

MEN:

Oliver:

When last the young Orlando parted from you

He left a promise to return again

Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest, Chewing the food of sweet
and bitter fancy,

Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,

And mark what object did present itself:

Under an oak, whose boughs were moss'd with age, And high top bald
with dry antiquity,

A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,

Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck

A green and gilded snake had wreath'd itself,

Who with her head nimble in threats approach'd The opening of his
mouth;

Oliver:

but suddenly,

Seeing Orlando, it unlink'd itself,

And with indented glides did slip away

Into a bush; under which bush's shade

A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,

Lay couching, head on ground, with catlike watch, When that the sleeping
man should stir; for 'tis The royal disposition of that beast

To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:

This seen, Orlando did approach the man,

And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

Orlando:

As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but
poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, 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?

Orlando:

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.

Touchstone:

Upon a lie seven times removed: 'bear your body more seeming, Audrey: 'as thus, sir. I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called 'the retort courteous.' If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the 'quip modest.' If again, it was not well cut, he disabled my judgment: this is called the 'reply churlish.' If again, it was not well cut, he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the 'reproof valiant:' if again, it was not well cut, he would say, I lie: this is called the 'countercheck quarrelsome': and so to the 'lie circumstantial,' and the 'lie direct.'

[JAQ.] AND HOW OFT DID YOU SAY HIS BEARD WAS NOT WELL CUT?

[Touch.] I durst go no further than the 'lie circumstantial,' nor he durst not give me the 'lie direct;' and so we measured swords and parted.