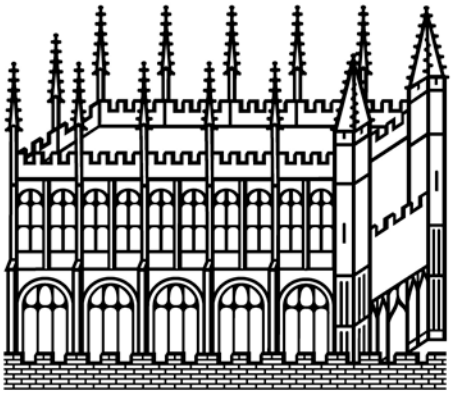


THE

HEROINES OF SHAKSPEARE:

COMPRISING

THE PRINCIPAL FEMALE CHARACTERS

IN THE

PLAYS OF THE GREAT POET.

ENGRAVED IN THE HIGHEST STYLE OF ART, FROM DRAWINGS BY EMINENT ARTISTS.

WITH LETTERPRESS EXTRACTS FROM THE TEXT, IN ENGLISH AND FRENCH; AND CRITICAL ESSAYS ON EACH OF THE CHARACTERS.

LONDON:
WARD AND LOCK, 158, FLEET STREET.

PREFACE.

THE "HEROINES OF SHAKSPEARE" afford us some of the finest fancy pictures which the imagination of man can paint. The higher passions of human nature are depicted in all their tenderness and constancy, for our admiration; whilst its vices are equally exposed in their hideousness to our view. At times we see him delineating all that is noble, generous, and good; as in his *Portia*, *Juliet*, *Desdemona*, and others; and yet the reverse is also presented, both in the leading and minor characters of his plays.

An able critic has well remarked, that "He has shown us woman in all her aspects; the true-hearted and fickle, the pure and impure, the lovely and the loathly, all figure on his canvas; but however repulsive, or however enchanting they may be, their very faults, as well as their virtues, are feminine."

It is the object of this Work to afford a series of finely executed Engravings, representing the leading female characters of SHAKSPEARE. If the master-hand has succeeded so well in giving us word-pictures, it is needful that the pencil of the artist should strive towards an equal excellence, so that the lineaments on paper may, in some adequate degree, reflect the creations of the mind.

It has been attempted to secure this, by reproducing some of the best pictures of those painters who have made the HEROINES OF SHAKSPEARE their study, and given us the results of their creative fancy on canvas. It will be only required to mention such names as HAYTER, FRITH, EGG, CORBOULD, with whom others of eminent talents have been associated, to show that the highest qualifications have been pressed into the Work.

The entire series of Engravings is scarcely equalled by any other in their execution and finish of detail. It may be no excess of truth to remark, that they approach perfection as near as the art of the engraver will permit.

The notices which accompany the pictures are intended to present the leading features of the character thus represented. A general outline of each drama is afforded, so that the reader may be in a position to judge of the incidents and details it contains, as far as they refer to the subject under illustration. The comparatively limited space which the Work permits of, must form an apology for the conciseness and incompleteness with which the description is drawn. SHAKSPEARE himself is, generally speaking, a model of condensation of thought; and bold must that man be who would attempt to follow closely in his steps. We may imitate him; but, in doing so, we expose our defects, only to heighten his excellences by the contrast. The

Work has been got up in an elegant manner, and no expense has been spared to render it as attractive and complete as possible.

It is hoped that the countless readers of the great bard, will here find an additional incentive to their admiration of his works; whilst those who have hitherto only picked up the choicest of his gems, may be induced to dip deep into the mine of wealth which lies hidden beneath them. The hasty traveller may pluck, here and there, a brilliant flower by the way-side; but it is by him alone who tills the ground that the richest fruit is gathered. Thus, with the productions of the great dramatist, the beauties are not found by one who dips into them at chance times, but are rather unfolded to the student who ardently and persistently seeks them out.

We subjoin a list of the Engravings which will be given in the course of the Work, with the names of the painters.

