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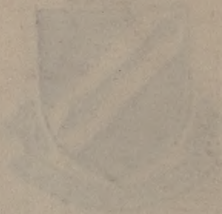


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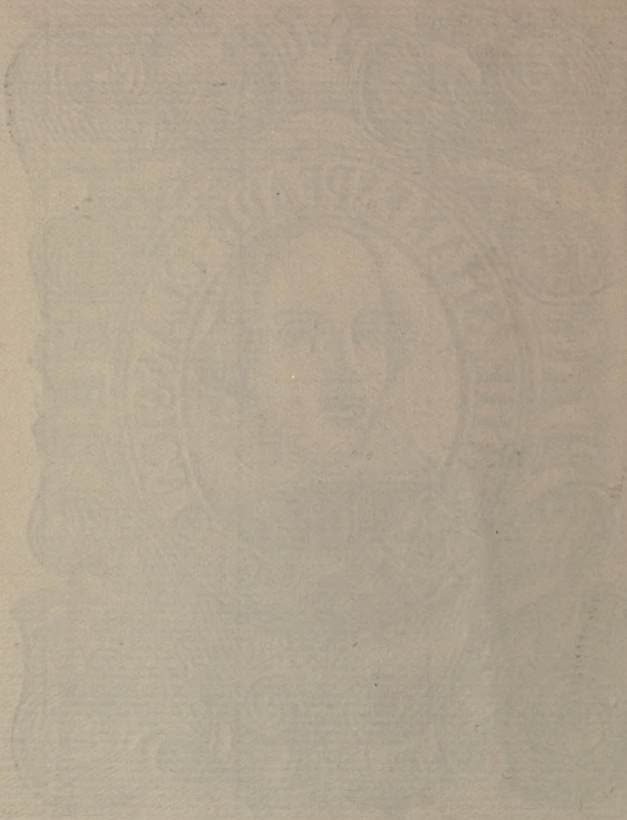

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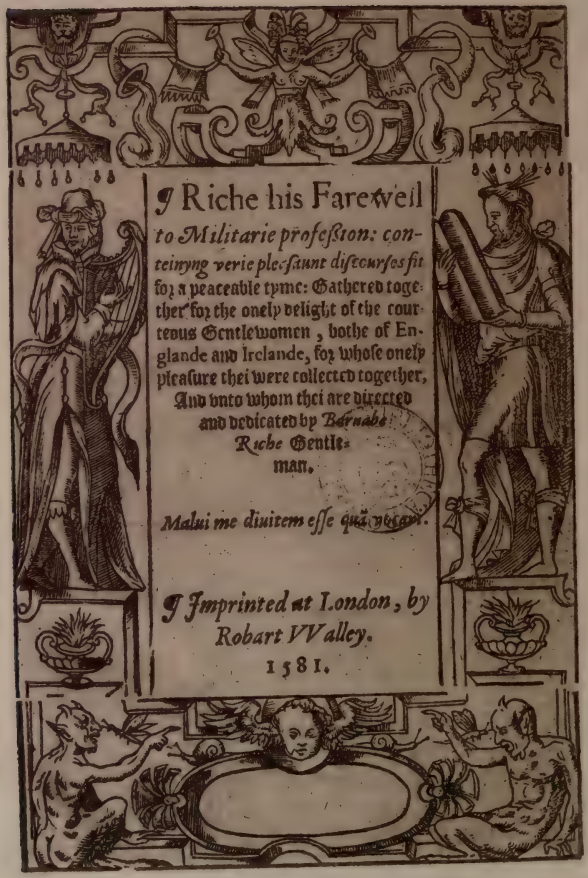

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RICH'S 'APOLONIUS & SILLA,' AN ORIGINAL OF SHAKESPEARE'S 'TWELFTH NIGHT': EDITED BY MORTON LUCE

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CHATTO & WINDUS, PUBLISHERS
LONDON MDCCCCXII

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PREFATORY NOTE

I HAVE to thank Messrs. Methuen for kindly allowing me to make occasional use of the Arden Edition of *Twelfth Night*. I am also indebted to Mr. H. H. Furness's Variorum edition of the play. To Mr. John Payne our thanks are due for his kind permission to print the extracts (on pp. 31–38) from his excellent version of Bandello. I have also availed myself of Peacock's version of *Gl' Ingannati* (London, 1862). I must further express my obligations to Professor Moore-Smith's edition of *Laelia*, Cambridge University Press, 1910. As to Mr. Maurice Hewlett in the *Caxton Shakespeare* I . . .

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ERRATA

Pref. Note, last line but five, *for* 91 *read* 93; last line, *for* p. 89 *read* pp. 90 and 91.
p. 9, l. 12, for "*Curnouale*" read "*Carnouale.*"
p. 13, l. 10, *after* "evil-" *supply* "or ill-"; l. 13, *dele* 66.
p. 47, l. 16, *add* "they bear, however, other interpretations"; l. 17, *dele* "her."
p. 49, l. 14, *for* 66–68 *read* 67–69; l. 17, *for* 68, 69, 70 *read* 69, 70, 71; l. 18, *for* 72–6 *read* 73–7.
p. 80, l. 25, *supply* "he" *before* "showed."
p. 89, l. 13, *for* 1586 *read* 1581; l. 14, *for* "of course" *read* "*Rabelais.*"
p. 90, l. 26, for "*homlius*" read "*hominis.*"
p. 93, *dele* last quotation.
Appendix I., l. 12, *for* 71 *read* 80, l. 25.

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PREFATORY NOTE

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discarded the first and well-known conjecture, due, I think, to Hunter. So also I made an alteration in the second edition of my *Handbook*, 1907.

The fact is that, a little before April 1906, in correspondence with Mr. Hewlett, I approved of his *Mala Voglia* for *Malvolio*. I hope he will approve of my *Malevolti* for *Aguecheek*. Professor Moore-Smith, by the way, quotes only my later suggestion (*Laelia*, p. xxvi). To Professor Moore-Smith, moreover, we are much indebted for a very probable origin of the name *Feste*.

All this may appear trifling—or useless conjecture; but in the matter of Shakespearean investigation, every little helps; nay rather, is invaluable (pp. 4 and 91). Indeed, it is more than possible that the mere history of three names opens for us three volumes of Shakespeare's library; *Aguecheek* (otherwise *Agueface*, but see also p. 13) may take us to *Malevolti* and *Gl'Ingannati*, *Malvolio* to *Mala Voglia* and Bandello (p. 13); and *Feste* to *Laelia* (p. 89 in this volume).

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APOLONIUS AND SILLA

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCTORY

WHATEVER doctrine we may hold with regard to the study of poetry, it is certainly worth while to get at a poet's meaning. If we are content with a rapid perusal—a mere impression—we lose or destroy a great part of the beauty of his work; accurate knowledge must come before appreciation. And this is truer of Shakespeare than of any other writer.

For example, it is only by a reference to his originals that we can explain such passages as the following:—

(*a*) "Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself, I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile, . . ."

Julius Cæsar, V. i. 101–4.

(*b*) "Here feel we but (*Fol.* not) the penalty of Adam."

As You Like It, II. i. v.

(*c*) "No occupation; all men idle, all;"

The Tempest, II. i. 156.

(*d*) "And laid mine honour too unchary out (*Fol.* on't) :"
Twelfth Night, III. iv. 222.

(*e*) "After the last enchantment you did here,"
Ibid., III. i. 123.

Now, passages like the foregoing are fairly numerous; it will therefore be evident that a study of Shakespeare's authorities is essential to a perfect understanding of his work. Yet this elucidation of the text is but one of the many advantages we may gain by spending a few hours in the poet's library.

Again, the admission that Shakespeare was the most creative and the most spontaneous of writers should lend a new interest to the fact that he was also a student and a keen literary craftsman. Let us further admit the gradual change of his style from restraint to freedom; and on this subject a few words must be said here. Of Shakespeare it may be stated, more truly than of Spenser or Marlowe, that he was an artist before he became a poet. His *Venus* and his *Lucrece* are poems of the study; their art is cold almost to artifice; their natural world, most of it, is Pliny's. Not till about 1600 does Shakespeare rise to the very height of his high calling. In *Hamlet*, as a border-ground play, and whether in jest or earnest, he gives us the two styles: the conventional and the creative, side by side; but after that, his utterance is magnificent with a freedom which seems to have burst the bonds of art itself. By this time also he becomes natural in his dealings with nature, and over against the bookish imagery which abounds in his earlier plays we have to set the perfect freshness and

reality of the descriptive passages in *Cymbeline* or *The Winter's Tale*.[1]

But this is the point to be noticed: although Shakespeare freed himself at length from the trammels of artifice, his literary methods remained much the same; from first to last he was as close a reader as he was an assiduous writer; he revised, he enlarged; he never entirely lost sight of the requirements of art, whether in respect of substance or form; there is no thinness in his work; he can never be accused of literary poverty. And let us look at him personally for a moment. In the Sonnets he appears, to some extent at least, as a man of letters among men of letters; as Hamlet, he is a student; as Prospero, he is a scholar and a philosopher; the liberal arts have been all his study, and he has learned to prize his books above a dukedom.

Yet again; in one of his first essays, that essay of *Antitheta*, *Love's Labour's Lost*, he gives study the best of the argument; his caution against witless pedantry is followed by many an assertion of "study's excellence"; and everywhere he confesses the need and the potency of true learning. The number of books or manuscripts he consulted when writing or revising his *Midsummer Night's Dream* is astonishing: but we have not heard of them all; and we may at least conjecture of a large number that are unknown to us. Also, at the end

[1] Let the reader compare, for example, the untruth of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, II. i. 249–254, with the unsurpassable truth and beauty of almost any of the nature transcripts in the two later plays mentioned above.

of his career, even as at the beginning, he is careful to collect authorities, to compare them, to note, to select, to reject; in *The Tempest*, for example—apart from *Die Schöne Sidea*, which he had almost certainly worked at before—he makes extracts from no fewer than three accounts of the wreck of Sir George Somers; he borrows at his will any striking passage, or sentence, or phrase—or even word;[1] he consults other pamphlets bearing on the subject,—he goes yet further: he looks up Hakluyt, where he discovers not only Caliban, but also Caliban's mother, the blue-eyed hag;[2] he turns over the records of Captain John Smith, where he meets for the first time with Miranda, as Pocahontas, and eventually he suits her to the heroine of *Die Schöne Sidea*, much as in Malvolio he adapts some contemporary dramatic character or (more likely) some living personage of his day to the requirements of *Gl' Ingannati* and his *Twelfth Night*. And precisely as in *The Tempest*, so in the preparation of this earlier play he gathers together every available version of his story, and from one he takes an incident, from another a striking passage, and from another a mere phrase or a name.

Like *The Tempest*, *Twelfth Night* is a double drama—a romance with the interplay of a comedy; and as the romantic

[1] It may partly be due to his dramatic apprenticeship, but the fact remains that Shakespeare is one of the most extensive and most unscrupulous of borrowers. His greatness may excuse the fact, but it should not blind us to it.

[2] "The women are marked in the face with blewe strekes . . . round about the eyes." — *Hakluyt* (Maclehose), vol. vii. p. 209 (W. J. Craig).

portion of the earlier play was present to the poet's mind, and possibly moulded by his art, before the comic under-plot was thought of, so I believe that the Viola story had been under Shakespeare's consideration some years, it may be, before a passing event, or the signs of the times—or both perhaps, as again in the case of *The Tempest*—brought the drama to its sudden birth.[1] To this we have a parallel in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*,[2] and only in this way can we account for its rapid production. Among other plays to be reckoned with under this head are *All's Well* and *Troilus and Cressida*, the latter especially; for I am convinced that some beautiful story of Cressida, as Shakespeare alone could have told it, was spoilt by its ultimate combination with the war episodes. Sometimes, moreover, in these double plays we may ante-date the romance on the mere evidence of its style.

I do not wish to press any of these parallels too closely, yet there are other points of resemblance between *The Tempest* and *Twelfth Night* that may well be taken into account. In each of these plays the leading motive may be claimed, I

[1] Compare the remark of Professor Moore-Smith quoted on p. 26.

[2] Where Mumpellgart (Garmombles) may stand for Malvolio. And, oddly enough, Virginio Orsino, Duke of Bracciano, who was ambassador to England in the winter of 1600–1, and was entertained by Elizabeth on Twelfth Night, will correspond to the Count Mumpellgart of *The Merry Wives*, who paid a visit to the Queen at that earlier date. In the case of *Twelfth Night*, however, the comedy may have been suggested, at least in part, by *Gl'Ingannati*. Moreover, Falstaff appears, not as Malvolio (formerly Mumpellgart), but as Sir Toby. This, of course, is conjectural, but I do not quite like giving up the Mumpellgart tradition.

think, by the comedy, and the leading personage of the comedy is complex; Caliban—the monster, the slave, and the aboriginal Indian—is the embodiment of supernatural, social and political ideas; and Malvolio may represent, first, the pride of place, the pride of a man drest in a little brief authority; next, the more ludicrous pride of a man who is proud of himself; and thirdly, he is at least "a kind of Puritan." But it may be more to my purpose if I end this part of my subject with the remark that, when quoting Ovid for his *Tempest*, Shakespeare, as I have shown elsewhere, used both a translation and the original Latin; and it is my firm belief that whatever translations of *Gl'Ingannati* he may have employed for his *Twelfth Night*, he consulted the Italian originals as well.[1]

For *Gl'Ingannati* is certainly not the least in importance among the many sources of *Twelfth Night*, although by general consent the *Apolonius and Silla* of Barnaby Rich has long taken precedence. On these and other possible originals of Shakespeare's play I will now comment in some detail.

[1] "It seems to have been from Bandello that our poet got his main plot for *Twelfth Night* . . . Bandello would have been the more accessible."—*Hewlett*. And of course Shakespeare was indebted to Bandello on other occasions; and in this play to more than the *Nicuola* story, if he had in mind Bandello's widowed Duchess of Malfy, who fell in love with and married her steward Antonio. (*Novelle*, pt. I., Nov. 26.)

CHAPTER II

THE SOURCES OF "TWELFTH NIGHT"

The following is a list of books some of which were consulted—as we may conjecture—by Shakespeare when at work upon his play of *Twelfth Night*:—

1. *Gl' Ingannati* (in the volume entitled *Il Sacrificio, Comedia de* Gli *Intronati*). Author unknown. First acted 1531; published at Venice 1537. Frequently reprinted.
2. *Le Sacrifice* (later *Les Abusés*, by Charles Estienne. Lyon, 1543. A French version of the above.
3. *Gl' Inganni*, by Nicolo Secchi, or Secco. Florence, 1562. First acted 1547.
4. *Novelle*, by Matteo Bandello. La seconda parte, Lucca, 1554.
5. *Los Engaños*, or *Los Engañados*, by Lope de Rueda, 1556. First printed Valencia 1567.
6. *La Española de Florencia*, or *Las Burlas Veras*. Author and date uncertain.
7. *Hecatommithi*, or *Cento Novelle*, by G. B. Giraldi Cinthio. Monte Regale, 1565.
8. *Histoires Tragiques*, by François de Belleforest. Vol. iv. Paris, 1570.

9. *Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession*, by Barnabe Riche. London, 1581.
10. *Lælia*, MS. Acted before Lord Essex at Queens' College, Cambridge, probably on March 1st, 1595.
11. *Gl' Inganni*, by Curzio Gonzaga. Venice, 1592.
12. *Gl' Inganni*, by Domenico Cornaccini. Venice, 1604.

All the books mentioned in the foregoing list tell in some form or other the story which Shakespeare chose for the romantic element in his play of *Twelfth Night*. But we have now to remark that the story itself is twofold; and, oddly enough, each of its component parts had been used separately by Shakespeare in plays anterior to *Twelfth Night*; for one of the members of this composite story, the confusion arising from the likeness of twins, is the subject of his *Comedy of Errors*; and in his *Two Gentlemen of Verona* he had dramatized, or partly dramatized, the other. This is the popular romance of a woman disguised as a page who falls in love with her master, yet pleads his cause with another woman, who in turn falls in love with her. As to the first of these stories, we can trace it far back through the centuries; it appears in the Greek Δίδυμοι, from which Plautus adapted it in his *Menæchmi*, and Shakespeare again founded his comedy on Plautus. But as to the second story,[1] we may begin with the Italian play *Gl' Ingannati*, in which it is already bound up with the first.

