born should hurt him; and smiling confidently he said to Macduff, "Thou lovest thy labor, Macduff. As easily thou mayest impress the air with 30 thy sword, as make me vulnerable. I bear a charmed life, which must not yield to one of woman born."

“Despair thy charm,” said Macduff, “and let that lying spirit whom thou hast served, tell thee, that Macduff was never born of woman, never as the ordinary manner of men is to be born, but that he
5 came untimely into the world.”

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

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

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

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW

KATHARINE the Shrew was the eldest daughter of Baptista, a rich gentleman of Padua. She was a lady of such an ungovernable spirit and fiery temper, such a loud-tongued scold, that she was known in Padua by no other name than Katharine 5 the Shrew. It seemed very unlikely, indeed impossible, that any gentleman would ever be found who would venture to marry this lady, and therefore Baptista was much blamed for deferring his consent to many excellent offers that were made to her gentle 10 sister Bianca, putting off all Bianca's suitors with this excuse, that when the eldest sister was fairly off his hands, they should have free leave to address young Bianca.

It happened, however, that a gentleman, named 15 Petruchio, came to Padua, purposely to look out for a wife, who, nothing discouraged by these reports of Katharine's temper, and hearing she was rich and handsome, resolved upon marrying this famous 20 termagant, and taming her into a meek and manageable wife. And truly none was so fit to set about this herculean labor as Petruchio, whose spirit was as high as Katharine's, and he was a witty and most happy-tempered humorist, and withal so wise, and of such a true judgment, that he well knew how to 25 feign a passionate and furious deportment, when his spirits were so calm that himself could have laughed merrily at his own angry feigning, for his natural temper was careless and easy; the boisterous airs he

assumed when he became the husband of Katharine being but in sport, or more properly speaking, affected by his excellent discernment, as the only means to overcome, in her own way, the passionate ways of the furious Katharine.

A courting then Petruchio went to Katharine the Shrew; and first of all he applied to Baptista, her father, for leave to woo his *gentle daughter* Katharine, as Petruchio called her, saying archly, that having heard of her bashful modesty and mild behavior, he had come from Verona to solicit her love. Her father, though he wished her married, was forced to confess Katharine would ill answer this character, it being soon apparent of what manner of gentleness she was composed, for her music-master rushed into the room to complain that the gentle Katharine, his pupil, had broken his head with her lute, for presuming to find fault with her performance; which, when Petruchio heard, he said, "It is a brave wench; I love her more than ever, and long to have some chat with her"; and hurrying the old gentleman for a positive answer, he said, "My business is in haste, Signior Baptista, I cannot come every day to woo. You knew my father: he is dead, and has left me heir to all his lands and goods. Then tell me, if I get your daughter's love, what dowry you will give with her." Baptista thought his manner was somewhat blunt for a lover; but being glad to get Katharine married, he answered that he would give her twenty thousand crowns for her dowry, and half his estate at his death: so this odd match was quickly agreed on, and Baptista went to apprise his shrewish daughter

of her lover's addresses, and sent her in to Petruchio to listen to his suit.

In the mean time Petruchio was settling with himself the mode of courtship he should pursue; and he said, "I will woo her with some spirit when she comes. If she rails at me, why then I will tell her she sings as sweetly as a nightingale; and if she frowns, I will say she looks as clear as roses newly washed with dew. If she will not speak a word, I will praise the eloquence of her language; and if she bids me leave her, I will give her thanks as if she bid me stay with her a week." Now the stately Katharine entered, and Petruchio first addressed her with "Good-morrow, Kate, for that is your name, I hear." Katharine, not liking this plain salutation, said disdainfully, "They call me Katharine who do speak to me." "You lie," replied the lover; "for you are called plain Kate, and bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the Shrew: but, Kate, you are the prettiest Kate in Christendom, and therefore, Kate, hearing your mildness praised in every town, I am come to woo you for my wife."

A strange courtship they made of it. She in loud and angry terms showing him how justly she had gained the name of Shrew, while he still praised her sweet and courteous words, till at length, hearing her father coming, he said (intending to make as quick a wooing as possible), "Sweet Katharine, let us set this idle chat aside, for your father has consented that you shall be my wife, your dowry is agreed on, and whether you will or no, I will marry you."

And now Baptista entering, Petruchio told him

his daughter had received him kindly, and that she had promised to be married the next Sunday. This Katharine denied, saying she would rather see him hanged on Sunday, and reproached her father for wishing to wed her to such a mad-cap ruffian as Petruchio. Petruchio desired her father not to regard her angry words, for they had agreed she should seem reluctant before him, but that when they were alone he had found her very fond and loving; and he said to her, "Give me your hand, Kate; I will go to Venice to buy you fine apparel against our wedding day. Provide the feast, father, and bid the wedding guests. I will be sure to bring rings, fine array, and rich clothes, that my Katharine may be fine; and kiss me, Kate, for we will be married on Sunday."

On the Sunday all the wedding guests were assembled, but they waited long before Petruchio came, and Katharine wept for vexation to think that Petruchio had only been making a jest of her. At last, however, he appeared; but he brought none of the bridal finery he had promised Katharine, nor was he dressed himself like a bridegroom, but in strange disordered attire, as if he meant to make a sport of the serious business he came about; and his servant and the very horses on which they rode were in like manner in mean and fantastic fashion habited.

Petruchio could not be persuaded to change his dress; he said Katharine was to be married to him, and not to his clothes; and finding it was in vain to argue with him, to the church they went, he still behaving in the same mad way, for when the priest

asked Petruchio if Katharine should be his wife, he swore so loud that she should, that, all amazed, the priest let fall his book, and as he stooped to take it up, this mad-brained bridegroom gave him such a cuff, that down fell the priest and his book again. 5 And all the while they were being married, he stamped and swore so, that the high-spirited Katharine trembled and shook with fear. After the ceremony was over, while they were yet in the church, he called for wine, and drank a loud health to the company, 10 and threw a sop which was at the bottom of the glass full in the sexton's face, giving no other reason for this strange act, than that the sexton's beard grew thin and hungerly, and seemed to ask the sop as he was drinking. Never sure was there such a 15 mad marriage; but Petruchio did but put this wildness on, the better to succeed in the plot he had formed to tame his shrewish wife.

Baptista had provided a sumptuous marriage feast, but when they returned from church, Petruchio, 20 taking hold of Katharine, declared his intention of carrying his wife home instantly: and no remonstrance of his father-in-law, or angry words of the enraged Katharine, could make him change his purpose. He claimed a husband's right to dispose of 25 his wife as he pleased, and away he hurried Katharine off: he seeming so daring and resolute that no one dared attempt to stop him.

Petruchio mounted his wife upon a miserable horse, lean and lank, which he had picked out for 30 the purpose, and himself and his servant no better mounted; they journeyed on through rough and miry

ways, and ever when this horse of Katharine's stumbled, he would storm and swear at the poor jaded beast, who could scarce crawl under his burthen, as if he had been the most passionate man alive.

5 At length, after a weary journey, during which Katharine had heard nothing but the wild ravings of Petruchio at the servant and the horses, they arrived at his house. Petruchio welcomed her kindly to her home, but he resolved she should have neither rest
10 nor food that night. The tables were spread, and supper soon served; but Petruchio, pretending to find fault with every dish, threw the meat about the floor, and ordered the servants to remove it away; and all this he did, as he said, in love for his
15 Katharine, that she might not eat meat that was not well dressed. And when Katharine, weary and supperless, retired to rest, he found the same fault with the bed, throwing the pillows and bed-clothes about the room, so that she was forced to sit down
20 in a chair, where if she chanced to drop asleep, she was presently awakened by the loud voice of her husband, storming at the servants for the ill-making of his wife's bridal-bed.

The next day Petruchio pursued the same course,
25 still speaking kind words to Katharine, but when she attempted to eat, finding fault with every thing that was set before her, throwing the breakfast on the floor as he had done the supper; and Katharine, the haughty Katharine, was fain to beg the servants
30 would bring her secretly a morsel of food; but they being instructed by Petruchio, replied, they dared not give her any thing unknown to their master,

“Ah,” said she, “did he marry me to famish me? Beggars that come to my father’s door have food given them. But I, who never knew what it was to entreat for any thing, am starved for want of food, giddy for want of sleep, with oaths kept waking, and 5 with brawling fed; and that which vexes me more than all, he does it under the name of perfect love, pretending that if I sleep or eat, it were present death to me.” Here the soliloquy was interrupted by the entrance of Petruchio: he, not meaning she 10 should be quite starved, had brought her a small portion of meat, and he said to her, “How fares my sweet Kate? Here, love, you see how diligent I am, I have dressed your meat myself. I am sure this kindness merits thanks. What, not a word? 15 Nay, then you love not the meat, and all the pains I have taken is to no purpose.” He then ordered the servant to take the dish away. Extreme hunger, which had abated the pride of Katharine, made her say, though angered to the heart, “I pray you let 20 it stand.” But this was not all Petruchio intended to bring her to, and he replied, “The poorest service is repaid with thanks, and so shall mine before you touch the meat.”

On this Katharine brought out a reluctant “I 25 thank you, sir.” And now he suffered her to make a slender meal, saying, “Much good may it do your gentle heart, Kate; eat apace! And now, my honey love, we will return to your father’s house and revel it as bravely as the best, with silken coats and caps 30 and golden rings, with ruffs and scarfs and fans and a double change of finery”; and to make her believe he

really intended to give her these gay things, he called in a tailor and a haberdasher, who brought some new clothes he had ordered for her, and then giving her plate to the servant to take away, before she had half satisfied her hunger, he said, "What, have you dined?" The haberdasher presented a cap, saying, "Here is the cap your worship bespoke;" on which Petruchio began to storm afresh, saying the cap was moulded in a porringer, and that it was no bigger than a cockle or walnut shell, desiring the haberdasher to take it away and make it bigger. Katharine said, "I will have this; all gentlewomen wear such caps as these."

"When you are gentle," replied Petruchio, "you shall have one too, and not till then." The meat Katharine had eaten had a little revived her fallen spirits, and she said, "Why, sir, I trust I may have leave to speak, and speak I will: I am no child, no babe; your betters have endured to hear me say my mind; and if you cannot, you had better stop your ears." Petruchio would not hear these angry words, for he had happily discovered a better way of managing his wife than keeping up a jangling argument with her; therefore his answer was, "Why, you say true; it is a paltry cap, and I love you for not liking it."

"Love me, or love me not," said Katharine, "I like the cap, and I will have this cap or none."

"You say you wish to see the gown," said Petruchio, still affecting to misunderstand her. The tailor then came forward and showed her a fine gown he had made for her. Petruchio, whose intent was that

she should have neither cap nor gown, found as much fault with that. "O mercy, Heaven!" said he, "what stuff is here! What, do you call this a sleeve? it is like a demi-cannon, carved up and down like an apple tart." The tailor said, "You bid me make 5 it according to the fashion of the times"; and Katharine said, she never saw a better fashioned gown. This was enough for Petruchio, and privately desiring these people might be paid for their goods, and excuses made to them for the seemingly strange 10 treatment he bestowed upon them, he with fierce words and furious gestures drove the tailor and the haberdasher out of the room; and then, turning to Katharine, he said, "Well, come, my Kate, we will go to your father's even in these mean garments we 15 now wear." And then he ordered his horses, affirming they should reach Baptista's house by dinner-time, for that it was but seven o'clock. Now it was not early morning, but the very middle of the day, when he spoke this; therefore Katharine ventured to say, 20 though modestly, being almost overcome by the vehemence of his manner, "I dare assure you, sir, it is two o'clock, and will be supper-time before we get there."

But Petruchio meant that she should be so com- 25 pletely subdued, that she should assent to every thing he said, before he carried her to her father; and therefore, as if he were lord even of the sun, and could command the hours, he said it should be what time he pleased to have it, before he set 30 forward; "For," he said, "whatever I say or do, you still are crossing it. I will not go to-day, and

when I go, it shall be what o'clock I say it is." Another day Katharine was forced to practise her newly-found obedience, and not till he had brought her proud spirit to such a perfect subjection, that she
5 dared not remember there was such a word as contradiction, would Petruchio allow her to go to her father's house; and even while they were upon their journey thither, she was in danger of being turned back again, only because she happened to hint it was
10 the sun, when he affirmed the moon shone brightly at noonday. "Now, by my mother's son," said he, "and that is myself, it shall be the moon, or stars or what I list, before I journey to your father's house." He then made as if he were going back
15 again; but Katharine, no longer Katharine the Shrew, but the obedient wife, said, "Let us go forward, I pray, now we have come so far, and it shall be the sun, or moon, or what you please, and if you please to call it a rush candle henceforth, I vow it shall be
20 so for me." This he was resolved to prove, therefore he said again, "I say, it is the moon."

"I know it is the moon," replied Katharine. "You lie, it is the blessed sun," said Petruchio. "Then it is the blessed sun," replied Katharine; "but
25 sun it is not, when you say it is not. What you will have it named, even so it is, and so it ever shall be for Katharine." Now then he suffered her to proceed on her journey; but further to try if this yielding humor would last, he addressed an old gentle-
30 man they met on the road as if he had been a young woman, saying to him, "Good-morrow, gentle mistress"; and asked Katharine if she had ever beheld a

fairer gentlewoman, praising the red and white of the old man's cheeks, and comparing his eyes to two bright stars; and again he addressed him, saying, "Fair lovely maid, once more good-day to you!" and said to his wife, "Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake."

The now completely vanquished Katharine quickly adopted her husband's opinion, and made her speech in like sort to the old gentleman, saying to him, "Young budding virgin, you are fair, and fresh, and sweet: whither are you going, and where is your dwelling? Happy are the parents of so fair a child."

"Why, how now, Kate," said Petruchio; "I hope you are not mad. This is a man, old and wrinkled, faded and withered, and not a maiden, as you say he is." On this Katharine said, "Pardon me, old gentleman; the sun has so dazzled my eyes, that every thing I look on seemeth green. Now I perceive you are a reverend father: I hope you will pardon me for my sad mistake."

"Do, good old grandsire," said Petruchio, "and tell us which way you are travelling. We shall be glad of your good company, if you are going our way." The old gentleman replied, "Fair sir, and you, my merry mistress, your strange encounter has much amazed me. My name is Vincentio, and I am going to visit a son of mine who lives at Padua." Then Petruchio knew the old gentleman to be the father of Lucentio, a young gentleman who was to be married to Baptista's younger daughter, Bianca, and he made Vincentio very happy, by telling him the rich marriage his son was about to make: and they all journeyed

on pleasantly together till they came to Baptista's house, where there was a large company assembled to celebrate the wedding of Bianca and Lucentio, Baptista having willingly consented to the marriage
5 of Bianca when he had got Katharine off his hands.

When they entered, Baptista welcomed them to the wedding feast, and there was present also another newly married pair.

Lucentio, Bianca's husband, and Hortensio, the
10 other new married man, could not forbear sly jests, which seemed to hint at the shrewish disposition of Petruchio's wife, and these fond bridegrooms seemed highly pleased with the mild tempers of the ladies they had chosen, laughing at Petruchio for his less
15 fortunate choice. Petruchio took little notice of their jokes till the ladies were retired after dinner, and then he perceived Baptista himself joined in the laugh against him: for when Petruchio affirmed that his wife would prove more obedient than theirs, the
20 father of Katharine said, "Now, in good sadness, son Petruchio, I fear you have got the veriest shrew of all."

"Well," said Petruchio, "I say no, and therefore for assurance that I speak the truth, let us
25 each one send for his wife, and he whose wife is most obedient to come at first when she is sent for, shall win a wager which we will propose." To this the other two husbands willingly consented, for they were quite confident that their gentle wives would
30 prove more obedient than the headstrong Katharine; and they proposed a wager of twenty crowns, but Petruchio merrily said, he would lay as much as

that upon his hawk or hound, but twenty times as much upon his wife. Lucentio and Hortensio raised the wager to a hundred crowns, and Lucentio first sent his servant to desire Bianca would come to him. But the servant returned, and said, "Sir, my 5 mistress sends you word she is busy and cannot come."

"How," said Petruchio, "does she say she is busy and cannot come? Is that an answer for a wife?" Then they laughed at him, and said, it would be well if Katharine did not send him a worse 10 answer. And now it was Hortensio's turn to send for his wife; and he said to his servant, "Go, and entreat my wife to come to me."

"Oh ho! entreat her!" said Petruchio. "Nay, then, she needs must come." 15

"I am afraid, sir," said Hortensio, "your wife will not be entreated." But presently this civil husband looked a little blank, when the servant returned without his mistress; and he said to him, "How now! Where is my wife?" 20

"Sir," said the servant, "my mistress says, you have some goodly jest in hand, and therefore she will not come. She bids you come to her."

"Worse and worse!" said Petruchio; and then he sent his servant, saying, "Sirrah, go to your 25 mistress, and tell her I command her to come to me." The company had scarcely time to think she would not obey this summons, when Baptista, all in amaze, exclaimed, "Now, by my *holiday*, here comes Katharine!" and she entered, saying meekly to 30 Petruchio, "What is your will, sir, that you send for me?"

"Where is your sister and Hortensio's wife?" said he. Katharine replied, "They sit conferring by the parlor fire."

"Go, fetch them hither!" said Petruchio. Away went Katharine without reply to perform her husband's command. "Here is a wonder," said Lucentio, "if you talk of a wonder."

"And so it is," said Hortensio; "I marvel what it bodes."

10 "Marry, peace it bodes," said Petruchio, "and love, and quiet life, and right supremacy; and, to be short, every thing that is sweet and happy." Katharine's father, overjoyed to see this reformation in his daughter, said, "Now, fair befall thee, son
15 Petruchio! you have won the wager, and I will add another twenty thousand crowns to her dowry, as if she were another daughter, for she is changed, as if she had never been."

"Nay," said Petruchio, "I will win the wager
20 better yet, and show more signs of her new-built virtue and obedience." Katharine now entering with the two ladies, he continued, "See where she comes, and brings your froward wives as prisoners to her womanly persuasion. Katharine, that cap of yours
25 does not become you; off with that bauble, and throw it under foot." Katharine instantly took off her cap, and threw it down. "Lord!" said Hortensio's wife, "may I never have a cause to sigh till I am brought to such a silly pass!" And Bianca, she too
30 said, "Fie, what foolish duty call you this?" On this Bianca's husband said to her, "I wish your duty were as foolish too! The wisdom of your duty, fair

Bianca, has cost me a hundred crowns since dinner-time."

"The more fool you," said Bianca, "for laying on my duty."

"Katharine," said Petruchio, "I charge you tell ⁵ these headstrong women what duty they owe their lords and husbands." And to the wonder of all present, the reformed shrewish lady spoke as eloquently in praise of the wifelike duty of obedience, as she had practised it implicitly in a ready ¹⁰ submission to Petruchio's will. And Katharine once more became famous in Padua, not as heretofore, as Katharine the Shrew, but as Katharine the most obedient and duteous wife in Padua.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS

THE states of Syracuse and Ephesus being at ¹⁵ variance, there was a cruel law made at Ephesus, ordaining that if any merchant of Syracuse was seen in the city of Ephesus, he was to be put to death, unless he could pay a thousand marks for the ransom of his life. ²⁰

Aegeon, an old merchant of Syracuse, was discovered in the streets of Ephesus, and brought before the duke, either to pay this heavy fine, or to receive sentence of death.

Aegeon had no money to pay the fine, and the ²⁵ duke, before he pronounced the sentence of death upon him, desired him to relate the history of his

life, and to tell for what cause he had ventured to come to the city of Ephesus, which it was death for any Syracusan merchant to enter.

Aegeon said, that he did not fear to die, for sorrow
5 had made him weary of his life, but that a heavier task could not have been imposed upon him than to relate the events of his unfortunate life. He then began his own history, in the following words:

“I was born at Syracuse, and brought up to the
10 profession of a merchant. I married a lady, with whom I lived very happily, but being obliged to go to Epidamnum, I was detained there by my business six months, and then, finding I should be obliged to stay some time longer, I sent for my wife, who,
15 as soon as she arrived, bore me two sons, and what was very strange, they were both so exactly alike, that it was impossible to distinguish the one from the other. At the same time, a poor woman in the inn where my wife lodged also bore two sons, and
20 these twins were as much like each other as my two sons were. The parents of these children being exceeding poor, I bought the two boys, and brought them up to attend upon my sons.

“My sons were very fine children, and my wife
25 was not a little proud of two such boys: and she daily wishing to return home, I unwillingly agreed, and in an evil hour we got on shipboard; for we had not sailed above a league from Epidamnum before a dreadful storm arose, which continued with such
30 violence, that the sailors seeing no chance of saving the ship, crowded into the boat to save their own lives, leaving us alone in the ship, which we every

moment expected would be destroyed by the fury of the storm.

“The incessant weeping of my wife, and the piteous complaints of the pretty babes, who, not knowing what to fear, wept for fashion, because they saw their mother weep, filled me with terror for them, though I did not for myself fear death; and all my thoughts were bent to contrive means for their safety. I tied my youngest son to the end of a small spare mast, such as seafaring men provide against storms; at the other end I bound the youngest of the twin slaves, and at the same time I directed my wife how to fasten the other children in like manner to another mast. She thus having the care of the two eldest children, and I of the two younger, we bound ourselves separately to these masts with the children; and but for this contrivance we had all been lost, for the ship split on a mighty rock, and was dashed in pieces; and we, clinging to these slender masts, were supported above the water, where I, having the care of two children, was unable to assist my wife, who with the other children was soon separated from me; but while they were yet in my sight, they were taken up by a boat of fishermen, from Corinth (as I supposed), and seeing them in safety, I had no care but to struggle with the wild sea-waves, to preserve my dear son and the youngest slave. At length we, in our turn, were taken up by a ship, and the sailors, knowing me, gave us kind welcome and assistance, and landed us in safety at Syracuse; but from that sad hour I have never known what became of my wife and eldest child.

“ My youngest son, and now my only care, when he was eighteen years of age, began to be inquisitive after his mother and his brother, and often importuned me that he might take his attendant, the young
5 slave, who had also lost his brother, and go in search of them: at length I unwillingly gave consent, for though I anxiously desired to hear tidings of my wife and eldest son, yet in sending my younger one to find them, I hazarded the loss of him also. It is
10 now seven years since my son left me; five years have I passed in travelling through the world in search of him: I have been in farthest Greece, and through the bounds of Asia, and coasting homewards, I landed here in Ephesus, being unwilling to leave
15 any place unsought that harbors men; but this day must end the story of my life, and happy should I think myself in my death, if I were assured my wife and sons were living.”

Here the hapless Aegeon ended the account of his
20 misfortunes; and the duke, pitying this unfortunate father, who had brought upon himself this great peril by his love for his lost son, said, if it were not against the laws, which his oath and dignity did not permit him to alter, he would freely pardon
25 him; yet, instead of dooming him to instant death, as the strict letter of the law required, he would give him that day to try if he could beg or borrow the money to pay the fine.

This day of grace did seem no great favor to
30 Aegeon, for not knowing any man in Ephesus, there seemed to him but little chance that any stranger would lend or give him a thousand marks to pay the fine; and

helpless and hopeless of any relief, he retired from the presence of the duke in the custody of a jailer.

Aegeon supposed he knew no person in Ephesus; but at the very time he was in danger of losing his life through the careful search he was making after 5 his youngest son, that son and his eldest son also were both in the city of Ephesus.

Aegeon's sons, besides being exactly alike in face and person, were both named alike, being both called Antipholus, and the two twin slaves were also both 10 named Dromio. Aegeon's youngest son, Antipholus of Syracuse, he whom the old man had come to Ephesus to seek, happened to arrive at Ephesus with his slave Dromio that very same day that Aegeon did; and he being also a merchant of Syracuse, he 15 would have been in the same danger that his father was, but by good fortune he met a friend who told him the peril an old merchant of Syracuse was in, and advised him to pass for a merchant of Epidamnum; this Antipholus agreed to do, and he 20 was sorry to hear one of his own countrymen was in this danger, but he little thought this old merchant was his own father.

The eldest son of Aegeon (who must be called Antipholus of Ephesus, to distinguish him from his 25 brother Antipholus of Syracuse) had lived at Ephesus twenty years, and, being a rich man, was well able to have paid the money for the ransom of his father's life; but Antipholus knew nothing of his father, being so young when he was taken out of 30 the sea with his mother by the fishermen that he only remembered he had been so preserved, but he

had no recollection of either his father or his mother; the fishermen who took up this Antipholus and his mother and the young slave Dromio, having carried the two children away from her (to the great grief
5 of that unhappy lady), intending to sell them.

Antipholus and Dromio were sold by them to duke Menaphon, a famous warrior, who was uncle to the duke of Ephesus, and he carried the boys to Ephesus when he went to visit the duke his nephew.

10 The duke of Ephesus taking a liking to young Antipholus, when he grew up, made him an officer in his army, in which he distinguished himself by his great bravery in the wars, where he saved the life of his patron the duke, who rewarded his
15 merit by marrying him to Adriana, a rich lady of Ephesus; with whom he was living (his slave Dromio still attending him) at the time his father came there.

Antipholus of Syracuse, when he parted with his
20 friend, who advised him to say he came from Epidamnus, gave his slave Dromio some money to carry to the inn where he intended to dine, and in the mean time he said he would walk about and view the city, and observe the manners of the people.

25 Dromio was a pleasant fellow, and when Antipholus was dull and melancholy he used to divert himself with the odd humors and merry jests of his slave, so that the freedoms of speech he allowed in Dromio were greater than is usual between
30 masters and their servants.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had sent Dromio away, he stood awhile thinking over his solitary

wanderings in search of his mother and his brother, of whom in no place where he landed could he hear the least tidings; and he said sorrowfully to himself, "I am like a drop of water in the ocean, which seeking to find its fellow drop, loses itself in the 5 wide sea. So I unhappily, to find a mother and a brother, do lose myself."

While he was thus meditating on his weary travels, which had hitherto been so useless, Dromio (as he thought) returned. Antipholus, wondering 10 that he came back so soon, asked him where he had left the money. Now it was not his own Dromio, but the twin-brother that lived with Antipholus of Ephesus, that he spoke to. The two Dromios and the two Antipholuses were still as much alike as 15 Aegeon had said they were in their infancy; therefore no wonder Antipholus thought it was his own slave returned, and asked him why he came back so soon. Dromio replied, "My mistress sent me to bid you come to dinner. The capon burns, and the pig falls 20 from the spit, and the meat will be all cold if you do not come home." "These jests are out of season," said Antipholus: "where did you leave the money?" Dromio still answering, that his mistress had sent him to fetch Antipholus to dinner: "What 25 mistress?" said Antipholus. "Why, your worship's wife, sir," replied Dromio. Antipholus having no wife, he was very angry with Dromio, and said, "Because I familiarly sometimes chat with you, you presume to jest with me in this free manner. I 30 am not in a sportive humor now: where is the money? we being strangers here, how dare you trust

so great a charge from your own custody ? ” Dromio hearing his master, as he thought him, talk of their being strangers, supposing Antipholus was jesting, replied merrily, “ I pray you, sir, jest as you sit
5 at dinner. I had no charge but to fetch you home, to dine with my mistress and her sister. ” Now Antipholus lost all patience, and beat Dromio, who ran home, and told his mistress that his master had refused to come to dinner, and said that he had no
10 wife.

Adriana, the wife of Antipholus of Ephesus, was very angry when she heard that her husband said he had no wife; for she was of a jealous temper, and she said her husband meant that he loved another
15 lady better than herself; and she began to fret, and say unkind words of jealousy and reproach of her husband; and her sister Luciana, who lived with her, tried in vain to persuade her out of her groundless suspicions.

20 Antipholus of Syracuse went to the inn, and found Dromio with the money in safety there, and seeing his own Dromio, he was going again to chide him for his free jests, when Adriana came up to him, and not doubting but it was her husband she
25 saw, she began to reproach him for looking strange upon her (as well he might, never having seen this angry lady before); and then she told him how well he loved her before they were married, and that now he loved some other lady instead of her. “ How
30 comes it now, my husband, ” said she, “ O how comes it that I have lost your love ? ” — “ Plead you to me, fair dame ? ” said the astonished Antipholus.

It was in vain he told her he was not her husband, and that he had been in Ephesus but two hours; she insisted on his going home with her, and Antipholus at last, being unable to get away, went with her to his brother's house, and dined with Adriana and her 5 sister, the one calling him husband, and the other brother, he, all amazed, thinking he must have been married to her in his sleep, or that he was sleeping now. And Dromio, who followed them, was no less surprised, for the cook-maid, who was his brother's 10 wife, also claimed him for her husband.

While Antipholus of Syracuse was dining with his brother's wife, his brother, the real husband, returned home to dinner with his slave Dromio; but the servants would not open the door, because their 15 mistress had ordered them not to admit any company; and when they repeatedly knocked, and said they were Antipholus and Dromio, the maids laughed at them, and said that Antipholus was at dinner with their mistress, and Dromio was in the kitchen; 20 and though they almost knocked the door down, they could not gain admittance, and at last Antipholus went away very angry, and strangely surprised at hearing a gentleman was dining with his wife.

When Antipholus of Syracuse had finished his 25 dinner, he was so perplexed at the lady's still persisting in calling him husband, and at hearing that Dromio had also been claimed by the cook-maid, that he left the house, as soon as he could find any pretence to get away; for though he was very much 30 pleased with Luciana, the sister, yet the jealous-tempered Adriana he disliked very much, nor was

Dromio at all better satisfied with his fair wife in the kitchen: therefore both master and man were glad to get away from their new wives as fast as they could.

5 The moment Antipholus of Syracuse had left the house, he was met by a goldsmith, who mistaking him, as Adriana had done, for Antipholus of Ephesus, gave him a gold chain, calling him by his name; and when Antipholus would have refused the chain,
10 saying it did not belong to him, the goldsmith replied he made it by his own orders; and went away, leaving the chain in the hands of Antipholus, who ordered his man Dromio to get his things on board a ship, not choosing to stay in a place any
15 longer, where he met with such strange adventures that he surely thought himself bewitched.

The goldsmith who had given the chain to the wrong Antipholus, was arrested immediately after for a sum of money he owed; and Antipholus, the
20 married brother, to whom the goldsmith thought he had given the chain, happened to come to the place where the officer was arresting the goldsmith, who, when he saw Antipholus, asked him to pay for the gold chain he had just delivered to him, the price
25 amounting to nearly the same sum as that for which he had been arrested. Antipholus denying the having received the chain, and the goldsmith persisting to declare that he had but a few minutes before given it to him, they disputed this matter a long time,
30 both thinking they were right: for Antipholus knew the goldsmith never gave him the chain, and so like were the two brothers, the goldsmith was as certain

he had delivered the chain into his hands, till at last the officer took the goldsmith away to prison for the debt he owed, and at the same time the goldsmith made the officer arrest Antipholus for the price of the chain; so that at the conclusion of their dispute, 5 Antipholus and the merchant were both taken away to prison together.

As Antipholus was going to prison, he met Dromio of Syracuse, his brother's slave, and mistaking him for his own, he ordered him to go to Adriana his 10 wife, and tell her to send the money for which he was arrested. Dromio wondering that his master should send him back to the strange house where he had dined, and from which he had just before been in such haste to depart, did not dare to reply, though 15 he came to tell his master the ship was ready to sail: for he saw Antipholus was in no humor to be jested with. Therefore he went away, grumbling within himself, that he must return to Adriana's house. "Where," said he, "Dowsabel claims me for 20 a husband: but I must go, for servants must obey their masters' commands."

Adriana gave him the money, and as Dromio was returning, he met Antipholus of Syracuse, who was still in amaze at the surprising adventures he 25 met with; for his brother being well known in Ephesus, there was hardly a man he met in the streets but saluted him as an old acquaintance: some offered him money which they said was owing to him, some invited him to come and see them, and some gave 30 him thanks for kindnesses they said he had done them, all mistaking him for his brother. A tailor

showed him some silks he had bought for him, and insisted upon taking measure of him for some clothes.

Antipholus began to think he was among a nation of sorcerers and witches, and Dromio did not at all
5 relieve his master from his bewildered thoughts, by asking him how he got free from the officer who was carrying him to prison, and giving him the purse of gold which Adriana had sent to pay the debt with. This talk of Dromio's of the arrest and of a prison,
10 and of the money he had brought from Adriana, perfectly confounded Antipholus, and he said, "This fellow Dromio is certainly distracted, and we wander here in illusions"; and quite terrified at his own confused thoughts, he cried out, "Some blessed
15 power deliver us from this strange place!"

And now another stranger came up to him, and she was a lady, and she too called him Antipholus, and told him he had dined with her that day, and asked him for a gold chain which she said he had
20 promised to give her. Antipholus now lost all patience, and calling her a sorceress, he denied that he had ever promised her a chain, or dined with her, or had even seen her face before that moment. The lady persisted in affirming he had dined with her, and had
25 promised her a chain, which Antipholus still denying, she further said, that she had given him a valuable ring, and if he would not give her the gold chain, she insisted upon having her own ring again. On this Antipholus became quite frantic, and again
30 calling her sorceress and witch, and denying all knowledge of her or her ring, ran away from her, leaving her astonished at his words and his wild

looks, for nothing to her appeared more certain than that he had dined with her, and that she had given him a ring, in consequence of his promising to make her a present of a gold chain. But this lady had fallen into the same mistake the others had done, 5 for she had taken him for his brother: the married Antipholus had done all the things she taxed this Antipholus with.

When the married Antipholus was denied entrance into his own house (those within supposing him to 10 be already there), he had gone away very angry, believing it to be one of his wife's jealous freaks, to which she was very subject, and remembering that she had often falsely accused him of visiting other ladies, he, to be revenged on her for shutting 15 him out of his own house, determined to go and dine with this lady, and she receiving him with great civility, and his wife having so highly offended him, Antipholus promised to give her a gold chain, which he had intended as a present for his wife; it 20 was the same chain which the goldsmith by mistake had given to his brother. The lady liked so well the thoughts of having a fine gold chain, that she gave the married Antipholus a ring; which when, as she supposed (taking his brother for him), he denied, 25 and said he did not know her, and left her in such a wild passion, she began to think he was certainly out of his senses; and presently she resolved to go and tell Adriana that her husband was mad. And while she was telling it to Adriana, he came, attended 30 by the jailer (who allowed him to come home to get the money to pay the debt), for the purse of money,

which Adriana had sent by Dromio, and he had delivered to the other Antipholus.

Adriana believed the story the lady told her of her husband's madness must be true, when he re-
5 proached her for shutting him out of his own house; and remembering how he had protested all dinner-time that he was not her husband, and had never been in Ephesus till that day, she had no doubt that he was mad; she therefore paid the jailer the money,
10 and having discharged him, she ordered her servants to bind her husband with ropes, and had him conveyed into a dark room, and sent for a doctor to come and cure him of his madness: Antipholus all the while hotly exclaiming against this false accusa-
15 tion, which the exact likeness he bore to his brother had brought upon him. But his rage only the more confirmed them in the belief that he was mad; and Dromio persisting in the same story, they bound him also, and took him away along with his master.

20 Soon after Adriana had put her husband into confinement, a servant came to tell her that Antipholus and Dromio must have broken loose from their keepers, for that they were both walking at liberty in the next street. On hearing this, Adriana
25 ran out to fetch him home, taking some people with her to secure her husband again; and her sister went along with her. When they came to the gates of a convent in their neighbourhood, there they saw Antipholus and Dromio, as they thought, being again
30 deceived by the likeness of the twin-brothers.

Antipholus of Syracuse was still beset with the perplexities this likeness had brought upon him.

The chain which the goldsmith had given him was about his neck, and the goldsmith was reproaching him for denying that he had it, and refusing to pay for it, and Antipholus was protesting that the goldsmith freely gave him the chain in the morning, 5 and that from that hour he had never seen the goldsmith again.

And now Adriana came up to him and claimed him as her lunatic husband, who had escaped from his keepers; and the men she brought with her were 10 going to lay violent hands on Antipholus and Dromio; but they ran into the convent, and Antipholus begged the abbess to give him shelter in her house.

And now came out the lady abbess herself to inquire into the cause of this disturbance. She was 15 a grave and venerable lady, and wise to judge of what she saw, and she would not too hastily give up the man who had sought protection in her house; so she strictly questioned the wife about the story she told of her husband's madness, and she said, 20 "What is the cause of this sudden distemper of your husband's? Has he lost his wealth at sea? Or is it the death of some dear friend that has disturbed his mind?" Adriana replied, that no such things as these had been the cause. "Perhaps," said the 25 abbess, "he has fixed his affections on some other lady than you his wife; and that has driven him to this state." Adriana said she had long thought the love of some other lady was the cause of his frequent absences from home. Now it was not his love for 30 another, but the teasing jealousy of his wife's temper, that often obliged Antipholus to leave his home;

and (the abbess suspecting this from the vehemence of Adriana's manner) to learn the truth, she said, "You should have reprehended him for this."—"Why, so I did," replied Adriana. "Ay," said the abbess, 5 "but perhaps not enough." Adriana, willing to convince the abbess that she had said enough to Antipholus on the subject, replied, "It was the constant subject of our conversation: in bed I would not let him sleep for speaking of it. At table I 10 would not let him eat for speaking of it. When I was alone with him, I talked of nothing else; and in company I gave him frequent hints of it. Still all my talk was how vile and bad it was in him to love any lady better than me."

