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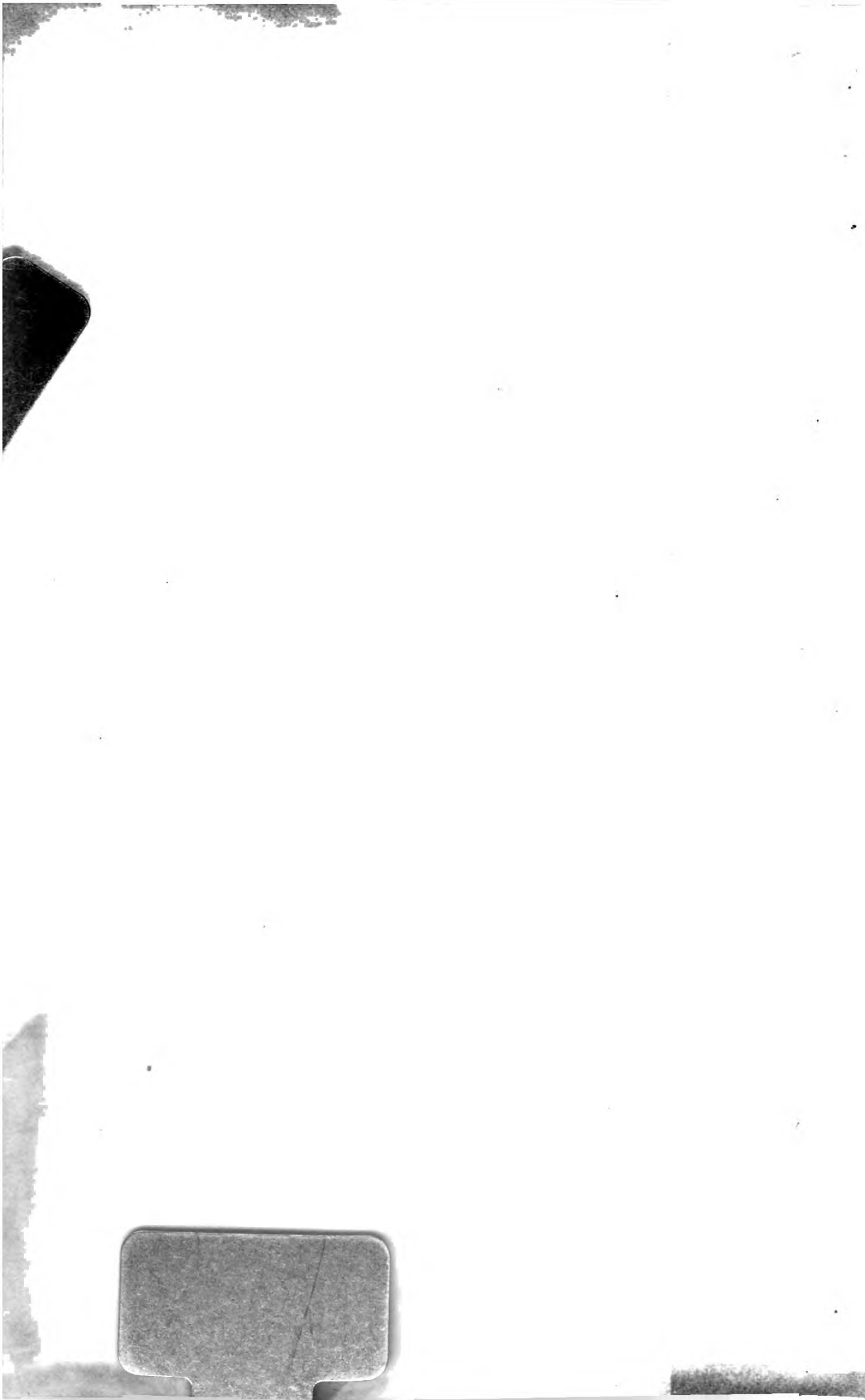
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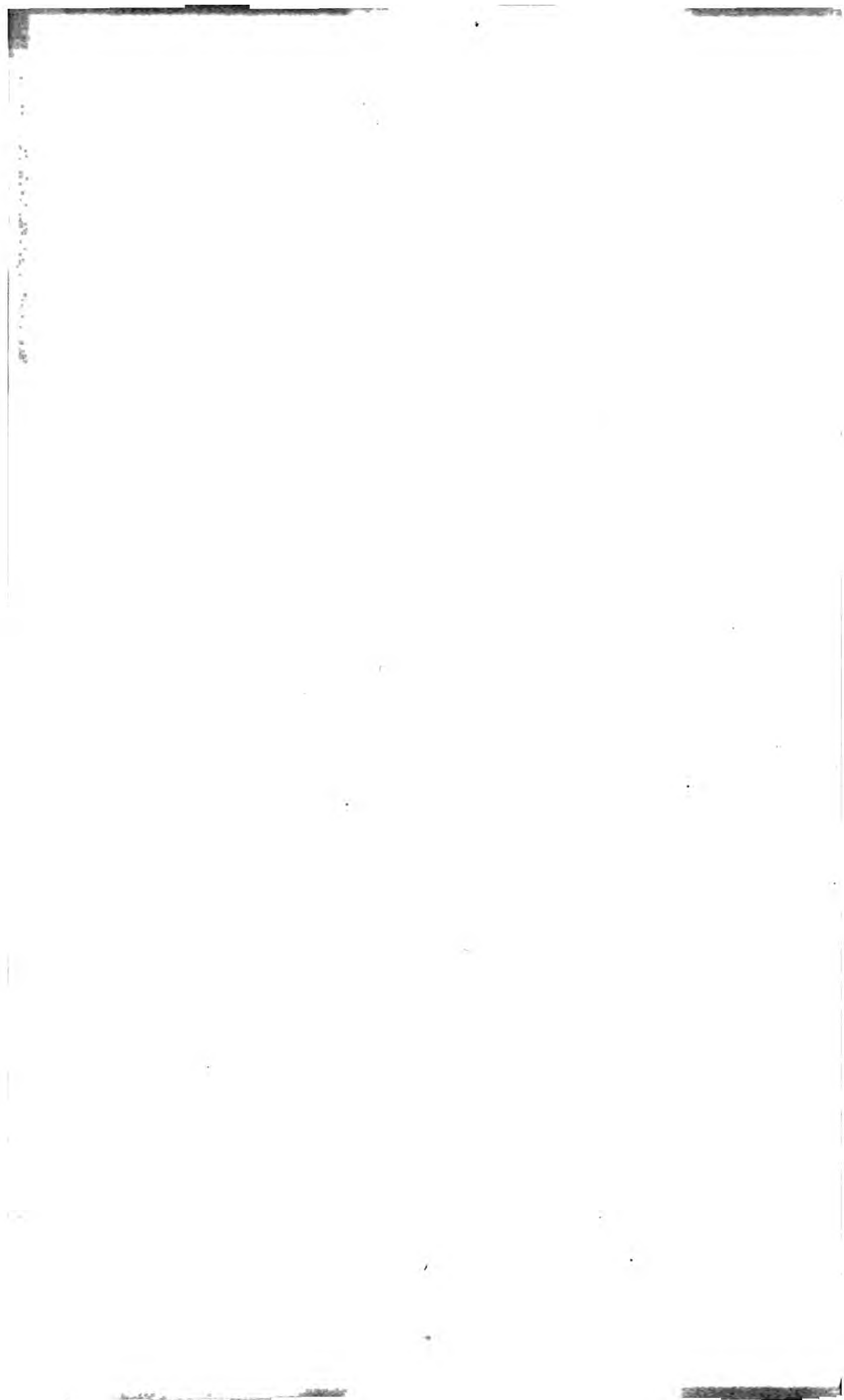
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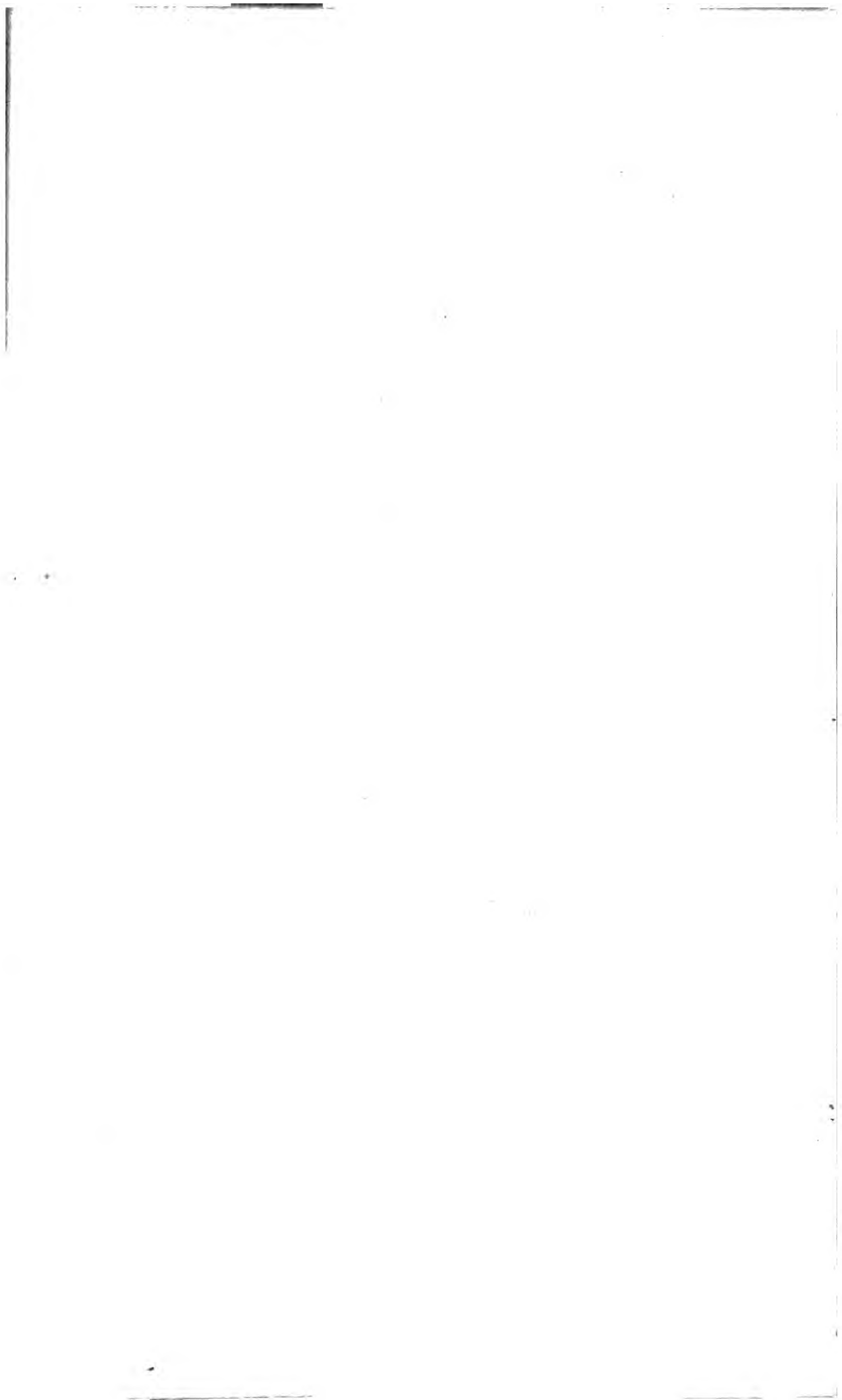
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# THE SHAKESPEAR STORY-TELLER;

INTRODUCTORY LEAVES OR OUTLINE-SKETCHES,

WITH CHOICE EXTRACTS

IN THE WORDS OF THE POET HIMSELF.

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BY

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No 1.

THE TEMPEST.

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THIRD EDITION.

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## FOREWORD.

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"The Tempest" is remarkable for being the only play of SHAKESPEAR which preserves what are called the Dramatic Unities. It was first acted in 1611, at Whitehall, but was not printed till 1623.

We have no distinct knowledge of the sources used by the poet. Probably, as in other instances, he worked up the idea given him in an older drama; this no longer exists in England, but appears to be found in a German adaptation by AYRER, called *Die Schöne Sidea*, supposed to have been freely translated from an English play on the same subject soon after 1600.\* In any case the groundwork of the whole, however modified in shape by successive book-writers, must have been that charming old Folk-tale *The Sea-Lady and her Captives*\*\* . In SHAKESPEAR'S play the Sea-lady [Witch, Hill-king &c.] of the original is represented

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\*) See Tieck, *Deutsches Theater Ier B.* Berlin 1817, s. 323-365.

\*\* ) The best version of this Hearth-tale hitherto made public is the Swedish. See "*Svenska Folk-Sagor och Äfventyr, efter muntlig öfverlemning samlade och utgifna af G. O. H. CAVALLIUS och G. STEPHENS*", B. I. Stockholm 1844-49, pp. 213-250, 491, where copies of the legend in other countries are also referred to. It is translated into English, under the title of the Mermaid, in Mr. THORPE'S "*Yule-tide Stories. A collection of Scandinavian and North-German Popular Tales and Traditions.*" London 1853, pp. xii and 192-226.

by a Wizard-prince, the Sea has become an Island in the Sea, and the latter part of the tale — the fated or epic forgetfulness [momentary falseness] of the king's son — is omitted; probably because a somewhat similar motive had already been employed by the author, and formed the staple of the plot in "The two Gentlemen of Verona". — The theme was further popularised by printed details of the wreck of Sir George Somers in the Bermudas in 1609, previously to which that island was commonly regarded as an enchanted cluster of rocks, inhabited by devils and witches. Similar tales continued to circulate among the commonalty. So late as in 1700 we find the celebrated antiquary John Aubrey observing in his "Miscellanies" \*, "In the Bermudas, they use to put an iron into the fire when a witch comes in. Mars is an enemy to Saturn."