[1] For one of its earlier forms, see the quotation from Belleforest, p. 39. See also page 92.

CHAPTER III

THE ITALIAN PLAYS

Though not published till 1537, this Italian play *Gl' Ingannati* was acted as early as 1531; and in their Prologue the authors[1] assure us that their comedy contains much that was "never seen or read." It is therefore most likely that Bandello and Cinthio and some others who retold the story were indebted to *Gl' Ingannati*. And *Gl' Ingannati*, we must add, while bringing in romantic elements, owes much to Plautus.

The volume, which contains *Gl' Ingannati* (The Deceived, Cheated, Dupes), was put forth by a literary society of Siena who called themselves the *Intronati*; its full title (1538) is *Comedia del Sacrificio degli Intronati celebrato nei Giuochi dun Curnouale in Siena*. The Sacrifice, or Induction, or Introduction, consists of sonnets and poems supposed to be sung to the lyre by each member of the society as he casts into an altar flame some token of a mistress who has deserted him. Only one of the members is mentioned by name—"Messer Agnol Malevolti un Cupido scolpito, dono della sua donna" (Mr. Agnol Malevolti, a sculptured Cupid, the gift of his lady); and this is followed

[1] "To be put into a comedy by the *Intronati*" (*Gl' Ingannati*). Composed, they tell us, in about three days.

by his verses. After the Introduction we have on the fourteenth page of the volume *Prologo delli Ingannati delli Intronati*, and on the eighteenth page begins the prose comedy of five acts, i. e. *Gl' Ingannati*.

This volume was first published at Venice in 1537, and other editions appeared at frequent intervals before 1602, a fact which testifies to its great popularity; and within the same years several imitations or translations were published in Italian, French, Spanish, and Latin.

The following is a short version of the twofold story as we read it in *Gl' Ingannati*:—

The scene is in Modena. An old merchant, Virginio, has a son and a daughter, Fabrizio and Lelia. In the sack of Rome 1527, Fabrizio was lost sight of, but Lelia returned with her father to Modena. A rich old man, Gherardo, wishes to marry her; but she loves Flaminio, though in her absence he had transferred his affections to Isabella, daughter of Gherardo. Lelia assumes male attire and the name Fabio, and becomes a page in the household of Flaminio, who sends her on love embassies to Isabella. This lady falls in love with Lelia, who has none of the honesty of Viola in *Twelfth Night*, but bargains—"Perhaps I may love you, if you dismiss Flaminio." [1]

At this time Lelia's brother Fabrizio comes to Modena with his tutor Piero, who shows him the "remarkable

[1] Here Shakespeare seems to follow Rich (see pp. 63, 64), but *Laelia* resembles *Gl' Ingannati*. Bandello takes a middle course, and makes Nicuola partly honest. See pp. 33, 34.

places" in the town (see *Twelfth Night*, III. iii. 19, 23, 24). Meanwhile Virginio has discovered that Lelia is living with Flaminio in the disguise of a page, and as he is talking the matter over with Gherardo the two old men encounter Fabrizio. They take him for Lelia, whom he closely resembles, and thinking from his remarks that he must have lost his wits, they lock him—her, as they imagine—up in the very chamber of Isabella in Gherardo's house.

Next, Gherardo meets Lelia, and thinking that she must have escaped, returns to his house, where he finds that Fabrizio and Isabella are betrothed.

And now, in the Fifth Act, all parties meet at the house of Gherardo, and there follow recognitions and reconciliations. Isabella, like Olivia, is content with her substitute, Fabrizio; and Flaminio, already influenced by explanations from Lelia's nurse, gladly returns to his old love. Only Gherardo, like Malvolio, fails to take full share in the general joy.

Such is the story in outline; but after this brief summary I must give some account of the farcical element which is an important feature of *Gl' Ingannati*, especially in its relation to *Twelfth Night*. First of all we have a pedant in Piero, the tutor who accompanied Fabrizio to Modena. There is a sketch of him in one of the extracts appended to this chapter. In the same extract appears Stragualcia, servant of Fabrizio, whose dealings with Piero are not unlike those of Sir Toby with Malvolio. Another character

in the play, an old Spaniard, Giglio by name, has the audacity to protest his love for Isabella; whereupon Pasquella, housekeeper of Gherardo, "gulls him into a nayword" with a trick that brings her both amusement and profit. If to the grasping old dotard Gherardo we add the pedant Piero and the dupe Giglio, we have a character who might serve as a first suggestion of Malvolio. And if with Pasquella we reckon Lelia's nurse, Clementia, we have a combination that might rival Maria. Nor is this all: the likeness of Stragualcia to Sir Toby would be increased by the addition of Gherardo's servant, Spela. Stragualcia, moreover, with his scraps of mad Latin and his ridicule of pedantry, may be a dim foreshadowing of Feste. So important, indeed, is this humorous element, that I will anticipate a little by stating it as my belief that, apart from the novel of Rich, the comedy in *Twelfth Night* was inspired by *Gl' Ingannati*, and the romance of the play by Bandello.

But before passing on to this Italian novelist to whom Shakespeare owed more than the romance of *Twelfth Night*, I must bring forward those items of evidence which go far to prove the relation of *Twelfth Night* to *Gl' Ingannati*. On Shakespeare's employment of translations I have remarked already, and I see no objection to the supposition that he used the Latin version of *Gl' Ingannati* (the tenth on our list), if not the French; but I also believe that he had access to the play in the original Italian. Like the Spanish, which also appears among our possible authorities,

Italian comes very easily to an Englishman who knows something of Latin, as Shakespeare did; and I cannot believe that a dramatist of his genius and experience could have allowed himself to remain ignorant of the literature which was most to his advantage. It is, I think, beyond doubt that he found the title of his play in the Italian "la notte di Beffana" (*i.e.* the night of Befania or Epifania, or Epiphany), a phrase which occurs in the Prologue to *Gl' Ingannati* (p. 10). And in the Induction we have met with *Malevolti* (evil-faced), which Shakespeare turned, as I think, into the name of "that thin-faced knave" *Ague-cheek*, especially as we may read (*Twelfth Night*, I. iii. 45, 46) 66 *Castiliano volto!* (Spanish-face) for here comes Sir Andrew *Ague-face*." So also I think (the hint came to me by letter from Mr. Hewlett) that, with Bandello before him and *Malevolti* in his memory, he coined *Malvolio* from the Italian *mala voglia* (evil desire), a phrase which occurs no fewer than seven times in the Novella XXXVI of Bandello, which he appears to have been studying for the purpose of *Twelfth Night*. It is also probable that he took his Fabian from the Fabio (the name assumed by Lelia in disguise) in the Italian play; but we must remember, as I have remarked elsewhere, that Shakespeare naturally preferred to give new names to his characters; sometimes he is careless in this matter, but at others he refuses to call a single personage by the name given in an earlier drama or story. Nor

does he differ from other authors in this respect: Rich, as we shall see later, changed the names of all the characters when writing his version of the *Twelfth Night* story.

Moreover, in the text of *Gl' Ingannati* there are many expressions that seem to find a place in Shakespeare's drama; as an example, I may choose "When I brave him, he is soon silenced" (extract, p. 23), which may be compared with the curious passage "you should have banged the youth into dumbness" (*Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 22–3).

I will now add a few extracts from T. L. Peacock's version of *Gl' Ingannati* (London, 1862).

Dramatis Personæ.

Gherardo Foiani, *father of Isabella.*
Virginio Bellenzini, *father of Lelia and Fabrizio.*
Flaminio de Carandini, *in love with Isabella.*
Fabrizio, *son of Virginio.*
Messer Piero, *a pedant, tutor of Fabrizio.*
L'Agiato, Fruella, } *rival hotel-keepers.*
Giglio, *a Spaniard.*
Spela, *servant of Gherardo.*
Scatizza, *servant of Virginio.*
Crivello, *servant of Flaminio.*
Stragualci, *servant of Fabrizio.*
Lelia, *daughter of Virginio, disguised as a page, under the name of Fabio.*

Isabella, *daughter of Gherardo.*
Clementia, *nurse of Lelia.*
Pasquella, *housekeeper of Gherardo.*
Cittina, *a girl, daughter of Clementia.*

ACT II.—*The Street, with the house of Flaminio.*
Enter Lelia (*as Fabio*) *and* Flaminio.

Flaminio. It is a strange thing, Fabio, that I have not yet been able to extract a kind answer from this cruel, this ungrateful Isabella, and yet by her always receiving you graciously, and by giving you willing audience, I am led to think that she does not altogether hate me. Assuredly, I never did anything, that I know, to displease her; you may judge from her conversation, if she has any cause to complain of me. Repeat to me what she said yesterday, when you went to her with that letter.

Lelia. I have repeated it to you twenty times.

Flam. Oh, repeat it to me once more. What can it matter to you?

Lelia. It matters to me this, that it is disagreeable to you, and is, therefore, painful to me, as your servant, who seek only to please you; perhaps these answers may make you vexed with me.

Flam. No, my dear Fabio; I love you as a brother; I know you wish me well, and I will never be wanting to you, as time shall show. But repeat to me what she said.

Lelia. Have I not told you? That the greatest pleasure

you can do her is to let her alone ; to think no more of her, because she has fixed her heart elsewhere ; that she has no eyes to look on you ; that you lose your time in following her, and will find yourself at last with your hands full of wind.

Flam. And does it appear to you, Fabio, that she says these things from her heart, or, rather, that she has taken some offence with me ? For at one time she showed me favour, and I cannot believe she wishes me ill, while she accepts my letters and my messages. I am disposed to follow her till death. Do you not think that I am in the right, Fabio ?

Lelia. No, signor.

Flam. Why ?

Lelia. Because, if I were in your place, I should expect her to receive my service as a grace and an honour. To a young man like you, noble, virtuous, elegant, handsome, can ladies worthy of you be wanting ? Do as I would do, signor ; leave her ; and attach yourself to some one who will love you as you deserve. Such will be easily found, and perhaps as handsome as she is. Have you never yet found one in this country who loved you ?

Flam. Indeed I have, and especially one, who is named Lelia, and to whom, I have often thought, I see a striking likeness in you ; the most beautiful, the most accomplished, the best-mannered young girl in this town ; who would think herself happy, if I would show her even a little favour ; rich and well received at court. We were lovers nearly a year,

and she showed me a thousand favours; but she went to Mirandola, and my fate made me enamoured of Isabella, who has been as cruel to me as Lelia was gracious.

Lelia. Master, you deserve to suffer. If you do not value one who loves you, it is fitting that one you love should not value you.

Flam. What do you mean?

Lelia. It you first loved this poor girl, and if she loved and still loves you, why have you abandoned her to follow another? Ah, Signor Flaminio! you do a great wrong, a greater than I know if God can pardon.

Flam. You are a child, Fabio. You do not know the force of love. I cannot help myself. I must love and adore Isabella. I cannot, may not, will not think of any but her. Therefore, go to her again; speak with her; and try to draw dexterously from her what is the cause that she will not see me.

Lelia. You will lose your time.

Flam. It pleases me so to lose it.

Lelia. You will accomplish nothing.

Flam. Patience.

Lelia. Pray let her go.

Flam. I cannot. Go as I bid you.

Lelia. I will go, but——

Flam. Return with the answer immediately. Meanwhile I will go in.

Lelia. When time serves, I will not fail.

Flam. Do this, and it will be well for you.

[*Exit* Flaminio.

Lelia. He is gone in good time!—Here is Pasquella coming to look for me.

[*Enter* Pasquella.

* * * * *

Lelia. Remember what you have promised me.

Isabella. And do you remember to return to me. One word more.

Lelia. What, more!

Isab. Listen.

Lelia. I attend.

Isab. No one is here?

Lelia. Not a living soul.

Isab. Come nearer. I wish——

Lelia. What do you wish?

Isab. I wish that you would return after dinner, when my father will be out.

Lelia. I will; but if my master passes this way, close the window, and retire.

Isab. If I do not, may you never love me.

Lelia. Adieu. Now return into the house.

Isab. I would have a favour from you.

Lelia. What?

Isab. Come a little within.

Lelia. We shall be seen.

Scatizza [*aside*]. She has kissed him.

Crivello [*aside*]. I had rather have lost a hundred crowns than not to have seen this kiss. What will my master do when he knows it?

Scat. [*aside*]. Oh, the devil! You won't tell him?

Isab. Pardon me. Your too great beauty, and the too great love I bear you, have impelled me to this. You will think it hardly becoming the modesty of a maid, but God knows, I could not resist.

Lelia. I ask no excuses, signora. I know too well what extreme love has led me to.

Isab. To what?

Lelia. To deceiving my master, which is not well.

Isab. Ill fortune come to him!

Lelia. It is late. I must go home. Remain in peace.

Isab. I give myself to you.

Lelia. I am yours. [Isabella *goes in.*] I am sorry for her, and I wish I were well out of this intrigue. I will consult my nurse, Clementia.—But here comes Flaminio.

* * * * *

SCENE.—*The Street, with the house of Flaminio.*

Flaminio. Is it possible, that I can be so far out of myself, have so little self-esteem, as to love, in her own despite, one who hates me, despises me, will not even condescend to look at me? Am I so vile, of so little account, that I cannot free myself from this shame, this torment? But here is Fabio. Well, what have you done?

Lelia. Nothing.

Flam. Why have you been so long away?

Lelia. I have delayed, because I waited to speak with Isabella.

Flam. And why have you not spoken to her?

Lelia. She would not listen to me; and if you would act in my way, you would take another course, for by all that I can so far understand, she is most obstinately resolved to do nothing to please you.

Flam. Why, even now, as I passed her house, she rose and disappeared from the window, with as much anger and fury as if she had seen some hideous and horrible thing.

Lelia. Let her go, I tell you. Is it possible that in all this city there is no other who merits your love as much as she does?

Flam. I would it were not so. I fear this has been the cause of my misfortune; for I loved very warmly that Lelia Bellenzini of whom I have spoken; and I fear Isabella thinks this love still lasts, and on that account will not see me; but I will give Isabella to understand that I love Lelia no longer; rather that I hate her, and cannot bear to hear her named, and will pledge my faith never to go where she may be. Tell Isabella this as strongly as you can.

Lelia. Oh me!

Flam. What has come over you? What do you feel?

Lelia. Oh me!

Flam. Lean on me. Have you any pain?

Lelia. Suddenly. In the heart.

Flam. Go in. Apply warm cloths to your side. I will follow immediately, and, if necessary, will send for a doctor to feel your pulse and prescribe a remedy. Give me your arm. You are pale and cold. Lean on me. Gently, gently. [*Leads her into the house and returns.*] To what are we not subject! I would not, for all I am worth, that anything should happen to him, for there never was in the world a more diligent and well-mannered servant, nor one more cordially attached to his master.

[Flaminio *goes off, and* Lelia *returns.*

Lelia. Oh, wretched Lelia! Now you have heard from the mouth of this ungrateful Flaminio how well he loves you. Why do you lose your time in following one so false and so cruel? All your former love, your favours, and your prayers were thrown away. Now your stratagems are unavailing. Oh, unhappy me! Refused, rejected, spurned, hated! Why do I serve him, who repels me? Why do I ask him, who denies me? Why do I follow him, who flies me? Why do I love him, who hates me? Ah, Flaminio! Nothing pleases him but Isabella. He desires nothing but Isabella. Let him have her. Let him keep her. I must leave him, or I shall die. I will serve him no longer in this dress. I will never again come in his way, since he holds me in such deadly hatred. I will go to Clementia, who expects me, and with her I will determine on the course of my future life.

