

**MODERN STANDART
DRAMA, NO. LXVI. AS
YOU LIKE IT. A
COMEDY IN FIVE ACTS**

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Modern Standart Drama, No. LXVI. As You Like it. A Comedy in Five Acts by William Shakespeare

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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MODERN STANDARD DRAMA

EDITED BY JOHN W. S. HOWS.

No. LXVI.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

A Comedy

IN FIVE ACTS

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

WITH THE STAGE BUSINESS, CASTS OF CHARACTERS,
COSTUMES, RELATIVE POSITIONS, ETC.

NEW YORK :

DOUGLAS, 11 SPRUCE ST., PUB

AND FOR SALE BY ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1848.

EDITORIAL INTRODUCTION.

THIS enchanting Comedy is perhaps the most purely ideal of any of Shakspeare's plays. Although the plot is borrowed from the novel or tale of "Rosalynde," by Thomas Lodge, a contemporary writer, yet Shakspeare, in passing the materials furnished by the novelist through the alembic of his own imagination, has created new characters and incidents, and has imbued the whole with a higher cast of thought and feeling than could be attained by Lodge. It is, in fact, the alchemic transmutation of the baser metal into pure gold, which Genius, in its adaptive faculty, can alone achieve. The contemplative *Jacques*, that prince of philosophical jesters, *Touchstone*, and the "rustical" *Audrey*, are pure creations of Shakspeare's fancy, worthy of the master-mind that gave them birth.

The late annotators of Shakspeare have exercised their erudite talent of analytical disquisition, by endeavouring to trace the gradual developement of the great poet's powers, in the successive works he produced. "As You Like It" is, by this process of analytical inquiry, referred to that epoch of our author's life when he had attained the perfection of poetic and romantic comedy. It was the period when his brilliant, youthful genius, shone forth in all its freshness of intellectual superiority, "mingled with the thoughtfulness of maturer age." However doubtful may be the theory of these annotators, the fact will readily be conceded that "As You Like It" is one of the most delightful productions of our poet's pen.

As an acting play, it is perhaps less a favourite, than it is in the closet; we mean to the present race of play-goers, for the character of Rosalind is almost unapproachable unless by actresses of that high and peculiar order of genius, now so rarely to be found in the professors of the histrionic art. Nor are the

other prominent characters in this true dramatic treasure scarcely less difficult of embodiment. What a host of portraits, life-like and vivid, are concentrated in the group the poet has peopled his Arcadian forest with !

How beautifully probable is the whole dramatic action of the piece, where, in the language of Campbell, "Shakspeare has snatched us out of the busy world into a woodland solitude. He makes us breathe its fresh air, partake its pastoral peace, feast on its venison, admire its bounding wild deer, and sympathise with its banished men and simple rustics. But what a tablet of characters ! The witty and impassioned *Rosalind*, the love-devoted *Orlando*, the friendship-devoted *Celia*, the duty-devoted *Adam*, the humorous *Clown*, and the melancholy *Jacques* ; all these, together with the dignified and banished *Duke*, make the Forest of Arden an Elysium to our imagination."

To realize this picture on the stage in all its varied and distinctive beauties, is, indeed, a difficult task, for it would comprise a stock company of individual excellences, now apparently unattainable.

The revival of this play at the Park during the Keans' late visit to this country, however, gave a very fair idea of its exquisite adaptation for stage representation. The fascinating *Rosalind* of Mrs. Charles Kean, was a dramatic treat of that high order now unfortunately so rare on the stage ; and the scholarly embodiment of *Jacques* by Mr. Charles Kean, may be classed among his happiest efforts. Bass, too, as *Touchstone*, had imbibed the true Shakspearian richness ; and Mrs. Abbott was a delightful representative of *Celia* ; nor should we omit the touching and artistical *Old Adam* of Barry, the spirited *Orlando* of Dyott, and the well-read *Duke* of Mr. Bland. The play, with this admirable cast, proved eminently attractive, but the true student of Shakspeare must always find a higher gratification in the reading, than he can ever hope to experience in the necessarily imperfect embodiment of it upon the Stage. The ideality of poetry so completely invests every portion of this incomparable creation, that the attempt to give a fictitious reality to it on the Stage is almost a hopeless task.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	Covent Garden, 1895.	Park, 1846.	Chesham, PAZ. 1846.
<i>The Duke</i>	Mr. Egerton.	Mr. Bellamy.	Mr. Fredericks.
<i>Duke Frederick</i>	" Evans.	" Stark.	" C. J. Smith.
<i>Amiens</i>	" Larkin.	" S. Pearson.	" J. Dunn.
<i>Jacques</i>	" Macready.	" Chas. Kean.	" Charles Kean.
<i>Le Beau</i>	" Horrebow.	" A. Andrews.	" Bowers.
<i>Eustace</i>	" King.	" Milot.	" Rae.
<i>Louis</i>	" Mears.	" Heath.	" Warden.
<i>Oliver</i>	" Connor.	" M'Donnell.	" S. Johnson.
<i>Jacques de Bois</i>	" Baker.	" Gallot.	" Linden.
<i>Orlando</i>	" C. Kemble.	" Dyott.	" Morris.
<i>Adam</i>	" Chapman.	" Barry.	" Jarvis.
<i>Charles</i>	" Crumpton.	" Matthews.	" G. Smith.
<i>William</i>	" Blanchard.	" Fisher.	" Owens.
<i>Touchstone</i>	" Fawcett.	" Bass.	" Burton.
<i>Demis</i>	" Henry.	" Sprague.	" Blankman.
<i>Sylvius</i>	" Comer.	" Sutherland.	" T. Duff.
<i>Corin</i>	" Atkins.	" Anderson.	" Eberle.
<i>Rosalind</i>	Miss Jones.	Mrs. Chas. Kean.	Mrs. Charles Kean.
<i>Celia</i>	" Foote.	" Abbott.	" M'Lean.
<i>Phoebe</i>	" Shaw.	" "	" Rogers.
<i>Audrey</i>	Mrs. Gibbs.	" Vernon.	" Hughes.
<i>Hymen</i>	Miss Beaumont.		

