For fear I ſurfeit!

Baſſ. What find I here[4]? [*opening the leaden caſket.*
Fair Portia's counterfeit[5]? What demy-god
Hath come ſo near creation? Move theſe eyes?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are ſever'd lips,
Parted with ſugar breath; ſo ſweet a bar
Should ſunder ſuch ſweet friends: Here in her hairs
The painter plays the ſpider; and hath woven
A golden meſh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faſter than gnats in cobwebs: But her eyes,—
How could he ſee to do them? having made one,
Methinks, it ſhould have power to ſteal both his,
And leave itſelf unfurniſh'd[6]: Yet look, how far
The ſubſtance of my praiſe doth wrong this ſhadow
In underprizing it, ſo far this ſhadow

ſtance quoted below by Mr. Steevens is ſpelt in the old copy as it is here;—*raine*." So, in *the Tempeſt*, edit. 1623:

" —— do not give dalliance
" Too much the *raigne*." MALONE.

I believe Shakſpeare alluded to the well-known proverb, *It cannot rain, but it pours*. So, in the *Laws of Candy*, by B. and Fletcher:

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

Mr. Tollet is of opinion that *rein* is the true word, as it better agrees with the context: and more eſpecially on account of the following paſſage in *Coriolanus*, which approaches very near to the preſent reading:

" —— being once chaf'd, he cannot
" Be *rein'd* again to temperance."

So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act V. ſc. ii:

" *Rein* thy tongue." STEEVENS.

4 *What find I here?*] The latter word is here employed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

5 *Fair Portia's* counterfeit?] *Counterfeit*, which is at preſent uſed only in a bad ſenſe, anciently ſignified a *likeneſs*, a *reſemblance*, without comprehending any idea of fraud. STEEVENS.

6 *And leave itſelf* unfurniſh'd:] i. e. and leave itſelf incomplete; unaccompanied with the other uſual component parts of a portrait, viz. another eye &c. The various features of the face our author ſeems to have conſidered as the *furniture* of a picture. So, in *As you like it*: "—he was *furniſh'd* like a huntſman;" i. e. had all the appendages belonging to a huntſman. MALONE.

Perhaps it might be—And leave *himſelf* unfurniſh'd. JOHNSON.

Doth

Doth limp behind the ſubſtance.—Here's the ſcroll,
The continent and ſummary of my fortune.

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

A gentle ſcroll;—Fair lady, by your leave; [*kiſſing her.*
I come by note, to give, and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applauſe, and univerſal ſhout,
Giddy in ſpirit, ſtill gazing, in a doubt
Whether thoſe peals of praiſe [7] be his or no;
So, thrice fair lady, ſtand I, even ſo;
As doubtful whether what I ſee be true,
Until confirm'd, ſign'd, ratify'd by you.

Por. You ſee me, lord Baſſanio, where I ſtand,
Such as I am: though, for myſelf alone,
I would not be ambitious in my wiſh,
To wiſh myſelf much better; yet, for you,
I would be trebled twenty times myſelf;
A thouſand times more fair, ten thouſand times
More rich;
That only to ſtand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full ſum of me
Is ſum of ſomething [8]; which, to term in groſs,

7 — peals *of praiſe*] The ſecond quarto reads—*pearles* of praiſe. JOHNSON.

This reading may be the true one. So, in Whetſtone's *Arbour of Virtue*, 1576:—"The *pearles of praiſe* that deck a noble name."

Again, in R. C's verſes in praiſe of the ſame author's *Rock of Regard*:

"But that that beares the *pearle of praiſe* away." STEEVENS.

8 *Is* ſum *of ſomething*;] i. e. is not entirely ideal, but amounts to as much as can be found in—*an unleſſon'd girl*, &c. STEEVENS.

Is

Is an unleſſon'd girl, unſchool'd, unpractis'd:
Happy in this, ſhe is not yet ſo old
But ſhe may learn[9]; happier than this,
She is not bred ſo dull but ſhe can learn;
Happieſt of all, is, that her gentle ſpirit
Commits itſelf to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myſelf, and what is mine, to you, and yours
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair manſion, maſter of my ſervants,
Queen o'er myſelf; and even now, but now,
This houſe, theſe ſervants, and this ſame myſelf,
Are yours, my lord;. I give them with this ring;
Which when you part from, loſe, or give away,
Let it preſage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Baſſ. Madam, you have bereft me of all words,
Only my blood ſpeaks to you in my veins:
And there is ſuch confuſion in my powers,
As, after ſome oration fairly ſpoke
By a beloved prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleaſed multitude;
Where every ſomething, being blent together[1],
Turns to a wild of nothing, ſave of joy,
Expreſt, and not expreſt: But when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence;
O, then be bold to ſay, Baſſanio's dead.

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

Gra. My lord Baſſanio, and my gentle lady,
I wiſh you all the joy that you can wiſh;
For, I am ſure, you can wiſh none from me[2]:
And, when your honours mean to ſolemnize

9 *But ſhe may* learn;] The latter word is here uſed as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

1 — *being* blent *together*,] i. e. *blended*. STEEVENS.

2 — *you can wiſh none from me*:] That is, none *away from* me; none that I ſhall loſe, if you gain it. JOHNSON.

The

The bargain of your faith, I do beſeech you,
Even at that time I may be marry'd too.

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

Gra. I thank your lordſhip; you have got me one.
My eyes, my lord, can look as ſwift as yours:
You ſaw the miſtreſs, I beheld the maid;
You lov'd, I lov'd; for intermiſſion[3]
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune ſtood upon the caſkets there;
And ſo did mine too, as the matter falls:
For wooing here, until I ſweat again;
And ſwearing, till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love; at laſt,—if promiſe laſt,—
I got a promiſe of this fair one here,
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achiev'd her miſtreſs.

Por. Is this true, Neriſſa?

Ner. Madam, it is, ſo you ſtand pleas'd with't.

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

Gra. Yes, 'faith, my lord.

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

Gra. We'll play with them, the firſt boy, for a thouſand ducats.

Ner. What, and ſtake down?

Gra. No; we ſhall ne'er win at that ſport, and ſtake down.—
But who comes here? Lorenzo, and his infidel?
What, and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

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

3 — *for* intermiſſion—] *Intermiſſion* is *pauſe, intervening time, delay.* So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——— gentle heaven,
" Cut ſhort all *intermiſſion!*" STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. So do I, my lord;
They are entirely welcome.
Lor. I thank your honour:—For my part, my lord,
My purpoſe was not to have ſeen you here;
But meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did intreat me, paſt all ſaying nay,
To come with him along.
Sale. I did, my lord;
And I have reaſon for it. Signior Anthonio
Commends him to you. [*gives* Baſſanio *a letter.*
Baſſ. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth.
Sale. Not ſick, my lord, unleſs it be in mind;
Nor well, unleſs in mind: his letter there
Will ſhew you his eſtate.
Gra. Neriſſa, cheer yon' ſtranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio; What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Anthonio?
I know, he will be glad of our ſucceſs;
We are the Jaſons, we have won the fleece.
Sal. Would you had won the fleece that he hath loſt!
Por. There are ſome ſhrewd contents in yon' ſame paper,
That ſteal the colour from Baſſanio's cheek:
Some dear friend dead; elſe nothing in the world
Could turn ſo much the conſtitution
Of any conſtant man. What, worſe and worſe?—
With leave, Baſſanio; I am half yourſelf,
And I muſt freely have the half of any thing
That this ſame paper brings you.
Baſſ. O ſweet Portia,
Here are a few of the unpleaſant'ſt words,
That ever blotted paper! Gentle lady,
When I did firſt impart my love to you,
I freely told you, all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true: and yet, dear lady,
Rating myſelf at nothing, you ſhall ſee
How much I was a braggart: When I told you
My ſtate was nothing, I ſhould then have told you
That I was worſe than nothing; for, indeed,

I have

I have engag'd myſelf to a dear friend,
Engag'd my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady;
The paper as the body[4] of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Iſſuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Have all his ventures fail'd? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Liſbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one veſſel 'ſcape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks?

Sale. Not one, my lord.
Beſides, it ſhould appear, that if he had
The preſent money to diſcharge the Jew,
He would not take it: Never did I know
A creature, that did bear the ſhape of man,
So keen and greedy to confound a man:
He plies the duke at morning, and at night;
And doth impeach the freedom of the ſtate,
If they deny him juſtice: twenty merchants,
The duke himſelf, and the magnificoes
Of greateſt port, have all perſuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea
Of forfeiture, of juſtice, and his bond.

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

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

Baſſ. The deareſt friend to me, the kindeſt man,
The beſt condition'd and unweary'd ſpirit
In doing courteſies; and one in whom
The ancient Roman honour more appears,

4 *The paper* as *the body*—] I believe, the author wrote—*is* the body—. The two words are frequently confounded in the old copies. So, in the firſt quarto edition of this play, Act IV. "Is dearly bought, *as* mine," &c. inſtead of—*is* mine. MALONE.

Than

Than any that draws breath in Italy.

Por. What ſum owes he the Jew?

Baſſ. For me, three thouſand ducats.

Por. What, no more?

Pay him ſix thouſand, and deface the bond;
Double ſix thouſand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this deſcription
Shall loſe a hair through Baſſanio's fault.
Firſt, go with me to church, and call me wife;
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never ſhall you lie by Portia's ſide
With an unquiet ſoul. You ſhall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over;
When it is paid, bring your true friend along:
My maid Neriſſa, and myſelf, mean time,
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away;
For you ſhall hence upon your wedding-day:
Bid your friends welcome, ſhew a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.—
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

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

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

Baſſ. Since I have your good leave to go away,
I will make haſte: but, till I come again,
No bed ſhall e'er be guilty of my ſtay,
No reſt be interpoſer 'twixt us twain. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Venice. *A Street.*

Enter SHYLOCK, SALANIO, ANTHONIO, *and* Jailer.

Shy. Jailer, look to him;—Tell not me of mercy;—
This is the fool that lent out money gratis;—

* —*and* I,] This inaccuracy, I believe, was our author's. Mr. Pope reads—and *me*. MALONE.

Jailer, look to him.

Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.

Shy. I'll have my bond; ſpeak not againſt my bond;
I have ſworn an oath, that I will have my bond:
Thou call'dſt me dog, before thou had'ſt a cauſe;
But, ſince I am a dog, beware my fangs:
The duke ſhall grant me juſtice.—I do wonder,
Thou naughty jailer, that thou art ſo fond[5]
To come abroad with him at his requeſt.

Ant. I pray thee, hear me ſpeak.

Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee ſpeak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore ſpeak no more.
I'll not be made a ſoft and dull-ey'd fool,
To ſhake the head, relent, and ſigh, and yield
To chriſtian interceſſors. Follow not;
I'll have no ſpeaking; I will have my bond. [*Exit* SHY.

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

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

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

Ant. The duke cannot deny the courſe of law;
For the commodity that ſtrangers have
With us in Venice, if it be deny'd[6],
Will much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate;
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Conſiſteth of all nations. Therefore, go:

5 —*ſo fond*] i. e. ſo fooliſh. STEEVENS.

6 *For the* commodity *that ſtrangers have*
With us in Venice, if it be denied, &c.] i. e. for the denial of thoſe rights to ſtrangers, which render their abode at Venice ſo commodious and agreeable to them, would much impeach the juſtice of the ſtate. The conſequence would be, that ſtrangers would not reſide or carry on traffick here; and the wealth and ſtrength of the ſtate would be diminiſhed.—In *The Hiſtorye of Italye*, by W. Thomas, quarto, 1567, there is a ſection *On the libertee of ſtraungers* at Venice. MALONE.

Theſe

Theſe griefs and loſſes have ſo 'bated me,
That I ſhall hardly ſpare a pound of fleſh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, jailer, on:—Pray God, Baſſanio come
To ſee me pay his debt, and then I care not! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

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

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

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

Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor ſhall not now: for in companions
That do converſe and waſte the time together,
Whoſe ſouls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There muſt be needs a like proportion
Of lineaments, of manners, and of ſpirit;
Which makes me think, that this Anthonio,
Being the boſom lover of my lord[7],
Muſt needs be like my lord: If it be ſo,
How little is the coſt I have beſtow'd,
In purchaſing the ſemblance of my ſoul
From out the ſtate of helliſh cruelty?
This comes too near the praiſing of myſelf;

[7] — *the boſom* lover *of my lord,*] In our author's time this term was applied to thoſe of the ſame ſex who had an eſteem for each other. Ben Jonſon concludes one of his letters to Dr. Donne, by telling him, "he is his true *lover.*" So, in *Coriolanus:* "I tell thee, fellow, thy general is my *lover.*" Many more inſtances might be added. See our author's Sonnets, paſſim. MALONE.

