

BY
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SIMPLIFIED BY G. HORSLEY

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# MORE TALES FROM SHAKESPEARE

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"O, thus she stood when I first loved her."

#### **PRONUNCIATION**

One of the difficulties in learning English as a second language is its pronunciation. The same letter may be pronounced differently in different words. For example, "c" is sounded as k in cat, but as s in receive; "a" is sounded differently in hat and hate, "th" in this and thank. What we need is a number of signs, each of which stands for one sound, and one sound only. We have been given this in what is called the Phonetic Alphabet, a "Sounding!" Alphabet (Greek phone = a sound), which uses the letters of the ordinary English alphabet, and in addition a few extra signs without which we could not show how certain words are sounded.

#### Consonants

b, d, f, g, h, l, m, n, p, r, s, t, v, w, z are used with their ordinary English sounds; we have also

0	as in	thank	ц	as in	much
ð	99	this	ds	. ,,	John
ſ	"	ship	j		yellow
3	,,	measure	Ð	**	song

#### Vowels

i	as in	ship	<b>ɔ</b> :	as in	fort
i:	99	sheep	u	99	put
e	99	pen	u:	99	boot
88	99	man	<b>A</b>	99	cup
a:		dark	9	99	under
9	99	song	9:	90	burn

#### Diphthongs (Double Vowels)

ei	as in	train	iə	as in	ear
ou	,,	only	63	99	chair
ai	,,	ice	၁ခ	,,	door
au	,,	how	пэ	,,	poor
oi	,,	boy			

The proper names in this book are not difficult to pronounce. The main thing is to put the accent or stress on the correct syllable. In the list therefore, the accented syllable is marked thus: C'aius. This means that the accent is on the first syllable.

	•		
'Albany	'ælbəni	H'ecuba	h'ekjubə
	(or 'o:lbəni)	Herm'ione	hə:m'aiəni
Ant'igonus	ænt'igenas	Hor'atio	hɔr'ei∫jou
Ap'ollo	əp'əlou	Hort'ensio	ho:t'enfjou
Bapt'ista	bæpt'ista	I'ago	j'a:gou
Benv'olio	benv'ouljou	J'uliet	dz'u:ljet
Bi'anca	bj'æŋkə	K'atharine	k'æ0ərin
Boh'emia	bouh'i:mja		(k'æ0rin)
Brab'antio	brəb'æn[jou	La'ertes	lei'əti:z
C'aius	k'æjas	L'awrence	l'orans
Cam'illo	kæm'ilou	£i	(l'a:rəns)
C'apulet	k'æpju:let	L'ear	l'i:ə
C'assio	k'æsjou	Le'ontes	lij'onti:z
Cl'audius	k'lo:djas	Luc'entio	fu:s'ent[jo
Cle'omenes	klij'oməni:z	Luci'anus	lu:sj'a:nas
Cord'elia	kɔːd'i:ljə	Mam'illius	mæm'iljas
C'yprus	s'aipres	M'antua	m'æntju:ə
D'elphos	d'elfos	Marc'ellus	ma:s'elas
Desdem'ona	dezdim'ouna	Merc'utio	mə:kj′u:∫jou
D'ion	d'aion	M'ontague	m'ontəgju:
D'oricles	d'orikli:z	Mont'ano	mont'a:nou
Em'ilia	em'iljə	Oph'elia	ouf'i:ljə
Fl'orizel	fl'orizel	Oth'ello	ouθ'elou
G'ertrude	g'ə:tru:d	P'adua	p'ædju:ə
Gl'oucester	gl'osta	Paul'ina	po:l'i:nə
G'oneril	g'onəril	P'erdita	p'ə:ditə
Gonz'ago	gonz'a:gou	Petr'uchio	pitr'u:tsjou
H'amlet	h'æmlet		(pitr'u:kjou)

Pol'ixenes Pol'onius Pr'iam R'egan R'omeo R'osaline

S'icily

pol'iksəni:z
pol'ounjas
pr'aiæm
r'i:gən
r'oumjou
r'ozəli:n
(r'ozəlain)

S'ignior T'ybalt V'enice Ven'etian Ver'ona Vi'enna Vinc'entio s'i:njo; t'ibo:lt v'enis vin'i:fn vər'ounə vj'enə vins'enfjou (vins'entfjou)

#### THE WINTER'S TALE

#### THE PEOPLE IN THE STORY

Leontes, King of Sicily.

Mamillius, young Prince of Sicily.

Camillo
Antigonus
Cleomenes

Lords of Sicily.

Dion

Polixenes, King of Bohemia and friend of Leontes. Florizel, a prince—son of Polixenes.

An old shepherd, the supposed father of Perdita.

Hermione, wife of Leontes, Queen of Sicily. Perdita, daughter of Leontes and Hermione. Paulina, wife of Antigonus. Emilia, a lady serving the Queen Hermione.