* * * * *

Act IV.—*Enter* Piero *and* Stragualcia.

Piero. You ought to have fifty bastinadoes, to teach you to keep him company when he goes out, and not to get drunk and sleep as you have done, and let him go about alone.

Stragualcia. And you ought to be loaded with birch and broom, sulphur, pitch, and gunpowder, and set on fire to teach you not to be what you are.

Piero. Sot, sot!

Strag. Pedant, pedant!

Piero. Let me find your master.

Strag. Let me find his father.

Piero. What can you say of me to his father?

Strag. And what can you say of me?

Piero. That you are a knave, a rogue, a rascal, a sluggard, a coward, a drunkard. That's what I can say.

Strag. And I can say that you are a thief, a gambler, a slanderer, a cheat, a sharper, a boaster, a blockhead, an impostor, an ignoramus, a traitor, a profligate. That's what I can say.

Piero. Well, we are both known.

Strag. True.

Piero. No more words. I will not place myself on a footing with you.

Strag. Oh, to be sure; you have all the nobility of the Maremma. I am better born than you. What are you but the son of a muleteer? This upstart, because he can say *cujus masculini*, thinks he may set his foot on every man's neck.

Piero. Naked and poor goest thou, Philosophy. To what have poor letters come!—Into the mouth of an ass.

Strag. You'll be the ass presently. I'll lay a load of wood on your shoulders.

Piero. For the sake of your own shoulders, let me alone, base groom, poltroon, arch-poltroon.

Strag. Pedant, pedant, arch-pedant! What can be said worse than pedant? Can there be a viler, baser, more rubbishy race? They go about puffed up like bladders because they are called *Messer* This, *Maestro* That.

Piero. You speak like what you are. Either you shall leave this service, or I will.

Strag. Who would have you in his house or at his table, except my young master, who is better than bread?

Piero. Many would be glad of me. No more words. Go to the hotel, take care of your master's property. By and by we'll have a reckoning.

Strag. Yes, we will indeed have a reckoning, and you shall pay it.

Piero. Fruella told me Fabrizio was gone toward the Piazza. I will follow him. [*Exit.*

Strag. If I did not now and then make head against this fellow, there would be no living with him. He has no more courage than a rabbit. When I brave him, he is soon silenced; if I were once to knock under to him, he would lead me the life of a galley-slave. [*Exit.*

* * * * *

Before leaving *Gl' Ingannati*, we have to relate the circumstances of its discovery, which, moreover, will bring to our notice other Italian plays in our list of authorities.

In the Diary of John Manningham, first published by Collier in 1831, we find the following entry :—

"*Febr.* 1601.

"Feb. 2.—At our feast wee had a play called 'Twelue Night, or What you Will,' much like the Commedy of Errores, or Menechmi in Plautus, but most like and neere to that in Italian called *Inganni*. A good practise in it to make the steward beleeue his Lady widdowe was in loue with him, by counterfayting a lettre as from his Lady in generall termes, telling him what shee liked best in him, and prescribing his gesture in smiling, his apparraille, etc., and then when he came to practise making him beleeue they tooke him to be mad."

Hunter, who identified the author of this Diary, was led by its mention of *Inganni* to a search among Italian plays, which was rewarded by the discovery of *Gl' Ingannati*. As to the *Inganni* (*i.e.* the Deceits, Mistakes, Cheats, etc.) of Manningham, our list gives three plays with that title; they all bear resemblances to *Gl' Ingannati*, but their relation to *Twelfth Night* is not so well established. From the first of them, however—that by Secchi, 1547—it is well to quote a passage which compares with *Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 23–31 :—

"*Gostanzo* (in reply to Ruberto, *i. e.* Ginevra, who pretends that some young girl is in love with her). Where is she?

Ruberto. Near you.

Gost. How shall I get to her?

Rub. As you could come to me.

Gost. How do you know that she loves me?

Rub. Because she often talks to me of her love.

Gost. Do I know her?

Rub. As well as you know me.

Gost. Is she young?

Rub. Of my age.

Gost. And loves me?

Rub. Adores you.

Gost. Have I ever seen her?

Rub. As often as you have seen me."

Beyond this we have but to notice that there is in the play a servant with the name of *Straccia*, which, in the remotest manner possible, so Collier thought, may have some connection with the "Lady of the Strachy." (*Tw. N.*, II. v. 45.)

Of the second *Inganni*, by Gonzaga, 1592, we may mention that the name assumed by the lady in disguise is *Cesare*; likely enough this caught Shakespeare's attention, and gave him the *Cesario* of his play; and it is a remarkable coincidence that Hunter found Gonzaga's *Inganni* of 1592 and *Gl' Ingannati* of 1585 bound up in a volume with three other Italian plays, in one of which, *Il Viluppo*, di M. G. Parabosco, 1547, *Orsino innamorato* appears among the

dramatis personæ. To the best of my memory I looked into a similar volume in the Library of the British Museum some years ago, but lately I have been unable to find it.

The third *Inganni*, that by Cornaccini, must be regarded as too late for *Twelfth Night*. Mr. Hewlett, I may add, is of opinion that Manningham (p. 24) used the word *Inganni* generically, as representing a class of play.

I will close this chapter by quoting a remark of Mr. Moore-Smith (*Laelia*, pp. xxvii–viii) on the use Shakespeare seems to have made of his authorities, especially *Gl' Ingannati* and its reproductions. He says, "We may imagine that he had been long acquainted with Riche's tale, but that the impulse to dramatize came only after he had heard of the performance of *Laelia* at Cambridge in 1595."[1] Himself the friend of Southampton, who was the friend of Essex, he may easily have heard of the impression made by our play with its poignant situations on some of the noble spectators. He would see its resemblance to *Apolonius and Silla* in outline, but he would borrow a copy of *Gli Ingannati* or *Les Abusez*, another of *Gl' Inganni*, perhaps even a manuscript of *Laelia*, and draw some points from these to supplement what he found in Riche. In these plays he would at least find passionate scenes treated with a truth and power such as Riche was not master of, and perhaps most of all in *Laelia*.

[1] Mr. Fleay conjectured that Shakespeare made his first draft of *Tw. N.* in 1595 (*Introd. to Shaksp. Study*, 1877, p. 25). Later he suggested 1593.

CHAPTER IV

BANDELLO AND BELLEFOREST

(a) *Bandello.*

PERHAPS equal in importance with *Gl' Ingannati* as one of the sources of *Twelfth Night* is the thirty-sixth story of the second part of Bandello's collection.[1] To this Mrs. Charlotte Lennox (*Shakspear Illustrated*, London, 1753) first drew attention. The argument of the *Novella* is as follows: "Nicuola, being in love with Lattanzio, goes to serve him dressed as a page, and after many chances marries him; and what happened to a brother of hers." The story closely follows *Gl' Ingannati*; Paolo and Nicuola in Bandello correspond to Fabrizio and Lelia in *Gl' Ingannati*, and Lattanzio to Flaminio and Catella to Isabella. Moreover, the old Gherardo Foiani reappears as Gerardo Lanzetti.

The phrasal correspondences between *Bandello* and *Twelfth Night* are more numerous than those between Shakespeare's play and *Gl' Ingannati*; and I may here anticipate by pointing out that many of the former are repeated in Belleforest, the eighth authority in the list. Perhaps the most famous passage in *Twelfth Night*—

[1] La Seconda Parte / de le Novelle del Bandello/. In Lucca / MDLIIII.

> "She never told her love,
> But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
> Feed on her damask cheek," etc.
>
> II. iv. 111–13—

may find its suggestion in Bandello's "l'amoroso verme veracemente con grandissimo cordoglio le rodena il core" ("the worm of amorous wistfulness still knawed at her heart and fretted it"); and there are further resemblances in the immediate context. Again, "Parendole che fuori da i suoi begli occhi vscisse una inusitata dolcezza" may be compared with

> "Methinks I feel this youth's perfections
> With an invisible and subtle stealth
> To creep in at mine eyes."
>
> *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 315–7.

This reappears in Belleforest as "Catelle humant de plus en plus le venin d'amour par les yeux, luy sembloit que Romule deuint de fois à autre plus beau." Again, the obscure line in *Twelfth Night* (III. i. 123)—

> "After the last enchantment you did here,"—

has light cast upon it by Catella's remark to the page, "I know not what thou hast done to me; methinketh thou must have bewitched me." "Madam," replied he, "you mock me; I have done nothing to you, and am neither a wizard nor sorcerer." In Belleforest it is thus rendered: "Je ne sçay, mon amy, qu'est-ce que tu as fait en mon endroit, mais i'estime que tu m'as enchantée. Je ne suis sacrilege ny

charmeur dit Romule . . . ne pouvant plus couurir le feu cachè en son ame." A still closer parallel with Shakespeare may be found in Nicuola's reflection, "Who knoweth but this fair damsel yet loveth and liveth in sore affliction for your sake? More by token that I have many a time heard say that girls, in their first loves, love far more tenderly and with much greater fervour than do men. My heart forebodeth me this hapless lass must needs languish for you, and live a life of anguish and misery."

One or two points of difference in the story as told by Bandello and by Shakespeare may now be examined. It is to something more than to Shakespeare's credit that from *Romeo and Juliet* to *The Tempest*, with hardly a single exception, he refines upon what is coarse in his authorities, brings good taste to bear on bad taste, adds interest, verisimilitude, and beauty. Indeed, I know no greater contrast in literature[1] than that between the women of modern fiction (and too often of modern poetry) and the women of Shakespeare. And although his ideal of love and purity in man and woman is reserved for his last effort, *The Tempest*, wherein the speech (and the life) of Ferdinand and Miranda is purged of every taint of Elizabethan coarseness,[2] the actions, nevertheless,

[1] Surely he would scorn our literature of seductive lust and enervating pessimism; I might add vindictive satire; see p. 90.

[2] Even in I. ii. 55–8 and 116–20 (*The Tempest*) there is neither Elizabethan nor any other coarseness. These passages are figurative and ideal. To cite them against Miranda's immaculate purity would be absurd.

and the language of Viola are in noble contrast to those of her predecessors in the story, and mostly also to those of her contemporaries and descendants in other stories. Certainly, as was mentioned above, Bandello improves on *Gl' Ingannati*, yet the distance between Bandello and Shakespeare in point of good taste and refinement is discovered by comparing the passage "Romolo after some further talk . . . between himself and Catella" (pp. 33, 34) with *Twelfth Night*, III. i. 89–169; and we may quote elsewhere from Bandello the remark of Nicuola, p. 37, "I warrant me I would have brought Lattanzio so in disfavour with Catella that she had rather chosen a peasant to husband than him; but my father's unexpected coming hath marred all." We may add that the conclusion of the story in Bandello differs considerably from the *Gl' Ingannati* version, which is much nearer to *Twelfth Night*; there is not in Bandello any shutting up of a supposed madman in a dark house, for example, and the dénouement is tamer. He agrees, however, with *Gl' Ingannati* in presenting the master as a former lover of the page, and she of him (see extract, pp. 16, 35). On this head I will quote from the Arden Edition of *Twelfth Night*:—"First, he [Mr. Maurice Hewlett] is of opinion that Shakespeare should have followed Bandello (in part) by representing Viola as previously possessed by an undivulged passion for Orsino (Bandello proceeds from a mutual attachment between these two). On this point I may remark that Shakespeare had just used the device in *As You Like It*, and naturally wished to vary it;

but another explanation may be found in the fact that under the *Twelfth Night* conditions, Viola is saved from the complications of resentment against Olivia, and gives the artist a free hand. Next, Mr. Hewlett expresses the opinion that the Malvolio plot "usurped the interest . . . and has turned . . . comedy into a tragedy." To this natural objection we may reply that a combination of tragedy with comedy is a leading feature (a merit also) of the Romantic Drama, and one of its chief distinctions from the Classic Drama. Further, as I point out in my *Handbook to Shakespeare* (pp. 241, 248, 259, etc.), seriousness or tragedy find their gradual way into the three great comedies *Much Ado About Nothing*, *As You Like It*, and *Twelfth Night*, and thus lead up to the tragic series that begins with *Julius Cæsar*. I may add that, whereas in the *Merchant of Venice* tragedy was outdazzled by comedy, so in *Twelfth Night* comedy is to some extent subdued, if not shadowed, by tragedy."

This notice of Bandello will conclude with a few extracts from the version by John Payne, London, 1890:—

"Catella straightway came down and entering the chamber where Romolo awaited her, no sooner saw him than she thought to behold an angel, so fair and graceful did he appear to her. He did his obeisance to her and began to tell her what he had in charge from his master, while she took an extreme pleasure in hearing him talk and ogled him amorously, dying of desire to kiss him, and her seeming there issued an unwonted sweetness from his fair eyes.

"Romolo addressed himself to bespeak her of Lattanzio's case; but she paid little heed to that which he said to her, being all intent upon his sight and saying in herself that she had never seen so handsome a youth. In fine, she viewed him so amorously, and so deeply did the lad's beauty and grace penetrate into her heart, that unable to restrain herself longer, she threw her arms about his neck and kissing him five or six times ardently on the mouth, said to him, 'Seemeth it well to thee to bring me such messages and expose thyself to the risk which thou runnest, an my father find thee here?' He, seeing her turn a thousand colours, and plainly perceiving that she was enamoured of him, answered her, saying, 'Mistress mine, needs must he who abideth with others and serveth do these and the like offices, according to the will and commandment of his master, and I for my part do it very unwillingly; but he who can command me willing this, needs must I also will it. Wherefore I pray you vouchsafe me an acceptable answer, and have compassion on my master, who loveth you so dear and is so much your servant, so on my return I may gladden him with good news.' On this wise they talked for a time together, what while it seemed to Catella that the page's beauty waxed ever goodlier and greater and bethinking her that needs must she part from him, she felt certain stings at her heart, which pierced her through and through; wherefore she determined to discover her passion to him and began on this wise to bespeak him, saying, 'I know not what thou hast done to me; methinketh thou must have bewitched me!' 'Madam,' replied

he, 'you mock me; I have done nothing to you and am neither a wizard nor sorcerer; I am e'en your servant and pray you give me a fair answer, whereby you will keep my master on life and will cause him tender me dearer than he presently doth.' Whereupon quoth Catella, who could hold out no longer and was like to melt for desire, as she kissed the page, 'Harkye, my life and soul of my soul, I know no youth in the world who could have made me do that which I have presently done with thee, but thy beauty and the infinite love which I bear thee, since first I saw thee behind thy master, have moved me to this. I desire thee not to servant, but will e'en have thee (an it mislike thee not) be lord over me what while I live and dispose of me at thy pleasure. I ask not who thou art nor if thou be poor or rich nor of what blood thou art born. My father, Godamercy, is rich enough for thee and for me and so old that he can live little longer; wherefore do thou look to thyself and let Lattanzio go, for that I, for my part, am never like to love him and shall henceforward leave showing him a good countenance.' Romolo, after some farther talk, him seeming the thing went as he would have it, promised Catella to do what she wished and returned her infinite thanks for her proffers, avouching himself eternally beholden to her, but declaring that it behooved to proceed cautiously, so Lattanzio should perceive nothing. Then, having agreed with her of that which was to be said to the latter, he, after many amorous kisses given and received, took his leave.

"Returning home, he found his master awaiting him impatiently and began by excusing himself for his tardiness, saying that it had been a good while ere he might get speech of Catella and that, whenas he came to speak with her, he had found her in a great fume, as well because she had that day been severely rated by her father for that her love as also because she had heard he was enamoured of another girl. 'I did my utmost endeavour,' said Romolo, 'to oust this conceit from her head, adducing to her a thousand reasons and argued long with her, but all proved in vain. Lattanzio at this news abode sore dismayed and chagrined and made Romolo repeat to him a good half score times all that had passed between himself and Catella. Moreover, he prayed him take an opportunity of returning to her and assuring her that he loved no other woman in the world than herself, that he was ready to give her all possible proofs thereof, and that, do what she would, he was never like to love another, being resolved to be eternally her most loyal servitor, and Romolo accordingly promised to do all he knew and might to get speech of her.