Therefore, no more of it: hear other things
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The huſbandry and manage of my houſe,
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breath'd a ſecret vow,
To live in prayer and contemplation,
Only attended by Neriſſa here,
Until her huſband and my lord's return:
There is a monaſtery two miles off,
And there we will abide. I do deſire you,
Not to deny this impoſition;
The which my love, and ſome neceſſity,
Now lays upon you.

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

Por. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jeſſica
In place of lord Baſſanio and myſelf.
So fare you well, till we ſhall meet again.

Lor. Fair thoughts, and happy hours, attend on you!

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

Por. I thank you for your wiſh, and am well pleas'd
To wiſh it back on you: fare you well, Jeſſica.—
[*Exeunt* JESSICA, *and* LORENZO.
Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honeſt, true,
So let me find thee ſtill: Take this ſame letter
And uſe thou all the endeavour of a man,
In ſpeed to Padua [9]; ſee thou render this
Into my couſin's hands, doctor Bellario;
And, look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagin'd ſpeed
Unto the traject [1], to the common ferry

Which

[8] — hear *other things.*] The old copies, by an evident miſprint, read—*here.* Corrected by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

9 *In ſpeed to* Padua;] The old copies read—*Mantua.* The correction, which was made by Mr. Theobald, is fully ſupported by ſeveral ſubſequent paſſages. See p. 78, 79. MALONE.

[1] *Unto the* traject,] The old copies concur in this reading, which

Which trades to Venice:—waſte no time in words,
But get thee gone; I ſhall be there before thee.

Balth. Madam, I go with all convenient ſpeed. [*Exit.*

Por. Come on, Neriſſa; I have work in hand,
That you yet know not of: we'll ſee our huſbands
Before they think of us.

Ner. Shall they ſee us?

Por. They ſhall, Neriſſa; but in ſuch a habit,
That they ſhall think we are accompliſhed
With what we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accouter'd [2] like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace;
And ſpeak, between the change of man and boy,
With a reed voice; and turn two mincing ſteps
Into a manly ſtride; and ſpeak of frays,
Like a fine bragging youth: and tell quaint lies,
How honourable ladies ſought my love,
Which I denying, they fell ſick and dy'd;
I could not do with all [3]:—then I'll repent,
And wiſh, for all that, that I had not kill'd them:
And twenty of theſe puny lies I'll tell,
That men ſhall ſwear, I have diſcontinued ſchool
Above a twelvemonth:—I have within my mind
A thouſand raw tricks of theſe bragging Jacks [4],

appears to be derived from *tranare*, and was probably a word current in the time of our author, though I can produce no example of it. STEEVENS.

Mr. Rowe reads—*traject*, which was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.—Twenty miles from Padua, on the river Brenta there is a dam or ſluice, to prevent the water of that river from mixing with that of the marſhes of Venice. Here the paſſage-boat is drawn out of the river, and lifted over the dam by a crane. From hence to Venice the diſtance is five miles. Perhaps ſome novel-writer of Shakſpeare's time might have called this dam by the name of the *tranect*. See Du Cange in v. *Trana*. MALONE.

[2] — *accouter'd*—] So the earlieſt quarto, and the folio. The other quarto—*apparel'd*. MALONE.

[3] — do *with all*;] For the ſenſe of the word *do* in this place, ſee Vol. II. p. 11, n. 4. COLLINS.

The old copy reads—*withall*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] — *theſe bragging* Jacks,] See Vol. II. p. 208, n. 5. MALONE.

Which I will practiſe.

Ner. Why, ſhall we turn to men?

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

SCENE V.

The ſame. A Garden.

Enter LAUNCELOT *and* JESSICA.

Laun. Yes, truly:—for, look you, the ſins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promiſe you, I fear you[5]. I was always plain with you, and ſo now I ſpeak my agitation of the matter: Therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think, you are damn'd. There is but one hope in it that can do you any good; and that is but a kind of baſtard hope neither.

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

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

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

Laun. Truly then I fear you are damn'd both by father and mother: thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother[6]: well, you are gone both ways.

Jeſ.

[5] — *I fear you.*] I ſuſpect *for* has been inadvertently omitted; and would read—"I fear *for* you." MALONE.

[6] *Thus when I ſhun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother:*] Alluding to the well known line of a modern Latin poet, Philippe Gualtier, in his poem entitled ALEXANDREIS, Lib. V. v. 301:

——— Quo tendis inertem
Rex periture fugam? Neſcis, heu! perdite, neſcis
Quem fugias; hoſtes incurris dum fugis hoſtem:
Incidis in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim. MALONE.

Shakſpeare might have met with a tranſlation of this line in many places

Jeſ. I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband [7]; he hath made me a Chriſtian.

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

Enter LORENZO.

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

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

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

Lor. I ſhall anſwer that better to the commonwealth, than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much, that the Moor ſhould be more [8] than reaſon: but if ſhe be leſs than an honeſt woman, ſhe is, indeed, more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think,

places. Among others in "A Dialogue between *Cuſtom and Veritie*, concerning the uſe and abuſe of Dauncing and Minſtrelſie." bl. l. no date:

"While *Silla* they do ſeem to ſhun,
"In *Charybd* they doo fall, &c." STEEVENS.

[7] *I ſhall be ſaved by my huſband*;] From St. Paul:—"The unbelieving wife is ſanctified by the huſband." HENLEY.

[8] —*that the* Moor *ſhould be* more, *&c.*] This reminds us of the quibbling epigram of Milton, which has the ſame kind of humour to boaſt of:

"*Galli* ex concubitu gravidam te *Pontia Mori*,
Quis bene *moratam morigeramque* negat?

So, in the *Fair Maid of the Weſt*, 1615:

"And for you *Moors* thus much I mean to ſay,
"I'll ſee if *more* I eat the *more* I may." STEEVENS.

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

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

Lor. Goodly lord[9], what a wit-ſnapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

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

Lor. Will you cover then, ſir?

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

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

Laun. For the table, ſir, it ſhall be ſerved in; for the meat, ſir, it ſhall be cover'd; for your coming in to dinner, ſir, why, let it be as humours and conceits ſhall govern. [*Exit* Launcelot.

Lor. O dear diſcretion, how his words are ſuited[1]!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words! And I do know
A many fools, that ſtand in better place,
Garniſh'd like him, that for a tricky word
Defy the matter. How cheer'ſt thou, Jeſſica?
And now, good ſweet, ſay thy opinion,
How doſt thou like the lord Baſſanio's wife?

Jeſ. Paſt all expreſſing: It is very meet,
The lord Baſſanio live an upright life;
For, having ſuch a bleſſing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, it
Is reaſon he ſhould never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods ſhould play ſome heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,

[9] *Goodly lord,*] Surely this ſhould be corrected *Good lord!* as it is in Theobald's edition. TYRWHITT.

[1] —*how his words are ſuited!*] I believe the meaning is:—What a *ſerius* or *ſuite* of words he has independent of meaning; how one word draws on another without relation to the matter. JOHNSON.

And

And Portia one, there muſt be ſomething elſe
Pawn'd with the other; for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.
Lor. Even ſuch a huſband
Haſt thou of me, as ſhe is for a wife.
Jeſ. Nay, but aſk my opinion too of that.
Lor. I will anon; firſt, let us go to dinner.
Jeſ. Nay, let me praiſe you, while I have a ſtomach.
Lor. No, pray thee, let it ſerve for table-talk;
Then, howſoe'er thou ſpeak'ſt, 'mong other things
I ſhall digeſt it.
Jeſ. Well, I'll ſet you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Venice. *A Court of Juſtice.*

Enter the Duke, *the Magnificoes*; ANTHONIO, BASSANIO, GRATIANO, SALARINO, SALANIO, *and others.*

Duke. What, is Anthonio here?
Ant. Ready, ſo pleaſe your grace.
Duke. I am ſorry for thee; thou art come to anſwer
A ſtony adverſary, an inhuman wretch
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.
Ant. I have heard,
Your grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous courſe; but ſince he ſtands obdurate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach[2], I do oppoſe
My patience to his fury; and am arm'd
To ſuffer, with a quietneſs of ſpirit,
The very tyranny and rage of his.
Duke. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.
Salan. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

[2] — *his* envy's *reach*,] *Envy* in this place means *hatred* or *malice*. STEEVENS.
See p. 216:—"they had ſlaine him for verie *envie*." MALONE.

Enter

Enter SHYLOCK.

Duke. Make room, and let him ſtand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think ſo too,
That thou but lead'ſt this faſhion of thy malice
To the laſt hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt ſhew thy mercy, and remorſe[3], more ſtrange
Than is thy ſtrange apparent[4] cruelty:
And, where[5] thou now exact'ſt the penalty,
(Which is a pound of this poor merchant's fleſh,)
Thou wilt not only loſe the forfeiture,
But touch'd with human gentleneſs and love,
Forgive a moiety of the principal;
Glancing an eye of pity on his loſſes,
That have of late ſo huddled on his back;
Enough to preſs a royal merchant down[6],
And pluck commiſeration of his ſtate
From braſſy boſoms, and rough hearts of flint,
From ſtubborn Turks, and Tartars, never train'd
To offices of tender courteſy.
We all expect a gentle anſwer, Jew.

Shy. I have poſſeſs'd your grace of what I purpoſe;
And by our holy Sabbath have I ſworn,
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter, and your city's freedom.
You'll aſk me, why I rather chooſe to have
A weight of carrion fleſh, than to receive
Three thouſand ducats: I'll not anſwer that:
But, ſay, it is my humour[7]; Is it anſwer'd?

What

3 — *thy mercy and* remorſe,] *Remorſe* in our author's time generally ſignified *pity*, *tenderneſs*. MALONE.

4 — *apparent*] That is, *ſeeming*; not real. JOHNSON.

5 — *where*] for *whereas*. JOHNSON.

6 *Enough to preſs a* royal merchant *down*,] This epithet was in our poet's time more ſtriking and better underſtood, becauſe Greſham was then commonly dignified with the title of the *royal merchant*. JOHNSON.

7 —— *I'll* not *anſwer that:*
But, ſay, it is my humour;——] The Jew being aſked a queſtion which the law does not require him to anſwer, ſtands upon his right, and

What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleas'd to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned? What, are you answer'd yet?
Some men there are, love not a gaping pig [8];
Some, that are mad, if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bag-pipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine for affection [9].

Masters

and refuses; but afterwards gratifies his own malignity by such answers as he knows will aggravate the pain of the enquirer. I will not answer, says he, as to a legal or serious question, but since you want an answer, will this serve you? JOHNSON.

— *say*, it is my humour;] suppose it is my particular fancy. HEATH.

[8] — *a gaping pig*;] So, in the *Maslive*, &c. or, *A Collection of Epigrams and Satires*:

"Darkas cannot endure to see a cat,
"A breast of mutton, or a *pig's head gaping*." STEEVENS.

By a *gaping* pig, Shakspeare, I believe, meant a pig prepared for the table; for in that state is the epithet, *gaping*, most applicable to this animal. So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*:

"And they stand *gaping* like a *roasted pig*."

A passage in one of Nashe's pamphlets (which, perhaps furnished our author with his instance) may serve to confirm the observation: "The causes conducting unto wrath are as diverse as the actions of a man's life. Some will take on like a madman, if they see a *pig come to the table*. Sotericus the surgeon was cholerick at the sight of sturgeon, &c." *Pierce Pennyless his Supplication to the Devil*, 1592. MALONE.

[9] *Cannot contain their urine for affection* &c.] Of this much controverted passage, my opinion was formerly very different from what it is at present. *Sways*, the reading of the old copies, I conceived, could not agree with *masters* as a substantive; but very soon after my former note on these words was printed, I found that this was not only our author's usual phraseology, but the common language of the time. Innumerable instances of the same kind occur in these plays; in all of which I have followed the practice of my predecessors, and silently reduced the substantive and the verb to concord. (See Vol. I. p. 46. n. 8.) This is the only change that is now made in the present passage; for all the ancient copies read—*affection*, not *affections*, as the word has been printed in late editions, in order to connect it with the following line.