The plot was not therefore so extravagant as might otherwise be supposed. Traditions of the kind were common, and the author's audience were fully prepared not only to imagine but believe such beings as SYCORAX and CALIBAN. Thus freed from the yoke of probability, SHAKESPEAR gives free scope to his genius, and indulges its creative energy in peopling a distant island with unreal shapes.

But however slight in themselves or inconsequential to his great drama, the rough materials of the Bard still have their value. They show us how the true poetic fire can melt and ennoble all things; and we view with amazement from what small beginnings MIND can create a World!

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\*) Article Magic. p. 197. Edition of 1781.

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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The Characters, or as they are commonly called Persons, exhibited in this play, are as diversified as they are original and effective. We find princes and parasites, fiends and fairies, sailors and servingmen, opening and virtuous beauty, and infernal baseness, — all represented and supported in the most striking manner. The chief Agent in the drama,

PROSPERO, *the exiled Duke of Milan*, is a magnificent creation of the Poet. He is a venerable magician-prince whose years have taught him wisdom not misanthropy, and whose misfortunes have only softened the more a heart naturally benevolent. Observe his figure! How calm he stands amid that "elemental war" which his art has raised, how piercing, thoughtful, and far-seeing is his eye, how firm his look, how energetic his outstretched arm, and how majestic and imposing is his towering form! — In a word, with how nice a balance has the poet embodied in him the bold enchanter and the loved old man! He possesses almost unbounded authority over the spirits of the air and the earth, revenge is in his power and empire is at his feet. But a father's tenderness and the ties of brotherhood drive far off such thoughts. He is ambitious — for his daughter's happiness, not his own advancement; and, with a magnanimity equalled only by his wisdom, he excuses those who not only stole his crown but had even sought his death. The important and surprising revolution which his skill accomplishes does not cost one life, scarcely a tear or sigh, nay, CALIBAN him-

self, that monstrous, abhorred and all-ungrateful slave, he pities, instructs and forgives. — Where shall we find authority more considerate, efforts and objects more disinterested, and philosophy more benevolent? — True, as the Drama closes he promises himself a rich reward. But it was, what? — His faithful ARIEL'S freedom, the reformation of those who had done him such great wrong, his only child's contentment, and his own leisure to make ready for — the grave!

MIRANDA, *Prospero's daughter*, must be studied to be appreciated. She is all innocence, but she is also all delicacy. Ignorant of her beauty, modesty she calls "the jewel of her dower;" and truly, for it is given by GOD to all his children. Her love for the captivating stranger is as ardent as it is pure. But it oversteps not maidenly obedience. He to whom she owed so much, her father, was still the framer of her destiny.

ANTONIO, *Milan's brother*, is dark, deep and dangerous. He is more supple than his brother-scoundrel SEBASTIAN, and can dare more. But the punishment of both full well befitted such ruffian hypocrites. — They suffered — goblin pinches.

ALONSO, *King of Naples*, had sacrificed his conscience and his fame to hatred and ambition, and is now in danger of losing both his throne and life from those very minions who had counselled his injustice to another. — Who would be so mad, as to trust the faith of those whom we have ourselves united to corrupt? Who would be so impolitic, as to suffer the incitements of evil to corrupt either ourselves or others?

FERDINAND, *Alonso's son*, is a beautiful picture of youthful integrity, noble bearing and manly honour in a Prince whose education and domestic examples must have been calculated to enervate, rather than strengthen, the native graces of his character. SHAKESPEAR, however, did not belong to that class of Philosophists who believe that

circumstances govern the world. He knew human nature too well. Virtuous resolution, he was well aware, could overcome every temptation, every obstacle. "God helps those who help themselves," says the old Proverb; and so it is. His blessing prospers the good-intentioned, however weak they be.

SEBASTIAN, *the brother of the King*, shows that low, calculating ambition, which thrives so well in Courts. Too cowardly to conceive, he readily listens to, deeds of blood. He plays but a secondary part, even in the scheme for his own advancement.

GONZALO, *the good old Gonzalo*, never forgets to whom he owes his faithful service, and is never afraid to pay it. We all respect and love the benevolent, plain-spoken, faith-keeping Councillor, whom accident alone could have made a courtier.

ADRIAN and FRANCISCO *are time-serving Lords*. Perhaps that is enough. If not, ANTONIO, who must have known them well, will complete their character:

"They'll take suggestion as a cat laps milk;  
They'll tell the clock to any business that  
We say befits the hour."

TRINCULO *is a Jester*, shallow-brained and nimble-tongued like most of his profession.

STEPHANO, *the drunken butler*, loses the little sense his "Sack" had left him, in a black conspiracy to obtain the king-ship of a desolate island. The BOATSWAIN speaks and acts like the veriest BOATSWAIN in Christendom, and is accompanied by a MASTER and his MARINERS.

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So far the common mortals. Now for the uncommon Persons or Personifications:

ARIEL, that airy spirit in whom SHAKESPEAR evidently delighted, none but himself could have drawn. He is a glorious compound, a kind of abstract union, of the grace



of the Grecian Nymph, the strength and passions of the Fairy of the olden time, and the fun and frolic, agility and changefulness, of our English Puck. And so far from being unnatural, he is at once familiar with us all. Not an English county but in SHAKESPEAR'S time had legends of similar fantastic elves, in some instances passing over into the more necromantic Faust Saga. Even in our own day, the folk-lore of the Northern lands exhibits many a corresponding trait.

CALIBAN, on the other hand, base, brutal and earthy, is the incarnation of every monstrous instinct, a filthy being, stripped of intellect. But ignorance is weakness. His attempts at malignant vengeance only expose him to further punishment. Therefore is it that he excites wonder and disgust, not hatred. We feel inclined, in the words of the English sailor, to show him for "a piece of silver."

Lastly: IRIS, CERES, and JUNO are the Masquers of a moment, in accordance with the tastes and manners of the Elizabethan period. These gay classical spectacles are now no longer in use. They were formerly much employed all over Europe, especially at Marriage-festivals, in Courts and the families of the titled and wealthy.

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We shall now proceed to develop the treatment of the subject, and the progress of the Drama.

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# "The Tempest",

## ACT THE FIRST,

OPENS with a storm at sea. ALONSO, King of Naples, accompanied by a gala-fleet, is returning with his son and the officers of his court from Tunis on the coast of Africa, where he had just married his only daughter, Claribel, to the prince of that country.

PROSPERO eagerly embraces this opportunity of vindicating his rights, and avenging his injurious treatment; justly supposing that if he can throw FERDINAND, ALONSO'S son, in the way of his beautiful daughter MIRANDA, — the time, place, circumstances and their mutual qualities will cause them to feel a virtuous passion for each other, and thus restore his banished line to the throne of his ancestors. He accordingly uses his magic arts in furthering this design, and his busy spirits soon lash the ocean waves into a tumult, parting from the rest of the fleet the vessel which carried the King and his attendants, and endangering the lives of her crew. — At this instant, — the scene representing ALONSO'S ship in the midst of a tremendous storm, — the Play commences. Of course the alarm is general, and the Nobles crowd upon deck to ascertain the truth. Their presence and advice however, as might be expected, do more harm than good. — At such a moment, ceremony is worse than useless. — "Your mar our labour," exclaims the free-spoken Boatswain, "keep your cabins, you do assist the storm."

"Nay; good, be patient," says GONZALO. "When the sea is," answers the mariner: "hence! what care these roarers for the name of King? — to cabin — silence — trouble us not."

But GONZALO'S old fashioned notions of the respect due to his dignity are a little shocked at this rough rebuke. "Good," he replies; "but remember whom thou hast aboard."

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

This *argumentum ad potestatem* is unanswerable. — The testy old councillor can only console himself for his defeat by a somewhat original reflection, which he utters aloud to his companions; "I have great comfort from this fellow: methinks, he hath no drowning mark upon him, his complexion is perfect gallows. Stand fast, good fate, to his hanging! make the rope of his destiny our cable, for our own doth little advantage! If he be not born to be hanged, our case is miserable."

After some further remarks, the ship strikes. Prayers and shrieks follow, and with GONZALO'S observation, that he would willingly give "a thousand furlongs of sea for an acre of barren ground," — the shipwreck and the scene close together.

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SCENE THE SECOND introduces us to the Cell of PROSPERO. The gentle MIRANDA thus addresses her father:

"If by your art, my dearest father, you have  
 Put the wild waters in this roar, allay them:  
 The sky, it seems, would pour down stinking pitch,  
 But that the sea, mounting to the welkin's cheek,  
 Dashes the fire out. O, I have suffered  
 With those that I saw suffer! a brave vessel,  
 Who [which] had no doubt some noble creature in her,  
 Dash'd all to pieces. O, the cry did knock  
 Against my very heart! Poor souls! they perish'd:  
 Had I been any god of power, I would  
 Have sunk the sea within the earth, or e'er [before]  
 It should the good ship so have swallow'd, and  
 The fraughting [freighting] souls within her."

PROSPERO hastens to relieve her anxious fears:

"Tis time  
 I should inform thee farther. Lend thy hand,

And pluck my magic garment from me. — So;  
Lie there my art."

Assuring her that no loss, not so much "as an hair"  
has been experienced by

"any creature in the vessel

Which thou heard'st cry, which thou saw'st sink,"

he proceeds to inform her of his banishment, and his former rank and influence, together with his present schemes.

This revelation he continues thus; —

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

His daughter answers; — "Sir, most heedfully," — and  
the exiled Duke continues;

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

"O, good sir, I do" replies MIRANDA. Her father quickly  
adds;

"I, thus neglecting worldly ends, all dedicated  
To closeness, and the bettering of my mind,"  
"In my false brother" trusted, who "thus lorded",  
"Made such a sinner of his memory,  
To credit his own lie, — he did believe  
He was indeed the duke;" — "Hence his ambition growing, —  
Dost thou hear?"

"Your tale, sir," cries MIRANDA, "would cure deafness," Satisfied of her attention, PROSPERO again proceeds;

"My library" my "dukedom" thinking, plots,  
 "(So dry he was for sway) with the king of Naples,  
 To give him annual tribute, do him homage;  
 Subject his coronet to his crown, and bend  
 The dukedom yet unbow'd, (alas! poor Milan!)  
 To most ignoble stooping." —

"This king of Naples, being an enemy  
 To me inveterate, hearkens my brother's suit,"  
 To "extirpate me and mine," "whereon  
 A treacherous army levied, one midnight  
 Fated to the purpose, did Antonio open  
 The gates of Milan; and i' the dead of darkness,  
 The ministers [men chosen] for the purpose hurried thence  
 Me and thy crying self:"

But, "Wherefore did they not

That hour destroy us?" asks MIRANDA;

He replies; "they durst not;"

"they hurried us aboard a bark;  
 Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd  
 A rotten carcass of a boat, not rigg'd,  
 Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats  
 Instinctively have quit [quitted] it: there they hoist us,  
 To cry to the sea, that roar'd to us; to sigh  
 To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,  
 Did us but loving wrong."

But, asks the fair listener very naturally, "how came we ashore?" She is answered:

By providence divine,  
 Some food we had, and some fresh water, that  
 A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,  
 Out of his charity, (who [he] being then appointed  
 Master of this design,) did give us; with  
 Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,  
 Which since have steaded much; so of his gentleness,  
 Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,  
 From my own library, with volumes that  
 I prize above my dukedom."

He then explains his purpose to take advantage of the strange accident which has thrown his enemies upon



the coast, and shedding a charmed sleep upon her, summons ARIEL, who immediately appears, exclaiming;

"All hail! great master: grave sir, hail! I come  
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,  
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride  
On the curl'd clouds: to thy strong bidding task  
Ariel and all his quality [confederates]."

"Hast thou, spirit," demands his master, "performed to point [exactly] the tempest that I bade thee?" — The lively being answers him;

"To every article;" o'er all the ship  
"I flam'd amazement." "Jove's lightnings, the precursors  
O' the dreadful thunder-claps, more momentary  
And sight-outrunning were not: the fire, and cracks  
Of sulphurous roaring, the most mighty Neptune  
Seem to besiege, and make his bold waves tremble,  
Yea, his dread trident shake." — "All, but mariners,  
Plung'd in the foaming brine, and quit the vessel,  
Then all a-fire with me: the king's son, Ferdinand,  
With hair up-staring, (then like reeds, not hair,)  
Was the first man that leap'd; cried, "Hell is empty,  
And all the devils are here."

PROSPERO then informs himself of the personal safety of the captives; after which, ARIEL, impatient to obtain what could only be granted as a favour, demands very inopportunately as well as insolently, his immediate freedom. In PROSPERO's indignant reply we are informed of the history of SYCORAX, the witch-mother, or rather dam, of CALIBAN the monster;

"Hast thou forgot  
The foul witch Sycorax, who, with age and envy,  
Was grown into a hoop? hast thou forgot her?"  
"This damn'd witch, Sycorax,  
For mischiefs manifold, and sorceries terrible  
To enter human hearing, from Argier [Algiers]  
Thou know'st, was banish'd:" "Thou, my slave  
As thou report'st thyself, wast then her servant:  
And, for thou wast a spirit too delicate  
To act her earthy and abhorr'd commands,  
Refusing her grand hests [behests], she did confine thee,  
By help of her more potent ministers,

And in her most unmitigable rage,  
 Into [in] a cloven pine; within which rift  
 Imprison'd, thou did'st painfully remain  
 A dozen years; within which space she died,  
 And left thee there; where thou did'st vent thy groans,  
 As fast as mill-wheels strike." — "Thou best know'st  
 What torment I did find thee in; thy groans  
 Did make wolves howl, and penetrate the breasts  
 Of ever-angry bears; it was a torment  
 To lay upon the damn'd, which Sycorax  
 Could not again undo; it was mine art,  
 When I arriv'd, and heard thee, that made gape  
 The pine, and let thee out."