15 The lady abbess, having drawn this full confession from the jealous Adriana, now said, "And therefore comes it that your husband is mad. The venomous clamor of a jealous woman is a more deadly poison than a mad dog's tooth. It seems his 20 sleep was hindered by your railing; no wonder that his head is light: and his meat was sauced with your upbraidings; unquiet meals make ill digestions, and that has thrown him into this fever. You say his sports were disturbed by your brawls; being debarred 25 from the enjoyment of society and recreation, what could ensue but dull melancholy and comfortless despair? The consequence is then, that your jealous fits have made your husband mad."

Luciana would have excused her sister, saying, 30 she always reprehended her husband mildly; and she said to her sister, "Why do you hear these rebukes without answering them?" But the abbess had made

her so plainly perceive her fault, that she could only answer, "She has betrayed me to my own reproof."

Adriana, though ashamed of her own conduct, still insisted on having her husband delivered up to her; but the abbess would suffer no person to enter her house, nor would she deliver up this unhappy man to the care of the jealous wife, determining herself to use gentle means for his recovery, and she retired into her house again, and ordered her gates to be shut against them.

During the course of this eventful day, in which so many errors had happened from the likeness the twin brothers bore to each other, old Aegeon's day of grace was passing away, it being now near sunset; and at sunset he was doomed to die, if he could not pay the money.

The place of his execution was near this convent, and here he arrived just as the abbess retired into the convent; the duke attending in person, that if any offered to pay the money, he might be present to pardon him.

Adriana stopped this melancholy procession, and cried out to the duke for justice, telling him that the abbess had refused to deliver up her lunatic husband to her care. While she was speaking, her real husband and his servant Dromio, who had got loose, came before the duke to demand justice, complaining that his wife had confined him on a false charge of lunacy; and telling in what manner he had broken his bands, and eluded the vigilance of his keepers. Adriana was strangely surprised to

see her husband, when she thought he had been within the convent.

Aegeon, seeing his son, concluded this was the son who had left him to go in search of his mother and his brother; and he felt secure that this dear son would readily pay the money demanded for his ransom. He therefore spoke to Antipholus in words of fatherly affection, with joyful hope that he should now be released. But to the utter astonishment of
10 Aegeon, his son denied all knowledge of him, as well he might, for this Antipholus had never seen his father since they were separated in the storm in his infancy; but while the poor old Aegeon was in vain endeavoring to make his son acknowledge
15 him, thinking surely that either his griefs and the anxieties he had suffered had so strangely altered him that his son did not know him, or else that he was ashamed to acknowledge his father in his misery; in the midst of this perplexity, the lady abbess and
20 the other Antipholus and Dromio came out, and the wondering Adriana saw two husbands and two Dromios standing before her.

And now these riddling errors, which had so perplexed them all, were clearly made out. When
25 the duke saw the two Antipholuses and the two Dromios both so exactly alike, he at once conjectured aright of these seeming mysteries, for he remembered the story Aegeon had told him in the morning; and he said, these men must be the two sons of Aegeon
30 and their twin slaves.

But now an unlooked-for joy indeed completed the history of Aegeon; and the tale he had in the

morning told in sorrow, and under sentence of death, before the setting sun went down was brought to a happy conclusion, for the venerable lady abbess made herself known to be the long-lost wife of Aegeon, and the fond mother of the two Antipholuses. 5

When the fishermen took the eldest Antipholus and Dromio away from her, she entered a nunnery, and by her wise and virtuous conduct, she was at length made lady abbess of this convent, and in discharging the rites of hospitality to an unhappy 10 stranger she had unknowingly protected her own son.

Joyful congratulations and affectionate greetings between these long separated parents and their children made them for a while forget that Aegeon was yet under sentence of death; but when they 15 were become a little calm, Antipholus of Ephesus offered the duke the ransom money for his father's life; but the duke freely pardoned Aegeon, and would not take the money. And the duke went with the abbess and her newly-found husband and children 20 into the convent, to hear this happy family discourse at leisure of the blessed ending of their adverse fortunes. And the two Dromios' humble joy must not be forgotten; they had their congratulations and greetings too, and each Dromio pleasantly com- 25 plimented his brother on his good looks, being well pleased to see his own person (as in a glass) show so handsome in his brother.

Adriana had so well profited by the good counsel of her mother-in-law, that she never after cherished 30 unjust suspicions, or was jealous of her husband.

Antipholus of Syracuse married the fair Luciana,

the sister of his brother's wife; and the good old Aegeon, with his wife and sons, lived at Ephesus many years. Nor did the unravelling of these perplexities so entirely remove every ground of
5 mistake for the future, but that sometimes, to remind them of adventures past, comical blunders would happen, and the one Antipholus, and the one Dromio, be mistaken for the other, making altogether a pleasant and diverting Comedy of Errors.

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

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

her brother, when the ship split, fasten himself to a strong mast, on which, as long as he could see any thing of him for the distance, he perceived him borne up above the waves. Viola was much consoled by the hope this account gave her, and now considered 5 how she was to dispose of herself in a strange country, so far from home; and she asked the captain if he knew any thing of Illyria. "Ay, very well, madam," replied the captain, "for I was born not three hours' travel from this place."—"Who governs 10 here?" said Viola. The captain told her, Illyria was governed by Orsino, a duke noble in nature as well as dignity. Viola said, she had heard her father speak of Orsino, and that he was unmarried then. "And he is so now," said the captain; "or was so 15 very lately, for, but a month ago, I went from here, and then it was the general talk (as you know what great ones do, the people will prattle of) that Orsino sought the love of fair Olivia, a virtuous maid, the daughter of a count who died twelve months ago, 20 leaving Olivia to the protection of her brother, who shortly after died also; and for the love of this dear brother, they say, she has abjured the sight and company of men." Viola, who was herself in such a sad affliction for her brother's loss, wished she 25 could live with this lady, who so tenderly mourned a brother's death. She asked the captain if he could introduce her to Olivia, saying she would willingly serve this lady. But he replied, this would be a hard thing to accomplish, because the Lady Olivia 30 would admit no person into her house since her brother's death, not even the duke himself. Then

Viola formed another project in her mind, which was, in a man's habit, to serve the duke Orsino as a page. It was a strange fancy in a young lady to put on male attire, and pass for a boy; but the
5 forlorn and unprotected state of Viola, who was young and of uncommon beauty, alone, and in a foreign land, must plead her excuse.

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

20 Viola's good friend, the captain, when he had transformed this pretty lady into a gentleman, having some interest at court, got her presented to Orsino under the feigned name of Cesario. The duke was wonderfully pleased with the address and graceful
25 deportment of this handsome youth, and made Cesario one of his pages, that being the office Viola wished to obtain: and she so well fulfilled the duties of her new station, and showed such a ready observance and faithful attachment to her lord, that she soon
30 became his most favored attendant. To Cesario Orsino confided the whole history of his love for the lady Olivia. To Cesario he told the long and

unsuccessful suit he had made to one who, rejecting his long services, and despising his person, refused to admit him to her presence; and for the love of this lady who had so unkindly treated him, the noble Orsino, forsaking the sports of the field and all 5 manly exercises in which he used to delight, passed his hours in ignoble sloth, listening to the effeminate sounds of soft music, gentle airs, and passionate love-songs; and neglecting the company of the wise and learned lords with whom he used to associate, he 10 was now all day long conversing with young Cesario. Unmeet companion no doubt his grave courtiers thought Cesario was for their once noble master, the great duke Orsino.

It is a dangerous matter for young maidens to 15 be the confidantes of handsome young dukes; which Viola too soon found to her sorrow, for all that Orsino told her he endured for Olivia, she presently perceived she suffered for the love of him; and much it moved her wonder, that Olivia could be so 20 regardless of this her peerless lord and master, whom she thought no one could behold without the deepest admiration, and she ventured gently to hint to Orsino, that it was pity he should affect a lady who was so blind to his worthy qualities; and she 25 said, "If a lady were to love you, my lord, as you love Olivia (and perhaps there may be one who does), if you could not love her in return, would you not tell her that you could not love, and must she not be content with this answer?" But Orsino would 30 not admit of this reasoning, for he denied that it was possible for any woman to love as he did. He

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

While they were talking, a gentleman entered whom the duke had sent to Olivia, and he said, "So please you, my lord, I might not be admitted to the lady, but by her handmaid she returned you this answer: Until seven years hence, the element itself shall not behold her face; but like a cloistress she will walk veiled, watering her chamber with her tears for the sad remembrance of her dead brother." On hearing this, the duke exclaimed, "O she that has

a heart of this fine frame, to pay this debt of love to a dead brother, how will she love, when the rich golden shaft has touched her heart!" And then he said to Viola, "You know, Cesario, I have told you all the secrets of my heart; therefore, good youth, 5 go to Olivia's house. Be not denied access; stand at her doors, and tell her, there your fixed foot shall grow till you have audience."—"And if I do speak to her, my lord, what then?" said Viola. "O then," replied Orsino, "unfold to her the passion of my 10 love. Make a long discourse to her of my dear faith. It will well become you to act my woes, for she will attend more to you than to one of graver aspect."

Away then went Viola; but not willingly did she undertake this courtship, for she was to woo a lady 15 to become a wife to him she wished to marry: but having undertaken the affair, she performed it with fidelity; and Olivia soon heard that a youth was at her door who insisted upon being admitted to her presence. "I told him," said the servant, "that you 20 were sick: he said he knew you were, and therefore he came to speak with you. I told him that you were asleep: he seemed to have a foreknowledge of that too, and said, that therefore he must speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? for he seems 25 fortified against all denial, and will speak with you, whether you will or no." Olivia, curious to see who this peremptory messenger might be, desired he might be admitted; and throwing her veil over her face, she said she would once more hear Orsino's 30 embassy, not doubting but that he came from the duke, by his importunity. Viola, entering, put on

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

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

to the grave, and leave the world no copy.”—“O, sir,” replied Olivia, “I will not be so cruel. The world may have an inventory of my beauty. As, *item*, two lips, indifferent red; *item*, two grey eyes, with lids to them; one neck; one chin; and so forth. 5 Were you sent here to praise me?” Viola replied, “I see what you are: you are too proud, but you are fair. My lord and master loves you. O, such a love could but be recompensed, though you were crowned the queen of beauty: for Orsino loves you 10 with adoration and with tears, with groans that thunder love, and sighs of fire.”—“Your lord,” said Olivia, “knows well my mind. I cannot love him; yet I doubt not he is virtuous; I know him to be noble and of high estate, of fresh and spotless 15 youth. All voices proclaim him learned, courteous, and valiant; yet I cannot love him, he might have taken his answer long ago.”—“If I did love you as my master does,” said Viola, “I would make me a willow cabin at your gates, and call upon your name; 20 I would write complaining sonnets on Olivia, and sing them in the dead of the night; your name should sound among the hills, and I would make Echo, the babbling gossip of the air, cry out *Olivia*. O, you should not rest between the elements of earth and air, 25 but you should pity me.”—“You might do much,” said Olivia: “what is your parentage?” Viola replied, “Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.” Olivia now reluctantly dismissed Viola, saying, “Go to your master, and tell him I 30 cannot love him. Let him send no more, unless perchance you come again to tell me how he takes

it." And Viola departed, bidding the lady farewell by the name of Fair Cruelty. When she was gone, Olivia repeated the words, *Above my fortunes, yet my state is well. I am a gentleman.* And she said aloud,

5 "I will be sworn he is; his tongue, his face, his limbs, action, and spirit, plainly show he is a gentleman;" And then she wished Cesario was the duke; and perceiving the fast hold he had taken on her affections, she blamed herself for her sudden love: but the

10 gentle blame which people lay upon their own faults has no deep root; and presently the noble lady Olivia so far forgot the inequality between her fortunes and those of this seeming page, as well as the maidenly reserve which is the chief ornament of a

15 lady's character, that she resolved to court the love of young Cesario, and sent a servant after him with a diamond ring, under the pretence that he had left it with her as a present from Orsino. She hoped by thus artfully making Cesario a present of the ring,

20 she should give him some intimation of her design; and truly it did make Viola suspect; for knowing that Orsino had sent no ring by her, she began to recollect that Olivia's looks and manner were expressive of admiration, and she presently guessed

25 her master's mistress had fallen in love with her. "Alas," said she, "the poor lady might as well love a dream. Disguise I see is wicked, for it has caused Olivia to breathe as fruitless sighs for me as I do for Orsino."

30 Viola returned to Orsino's palace, and related to her lord the ill success of the negotiation, repeating the command of Olivia, that the duke should trouble

her no more. Yet still the duke persisted in hoping that the gentle Cesario would in time be able to persuade her to show some pity, and therefore he bade him he should go to her again the next day. In the mean time, to pass away the tedious interval, 5 he commanded a song which he loved to be sung; and he said, "My good Cesario, when I heard that song last night, methought it did relieve my passion much. Mark it, Cesario, it is old and plain. The spinsters and the knitters when they sit in the sun, 10 and the young maids that weave their thread with bone, chant this song. It is silly, yet I love it, for it tells of the innocence of love in the old times."

SONG

Come away, come away, Death,	
And in sad cypress let me be laid;	15
Fly away, fly away, breath,	
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.	
My shroud of white stuck all with yew, O prepare it!	
My part of death no one so true did share it.	
Not a flower, not a flower sweet,	20
On my black coffin let there be strewn:	
Not a friend, not a friend greet	
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.	
A thousand thousand sighs to save, lay me O where	
Sad true lover never find my grave, to weep there!	25

Viola did not fail to mark the words of the old song, which in such true simplicity described the pangs of unrequited love, and she bore testimony in her countenance of feeling what the song expressed. Her sad looks were observed by Orsino, who said to 30 her, "My life upon it, Cesario, though you are so young, your eye has looked upon some face that it loves: has it not, boy?"—"A little, with your leave,"

replied Viola. "And what kind of woman, and of what age is she?" said Orsino. "Of your age and of your complexion, my lord," said Viola; which made the duke smile to hear this fair young boy loved a
5 woman so much older than himself, and of a man's dark complexion; but Viola secretly meant Orsino, and not a woman like him.

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

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

When she saw her formidable rival advancing towards her with his sword drawn, she began to think of confessing that she was a woman; but she was relieved at once from her terror, and the shame of such a discovery, by a stranger that was passing by, who made up to them, and as if he had been long known to her, and were her dearest friend, said to her opponent, "If this young gentleman has done offence, I will take the fault on me; and if you offend him, I will for his sake defy you." Before Viola had time to thank him for his protection, or to inquire the reason of his kind interference, her new friend met with an enemy where his bravery was of no use to him; for the officers of justice coming up in that instant, apprehended the stranger in the duke's name, to answer for an offence he had committed some years before: and he said to Viola, "This comes with seeking you": and then he asked her for a purse, saying, "Now my necessity makes me ask for my purse, and it grieves me much more for what I cannot do for you, than for what befalls myself. You stand amazed, but be of comfort." His words did indeed amaze Viola, and she protested she knew him not, nor had ever received a purse from him; but for the kindness he had just shown her, she

offered him a small sum of money, being nearly the whole she possessed. And now the stranger spoke severe things, charging her with ingratitude and unkindness. He said, "This youth, whom you see here, I 5 snatched from the jaws of death, and for his sake alone I came to Illyria, and have fallen into this danger."

But the officers cared little for hearkening to the complaints of their prisoner, and they hurried him off, saying, "What is that to us?" And as 10 he was carried away, he called Viola by the name of Sebastian, reproaching the supposed Sebastian for disowning his friend, as long as he was within hearing. When Viola heard herself called Sebastian, though the stranger was taken away too hastily for her to 15 ask an explanation, she conjectured that this seeming mystery might arise from her being mistaken for her brother; and she began to cherish hopes that it was her brother whose life this man said he had preserved. And so indeed it was. The stranger, 20 whose name was Antonio, was a sea-captain. He had taken Sebastian up into his ship, when, almost exhausted with fatigue, he was floating on the mast to which he had fastened himself in the storm. Antonio conceived such a friendship for Sebastian, that he 25 resolved to accompany him whithersoever he went; and when the youth expressed a curiosity to visit Orsino's court, Antonio, rather than part from him, came to Illyria, though he knew, if his person should be known there, his life would be in danger, because 30 in a sea-fight he had once dangerously wounded the duke Orsino's nephew. This was the offence for which he was now made a prisoner.

Antonio and Sebastian had landed together but a few hours before Antonio met Viola. He had given his purse to Sebastian, desiring him to use it freely if he saw any thing he wished to purchase, telling him he would wait at the inn, while Sebastian went 5 to view the town; but Sebastian not returning at the time appointed, Antonio had ventured out to look for him, and Viola being^s dressed the same, and in face so exactly resembling her brother, Antonio drew his sword (as he thought) in defence of the youth he 10 had saved, and when Sebastian (as he supposed) disowned him, and denied him his own purse, no wonder he accused him of ingratitude.

Viola, when Antonio was gone, fearing a second invitation to fight, slunk home as fast as she could. 15 She had not been long gone, when her adversary thought he saw her return; but it was her brother Sebastian, who happened to arrive at this place, and he said, "Now, sir, have I met with you again? There's for you;" and struck him a blow. Sebastian 20 was no coward; he returned the blow with interest, and drew his sword.

A lady now put a stop to this duel, for Olivia came out of the house, and she too mistaking Sebastian for Cesario, invited him to come into her house, 25 expressing much sorrow at the rude attack he had met with. Though Sebastian was as much surprised at the courtesy of this lady as at the rudeness of his unknown foe, yet he went very willingly into the house, and Olivia was delighted to find Cesario (as 30 she thought him) become more sensible of her attentions; for though their features were exactly the

same, there was none of the contempt and anger to be seen in his face, which she had complained of when she told her love to Cesario.

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

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

it seemed to them) a miracle appeared! for another Cesario entered, and addressed Olivia as his wife. This new Cesario was Sebastian, the real husband of Olivia; and when their wonder had a little ceased at
5 seeing two persons with the same face, the same voice, and the same habit, the brother and sister began to question each other; for Viola could scarce be persuaded that her brother was living, and Sebastian knew not how to account for the sister he supposed
10 drowned being found in the habit of a young man. But Viola presently acknowledged that she was indeed Viola, and his sister, under that disguise.

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

20 The hopes of Orsino were forever at an end by this marriage of Olivia, and with his hopes, all his fruitless love seemed to vanish away, and all his thoughts were fixed on the event of his favorite, young Cesario, being changed into a fair lady. He
25 viewed Viola with great attention, and he remembered how very handsome he had always thought Cesario was, and he concluded she would look very beautiful in a woman's attire; and then he remembered how often she had said *she loved him*, which at the time
30 seemed only the dutiful expressions of a faithful page; but now he guessed that something more was meant, for many of her pretty sayings, which were

like riddles to him, came now into his mind, and he no sooner remembered all these things than he resolved to make Viola his wife; and he said to her (he still could not help calling her *Cesario* and *boy*), "Boy, you have said to me a thousand times that you should never love a woman like to me, and for the faithful service you have done for me so much beneath your soft and tender breeding, and since you have called me master so long, you shall now be your master's mistress, and Orsino's true duchess." 5 10

Olivia, perceiving Orsino was making over that heart, which she had so ungraciously rejected, to Viola, invited them to enter her house, and offered the assistance of the good priest, who had married her to Sebastian in the morning, to perform the same ceremony in the remaining part of the day for Orsino and Viola. Thus the twin brother and sister were both wedded on the same day: the storm and shipwreck, which had separated them, being the means of bringing to pass their high and mighty fortunes. Viola was the wife of Orsino, the duke of Illyria, and Sebastian the husband of the rich and noble countess, the lady Olivia. 15 20

TIMON OF ATHENS

TIMON, a lord of Athens, in the enjoyment of a princely fortune, affected a humor of liberality which knew no limits. His almost infinite

wealth could not flow in so fast, but he poured it out faster upon all sorts and degrees of people. Not the poor only tasted of his bounty, but great lords did not disdain to rank themselves among his dependants and followers. His table was resorted to by all the luxurious feasters, and his house was open to all comers and goers at Athens. His large wealth combined with his free and prodigal nature to subdue all hearts to his love; men of all minds and dispositions tendered their services to lord Timon, from the glass-faced flatterer, whose face reflects as in a mirror the present humor of his patron, to the rough and unbending cynic, who, affecting a contempt of men's persons, and an indifference to worldly things, yet could not stand out against the gracious manners and munificent soul of lord Timon, but would come (against his nature) to partake of his royal entertainments, and return most rich in his own estimation if he had received a nod or a salutation from Timon.

20 If a poet had composed a work which wanted a recommendatory introduction to the world, he had no more to do but to dedicate it to lord Timon, and the poem was sure of sale, besides a present purse from the patron, and daily access to his house and table. If a painter had a picture to dispose of, he had only to take it to lord Timon, and pretend to consult his taste as to the merits of it; nothing more was wanting to persuade the liberal-hearted lord to buy it. If a jeweller had a stone of price, or a mercer rich costly stuffs, which for their costliness lay upon his hands, lord Timon's house was a ready mart always open, where they might get off their

wares or their jewelry at any price, and the good-natured lord would thank them into the bargain, as if they had done him a piece of courtesy in letting him have the refusal of such precious commodities. So that by this means his house was thronged with 5 superfluous purchases, of no use but to swell uneasy and ostentatious pomp; and his person was still more inconveniently beset with a crowd of these idle visitors, lying poets, painters, sharking tradesmen, lords, ladies, needy courtiers, and expectants, who continually filled his lobbies, raining their fulsome flatteries in whispers in his ears, sacrificing to him with adulation as to a god, making sacred the very stirrup by which he mounted his horse, and seeming as though they drank the free air but through his 15 permission and bounty.

Some of these daily dependants were young men of birth, who (their means not answering to their extravagance) had been put in prison by creditors, and redeemed thence by lord Timon; these young 20 prodigals thenceforward fastened upon his lordship, as if by common sympathy he were necessarily endeared to all such spendthrifts and loose livers, who, not being able to follow him in his wealth, found it easier to copy him in prodigality and copious 25 spending of what was not their own. One of these flesh-flies was Ventidius, for whose debts, unjustly contracted, Timon but lately had paid down the sum of five talents.

But among this confluence, this great flood of 30 visitors, none were more conspicuous than the makers of presents and givers of gifts. It was fortunate for

these men if Timon took a fancy to a dog or a horse, or any piece of cheap furniture which was theirs. The thing so praised, whatever it was, was sure to be sent the next morning with the compliments of the giver for lord Timon's acceptance, and apologies for the unworthiness of the gift; and this dog or horse, or whatever it might be, did not fail to produce from Timon's bounty, who would not be outdone in gifts, perhaps twenty dogs or horses, certainly presents of far richer worth, as these pretended donors knew well enough, and that their false presents were but the putting out of so much money at large and speedy interest. In this way lord Lucius had lately sent to Timon a present of four milk-white horses trapped in silver, which this cunning lord had observed Timon upon some occasion to commend; and another lord, Lucullus, had bestowed upon him in the same pretended way of free gift a brace of greyhounds, whose make and fleetness Timon had been heard to admire; these presents the easy-hearted lord accepted without suspicion of the dishonest views of the presenters; and the givers of course were rewarded with some rich return, a diamond or some jewel of twenty times the value of their false and mercenary donation.

Sometimes these creatures would go to work in a more direct way, and with gross and palpable artifice, which yet the credulous Timon was too blind to see, would affect to admire and praise something that Timon possessed, a bargain that he had bought, or some late purchase, which was sure to draw from this yielding and soft-hearted lord a gift of the thing

commended, for no service in the world done for it but the easy expense of a little cheap and obvious flattery. In this way Timon but the other day had given to one of these mean lords the bay courser which he himself rode upon, because his lordship had been pleased to say that it was a handsome beast and went well; and Timon knew that no man ever justly praised what he did not wish to possess. For lord Timon weighed his friends' affection with his own, and so fond was he of bestowing, that he could have dealt kingdoms to these supposed friends, and never have been weary.

Not that Timon's wealth all went to enrich these wicked flatterers; he could do noble and praiseworthy actions; and when a servant of his once loved the daughter of a rich Athenian, but could not hope to obtain her by reason that in wealth and rank the maid was so far above him, lord Timon freely bestowed upon his servant three Athenian talents, to make his fortune equal with the dowry which the father of the young maid demanded of him who should be her husband. But for the most part, knaves and parasites had the command of his fortune, false friends whom he did not know to be such, but, because they flocked around his person, he thought they must needs love him; and because they smiled and flattered him, he thought surely that his conduct was approved by all the wise and good. And when he was feasting in the midst of all these flatterers and mock friends, when they were eating him up, and draining his fortunes dry with large draughts of richest wines drunk to his health and prosperity, he could not perceive the

difference of a friend from a flatterer, but to his deluded eyes (made proud with the sight) it seemed a precious comfort to have so many like brothers commanding one another's fortunes (though it was his own fortune which paid all the costs), and with joy they would run over at the spectacle of such, as it appeared to him, truly festive and fraternal meeting.

But while he thus outwent the very heart of kindness, and poured out his bounty, as if Plutus, the god of gold, had been but his steward; while thus he proceeded without care or stop, so senseless of expense that he would neither inquire how he could maintain it, nor cease his wild flow of riot; his riches, which were not infinite, must needs melt away before a prodigality which knew no limits. But who should tell him so? his flatterers? they had an interest in shutting his eyes. In vain did his honest steward Flavius try to represent to him his condition, laying his accounts before him, begging of him, praying of him, with an importunity that on any other occasion would have been unmannerly in a servant, beseeching him with tears to look into the state of his affairs. Timon would still put him off, and turn the discourse to something else; for nothing is so deaf to remonstrance as riches turned to poverty, nothing is so unwilling to believe its situation, nothing so incredulous to its own true state, and hard to give credit to a reverse. Often had this good steward, this honest creature, when all the rooms of Timon's great house have been choked up with riotous feeders at his master's cost, when the floors have wept with drunken

spilling of wine, and every apartment has blazed with lights and resounded with music and feasting, often had he retired by himself to some solitary spot, and wept faster than the wine ran from the wasteful casks within, to see the mad bounty of his lord, and to think, when the means were gone which brought him praises from all sorts of people, how quickly the breath would be gone of which the praise was made; praises won in feasting would be lost in fasting, and at one cloud of winter-showers these flies would disappear.

But now the time was come that Timon could shut his ears no longer to the representations of this faithful steward. Money must be had; and when he ordered Flavius to sell some of his land for that purpose, Flavius informed him, what he had in vain endeavored at several times before to make him listen to, that most of his land was already sold or forfeited, and that all he possessed at present was not enough to pay the one-half of what he owed. Struck with wonder at this representation, Timon hastily replied, "My lands extend from Athens to Lacedaemon." "O my good lord," said Flavius, "the world is but a world, and has bounds; were it all yours to give it in a breath, how quickly were it gone!"

Timon consoled himself that no villainous bounty had yet come from him, that if he had given his wealth away unwisely, it had not been bestowed to feed his vices, but to cherish his friends; and he bade the kind-hearted steward (who was weeping) to take comfort in the assurance that his master could never lack means, while he had so many noble friends; and

this infatuated lord persuaded himself that he had nothing to do but to send and borrow, to use every man's fortune (that had ever tasted his bounty) in this extremity, as freely as his own. Then with a cheerful look, as if confident of the trial, he severally
5 despatched messengers to lord Lucius, to lords Lucullus and Sempronius, men upon whom he had lavished his gifts in past times without measure or moderation; and to Ventidius, whom he had lately released out
10 of prison by paying his debts, and who, by the death of his father, was now come into the possession of an ample fortune, and well enabled to requite Timon's courtesy: to request of Ventidius the return of those five talents which he had paid for him, and of each
15 of those noble lords the loan of fifty talents; nothing doubting that their gratitude would supply his wants (if he needed it) to the amount of five hundred times fifty talents.

Lucullus was the first applied to. This mean lord
20 had been dreaming over night of a silver basin and cup, and when Timon's servant was announced, his sordid mind suggested to him that this was surely a making out of his dream, and that Timon had sent him such a present: but when he understood the truth
25 of the matter, and that Timon wanted money, the quality of his faint and watery friendship showed itself, for with many protestations he vowed to the servant that he had long foreseen the ruin of his master's affairs, and many a time had he come to
30 dinner to tell him of it, and had come again to supper to try to persuade him to spend less, but he would take no counsel nor warning by his coming: and true

it was that he had been a constant attender (as he said) at Timon's feasts, as he had in greater things tasted his bounty; but that he ever came with that intent, or gave good counsel or reproof to Timon, was a base unworthy lie, which he suitably followed 5 up with meanly offering the servant a bribe, to go home to his master and tell him that he had not found Lucullus at home.

As little success had the messenger who was sent to lord Lucius. This lying lord, who was full of 10 Timon's meat, and enriched almost to bursting with Timon's costly presents, when he found the wind changed, and the fountain of so much bounty suddenly stopped, at first could hardly believe it; but on its being confirmed, he affected great regret that he 15 should not have it in his power to serve lord Timon, for unfortunately (which was a base falsehood) he had made a great purchase the day before, which had quite disfurnished him of the means at present, the more beast he, he called himself, to put it out of his 20 power to serve so good a friend; and he counted it one of his greatest afflictions that his ability should fail him to pleasure such an honorable gentleman.

Who can call any man friend that dips in the same dish with him? just of this metal is every 25 flatterer. In the recollection of everybody Timon had been a father to this Lucius, had kept up his credit with his purse; Timon's money had gone to pay the wages of his servants, to pay the hire of the laborers who had sweat to build the fine houses which Lucius's 30 pride had made necessary to him: yet, oh! the monster which man makes himself when he proves ungrateful!

this Lucius now denied to Timon a sum, which, in respect of what Timon had bestowed on him, was less than charitable men afford to beggars.

Sempronius, and every one of these mercenary
5 lords to whom Timon applied in their turn, returned the same evasive answer or direct denial; even Ventidius, the redeemed and now rich Ventidius, refused to assist him with the loan of those five talents which Timon had not lent but generously given him
10 in his distress.

Now was Timon as much avoided in his poverty as he had been courted and resorted to in his riches. Now the same tongues which had been loudest in his praises, extolling him as bountiful, liberal, and open-
15 handed, were not ashamed to censure that very bounty as folly, that liberality as profuseness, though it had shown itself folly in nothing so truly as in the selection of such unworthy creatures as themselves for its objects. Now was Timon's princely mansion forsaken,
20 and become a shunned and hated place, a place for men to pass by, not a place, as formerly, where every passenger must stop and taste of his wine and good cheer; now, instead of being thronged with feasting and tumultuous guests, it was beset with impatient
25 and clamorous creditors, usurers, extortioners, fierce and intolerable in their demands, pleading bonds, interest, mortgages; iron-hearted men that would take no denial nor putting off, that Timon's house was now his jail, which he could not pass, nor go in
30 nor out for them; one demanding his due of fifty talents, another bringing in a bill of five thousand crowns, which if he would tell out his blood by drops,

and pay them so, he had not enough in his body to discharge, drop by drop.

In this desperate and irremediable state (as it seemed) of his affairs, the eyes of all men were suddenly surprised at a new and incredible lustre which this setting sun put forth. Once more lord Timon proclaimed a feast, to which he invited his accustomed guests, lords, ladies, all that was great or fashionable in Athens. Lords Lucius and Lucullus came, Ventidius, Sempronius, and the rest. Who more sorry now than these fawning wretches, when they found (as they thought) that lord Timon's poverty was all pretence, and had been only put on to make trial of their loves, to think that they should not have seen through the artifice at the time, and have had the cheap credit of obliging his lordship? yet who more glad to find the fountain of that noble bounty, which they had thought dried up, still fresh and running? They came dissembling, protesting, expressing deepest sorrow and shame, that when his lordship sent to them, they should have been so unfortunate as to want the present means to oblige so honorable a friend. But Timon begged them not to give such trifles a thought, for he had altogether forgotten it. And these base fawning lords, though they had denied him money in his adversity, yet could not refuse their presence at this new blaze of his returning prosperity. For the swallow follows not summer more willingly than men of these dispositions follow the good fortunes of the great, nor more willingly leaves winter than these shrink from the first appearance of a reverse; such summer birds are men.

But now with music and state the banquet of smoking dishes was served up; and when the guests had a little done admiring whence the bankrupt Timon could find means to furnish so costly a feast, some
5 doubting whether the scene which they saw was real, as scarce trusting their own eyes; at a signal given, the dishes were uncovered, and Timon's drift appeared: instead of those varieties and far-fetched dainties which they expected, that Timon's epicurean table in past
10 times had so liberally presented, now appeared under the covers of these dishes a preparation more suitable to Timon's poverty, nothing but a little smoke and lukewarm water, fit feast for this knot of mouth-friends, whose professions were indeed smoke, and their hearts
15 lukewarm and slippery as the water with which Timon welcomed his astonished guests, bidding them, "Uncover, dogs, and lap"; and before they could recover their surprise, sprinkling it in their faces, that they might have enough, and throwing dishes and all after
20 them, who now ran huddling out, lords, ladies, with their caps snatched up in haste, a splendid confusion, Timon pursuing them, still calling them what they were, "smooth smiling parasites, destroyers under the mask of courtesy, affable wolves, meek bears, fools
25 of fortune, feast friends, time-flies." They, crowding out to avoid him, left the house more willingly than they had entered it; some losing their gowns and caps, and some their jewels in the hurry, all glad to escape out of the presence of such a mad lord, and
30 from the ridicule of his mock banquet.

This was the last feast which ever Timon made, and in it he took farewell of Athens and the society

of men; for, after that, he betook himself to the woods, turning his back upon the hated city and upon all mankind, wishing the walls of that detestable city might sink, and the houses fall upon their owners, wishing all plagues which infest humanity, war, 5 outrage, poverty, diseases, might fasten upon its inhabitants, praying the just gods to confound all Athenians, both young and old, high and low; so wishing, he went to the woods, where he said he should find the unkindest beast much kinder than 10 mankind. He stripped himself naked, that he might retain no fashion of a man, and dug a cave to live in, and lived solitary in the manner of a beast, eating the wild roots, and drinking water, flying from the face of his kind, and choosing rather to herd with 15 wild beasts, as more harmless and friendly than man.

What a change from lord Timon the rich, lord Timon the delight of mankind, to Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater! Where were his flatterers now? Where were his attendants and retinue? 20 Would the bleak air, that boisterous servitor, be his chamberlain, to put his shirt on warm? Would those stiff trees that had outlived the eagle, turn young and airy pages to him, to skip on his errands when he bade them? Would the cold brook when it was iced 25 with winter, administer to him his warm broths and caudles when sick of an overnight's surfeit? Or would the creatures that lived in those wild woods come and lick his hand and flatter him?

Here on a day, when he was digging for roots, 30 his poor sustenance, his spade struck against something heavy, which proved to be gold, a great heap

which some miser had probably buried in a time of alarm, thinking to have come again, and taken it from its prison, but died before the opportunity had arrived, without making any man privy to the concealment; so it lay, doing neither good nor harm, in the bowels of the earth, its mother, as if it had never come from thence, till the accidental striking of Timon's spade against it once more brought it to light.

10 Here was a mass of treasure which, if Timon had retained his old mind, was enough to have purchased him friends and flatterers again; but Timon was sick of the false world, and the sight of gold was poisonous to his eyes; and he would have restored it to the earth, 15 but that, thinking of the infinite calamities which by means of gold happen to mankind, how the lucre of it causes robberies, oppression, injustice, briberies, violence, and murder, among men, he had a pleasure in imagining (such a rooted hatred did he bear to his 20 species) that out of this heap, which in digging he had discovered, might arise some mischief to plague mankind. And some soldiers passing through the woods near to his cave at that instant, which proved to be a part of the troops of the Athenian captain 25 Alcibiades, who upon some disgust taken against the senators of Athens (the Athenians were ever noted to be a thankless and ungrateful people, giving disgust to their generals and best friends), was marching at the head of the same triumphant army which he had 30 formerly headed in their defence, to war against them; Timon, who liked their business well, bestowed upon their captain the gold to pay his soldiers, requiring

no other service from him, than that he should with his conquering army lay Athens level with the ground, and burn, slay, kill all her inhabitants; not sparing the old men for their white beards, for (he said) they were usurers, nor the young children for their seeming innocent smiles, for those (he said) would live, if they grew up, to be traitors; but to steel his eyes and ears against any sights or sounds that might awaken compassion; and not to let the cries of virgins, babes, or mothers, hinder him from making one universal massacre of the city, but to confound them all in his conquest; and when he had conquered, he prayed that the gods would confound him also, the conqueror: so thoroughly did Timon hate Athens, Athenians, and all mankind.