"On the morrow, Catella being at the window, Lattanzio passed through the street and as he drew near the house, the damsel with a disdainful gesture retired from the casement and withdrew indoors. This act added new assurance to the story told by Romolo to his master, who returned home, full of chagrin, and fell a-complaining to the page of his ill-hap and sorry fortune; then, goaded by anger, he went on to

say that Catella was not withal the fairest damsel in the world nor the noblest that she should bear herself so arrogantly and misprise him after such a fashion; and to this purpose he said many things. Hereupon Romolo began very adroitly to remind his master that these were things which were mostly used to happen, either for despite or through ill tongues or because of unconformity of humours, it being oftentimes seen that a man loveth a woman, who will never incline to love him, whilst another will love him, whom he can no wise bring himself to love. 'Indeed, Romolo,' quoth Lattanzio, 'thou sayest sooth, for some months agone I was beloved of one of the fairest damsels of this city, who was newly come from Rome and who I know loved me with all her heart; nay, I also loved her very ardently; but she went I know not whither and abode many days absent; and in the meantime I chanced to set eyes on this proud baggage of a Catella; whereupon, leaving the other's love and altogether casting her behind my back and into oblivion, I applied to serve this ingrate. The other damsel, on her return to the city, sent me letters and messages, but I took no heed of aught.' 'My lord,' rejoined Romolo, 'you are rightly served and have gotten the requital you deserved; for that, an you were beloved as you say of so fair a damsel, you did exceeding ill to leave her for this one, who without knowing it, wreaketh vengeance for the other. We should love those who love us and not ensue those who flee from us. Who knoweth but this fair damsel yet loveth you and liveth

in sore affliction for your sake? More by token that I have many a time heard say that girls, in their first loves, love far more tenderly and with much greater fervour than do men. My heart forebodeth me this hapless lass must needs languish for you, and live a life of anguish and misery.' 'That I know not,' replied Lattanzio, 'I only know that she loved me passing dear and that she is very fair. Catella would seem to thee well-nigh foul in comparison with her; nay, to tell thee more, it hath many a time occurred to my mind that, wert thou clad as a woman, I could swear thou wast herself, so much meseemeth dost thou favour her in everything, and methinketh there is but little difference betwixt thee and her as to age, albeit meseemeth indeed she is a thought taller than thou. But let us return to our talk of yonder trull of a Catella, whom I cannot avail to put out of my head; nay, I think of her day and night and can turn my mind to no otherwhat. Tell me; doth thy heart warrant thee to bespeak her and throughly to discover my love to her?' 'I will do what I may and know,' replied Romolo, 'nay, were I certain to receive death at her hands, I would return thither.' * * *

"Pippa accordingly departed, and ere she went home, she repaired to the nunnery to visit and speak with Sister Camilla, with whom she ordered everything that was needful for the safeguarding of Nicuola, in case Ambrogio should go thither, and the sister, who was a past mistress in such crafts, bade her be of good courage, for that all should

go well. She then returned whereas Nicuola, Romolo no more, awaited her with exceeding impatience, to hear how the thing had gone, having already donned her own clothes and tired her head as our girls used to do. Pippa acquainted her with that which she had done, and told her that it was in her discretion if she would go home next day to her father or abide a day or two with her; whereupon Nicuola concluded to abide another day with her nurse, and did nought but plague her with talk of Lattanzio, showing such a desire to have him to husband that greater might not be. Pippa still exhorted her to turn her thoughts elsewhither, for that she saw plainly she wearied herself in vain, knowing Lattanzio to be so passionately enamoured of Catella that he thought of nothing else, and would in the end have his intent, demanding her of Gerado to wife. 'It is that,' rejoined Nicuola, 'which tormented me, nor do I ever think thereof but I despair. But, had not my father returned so soon, I warrant me I would have brought Lattanzio so in disfavour with Catella that she had rather chosen a peasant to husband than him; but my father's unexpected coming hath marred all.' 'Marred?' cried Pippa, 'nay, it hath rather set all right. An that be true which thou tellest me, anent the love which Catella beareth thee, methinketh thine affairs were at an ill pass, inasmuch as had she found out that thou wert a girl, how deemest thou she would have judged of thee? Would she not forthwith have suspected thy relation to Lattanzio?' 'That,'

replied Nicuola, 'is the very thing which I would have had happen. Had she e'en discovered me to be a girl, she had not withal known me for Nicuola, daughter of Ambrogio, and Lattanzio had fallen into such ill savour with her that she would never again have brooked the sight of him or the mention of his name; so that I might have hoped to regain his love.' Pippa could not forbear laughing at Nicuola's reasonings, and said to her, 'Daughter mine, set thy heart at rest. An it be ordained of God that Catella is to be Lattanzio's wife, neither art nor address, no, nor any shift that thou canst devise, will avail to hinder such a marriage. Thou art yet very young, thou art fair, thou art rich, for there can be little doubt that, were Paolo, thy brother, alive, something had by this been heard of him; but the poor lad must certainly be dead, our Lord God have his soul! So that, an thou govern thyself sagely, thou wilt abide sole heir to thy father; wherefore thou wilt not lack for suitors of the noblest and richest young men of the Marches. Put away from thee, therefore, these extravagant fancies, which are more like to bring thee hurt and vexation than profit or advantage.'"

* * * * *

(b) *Belleforest.*

As Belleforest so often repeats Bandello, it might seem unnecessary to include him among the authorities. But the French story-teller (or his occasional collaborator Boistuau)

seems to have been consulted by Shakespeare in the preparation of *Hamlet*, possibly also of *Romeo and Juliet* and *Much Ado about Nothing*; and there is every reason to believe that Shakespeare read the French version of the Viola story. Again we are told, "Comme une fille Romaine se vestant en page seruist long temps vn sien amy, sans estre cogneuë . . . auec autres discours," for the French author makes many additions, such as verses and love-letters, though he has shortened the story here and there, omitting speeches and other matter; but he retains the names of the characters.

Volume IV of the *Histoires Tragiques* of Belleforest was published at Paris in 1570; the copy to which I have access is entitled "*Le Quatriesme Tome des Histoires Tragiques*/ Turin, 1571," and the *Twelfth Night* story is the fifty-ninth. The dedication is dated Paris, May 3rd, 1570, and includes the following remark:—"Je les ay choisies, non seulement du Bâdel, mais de plusieurs autres, ne trouvant rien plus dans cest autheur, qui fut digne d'une dame si sage," etc., etc.

This is interesting, for Barnabe Rich, as we shall see later, follows Belleforest, adding an acknowledgment of his debt to Bandello. As to the question, "Did Shakespeare consult this Belleforest version of the romance?", I think he did; but I have no inclination to assume that he read every possible book in the libraries of his day; I do believe, however, that he had access to the best of those libraries; that he got help and hints from literary friends; that, given a subject, he did not rest till he had ransacked his authorities; that he did

look into Belleforest on some occasions, and by whatever means; and that on this occasion he did not neglect a version of his subject which presented some interesting variations. As an example of passages that may have been underlined by Shakespeare in his perusal (is it treason to think of Shakespeare as a mere mortal who could condescend to underline or make note?) I might quote "Les apprehensions, tant plus elles sont violentes et soudaines, tant plustost aussi elles s'en volent, et est effacée leur trace en la memoire, dés que l'on en perd le premier object . . . Et procede cecy d'vne grande imperfection de jugement au choix de ce qui nous est profittable, et d'une inconstance que le plus souuent accompagne les amoureux, quelque grande parade qu'ils facent de leur loyauté."

These extracts may compare with the following in *Twelfth Night*:—

> "O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
> That, notwithstanding thy capacity
> Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
> Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
> But falls into abatement and low price,
> Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,
> That it alone is high fantastical."
>
> I. i. 9-15.

> "Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
> More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,
> Than women's are."
>
> II. iv. 33-5.

> "Our shows are more than will, for still we prove
> Much in our vows, but little in our love."
>
> II. iv. 120-1.

Also the following is akin to the former extracts, and

will further serve to show how Belleforest deals with Bandello (p. 29):—

"Et que sçavez vous si ceste fille languist encore pour l'amour de vous, et vist en destresse? Car i'ay ouy dire que les filles en leurs premieres apprehensions aiment d'vne vehemence tout autre, et plus grande qui ne font les hommes, et que malaisement on estaint ceste flamme ainsi viuement esprise, ayant trouvé suiet non occupé en autre chose."

I may add that the importance of the betrothal in those days is explained by Belleforest; also, that at the end of his story he mentions the parallel case, "de celle grand Royne femme de Mithridate Roy d'Asie, que n'en fasoit pas moins, suyuant son mary sous l'habillement d'vn homme, tant elle l'aimoit."

CHAPTER V

MINOR SUGGESTIONS

No discredit need attach to the words "possible" or "probable," which are frequently used by writers about Shakespeare. If we reject them, we must give up the investigation of his works altogether; and I doubt whether any department of study is more interesting or more profitable than the study of Shakespeare: I shall therefore make no apology if some of the items brought forward in this chapter seem less important or less probable than others.

Of the translations of *Gl' Ingannati* I have spoken already. It is only possible that *Les Abusés*, the French version, came to the notice of Shakespeare, but it is more than possible that he read the Latin play which appears to be adapted from *Les Abusés*. The only known copy of this Latin version, a MS. preserved at the Lambeth Palace Library (No. 838), was examined and described by Mr. G. B. Churchill, who based it on *Gl' Ingannati* (*Sh. Jahrbuch*, 1898, *xxxiv Die lateinischen Universitäts—Dramen Englands in der Zeit der Königin Elizabeth*). Recently it has been edited by Professor Moore-Smith (Cambridge Press, 1910), who gives us a suggestive note on its relation to *Gl' Ingannate* and *Les*

Abusés. He shows that the author (or authors) followed the French and not the Italian. He writes (pp. xxvi–vii):—"More striking is the correspondence, which can hardly be accidental, between the sight-seeing in *Lælia*, III. i. 47–86 (and similar passages in *Gl' Ingannati* and *Les Abusez*) and *Tw. N.*, III. 3. 19–24. We may note, too, the mention of the inn (*Tw. N.*, III. 3. 39, etc.), compared with *Lælia*, III. 2. Sebastian's meeting with Olivia's clown (IV. i. 1–18) much resembles that of Fabritius with Pacquetta (*Lælia*, III. 5), to which there is nothing corresponding in Riche's tale. The expression 'a pang of heart' in *Tw. N.*, II. 4. 93 recalls Lælia's cordolium[1] (II. 6. 66). The Apologue (*Tw. N.*, II. 4. 110) recalls the apologue of Clemens (*Lælia*, V. 3. 16–41). Viola's readiness to follow Orsino even to her death (*Tw. N.*, V. 1. 137) recalls Lælia's 'Manta, non ibis solus' (*Lælia*, V. 4. 1, for which there is nothing to correspond in *Gl' Ingannati* or *Les Abusez*). . . . The scenes in *Lælia* between Flaminius and Fabius (II. 1, II. 6, V. 3, V. 4) seem to me not unworthy of the admiration even of Shakespeare."

We seem to have another reproduction of *Gl' Ingannati* in the Spanish drama *Los Engaños* or *Los Engañados*, the latter being the more correct title. This play of Lope de Rueda, assigned by Mariano Ferrer é Izquierdo to the year 1556, was printed in 1567 in a volume with the general title *Las quatro Comedias*, etc., and further, *Las segundas dos*

[1] Cf. *cordoglio*, p. 28.

Comedias del excellête porta, Impressas en Valencia, . . . Año 1567; and again, a few pages further on, *Comedia llamada de los Engañados*, etc., etc.

The following account of this Spanish comedy will be found in a pamphlet by D. Emilio Cortarelo y Mori, Madrid, 1901 :—"*Los Engañados* . . . terma que dió origen a *Los Menechmos* de Plauto, á una novela del Bandello, á la comedia de Shakespeare *La noche de Reyes*, á la titulada *La española de Florencia* . . . " He says further, "y claremente se ve que Rueda tuvo á la vista dicha comedia (*Gl' Ingannati*) y se propuso imitarla." In fact, *Los Engañados* appears to be little more than an adaptation of *Gl' Ingannati*, and the dramatis personæ are much the same in both plays.

La Española de Florencia.—Of this play, which was mentioned in the former paragraph in connection with *Los Engañados*, I have not succeeded in discovering the date or the author. It appears to have other titles, such as *La Burlas Veras*, under which it is ascribed by Riva de Neyra to Lope de Vega; but this is doubted by Chorley, who has discussed the subject in a MS. note in his *Catalogue*, 1861. The copies I have seen assign the work to Calderon, which would be too late for *Twelfth Night*; but this authorship is less probable than the former. The play is also known as *El Amor invencionero*, and the plot closely resembles that of *Gl' Ingannati*, while among the dramatis personæ are Cesar, Gerardo, and Ursino (*viejo*, i. e. an old man).

Like Bandello and Belleforest, Giraldi Cinthio was an author to whom Shakespeare seems to have been indebted on more than one occasion. We have here to deal with Novella VIII, Deca Quinta, *De Gli Hecatommithi / Di M. Giovan Battista Gyraldi Cinthio / Parte Prima /* Nel Monte Regale / 1565.

This version of the *Twelfth Night* romance is much the same as the others in its outline, but the incidents are varied; perhaps its chief interest lies in the fact that, like *Apolonius and Silla*, it begins with a shipwreck. As Cinthio asserts that he wrote all his stories in his youth, we must conclude that he was not indebted to Bandello or Belleforest, but possibly to the earlier *Gl' Ingannati*.

CHAPTER VI

"THE HISTORIE OF APOLONIUS AND SILLA"

Apolonius and Silla is the second in a book of eight stories or short novels by Barnaby Rich. The full title of the volume is as follows:—

"Riche his Farewell / to Militarie Profession: con / teining verie pleasaunt discourses / fit for a peaceable tyme. / Gathered togethter for the onely delight of / the courteous Gentlewomen bothe / of England and Irelande, / For whose onely pleasure thei were collected together / And unto whom thei are directed and dedicated / by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. / Imprinted at London by Robert Walley, 1581."

This volume was first published in 1581, and a second edition appeared in 1606. The reprint of *Apolonius and Silla* which is given below is based on the two editions above mentioned; but the differences between them are slight and unimportant. The few difficulties in the text will be considered in an Appendix.

I have also thought it advisable to print a portion of the fifth story in Rich's collection, *Of Two Brethren and their Wives*, for, as was pointed out by Mr. W. A. Neilson

in the *Atlantic Monthly* for May 1, 1902, it bears some resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. sc. ii.

By way of comment on this volume of Rich I should first remark that Shakespeare treated his authorities with very varying degrees of respect. When the opulent work of Plutarch lay before him, he did not scruple to transfer whole paragraphs to his own pages; but he found little to tempt him in Rich; the material was not good enough; and only here and there do we come upon matter or expressions that were found worthy of a place in *Twelfth Night*. Yet I have little doubt that Shakespeare read, not only *Apolonius and Silla*, but also the other stories in the volume, and I will establish this point first. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* (which contains the greater number of these resemblances) we meet with the somewhat obscure lines (II. ii. 104–5)—

"Transparent Helena! Nature shows her art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart."

Possibly this is a condensation of the following in Rich: "Being assured of your discretion and wisdom, which Nature hath not only indued you withal, but art hath also accomplished what Nature began to work, I will therefore make no doubt at all to let you know the hidden secrets of my heart . . . and therewithal sound the depth of my desires . . ."

Next, from passages not in *Apolonius and Silla* which are reflected in *Twelfth Night*, I may select a few examples.