"Cannot contain their urine for *affection*," I believe, means only—Cannot &c. on account of *their being affected* by the noise of the bagpipe; or, in other words, on account of an involuntary antipathy to such a noise. In the next line, which is put in apposition with that preceding, the word *it* may refer either to *passion*, or *affection*. To explain it, I shall

Maſters of paſſion ſway it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loaths: Now, for your anſwer:
As there is no firm reaſon to be render'd,
Why he cannot abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmleſs neceſſary cat;
Why he, a woollen bag-pipe [1]; but of force

Muſt

I ſhall borrow Dr. Johnſon's words, with a ſlight variation: "Thoſe who know how to operate on the paſſion of men, rule it, (or rule the ſympathetick feeling,) by making it operate in obedience to the notes which pleaſe or diſguſt it." *It*, ("ſway *it*") in my opinion, refers to *affection*, that is, to the ſympathetick feeling. MALONE.

The true meaning undoubtedly is,—The maſters of paſſion, that is, ſuch as are poſſeſſed of the art of engaging and managing the human paſſions, influence them by a ſkilful application to the particular likings or loathings of the perſon they are addreſſing; this is a proof that men are generally governed by their likings and loathings, and therefore it is by no means ſtrange or unnatural that I ſhould be ſo too in the preſent inſtance. HEATH.

[1] *Why he, a woollen* bag-pipe;—] This incident Shakſpeare ſeems to have taken from J. C. Scaliger's *Exot. Exercit.* againſt Cardan. In his 344 *Exercit.* ſect. 6. he has theſe words: "*Narrabo nunc tibi jocoſam* ſympathiam *Reguli Vaſconis equitis. Is dum viveret, audito phormingis ſono, urinam illico facere cogebatur.*"—And to make this jocular ſtory ſtill more ridiculous, Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, tranſlated *phorminx* by *bag-pipes*. But what I would chiefly obſerve from hence is this, that as Scaliger uſes the word *ſympathiam*, which ſignifies, and ſo he interprets it, *communem* AFFECTIONEM *duabus rebus*, ſo Shakſpeare tranſlates it by AFFECTION:

Cannot contain their urine for AFFECTION.

which ſhews the truth of the preceding emendation of the text according to the old copies; which have a full ſtop at *affection*, and read—*Maſters of paſſion*. WARBURTON.

In an old tranſlation from the French of Peter de Loier, intitled, *A Treatiſe of Spectres, or ſtrange Sights, Viſions*, &c. we have this identical ſtory from Scaliger; and what is ſtill more, a marginal note gives us in all probability the very fact alluded to, as well as the *word* of Shakſpeare. "Another gentleman of this quality lived of late in Devon, neere Exceſter, who could not endure the playing on a *bag-pipe*." We may juſtly add, as ſome obſervation has been made upon it, that *affection* in the ſenſe of *ſympathy*, was formerly *technical*; and ſo uſed by lord Bacon, Sir K. Digby, and many other writers. FARMER.

I never ſaw a *woollen bag-pipe*, nor can well conceive it. I ſuppoſe the author wrote *wooden* bag-pipe, meaning that the bag was of leather, and the pipe of *wood*. JOHNSON.

Sir

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

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

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

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

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

Baſſ. Every offence is not a hate at firſt.

Shy. What, would'ſt thou have a ſerpent ſting thee twice?

Ant. I pray you, think you queſtion[2] with the Jew:
You may as well go ſtand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his uſual height;
You may as well uſe queſtion with the wolf,
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noiſe,
When they are fretted with the guſts of heaven;
You may as well do any thing moſt hard,
As ſeek to ſoften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewiſh heart:—Therefore, I do beſeech you,
Make no more offers, uſe no farther means,
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

Baſſ. For thy three thouſand ducats here is ſix.

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

Duke. How ſhalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

Sir John Hawkins propoſes to read—*ſwelling* or *ſwollen* bag-pipe. An anonymous writer, in ſupport of the old reading, obſerves, that the ſkin or bladder of a bag-pipe is frequently covered with flannel.

The ſtory of the Devonſhire gentleman, I believe, firſt appeared in the margin of De Loier's book in 1605, ſome years after this play was printed; but it might have been current in converſation before. MALONE.

[2] —*you* queſtion *&c.*] To queſtion is to converſe. STEEVENS.
See Vol. II. p. 54, n. 8. MALONE.

Shy.

Shy. What judgment ſhall I dread, doing no wrong
You have among you many a purchas'd ſlave [3],
Which, like your aſſes, and your dogs, and mules,
You uſe in abject and in ſlaviſh parts,
Becauſe you bought them:—Shall I ſay to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs;
Why ſweat they under burdens; let their beds
Be made as ſoft as yours, and let their palates
Be ſeaſon'd with ſuch viands? You will anſwer,
The ſlaves are ours:—So do I anſwer you:
The pound of fleſh, which I demand of him,
Is dearly bought, is mine [4], and I will have it:
If you deny me, fie upon your law!
There is no force in the decrees of Venice:
I ſtand for judgment: anſwer; ſhall I have it?

Duke. Upon my power, I may diſmiſs this court,
Unleſs Bellario, a learned doctor [5],
Whom I have ſent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

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

Duke. Bring us the letters; Call the meſſenger.

Baſſ. Good cheer, Anthonio! What, man? courage yet!
The Jew ſhall have my fleſh, blood, bones, and all,

3 — *many a purchas'd ſlave,*] This argument conſidered as uſed to the particular perſons, ſeems concluſive. I ſee not how Venetians or Engliſhmen, while they practiſe the purchaſe and ſale of ſlaves, can much enforce or demand the law of *doing to others as we would that they ſhould do to us.* JOHNSON.

4 — *is mine,*] The firſt quarto reads—*as* mine, evidently a miſprint for *is*. The other quarto and the folio—*'tis* mine. MALONE.

5 — *Bellario, a learned doctor,*] The doctor and the court are here ſomewhat unſkilfully brought together. That the duke would, on ſuch an occaſion, conſult a doctor of great reputation, is not unlikely; but how this ſhould be foreknown by Portia? JOHNSON.

I do not ſee any neceſſity for ſuppoſing that *this* was *foreknown by Portia.* She conſults Bellario as an eminent lawyer, and her relation. If the Duke had not conſulted him, the only difference would have been, that ſhe would have come into court, as an advocate perhaps, inſtead of a judge. TYRWHITT.

Ere

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

Enter NERISSA, *dreſs'd like a lawyer's clerk.*

Duke. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?
Ner. From both my lord: Bellario greets your grace.
[*preſents a letter.*
Baſſ. Why doſt thou whet thy knife ſo earneſtly!
Shy. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there.
Gra. Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew [6],
Thou mak'ſt thy knife keen: but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's ax, bear half the keenneſs
Of thy ſharp envy [7]. Can no prayers pierce thee?
Shy. No, none that thou haſt wit enough to make.
Gra. O, be thou damn'd, inexorable dog [8]!
And for thy life let juſtice be accus'd.
Thou almoſt mak'ſt me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That ſouls of animals infuſe themſelves
Into the trunks of men: thy curriſh ſpirit
Govern'd a wolf, who, hang'd for human ſlaughter,
Even from the gallows did his fell ſoul fleet,
And, whilſt thou lay'ſt in thy unhallow'd dam,
Infus'd itſelf in thee; for thy deſires
Are wolfiſh, bloody, ſtarv'd and ravenous.
Shy. Till thou canſt rail the ſeal from off my bond,
Thou but offend'ſt thy lungs to ſpeak ſo loud:

[6] *Not on thy ſoal, but on thy ſoul, harſh Jew,*] The conceit is, that his ſoul was ſo hard that it had given an edge to his knife. WARBUR.

[7] *Of thy ſharp* envy.] *Envy* again in this place ſignifies *hatred* or *malice.* STEEVENS.

[8] — inexorable *dog!*] The old copies read—*inexecrable.* Corrected by the editor of the third folio; perhaps, however, unneceſſarily. *In* was ſometimes uſed in our author's time, in compoſition, as an augmentative or intenſive particle. MALONE.

Repair

Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureleſs ruin.—I ſtand here for law.

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

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

Duke. With all my heart:—ſome three or four of you,
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.—
Mean time, the court ſhall hear Bellario's letter.

[Clerk *reads.*] *Your grace ſhall underſtand, that, at the receipt of your letter, I am very ſick: but in the inſtant that your meſſenger came, in loving viſitation was with me a young doctor of Rome, his name is Balthaſar: I acquainted him with the cauſe in controverſy between the Jew and Anthonio the merchant: we turn'd o'er many books together: he is furniſh'd with my opinion; which, better'd with his own learning, (the greatneſs whereof I cannot enough commend,) comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your grace's requeſt in my ſtead. I beſeech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend eſtimation; for I never knew ſo young a body with ſo old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whoſe trial ſhall better publiſh his commendation.*

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

Enter PORTIA, *dreſs'd like a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand: Came you from old Bellario?

Por. I did, my lord.

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

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

Duke. Anthonio and old Shylock, both ſtand forth.

Por. Is your name Shylock?

Shy. Shylock is my name.

Por.

Por. Of a ſtrange nature is the ſuit you follow;
Yet in ſuch rule, that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you[9], as you do proceed.—
You ſtand within his danger[1], do you not? [*To Ant.*

Ant. Ay, ſo he ſays.

Por. Do you confeſs the bond?

Ant. I do.

Por. Then muſt the Jew be merciful.

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

Por. The quality of mercy is not ſtrain'd;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice bleſs'd;
It bleſſeth him that gives, and him that takes:
'Tis mightieſt in the mightieſt; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown:
His ſcepter ſhews the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majeſty,
Wherein doth ſit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this ſcepter'd ſway,
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himſelf;
And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice[2]: Therefore, Jew,
Though juſtice be thy plea, conſider this,—
That, in the courſe of juſtice, none of us

9 *Cannot* impugn *you*,] To *impugn* is to oppoſe, to controvert. STEEVENS.

1 *You ſtand* within his danger,] So, in the *Coventry Play*, among the collection of Whitſun Myſteries repreſented at Cheſter. See Mſ. Harl. 1013, p. 106:

"Two detters ſome tyme there were
"Oughten money to one uſurere,
"The one was *in his daungere*
"Fyve hundred poundes tolde." STEEVENS.

Again, in Powel's *Hiſtory of Wales*, 1587: "—laying for his excuſe that he had offended manie noblemen of England, and therefore would not come *in their danger*." MALONE.

2 *And earthly power doth then ſhew likeſt God's,*
When mercy ſeaſons juſtice:] So, in *K. Edw. III.* a tragedy, 1596:

"And kings approach the neareſt unto God,
"By giving life and ſafety unto men." MALONE.

Should ſee ſalvation[3]: we do pray for mercy;
And that ſame prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have ſpoke thus much,
To mitigate the juſtice of thy plea;
Which if thou follow, this ſtrict court of Venice
Muſt needs give ſentence 'gainſt the merchant there.

Shy. My deeds upon my head[4]! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

Por. Is he not able to diſcharge the money?

Baſſ. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the ſum: if that will not ſuffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart:
If this will not ſuffice, it muſt appear
That malice bears down truth[5]. And I beſeech you,
Wreſt once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

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

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

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

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

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

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

[3] — *in the courſe of juſtice, none of us*
Should ſee ſalvation.] Portia's referring the Jew to the Chriſtian doctrine of ſalvation, and the Lord's Prayer, is a little out of character. BLACKSTONE.

[4] *My deeds upon my head!*] An imprecation adopted from that of the Jews to Pilate: "His blood be on us, and our children!" HENLEY.

[5] — *malice bears down truth.*] Malice oppreſſes honeſty. *A true man* in old language is an *honeſt man.* We now call the jury *good men and true.* JOHNSON.

Por.

Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of fleſh, to be by him cut off
Neareſt the merchant's heart:—Be merciful;
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenour.—
It doth appear, you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expoſition
Hath been moſt ſound: I charge you by the law,
Whereof you are a well-deſerving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my ſoul I ſwear,
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me: I ſtay here on my bond.
Ant Moſt heartily I do beſeech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is.
You muſt prepare your boſom for his knife:
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpoſe of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true: O wiſe and upright judge!
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore, lay bare your boſom.
Shy. Ay, his breaſt:
So ſays the bond;—Doth it not, noble judge?—
Neareſt his heart, thoſe are the very words.
Por. It is ſo. Are there balance here, to weigh
The fleſh?
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by ſome ſurgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To ſtop his wounds, leſt he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it ſo nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not ſo expreſs'd; But what of that?
'Twere good, you do ſo much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it; 'tis not in the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you any thing to ſay?
Ant. But little; I am arm'd, and well prepar'd.—
Give me your hand, Baſſanio; fare you well!

Grieve not that I am fallen to this for you;
For herein fortune ſhews herſelf more kind
Than is her cuſtom: it is ſtill her uſe,
To let the wretched man out-live his wealth,
To view with hollow eye, and wrinkled brow,
An age of poverty; from which lingering penance
Of ſuch miſery doth ſhe cut me off.
Commend me to your honourable wife:
Tell her the proceſs of Anthonio's end,
Say, how I lov'd you, ſpeak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge,
Whether Baſſanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you ſhall loſe your friend,
And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it inſtantly with all my heart.

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

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

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

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

Shy. Theſe be the Chriſtian huſbands. I have a daughter;
Would, any of the ſtock of Barrabas [6]

[6] — *the ſtock of* Barrabas] The name of this robber is differently ſpelt as well as accented in the *New Teſtament*; [Μὴ τοῦτον, ἀλλὰ τὸν Βαραββᾶν. ἦν δὲ ὁ Βαραββᾶς λῃστής;] but Shakſpeare ſeems to have followed the pronunciation uſual to the theatre, *Barabbas* being ſounded Barabas throughout Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*. Our poet might otherwiſe have written

"Would any of Barabbas' ſtock had been
"Her huſband, rather than a chriſtian!" STEEVENS.

Had

Had been her huſband, rather than a Chriſtian! [*aſide.*
We triſle time; I pray thee, purſue ſentence.

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

Shy. Moſt rightful judge!

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

Shy. Moſt learned judge!—A ſentence; come, prepare.

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

Gra. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew;—O learned judge!

Shy. Is that the law?

Por. Thyſelf ſhall ſee the act:
For, as thou urgeſt juſtice, be aſſur'd,
Thou ſhalt have juſtice, more than thou deſir'ſt.

Gra. O learned judge!—Mark, Jew;—a learned judge!

Shy. I take this offer then[7];—pay the bond thrice,
And let the Chriſtian go.

Baſſ. Here is the money.

Por. Soft;
The Jew ſhall have all juſtice;—ſoft!—no haſte;
He ſhall have nothing but the penalty.

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

7 *I take this* offer *then*;] Perhaps we ſhould read—*this*, i. e. Baſſanio's, who offers *twice* the ſum, &c. STEEVENS.

He means, I think, to ſay, "I take *this* offer that has been made me." Baſſanio had offered at firſt but *twice* the ſum, but Portia had gone further—"Shylock there's *thrice* thy money" &c. The Jew naturally inſiſts on the larger ſum. MALONE.

Por. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh[8]
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou leſs, nor more,
But juſt a pound of fleſh: if thou tak'ſt more,
Or leſs, than a juſt pound,—be it but ſo much
As makes it light, or heavy, in the ſubſtance,
Or the diviſion of the twentieth part
Of one poor ſcruple; nay, if the ſcale do turn
But in the eſtimation of a hair,—
Thou dieſt, and all thy goods are confiſcate.
Gra. A ſecond Daniel, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
Por Why doth the Jew pauſe? take thy forfeiture.
Shy. Give me my principal, and let me go.
Baſſ. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
Por. He hath refus'd it in the open court;
He ſhall have merely juſtice, and his bond.
Gra. A Daniel, ſtill ſay I: a ſecond Daniel!—
I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.
Shy. Shall I not have barely my principal?
Por. Thou ſhalt have nothing but the forfeiture,
To be ſo taken at thy peril, Jew.
Shy. Why then the devil give him good of it!
I'll ſtay no longer queſtion.
Por. Tarry, Jew;
The law hath yet another hold on you.
It is enacted in the laws of Venice,—
If it be prov'd againſt an alien,

[8] *Therefore prepare thee to cut off the fleſh.*] This judgment is related by *Gracian*, the celebrated Spaniſh jeſuit, in his *Heroe*, with a reflection at the concluſion of it. "—Compite con la del Salomon la promptitud de aquel gran Turco. Pretendia un Judio cortar una onza de carne a un Chriſtiano, pena ſobre uſura. Inſiſtia en ello con igual terquedia a ſu Principe, que perfidia a ſu Dios. Mando el gran Juez traer peſo, y cuchillo; conminole el deguello ſi cortava mas ni menos. *Y fue dar agudo corte a la lid, y al mundo milagro del ingenio.*" El Heroe de Lorenzo Gracian. Primor 3.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* has a ſimilar ſtory. The papacy of Sixtus began in 1583. He died Aug. 29, 1590. The reader will find an extract from *Farnworth's Tranſlation*, at the concluſion of the play. STEEVENS.

That by direct, or indirect attempts,
He ſeek the life of any citizen,
The party, 'gainſt the which he doth contrive,
Shall ſeize on half his goods; the other half
Comes to the privy coffer of the ſtate;
And the offender's life lies in the mercy
Of the duke only, 'gainſt all other voice.
In which predicament, I ſay, thou ſtand'ſt:
For it appears by manifeſt proceeding,
That, indirectly, and directly too,
Thou haſt contriv'd againſt the very life
Of the defendant; and thou haſt incur'd
The danger formerly by me rehears'd.
Down, therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

Gra. Beg, that thou may'ſt have leave to hang thyſelf:
And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the ſtate,
Thou haſt not left the value of a cord;
Therefore, thou muſt be hang'd at the ſtate's charge.

Duke. That thou ſhalt ſee the difference of our ſpirit,
I pardon thee thy life before thou aſk it:
For half thy wealth, it is Anthonio's;
The other half comes to the general ſtate,
Which humbleneſs may drive unto a fine.

Por. Ay, for the ſtate; not for Anthonio *.

Shy. Nay, take my life and all, pardon not that:
You take my houſe, when you do take the prop
That doth ſuſtain my houſe; you take my life,
When you do take the means whereby I live.

Por. What mercy can you render him, Anthonio.

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

Ant. So pleaſe my lord the duke, and all the court,
To quit the fine for one half of his goods;
I am content [9], ſo he will let me have

The

Ay, for the ſtate, &c.] That is, the ſtate's moiety may be commuted for a fine, but not Anthonio's. MALONE.

9 *I am content,* &c.] The terms propoſed have been miſunderſtood. Anthonio declares, that as the duke quits one half of the forfeiture, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and deſires not the property but the *uſe* or produce only of the half, and that only for the Jew's life; unleſs we read, as perhaps is right, *upon my death.* JOHNSON.

The other half in uſe,—to render it,
Upon his death, unto the gentleman
That lately ſtole his daughter:
Two things provided more,—That, for this favour,
He preſently become a Chriſtian;
The other, that he do record a gift,
Here in the court, of all he dies poſſeſs'd,
Unto his ſon Lorenzo, and his daughter.

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

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

Shy. I am content.

Por. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

Shy. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence;
I am not well; ſend the deed after me,
And I will ſign it.

Duke. Get thee gone, but do it.

Gra. In chriſtening thou ſhalt have two god-fathers;
Had I been judge, thou ſhould'ſt have had ten more [1],
To bring thee to the gallows, not the font. [*Exit* SHY.

Duke. Sir, I intreat you home with me to dinner.

Por. I humbly do deſire your grace of pardon [2];
I muſt away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet, I preſently ſet forth.

Duke. I am ſorry, that your leiſure ſerves you not.
Anthonio, gratify this gentleman;

The learned commentator is, I think, not quite exact in the *firſt* part of his note. The Duke has already ſaid that perhaps he may give up the moiety due to the ſtate, and compound with the Jew by taking only a *fine* for it. Anthonio now declares that if the Duke will go farther, and give up the *fine* alſo, he is likewiſe content to abate his claim, and to have only the *uſe* of the moiety allotted to him, during the life of Shylock. MALONE.

[1] — *thou ſhouldſt have had* ten *more*,] i. e. a jury of *twelve* men, to condemn thee to be hanged. THEOBALD.

[2] — *grace of pardon*;] Thus the old copies: the modern editors read—leſs harſhly, but without authority,—*your* grace's *pardon*. The ſame kind of expreſſion occurs in *Othello*: "*I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon.*" In the notes to *As you like it*, and the *Midſummer Night's Dream*, I have given repeated inſtances of this phraſeology. STEEVENS.

Your grace's *pardon* was found in a copy of no authority, the quarto of 1637. MALONE.

For,

For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.

[*Exeunt* Duke, *Magnificoes, and Train.*

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

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

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

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

Por. You preſs me far, and therefore I will yield.
Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your ſake;
And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you:—
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you in love ſhall not deny me this.

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

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

Baſſ. There's more depends on this, than on the value.
The deareſt ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamation;
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.

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

Baſſ. Good ſir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when ſhe put it on, ſhe made me vow,
That I ſhould neither ſell, nor give, nor loſe it.

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

An

An if your wife be not a mad woman,
And know how well I have deſerv'd this ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. Well, peace be with you!
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

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

Baſſ. Go, Gratiano, run and overtake him,
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canſt,
Unto Anthonio's houſe:—away, make haſte. [*Exit* GRA.
Come, you and I will thither preſently;
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont: Come, Anthonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Street.

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA.

Por. Enquire the Jew's houſe out, give him this deed,
And let him ſign it; we'll away to-night,
And be a day before our huſbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter GRATIANO.

Gra. Fair ſir, you are well overtaken:
My lord Baſſanio, upon more advice [3],
Hath ſent you here this ring; and doth intreat
Your company at dinner.

Por. That cannot be:
This ring I do accept moſt thankfully,
And ſo, I pray you, tell him: Furthermore,
I pray you, ſhew my youth old Shylock's houſe.

Gra. That will I do.

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

[3] — *upon more* advice,] i. e. more *reflection.* STEEVENS.

Por.

Por. Thou may'ſt, I warrant: We ſhall have old ſwearing,
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll out-face them, and out-ſwear them too.
Away, make haſte; thou know'ſt where I will tarry.

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

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Belmont. *Avenue to* Portia's *Houſe.*

Enter LORENZO *and* JESSICA.

Lor. The moon ſhines bright:—In ſuch a night as this,
When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe; in ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls [4]
And ſigh'd his ſoul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.

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

Lor. In ſuch a night,
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand [5]

Upon

4 *Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan walls,*] This image is from Chaucer's *Troilus and Creſſeide*, 5 B. 666 and 1142:

" Upon the *walls* faſt eke would he walke,
" And on the Grekis hoſt he would yſe &c.
" The daie goth faſt, and after that came eve,
" And yet came not to Troïlus Creſſeide,
" He lokith forth, by hedge, by tre, by greve,
" And ferre his heade *ovir the walle* he leide, &c."

Again, *ibid:*

" And up and doune by weſt and eke by eſt,
" *Upon the wallis* made he many a went." STEEVENS.

5 *In ſuch a night,*
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand] This paſſage contains a ſmall inſtance out of many that might be brought to prove that Shakſpeare was no reader of the claſſicks. STEEVENS.

Mr.

Upon the wild ſea-banks, and waſt her love
To come again to Carthage.

Jeſ. In ſuch a night [6],
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æſon.

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

Jeſ. In ſuch a night, did
Young Lorenzo ſwear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her ſoul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.

Lor. In ſuch a night, did
Pretty Jeſſica, like a little ſhrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.

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

Enter a Servant.

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

Serv. A friend.

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

Serv. Stephano is my name; and I bring word,
My miſtreſs will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: ſhe doth ſtray about
By holy croſſes [7], where ſhe kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.

Lor.

Mr. Warton ſuggeſts in his *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, that Shakſpeare might have taken this image from ſome ballad on the ſubject. MALONE.

[6] *In ſuch a night*, &c.] So, Gower, ſpeaking of Medea:

" Thus it befell upon a night
" Whann there was nought but ſterre light,
" She was vaniſhed right as hir liſt,
" That no wight but herſelf wiſt:
" And that was at midnight tide,
" The world was ſtill on every ſide, &c.