The spirit replies, trembling, "I thank thee, master;" and  
**PROSPERO** threatens him;

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

Upon hearing this, **ARIEL** very prudently submits with  
 a good grace, and having received further instructions  
 from his master, and a promise of his speedy liberty,  
 disappears, to act for a time as "a nymph of the sea."  
**PROSPERO**, now waking **MIRANDA**, calls for **CALIBAN**. The  
 monster, instead of obeying the summons, screams:

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

This brings down a sentence of sure vengeance from  
 his Lord; but the slave again roars out

"I must eat my dinner.

This island's mine, by Sycorax my mother,  
 Which thou tak'st from me. When thou camest first,  
 Thou strok'dst me, and mad'st much of me; wouldst give me  
 Water with berries in't; and teach me how  
 To name the bigger light, and how the less,  
 That burn by day and night: and then I lov'd thee,  
 And show'd thee all the qualities o' the isle,  
 The fresh springs, brine-pits, barren place, and fertile;  
 Cursed be I that did so! — All the charms  
 Of Sycorax, toads, beetles, bats, light on you!

For I am all the subjects that you have,  
Which first was mine own king; and here you sty me  
In this hard rock, whiles you do keep from me  
The rest of the island."

PROSPERO, shocked but not surprised, makes short words with him:

"Thou most lying slave  
Whom stripes may move, not kindness: I have us'd thee,  
Filth as thou art, with human care; and lodg'd thee  
In mine own cell, till thou didst seek to violate  
The honour of my child."  
"Abhorred slave;  
Which any print [impression] of goodness will not take,  
Being capable of all ill! I pitied thee,  
Took pains to make thee speak, taught thee each hour  
One thing or other: when thou didst not, savage,  
Know thy own meaning, but would'st gabble like  
A thing most brutish, I endow'd thy purposes  
With words that made them known: But thy vile race,  
Though thou didst learn, had that in't which good natures  
Could not abide to be with; therefore wast thou  
Deservedly confin'd into [within] this rock,  
Who hadst deserv'd more than a prison."

"Hag-seed hence!

Fetch us in fuel; and be quick, thou wert [hadst] best,  
To answer other business. Shrugst thou, malice?  
If thou neglect'st, or dost unwillingly  
What I command, I'll rack thee with old cramps;  
Fill all thy bones with achés; make thee roar,  
That beasts shall tremble at thy din."

This is sufficient, and CALIBAN hastens to do his bidding.

In what ought to be a new scene, we now find ARIEL returned, and playing and singing in the air.

ARIEL's Song.

"Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist [silent],  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear [join in the refrain].

## BURTHEN.

Hark, hark!  
 Bowgh, wowgh,  
 The watch-dogs bark:  
 Bowgh, wowgh. [Dispersedly.]

## ARIEL.

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

## FERDINAND.

Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?  
 It sounds no more: — and sure it waits upon  
 Some god of the island. Sitting on a bank,  
 Weeping again the king my father's wrack [wreck],  
 This music crept by me upon the waters,  
 Allaying both their fury and my passion  
 With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,  
 Or it hath drawn me rather. — But 't is gone.  
 No, it begins again.

## ARIEL sings.

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

FERDINAND, who follows the music, tries in vain to discover whence it comes. — As he advances he is perceived by MIRANDA, who is immediately struck with his youthful beauty. She has never beheld a mortal man in her life, excepting the slave and her father, and consequently pronounces him a lovely spirit. But when PROSPERO assures her that this spirit eats, drinks, and sleeps and has senses like herself, and would have been still more handsome had not the shipwreck and his grief marred his blooming features, she adds:

"I might call him  
A thing divine, for nothing natural  
I ever saw so noble;"

a truth not to be disputed. FERDINAND then addresses her as the goddess of the isle, and a dialogue ensues, in the course of which the prince becomes deeply enamoured of this wild island beauty. The sage is delighted at the progress of their love, but very prudently determines to prevent any premature disclosure, "lest too light winning make the prize light." — He therefore assumes a very forbidding demeanour, accuses the young stranger of being a spy, and commands him to follow him, adding;

"I'll manacle thy neck and feet together:  
Sea-water shalt thou drink, thy food shall be  
The fresh-brook muscles, wither'd roots, and husks  
Wherein the acorn cradled."

The Prince indignantly denies the charge, and resists the mandate; but a wave of the Enchanter's wand reduces his strength to child-like weakness, and he is compelled to submit, cheered by the hope of at least frequently beholding the mistress of his heart.

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## ACT THE SECOND

Hurries us to another part of the island. We see ALONSO, SEBASTIAN his brother, ANTONIO the usurper, GONZALO the good old Councillor, and ADRIAN and FRANCISCO the two lords, wandering about disconsolately, and breaking melancholy jests with each other, though 'tis true in cheerful tones, on their hopeless situation. The faithful old GONZALO in vain endeavours to comfort the King; and he abandons himself to grief at the loss of his son, whom he supposes to be drowned. FRANCISCO, moved, exclaims;

"Sir, he may live;  
I saw him beat the surges under him,  
And ride upon their backs; he trod the water,



Whose enmity he flung aside, and breasted  
 The surge most swoln that met him: his bold head  
 'Bove the contentious waves he kept, and oar'd  
 Himself with his good arms in lusty stroke  
 To the shore, that o'er his wave-worn basis bow'd,  
 As stooping to relieve him: I [do] not doubt,  
 He came alive to land."

But it is all to no purpose. The broken-spirited King, with the sorrowful conclusion "No, No! He's gone!" gives himself up to despair.

As they converse, ARIEL, invisible as before, plays solemn music, which so bewitches them, that sleep overcomes them all, one by one, except ANTONIO and SEBASTIAN. These two, during the slumbers of the rest, fall into a treasonable dialogue and plot against the King's life. ANTONIO cunningly suggests the matter to his companion. "Methinks," says he,

"My strong imagination sees a crown  
 Dropping upon thy head."

The cold-blooded SEBASTIAN eagerly falls in with the scheme. FERDINAND drowned, and CLARIBEL far off and a woman, — his own claim to the crown would be instantly acknowledged. GONZALO, with his troublesome loyalty, can be easily dispatched at the same moment. In short, says ANTONIO;

"O, that you bore  
 The mind that I do! what a sleep were this  
 For your advancement! Do you understand me?  
 SEB. Methinks I do.  
 ANT. And how does your content  
 Tender your own good fortune?  
 SEB. I remember,  
 You did supplant your brother Prospero.  
 ANT. True:  
 And look how well my garments sit upon me;  
 Much feater than before: My brother's servants  
 Were then my fellows, now they are my men.  
 SEB. But, for your conscience —

ANT. Ay, sir; where lies that? if't were a kybe [chilblain],  
 'T would put me to my slipper: But I feel not  
 This deity in my bosom; twenty consciences,  
 That stand twixt me and Milan, — candied be they  
 And melt, ere they molest! Here lies your brother,  
 No better than the earth he lies upon,  
 If he were that which now he's like, that's dead;  
 Whom I with this obedient steel, three inches of it,  
 Can lay to bed for ever: whiles you, doing thus,  
 To the perpetual wink for aye might put  
 This ancient morsel, this sir Prudence, who  
 Should not upbraid our course. For all the rest,  
 They'll take suggestion, as a cat laps milk;  
 They'll tell the clock to any business, that  
 We say befits the hour."

But the cowardly SEBASTIAN hesitates to fulfil his share in the bargain, and while the two would-be murderers are arranging the details, ARIEL, still invisible, again interposes. He sings in GONZALO'S ear;

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

At this alarm, all the sleepers start up. The drawn blades of their pretended guards excite no little astonishment: but SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO swearing that they had heard some dreadful noise, like roaring lions, and GONZALO adding, "I heard a humming, and that a strange one too," they all put themselves on their defence, and renew their search for the lost FERDINAND.

In SCENE THE SECOND we again find ourselves in another part of the island. — CALIBAN, amid the growlings of thunder and the signs of an impending storm, solaces his toil of carrying wood by the following harsh soliloquy;

"All the infections that the sun sucks up  
 From bogs, fens, flats, on Prosper fall, and make him  
 By inch-meal a disease! His spirits hear me,  
 And yet I needs must curse. But they'll nor pinch,  
 Fright me with urchin [goblin] shows, pitch me i'the mire,  
 Nor lead me, like [taking the form of] a fire-brand, in the dark  
 Out of my way, unless he bid them; but  
 For every trifle are they set upon me:  
 Sometime like apes, that moe and chatter at me,  
 And after, bite me; then like hedge-hogs, which  
 Lie tumbling in my bare-foot way, and mount  
 Their pricks at my foot-fall; sometime am I  
 All wound [about] with adders, who, with cloven tongues,  
 Do hiss me into madness:" —

Here he is interrupted by the entrance of TRINCULO the Jester, who wanders over the plain uncertain of his course, and seeking some refuge from the coming tempest. The slave has thrown himself on the ground, to escape his observation, thinking he was one of PROSPERO's spirits, but TRINCULO espies him and cries out; "What have we here, a man or a fish?" — "Were I in England now, and had but this fish painted, not a holyday fool there but would give me a piece of silver," "when they will not give a doit to relieve a lame beggar, they will lay out ten to see a dead Indian." Then hearing the thunder, he mutters; "Alas! the storm is come again; my best way is to creep under his gaberdine; there is no other shelter hereabout: Misery acquaints a man with strange bedfellows."

But scarcely is he comfortably shrouded beneath the monster's garment, when his former comrade, who has also escaped to land, the drunken Butler STEPHANO, staggers up to him. He has found on the shore a butt of sack, which the sailors had thrown overboard, and liberally treats the Jester and CALIBAN with its magic contents. — The Dialogue that follows is laughable enough, especially when CALIBAN, who soon gives way beneath the influence of a liquor to him so new and charming, looks upon his entertainer as a god, and leads off the noble pair, howling as he goes;

"No more dams I'll make for fish;  
 Nor fetch in firing  
 At requiring,  
 Nor scrape trencher, nor wash dish;  
 'Ban 'Ban, Ca — Caliban,  
 Has a new master — Get a new man.  
 Freedom, hey-day! hey-day, freedom!"

---

### THE THIRD ACT

Transports us back to the Cell of PROSPERO. FERDINAND, who has been condemned by that sage to carry thither several thousand logs of wood, complains of the indignities which he suffers, but comforts himself with recollections of MIRANDA'S tenderness and sympathy. At this moment she lovingly visits him in his solitude, expecting her father to be studying in his chamber. He is, however, observing them both at a distance, and congratulates himself on the success of his schemes in their mutual and increasing affection. "Alas!" says MIRANDA to the Prince;

"now! pray you,  
 Work not so hard; I would the lightning had  
 Burnt up those logs that you are enjoin'd to pile!  
 Pray set it down, and rest you: when this burns,  
 'T will weep for having wearied you."  
 "If you'll sit down  
 I'll bear your logs the while."

This offer, which could only spring from the enthusiasm of artless love, is of course hastily refused: and FERDINAND replies by a passionate avowal of his admiration of her beauty and her virtues. His simple lover answers this appeal by a most touching confession of how dear he is to her heart;

"I do not know  
 One of my sex; no woman's face remember,  
 Save, from my glass, mine own; nor have I seen  
 More that I may call men, than you, good friend,

And my dear father: how features are abroad,  
 I am skill-less [ignorant] of; but, by my modesty,  
 (The jewel in my dower,) I would not wish  
 Any companion in the world but you;  
 Nor can imagination form a shape,  
 Beside yourself, to like of: But I prattle  
 Something too wildly, and my father's precepts  
 I therein do forget."

So, after exchanging warm and tender assurances of eternal fidelity, they plight each other their troth, and the Scene concludes.

---

In THE SECOND SCENE, the drunken group we had just left are again introduced. STEPHANO lords it most magnificently over his two new subjects, and listens with the utmost gravity to CALIBAN'S proposal to murder PROSPERO, and seize upon the island and his daughter. — ARIEL, who is present without being seen, denies some of the brutal monster's bold assertions, for which TRINCULO, who is apparently the only third person present, naturally and amusingly enough, is severely punished by his friend and master the Butler. At last, after several entertaining accidents, CALIBAN stammers out a more detailed plan;

"Why, as I told thee, 'tis a custom with him  
 I' the afternoon to sleep: there thou may'st brain him,  
 Having first seiz'd his books: or with a log  
 Batter his skull, or paunch him with a stake,  
 Or cut his weazand [throat] with thy knife: Remember,  
 First to possess his books; for without them  
 He's but a sot, as I am, nor [and] hath not  
 One spirit to command."

All this, with the reward in prospect of the beautiful MIRANDA, is palatable enough to the upstart Monarch; but their reveling is again interrupted by ARIEL, who, continuing invisible, imitates on a pipe and tabor one af

STEPHANO'S drunken songs. The toppers begin to tremble, but CALIBAN instructs them that the disturbance is not at all alarming.

"Be not afeard [afraid]: the isle is full of noises,  
 Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight and hurt not.  
 Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
 Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
 That, if I then had wak'd after long sleep,  
 Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
 The clouds, methought, would open and shew riches  
 Ready to drop upon me; that, when I wak'd,  
 I cried to dream again."

This quiets their apprehensions, and they reel onwards towards the cell of PROSPERO.