From the first story we might quote "no manner of skill in carpet trade" in connection with the *Twelfth Night* passage (III. iv. 258) "on carpet consideration"; and the phrase "have the law extended upon" corresponds to "uncivil and unjust extent Against thy peace" in *Twelfth Night* (IV. i. 57–8.) In this story, also, we have "tracing a pavion, or galliarde, uppon the rushes," which takes us to the "galliard" and the "passy-measures pavin" of *Twelfth Night*. Here also occurs the word *coisterell*, the *coystril* of *Twelfth Night*; it is used again by Rich in his *Conclusion*, where also we meet with *garragascoynes*, a fuller form of the *gaskins* of *Twelfth Night*, I. v. 27. Possibly I might add, "then they began to wear crimson, carnation, green and yellow stockings." Finally, I may note that the first paragraph of the last story in Rich's book seems to have suggested the opening passage of *Twelfth Night*.

But turning now to the resemblances in *Apolonius and Silla*, I may select the example quoted on a former page as illustrating the *Twelfth Night* line (III. iv. 221–2)—

> "I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
> And laid mine honour too unchary *out*."

It was Theobald who proposed *out* for the Fol. reading *on't*, and his emendation is borne out by the following in *Apolonius and Silla*: "Didst thou dare to adventure upon me, having thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason? Ah, unhappy, and above all other most unhappy, that have so charely preserved mine honour." This passage leads us to

prefer the reading *out*; and elsewhere we have "fearing to become quite bankrupt of her honour."

Some of these parallel expressions may of course be found in other writers; but when we add the several minor resemblances that remain, they go far to prove that Shakespeare read *Apolonius and Silla*, and perhaps made it his starting-point. It must be added, moreover, that one important element in the story of Rich is not represented in the other authorities I have touched upon: this is the shipwreck; and we may suppose that Shakespeare borrowed the incident from *Apolonius and Silla*, though there may have been other reasons for its appearance in *Twelfth Night*. Again, the *Twelfth Night* incidents of II. i. 67 resemble the account given by Rich (pp. 66–68) much more closely than anything in *Gl' Ingannati*, Bandello, or *Lælia*; and the same must be said when we compare *Twelfth Night*, V. i. 108–67 with Rich, pp. 68, 69, and V. i. 119–30 with p. 70, and V. i. 130–66 with pp. 72–6. See also p. 10, footnote.

As to the origin of the stories in *Rich his Farewell*, little can be said with certainty. According to their author (by whom, he says, they were "gathered together"), none of them had appeared in print before, though some had been presented on the stage. Yet again, Rich tells us that three of these stories had been "written likewise for pleasure by Maister L. B." (possibly a slip for M. B., *i.e.* Matteo Bandello). Again, in our story we read, "I will here for brevity's sake omit to make repetition of the long

and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla for this sudden departure of her Apolonius," which, as Furness remarks, points to Belleforest as the source, for only in this writer is the long and dolorous discourse to be found. Moreover, as in Belleforest, the lady whom Rich names Julina is a widow.[1] Rich, as we have seen, changes the names of all the characters in his story, and this does not appear to be the only occasion on which he has made such a change when copying or adapting some drama or novel; possibly he wished to secure for himself whatever credit of originality he could. Altogether, we are unable to take the author quite seriously when he speaks of his own work; and as to this story of *Apolonius and Silla*, we may say with some confidence that Rich borrowed it from Bandello and Belleforest; possibly also from some drama on the subject of *Twelfth Night* which is now lost to us.

I will close my *Introduction* with a few particulars of Rich as man and writer. The title "Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession" is misleading, for the author returned eventually to his trade as a soldier. The brief facts of his life are as follow:—

Barnabe Riche (otherwise Barnaby Rich) was born about the year 1540, and he died in or about the year 1620; but

[1] Olivia (= Julina) in *Twelfth Night* mourns her brother, but according to Manningham's account dated 1602 (see p. 24) Olivia was a widow. We must agree with Collier that Shakespeare may have revised his play in this particular; all evidence is in favour of the conjecture; and we may thus account for other apparent changes. See *Arden* Ed. of *Twelfth Night*, pp. xxi and xxii.

neither the date of his birth nor of his death can be exactly determined. In his books he styles himself "gentleman"; and he seems to have been well connected. A soldier by profession, he nevertheless for some fifty years devoted his leisure to literature: and he found a patron in Sir Christopher Hatton; later, he sought the patronage of Prince Henry. As soldier, his career was long and varied; he rose to be captain, and in 1616 he was presented with £100 in consideration of his being the oldest captain in the kingdom. At one time also he was in receipt of two and sixpence a day from the Irish establishment, and he frequently describes himself as a Crown "servant."

As man of letters, he was self-taught; he knew French and Italian, but not the classics, and he could hardly be called a learned man. Yet his literary output was considerable; it was his boast, indeed, that he was the author of thirty-six works. Of these only one other need be mentioned here, his *Honesty of This Age*, which was reprinted for the Percy Society by Mr. Cunningham, who contributes a valuable Introduction.

As a writer, Rich commended himself to a considerable section of readers, but what I have read of his work does not seem to be of a very high order. In prose, for the most part, he follows the lead of Lyly, but in spite of a certain tale-telling faculty his workmanship has no striking merit; and his verse is still less commendable.

My friend Dr. Gollancz has kindly contributed an interesting account of his theory of the original of the character of Malvolio (see Appendix II).

OF APOLONIUS AND SILLA

THE ARGUMENT OF THE SECOND HISTORY

Apolonius Duke, having spent a year's service in the wars against the Turks, returning homeward with his company by sea, was driven by force of weather to the Isle of Cyprus, where he was well received by Pontus, governor of the same Isle; with whom Silla, daughter to Pontus, fell so strangely in love, that after Apolonius was departed to Constantinople, Silla, with one man, followed, and coming to Constantinople, she served Apolonius in the habit of a man, and after many pretty accidents falling out, she was known to Apolonius, who, in requital of her love, married her.

There is no child that is born into this wretched world, but before it doth suck the mother's milk, it taketh first a sup of the cup of error, which maketh us, when we come to riper years, not only to enter into actions of injury, but many times to stray from that is right and reason; but in all other things, wherein we show ourselves to be most drunken with this poisoned cup, it is in our actions of love; for the lover is so estranged from that is right, and wandereth so wide from the bounds of reason, that he is not able to deem white from black, good from bad, virtue from vice; but only led by the appetite of his own affections, and grounding them on the foolishness of his own fancies, will so settle his liking on such

a one, as either by desert or unworthiness will merit rather to be loathed than loved.

If a question might be asked, what is the ground in deed of reasonable love, whereby the knot is knit of true and perfect friendship, I think those that be wise would answer—desert: that is, where the party beloved doth requite us with the like; for otherwise, if the bare show of beauty, or the comeliness of personage might be sufficient to confirm us in our love, those that be accustomed to go to fairs and markets might sometimes fall in love with twenty in a day: desert must then be (of force) the ground of reasonable love; for to love them that hate us, to follow them that fly from us, to fawn on them that frown on us, to curry favour with them that disdain us, to be glad to please them that care not how they offend us, who will not confess this to be an erroneous love, neither grounded upon wit nor reason? Wherefore, right courteous gentlewomen, if it please you with patience to peruse this history following, you shall see Dame Error so play her part with a leash of lovers, a male and two females, as shall work a wonder to your wise judgement, in noting the effect of their amorous devices, and conclusions of their actions: the first neglecting the love of a noble dame, young, beautiful, and fair, who only for his goodwill played the part of a serving man, contented to abide any manner of pain only to behold him: he again setting his love of a dame, that despising him (being a noble Duke) gave herself to a serving man (as she had thought); but it otherwise fell out, as the substance of this tale shall

better describe. And because I have been something tedious in my first discourse, offending your patient ears with the hearing of a circumstance over long, from henceforth, that which I mind to write shall be done with such celerity, as the matter that I pretend to pen may in any wise permit me, and thus followeth the history.

APOLONIUS AND SILLA

During the time that the famous city of Constantinople remained in the hands of the Christians, amongst many other noble men that kept their abiding in that flourishing city, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthy duke, who being but a very young man, and even then new come to his possessions, which were very great, levied a mighty band of men at his own proper charges, with whom he served against the Turk during the space of one whole year, in which time, although it were very short, this young duke so behaved himself, as well by prowess and valiance showed with his own hands, as otherwise by his wisdom and liberality used towards his soldiers, that all the world was filled with the fame of this noble duke. When he had thus spent one year's service, he caused his trumpet to sound a retreat, and gathering his company together, and embarking themselves, he set sail, holding his course towards Constantinople: but, being upon the sea, by the extremity of a tempest which suddenly fell, his fleet was severed, some one way, and some another; but he himself recovered the Isle of Cyprus, where he was worthily received by Pontus, duke and governor of the same isle, with whom he lodged while his ships were new repairing.

This Pontus that was lord and governor of this famous isle was an ancient duke, and had two children, a son and

a daughter; his son was named Silvio, of whom hereafter we shall have further occasion to speak, but at this instant he was in the parts of Africa, serving in the wars.

The daughter her name was Silla, whose beauty was so peerless that she had the sovereignty amongst all other dames, as well for her beauty as for the nobleness of her birth. This Silla, having heard of the worthiness of Apolonius, this young duke, who besides his beauty and good graces, had a certain natural allurement, that being now in his company in her father's court, she was so strangely attached with the love of Apolonius, that there was nothing might content her but his presence and sweet sight; and although she saw no manner of hope to attain to that she most desired, knowing Apolonius to be but a guest, and ready to take the benefit of the next wind, and to depart into a strange country, whereby she was bereaved of all possibility ever to see him again, and therefore strived with herself to leave her fondness, but all in vain; it would not be, but, like the fowl which is once limed, the more she striveth, the faster she tieth herself. So Silla was now constrained perforce her will to yield to love, wherefore from time to time she used so great familiarity with him, as her honour might well permit, and fed him with such amorous baits as the modesty of a maid could reasonably afford; which when she perceived did take but small effect, feeling herself outraged with the extremity of her passion, by the only countenance that she bestowed upon Apolonius,

it might have been well perceived that the very eyes pleaded unto him for pity and remorse. But Apolonius, coming but lately from out the field from the chasing of his enemies, and his fury not yet thoroughly dissolved, nor purged from his stomach, gave no regard to those amorous enticements, which, by reason of his youth, he had not been acquainted withal. But his mind ran more to hear his pilots bring news of a merry wind, to serve his turn to Constantinople, which in the end came very prosperously: and giving Duke Pontus hearty thanks for his great entertainment, taking his leave of himself, and the lady Silla his daughter, departed with his company, and with a happy gale arrived at his desired port. Gentlewomen, according to my promise, I will here, for brevity's sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla for this sudden departure of her Apolonius, knowing you to be as tenderly hearted as Silla herself, whereby you may the better conjecture the fury of her fever.

But Silla, the further that she saw herself bereaved of all hope, ever any more to see her beloved Apolonius, so much the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speed to execute that she had premeditated in her mind, which was this: Amongst many servants that did attend upon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited upon her in her chamber, whereby she was well assured of his fidelity and trust: to that Pedro therefore she bewrayed first the fervency of her

love borne to Apolonius, conjuring him in the name of the Goddess of Love herself, and binding him by the duty that a servant ought to have, that tendereth his mistress' safety and good liking, and desiring him with tears trickling down her cheeks, that he would give his consent to aid and assist her, in that she had determined, which was for that she was fully resolved to go to Constantinople, where she might again take the view of her beloved Apolonius, that he, according to the trust she had reposed in him, would not refuse to give his consent, secretly to convey her from out her father's court according as she would give him direction, and also to make himself partaker of her journey, and to wait upon her, till she had seen the end of her determination.

Pedro, perceiving with what vehemency his lady and mistress had made request unto him, albeit he saw many perils and doubts depending in her pretence, notwithstanding gave his consent to be at her disposition, promising her to further her with his best advice, and to be ready to obey whatsoever she would please to command him. The match being thus agreed upon, and all things prepared in a readiness for their departure, it happened there was a galley of Constantinople ready to depart, which Pedro understanding, came to the captain, desiring him to have passage for himself, and for a poor maid that was his sister, which were bound to Constantinople upon certain urgent affairs; to which request the captain granted, willing him to prepare

aboard with all speed, because the wind served him presently to depart.

Pedro now coming to his mistress, and telling her how he had handled the matter with the captain, she liking very well of the device, disguising herself into very simple attire, stole away from out her father's court, and came with Pedro, whom now she called brother, aboard the galley, where all things being in readiness, and the wind serving very well, they launched forth with their oars, and set sail. When they were at the sea, the captain of the galley, taking the view of Silla, perceiving her singular beauty he was better pleased in beholding of her face, than in taking the height either of the sun or stars; and thinking her by the homeliness of her apparel to be but some simple maiden, calling her into his cabin, he began to break with her after the sea fashion, desiring her to use his own cabin for her better ease: and during the time that she remained at the sea, she should not want a bed; and then, whispering softly in her ear, he said, that for want of a bedfellow, he himself would supply that room. Silla not being acquainted with any such talk, blushed for shame, but made him no answer at all. My captain, feeling such bickering within himself, the like whereof he had never endured upon the sea, was like to be taken prisoner aboard his own ship, and forced to yield himself captive without any cannon shot; wherefore, to salve all sores, and thinking it the readiest way to speed, he began to break with Silla in the way of marriage,

telling her how happy a voyage she had made, to fall into the liking of such a one as himself was, who was able to keep and maintain her like a gentlewoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom he would by some means prefer in such sort, that both of them should have good cause to think themselves thrice happy, she to light of such a husband, and he to light of such a brother. But Silla, nothing pleased with these preferments, desired him to cease his talk, for that she did think herself indeed to be too unworthy such a one as he was, neither was she minded yet to marry, and therefore desired him to fix his fancy upon some that were better worthy than herself was, and that could better like of his courtesy than she could do. The captain, seeing himself thus refused, being in a great chafe, he said as followeth :—

"Then, seeing you make so little account of my courtesy proffered to one that is so far unworthy of it, from henceforth I will use the office of my authority ; you shall know that I am the captain of this ship, and have power to command and dispose of things at my pleasure ; and seeing you have so scornfully rejected me to be your loyal husband, I will now take you by force, and use you at my will, and so long as it shall please me, will keep you for mine own store ; there shall be no man able to defend you, nor yet to persuade me from that I have determined." Silla, with these words being struck into a great fear, did think it now too late to rue her rash attempt, determined rather to die with her own hands,

than to suffer herself to be abused in such sort; therefore she most humbly desired the captain so much as he could to save her credit, and seeing that she must needs be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer her till night, when in the dark he might take his pleasure, without any manner of suspicion to the residue of his company. The captain, thinking now the goal to be more than half won, was contented so far to satisfy her request, and departed out, leaving her alone in his cabin.

Silla, being alone by herself, drew out her knife, ready to strike herself to the heart, and, falling upon her knees, desired God to receive her soul, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, which she had so wilfully committed, craving pardon for her sins; and so forth continuing a long and pitiful reconciliation to God, in the midst whereof there suddenly fell a wonderful storm, the terror whereof was such, that there was no man but did think the seas would presently have swallowed them; the billows so suddenly arose with the rage of the wind, that they were all glad to fall to heaving out of water, for otherwise their feeble galley had never been able to have brooked the seas. This storm continued all that day and the next night, and they being driven to put romer before the wind to keep the galley ahead the billow, were driven upon the main shore, where the galley brake all to pieces; there was every man providing to save his own life; some gat upon hatches, boards, and casks, and were driven with the waves to and fro; but the greatest number

were drowned, amongst the which Pedro was one ; but Silla herself being in the cabin, as you have heard, took hold of a chest that was the captain's, the which, by the only providence of God, brought her safe to the shore ; the which when she had recovered, not knowing what was become of Pedro her man, she deemed that both he and all the rest had been drowned, for that she saw nobody upon the shore but herself ; wherefore, when she had a while made great lamentations, complaining her mishaps, she began in the end to comfort herself with the hope that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such means that she brake open the chest that brought her to land, wherein she found good store of coin, and sundry suits of apparel that were the captain's. And now, to prevent a number of injuries that might be proffered to a woman that was left in her case, she determined to leave her own apparel, and to sort herself into some of those suits, that, being taken for a man, she might pass through the country in the better safety ; and as she changed her apparel, she thought it likewise convenient to change her name ; wherefore, not readily happening of any other, she called herself Silvio, by the name of her own brother, whom you have heard spoken of before.