While he lived in this forlorn state, leading a life more brutal than human, he was suddenly surprised one day with the appearance of a man standing in an admiring posture at the door of his cave. It was Flavius, the honest steward, whom love and zealous affection to his master had led to seek him out at his wretched dwelling, and to offer his services; and the first sight of his master, the once noble Timon, in that abject condition, naked as he was born, living in the manner of a beast among beasts, looking like his own sad ruins and a monument of decay, so affected this good servant, that he stood speechless, wrapped up in horror, and confounded. And when he found utterance at last to his words, they were so choked with tears, that Timon had much ado to know him again, or to make out who it was that had come (so contrary to the experience he had had of mankind)

to offer him service in extremity. And being in the form and shape of a man, he suspected him for a traitor, and his tears for false; but the good servant by so many tokens confirmed the truth of his fidelity, 5 and made it clear that nothing but love and zealous duty to his once dear master had brought him there, that Timon was forced to confess that the world contained one honest man; yet, being in the shape and form of a man, he could not look upon his man's 10 face without abhorrence, or hear words uttered from his man's lips without loathing; and this singly honest man was forced to depart, because he was a man, and because, with a heart more gentle and compassionate than is usual to man, he bore man's detested form 15 and outward feature.

But greater visitants than a poor steward were about to interrupt the savage quiet of Timon's solitude. For now the day was come when the ungrateful lords of Athens sorely repented the injustice which they 20 had done to the noble Timon. For Alcibiades, like an incensed wild boar, was raging at the walls of their city, and with his hot siege threatened to lay fair Athens in the dust. And now the memory of lord Timon's former prowess and military conduct came 25 fresh into their forgetful minds, for Timon had been their general in past times, and a valiant and expert soldier, who alone of all the Athenians was deemed able to cope with a besieging army such as then threatened them, or to drive back the furious ap- 30 proaches of Alcibiades.

A deputation of the senators was chosen in this emergency to wait upon Timon. To him they come

in their extremity, to whom, when he was in extremity, they had shown but small regard; as if they presumed upon his gratitude whom they had obliged, and had derived a claim to his courtesy from their own most discourteous and unpiteous treatment. 5

Now they earnestly beseech him, implore him with tears, to return and save that city, from which their ingratitude had so lately driven him; now they offer him riches, power, dignities, satisfaction for past injuries, and public honors, and the public love; 10 their persons, lives, and fortunes, to be at his disposal, if he will but come back and save them. But Timon the naked, Timon the man-hater, was no longer lord Timon, the lord of bounty, the flower of valor, their defence in war, their ornament in peace. If 15 Alcibiades killed his countrymen, Timon cared not. If he sacked fair Athens, and slew her old men and her infants, Timon would rejoice. So he told them; and that there was not a knife in the unruly camp which he did not prize above the reverendest throat 20 in Athens.

This was all the answer he vouchsafed to the weeping disappointed senators; only at parting he bade them commend him to his countrymen, and tell them, that to ease them of their griefs and anxieties, 25 and to prevent the consequences of fierce Alcibiades' wrath, there was yet a way left, which he would teach them, for he had yet so much affection left for his dear countrymen as to be willing to do them a kindness before his death. These words a little revived the 30 senators, who hoped that his kindness for their city was returning. Then Timon told them that he had

a tree, which grew near his cave, which he should shortly have occasion to cut down, and he invited all his friends in Athens, high or low, of what degree soever, who wished to shun affliction, to come and
5 take a taste of his tree before he cut it down; meaning, that they might come and hang themselves on it, and escape affliction that way.

And this was the last courtesy, of all his noble bounties, which Timon showed to mankind, and this
10 the last sight of him which his countrymen had: for not many days after, a poor soldier, passing by the sea-beach, which was at a little distance from the woods which Timon frequented, found a tomb on the verge of the sea, with an inscription upon it,
15 purporting that it was the grave of Timon the man-hater, who "While he lived, did hate all living men, and dying wished a plague might consume all caitiffs left!"

Whether he finished his life by violence, or
20 whether mere distaste of life and the loathing he had for mankind brought Timon to his conclusion, was not clear, yet all men admired the fitness of his epitaph, and the consistency of his end; dying, as he had lived, a hater of mankind: and some there were who fancied
25 a conceit in the very choice which he had made of the sea-beach for his place of burial, where the vast sea might weep forever upon his grave, as in contempt of the transient and shallow tears of hypocritical and deceitful mankind.

ROMEO AND JULIET

THE two chief families in Verona were the rich Capulets and the Montagues. There had been an old quarrel between these families, which was grown to such a height, and so deadly was the enmity between them, that it extended to the remotest kindred, to the followers and retainers of both sides, insomuch that a servant of the house of Montague could not meet a servant of the house of Capulet, nor a Capulet encounter with a Montague by chance, but fierce words and sometimes bloodshed ensued; and frequent were the brawls from such accidental meetings, which disturbed the happy quiet of Verona's streets.

Old lord Capulet made a great supper, to which many fair ladies and many noble guests were invited. All the admired beauties of Verona were present, and all comers were made welcome if they were not of the house of Montague. At this feast of Capulets, Rosaline, beloved of Romeo, son to the old lord Montague, was present; and though it was dangerous for a Montague to be seen in this assembly, yet Benvolio, a friend of Romeo, persuaded the young lord to go to this assembly in the disguise of a mask, that he might see his Rosaline, and seeing her, compare her with some choice beauties of Verona, who (he said) would make him think his swan a crow. Romeo had small faith in Benvolio's words; nevertheless, for the love of Rosaline, he was persuaded to go. For Romeo was a sincere and passionate lover, and one that lost his

sleep for love, and fled society to be alone, thinking on Rosaline, who disdained him, and never requited his love with the least show of courtesy or affection; and Benvolio wished to cure his friend of this love
5 by showing him diversity of ladies and company. To this feast of Capulets then young Romeo with Benvolio and their friend Mercutio went masked. Old Capulet bid them welcome, and told them that ladies who had their toes unplagued with corns would
10 dance with them. And the old man was light hearted and merry, and said that he had worn a mask when he was young, and could have told a whispering tale in a fair lady's ear. And they fell to dancing, and Romeo was suddenly struck with the exceeding beauty
15 of a lady who danced there, who seemed to him to teach the torches to burn bright, and her beauty to show by night like a rich jewel worn by a blackamoor; beauty too rich for use, too dear for earth! like a snowy dove trooping with crows (he said), so richly
20 did her beauty and perfections shine above the ladies her companions. While he uttered these praises, he was overheard by Tybalt, a nephew of lord Capulet, who knew him by his voice to be Romeo. And this Tybalt, being of a fiery and passionate temper, could
25 not endure that a Montague should come under cover of a mask, to flier and scorn (as he said) at their solemnities. And he stormed and raged exceedingly, and would have struck young Romeo dead. But his uncle, the old lord Capulet, would not suffer him to
30 do any injury at that time, both out of respect to his guests, and because Romeo had borne himself like a gentleman, and all tongues in Verona bragged

of him to be a virtuous and well-governed youth. Tybalt, forced to be patient against his will, restrained himself, but swore that this vile Montague should at another time dearly pay for his intrusion.

The dancing being done, Romeo watched the 5 place where the lady stood; and under favor of his masking habit, which might seem to excuse in part the liberty, he presumed in the gentlest manner to take her by the hand, calling it a shrine, which if he profaned by touching it, he was a blushing pilgrim, 10 and would kiss it for atonement. "Good pilgrim," answered the lady, "your devotion shows by far too mannerly and too courtly: saints have hands, which pilgrims may touch, but kiss not." — "Have not saints lips, and pilgrims too?" said Romeo. "Ay," 15 said the lady, "lips which they must use in prayer." — "O then, my dear saint," said Romeo, "hear my prayer, and grant it, lest I despair." In such like allusions and loving conceits they were engaged, when the lady was called away to her mother. And Romeo 20 inquiring who her mother was, discovered that the lady whose peerless beauty he was so much struck with, was young Juliet, daughter and heir to the lord Capulet, the great enemy of the Montagues; and that he had unknowingly engaged his heart to his foe. 25 This troubled him, but it could not dissuade him from loving. As little rest had Juliet, when she found that the gentleman that she had been talking with was Romeo and a Montague, for she had been suddenly smit with the same hasty and inconsiderate passion 30 for Romeo, which he had conceived for her; and a prodigious birth of love it seemed to her, that she

must love her enemy, and that her affections should settle there, where family considerations should induce her chiefly to hate.

It being midnight, Romeo with his companions
5 departed ; but they soon missed him, for, unable to
stay away from the house where he had left his heart,
he leaped the wall of an orchard which was at the
back of Juliet's house. Here he had not been long,
ruminating on his new love, when Juliet appeared
10 above at a window, through which her exceeding
beauty seemed to break like the light of the sun in
the east ; and the moon, which shone in the orchard
with a faint light, appeared to Romeo as if sick and
pale with grief at the superior lustre of this new sun.
15 And she leaning her cheek upon her hand, he passionately
wished himself a glove upon that hand, that he
might touch her cheek. She all this while thinking
herself alone, fetched a deep sigh, and exclaimed,
“ Ah me ! ” Romeo, enraptured to hear her speak,
20 said softly, and unheard by her, “ O speak again,
bright angel, for such you appear, being over my
head, like a winged messenger from heaven whom
mortals fall back to gaze upon.” She, unconscious
of being overheard, and full of the new passion which
25 that night's adventure had given birth to, called upon
her lover by name (whom she supposed absent) : “ O
Romeo, Romeo ! ” said she, “ wherefore art thou
Romeo ? Deny thy father, and refuse thy name, for
my sake ; or if thou wilt not, be but my sworn love,
30 and I no longer will be a Capulet.” Romeo, having
this encouragement, would fain have spoken, but he
was desirous of hearing more ; and the lady continued

her passionate discourse with herself (as she thought), still chiding Romeo for being Romeo and a Montague, and wishing him some other name, or that he would put away that hated name, and for that name which was no part of himself, he should take all herself. 5 At this loving word Romeo could no longer refrain, but taking up the dialogue as if her words had been addressed to him personally, and not merely in fancy, he bade her call him Love, or by whatever other name she pleased, for he was no longer Romeo, if 10 that name was displeasing to her. Juliet, alarmed to hear a man's voice in the garden, did not at first know who it was, that by favor of the night and darkness had thus stumbled upon the discovery of her secret; but when he spoke again, though her ears 15 had not yet drunk a hundred words of that tongue's uttering, yet so nice is a lover's hearing, that she immediately knew him to be young Romeo, and she expostulated with him on the danger to which he had exposed himself by climbing the orchard walls, for 20 if any of her kinsmen should find him there, it would be death to him, being a Montague. "Alack," said Romeo, "there is more peril in your eye, than in twenty of their swords. Do you but look kind upon me, lady, and I am proof against their enmity. 25 Better my life should be ended by their hate, than that hated life should be prolonged, to live without your love."—"How came you into this place," said Juliet, "and by whose direction?"—"Love directed me," answered Romeo: "I am no pilot, yet wert 30 thou as far apart from me, as that vast shore which is washed with the farthest sea, I should venture

for such merchandise." A crimson blush came over Juliet's face, yet unseen by Romeo by reason of the night, when she reflected upon the discovery which she had made, yet not meaning to make it, of her love to Romeo. She would fain have recalled her words, but that was impossible: fain would she have stood upon form, and have kept her lover at a distance, as the custom of discreet ladies is, to frown and be perverse, and give their suitors harsh denials at first; to stand off, and affect a coyness or indifference, where they most love, that their lovers may not think them too lightly or too easily won; for the difficulty of attainment increases the value of the object. But there was no room in her case for denials, or puttings off, or any of the customary arts of delay and protracted courtship. Romeo had heard from her own tongue, when she did not dream that he was near her, a confession of her love. So with an honest frankness, which the novelty of her situation excused, she confirmed the truth of what he had before heard, and addressing him by the name of *fair Montague* (love can sweeten a sour name), she begged him not to impute her easy yielding to levity or an unworthy mind, but that he must lay the fault of it (if it were a fault) upon the accident of the night which had so strangely discovered her thoughts. And she added, that though her behavior to him might not be sufficiently prudent, measured by the custom of her sex, yet that she would prove more true than many whose prudence was dissembling, and their modesty artificial cunning.

Romeo was beginning to call the heavens to witness, that nothing was farther from his thoughts than to impute a shadow of dishonor to such an honored lady, when she stopped him, begging him not to swear ; for although she joyed in him, yet she had no joy of that night's contract : it was too rash, too unadvised, too sudden. But he being urgent with her to exchange a vow of love with him that night, she said that she already had given him hers before he requested it ; meaning, when he overheard her confession ; 5 but she would retract what she then bestowed, for the pleasure of giving it again, for her bounty was as infinite as the sea, and her love as deep. From this loving conference she was called away by her nurse, who slept with her, and thought it time for 15 her to be in bed, for it was near to daybreak ; but hastily returning, she said three or four words more to Romeo, the purport of which was, that if his love was indeed honorable, and his purpose marriage, she would send a messenger to him to-morrow, to 20 appoint a time for their marriage, when she would lay all her fortunes at his feet, and follow him as her lord through the world. While they were settling this point, Juliet was repeatedly called for by her nurse, and went in and returned, and went and returned again, 25 for she seemed as jealous of Romeo going from her, as a young girl of her bird, which she will let hop a little from her hand, and pluck it back with a silken thread ; and Romeo was as loath to part as she ; for the sweetest music to lovers is the sound of each 30 other's tongues at night. But at last they parted, wishing mutually sweet sleep and rest for that night.

The day was breaking when they parted, and Romeo, who was too full of thoughts of his mistress and that blessed meeting to allow him to sleep, instead of going home, bent his course to a monastery
5 hard by, to find friar Lawrence. The good friar was already up at his devotions, but seeing young Romeo abroad so early, he conjectured rightly that he had not been abed that night, but that some distemper
10 of youthful affection had kept him waking. He was right in imputing the cause of Romeo's wakefulness to love, but he made a wrong guess at the object, for he thought that his love for Rosaline had kept him waking. But when Romeo revealed his new passion for Juliet, and requested the assistance of the
15 friar to marry them that day, the holy man lifted up his eyes and hands in a sort of wonder at the sudden change in Romeo's affections, for he had been privy to all Romeo's love for Rosaline, and his many complaints of her disdain: and he said, that young men's
20 love lay not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes. But Romeo replying, that he himself had often chidden him for doting on Rosaline, who could not love him again, whereas Juliet both loved and was beloved by him, the friar assented in some measure to his reasons ;
25 and thinking that a matrimonial alliance between young Juliet and Romeo might happily be the means of making up the long breach between the Capulets and the Montagues ; which no one more lamented than this good friar, who was a friend to both the
30 families and had often interposed his mediation to make up the quarrel without effect ; partly moved by policy, and partly by his fondness for young Romeo,

to whom he could deny nothing, the old man consented to join their hands in marriage.

Now was Romeo blessed indeed, and Juliet, who knew his intent from a messenger which she had despatched according to promise, did not fail to be early at the cell of friar Lawrence, where their hands were joined in holy marriage; the good friar praying the heavens to smile upon that act, and in the union of this young Montague and young Capulet to bury the old strife and long dissensions of their families.

The ceremony being over, Juliet hastened home, where she stayed impatient for the coming of night, at which time Romeo promised to come and meet her in the orchard, where they had met the night before; and the time between seemed as tedious to her, as the night before some great festival seems to an impatient child, that has got new finery which it may not put on till the morning.

That same day, about noon, Romeo's friends, Benvolio and Mercutio, walking through the streets of Verona, were met by a party of the Capulets with the impetuous Tybalt at their head. This was the same angry Tybalt who would have fought with Romeo at old lord Capulet's feast. He, seeing Mercutio, accused him bluntly of associating with Romeo, a Montague. Mercutio, who had as much fire and youthful blood in him as Tybalt, replied to this accusation with some sharpness; and in spite of all Benvolio could say to moderate their wrath, a quarrel was beginning, when Romeo himself passing that way, the fierce Tybalt turned from Mercutio to Romeo, and gave him the disgraceful appellation of villain. Romeo wished to avoid

a quarrel with Tybalt above all men, because he was the kinsman of Juliet, and much beloved by her; besides, this young Montague had never thoroughly entered into the family quarrel, being by nature wise and gentle, and the name of a Capulet, which was his dear lady's name, was now rather a charm to allay resentment, than a watchword to excite fury. So he tried to reason with Tybalt, whom he saluted mildly by the name of *good Capulet*, as if he, though a Montague, had some secret pleasure in uttering that name: but Tybalt, who hated all Montagues, would hear no reason, but drew his weapon; and Mercutio, who knew not of Romeo's secret motive for desiring peace with Tybalt, but looked upon his present forbearance as a sort of calm dishonorable submission, with many disdainful words provoked Tybalt to the prosecution of his first quarrel with him; and Tybalt and Mercutio fought, till Mercutio fell, receiving his death's wound while Romeo and Benvolio were vainly endeavoring to part the combatants. Mercutio being dead, Romeo kept his temper no longer, but returned the scornful appellation of villain which Tybalt had given him; and they fought till Tybalt was slain by Romeo. This deadly broil falling out in the midst of Verona at noon-day, the news of it quickly brought a crowd of citizens to the spot, and among them the old lords Capulet and Montague, with their wives; and soon after arrived the prince himself, who being related to Mercutio, whom Tybalt had slain, and having had the peace of his government often disturbed by these brawls of Montagues and Capulets, came determined to put the law in strictest force against those who should be found to

be offenders. Benvolio, who had been eyewitness to the fray, was commanded by the prince to relate the origin of it; which he did, keeping as near the truth as he could without injury to Romeo, softening and excusing the part which his friends took in it. Lady 5 Capulet, whose extreme grief for the loss of her kinsman Tybalt made her keep no bounds in her revenge, exhorted the prince to do strict justice upon his murderer, and to pay no attention to Benvolio's representation, who, being Romeo's friend and a Montague, 10 spoke partially. Thus she pleaded against her new son-in-law, but she knew not yet that he was her son-in-law and Juliet's husband. On the other hand was to be seen Lady Montague pleading for her child's life, and arguing with some justice that Romeo had 15 done nothing worthy of punishment in taking the life of Tybalt, which was already forfeited to the law by his having slain Mercutio. The prince, unmoved by the passionate exclamations of these women, on a careful examination of the facts, pronounced his sentence, 20 and by that sentence Romeo was banished from Verona.

Heavy news to young Juliet, who had been but a few hours a bride, and now by this decree seemed everlastingly divorced! When the tidings reached 25 her, she at first gave way to rage against Romeo, who had slain her dear cousin: she called him a beautiful tyrant, a fiend angelical, a ravenous dove, a lamb with a wolf's nature, a serpent-heart hid with a flowering face, and other like contradictory names, which 30 denoted the struggles in her mind between her love and her resentment: but in the end love got the

mastery, and the tears which she shed for grief that Romeo had slain her cousin, turned to drops of joy that her husband lived whom Tybalt would have slain. Then came fresh tears, and they were altogether of
5 grief for Romeo's banishment. That word was more terrible to her than the death of many Tybalts.

Romeo, after the fray, had taken refuge in friar Lawrence's cell, where he was first made acquainted with the prince's sentence, which seemed to him far
10 more terrible than death. To him it appeared there was no world out of Verona's walls, no living out of the sight of Juliet. The good friar would have applied the consolation of philosophy to his griefs: but this
15 frantic young man would hear of none, but like a mad-man he tore his hair, and threw himself all along upon the ground, as he said, to take the measure of his grave. From this unseemly state he was roused by a message from his dear lady, which a little revived
20 him; and then the friar took the advantage to ex- postulate with him on the unmanly weakness which he had shown. He had slain Tybalt, but would he also slay himself, slay his dear lady, who lived but in his life? The noble form of man, he said, was but a shape of wax, when it wanted the courage
25 which should keep it firm. The law had been lenient to him, that instead of death, which he had incurred, had pronounced by the prince's mouth only banishment. He had slain Tybalt, but Tybalt would have slain him: there was a sort of happiness in that.
30 Juliet was alive, and (beyond all hope) had become his dear wife; therein he was most happy. All these blessings, as the friar made them out to be, did

Romeo put from him like a sullen misbehaved wench. And the friar bade him beware, for such as despaired (he said) died miserable. Then when Romeo was a little calmed, he counselled him that he should go that night and secretly take his leave of Juliet, ⁵ and thence proceed straightways to Mantua, at which place he should sojourn, till the friar found fit occasion to publish his marriage, which might be a joyful means of reconciling their families; and then he did not doubt but the prince would be moved to pardon ¹⁰ him, and he would return with twenty times more joy than he went forth with grief. Romeo was convinced by these wise counsels of the friar, and took his leave to go and seek his lady, proposing to stay with her that night, and by daybreak pursue his journey alone ¹⁵ to Mantua; to which place the good friar promised to send him letters from time to time, acquainting him with the state of affairs at home.

That night Romeo passed with his dear wife, gaining secret admission to her chamber, from the ²⁰ orchard in which he had heard her confession of love the night before. That had been a night of unmixed joy and rapture; but the pleasures of this night, and the delight which these lovers took in each other's society, were sadly allayed with the prospect of part- ²⁵ ing, and the fatal adventures of the past day. The unwelcome daybreak seemed to come too soon, and when Juliet heard the morning song of the lark, she would have persuaded herself that it was the nightingale, which sings by night; but it was too truly ³⁰ the lark which sang, and a discordant and displeasing note it seemed to her; and the streaks of day in the

east too certainly pointed out that it was time for these lovers to part. Romeo took his leave of his dear wife with a heavy heart, promising to write to her from Mantua every hour in the day ; and when he
5 had descended from her chamber window, as he stood below her on the ground, in that sad foreboding state of mind in which she was, he appeared to her eyes as one dead in the bottom of a tomb. Romeo's mind misgave him in like manner : but now he was forced
10 hastily to depart, for it was death for him to be found within the walls of Verona after daybreak.

This was but the beginning of the tragedy of this pair of star-crossed lovers. Romeo had not been gone many days, before the old lord Capulet proposed a
15 match for Juliet. The husband he had chosen for her, not dreaming that she was married already, was count Paris, a gallant, young, and noble gentleman, no unworthy suitor to the young Juliet, if she had never seen Romeo.

20 The terrified Juliet was in a sad perplexity at her father's offer. She pleaded her youth unsuitable to marriage, the recent death of Tybalt, which had left her spirits too weak to meet a husband with any face of joy, and how indecorous it would show for the
25 family of the Capulets to be celebrating a nuptial feast, when his funeral solemnities were hardly over: she pleaded every reason against the match, but the true one, namely, that she was married already. But lord Capulet was deaf to all her excuses, and in a peremp-
30 tory manner ordered her to get ready, for by the following Thursday she should be married to Paris : and having found her a husband, rich, young, and noble,

such as the proudest maid in Verona might joyfully accept, he could not bear that out of an affected coyness, as he construed her denial, she should oppose obstacles to her own good fortune. ✓

In this extremity Juliet applied to the friendly 5 friar, always her counsellor in distress, and he asking her if she had resolution to undertake a desperate remedy, and she answering that she would go into the grave alive rather than marry Paris, her own dear husband living; he directed her to go home, and 10 appear merry, and give her consent to marry Paris, according to her father's desire, and on the next night, which was the night before the marriage, to drink off the contents of a phial which he then gave her, the effect of which would be that for two-and-forty hours 15 after drinking it she should appear cold and lifeless; and when the bridegroom came to fetch her in the morning, he would find her to appearance dead; that then she would be borne, as the manner in that country was, uncovered on bier, to be buried in the family 20 vault: that if she could put off womanish fear, and consent to this terrible trial, in forty-two hours after swallowing the liquid (such was its certain operation) she would be sure to awake, as from a dream; and before she should awake, he would let her husband 25 know their drift, and he should come in the night, and bear her thence to Mantua. Love, and the dread of marrying Paris, gave young Juliet strength to undertake this horrible adventure; and she took the phial of the friar, promising to observe his directions. 30

Going from the monastery, she met the young count Paris, and modestly dissembling, promised to

become his bride. This was joyful news to the lord Capulet and his wife. It seemed to put youth into the old man ; and Juliet, who had displeased him exceedingly, by her refusal of the count, was his darling again, now she promised to be obedient. All things in the house were in a bustle against the approaching nuptials. No cost was spared to prepare such festival rejoicings as Verona had never before witnessed.

10 On the Wednesday night Juliet drank off the potion. She had many misgivings lest the friar, to avoid the blame which might be imputed to him for marrying her to Romeo, had given her poison ; but then he was always known for a holy man: then lest
15 she should awake before the time that Romeo was to come for her ; whether the terror of the place, a vault full of dead Capulets' bones, and where Tybalt lay festering in his shroud, would not be enough to drive her distracted: again she thought of all the stories
20 she had heard of spirits haunting the places where their bodies were bestowed. But then her love for Romeo, and her aversion for Paris returned, and she desperately swallowed the draught, and became insensible.

25 When young Paris came early in the morning with music to awaken his bride, instead of a living Juliet, her chamber presented the dreary spectacle of a lifeless corse. What death to his hopes ! What confusion then reigned through the whole house !
30 Poor Paris lamenting his bride, whom most detestable death had beguiled him of, had divorced from him even before their bands were joined. But still more

piteous it was to hear the mournings of the old lord and lady Capulet, who having but this one, one poor loving child to rejoice and solace in, cruel death had snatched her from their sight, just as these careful parents were on the point of seeing her advanced (as they thought) 5 by a promising and advantageous match. Now all things that were ordained for the festival were turned from their properties to do the office of a black funeral. The wedding cheer served for a sad burial feast, the bridal hymns were changed for sullen dirges, the 10 sprightly instruments to melancholy bells, and the flowers that should have been strewed in the bride's path, now served but to strew her corse. Now, instead of a priest to marry her, a priest was needed to bury her; and she was borne to church indeed, not to 15 augment the cheerful hopes of the living, but to swell the dreary numbers of the dead.

Bad news, which always travels faster than good, now brought the dismal story of his Juliet's death to Romeo, at Mantua, before the messenger could arrive, 20 who was sent from friar Lawrence to appraise him that these were mock funerals only, and but the shadow and representation of death, and that his dear lady lay in the tomb but for a short while, expecting when Romeo would come to release her from that dreary 25 mansion. Just before, Romeo had been unusually joyful and light-hearted. He had dreamed in the night that he was dead (a strange dream, that gave a dead man leave to think), and that his lady came and found him dead, and breathed such life with 30 kisses in his lips, that he revived, and was an emperor! And now that messenger came from Verona, he

thought surely it was to confirm some good news which his dreams had presaged. But when the contrary to this flattering vision appeared, and that it was his lady who was dead in truth, whom he could
5 not revive by any kisses, he ordered horses to be got ready, for he determined that night to visit Verona, and to see his lady in her tomb. And as mischief is swift to enter into the thoughts of desperate men, he called to mind a poor apothecary, whose shop in
10 Mantua he had lately passed, and from the beggarly appearance of the man, who seemed famished, and the wretched show in his shop of empty boxes ranged on dirty shelves, and other tokens of extreme wretchedness, he had said at the time (perhaps having
15 some misgivings that his own disastrous life might haply meet with a conclusion so desperate), "If a man were to need poison, which by the law of Mantua it is death to sell, here lives a poor wretch who would sell it him." These words of his now came into his
20 mind, and he sought out the apothecary, who after some pretended scruples, Romeo offering him gold, which his poverty could not resist, sold him a poison, which, if he swallowed, he told him, if he had the strength of twenty men, would quickly despatch him.
25 With this poison he set out for Verona, to have a sight of his dear lady in her tomb, meaning, when he had satisfied his sight, to swallow the poison, and be buried by her side. He reached Verona at midnight, and found the churchyard, in the midst of which was
30 situated the ancient tomb of the Capulets. He had provided a light, and a spade, and wrenching iron, and was proceeding to break open the monument,

when he was interrupted by a voice, which by the name of *vile Montague*, bade him desist from his unlawful business. It was the young count Paris, who had come to the tomb of Juliet at that unseasonable time of night, to strew flowers and to weep over the 5 grave of her that should have been his bride. He knew not what an interest Romeo had in the dead, but knowing him to be a Montague, and (as he supposed) a sworn foe to all the Capulets, he judged that he was come by night to do some villanous shame 10 to the dead bodies; therefore in an angry tone he bade him desist; and as a criminal, condemned by the laws of Verona to die if he were found within the walls of the city, he would have apprehended him. Romeo urged Paris to leave him, and warned him by the fate 15 of Tybalt, who lay buried there, not to provoke his anger, or draw down another sin upon his head, by forcing him to kill him. But the count in scorn refused his warning, and laid hands on him as a felon, which Romeo resisting, they fought, and Paris fell. 20 When Romeo, by the help of a light, came to see who it was that he had slain, that it was Paris, who (he learned in his way from Mantua) should have married Juliet, he took the dead youth by the hand, as one whom misfortune had made a companion, and said 25 that he would bury him in a triumphal grave, meaning in Juliet's grave, which he now opened: and there lay his lady, as one whom death had no power upon to change a feature or complexion, in her matchless beauty; or as if Death were amorous, and the lean 30 abhorred monster kept her there for his delight; for she lay yet fresh and blooming, as she had fallen to

sleep when she swallowed that benumbing potion; and near her lay Tybalt in his bloody shroud, whom Romeo seeing, begged pardon of his lifeless corse, and for Juliet's sake called him *cousin*, and said that he was
5 about to do him a favor by putting his enemy to death. Here Romeo took his last leave of his lady's lips, kissing them; and here he shook the burden of his cross stars from his weary body, swallowing that
10 operation was fatal and real, not like that dissembling potion which Juliet had swallowed, the effect of which was now nearly expiring, and she about to awake to complain that Romeo had not kept his time, or that he had come too soon.

15 For now the hour was arrived at which the friar had promised that she should awake; and he, having learned that his letters which he had sent to Mantua, by some unlucky detention of the messenger, had never reached Romeo, came himself, provided with a
20 pickaxe and lantern, to deliver the lady from her confinement; but he was surprised to find a light already burning in the Capulets' monument, and to see swords and blood near it, and Romeo and Paris lying breathless by the monument.

25 Before he could entertain a conjecture, to imagine how these fatal accidents had fallen out, Juliet awoke out of her trance, and seeing the friar near her, she remembered the place where she was, and the occasion of her being there, and asked for Romeo, but the friar,
30 hearing a noise, bade her come out of that place of death, and of unnatural sleep, for a greater power than they could contradict had thwarted their intents;

and being frightened by the noise of people coming, he fled : but when Juliet saw the cup closed in her true love's hands, she guessed that poison had been the cause of his end, and she would have swallowed the dregs if any had been left, and she kissed his still 5 warm lips to try if any poison yet did hang upon them ; then hearing a nearer noise of people coming, she quickly unsheathed a dagger which she wore, and stabbing herself, died by her true Romeo's side.

The watch by this time had come up to the place. 10 A page belonging to count Paris, who had witnessed the fight between his master and Romeo, had given the alarm, which had spread among the citizens, who went up and down the streets of Verona confusedly exclaiming, A Paris! a Romeo! a Juliet! as the rumor 15 had imperfectly reached them, till the uproar brought lord Montague and lord Capulet out of their beds, with the prince, to inquire into the causes of the disturbance. The friar had been apprehended by some of the watch, coming from the churchyard, trembling, 20 sighing, and weeping, in a suspicious manner. A great multitude being assembled at the Capulets' monument, the friar was demanded by the prince to deliver what he knew of these strange and disastrous accidents. 25

And there, in the presence of the old lords Montague and Capulet, he faithfully related the story of their children's fatal love, the part he took in promoting their marriage, in the hope in that union to end the long quarrels between their families: how Romeo, 30 there dead, was husband to Juliet ; and Juliet, there dead, was Romeo's faithful wife ; how before he could

find a fit opportunity to divulge their marriage, another match was projected for Juliet, who, to avoid the crime of a second marriage, swallowed the sleeping draught (as he advised), and all thought her dead ;
5 how meantime he wrote to Romeo, to come and take her thence when the force of the potion should cease, and by what unfortunate miscarriage of the messenger the letters never reached Romeo : further than this the friar could not follow the story, nor knew more
10 than that coming himself, to deliver Juliet from that place of death, he found the count Paris and Romeo slain. The remainder of the transactions was supplied by the narration of the page who had seen Paris and Romeo fight, and by the servant who came with
15 Romeo from Verona, to whom this faithful lover had given letters to be delivered to his father in the event of his death, which made good the friar's words, confessing his marriage with Juliet, imploring the forgiveness of his parents, acknowledging the buying of
20 the poison of the poor apothecary, and his intent in coming to the monument, to die, and lie with Juliet. All these circumstances agreed together to clear the friar from any hand he could be supposed to have in these complicated slaughters, further than as the un-
25 intended consequences of his own well meant, yet too artificial and subtle contrivances.

And the prince, turning to these old lords, Montague and Capulet, rebuked them for their brutal and irrational enmities, and showed them what a scourge
30 Heaven had laid upon such offences, that it had found means even through the love of their children to punish their unnatural hate. And these old rivals,

no longer enemies, agreed to bury their long strife in their children's graves ; and lord Capulet requested lord Montague to give him his hand, calling him by the name of brother, as if in acknowledgment of the union of their families, by the marriage of the young Capulet and Montague; and saying that lord Montague's hand (in token of reconciliation) was all he demanded for his daughter's jointure: but lord Montague said he would give him more, for he would raise her a statue of pure gold, that while Verona kept its name, no figure should be so esteemed for its richness and workmanship as that of the true and faithful Juliet. And lord Capulet in return said that he would raise another statue to Romeo. So did these poor old lords, when it was too late, strive to outgo each other in mutual courtesies : while so deadly had been their rage and enmity in past times, that nothing but the fearful overthrow of their children (poor sacrifices to their quarrels and dissensions) could remove the rooted hates and jealousies of the noble families.

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

GERTRUDE, queen of Denmark, becoming a widow by the sudden death of King Hamlet, in less than two months after his death married his brother Claudius, which was noted by all people at the time for a strange act of indiscretion, or unfeelingness, or worse : for this Claudius did no ways

resemble her late husband in the qualities of his person or his mind, but was as contemptible in outward appearance, as he was base and unworthy in disposition; and suspicions did not fail to arise in the
5 minds of some, that he had privately made away with his brother, the late king, with the view of marrying his widow, and ascending the throne of Denmark, to the exclusion of young Hamlet, the son of the buried king, and lawful successor to the throne.

10 But upon no one did this unadvised action of the queen make such impression as upon this young prince, who loved and venerated the memory of his dead father almost to idolatry, and being of a nice sense of honor, and a most exquisite practiser of
15 propriety himself, did sorely take to heart this unworthy conduct of his mother Gertrude: insomuch that, between grief for his father's death and shame for his mother's marriage, this young prince was overclouded with a deep melancholy, and lost all his
20 mirth and all his good looks; all his customary pleasure in books forsook him, his princely exercises and sports, proper to his youth, were no longer acceptable; he grew weary of the world, which seemed to him an unweeded garden, where all the wholesome flowers
25 were choked up, and nothing but weeds could thrive. Not that the prospect of exclusion from the throne, his lawful inheritance, weighed so much upon his spirits though that to a young and high-minded prince was a bitter wound and a sore indignity; but
30 what so galled him, and took away all his cheerful spirits, was, that his mother had shown herself so forgetful to his father's memory: and such a father!

who had been to her so loving and so gentle a husband! and then she always appeared as loving and obedient a wife to him, and would hang upon him as if her affection grew to him: and now within two months, or as it seemed to young Hamlet, less than two 5 months, she had married again, married his uncle, her dear husband's brother, in itself a highly improper and unlawful marriage, from the nearness of relationship, but made much more so by the indecent haste with which it was concluded, and the unkingly 10 character of the man whom she had chosen. This it was, which more than the loss of ten kingdoms, dashed the spirits and brought a cloud over the mind of this honorable young prince.

In vain was all that his mother Gertrude or the 15 king could do to contrive to divert him; he still appeared in court in a suit of deep black, as mourning for the king his father's death, which mode of dress he had never laid aside, not even in compliment to his mother upon the day she was married, nor 20 could he be brought to join in any of the festivities or rejoicings of that (as appeared to him) disgraceful day.

What mostly troubled him was an uncertainty about the manner of his father's death. It was given out by Claudius that a serpent had stung him; but 25 young Hamlet had shrewd suspicions that Claudius himself was the serpent; in plain English, that he had murdered him for his crown, and that the serpent who stung his father did now sit on the throne.

How far he was right in this conjecture, and what 30 he ought to think of his mother, how far she was privy to this murder, and whether by her consent or

knowledge, or without, it came to pass, were the doubts which continually harassed and distracted him.