WHILE they are staggering thither,

---

THE THIRD SCENE shows us ALONSO, SEBASTIAN, ANTONIO, GONZALO and the others, wearied and sorrowful in another part of the island. All their endeavours to find the lost FERDINAND are fruitless. To divert them, however, from their despair, prevent the success of SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO who are again renewing their complots for the King's destruction, and at the same time explain to the sufferers the cause of their present misery, — PROSPERO causes several shapes, whom they believe to be wild islanders, to appear, and bear in a banquet of which they invite them by signs to partake. — But while ALONSO, SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO are preparing to satisfy their hunger, they are terrified by sudden thunder and lightning; ARIEL, in the form of a harpy, flaps his wings over the table, and in a moment every thing disappears. The harpy then, as it were instructed by heaven itself, foretells the punishment of their crimes, which he clearly exposes to them. — Enraged at his denunciation, they draw their swords, and would fain attack him; but smiling contemptuously, he continues;



"You fools! I and my fellows  
 Are ministers of fate; the elements,  
 Of whom [by which] your swords are temper'd, may as well  
 Wound the loud winds, or with bemock'd-at stabs  
 Kill the still-closing waters, as diminish  
 One dowle [feather] that's in my plume; my fellow ministers  
 Are like invulnerable: if you could hurt,  
 Your swords are now too massy for your strengths,  
 And will not be uplifted."

Then warning them, that the only thing which can turn away the angry fate to which they are exposed is, "heart's sorrow and a clear life ensuing," — he vanishes away with loud thunders. — This terrible message, so terribly delivered, affects all who hear it. ALONSO, especially, stands aghast; Conscience seconds the divine sentence, and he cries out, in an agony of remorse;

"O, it is monstrous! monstrous!  
 Methought the billows spoke, and told me of it:  
 The winds did sing it to me; and the thunder,  
 That deep and dreadful organ-pipe, pronounc'd  
 The name of Prosper; it did bass my trespass.  
 Therefore my son i' the ooze [Sea] is bedded, and  
 I'll seek him deeper than e'er plummet sounded,  
 And with him there lie mudded."

SEBASTIAN and ANTONIO rush out, mad with rage, and GONZALO exclaiming;

"All three of them are desperate; their great guilt,  
 Like poison giv'n to work a great time after,  
 Now 'gins [begins] to bite the spirits;"

Exhorts his companions to follow them and prevent any violent results; — and the scene concludes.

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**ACT THE FOURTH**

Again changes to PROSPERO's Cell. The benignant old Philosopher assures FERDINAND of his esteem, tells him that his troubles were only trials of his love, presents him to his daughter as her future husband, and blesses them with all a father's prayers. Then, very significantly reminding the impatient bridegroom that the marriage rites have not yet been performed, — he summons by his magic art certain of his spirits before him to perform a Masque, for the entertainment and consolation of his children. In a moment we perceive one of those stately and rich spectacles, for which SHAKESPEAR's era was so famous. —

IRIS, the messenger of the gods, salutes CERES, the teeming harvest's mother, and requests her to meet JUNO the Queen of Heaven:

"Ceres, most bounteous lady, thy rich leas  
 Of wheat, rye, barley, vetches, oats and pease;  
 Thy turfy mountains, where live nibbling sheep,  
 And flat meads thatch'd [spread] with stover [fodder], them  
to keep;  
 Thy banks [ridges] with pioned [upthrown] and twilled  
[level'd] brims [tops],  
 Which spongy [showery] April at thy hest betrimms [decks  
with flowers],  
 To make cold nymphs chaste crowns; and thy broom groves,  
 Whose shadow the dismissed bachelor loves,  
 Being lass-lorn; thy pole-clipp'd vinéyard;  
 And thy sea-marge, steril and rocky-hard,  
 Where thou thyself dost air: The queen o' the sky,  
 Whose watery arch, and messenger, am I,  
 Bids thee leave these; and with her sovereign grace,  
 Here on this grass-plot, in this very place,  
 To come and sport: her peacocks fly amain:  
 Approach, rich Ceres, her to entertain.

Enter CERES.

CER. Hail, many-colour'd messenger, that ne'er  
 Dost disobey the wife of Jupiter;



Who, with thy saffron wings, upon my flowers  
 Diffusest honey-drops, refreshing showers;  
 And with each end of thy blue bow dost crown  
 My bosky acres, and my unshrub'd down,  
 Rich scarf to my proud earth: Why hath thy queen  
 Summon'd me hither, to this short-grass'd green?

IRIS. A contract of true love to celebrate;  
 And some donation freely to estate [settle]  
 On the bless'd lovers."

The Olympian visitors at once agree  
 "To bless this twain, that they may prosperous be,  
 And honour'd in their issue.

#### JUNO'S Song.

Honour, riches, marriage-blessing,  
 Long continuance, and increasing,  
 Hourly joys be still upon you!  
 Juno sings her blessings on you.

CER. Earth's increase, foison [produce] plenty,  
 Barns and garners never empty;  
 Vines, with clust'ring bunches growing;  
 Plants with goodly burthen bowing;  
 Spring come to you, at the farthest,  
 In the very end of harvest!  
 Scarcity and want shall shun you;  
 Ceres' blessing so is on you."

The voice of IRIS is again heard:

"You nymphs call'd Naiads, of the winding brooks,  
 With your sedg'd crowns, and ever harmless looks,  
 Leave your crisp channels, and on this green land  
 Answer your summons: Juno does command:  
 Come temperate nymphs, and help to celebrate  
 A contract of true love; be not too late.

#### Enter certain Nymphs.

You sun-burn'd sicklemen, of August weary,  
 Come hither from the furrow, and be merry;  
 Make holiday; your rye-straw hats put on,  
 And these fresh nymphs encounter [meet] every one  
 In country footing."

And then, to celebrate the Epithalamium, Naiads and Reapers join in a graceful dance around them, and the whole appearance "heavily vanishes."

PROSPERO now remembers the conspiracy of the foul CALIBAN and his associates, of which ARIEL had informed him. So miserable a plot, and the multitude of his sorrows, disturb for a moment the serenity of his countenance, and cast a gloom upon him; but recovering his equanimity, he thus kindly addresses FERDINAND;

"You do look, my son, in a mov'd sort,  
As if you were dismay'd: be cheerful, sir;  
Our revels now are ended: these our actors,  
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and  
Are melted into air, into thin air:  
And like the baseless fabric of this vision,  
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;  
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack [wreck, fragment] behind: We are such stuff  
As dreams are made of, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

In one moment more he dismisses the loving pair, calls ARIEL, and enquires of him, "Say again, where did'st thou leave these varlets?" He is answered;

"I told you, sir, they were red-hot with drinking;  
So full of valour, that they smote the air  
For breathing in their faces; beat the ground  
For kissing of their feet: yet always bending  
Toward their project: Then I beat my tabor,  
At which, like unback'd [unridden] colts, they prick'd their  
ears,  
Advanc'd their eyelids, lifted up their noses,  
As they smelt music; so I charm'd their ears,  
That, calf-like, they my lowing follow'd."

He goes on to say that he has led them, by his music, through "tooth'd briers, sharp furzes, pricking goss and thorns," into a filthy pool. As they are speaking, the doughty heroes themselves advance. Supposing they are

unseen and their plan undiscovered, they use little caution, and still less dispatch. CALIBAN in vain tries to drag them forward into the inner chamber; — they are caught by some glittering garments which PROSPERO had placed out to entrap them, and continue lingering, and quarreling, and boasting over their spoil until, — a noise of hunters is heard, and divers spirits in the shape of hounds rush in and drive them shrieking and screaming away. PROSPERO who had joined in setting them on, then commands ARIEL;

"Go, charge my goblins, that they grind their joints  
With dry convulsions; shorten up their sinews  
With aged cramps; and more pinch-spotted make them,  
Than pard, or cat o' mountain!"

"Let them be hunted soundly: At this hour  
Lie at my mercy all mine enemies:  
Shortly shall all my labours end, and thou  
Shalt have the air at freedom: for a little,  
Follow, and do me service!"

---

## ACT THE FIFTH

Hastens the play to a conclusion. PROSPERO, for the scene is before his Cell, questions ARIEL, "how fares the King and his?" That airy being answers;

"Confin'd together  
In the same fashion as you gave in charge."

"The King;

His brother, and yours, abide all three distracted;  
And the remainder [are] mourning over them,  
Brim-full of sorrow and dismay; but chiefly  
Him that you term'd, sir, "The good old lord, Gonzalo";  
His tears run down his beard, like winter's drops  
From eaves of reeds; your charm so strongly works them,  
That if you now beheld them, your affections  
Would become tender."

"Ah!" asks the Exile, struck with such an observation;

"Dost thou think so, spirit?" —

"Mine would, sir, were I human," is the reply.

"And mine shall," cries PROSPERO admiringly;

"Hast thou, which art but air, a touch, a feeling  
Of their afflictions? and shall not myself,  
One of their kind, that relish all as sharply,  
Passion as they, be kindlier mov'd than thou art?  
Though with their high wrongs I am struck to the quick,  
Yet with my nobler reason 'gainst my fury  
Do I take part: the rarer action is  
In virtue than in vengeance: they being penitent,  
The sole drift of my purpose doth extend  
Not a frown further. Go, release them, Ariel;  
My charms I'll break; their senses I'll restore,  
And they shall be themselves."

While ARIEL hastens to execute his commission, his master thus soliloquizes;

"Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves;  
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune, and do fly him,  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moon-shine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites; and you, whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms; that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid  
(Weak masters though ye be) I have be-dimm'd  
The noon-tide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault  
Set roaring war: — to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire, and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt: the strong-bas'd promontory  
Have I made shake; and by the spurs [roots] pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves, at my command,  
Have wak'd their sleepers; op'd, and let them forth  
By my so potent art: — But this rough magic  
I here abjure: and, when I have requir'd  
Some heavenly music (which even now I do,)  
To work mine end upon their senses, that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,

Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
 And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,  
 I'll drown my book."

ARIEL now re-enters. He is followed by ALONSO with a frantic gesture, attended by GONZALO and SEBASTIAN; and ANTONIO, in like manner attended by ADRIAN and FRANCISCO. They all enter a magic circle, which PROSPERO draws with his rod, and there stand charmed. The aged and venerable sufferer now reveals himself. He blesses and thanks GONZALO, and reproaches, but forgives, the penitent ALONSO. His criminal brother and the ambitious SEBASTIAN have their intended villainy exposed, and their past barely excused by the magnanimity of a noble and generous spirit. He then summons ARIEL, who immediately appears, singing for joy of his coming liberty; —

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

PROSPERO then demands from this dainty spirit, whom he will miss so much, but will still make free, his ancient dress as Duke of Milan, bids him go fetch the MASTER and BOATSWAIN, and observing all before him to remain astonished, and in doubt, observes;

"Howsoe'er you have  
 Been jostled from your senses, know for certain,  
 That I am Prospero, and that very duke-  
 Which was thrust forth of [from] Milan; who most strangely  
 Upon this shore, where you were wreck'd, was landed,  
 To be the lord on't. No more yet of this!  
 For 'tis a chronicle of day by day,  
 Not a relation for a breakfast, nor  
 Befitting this first meeting. Welcome, sir;  
 This cell's my court: here have I few attendants,  
 And subjects none abroad: pray you, look in!

My dukedom since you have given me again,  
 I will requite you with as good a thing;  
 At least, bring forth a wonder, to content ye,  
 As much as me my dukedom."

At these words, the entrance of the Cell opens, and discovers his daughter the young and beautiful MIRANDA, and the long lost FERDINAND, sitting at Chess, in sweet and loving converse. The surprise is equally wondrous and gladdening to all, especially the long-parted ALONSO and his son. MIRANDA, transported by so strange a sight, cries out;

"O wonder!  
 How many goodly creatures are there here!  
 How beauteous mankind is! O brave [splendid] new world,  
 That has such people in't;" —

And after sundry affecting explanations, GONZALO says exultingly;

"Was Milan thrust from Milan, that his issue  
 Should become kings of Naples? O, rejoice  
 Beyond a common joy; and set it down  
 With gold on lasting pillars: In one voyage  
 Did Claribel her husband find at Tunis;  
 And Ferdinand, her brother, found a wife,  
 Where he himself was lost; Prospero his dukedom,  
 In a poor isle; and all of us, ourselves,  
 When no man was his own."

Here, guided by ARIEL, the MASTER and BOATSWAIN make their appearance; and explain how they and the crew had slept a magic sleep, and awaked to find their ship, all

"Tight, and yare [ready], and bravely rigg'd, as when  
 We first put out to sea."

ARIEL also performs good service, by driving in CALIBAN, TRINCULO, and STEPHANO, still bedight in their stolen apparel, and still suffering from the cramps and pinches distributed by PROSPERO's waggish but hard-handed and nimble-fingered spirits.

pectations, VALENTINE'S doubts, and "THE TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA" by thus declaring his sovereign determination :

"Now, by the honour of my ancestry,  
I do applaud thy spirit, Valentine,  
And think thee worthy of an empress' love!  
Know then, I here forget all former griefs,  
Cancel all grudge, repeal [recall] thee home again."  
"Thou art a gentleman, and well deriv'd;  
Take thou thy Silvia, for thou hast deserv'd her."

The generous VALENTINE then begs and obtains from THE DUKE the pardon of his unfortunate companions, assures PROTEUS that they will have

    . "One feast, one house, one mutual happiness",  
— and so the Play concludes.

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# THE SHAKESPEAR STORY-TELLER;

INTRODUCTORY LEAVES OR OUTLINE-SKETCHES,

WITH CHOICE EXTRACTS

IN THE WORDS OF THE POET HIMSELF.

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BY

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No 5.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

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## FOREWORD.

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This play was first printed in 1600, and, as it is not mentioned by MERES in 1598, could not have been written much earlier. The anecdote or intrigue on which it is founded may be traced as far back as the Romance of Tirant the White, written in the Catalonian dialect about 1400, and afterwards made use of by ARIOSTO (books 5 and 6),\* SPENCER (Fairy Queen, Bk. II, Canto 4), BELLEFOREST (vol. 3, ed. of Lyons, 1594) &c., besides several of the Italian novelists. The tale was therefore familiarly known in SHAKESPEAR'S time. But it is probable that his immediate source was none of these. He would seem to have taken the rough sketch from an older English comedy on the same subject. It is true that no such piece now exists. But it was known to AYRER, who has imitated it in his play\*\* "Von der schönen Phoenicia vnd Graf Tymbri von Golison auss Arragonien."