Confeſſio Amantis, 1554. STEEVENS.

[*] —*ſwear*] is here, as in many other places, a diſſyllable. MALONE.

[7] *By holy croſſes*,] So, in the *Merry Devil of Edmonton*, 1608:

" But

Lor. Who comes with her?

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

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

Enter Launcelot.

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

Lor. Who calls?

Laun. Sola! did you ſee maſter Lorenzo, and miſtreſs Lorenzo? ſola, ſola!

Lor. Leave hollaing, man; here.

Laun. Sola! where? where?

Lor. Here.

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

Lor. Sweet ſoul,[8] let's in, and there expect their coming. And yet no matter;—Why ſhould we go in? My friend Stephano, ſignify, I pray you, Within the houſe, your miſtreſs is at hand; And bring your muſick forth into the air.— [*Exit* Serv. How ſweet the moon-light ſleeps upon this bank! Here will we ſit, and let the ſounds of muſick Creep in our ears; ſoft ſtillneſs, and the night, Become the touches of ſweet harmony. Sit, Jeſſica; Look, how the floor of heaven

> "But there are *Croſſes*, wife; here's one in Waltham,
> "Another at the Abbey, and the third
> "At Ceſton; and 'tis ominous to paſs
> "Any of theſe without a Pater-noſter."

and this is a reaſon aſſigned for the delay of a wedding. STEEVENS.

[8] *Sweet ſoul*, &c.] Theſe words in the old copies are placed at the end of Launcelot's ſpeech. Mr. Rowe firſt made the preſent regulation, which appears to me to be right. Inſtead of *ſoul* he reads—*love*, the latter word having been capriciouſly ſubſtituted in the place of the former by the editor of the ſecond folio, who introduced a large portion of the corruptions which for a long time diſfigured the modern editions. That judicious commentator Mr. Tyrwhitt likewiſe approves of the regulation that is here adopted. MALONE.

Is thick inlay'd with patines of bright gold[9];
There's not the ſmalleſt orb, which thou behold'ſt,
But in his motion like an angel ſings,
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins:
Such harmony is in immortal ſouls[1];
But, whilſt this muddy veſture of decay
Doth groſly cloſe it in, we cannot hear it.—

Enter Muſicians.

Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn[2];
With ſweeteſt touches pierce your miſtreſs' ear,

9 — *with* patines *of bright gold*;] A *patine*, from *patina*, Lat. is the ſmall flat diſh or plate uſed with the chalice, in the adminiſtration of the euchariſt. In the time of Popery, and probably in the following age, it was commonly made of gold. MALONE.

1 *Such harmony is in immortal* ſouls; &c.] This paſſage having been much miſunderſtood, it may be proper to add a ſhort explanation of it. "*Such harmony* &c." is not an exclamation ariſing from the foregoing line—"So great is the harmony!" but an illuſtration:—"Of the *ſame kind* is the harmony."—The whole runs thus:

There is not one of the heavenly orbs but ſings as it moves, ſtill quiring to the cherubin. Similar to the harmony they make, is that of immortal ſouls; or, (in other words) *each of us have as perfect harmony in our ſouls as the harmony of the ſpheres, inaſmuch as we have the quality of being moved by ſweet ſounds* (as he expreſſes it afterwards); *but our groſs terreſtrial part, which environs us, deadens the ſound, and prevents our hearing it.—It*, [Doth groſsly cloſe *it* in,] I apprehend, refers to *harmony*. This is the reading of the firſt quarto printed by Heyes; the quarto printed by Roberts and the folio read—cloſe *in it*.

It may be objected that this *internal* harmony is not an object of ſenſe, cannot be heard;—but Shakſpeare is not always exact in his language: he confounds it with that external and artificial harmony which *is* capable of being heard.—Dr. Warburton (who appears to have entirely miſunderſtood this paſſage,) for *ſouls* reads *ſounds*. MALONE.

The old reading, "in immortal *ſouls*," is certainly right, and the whole line may be well explained by Hooker, in his *Eccleſiaſtical Polity*, B. V. "Touching muſical harmony whether by inſtrument or by voice, it being but high and low in ſounds in a due proportionable diſpoſition, ſuch notwithſtanding is the force thereof, and ſo pleaſing effects it hath in that very part of man which is moſt divine, that ſome have been thereby induced to think that the ſoul itſelf, by nature, is or hath in it harmony." For this quotation I am indebted to Dr. Farmer. STEEVENS.

The fifth book of the *E. P.* was publiſhed ſingly, in 1597. MALONE.

2 — *wake Diana with a hymn*;] Diana is the moon, who is in the next ſcene repreſented as ſleeping. JOHNSON.

And

And draw her home with muſick [3]. [*Muſick.*

Jeſ. I never merry, when I hear ſweet muſick.

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

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a diſtance.*

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

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

Por. So doth the greater glory dim the leſs:
A ſubſtitute ſhines brightly as a king,
Until a king be by; and then his ſtate
Empties itſelf, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Muſick! hark!

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

Por. Nothing is good, I ſee, without reſpect [4];
Methinks, it ſounds much ſweeter than by day.

[3] *And* draw *her* home with muſick.] Shakſpeare, I believe, was here thinking of the cuſtom of accompanying the laſt waggon-load, at the end of harveſt, with ruſtick muſick. He again alludes to this yet common practice, in *As you like it*. MALONE.

[4] — *without reſpect*;] Not abſolutely good, but relatively good as it is modified by circumſtances. JOHNSON.

Ner.

Ner. Silence beſtows that virtue on it, madam.

Por. The crow doth ſing as ſweetly as the lark,
When neither is attended; and, I think,
The nightingale [5], if ſhe ſhould ſing by day,
When every gooſe is cackling, would be thought
No better a muſician than the wren.
How many things by ſeaſon ſeaſon'd are
To their right praiſe, and true perfection!—
Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd [6]. [*Muſick ceaſes.*

Lor. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceiv'd, of Portia.

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

Lor. Dear lady, welcome home.

5 *The nightingale*, &c.] So, in our author's 102d Sonnet:

" Our love was new, and then but in the ſpring,
" When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
" As *Philomel* in ſummer's front doth ſing,
" And ſtops his pipe in growth of riper days;
" Not that the ſummer is leſs pleaſant now,
" Than when her mournful hymns did huſh the night;
" *But that wild muſick burdens every bough,*
" *And ſweets grown common loſe their dear delight.*" MALONE.

Peace, hoa! the moon ſleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awak'd.] The old copies read—Peace *how* &c. For the emendation now made the preſent editor is anſwerable. The oddneſs of the phraſe, " *How* the moon would not be awak'd!" firſt made me ſuſpect the paſſage to be corrupt; and the following lines in *Romeo and Juliet* ſuggeſted the emendation, and appear to me to put it beyond a doubt:

" *Peace, hoa*, for ſhame! confuſion's cure lives not
" In theſe confuſions."

Again, in *As you like it*, Act I. " *Peace, boa!* I bar confuſion."
Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*: " *Hoa! peace* be in this place!"
Again, ibid: " *Peace, hoa*, be here!"

In *Antony and Cleopatra* the ſame miſtake, I think, has happened. In the paſſage before us, as exhibited in the old copies, there is not a note of admiration after the word *awak'd*. Portia firſt enjoins the muſick to ceaſe, " Peace, hoa!" and then ſubjoins the reaſon for her injunction; " The moon &c."

Mr. Tyrwhitt ſeems to be of opinion that the interjection *Ho* was formerly uſed to command a ceſſation of noiſe, as well as of fighting. See *Cant. Tales* of Chaucer, Vol. IV. p. 230. MALONE.

Por.

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

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

Por. Go in, Neriſſa,
Give order to my ſervants, that they take
No note at all of our being abſent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jeſſica, nor you. [*Trumpet ſounds.*

Lor. Your huſband is at hand, I hear his trumpet:
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.

Por. This night, methinks, is but the day-light ſick,
It looks a little paler; 'tis a day,
Such as the day is when the ſun is hid.

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

Baſſ. We ſhould hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in abſence of the ſun [7].

Por. Let me give light [8], but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy huſband,
And never be Baſſanio ſo for me;
But, God ſort all!—You are welcome home, my lord.

Baſſ. I thank you, madam: give welcome to my friend.—
This is the man, this is Anthonio,
To whom I am ſo infinitely bound.

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

Ant. No more than I am well acquitted of.

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

7 *We ſhould hold day* &c.] If you would always walk in the night, it would be day with us, as it now is on the other ſide of the globe. MALONE.

8 *Let me give light*, &c.] There is ſcarcely any word with which Shakſpeare ſo much delights to trifle as with *light*, in its various ſignifications. JOHNSON.

Moſt of the old dramatick writers are guilty of the ſame quibble. STEEVENS.

It muſt appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I ſcant this breathing courteſy [9].

[GRATIANO *and* NERISSA *ſeem to talk apart.*

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

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

Gra. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring
That ſhe did give me; whoſe poſy was
For all the world, like cutler's poetry [1]
Upon a knife, *Love me, and leave me not.*

Ner. What talk you of the poſy, or the value?
You ſwore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death;
And that it ſhould lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You ſhould have been reſpective [2], and have kept it.
Gave it a judge's clerk!—but well I know,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on his face, that had it.

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

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

Gra. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,—
A kind of boy; a little ſcrubbed boy [3],
No higher than thyſelf, the judge's clerk;
A prating boy, that begg'd it as a fee;
I could not for my heart deny it him.

9 — *this* breathing *courteſy.*] This verbal complimentary form, made up only of *breath*, i. e. words. So, in *Timon of Athens*, a ſenator replies to Alcibiades, who had made a long ſpeech,—"You *breathe* in vain." MALONE.

1 — *like cutler's poetry*] Knives were formerly inſcribed by means of *aqua fortis* with ſhort ſentences in diſtich. Sir J. HAWKINS.

2 — *have been* reſpective,] *Reſpective* has the ſame meaning as *reſpectful.* See *K. John*, Act I. STEEVENS.

Chapman, Marſton, and other poets of that time, uſe this word in the ſame ſenſe. MALONE.

3 — *a little* ſcrubbed *boy*,] I believe *ſcrubbed* and *ſtubbed* have a like meaning, and ſignify *ſtunted*, or *ſhrub-like.* STEEVENS.

Scrubbed perhaps meant *dirty*, as well as *ſhort.* Cole, in his Dictionary, 1679, renders it by the Latin word *ſqualidus.* MALONE.

Por.

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

Baſſ. Why, I were beſt to cut my left hand off,
And ſwear, I loſt the ring defending it. [*aſide.*

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

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

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

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

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

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

Por. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthineſs that gave the ring,

Or your own honour to contain the ring [4],
You would not then have parted with the ring?
What man is there ſo much unreaſonable,
If you had pleas'd to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modeſty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony [5]?
Neriſſa teaches me what to believe;
I'll die for't, but ſome woman had the ring.

Baſſ. No, by my honour, madam, by my ſoul,
No woman had it, but a civil doctor,
Which did refuſe three thouſand ducats of me,
And begg'd the ring; the which I did deny him,
And ſuffer'd him to go diſpleas'd away;
Even he that had held up the very life
Of my dear friend. What ſhould I ſay, ſweet lady?
I was enforc'd to ſend it after him;
I was beſet with ſhame and courteſy;
My honour would not let ingratitude
So much beſmear it: Pardon me, good lady;
For, by theſe bleſſed candles of the night [6],
Had you been there, I think, you would have begg'd
The ring of me to give the worthy doctor.

4 — *to* contain *the ring,*] Mr. Pope and the other modern editors read—to *retain*, but *contain* might in our author's time have had nearly the ſame meaning. Or he might have meant, "if you had known that the ring contained your own honour,—that they were involved together;"—and made the tranſpoſition for the ſake of the jingle. MALONE.

5 *What man——wanted the modeſty*
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?] This is a very licentious expreſſion. The ſenſe is, *What man could have ſo little modeſty* or *wanted modeſty ſo much*, as to urge the demand of a thing kept on account in ſome ſort religious. JOHNSON.

Thus Calphurnia ſays to Julius Cæſar:

"Cæſar, I never ſtood on *ceremonies*." STEEVENS.

