



THE PROPERTY
HOME D
OF THE GOVERNMENT

THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

OF XX 40

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

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LIBRARY THE
PLAYS AND POEMS

THE PROPERTY OF THE
HOME DEPT.
OF THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE THIRD.

CONTAINING

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.
AS YOU LIKE IT.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

LONDON: PRINTED BY H. BALDWIN,

For J. Rivington and Sons, L. Davis, B. White and Son, T. Longman,
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Ogilvie and Spence, J. Cuthell, J. Lackington, and E. Newbery.

M DCC XC.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Vol. III.

B

Persons Represented

Duke of Venice.

Prince of Morocco, } *Suitors to Portia.*
Prince of Arragon, }

Anthonio, the Merchant of Venice :

Bassanio, his friend.

Salanio^b, } *Friends to Anthonio and Bassanio.*
Salanio, }
Gratiano, }

Lorenzo, in love with Jessica.

Shylock, a Jew^c.

Tubal, a Jew, his friend.

Launcelot Gobbo, a clown, servant to Shylock.

Old Gobbo, father to Launcelot.

Salerio^c, a messenger from Venice.

Leonardo, servant to Bassanio.

Balthazar, } *servants to Portia.*
Stephano, }

Portia, a rich heiress :

Nerissa, her waiting-maid.

Jessica, daughter to Shylock.

*Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of the Court of Justice,
 Jailor, Servants, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, partly at Venice, and partly at Belmont, the
Seat of Portia, on the Continent.

^a In the old editions in quarto, for J. Roberts, 1600, and in the old folio, 1623, there is no enumeration of the persons. It was first made by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.

^b It is not easy to determine the orthography of this name. In the old editions the owner of it is called,—*Salanio*, *Salino*,^d and *Solanio*.

STEEVENS.

^c This character I have restored to the *Personæ Dramatis*. The name appears in the first folio : the description is taken from the quarto.

STEEVENS.

MERCHANT OF VENICE

ACT I. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter ANTHONIO, SALARINO, and SALANIO.

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad ;
It wearies me ; you say, it wearies you ;

But

¹ The reader will find a distinct epitome of the novels from which the story of this play is supposed to be taken, at the conclusion of the notes. It should however be remembered, that if our poet was at all indebted to the Italian novelists, it must have been through the medium of some old translation, which has hitherto escaped the researches of his most industrious editors.

It appears from a passage in Stephen Gosson's *School of Abuse*, &c. 1579, that a play comprehending the distinct plots of Shakspeare's *MERCHANT OF VENICE*, had been exhibited long before he commenced a writer, viz. "The Jew shewn at the Bull, representing the greediness of worldly choosers, and the bloody minds of usurers." "These plays, says Gosson, (for he mentions others with it) are good and sweet plays," &c. It is not improbable that Shakspeare new-wrote his piece, on the model already mentioned, and that the elder performance, being inferior, was permitted to drop silently into oblivion.

This play of Shakspeare had been exhibited before the year 1598, as appears from Meres's *Wits Treasury*, where it is mentioned with eleven more of our author's pieces. It was enter'd on the books of the Stationers' Company, July 22, in the same year. It could not have been printed earlier, because it was not yet licensed. The old song of *Gernutus the Jew of Venice*, is published by Dr. Percy in the first volume of his *Reliques of ancient English poetry*. STEEVENS.

The story was taken from an old translation of the *Gesta Romanorum*, first printed by Wynkyn de Woide. The book was very popular, and Shakspeare had closely copied some of the language: an additional argument, if we wanted it, of his track of reading.—*Three vessels* are exhibited to a lady for her choice. The first was made of pure gold, well beset with precious stones *without*, and *within* full of dead men's bones; and thereupon was engraven this verse: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find ibai as he seeketh.* The second vessel was made of fine silver, filled

But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,

I am

with earth and worms; the superscription was thus: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that his nature desireth.* The third vessel was made of lead, full within of precious stones, and thereupon was insculpt this posie: *Whoso chuseth me, shall find that God hath disposed for him.*—The lady, after a comment upon each, chuses the leaden vessel.

In a MS. of *Lidgate*, belonging to my very learned friend, Dr. Askeu, I find a *Tale of two Merchants of Egypt and of Baldad, &c. Gesta Romanorum*. Leland therefore could not be the original author, as Bishop Tanner suspected. He lived a century after *Lidgate*. FARMER.

The two principal incidents of this play are to be found separately in a collection of odd stories, which were very popular, at least five hundred years ago, under the title of *Gesta Romanorum*. The first, *Of the bond*, is in ch. xlviii. of the copy which I chuse to refer to, as the completest of any which I have yet seen. MS. Harl. n. 2270. A knight there borrows money of a merchant, upon condition of forfeiting all his flesh for non-payment. When the penalty is exacted before the judge; the knight's mistress, disguised, in forma viri & vestimentis pretiosis induta, comes into court, and, by permission of the judge, endeavours to mollify the merchant. She first offers him his money, and then the double of it, &c. to all which his answer is—*Conventionem meam volo habere.*—Puella, cum hoc audisset, ait coram omnibus, Domine mi iudex, da rectum iudicium super his quæ vobis dixero.—Vos scitis quod miles nunquam se obligabat ad aliud per litteram nisi quod mercator habeat protestatem carnes ab ossibus scindere, sine sanguis effusione, de quo nihil erat prolocutum. Statim mittat manum in eum; si vero sanguinem effuderit, Rex contra eum actionem habet. Mercator, cum hoc audisset, ait; date mihi pecuniam & omnem actionem ei remitto. Ait puella, Amen dico tibi, nullum denarium habebis;—pone ergo manum in eum, ita ut sanguinem non effundas. Mercator vero videns se confusum abcessit; & sic vita militis salvata est, & nullum denarium dedit.

The other incident, of the caskets, is in ch. xcix. of the same collection. A king of Apulia sends his daughter to be married to the son of an emperor of Rome. After some adventures, (which are nothing to the present purpose,) she is brought before the emperor; who says to her, “Puella, propter amorem filii mei multa adversa sustinuit. Tamen si digna fueris ut uxor ejus sis cito probabo. Et fecit fieri tria vasa. PRIMUM fuit de auro purissimo & lapidibus pretiosis interius ex omni parte, & plenum ossibus mortuorum; & exterius erat subscriptio: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod meruit.* SECUNDUM vas erat de argento puro & gemmis pretiosis, plenum terra; & exterius erat subscripto; *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod natura appetit.* TERTIUM vas de plumbo plenum lapidibus pretiosis; interius & gemmis nobilissimis; & exterius erat subscriptio talis: *Qui me elegerit, in me inveniet quod dicitur.* *Propter*
Ista

I am to learn;

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

Salar. Your mind is tossing on the ocean;
There, where your argosies² with portly sail,
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or as it were the pageants of the sea,—

No over-peer the petty traffickers,
That curt'fy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Salan. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes abroad.* I should be still
Plucking the grass³, to know where sits the wind;

Peering

Ista tria offendit puellæ, & dixit, si unum ex istis elegeris in quo commodum, & proficuum est, filium meum habebis. Si vero elegeris quod nec tibi nec aliis est commodum, ipsum non habebis." The young lady, after mature consideration of the vessels and their inscriptions, chuses the *leaden*, which being opened, and found to be full of gold and precious stones, the emperor says: "*Bona puella, bene elegisti;—ideo filium meum habebis.*"

From this abstract of these two stories, I think it appears sufficiently plain that they are the remote originals of the two incidents in this play. That of the *caskets* Shakspeare might take from the English *Gesta Romanorum*, as Dr. Farmer has observed; and that of the *bond* might come to him from the *Pecorone*; but upon the whole I am rather inclined to suspect, that he has followed some hitherto unknown novelist, who had saved him the trouble of working up the two stories into one.

TYRWHITT.

This comedy, I believe, was written in the beginning of the year, 1598. Meres's book was not published till the end of that year. See *An Attempt to ascertain the order of Shakspeare's plays*, Vol. I. MALONE.

² [*argosies*] A name given in our author's time to ships of great burthen, probably galleons, such as the Spaniards now use in their West India trade. JOHNSON.

In Richard's *Maxims of Turkish Polity*, ch. xiv. is said, "Those vast carracks called *argosies*, which are so much famed for the vastness of their burthen and bulk, were corruptly so denominated from *Ragofes*," i. e. ships of *Ragusa*, a city and territory on the gulph of Venice, tributary to the Porte. Shakspeare, as Mr. Heath observes, has given the name of *Ragazine* to the pirate in *Measure for Measure*. STEEVENS.

³ [*Plucking the grass, &c.*] By holding up the grass, or any light body, it will bend by a gentle blast, the direction of the wind is found. *This way I used in shooting. When I was in the myddle way betwixt the*

Peering ⁴ in maps, for ports, and piers, and roads ;
 And every object, that might make me fear
 Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt,
 Would make me sad.

Salar. My wind, cooling my broth,
 Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
 What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
 I should not see the sandy hour-glass run,
 But ⁵ should think of shallows and of flats ;
 And see my wealthy Andrew ⁶ dock'd in sand,
 Vailing her high top lower than her ribs,
 To kiss her burial. Should I go to church,
 And see the holy edifice of stone,
 And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks ?
 Which touching but my gentle vessel's side,
 Would scatter all her spices on the stream ;
 Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks ;
 And, in a word, but even now worth this,
 And now worth nothing ? Shall I have the thought
 To think on this ; and shall I lack the thought,
 That such a thing, bechanc'd, would make me sad ?
 But, tell not me ; I know, Anthonio
 Is sad to think upon his merchandize.