In this manner she travelled to Constantinople, where she inquired out the palace of the Duke Apolonius ; and thinking herself now to be both fit and able to play the serving man, she presented herself to the duke, craving his service. The duke, very willing to give succour unto strangers, perceiving

him to be a proper smug young man, gave him entertainment. Silla thought herself now more than satisfied for all the casualties that had happened unto her in her journey, that she might at her pleasure take but the view of the Duke Apolonius, and above the rest of his servants was very diligent and attendant upon him; the which the duke perceiving, began likewise to grow into good liking with the diligence of his man, and therefore made him one of his chamber; who but Silvio then was most near about him, in helping of him to make him ready in a morning in the setting of his ruffs, in the keeping of his chamber? Silvio pleased his master so well, that above all the rest of his servants about him, he had the greatest credit, and the duke put him most in trust.

At this very instant, there was remaining in the city a noble Dame, a widow, whose husband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the parts of Græcia, who left his lady and wife large possessions and great livings. This lady's name was called Julina, who besides the abundance of her wealth, and the greatness of her revenues, had likewise the sovereignty of all the dames of Constantinople for her beauty. To this lady Julina, Apolonius became an earnest suitor; and according to the manner of wooers, besides fair words, sorrowful sighs, and piteous countenances, there must be sending of loving letters, chains, bracelets, brooches, rings, tablets, gems, jewels, and presents, I know not what: so my duke, who in the time that he remained in the Isle of Cyprus had no skill at all in the art

of love, although it were more than half proffered unto him, was now become a scholar in love's school, and had already learned his first lesson; that is, to speak pitifully, to look ruthfully, to promise largely, to serve diligently, and to please carefully: now he was learning his second lesson, that is, to reward liberally, to give bountifully, to present willingly, and to write lovingly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his new study, that I warrant you there was no man that could challenge him for playing the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will: and who must be the messenger to carry the tokens and love letters to the lady Julina, but Silvio his man; in him the duke reposed his only confidence, to go between him and his lady.

Now, gentlewomen, do you think there could have been a greater torment devised wherewith to afflict the heart of Silla, than herself to be made the instrument to work her own mishap, and to play the attorney in a cause that made so much against herself. But Silla, altogether desirous to please her master, cared nothing at all to offend herself, followed his business with so good a will as if it had been in her own preferment.

Julina, now having many times taken the gaze of this young youth Silvio, perceiving him to be of such excellent perfect grace, was so entangled with the often sight of this sweet temptation, that she fell into as great a liking with the man as the master was with herself; and on a time, Silvio being sent from his master with a message to the lady

Julina, as he began very earnestly to solicit in his master's behalf, Julina, interrupting him in his tale, said : "Silvio, it is enough that you have said for your master ; from henceforth either speak for yourself, or say nothing at all." Silla, abashed to hear these words, began in her mind to accuse the blindness of love, that Julina, neglecting the good will of so noble a duke, would prefer her love unto such a one, as nature itself had denied to recompense her liking.

And now, for a time leaving matters depending as you have heard, it fell out that the right Silvio indeed (whom you have heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla) was come to his father's court into the Isle of Cyprus ; where understanding that his sister was departed in manner as you have heard, conjectured that the very occasion did proceed of some liking had between Pedro her man (that was missing with her) and herself; but Silvio, who loved his sister as dearly as his own life, and the rather for that she was his natural sister, both by father and mother, so the one of them was so like the other, in countenance and favour, that there was no man able to discern the one from the other by their faces, saving by their apparel, the one being a man, the other a woman.

Silvio therefore vowed to his father, not only to seek out his sister Silla, but also to revenge the villain which he conceived in Pedro, for the carrying away of his sister ; and thus departing, having travelled through many cities and towns, without hearing any manner of news of those he went to seek for, at the last he arrived at Constantinople ; where, as he was

walking in an evening for his own recreation, on a pleasant green yard, without the walls of the city, he fortuned to meet with the lady Julina, who likewise had been abroad to take the air; and as she suddenly cast her eyes upon Silvio, thinking him to be her old acquaintance, by reason they were so like one another, as you have heard before, said unto him, "Sir Silvio, if your haste be not the greater, I pray you let me have a little talk with you, seeing I have so luckily met you in this place."

Silvio, wondering to hear himself so rightly named, being but a stranger, not of above two days' continuance in the city, very courteously came towards her, desirous to hear what she would say.

Julina, commanding her train something to stand back, said as followeth: "Seeing my good will and friendly love hath been the only cause to make me so prodigal to offer that I see is so lightly rejected, it maketh me to think that men be of this condition, rather to desire those things which they cannot come by, than to esteem or value of that which both largely and liberally is offered unto them; but if the liberality of my proffer hath made to seem less the value of the thing that I meant to present, it is but in your own conceit, considering how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, which hath both served, sued, and most humbly intreated, to attain to that, which to you of myself I have freely offered, and I perceive is despised, or at the least very lightly regarded."

Silvio, wondering at these words, but more amazed that she could so rightly call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring himself that she was deceived, and did mistake him, did think notwithstanding, it had been a point of great simplicity, if he should forsake that which fortune had so favourably proffered unto him, perceiving by her train, that she was some lady of great honour, and viewing the perfection of her beauty, and the excellency of her grace and countenance, did think it impossible that she should be despised, and therefore answered thus :—

"Madam, if before this time I have seemed to forget myself, in neglecting your courtesy, which so liberally you have meant unto me, please it you to pardon what is past, and from this day forwards, Silvio remaineth ready prest to make such reasonable amends as his ability may any ways permit, or as it shall please you to command."

Julina, the gladdest woman that might be, to hear this joyful news, said :—"Then, my Silvio, see you fail not to morrow at night to sup with me at my own house, where I will discourse farther with you, what amends you shall make me." To which request Silvio gave his glad consent, and thus they departed very well pleased. And as Julina did think the time very long, till she had reaped the fruit of her desire, so Silvio, he wished for harvest before corn could grow, thinking the time as long, till he saw how matters would fall out ; but not knowing what lady she might be, he presently (before Julina was out of sight) demanded of one that was walking

by, what she was, and how she was called; who satisfied Silvio in every point, and also in what part of the town her house did stand, whereby he might inquire it out.

Silvio, thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with very unquiet sleeps, and the next morning his mind ran so much of his supper, that he never cared, neither for his breakfast, nor dinner; and the day to his seeming passed away so slowly, that he had thought the stately steeds had been tired that draw the chariot of the sun, or else some other Josua had commanded them again to stand, and wished that Phaeton had been there with a whip.

Julina, on the other side, she had thought the clocksetter had played the knave, the day came no faster forwards; but six o'clock being once strucken, recovered comfort to both parties; and Silvio, hastening himself to the palace of Julina, where by her he was friendly welcomed, and a sumptuous supper being made ready, furnished with sundry sorts of delicate dishes, they sat them down, passing the supper time with amorous looks, loving countenances, and secret glances conveyed from the one to the other, which did better satisfy them than the feeding of their dainty dishes.

Supper time being thus spent, Julina did think it very unfitly, if she should turn Silvio to go seek his lodging in an evening, desired him therefore that he would take a bed in her house for the night; and, bringing him up into a fair chamber that was very richly furnished, she found such means, that when all the rest of her household servants were abed

and quiet, she came herself to bear Silvio company, where concluding upon conditions that were in question between them, they passed the night with such joy and contentation as might in that convenient time be wished for; but only that Julina, feeding too much of some one dish above the rest, received a surfeit, whereof she could not be cured in forty weeks after, a natural inclination in all women which are subject to longing, and want the reason to use a moderation in their diet. But the morning approaching, Julina took her leave and conveyed herself into her own chamber; and when it was fair daylight, Silvio, making himself ready, departed likewise about his affairs in the town, debating with himself how things had happened, being well assured that Julina had mistaken him; and, therefore, for fear of further evils, determined to come no more there, but took his journey towards other places in the parts of Græcia, to see if he could learn any tidings of his sister Silla.

The Duke Apolonius, having made a long suit, and never a whit the nearer of his purpose, came to Julina to crave her direct answer, either to accept of him, and of such conditions as he proffered unto her, or else to give him his last farewell.

Julina, as you have heard, had taken an earnest penny of another, whom she had thought had been Silvio, the duke's man, was at a controversy in herself, what she might do: one while she thought, seeing her occasion served so fit, to crave the duke's good will, for the marrying of his man; then again, she could not tell what displeasure the duke would

conceive, in that she should seem to prefer his man before himself, did think it best therefore to conceal the matter, till she might speak with Silvio, to use his opinion how these matters should be handled; and hereupon resolving herself, desiring the duke to pardon her speeches, said as followeth:—

"Sir Duke, for that from this time forwards I am no longer of myself, having given my full power and authority over to another, whose wife I now remain by faithful vow and promise; and albeit I know the world will wonder when they shall understand the fondness of my choice, yet I trust you yourself will nothing dislike with me, sith I have meant no other thing than the satisfying of mine own contentation and liking."

The duke, hearing these words, answered: "Madam, I must then content myself, although against my will, having the law in your own hands, to like of whom you list, and to make choice where it pleaseth you."

Julina, giving the duke great thanks, that would content himself with such patience, desired him likewise to give his free consent and good will to the party whom she had chosen to be her husband.

"Nay, surely, madam," quoth the duke, "I will never give my consent that any other man shall enjoy you than myself; I have made too great account of you, than so lightly to pass you away with my good will: but seeing it lieth not in me to let you, having (as you say) made your own choice, so from henceforwards I leave you to your own liking, always willing you well, and thus will take my leave."

The duke departed towards his own house, very sorrowful that Julina had thus served him; but in the mean space that the duke had remained in the house of Julina, some of his servants fell into talk and conference with the servants of Julina; where, debating between them of the likelihood of the marriage between the duke and the lady, one of the servants of Julina said that he never saw his lady and mistress use so good countenance to the duke himself as she had done to Silvio his man, and began to report with what familiarity and courtesy she had received him, feasted him, and lodged him, and that in his opinion, Silvio was like to speed before the duke or any other that were suitors.

This tale was quickly brought to the duke himself, who making better inquiry into the matter, found it to be true that was reported; and better considering of the words which Julina had used towards himself, was very well assured that it could be no other than his own man that had thrust his nose so far out of joint; wherefore, without any further respect, caused him to be thrust into a dungeon, where he was kept prisoner, in a very pitiful plight.

Poor Silvio, having got intelligence by some of his fellows, what was the cause that the duke his master did bear such displeasure unto him, devised all the means he could, as well by mediation by his fellows, as otherwise by petitions and supplications to the duke, that he would suspend his judgment till perfect proof were had in the matter, and then if any manner of thing did fall out against him, whereby the duke

had cause to take any grief, he would confess himself worthy not only of imprisonment, but also of most vile and shameful death : with these petitions he daily plied the duke, but all in vain, for the duke thought he had made so good proof, that he was thoroughly confirmed in his opinion against his man.

But the lady Julina, wondering what made Silvio that he was so slack in his visitation, and why he absented himself so long from her presence, began to think that all was not well ; but in the end, perceiving no decoction of her former surfeit, received as you have heard, and finding in herself an unwonted swelling in her belly, assuring herself to be with child, fearing to become quite bankrupt of her honour, did think it more than time to seek out a father, and made such secret search, and diligent inquiry, that she learned the truth how Silvio was kept in prison by the duke his master ; and minding to find a present remedy, as well for the love she bare to Silvio, as for the maintainance of her credit and estimation, she speedily hasted to the palace of the duke, to whom she said as followeth :—

" Sir Duke, it may be that you will think my coming to your house in this sort doth something pass the limits of modesty, the which I protest before God, proceedeth of this desire, that the world should know how justly I seek means to maintain my honour ; but to the end I seem not tedious with prolixity of words, not to use other than direct circumstances, know, sir, that the love I bear to my only beloved Silvio, whom I do esteem more than all the jewels in the

world, whose personage I regard more than my own life, is the only cause of my attempted journey, beseeching you, that all the whole displeasure, which I understand you have conceived against him, may be imputed unto my charge, and that it would please you lovingly to deal with him, whom of myself I have chosen rather for the satisfaction of mine honest liking, than for the vain pre-eminences or honourable dignities looked after by ambitious minds."

The duke, having heard this discourse, caused Silvio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before him, to whom he said: "Had it not been sufficient for thee, when I had reposed myself in thy fidelity, and the trustiness of thy service, that thou shouldst so traitorously deal with me, but since that time hast not spared still to abuse me with so many forgeries and perjured protestations, not only hateful unto me, whose simplicity thou thinkest to be such that by the plot of thy pleasant tongue thou wouldst make me believe a manifest untruth; but most abominable be thy doings in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name, by calling him to be a witness to maintain thy leasings, and so detestably wouldst thou forswear thyself in a matter that is so openly known."

Poor Silvio, whose innocence was such that he might lawfully swear, seeing Julina to be there in place, answered thus:—

"Most noble duke, well understanding your conceived grief, most humbly I beseech you patiently to hear my excuse, not minding thereby to aggravate or heap up your wrath and

displeasure, protesting before God, that there is nothing in the world which I regard so much, or do esteem so dear, as your good grace and favour; but desirous that your grace should know my innocence, and to clear myself of such impositions, wherewith I know I am wrongfully accused, which as I understand should be in the practising of the lady Julina, who standeth here in place, whose acquittance for my better discharge now I most humbly crave, protesting before the almighty God, that neither in thought, word, nor deed I have not otherwise used myself, than according to the bond and duty of a servant, that is both willing and desirous to further his master's suits, which if I have otherwise said than that is true, you, madam Julina, who can very well decide the depths of all this doubt, I most humbly beseech you to certify a truth, if I have in any thing missaid, or have otherwise spoken than is right and just."

Julina, having heard this discourse which Silvio had made, perceiving that he stood in great awe of the duke's displeasure, answered thus: "Think not, my Silvio, that my coming hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towards your master, so I do not deny but in all such embassages wherein towards me you have been employed, you have used the office of a faithful and trusty messenger, neither am I ashamed to confess, that the first day that mine eyes did behold the singular behaviour, the notable courtesy, and other innumerable gifts wherewith my Silvio is endued, but that beyond all measure my heart was so inflamed, that impossible

it was for me to quench the fervent love, or extinguish the least part of my conceived torment, before I had bewrayed the same unto him, and of my own motion craved his promised faith and loyalty of marriage; and now is the time to manifest the same unto the world, which hath been done before God, and between ourselves: knowing that it is not needful to keep secret that which is neither evil done nor hurtful to any person, therefore (as I said before) Silvio is my husband by plighted faith, whom I hope to obtain without offence or displeasure of any one, trusting that there is no man that will so far forget himself as to restrain that which God hath left at liberty for every wight, or that will seek by cruelty, to force ladies to marry otherwise than according to their own liking. Fear not then, my Silvio, to keep your faith and promise, which you have made unto me; and as for the rest, I doubt not things will so fall out as you shall have no manner of cause to complain."

Silvio, amazed to hear these words, for that Julina by her speech seemed to confirm that which he most of all desired to be quit of, said: "Who would have thought that a lady of so great honour and reputation would herself be the ambassador of a thing so prejudicial and uncomely for her estate! what plighted promises be these which be spoken of? altogether ignorant unto me, which if it be otherwise than I have said, you sacred gods consume me straight with flashing flames of fire. But what words might I use to give credit to the truth and innocency of my cause? Ah, madam Julina,

I desire no other testimony than your own honesty and virtue, thinking that you will not so much blemish the brightness of your honour, knowing that a woman is, or should be, the image of courtesy, continency, and shamefastness, from the which so soon as she stoopeth, and leaveth the office of her duty and modesty, besides the degradation of her honour, she thrusteth herself into the pit of perpetual infamy. And as I cannot think you would so far forget yourself, by the refusal of a noble duke, to dim the light of your renown and glory, which hitherto you have maintained amongst the best and noblest ladies, by such a one as I know myself to be, too far unworthy your degree and calling, so most humbly I beseech you to confess a truth, whereto tendeth those vows and promises you speak of, which speeches be so obscure unto me, as I know not for my life how I might understand them."