COSTUMES.

DUKE.—Blue and white doublet and pantaloons, buff waistcoat, round green velvet hat and white plumes, russet boots, a vandyke and gauntlets.

DUKE FREDERICK.—Purple velvet jacket and trunks, crimson velvet robe, embroidered richly, lined with satin and edged with ermine, round purple velvet hat and white plumes, white silk stockings, russet shoes, vandyke and gauntlets.

AMIENS.—Blue doublet and pantaloons, round purple hat and white plume, russet boots, vandyke and gauntlets.

JACQUES.—Blue doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with brown fur, black hat and blue plume, russet boots, vandyke and gauntlets.

ORLANDO.—Olive brown doublet and pantaloons, trimmed with light blue, brown cap. *Second dress*: Blue jacket, buff pantaloons, russet boots, vandyke, &c.

OLIVER.—Blue jacket, trunks, and cloak, ornamented with silver, black velvet hat and white plumes, russet shoes. *Second dress*: Round black hat, the other parts of the dress blue entirely.

TOUCHSTONE.—A party-coloured (red, white, and blue) doublet, trunks, and cloak; a curiously formed cap, with an ear (like the ear of an ear) standing up on each side; one red and one white stocking, one russet and one black shoe.

I.E. BEAU.—Light-brown jacket and cloak, trimmed with silver, light-blue pantaloons, white shoes with satin roses, white hat and plume.

CORIN and **SYLVIUS**.—Drab doublet and trunks, russet shoes, and brown caps.

ROSALIND.—White dress, spangled with gold. *Second dress*: Green tunic, trimmed with fur, blue pantaloons, round hat, russet boots.

CELIA.—White dress, spangled with silver. *Second dress*: Blue body, white muslin skirt, trimmed with green flowers.

PHOEBE.—White, trimmed with green.

AUDREY.—Tawdry gown with large flowers, crimson stuffed petticoat, with jock hat, ruffles, large flat straw hat.

EXITS AND ENTRANCES.

R. means *Right*; L. *Left*; R. D. *Right Door*; L. D. *Left Door*
 S. E. *Second Entrance*; U. E. *Upper Entrance*; M. D. *Middle Door*

RELATIVE POSITIONS.

R., means *Right*; L. *Left*; C., *Centre*; R. C., *Right of Centre*
 L. C., *Left of Centre*.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Oliver's Orchard.*

Enter ORLANDO and ADAM, R.

Orl. (R. C.) As I remember, Adam, it was in this fashion bequeathed me: By will, but a poor thousand crowns; and, as thou say'st, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home, unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and, to that end, riders dearly hired; but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something, that nature gave me, his countenance seems to take from me; he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it. [Crosses, L.]

Adam. (L.) Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [Adam retires up the Stage.]

Enter OLIVER, L.

Oliv. (L.) Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. (R. c.) Nothing : I am not taught to make any thing.

Oliv. What mar you, then, sir ?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which Heaven made—a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oliv. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught a while.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them ? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury ?

Oliv. Know you where you are, sir ?

Orl. Oh, sir, very well : here, in your orchard.

Oliv. Know you before whom, sir ?

Orl. Ay, better than he I am before, knows me. I know you are my eldest brother ; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first born ; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us : I have as much of my father in me as you ; albeit, I confess your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

Oliv. What, boy ! [*Advances and lays hold of him.*]

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [*Part.*]

Oliv. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain ?

Orl. I am no villain : I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys ; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says, such a father begot villains : [*Lays hold of Oliver.*] Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat, till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so ; thou hast rail'd on thyself.

Adam. [*Advancing, l. c.*] Sweet masters, be patient ; for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

Oliv. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please ; you shall hear me. My father charged you, in his will, to give me good education ; you have trained me up like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities : the spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it : therefore, allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament ; with that I will go buy my fortune.