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

Salan. Why then you are in love.

markes, which was an open place, there I toke a fettere, or a lyttle trasse,
and so learned how the wind stood." Ascham. JOHNSON.

⁴ *Peering—*] Thus the quarto printed by Hayes, that by Roberts,
 and the first folio. The quarto of 1637, a book of no authority, reads
~~—prying.~~ MALONE.

⁵ *Andrew*] The name of the ship. JOHNSON.

⁶ *—dock'd in sand,*] The old copies have ~~—docks.~~ Corrected by Mr.
 Rowe. MALONE.

⁷ *Vailing her bigg top lower than her ribs,*] In Bultokar's *English*
Expository, 1616, *to vail*, is thus explained : " It means to put off the
bat, to strike sail, to give sign of submission." STEEVENS.

Ant.

Ant. Fie, fie!

Salan. Not in love neither? Then let's say, you are sad,
Because you are not merry: and 'twere as easy
For you, to laugh and leap, and say, you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus*
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes⁹,
And laugh, like parrots, at a bag-piper;
And other of such vinegar aspect,
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

Enter BASSANIO, LORENZO, and GRATIANO.

Salan. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo: Fare you well;
We leave you now with better company.

Salar. I would have staid till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

Ant. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace the occasion to depart.

Salar. Good morrow, my good lords.

Bass. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? Say,
^{when?}
You grow exceeding strange; Must it be so?
Salar. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt SALARINO and SALANIO.*]

Lor. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Anthonio,
We two will leave you*: but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

* — by two-headed Janus,] Here, says Dr. Warburton, Shakspeare
shews his knowledge in the antique: and so does Taylor the water-
poet, who describes Fortune, "Like a Janus with a double-face."

FARMER.

9 — peep through their eyes,] This gives us a very picturesque image
of the countenance in laughing, when the eyes appear half shut.

WARBURTON.

* My lord Bassanio, &c.] Lorenzo (who, with Gratiano, had only
accompanied Bassanio, till he should find Anthonio,) prepares now to
leave Bassanio to his business; but is detained by Gratiano, who enters
into a conversation with Anthonio. TYRWHITT.

8 MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Bass. I will not fail you.

Gra. You look not well, signior Anthonio ;
You have too much respect upon the world :
They loose it, that do buy it with much care.
Believe me, you are marvellously chang'd.

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

Gra. Let me play the Fool ¹ :
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come ;
And let my liver rather heat with wine,
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandfire cut in alabaster ?
Sleep when he wakes ? and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish ? I tell thee what, Anthonio,—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks ;—
There are a sort of men, whose visages
Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
And do a wilful stillness * entertain,
With purpose to be drest in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
As who should say, *I am Sir Oracle*,
And, when I'op't my lips, let no dog bark ² :
O, my Anthonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise,
For saying nothing ; who, I am very sure ³,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears

¹ *Let me play the Fool :*] Alluding to the common comparison of human life to a stage-play. So that he desires his may be the fool, or buffoon's part, which was a constant character in the old farces ; from whence came the phrase, *to play the fool*. WARBURTON.

* — *a wilful stillness*—] i. e. an obstinate silence. MALONE.

² — *let no dog bark !*] This seems to be a proverbial expression.

³ — *who, I am very sure,*] The old copies read—*when*. I am very sure. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

⁴ — *would almost damn those ears,*] Some people are thought wise, whilst they keep silence ; who, when they open their mouths, are such stupid praters, that the hearers cannot help calling them fools, and so incur the judgment denounced in the Gospel. THEOBALD.

Which,

Which, hearing them, would call their brothers, fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time:
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opinion.—
Come, good Lorenzo;—Fare ye well, a while;
I'll end my exhortation after dinner⁵.

Lor. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

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

Ant. Fare well: I'll grow a talker for this gear⁶.

Gra. Thanks, i'faith; for silence is only commendable
In a neat's tongue dry'd, and a maid not vendible.

[*Exeunt GRATIANO and LORENZO.*]

Ant. Is that any thing now⁷?

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

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

Bass. 'Tis not unknown to you, Anthonio,
How much I have disabled mine estate,
By something shewing a more swelling port

⁵ *I'll end my exhortation after dinner.*] The humour of this consists
in its being an allusion to the practice of the puritan preachers of those
times: who, being generally very long and tedious, were often forced to
put off that part of their sermon called the *exhortation*, till after dinner.

WARBURTON.

⁶ — *for this gear.*] *Gear* appears to me to have no meaning here.
Perhaps we should read—for this *year*, alluding to what Gratiano
has just said:

“Well, keep me company but two *years* more—.” MALONE.

⁷ *Is that any thing now?*] Does what he has just said amount to
any thing, or mean any thing? STEEVENS.

So, in *Othello*: “Can any thing be made of this?” The old copies,
by a manifest error of the press, read—*It is that &c.* Corrected by Mr.
ROWLEY MALONE.

Than

10 **MERCHANT OF VENICE.**

Than my faint means would grant continuance :
Nor do I now make moan to be abridg'd
From such a noble rate ; but my chief care
Is, to come fairly off from the great debts,
Wherein my time, something too prodigal,
Hath left me gaged : To you, Anthonio,
I owe the most, in money, and in love ;
And from your love I have a warranty
To unburthen all my plots, and purposes,
How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

Ant. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it ;
And, if it stand, as you yourself still do,
Within the eye of honour, be assur'd,
My purse, my person, my extremest means,
Lie all unlock'd to your occasions.

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

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

^s — prest unto it :] Ready. *Pres. Fr.* STEEVENS^h

The word is used in this sense (as Mr. Steevens has shewn) by many
of our ancient writers. MALONE.

Bass.

Bass. In Belmont is a lady richly left,
And she is fair, and, fairer than that word,
Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes⁹
I did receive fair speechless messages:
Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued
To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portia.
Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth;
For the four winds blow in from every coast
Renowned suitors: and her sunny locks
Hang on her temples like a golden fleece;
Which make her seat of Belmont, Colchus' strand,
And many Jafons come in quest of her.
O my Anthonio, had I but the means^o
To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

Ant. Thou know'st, that all my fortunes are at sea;
Neither have I money, nor commodity
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth,
Try what my credit can in Venice do;
That shall be rack'd, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I,
Where money is; and I no question make,
To have it of my trust, or for my sake. [Exeunt.

SCENE II.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter PORTIA and NERISSA.

Por. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aware
of this great world.

Ner. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries
were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are:
And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick, that surfeit
with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no

9 — sometimes from her eyes] In old English, sometimes is synonymous with formerly. Nothing is more frequent in title-pages, than "sometimes fellow of such a college." FARMER.

mean happiness therefore, to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs¹, but competency lives longer.

Por. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Ner. They would be better, if well follow'd.

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

Ner. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

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

Ner. First, there is the Neapolitan prince².

Por.

¹ *Superfluity comes sooner by white hairs,*] i. e. Superfluity sooner acquires white hairs; becomes old. We still say, How did he come by it? MALONE.

² — *the Neapolitan prince.*] Though our author, when he composed this play, could not have read the following passage in Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, 1603, he had perhaps met with the relation in some other book of that time: "While I was a young lad, (says old Montaigne,) I saw the prince of Salmona, at Naples, manage a young,

Por. Ay, that's a colt, indeed², for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts, that he can shoe him himself: I am much³ afraid my lady his mother play'd false with a smith.

Ner. Then, is there the county Palatine⁴.

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

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

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; But, he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's; a better bad habit of frowning than the count Palatine: he is every man in no man: if a throstle⁵ sing, he falls straight a capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands: If

young enough, and sure horse, and shew all manner of horsemanship; to hold testons or reals under his knees and toes so fast as if they had been nayled there, and all to shew his sure, steady, and unmoveable sitting." MALONE.

³ *Ay, that's a colt, indeed,*] *Colt* is used for a witless, heady, gay youngster, whence the phrase used of an old man too juvenile, that he still retains his *colt's tooth*. See *Henry VIII.* JOHNSON.

⁴ — *is there the county Palatine.*] I am always inclined to believe, that Shakspeare has more allusions to particular facts and persons than his readers commonly suppose. The count here mentioned was, perhaps, Albertus a Lasco, a Polish Palatine, who visited England in our author's time, was eagerly caressed, and splendidly entertained; but running in debt, at last stole away, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by enchantment. JOHNSON.

County and *Count* in old language were synonymous.—The Count Alasco was in London in 1583. MALONE.

⁵ — *if a throstle*—] Old Copies—*trassel*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. The *throstle* is the thrush. The word occurs again, in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*:

“The *throstle* with his note so true—.” MALONE.

he would despise me, I would forgive him; for if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

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

Por. You know, I say nothing to him; for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian⁶; and you will come into the court and swear, that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture⁷; But, alas! who can converse with a dumb show? How oddly he is suited! I think, he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in Germany, and his behaviour every where.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord⁸, his neighbour?

Por. That he hath a neighbourly charity in him; for he borrow'd a box of the ear of the Englishman, and swore he would pay him again, when he was able: I think, the Frenchman became his surety⁹, and seal'd under for another.

Ner. How like you the young German¹, the duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vilely in the morning, when he is sober; and most vilely in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when

⁶ — *he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian;*] A satire on the ignorance of the young English travellers in our author's time. WARB.

⁷ — *a proper man's picture;*] One of the senses of *proper* in our author's time was *handsome*. In Stowe's *Survey of London*, quarto, 1598, we meet with "a faire proper church" in almost every page. See also Vol. I. p. 180. MALONE.

⁸ — *Scottish lord,*] Scottish, which is in the quarto, was omitted in the first folio, for fear of giving offence to king James's countrymen. THEOBALD.