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

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

When night came he took his stand with Horatio, and Marcellus, one of the guard, upon the platform, where this apparition was accustomed to walk : and it being a cold night, and the air unusually raw and nipping, Hamlet and Horatio and their companion fell 5 into some talk about the coldness of the night, which was suddenly broken off by Horatio announcing that the ghost was coming.

At the sight of his father's spirit, Hamlet was struck with a sudden surprise and fear. He at first 10 called upon the angels and heavenly ministers to defend them, for he knew not whether it were a good spirit or bad; whether it came for good or evil : but he gradually assumed more courage ; and his father (as it seemed to him) looked upon him so piteously, 15 and as it were desiring to have conversation with him, and did in all respects appear so like himself as he was when he lived, that Hamlet could not help addressing him : he called him by his name, Hamlet, King, Father ! and conjured him that he would tell 20 the reason why he had left his grave, where they had seen him quietly bestowed, to come again and visit the earth and the moonlight : and besought him that he would let them know if there was any thing which they could do to give peace to his spirit. And the 25 ghost beckoned to Hamlet, that he should go with him to some more removed place, where they might be alone; and Horatio and Marcellus would have dissuaded the young prince from following it, for they feared lest it should be some evil spirit, who 30 would tempt him to the neighboring sea, or to the top of some dreadful cliff, and there put on some

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

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

to leave her to heaven, and to the stings and thorns of conscience. And Hamlet promised to observe the ghost's direction in all things, and the ghost vanished.

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

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

From this time Hamlet affected a certain wildness and strangeness in his apparel, his speech, and 30 behavior, and did so excellently counterfeit the madman, that the king and queen were both deceived.

and not thinking his grief for his father's death a sufficient cause to produce such a distemper, for they knew not of the appearance of the ghost, they concluded that his malady was love, and they thought
5 they had found out the object.

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

Though the rough business which Hamlet had in hand, the revenging of his father's death upon his
30 murderer, did not suit with the playful state of courtship, or admit of the society of so idle a passion as love now seemed to him, yet it could not hinder

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

But Hamlet's malady lay deeper than she supposed, or than could be so cured. His father's ghost, which he had seen, still haunted his imagination, and the sacred injunction to revenge his murder gave him no rest till it was accomplished. Every hour of delay seemed to him a sin, and a violation of his father's commands. Yet how to compass the death of the king, surrounded as he constantly was with his guards, was no easy matter. Or if it had been, the presence of the queen, Hamlet's mother, who was generally with the king, was a restraint upon his purpose, which he

could not break through. Besides, the very circumstance that the usurper was his mother's husband filled him with some remorse, and still blunted the edge of his purpose. The mere act of putting a fellow-creature to death was in itself odious and terrible to a disposition naturally so gentle as Hamlet's was. His very melancholy, and the dejection of spirits he had so long been in, produced an irresoluteness and wavering of purpose, which kept him from proceeding to extremities. Moreover, he could not help having some scruples upon his mind, whether the spirit which he had seen was indeed his father, or whether it might not be a fiend that might have assumed his father's shape only to take advantage of his weakness and his melancholy, to drive him to the doing of so desperate an act as murder. And he determined that he would have more certain grounds to go upon than a vision, or apparition, which might be a delusion.

While he was in this irresolute mind there came to the court certain players, in whom Hamlet formerly used to take delight, and particularly to hear one of them speak a tragical speech, describing the death of old Priam, King of Troy, with the grief of Hecuba his queen. Hamlet welcomed his old friends, the players, and remembering how that speech had formerly given him pleasure, requested the player to repeat it; which he did in so lively a manner, setting forth the cruel murder of the feeble old king, with the destruction of his people and city by fire, and the mad grief of the old queen, running barefoot up and down the palace, with a poor clout upon that head where a crown had been, and with nothing but

a blanket upon her loins, snatched up in haste, where she had worn a royal robe ; that not only it drew tears from all that stood by, who thought they saw the real scene, so lively was it represented, but even the player himself delivered it with a broken voice and real tears. This put Hamlet upon thinking, if that player could so work himself up to passion by a mere fictitious speech, to weep for one that he had never seen, for Hecuba, that had been dead so many hundred years, how dull was he, who having a real motive and cue for passion, a real king and a dear father murdered, was yet so little moved, that his revenge all this while had seemed to have slept in dull and muddy forgetfulness ! and while he meditated on actors and acting, and the powerful effects which a good play, represented to the life, has upon the spectator, he remembered the instance of some murderer, who seeing a murder on the stage, was by the mere force of the scene and resemblance of circumstances so affected, that on the spot he confessed the crime which he had committed. And he determined that these players should play something like the murder of his father before his uncle, and he would watch narrowly what effect it might have upon him, and from his looks he would be able to gather with more certainty if he were the murderer or not. To this effect he ordered a play to be prepared, to the representation of which he invited the king and queen.

The story of the play was of a murder done in Vienna upon a duke. The duke's name was Gonzago, his wife Baptista. The play showed how one Lucianus, a near relation to the duke, poisoned him in his

garden for his estate, and how the murderer in a short time after got the love of Gonzago's wife.

At the representation of this play, the king, who did not know the trap which was laid for him, was
5 present, with his queen and the whole court : Hamlet sitting attentively near him to observe his looks. The play began with a conversation between Gonzago and his wife, in which the lady made many protestations of love, and of never marrying a second husband, if she
10 should outlive Gonzago ; wishing she might be accursed if she ever took a second husband, and adding that no woman did so, but those wicked women who kill their first husbands. Hamlet observed the king his uncle change color at this expression, and that
15 it was as bad as wormwood both to him and to the queen. But when Lucianus, according to the story, came to poison Gonzago sleeping in the garden, the strong resemblance which it bore to his own wicked act upon the late king, his brother, whom he had
20 poisoned in his garden, so struck upon the conscience of this usurper, that he was unable to sit out the rest of the play, but on a sudden calling for lights to his chamber, and affecting or partly feeling a sudden sickness, he abruptly left the theater. The king being
25 departed, the play was given over. Now Hamlet had seen enough to be satisfied that the words of the ghost were true, and no illusion ; and in a fit of gaiety, like that which comes over a man who suddenly has some great doubt or scruple resolved, he swore to Horatio,
30 that he would take the ghost's word for a thousand pounds. But before he could make up his resolution as to what measures of revenge he should take, now

he was certainly informed that his uncle was his father's murderer, he was sent for by the queen, his mother, to a private conference in her closet.

It was by desire of the king that the queen sent for Hamlet, that she might signify to her son how much 5 his late behavior had displeased them both, and the king, wishing to know all that passed at that conference, and thinking that the too partial report of a mother might let slip some part of Hamlet's words, which it might much import the king to know, Polo- 10 nius, the old counsellor of state, was ordered to plant himself behind the hangings in the queen's closet, where he might unseen hear all that passed. This artifice was particularly adapted to the disposition of Polonius, who was a man grown old in crooked maxims 15 and policies of state, and delighted to get at the knowledge of matters in an indirect and cunning way.

Hamlet being come to his mother, she began to tax him in the roundest way with his actions and behavior, and she told him that he had given great 20 offence to *his father*, meaning the king, his uncle, whom, because he had married her, she called Hamlet's father. Hamlet, sorely indignant that she should give so dear and honored a name as father seemed to him, to a wretch who was indeed no better than the mur- 25 derer of his true father, with some sharpness replied, "Mother, you have much offended *my father*." The queen said that was but an idle answer. "As good as the question deserved," said Hamlet. The queen asked him if he had forgotten who it was he was speak- 30 ing to? "Alas!" replied Hamlet, "I wish I could forget. You are the queen, your husband's brother's

wife ; and you are my mother : I wish you were not what you are." "Nay, then," said the queen, "if you show me so little respect, I will set those to you that can speak," and was going to send the king or 5 Polonius to him. But Hamlet would not let her go, now he had her alone, till he had tried if his words could not bring her to some sense of her wicked life ; and, taking her by the wrist, he held her fast, and made her sit down. She, affrighted at his earnest 10 manner, and fearful lest in his lunacy he should do her a mischief, cried out ; and a voice was heard from behind the hangings, " Help, help, the queen ! " which Hamlet hearing, and verily thinking that it was the king himself there concealed, he drew his sword and 15 stabbed at the place where the voice came from, as he would have stabbed a rat that ran there, till the voice ceasing, he concluded the person to be dead. But when he dragged forth the body, it was not the king, but Polonius, the old officious counsellor, that 20 had planted himself as a spy behind the hangings. " Oh me ! " exclaimed the queen, " what a rash and bloody deed have you done ! " " A bloody deed, mother," replied Hamlet, " but not so bad as yours, who killed a king, and married his brother." Hamlet 25 had gone too far to leave off here. He was now in the humor to speak plainly to his mother, and he pursued it. And though the faults of parents are to be tenderly treated by their children, yet in the case of great crimes the son may have leave to speak even 30 to his own mother with some harshness, so as that harshness is meant for her good, and to turn her from her wicked ways, and not done for the purpose

of upbraiding. And now this virtuous prince did in moving terms represent to the queen the heinousness of her offence, in being so forgetful of the dead king, his father, as in so short a space of time to marry with his brother and reputed murderer: such an act 5 as, after the vows which she had sworn to her first husband, was enough to make all vows of women suspected, and all virtue to be accounted hypocrisy, wedding contracts to be less than gamesters' oaths, and religion to be a mockery and a mere form of 10 words. He said she had done such a deed, that the heavens blushed at it, and the earth was sick of her because of it. And he showed her two pictures, the one of the late king, her first husband, and the other of the present king, her second husband, and he bade 15 her mark the difference; what a grace was on the brow of his father, how like a god he looked! the curls of Apollo, the forehead of Jupiter, the eye of Mars, and a posture like to Mercury newly alighted on some heaven-kissing hill! this man, he said, *had* 20 *been* her husband. And then he showed her whom she had got in his stead: how like a blight or a mildew he looked, for so he had blasted his wholesome brother. And the queen was sore ashamed that he should so turn her eyes inward upon her soul, which 25 she now saw so black and deformed. And he asked her how she could continue to live with this man, and be a wife to him, who had murdered her first husband, and got the crown by as false means as a thief—and just as he spoke, the ghost of his father, 30 such as he was in his lifetime, and such as he had lately seen it, entered the room, and Hamlet, in great

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

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

30 The unfortunate death of Polonius gave the king a pretence of sending Hamlet out of the kingdom. He would willingly have put him to death, fearing him as

dangerous; but he dreaded the people, who loved Hamlet, and the queen, who, with all her faults, doted upon the prince, her son. So this subtle king, under pretence of providing for Hamlet's safety, that he might not be called to account for Polonius' death, caused 5 him to be conveyed on board a ship bound for England, under the care of two courtiers, by whom he despatched letters to the English court, which in that time was in subjection and paid tribute to Denmark, requiring for special reasons there pretended, that Hamlet should be 10 put to death as soon as he landed on English ground. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery, in the night-time secretly got at the letters, and skilfully erasing his own name, he in the stead of it put in the names of those two courtiers, who had the charge of him, to be put to 15 death: then sealing up the letters, he put them into their place again. Soon after the ship was attacked by pirates, and a sea-fight commenced; in the course of which Hamlet, desirous to show his valor, with sword in hand singly boarded the enemy's vessel; while his 20 own ship, in a cowardly manner, bore away, and leaving him to his fate, the two courtiers made the best of their way to England, charged with those letters the sense of which Hamlet had altered to their own deserved destruction. 25

The pirates, who had the prince in their power, showed themselves gentle enemies; and knowing whom they had got prisoner, in the hope that the prince might do them a good turn at court in recompense for any favor they might show him, they set Hamlet on 30 shore at the nearest port in Denmark. From that place Hamlet wrote to the king, acquainting him with the

strange chance which had brought him back to his own country, and saying that on the next day he should present himself before his majesty. When he got home, a sad spectacle offered itself the first thing to his eyes.

5 This was the funeral of the young and beautiful Ophelia, his once dear mistress. The wits of this young lady had begun to turn ever since her poor father's death. That he should die a violent death, and by the hands of the prince whom she loved, so
10 affected this tender young maid, that in a little time she grew perfectly distracted, and would go about giving flowers away to the ladies of the court, and saying that they were for her father's burial, singing songs about love and about death, and sometimes such
15 as had no meaning at all, as if she had no memory of what happened to her. There was a willow which grew slanting over a brook, and reflected its leaves on the stream. To this brook she came one day when she was unwatched, with garlands she had been making,
20 mixed up of daisies and nettles, flowers and weeds together, and clambering up to hang her garland upon the boughs of the willow, a bough broke, and precipitated this fair young maid, garland, and all that she had gathered, into the water, where her clothes bore
25 her up for a while, during which she chanted scraps of old tunes, like one insensible to her own distress, or as if she were a creature natural to that element: but long it was not before her garments, heavy with the wet, pulled her in from her melodious singing to a muddy
30 and miserable death. It was the funeral of this fair maid which her brother Laertes was celebrating, the king and queen and whole court being present, when

Hamlet arrived. He knew not what all this show imported, but stood on one side, not inclining to interrupt the ceremony. He saw the flowers strewed upon her grave, as the custom was in maiden burials, which the queen herself threw in; and as she threw them she said, 5
“Sweets to the sweet! I thought to have decked thy bride-bed, sweet maid, not to have strewed thy grave. Thou shouldst have been my Hamlet’s wife.” And he heard her brother wish that violets might spring from her grave: and he saw him leap into the grave all 10
frantic with grief, and bid the attendants pile mountains of earth upon him, that he might be buried with her. And Hamlet’s love for this fair maid came back to him, and he could not bear that a brother should show so much transport of grief, for he thought that he 15
loved Ophelia better than forty thousand brothers. Then discovering himself, he leaped into the grave where Laertes was, all as frantic or more frantic than he, and Laertes knowing him to be Hamlet, who had been the cause of his father’s and his sister’s death, 20
grappled him by the throat as an enemy, till the attendants parted them: and Hamlet, after the funeral, excused his hasty act in throwing himself into the grave as if to brave Laertes; but he said he could not bear that any one should seem to outgo him in 25
grief for the death of the fair Ophelia. And for the time these two noble youths seemed reconciled.

But out of the grief and anger of Laertes for the death of his father and Ophelia, the king, Hamlet’s wicked uncle, contrived destruction for Hamlet. He 30
set on Laertes, under cover of peace and reconciliation, to challenge Hamlet to a friendly trial of skill at

fencing, which Hamlet accepting, a day was appointed to try the match. At this match all the court was present, and Laertes, by direction of the king, prepared a poisoned weapon. Upon this match great wagers
5 were laid by the courtiers, as both Hamlet and Laertes were known to excel at this sword play; and Hamlet taking up the foils chose one, not at all suspecting the treachery of Laertes, or being careful to examine Laertes' weapon, who, instead of a foil or blunted
10 sword, which the laws of fencing require, made use of one with a point, and poisoned. At first Laertes did but play with Hamlet, and suffered him to gain some advantages, which the dissembling king magnified and extolled beyond measure, drinking to Hamlet's
15 success, and wagering rich bets upon the issue: but after a few pauses, Laertes growing warm made a deadly thrust at Hamlet with his poisoned weapon, and gave him a mortal blow. Hamlet incensed, but not knowing the whole of the treachery, in the scuffle
20 exchanged his own innocent weapon for Laertes' deadly one, and with a thrust of Laertes' own sword repaid Laertes home, who was thus justly caught in his own treachery. In this instant the queen shrieked out that she was poisoned. She had inadvertently
25 drunk out of a bowl which the king had prepared for Hamlet, in case, that being warm in fencing, he should call for drink: into this the treacherous king had infused a deadly poison, to make sure of Hamlet, if Laertes had failed. He had forgotten to warn the
30 queen of the bowl, which she drank of, and immediately died, exclaiming with her last breath that she was poisoned. Hamlet, suspecting some treachery,

ordered the doors to be shut, while he sought it out. Laertes told him to seek no farther, for he was the traitor; and feeling his life go away with the wound which Hamlet had given him, he made confession of the treachery he had used, and how he had fallen a 5 victim to it: and he told Hamlet of the envenomed point, and said that Hamlet had not half an hour to live, for no medicine could cure him; and begging forgiveness of Hamlet, he died, with his last words accusing the king of being the contriver of the mis- 10 chief. When Hamlet saw his end draw near, there being yet some venom left upon the sword, he suddenly turned upon his false uncle, and thrust the point of it to his heart, fulfilling the promise which he had made to his father's spirit, whose injunction was now 15 accomplished, and his foul murder revenged upon the murderer. Then Hamlet, feeling his breath fail and life departing, turned to his dear friend Horatio, who had been spectator of this fatal tragedy; and with his dying breath requested him that he would live 20 to tell his story to the world (for Horatio had made a motion as if he would slay himself to accompany the prince in death), and Horatio promised that he would make a true report, as one that was privy to all the circumstances. And, thus satisfied, the noble 25 heart of Hamlet cracked; and Horatio and the bystanders with many tears commended the spirit of this sweet prince to the guardianship of angels. For Hamlet was a loving and a gentle prince, and greatly beloved for his many noble and princelike qualities; 30 and if he had lived, would no doubt have proved a most royal and complete king to Denmark.

OTHELLO

BRABANTIO, the rich senator of Venice, had a fair daughter, the gentle Desdemona. She was sought to by divers suitors, both on account of her many virtuous qualities, and for her rich expectations. 5 But among the suitors of her own clime and complexion, she saw none whom she could affect: for this noble lady, who regarded the mind more than the features of men, with a singularity rather to be admired than imitated, had chosen for the object of her affec- 10 tions, a Moor, a black, whom her father loved, and often invited to his house.

Neither is Desdemona to be altogether condemned for the unsuitableness of the person whom she selected for her lover. Bating that Othello was black, the 15 noble Moor wanted nothing which might recommend him to the affections of the greatest lady. He was a soldier, and a brave one; and by his conduct in the bloody wars against the Turks, had risen to the rank of general in the Venetian service, and was 20 esteemed and trusted by the state.

He had been a traveller, and Desdemona (as is the manner of ladies) loved to hear him tell the story of his adventures, which he would run through from his earliest recollection; the battles, sieges, and 25 encounters, which he had passed through; the perils he had been exposed to by land and by water; his hair-breadth escapes, when he had entered a breach, or marched up to the mouth of a cannon; and how he had been taken prisoner by the insolent enemy, and sold 30 to slavery; how he demeaned himself in that state, and

how he escaped: all these accounts, added to the narration of the strange things he had seen in foreign countries, the vast wilderness and romantic caverns, the quarries, the rocks and mountains, whose heads are in the clouds; of the savage nations, the cannibals 5 who are man-eaters, and a race of people in Africa whose heads do grow beneath their shoulders: these travellers' stories would so enchain the attention of Desdemona, that if she were called off at any time by household affairs, she would despatch with all haste 10 that business, and return, and with a greedy ear devour Othello's discourse. And once he took advantage of a pliant hour, and drew from her a prayer, that he would tell her the whole story of his life at large, of which she had heard so much, but only by 15 parts: to which he consented, and beguiled her of many a tear, when he spoke of some distressful stroke which his youth had suffered.

His story being done, she gave him for his pains a world of sighs: she swore a pretty oath, that it was 20 all passing strange, and pitiful, wondrous pitiful: she wished (she said) she had not heard it, yet she wished that heaven had made her such a man; and then she thanked him, and told him, if he had a friend who loved her, he had only to teach him how to tell his 25 story, and that would woo her. Upon this hint, delivered not with more frankness than modesty, accompanied with certain bewitching prettiness, and blushes, which Othello could not but understand, he spoke more openly of his love, and in this golden 30 opportunity gained the consent of the generous lady Desdemona privately to marry him.

Neither Othello's color nor his fortune were such that it could be hoped Brabantio would accept him for a son-in-law. He had left his daughter free; but he did expect that, as the manner of noble Venetian ladies was, she would choose ere long a husband of senatorial rank or expectations; but in this he was deceived; Desdemona loved the Moor, though he was black, and devoted her heart and fortunes to his valiant parts and qualities; so was her heart subdued to an implicit devotion to the man she had selected for a husband, that his very color, which to all but this discerning lady would have proved an insurmountable objection, was by her esteemed above all the white skins and clear complexions of the young Venetian nobility, her suitors.

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

At this juncture of time it happened that the state of Venice had immediate need of the services of Othello, news having arrived that the Turks with mighty preparation had fitted out a fleet, which was bending its course to the island of Cyprus, with intent to regain that strong post from the Venetians, who then held it; in this emergency the state turned its eyes upon Othello, who alone was deemed adequate to conduct the defence of Cyprus against the Turks. So that

Othello, now summoned before the senate, stood in their presence at once as a candidate for a great state employment, and as a culprit, charged with offences which by the laws of Venice were made capital.

The age and senatorial character of old Brabantio, 5 commanded a most patient hearing from that grave assembly; but the incensed father conducted his accusation with so much intemperance, producing likelihoods and allegations for proofs, that, when Othello was called upon for his defence, he had only 10 to relate a plain tale of the course of his love; which he did with such an artless eloquence, recounting the whole story of his wooing, as we have related it above, and delivered his speech with so noble a plainness (the evidence of truth), that the duke, who 15 sat as chief judge, could not help confessing that a tale so told would have won his daughter too: and the spells and conjurations which Othello had used in his courtship, plainly appeared to have been no more than the honest arts of men in love; and the 20 only witchcraft which he had used, the faculty of telling a soft tale to win a lady's ear.

This statement of Othello was confirmed by the testimony of the lady Desdemona herself, who appeared in court, and professing a duty to her father for 25 life and education, challenged leave of him to profess a yet higher duty to her lord and husband, even so much as her mother had shown in preferring him (Brabantio) above *her* father.

The old senator, unable to maintain his plea, called 30 the Moor to him with many expressions of sorrow, and, as an act of necessity, bestowed upon him his

daughter, whom, if he had been free to withhold her (he told him), he would with all his heart have kept from him; adding, that he was glad at soul that he had no other child, for this behavior of Desdemona would have taught him to be a tyrant, and hang clogs
5 on them for her desertion.

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

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

Among all the general's friends no one possessed the confidence of Othello more entirely than Cassio.
25 Michael Cassio was a young soldier, a Florentine, gay, amorous, and of pleasing address, favorite qualities with women; he was handsome and eloquent, and exactly such a person as might alarm the jealousy of a man advanced in years (as Othello in some measure
30 was), who had married a young and beautiful wife; but Othello was as free from jealousy as he was noble, and as incapable of suspecting as of doing a base

action. He had employed this Cassio in his love affair with Desdemona, and Cassio had been a sort of go-between in his suit: for Othello, fearing that himself had not those soft parts of conversation which please ladies, and finding these qualities in his friend, 5 would often depute Cassio to go (as he phrased it) a-courting for him: such innocent simplicity being rather an honor than a blemish to the character of the valiant Moor. So that no wonder, if next to Othello himself (but at far distance, as beseems a virtuous 10 wife) the gentle Desdemona loved and trusted Cassio. Nor had the marriage of this couple made any difference in their behavior to Michael Cassio. He frequented their house, and his free and rattling talk was no displeasing variety to Othello, who was himself 15 of a more serious temper: for such tempers are observed often to delight in their contraries, as a relief from the oppressive excess of their own: and Desdemona and Cassio would talk and laugh together, as in the days when he went a-courting for his friend. 20

Othello had lately promoted Cassio to be the lieutenant, a place of trust, and nearest to the general's person. This promotion gave great offence to Iago, an older officer who thought he had a better claim than Cassio, and would often ridicule Cassio as a 25 fellow fit only for the company of ladies, and one that knew no more of the art of war or how to set an army in array for battle, than a girl. Iago hated Cassio, and he hated Othello, as well for favoring Cassio, as for an unjust suspicion, which he had lightly 30 taken up against Othello, that the Moor was too fond of Iago's wife Emilia. From these imaginary provo-

cations, the plotting mind of Iago conceived a horrid scheme of revenge, which should involve both Cassio, the Moor, and Desdemona, in one common ruin.

Iago was artful, and had studied human nature 5 deeply, and he knew that of all the torments which afflict the mind of man (and far beyond bodily torture), the pains of jealousy were the most intolerable, and had the sorest sting. If he could succeed in making Othello jealous of Cassio, he thought it 10 would be an exquisite plot of revenge, and might end in the death of Cassio or Othello, or both; he cared not.

The arrival of the general and his lady, in Cyprus, meeting with the news of the dispersion of the enemy's 15 fleet, made a sort of holiday in the island. Everybody gave themselves up to feasting and making merry. Wine flowed in abundance, and cups went round to the health of the black Othello, and his lady the fair Desdemona.

20 Cassio had the direction of the guard that night, with a charge from Othello to keep the soldiers from excess in drinking, that no brawl might arise, to fright the inhabitants, or disgust them with the new-landed forces. That night Iago began his deep-laid plans of 25 mischief: under color of loyalty and love to the general, he enticed Cassio to make rather too free with the bottle (a great fault in an officer upon guard). Cassio for a time resisted, but he could not long hold out against the honest freedom which Iago knew how 30 to put on, but kept swallowing glass after glass (as Iago still plied him with drink and encouraging songs), and Cassio's tongue ran over in praise of the lady

Desdemona, whom he again and again toasted, affirming that she was a most exquisite lady: until at last the enemy which he put into his mouth stole away his brains; and upon some provocation given him by a fellow whom Iago had set on, swords were drawn, 5 and Montano, a worthy officer, who interfered to appease the dispute, was wounded in the scuffle. The riot now began to be general, and Iago, who had set on foot the mischief, was foremost in spreading the alarm, causing the castle-bell to be rung (as if some 10 dangerous mutiny instead of a slight drunken quarrel had arisen): the alarm-bell ringing awakened Othello, who, dressing in a hurry, and coming to the scene of action, questioned Cassio of the cause. Cassio was now come to himself, the effect of the wine having 15 a little gone off, but was too much ashamed to reply; and Iago, pretending a great reluctance to accuse Cassio, but, as it were, forced into it by Othello, who insisted to know the truth, gave an account of the whole matter (leaving out his own share in it, which 20 Cassio was too far gone to remember) in such a manner, as while he seemed to make Cassio's offence less, did indeed make it appear greater than it was. The result was, that Othello, who was a strict observer of discipline, was compelled to take away 25 Cassio's place of lieutenant from him.

Thus did Iago's first artifice succeed completely; he had now undermined his hated rival, and thrust him out of his place: but a further use was hereafter to be made of the adventure of this disastrous night. 30

Cassio, whom this misfortune had entirely sobered, now lamented to his seeming friend Iago

that he should have been such a fool as to transform himself into a beast. He was undone, for how could he ask the general for his place again? he would tell him he was a drunkard. He despised himself. Iago, 5 affecting to make light of it, said, that he, or any man living, might be drunk upon occasion; it remained now to make the best of a bad bargain; the general's wife was now the general, and could do anything with Othello; that he were best to apply to the lady 10 Desdemona to mediate for him with her lord; that she was of a frank, obliging disposition, and would readily undertake a good office of this sort, and set Cassio right again in the general's favor; and then this crack in their love would be made stronger than 15 ever. A good advice of Iago, if it had not been given for wicked purposes, which will after appear.

Cassio did as Iago advised him, and made application to the lady Desdemona, who was easy to be won over in any honest suit; and she promised Cassio 20 that she should be his solicitor with her lord, and rather die than give up his cause. This she immediately set about in so earnest and pretty a manner, that Othello, who was mortally offended with Cassio, could not put her off. When he pleaded delay, and that it 25 was too soon to pardon such an offender, she would not be beat back, but insisted that it should be the next night, or the morning after, or the next morning to that at farthest. Then she showed how penitent and humbled poor Cassio was, and that his offence 30 did not deserve so sharp a check. And when Othello still hung back, "What! my lord," said she, "that I should have so much to do to plead for Cassio,

Michael Cassio, that came a-courting for you, and oftentimes, when I have spoken in dispraise of you, has taken your part! I count this but a little thing to ask of you. When I mean to try your love indeed, I shall ask a weighty matter." Othello could deny 5 nothing to such a pleader, and only requesting that Desdemona would leave the time to him, promised to receive Michael Cassio again into favor.

It happened that Othello and Iago had entered into the room where Desdemona was, just as Cassio, 10 who had been imploring her intercession, was departing at the opposite door: and Iago, who was full of art, said in a low voice, as if to himself, "I like not that." Othello took no great notice of what he said; indeed, the conference which immediately took place 15 with his lady put it out of his head; but he remembered it afterwards. For when Desdemona was gone, Iago, as if for mere satisfaction of his thought, questioned Othello whether Michael Cassio, when Othello was courting his lady, knew of his love. To 20 this the general answering in the affirmative, and adding, that he had gone between them very often during the courtship, Iago knitted his brow, as if he had got fresh light on some terrible matter, and cried, "Indeed!" This brought into Othello's mind 25 the words which Iago had let fall upon entering the room, and seeing Cassio with Desdemona; and he began to think there was some meaning in all this: for he deemed Iago to be a just man, and full of love and honesty, and what in a false knave would be 30 tricks, in him seemed to be the natural workings of an honest mind, big with something too great for

utterance: and Othello prayed Iago to speak what he knew, and to give his worst thoughts words. "And what," said Iago, "if some thoughts very vile should have intruded into my breast, as where is the palace into which foul things do not enter?" Then Iago went on to say, what a pity it were, if any trouble should arise to Othello out of his imperfect observations; that it would not be for Othello's peace to know his thoughts; that people's good names were not to be taken away for slight suspicions; and when Othello's curiosity was raised almost to distraction with these hints and scattered words, Iago, as if in earnest care for Othello's peace of mind, besought him to beware of jealousy: with such art did this villain raise suspicions in the unguarded Othello, by the very caution which he pretended to give him against suspicion. "I know," said Othello, "that my wife is fair, loves company and feasting, is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well: but where virtue is, these qualities are virtuous. I must have proof before I think her dishonest." Then Iago, as if glad that Othello was slow to believe ill of his lady, frankly declared that he had no proof, but begged Othello to observe her behavior well, when Cassio was by; not to be jealous nor too secure neither, for that he (Iago) knew the dispositions of the Italian ladies, his countrywomen, better than Othello could do. Then he artfully insinuated that Desdemona deceived her father in marrying with Othello, and carried it so closely, that the poor old man thought that witchcraft had been used. Othello was much moved with this argument, which brought the matter home to him, for if she

had deceived her father, why might she not deceive her husband ?

Iago begged pardon for having moved him ; but Othello, assuming an indifference, while he was really shaken with inward grief at Iago's words, begged him 5 to go on, which Iago did with many apologies, as if unwilling to produce any thing against Cassio, whom he called his friend : he then came strongly to the point, and reminded Othello how Desdemona had refused many suitable matches of her own clime and 10 complexion, and had married him, a Moor, which showed unnatural in her, and proved her to have a headstrong will ; and when her better judgment returned, how probable it was she should fall upon comparing Othello with the fine forms and clear white 15 complexions of the young Italians her countrymen. He concluded with advising Othello to put off his reconciliation with Cassio a little longer, and in the meanwhile to note with what earnestness Desdemona should intercede in his behalf ; for that much would 20 be seen in that. So mischievously did this artful villain lay his plots to turn the gentle qualities of this innocent lady into her destruction, and make a net for her out of her own goodness to entrap her : first setting Cassio on to entreat her mediation, and 25 then out of that very mediation contriving stratagems for her ruin.

The conference ended with Iago's begging Othello to account his wife innocent, until he had more decisive proof ; and Othello promised to be patient ; 30 but from that moment the deceived Othello never tasted content of mind. Poppy, nor the juice of

mandragora, nor all the sleeping potions in the world, could ever again restore to him that sweet rest, which he had enjoyed but yesterday. His occupation sickened upon him. He no longer took delight in
5 arms. His heart, that used to be roused at the sight of troops, and banners, and battle-array, and would stir and leap at the sound of a drum, or a trumpet, or a neighing war-horse, seemed to have lost all that pride and ambition which are a soldier's virtue; and
10 his military ardor and all his old joys forsook him. Sometimes he thought his wife honest, and at times he thought her not so; sometimes he thought Iago just, and at times he thought him not so; then he would wish that he had never known of it; he was
15 not the worse for her loving Cassio, so long as he knew it not: torn to pieces with these distracting thoughts, he once laid hold on Iago's throat, and demanded proof of Desdemona's guilt, or threatened instant death for his having belied her. Iago, feign-
20 ing indignation that his honesty should be taken for a vice, asked Othello, if he had not sometimes seen a handkerchief spotted with strawberries in his wife's hand. Othello answered, that he had given her such a one, and that it was his first gift. "That same hand-
25 kerchief," said Iago, "did I see Michael Cassio this day wipe his face with." "If it be as you say," said Othello, "I will not rest till a wide revenge swallow them up: and first, for a token of your fidelity, I expect that Cassio shall be put to death within three days;
30 and for that fair fiend (meaning his lady), I will withdraw and devise some swift means of death for her."

Trifles light as air are to the jealous proofs as

strong as holy writ. A handkerchief of his wife's seen in Cassio's hand, was motive enough to the deluded Othello to pass sentence of death upon them both, without once inquiring how Cassio came by it. Desdemona had never given such a present to Cassio, 5 nor would this constant lady have wronged her lord with doing so naughty a thing as giving his presents to another man ; both Cassio and Desdemona were innocent of any offence against Othello : but the wicked Iago, whose spirits never slept in contrivance of 10 villainy, had made his wife (a good, but a weak woman) steal this handkerchief from Desdemona, under pretence of getting the work copied, but in reality to drop it in Cassio's way, where he might find it, and give a handle to Iago's suggestion that 15 it was Desdemona's present.

Othello, soon after meeting his wife, pretended that he had a headache (as he might indeed with truth), and desired her to lend him her handkerchief to hold to his temples. She did so. "Not this," said Othello, "but 20 that handkerchief I gave you." Desdemona had it not about her (for indeed it was stolen, as we have related). "How?" said Othello, "this is a fault indeed. That handkerchief an Egyptian woman gave to my mother ; the woman was a witch and could read 25 people's thoughts: she told my mother, while she kept it, it would make her amiable, and my father would love her ; but, if she lost it, or gave it away, my father's fancy would turn, and he would loathe her as much as he had loved her. She dying gave it to 30 me, and bade me, if I ever married, to give it to my wife. I did so ; take heed of it. Make it a darling

as precious as your eye.”—“Is it possible?” said the frightened lady. “’Tis true,” continued Othello; “it is a magical handkerchief; a sibyl that had lived in the world two hundred years, in a fit of prophetic
5 fury worked it; the silkworms that furnished the silk were hallowed, and it was dyed in a mummy of maidens’ hearts conserved.” Desdemona, hearing the wondrous virtues of the handkerchief, was ready to die with fear, for she plainly perceived she had lost
10 it, and with it, she feared, the affections of her husband. Then Othello started, and looked as if he were going to do some rash thing, and still he demanded the handkerchief, which when she could not produce, she tried to divert her husband from too serious
15 thoughts, and cheerfully told him she saw all his talk about the handkerchief was only to put her off from her suit about Michael Cassio, whom she went on to praise (as Iago had foretold), till Othello in perfect distraction burst out of the room, and then Desdemona,
20 though unwillingly, began to suspect that her lord was jealous.

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

Again Othello and Desdemona met, and he accused

mer more plainly of being unfaithful, and of loving another man, but he did not name whom : and Othello wept, and Desdemona said, " Alas ! the heavy day ! why do you weep ? " And Othello told her, he could have borne all sorts of evils with fortitude—poverty, 5 and disease, and disgrace ; but her infidelity had broken his heart : and he called her a weed, that looked so fair, and smelled so sweet, that the sense ached at it ; and wished she had never been born. And when he had left her, this innocent lady was so 10 stupefied with wonder at her lord's untrue suspicion of her, that a weight-like sleep came over her, and she only desired her attendant to make her bed, and to lay her wedding-sheets upon it, saying, that when people teach their babes, they do it by gentle means 15 and easy tasks, and Othello might have chid her so ; for in good faith she was but a child when she was chidden. And this was all the complaint which this gentle lady made.

Desdemona being retired to bed expecting her 20 lord would follow her, soon fell into a slumber, the effect of her troubled spirits, when Othello entered the chamber, full of the black purpose which he had meditated of putting his lady to death. But when he saw her asleep, he thought he would not shed her 25 blood, nor scar that white skin of hers, more white than alabaster. But he was resolved she should die ; else (as he said) she would live to betray more men, as she had done him. Then he kissed her for the last time (as he said), and that kiss was so sweet, 30 that he must needs kiss her again : and he wept, but he said they were cruel tears.