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PLAY.
PORTIA	J. W. Wright	*Merchant of Venice.*
MIRANDA	J. Hayter	*Tempest.*
BEATRICE	J. W. Wright	*Much Ado.*
IMOGEN	J. W. Wright	*Cymbeline.*
OPHELIA	J. Hayter	*Hamlet.*
AUDREY	W. P. Frith	*As You Like It.*
JULIET	J. Hayter	*Romeo and Juliet.*
LADY PERCY	J. W. Wright	*King Henry IV.*
JULIA	A. Egg	*Two Gentlemen.*
MOPSA	A. Egg	*Winter's Tale.*
ANNE BULLEN	J. W. Wright	*King Henry VIII.*
OLIVIA	W. P. Frith	*Twelfth Night.*
ANNE PAGE	J. W. Wright	*Merry Wives.*
LADY GREY	J. W. Wright	*King Henry VI.*
MRS. FORD	E. Corbould	*Merry Wives.*
SILVIA	J. W. Wright	*Two Gentlemen.*
VIOLA	A. Egg	*Twelfth Night.*
HERO	J. W. Wright	*Much Ado.*
LAVINIA	J. W. Wright	*Titus Andronicus.*
ISABELLA	J. W. Wright	*Measure for Measure.*
MARIA	A. Egg	*Twelfth Night.*

SUBJECT.	ARTIST.	PLAY.
CORDELIA	A. Johnston	*King Lear.*
CELIA	J. W. Wright	*As You Like It*
PERDITA	J. Hayter	*Winter's Tale.*
CONSTANCE	J. W. Wright	*King John.*
VIRGILIA	A. Johnston	*Coriolanus.*
JESSICA	J. W. Wright	*Merchant of Venice.*
ROSALIND	K. Meadows	*As You Like It.*
HELENA	J. W. Wright	*All's Well.*
MARGARET	J. W. Wright	*King Henry VI.*
MRS. PAGE	J. W. Wright	*Merry Wives.*
MARIANA	J. W. Wright	*Measure for Measure.*
TITANIA	K. Meadows	*Mids. Night's Dream.*
CRESSIDA	K. Meadows	*Troilus and Cressida.*
KATHERINE	A. Egg	*Taming of the Shrew.*
PORTIA	J. W. Wright	*Julius Cæsar.*
JOAN OF ARC	J. W. Wright	*King Henry VI.*
LADY ANNE	J. W. Wright	*King Richard III.*
DESDEMONA	A. Egg	*Othello.*
LADY MACBETH	K. Meadows	*Macbeth.*
CLEOPATRA	K. Meadows	*Antony and Cleopatra.*

CONTENTS.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

ISABELLA.

"I hold you as a thing ensky'd and sainted—
By your renouncement, an immortal spirit,
And to be talk'd with in sincerity,
As with a saint."

THE character of ISABELLA has been a subject of great difference of opinion amongst critics. By some, she has been held up as the model of everything proper and admirable in a woman. On the other hand, there are those who have considered her as prudish, austere, destitute of feeling, and a mixture of intolerance and pride. It is probable that both sets of critics are in error. If we turn from a PORTIA or JULIET, to ISABELLA, the contrast of character is so striking, as to make her somewhat repulsive, in the severity of her manner. But Shakspeare introduces her in situations far different from theirs; and in them her virtue stands out in such prominence, by its comparison with the evils with which she is surrounded, that it almost appears a vice in its excessive strength. The scene of the play is at Vienna; and the DUKE, having deputed his authority to ANGELO and ESCALUS, under pretence of leaving the country, connects himself with a monastery; and, in the guise of a friar's habit, has the opportunity of freely moving amongst his subjects, without being known by them.

ANGELO puts into force some almost obsolete laws, and CLAUDIO, the brother of ISABELLA, is condemned to death, on account of his having transgressed them. ANGELO sustains a high character for possessing a serenity of virtue, that neither sins, nor can permit sinning.

All efforts to procure a remission of the sentence against CLAUDIO are unavailing; but, at last, ISABELLA appears, entreating ANGELO for her brother's life. The fourth scene of the second act is taken up with an interview between him and ISABELLA; during which he offers to pardon her brother on certain conditions only, which are inconsistent with her honour. In the third act we meet with the DUKE, disguised as a friar, and ISABELLA communicating to CLAUDIO what had passed between her and ANGELO. The DUKE contrives to procure the escape of CLAUDIO, and also to do justice to MARIANA, whom ANGELO had sorely wronged.

Passing over the minor incidents of the play, we arrive at the day appointed for the return of the DUKE. MARIANA and ISABELLA throw themselves in his way, not knowing that, under his assumed disguise, they had all along been directed by him. ISABELLA, in passionate terms, complains of ANGELO, and is at first disbelieved; MARIANA also pours out her griefs. The DUKE, on pretence of other business, leaves ANGELO to judge the case, and rehabits himself as a friar, so as to add his testimony to the guilt of ANGELO. Thus disguised, he is, with the rest, ordered to prison, for falsely accusing ANGELO; when his cowl falls off, and he then appears in his true character. The *dénouement* then takes place. ANGELO is condemned to death, it being just that he should receive *Measure for Measure;* but, at the intercession of MARIANA, he is pardoned. The last scene ends in the DUKE liberating CLAUDIO, and offering his hand to ISABELLA.