Julina, something nipped with these speeches, said: "And what is the matter that now you make so little account of your Julina, that being my husband indeed, have the face to deny me, to whom thou art contracted by so many solemn oaths? What! art thou ashamed to have me to thy wife? how much oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to break thy promised faith, and to have despised the holy and dreadful name of God, but that time constraineth me to lay open that which shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keep secret; behold me then here, Silvio, whom thou hast gotten with child; who, if thou be of such honesty, as I trust for all this I shall find, then the thing is done without prejudice,

or any hurt to my conscience, considering that by the professed faith thou didst account me for thy wife, and I received thee for my spouse and loyal husband, swearing by the almighty God that no other than you have made the conquest and triumph of my chastity, whereof I crave no other witness than yourself, and mine own conscience."

I pray you, gentlewomen, was not this a foul oversight of Julina, that would so precisely swear so great an oath, that she was gotten with child by one that was altogether unfurnished with implements for such a turn. For God's love take heed, and let this be an example to you, when you be with child, how you swear who is the father, before you have had good proof and knowledge of the party; for men be so subtle, and full of sleight, that God knoweth a woman may quickly be deceived.

But now to return to our Silvio, who hearing an oath sworn so divinely that he had gotten a woman with child, was like to believe that it had been true in very deed; but remembering his own impediment, thought it impossible that he should commit such an act, and therefore, half in a chafe, he said, "What law is able to restrain the foolish indiscretion of a woman, that yieldeth herself to her own desires; what shame is able to bridle or withdraw her from her mind and madness, or with what snaffle is it possible to hold her back from the execution of her filthiness? But what abomination is this, that a lady of such a house should so forget the greatness of her estate, the alliance whereof she is descended, the nobility of her deceased husband, and

maketh no conscience to shame and slander herself with such a one as I am, being so far unfit and unseemly for her degree; but how horrible it is to hear the name of God so defaced, that we make no more account, but for the maintenance of our mischiefs we fear no whit at all to forswear his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealings most righteous, true and just, and will not only lay open our leasings to the world, but will likewise punish the same with sharp and bitter scourges."

Julina, not able to endure him to proceed any further in his sermon, was already surprised with a vehement grief, began bitterly to cry out, uttering these speeches following:—

"Alas, is it possible that the sovereign justice of God can abide a mischief so great and cursed? Why may I not now suffer death, rather than the infamy which I see to wander before mine eyes? O happy and more than right happy had I been, if inconstant fortune had not devised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught! Am I thus become to be entangled with snares, and in the hands of him, who enjoying the spoils of my honour, will openly deprive me of my fame, by making me a common fable to all posterity in time to come? Ah, traitor and discourteous wretch, is this the recompense of the honest and firm amity which I have borne thee? Wherein have I deserved this discourtesy? by loving thee more than thou art able to deserve? Is it I, arrant thief, is it I upon whom thou thinkest to work thy mischiefs? Dost thou think me no better worth, but that thou mayest prodigally waste my honour at thy pleasure?

Didst thou dare to adventure upon me, having thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason? Ah, unhappy, and above all other most unhappy, that have so charely preserved mine honour, and now am made a prey to satisfy a young man's lust, that have coveted nothing but the spoil of my chastity and good name."

Herewithal the tears so gushed down her cheeks, that she was not able to open her mouth to use any further speech.

The duke, who stood by all this while and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moved with compassion towards Julina, knowing that from her infancy she had ever so honourably used herself, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour, otherwise than beseemed a lady of her estate; wherefore, being fully resolved that Silvio his man had committed this villainy against her, in a great fury drawing his rapier, he said unto Silvio:—

"How canst thou, arrant thief, show thyself so cruel and careless to such as do thee honour? Hast thou so little regard of such a noble lady, as humbleth herself to such a villain as thou art who, without any respect either of her renown or noble estate, canst be content to seek the wrack and utter ruin of her honour? But frame thyself to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I know, unworthy wretch, that thou art not able to make her the least part of amends, or I swear by God that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister to thee with mine own hands, and therefore advise thee well what thou doest."

Silvio, having heard this sharp sentence, fell down on his knees before the duke, craving for mercy, desiring that he might be suffered to speak with the lady Julina apart, promising to satisfy her according to her own contentation.

"Well," quoth the duke, "I take thy word; and therewithal I advise thee that thou perform thy promise, or otherwise I protest before God, I will make thee such an example to the world, that all traitors shall tremble for fear, how they do seek the dishonouring of ladies."

But now Julina had conceived so great grief against Silvio, that there was much ado to persuade her to talk with him; but remembering her own case, desirous to hear what excuse he could make, in the end she agreed; and being brought into a place severally by themselves, Silvio began with a piteous voice to say as followeth:—

"I know not, madam, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of myself, or rather of fortune, which hath conducted and brought us both into so great adversity; I see that you receive great wrong, and I am condemned against all right, you in peril to abide the bruit of spiteful tongues, and I in danger to lose the thing that I most desire; and although I could allege many reasons to prove my sayings true, yet I refer myself to the experience and bounty of your mind." And here withal loosing his garments down to his stomach, showed Julina his breasts and pretty teats, surmounting far the whiteness of snow itself, saying: "Lo, madam, behold here the party whom you have challenged

to be the father of your child; see, I am a woman, the daughter of a noble duke, who only for the love of him, whom you so lightly have shaken off, have forsaken my father, abandoned my country, and in manner as you see, am become a serving man, satisfying myself but with the only sight of my Apolonius; and now, madam, if my passion were not vehement, and my torments without comparison, I would wish that my feigned griefs might be laughed to scorn, and my dissembled pains to be rewarded with flouts. But my love being pure, my travail continual, and my griefs endless, I trust, madam, you will not only excuse me of crime, but also pity my distress, the which I protest I would still have kept secret, if my fortune would so have permitted."

Julina did now think herself to be in a worse case than ever she was before, for now she knew not whom to challenge to be the father of her child; wherefore, when she had told the duke the very certainty of the discourse which Silvio had made unto her, she departed to her own house, with such grief and sorrow that she purposed never to come out of her own doors again alive, to be a wonder and mocking stock to the world.

But the duke, more amazed to hear this strange discourse of Silvio, came unto him; whom when he had viewed with better consideration, perceived indeed that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus; and embracing her in his arms he said:—

"O the branch of all virtue and the flower of courtesy itself, pardon me, I beseech you, of all such discourtesies as I have ignorantly committed towards you: desiring you that without farther memory of ancient griefs, you will accept of me, who is more joyful and better contented with your presence, than if the whole world were at my commandment. Where hath there ever been found such liberality in a lover, which having been trained up and nourished amongst the delicacies and banquets of the court, accompanied with trains of many fair and noble ladies living in pleasure, and in the midst of delights, would so prodigally adventure yourself, neither fearing mishaps, nor misliking to take such pains, as I know you have not been accustomed unto? O liberality never heard of before! O fact that can never be sufficiently rewarded! O true love most pure and unfeigned!" Herewithal sending for the most artificial workmen, he provided for her sundry suits of sumptuous apparel, and the marriage day appointed, which was celebrated with great triumph through the whole city of Constantinople, every one praising the nobleness of the duke, but so many as did behold the excellent beauty of Silla gave her the praise above all the rest of the ladies in the troop.

The matter seemed so wonderful and strange that the bruit was spread throughout all the parts of Græcia, in so much that it came to the hearing of Silvio, who, as you have heard, remained in those parts to inquire of his sister; he being the gladdest man in the world, hasted to Constantinople,

where coming to his sister, he was joyfully received, and most lovingly welcomed, and entertained of the duke, his brother-in-law. After he had remained there two or three days, the duke revealed unto Silvio the whole discourse how it happened between his sister and the lady Julina, and how his sister was challenged for getting a woman with child. Silvio, blushing with these words, was stricken with great remorse to make Julina amends; understanding her to be a noble lady, and was left defamed to the world through his default, he therefore bewrayed the whole circumstance to the duke; whereof the duke being very joyful, immediately repaired with Silvio to the house of Julina, whom they found in her chamber, in great lamentation and mourning. To whom the duke said, "Take courage, madam, for behold here a gentleman that will not stick both to father your child and to take you for his wife; no inferior person, but the son and heir of a noble duke, worthy of your estate and dignity."

Julina, seeing Silvio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her child, and was so ravished with joy, that she knew not whether she were awake, or in some dream. Silvio, embracing her in his arms, craving forgiveness of all that was past, concluded with her the marriage day, which was presently accomplished with great joy and contentation to all parties: and thus Silvio, having attained a noble wife, and Silla his sister her desired husband, they passed the residue of their days with such delight as those that have accomplished the perfection of their felicities.

The following passage is taken from the Fifth Story in Riche his Farewell to Militarie Profession, *Of Two Brethren and their Wives* (see page 46). It bears some resemblance to *Twelfth Night*, Act IV. scene ii.

"Thus, do what he could, all that ever he did was taken in the worst part; and seeing that by no manner of fair means he was able to reclaim her, in the end he devised this way: himself with a trusty friend that he made of his counsel, got and pinioned her arms so fast that she was not able to undo them; and then, putting her into an old petticoat, which he rent and tattered in pieces of purpose, and shaking her hair loose about her eyes, tare her smock sleeves, that her arms were all bare, and scratching them all over with a bramble, that the blood followed, with a great chain about her leg, wherewith he tied her in a dark house that was on his back-side; and then, calling his neighbours about her, he would seem with great sorrow to lament his wife's distress, telling them that she was suddenly become lunatic; whereas, by his gestures he took so great grief, as though he would likewise have run mad for company. But his wife (as he had attired her) seemed indeed not to be well in her wits; but, seeing her husband's manners, showed herself in her conditions to be a right Bedlam: she used no other words but cursings and

bannings, crying for the plague and the pestilence, and that the devil would tear her husband in pieces. The company that were about her, they would exhort her, 'Good neighbour, forget these idle speeches, which do so much distemper you, and call upon God, and he will surely help you.' 'Call upon God for help?' quoth the other, 'wherein should he help me, unless he would consume this wretch with fire and brimstone. Other help I have no need of.' Her husband, he desired his neighbours, for God's love, that they would help him to pray for her; and thus, all together, kneeling down in her presence, he began to say *Miserere*, which all they said after him; but this did so spite and vex her, that she never gave over her railing and raging against them all. But in the end her husband, who by this shame had thought to have reclaimed her, made her to become from evil to worse, and was glad himself, in the end, clean to leave, and to get himself from her into a strange country, where he consumed the rest of his life."

I will close this chapter by quoting a remark of Professor Moore-Smith which occurs in a footnote in his edition of *Lælia* (p. xxiv). He says, "I believe, however, that Riche's story of *Phylotus and Emilia* is also based directly or indirectly on *Gl' Ingannati*, and that the Scotch play *Philotus* (Edinburgh, 1603 and 1610: for Bannatyne Club, 1835), if not based on Riche, is derived, like Riche's story, from some work based on *Gl' Ingannati*."

CHAPTER VII

REMAINING SOURCES

We have now come to the end of the twelve authorities indicated in the second chapter of this book, and our remaining space will be given to some minor obligations of Shakespeare in writing his *Twelfth Night*.

Sidney's *Arcadia* of 1590 has left its traces on Shakespeare's page. Commentators quote "Her breath is more sweete than a gentle south-west wind which comes creeping over flowrie fieldes" in support of the *Twelfth Night* passage I. i. 5-7, but I prefer the reading *sound* in l. 5, which has a wonderful likeness to Bacon's conceit, "The breath of flowers is far sweeter in the air, where it comes and goes like the warbling of music"; yet in the context of the former passage in *Arcadia* we read, "No more all that our eyes can see of her . . . is to be matched with the flocke of unspeakable vertues, laid up delightfully in that best builded fold," which may have been the suggestion of the curious figure (*Twelfth Night*), "How will she love, when the rich golden shaft Hath killed the *flock* of all affections else that live in her!" Shakespeare would also have met with the "rich golden shaft" on another page of his *Arcadia*; but he had found it in Ovid long before. In *Arcadia*,

however, he read the pretty story of the "faire Zelmane," a Viola who assumes the attire of a page that she may follow her husband, but ultimately reveals herself, and dies in his arms.

Incidentally in the foregoing I have mentioned Bacon and Ovid. We have, I think, a dislike to the supposition that Shakespeare knew anything of Bacon, but why should he not? We might almost as well imagine that Darwin was unknown to Tennyson. Of course the relation of Bacon to Shakespeare would be different, nor is it well established; yet the two mighty minds of that age must have known something of one another, and there are certainly indications in the text of Shakespeare which go far to prove that the alert poet and dramatist had some acquaintance with the writings of the philosopher. Such indications are present in *Twelfth Night*. Take, for example, the dialogue on the fallacious nature of language (III. i. 1-63), with its "A sentence is but a cheveril glove to a good wit: how quickly the wrong side may be turned outward!

Vio. Nay, that's certain; they that dally nicely with words may quickly make them wanton.

Clo. . . . But, indeed, words are very rascals, since bonds disgraced them.

Vio. Thy reason, man.

Clo. Troth, sir, I can yield you none without words; and words are grown so false, I am loth to prove reason with them . . . I am indeed, not her fool, but her corrupter of words."

All this reads like a dramatic commentary on the follow-

ing in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*: "Let us consider the false appearances that are imposed upon us by words, which are framed and applied according to the conceit and capacities of the vulgar sort, and although we think we govern our words and prescribe it well, *loquendum ut vulgus sentie ndumut sapientes*; yet certain it is that words, as a Tartar's bow, do shoot back upon the understanding of the wisest, and mightily entangle and pervert the judgment.

"It is almost necessary in all controversies . . . to imitate the wisdom of the mathematicians in setting down in the very beginning the definitions of our words . . . it must be confessed that it is not possible to divorce ourselves from the fallacies and false appearances . . . Without regard to the pureness, pleasantness, and (as I may call it) lawfulness of the phrase or word" (cf. "corrupter of words," etc., in quotation from *Twelfth Night*).

Again, we may have an echo of *The Advancement of Learning* where Viola says (*Twelfth Night*, I. v. 208) "'tis poetical," and Olivia replies, "It is the more like to be feigned"; this, taken with "the truest poetry is the most feigning" in *As You Like It* (III. iii. 19, 20), the play preceding *Twelfth Night*, makes us recall Bacon's (or Aristotle's) "Nothing else but feigned history," or again Bacon's "Poetry feigneth actions and events the greater and more heroical . . . poesy feigns them more just," etc. [1]

[1] In regard to these examples do not consider the date of the *Advancement of Learning* an insuperable objection. Besides, there was a more general use of manuscript in those days.

Next Ovid, mentioned above with Bacon, has left traces in *Twelfth Night*, but not such as need be indicated here, and we pass on to the curious treatise of *Batman vppon Bartholome*, 1582, which throws light on the "Pia Mater," *the changing opal*, and especially "No motion of the liver, but the palate" (*Twelfth Night*, II. iv. 101); for "the lyver is the chiefe foundation of kindly vertue." Minor suggestions of a like character seem to have been contributed by Bacon's *Natural History*, whatever the date; by Pliny; Turberville's *The Noble Art of Venery*, 1576; Vincentio Saviolo's *Practice of the Duello*, 1595; Scott's *Discoverie of Witchcraft*, 1584; Guazzo, *Ciuile Conuersation*, 1586; and yet other suggestions from Erasmus, *Adagia*, *Proverbes* of Heywood, *Euphues* (of course), Lily's *Grammar*, Chaucer, Hakluyt, and others; while from early or contemporary dramas the echoes appear to be numerous.