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

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

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

These rash acts raised much passion of horror and amazement in the bystanders, for Othello had

borne a fair reputation, and till he was wrought upon by the arts of a villain, which his own noble nature never gave him leave to suspect, he was a loving and a doting husband. He had loved not wisely, but too well; and his manly eyes (when he learned his mistake), though not used to weep on every small occasion, dropped tears as fast as the Arabian trees their gum. And when he was dead all his former merits and his valiant acts were remembered. Nothing now remained for his successor but to put the utmost censure of the law in force against Iago, who was executed with strict tortures; and to send word to the state of Venice of the lamentable death of their renowned general.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE

PERICLES, prince of Tyre, became a voluntary exile from his dominions, to avert the dreadful calamities which Antiochus, the wicked emperor of Greece, threatened to bring upon his subjects and city of Tyre, in revenge for a discovery which the prince had made of a shocking deed which the emperor had done in secret; as commonly it proves dangerous to pry into the hidden crimes of great ones. Leaving the government of his people in the hands of his able and honest minister, Helicanus, Pericles set sail from Tyre, thinking to absent himself till the wrath of Antiochus, who was mighty, should be appeased.

The first place which the prince directed his course to was Tarsus, and hearing that the city of Tarsus was at that time suffering under a severe famine, he took with him store of provisions for its relief. On 5 his arrival he found the city reduced to the utmost distress; and, he coming like a messenger from heaven with his unhopèd-for succor, Cleon, the governor of Tarsus, welcomed him with boundless thanks. Pericles had not been here many days, before letters 10 came from his faithful minister, warning him that it was not safe for him to stay at Tarsus, for Antiochus knew of his abode, and by secret emissaries despatched for that purpose sought his life. Upon receipt of these letters Pericles put out to sea again, amidst 15 the blessings and prayers of a whole people who had been fed by his bounty.

He had not sailed far, when his ship was overtaken by a dreadful storm, and every man on board perished except Pericles, who was cast by the sea-waves naked 20 on an unknown shore, where he had not wandered long before he met with some poor fishermen, who invited him to their homes, giving him clothes and provisions. The fishermen told Pericles the name of their country was Pentapolis, and that their king 25 was Simonides, commonly called the good Simonides, because of his peaceable reign and good government. From them he also learned that king Simonides had a fair young daughter, and that the following day was her birthday, when a grand tournament was to 30 be held at court, many princes and knights being come from all parts to try their skill in arms for the love of Thaisa, this fair princess. While the prince

was listening to this account, and secretly lamenting the loss of his good armor, which disabled him from making one among these valiant knights, another fisherman brought in a complete suit of armor that he had taken out of the sea with his fishing-net, which 5 proved to be the very armor he had lost. When Pericles beheld his own armor, he said, "Thanks, Fortune; after all my crosses you give me somewhat to repair myself. This armor was bequeathed to me by my dead father, for whose dear sake I have 10 so loved it, that whithersoever I went, I still have kept it by me, and the rough sea that parted it from me, having now become calm, hath given it back again, for which I thank it, for, since I have my father's gift again, I think my shipwreck no 15 misfortune."

The next day Pericles, clad in his brave father's armor, repaired to the royal court of Simonides, where he performed wonders at the tournament, vanquishing with ease all the brave knights and valiant 20 princes who contended with him in arms for the honor of Thaisa's love. When brave warriors contended at court-tournaments for the love of kings' daughters, if one proved sole victor over all the rest, it was usual for the great lady for whose sake these 25 deeds of valor were undertaken, to bestow all her respect upon the conqueror, and Thaisa did not depart from this custom, for she presently dismissed all the princes and knights whom Pericles had vanquished, and distinguished him by her especial favor and 30 regard, crowning him with the wreath of victory, as king of that day's happiness; and Pericles became a

most passionate lover of this beauteous princess from the first moment he beheld her.

The good Simonides so well approved of the valor and noble qualities of Pericles, who was indeed a most accomplished gentleman, and well learned in all excellent arts, that though he knew not the rank of this royal stranger (for Pericles for fear of Antiochus gave out that he was a private gentleman of Tyre), yet did not Simonides disdain to accept of the valiant unknown for a son-in-law, when he perceived his daughter's affections were firmly fixed upon him.

Pericles had not been many months married to Thaisa, before he received intelligence that his enemy Antiochus was dead; and that his subjects of Tyre, impatient of his long absence, threatened to revolt, and talked of placing Helicanus upon his vacant throne. This news came from Helicanus himself, who, being a loyal subject to his royal master, would not accept of the high dignity offered him, but sent to let Pericles know their intentions, that he might return home and resume his lawful right. It was matter of great surprise and joy to Simonides, to find that his son-in-law (the obscure knight) was the renowned prince of Tyre; yet again he regretted that he was not the private gentleman he supposed him to be, seeing that he must now part both with his admired son-in-law and his beloved daughter.

The sea was no friendly element to unhappy Pericles, for long before they reached Tyre another dreadful tempest arose. In a short space of time Thaisa's nurse Lychorida came to Pericles with a little child in her arms, to tell the prince the sad tidings

that his wife died the moment her little babe was born. She held the babe towards its father, saying, "Here is a thing too young for such a place. This is the child of your dead queen." No tongue can tell the dreadful sufferings of Pericles when he heard his wife was dead. As soon as he could speak, he said, "O you gods, why do you make us love your goodly gifts, and then snatch those gifts away?" — "Patience, good sir," said Lychorida, "here is all that is left alive of our dead queen, a little daughter, and for your child's sake be more manly. Patience, good sir, even for the sake of this precious charge." Pericles took the new-born infant in his arms, and he said to the little babe, "Now may your life be mild, for a more blustering birth had never babe! May your condition be mild and gentle, for you have had the rudest welcome that ever prince's child did meet with! May that which follows be happy, for you have had as chiding a nativity as fire, air, water, earth, and heaven could make to herald your birth! Even at the first, your loss," meaning in the death of her mother, "is more than all the joys, which you shall find upon this earth to which you are come a new visitor, shall be able to recompense."

The storm still continuing to rage furiously, and the sailors having a superstition that while a dead body remained in the ship the storm would never cease, they came to Pericles to demand that his queen should be thrown overboard; and they said, "What courage, sir? God save you!" — "Courage enough," said the sorrowing prince: "I do not fear the storm; it has done to me its worst; yet for the love of this

poor infant, this fresh new seafarer, I wish the storm was over.”—“Sir,” said the sailors. “your queen must overboard. The sea works high, the wind is loud, and the storm will not abate till the ship be
5 cleared of the dead.” Though Pericles knew how weak and unfounded this superstition was, yet he patiently submitted, saying, “As you think meet. Then she must overboard, most wretched queen!” And now this unhappy prince went to take a last
10 view of his dear wife.

They brought Pericles a large chest, in which (wrapped in a satin shroud) he placed his queen, and sweet-smelling spices he strewed over her, and beside her he placed rich jewels, and a written paper, telling
15 who she was, and praying if haply any one should find the chest which contained the body of his wife, they would give her burial: and then with his own hands, he cast the chest into the sea. When the storm was over, Pericles ordered the sailors to make for
20 Tarsus. “For,” said Pericles, “the babe cannot hold out till we come to Tyre. At Tarsus I will leave it at careful nursing.”

After that tempestuous night when Thaisa was thrown into the sea, and while it was yet early morn-
25 ing, as Cerimon, a worthy gentleman of Ephesus, and a most skilful physician, was standing by the sea-side, his servants brought to him a chest, which they said the sea-waves had thrown on the land. “I never saw,” said one of them, “so huge a billow as
30 cast it on our shore.” Cerimon ordered the chest to be conveyed to his own house, and when it was opened he beheld with wonder the body of a young

and lovely lady; and the sweet-smelling spices and rich casket of jewels made him conclude it was some great person who was thus strangely entombed: searching farther, he discovered a paper, from which he learned that the corpse which lay as dead before 5 him had been a queen, and wife to Pericles, prince of Tyre; and much admiring at the strangeness of that accident, and more pitying the husband who had lost this sweet lady, he said, "If you are living, Pericles, you have a heart that even cracks with 10 woe." Then observing attentively Thaisa's face, he saw how fresh and unlike death her looks were, and he said, "They were too hasty that threw you into the sea:" for he did not believe her to be dead. He ordered a fire to be made, and proper cordials to be 15 brought, and soft music to be played, which might help to calm her amazed spirits if she should revive; and he said to those who crowded round her, wondering at what they saw, "I pray you, gentlemen, give her air; this queen will live; she has not been 20 entranced above five hours; and see, she begins to blow into life again; she is alive; behold, her eyelids move; this fair creature will live to make us weep to hear her fate." Thaisa had never died, but after the birth of her little baby had fallen into a deep 25 swoon, which made all that saw her conclude her to be dead; and now by the care of this kind gentleman she once more revived to light and life; and opening her eyes, she said, "Where am I? Where is my lord? What world is this?" By gentle degrees 30 Cerimon let her understand what had befallen her; and when he thought she was enough recovered to

bear the sight, he showed her the paper written by her husband, and the jewels; and she looked on the paper, and said, "It is my lord's writing. That I was shipped at sea, I well remember, but whether
5 there my babe was born, by the holy gods I cannot rightly say; but since my wedded lord I never shall see again, I will put on a vestal livery, and nevermore have joy." "Madam," said Cerimon, "if you purpose as you speak, the temple of Diana is not
10 far distant from hence; there you may abide as a vestal. Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine shall there attend you." This proposal was accepted with thanks by Thaisa; and when she was perfectly recovered, Cerimon placed her in the temple of Diana,
15 where she became a vestal or priestess of that goddess, and passed her days in sorrowing for her husband's supposed loss, and in the most devout exercises of those times.

Pericles carried his young daughter (whom he
20 named Marina, because she was born at sea) to Tarsus, intending to leave her with Cleon, the governor of that city, and his wife Dionysia, thinking, for the good he had done to them at the time of their famine, they would be kind to his little motherless daughter.
25 When Cleon saw prince Pericles, and heard of the great loss which had befallen him, he said, "O your sweet queen, that it had pleased Heaven you could have brought her hither to have blessed my eyes with the sight of her!" Pericles replied, "We must obey
30 the powers above us. Should I rage and roar as the sea does in which my Thaisa lies, yet the end must be as it is. My gentle babe, Marina here, I must

charge your charity with her. I leave her the infant of your care, beseeching you to give her princely training." And then turning to Cleon's wife, Dionysia, he said, "Good madam, make me blessed in your care in bringing up my child:" and she answered, 5 "I have a child myself who shall not be more dear to my respect than yours, my lord;" and Cleon made the like promise, saying, "Your noble services, prince Pericles, in feeding my whole people with your corn (for which in their prayers they daily remember you) 10 must in your child be thought on. If I should neglect your child, my whole people that were by you relieved would force me to my duty; but if to that I need a spur, the gods revenge it on me and mine to the end of generation." Pericles, being thus assured that his 15 child would be carefully attended to, left her to the protection of Cleon and his wife Dionysia, and with her he left the nurse Lychorida. When he went away, the little Marina knew not her loss, but Lychorida wept sadly at parting with her royal master. "O, 20 no tears, Lychorida," said Pericles: "no tears; look to your little mistress, on whose grace you may depend hereafter."

Pericles arrived in safety at Tyre, and was once more settled in the quiet possession of his throne, 25 while his woeful queen, whom he thought dead, remained at Ephesus. Her little babe Marina, whom this hapless mother had never seen, was brought up by Cleon in a manner suitable to her high birth. He gave her the most careful education, so that by 30 the time Marina attained the age of fourteen years, the most deeply-learned men were not more studied

in the learning of those times than was Marina. She sang like one immortal, and danced as goddess-like, and with her needle she was so skilful that she seemed to compose nature's own shapes, in birds, fruits, or flowers, the natural roses being scarcely more like to each other than they were to Marina's silken flowers. But when she had gained from education all these graces, which made her the general wonder, Dionysia, the wife of Cleon, became her mortal enemy from jealousy. by reason that her own daughter, from the slowness of her mind, was not able to attain to that perfection wherein Marina excelled: and finding that all praise was bestowed on Marina, whilst her daughter, who was of the same age, and had been educated with the same care as Marina, though not with the same success, was in comparison disregarded, she formed a project to remove Marina out of the way, vainly imagining that her untoward daughter would be more respected when Marina was no more seen. To encompass this she employed a man to murder Marina, and she well timed her wicked design, when Lychorida, the faithful nurse, had just died. Dionysia was discoursing with the man she had commanded to commit this murder, when the young Marina was weeping over the dead Lychorida. Leonine, the man she employed to do this bad deed, though he was a very wicked man, could hardly be persuaded to undertake it, so had Marina won all hearts to love her. He said, "She is a goodly creature!"—"The fitter then the gods should have her," replied her merciless enemy: "here she comes weeping for the death of her nurse Lychorida: are you

resolved to obey me?" Leonine, fearing to disobey her, replied, "I am resolved." And so, in that one short sentence, was the matchless Marina doomed to an untimely death. She now approached, with a basket of flowers in her hand, which she said she would daily strew over the grave of good Lychorida. The purple violet and the marigold should as a carpet hang upon her grave, while summer days did last. "Alas, for me!" she said, "poor unhappy maid, born in a tempest, when my mother died. This world to me is like a lasting storm, hurrying me from my friends."—"How now, Marina," said the dissembling Dionysia, "do you weep alone? How does it chauce my daughter is not with you? Do not sorrow for Lychorida, you have a nurse in me. Your beauty is quite changed with this unprofitable woe. Come, give me your flowers, the sea-air will spoil them; and walk with Leonine: the air is fine, and will enliven you. Come, Leonine, take her by the arm, and walk with her."—"No, madam," said Marina, "I pray you let me not deprive you of your servant:" for Leonine was one of Dionysia's attendants. "Come, come," said this artful woman, who wished for a pretence to leave her alone with Leonine, "I love the prince, your father, and I love you. We every day expect your father here; and when he comes, and finds you so changed by grief from the paragon of beauty we reported you, he will think we have taken no care of you. Go, I pray you, walk, and be cheerful once again. Be careful of that excellent complexion, which stole the hearts of old and young." Marina, being thus importuned, said, "Well, I will go, but

yet I have no desire to it." As Dionysia walked away, she said to Leonine, "*Remember what I have said!*"—shocking words, for their meaning was that he should remember to kill Marina.

5 Marina looked towards the sea, her birthplace, and said, "Is the wind westerly that blows?"—"South-west," replied Leonine. "When I was born the wind was north," said she: and then the storm and tempest, and all her father's sorrows, and her
10 mother's death, came full into her mind; and she said, "My father, as Lychorida told me, did never fear, but cried, *Courage, good seamen*, to the sailors, galling his princely hands with the ropes, and, clasping to the masts, he endured a sea that almost split
15 the deck."—"When was this?" said Leonine. "When I was born," replied Marina: "never were wind and waves more violent;" and then she described the storm, the action of the sailors, the boatswain's whistle, and the loud call of the master, "which,"
20 said she, "trebled the confusion of the ship." Lychorida had so often recounted to Marina the story of her hapless birth that these things seemed ever present to her imagination. But here Leonine interrupted her with desiring her to say her prayers.
25 "What mean you?" said Marina, who began to fear, she knew not why. "If you require a little space for prayer, I grant it," said Leonine; "but be not tedious, the gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn to do my work in haste."—"Will you kill me?"
30 said Marina: "alas! why?"—"To satisfy my lady," replied Leonine. "Why would she have me killed?" said Marina: "now, as I can remember, I never hurt

ger in all my life. I never spake bad word, nor did any ill turn to any living creature. Believe me now, I never killed a mouse, nor hurt a fly. I trod upon a worm once against my will, but I wept for it. How have I offended?" The murderer replied, "My 5 commission is not to reason on the deed, but to do it." And he was just going to kill her, when certain pirates happened to land at that very moment, who seeing Marina, bore her off as a prize to their ship.

The pirate who had made Marina his prize carried 10 her to Mitylene, and sold her for a slave, where, though in that humble condition, Marina soon became known throughout the whole city of Mitylene for her beauty and her virtues; and the person to whom she was sold became rich by the money she earned for 15 him. She taught music, dancing, and fine needleworks, and the money she got by her scholars she gave to her master and mistress; and the fame of her learning and her great industry came to the knowledge of Lysimachus, a young nobleman who 20 was governor of Mitylene, and Lysimachus went himself to the house where Marina dwelt, to see this paragon of excellence, whom all the city praised so highly. Her conversation delighted Lysimachus beyond measure, for though he had heard much of this 25 admired maiden, he did not expect to find her so sensible a lady, so virtuous, and so good, as he perceived Marina to be; and he left her, saying, he hoped she would persevere in her industrious and virtuous course, and that if ever she heard from him 30 again it should be for her good. Lysimachus thought Marina such a miracle for sense, fine breeding, and

excellent qualities, as well as for beauty and all outward graces, that he wished to marry her, and notwithstanding her humble situation, he hoped to find that her birth was noble; but ever when they asked
5 her parentage she would sit still and weep.

Meantime, at Tarsus, Leonine, fearing the anger of Dionysia, told her he had killed Marina; and that wicked woman gave out that she was dead, and made a pretended funeral for her, and erected a stately
10 monument; and shortly after Pericles, accompanied by his loyal minister Helicanus, made a voyage from Tyre to Tarsus, on purpose to see his daughter, intending to take her home with him: and he never having beheld her since he left her an infant in the
15 care of Cleon and his wife, how did this good prince rejoice at the thought of seeing this dear child of his buried queen! but when they told him Marina was dead, and showed the monument they had erected for her, great was the misery this most wretched father
20 endured, and not being able to bear the sight of that country where his last hope and only memory of his dear Thaisa was entombed, he took ship, and hastily departed from Tarsus. From the day he entered the ship a dull and heavy melancholy seized him. He
25 never spoke, and seemed totally insensible to everything around him.

Sailing from Tarsus to Tyre, the ship in its course passed by Mitylene, where Marina dwelt; the governor of which place, Lysimachus, observing this royal
30 vessel from the shore, and desirous of knowing who was on board, went in a barge to the side of the ship, to satisfy his curiosity. Helicanus received him very

courteously and told him that the ship came from Tyre, and that they were conducting thither Pericles, their prince; "A man, sir," said Helicanus, "who has not spoken to any one these three months, nor taken any sustenance, but just to prolong his grief; 5 it would be tedious to repeat the whole ground of his distemper, but the main springs from the loss of a beloved daughter and a wife." Lysimachus begged to see this afflicted prince, and when he beheld Pericles, he saw he had been once a goodly person, 10 and he said to him, "Sir king, all hail, the gods preserve you, hail, royal sir!" But in vain Lysimachus spoke to him; Pericles made no answer, nor did he appear to perceive any stranger approached. And then Lysimachus bethought him of the peerless 15 maid Marina, that haply with her sweet tongue she might win some answer from the silent prince: and with the consent of Helicanus he sent for Marina, and when she entered the ship in which her own father sat motionless with grief, they welcomed her on board 20 as if they had known she was their princess; and they cried, "She is a gallant lady." Lysimachus was well pleased to hear their commendations, and he said, "She is such a one, that were I well assured she came of noble birth, I would wish no better choice, and 25 think me rarely blessed in a wife." And then he addressed her in courtly terms, as if the lowly-seeming maid had been the high-born lady he wished to find her, calling her *Fair and beautiful Marina*, telling her a great prince on board that ship had fallen into a sad 30 and mournful silence; and, as if Marina had the power of conferring health and felicity, he begged she would

undertake to cure the royal stranger of his melancholy. "Sir," said Marina, "I will use my utmost skill in his recovery, provided none but I and my maid be suffered to come near him."

5 She, who at Mitylene had so carefully concealed her birth, ashamed to tell that one of royal ancestry was now a slave, first began to speak to Pericles of the wayward changes in her own fate, telling him from what a high estate herself had fallen. As
10 if she had known it was her royal father she stood before, all the words she spoke were of her own sorrows; but her reason for so doing was, that she knew nothing more wins the attention of the unfortunate than the recital of some sad calamity to
15 match their own. The sound of her sweet voice aroused the drooping prince; he lifted up his eyes, which had been so long fixed and motionless; and Marina, who was the perfect image of her mother, presented to his amazed sight the features of his dead
20 queen. The long-silent prince was once more heard to speak. "My dearest wife," said the awakened Pericles, "was like this maid, and such a one might my daughter have been. My queen's square brows, her stature to an inch, as wand-like straight, as silver-
25 voiced, her eyes as jewel-like. Where do you live, young maid? Report your parentage. I think you said you had been tossed from wrong to injury, and that you thought your griefs would equal mine, if both were opened."—"Some such thing I said,"
30 replied Marina, "and said no more than what my thoughts did warrant me as likely."—"Tell me your story," answered Pericles; "if I find you have known

the thousandth part of my endurance, you have borne your sorrows like a man, and I have suffered like a girl; yet you do look like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling extremity out of act. How lost you your name, my most kind virgin? Recount your story, I beseech you. Come, sit by me." How was Pericles surprised when she said her name was *Marina*, for he knew it was no usual name, but had been invented by himself for his own child to signify *seaborn*: "O, I am mocked," said he, "and you are sent hither by some incensed god to make the world laugh at me."—"Patience, good sir," said Marina, "or I must cease here."—"Nay," said Pericles, "I will be patient; you little know how you do startle me, to call yourself Marina."—"The name," she replied, "was given me by one that had some power, my father, and a king."—"How, a king's daughter!" said Pericles, "and called Marina! But are you flesh and blood? Are you no fairy? Speak on; where were you born? and wherefore called Marina?" She replied, "I was called Marina, because I was born at sea. My mother was the daughter of a king; she died the minute I was born, as my good nurse Lychorida has often told me weeping. The king, my father, left me at Tarsus, till the cruel wife of Cleon sought to murder me. A crew of pirates came and rescued me, and brought me here to Mitylene. But, good sir, why do you weep? It may be, you think me an impostor. But, indeed, sir, I am the daughter to king Pericles, if good king Pericles be living."

Then Pericles, terrified as he seemed at his own sudden joy, and doubtful if this could be real, loudly

called for his attendants, who rejoiced at the sound of their beloved king's voice; and he said to Helicanus, "O Helicanus, strike me, give me a gash, put me to present pain, lest this great sea of joys rushing upon
5 me, overbear the shores of my mortality. Oh, come hither, thou that was born at sea, buried at Tarsus, and found at sea again. O Helicanus, down on your knees, thank the holy gods! This is Marina. Now blessings on thee, my child! Give me fresh garments,
10 mine own Helicanus! She is not dead at Tarsus as she should have been by the savage Dionysia. She shall tell you all, when you shall kneel to her, and call her your very princess. Who is this?" (observing Lysimachus for the first time). "Sir," said Helicanus,
15 "it is the governor of Mitylene, who, hearing of your melancholy, came to see you."—"I embrace you, sir," said Pericles. "Give me my robes! I am well with beholding—O heaven bless my girl! But hark, what music is that?"—for now, either sent by some
20 kind god, or by his own delighted fancy deceived, he seemed to hear soft music. "My lord, I hear none," replied Helicanus. "None?" said Pericles; "why, it is the music of the spheres." As there was no music to be heard, Lysimachus concluded that the
25 sudden joy had unsettled the prince's understanding; and he said, "It is not good to cross him: let him have his way:" and then they told him they heard the music; and he now complaining of a drowsy slumber coming over him, Lysimachus
30 persuaded him to rest on a couch, and placing a pillow under his head, he, quite overpowered with excess of joy, sank into a sound sleep, and Marina

watched in silence by the couch of her sleeping parent.

While he slept, Pericles dreamed a dream which made him resolve to go to Ephesus. His dream was, that Diana, the goddess of the Ephesians, appeared to him, and commanded him to go to her temple at Ephesus, and there before her altar to declare the story of his life and misfortunes; and by her silver bow she swore, that if he performed her injunction, he should meet with some rare felicity. When he awoke, being miraculously refreshed, he told his dream, and that his resolution was to obey the bidding of the goddess.

Then Lysimachus invited Pericles to come on shore, and refresh himself with such entertainment as he should find at Mitylene, which courteous offer Pericles accepting, agreed to tarry with him for the space of a day or two. During which time we may well suppose what feastings, what rejoicings, what costly shows and entertainments the governor made in Mitylene, to greet the royal father of his dear Marina, whom in her obscure fortunes he had so respected. Nor did Pericles frown upon Lysimachus' suit, when he understood how he had honored his child in the days of her low estate, and that Marina showed herself not averse to his proposals; only he made it a condition, before he gave his consent, that they should visit with him the shrine of the Ephesian Diana: to whose temple they shortly after all three undertook a voyage; and, the goddess herself filling their sails with prosperous winds, after a few weeks they arrived in safety at Ephesus.

There was standing near the altar of the goddess, when Pericles with his train entered the temple, the good Cerimon (now grown very aged) who had restored Thaisa, the wife of Pericles, to life; and Thaisa, now
5 a priestess of the temple, was standing before the altar; and though the many years he had passed in sorrow for her loss had much altered Pericles, Thaisa thought she knew her husband's features, and when he approached the altar and began to speak, she
10 remembered his voice, and listened to his words with wonder and a joyful amazement. And these were the words that Pericles spoke before the altar: "Hail, Diana! to perform thy just commands, I here confess myself the prince of Tyre, who, frightened from my
15 country, at Pentapolis wedded the fair Thaisa: she died at sea after giving birth to a maid-child called Marina. She at Tarsus was nursed with Dionysia, who at fourteen years thought to kill her, but her better stars brought her to Mitylene, by whose shores
20 as I sailed, her good fortunes brought this maid on board, where by her most clear remembrance she made herself known to be my daughter."

Thaisa, unable to bear the transports which his words had raised in her, cried out, "You are, you
25 are, O royal Pericles"—and fainted. "What means this woman?" said Pericles: "she dies! gentlemen, help."—"Sir," said Cerimon, "if you have told Diana's altar true, this is your wife."—"Reverend gentleman, no;" said Pericles: "I threw her overboard
30 with these very arms." Cerimon then recounted how, early one tempestuous morning, this lady was thrown upon the Ephesian shore; how, opening the coffin, he

found therein rich jewels, and a paper; how, happily, he recovered her, and placed her here in Diana's temple. And now, Thaisa being restored from her swoon said, "O my lord, are you not Pericles? Like him you speak, like him you are. Did you not name a tempest, a birth, and death?" He astonished said, "The voice of dead Thaisa!"—"That Thaisa am I," she replied, "supposed dead and drowned."—"O true Diana!" exclaimed Pericles, in a passion of devout astonishment. "And now," said Thaisa, "I know you better. Such a ring as I see on your finger did the king my father give you, when we with tears parted from him at Pentapolis."—"Enough, you gods!" cried Pericles, "your present kindness makes my past miseries sport. O come, Thaisa, be buried a second time within these arms."

And Marina said, "My heart leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom." Then did Pericles show his daughter to her mother, saying, "Look who kneels here, flesh of thy flesh."—"Blessed and my own!" said Thaisa: and while she hung in rapturous joy over her child, Pericles knelt before the altar, saying, "Pure Diana, bless thee for thy vision. For this, I will offer oblations nightly to thee." And then and there did Pericles, with the consent of Thaisa, solemnly affianced their daughter, the virtuous Marina, to the well-deserving Lysimachus in marriage.

Thus have we seen in Pericles, his queen, and daughter, a famous example of virtue assailed by calamity (through the sufferance of Heaven, to teach patience and constancy to men), under the same guidance becoming finally successful, and triumphing

over chance and change. In Helicanus we have beheld a notable pattern of truth, of faith, and loyalty, who, when he might have succeeded to a throne, chose rather to recall the rightful owner to his possession, 5 than to become great by another's wrong. In the worthy Cerimon, who restored Thaisa to life, we are instructed how goodness directed by knowledge, in bestowing benefits upon mankind, approaches to the nature of the gods. It only remains to be told, that 10 Dionysia, the wicked wife of Cleon, met with an end proportionable to her deserts; the inhabitants of Tarsus, when her cruel attempt upon Marina was known, rising in a body to revenge the daughter of their benefactor, and setting fire to the palace of 15 Cleon, burnt both him and her, and their whole household: the gods seeming well pleased, that so foul a murder, though but intentional, and never carried into act, should be punished in a way befitting its enormity.

TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

NOTES

Page 1

island, 海島.

inhabitants, 居民.

Prospero (prós'pēr-ō), 普洛斯拍洛 (人名).

Miranda (mī-rān'dá), 米蘭大 (人名).

5. had no memory, 不記得.
any other human face than her father's. 除她父親外的其他的人面.

cell, 穴.

made out of a rock, 由石鑿成.

apartments, 房間.

10. study, 書房.

chiefly, 大部份.

treated of magic, 論及魔術.

affected, 喜愛.

15. enchanted, (被妖怪) 所附.

witch, 女巫.

Sycorax (sík'ō-rāks), 息科刺克斯 (人名).

by virtue of, 以; 藉.

released, 釋放.

spirits, 精靈; 妖怪.

20. execute, 施行; 實行.

wicked commands, 邪惡的命令.

will, 意志.

Ariel (ā'ri-ēl), 亞立厄爾 (精靈名).

sprite, 幽靈.

mischievous, 惡意的; 惡作劇的.

nature, 本性.

took rather too much pleasure, 太喜歡.

25. tormenting, 煩擾; 磨難.

monster, 妖怪.

Caliban (kāl'ī-bān), 卡力班 (精靈名).

owed him a grudge, 對他懷有宿怨.

Page 2

misshapen, 奇形怪狀的.

far less human in form than an ape, 在形貌遠不及一隻猴子之像人; 與其說他像人不如說他像猴子.

took him home, 帶回.

5. inherited, 承繼; 遺傳.

employed, 被用為.

fetch, 拿.

laborious offices, 苦工.

10. charge, 責任.

compelling, 強迫.

invisible, 不能目見的.

but Prospero's, 除普洛斯拍洛的 (眼睛) 外.

slyly, 詭譎地.

pinch, 捏; 捻.

15. tumble him down, 推倒他.

mire, 污泥.

make mouths, 努嘴.

hedgehog, 刺猾.

quills, 刺毛.

20. prick, 刺痛.

bare feet, 赤裸裸的雙足.

vexatious, 使人煩惱的.

25. by their means, 以他們 (指 spirits) 的能力.

30. living beings, 活人.

Page 3

- vessel, 船隻.
 dashed to pieces, 撞爲粉碎.
 souls, 人.
 perish, 死.
 10. in care of, 照顧; 爲了.
 ignorant, 不知道.
 20. recollection, 回憶.
 attended upon, 服侍.
 25. continued, 繼續(說).
 30. duke, 公爵.
 Milan (mil'ān), 米蘭(意大利地名).
 Antonio (ān-tō'nī-ō), 安多泥奧(人名).

Page 4

- retirement, 隱居.
 state affairs, 國事.
 false, 不忠的.
 worldly ends, 世俗的目的(指名利).
 5. buried among my books, 埋頭在我的書裡.
 dedicate, 專用.
 bettering, 進步.
 in possession of, 占有.
 10. subjects, 百姓.
 ambition, 野心.
 deprive me of my dukedom, 奪去我的公國.
 effected, 實現.
 Naples (nā'p'lz), 那不勒斯(意大利地名).
 15. wherefore, 爲什麼.
 durst not, 不敢.
 bore me, 對我而發.
 20. leagues, 哩格(每哩格約合三哩).

- tackle, 船索.
 one Gonzalo (gōn-zā'lō), 一個叫做哀黎羅的人.
 provisions, 食物.
 25. apparel, 衣服.
 prize, 珍視.
 30. cherub, 天使.
 bear up against, 忍受.
 lasted, 繼續存在; 够用.
 desert, 淒涼的.

Page 5

- instructions, 教訓.
 5. by means of, 用; 以.
 10. magic wand, 魔杖.
 presented, 出來.
 to give an account of, 述說; 報告.
 disposed of, 處置.
 15. did not choose, 不要.
 holding converse, 對談.
 20. lively description, 逼真的描寫.
 mariners, 航海者.
 Ferdinand (fūr'dī-nānd), 斐迪南(人名).
 25. isle, 小島.
 concludes, 斷定.
 30. drenched, 浸透.
 delicate, 巧妙的.

Page 6

- have little hopes of, 沒有什麼希望; 幾乎失望.
 5. crew, 水手; 全體船員.
 10. remind, 提醒.
 15. grumbling, 鳴不平.
 almost bent double, 僵得幾乎折爲兩段.

20. Algiers, (äl-jērz'), 阿爾及耳
(非洲地名).

recount, 詳說.

find, 看來; 以爲.

25. witch-crafts, 巫術.

too terrible to enter human
hearing, 壞得不堪入耳.

Page 7

set you free, 釋放你; 使你自由.

5. melancholy posture, 悲哀的
狀態.

person, 身材; 形貌.

10. fathom, 噶(長六呎).

coral, 珊瑚.

15. sea nymphs, 海中女神.

hourly, 不久, 即刻.

knell, 喪鐘.

hark! 聽啊!

20. stupid fit, 失知覺的一陣; 出神.

Page 8

somewhat, 略略.

altered, 改變.

or, 否則.

10. goddess, 女神.

address her, 向她談話.

15. timidly, 羞怯地.

was going to give him an
account of herself, 正將向他述
說她自己.

interrupted, 中止.

fallen in love at first sight, 一見
生情.

20. constancy, 恆心.

stern air, 嚴厲的神氣.

25. shell fish, 介類; 蠔蛤.

roots, 根.

husks, 殼; 糠.

resist, 拒絕.

30. spot, 場所; 地點.

Page 9

hung upon, 靠着; 倚倚.

surety, 中保.

5. silence, 靜; 不要說話.

chide, 責罰.

advocate, 說客.

impostor, 騙子.

10. as he does Caliban, 正如他
勝過卡力班.

goodlier, 更美觀的.

20. as long as, 如...之久.

bound up, 縛住.

25. confined, 關入; 幽禁.

imposed on, 加於.

Page 10

dying with fatigue, 疲乏得要死.

5. safe, 不會爲害的.

10. the while, 其間(指斐迪南休
息的片刻).

by no means, 決不.

hindrance, 阻礙.

15. overhear, 竊聽.

20. express, 明言的.

first instance, 第一次.

Page 11

how features are abroad, 外界人
的面貌怎樣.

5. precepts, 教訓.

as much as to say, 好像說.

10. courtly phrases, 有禮貌的詞句.

heir to the crown of Naples, 那
不勒斯國王的嗣子.

crown, 王冠(指王位).

20. used, 對待.
amends, 賠償.
25. stood the test, 受得起試驗.
worthily purchased, 應該得到.
above all praise, 超乎一切讚美之上.
required his presence, 需要他到.
30. disposed, 傾向; 意欲.

Page 12

5. out of their senses, 失知覺; 昏.
fatigued with wandering about,
因漂泊而疲勞.
famished for want of food, 因乏
食而飢餓.
delicious banquet, 美味的筵食.
10. harpy, 女面鳥身的怪物.
voracious, 食食的.
15. infant, 幼小的.
suffered, 聽任.
20. penitence, 悔過.
could not but, 不得不.
25. dainty, 美雅的.
in their train, 在他們的後面.

Page 13

- stupefied, 昏迷.
5. preserver of his life, 他的生
命的保全者; 救他生命的人.
injured, 受侵害的; 受虐待的.
10. remorse, 懊悔.
depose, 廢(君).
engaging, 承諾.
restore, 交還.
15. in store, 貯藏; 留待.
playing at chess, 奕棋.
unexpected meeting, 不期的會晤.
20. a brave world, 華麗的世界.
25. excellent graces, 絕美的丰姿.

30. mortal, 凡人.
immortal Providence, 永生不滅
的上帝.

Page 14

- of him = from him.
5. how oddly will it sound, 說
起來怪難聽的.
10. assured, 使確信.
20. reconciliation, 修好.
25. couple, (已訂婚的) 夫婦.
all on board her, 都在船上.
her 指 ship.
30. partake, 共享.
refreshments, 點心; 飲食.
affords, 供給.

Page 15

- set the cave in order, 整理這洞.
uncouth form, 古怪的形狀.
5. wait upon, 服侍.
10. longing, 渴望.
uncontrolled, 不受管束的; 自由自
在的.
15. I shall miss you, 我將掛
念你.
give me leave, 允許我.
prosperous gales, 順風.
20. sucks, 吮吸.
cowslip's bell, 蓮香花的花冠.
couch, 僵伏.

Page 16

- revisit, 再到.
take possession of, 占有; 領有.
nuptials, 結婚.
5. celebrated, 舉行(典禮).
convoy, 護送.