F. W. Wright

W. H. Mote

ISABELLA.

Isabella. I have a brother is condemn'd to die:
I do beseech you, let it be his fault,
And not my brother.
Angelo. Condemn the fault, and not the actor of it!
Why, every fault's condemned ere it be done:
Mine were the very cipher of a function,
To fine the faults, whose fine stands in record,
And let go by the actor.
Isabella. O just, but severe law!
I had a brother then.—Heaven keep your honour! . . . . .
Must he needs die?
Angelo. Maiden, no remedy. . . . . .
He's sentenced: 'tis too late. . . . . .
Isabella. Too late? why, no; I, that do speak a word,
May call it back again: Well, believe this,
No ceremony that to great ones 'longs,
Not the king's crown, nor the deputed sword,
The marshal's truncheon, nor the judge's robe,
Become them with one half so good a grace,
As mercy does. If he had been as you,
And you as he, you would have slipt like him;
But he, like you, would not have been so stern.
Angelo. 'Pray you begone.
Isabella. I would to heaven I had your potency,
And you were Isabel! Should it then be thus?
No; I would tell what 'twere to be a judge,
And what a prisoner.
Angelo. Your brother is a forfeit of the law,
And you but waste your words.
It is the law, not I, that condemns your brother:
Were he my kinsman, brother, or my son,
It should be thus with him;—he must die to-morrow.
Isabella. To-morrow? O, that's sudden! Spare him,
spare him:
He's not prepared for death!

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Act II. Scene II.*

ISABELLE.

Isabelle. J'ai un frère qui est condamné à mort. Je vous en conjure, que ce soit sa faute que l'on condamne, et non mon frère.

Angélo. Condamner la faute, et non le coupable! Mais tous les crimes sont condamnés avant leur accomplissement; de quoi serviraient mes fonctions, si elles constataient à signaler les fautes que punit la loi, en laissant impunis leurs auteurs?

Isabelle. O loi juste, mais sévère! je n'ai donc plus de frère . . . . Faut-il donc qu'il meure?

Angélo. Jeune fille, il n'y a pas de remède. . . . . Son arrêt est prononcé; il est trop tard.

Isabelle. Trop tard? non sans doute; moi, quand j'ai prononcé une parole, je puis revenir sur ce que j'ai dit. Croyez-moi, la splendeur qui entoure les grands, la couronne du monarque, le glaive de la justice, le bâton du maréchal, la toge du magistrat, rien de tout cela ne leur sied aussi bien que la clémence. Si mon frère eût été à votre place et vous à la sienne, vous eussiez failli comme lui; mais il n'eût pas été aussi inflexible que vous.

Angélo. Retirez-vous, je vous prie.

Isabelle. Plût au ciel que j'eusse votre pouvoir et que vous fussiez Isabelle! les choses se passeraient-elles ainsi? non, je comprendrais ce que d'être juge, et ce que c'est que d'être prisonnier.

Angélo. Votre frère est condamné sans retour par la loi, et vous perdez vos paroles. . . . . Résignez-vous, jeune fille; ce n'est pas moi, mais la loi, qui condamne votre frère; fût-il mon parent, mon frère ou mon fils, il en serait de même à son égard.—Il faut qu'il meure demain.

Isabelle. Demain? oh! cela est bien subit! épargnez-le; il n'est pas préparé à mourir!

MESURE POUR MESURE.—*Acte II. Scène II.*

MARIANA.

Mariana. Break off thy song, and haste thee quick away;
Here comes a man of comfort, whose advice
Hath often still'd my brawling discontent.—

Enter DUKE.

I cry you mercy, sir; and well could wish
You had not found me here so musical:
Let me excuse me, and believe me so,—
My mirth it much displeas'd, but pleas'd my woe.

Duke. 'Tis good: though music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad good, and good provoke to harm.
I pray you, tell me, hath any body inquired for me here to-day? Much upon this time have I promis'd here to meet.

Mariana. You have not been inquired after: I have sat here all day.

Enter ISABELLA.

Duke. I do constantly believe you:—The time is come, even now. I shall crave your forbearance a little; may be, I will call upon you anon, for some advantage to yourself.