One curious recollection seems exemplified in the line of *Twelfth Night* (III. iv. 33), "To bed! ay, sweetheart, and I'll come to thee," which, as the late W. J. Craig pointed out, occurs as the first line of a ballad quoted in Brome, *The English-Moor; or, The Mock-Marriage*. Also, as I think, the well-known passage (*Twelfth Night*, III. ii. 45), "if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss," is an interpolation due to the words of Coke at the trial of Raleigh in 1603: "All that he did was at thy instigation, thou viper; for I thou thee, thou traitor, I will prove thee the rankest traitor in all England."

A book often mentioned with reference to the date of

Twelfth Night may find a place here: it is *Discovery of the Fraudulent Practises of John Darrel, etc.*, by a Dr. Harsnet. John Darrell professed to drive out devils, and "his practises" were carried on at the house of a Nicholas Starkey or Starchy. When a bible was brought in to them, Starkey's children, who were "possessed," shouted in a scoffing manner, "Bible-bable, Bible-bable," continuing this cry for some time. This of course suggests comparison with *Twelfth Night*, IV. ii. 103–5: "thy wits the heavens restore! endeavour thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble babble" (elsewhere in Harsnet bibble-babble is thus spelt). I hardly think it likely that we are to discover the origin of Shakespeare's "Lady of the Strachy" in Nicholas Starchy, though Hunter takes it as "a kind of intimation early in the play that the audience might expect something on what was at the time a topic of no small public interest."

The names of the dramatis personæ of *Twelfth Night* occur, most of them, in previous literature; we have already accounted for Malvolio, Aguecheek, Fabian, Cesario; let us now add that *Olivia* was a Queen of Thessaly in Part I of Emmanuel Forde's *Parismus, the Renowned Prince of Bohemia*, 1598, and that Violetta was the name of the lady who followed her lover in the disguise of a page and, like Viola, was shipwrecked. For a possible *Antonio*, see page 6, footnote. Of Feste the origin may perhaps be traced in this way; the Plautus phrase *O festus dies homlius*, quoted in Lily's *Grammar*, would assuredly be in Shakespeare's

memory; and as Mr. Moore-Smith points out, it occurs twice in *Lælia*. On the second occasion it is applied to Petrus, the Piero of *Gl' Ingannati*, a character who often resembles Feste, and sometimes speaks almost his words. To *Lælia* also may possibly be traced the well-known discrepancy in the time element of *Twelfth Night*, where an interval of three months is twice insisted upon although the duration of the action is three days. So in *Lælia*, where the events are comprised within two days, a fortnight (borrowed from *Gl' Ingannati*) is supposed to elapse (I. ii. 67). As to the *Twelfth Night* statement that Viola was thirteen when her father died, it may be due to the fact that the heroine in the three plays *Gl' Ingannati*, *Les Abusés*, and *Lælia* was said to be thirteen at the time of the sack of Rome.

Of the songs in *Twelfth Night* something might be added, but we are not always sure of Shakespeare's authorship; and it will be enough to mention that "O mistress mine! where are you roaming?" (Act II. iii. 41) is found in both editions of Morley's *Consort Lessons*, 1599 and 1611. It appears also in Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book, 1603.

At the close of my book I may well add an apology and a caution. It is an apology for what might seem an ungracious attempt to pluck out the heart of Shakespeare's mystery; and it is a caution which follows from the apology; for our task of pointing out some of the stars that quench themselves in the rising light of Shakespeare should only make greater

the wonder of his sunlike glory. And as our everyday sun seems common to us, in the same way we often fail to remember that the sun of Shakespeare is very wonderful. When I look at this play of *Twelfth Night*, first in detail; at its poetry, so excellent in itself, yet serving so faithfully its mere dramatic purpose that it gains, I think, a greater excellence; at its humour so generous and so helpful that we forget some of our sadness; at its wisdom—"there is no railing in a known discreet man though he do nothing but reprove"—than which there is none surer, perhaps, in this finite world of dreams, and none that claims more surely its kindred with the enveloping world of infinite reality,—at these, and all its manifold excellences I marvel. But when I regard the work as a whole, my wonder is increased; and I question whether any mortal man could have created out of such meagre materials such a masterpiece. And at the risk of bathos I feel inclined (as in the case of the *Merchant of Venice* and many others) to take refuge in the conjecture that some version of the story—dramatized, perhaps—has been lost to us.

As a final note, it is due from me to explain that every endeavour to illustrate Shakespeare must seem laboured and misleading when looked at in parts; even full commentaries on a whole play, were it *Troilus and Cressida* or *Measure for Measure*, might be regarded as untrustworthy or as an excess of zeal. But if we bear in mind the sterling and subtle quality of Shakespeare's work, and its vast area, we may be

disposed to welcome any honest attempt whether to point the way to a clearer view of this expanse of literature, or, more important still, to fathom its depths. The ocean is not all surface, nor is life, nor is the poetry of Shakespeare. Some advise a rapid reading of our great poet, a mere surface impression; that may do for a novel; it will not do for Shakespeare—unless it comes last as well as first, with an interval of patient study between. You glance at a great picture, and get your first impression; but next, you examine the craftsmanship in detail, all mixing and manipulation of pigments, all lights and shadows, all drawings from plain outline to delicate and inmost touch, all grouping and contrast and perspective and atmosphere and other thousand devices and expedients that proclaim patient unerring and astonishing genius; then you look at your picture again and your appreciation and delight are increased a hundredfold. And thus I prefer to understand with Oliver Wendell Holmes (and several others) that the riches of Shakespeare are inexhaustible; that you must dig for them; and that as you dig you will find "in the lowest deep a lower deep." "In the deep discovery of the subterranean world a shallow part would satisfy some inquirers; who, if two or three yards were open about the surface, would not care to rake the bowels of Potvsi, and regions toward the centre."

APPENDIX I

NOTES ON "APOLONIUS AND SILLA"

THERE is little in the story of *Apolonius and Silla* that calls for explanation or annotation. The expression (p. 61) "They being driven to put romer before the wind," which occurs again in the First Story ("was forced, by the extremity of a contrary wind, to put themselves romer for the safety of their lives"), means "to tack with the wind," or "let the vessel run more before the wind"; we have the opposite in "Emilia, standing stiff to her tackling" (Rich's story of *Phylotus and Emilia*).

Attached (p. 56) means *seized.*

Mediation (p. 71) appears in the original as *meditation*; also *he showed* (p. 71) was in the original text *and showed.* *Leasings* (pp. 73, 78) means *falsehood.*

With *charely* (page 79), which means "with great care and frugality," we may compare "whom he very charely kept" in *Phylotus and Emilia.*

If for any reason I have retained an archaic form, it will be such as presents no difficulty to the reader.

Note to Page 8.

"I don't know how old is this particular romantic device, nor can remember having found it in anything earlier than Boccaccio. There is something not unlike it in one of Lucian's Dialogues, and it probably is like most notions, of Greek invention." *Hewlett*, who thinks that Bandello and *Gl'Ingannati* are indebted to the same unknown original.

APPENDIX II

DR. GOLLANCZ ON "MALVOLIO"

"The name Malvolio is evidently a punning on the name Willoughby. Ambrose Willoughby, a member of the family of Lord Willoughby of Parham, was Queen Elizabeth's chief server, one of the most important offices of the household. A scandalous quarrel took place between him and the Earl of Southampton in January 1598, as may be seen from the Sydney Papers, where there is a letter from Roland White noting some unkindness 'between 3000 (= Southampton) and his mistress, occasioned by some report of Mr. Ambrose Willoughby.'

"'The quarrel of my Lord Southampton to Ambrose Willoughby,' he wrote on January 21, 'grew upon this: that he with Sir Walter Raleigh and Mr. Parker being at primero in the Presence Chamber; the Queen was gone to bed, and he being there as Squire for the Body, desired them to give over. Soon after he spoke to them again, that if they would not leave he would call in the guard to pull down the board, which, Sir Walter Raleigh seeing, put up his money and went his ways. But my Lord Southampton took exceptions at him, and told him he would remember it; and so finding him between the Tennis Court wall and the garden shook him, and Willoughby pulled out some of his locks. The Queen gave Willoughby thanks for what he did in his Presence, and told him he had done better if he had sent him to the Porter's Lodge to see who durst have fetched him out.'

"The play was evidently written for Christmas 1598, or rather for Twelfth Night 1599. There can be little doubt that the incidents here referred to were cleverly utilized by Shakespeare, and that Willoughby was probably well hit off and easily identified; as, for example:—

"'My masters, are you mad? or what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty, but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your cosiers' catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time in you?' (*Twelfth Night*, ii. 4.)

"In addition to the identification of Willoughby with Malvolio, the theory is important as helping to fix the date of the writing of the play before (not after) the tragedy of Essex's fall and the imprisonment of Southampton."

(*Proceedings of the British Academy*, Vol. I.)

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of Whitehall Palace dated 1590; the Frontispiece, a Photogravure Reproduction after the charming plate, "Cupid Seated on Clouds," engraved by S. W. Reynolds after W. Owen. India paper, pp. 850, small crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, 6/- net. Also in whole polished green calf, 12/6 net. The binding design has been specially reproduced from one of the finest examples of the period, from the Old Royal Collection, now preserved in the British Museum.

Among the many anthologies now before the public, few if any have been prepared with more competence or scholarly care. Exclusive of the seventy-five anonymous items, the work of 106 Elizabethan authors is here collected in their finest pieces, many of which appear in no other anthology. With scarcely an exception, the 675 items have been gathered direct from the pages of the authors quoted. The few exceptions to this are fully acknowledged in the Introduction.

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[*Please turn over.*

A NOTE ON THE OLD-SPELLING SHAKSPERE by Dr. F. J. Furnivall

THE text of this edition is meant for the real student of Shakspere[1] rather than the man in the street. That student wants to get, not only at the words which Shakspere used, but at the forms of the words, for he knows that these forms have a history as well as the words. And just as a genuine student of earlier times would ridicule a picture of Shakspere in a modern lounging jacket and cap, or of Queen Elizabeth in a fashionable Paris frock, so does he feel, or ought to feel, when the old poet's works are presented to him in Edwardian shape and spelling. The modernisation nonsense has long been given up in art in all its departments. Why should it prevail in the form of the words of the world's greatest dramatist, when the spelling of a word often determines its meaning? Take, as a sample of this,

> "the dram of *eale*
> Doth all the noble substance of a doubt
> To his owne scandle"—*Hamlet*, I. iv. 36.

Scores of emendations for this were proposed till Dr. George MacDonald and I pointed out independently, some twenty years ago, that in the same second quarto in which this *eale* first appeared, the word *devil* also appeared twice in one line, II. ii. 628, as *deale*:—

> "The spirit that I have seene
> May be a *deale*, and the *deale* hath power
> T' assume a pleasing shape"—

so that it was plain that *eale* meant "evil." In Mirk's 15th century *Festial*, lately reprinted by the Early English Text Society, the word is spelt *ele*. See other instances in the Oxford Dictionary. Also the old spelling is a constant reminder that Shakspere's words often had a different meaning to that which we give 'em, so that in *Macbeth* '*scorch'a* the Snake' should not be emended to '*scotcht*'

> "With knyfe *scortche* not the Boorde."—*Babees Book*, 80.

Scores of like instances occur.

[1] I spell "Shakspere," not "Shakespeare," because, in three of his MS. signatures, he so spells it himself. I don't like the printer's conceit of "Shakespeare"; and "shak-forke" was a contemporary spelling of that word. Moreover "Shakspere" tends to remind us that he and his fellows pronounced his name "Shahk-spare," with the *a* of F*a*ther, *ah* in "*Shak*," and the French *e*, our *a*, in "*spare*."

Again, in the history of our pronunciation, old spelling is invaluable. Phoneticians assure us that in Shakspere's time our long *i* was pronounced like *ee* or *ea*, so that *wine* was *ween* or *wean*. You test this by the First Quartos and Folio of Shakspere's plays, and you find that our *Ay*, *Aye*, was almost always printed *I*,[1] and this makes you suggest that the phonetic men should re-examine their theory.

No man of scholarly instincts can deny that Elizabethan works should be studied in their Elizabethan form, or as near thereto as the printers of James I.'s time enable us to get at it.

Successive facsimiles of the First Folio, and others of the Quartos, have been produced to give material to students for their work; but, as every user of these facsimiles knows, the mistakes in the text of them prevent their being used as companions for constant reading of the plays. You come on blunders which force you to refer to a modern edited text for correction.

Hitherto, no Old-Spelling Shakspere has been edited for everyday use. We began one in the New Shakspere Society some twenty years ago, but I unluckily kept back the twenty-six plays which my friend Walter Stone and I edited, in the hope of getting the Introductions that I wanted to them, specially on the development of Shakspere's metre, but which have never turned up, and which I cannot now produce. These Plays will forthwith be issued by Chatto and Windus with short Forewords by me—in addition to others by Walter Stone to the *Shrew* and the later *Histories;*—and the rest of the Dramas, as well as the Poems, I shall edit. Whichever original, Quarto or Folio, has the best text, is taken as the basis of the play, and all changes in it are shown by blacker type, so that every reader has warning at once of what is emendation and what is Shakspere. Alterd Roman type words are printed in *Clarendon*, and italics are in *Sans-serif* (without tags at head and foot). Thus, lines 192–3 of *Loues Labor's Lost*, II. i. appear as:—

DUMAINE *comes forward.*

Dum. [*to* **BOYET**] Sir, I pray you a word! What Ladie is that fame? [*Points to* **KATHERIN**.

Boyet. The heire of *Alanſon;* **Katherin** her name. 193

[1] "What? verses? *Nath.* I, sir." ... "Was this directed to you?" *Iaq.* "I, sir."—*Loues Labor's Lost*, IV. ii. 93–4, 118, 119.

193. *Katherin*] Singer (Capell conj.). Rosalin Q, F.

So you at once see that the words "comes forward," "to Boyet," "Points to Katherin," "Katherin," are editor's work, not Shakspere's or his printer's, while the note shows you what the Quarto and Folio wrong reading is.

When a Quarto word is corrected by a Folio one, it is markt by an asterisk, dagger, or other sign, as in *Loues Labor's Lost*, II. i. 88:—

"To let you enter his vnpeopled* houſe."

The Notes will be as few as possible, and the Forewords short.

In those plays in which one or more other writers are suspected, as in *Titus Andronicus*, *I Henry VI.*, *Timon*, *Pericles*, etc., the part thought spurious will be printed in smaller type, not with any view of dictating to students of the text, but to insure their careful consideration of the editor's suggestion. If their conclusion is that the editor is wrong, and the small-type passages genuine, he will be content with having raised the points.

The plan of this edition is not a matter of whim. The book is what the Editor, as an earnest student of Shakspere, long wanted for himself, and believd other students would want, that is, a working edition in the spelling of the 16th or early 17th century, with as little change of word as possible,—only that made necessary by careful criticism,—and with all such changes plainly markt by change of type, so that continual references to footnotes would not be needed. He also wisht that the portions of plays supposed to be due to other men should be in other type, so that in reading them, he might continually be prest to ask himself, "Do I recognize Shakspere's hand here, or do I not?"

This edition will, for the first time, restore to Shakspere's text of *Richard II.* about a score of his lines in the Quartos hitherto left unused; and it will separate, in *Loues Labor's Lost*, the fine revised speech of Berowne in Act IV. sc. iii., which former editors have declared themselves unable to part, from its first cast in the Quarto and Folio which mixt them both together.

18th *August*, 1907. F. J. Furnivall.

My friend Dr. Mark H. Liddell, of Lexington, Mass., U.S.A., has just printed with his own hands an 8vo Old-Spelling edition of *Othello*, with full notes. He formerly issued 4to Old-Spelling editions of *The Tempest* and *Macbeth*.

*88. *vnpeopled*] F. vnpeeled Q.

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