

**FRENCH'S STANDART DRAMA
NO. LV; MUCH ADO ABOUT
NOTHING: A COMEDY IN SIX
ACTS; PP. 16-61**

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French's Standart Drama No. LV; Much Ado about Nothing: A Comedy in Six Acts; pp. 16-61 by William Shakespeare

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WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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NOTHING: A COMEDY IN SIX
ACTS; PP. 16-61**



MUCH ADO
ABOUT NOTHING,

AS REVISED BY

JOHN LESTER WALLACK,

AND PRESENTED AT

Wallack's Theatre,

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 1st, 1869.

NEW YORK:

1869.



FRENCH'S STANDARD DRAMA

No. LV.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

A Comedy

IN SIX ACTS.

BY WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

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

NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH, PUBLISHER,
122 NASSAU STREET, (UP STAIRS.)

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CAST OF CHARACTERS.—[MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.]

Wallack's Theatre, February 1st, 1869.

Benedick.....	Mr. Lester Wallack.
Dogberry.....	" John Gilbert.
Leonato.....	" Charles Fisher.
Verges.....	" J. W. Stoddart.
Don Pedro.....	" J. B. Polk.
Count Claudio.....	" B. T. Ringgold.
Don John.....	" C. H. Rockwell.
Antonio.....	" G. F. Browne.
Borachio.....	" J. Mathews.
Conrad.....	" E. Milton.
The Friar.....	" W. J. Leonard.
Balthazar.....	" J. Melton.
The Sexton.....	" E. Cashin.
Seacoal.....	" T. Ward.
Coatcake.....	" W. Quigly.

Pages, Priests, Guards, Maskers, etc.

Beatrice.....	Miss Rose Eytinge.
Hero.....	Mrs. Clara Jennings.
Ursula.....	Miss Annie Ward.
Margaret.....	Mrs. Sedley Brown.

Bridesmaids, Ladies, Maskers.

The costumes, arms, equipments and furniture, strictly in accordance with the period—the middle of the 16th century.

MR. WALLACK presents to the public of New York this revival of, perhaps, the most exquisite creation of Shakespeare's fancy, "Much Ado About Nothing," as a feeble tribute of reverence to his art, and to the memory of his Father, with whose name the character of Benedict is inseparably associated in the annals of the Stage. He has endeavored, by long and patient labor and liberal outlay, to render it worthy of the object to which it is devoted. No pains has been spared, no expenditure stinted, to carry, by the completeness of the Cast, Costume, perfection of Scenic Illusion and splendor of Accessories, and surrounding the spirit of the play with the most minute detail, and thus to advance the Drama as a national branch of art.

Wallack's Theatre, Feb. 1st, 1869.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in Leonato's House.

*Enter LEONATO and ANTONIO, L.**Leon.* (a. c.) How came you to this?*Ant.* (l. c.) I tell you, the Prince and Count Claudio, walking in the thick-pleached alley of the orchard, were overheard by a man of mine. It was agreed upon, that the Prince should, in a dance, woo Hero, as for himself, and, having obtained her, give her to Count Claudio.*Leon.* Hath the fellow any wit that told you this?*Ant.* A good sharp fellow. I will send for him, and you shall question him yourself.*Leon.* No, no; we will hold it as a dream, till it appear itself. But do you acquaint my daughter withal, that she may be better prepared for her answer, if, peradventure, this be true. Here she comes.*Enter HERO and BEATRICE, L.*

Was not Count John here at supper.

Hero. (l.) I saw him not.*Bea.* (l.) How tartly that gentleman looks! I never can see him but I'm heart-burned an hour after.*Hero.* He is of a very melancholy disposition.*Bea.* He were an excellent man, that were made just in the midway, between him and Benedick: the one is too like an image, and says nothing; and the other, too like my lady's eldest son, ever more tattling.*Leon.* Then half Signior Benedick's tongue in Count John's mouth, and half Count John's melancholy in Signior Benedick's face—*Bea.* With a good leg, and a good foot, ankle and money enough in his purse, such a man would win any woman in the world—if he could get her good-will.[*Hero and Antonio retire up the Stage and talk together.*]

Leon. By my troth, niece, thou wilt never get thee a husband, if thou be'st so shrew of thy tongue!

Bea. For the which blessing, I am at Heaven upon my knees every morn'ing and evening. Lord, I could not endure a husband with a beard on his face!

Leon. (c.) You may light upon a husband that hath no beard.

Bea. (l. c.) What should I do with him? dress him in my apparel, and make him my waiting-gentlewoman! He that hath a beard, is more than a youth; and he that hath no beard, is less than a man: and he that is more than a youth, is not for me: and he that is less than a man, I am not for him:

Ant. [*To Hero, advancing.*] Well, niece, I trust you will be ruled by your father?

[*Antonio and Hero stand on R.*]

Bea. Yes, faith; it is my cousin's duty to make a courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please you:" [*Crosses, R.*] but yet for all that, cousin, let him be a handsome fellow, or else make another courtesy, and say, "Father, as it please me."

Leon. (l.) Well, niece, I hope to see you one day fitted with a husband.

Bea. Not till heaven make men of some other metal than earth. Would it not grieve a woman to be overmastered with a piece of valiant dust? to make account of her life to a clod of wayward marble? No, uncle, I'll none: Adam's sons are my brethren, and truly, I hold it a sin to match in my kindred.

Ant. Niece, remember what I told you: if the prince do solicit you in that kind, you know your answer.

Bea. (l. c.) The fault will be in the music, cousin, if you be not wooed in good time: if the Prince be too important, tell him, there is a measure in everything, and so dance out the answer. For, hear me, Hero, wooing, wedding, and repenting, is a Scotch jig, a measure, and a clinque-pace: the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and ancientry; and then comes

repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into the clinquo-pace faster and faster, till he sink into his grave.

Leon. Cousin, you apprehend passing shrewdly.

Bea. I have a good eye, uncle; I can see a church by lay-light. [Music within.]

Leon. The revellers are entering.

[Retire up the stage.—Music.]

Enter DON PEDRO, CLAUDIO, BALTHASAR, DON JOHN BORACHIO, CONRAD, MARGARET, URSULA, and others masked.

Pedro. Lady, will you walk about with your friend?

Hero. So you walk softly, and look sweetly, and say nothing, I am yours for the walk; and, especially, when I walk away.

Pedro. With me in your company.

Hero. I may so, when I please.

Pedro. And when please you to say so?

Hero. When I like your favour; for Heaven defend the lute should be like the case!

Pedro. My visor is Philemon's roof; within the house is Jove.

Hero. Why, then, your visor should be thatched.

Pedro. Speak low, if you speak love.

Enter BENEDICK, L. v. E., followed by BALTHASAR, laughing

Bea. (L. c.) Will you not tell me who told you so?

Ben. (c.) No, you shall pardon me.

Bea. Nor will you not tell me who you are?

Ben. Not now. [Pedro and Hero stand n.]

Bea. That I was disdainful—and that I had my good wit out of the hundred merry tales;—Well, this was Signior Benedick that said so.

Ben. What's he?

Bea. I am sure you know him well enough.

Ben. Not I, believe me.

Bea. Did he never make you laugh?

Ben. I pray you, what is he?

Bea. Why, he is the prince's jester: a very dull fool; only his gift is in devising impossible slanders; none but libertines delight in him; and the commendation is not in