Mariana. I am always bound to you. [*Exit.*

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.—*Act IV. Scene I.*

MARIANNE.

Marianne. Interromps tes chants, et hâte-toi de te retirer; voici venir un homme dont les conseils ont souvent calmé la violence de mes chagrins. [*Le Page sort.*

Entre LE DUC.

Marianne (*continuant.*) Je vous demande pardon, mon père; j'aurais souhaité que vous m'eussiez trouvée un peu moins musicale; veuillez m'excuser, et croire que si ma douleur est gaie, en revanche, ma gaieté est chagrine.

Le Duc. Il n'y a pas de mal à cela, quoique la musique ait souvent le pouvoir de transformer le mal en bien, et de faire du bien une excitation au mal. Dites-moi, je vous prie, si quelqu'un aujourd'hui est venu me demander: voici à peu près l'heure où j'ai promis de me trouver ici.

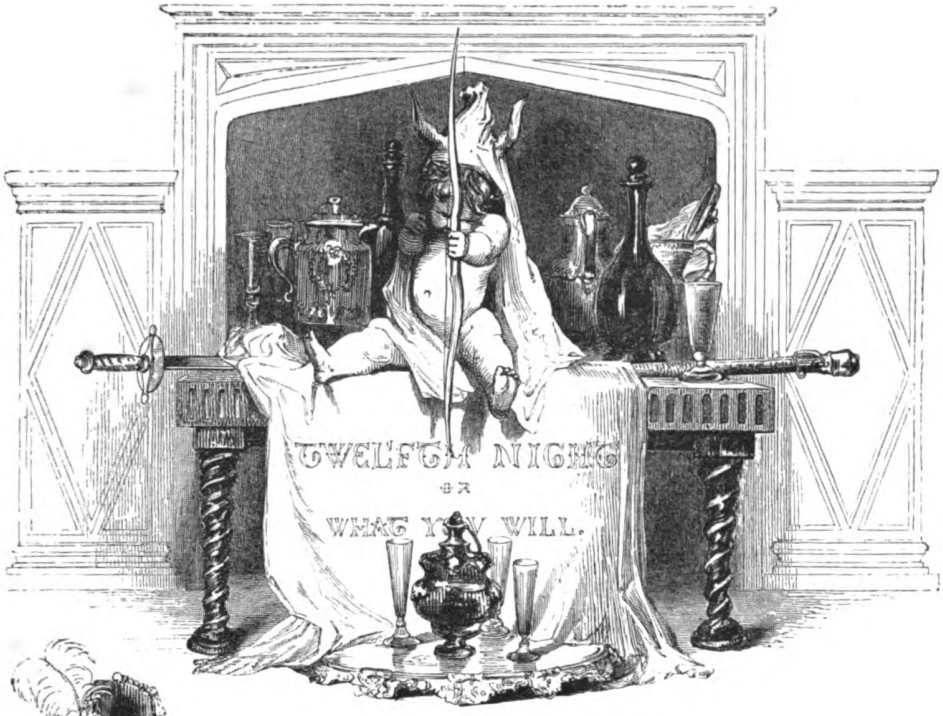
Marianne. Personne n'est venu vous demander; je suis restée ici tout le jour.

Entre ISABELLE.

Le Duc. Je vous crois certainement. Voici justement l'heure. (*Apercevant Isabelle.*) Je vous demanderai de vouloir bien nous laisser seuls un moment; peut-être vous rappellerai-je bientôt pour quelque chose qui est dans votre intérêt.

Marianne. Je vous en suis reconnaissante. [*Elle sort.*

MESURE POUR MESURE.—*Acte IV. Scène I.*


TWELFTH NIGHT
OR
WHAT YOU WILL.

OLIVIA—VIOLA—MARIA.

"What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!"

In depicting the character of Olivia, in the *Twelfth Night*, Shakspeare has drawn considerably on the ideal. She is introduced to us as rejecting the hand of the Duke of Illyria, Orsino, and the offers of all other lovers; fixing her heart's best affections on a young woman, Viola, who, in the disguise of a man, is servant to the Duke; and at last marrying Sebastian, the brother of Viola, through mistaking him on account of his likeness to his sister.

