



*Katharina.*

TAMING OF THE SHREW. ACT 2. SC. 1.

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THE SHREW.

Katharina was the elder daughter of Baptista Minola, a wealthy citizen of Padua. So notorious was she for her violent and unrelenting tongue, that, although she was handsomely and very beautiful, no gallant in the city was bold enough to woo her. Her father, therefore, determined to give her in marriage to the youngest of his sons, Petruchio, who was a very idle and dissolute youth. Petruchio, however, was a very cunning and crafty man, and he saw that this was a very excellent chance for him to get a wife who would be as obedient to him as a dog. He therefore went to Baptista and made proposals for her, which were accepted, on condition that the young man should live in harmony with the Shrew. Katharina did not fall in with this, but promptly to a spice of her untamable temper; but Petruchio, who was prepared, took no notice of her saucy rejoinders, and continued to show her as amiable manifestations; and when



sense would be full of sarcasm, ten times more insulting, more spiteful, than her honest railing.

For two of the "eleven and twenty" tricks of Petruchio, we give the incidents of the journey to Padua:

*Pet.* Come on, o' God's name; once more toward our father's.

Good Lord, how bright and goodly shines the moon!

*Kath.* The moon!—the sun; it is not moonlight now.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon that shines so bright.

*Kath.* I know it is the sun that shines so bright.

*Pet.* Now, by my mother's son, and that's myself,

It shall be moon, or star, or what I list,

Or ere I journey to your father's house:—

Go on, and fetch our horses back again.—

Evermore cross'd, and cross'd; nothing but cross'd!

*Hor.* Say as he says, or we shall never go.

*Kath.* Forward, I pray, since we have come so far;

And be it moon, or sun, or what you please;

And if you please to call it a rush candle,

Henceforth I vow it shall be so for me.

*Pet.* I say it is the moon.

*Kath.* I know it is.

*Pet.* Nay, then you lie; it is the blessed sun.

*Kath.* Then, God be blessed, it is the blessed sun;

But sun it is not, when you say it is not;

And the moon changes, even as your mind.

What you will have it nam'd, even that it is;

And so it shall be so, for Katharina.

*Pet.* Tell me, sweet Kate—and tell me truly too—

Hast thou beheld a fresher gentlewoman?

Such war of white and red within her cheeks!

What stars do spangle heaven with such beauty

As those two eyes become that heavenly face?—

Fair lovely maid, once more good day to thee:—

Sweet Kate, embrace her for her beauty's sake.

*Kath.* Young budding virgin, fair, and fresh, and sweet,

Whither away? or where is thy abode?

Happy the parents of so fair a child;

Happier the man whom favorable stars

Allot thee for his lovely bed-fellow!

*Pet.* Why, how now, Kate! I hope thou art not mad:

This is a man, old, wrinkled, faded, wither'd—

And not a maiden, as thou say'st he is.

*Kath.* Pardon, old father, my mistaking eyes,

That have been so bedazzled with the sun

That every thing I look on seemeth green;

Now I perceive thou art a reverend father:

Pardon, I pray thee, for my mad mistaking.

The final trotting out of his trained wife before his friends, for a wager, is worthy of the man who "came to Padua to wive it wealthily"—

Be she as foul as was Florentius' love,

As old as Sibyl, and as curst and shrewd

As Socrates' Xantippe, or a worse.

But she gets off her little speech, with which, by the by, no one out of the dangerous circle of Woman's Rights can possibly find fault; and she receives her reward—a kiss from the husband, whom we are sure, for all her fine talk, she hates cordially:

*Pet.* Nay, I will win my wager better yet,

And show more sign of her obedience—

Her new-built virtue and obedience.

See! where she comes, and brings your froward wives

As prisoners to her womanly persuasion.—

Katharine, that cap of yours becomes you not;

Off with that bauble, throw it under foot.

[KATHARINA pulls off her cap, and throws it down.

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*Pet.* Katharine, I charge thee, tell these headstrong women

What duty they do owe their lords and husbands.

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*Kath.* Fye, fye! unknit that threat'ning, unkind brow,  
And dart not scornful glances from those eyes,



## THE SHREW.

To wound thy lord, thy king, thy governor ;  
 It blots thy beauty, as frosts bite the meads—  
 Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds shake fair buds ;  
 And in no sense is meet or amiable.  
 A woman mov'd is like a fountain troubled,  
 Muddy, ill-seeming, thick, bereft of beauty ;  
 And, while it is so, none so dry or thirsty  
 Will deign to sip, or touch one drop of it.  
 Thy husband is thy lord, thy life, thy keeper,  
 Thy head, thy sovereign ; one that cares for thee,  
 And for thy maintenance—commits his body  
 To painful labor, both by sea and land,  
 To watch the night in storms, the day in cold,  
 While thou liest warm at home, secure and safe ;  
 And craves no other tribute at thy hands  
 But love, fair looks, and true obedience—  
 Too little payment for so great a debt.  
 Such duty as the subject owes the prince,  
 Even such a woman oweth to her husband ;  
 And when she's froward, peevish, sullen, sour,  
 And not obedient to his honest will,  
 What is she but a foul contending rebel,  
 And graceless traitor to her loving lord ?—  
 I am asham'd that women are so simple,  
 To offer war where they should kneel for peace ;  
 Or seek for rule, supremacy, and sway,  
 When they are bound to serve, love, and obey.  
 Why are our bodies soft, and weak, and smooth,  
 Unapt to toil, and trouble, in the world,  
 But that our soft conditions, and our hearts,  
 Should well agree with our external parts ?  
 Come, come, you froward and unable worms !  
 My mind hath been as big as one of yours,  
 My heart as great—my reason, haply, more,  
 To bandy word for word, and frown for frown ;  
 But now I see our lances are but straws,  
 Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare—  
 That seeming to be most which we least are.



## THE SHREW.

KATHARINA was the elder daughter of Baptista Minola, a wealthy citizen of Padua. So notorious was she for her violent temper and unruly tongue, that, although she was handsomely dowered, and very beautiful, not a gallant in the city was bold enough to take her to wife. But it happened that Petruchio, a gentleman from Verona, having fallen into possession of his property by the death of his father, had come to "wive it wealthily in Padua," where certain lovers of Bianca, Katharina's sister, who were interested in the marrying of the Shrew—inasmuch as Baptista would not think of wedding his younger daughter first—informed Petruchio of this most excellent chance for him to get a rich wife, as he had declared to them that only riches were indispensable to his choice.

So he straightway went to Baptista and made proposals for Katharina, which were accepted, on condition that the young signior should find favor with the Shrew. Katharina did not fail to treat her suitor promptly to a spice of her unlovely temper; but Petruchio, well prepared, took no notice of her saucy rejoinders, except to construe them as amiable manifestations; and when