10. Athens (ăth'čnz), 雅典 (希臘城名)。

whomsoever, 無論何人。

15. was empowered, 授有權力。

refractory, 悖逆; 拗強。

seldom, 不常; 稀。

put in execution, 實行。

20. not unfrequently threatened, 時常被嚇。

Egeus (é-jé'ús), 伊機阿斯 (人名)。

Theseus (thé'sūs), 提秀斯 (人名)。

25. Hermia (húr'mī-á), 赫密亞 (人名)。

Demetrius (dē-mé'trī-ús), 狄麥多流 (人名)。

Page 17

Lysander (li-săn'dēr), 來山特 (人名)。

5. pleaded, 申訴。

Helena (hél'é-ná), 赫勒拿 (人名)。

loved...to distraction, 戀愛至於癡狂; 狂愛。

10. moved, 感動。

20. give him up, 放棄他; 不嫁給他。

affliction, 痛苦; 哀傷。

evil tidings, 惡消息。

recollecting, 想起。

25. boundaries, 地界。

30. without, 在...的外面。

Page 18

intended, 擬實行的。

5. ungenerously, 鄙賤地。

betraying, 洩漏。

10. in pursuit of, 追。

favorite haunt, 喜愛的常到之地。

Fairies, 仙人。

15. Oberon (ô'bēr-ôn), 奧柏綸 (仙人名)。

Titania (tī-tā'nī-á), 替退尼阿 (仙人名)。

tiny train, 矮小的扈從。

midnight revels, 夜半的宴樂; 夜宴。

20. shady walks, 蔭路。

but they were quarrelling= without quarrelling.

elves, 妖精。

acorn-cups, 橡果杯; 橡果殼斗。

25. changeling boy, 被妖精所換易的兒童。

nurse, 保姆。

brought him up, 養育他成人。

30. maids of honor, 宮娥。

Page 19

skip hence, 跳開此地。

forsworn, 誓絕。

tarry, 等一息。

rash, 幽莽的。

5. cross, 爲難。

page, 僮僕。

set your heart at rest, 請你放心; 請勿顧慮。

10. torment, 磨難。

Puck (pük), 帕克 (妖精名)。

privy counsellor, 樞密大臣。

15. Robin Goodfellow, 帕克的別名。

shrewd, 機敏的。

knavish, 詭詐的。

comical pranks, 滑稽的惡作劇。

dairies, 牛奶棚。

skimming, 撇去 (乳) 皮。

20. form, 身體。

butter-churn, 攪乳器。

fantastic, 奇怪的。

swains, 少年村夫。
 freaks, 幻想。
 25. brewing copper, 釀酒的銅鍋。
 roasted crab, 炙蟹。
 goody, 媿; 媿(下等婦女的尊稱)。
 30. bob against, 擺撞。

Page 20

slip, 滑去。
 toppled, 仆倒。
 gossips, 閒談者。
 would hold their sides, 往往捧腹(大笑)。
 5. swear, 確說; 矢言。
 they never wasted a merrier hour, 從未有過更愉快的時間。
 Love in Idleness, 三色堇(花名)。
 10. dote on, 溺愛; 鍾情於。
 15. meddling, 好管閒事的。
 ape, 猿。
 charm, 魔力; 符咒。
 20. mischief, 惡作劇。
 diverted, 高興。
 25. expostulations, 規勸。

Page 21

5. disdainful, 侮慢的。
 10. contrive, 設計。
 despised, 被輕蔑的。
 15. dexterously, 巧妙地。
 unperceived, 未被看見; 不給人知。
 bower, 私室。
 thyme, 茴香。
 cowslips, 蓮香花。
 violets, 紫羅蘭。
 canopy of woodbine, 金銀花的華蓋。
 20. musk-roses, 麝香薔薇。
 eglantine, 薔薇。

coverlet, 被。
 enamelled, 光亮的。
 25. her majesty, (女王)陛下。
 cankers, 傷害植物的幼蟲。
 wage war, 作戰。
 30. clamorous, 喧噪的。
 nightly hoots, 夜梟的鳴聲。

Page 22

spotted, 有斑點的。
 double tongue, 雙舌。
 thorny, 多刺的。
 newts, 水蜥。
 blind-worms, 蛇蠍。
 5. philomel, 夜鶯。
 lullaby, 催眠歌。
 20. doomed, 判決; 定罪。
 conduct, 引導。
 25. hazarding, 冒險。

Page 23

5. naturally enough, 十分自然地。
 conjectured, 料想。
 without more ado, 不事麻煩; 立刻。
 proceeded, 行前。
 10. it so fell out, 結果是這樣的。
 object, 物體。
 strange to relate, 說來也奇怪。
 love-charm, 使人生戀的東西。
 15. the blunder Puck committed, 帕克所犯的錯誤。
 of no consequence, 無關緊要的。
 25. endeavored, 努力。
 to keep pace with, 和...並行; 不比...落後。
 30. dejected, 沮喪的。
 forlorn, 見棄的。

Page 24

5. extravagant, 過分的.
 admiration, 讚美; 稱譽.
 as a dove does a raven, 好像白鴿
 (的美) 勝過烏鴉.
 10. solemnly, 鄭重地.
 engaged, 訂婚.
 utmost rage, 盛怒.
 jest, 嘲弄.
 15. mocked, 被愚弄.
 scorned, 被輕蔑.
 pretend, 假裝.
 court, 向...乞愛; 向...獻媚.
 25. rival, 情敵.

Page 25

10. potent, 有効力的.
 15. all in a plot together, 同謀.
 20. high words, 怒言.
 vex, 使惱怒.
 mock praises, 假稱讚.
 25. spurn, 踢.
 Nymph, 山林女神.
 celestial, 天上的; 神的.

Page 26

- with our needles working the
 same flower, 我們用針繡同一朵
 花.
 sampler, 樣本.
 wrought, 製成.
 in fashion of a double cherry,
 猶如並蒂櫻花.
 in fashion of, 照...樣; 宛如.
 5. maidenly, 少女的; 溫順的.
 passionate, 發怒的; 激烈的.
 persevere, 堅忍.
 10. counterfeit, 假裝.

- make mouths at, 向...作嘴臉.
 wink, 眨眼.
 use, 對待.
 20. negligence, 疏忽.
 wilfully, 故意地.
 25. jangling, 吵鬧.
 30. overhang, 覆蓋.

Page 27

- astray, 迷路.
 taunts, 嘲罵.
 provoke, 激起.
 15. clown, 村夫.
 lost his way in the wood, 迷路林
 中.
 clapping, 急置.
 20. unconscious of, 不覺得.
 25. take effect, 生效力.
 30. why, 啊(感嘆詞).
 mistress, 夫人.
 serve my turn, 勝任.

Page 28

- enamoured, 消魂的.
 of no common rate, 非常的.
 5. Pease-blossom, 豌豆花(妖精
 名).
 Cobweb, 蛛網(妖精名).
 Moth, 蛾(妖精名).
 Mustard-seed, 芥子(妖精名).
 hop, 跳.
 gambol, 跳舞.
 10. apricots, 杏子.
 honey-bags, 蜜袋.
 amiable, 和善的.
 15. courtship, 獻媚.
 scratch, 搔.
 20. thistle, 薊.
 25. fret, 惱怒.

Page 29

- barber's, 理髮店.
 methinks = I think.
 marvellous, 奇異的.
 hairy, 多毛的.
 venturesome, 大膽的.
 5. hoard, 儲藏物.
 pease, 豌豆 (pea 的複數).
 appetite, 食慾; 胃口.
 10. have a mind to, 想; 要.
 wind, 懷抱.
 15. reproached, 譴責.
 lavished, 濫用.
 deny, 否認.
 30. late dotage, 新近的癡愛.
 loathed, 厭惡.

Page 30

5. adventures, 奇事.
 10. grass-plot, 草地.
 15. antidote, 解毒藥.
 inconstancy, 反覆無常; 變心.
 20. clouded, 罩蒙; 遮蔽.
 bewildering, 迷亂的.
 25. professions, 表白; 明言.

Page 31

- consulted, 商議.
 5. given up, 棄掉; 停止.
 prevail upon, 勸.
 revoke, 取消; 收回.
 sentence, 判決.
 15. condemned, 定罪.
 20. spectators, 旁觀者.
 happy ending, 快樂的結局; 團圓.
 brought about, 完成.
 25. revels, 歡飲; 宴樂.
 offended, 觸犯.

- incredible, 不可信的; 荒唐的.
 30. visions, 幻象.

Page 32

- Leontes (lě-ōn'tēz), 利溫提茲 (人名).
 Sicily (sī'sī-lī), 西西里 (地名).
 5. virtuous, 賢德的.
 Hermione (hēr-mī'ō-nē), 赫邁奧泥 (人名).
 harmony, 和睦.
 had no wish ungratified, 無願不償.
 10. Polixenes (pō-līk'sē-nēz), 坡力克塞泥 (人名).
 Bohemia (bō-hē'mī-ā), 波希米 (地名).
 brought up, 養大.
 infancy, 幼稚時代.
 respective, 各自的.
 15. interchanged, 交換; 來往.
 embassies, 公使.
 repeated invitations, 屢次的邀請.
 make...a visit, 拜訪.
 20. in the presence of, 在...面前.
 felicity, 快樂; 幸福.
 25. pranks, 嬉戲.

Page 33

- at the desire of, 依...的請求.
 prolong, 延長.
 5. won over, 被說服.
 put off, 耽擱.
 upon this, 因此.
 10. integrity, 誠實.
 ungovernable, 不能克制的.
 15. Camillo (kā-mīl'ō), 卡密羅 (人名).

20. the suspicion he entertained, 他所懷著的猜疑。
 25. acquainted him with, 通知他。
 30. favorite, 寵臣。

Page 34

Mamillus (mā-mīl'ūs), 馬密勒斯(人名)。

5. dishonoured, 被侮辱; 受辱。
 10. took it deeply to heart, 爲此深爲悲傷。
 pined away, 消瘦。
 by slow degrees, 漸漸。
 15. Cleomenes (klē-ōm'ē-nēs), 克利奧米尼(人名)。

Dion (dī'ōn), 帶溫(人名)。

Delphos (dēl'fōs), 特爾福司(地名)。
 oracle, 神諭。

Apollo (ā-pōl'ō), 愛普羅(司音樂及美貌等之神)。

20. was born to her, 生產; 分娩。
 25. Paulina (pō-lī'nā), 坡來那(人名)。

Antigonus (ān-tig'ō-nūs), 安提俄那(人名)。

confined, 幽禁。

Emilia (ē-mīl'i-ā), 伊密力亞(人名)。

Page 35

soften, 頓化。

at the sight of, 看見; 一見。

5. speak...in her defence, 爲她辯護。
 10. notwithstanding, 雖然; 不顧。
 15. implored, 懇求。
 20. spirited remonstrances, 精力充足的規勸; 力勸。
 aggravated, 加增。

Page 36

put out to sea, 出港; 放洋。

10. lying-in, 生產; 分娩。
 public trial, 公開的審判。
 15. try, 審判。
 25. give no credit to, 不相信。

Page 37

5. use means, 設法。
 10. ill-usage, 虐待; 暴行。
 15. concluded, 推定
 gave himself up to, 委身於....

Page 38

Perdita (pūr'dī-tā), 拍狄塔(人名)。
 obscurely intimating, 暗示。

5. untoward, 不幸的。
 15. natural graces, 天然的嬌美。
 20. untutored, 未受教育的。
 only son, 獨生子。
 25. Florizel (flōr'ī-zēl), 夫羅立則爾(人名)。
 supposed daughter, 假女; 養女。
 deputation, 舉止。
 30. Doricles (dōr'ī-klēz), 多立克利茲(夫羅立則爾的假名)。
 in the disguise of, 裝扮爲....

Page 39

10. celebrating, 慶祝。
 sheep-shearing, 剪羊毛。
 being made welcome, 受歡迎。
 15. jollity, 愉快。
 lads and lasses, 男男女女。
 green, 青草地。
 ribbons, 緞帶。
 20. pedlar, 小販。

retired corner, 幽靜的角隅。
engaging in, 加入; 參入。
25. advanced, 前進。
30. low-born, 出身低微的。

Page 40

the very queen of curds and cream, 鄉間皇后。
curds and cream, 乳皮乳酪(鄉間的象徵)。

10. hoarded up, 貯藏。
marriage portion, 嫁妝。
15. addressed, 向...講話。
25. ancient gentleman, 長者。
30. mark our contract, 證明我們的婚約。
divorce, 離婚。

Page 41

discovering, 顯露(本來面目)。
shepherd's-brat, 牧人的小兒。
sheep-hook, 牧羊人的鈎杖。
disrespectful, 輕蔑的。
10. undone, 失望。
selfsame, 同一的。
15. queen, 爲后。
ewes, 牝羊。
20. propriety, 禮。
give up, 捨棄。
25. penitent, 悔過者。
30. could not help, 不得不。

Page 42

he would engage Leontes should protect them, 他肯盡保利溫提茲一定會得保護他們。
through his mediation, 經他的調停。

5. conducted, 辦理。
15. engross, 吸收; 獨占。
20. resemblance, 相似。
broke out afresh, 重新爆發。
society, 交際。
25. exposed, 遺棄。
fell to, 開始。
30. exposure, 遺棄。
other tokens, 其他的表記(指珍寶紙條等)。

Page 43

related, 陳述。
5. produced, 呈出。
20. statue, 石像。
25. rare, 名貴的。
Julio Romano (jōōl'yō rō-mā'nō), 朱理烏·洛馬諾(人名)。
would his majesty be pleased = if his majesty would be pleased.

Page 44

drew back, 拉開。
5. my liege, 我的王呀。
10. majesty, 莊嚴。
wooed, 求婚。
aged, 年老的。
carver's, 彫刻者的。
15. draw, 拉罷。
20. transported, 心蕩神馳的。
persuade yourself, 自騙自; 自以爲。
25. chisel, 鑿子。
forbear, 自制。
ruddiness, 肉色紅。
30. not these twenty years, 決不可(意謂此後二十年中爲要時時見此石像, 決不許拉攏帷幕)。

Page 45

matchless, 無比的。

5. ay, 噫!

pedestal, 像座。

30. choosing, 願意。

Page 46

restored to life, 復活。

15. unlooked-for, 不期而遇的。

conjectured, 料想。

fugitives, 逃避者。

25. heiress, 女嗣。

30. crown, 王冠(王的象徵)。

long-suffering, 歷盡艱苦的。

Page 47

Messina (mĕ-sĕ-ná), 墨西拿(地名)。

Hero (hĕ-rō), 希洛(人名)。

Beatrice (bĕ-á-tris), 俾阿特立斯(人名)。

5. Leonato (lĕ-ō-ná-tō), 利奧那托(人名)。

lively temper, 性情活潑的。

sprightly sallies, 快樂的詼諧。

15. Don Pedro (dōn pĕ-drō), 頓·裴得祿(人名)。

Aragon (ár-á-gōn), 亞拉岡(地名)。

Claudio (kló-dī-ō), 克勞狄和(人名)。

Florence (flōr-ĕns), 佛羅倫薩(地名)。

20. Benedick (bĕn-ĕ-dik), 本泥狄克(人名)。

Padua (pád-ŭ-á), 帕羅亞(地名)。

Page 48

signior, 先生。

marks, 注意; 聽。

rattle-brain, 喜閒談的人。

5. free salutation, 無規律的致意; 不客氣的致意。

flippant, 輕浮的。

10. war of raillery, 互以嘲辭相譏的爭鬪; 舌戰。

15. affecting, 假裝。

Disdain, 侮慢(本泥狄克給俾阿特立斯所起的綽號)。

20. she would eat all he had killed there, 他在那邊所殺的人她能完全吃盡(言其殺敵之少, 而譏其為懦夫)。

25. the prince's jester, 王的弄臣。

30. buffoonery, 丑角的技藝。

Page 49

10. were= might be.

15. a discordant pair, 不和睦的一對。

25. affect, 喜愛。

30. in their room, 在它們(腦子)的空處。

prompting, 提醒。

Page 50

soliciting, 乞; 求。

5. suit, 求婚。

endowments, 天資。

accomplished, 造就。

20. entered.... into this whim, 參加這怪想。

30. operations, 動作。

Page 51

could not choose but, 不得不; 只得。

10. outward behavior, 表面上的行動。

- confirmed, 使確信; 證實。
 20. hearken to, 聽。
 to what end? 爲了什麼目的?
 25. motioned, 示意。
 30. meditate upon, 思量; 默想。
 overheard, 耳聞; 竊聞。

Page 52

- reason, 理論。
 5. requited, 報答。
 die a bachelor, 終身不娶。
 10. why, 啊(感嘆詞)。
 tartness, 尖刻。
 20. Jew, 猶太人(忘恩負義的人)。
 25. to play her part, 盡她的責任。
 Ursula (úr'sū-lá), 厄秀拉(人名)。
 Margaret (mār'gá-rét), 馬加勒特(人名)。

Page 53

- minions, 所愛的人。
 5. entice, 引誘。
 10. alley, 花園中兩旁有樹的走道。
 15. merit, 應受; 該當。
 lapwing, 田鶯。
 conference, 會談。
 20. coy, 羞怯的。
 25. acquaint, 告知。

Page 54

- carping, 吹求; 責備。
 commendable, 可稱贊的。
 mock me into air, 大大地譏笑我。
 10. attendant, 從者(指厄秀拉)。
 15. what fire is in mine ears?
 我聽到的是什麼呢?

20. adieu, 再會。
 25. artifice, 巧計。
 reverse, 轉變。

Page 55

5. malicious, 懷惡意的。
 10. effect, 實現。
 Borachio (bō-räch'yō), 波刺梓(人名)。
 20. end, 目的。
 compass, 達到。
 30. congregation, 集會; 會衆。

Page 56

10. expose, 暴露。
 20. friar, 僧侶。
 passionate, 燥激的。

Page 57

5. hapless, 不幸的。
 fainting fit, 昏暈的一陣。
 to all appearance dead, 完全如死。
 15. virtuous principles, 賢德。
 25. belie, 證...爲僞。
 30. calling, 職業。

Page 58

5. unmeet, 不適宜的。
 yesternight, 昨夜。
 10. counselled, 勸告; 勸作(某事)。
 15. appertain to, 屬於。
 20. slander, 誹謗。
 30. on my honor, 以我的名譽作擔保。

Page 59

the smallest twine may lead me, 極細的繩索可以拉我(意即毫無抗拒力).

5. overwhelmed with affliction, 受痛苦的壓迫.
 15. wronged, 含冤; 受屈.
 right, 剖白.
 25. not for the wide world, 決不.
 imposed upon, 欺騙.

Page 60

5. valor is melted into courtesies and compliments, 剛勇化為禮貌和恭維.
 15. am engaged, 決定.
 challenge, 向...挑戰.
 shall render me a dear account, 將付我一筆重價(意即被我打敗).

Page 61

- set him on, 差他.
 brought to pass, 成就.
 5. duel, 決鬪.
 10. confession, 自認.
 20. detected, 察覺.

Page 62

- lay upon, 加上.
 betrothed, 訂婚的.
 10. Ethiop (ē'thī-ōp), 愛西屋皮亞人; 黑種人.

Page 63

- interrupted, 中斷.
 5. demur, 反對.

- took place, 舉行; 經過.
 15. protested, 力言; 斷言.
 20. consumption, 癆病.

Page 64

- dukedom, 公國.
 usurper, 篡位者.
 5. Arden (ār'dēn), 阿登(地名).
 voluntary exile, 自願的放逐.
 10. revenues, 國家歲入.
 Robin Hood, 羅賓漢(古時英國俠盜名).
 20. dappled fools, 有斑駁的愚漢(指野鹿).
 venison, 鹿肉.
 30. ingratitude, 忘恩負義.

Page 65

- extracted from, 取自.
 venomous, 有毒的.
 despised toad, 被輕視的蟾蜍.
 5. draw, 採得.
 10. Rosalind (rōz'ā-līnd), 紫洛林德(人名).
 Frederick (frēd'ē-rīk), 腓特烈(人名).
 Celia (sē'lī-ā), 栖力亞(人名).
 15. make amends, 補償.
 25. wrestling match, 角力比賽.

Page 66

- country clowns, 鄉間俗人.
 5. inexperience in the art, 不精於(拳)術.
 15. odds, 勢不平; 力不均.
 25. concern, 關心.

Page 67

- the world no injury = I shall do
 the world no injury.

15. performed wonders, 作奇事。
antagonist, 敵手。

20. parentage, 家世; 門第。

25. Orlando (ôr-lăn'dō), 奧蘭多
(人名)。

Rowland de Boys (rō'lând də
bois), 羅蘭得·波厄司 (人名)。

Page 68

in very ill humor, 極不高興地。

10. ventured, 冒險 (指角力)。

15. abashed 羞恥; 赧顏。

20. out of suits with fortune,
命運不濟; 境遇不佳。

Page 69

5. malice, 惡意, 毒心。

15. suffered, 允許。

upon her account, 爲她的緣故。

subtle, 狡猾的。

25. irrevocable, 不能取消的。

Page 70

10. habited 穿; 著。

15. Ganymede (găn'ī-mēd), 甘尼
美 (洛紇林德的化名)。

Aliena (ā-lī-ō'ná), 亞力伊那 (西力
亞的化名)。

defray, 支付。

20. garb, 衣服。

Page 71

find in his heart, 意欲。

5. weaker vessel, 婦女。

10. feigned, 假裝的。

15. conclusion, 結局。

lost themselves, 迷路。

providentially, 湊巧地; 僥倖地。

30. near prospect of relief, 近
於得救的希望。

Page 72

10. shepherdess, 女牧人。

feigned to be, 扮做。

20. Oliver (ôl'ī-vēr), 奧力味 (人名)。
charging, 命令; 使負責。

Page 73

had been bred, 受教養。

untutored, 未受教育的。

5. effect, 實行。

set on, 唆使。

10. knew no bounds, 無邊; 極大。

20. break out, 突然發言。

30. bore, 懷。

setting fire to, 放火。

Page 74

Adam (ăd'ăm), 亞當 (人名)。

5. hoard, 積蓄。

crowns, 英國幣名 (其上印有王冠, 值
五先令)。

hire, 工資。

laid by, 儲蓄。

ravens, 烏鴉。

15. light upon, 偶然得到。

maintenance, 維持生計。

25. spent, 力竭; 疲憊。

Page 75

5. canopy, 華蓋。

10. forbear, 罷; 止。

15. despiser, 輕視者。

good manners, 禮貌。

20. put on, 裝出。
 25. lose and neglect the creeping hours of time, 耗費時日。
 creeping hours, 蠕行的辰光(指厭生之人反覺光陰遲緩猶如蠕行)。
 knolled, 敲(鐘)。

Page 76

- have seen better days, 曾過較佳的歲月。
 5. engendered, 引起; 產生。
 minister to your wants, 供給你的需要。
 10. limped after, 跛隨。
 infirmities, 弱點。
 15. doe, 牝鹿。
 fawn, 小鹿。
 burthen (burden 的變體), 重荷; 所負荷者(指亞當)。
 30. love-sonnets, 情詩。

Page 77

5. condescension, 謙遜。
 10. likeness, 相似之處。
 deportment, 舉止。
 15. archness, 戲謔。
 20. hawthorns, 山楂。
 elegies, 輓詩。
 brambles, 懸鈎子(一種荆棘)。

Page 78

5. courtship, 求婚。
 20. diverted, 喜娛。

Page 79

- lineage, 家系; 血統。
 put off, 延擱。

10. lie crouching, 蹲伏。
 watch, 守候。
 15. double peril, 雙重危險(指蛇及獅)。
 used, 對待。
 25. venomous, 有毒的。

Page 80

- besought, 切求。
 5. penitent, 悔過的。
 bent on, 志在。
 15. owned, 承認。
 30. counterfeited, 假裝。

Page 81

5. take a good heart, 壯膽。
 15. lent a favorable ear to, 快樂地聽; 樂聞。
 interview, 會晤。
 25. inquire after, 問候。

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10. bring to pass, 成功; 實現。
 15. by my life, 以我的生命作保。
 25. making a jest of, 戲弄。

Page 83

10. male attire, 男裝。
 15. transformed, 變形。
 25. all present, 在場的衆人。
 trife with, 戲弄; 欺瞞。

Page 84

- ratified, 承認。
 5. parade, 誇耀。

- splendor, 華麗.
 such occasions, 如此盛典.
 15. put himself at the head of
 a large force, 自己爲大軍的首領;
 率領大軍.
 put...to the sword, 殺死.
 20. interposition, 調停.
 hermit, 隱士.
 25. thenceforward, 從此以後.
 relinquishing, 放棄.

Page 85

5. complimented, 恭維.
 10. unmixed, 不參雜的.
 rewarding, 酬報.
 15. Verona (vê-rô'ná), 味羅那
 (地名).
 20. Valentine (vâl'en-tin), 發勞
 泰因(人名).
 Proteus(prô'tūs), 普洛條斯(人名).
 uninterrupted, 不斷的.
 subsisted, 存在; 繼續.
 pursued their studies, 求學.

Page 86

- Julia (jool'yá), 朱理雅(人名).
 topics, 題目.
 disagreed, 不贊同.
 5. pleasant terms, 婉言; 使人快
 樂的言辭.
 ridicule, 嘲笑.
 declare, 主張(說).
 preferring, 寧願.
 15. sluggard, 懶漢.
 wear out my youth in idleness
 at home, 在家中懶惰地消磨我的
 青年時代.
 chained, 連繫.

- sweet glances, 甜蜜蜜的秋波.
 20. unalterable, 不改變的.
 25. rare object, 珍物.
 partaker, 與分者; 共享者.
 30. Lucetta (lôo-sét'á), 盧塞塔
 (人名).
 deliver, 遞交.

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- it did not become her maiden
 dignity, 不合她的閨女身分.
 too easily to be won, 太容易允從;
 太容易接受男子的愛.
 insensible of his passion, 不覺得
 他的熱情.
 5. prosecution, 進行.
 suit, 求婚.
 chid, 責斥.
 15. take the liberty of, 放肆;
 膽敢.
 20. fragments, 碎片.
 fingering, 以指觸着.
 25. piece together, 將碎片拼合.
 love-wounded, 傷於愛情的.
 made out, 看出; 讀出.
 30. torn asunder, 撕碎.

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- lodge them in her bosom, 把它們
 (指字句) 藏在她的胸中.
 to make amends, 補(過).
 10. raptures, 大樂.
 how now! 現在怎樣!
 20. graces, 賜.
 25. and how stand you affected
 to his wish? 你將如何對付他的
 心願?
 30. suffered, 允許.

Page 89

- preferment, 顯位; 榮職。
 universities, 大學。
 5. riper age, 晚年。
 10. sudden resolution, 忽然的決定。
 15. positive, 獨裁的。
 20. what I will I will, 我要如何便如何。
 make no excuses, 不要推諉。
 peremptory, 主意堅決的。
 objections, 反對。
 dispute, 爭辯。
 25. had brought upon him, 使他受。
 no longer pretended indifference, 不再假裝無情。
 30. mournful farewell, 悲濶的離別。
 vows of love and constancy, 海誓山盟。
 exchanged rings, 交換戒指。

Page 90

- set out, 動身; 出發。
 abode, 住處。
 5. boast, 誇口。
 10. passionate, 熱烈的。
 wrought, 作。
 Silvia, (sil'vi-á), 息爾維亞(人名)。
 concealed, 隱秘。
 15. designed, 計劃。
 courtier, 廷臣。
 Thurio (thū'rī-ō), 條立奧(人名)。
 despised, 藐視。
 excellent qualities, 優越的品質。
 20. rivals, 情敵。
 25. truant, 逃學者; 偷懶者。
 30. complete in person and in mind, 身體和知識都很好。

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10. thrives, 興旺。
 joy not in, 不喜歡。
 discourse, 談話。
 15. altered, 改變。
 penance, 懊悔。
 love has chased sleep from my enthralled eyes, 戀愛從我受束縛的眼中逐去了睡眠; 我因相思而失眠。
 humbled, 使...卑屈。
 woe, 苦難。
 20. break my fast, 進早餐。
 25. deity, 神。
 30. pattern, 模範。

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- vanished away like a dream, 如夢一般地消滅。
 deter, 阻止。
 5. supplant, 取而代。
 scruples, 猶豫; 躊躇。
 forsake, 捨棄。
 overcame his sense of duty, 不顧責任心。
 10. yielded himself up, 放縱他自己。
 imparted, 告知。
 15. Mantua (mān'tū-á), 孟都亞(地名)。
 ladder of ropes, 繩梯。
 20. recital, 述說。
 it is hardly possible to be believed, but so it was, 雖然難以相信, 事實却是如此。
 disclose the whole, (將秘密) 全般洩露。
 25. artful speeches, 巧言。
 his grace, 大人(公爵的尊稱)。

30. draw from him, 使他說出。
omitting, 略去; 遺漏。

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miracle of integrity, 異常誠實的人;
誠實至被人視為奇怪的人。

5. intelligence, 消息。

artifice, 巧計。

betray, 洩露。

10. concluded, 推測。

20. import, 重要。

25. counsel, 意見。

prelude, 導言

30. stubborn, 頑固的。

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5. wedding dower, 嫁粧。

esteems not, 不看重。

10. coy, 怕羞的。

eloquence, 口才。

15. tutor, 教師。

modes of courtship, 求婚的方式。

25. access, 接近

coming to the drift of his
discourse, 到了談話的旨趣了。

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10. elopement, 私奔。

upbraiding, 責斥。

15. banished, 放逐; 充軍。

20. propriety, 禮。

25. treachery, 奸計。

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as he took her to be, 他以爲她是
(男子)。

of high rank, 高貴的。

familiarly, 親熱地。

5. melancholy, 悲濼的。

serenade, 向...奏長夜幽情曲。

10. imprudent, 輕率的。

lower, 降低。

20. conducted, 引導。

inconstant, 無恆心的; 負情的。

25. not choosing, 不願。

30. abhorred, 恨。

ungenerous, 鄙陋的。

Page 97

witnessed, 親見。

parted with, 辭歇、

5. hire, 出傭。

page, 僕役。

Sebastian (sē-bās'chǎn), 瑟辦斯
梯安(朱理亞的假名)。

15. putting in a good word for
herself, 爲她自己說一句好話。

20. equivocation, 雙關語。

complexion, 身材; 容貌。

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drooping heart, 沮喪的心。

to return to, 再說到; 却說。

which way to bend his course,
向那裡去。

5. was set upon, 被劫。

10. crossed by adversity, 橫遭
厄運。

15. air, 神氣。

20. provided, 倘使; 若。

outrage, 迫害。

25. ballads, 傳奇詩。

outlawed banditti, 法外的盜匪。

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misinformed, 誤聽。

depredations, 劫掠。

10. Eglamour (ĕg'lá-mōōr), 厄格拉謨耳 (人名).
 25. conveying, 押送.
 had traced, 追蹤.
 rescued, 救出.

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- forlorn, 見棄的.
 5. console, 安慰.
 relieve, 救脫.
 10. noble and generous, even to a romantic degree, 高尚慷慨, 至於奇怪的地步.
 15. in a sudden flight of heroism, 忽然為俠義所激.
 25. persevere, 堅忍; 堅持.
 overstrained, 過度努力的; 勉強的.
 fainting fit, 一陣昏暈.

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5. was no other than, 即是.
 10. pretensions, 要求.
 reconciliation, 復和.
 15. in pursuit of, 追.
 20. take but possession of her with a touch, 只要一觸着她.
 I dare you but to breathe upon my love, 看你敢在我的愛人面上吹一口氣.
 25. base, 卑鄙.
 30. applaud, 稱贊.

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5. taking occasion of this joyful minute, 乘此快樂的時候.
 associated, 結交.
 10. state offences, 政治罪.
 black crimes, 大罪.

15. love-prompted, 為愛所激動的; 被愛所指使的.
 20. solemnized, 舉行.
 Shylock (shī'lōk), 晒羅克 (人名).
 Venice (vĕn'is), 威尼斯 (地名).
 25. usurer, 重利盤剝者.
 amassed, 積聚.
 immense fortune, 巨產.
 interest, 利息.
 Christian merchants, 信基督教的商人.
 hard-hearted, 硬心的; 殘忍的.

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- exacted, 勒索.
 severity, 嚴厲.
 Antonio (ān-tō'nī-ō), 安多泥奧 (人名).
 5. people in distress, 在患難中的人.
 enmity, 敵意.
 covetous, 貪婪的.
 Rialto (rĕ-āl'tō) 威尼斯的大石橋 (亦指威尼斯島市, 為該地的商業集中點).
 Exchange, 交易所.
 10. hard dealings, 刻薄的交易.
 seeming patience, 表面上的忍耐.
 meditated revenge, 計劃復仇.
 the best conditioned, 性情最好的.
 unwearied spirit, 不倦的精神.
 15. that drew breath, 凡呼吸者; 生存者.
 fellow-citizens, 同胞.
 Bassanio (bā-sā'nē-ō), 巴薩尼奧 (人名).
 20. Venetian (vĕ-nē'shān), 威尼斯人.
 patrimony, 家產; 祖產.
 expensive, 奢侈的.

- slender means, 微薄的資產。
 apt to, 易於。
 25. one purse, 一隻錢袋 (指有無相通)。
 repair, 補救。
 30. lately, 近來。
 sole heiress, 唯一的女繼承人。
 estate, 財產。

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- from her eyes sent speechless messages, 眉目傳情。
 suitor, 求婚者。
 5. besought, 請求
 ducats, 德克 (往時威尼斯城通行的金幣)。
 10. laden with merchandise, 裝有商品。
 upon the credit of, 以...為擔保。
 15. catch him on the hip, 占其上風; 捉其弱點。
 I will feed fat the ancient grudge, 報我宿怨。
 20. gratis, 無酬報地; 不取利息地。
 rails at, 辱罵。
 well-earned bargains, 以義為利的交易。
 25. signior, 先生。
 moneys, 金錢。
 30. shrug, 聳肩。
 sufferance is the badge of all our tribe, 忍耐是我們全族的徽章; 我們 (猶太人) 都會得忍耐的。
 unbeliever, 不信上帝者。
 cut-throat dog, 殘忍的狗。

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- spurned, 踢。
 cur, 惡狗。

5. Wednesday last, 前星期三。
 10. break, 破約。
 exact the penalty, 勒索罰款。
 storm, 發怒。
 20. in merry sport, 當作玩耍; 戲嬉。
 bond, 借券。
 25. forfeit, 喪失; 罰去。
 a pound of flesh, 一磅肉。
 content, 算數; 准定。

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- many times the value, 價逾數倍。
 debate, 辯論; 爭論。
 father Abraham, 亞伯拉罕父喇 (猶太人以亞伯拉罕為始祖)。
 5. break his day, 違犯 (付款) 的日子。
 15. run the hazard, 冒險。
 shocking, 駭人的。
 20. Belmont (bél'mönt), 柏爾蒙特 (地名)。
 Portia (pôr'shī-á), 步雪 (人名)。
 graces, 美性。
 inferior to, 亞於。
 that Portia, 那一位步雪 (指古時 Cato 之女, Brutus 之妻)。
 Cato (kā'tō), 伽圖 (羅馬志士, 95-46 B.C.)。
 Brutus (brōō'tūs), 布魯特斯 (羅馬政治家, 85-42 B.C.)。
 25. splendid train, 華麗的隨從者。
 Gratiano (grā-shī-ā'nō), 格累細阿諾 (人名)。
 proving successful, 證實成功。

Page 107

- high birth, 高貴的出身。
 ancestry, 祖先。

5. modesty, 謙遜.
accomplished, 造就完全的.
dispraised, 非薄.
unlessoned, 未受教育的.
unpractised, 未曾練習的.

10. commit, 託付.
converted, 改變.

15. mansion, 大廈.
overpowered, 深感.
gratitude, 感激.

20. broken words, 斷斷續續的言語.
25. Nerissa (nĕ-rĭs'sĭ), 泥立薩(人名).

in attendance upon, 隨從; 侍奉.

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5. madam, 姑孃.
wedding feast, 婚禮.

10. crossed, 中阻.
tidings, 消息.

15. distressed, 使悲哀.
blotted, 染; 沾(指寫在紙上).
20. imparted, 給與.

all the wealth I had run in my veins, 我所有的一切財產都流在血脈中(意謂財產一無所有, 只是出身高貴耳).

30. notwithstanding, 雖然這樣.
use your pleasure, 隨你的便.

Page 109

let not my letter = do not let my letter persuade you to come.
despatch, 速了; 急辦.
begone, 快去.

5. legal right, 合法的權利.

15. try, 審判.

dreadful suspense, 可怕的懸念.

20. go hard with, 爲難.

25. instrumental, 能爲力的; 能幫助的.

30. peril, 危險.

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sole guidance, 唯一的指導.

5. relation, 親戚.

counsellor, 律師.

Bellario (bĕ-lĕ-rĭ-ō), 柏拉立奧(人名).

10. equipment, 行裝(指衣帽等).

15. cause, 案件.

senators, 議員.

20. senate-house, 議院.

25. Balthasar (bĕl'thĕ-zĕr), 巴爾退則(步雪的化名).

in his stead, 代替他.

30. wig, 假髮(律師概戴假髮).

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arduous, 艱難的.

10. noble quality of mercy, 憐憫之高尙性質.

unfeeling, 無情的.

double blessing, 雙重祝福.

15. monarchs, 君王.

in proportion as, 以...爲比例.

mercy tempered justice, 憐憫調濟正義(意謂恩以濟威).