⁹ *I think, the Frenchman became his surety,*] Alluding to the constant assistance, or rather constant promises of assistance, that the French gave the Scots in their quarrels with the English. This alliance is here humourously satirized. WARBURTON.

¹ *How like you the young German, &c.*] In Shakspeare's time the duke of Bavaria visited London, and was made knight of the garter.

Perhaps in this enumeration of Portia's suitors, there may be some covert allusion to those of queen Elizabeth. JOHNSON.

MERCHANT OF VENICE. 15

he is best, he is a little worse than a man; and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast: an the worst fall that ever fell, I hope, I shall make shift to go without him.

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

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket: for, if the devil be within, and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do any thing, Nerissa, ere I will be marry'd to a sponge.

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

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

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

Por. Yes, yes, it was Bassanio; as I think, so was he call'd.

Ner. True, madam; he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes look'd upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well; and I remember him worthy of thy praise.—How now! what news?

Enter a Servant.

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

Por.

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Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition² of a saint, and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should thrive me than wive me. Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer, another knocks at the door. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E III

Venice. *A publick Place.*

Enter BASSANIO and SHYLOCK.

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months,—well.

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

Shy. Anthonio shall become bound,—well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Anthonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Anthonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

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

² — the condition—) i. e. the temper, qualities. So, in *Othello*:
“—and then, of so gentle a condition!” MALONE.

Bass.

Bass. Be assured, you may.

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

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy. Yes, to smell pork; to eat of the habitation which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into³. I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto?—Who is he comes here?

Enter ANTHONIO.

Bass. This is signior Anthonio.

Shy. [*aside.*] How like a fawning publican he looks! I hate him for he is a christian:

But more, for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip⁴,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation; and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest: Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store;
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats: What of that?
Till, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,

³ — *which your prophet, the Nazarite, conjured the devil into:*] Perhaps there is no character through all Shakspeare, drawn with more spirit, and just discrimination, than Shylock's. His language, allusions, and ideas, are every where so appropriate to a Jew, that Shylock might be exhibited for an exemplar of that peculiar people. HENLEY.

⁴ — *catch him once upon the hip,*] A phrase taken from the practice of wrestlers. JOHNSON.

This is an allusion to the angel's thus laying hold on Jacob when he wrestled with him. See Gen. xxxii. 24, &c. HENLEY.

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Will furnish me: But soft; How many months
Do you desire?—Rest you fair, good signior;

[To ANTHONIO.]

Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow,
By taking, nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,⁵
I'll break a custom:—Is he yet possess'd,
How much you would?

Shy. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.

Ant. And for three months.

Shy. I had forgot,—three months, you told me so.
Well then, your bond; and, let me see,—But hear you:
Methought, you said, you neither lend, nor borrow,
Upon advantage.

Ant. I do never use it.

Shy. When Jacob graz'd his uncle Laban's sheep,—
This Jacob from our holy Abraham was
(As his wife mother wrought in his behalf)
The third possessor; ay, he was the third.

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

Shy. No, not take interest; not, as you would say,—
Directly interest: mark what Jacob did.
When Laban and himself were compromis'd,
That all the eanlings⁶, which were streak'd, and py'd,⁷
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turned to the rams:
And when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd peel'd me certain wands⁸,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind⁹,

⁵ — the ripe wants of my friend,] Ripe wants are wants come to the
bright, wants that can have no longer delay. Perhaps we might read
ripe wants, wants that come thick upon him. JOHNSON.

Ripe is, I believe, the true reading. So afterwards:

"But stay the very riping of the time." MALONE.

⁶ — the eanlings,] Lambs just dropt; from ean, eniti. MUSGRAVE.

⁷ — certain wands,] A wand in our author's time was the usual
term for what we now call a switch. MALONE

⁸ — of kind,] i. e. of nature. COLLINS.

He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes⁹ ;
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall party-colour'd lambs, and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive, and he was blest ;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.

Ant. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob serv'd for ;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But sway'd, and fashion'd, by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good ?
Or is your gold, and silver, ewes and rams ?

Shy. I cannot tell ; I make it breed as fast¹ .—
But note me, signior.

Ant. Mark you this, Bassanio,
The devil can cite scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek ;
A goodly apple rotten at the heart :
O, what a goodly outside falshood hath² !

Shy. Three thousand ducats,—'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.

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

Shy. Signior Anthonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my monies, and my usances³ :

Still

⁹ — *the fulsome ewes* ;] *Fulsome*, I believe, in this instance, means lascivious, obscene. In the play of *Mulcaffes the Turk*, Madam *Fulsome* a *Barvd* is introduced. The word, however, sometimes signifies offensive in smell. It is likewise used by Shakspeare in *K. John*, to express some quality offensive to nature :

“ And stop this gap of breath with *fulsome* dust.” STEEVENS.

Minshew supposes it to mean *nauseous* in so high a degree as to excite vomiting. MALONE.

¹ — *I make it breed as fast* :] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis* :

“ Foul cank'ring rust the hidden treasure frets ;

“ But gold that's put to use more gold begets.” MALONE.

² O, what a goodly outside falshood hath¹ !] *Falsehood*, which as *truth* means *honesty*, is taken here for *treachery* and *knavery*, does not stand for *falsehood* in general, but for the dishonesty now operating. JOHNSON.

³ — *my usances* :] *Usance* in our author's time, I believe, signified *interest of money*. It has been already used in this play in that sense :

Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ⁴ ;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe :
 You call me—misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help :
 Go to then ; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock ⁵ , *we would have monies* ; You say so ;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold ; monies is your suit.
 What should I say to you ? Should I not say,
Has a dog money ? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats ? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this,—*Fair Sir, you spit on me on wednesday last ;*
You spurn'd me such a day ; another time
You call'd me—dog ; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much monies.

Ant. I am as like to call thee so again,
 To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
 If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
 As to thy friends ; (for when did friendship take
 A breed for barren metal of his friend ⁶ ?)

But

“ He lends out money gratis, and brings down

“ The rate of *usance* with us here in Venice.”

Again in a subsequent part, he says, he will take “ no *doit* of *usance* for his monies.” Here it must mean *interest*. MALONE.

⁴ *Still have I borne it with a patient shrug ;*] So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, (written and acted before 1593,) printed in 1633 :

“ I learn'd in Florence how to kiss my hand,

“ Heave up my shoulders when they call me *dogge*.” MALONE.

⁵ *Shylock.*] Our author, as Dr. Farmer informs me, took the name of his Jew from an old pamphlet entitled, “ *Caleb Shillocke, his prophesie, or the Jewes Prediction.*” London, printed for T. P. (Thomas Pavier.) No date. STEEVENS.

⁶ *A breed for barren metal of his friend ?*] A *breed*, that is *interest* money bred from the principal. By the epithet *barren*, the author would instruct us in the argument on which the advocates against usury went, which is this ; that money is a *barren* thing, and cannot, like
 corn

But lend it rather to thine enemy ;
Who if he break, thou may'st with better face
Exact the penalty.

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

Ant. This were kindness.

Shy. This kindness will I show :—
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond ; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum, or sums, as are
Express'd in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.

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

Bass. You shall not seal to such a bond for me,
I'll rather dwell in my necessity ?

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

Shy. O father Abraham, what these Christians are ;
Whose own hard dealings teaches them suspect

corn and cattle, multiply itself. And to set off the absurdity of this kind of usury, he put *breed* and *barren* in opposition. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton very truly interprets this passage. Old Meres says, " Usurie and encrease by gold and silver is unlawful, because against nature ; nature hath made them *sterill* and *barren*, and usurie makes them *procratiue*." FARMER.

Thus both the quarto printed by Roberts, and that by Heyes, in 1600. The folio has—a breed of. MALONE.

7 — dwell in my necessity.] To dwell seems in this place to mean the same as to continue. To abide has both the senses of habitation and continuance. JOHNSON.

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The thoughts of others ! Pray you, tell me this ;
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture ?

A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favour, I extend this friendship :
If he will take it, so ; if not, adieu ;

And, for my love, I pray you, wrong me not.

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

Shy. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's ;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats straight ;
See to my house, left in the fearful guard⁸
Of an unthrifty knave ; and presently
I will be with you. [Exit.

Ant. Hie thee, gentle Jew.—

This Hebrew will turn Christian ; he grows kind.

Bass. I like not fair terms⁹, and a villain's mind.

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

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Morocco¹, and his train ; PORTIA, NERISSA, and other of her attendants.

Mor. Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burnish'd sun,

⁸ — *left in the fearful guard &c.*] *Fearful guard*, is a guard that is not to be trusted, but gives cause of fear. To fear was anciently to give as well as feel terrors. JOHNSON.

So, in *K. Henry IV.* P. I.

“ A mighty and a fearful head they are.” STEEVENS.

⁹ *I like not fair terms,*] Kind words, good language. JOHNSON.

¹ The old stage-direction enjoins that the Prince and his followers should be all dress'd in white. MALONE.

To whom I am a neighbour, and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine².
I tell thee, lady, this aspect of mine
Hath fear'd the valiant³; by my love, I swear,
The best-regarded virgins of our clime
Have lov'd it too: I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.

Por. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes:
Beside, the lottery of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing:
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedg'd me by his will⁴, to yield myself
His wife, who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renowned prince, then stood as fair,
As any comer I have look'd on yet,
For my affection.

Mor. Even for that I thank you;
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets,
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,—
That slew the Sophy⁵, and a Persian prince,
That won three fields of Sultan Solymán,—

I would

² *To prove whose blood is reddest, his, or mine.*] To understand how the tawny prince, whose savage dignity is very well supported, means to recommend himself by this challenge, it must be remembered that red blood is a traditional sign of courage: Thus Macbeth calls one of his frightened soldiers, a lilly-liver'd lown; again, in this play, cowards are said to have livers as white as milk; and an effeminate and timorous man is termed a milk-sop. JOHNSON.