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\*) This episode was translated into English verse in 1565, by PETER BEVERLEY, and a play founded thereon was performed before Queen Elizabeth in 1582—83. — HARRINGTON'S version of ARIOSTO appeared in 1591; a separate, still earlier, poetical translation by TURBERVILLE is now no longer extant.

\*\*\*) Reprinted by TIECK, Deutsches Theater, 1er Bd., Berlin 1817, pp. 252—322.

But besides the wicked deception practised against HERO, thus copied from older stories, SHAKESPEAR has a double stream of Comedy, THE BENEDICT AND BEATRICE — by which name, indeed, the play was commonly known in the 17<sup>th</sup> century — and DOGBERRY AND VERGES. Both these groups are entirely his own, and have never yet been surpassed either for breadth of jocose humor or for adherence to nature.

Accordingly, the suffrages of nearly every class of critics have united in placing this stately drama in the very first rank of SHAKESPEAR'S productions. Nor can this be wondered at, for not only is it remarkable for discrimination of character and raciness of repartee, but the whole is gracefully conducted and artistically wound up. At the same time it is MUCH ADO — fright and fury, pain and passion — ABOUT NOTHING. The spectators see the criminals and the upshot at the very beginning, in the hands of contemptible underlings utterly unknown to the parties concerned. So in the Comedy of Life. We strut our hour and play our part, ignorant of the beginning the connection and the end; but Pit and Gallery, the Spectators of the Macrocosm, — Good Angels and Bad — perceive that our MUCH ADO is ABOUT NOTHING. All Evil is a passing show. Over-anxiousness is absurd. OUR FATHER knoweth all things, ruleth all things, and will save and shield those who trust in Him!

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## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

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The very attempt to develop SHAKESPEAR'S DRAMATIS PERSONÆ, is refreshing. The individuals to be examined are so well remembered. We never stumble at any monster-portrait, any angelic excellence, any melodramatic crime. Even if the caste of character is no longer our contemporary, we can perceive with the greatest ease, how it was then acquired and would in these days be modified; nor are we ever taught heartless contempt of any human being. We may learn from the Bard of Avon; we cannot be corrupted. — In this play

DON PEDRO, *Prince of Arragon*, might be imitated by many Princes with advantage. He is accomplished, a Gentleman, brave, a Governor, without being either proud or licentious. He serves his friends without selfishness; respects grey hairs, e'en though bowed down by sorrow; and had rather his brother should be reformed than punished.

DON JOHN, *the Prince's bastard brother*, is a well-managed specimen of that low rivalry and inferior crime so often characteristic of men high-born but of no commanding talent, placed in the hot-bed of a court, without either prudence or principle to restrain their machinations. They are only shielded from contempt by the injury they may do. A serpent may destroy a Paradise; a malicious dwarf may fire the temple which a race of giants has built up; a kingling may sell his country!

CLAUDIO, *a young Lord of Florence*, much favored by DON PEDRO, is graceful, faithful, affectionate, but

governed by a frankness and impetuosity which precipitate him into injustice.

BENEDICK, *a young Lord of Padua*, also enjoying DON PEDRO's regard, is the enemy of sentiment, the "practical man," the caustic humorist, the hardy soldier. By the Prince, his Master, he is said to be "of a noble strain, of approved valour, and confirmed honesty." His sarcastic quarrels and his sudden, but not unnatural conversion from BENEDICK the woman-hater to BENEDICK the married man, will never be forgotten.

BEATRICE, *the niece of LEONATO*, is the last-named Signor's counterpart. To a sort of restless hidden vivacity, she unites a quickness of repartee and a brilliancy of wit which are perfectly overpowering. So full is she of sharp, but bitter, sallies, that — like a charged electrical conductor — she can scarcely be approached without communicating a spark and a shock. But THE WOMAN has only been lying dormant within, and the good grace with which she submits to her metamorphose, and the steady friendship she exhibits when urging her new lover to risk his life by a challenge to CLAUDIO, would excuse even greater extravagances than her merry wildness.

LEONATO, *Governor of Messina*, is a fine old man. He is generous to his Prince, but fears not to denounce his crime; his daughter is his heart's most precious jewel, but he prefers her death to her dishonor. — Though old and weak, virtuous indignation gives him strength to defy her supposed insulters.

HERO, LEONATO's *daughter*, is drawn in a few strokes, but with a master-hand. Tender and timid, lovely and lively, her heart, like wax, melts before Love's flame; but the impression left there, nothing can erase. After receiving such an injury from one her heart adored, all her resentment, all her upbraiding sinks into the exclamation of affectionate appeal:

"And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:  
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband."

ANTONIO, *the brother of LEONATO*, is a kind and good old man, possessing many of his brother's virtues and much of our regard.

BALTHAZAR, *a servant to DON PEDRO*, appears to have enjoyed a sinecure. He is only once introduced, to sing a song for the Prince's entertainment. In other words, as is often the case with SHAKESPEAR, he was forgotten or abandoned, almost as soon as introduced.

BORACHIO and CONRADE *are followers of DON JOHN*. They are both cunning scoundrels; but the former is the greater Villain. He tempts himself. Still he is not utterly abandoned; as would he expected from his strength of character, his remorse is as open and great as his crime.

DOGBERRY and VERGES or VERJUICE, *two foolish officers*. They are two innocent, foolish, drawling, cowardly, antiquated Malaprops, drawn from the life, but highly colored to be understood. The lights and shades, however, are admirably preserved, and the result is most laughable. ELBOW in MEASURE FOR MEASURE, is a somewhat similar character.

MARGARET and URSULA, *the Gentlewomen attending on HERO*, are well enough. They both, like all other ladies in their situation, make pretences to wit. The latter appears to best advantage in the garden scene.

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The remaining persons employed in this Drama are a FRIAR, for whose prudence and goodness we must be grateful, A SEXTON, A BOY, MESSENGERS, WATCH and ATTENDANTS. The Scene throughout the play, is at Messina.

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# "Much ado about Nothing."

## ACT THE FIRST

SCENE THE FIRST, is before LEONATO'S house. That Officer, with HERO and BEATRICE his niece, attended by a MESSENGER and others, enters in some haste. THE MESSENGER announces DON PEDRO'S approach from successful war, and presents the Governor with a letter from that Prince. LEONATO, running it over, observes: "I find here, that DON PEDRO hath bestowed much honour on a young Florentine, called CLAUDIO;" — "Much deserved," says THE MESSENGER, "on his part, and equally remembered by DON PEDRO: He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age; doing, in the figure of a lamb, the feats of a lion." His uncle's joy, he adds, "could not show itself modest enough without a badge of bitterness." — "A kind overflow of kindness," replies the kind-hearted Governor; "There are no faces truer than those that are so washed. How much better is it to weep at joy, than to joy at weeping!"

BEATRICE, impatient of her long silence, here interrupts the dialogue. "I pray you," she exclaims, "is Signior MONTANTO [a term of the fencing schools and here meaning obliquely, Signior BENEDICK of Padua] returned?" — "O, he's returned; and as pleasant as ever." The damsel retorts: "I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing." She is answered; "He hath done good service, lady." — "You had musty victual," BEATRICE replies; "and he hath help [helped] to eat it: he's a very valiant trencherman, he hath an excellent stomach." LEONATO, imagining THE MESSENGER'S surprise at these inopportune witticisms, remarks: "You must not, sir, mistake

my niece: there is a kind of merry war betwixt Signior **BENEDICK** and her: they never meet, but there's a skirmish of wit between them." This hit, the lady parries admirably: "Alas! he gets nothing by that. In our last conflict, four of his five wits went halting off, and now is the whole man governed with one: so that, if he have wit enough to keep himself warm, let him bear it for a [heraldic] difference between himself and his horse; for it is all the wealth that he hath left, to be known a reasonable creature. Who is his companion now? He hath every month a new sworn brother." "He wears his faith but as the fashion of his hat, it ever changes with the next block." **THE MESSENGER** replies: "I see, lady, the gentleman is not in your books [favor]." — "No," says **BEATRICE** wittily; "an [if] he were, I would burn my study. But, I pray you, who is his companion?" — "The right noble **CLAUDIO**;" but now **DON PEDRO** himself approaches, attended by **BALTHAZAR** and others, and by **DON JUAN**, **CLAUDIO** and **BENEDICK**.

**DON PEDRO** first salutes **LEONATO**, apologising for the trouble which his arrival must cause him, but that worthy old man says: "Never came trouble to my house in the likeness of your grace; for trouble being gone, comfort should remain; but when you depart from me, sorrow abides, and happiness takes his leave." This well-merited compliment introduces a debate in which **BENEDICK** takes part, — when the restless **BEATRICE** immediately breaks forth: "I wonder that you will still be talking, signior **BENEDICK**; no body marks you." — "What, my dear lady Disdain!" he replies; "Are you yet living." She answers eagerly: "Is it possible Disdain should die, while she hath such meet food to feed it as signior **BENEDICK**? Courtesy herself must convert to Disdain, if you come in her presence." Smiling, he rejoins: "Then is courtesy a turn-coat: — But it is certain I am loved of all ladies, only you excepted:" "I love none." **BEATRICE** concludes from this; "a dear happiness to women, they would else have been troubled with a pernicious suitor." — "I had rather hear my dog bark at a crow, than a man swear he loves me." — "Well," adds **BENEDICK**, "you are a rare parrot-teacher." She assures him: "A bird of my tongue is better than a beast of yours," and a little daunted by her vivacity, her opponent is forced to confess: "I would my horse had the speed of your tongue, and [was] so good a continuer: But keep your way," "I have done." To even

a final last speech, a reply can be found by a woman; his fair opponent exclaims, laughingly; "You always end with a jade's trick; I know you of old." Taking advantage of this truce to their dispute, DON PEDRO explains to his brother and companions, that LEONATO has kindly invited them to remain a month in his house, and, all expressing their cheerful compliance with his request, they separate, leaving only BENEDICK and CLAUDIO behind.

Finding themselves alone, CLAUDIO, who has been struck with HERO's beauty, asks his companion, "Didst thou note the daughter of Signior LEONATO?" — "Would you have me speak after my custom, as being a professed tyrant to their sex?" — "No, I pray thee, speak in sober judgement." — "Why, i' faith," says the wit; "methinks she is too low for a high praise, too brown for a fair praise, and too little for a great praise: only this commendation I can afford her: that were she other than she is, she were unhandsome; and being no other but as she is, I do not like her." CLAUDIO answers: "In mine eye, she is the sweetest lady that ever I looked on." — "I can see yet," replies BENEDICK; "without spectacles, and I see no such matter: There's her cousin, an [if] she were not possessed with a fury, exceeds her as much in beauty as the first of May doth the last of December. But I hope you have no intent to turn husband; have you?" — The love-sick Lord confesses: "I would scarce trust myself, though I had sworn the contrary, if HERO would be my wife." Hereupon his friend exclaims, indignantly; "Is't come to this, i'faith?" — "Shall I never see a bachelor of three-score again?"

Here DON PEDRO re-enters and, demands what secret talk detains them. BENEDICK cleverly observes: "I would, your grace would constrain me to tell." — "I charge thee on thy allegiance," and the wag continues: "You hear, Count CLAUDIO; I can be secret as a dumb man, I would have you think so; but on my allegiance, — mark you this, on my allegiance: — He is in love. With who [whom]? — now that is your grace's part. — Mark, how short his answer is: — With HERO, LEONATO'S short daughter." THE DUKE frankly approving his favorite's choice, CLAUDIO confesses: "That I love her, I feel." — "That she is worthy," says DON PEDRO, "I know." But the incorrigible BENEDICK

breaks in; "That I neither feel how she should be loved, nor know how she should be worthy, is the opinion that fire cannot melt out of me; I will die in it at the stake." Then in reply to DON PEDRO'S remarks: "Thou wast ever an obstinate heretic in the despite of beauty," he continues: "That a woman conceived me, I thank her; that she brought me up, I likewise give her most humble thanks: but that I will have a recheat [hunting-call] winded [blown] in my forehead, or hang my bugle in an invisible baldrick [belt], all women shall pardon me; Because I will not do them the wrong to mistrust any, I will do myself the right to trust none." — "I shall see thee," says THE DUKE, tauntingly, "ere I die, look pale with love." The Bachelor answers, with some warmth: "With anger, with sickness, or with hunger, my lord; not with love: prove that ever I lose more blood with love, than I will get again with drinking, pick out mine eyes with a ballad-maker's pen, and hang me up" "for the sign of blind Cupid." — "Well," exclaims DON PEDRO, calmly, "as time shall try:

In time the savage bull doth bear the yoke."

"The savage bull may," retorts the enthusiast: "but if ever this sensible BENEDICK bear it, pluck off the bull's horns, and set them in my forehead;" "and in" "great letters" "write," "Here you may see BENEDICK the married man." — He is then dismissed to announce THE DUKE'S intention of honoring LEONATO with his presence at supper; and CLAUDIO embraces the opportunity to make known the full extent of his passion:

"O, my lord,  
When you went onward on this ended action,  
I look'd upon her with a soldier's eye,  
That lik'd, but had a rougher task in hand  
Than to drive liking to the name of love:  
But now I am return'd, and that war-thoughts  
Have left their places vacant, in their rooms  
Come thronging soft and delicate desires,  
All prompting [reminding] me how fair young HERO is,  
Saying, I lik'd her ere I went to wars."

The Duke answers, in a tone of friendly raillery:

"Thou wilt be like a lover presently,  
And tire the hearer with a book of words:  
If thou dost love fair HERO, cherish it;

And I will break with her, and with her father,  
 And thou shalt have her: Was't not to this end,  
 That thou began'st to twist so fine a story?

CLAUD. How sweetly do you minister to love,  
 That know love's grief by his complexion!  
 But lest my liking might too sudden seem,  
 I would have sav'd it with a longer treatise.