6 — *candles of the night,*] We have again the ſame expreſſion in one of our author's Sonnets, in *Macbeth*, and *Romeo and Juliet*. It likewiſe occurs in *Diella, Certaine Sonnets adjoyned to the amorous poeme of Dom Diego and Ginevra*, by R. L. 1596:

"He who can count the *candles of the ſkie*,
"Reckon the ſands whereon Pactolus flows &c." MALONE.

For,

Por. Let not that doctor e'er come near my houſe:
Since he hath got the jewel that I lov'd,
And that which you did ſwear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him any thing I have,
No, not my body, nor my huſband's bed:
Know him I ſhall, I am well ſure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me, like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honour, which is yet my own,
I'll have that doctor for my bed-fellow.

Ner. And I his clerk; therefore be well advis'd,
How you do leave me to mine own protection.

Gra. Well, do you ſo: let not me take him then;
For, if I do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.

Ant. I am the unhappy ſubject of theſe quarrels.

Por. Sir, grieve not you; You are welcome notwithſtanding.

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

Por. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly ſees himſelf:
In each eye, one:—ſwear by your double ſelf[7],
And there's an oath of credit.

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

Ant. I once did lend my body for his wealth[8];
Which, but for him that had your huſband's ring,
Had quite miſcarry'd: I dare be bound again,
My ſoul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith adviſedly.

[7] —*ſwear by your* double *ſelf,*] *Double* is here uſed in a bad ſenſe for—*full of duplicity.* MALONE.

[8] —*for his wealth;*] For his advantage; to obtain his happineſs. *Wealth* was, at that time, the term oppoſite to *adverſity*, or *calamity.* JOHNSON.

Por. Then you ſhall be his ſurety: Give him this,
And bid him keep it better than the other.

Ant. Here, lord Baſſanio; ſwear to keep this ring.

Baſſ. By heaven, it is the ſame I gave the doctor!

Por. I had it of him: pardon me, Baſſanio;
For by this ring the doctor lay with me.

Ner. And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that ſame ſcrubbed boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this, laſt night did lie with me.

Gra. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In ſummer, where the ways are fair enough:
What! are we cuckolds, ere we have deſerv'd it?

Por. Speak not ſo groſsly.—You are all amaz'd:
Here is a letter, read it at your leiſure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you ſhall find, that Portia was the doctor;
Neriſſa there, her clerk: Lorenzo here
Shall witneſs, I ſet forth as ſoon as you,
And but even now return'd; I have not yet
Enter'd my houſe.—Anthonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in ſtore for you,
Than you expect: unſeal this letter ſoon;
There you ſhall find, three of your argoſies
Are richly come to harbour ſuddenly:
You ſhall not know by what ſtrange accident
I chanced on this letter.

Ant. I am dumb.

Baſſ. Were you the doctor, and I knew you not?

Gra. Were you the clerk, that is to make me cuckold?

Ner. Ay; but the clerk, that never means to do it,
Unleſs he live until he be a man.

Baſſ. Sweet doctor, you ſhall be my bedfellow;
When I am abſent, then lie with my wife.

Ant. Sweet lady, you have given me life, and living;
For here I read for certain, that my ſhips
Are ſafely come to road.

Por. How now, Lorenzo?
My clerk hath ſome good comforts too for you.

Ner. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—

There

There do I give to you, and Jeſſica,
From the rich Jew, a ſpecial deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies poſſeſs'd of.

Lor. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of ſtarved people.

Por. It is almoſt morning,
And yet, I am ſure, you are not ſatisfy'd
Of theſe events at full: Let us go in;
And charge us there upon intergatories,
And we will anſwer all things faithfully.

Gra. Let it be ſo: The firſt intergatory,
That my Neriſſa ſhall be ſworn on, is,
Whether till the next night ſhe had rather ſtay;
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day:
But were the day come, I ſhould wiſh it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live, I'll fear no other thing
So ſore, as keeping ſafe Neriſſa's ring [9]. [*Exeunt.*

9 It has been lately diſcovered, that this fable is taken from a ſtory in the *Pecorone* of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino, a noveliſt, who wrote in 1378. [The firſt novel of the fourth day.] The ſtory has been publiſhed in Engliſh, and I have epitomized the tranſlation. The tranſlator is of opinion, that the choice of the caſkets is borrowed from a tale of Boccace, [the firſt novel of the tenth day,] which I have likewiſe abridged, though I believe that Shakſpeare muſt have had ſome other novel in view*. JOHNSON.

THERE lived at Florence, a merchant whoſe name was Bindo. He was rich, and had three ſons. Being near his end, he called for the two eldeſt, and left them heirs: to the youngeſt he left nothing. This youngeſt, whoſe name was Giannetto, went to his father, and ſaid, what has my father done? The father replied, Dear Giannetto, there is none to whom I wiſh better than to you. Go to Venice to your godfather, whoſe name is Anſaldo; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to ſend you thither to him. He is the richeſt merchant amongſt the Chriſtians: if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The ſon anſwered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father ſhall command: upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

Gianetto went to Anſaldo, and preſented the letter given by the father before his death. Anſaldo reading the letter, cried out, My deareſt

* See Dr. Farmer's note at the beginning of this play, from which it appears that Dr. Johnſon was right in this conjecture. MALONE.

godſon is welcome to my arms. He then aſked news of his father. Giannetto replied, He is dead. I am much grieved, replied Anſaldo, to hear of the death of Bindo; but the joy I feel, in ſeeing you, mitigates my ſorrow. He conducted him to his houſe, and gave orders to his ſervants, that Giannetto ſhould be obeyed, and ſerved with more attention than had been paid to himſelf. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, ſpend this money, keep a table, and make yourſelf known: remember, that the more you gain the good will of every body, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to give entertainments. He was more obedient and courteous to Anſaldo, than if he had been an hundred times his father. Every body in Venice was fond of him. Anſaldo could think of nothing but him; ſo much was he pleaſed with his good manners and behaviour.

It happened, that two of his moſt intimate acquaintance deſigned to go with two ſhips to Alexandria, and told Giannetto, he would do well to take a voyage and ſee the world. I would go willingly, ſaid he, if my father Anſaldo will give leave. His companions go to Anſaldo, and beg his permiſſion for Giannetto to go in the ſpring with them to Alexandria; and deſire him to provide him a ſhip. Anſaldo immediately procured a very fine ſhip, loaded it with merchandize, adorned it with ſtreamers, and furniſhed it with arms; and, as ſoon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and ſailors to do every thing that Giannetto commanded. It happened one morning early, that Giannetto ſaw a gulph, with a fine port, and aſked the captain how the port was called. He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? ſays Giannetto. He anſwered, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he muſt take her for his wife, and be lord of all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loſes every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to get into the port. He was obeyed; and in an inſtant they ſlide into the port ſo eaſily that the other ſhips perceived nothing.

The lady was ſoon informed of it, and ſent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately. She, taking him by the hand, aſked him, who he was? whence he came? and if he knew the cuſtom of the country? He anſwered, That the knowledge of that cuſtom was his only reaſon for coming. The lady paid him great honours, and ſent for barons, counts, and knights in great numbers, who were her ſubjects, to keep Giannetto company. Theſe nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto; and all would have rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady ſaid, it ſeems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto told the lady, he was entirely devoted to her ſervice; and immediately two damſels enter with wine and ſweetmeats. The lady intreats him to taſte the wine: he takes the ſweetmeats, and drinks ſome of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cauſe

ſleep.

ſleep. He then goes into the bed, where he inſtantly falls aſleep, and never wakes till late in the morning, but the lady roſe with the ſun, and gave orders to unload the veſſel, which ſhe found full of rich merchandize. After nine o'clock the women ſervants go to the bed-ſide, order Giannetto to riſe and be gone, for he had loſt the ſhip. The lady gave him a horſe and money, and he leaves the place very melancholy, and goes to Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for ſhame: but at night goes to the houſe of a friend, who is ſurpriſed to ſee him, and inquires of him the cauſe of his return: He anſwers, his ſhip had ſtruck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces.

This friend, going one day to make a viſit to Anſaldo, found him very diſconſolate. I fear, ſays Anſaldo, ſo much, that this ſon of mine is dead, that I have no reſt. His friend told him, that he had been ſhipwreck'd, and had loſt his all, but that he himſelf was ſafe. Anſaldo inſtantly gets up, and runs to find him. My dear ſon, ſaid he, you need not fear my diſpleaſure; it is a common accident; trouble yourſelf no further. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be chearful and eaſy.

The news was ſoon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for Giannetto. Some time after, his companions arriving from Alexandria very rich, demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the ſtory, ran to ſee him, and rejoiced with him for his ſafety; telling him that next ſpring he might gain as much as he had loſt the laſt. But Giannetto had no other thoughts than of his return to the lady; and was reſolved to marry her, or die. Anſaldo told him frequently, not to be caſt down. Giannetto ſaid, he ſhould never be happy, till he was at liberty to make another voyage. Anſaldo provided another ſhip of more value than the firſt. He again entered the port of Belmonte, and the lady looking on the port from her bed-chamber, and ſeeing the ſhip, aſked her maid, if ſhe knew the ſtreamers; the maid ſaid, it was the ſhip of the young man who arrived the laſt year. You are in the right, anſwered the lady; he muſt ſurely have a great regard for me, for never any one came a ſecond time: the maid ſaid, ſhe had never ſeen a more agreeable man. He went to the caſtle, and preſented himſelf to the lady; who, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw him, embraced him, and the day was paſſed in joy and revels. Bed-time being come, the lady entreated him to go to reſt: when they were ſeated in the chamber, the two damſels enter with wine and ſweet-meats; and having eat and drank of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls aſleep; the lady undreſſed, and lay down by his ſide; but he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady riſes, and gives orders to ſtrip the ſhip. He has a horſe and money given to him, and away he goes, and never ſtops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the ſame friend, who with aſtoniſhment aſked him, what was the matter: I am undone, ſays Giannetto. His friend anſwered, You are the cauſe of the ruin of Anſaldo, and your ſhame ought to be greater than the loſs you have ſuffered. Giannetto lived privately many days. At laſt he

took

took the reſolution of ſeeing Anſaldo, who roſe from his chair, and running to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears returned his embraces. Anſaldo heard his tale: Do not grieve, my dear ſon, ſays he, we have ſtill enough: the ſea enriches ſome men, others it ruins.

Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad ſucceſs. When Anſaldo enquired what was the matter, he confeſſed, he could never be contented till he ſhould be in a condition to regain all that he loſt. When Anſaldo found him reſolved, he began to ſell every thing he had, to furniſh this other fine ſhip with merchandize: but, as he wanted ſtill ten thouſand ducats, he applied himſelf to a Jew at Meſtri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feaſt of St. John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of fleſh from any part of his body he pleaſed. Anſaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witneſſed, with all the form and ceremony neceſſary; and then counted him the ten thouſand ducats of gold, with which Anſaldo bought what was ſtill wanting for the veſſel. This laſt ſhip was finer and better freighted than the other two; and his companions made ready for their voyage, with a deſign that whatever they gained ſhould be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Anſaldo told Giannetto, that ſince he well knew the obligation to the Jew, he entreated, that if any misfortune happened, he would return to Venice, that he might ſee him before he died; and then he could leave the world with ſatisfaction: Giannetto promiſed to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleaſure. Anſaldo gave him his bleſſing, they took their leave, and the ſhips ſet out.

Giannetto had nothing in his head but to ſteal into Belmonte; and he prevailed with one of the ſailors in the night to ſail the veſſel into the port. It was told the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in port. She ſaw from the window the veſſel, and immediately ſent for him.

Giannetto goes to the caſtle, the day is ſpent in joy and feaſting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, ſo well did he underſtand the lance, and was ſo graceful a figure on horſe-back: he pleaſed ſo much, that all were deſirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the uſual time, catching him by the hand, begged him to take his reſt. When he paſſed the door of the chamber, one of the damſels in a whiſper ſaid to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop. The lady ſaid, I know you muſt be thirſty, I muſt have you drink before you go to bed: immediately two damſels entered the room, and preſented the wine. Who can refuſe wine from ſuch beautiful hands? cries Giannetto: at which the lady ſmiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he drank, pours the wine into his boſom. The lady thinking he had drank, ſays aſide to herſelf with great joy, You muſt go, young man, and bring another

ſhip,

ſhip, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and began to ſnore as if he ſlept ſoundly. The lady perceiving this, laid herſelf down by his ſide. Giannetto loſes no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, ſaying, Now am I in poſſeſſion of my utmoſt wiſhes. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of ſtate, had the ſceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed ſovereign of the country, with great pomp and ſplendour; and when the lords and ladies were come to the caſtle, he married the lady in great ceremony.