³ *Hath fear'd the valiant;*] i. e. terrify'd. To fear is often used by our old writers, in this sense. So, in *K. Henry VI.* P. III.

"For Warwick was a bug that fear'd us all." STEVENS.

See Vol. II. p. 25. MALONE.

⁴ *And hedg'd me by his wit—*] I suppose we may safely read: and hedg'd me by his will. Confined me by his will. JOHNSON.

⁵ *That slew the Sophy, &c.*] Shakspeare seldom escapes well when he is entangled with geography. The prince of Morocco must have travelled far to kill the Sophy of Persia. JOHNSON.

I would out-stare the sternest eyes that look,
 Out-brave the heart most daring on the earth,
 Pluck the young sucking cubs from the the bear;
 Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
 To win thee, lady⁶: But, alas the while!
 If Hercules, and Lichas, play at dice
 Which is the better man, the greater throw
 May turn by fortune from the weaker hand:
 So is Alcides beaten by his page⁷;
 And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
 Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
 And die with grieving.

Por. You must take your chance;
 And either not attempt to choose at all,
 Or swear, before you choose,—if you choose wrong,
 Never to speak to lady afterward
 In way of marriage; therefore be advis'd⁸.

Mor. No will not; come, bring me unto my chance.

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

Mor. Good fortune then!
 To make me blest, or curs'd 'st among men. [*Cornets.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter Launcelot Gobbo.

Laun. Certainly, my conscience will serve me to run
 from this Jew my master: The fiend is at nine elbow;

It were well, if Shakspeare had never entangled himself with geography worse than in the present case. If the prince of Morocco be supposed to have served in the army of sultan Soliman (the second, for instance,) I see no geographical objection to his having killed the Sophi of Persia. See *D Herbelot in Soliman Ben Selim.* TYRWHITT

⁶ To win thee, lady;] The old copies read—the lady. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

⁷ So is Alcides beaten by his page;] The old copies read—by his rage. The emendation is Mr. Theobald's. Lichas was the boy by whom Deianira sent an envenomed shirt to Hercules. MALONE.

⁸ — therefore be advis'd.] Therefore be not precipitant; consider well what we are to do. *Advis'd* is the word opposite to *rash*. JOHNSON.

and

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and tempts me, saying to me, Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot, or good Gobbo, or good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away: My conscience says,—no; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo; or, as aforesaid, honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels⁹: Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack; *via!* says the fiend; away! says the fiend, for the heavens¹; rouse up a brave mind, says the fiend, and run. Well, my conscience, hanging about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me,—my honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,—or rather an honest woman's son;—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste;—well, my conscience says,—Launcelot, budge not; budge, say the fiend; budge not, says my conscience: Conscience, say I, you counsel well; fiend, say I, you counsel well: to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark, is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself: Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnation; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me to stay with the Jew: The fiend gives the more friendly counsel; I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment, I will run.

9 — *scorn running with thy heels:*] Mr. Steevens proposes to read and point thus:—“scorn running; *withe* thy heels; i. e. connect them with a *withe* (a band made of osiers) as the legs of cattle are hampered in some counties to prevent their straggling from home. So Chapman :

“Till I of curious oziers did imply

“A *withe* a fathom long, with which his feet

“I made together in a sue league meet.”

I perceive no need of alteration. The pleonasm appears to me consistent with the general tenour of Launcelot's speech. He had just before expressed the same thing in three different ways:—“Use your legs; take the start; run away.” MALONE.

¹ — *away!* says the fiend, for the heavens;] i. e. Begone to the heavens. So again, in *Much ado about Nothing*: “So I deliver up my pænes, [to the devil,] and away to St. Peter, for the heavens.” MALONE.

Enter

Enter old Gobbo², with a basket.

Gob. Master, young man, you, I pray you¹; which is the way to master Jew's?

Laun. [*aside.*] O heavens, this is my true-begotten father! who, being more than sand-blind, high-grave-blind, knows me not:—I will try conclusions³ with him.

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

Laun. Turn up on your right hand⁴, at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's fonties⁵, 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him, or no?

Laun. Talk you of young master Launcelot?—Mark me now; [*aside.*] now will I raise the waters:—Talk you of young master Launcelot?

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

² *Enter old Gobbo,*] It may be inferred from the name of Gobbo, that Shakspeare designed this character to be represented with a *bump-back*. STEEVENS.

³ —*try conclusions*] To try conclusions is to try experiments. STEEV. So quarto R.—Quarto H. and folio read—*confusions*. MALONE.

⁴ *Turn up on your right hand, &c.*] This arch and perplexed direction to puzzle the enquirer, seems to imitate that of Syrus to Demea in the *Brothers of Terence*:

“ ——— ubi eas præterieris,

“ *Ad sinistram hac rectâ plateâ: ubi ad Dianæ veneris,*

“ *Ito ad dextram: prius quam ad portam venias, &c.* THEOB.

⁵ —*God's fonties,*] I know not exactly of what oath this is a corruption. I meet with God's *santy* in Decker's *Honest Whore*, 1635:—Again, in *The longer thou livest, the more Fool thou art*, a comedy, bl. l. without date. Perhaps it was once customary to swear by the *santé*, i. e. *health* of the Supreme Being. Oaths of such a turn are not infrequent among our ancient writers. All, however, seem to have been so thoroughly convinced of the crime of prophane swearing, that they were content to disguise their meaning by abbreviations which were permitted silently to terminate in irremediable corruptions. STEEVENS.

Laun.

Laun. Well, let his father be what he will, we talk of young master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir ⁶.

Laun. But I pray you *ergo*, old man, *ergo*, I beseech you; Talk you of young master Launcelot?

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

Laun. *Ergo*, master Launcelot; talk not of master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman (according to fates and destinies, and such odd sayings, the sisters three, and such branches of learning,) is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say, in plain terms, gone to heaven.

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

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

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

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am ~~and~~ blind, I know you not.

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

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

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing⁷; I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be ⁸.

Gob.

⁶ — and Launcelot, sir.] i. e. plain Launcelot; and not, as you term him, *master* Launcelot. MALONE.

⁷ — give me your blessing:] In this conversation between Launcelot and his blind father, there are frequent references to the deception practised on the blindness of Isaac, and the blessing obtained in consequence of it. HENLEY.

⁸ — your child that shall be.] Launcelot probably here indulges himself in talking nonsense. So afterwards:—“you may tell every finger I have

Gob. I cannot think, you are my son.

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

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

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

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

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

Enter BASSANIO, with LEONARDO, and other followers.

Bass. You may do so ;—but let it be so ha'ed, that supper be ready at the farthest by five of the clock : See

I have with my ribs." An anonymous critick supposes, " he means to say, I was your child, I am your boy, and shall ever be your son." But *son* not being first mentioned, but placed in the middle member of the sentence, there is no ground for supposing such an inversion intended by our author. Besides ; if Launcelot is to be seriously defended, what would his father learn, by being told that *he* who was his child, shall be his *son* ? MALONE.

9 — my phil horse] *Tbill* or *fill* means the shafts of a cart or wagon. STEVENS

All the ancient copies have *phil*-horse, but no dictionary that I have met with acknowledges the word. It is, I am informed, a corruption used in some counties for the proper term, *tbill*-horse. MALONE.

these

these letters deliver'd ; put the liveries to making ; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a serv.*]

Laun. To him, father.

Gob. God blefs your worship !

Bass. Gramercy ; Would'st thou aught with me ?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

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

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

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

Gob. His master and he (saving your worship's reverence) are scarce cater-cousins :

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

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

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

Bass. One speak for both ;—What would you ?

Laun. Serve you, sir.

Gob. This is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well, thou hast obtain'd thy suit : Shylock, thy master, spoke with me this day, And hath preferr'd thee ; if it be preferment, To leave a rich Jew's service to become The follower of so poor a gentleman.

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

Bass. 'Thou speak'st it well : Go, father, with thy son : Take leave of thy old master, and enquire My lodging cut.—Give him a livery [*to his followers.*] More guarded¹ than his fellows : See it done,

¹ — *more guarded*] i. e. more ornamented. STEEVENS.
See Vol. 1st. p. 66. MALONE.

Laun. Father, in:—I cannot get a service, no;—I have ne'er a tongue in my head.—Well; [*looking on his palm.*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book—². I shall have good fortune ³;

go

² *Well; if any man in Italy have a fairer table, which doth offer to swear upon a book—*] Table is the palm of the hand extended. Launcelot congratulates himself upon his dexterity and good fortune, and, in the height of his rapture, inspects his hand, and congratulates himself upon the felicities in his table. The act of expanding his hand puts him in mind of the action in which the palm is shewn, by raising it to lay it on the book, in judicial attestations. *Well*, says he, *if any man in Italy have a fairer table; that doth offer to swear upon a book*—Here he stops with an abruptness very common, and proceeds to particulars. JOHNS.

Dr. Johnson's explanation thus far appears to me perfectly just. In support of it, it should be remembered, that *which* is frequently used by our author and his contemporaries, for the personal pronoun, *who*. It is still so used in our Liturgy. In the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Mrs. Quickly addresses Fenton in the same language as is here used by Launcelot:—"I'll be *sworn on a book* she loves you:" a vulgarism that is now superseded by another of the same import—"I'll take my bible-oath of it." MALONE.