Olivia is courted, chiefly on account of her riches, by Sir Andrew Ague-cheek, a friend of her uncle, Sir Toby; and, like him, given to "ill hours," "quaffings," and "drinkings." In vain she attempts to seek retirement, whilst mourning for the loss of her brother, whom her father, at his death, made her guardian. The Duke of Illyria disturbs her peace by incessant offers of love; and being rejected in person, seeks the aid of his favourite attendant, Cesario, who is, in reality, a young lady (Viola) disguised in the dress of the other sex. Viola is sent by the Duke with fresh proffers of his love; and well does she forward, as far as possible, the object of his suit. Unfortunately for Olivia, she is unaware that Viola herself is attached to him; and being deceived by her disguise, falls deeply in love with her. Viola makes no attempt to undeceive her, but rejects all Olivia's advances, with a coolness which drives the latter to despair.

Amidst that which seems to incline to a tragic end, the dramatist introduces a rich comic scene, wherein Malvolio, Olivia's steward, is the chief actor. To flatter his conceit, Maria, her waiting-maid, who is full of wit and mischief, has thrown in his way a letter. This he picks up, and, by curious logic, concludes that it has been addressed to him by Olivia. He accordingly appears in her presence, in dress and manner indicated by the letter, but which are exceedingly distasteful to his mistress; and, eventually, this ends in his being conveyed to a place of safety, thus relieving Olivia of another source of annoyance, and, as she thinks, of a lunatic.

Sir Andrew, not willing to be foiled in his suit, sends a challenge to Cesario (Viola). A sea captain, Antonio, a friend of Sebastian, the brother of Viola, interferes on her behalf; and his seizure by the officer leads to a series of incidents, which ends in Sebastian appearing on the scene, in search of Antonio. Olivia, mistaking him for Viola, again proffers her love, which he at last accepts; and, accordingly, they are married; for, although he is completely at a loss to account for her choice, he accepts it on the principle that he might do worse.

The complications are cleared up on Antonio being brought for trial. It is then discovered that Viola, although so well disguised, is the sister of Sebastian; and the extraordinary resemblance to each other explains the various mistakes into which Olivia, Antonio, and the Duke, had fallen. Viola is married to the Duke, and Maria is rewarded for her wit, by finding a husband in Sir Toby, the uncle of Olivia.

W. P. Frith. W. H. Mote.

OLIVIA.

Viola. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you; O, such love
Could be but recompens'd, though you were crown'd
The nonpareil of beauty!

Olivia. How does he love me?

Viola. With adorations, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.

Olivia. Your lord does know my mind, I cannot love him:
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulg'd, free, learn'd, and valiant,
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person: but yet I cannot love him;
He might have took his answer long ago.

Viola. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suffering, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense,
I would not understand it.

Olivia. Why, what would you?

Viola. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons of contemned love,
And sing them loud, even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, Olivia! O, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Olivia. You might do much: What is your parentage?

Viola. Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.

Olivia. Get you to your lord;
I cannot love him: let him send no more;
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me.

OLIVIA.

Viola. Madame, permettez que je voie votre visage.

Olivia. Votre maître vous a-t-il chargé de quelque message pour ma figure? vous sortez maintenant de votre texte; toutefois je veux bien écarter le rideau; et vous montrer le tableau. Venez, monsieur, voilà le portrait de ce que je fus; n'est-il pas bien fait?

Elle écarte son voile.

Viola. Admirablement bien fait, si tout cela est l'œuvre de Dieu.

Olivia. Il est en bon état, à l'épreuve du vent et de la pluie.

Viola. C'est l'incarnat de la beauté, habilement nuancé de lis et de roses par la main délicate de la nature elle-même. Madame, vous êtes la femme la plus cruelle qui respire, si vous emportez au tombeau tous ces charmes sans en laisser au monde une copie.

Olivia. O monsieur! je n'aurai pas le cœur si dur; je prétends bien laisser plus d'une copie de ma beauté: j'en ferai faire l'inventaire détaillé, qui sera consigné dans mon testament: par example, *item* deux lèvres passables; *item* deux yeux gris avec leurs paupières; *item* une gorge, un menton, et cætera. Vous a-t-on envoyé pour me louer?

Viola. Je vois ce que vous êtes: vous avez un excès de fierté; mais fussiez-vous le diable, vous n'en êtes pas moins belle. Mon seigneur et maître vous aime; oh! un amour tel que le sien doit obtenir sa récompense, n'eussiez-vous point d'égale en beauté.

La Douzième Nuit.—*Acte I. Scène V.*

VIOLA.