25. wrest, 曲解.

30. established, 規定.

Page 112

in his favor, 幫助他; 贊助他.

a Daniel, 一位但以利(但以利是猶太的哲士).

5. claim, 要求.

10. by my soul I swear, 我指着靈魂起誓。
15. resignation, 順從。

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- present, 在場。
copy, 摹仿。
5. in Nerissa's hearing, 在泥立薩能聽見的範圍內；被泥立薩聽見。
currish, 如惡狗的；鄙賤的。
10. trifle, 徒費。
pronounce the sentence, 宣判。
15. scales, 天秤。
surgeon, 外科醫生。
bleed to death, 流血至死。
20. charity, 仁愛。

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- tarry a little, 且慢一息。
5. confiscated, 充公；沒收。
10. sagacity, 智慧。
expedient, 策略。
plaudits, 喝采。
resounded, 回響。
15. disappointed look, 失望的面貌。
20. deliverance, 得救。
softly, 且緩。
25. scruple, 羅馬的最小重量單位。

Page 115

5. conspired, 謀圖。
15. Lorenzo (lō-rěn'zō), 羅梭索(人名)。
disinherited, 取消...的承繼權。
20. despoiled, 奪去。
deed, 契據。

- get thee gone, 滾蛋。
25. fine, 罰款。
dismissed the court, 退堂。
30. ingenuity, 機智

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5. indebted, 受恩。
acquitted, 免除。
10. evermore, 永遠。
15. espied, 窺看。
wily, 慧黠的。
30. affected to be afironted, 假裝發怒。

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- yielded, 聽從。
5. outdone, 勝過；超過。
10. tax, 譴責。

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- paltry, 無價值的。
5. cutler's, 鑄造利器者的。
signify, 表示。
10. scrubbed, 鄙陋的。
15. prating, 多言的。
fee, 費。
20. for all the world, 無論如何。

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- be:et, 困惱。
30. ensued, 隨來。

Page 120

5. Augustus Caesar (ô-gūs'tūs sē'zār), 奧古斯都·愷撒(古羅馬皇帝名)。

10. Cymbeline (sǐm'bé-lín), 辛俾林 (人名)
 Imogen (im'ò-jěn), 易摩真 (人名).
 15. nursery, 育嬰室.
 what was become of them, 他們以後如何; 他們結果怎樣.
 20. plotting, 陰謀的.
 step-mother, 後母; 繼母.

Page 121

- Cloten (klō'těn), 克羅吞 (人名).
 5. Posthumus (pōst-hū'mūs), 波斯德火墨斯 (人名, 意即“遺腹的”).
 of that age, 當那時代.
 10. the helpless state of this orphan, 這孤兒孤苦零丁的狀況.
 15. infancy, 幼稚時代.
 20. learned, 得知.
 daughter-in-law, 丈夫的前妻的女兒.
 25. exceed, 超過; 大於.
 wrath, 忿怒.
 subject, 臣民.

Page 122

- procure, 謀得; 圖謀.
 5. lawful, 合法的.
 contracted, 訂立.
 10. part with, 和...分離.
 bracelet, 手鐲.
 15. token, 記號; 紀念品.
 everlasting, 永遠的.
 fidelity, 忠實.
 solitary, 孤寂的.
 dejected, 沮喪的.
 25. affirmed, 確說.
 Iachimo (yá'kō-mō), 愛阿啟莫 (人名).
 30. provoked, 激怒.

Page 123

- altercation, 爭論.
 laid a wager, 打賭.
 5. forfeit, 喪失; 輸.
 10. terminate, 終了.
 ran no hazard, 不冒險.
 15. professions, 明言; 表白.
 repulsed him with disdain, 卑鄙地拒絕他.
 20. dishonorable design, 卑鄙的計謀.
 have recourse to, 求助於; 用.
 stratagem, 詭計.
 25. with great expedition, 極迅速地.
 outsell, 較珍貴; 售價較高.

Page 124

- exclamations, 呼喊.
 delivered up, 交出.
 5. Pisanio (pī-sā'nī-ō), 皮薩泥奧 (人名).
 disloyalty, 不忠實; 失貞潔.
 10. Milford-Haven (mīl'fērd hā'v'n), 彌爾福得·嘿文 (地名).
 seaport of Wales (wālz), 威爾斯的海口.
 deceitful, 欺騙的.
 upon pain of death, 違則處死.
 15. unsuspecting, 毫無疑心的.
 disclosed, 宣布; 明言.
 25. doomed, 定罪.
 afflicted, 感到痛苦.
 beyond measure, 無量地.
 fortitude, 堅忍.

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5. barbarously, 野蠻地.
 10. a phial of cordial, 一瓶興奮劑.

sovereign remedy, 靈藥; 有效驗的藥。

disorders, 疾病; 身體失調。

15. physician, 醫生。

malicious disposition, 懷惡意的心向。

drug, 藥。

20. choice cordial, 甄選的興奮劑; 最好的藥酒。

30. Bellarius (bē-lā'rī-ūs), 柏雷力厄斯 (人名)。

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revenge, 報仇。

5. subsisted, 生活; 生存。

hardy, 強固的。

10. pressing, 苦求。

15. embark, 上船。

purchase, 買。

20. procure, 得到。

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mandate, 命令。

came across her, 觸動她; 使她想起。

thou art = you are.

5. reputed, 號稱的。

Polydore (pōl'i-dōr), 坡力多耳 (人名, 即格尉第立厄斯)。

Cadwal (kād'wōl), 卡德窩爾 (人名, 即阿耳維刺革斯)。

10. Guiderius (gwī-dē'rī-ūs), 格尉第立厄斯 (人名)。

Arviragus (ār-vīr'ā-gūs), 阿耳維刺革斯 (人名)。

victuals, 食物。

15. by Jupiter, 哦! 喇喇!(感嘆語, 直譯為“周必待神呀!”)。

earthly paragon, 絕世美人。

25. board, 桌。

provider, 供給者。

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whither are you bound? = where are you going?

Fidele (fī-dē'lé), 非第利 (易摩真的假名)。

5. Prithee (= pray you), 請求你。churls, 粗鄙的人。

measure, 估量。

encountered, 相遇。

10. cheer, 食物。

bid him welcome, 歡迎他。

15. housewifery, 處理家務的才能。

20. cookery, 烹飪法。

roots, (可作食品的) 植物根。

in characters, 適當; 井井有條。

sauced their broth, 調製他們的羹湯。

Juno (jōō'nō), 約諾 (羅馬女神)。

25. dieter, 司食事者。

overcloud, 籠罩; 蒙蔽。

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doting-piece, 寵愛者。

5. to pursue her way, 繼續她的行程。

15. demeanor, 舉止。

recollected, 記起; 想到。

20. deathlike, 如死的。

25. foresters, 山林居民。

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solemn dirges, 莊嚴的挽歌。

shady covert, 陰處; 幽蔭的叢林。

5. strew, 散(花)。

- primrose, 櫻草。
bluebell, 鐘形藍花。
10. veins, 靜脈。
eglantine, 薔薇。
furred moss, 細軟如毛皮的苔蘚。
obsequies, 葬禮。
25. pilgrimage, 巡禮 (本指香客
巡禮聖地, 此處喻易摩真之尋夫)。
bound for, 開往。

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15. sat heavy on his heart, 使
他傷心。
20. deportment, 舉止; 態度。
recommending, 致得寵遇。
Lucius (lū'shī-ūs), 路求 (人名)。

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5. extraordinary valor, 非常的
勇敢。
turned the fortunes of the day,
轉敗為勝 (直譯為改變當日的幸運)。
15. receive his sentence of
death, 接受他死罪的判決。
20. at this strange juncture of
time, 當此特異的危急之際。

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5. peasant, 農人; 鄉人。
male attire, 男裝。
author, 主因。
10. garb, 衣服。
let the time run on to good or
bad, 任憑時間過去得好或壞; 不論
此後禍福如何。

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- ransom, 贖價。
entreat, 請求。

5. duteous, 盡責的
nurse-like, 周到似看護婦的。
10. spare, 饒恕。
all-powerful Nature, 全能的造化;
無所不能的上帝。
spake, spoke 的古體。
15. boon, 恩寵; 恩惠。
20. conferred, 給與; 賜。

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- confess, 招認。
5. torture, 酷刑。
came by, 得到。
villainy, 惡行。
10. credulity, 信心。
15. execute, 執行 (死刑)。
unutterable, 不可言喻的。
20. weight, 負累。
overwhelmed, 大受感動。

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- deliverers, 救命恩人。
5. unlooked-for joy, 測度不到的
快樂。
10. inviolate, 不違背; 不破。
20. Lear (lēr), 利爾 (人名)。
Goneril (gōn'er-il), 婁涅立爾 (人
名)。
Albany (ól'bá-nī), 奧爾巴尼
(地名)。
Regan (rē'gǎn), 雷干 (人名)。
25. Cornwall (kōrn'wól), 康瓦爾
(地名)。
Cordelia (kōr-dē'lī-á), 科第力亞
(人名)。
Burgundy (būr'gūn-dī), 勃艮第
(地名)。
joint suitors, 共同求婚者。

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- worn out, 衰老。
 fourscore, 八十。
 5. to take no further part, 不再與聞。
 younger strengths, 年青之力 (指青年輩)。
 with this intent, 因此; 有此意思。
 10. proportions, 比例。
 deserve, 應得。
 15. a deal of, 許多。
 professing stuff, 假稱的胡說。
 counterfeit, 假裝。
 20. assurance, 確言。
 in a fit of fatherly fondness, 在一陣父親之愛的昏迷中。
 ample, 廣大的。
 25. the same hollow metal, 同樣的空響器。
 whit, 些微。
 came short of, 不及。
 insomuch that, 甚至於。
 30. in comparison with, 和...比較。

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5. glad his ears, 悅他的耳。
 10. uttered, 說出。
 darling, 愛者。
 favored, 寵愛。
 disgusted, 厭惡。
 flattery, 諂媚。
 15. coaxing, 花巧的。
 wheedle, 騙。
 20. shocked, 受驚。
 to mend her speech, 修改她的言語。
 25. mar, 傷害。
 had given her breeding, 教養她。
 30. frame, 裝作。

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5. extravagantly, 過分地。
 10. terms, 詞句。
 qualifications, 限制。
 crafty flattering speeches, 詭譎的花言巧語。
 draw such extravagant rewards, 博得這樣隆重的酬報。
 15. mercenary ends, 圖利的目的。
 not for gain, 非為獲利。
 ostentatious, 虛誇的。
 20. old monarch, 老君王(指利爾)。
 in his best of times, 當他盛年時。
 spleen, 忿怒。
 dotage, 老邁。
 25. clouded over, 遮蔽。
 discern, 分辨。
 gay painted speech, 悅耳的文飾的言語; 花言巧語。
 in a fury of resentment, 在狂怒中。
 retracted, 收回。
 reserved for, 留給。
 30. sharing, 分。

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- in presence of, 在...之前。
 coronet, 王公之冠(比 crown 低一級)。
 revenue, 國家歲入; 賦稅。
 execution, 執行。
 5. resigned, 辭去; 放棄。
 monthly course, 每月一次。
 in turn, 輪流。
 preposterous, 不合理的。
 10. interpose, 調停。
 earl, 子爵。
 15. on pain of death, 違則處死。
 desist, 罷休。

repelled, 拒絕。

20. pawn, 押物。

wage against, 對敵。

Lear's safety was the motive, 目的在使利爾安全。

25. manfully, 丈夫氣概地。

weighty matters, 重大的事情。

30. recall, 收回。

hideous, 可怕的。

answer with, 以...爲擔保。

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when power bowed to flattery, honor was bound to plainness, 權力受制於諂媚則義理必需乎率直(意謂王既聽信諂言, 則諍臣不得不直諫)。

5. the more, 更加; 愈加。

frantic patient, 狂亂的病人。

10. mortal disease, 致命的疾病。

allotted, 應許。

realm, 王國。

bade farewell, 告別。

15. discreetly, 賢明地。

20. answered with, 符合。

to shape his old course to a new country, 在新國土內幹他的舊行徑。

25. persist, 堅持。

declined the match, 不願爲配偶。

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tardiness, 滯緩。

10. waterish, 水性的。

took leave of, 向...告別。

15. sullenly, 惱怒地。

prescribe, 指揮。

tauntingly, 嘲罵地。

alms, 施捨物。

heavy heart, 憂心。

25. true colors, 真色; 本來面目。

expiration, 終了。

find out, 察覺。

30. grudge, 吝惜。

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frowning countenance, 皺眉盛額的面貌。

5. slackened, 懈怠。

10. it is to be feared, 恐怕。

instructions, 囑咐。

affected, 裝做。

15. consequences, 結果。

obstinacy, 剛愎。

20. have brought upon them, 引到他們身上; 有以致之。

estranged, 離間。

ill=ill usage.

25. shifts, 詭計。

30. counts nothing base or unworthy, 隨便什麼都不當它是卑鄙或沒有價值。

so as, 祇須; 但求。

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pomp, 虛誇; 浮華。

laid aside, 放棄。

bluntness, 直率。

5. put on, 假裝。

smooth oily flattery, 油滑的諂媚。

to be sick of, 厭惡。

a bargain was quickly struck, 契約立即訂成。

Caius (kā'yūs), 揆雅斯(earl of Kent 的化名)。

15. steward, 管家。

disrespectful, 不恭敬的。

saucy, 無禮的。

- affront, 侮辱。
 made no more ado, 不事麻煩。
 20. tripped, 絆倒; 使顛蹶。
 attached to, 依戀。
 25. insignificant, 微小的。
 personage, 人物。
 jester, 弄臣; 滑稽者 (古時以警語譏
 娛帝王的滑稽家)。
 30. clung to, 依附。

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- uncrowning, 去王冠; 廢位。
 rhymingly, 押韻地。
 5. bo-peep, 張貓 (匿於門後突然出
 現以驚小孩的遊戲)。
 10. scraps, 片; 段。
 cut to the quick, 刺入肉根; 深刺人
 心。
 15. hedge-sparrow, 一種歐產的
 歌鳥。
 20. whipped, 鞭答。
 25. establishment, 處所。
 30. riot, 鬧飲。

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5. train, 扈從。
 detested kite, 爲人所深惡的鷹
 鳥。
 15. marble-hearted, 鐵石心腸的。
 25. sea-monster, 海怪。
 25. hear him out, 聽完他的說話。
 saddled, 裝馬鞍。
 30. abode, 寓所。

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5. despatched, 派遣。
 reception, 歡迎; 招待。
 10. waywardness, 任性; 強橫。

15. revile, 辱罵。
 20. mischief-maker, 惡作劇
 者。
 stocks, 足枷。
 25. messenger, 使者。
 30. omen, 徵兆。

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- positive, 堅決的。
 10. wanted discretion, 沒有自主
 的能力。
 15. raiment, 衣服。
 25. wretched pension, 可鄙的養
 老金。
 30. portion, 嫁妝。

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- outdo, 勝過。
 unfilial, 不孝的。
 behavior, 行爲。
 nigh heart-broken, 幾乎心碎。
 10. strove to exceed each other,
 互相競勝。
 abated, 奪去。
 25. hags, 醜老。

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5. wilful, 頑強的; 剛愎的。
 10. sallied forth, 衝出。
 combat with the elements, 與原
 素 (即風雨) 決鬪 (古時認風, 火,
 水, 土爲包羅萬象之四大原素)。
 heath, 荒地。
 15. defy, 抵抗。
 20. abided with, 侍候。
 conceits, 奇想。
 outjest, 以戲謔勝。
 25. heigh ho, 咳啊 (壯人膽力的呼
 喊聲)。

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5. affliction, 苦難.
malady, 病.
15. hovel, 茅屋.
20. Bedlam beggar, 瘋人院中的乞丐.
25. lunatics, 瘋人.
extort charity, 強討施捨物.
compassionate, 慈悲的.
Turlygood (túr'li-gōöd), 忒力哥德 (人名).
30. sprigs, 小枝.
rosemary, 迷迭香.

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- move, 感動.
- plight, 苦狀; 慘境.
5. loins, 腰部.
brought himself to that pass, 以致自己如此.
10. perfect mind, 健全的頭腦; 清明的意志.
20. Dover (dō'vēr), 多維 (地名).
25. set out, 詳述.
lively colors, 生氣勃勃的容色.
inhumanity, 殘忍.
subdue, 鎮服.

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- lunacy, 癡狂.
5. stark mad, 十分瘋狂.
nettles, 蕁麻.
10. operation of herbs, 藥草的效驗.
composure, 安靜.
25. half-crazed brain, 半瘋狂的頭腦.
- standers-by, 旁人.
30. all the while, 始終.

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- become, 適宜; 合應.
5. bit, 咬.
20. winding up the untuned and jarring senses, 絃上失調的發軋襍聲的心絃; 恢復錯亂的神經.
violently shaken, 猛烈地震壞.
25. Edmund (ēd'mǎnd), 愛德曼 (人名).
30. Gloucester (glōs'tēr), 格羅斯忒 (地名).
treacheries, 叛逆; 不義.
disinheriting, 奪去繼承權.
Edgar (ēd'gār), 以得加 (人名).
earldom, 伯爵之位.

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5. sundry times, 數次; 有時.
10. detected, 發覺.
overtook, 襲擊.
15. displayed, 呈現; 顯示.
20. conclusion, 結局.
25. victorious, 得勝的.
30. illustrious example, 明顯的榜樣.
survive, 比...後死.

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5. comprehend, 了解.
needless, 無庸.
10. expiring, 死.
20. narrate, 敘述.
concern our story, 關於我們的故事.
- Duncan (dūn'kǎn) the Meek, 溫柔的當坎王.
- thane, 貴士.
- Macbeth (mǎk-bēth'), 馬克柏司 (人名).

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Norway (nôr'wā), 挪威 (國名).
in terrible numbers, (多得) 驚人
的人數.

Banquo (băn'kō), 邦廓 (人名).

5. blasted heath, 凋零的荒地.
figures, 人形.

attire, 衣服.

earthly creatures, 世間人物.

10. choppy, 有皺紋的.

thane of Glamis (glä'mis), 格拉
密斯的貴士.

15. Cawdor (kô'dör), 科得 (地
名).

pretensions, 自命; 自稱.

all hail! 萬歲.

20. prophetic greeting, 預言的
慶賀; 預祝.

riddling terms, 謎語似的說法; 難
懂的語句.

25. weird sisters, 巫術的姊妹們;
巫女.

witches, 巫女.

30. pondering, 思量.

empowered, 使...有權.

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miraculously, 神奇地.

corresponding with, 與...符合.

prediction, 預言.

wrapped in amazement, 爲驚駭
所包圍; 在驚駭中.

5. accomplishment, 成就; 應驗.

10. come to pass, 成就; 應驗.

enkindle, 煽動.

15. ministers of darkness, 暗黑
之君; 魔鬼.

betray, 使入歧途; 誤引.

suggestions, 暗示.

20. bent all his thoughts, 專心
致志.

compass, 獲得.

communicated, 宣布; 告知.

25. partial, 部分的.

ambitious, 野心勃勃的.

care not much by what means,
不大顧到手段.

spurred on, 催促.

reluctant, 不願的.

compunction, 良心不安.

30. fulfilment, 應驗.

flattering prophecy, 諂媚的預言.

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condescension, 自卑; 謙遜.

Malcolm (mäl'kūm), 馬肯 (人名).

5. Donalbain (dōn'äl-bān), 多
納爾培恩 (人名).

10. martlet, 燕.

jutting friezes, 突出的輪覆.

buttresses, 扶壁.

breed, 生長.

haunt, 居住.

15. hostess, 女主人; 女東道主.

covering treacherous purposes
with smiles, 以巧笑掩藏奸計.

20. state room, 臥室.

grooms, 男僕.

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a deed so abhorrent to her sex,
對於她的屬性如此可憎的一種行爲
(指謀命一事於女子尤爲可怕).

too full of the milk of human
kindness, 太溫柔; 乳氣太濃.

contrived, 計劃過的; 預謀的.

5. scrupulous, 猶豫的.

inordinate, 無度的; 太過的.

had won him to consent, 得到他的允許。

10. tenderness, 溫柔。

come between, 干與; 中阻。

dagger, 小刀; 匕首。

ply...with wine, 強勸...飲酒。

15. intoxicated, 醉醺醺的。

20. proceed, 往前。

confer with, 和...商議。

stagger, 動搖。

25. hospitality, 待客之道; 地主之誼。

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stained, 染污。

foul, 卑鄙的; 可恥的。

5. infused, 注入; 灌輸。

10. shrink, 退縮。

15. fickleness, 三心兩意; 反覆無常。

to lay the guilt of the deed upon, 推罪於。

20. chastised, 責罵。

sluggish, 遲鈍的。

summoned up courage, 抖擻精神; 鼓氣。

25. phantasm, 幻像。

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5. amen, 亞門 (誠心所願, ——祈禱畢的套語)。

15. frustrated, 失敗; 挫折。

in so distracted a state, 如此困擾的形狀。

20. want of firmness, 缺乏決心。

25. smeared, 濺污。

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5. vacated, 使...空位。

was literally accomplished, 逐字應驗。

10. defiled, 塗污。

15. posterity, 後裔。

rankled, 痛心。

to make void, 使無效; 作廢。

20. Fieance (fié'áns), 夫利安斯 (人名)。

25. beset, 包圍。

stabbed, 刺死。

in the scuffle, 混鬧之際。

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affable, 溫和的。

conciliated, 撫慰。

5. mischance, 不幸; 惡運。

10. ghost, 幽靈; 亡魂。

15. unmanned, 無丈夫氣的; 柔弱的。

took it for a fit of distraction, 以為這是一陣失神。

20. gave no heed, 不注意。

25. dismissed, 遣散。

30. subject, 易犯。

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5. foresight, 先見之明。

charms, 法術; 巫術。

10. conjured, 以呪語召請。

futurity, 將來; 後事。

ingredients, 分子; 成分。

newt, 水蜥。

lizard, 蜥蜴。

nightowl, 夜梟。

15. maw, 胃。

ravenous, 貪食的。

salt-sea shark, 海沙魚。

mummy, 木乃伊; 乾屍。

hemlock, 一種毒草。

gall, 苦膽。

slips, 切枝; 細長片。

yew tree, 水松樹。

20. caldron, 鍋.
daunted, 恐嚇.
25. beware of, 儆防; 當心.
30. Macduff (măk-dŭf'), 馬克達夫(人名).

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- none of woman born, 凡婦女所生的沒有一個; 沒有人.
10. conspiracies, 謀叛.
vanquished, 打敗.
Birnam (bŭr'năm), 柏楠(地名).
Dunsinane Hill (dŭn-sin'an hĭl), 丹息能山.
15. bodements, 預兆.
earth-bound, 深入土中的.
shall live the usual period of man's life, 將活至人壽的普通時期; 善終.
violent death, 暴死.
throbs, 跳.
20. issue, 後裔.

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- late king, 已死的王.
displace, 罷免.
5. stung with rage, 爲忿怒所刺痛; 怒極.
10. alienated, 分離; 間離.
15. recruits, 新兵.
20. steel, 鋼(指刀槍).
domestic malice, 國內的毒計; 內叛.
foreign levies, 外國的軍隊.
25. soul, 人.

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- hollow promises, 虛空的應許.
10. impregnable, 難以取勝的.

- defed, 輕視.
sullenly, 愠怒地.
averred, 斷言.
15. liar, 說謊者.
till famine end thee, 直至飢餓完
給了你; 直到你餓死.
20. equivocal, 雙關的; 兩可的.
25. avouche, 明言; 保證.
sallied forth upon, 突然攻擊.
besiegers, 圍困者.

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- hew, 鋸.
10. skirmishing, 戰爭.
15. counselled, 勸告; 忠告.
25. combat, 爭鬪.
30. impress, 深入.
vulnerable, 可攻擊的; 易傷害的.
bear a charmed life, 身具魔法.

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5. accursed, 受咒詛的.
last hold of confidence give way, 最後的信託的依傍去了.
juggling, 欺騙的.
10. double senses, 兩重意義.
20. baited, 誘.
rabble, 暴徒.
25. machinations, 陰謀; 詭計.
usurper, 篡位者.
30. acclamations, 歡呼.

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- Katharine (kăth'ă-rĭn), 喀德鄰(人名).
shrew, 潑婦.
Baptista (băp-tĭs'tă), 巴普替斯塔(人名).

Padua (pǎd'ū-á), 帕羅亞 (地名).
 ungovernable, 不受管束的.
 fiery temper, 火性; 性情如火的.
 loud-tongued scold, 高聲罵人者.
 5. venture, 膽敢.
 deferring, 延擱.
 10. Bianca (bī-ǎ-ǐ'ká), 比安卡 (人名).
 putting off, 推辭.
 free leave, 自由的許可.
 address, 向...求婚.
 15. Petruchio (pê-trōō'chī-ō), 皮特魯契奧 (人名).
 to look out for, 物色; 訪尋.
 20. termagant, 潑婦.
 taming, 使馴服.
 manageable, 可制馭的.
 set about, 從事.
 herculean labor, 極困難的工作.
 high, 傲慢的; 猛烈的.
 humorist, 滑稽家.
 withal, 且; 又.
 25. boisterous airs, 強暴的神氣.

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being but in sport, 只爲嬉戲.
 discernment, 識別; 洞察.
 5. courting, 求婚.
 applied, 請求.
 gentle daughter, 溫和的女兒 (反語).
 archly, 狡猾地.
 10. bashful modesty, 羞怯的謙遜.
 Verona (vê-rō'ná), 味羅那 (地名).
 solicit, 求乞.
 confess, 自認.
 ill answer, 不相當; 不相稱.
 apparent, 顯然的.
 15. complain, 訴苦.
 lute, 琵琶.

presuming, 膽敢.
 wench, 女子.
 20. chat, 閒談.
 25. dowry, 妝奩.
 blunt, 笨拙的.
 30. odd match, 奇怪的配偶.
 apprise, 告知.

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was settling, 決定.
 pursue, 實行.
 5. rails, 詈罵.
 nightingale, 夜鶯.
 frowns, 蹙額.
 10. stately, 威嚴的.
 Kate (kāt), 凱特 (Katharine 的簡稱).
 15. plain salutation, 簡單的問候.
 disdainfully, 輕蔑地.
 plain, 樸素的.
 bonny, 美麗的.
 20. Christendom, 基督教界.
 25. let us set this idle chat aside, 讓我們將閒談擱在一起; 閒話少說.

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denied, 否認.
 hanged, 絞死.
 5. wed, 嫁.
 mad-cap ruffian, 狂暴的人.
 reluctant, 不願的; 厭惡的.
 10. array, 美服.
 15. assembled, 聚集.
 20. bridal finery, 新娘的豔服.
 bridegroom, 新郎.
 disordered attire, 紊亂的服裝.
 make a sport of, 玩弄.
 25. mean, 惡劣的.

fantastic fashion, 奇異的式樣。

30. in vain, 無效; 徒然。

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mad-brained, 癡狂的。

5. cuff, 掌擊。

10. drank a loud health to the company, 高聲向衆客飲祝。

sop, 浸於液汁中的東西。

sexton's, 禮拜堂司事的。

hungerly, 飢餓的。

15. wildness, 狂妄。

plot, 計謀。

sumptuous, 奢侈的。

20. declared, 宣言。

instantly, 立刻。

remonstrance, 規勸。

enraged, 忿怒的。

25. dispose of, 對待。

miserable, 有殘疾的; 可憐的。

30. lank, 瘦弱的。

had picked out for the purpose, 爲了這個目的而揀出; 特意揀出。

no better mounted, 並不騎得更好些 (指他們騎的馬也不好)。

miry, 泥濘的。

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stumbled, 跌倒。

storm, 暴怒。

jaded, 疲勞的。

5. ravings, 狂譫語。

10. served, 備好; 陳設。

pretending to find fault, 佯爲吹求; 假意找錯處。

ordered, 命令。

remove... away, 撤去。

15. dressed, 煮調。

supperless, 未用晚膳的。

bed-clothes, 被褥。

20. pursued the same course, 實行同樣的方法; 進行如舊。

25. haughty, 傲慢的。

was fain, 願意。

30. a morsel of food, 一口食物。

Page 177

famish, 餓死。

starved, 餓。

5. giddy, 眩暈的。

oaths, 呪詛。

brawling, 吵鬧。

under the name of, 冒名爲; 假稱爲。

soliloquy, 獨語; 自言自語。

15. abated, 減少; 抑制。

20. let it stand, 讓它放着吧。

the poorest service is repaid with thanks, 最微細的效勞, 也要報以感謝的。

25. suffered, 允許。

eat apace! 吃快!

revel, 歡飲; 宴樂。

30. ruffs, 綳領。

scarfs, 肩巾。

Page 178

haberdasher, 售零星飾品者。

5. your worship, 老爺 (一種尊稱)。

porringer, 粥碗。

10. cockle, 蛤殼。

walnut shell, 胡桃殼。

15. betters, 居上位者。

20. jangling, 爭論的; 空談的。

25. paltry, 無價值的。

Page 179

what stuff is here! 這是何種貨色!
這樣的廢物喇!

demi-cannon, 一種古礮.

5. apple tart, 蘋果餡的小饅頭.

the fashion of the times, 時式.

10. bestowed upon, 加於.

furious gestures, 狂暴的姿勢.

15. affirming, 斷言.

20. vehemence, 暴烈.

25. subdued, 壓服.

assent, 承認; 同意.

30. crossing, 反對.

Page 180

subjection, 服從.

5. contradiction, 反對; 衝突.

hint, 暗示.

10. by my mother's son, 老實
說 (直譯為“以我母親的兒子作擔保”).

list, 喜歡.

15. rush candle, 燈心燭.

25. proceed, 繼續; 前進.

yielding humor, 屈服的性情.

last, 持久.

Page 181

5. vanquished, 被征服的.

adopted, 採取.

in like sort, 同樣.

10. budding virgin, 嫩芽般的處女.

wrinkled, 起皺的.

15. withered, 衰弱的.

reverend father, 可尊敬的父老.

20. grandsire, 年老人.

25. encounter, 遭遇.

Vincentio (vīn-sēn'shī-ō), 焚森細奧(人名).

Lucentio (lōō-sēn'shī-ō), 盧森細奧(人名).

Page 182

5. Hortensio (hōr-tēn'shī-ō), 和騰細奧(人名).

10. could not forbear sly jests, 忍不住詭譎的戲謔.

20. in good sadness, 切實地說.

veriest, 全然的.

assurance, 保證; 證實.

25. confident, 自信的.

30. headstrong, 頑梗的; 剛愎的.

Page 183

hawk, 鷹.

hound, 獵犬.

15. blank, 茫然的.

25. Sirrah, 人; 你這個人(表輕視或高傲的意思).

summons, 召喚

by my holiday, 啊喇! 天喇!(直譯為“我的聖母喇!”)

Page 184

conferring, 會談.

5. marvel, 詫異.

bodes, 預示.

10. supremacy, 最高權.

to be short, 簡言之; 總之.

reformation, 改良.

fair befall thee, 佳運臨到你; 願你得福.

20. froward, 剛愎的.

persuasion, 勸誘.

25. become, 合配.

- bauble, 虛華之物。
 silly pass, 悖理的情景。
 30. fie, 呸 (表厭惡的感嘆詞)。

Page 185

5. charge, 責令。
 10. practised, 實行; 慣爲。
 implicitly, 無疑地。
 15. Syracuse (sīr'á-kūs), 叙拉古 (地名)。
 Ephesus (éí'ê-sūs), 以弗所 (地名)。
 at variance, 不和; 有仇恨。
 ordaining, 命令。
 to be put to death, 處死。
 20. marks, 馬克 (錢幣名)。
 Aegeon (ê-jē'ōn), 伊機溫 (人名)。
 fine, 罰款。
 25. relate the history of his life, 述說他的身世。

Page 186

10. profession, 職業。
 Epidamnum (ép-ī-dām'núm), 厄匹丹喃 (地名)。
 detained, 逗遛; 耽擱。
 20. twins, 孿生子; 雙生子。
 25. not a little proud of, 頗以...誇豪; 因...而自傲不少。

Page 187

- the fury of the storm, 風暴的兇猛。
 incessant, 不息的。
 piteous complaints, 可憐的訴苦。
 5. for fashion, 看樣; 學樣。
 contrive means, 設法。
 spare, 剩餘的。
 10. seafaring men, 水手; 航海的人。

15. but for, 倘若沒有。
 20. Corinth (kōr'inth), 哥林多 (地名)。
 25. in our turn, 輪流到我們。

Page 188

- inquisitive after, 詢問。
 importuned, 請求。
 10. coasting homewards, 沿海岸回家。
 15. hapless, 不幸的。

Page 189

- custody, 拘禁。
 10. Antipholus (án-tíf'ō-lūs), 安替福拉斯 (人名)。
 Dromio (drō'mi-ō), 德洛密奧 (人名)。

Page 190

- recollection, 記憶。
 5. Menaphon (mén'á-fōn), 麥那豐 (人名)。
 15. Adriana (ā-dri-ā'ná), 亞德立阿那 (人名)。
 20. view, 觀察。
 25. divert, 消遣。
 odd humors, 奇異的詼諧。
 merry jests, 有趣的戲謔。

Page 191

20. capon, 阉鷄。
 spit, 炙叉。
 out of season, 不合時。
 25. your worship's wife, 尊夫人。
 chat, 談話。
 30. presume, 擅敢。

Page 192

5. lost all patience, 失去一切的忍耐; 大怒。
 15. fret, 發怒。
 Luciana (lōō-shī-ā'nā), 盧息亞那(人名)。
 groundless suspicions, 毫無根據的猜疑。
 30. fair dame, 美麗的姑娘。

Page 193

10. cook-maid, 廚房女傭。
 claimed him for, 稱他爲。
 25. perplexed, 困擾; 爲難。
 30. pretence, 託詞; 藉口。
 jealous-tempered, 性情妒嫉的; 嫉妬成性的。

Page 194

5. goldsmith, 金匠。
 15. bewitched, 被蠱惑。
 was arrested, 被捕。

Page 195

5. at the conclusion of their dispute, 在爭鬧結束時。
 20. Dowsabel (dou'zā-bēl), 道紫柏爾(人名)。
 25. saluted, 招呼。

Page 196

- taking measure of him, 量他的身材。
 sorcerers, 男巫。
 10. confounded, 使迷亂。
 distracted, 神經錯亂的。

- illusions, 幻覺。
 blessed power, 有福的權能; 神。
 25. frantic, 狂亂的。

Page 197

10. freaks, 幻想。
 subject, 易犯。
 15. civility, 禮貌。
 25. out of his senses, 神經錯亂的。

Page 198

10. discharged, 釋放。
 conveyed, 押送。
 false accusation, 誣告。
 20. confinement, 幽禁。
 25. convent, 尼院。
 30. beset, 困擾。

Page 199

5. lunatic, 癡狂的。
 10. keepers, 看守者。
 to lay violent hands on, 以武力對付。
 abbess, 女尼長。
 shelter, 庇護。
 15. disturbance, 紛亂; 騷動。
 venerable, 可尊敬的。
 give up, 交出。
 questioned, 詰問。
 20. distemper, 神經錯亂。

Page 200

- reprehended, 斥責。
 10. vile, 下賤的。
 15. having drawn this full confession, 得到完全的承認。

venomous clamor, 狠毒的喧噪。

20. light, 眩暈的。
sauced, 加味; 調味。
debarred, 攔阻。

25. recreation, 娛樂。
ensue, 結果。

Page 201

10. eventful, 多事的。
day of grace, 緩刑之日。
20. in person, 親自。
30. bands, 束縛的東西。
eluded, 巧避。
vigilance, 警備; 留心。

Page 202

25. aright, 不錯。
30. unlooked-for, 測度不到的; 不期望的。

Page 203

made herself known to be, 自己承認爲。
5. nunnery, 尼庵。
20. adverse, 不順利的; 不幸的。

Page 204

unravelling, 解明。
5. comical blunders, 可笑的錯誤。
10. Sebastian (sè-bās'chǎn), 瑟罷士慶(人名)。
Viola (vī'ò-lá), 外奧拉(人名)。
Messaline (mès'á-lín), 麥薩林(地名)。
could not be known apart, 辨別不出。

15. shipwrecked, 遭破船之難。
Illyria (i-lir'ī-á), 以利亞(地名)。
split, 破裂。

Page 205

5. dispose of, 處置; 安身。
10. Orsino (ór-sē'nō), 奧西諾(人名)。
15. prattle, 閒談。
Olivia (ò-liv'ī-á), 奧力維亞(人名)。
20. count, 伯爵。
abjured, 誓絕。

Page 206

habit, 衣服。
pass for, 當作; 扮爲。
15. garb, 衣服。
20. feigned, 假的。
Cesario (sè-zá'ri-ò), 西撒立奧(外奧拉的假名)。

Page 207

5. the sports of the field, 畋獵。
ignoble, 卑鄙的。
sloth, 怠惰; 懶惰。
effeminate, 女性的。
10. associate, 交際。
unmeet, 不相稱的。
20. peerless, 無匹的。

Page 208

deference, 順從。
10. a blank, 一張空白(指她從未述說她的身世)。
15. damask, 深玫瑰色的。
pined, 憔悴; 消瘦。
Patience, 忍耐(之像)。

Grief, 憂愁 (之像).