Without examining the expositions of this passage, given by the three learned annotators, [Mr. T. Dr. W. and Dr. J.] I shall briefly set down what appears to me to be the whole meaning of it. Launcelot, applauding himself for his success with Bassanio, and looking into the palm of his hand, which by fortune-tellers is called *the table*, breaks out into the following reflection: *Well: if any man in Italy have a fairer table; which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune*—i. e. a table, *which doth* (not only *promise*, but) *offer to swear* (and to swear upon a book too) that *I shall have good fortune*.—(He omits the conclusion of the sentence which might have been) *I am much mistaken; or, I'll be hanged, &c.* TYRWHITT.

³ *I shall have good fortune;*] The whole difficulty of this passage (concerning which there is a great difference of opinion among the commentators) arose, as I conceive, from a word being omitted by the commentator or transcriber. I am persuaded the author wrote—I shall have *no* good fortune. These words, are not, I believe, connected with what goes before, but with what follows; and begin a new sentence. Shakspeare, I think, meant, that Launcelot, after this abrupt speech—*Well; if any man that offers to swear upon a book, has a fairer table than mine*—[I am much mistaken.] should proceed in the same manner in which he began:—"I shall have *no* good fortune; go to; here's a *simple* line of life! &c." So before: "I cannot get a service, no;—I have *ne'er* a tongue in my head."—And afterwards: "Alas! fifteen wives is *nothing*." The Nurse, in *Roméo and Juliét*, expresses her self exactly in the

go to, here's a simple line of life ! here's a small trifle of wives : Alas, fifteen wives is nothing ; eleven widows, and nine maids, is a simple coming-in for one man : And then, so 'scape drowning thrice ; and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed⁴ ;—here are simple 'scapes ! Well, if fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this geer.—Father, come ; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye.

[*Exeunt* Launcelot and old Gobbo.

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

Leon. My best endeavours shall be done herein.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Where is your master ?

Leon. Yonder, sir, he walks.

[*Exit* Leonardo.

Gra. Signior Bassanio,—

the same style : “ Well, you have made a *simple* choice ; you know *not* how to choose a man ; Romeo ! *no, not* he ;—he is *not* the flower of courtesy, &c.” So also in *K. Hen. IV.*, “ Here's *no* fine villainy !” Again, more appositely, in the anonymous play of *K. Henry V.* : “ Ha ! me have *no* good luck.” Again, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* : “ We are *simple* men ; we do *not* know what's brought about under the profession of fortune-telling.”

Almost every passage in these plays, in which the sense is abruptly broken off, as I have more than once observed, has been corrupted. See Vol. II. p. 21. n. 4. On the subject of omissions, see Vol. I. p. 220. n. 4.

It is not without some reluctance that I have excluded this emendation from a place in the text. Had it been proposed by any former editor or commentator, I should certainly have adopted it ; being convinced that it is just. But the danger of innovation is so great, and partiality to our own conceptions so delusive, that it becomes every editor to distrust his own emendations ; and I am particularly inclined to do so in the present instance, in which I happen to differ from that most respectable and judicious critic, whose name is subjoined to the preceding note. According to his idea, the mark of an abrupt sentence should not be after the word *book*, but *fortune*. MALONE.

4 — *in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed ;* } A cant phrase to signify the danger of marrying.—A certain French writer uses the same kind of figure : “ O mon Ami, j'aimerois mieux être tombée sur la pointe d'un Oreiller, & m'être rompû le Cou.”—WARBURTON.

Bass.

Bass. Gratiano!

Gra. I have a suit to you.

Bass. You have obtain'd it.

Gra. You must not deny me; I must go ²with you to Belmont.

Bass. Why, then you must;—But hear thee, Gratiano. Thou art too wild, too rude, and bold of voice;—Parts, that become thee happily enough, And in such eyes as ours appear not faults; But where thou art not known, why, there they shew Something too liberal ⁵;—pray thee, take pain To allay with some cold drops of modesty Thy skipping spirit; lest, through thy wild behaviour, I be misconstrued in the place I go to, And lose my hopes.

Gra. Signior Bassanio, hear me: If I do not put on a sober habit, Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely; Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes ⁶ Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say, amen; Use all the observance of civility, Like one well studied in a sad ostent ⁷ To please his grandam, never trust me more.

Bass. Well, we shall see your bearing ⁸.

Gra. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gage me By what we do to-night. ⁹

Bass. No, that were pity; I would entreat you rather to put on

⁵ *Something too liberal;*] Liberal I have already shewn to be mean, gross, coarse, licentious. JOHNSON.

⁶ — *hood mine eyes*] Alluding to the manner of covering a hawk's eyes. STEEVENS.

⁷ — *sad ostent*] Grave appearance; shew of staid and serious behaviour. JOHNSON.

Ostent is a word very commonly used for *show* among the old dramatick writers. STEEVENS.

⁸ — *your bearing.*] *Bearing* is demeanour, or deportment. So, in *Measure for Measure*:

“How I may formally in person bear me,

“Like a true friar.” MALONE.

Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment: But fare you well,
I have some business.

Gra. And I must to Lorenzo, and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.

The same. A Room in Shylock's House.

Enter JESSICA and LAUNCELOT.

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

Laun. Adieu!—tears exhibit my tongue.—Most beautiful pagan,—most sweet Jew! If a Christian do not play the knave, and get thee⁹, I am much deceived: But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit; adieu! [*Exit.*]

Jes. Farewel, good Launcelot.—
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me,
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But though I am a daughter to his blood,

⁹ *If a christian do not play the knave, and get thee, &c.*] “If a christian (says Launcelot, on receiving a love-letter for Lorenzo,) do not play the knave, and carry thee away from thy father's house, I am much deceived.” I should not have attempted to explain so easy a passage, if the ignorant editor of the second folio, thinking probably that the word *get* must necessarily mean *beget*, had not altered the text, and substituted *did* in the place of *do*, the reading of all the old and authentick editions; in which he has been copied by every subsequent editor. Launcelot is not talking about Jessica's father, but about her future husband. I am aware that, in a subsequent scene, he says to Jessica, “Marry, you may partly hope your father got you not;” but he is now on another subject. MALONE.

I am not to his manners : O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife;
Become a christian, and thy loving wife.

[Exit.

SCENE IV

The same. A Street.

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

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

Gra. We have not made good preparation.

Salar. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers¹.

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

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

Enter LAUNCELOT, with a letter.

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?

Laun. An it shall please you to break up this², it shall
seem to signify.

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

Gra. Love-news, in faith.

Laun. By your leave, sir.

Lor. Whither goest thou?

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

¹ — torch-bearers.] See the note in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. sc. iv. We have not spoke us yet &c. i. e. we have not yet bespoke us, &c. Thus the old copies. It may, however, mean, we have not as yet consulted on the subject of torch-bearers. Mr. Pope reads—"spoke as yet."

STEEVENS.

² — to break up this,] To break up was a term in carving. So, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, Act III. sc. i :

"———Boyet, you can carve;

"Break up this capon." See the note on this passage. STEEV.

Lor.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

35

Lor. Hold here, take this :—tell gentle Jessica,
I will not fail her ;—speak it privately ; go.—
Gentlemen, [Exit Launcelot.
Will you prepare you for this masque to-night ?
I am provided of a torch-bearer.

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

Salan. And so will I.

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

Salar. 'Tis good we do so. [Exit Salar. and Salan.

Gra. Was not that letter from fair Jessica ?

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

SCENE V.

The same. Before Shylock's House.

Enter SHYLOCK, and LAUNCELOT.

Shy. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio :—
What, Jessica !—thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me ;—What, Jessica !—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out ;—
Why, Jessica, I say !

Laun. Why, Jessica !

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

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

Enter JESSICA.

Jes. Call you ? What is your will ?

D 2

Shy.

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Shy. I am bid forth ³ to supper, Jessica ;
There are my keys :—But wherefore should I go ?
I am not bid for love ; they flatter me :
But yet I'll go in hate, to feed upon
The prodigal Christian ⁴.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house :—I am right loth to go ;
There is some ill a brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.

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

Shy. So do I his.

Laun. And they have conspired together,—I will not say, you shall see a masque ; but if you do, then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last ⁵, at six o'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.

Shy. What ! are there masques ? Hear you me, Jessica : Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum ⁶,

And

³ *I am bid forth*—] I am invited. To *bid* in old language meant to pray. MALONE.

⁴ ——— to feed upon

The prodigal Christian.] Shylock forgets his resolution. In a former scene he declares he will neither eat, drink, nor pray with Christians. Of this circumstance the poet was aware, and meant only to heighten the malignity of the character, by making him depart from his most settled resolve, for the prosecution of his revenge. STEEVENS.

⁵ — then it was not for nothing that my nose fell a bleeding on Black-Monday last,] “ Black-Monday is Easter-Monday, and was so called on this occasion : In the 34th of Edward III. (1360) the 14th of April, and the morrow after Easter-day, king Edward, with his host, lay before the city of Paris ; which day was full dark of mist and hail, and so bitter cold, that many men died on their horses' backs with the cold. Wherefore, unto this day, it hath been called the *Blacke-Monday*.” Stowe, p. 264—6. GREY.

It appears from a passage in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, 1592, that some superstitious belief was annexed to the accident of *bleeding at the nose* : “ As he stood gazing, his nose on a sudden bled, which made him conjecture it was some friend of his.” STEEVENS.

See Vol. I. p. 312 :—“ with that mine nose bled, &c.” MALONE.

⁶ *Lock up my doors ; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife, &c.]*

Primâ

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

Laun. I will go before, sir.—

Mistress, look out at window, for all this

There will come a Christian by,

*Will be worth a Jew's eye? *[Exit Laun.*

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

Jes. His words were, Farewel, mistress; nothing else.