D. PEDRO. What need the bridge much broader than the flood?  
 The fairest grant is the necessity."  
 "I know, we shall have revelling to-night;  
 I will assume thy part in some disguise,  
 And tell fair HERO I am CLAUDIO;  
 And in her bosom I'll unclasp my heart,  
 And take her hearing prisoner with the force  
 And strong encounter of my amorous tale:  
 Then, after, to her father will I break [disclose the matter];  
 And, the conclusion is, she shall be thine:  
 In practise let us put it presently."

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THE SECOND SCENE, a Room in LEONATO'S House.  
 The old Governor and ANTONIO his brother consult cheerily  
 as to the music and the entertainment, and the latter  
 informs LEONATO, that "a good sharp fellow," one of his men,  
 overheard the Prince telling CLAUDIO that he loved HERO  
 and would soon acknowledge it. LEONATO holds this good  
 fortune "as a dream" till openly verified, but concludes to  
 inform his daughter.

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SCENE THREE, another Room in the same House,  
 where DON John and CONRADE are conversing. The latter  
 urges against the other's sadness: "You should hear reason."  
 — "And when I have heard it, what blessing bringeth it?" The  
 hanger-on replies: "If not a present remedy, yet patient suffer-  
 ance." Bitterly smiling and his heart full of "mortifying mis-  
 chief" the Prince answers: "I cannot hide what I am: I must be  
 sad, when I have cause, and smile at no man's jests; eat when I  
 have stomach and wait for no man's leisure; sleep, when I am drowsy,



and tend [attend] to no man's business; laugh, when I am merry, and claw [flatter] no man in his humour." CONRAD advising a temporising policy, and adding: "It is needful that you frame the season for your own harvest," DON JOHN exclaims: "I had rather be a canker in a hedge than a rose in his grace; and it better fits my blood to be disdain'd of all, than to fashion a carriage to rob love from any: in this, though I cannot be said to be a flattering honest man, it must not be denied that I am a plain-dealing villain. I am trusted wish a muzzle, and enfranchised with a clog; therefore I have decreed not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth I would Lute; if I had my liberty, I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seek not to alter me."

Here BORACHIO comes in, with news of CLAUDIO'S intended marriage. DON JOHN enquires: "Will it serve for any model to build mischief on?" and adjourns to the great supper, with the remark: "Would the Cook were of my mind!"

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## ACT THE SECOND

SCENE THE FIRST, a Hall in LEONATO'S House, who is there attended by his brother ANTONIO, HERO his daughter, BEATRICE and others. BEATRICE is again severe upon BENEDICK, and thinks the Count JOHN too "tart." — "Then," cries LEONATA, "half signior BENEDICK'S tongue in Count JOHN'S mouth, and half Count JOHN'S melancholy in signior BENEDICK'S face," BEATRICE adds: "With a good leg, and a good foot, uncle, and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world, — if he could get her good will." The old Governor cannot help remarking; "Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband." But the lady is armed at all points, and replies with a sally of wit: "Not till God make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be over-mastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marl? no uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren; and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my

kindred." — "Hear me, HERO; wooing, wedding and repenting, is as a Scotch jig, a measure and a cinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly-modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes repentance." — "Cousin," says LEONATO, "you apprehend passing [very] shrewdly." The strange-tongued girl answers: "I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by daylight." Here

The revelers enter, masked. DON PEDRO apologizes for his appearance to HERO by saying: "My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove." — "Why, then," she replies, "Your visor should be thatch'd;" and in one moment more he leads her aside. The ladies follow her, and all the company disappears, but DON JOHN, BORACHIO and CLAUDIO, the latter of whom is addressed by the others under the name of BENEDICK, and assured that they have heard DON PEDRO make passionate love to HERO, and promise to marry her that night. Then leaving him alone, the young Count thus vents his rage:

"Thus answer I in name of BENEDICK,  
But hear these ill news with the ears of CLAUDIO.  
'Tis certain so; — the Prince woos for himself.  
Friendship is constant in all other things,  
Save in the office and affairs of love:  
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;  
Let every eye negotiate for itself,  
And trust no agent; for beauty is a witch,  
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood.  
This is an accident of hourly proof,  
Which I mistrusted not: Farewell, therefore, HERO!"

This soliloquy is interrupted by BENEDICK, who informs him of the success of the Prince's suit to HERO, and thereby only afflicts the more the despairing lover, who leaves him in great dudgeon at his unseasonable railleries. Shortly after his departure, DON PEDRO, HERO, and LEONATO themselves come in, and the former wittily corrects the BENEDICK's mistake, continuing: "The lady BEATRICE has a quarrel to [with] you; the gentleman that danced with her, told her, she is much wronged by you." But the stout-hearted Bachelor



replies, indignantly: "O, she misused me past the endurance of a block: an oak, but with one green leaf on it, would have answer'd her; my very visor began to assume life, and scold with her; She told me, not thinking I had been myself, that I was the Prince's Jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw; huddling jest upon jest;" "she speaks poniards;" "she would infect to the north star. I would not marry her though she were endowed with all that Adam had left him before he transgressed: she would have made Hercules have turned spit, yea, and have cleft his club to make the fire too."

CLAUDIO, BEATRICE, LEONATO and HERO now re-enter, and merry is the war of words that follows. DON PEDRO puts an end to CLAUDIO'S apprehensions, and LEONATO adds: "Count, take of me my daughter, and with her my fortunes; his grace hath made the match, and all grace say Amen to it!" CLAUDIO can only reply: "Silence is the perfectest herald of joy: I were but little happy if I could say how much. Lady, as you are mine, I am yours: I give away myself for you, and dote upon the exchange." BEATRICE falls in with: "Speak, Cousin; or, if you cannot, stop his mouth with a kiss, and let not him speak neither." — "In faith, lady," says THE DUKE, "you have a merry heart." — "Yea, my lord," resumes BEATRICE, "I thank it; poor fool, it keeps on the windy side of care." — "Thus goes every one to the world [gets married] but I, and I am sunburned [despised]; I may sit in a corner, and cry, heigh-ho! for a husband." — "Will you have me, lady?" enquires DON PEDRO. — "No, my lord," she answers, "unless I might have another for working-days; your grace is too costly to wear every day: But, I beseech your grace, pardon me; I was born to speak all mirth, and no matter." — "Your silence," rejoins he, "most offends me, and to be merry best becomes you; for, out of question, you were born in a merry hour." BEATRICE now retires.

In their joy at the approaching happiness of CLAUDIO and HERO, the company undertake a delightful intrigue, to cause BENEDICK and BEATRICE to fall in love. The idea is proposed by DON PEDRO, who adds: "And BENEDICK is not the unhopefullest husband that I know: thus far can I praise him; he is of a noble strain [lineage], of approved valour, and confirmed honesty." "If we can do this, Cupid is no longer an archer; his glory shall be ours, for we are the only love-gods."

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SCENE SECOND, another Room in LEONATO'S House. DON JOHN and BORACHIO are in council together. The malicious bastard, who hates CLAUDIO, is told by his follower that he can and will prevent the match. He will visit MARGARET by night as a lover, calling her HERO while she calls him CLAUDIO. DON JOHN arranges that CLAUDIO and DON PEDRO shall see this, and delightedly exclaims: "Be cunning in the working this, and thy fee is a thousand ducats."

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SCENE THIRD, LEONATO'S Garden. BENEDICK has the following rich soliloquy: "I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn, by falling in love: And such a man is CLAUDIO. I have known when there was no music with him but the drum and the fife; and now had he rather hear the tabor and the pipe: I have known when he would have walked ten mile afoot, to see a good armour; and now will he lie ten nights awake, carving the fashion of a new doublet. He was wont to speak plain, and to the purpose, like an honest man and a soldier; and now is he turned orthographer; his words are a very fantastical banquet, just so many strange dishes. May I be so converted [changed], and see with these eyes? I cannot tell; I think not: I will not be sworn but love may transform me to an oyster; but I'll take my oath on it, till he have made an oyster of me, he shall never make me such a fool. One woman is fair; yet I am well, another is wise; yet I am well: another virtuous; yet I am well: but till all graces be in one woman, one woman shall not come in my grace. Rich she shall be, that's certain; wise, or I'll none; virtuous, or I'll never cheapen her; fair, or I'll never look on her; mild, or come not near me; noble, or not I for an angel; of good discourse, an excellent musician, and her hair shall be of what colour it please God."

The words are scarcely out of his mouth when he sees DON PEDRO, LEONATO and CLAUDIO, and hides himself in the arbor. The former, who have very well distinguished him, now commence their plot against him, THE DUKE first ordering BALTHAZAR to repeat the following:

## "SONG

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
 Men were deceivers ever;  
 One foot in sea, and one on shore;  
 To one thing constant never:  
 Then sigh not so,  
 But let them go,  
 And be you blithe and bonny;  
 Converting all your sounds of woe  
 Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no mo  
 Of dumps [laments] so dull and heavy;  
 The fraud of men was ever so,  
 Since summer first was leavy."  
 Then sigh not so, etc."

The singer goes, and the rest proceed, in the hearing of the concealed **BENEDICK**, to dilate on the violent love which **BEATRICE** bears him. When they retire, the effect is visible enough, for the young nobleman's latent regard and generous nature required only the spark to burst into a flame, and he thus reasons with himself: "This can be no trick: The conference was sadly [seriously] borne. — They have the truth of this from **HERO**. They seem to pity the lady; it seems her affections have their full bent. Love me! why, it must be requited. I hear how I am censured: they say I will bear myself proudly, if I perceive the love come from her; they say too, that she will rather die than give any sign of affection. — I did never think to marry — I must not seem proud: — Happy are they that hear their detractions [faults], and can put them to mending. They say the lady is fair, 't is a truth, I can bear them witness: and virtuous — 't is so, I cannot reprove it; and wise, but for loving me: By my troth, it is no addition to her wit; nor no great argument of her folly, for I will be horribly in love with her. — I may chance have some odd quirks and remnants of wit broken on me, because I have railed so long against marriage: But doth not the appetite alter? A man loves the meat in his youth that he cannot endure in his age: Shall quips, and sentences, and these paper bullets of the brain, awe a man from the career of his humour? No: The world must be peopled. When I said, I would die a bachelor, I did not think I should live till I were married. — Here comes **BEATRICE**; By this day

she's a fair lady: I do spy some marks of love in her." — "If I do not take pity of her, I am a villain; if I do not love her, I am a Jew: I will go get her picture."

## ACT THE THIRD

SCENE FIRST, in LEONATO'S Garden. — HERO, MARGARET and URSULA enter, and the marriage-plot is continued, the ladies having undertaken to expound "how BENEDICK is sick in love with BEATRICE." HERO opens the campaign:

"Good MARGARET, run thee to the parlour;  
There shalt thou find my cousin BEATRICE  
Proposing [conversing] with the prince and CLAUDIO:  
Whisper [in] her ear, and tell her, I and URSULA  
Walk in the orchard, and our whole discourse  
Is all of her; say, that thou overheard'st us;  
And bid her steal into the pleachéd [close, branch - thick]  
bower,  
Where honeysuckles, ripen'd by the sun,  
Forbid the sun to enter; — like favourites,  
Made proud by princes, that advance their pride  
Against that power that bred it: — there will she bide her,  
To listen [to] our purpose [conversation]: This is thy office,  
Bear thee well in it, and leave us alone."

She goes accordingly, and URSULA continues:

"The pleasantest angling is to see the fish  
Cut with her golden oars the silver stream,  
And greedily devour the treacherous bait:  
So angle we for BEATRICE; who even now  
Is couchéd in the woodbine coverture."

The dialogue, heard by the witty husband-hater, now proceeds.

HERO. "They did entreat me to acquaint her of it:  
But I persuaded them, if they lov'd BENEDICK,  
To wish him wrestle with affection,  
And never to let BEATRICE know of it."

"O God of love! I know he doth deserve  
 As much as may be yielded to a man:  
 But Nature never fram'd a woman's heart  
 Of prouder stuff than that of BEATRICE:  
 Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes,  
 Misprising what they look on; and her wit  
 Values herself so highly, that to her  
 All matter else seems weak: she cannot love,  
 Nor take no shape nor project of affection;  
 She is so self-endeared.

URS. And therefore, certainly, it were not good  
 She knew his love, lest she make sport at it.

HERO. Why, you speak truth: I never yet saw man,  
 How [-ever] wise, how noble, young, how rarely featur'd,  
 But she would spell him backward: if fair fac'd,  
 She would swear the gentleman should be her sister;  
 If black [dark], why, Nature, drawing of an antic [manly  
 figure],

Made a foul blot: if tall, a lance ill-headed;  
 If low, an agate [-dwarf] very vilely cut:  
 If speaking, why, a vane blown with all winds;  
 If silent, why, a block movéd with none.  
 So turns she every man the wrong side out;  
 And never gives to truth and virtue that  
 Which simpleness and merit purchaseth.

URS. Sure, sure, such carping is not commendable.

HERO. No, not; to be so odd, and from all fashions,  
 As BEATRICE is, cannot be commendable:  
 But who dare tell her so? If I should speak,  
 She would mock me into air; O, she would laugh me  
 Out of myself, press me to death with wit.  
 Therefore let BENEDICK like cover'd fire,  
 Consume away in sighs, waste inwardly:  
 It were a better death than [to] die with mocks;  
 Which is as bad as [to] die with tickling."

After some further talk in this strain, they withdraw,  
 when BEATRICE determines:

"What fire is in mine ears? Can this be true?  
 Stand I condemn'd for pride and scorn so much?  
 Contempt, farewell! and maiden pride, adieu!  
 No glory lives behind the back of such.  
 And, BENEDICK, love on, I will requite thee;



Taming my wild heart to thy loving hand;  
 If thou dost love, my kindness shall incite thee  
 To bind our loves up in a holy band:  
 For others say than dost deserve; and I  
 Believe it better than reportingly."