Giannetto governed excellently, and cauſed juſtice to be adminiſtered impartially. He continued ſome time in his happy ſtate, and never entertained a thought of poor Anſaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thouſand ducats. But one day, as he ſtood at the window of the palace with his bride, he ſaw a number of people paſs along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands. What is the meaning of this? ſays he. The lady anſwered, They are artificers, going to make their offerings at the church of St. John, this day being his feſtival. Giannetto inſtantly recollected Anſaldo, gave a great ſigh, and turned pale. His lady enquired the cauſe of his ſudden change. He ſaid he felt nothing. She continued to preſs with great earneſtneſs, till he was obliged to confeſs the cauſe of his unneaſineſs; that Anſaldo was engaged for the money; that the term was expired; and the grief he was in was leſt his father ſhould loſe his life for him: that if the ten thouſand ducats were not paid that day, he muſt loſe a pound of his fleſh. The lady told him to mount on horſe-back, and go by land the neareſt way, to take ſome attendants, and an hundred thouſand ducats; and not ſtop till he arrived at Venice; and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Anſaldo to her. Giannetto takes horſe with twenty attendants, and makes the beſt of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had ſeized Anſaldo, and inſiſted on having a pound of his fleſh. He entreated him only to wait ſome days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleaſure of embracing him: the Jew replied he was willing to wait; but, ſays he, I will cut off the pound of fleſh, according to the words of the obligation. Anſaldo anſwered, that he was content.

Several merchants would have jointly paid the money; the Jew would not hearken to the propoſal, but inſiſted that he might have the ſatisfaction of ſaying, that he had put to death the greateſt of the Chriſtian merchants. Giannetto making all poſſible haſte to Venice, his lady ſoon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two ſervants attending her. Giannetto, when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Anſaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he ſhould demand. The Jew ſaid, he would take no money, ſince it was not paid at the time due; but that he would have the pound of fleſh. Every one blamed the Jew; but as Venice was a place where juſtice was ſtrictly adminiſtered, and the Jew had his pretenſions grounded on publick and received forms, their only reſource was entreaty;

entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thouſand, then thirty thouſand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at laſt an hundred thouſand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and ſays he, you know little of me, if you think I will deſiſt from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dreſs; and alighting at an inn, the landlord aſks of one of the ſervants, who his maſter was: The ſervant anſwered, that he was a young lawyer who had finiſhed his ſtudies at Bologna. The landlord upon this ſhews his gueſt great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer enquiring how juſtice was adminiſtered in that city, he anſwered, juſtice in this place is too ſevere; and related the caſe of Anſaldo. Says the lawyer, this queſtion may be eaſily anſwered. If you can anſwer it, ſays the landlord, and ſave this worthy man from death, you will get the love and eſteem of all the beſt men of this city. The lawyer cauſed a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they ſhould have recourſe to him: ſo it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all caſes in law. Giannetto propoſed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, ſays the Jew; but let who will come, I will ſtick to my bond. They came to this judge, and ſaluted him. Giannetto did not remember him: for he had diſguiſed his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cauſe to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, ſaid to the Jew, I muſt have you take the hundred thouſand ducats, and releaſe this honeſt man, who will always have a grateful ſenſe of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no ſuch thing. The judge anſwered, it will be better for you. The Jew was poſitive to yield nothing. Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for ſuch judgments: and our judge ſays to the Jew, Do you cut a pound of this man's fleſh where you chuſe. The Jew ordered him to be ſtripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpoſe. Giannetto ſeeing this, turning to the judge, this, ſays he, is not the favour I aſked of you. Be quiet, ſays he, the pound of fleſh is not yet cut off. As ſoon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, ſays the judge, if you take more or leſs than a pound, I will order your head to be ſtruck off: and beſide, if you ſhed one drop of blood, you ſhall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the ſhedding of blood; but ſays expreſly, that you may take a pound of fleſh, neither more nor leſs. He immediately ſent for the executioner to bring the block and ax; and now, ſays he, if I ſee one drop of blood, off goes your head. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, Give me the hundred thouſand ducats, and I am content. No, ſays the judge, cut off your pound of fleſh according to your bond: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thouſand: but the judge was ſtill reſolute.

Giannetto

Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Anſaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thouſand: he ſaid, I will not give you a penny. Give me at leaſt, ſays the Jew, my own ten thouſand ducats, and a curſe confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of fleſh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be proteſted and annulled. The Jew ſeeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Anſaldo was releaſed, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto, who carried the hundred thouſand ducats to the inn to the lawyer. The lawyer ſaid, I do not want money; carry it back to your lady, that ſhe may not ſay, that you have ſquandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, my lady is ſo kind, that I might ſpend four times as much without incurring her diſpleaſure. How are you pleaſed with the lady? ſays the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, anſwers Giannetto; nature ſeems to have done her utmoſt in forming her. If you will come and ſee her, you will be ſurpriſed at the honours ſhe will ſhew you. I cannot go with you, ſays the lawyer; but ſince you ſpeak ſo much good of her, I muſt deſire you to preſent my reſpects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto anſwered; and now, let me entreat you to accept of ſome of the money. While he was ſpeaking, the lawyer obſerved a ring on his finger, and ſaid, if you will give me this ring, I ſhall ſeek no other reward. Willingly, ſays Giannetto; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her ſake, I have ſome reluctance to part with it, and ſhe, not ſeeing it on my finger, will believe, that I have given it to a woman. Says the lawyer, ſhe eſteems you ſufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may ſay you made a preſent of it to me; but I rather think you want to give it to ſome former miſtreſs here in Venice. So great, ſays Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world. After this he takes the ring from his finger, and preſents it to him. I have ſtill a favour to aſk, ſays the lawyer. It ſhall be granted, ſays Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not ſtay any time here, but go as ſoon as poſſible to your lady. It appears to me a thouſand years till I ſee her, anſwered Giannetto: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Anſaldo with him, and ſome of his old acquaintance accompanied them. The lady arrived ſome days before; and having reſumed her female habit, pretended to have ſpent the time at the baths; and now gave order to have the ſtreets lined with tapeſtry: and when Giannetto and Anſaldo were landed, all the court went out to meet them. When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Anſaldo, but feigned anger againſt Giannetto, though ſhe loved him exceſſively: yet the feaſtings, tilts, and diverſions went on as uſual, at which all the lords and ladies were preſent. Giannetto ſeeing that his wife did not receive him with her accuſtomed good countenance, called her, and would have ſaluted her. She told him, ſhe wanted none of his careſſes: I am ſure,

ſays

ſays ſhe, you have been laviſh of them to ſome of your former miſtreſſes. Giannetto began to make excuſes. She aſked him, where was the ring ſhe had given him: It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to ſay you would be angry with me; but, I ſwear, by all that is ſacred, and by your dear ſelf, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cauſe. And I can ſwear, ſays the lady, with as much ſolemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman: therefore ſwear no more. Giannetto proteſted that what he had told her was true, and that he ſaid all this to the lawyer, when he aſked for the ring. The lady replied, you would have done much better to ſtay at Venice with your miſtreſſes, for I fear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great ſorrow he aſſured her, that what ſhe ſuppoſed could not be true. The lady ſeeing his tears, which were daggers in her boſom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter ſhewed the ring, and told him, that ſhe was herſelf the lawyer, and how ſhe obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly aſtoniſhed, finding it all true, and told the ſtory to the nobles and to his companions; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damſel who had given him the good advice in the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Anſaldo for a wife; and they ſpent the reſt of their lives in great felicity and contentment.

Ruggieri de Figiovanni took a reſolution of going, for ſome time, to the court of Alfonſo king of Spain. He was graciouſly received, and living there ſome time in great magnificence, and giving remarkable proofs of his courage, was greatly eſteemed. Having frequent opportunities of examining minutely the behaviour of the king, he obſerved, that he gave, as he thought, with little diſcernment, caſtles, and baronies, to ſuch who were unworthy of his favours; and to himſelf, who might pretend to be of ſome eſtimation, he gave nothing: he therefore thought the fitteſt thing to be done, was to demand leave of the king to return home.

His requeſt was granted, and the king preſented him with one of the moſt beautiful and excellent mules, that had ever been mounted. One of the king's truſty ſervants was commanded to accompany Ruggieri, and riding along with him, to pick up, and recollect every word he ſaid of the king, and then mention that it was the order of his ſovereign, that he ſhould go back to him. The man watching the opportunity, joined Ruggieri when he ſet out, ſaid he was going towards Italy, and would be glad to ride in company with him. Ruggieri jogging on with his mule, and talking of one thing or other, it being near nine o'clock, told his companion, that they would do well to put up their mules a little; and as ſoon as they entered the ſtable, every beaſt, except his, began to ſtale. Riding on further, they came to a river, and watering the beaſts, his mule ſtaled in the river: you untoward beaſt, ſays he, you are like your maſter, who gave you to me. The ſervant remembered this

this expreſſion, and many others as they rode on all day together; but he heard not a ſingle word drop from him, but what was in praiſe of the king. The next morning Ruggieri was told the order of the king, and inſtantly turned back. When the king had heard what he had ſaid of the mule, he commanded him into his preſence, and with a ſmile, aſked him, for what reaſon he had compared the mule to him. Ruggieri anſwered, My reaſon is plain, you give where you ought not to give, and where you ought to give, you give nothing; in the ſame manner the mule would not ſtale where ſhe ought, and where ſhe ought not, there ſhe ſtaled. The king ſaid upon this, If I have not rewarded you as I have many, do not entertain a thought that I was inſenſible to your great merit; it is Fortune who hindered me; ſhe is to blame, and not I; and I will ſhew you manifeſtly that I ſpeak truth. My diſcontent, ſir, proceeds not, anſwered Ruggieri, from a deſire of being enriched, but from your not having given the ſmalleſt teſtimony to my deſerts in your ſervice: nevertheleſs your excuſe is valid, and I am ready to ſee the proof you mention, though I can eaſily believe you without it. The king conducted him to a hall, where he had already commanded two large caſkets, ſhut cloſe, to be placed: and before a large company told Ruggieri, that in one of them was contained his crown, ſcepter, and all his jewels, and that the other was full of earth: chooſe which of them you like beſt, and then you will ſee that it is not I, but your fortune that has been ungrateful. Ruggieri choſe one. It was found to be the caſket full of earth. The king ſaid to him with a ſmile, Now you may ſee Ruggieri, that what I told you of fortune is true; but for your ſake, I will oppoſe her with all my ſtrength. You have no intention, I am certain, to live in Spain, therefore I will offer you no preferment here; but that caſket which fortune denied you, ſhall be yours in deſpite of her: carry it with you into your own country, ſhew it to your friends, and neighbours, as my gift to you; and you have my permiſſion to boaſt, that it is a reward of your virtues.

Of The MERCHANT of VENICE the ſtyle is even and eaſy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of conſtruction. The comick part raiſes laughter, and the ſerious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other ſtory cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. Dryden was much pleaſed with his own addreſs in connecting the two plots of his *Spaniſh Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play. JOHNSON.

Gregorio Leti, in his *Life of Sixtus V.* tranſlated by Ellis Farneworth, 1745, has likewiſe this kind of ſtory.

"It was currently reported in Rome that Drake had taken and plundered S. Domingoe in Hiſpaniola, and carried off an immenſe booty: this account came in a private letter to *Paul Secchi*, a very conſiderable merchant in the city, who had large concerns in thoſe parts which he had inſured. Upon the receiving this news he ſent for the inſurer Samſon Ceneda, a Jew, and acquainted him with it. The Jew, whoſe intereſt

intereſt it was to have ſuch a report thought falſe, gave many reaſons why it could not poſſibly be true; and at laſt worked himſelf up into ſuch a paſſion, that he ſaid, "I'll lay you a pound of my fleſh it is a lie."