#### THE WINTER'S TALE

Land good Hermione, once lived in the greatest happiness together. Leontes was so happy in the love of this excellent lady that he had nothing left to wish for except that he sometimes wanted to see again, and to present to his queen, his old companion and school-fellow, Polixenes, king of Bohemia.

Leontes and Polixenes had been brought up together from the time when they were children, but, after the death of their fathers, each one had to rule his own kingdom, and so they had not met for many years, though they often exchanged gifts, letters and loving messages.

At last, after many invitations, Polixenes came from Bohemia to the Sicilian court, to make a visit to his friend Leontes.

At first this visit gave nothing but pleasure to Leontes. He begged the queen to give this friend of his youth her special care and attention and seemed to have his happiness quite completed when he was with his old companion. They talked about old times; they remembered their schooldays and their youthful games. They told stories of these to Hermione, who always took a cheerful part in these conversations.

After a long stay, Polizenes was preparing to leave when Hermione, at her husband's wish, begged him to make his visit longer.

And now, this good queen's sorrow began. Polixenes had refused to stay when Leontes asked him but Hermione's gentle words persuaded him to do so. At this, although

Leontes had so long known the honesty of his friend Polixenes as well as the excellent character of his good queen, he was seized with an uncontrollable jealousy. Everything that Hermione did for Polixenes, although it was done only to please her husband, increased the unfortunate king's jealousy. Suddenly, Leontes changed from a true friend, and the best and most loving of husbands, into a wild and evil creature. He sent for Camillo, one of the lords of his court, and told him of his suspicions about his wife's unfaithfulness. Then he ordered him to poison Polixenes.

Camillo was a good man. He knew well that there was no truth in what Leontes suspected, and so, instead of poisoning Polixenes, he told him of his master's orders and agreed to escape with him from Sicily. Thus Polixenes, with the help of Camillo, arrived safely in his own kingdom of Bohemia. From that time, Camillo lived in the king's court and became the chief friend and favourite of Polixenes.

The escape of Polixenes made the jealous Leontes still more angry. He went to the queen's room where her little son, Mamillius was just beginning to tell one of his best stories to amuse her. Taking the child away, the king sent Hermione to prison.

Though Mamillius was only a very young child he loved his mother dearly. When he saw her treated so shamefully and knew that she had been taken away from him to be put into a prison, he became very unhappy. Gradually, he lost his desire to eat and sleep ur il it was thought that his sadness would kill him.

When the king had sent his queen to prison, he commanded Cleomenes and Dion, two Sicilian lords, to go to Delphos and ask the oracle at the temple of Apollo if his queen had been unfaithful to him.

<sup>1</sup> Oracle: the person in a temple through whom a god was believed to speak to people.

After Hermione had been a short time in prison, she gave birth to a daughter. The poor lady was comforted when she looked at her pretty baby, and she said to it: "My poor little prisoner, I have done as little wrong as you have."

Hermione had a kind and noble-spirited friend, Paulina, who was the wife of Antigonus, a Sicilian lord. When Paulina heard that the queen had given birth to a child, she went to the prison where Hermione was kept and said to Emilia, a lady who served Hermione, "I pray you, Emilia, tell the good queen that if she will trust me with her little baby, I will carry it to the king, its father. We do not know how his heart may soften when he sees his little child."

"Most noble lady," replied Emilia, "I will tell the queen of your offer. She was wishing today that she had any friend who would dare to present the child to the king."

"And tell her," said Paulina, "that I will speak bravely to Leontes in her defence."

"May you be for ever blessed," said Emilia, "for your kindness to our gentle queen!"

Emilia then went to Hermione who joyfully gave up her baby to the care of Paulina.

Paulina took the child and forced herself into the presence of the king, although her husband, who feared the king's anger, tried to prevent her. She laid the baby at its father's feet, and made a noble speech to the king in defence of Hermione. She blamed him for his cruelty and begged him to have mercy on his innocent wife and child. But her words only increased Leontes' anger, and he ordered her husband Antigonus to take her away.

When Paulina went away, she left the little baby at its father's feet. She thought that, when he was alone with it, he would look at it, and have pity on its innocence.

The good Paulina was wrong. No sooner had she gone

Innocent (noun-innocence): having done no evil. Opp.—guilty.

than the merciless father ordered Antigonus to take the child out to sea and leave it on some deserted shore to die.

Antigonus was not like the good Camillo. He obeyed the orders of Leontes too well. Immediately, he carried the child on to a ship and sailed out to sea, intending to leave it on the first deserted coast that he could find.

The king was so sure that Hermione was guilty that he would not wait for the return of Cleomenes and Dion from Delphos. Before the queen had recovered from her weakness, and from her misery at losing her precious baby, she was brought to a public trial before all the lords and nobles of his court. When all the great lords and judges were gathered together to try Hermione, and while that unhappy lady was standing as a prisoner to receive their judgment, Cleomenes and Dion entered, and gave the king the answer of the oracle.

Leontes commanded that the words of the oracle should be read aloud, and these were the words:

"Hermione is innocent, Polixenes blameless, Camillo a true servant, Leontes a jealous and cruel king, and he shall live without an heir 2 unless that which was lost is found."