20. evasive, 推托的; 支吾的.

25. the element, 天.

cloistress, 尼姑.

Page 209

golden shaft, 金箭 (愛神射透情人的箭).

5. access, 達到; 接近.

there your fixed foot shall grow
till you have audience, 你的堅定的足, 將生長在那邊, 直到你有被聽的機會, 你須堅定地立在那邊, 使你的足生根, 直到有人聽你的話.

20. foreknowledge, 預知.

25. peremptory, 固執的; 專斷的.

Page 210

assume, 裝作.

5. penned, 寫.

10. comedian, 扮演喜劇者.

20. commission, 使命.

25. negotiate, 談判.

30. will lead these graces to
the grave, and leave the world
no copy, 將這些美點送入墳墓, 使在世上不留痕跡.

Page 211

inventory, 財產目錄.

item, 項目.

10. adoration, 崇拜.

15. spotless, 無瑕的.

20. willow cabin, 楊柳棚 (楊柳是悲哀的象徵).

sonnets, 十四行詩 (每首有十四行的詩).

Echo (ēk'ō), 厄科 (女神名).

babbling gossip, 閒談者.

Page 212

10. inequality, 不平等.

reserve, 謹慎.

20. intimation, 暗示.

Page 213

5. tedious interval, 討厭的時間.

methought, 我想.

mark it, 記住.

10. spinsters, 紡織女.

knitters, 編織者.

chant, 吟誦; 歌唱.

come away, 來啊.

15. cypress, 扁柏.

shroud, 屍衣.

yew, 水松.

25. the pangs of unrequited
love, 無報答的愛情的痛苦; 單相思的痛苦.

Page 214

15. undertake another suit, 求
另一種婚 (指不為其主人而為自己求婚).

spheres, 天上.

25. maidhood, 處女時代; 貞潔.

30. solicitation, 乞求.

Page 215

5. formidable, 可怕的.

20. apprehended, 捕.

Page 216

5. snatched, 擄取.

hearkening to, 聽.

10. disowning, 不承認.

20. Antonio (än-tō'nī-ō), 安多泥奧(人名).
25. whithersoever, 無論何處.

Page 217

15. slunk, 潛逃.
25. courtesy, 禮貌; 慇懃.

Page 218

5. lavished, 濫用.
10. discreetly, 謹慎地, 賢明地.

Page 219

- countess, 伯爵夫人.
30. dissembler, 戴假面具者; 假扮者.

Page 220

20. at an end, 完結.
25. viewed, 觀察.

Page 221

- riddles, 謎語.
10. duchess, 公爵夫人.
15. the remaining part of the day, 那天的剩餘部分.
20. Timon (tī'mōn), 泰夢(人名).
25. affected a humor of ..., 性情愛好...
liberality, 慷慨; 大量.
knew no limits, 無度.

Page 222

- all sorts and degrees of people, 諸色人等.
bounty, 贈物.

- disdain, 蔑視.
dependants, 依靠者.
5. luxurious feasters, 奢華的食客.
all comers and goers at Athens, 在雅典的來往人眾.
prodigal nature, 揮霍的天性.
10. glass-faced flatterer, 玻璃面的諂媚者(喻其善觀主人的臉色).
unbending, 不屈不撓的.
cynic, 希臘犬儒學派的哲學家; 性情乖戾蔑視他人之意見者.
15. munificent, 博施的; 慷慨的.
20. recommendatory introduction, 保舉的介紹; 推薦的介紹.
dedicate, 題獻(著作人於其著作物的卷首, 題他人的名字以表敬愛之意).
sure of sale, 銷路必佳.
25. dispose of, 出售.
30. mercer, 綢緞商.
costliness, 昂貴.
mart, 市場.

Page 223

- into the bargain, 而且.
commodities, 商品.
5. superfluous purchases, 過多的購得之物.
ostentatious pomp, 虛飾的華麗.
inconveniently beset, 煩擾地圍困着; 困擾.
sharking tradesmen, 欺騙的商人.
10. needy courtiers, 窮乏的朝臣.
expectants, 期望者.
lobbies, 應接室.
fulsome, 多得可厭的.
stirrup, 馬鐙.
15. of birth, 出身尊貴的.
answering, 相符; 合於.

20. thenceforward, 從此.
 spendthrifts, 浪費者.
 loose livers, 放蕩者.
 25. copy, 摹仿.
 copious, 豐富的.
 flesh-flies, 食肉蠅 (指酒肉朋友).
 Ventidius (vĕn-tĭd'ĭ-ŭs), 文鐵狄
 亞斯 (人名).
 talents, 古代的貨幣名.
 30. confluence, 羣集.

Page 224

10. donors, 餽贈者.
 Lucius (lŭ'shĭ-ŭs), 路求 (人名).
 15. trapped, 裝飾.
 commend, 稱讚.
 Lucullus (lŭ-kŭl'ŭs), 盧古魯斯 (人
 名).
 brace, 雙; 對.
 greyhounds, 獵犬; 跑狗.
 make, 體格.
 fleetness, 迅速.
 20. mercenary, 圖利的.
 25. gross, 顯明的.
 palpable artifice, 顯著的狡猾手段.
 credulous, 輕信的.
 30. yielding, 柔順的.

Page 225

- bay courser, 栗色的快馬.
 10. praiseworthy, 有稱讚價值的.
 20. knaves, 惡徒; 無賴.
 parasites, 寄生蟲.
 flocked, 麇集.
 25. mock, 假的.
 30. draining, 耗盡.

Page 226

- deluded, 迷惑的.
 5. festive, 歡樂的.

- fraternal, 有兄弟情分的.
 outwent, 發出.
 10. Plutus (plŭ'tŭs), 普盧塔斯
 (財神名).
 15. Flavius (flā'vĭ-ŭs), 夫雷維阿
 斯 (人名).
 20. accounts, 帳目.
 unmannerly, 不成體統的.
 beseeching, 懇求.
 25. incredulous, 難以相信的.
 reverse, 顛倒; 變故.

Page 227

5. means, 財產.
 15. forfeited, 沒收.
 20. Iacedaemon (lās-ē-dē'mŏn),
 拉納第夢 (地名).
 25. villainous, 邪惡的.

Page 228

- infatuated, 被迷的.
 5. Sempronius (sĕm-prŏ'nĭ-ŭs),
 森普洛尼阿斯 (人名).
 moderation, 適度; 有節.
 10. ample fortune, 巨大的家產.
 15. mean, 卑劣的.
 20. sordid, 卑賤的.
 25. protestations, 明言.

Page 229

10. the wind changed, 風轉向了.
 15. disfurnished, 失去.
 25. just of this metal, 正是這種
 貨色.

Page 230

10. extolling, 頌揚.
 15. censure, 非難; 責備.

profuseness, 浪費; 揮霍。
 20. shunned, 令人躲避的。
 tumultuous, 噪雜的; 紛擾的。
 25. extortioners, 強索者。
 bonds, 借票。
 mortgages, 抵押。
 iron-hearted, 鐵石心腸的。
 30. due, 欠款。
 crowns, 克冷(錢幣名, 令值五先)。
 tell out, 付出。

Page 231

desperate, 無望的。
 irremediable, 不可救藥的。
 5. lustre, 光輝。
 10. fawning, 阿諛的。
 25. adversity, 不幸; 患難。

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bankrupt, 破產的。
 5. epicurean, 好美食的。
 10. lukewarm, 微溫的。
 this knot of mouth-friends, 這一班口頭朋友。
 15. slippery, 狡猾的; 不可靠的。
 lap, 舐。
 sprinkling, 潑灑。
 20. huddling, 擠軋。
 affable, 溫和的; 易與交結的。
 25. time flies, 勢利之交。

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5. humanity, 人類。
 confound, 天罰。
 15. man-hater, 恨人類者。
 20. retinue, 扈從; 從者。
 bleak air, 凜冽的空氣。
 boisterous servitor, 暴戾的僕役。

chamberlain, 總管; 侍從。
 skip, 輕跳。
 25. caudles, 酒湯。
 surfeit, 傷食病(飲食過飽所致)。
 30. sustenance, 生活資料。

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privy, 暗知的。
 concealment, 隱藏。
 5. mother, (地)母
 25. Alcibiades (äl-sī-bī'á-dēz),
 亞爾西巴德(人名)。
 senators, 元老院議員。

Page 235

lay Athens level with the
 ground, 將雅典城化為平地。
 5. steel, 使無情; 使剛硬。
 virgins, 處女。
 10. universal massacre, 大屠殺。
 25. he found utterance at last
 to his words, 最後他能說話了。

Page 236

in extremity, 在危急之際。
 10. loathing, 厭惡。
 detested, 深惡的。
 15. visitants, 來客。
 20. incensed, 發怒的。
 boar, 野猪。
 prowess, 勇猛。
 25. cope with, 抵敵。
 besieging, 圍困的。
 30. deputation, 代表團。
 emergency, 事變。

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10. to be at his disposal, 聽他指揮。
 15. sacked, 劫掠。

unruly camp, 強項的兵營。

20. vouchsafed, 贈與。

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5. hang, 吊死; 縊死。

15. consume all caitiffs left, 消滅一切所剩餘的賤人。

20. epitaph, 墓誌銘。

25. transient, 短促的; 暫時的。
hypocritical, 偽善的。

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Capulets (kāp'ū-lōts), 卡飄勒特家族。

Montagues (mōn'tā-gūz), 孟德鳩家族。

5. enmity, 怨仇。
remotest kindred, 遠親。

10. bloodshed, 流血。

15. Rosaline (rōz'ā-līn), 洛紫林(人名)。

Romeo (rō'mē-ō), 羅米奧(人名)。

20. Benvolio (bēn-vō'li-ō), 本服力奧(人名)。

25. think his swan a crow, 想他的天鵝是烏鴉(意謂視爲天鵝的愛人, 至此相形見拙, 醜如烏鴉)。

passionate, 熱忱的。

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fled society, 躲避交際。

5. diversity, 不同; 幾種。

Mercutio (mēr-kū'shī-ō), 麥耶細奧(人名)。

toes unplagued with corns, 未生雞眼的足趾。

15. blackamoor, 黑人。

snowy dove trooping with crows, 與烏鴉爲伍的白鴿。

20. Tybalt (tīb'ālt), 替巴爾特(人名)。

25. fleer, 嘲弄。

solemnites, 正式宴會。

30. bragged of, 誇誇。

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dearly pay for his intrusion, 因他的侵犯而大吃苦頭。

5. shrine, 神龕。

10. profaned, 褻瀆。

blushing pilgrim, 含羞的香客。

atonement, 贖罪。

15. allusions, 暗示。

20. Juliet (jōō'li-ēt), 朱力厄特(人名)。

25. dissuade, 勸阻。

30. smit, 受感動。

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5. ruminating, 沉思。

10. this new sun, 這個新太陽(指朱力厄特)。

15. enraptured, 大悅。

20. winged messenger, 有翼的使者; 天使。

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5. dialogue, 對談。

15. expostulated, 規勸。

20. alack, 唉(表示悲哀的嘆聲)。

30. pilot, 領港人。

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5. recalled, 收回。

stood upon form, 拘守禮貌。

discreet, 謹慎的。

harsh denials, 粗暴的否認; 厲害的拒絕。

10. coyness, 羞慚。

indifference, 冷淡。

15. protracted, 延長的。

20. impute, 歸諉。

levity, 輕薄。

Page 245

10. retract what she then bestowed, 收回她那時所賜與的。

15. purport, 意味。

25. hop, 跳躍。

pluck, 拉。

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monastery, 修道院; 寺。

5. hard by, 鄰近。

friar, 教團僧; 托鉢僧。

Lawrence (lô'réns), 羅凌士(人名)。

devotions, 禮拜; 祈禱。

20. chidden, 叱責。

25. matrimonial alliance, 聯姻; 婚姻的聯盟。

breach, 絕交; 罅隙。

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5. cell, 小室。

10. dissensions, 不和。

30. appellation, 名稱。

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5. charm, 符咒。

allay, 減輕。

watchword, 口號。

10. forbearance, 忍耐。

15. dishonorable submission, 可恥的屈服。

provoked, 煽動。

prosecution, 進行; 實行。

20. combatants, 爭鬪者。

broil, 吵鬧。

30. put the law in strictest force, 嚴行法律; 依法嚴懲。

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eyewitness, 眼見的證人。

fray, 爭鬪。

5. exhorted, 警告; 勸勉。

10. partially, 偏袒地; 不公平地。

25. everlastingly divorced, 永遠離婚了。

fiend angelical, 天使般的惡魔。

30. contradictory, 矛盾的。

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10. consolation of philosophy, 哲學的慰藉。

15. took the advantage, 乘機。

25. incurred, 招惹。

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misbehaved wench, 行爲不正的少女。

5. sojourn, 逗遛; 寄寓。

publish, 公布; 宣布。

30. discordant, 不和諧的。

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5. foreboding, 預知不祥的。

10. star-crossed, 運命顛沛的。

15. Paris (pär'is), 巴里(人名)。

20. indecorous, 不合禮節的; 失禮的。

25. nuptial feast, 婚禮。

was deaf to, 不聽; 置若罔聞。

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- affected coyness, 假裝的羞怯。
 15. effect, 藥性。
 two-and-forty hours, 四十二小時。
 20. bier, 屍架。
 vault, 地下墓窖。
 operation, 作用; 藥的效驗。
 25. drift, 盲趨; 用意。
 30. observe, 遵守。

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5. bustle, 匆忙; 擾攘。
 15. festering, 腐爛。
 distracted, 神經錯亂。
 20. aversion, 嫌惡。
 30. beguiled...of, 騙取。

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- colace, 自慰。
 10. sullen dirges, 悽慘的輓歌。
 15. augment, 加增。
 20. apprise, 報告。
 mock funerals, 假葬禮。

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5. apothecary, 藥商。
 20. scruples, 躊躇; 猶豫。
 despatch, 殺死; 處死。
 30. wrenching iron, 鐵鉗。

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- desist, 中止。
 15. felon, 重犯。
 30. amorous, 多情的。

Page 258

- benumbing potion, 麻醉藥。
 5. cross stars, 凶星; 惡運。
 15. detention, 延擱。
 20. pickaxe, 鶴嘴鋤。
 25. trance, 昏睡。
 30. contradict, 否定。
 thwarted, 抗拒; 挫敗。

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5. dregs, 渣滓。
 unsheathed, 拔出; 拔...出鞘。

Page 260

- divulge, 宣布。
 5. miscarriage, 失敗。
 10. transactions, 會報; 報告。
 25. subtle contrivances, 巧計。
 scourge, 刑罰。

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5. reconciliation, 和解。
 jointure, 寡婦所得之財產。
 15. outgo, 超越; 勝過。
 20. rooted hates, 根深蒂固的仇恨。
 Gertrude (gûr'trôod), 革特魯德 (人名)。
 Denmark (dên'mârk), 丹麥 (國名)。
 Hamlet (hâm'lôt), 漢姆列德 (人名)。
 25. Claudius (klô'di-ûs), 喀勞狄 (人名)。
 indiscretion, 不謹慎。
 did no ways resemble, 處處不像; 和...毫無相像處。

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- contemptible, 可鄙的。
 outward appearance, 外貌。
 disposition, 本性。
 5. made away with, 殘殺。
 with the view of, 爲了; 爲...起見。
 ascending the throne, 登王位。
 exclusion, 排出。
 10. venerated, 尊敬。
 idolatry, 崇拜。
 exquisite practiser of propriety, 精細的實行禮儀者。
 15. insomuch that, 甚至於。
 overclouded, 蒙蔽; 遮翳。
 melancholy, 憂鬱。
 20. mirth, 快樂。
 acceptable, 合意的。
 unweeded garden, 野草未除的花園; 惡草叢生的花園。
 25. weighed, 重壓。
 indignity, 侮辱。
 30. galled, 煩惱; 激怒。

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5. improper, 無禮的; 不正當的。
 indecent haste, 無禮的匆促。
 10. concluded, 決定。
 15. divert, 轉憂鬱爲快樂; 消遣。
 deep dark, 深黑 (的喪服)。
 which mode of dress, 這樣子的衣服 (指黑色的喪服)。
 laid aside, 傍置; 丟棄。
 20. disgraceful day, 羞恥之日 (即母親再醮之日)。
 it was given out, 據說。
 25. stung, 咬傷。
 shrewd suspicions, 敏銳的猜疑。
 30. conjecture, 推測; 料度。
 privy, 秘密參與。

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- came to pass, 見諸事實; 發生。
 harassed, 煩擾。
 apparition, 幽魂; 鬼。
 5. watch, 值夜。
 platform, 月台。
 successively, 接連地。
 clad in, 穿着。
 armor, 盔甲。
 10. Horatio (hō-rā'shī-ō), 和累細奧 (人名)。
 testimony, 見證。
 appearance, 出現。
 15. grisly, 可怕的。
 sable silvered, 黑銀色的。
 20. shrunk, 退縮。
 relation, 逃脫。
 25. ghost, 亡魂。
 take watch, 值夜。
 impart, 告知。

Page 265

- took stand, 站崗。
 Marcellus (mār-sēl'ūs), 馬塞拉斯 (人名)。
 raw, 凜冽。
 5. nipping, 嚴寒。
 was struck with a sudden surprise and fear, 爲突然的驚駭所觸動。
 10. heavenly ministers, 天上的使者; 天使。
 15. in all respects, 處處; 各方面。
 20. conjured, 懇求。
 25. beckoned, 召。

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- deprive the prince of his reason,
 剝奪太子的理智。

5. immortal, 不死的; 永生的.
whithersoever, 無論到何處去.
10. broke silence, 打破寂寞; 開口.
15. treasonous, 奸惡的.
henbane, 毒草 (毒草名).
antipathy, 反感; 不兩立.
20. swift as quicksilver, 速如水銀; 極速.
courses through, 流過.
veins, 血管.
baking up, 沸起.
crust-like leprosy, 痂皮似的麻瘋.
25. adjured, 嚴令.
foul murder, 卑鄙的謀命行爲.
30. cationed, 警告.

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- the stings and thorns of conscience, 良心的棘刺; 天良的苛譴.
10. strictest secrecy, 極端的祕密.
15. unhinged his mind, 錯亂他的神經.
beside his reason, 發狂; 理智顛倒.
subject him to observation, 使他被人注意.
20. counterfeit, 假裝.
object, 對象.
25. serious project, 嚴重的計劃.
perturbation, 擾亂; 不安.
pretended lunacy, 假裝的瘋狂.

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5. Ophelia (ò-fē'li-á), 奧飛力亞 (人名).
Polonius (pò-lō'nī-ús), 坡羅尼阿斯 (人名).
20. settled, 堅定的.
impaired, 減損; 損壞.

25. jangled, 發亂聲; 亂鳴.
rudely handled, 粗魯地彈奏.

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5. wild starts of passion, 熱情的狂發.
extravagant terms, 放肆的言詞.
10. bound to communicate, 必須報告.
25. injunction, 命令; 訓諭.
violation, 違犯.
compass, 成就.
30. restraint, 束縛; 抑制.

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- blunted the edge of his purpose, 弄鈍他主意的快口; 摧弱他的主意.
- fellow-creature, 同類的人.
5. dejection, 沮喪.
irresoluteness, 猶豫.
wavering, 動搖.
- kept him from proceeding to extremities, 阻止他趨於極端.
10. fiend, 魔鬼.
15. grounds, 確實的證據.
vision, 異象.
20. Priam (pri'ām), 普賴安 (人名).
Hecuba (hék'ū-bá), 赫邱巴 (人名).
30. clout, 破布.

Page 271

- represented, 表演.
5. broken voice, 斷續的聲音.
fictitious, 虛構的.
10. muddy, 不清楚的.
15. spectator, 觀者.

20. on the spot, 立刻; 當場。
 30. Vienna (vī-én'á), 維也納(奧京)。
 Gonzago (gǒn-zā'gō), 哀紫羅(人名)。
 Baptista (bāp-tis'tá), 巴普替斯特(人名)。
 Lucianus (lū-shī-ā'nūs), 琉細亞那斯(人名)。

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- trap, 陷阱。
 10. outlive, 較...後死; 壽長於...
 change color, 變色。
 15. wormwood, 艾。
 strong resemblance, 深刻的相似。
 20. struck upon the conscience, 打動天良。
 25. given over, 罷休; 中止。
 illusion, 錯覺; 妄想。
 a fit of gaiety, 在一陣愉快中; 一時高興。
 30. for a thousand pounds, 打賭一千鎊(意謂確實無疑)。
 measures, 方法。

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5. signify, 表白; 通知。
 late behavior, 近來的行爲。
 slip, 失(言); 洩漏。
 15. crooked maxims, 邪惡的格言。
 táx, 譴責。
 in the roundest way, 繞一大圈子; 極婉轉地。
 20. sorely indignant, 極其忿怒。

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5. wrist, 手腕。
 15. stabbed, 刺入。
 body, 屍體。
 20. spy, 偵探。
 Hamlet had gone too far to leave off here, 漢姆列德在此處(說得)太過分, 不能中止了。
 25. leave, 准許。

Page 275

- upbraiding, 譴責; 詈罵。
 moving terms, 動人的詞句。
 heinousness, 殘暴; 可惡。
 5. hypocrisy, 偽善。
 wedding contracts, 婚約。
 gamblers', 博徒的。
 10. mockery, 惹笑的東西。
 the heavens blushed at it, 天爲之羞愧。
 15. curls, 髮辮。
 Jupiter (jōō'pī-tēr), 周必得(古羅馬的天神)。
 Mars (mārz), 馬茲(戰神)。
 posture, 姿勢。
 Mercury (mūr'kū-ri), 麥耶立(諸神的使者)。
 20. heaven-kissing hill, 高聳雲霄的山; 吻天的高山。
 blight, 白症。
 mildew, 霉菌。
 blasted, 摧殘; 謀死。
 wholesome, 健全的。
 25. deformed, 殘廢的。

Page 276

10. imputed, 歸過。
 disorder, 紊亂; 狂亂。

flatter her wicked soul, 自慰她的惡性。

15. pulse, 脈。

temperately, 和平地; 不快不慢的。

20. observe, 遵守。

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20. doted upon, 溺愛。

subtle, 詭譎的。

5. subjection, 服從。

paid tribute, 進貢禮物。

10. erasing, 揩去。

in the stead of, 代替。

15. pirates, 海盜。

commenced, 開始。

in the course of, 正在...之時。

valor, 勇敢。

20. boarded, 上船。

25. good turn, 好事。

recompense, 報答。

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spectacle, 奇觀。

5. violent death, 暴死。

affected, 影響。

distracted, 發狂。

ladies of the court, 宮女。

15. slanting, 斜垂的。

unwatched, 無人照顧。

20. daisies, 雛菊。

clambering, 爬登。

boughs, 樹枝。

precipitated, 猛墜。

25. insensible, 不知覺的。

element, 原素(指水)。

30. Laertes (lâ-ûr'têz), 雷厄提茲(人名)。

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5. decked, 裝飾。

10. pile, 堆上。

mountains of, 很多的; 如山的。

15. transport, 強烈的情感。

20. grappled, 緊握。

30. contrived, 圖謀。

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fencing, 舞劍; 比劍。

poisoned weapon, 塗有毒藥的武器(指劍)。

wagers, 賭物。

5. excel, 優越。

foils, 鈍刀(擊劍用)。

10. extolled, 稱讚。

15. bets, 賭物。

issue, 結果。

mortal blow, 致命的打擊。

scuffle, 混鬧。

20. repaid ... home, 報還。

inadvertently, 疏忽地。

25. in case, 倘若; 如果。

infused, 注入。

to make sure of, 必致...的死。

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5. victim, 犧牲者。

envenomed, 染毒的。

10. accusing, 歸咎; 譴責。

draw near, 臨近。

venom, 毒。

25. bystanders, 旁觀者。

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Brabantio (brâ-bân'shō), 布刺班叔(人名)。

Dezdemona (déz-dé-mō'ná), 得茲得摩那 (人名).

divers, 各種的.

on account of, 因為; 爲了 expectations, 希望; 富貴之望.

5. clime, 地方.

complexion, 面色 (指各種人種的面色).

affect, 親愛.

features, 外貌.

singularity, 辭性.

10. Moor, 摩爾人.

black, 黑人.

unsuitableness, 不合; 不相宜.

bating, 除...之外.

Othello (ô-thél'ô), 奧忒羅 (人名).

15. Turks, 土爾其人.

Venetian service, 威尼斯的軍隊職務.

20. run through, 滔滔述說.

25. encounters, 會戰.

hair-breadth, 間不容髮的; 極危險的.

entered a breach, 進入了城壁的裂口.

cannon, 砲.

insolent, 傲慢的; 驕橫的.

30. demeaned, 行己; 處身.

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caverns, 洞穴.

quarries, 石礦.

6. enchain, 繫牢; 束縛.

10. despatch, 速了; 速辦.

pliant, 易感動的.

at large, 大略.

15. beguiled, 騙取.

20. a world of, 許多.

25. bewitching prettiness, 迷人的美麗.

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5. ere long, 不久之前.

senatorial, 元老院的.

10. implicit, 默默的.

insurmountable objection, 不可勝過的反對.

15. came to the ears of, 被...聽到.

accuser, 原告; 自訴人.

20. by spells and witchcraft, 以魔法巫術.

maintained, 確說.

at this juncture of time, 在此緊要之時.

25. fleet, 艦隊.

Cyprus (sí'prás), 居比魯 (島名).

regain, 恢復; 再得.

post, 駐所.

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candidate, 候補員.

culprit, 罪犯.

capital, 犯死刑的.

5. intemperance, 暴怒.

allegations, 確說; 直述.

15. conjurations, 妖術.

25. challenged leave of him, 逼他允許.

profess, 宣告.

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withhold, 制止.

adding, 又說.

5. hang clogs, 掛阻礙物; 掣肘.

desertion, 委棄.

10. indulgence, 放縱.

15. dispersed, 吹散.

20. infidels, 不信教者.

Cassio (kăsh'ī-ō), 卡細奧 (人名).

25. Michael (mī'kēl), 邁克爾 (人名).

Florentine (flōr'ēn-tēn; -tīn), 佛羅稜薩人.

advanced in years, 年老的.

in some measure, 略略; 有一些.

30. base action, 下等行爲.

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go-between, 媒介.

5. depute, 委派.

phrased, 措詞.

10. beseems, 相宜.

frequented, 常往.

rattling, 喋喋不休的.

20. lieutenant, 陸軍中尉.

promotion, 升擢; 昇遷.

Iago (ē-ā'gō), 易阿哥 (人名).

30. Emilia (ē-mīl'ī-ā), 伊密力亞 (人名).

provocations, 激怒.

Page 288

5. sorest sting, 最痛心的刺.

10. dispersion, 分散; 消散.

20. new-landed, 新上學的.

forces 軍隊.

deep-laid, 深思熟慮的.

25. enticed, 引誘.

30. plied, 敦勸.

Page 289

toasted, 祝飲.

5. Montano (mōn-tā'nō), 夢塔諾 (人名).

appease, 調解.

riot, 騷動.

had set on foot, 發起; 始創.

10. castle-bell, 城樓上的警鐘.

mutiny, 兵變.

15. come to himself, 蘇醒.

reluctance, 不願.

20. leaving out his own share in it, 略去他自己與聞的一部分.

25. observer of discipline, 遵守紀律者.

artifice, 巧託; 詭託.

undermined, 暗傷.

30. sobered, 使清醒.

Page 290

transform, 變.

undone, 不得了; 希望消滅了.

5. affecting to make light of it, 裝作無關重要的樣子; 假意以爲 (飲酒) 是小事.

upon occasion, 有時.

10. crack, 罅隙.

20. solicitor, 請願者.

mortally, 非常地.

25. beat back, 退回.

Page 291

10. intercession, 說項.

20. knitted...brow, 蹙額.

fresh light, 新頭緒.

25. deemed, 想; 以爲.

30. too great for utterance, 太重大 (不便) 說出.

Page 292

10. scattered, 零碎的; 片段的.

25. insinuated, 暗示.

30. brought the matter home to him, 使他明瞭此事.

Page 293

5. apologies, 道歉.
 10. headstrong will, 頑固的意志.
 20. in his behalf, 爲他的緣故.
 net, 羅網.
 entrap, 引入羅網; 誘陷.
 25. stratagems, 詭計.
 decisive, 確實的.
 30. poppy, 罌粟.

Page 294

- mandragora, 蔓陀羅華(草名).
 5. battle-array, 戰陣.
 neighing, 馬鳴的.
 10. forsook, 捨棄.
 15. belied, 誹謗.
 20. spotted with strawberries,
 綴有楊梅花紋的.
 25. fidelity, 忠實.
 30. fair fiend, 美麗的惡魔.
 withdraw, 退回; 歸去.
 devise, 計劃.
 trifles light as air, 輕如空氣的細事.

Page 295

- holy writ, 聖經.
 deluded, 受欺騙的; 迷惑的.
 15. give a handle to, 給以把柄.
 20. temples, 太陽穴; 顱顱.
 25. amiable, 溫和的.

Page 296

- in a fit of prophetic fury, 在一陣預言狂的時候.
 5. silkworms, 蠶.
 hallowed, 視爲神聖.
 dyed, 染色.

mummy, 乾屍.

10. produce, 交出.
 20. ministered, 施助; 供給.
 25. untoward, 不幸的.
 puddled, 使混亂.
 30. beshrewed, 呪詛.

Page 297

5. weed, 惡草.
 10. stupefied, 昏迷; 失知覺.
 weight-like, 沉重的.
 15. complaint, 訴苦.
 20. black purpose, 惡意.
 25. alabaster, 雪花石膏.

Page 298

- gnaw, 咬.
 roll, 轉.
 5. compassion, 憐憫.
 15. assassinate, 行刺.
 20. thunderstroke, 驚人的事.
 25. insupportable, 不可支持的.
 30. expired, 絕氣.

Page 299

- doting, 鍾情的.
 5. Arabian trees, 膠樹.
 gum, 樹膠.
 10. renowned general, 著名的將軍.
 15. Pericles (pěr'ī-klēz), 伯力克理斯(人名).
 Tyre (tīr), 推羅(地名).
 voluntary exile, 自願的充軍者.
 dominions, 國土.
 avert, 避免.
 Antiochus (än-tī'ō-kūs), 安泰奧卡斯(人名).

20. shocking deed, 驚人的壞事。
 pry into, 探; 察知。
 minister, 大臣。
 Helicanus (hēl-i-kā'nūs), 赫力禮
 納斯(人名)。

Page 300

- Tarsus (tār'sūs), 塔蘇斯(地名)。
 famine, 災荒。
 provisions, 糧食。
 relief, 賑濟。
 5. messenger from heaven, 天
 使。
 unhoped-for succor, 不期望的救
 援。
 Cleon (klē'ōn), 克利溫(人名)。
 10. emissaries, 暗探; 密使。
 sought his life, 要他的命。
 put out to sea, 動身航海。
 15. bounty, 恩賜。
 20. Pentapolis (pēn-tāp'ō-lis),
 盆塔坡力斯(地名)。
 25. Simonides (sī-mōn'i-dēz),
 雪蒙尼迪(人名)。
 following day, 次日。
 tournament, 比武。
 30. Thaisa (thā'is-ā), 退易薩(人
 名)。

Page 301

- disabled him, 使他不能。
 5. crosses, 災禍。
 bequeathed, 遺給。
 15. clad in, 穿着。
 repaired, 去。
 20. vanquishing, 勝過; 打敗。
 sole victor, 唯一的得勝者。
 30. wreath of victory, 勝利的
 花圈。

Page 302

5. disdain, 不屑。
 19. intelligence, 消息。
 20. resume, 再取; 繼續。
 obscure, 不著名的。
 30. Lychorida (lī-kōr'i-dā), 來
 科立達(人名)。

Page 303

- here is a thing too young for
 such a place, 這初生的嬰孩在這
 個地方太可憐了。
 5. snatch, 擄去。
 10. manly, 丈夫氣的。
 15. blustering, 發大風的; 狂暴的。
 chiding, 大聲的。
 nativity, 出世; 誕生。
 20. herald, 爲...先驅。
 25. thrown overboard, 被拋出
 船外。

Page 304

- seafarer, 水手; 航海者(指新生嬰孩)。
 5. unfounded, 無稽的; 荒唐的。
 meet, 相宜。
 10. sweet-smelling spices, 芬芳
 的香料。
 15. haply, 湊巧地; 偶然。
 to make for Tarsus, 開往大數。
 20. hold out, 忍; 支持。
 tempestuous night, 風雨之夜。
 25. Cerimon (sēr'i-mōn), 塞立蒙
 (人名)。

Page 305

- entombed, 入墓; 安葬。
 20. give her air, 給她通氣。

- entranced, 昏迷。
 25. swoon, 昏暈。
 30. by gentle degrees, 漸漸地;
 緩和地。

Page 306

5. vestal livery, 尼姑的道服。
 Diana (dī-ān'á), 岱雅那 (羅馬司森林及生產之女神)。
 20. Marina (má-rí'ná), 馬利亞 (人名)。
 Dionysia (dī-ō-nīsh'ī-á), 帶奧奈薩 (人名)。

Page 307

10. spur, 策勵。
 25. hapless, 不幸的。

Page 308

- one immortal, 神仙。
 compose, 組織。
 5. silken flowers, 絲織的花。
 15. was in comparison disregarded, 相形見拙。
 untoward, 拙劣的。
 20. encompass, 完成; 實行。
 timed, 定當...的時間。
 25. Leonine (lē'ō-nīn), 利奧奈因 (人名)。
 30. the fitter, 更適合 (指好人當早日歸天)。

Page 309

- matchless, 無比的。
 doomed to an untimely death, 註定夭壽。

5. marigold, 金盞草。
 10. lasting storm, 永遠不息的暴風雨。
 15. you have a nurse in me, 我可以做你的看護婦。
 enliven, 使有精神。
 20. let me not deprive you of your servant, 我不願佔奪你的僕人。
 25. paragon of beauty, 美之典型; 絕世美人。

Page 310

5. westerly, 從西方來的。
 10. galling, 擦傷。
 15. boatswain's, 司船索錨鏈之船員的。
 20. trebled, 加三倍。
 recounted, 詳述。
 25. a little space, 一些時候。

Page 311

10. Mitylene (mīt-ī-lē'nē), 密替利泥 (地名)。
 15. needleworks, 女紅; 針織工作。
 20. Lysimachus (lī-sīm'á-kūe) 來辛馬卡斯 (人名)。

Page 312

5. gave out, 揚言; 造謠。
 stately monument, 莊麗的紀念碑。
 15. wretched, 可憐的。
 30. vessel, 船。
 desirous, 要想; 願望。
 barge, 遊艇。

Page 313

5. sustenance, 飲食.
 prolong, 延長.
 the whole ground, 一切原因.
 distemper, 神經錯亂.
 main, 主要的.
 20. commendations, 稱讚.
 25. lowly-seeming, 似乎卑微的.

Page 314

5. ancestry, 祖先.
 wayward, 逆性的; 不順的.
 10. recital, 講述.
 15. match, 對比.
 drooping, 沮喪的.
 20. square brows, 方額,
 wand-like straight, 壁直的.
 30. warrant, 保證.

Page 315

- the thousandth part of my
 endurance, 我的苦難的千分之一.
 Patience, 忍耐(之神).
 10. mocked, 被譏笑.
 startle, 驚起; 驚動.
 25. impostor, 騙子.

Page 316

- strike, 打.
 gash, 深長的割痕.
 put me to present pain, 使我立刻覺得痛.
 30. quite overpowered with excess of joy, 大受快樂的刺戟.

Page 317

5. by her silver bow she
 swore, 她指着她的銀弓起誓.
 10. rare felicity, 奇福.
 miraculously refreshed, 神奇地
 恢復了精神.

Page 318

15. better stars, 吉星.
 20. transports, 強烈的感情.

Page 319

10. your present kindness
 makes my past miseries
 sport, 你現在的仁慈使我(覺得)
 過去的苦難(僅如)兒戲.
 15. be buried a second time
 within these arms, 再藏在我的
 懷抱中吧.
 20. flesh of thy flesh, 你的肉中肉.
 oblations, 祭品.

Page 320

- pattern, 模範.
 10. met with an end proportionable to her deserts, 結果和她的惡行相稱.
 benefactor, 恩人.
 15. intentional, 意思的; 未遂的;
 (意謂雖未實際殺死馬利亞, 而其存心亦當受報).
 enormity, 大罪.

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