Secchi, who was of a fiery hot temper, replied, "If you like it, I'll lay you a thouſand crowns againſt a pound of your fleſh that it is true." The Jew accepted the wager, and articles were immediately executed between them, the ſubſtance of which was, "That if Secchi won, he ſhould himſelf cut the fleſh with a ſharp knife from whatever part of the Jew's body he pleaſed." Unfortunately for the Jew, the truth of the account was ſoon after confirmed, by other advices from the Weſt-Indies, which threw him almoſt into diſtraction; eſpecially when he was informed that Secchi had ſolemnly ſworn he would compel him to the exact literal performance of his contract, and was determined to cut a pound of fleſh from that part of his body which it is not neceſſary to mention. Upon this he went to the governor of Rome, and begged he would interpoſe in the affair, and uſe his authority to prevail with Secchi to accept of a thouſand piſtoles as an equivalent for the pound of fleſh: but the governor not daring to take upon him to determine a caſe of ſo uncommon a nature, made a report of it to the pope, who ſent for them both, and having heard the articles read, and informed himſelf perfectly of the whole affair from their own mouths, ſaid, "When contracts are made, it is juſt they ſhould be fulfilled, as we intend this ſhall. Take a knife, therefore, Secchi, and cut a pound of fleſh from any part you pleaſe of the Jew's body. We would adviſe you, however, to be very careful; for if you cut but a ſcruple or grain more or leſs than your due, you ſhall certainly be hanged. Go, and bring hither a knife, and a pair of ſcales, and let it be done in our preſence."

The merchant at theſe words began to tremble like an aſpin-leaf, and throwing himſelf at his holineſs's feet, with tears in his eyes proteſted, "It was far from his thoughts to inſiſt upon the performance of the contract." And being aſked by the pope what he demanded; anſwered, "Nothing, holy father, but your benediction, and that the articles may be torn in pieces." Then turning to the Jew, he aſked him, "What he had to ſay, and whether he was content." The Jew anſwered, "That he thought himſelf extremely happy to come off at ſo eaſy a rate, and that he was perfectly content." "But we are not content," replied Sixtus, "nor is there ſufficient ſatisfaction made to our laws. We deſire to know what authority you have to lay ſuch wagers? The ſubjects of princes are the property of the ſtate, and have no right to diſpoſe of their bodies, nor any part of them, without the expreſs conſent of their ſovereigns."

They were both immediately ſent to priſon, and the governor ordered to proceed againſt them with the utmoſt ſeverity of the law, that others might be deterred by their example from laying any more ſuch wagers.—[The governor interceding for them, and propoſing a fine of a thouſand crowns each, Sixtus ordered him to condemn them both to

death, the Jew for ſelling his life, by conſenting to have a pound of fleſh cut from his body, which he ſaid was direct ſuicide, and the merchant for premeditated murder, in making a contract with the other that he knew muſt be the occaſion of his death.]

As Secchi was of a very good family, having many great friends and relations, and the Jew one of the moſt leading men in the ſynagogue, they both had recourſe to petitions. Strong application was made to cardinal Montalto, to intercede with his holineſs at leaſt to ſpare their lives. Sixtus, who did not really deſign to put them to death, but to deter others from ſuch practices, at laſt conſented to change the ſentence into that of the galleys, with liberty to buy off that too, by paying each of them two thouſand crowns, to be applied to the uſe of the hoſpital which he had lately founded, before they were releaſed.

Life of Sixtus V. Fol. B. vii. p. 293, &c. STEEVENS.

Of the incident of the *bond* no Engliſh original has hitherto been pointed out. I find, however, the following in *The Orator: handling a hundred ſeveral Diſcourſes, in form of Declamations: ſome of the Arguments being drawne from Titus Livius and other ancient Writers, the reſt of the Author's own Invention: Part of which are of Matters happened in our Age.—Written in French by Alexander Silvayn, and Engliſhed by L. P.* [Lazarus Pilot] *London, printed by Adam Iſlip*, 1596. —(This book is not mentioned by Ames.) See p. 401.

DECLAMATION 95.

"Of a Jew, who would for his debt have a pound of the fleſh of a Chriſtian.

"A Jew, unto whom a Chriſtian merchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have ſummoned him for the ſame in Turkie: the merchant, becauſe he would not be diſcredited, promiſed to pay the ſaid ſumme within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the fleſh of his bodie. The tearme being paſt ſome fifteene daies, the Jew refuſed to take his money, and demaunded the pound of fleſh: the ordinarie judge of that place appointed him to cut a juſt pound of the Chriſtian's fleſh, and if he cut either more or leſſe, then his own head ſhould be ſmitten off: the Jew appealed from this ſentence, unto the chiefe judge, ſaying:

"Impoſſible is it to break the credit of trafficke amongſt men without great detriment to the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himſelfe unto ſuch covenants which hee cannot or will not accompliſh, for by that means ſhould no man feare to be deceived, and credit being maintained, every man might be aſſured of his owne; but ſince deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and ſtrict then they were wont, ſeeing that although the bonds are made never ſo ſtrong, yet can no man be very certaine that he ſhall not be a loſer. It ſeemeth at the firſt ſight that it is a thing no leſs ſtrange then cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the fleſh of his bodie, for want of money: ſurely, in that it is a thing not uſuall, it appeareth

peareth to be ſomewhat the more admirable; but there are divers others that are more cruell, which becauſe they are in uſe ſeeme nothing terrible at all: as to binde all the bodie unto a moſt lothſome priſon, or unto an intollerable ſlaverie, where not only the whole bodie but alſo all the ſences and ſpirits are tormented; the which is commonly practiſed, not only betwixt thoſe which are either in ſect or nation contrary, but alſo even amongſt thoſe that are of one ſect and nation; yea amongſt Chriſtians it hath been ſeene that the ſon hath impriſoned the father for monie. Likewiſe in the Roman commonwealth, ſo famous for lawes and armes, it was lawful for debt to impriſon, beat, and afflict with torments the free citizens: how manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themſelves happie, if for a ſmall debt they might have been excuſed with the paiment of a pounde of their fleſh? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth ſo ſmall a thing of a Chriſtian, to diſcharge him of a good round ſumme? A man may aſke, why I would not rather take ſilver of this man, then his fleſh: I might alleage many reaſons; for I might ſay, that none but my ſelfe can tell what the breach of his promiſe hath coſt me, and what I have thereby paied for want of money unto my creditors, of that which I have loſt in my credit: for the miſerie of thoſe men which eſteem their reputation, is ſo great, that oftentimes they had rather indure any thing ſecretlie, then to have their diſcredit blazed abroad, becauſe they would not be both ſhamed and harmed: nevertheleſſe, I doe freely confeſſe, that I had rather loſe a pound of my fleſh then my credit ſhould be in any ſort cracked: I might alſo ſay, that I have need of this fleſh to cure a friend of mine of a certain maladie, which is otherwiſe incurable; or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Chriſtians for ever abuſing the Jews once more hereafter: but I will onlie ſay, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a ſouldier if he come unto the warres but an houre too late; and alſo to hang a theefe, though he ſteal never ſo little: is it then ſuch a great matter to cauſe ſuch a one to pay a pound of his fleſh, that hath broken his promiſe manie times, or that putteth another in danger to loſe both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life, and al for griefe? Were it not better for him to loſe that I demand, then his ſoule, alreadie bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it to me: and eſpeciallie becauſe no man knoweth better than he where the ſame may be ſpared to the leaſt hurt of his perſon; for I might take it in ſuch place as hee might thereby happen to loſe his life: Whatte matter were it then if I ſhould cut off his privie members, ſuppoſing that the ſame would altogether weigh a juſt pound? or els his head, ſhould I be ſuffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine own life? I believe, I ſhould not; becauſe there were as little reaſon therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I ſhould be bound: or els if I would cut off his noſe, his lips, his ears, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, ſhould I be ſuffered? ſurely I think not; becauſe the obligation dooth not ſpecifie that I ought either to chooſe, cut, or take the ſame, but that he ought

to give me a pound of his fleſh. Of every thing that is ſold, he which delivereth the ſame is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be juſt: ſeeing then that neither the obligation, cuſtome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much leſſe unto the above mentioned ſatisfaction, I refuſe it all, and require that the ſame which is due ſhould be delivered unto me."

The Chriſtian's Anſwer.

"It is no ſtrange matter to here thoſe diſpute of equitie which are themſelves moſt unjuſt; and ſuch as have no faith at all, deſirous that others ſhould obſerve the ſame inviolable; the which were yet the more tolerable, if ſuch men would be contented with reaſonable things, or at the leaſt not altogether unreaſonable: but what reaſon is there that one man ſhould unto his own prejudice deſire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to loſe nine hundred crownes, to have a pound of my fleſh; whereby is manifeſtly ſeene the antient and cruel hate which he beareth not only unto Chriſtians, but unto all others which are not of his ſect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe ſuffer ſuch vermine to dwell amongſt them: ſeeing that this preſumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and juſt judge, and afterwards he would by ſophiſticall reaſons prove that his abhomination is equitie. Trulie I confeſſe that I have ſuffered fifteen daies of the tearme to paſſe; yet who can tell whether he or I is the cauſe thereof? as for me, I thinke that by ſecret means he hath cauſed the monie to be delaied, which from ſundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promiſed unto him; otherwiſe, I would never have been ſo raſh as to bind myſelfe ſo ſtrictly: but although he were not the cauſe of the fault, is it therefore ſaid, that he ought to be ſo impudent as to go about to prove it no ſtrange matter that he ſhould be willing to be paied with mans fleſh, which is a thing more natural for tigres, than men, the which alſo was never heard of? but this divill in ſhape of a man, ſeeing me oppreſſed with neceſſitie, propounded this curſed obligation unto me. Whereas he alleageth the Romaines for an example; why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over grievouſly, the commonwealth was almoſt overthrowne, and that ſhortly after it was forbidden to impriſon men any more for debt? To breake promiſe is, when a man ſweareth or promiſeth a thing, the which he hath no deſire to performe, which yet upon an extreame neceſſitie is ſomewhat excuſeable; as for me, I have promiſed, and accompliſhed my promiſe, yet not ſo ſoon as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to ſatisfie the crueltie of this miſchievous man with the price of my fleſh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but ſubmitted my ſelfe unto the diſcretion of the judge who hath juſtly repreſſed his beaſtlineſs. Wherein then have I ſatisfied my promiſe? is it in that I would not (like him) diſobey the judgement of the judge? Behold I will preſent a part of my bodie unto him, that he may paie himſelfe, according to the contents of the judge-

ment: where is then my promiſe broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be ſo obſtinat and cruell againſt us; for they do it of ſet purpoſe to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Becauſe he was holie, as he is yet ſo reputed of this worthy Turkiſh nation. But what ſhall I ſay? Their own Bible is full of their rebellion againſt God, againſt their prieſts, judges, and leaders. What did not the very patriarchs themſelves, from whom they have their beginning? They ſold their brother; and had it not been for one amongſt them, they had ſlaine him for verie envie. How many adulteries and abhominations were committed amongſt them? How many murthers? Abſalom, did he not cauſe his brother to be murthered? Did he not perſecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath diſperſed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they ſaw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their judges amongſt them, they were ſo wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and uſuries? and that they believe they do a charitable work, when they do ſome great wrong unto one that is not a Jew? It may pleaſe you then, moſt righteous judge, to conſider all theſe circumſtances, having pittie of him who doth wholly ſubmit himſelfe unto your juſt clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monſter's crueltie." FARMER.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Perſons Repreſented.

Duke, *living in exile.*
Frederick, *brother to the* Duke, *and uſurper of his dominions.*
Amiens, } *Lords attending upon the* Duke *in his baniſh-*
Jaques, } *ment.*
Le Beau, *a courtier attending upon* Frederick:
Charles, *his wreſtler.*
Oliver, }
Jaques, } *Sons of Sir* Rowland de Boys.
Orlando, }
Adam, } *Servants to* Oliver.
Dennis, }
Touchſtone, *a clown.*
Sir Oliver Mar-text, *a vicar.*
Corin, } *Shepherds.*
Sylvius, }
William, *a country fellow, in love with* Audrey.
A perſon repreſenting Hymen.

Roſalind, *daughter to the baniſhed* Duke.
Celia, *daughter to* Frederick.
Phebe, *a ſhepherdeſs.*
Audrey, *a country wench.*

Lords belonging to the two Dukes; pages, foreſters, and other attendants.

The SCENE lies, firſt, near Oliver's houſe; afterwards, partly in the Uſurper's court and partly in the foreſt of Arden.

The liſt of the perſons being omitted in the old editions, was added by Mr. Rowe. JOHNSON.