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SCENE THE SECOND, a Room in LEONATO'S House.  
 — DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, and LEONATO make their appearance with BENEDICK, whom they banter for his changed and staid behaviour. "Conclude," says THE DUKE, "he is in love." — "Nay, but I know who loves him;" adds CLAUDIO. "That would I know too;" rejoins DON PEDRO; "I warrant one that knows him not." — "Yes, and his ill conditions; and, in despite of all, dies for him." — "She shall be buried with her face upwards," concludes THE DUKE. But BENEDICK has formed his resolution, and draws LEONATO aside, with the words: "Yet is this no charm for the tooth-ach. — Old signior, walk aside with me; I have studied eight or nine wise words to speak to you, which these hobby-horses must not hear."

Meantime DON JOHN enters, and dissuades CLAUDIO against his match, assuring him "the lady is disloyal." — "Who? HERO?" — "Even she; LEONATO'S HERO, your HERO, every man's HERO." Their remonstrances only lead to his request that they will wait till the night, and than note what they themselves shall see.

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SCENE THE THIRD, a Street. — DOGBERRY and VERGES are perambulating with the Watch. DOGBERRY gives Watchman SEACOAL his charge: "Well, for your favour, sir, why give God thanks, and make no boast of it; and for your writing and reading, let that appear when there is no need of such vanity. You are thought here to be the most senseless [sensible] and fit man for the constable of the watch; therefore bear you the lantern. This is your charge: You shall comprehend [apprehend] all vagrom [vagrant] men; you are to bid any man stand in the prince's name." — "How if a [he] will not stand?" — "Why then, take no note of him, but let him go; and presently call the rest of the watch together,

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and thank God you are rid of a knave." — "If he will not stand when he is bidden," adds VERGES, "he is none of the prince's subjects." DOGBERRY confirms this: "True, and they are to meddle with none but the prince's subjects: — You shall also make no noise in the streets; for, for the watch to babble and talk, is most tolerable [intolerable] and not to be endured." — "We will rather sleep than talk," says the Watchman; "we know what belongs to a watch." "Why you speak," replies DOGBERRY, "like an ancient and most quiet watchman; for I cannot see how sleeping should offend: only, have a care that your bills be not stolen: — Well, you are to call at the ale-houses, and bid them that are drunk get them to bed." — "How if they will not?" — "Why then; let them alone till they are sober; if they make you not then the better answer, you may say they are not the men you took them for." — "Well, sir." — "If you meet a thief, you may suspect him, by virtue of your office, to be no true man; and, for such kind of men, the less you meddle or make with them, why, the more is for your honesty." The Watchman again speirs: "If we know him to be a thief, shall we not lay hands on him?" — "Truly by your office, you may; but I think they that touch pitch will be defiled, the most peaceable way for you, if you do take a thief, is to let him show himself what he is, and steal out of your company." — VERGES adds: "You have been always called a merciful man, partner." DOGBERRY consents: "Truly, I would not hang a dog by my will; much more a man who hath any honesty in him."

After some other talk of the same kind, the Watch overhear BORACHIO, who is drunk, recounting to his coach-fellow CONRADE the part he has that night played in the treachery against HERO, whose name was borne by MARGARET, and boasting the thousand ducats he had earned in consequence from DON JOHN. They are at once arrested by the Watch, and carried before "the right master constable."

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THE NEXT SCENE, a Room in LEONATO'S HOUSE. HERO, MARGARET and URSULA enter, the former being occupied with the choice of her marriage costume. Merry raillery follows, when they are joined by BEATRICE, whom MARGARET twits with her new passion.

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SCENE FIVE, another Room in the same. — LEONATO is visited by DOGBERRY and VERGES, who, amidst an endless flow of their amusing folly, manage to inform him: "Marry, sir, our watch to-night, excepting your worship's presence, have ta'en a couple of as arrant knaves as any in Messina." But he can make nothing of their stupid and incoherent communication, and is called away to give his daughter to her husband. Hereupon, DOGBERRY exclaims: "Go, good partner, go, get you to FRANCIS SEACOAL; bid him bring his pen and inkhorn to the gaol: we are now to examination [examine] these men."

## ACT THE FOURTH.

SCENE ONE, the Inside of a church. Enter DON PEDRO, DON JOHN, LEONATO, FRIAR, CLAUDIO, BENEDICK, HERO and BEATRICE, &c. CLAUDIO has resolved on publicly rejecting and dishonoring HERO, wherein DON PEDRO faithfully supports him.

CLAUD. "Sweet prince, you learn me noble thankfulness.

There LEONATO, take her back again;  
Give not this rotten orange to your friend;  
She's but the sign and semblance of her honour:  
Behold, how like a maid she blushes here:  
O, what authority and show of truth  
Can cunning sin cover itself withal!  
Comes not that blood, as modest evidence,  
To witness simple virtue? Would you not swear,  
All you that see her, that she were a maid,  
By these exterior shows? But she is none:  
She knavs the heat of a luxurious [adulterous] bed:  
Her blush is guiltiness, not modesty.

LEON. What do you mean, my lord?

CLAUD. Not to be married,  
Not to knit my soul to an approv'd [proved] wanton."  
"I never tempted her with word too large;  
But, as a brother to his sister, show'd  
Bashful sincerity, and comely love.

HERO. And seem'd I ever otherwise to you?

CLAUD. Out on the seeming! I will write against it,  
 You seem to me as Dian in her orb;  
 As chaste as is the bud ere it be blown;  
 But you are more intemperate in your blood  
 Than Venus, or those pamper'd animals  
 That rage in savage sensuality." —

"What man was he talk'd with you yesternight  
 Out at your window, betwixt twelve and one?  
 Now if you are a maid, answer to this.

HERO. I talk'd with no man at that hour, my lord."

CLAUD. "O HERO! what a HERO hadst thou been,  
 If half thy outward graces had been plac'd  
 About thy thoughts, and counsels of thy heart!  
 But, fare thee well, most foul, most fair! fare well,  
 Thou pure impiety, and impious purity!  
 For thee I'll lock up all the gates of love,  
 And on my eyelids shall conjecture [suspicion] hang,  
 To turn all beauty into thoughts of harm,  
 And never shall it more be gracious."

But her protestations are in vain. THE DUKE confirms the assertions of his friend, DON JOHN adds his evidence, and all three rush from the building, leaving HERO in a swoon. LEONATO is furious. He calls for a dagger, implores death, and passionately exclaims:

"Do not live; HERO; do not ope thine eyes:  
 For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
 Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
 Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
 Strike at thy life. Griev'd I, I had but one?  
 Chid I for that, at frugal nature's frame [framing, ordinance]?  
 O, one too much by thee! Why had I one?  
 Why ever wast thou lovely in my eyes?  
 Why had I not, with charitable hand,  
 Took up a beggar's issue at my gates;  
 Who, smirchéd thus, and mir'd with infamy,  
 I might have said, "No part of it is mine,  
 This shame derives itself from unknown loins?"  
 But mine, and mine I lov'd, and mine I prais'd,  
 And mine that I was proud on [of]; mine so much,  
 That I myself was to myself not mine,  
 Valuing of her; why, she — O, she is fallen

Into a pit of ink! that the wide sea  
Hath drops too few to wash her clean again;  
And salt too little, which may season give  
To her foul tainted flesh!

BENE. Sir, sir, be patient:  
For my part I am so attir'd in wonder,  
I know not what to say."

In this scene of desolation, only BEATRICE has the woman's instinct and the woman's courage to defend the innocent:

"O, on my soul, my cousin is belied!"

THE FRIAR also stems the torrent, wisely and kindly observing:

"Hear me a little;  
For I have only been silent so long,  
And given way unto this course of fortune,  
By noting of the lady; I have mark'd  
A thousand blushing apparitions start  
Into her face; a thousand innocent shames  
In angel whiteness bear away those blushes;  
And in her eye there hath appear'd a fire,  
To burn the errors that these princes hold  
Against her maiden truth: — Call me a fool;  
Trust not my reading, nor my observations,  
Which with experimental seal doth [do] warrant  
The tenour of my book; trust not my age,  
My reverence, calling, nor divinity,  
If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here  
Under some biting error."

HERO, recovering, re-asserts her truth, BENEDICK shrewdly suspects some villainous plot of "JOHN the bastard," and LEONATO half re-assured, declares:

"I know not: If they speak but truth of her,  
These hands shall tear her; if they wrong her honour,  
The proudest of them shall well hear of it.  
Time hath not yet so dried this blood of mine,  
Nor age so eat up my invention,  
Nor fortune made such havoc of my means,  
Nor my bad life reft me so much of friends,  
But they shall find, awak'd in such a kind,

Both strength of limb, and policy of mind,  
Ability in means, and choice of friends,  
To quit me of them throughly."

A happy idea now strikes THE FRIAR. He urges that HERO'S swoon shall become a real death and the old family monument hung with "mournful epitaphs."

LEOZ. "What shall become [come] of this? What will this do?"

FRIAR. Marry, this, well carried, shall on her behalf  
Change slander to remorse; that is some good:  
But not for that dream I on this strange course,  
But on this travail look for greater birth.  
She dying, as it must be so maintain'd,  
Upon the instant that she was accus'd,  
Shall be lamented, pitied, and excus'd,  
Of [by] ev'ry hearer: For it so falls out,  
That what we have we prize not to the worth  
Whiles we enjoy it; but being lack'd and lost,  
Why then we rack [stretch] the value, then we find  
The virtue that possession would not show us  
Whiles it was ours: So will it fare with CLAUDIO:  
When he shall hear she died upon his words,  
The idea of her life shall sweetly creep  
Into his study of imagination;  
And ev'ry lovely organ of her life  
Shall come apparell'd in more precious habit,  
More moving delicate, and full of life,  
Into the eye and prospect of his soul,  
Than when she liv'd indeed: — then shall he mourn,  
(If ever love had interest in his liver [stomach, soul]),  
And wish he had not so accuséd her;  
No, though he thought his accusation true.  
Let this be so, and doubt not but success [the future]  
Will fashion the event in better shape  
Than I can lay it down in likelihood.  
But if all aim but this be levell'd false,  
The supposition of the lady's death  
Will quench the wonder of her infamy:  
And, if it sort not well, you may conceal her  
(As best befits her wounded reputation)  
In some reclusive and religious life [house, nunnery],  
Out of all eyes, tongues, minds and injuries [insults].

**BENE.** Signior **LEONATO**, let the friar advise you:  
 And though, you know, my inwardness and love  
 Is very much unto the prince and **CLAUDIO**,  
 Yet, by mine honour, I will deal in this  
 As secretly and justly as your soul  
 Should with your body.

**LEON.** Being that I flow in grief,  
 The smallest twine may lead me.

**FRIAR.** 'Tis well consented; presently away;  
 For to strange sores strangely they strain the cure. —  
 Come, lady, die to live: this wedding-day,  
 Perhaps, is but prolong'd; have patience, and endure."

Agreeing to this, **LEONATO**, with **HERO** and **THE FRIAR** retire, leaving **BEATRICE** in tears and **BENEDICK** striving in vain to comfort her. She will hear of nothing but the punishment of **HERO**'s slanderers: "Princes, and Counties [Counts]! Surely, a princely testimony, a goodly count-confect; a sweet gallant, surely! O, that I were a man for his sake! or that I had any friend would be a man for my sake! But manhood is melted into courtesies, valour into compliment, and men are only turned into tongue, and trim ones too: he is now as valiant as Hercules that only tells a lie, and swears it: — I cannot be a man with wishing, therefore I will die a woman with grieving." This passionate appeal **BENEDICK** is unable resist, and he goes out to challenge **CLAUDIO**.

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**SCENE THE SECOND**, a Prison. Enter **DOGBERRY**, **VERGES** and **SEXTON**, in gowns; and the Watch, with **CONRADE** and **BORACHIO**. — **DOGBERRY** opens the proceedings, with: "Is our whole dissembly [assembly] appeared?" and they proceed to business, the dialogue being rich in all the humor of absurdity. The crime with which the criminal had charged himself is, however, clear enough, "Flat burglary, as ever was committed," and its results to its unfortunate victim are made known by **THE SEXTON**. So they are carried away to **LEONATO**, **DOGBERRY** exclaiming: "Dost thou not suspect [respect] my place? Dost thou not suspect my years? O that he [**THE SEXTON**] were here to write me down, an ass! but, masters, remember, that I am an ass; though it be not

written down, yet forget not that I am an ass! — No, thou villain, thou art full of piety [impiety], as shall be proved upon thee by good witness. I am a wise fellow; and, which is more, an officer; and, which is more, householder; and, which is more, as pretty a piece of flesh as any is in Messina; and one that knows the law, go to; and a rich fellow enough, go to; and a fellow that hath had losses; and one that hath two gowns and everything handsome about him: — Bring him away. O, that I had been writ down, an ass!”

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## ACT THE FIFTH

SCENE FIRST is long and splendid. It is before LEONATO'S House. He and ANTONIO are in high converse, the latter seeking to calm his excessive grief. But he will not be consoled:

”I pray thee, cease thy counsel,  
 Which falls into mine ears as profitless,  
 As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;  
 Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,  
 But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.  
 Bring me a father, that so lov'd his child,  
 Whose joy of her is overwhelm'd like mine,  
 And bid him speak of patience.  
 Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,  
 And let it answer every strain for strain;  
 As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,  
 In ev'ry lineament, branch, shape, and form:  
 If *such* a one will smile, and stroke his beard;  
 And "sorrow way" cry; hem, when he should groan  
 Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk [stupified,  
 oblivious]  
 With candle-wasters [pedantic arguments, books of consolation]; bring him yet to me,  
 And I of him will gather patience. —  
 But there is *no* such man. — For, brother, men  
 Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief  
 Which they themselves not feel; but tasting it  
 Their counsel turns to passion, which before  
 Would give preceptial medicine to rage,



Fetter strong madness in a sitken thread,  
 Charm ach with air, and agony with words:  
 No, no, 't is all men's office to speak patience  
 To those that wring under the load of sorrow;  
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,  
 To be so moral, when he shall endure  
 The like himself: therefore give me no counsel:  
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement [admonition].