Shy. The patch is kind enough⁸; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat; drones hive not with me :
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in ;
Perhaps, I will return immediately ;
Do, as I bid you,

Primâ nocte domum claude; neque in vias

Sub cantu querulæ despice tibix. HOR. Lib. iiii. Od. 7. MALONE.

The folio and one of the quartos read *squealing*. STEEVENS.

⁷ *Will be worth a Jew's eye.*] *It's worth a Jew's eye*, is a proverbial phrase. WHALLEY.

⁸ *The patch is kind enough;*] This term should seem to have come into use from the name of a celebrated fool. This I learn from Wilson's *Art of Rhetorique*, 1553 : "A word-making, called of the Grecians Onomatopœia, is when we make words of our own mind, such as be derived from the nature of things;—as to call one *Patche*, or Cowlson, whom we see to do a thing foolishly; because these two in their time were notable fools."

Probably the dress which the celebrated *Patche* wore, was, in allusion to his name, patched or parti-coloured. Hence the stage fool has ever since been exhibited in a motley coat. *Patche*, of whom Wilson speaks, was Cardinal Wolsey's fool. MALONE.

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Shut doors ⁹ after you : Fast bind, fast find ;

A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.

[*Exit.*

Jes. Farewel ; and if my fortune be not crost,

I have a father, you a daughter, lost.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E VI.

The same.

Enter GRATIANO, and SALARINO, masqued.

Gra. This is the pent-house, under which Lorenzo
Desir'd us to make stand.

Salar. N^os hour is almost past.

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

Salar. O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly ¹,
To seal love's bonds new made, than they are wont,
To keep obliged faith unforfeited.

Gra. That ever holds : Who riseth from a feast,
With that keen appetite that he sits down ?
Where is the horse, that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire
That he did pace them first ? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chafed than enjoy'd.
How like a younker ², or a prodigal,
The skarfed bark puts from her native bay,
Hugg'd and embraced by the strumpet wind ³ !
How like a prodigal doth she return ;
With over-weather'd ribs ⁴, and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggar'd by the strumpet wind !

⁹ *Shut doors*—] *Doors* is here used as a disyllable. MALONE.

¹ *O, ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly,*] Lovers have in poetry been always called *Turtles* or *Doves*, which in lower language may be pigeons. JOHNSON.

² — *a younker,*] All the old copies read *a younger*. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe made the emendation, which is perhaps unnecessary. I doubt whether *younker* was a word of our author's time. MALONE.

³ — *embraced by the strumpet wind* !] So, in *Othello* :

“ The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets.” MALONE.

⁴ *With over-weather'd ribs,*] Thus both the quartos. The folio has *over-witber'd*. MALONE.

Enter

Enter LORENZO.

Salar. Here comes Lorenzo;—more of this hereafter.

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

Enter JESSICA above, in boy's cloaths.

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

Lor. Lorenzo, and thy love.

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

Lor. Heaven, and thy thoughts, are witnesses that thou art.

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

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

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

Lor. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy.
But come at once;

For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are staid for at Bassanio's feast.

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

[Exit, from above.]

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

Lor.

5 Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.] A jest arising from the
D 4 ambiguity

Lor. Beshrew ~~me~~^{me}, but I love her heartily :
 For she is wise, if I can judge of her ;
 And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true ;
 And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself ;
 And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
 Shall she be placed in my constant soul.

Enter JESSICA, below.

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

[Exit, with JESSICA and SALARINO.]

Enter ANTHONIO.

Ant. Who's there ?

Gra. Signior Anthonio ?

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

Gra. I am glad on't ; I desire no more delight,
 Than to be under sail, and gone to-night. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE VII.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Flourish of Cornets. Enter PORTIA, with the Prince of Morocco, and both their trains.

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

Mor. The first, of gold, who this inscription bears ;—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 The second, silver, which this promise carries ;—
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.

ambiguity of *Gentile*, which signifies both a *Heathen*, and one *well born*. JOHNSON.

To understand Gratiano's oath, it should be recollected that he is in a masqued habit, to which it is probable that formerly, as at present, a large cape or hood was annexed. MALONE.

This

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt⁶;—
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.—
 How shall I know if I do choose the right?

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

Mer. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see,
 I will survey the inscriptions back again:
 What says this leaden casket?

Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath.
 Must give,—For what? for lead? hazard for lead?
 'This casket threatens: Men, that hazard all,
 Do it in hope of fair advantages:

A golden mind stoops not to flows of dross;
 I'll then nor give, nor hazard, aught for lead.
 What says the silver, with her virgin hue?

Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves.
 As much as he deserves?—Pause there, Morocco,
 And weigh thy value with an even hand:

If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
 Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
 May not extend so far as to the lady;
 And yet to be afraid of my deserving,
 Were but a weak disabling of myself.

As much as I deserve!—Why, that's the lady:
 I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
 In grace, and in qualities of breeding;
 But, more than these, in love I do deserve.

What if I stray'd no farther, but chose here?
 Let's see once more this saying grav'd in gold.

Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
 Why, that's the lady; all the world desires her:
 From the four corners of the earth they come,
 To kiss this shrine, this mortal breathing faint.

The Hyrcanian deserts, and the vasty wilds
 Of wide Arabia, are as through-fares now,
 For princes to come view fair Portia:
 The watry kingdom, whose ambitious head
 Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar

⁶ — as blunt;] That is, as gross as the dull metal. JOHNSON.

To stop the foreign spirits ; but they come,
 As o'er a brook, to see fair Portia.
 One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
 Is't like, that lead contains her ? 'Twere damnation,
 To think so base a thought ; it were too gross
 To rib her cerecloth in the obscure grave..
 Or shall I think, in silver she's immur'd,
 Being ten times undervalu'd to try'd gold ?
 O sinful thought ! Never so rich a gem
 Was set in worse than gold. They have in England
 A coin, that bears the figure of an angel
 Stamped in gold ; but that's insculp'd upon ? ;
 But here an angel in a golden bed
 Lies all within.—Deliver me the key ;
 Here do I choose, and thrive I as I may !

Por. There, take it, prince, and if my form lie there,
 Then I am yours. [*He unlocks the golden casket.*]

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

*All that glisters is not gold ;
 Often have you heard that told :
 Many a man his life hath sold,
 But my outside to behold :
 Gilded tombs do worms infold*.
 Had you been as wise as bold,
 Young in limbs, in judgment old,
 Your answer had not been inscul'd :
 Fare you well ; your suit is cold.*

? — insculp'd upon ;] To insculp is to engrave. STEEVENS.

* *Gilded tombs do worms infold.*] The old copies read—*Gilded timber*. The emendation was made by Dr. Johnson, who observes, that “ a tomb is the proper repository of a death's head.” *Tombes* (for such was the old spelling) and *timber* were easily confounded. Yet perhaps the old reading may be right. The construction may be—Worms do infold gilded timber. This, however, is very harsh, and the ear is offended. In a poem entitled, *Of the Silke Wormes and their fliet*, 4to. 1599, is this line :

“ Before thou wast, were *timber-worms* in price.” MALONE.
 Cold,

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

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Cold, indeed ; and labour lost :

Then, farewell, heat ; and, welcome, frost.—

Portia, adieu ! I have too griev'd a heart

To take a tedious leave : thus losers part. [Exit.

Por. A gentle riddance :—Draw the curtains, go :—

*all of his complexion choose me so^o, [Exeunt.

SCENE VIII.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALARINO and SALANIO.

Salar. Why man, I saw Bassanio under sail ;

With him is Gratiano gone along ;

And in their ship, I am sure, Lorenzo is not.

Salan. The villain Jew with outcries rais'd the duke ;

Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.

Salar. He came too late, the ship was under sail :

But there the duke was given to understand,

That in a gondola were seen together

Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica :

Besides, Anthonio certify'd the duke,

They were not with Bassanio in his ship.

Salan. I never heard a passion so confus'd,

So strange, outrageous, and so variable,

As the dog Jew did utter in the streets :

My daughter !—O my ducats !—O my daughter !

Fled with a Christian ?—O my christian ducats !—

Justice ! the law ! my ducats, and my daughter !—

A sealed bag, two sealed bags of ducats,

Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter !

And jewels ; two stones, two rich and precious stones,

Stol'n by my daughter !—Justice ! find the girl !

She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats !

Salar. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,

Crying,—his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.

Salan. Let good Anthonio look he keep his day,

9 — choose me so.] Here Dr. Johnson would close the second Act, to give time for Bassanio's passage to Belmont. MALONE.

Or

Or he shall pay for this.

Salar. Marry, well remember'd :
I reason'd¹ with a Frenchman yesterday ;
Who told me,—in the narrow seas, that part
The French and English, there miscarried
A vessel of our country, richly fraught :
I thought upon Anthonio, when he told me ;
And wish'd in silence, that it were not his.

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

Salar. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.
I saw Bassanio and Anthonio part :
Bassanio told him, he would make some speed
Of his return ; he answer'd,—*Do not so,
Slubber not² business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time ;
And for the Jew's bond, which he hateth of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love³ :
Be merry ; and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship, and such fair objects of love
As shall conveniently become you there :
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him⁴,*

And

¹ I reason'd—] i. e. I conversed. So, in *King John* :

“ Our griefs, and not our manners, reason now.” STEEVENS.

² Slubber not—] To slubber is to do any thing carelessly, imperfectly. STEEVENS.

³ — your mind of love :] *Of love*, is an adjuration sometimes used by Shakspeare. So, in *Merry Wives*, Act II. sc. vii : “ *Quick*.—desires you to send her your little page, of all loves :” i. e. she desires you to send him by all means.