The king would not believe the words of the oracle. He said that it was a lie made up by the queen's friends, and he asked the judge to go on with the trial of the queen. While he was speaking, however, a man entered and told him that the prince, Mamillius, hearing that his mother was to be tried for her life, had been struck with grief 3 and shame, and had suddenly died.

When Hermione heard of the death of this dear and loving child who had lost his life because of his grief at her

<sup>1</sup> To recover: to get well again; to get something back again.

<sup>&</sup>lt;sup>2</sup> Heir: the person who gets money, land or power when another person dies.

<sup>3</sup> Grief: great sorrow. Verb-to grieve.

misfortune, she fainted. Leontes himself was filled with misery by the news and began to feel pity for his unhappy queen. He ordered Paulina to take her away and help her to recover. Paulina soon returned, and told the king that Hermione was dead.

When Leontes heard that the queen was dead, he felt deeply sorry for all his cruelty to her. Now that he thought his ill-treatment had broken Hermione's heart, he believed her to be innocent. Now also he thought the words of the oracle were true. He knew that "if that which was lost is not found" (which he believed to be his young daughter), he would be without an heir, as the young prince Mamillius was dead; and he would have given his kingdom to recover his lost daughter. With such sad thoughts as these, Leontes passed many years in grief and sorrow.

The ship in which Antigonus carried the baby princess out to sea was driven by a storm on to the coast of Bohemia, the kingdom of the good king Polixenes. Here Antigonus landed, and here he left the little baby.

Antigonus never returned to Sicily to tell Leontes where he had left his daughter, for, as he was going back to the ship, a bear came out of the woods and tore him to pieces.

The child was dressed in rich clothes and jewels, as Hermione had made it look very fine when she sent it to Leontes. Antigonus had fastened a paper to its coat, on which he wrote the name Perdita and words which indirectly suggested its noble birth and misfortune.

The poor deserted baby was found by a shepherd. He was a kind man, and he carried the little Perdita home to his wife, who nursed it lovingly. But the shepherd was poor and so, in order to hide the rich prize which he had

<sup>1</sup> Perdita: a Latin word, meaning "the lost one,"

found, he left that part of the country, that no one might know where he got his riches. Then, with part of Perdita's jewels, he bought flocks of sheep and became a wealthy shepherd. He brought up Perdita as his own child, and she did not know that she was any other than a shepherd's daughter.

The little Perdita grew up to be a lovely girl. She had no better education than that of a shepherd's daughter but the natural graces she had got from her royal mother shone in her so greatly that no one would have known she had not been brought up in her father's court.

Polixenes had an only son whose name was Florizel. One day, as this young prince was hunting near the shepherd's home, he saw the old man's supposed daughter, and her beauty, modesty and queen-like grace made him immediately fall in love with her. Soon, under the name of Doricles, and dressed as a private gentleman, he became a frequent visitor at the old shepherd's house. Florizel's absences from court alarmed¹ Polixenes. He set people to watch his son and soon discovered his love for the shepherd's fair daughter.

Polizenes then sent for Camillo the same faithful Camillo who had kept him safe from the anger of Leontes, and said that he wished him to accompany him to the house of the shepherd.

Both Polixenes and Camillo changed their appearances so that they should not be recognised, and arrived at the house just as a feast was taking place. Though they were strangers, every guest at such a time was made welcome and they were invited to walk in and join in the general rejoicing. Everyone was happy and gay. Tables were full of things to eat and drink, great preparations were being made for the feast and some young men and girls were dancing on the grass in front of the house.

<sup>1</sup> Alarmed: made rather afraid.

In spite of this busy scene, however, Florizel and Perditasat quietly together in a corner, seeming more pleased with the conversation of each other than with the games and amusements of those around them.

The king, knowing that he could not be recognised, went near enough to hear their conversation, and the simple but graceful manner in which Perdita talked to his son surprised him greatly.

He said to Camillo, "This is the prettiest low-born girl I have ever seen. Everything she does or says looks like something greater than herself, too noble for this place."

Then the king, turning to the old shepherd, said, "Tell me, my good friend, who is that young man talking with your daughter?"

"They call him Doricles," replied the shepherd. "He says he loves my daughter; and, to speak the truth, it is difficult to know which loves the other best. If young Doricles can win her, she shall bring him what he does not dream of." By this he meant the rest of Perdita's jewels which he had carefully saved for her on her marriage day.

Polixenes then spoke to his son.

"Young man," he said, "your heart seems full of something that takes your mind away from feasting. When I was young, I used to load my love with presents, but you have bought nothing for your girl."

The young prince, who did not know that he was talking to his father, replied, "Old sir, she prizes not such things. The gifts which Perdita expects from me are locked up in my heart."

Then Florizel turned to Perdita and said, "O hear me, Perdita, before this ancient gentleman, who it seems, was once himself a lover."

Florizel then called on the old stranger to be a witness to a solemn promise of marriage which he made to Perdita,