ANT. Therein do men from children nothing differ.

LEON. I pray thee, peace; I will be flesh and blood;  
 For there was never yet philosopher  
 That could endure the tooth-ach patiently;  
 However they have writ the style of gods,  
 And make a pash [pish!] at chance and sufferance."

DON PEDRO and CLAUDIO now entering, the two old men are bitter in their reproaches, LEONATO boldly daring CLAUDIO to single combat:

"Tush, tush, men, never fleer and jest at me:  
 I speak not like a dotard, nor a fool;  
 As, under privilege of age, to brag  
 What I have done being young, or what would do  
 Were I not old: Know, CLAUDIO, to thy head,  
 Thou hast so wrong'd my innocent child and me,  
 That I am forc'd to lay my reverence by;  
 And, with gray hairs, and bruise of many days,  
 Do challenge thee to trial of a man.  
 I say, thou hast belied mine innocent child;  
 Thy slander hath gone through and through her heart,  
 And she lies buried with her ancestors:  
 O! in a tomb where never scandal slept,  
 Save this of hers, fram'd by thy villainy."

It is in vain that CLAUDIO tries to parry this accusation or that THE DUKE will mediate, the two aged nobles retire determined on revenge.

The entrance of BENEDICK still more embroils the situation, for he also challenges CLAUDIO: — "You are a villain; — I jest not — I will make it good how you dare, with what you dare, and when you dare: — Do me right, or I will protest your cowardice. You have killed a sweet lady, and her death shall fall heavy on you." The two gentlemen try to turn the subject



by a stream of witty ridicule against "BENEDICK the married man." But it will not do, and he goes out exclaiming: "Fare you well, boy! you know my mind; I will leave you now to your gossip-like humour: you break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not. — My lord, for your many courtesies, I thank you: I must discontinue your company: your brother, the bastard, is fled from Messina: you have, among you, killed a sweet and innocent lady: For my lord Lack-beard there, he and I shall meet; and till then peace be with him."

They see that he is "in earnest," but are interrupted by the arrival of DOGBERRY, VERGES, and the Watch, with CONRADE and BORACHIO. — DOGBERRY makes his report: "Marry, sir, they have committed false report; moreover, they have spoken untruths; secondarily, they are slanders [slanderers]; sixth and lastly, they have belied a lady; thirdly, they have verified unjust things; and, to conclude, they are lying knaves." BORACHIO puts an end to this rigmarole by an open confession: "Sweet prince, let me go no further to mine answer; do you hear me, and let this count kill me. I have deceived even your very eyes: what your wisdoms could not discover, these shallow fools have brought to light; who, in the night, overheard me;" — "I desire nothing but the reward of a villain." This recital shocks both the hearers, and the entrance of LEONATO and ANTONIO, with THE SEXTON, completes the proofs and the grief of all concerned, at the wicked precipitation which had believed so easily. As an atonement, LEONATO demands from CLAUDIO that he shall hang an epitaph upon HERO's tomb and marry her cousin

"Almost the copy of my child that's dead."

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SCENE THE SECOND, LEONATO'S Garden. — BENEDICK requests MARGARET to assist him to an interview with BEATRICE, and confesses: "No, I was not born under a rhyming planet, nor can I woo in festival terms." BEATRICE enquires: "What hath passed between you and CLAUDIO?" — "Only foul words; and thereupon I will kiss thee." — "Foul words," she rejoins, "is but foul wind, and foul wind is but foul breath, and foul breath is noisome, therefore I will depart unkissed." — "Thou and I are too

wise to woo peaceably," concludes the cavalier; **BEATRICE** retorts: 'It appears not in this confession: there's not one wise man among twenty that will praise himself.' — "An old, an old instance, **BEATRICE**, that lived in the time of Good Neighbours [the Fairies]: if a man do not erect in this age his own tomb ere he dies, he shall live no longer in monument than the bells ring, and the widow weeps." — "And how long is that, think you?" — "Question? — Why, an hour in clamour, and a quarter in rheum." Here **URSULA** enters, summoning **BEATRICE** to hear the strange discoveries that have been made "at home."

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**SCENE THIRD**, the Inside of a Church. — Enter **DON PEDRO**, **CLAUDIO** and Attendants, with music and tapers. **CLAUDIO** reads from a scroll:

"Done to death by slanderous tongues  
 Was the **HERO** that here lies:  
 Death, in guerdon of her wrongs,  
 Gives her fame which never dies:  
 So the life that died with shame  
 Lives in death with glorious fame.  
 Hang thou there upon the tomb,  
 Praising her when I am dumb."

After a Song, **DON PEDRO** says:

"Good morrow, masters; put your torches out:  
 The wolves have prey'd: and look, the gentle day,  
 Before the wheels of Phœbus, round about  
 Dapples the drowsy east with spots of gray:  
 Thanks to you all, and leave us; fare you well."

The Musicians dismissed, the Gentlemen retire to

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**SCENE FOURTH**, a Room in **LEONATO'S** House, where **LEONATO**, **ANTONIO**, **BENEDICK**, **BEATRICE**, **URSULA**, **FRIAR** and **HERO** are assembled. The marriage of **BENEDICK** and **BEATRICE** having been consented to, **CLAUDIO** advances to perform his promise to the unknown niece of **LEONATO**, and frankly exclaims to the masked lady:

"Give me your hand before this holy friar;  
I am your husband, if you like of me."

She at once unmasketh, and replies:

"And when I liv'd, I was your other wife:  
And when you lov'd, you were my other husband.

CLAU. Another HERO?

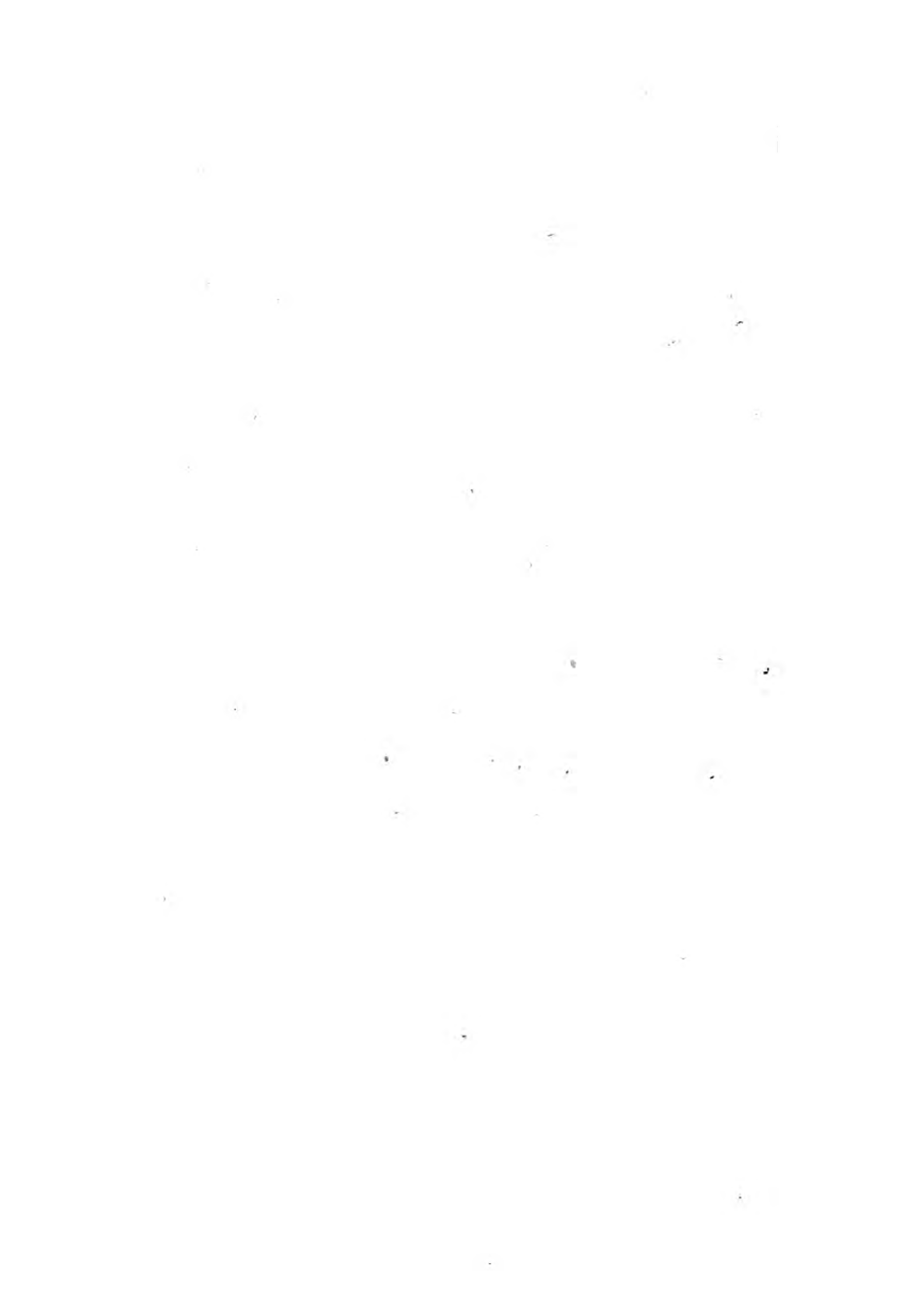
HERO. Nothing certainer:  
One HERO died defil'd; but I do live,  
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.

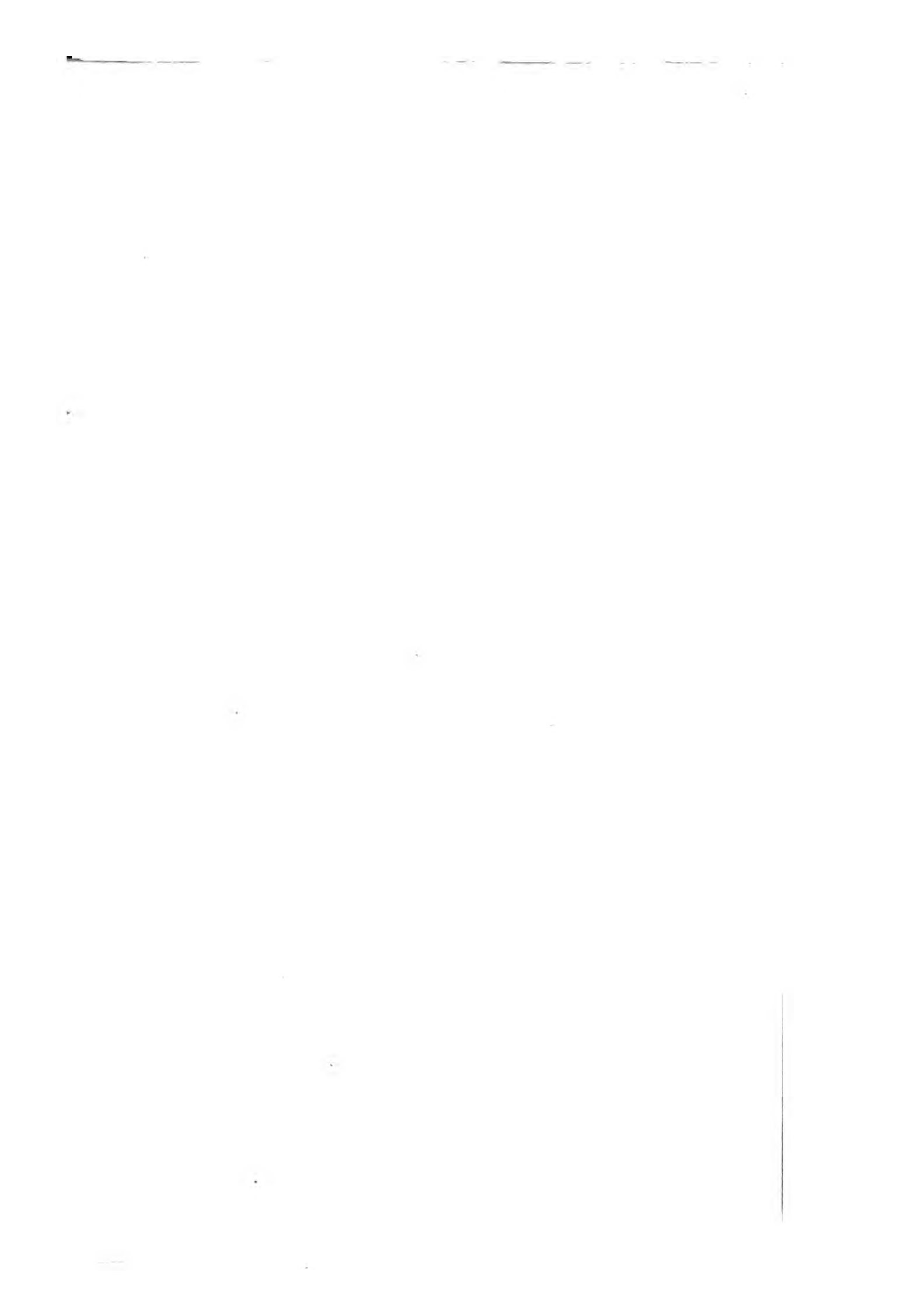
D. PEDRO. The former HERO! HERO that is dead!

LEON. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander liv'd."

THE FRIAR promises to explain the whole secret, so soon as the marriage rites are over. Meantime BEATRICE and BENEDICK have some parting jests, THE DUKE promises that DON JOHN, who has been taken in flight, shall be punished for his villainy, and all join in a dance, overjoyed that the MUCH ADO which has afflicted and misled them so long is, after all, only ABOUT NOTHING!

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