Your mind of love may, however, in this instance, mean—your loving mind. So, in the *Tragedy of Cæsar*, 1604, a *mind of treason* is a treasonable mind.

“ Those that speak freely, have no mind of treason.” STEEVENS.

If the phrase is to be understood in the former sense, there should be a comma after *mind*, as Mr. Langton and Mr. Heath have observed.

MALONE.

⁴ And even there, his eye being big with tears,

Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, &c.] So curious an observer of nature was our author, and so minutely had he traced the operation

And with affection wondrous sensible
He wrung Bassanio's hand, and so they parted.

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

Salar. Do we so.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IX.

Belmont. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter NERISSA, with a Servant.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee, draw the curtain straight;
The prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath,
And comes to his election presently.

*Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon,
PORTIA, and their trains.*

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

Ar. I am enjoin'd by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life
To woo a maid in way of marriage; lastly
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear,

operation of the passions, that many passages of his works might furnish hints to painters. It is indeed surprizing that they do not study his plays with this view. In the passage before us, we have the outline of a beautiful picture. MALONE.

5 — embraced *heaviness*] The heaviness which he indulges, and is fond of. EDWARDS.

So we say of a man now that he *bugs* his sorrows. JOHNSON.

So, in this play, Act III. sc. ii:

“—doubtful thoughts and *last-embrac'd* despair.” STEEVENS.

That

That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I address me⁶: Fortune now
To my heart's hope!—Gold, silver, and base lead.
Who chooseth me, must give and hazard all he hath:
You shall look fairer, ere I give, or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see:—
Who chooseth me, shall gain what many men desire.
What many men desire.—That many may be meant
By the fool multitude⁷, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to the interior, but, like the martlet
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force⁸ and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits,
And rank me with the barbarous multitudes.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;
Tell me once more what title thou dost bear:
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves;
And well said too; For who shall go about
To cozen fortune, and be honourable
Without the stamp of merit! Let none presume
To wear an undeserved dignity.
O, that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly! and that clear honour

⁶ *And so have I address me:]* To address is to prepare. The meaning is, I have prepared myself by the same ceremonies. STEEVENS.
I believe we should read:

“And so have I. Address me, Fortune, now,

“To my heart's hope!”

So, in the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act III. scene the last, Falstaff says, “I will then address me to my appointment.” TYRWHITT.

⁷ ——— *That many may be meant*

By the fool multitude,—] i. e. By that many may be meant the foolish multitude, &c. The fourth folio first introduced a phraseology more agreeable to our ears at present,—“Of the fool multitude,”—which has been adopted by all the subsequent editors;—but change merely for the sake of elegance is always dangerous. Many modes of speech were familiar in Shakspeare's age, that are now no longer used:

MALONE.

⁸ —in the force] i. e. the power. STEEVENS.

Were

Were purchas'd by the merit of the wearer !
 How many then should cover, that stand bare ?
 How many be commanded, that command ?
 How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour ? and how much honour
 Pick'd from the chaff and ruin of the times,
 To be new varnish'd ? Well, but to my choice :
Who chooseth me, shall get as much as he deserves :
 I will assume desert ;—Give me a key for this,
 And instantly unlock my fortunes here.

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

Ar. What's here ? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
 Presenting me a schedule ? I will read it.
 How much unlike art thou to Portia ?
 How much unlike my hopes, and my deservings ?
Who chooseth me, shall have as much as he deserves.
 Did I deserve no more than a fool's head ?
 Is that my prize ? are my deserts no better ?

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

Ar. What is here ?

*The fire seven times tried this ;
 Seven times try'd that judgment is,
 That did never choose amiss :
 Some there be, that shadows kiss ;
 Such have but a shadow's bliss :
 There be fools alive, I wis',
 Silver'd o'er ; and so was this.*

How much low peasantry would then be glean'd
 From the true seed of honour ?] The meaning is, *How much mean-
 ness would be found among the great, and how much greatness among the
 mean.* But since men are always said to glean corn though they may
 pick chaff, the sentence had been more agreeable to the common manner
 of speech if it had been written thus :

*How much low peasantry would then be pick'd
 From the true seed of honour ? how much honour
 Glean'd from the chaff ?* JOHNSON.

— I wis,] I know. *Wissen*, German. *Sydney*, *Ascham*, and
Walter use the word. STEEVENS.

Take

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

*Take what wife you will to bed²,
I will ever be your head :
So be gone, sir³, you are sped.*

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here :
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu ! I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth⁴.

[*Exeunt Arragon and train.*]

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

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

Por. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Where is my lady ?

Por. Here ; what would my lord⁵ ?

Serv. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify the approaching of his lord :
From whom he bringeth sensible regrets⁶ ;
To wit, besides commends, and courteous breath,
Gifts of rich value ; yet I have not seen
So likely an ambassador of love ;
A day in April never came so sweet,

² *Take what wife you will to bed,*] Perhaps the poet had forgotten that he who mistook Portia was never to marry any woman. JOHNSON.

³ *So be gone, Sir,—*] *Sir*, which is not in the old copies, was supplied by the editor of the second folio, for the sake of the metre. MALONE.

⁴ *— to bear my wroth.*] The old editions read—“ to bear my *wroath*.” *Wroath* is used in some of the old books for *misfortune* ; and is often spelt *ruth*, which at present signifies only *pity*, or *sorrow for the misery of another*. The modern editors read—*my wroth*. STEEV.

⁵ *Por.* *Here ; what would my lord ?*] Would not this speech to the servant be more proper in the mouth of *Nerissa* ? TYRWHITT.

⁶ *— regrets ;*] i. e. salutations. So, in another of Shakspeare's plays : “ Unyoke this seizure, and this kind *regret*.” STEEVENS.

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To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

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

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

ACT III. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SALANIO and SALARINO.

Salan. Now, what news on the Rialto?

Salar. Why, yet it lives there uncheck'd, that Anthonio hath a ship of rich lading wreck'd on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think, they call the place; a very dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip report be an honest woman of her word.

Salan. I would she were as lying a gossip in that, as ever knapt ginger¹, or made her neighbours believe she wept for the death of a third husband: But it is true,—without any slips of prolixity, or crossing the plain highway of talk,—that the good Anthonio, the honest Anthonio,—O that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

Salar. Come, the full stop.

Salan. Ha,—what say'st thou?—Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

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

Salan. Let me say amen betimes, lest the devil cross

¹ — knapt ginger,] To knap is to break short. The word occurs in the *Psalms*. STEVENS.

my prayer— for here he comes in the likeness of a Jew.—

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock? what news among the merchants?

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

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

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

Shy. She is damn'd for it.

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

Shy. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

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

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

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

Shy. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal², who dare scarce shew his head on the Rialto;

² —my prayer;] i. e. the prayer or wish, which you have just now uttered, and which I devoutly join in by saying amen to it. Mr. Theobald and Dr. Warburton unnecessarily, I think, read—by prayer.

MALONE.

The people pray as well as the priest, though the latter only pronounces the words, which the people make their own by saying Amen to them. It is, after this, needless to add, that the Devil (in the shape of a Jew) could not cross *Salarino's* prayer, which as far as it was singly his, was already ended. HEATH.

³ — a bankrupt, a prodigal,] Dr. Warburton asks, "Why a prodigal?" and capriciously reads, a bankrupt for a prodigal. MALONE.

There could be, in Shylock's opinion, no prodigality more culpable than such liberality as that by which a man exposes himself to ruin for his friend. JOHNSON.

His lending money without interest, "for a christian courtesy," was [likewise] a reason for the Jew to call Anthonio prodigal. EDWARDS.

a beggar,

a beggar, that was used to come to smug upon the mart;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer;—let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy;—let him look to his bond.

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

Shy. To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hinder'd me half a million; laugh'd at my losses, mock'd at my gains, scorn'd my nation, thwarted my bargains, cool'd my friends, heated mine enemies; And what's his reason? I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands; organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, heal'd by the same means, warm'd and cool'd by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? If you tickle us, do we not laugh? If you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility? revenge: If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? why, revenge. The villainy you teach me, I will execute; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

Enter a Servant.

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

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

Enter TUBAL.

Salan. Here comes another of the tribe; a third cannot be match'd, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[Exeunt SALAN, SALAR, and Servant.]

4 If you prick us, do we not bleed? Thus Plutarch's Life of Cæsar, p. 140, quarto, v. iv. "Cæsar does not consider that his subjects are mortal, and bleed when they are pricked." *ὅτι ἀπὸ τῶν τραυμάτων λογισαίται καὶ σαρὰ εἶναι θνήσκοντες ἀνθρώποι.* S. W.

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

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

Shy. Why there, there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now:—two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels.—I would, my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! 'would she were hears'd at my foot, and the ducats in her coffin! No news of them?—Why, so:—and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring, but what lights o' my shoulders; no sighs, but o' my breathing; no tears, but o' my shedding.

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

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

Tub. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

Shy. I thank God, I thank God:—Is it true? is it true?

Tub. I spoke with some of the sailors that escap'd the wreck.

Shy. I thank thee, good Tubal;—Good news, good news: ha! ha!—Where? in Genoa?

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

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

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

5 —Where? in Genoa? The old copies read—Here in Genoa. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

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

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

Shy. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor⁶: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys.

Tub. But Anthonio is certainly undone.

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

S C E N E II.

Bassanio. *A Room in Portia's House.*

Enter BASSANIO, PORTIA, GRATIANO, NERISSA, *and Attendants. The caskets are set out.*

Por. I pray you, tarry; pause a day or two,

⁶ — it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor:] A turquoise is a precious stone found in the veins of the mountains on the confines of Persia to the east, subject to the Tartars. As Shylock had been married long enough to have a daughter grown up, it is plain he did not value this turquoise on account of the money for which he might hope to sell it, but merely in respect of the imaginary virtues formerly ascribed to the stone. It was said of the Turkey-stone, that it faded or brightened in its colour, as the health of the wearer increased or grew less. To this Ben Jonson refers, in his *Sejanus*:

“And true as *Turkise* in my dear lord's ring,

“Look well or ill with him.”

Again, Edward Fenton in *Secrets Wonders of Nature*, bl. l. quarto, 1569: “The *Turkeys* doth move when there is any peril prepared to him that weareth it.” P. 51. b.

But Leah (if we may believe Thomas Nicola, sometimes of Jesus College in Cambridge, in his *Lapidary* &c.) might have presented Shylock with his *Turquoise* for a better reason; as this stone “is likewise said to take away all enmity, and to reconcile man and wife.”

Other superstitious qualities are imputed to it, all of which were either monitory, or preservative of the wearer. STEEVENS.

Before you hazard ; for, in choosing wrong,
 I lose your company ; therefore, forbear a while :
 There's something tells me, (but it is not love,)
 I would not lose you ; and you know yourself,
 Hate counsels not in such a quality :
 But lest you should not understand me well,
 (And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought,)
 I would detain you here some month or two,
 Before you venture for me. I could teach you
 How to choose right, but then I am forsworn ;
 So will I never be : so may you miss me ;
 But if you do, you'll make me wish a sin,
 That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
 They have o'er-look'd me, and divided me ;
 One half of me is yours, the other half yours,—
 Mine own, I would say ; but if mine, then yours,
 And so all yours : O, these naughty times
 Put bars between the owners and their rights,
 And so, though yours, not yours.—Prove it so,
 Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.⁷
 I speak too long ; but 'tis to prize the time⁸ ;
 To eke it, and to draw it out in length,
 To stay you from election.

Bass. Let me choose ;

For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

Por. Upon the rack, Bassanio ? then confess

⁷ *And so all yours :—*] The latter word is here used as a dissyllable, in the next line but one below, where the same word occurs twice, our author, with his usual licence, employs one as a word of two syllables, and the other as a monosyllable. MALONE.

⁸ *Let fortune go to hell for it,—not I.*] The meaning is, “ If the worst I fear should happen, and it should prove in the event, that I, who am justly yours by the free donation I have made you of myself, should yet not be yours in consequence of an unlucky choice, let fortune go to hell for robbing you of your just due, not I for violating my oath. HEATH.

⁹ — to prize the time ;] To prize is from *peser*, Fr. So, in *King Richard III* :

“ Lest leaden slumber prize me down to-morrow.”

To prize the time, therefore, is to retard it by hanging weights upon it.

STEEVENS.

What

What treason there is mingled with your love.

Bass. None, but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear the enjoying of my love :
There may as well be amity and life

'Tween snow and fire, as treason and my love.

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

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

Por. Well then, confess, and live.

Bass. Confess, and love,

Had been the very sum of my confession :

O happy torment, when my torturer

Doth teach me answers for deliverance !

But let me to my fortune and the caskets.

Por. Away then : I am lock'd in one of them ;
If you do love me, you will find me out.—

Nerissa, and the rest, stand all aloof.—

Let musick sound, while he doth make his choice ;

Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,

Fading in musick : that the comparison

May stand more proper, my eye shall be the stream,

And wat'ry death-bed for him : He may win ;

And what is musick then ? then musick is

Even as the flourish when true subjects bow

To a new-crowned monarch : such it is,

As are those dulcet sounds in break of day,

That creep into the dreaming bridegroom's ear,

And summon him to marriage. Now he goes,

With no less presence¹, but with much more love,

Than young Alcides, when he did redeem

The virgin tribute paid by howling Troy

To the sea-monster² : I stand for sacrifice ;

The rest aloof are the Dardanian wives,

¹ *With no less presence,*] With the same dignity of mien. JOHNSON.

² *To the sea-monster :*] See Ovid. *Metamorph.* Lib. XI. ver. 199, et seqq. Shakspeare however, I believe, had read an account of this adventure in *The Destruction of Troy* :—"Laomedon cast his eyes all bewept on him, [Hercules] and was all abashed to see his greatness and his beauty." See B. I. p. 2. edit. 1617. MALONE.

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With bleared visages, come forth to view
The issue of the exploit. Go, Hercules!
Live thou, I live.—With much much more dismay
I view the fight, than thou that mak'st the fray

Musick, whilst BASSANIO comments on the caskets to himself.

S O N G.

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

Reply.

2. It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies:
Let us all ring fancy's knell;
I'll begin it,—Ding dong, bell.

All. Ding dong, bell.

Bass.—So may the outward shows be least themselves³;
The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But, being season'd with a gracious voice⁴,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice⁵ so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules, and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk?

* —fancy] here, as in many other places, signifies love. MALONE.

³ So may the outward shows &c.] He begins abruptly; the first part of the argument has passed in his mind. JOHNSON.

⁴ —gracious voice,] Pleasing; winning favour. JOHNSON.

⁵ There is no vice—] The old copies read—voice. The emendation was made by the editor of the second folio, MALONE.

And

And these ⁶ assume but valour's excrement ⁶,
 To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
 And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight ⁷ ;
 Which therein works a miracle in nature,
 Making them lightest that wear most of it :
 So are those crisped ⁸ snaky golden locks,
 Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
 Upon supposed fairness, often known
 To be the dowry of a second head,
 The scull that bred them, in the sepulchre ⁹.
 Thus ornament is but the guiled shore ¹
 To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
 Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
 The seeming truth which cunning times put on
 To entrap the wofest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold,
 Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee :
 Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge

⁶ — valour's excrement,] i. e. what a little higher is called the beard of Hercules. So, "pedler's excrement," in the *Winter's Tale*. MALONE.

⁷ — by the weight;] That is, artificial beauty is purchased so; as, false hair, &c. STEEVENS.

⁸ — crisped—] i. e. curled. STEEVENS.

⁹ — in the sepulchre.] See a note on *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. sc. iii. Shakspeare has likewise satirized this yet prevailing fashion in *Love's Labour's Lost*. STEEVENS.

See also Vol. I. p. 176. The prevalence of this fashion in Shakspeare's time is evinced by the following passage in an old pamphlet entitled *The Honestie of this Age, proving by good circumstance that the world was never honest till now*, by Barnabe Rich, quarto. 1615:—"My lady holdeth on her way, perhaps to the tire-maker's shop, where she shaketh her crownes to bestow upon some new fashioned attire, upon such artificial deformed periwigs, that they were fitter to furnish a theatre, or for her that in a stage-play should represent some hag of hell, than to be used by a christian woman." Again, *ibid*: "These attire-makers within these fortie yeares were not known by that name; and but now very lately they kept their lowzie commodity of periwigs, and their monstrous attires closed in boxes;—and those women that used to weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to set them forth upon their stalls,—such monstrous mop-powles of haire, so proportioned and deformed, that but within these twenty or thirty yeares would have drawne the passers-by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them." MALONE.

¹ — the guiled shore] i. e. the treacherous shore. STEEVENS.

Guiled for beguiling; the passive for the active participle. MALONE.

'Tweend

'Tween man and man : but thou, thou meager lead,
Which rather threatnest, than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence²,
And here choose I ; Joy be the consequence !

Por. How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embrac'd despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-ey'd jealousy.
O love, be moderate, allay thy ecstasy,
In measure rain thy joy³, scant this excess ;
I feel too much thy blessing, make it less,

For

² *Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,*] Bassanio is displeased at the golden *caske* for its *gaudiness* and the silver one for its *paleness* ; but what ! is he charmed with the leaden one for having the very same quality that displeased him in the silver ? The poet certainly wrote—*Thy plainness moves me &c.* This characterizes the lead from the silver, which *paleness* does not, they being both *pale*. Besides, there is a beauty in the antithesis between *plainness* and *eloquence* ; between *paleness* and *eloquence* none. So it is said before of the leaden *caske* :

This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt. WARBURTON.

It may be that Dr. Warburton has altered the wrong word, if any alteration be necessary. I would rather give the character of *silver*, “ — thou *saist*, and common drudge &c.” The *paleness* of lead is *never* alluded to. “ Diane declining, *pale* as any *ledde*,” says Stephen Hawes. In Fairfax's *Tasso*, we have

“ The lord Tancredie, *pale* with rage as *lead*.”

As to the antithesis, Shakspeare has already made it in the *Midsommer Night's Dream*. “ When (says Theseus) I have seen great clerks look *pale*,

“ I read as much, as from the rattling tongue

“ Of saucy and audacious *eloquence*.” FARMER.

Our author again mentions the *paleness* of lead in *Romeo and Juliet* :

“ Unwieldy, slow, heavy, and *pale* as *lead*.”

By laying an emphasis on *Thy*, [*Thy paleness moves me &c.*] Dr. W's. objection is obviated. Though Bassanio might object to silver, that “ *pale* and *common drudge*,” lead, though *pale* also, yet not being in daily use, might, in his opinion, deserve a preference. I have therefore great doubts concerning Dr. Warburton's emendation. MALONE.

³ *In measure rain thy joy,*] The folio and one of the quartos read — *raine*. The other quarto — *range*. Dr. Johnson once thought that *rein* was the word intended by the author. The words *rein* and *rain* (he observes) were not at that time distinguished by regular orthography. Having frequent occasion to make the same observation in the perusal of the first folio, I am also strongly inclined to the former word ; but as the text is intelligible, have made no change. *Rein* in the second in-

stance,