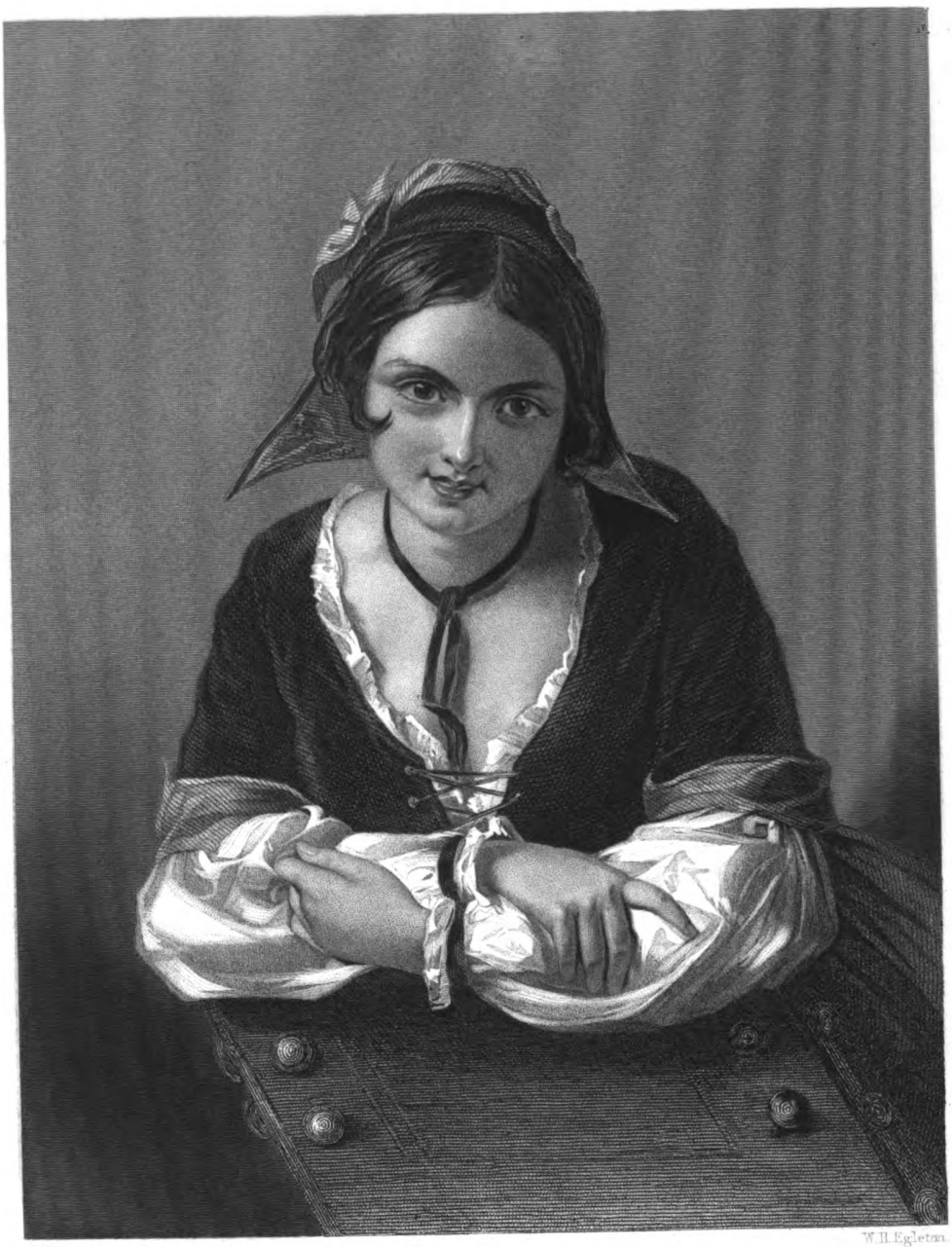
Viola. I left no ring with her: What means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charm'd her;
She made good view of me; indeed, so much,
That, sure, methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man;—If it be so, (as 'tis,)
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper false
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas, our frailty is the cause, not we;
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me:
What will become of this! As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman, now alas the day!
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time, thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me to untie. [*Exit.*

TWELFTH NIGHT.—*Act II. Scene II.*

VIOLA.

Viola. Je ne lui ai point laissé de bague : quelle est l'intention de cette dame ? mon extérieur l'aurait-il charmé ? La destinée veuille qu'il n'en soit rien ! Elle m'a beaucoup regardée, à tel point que ses yeux semblaient avoir enchaîné sa langue ; car en me parlant elle était préoccupée, et ses discours étaient sans suite. Elle m'aime, je n'en saurais douter ; ce message incivil est une ruse de sa passion pour m'inviter à la revoir. Elle ne veut point de la bague de mon maître ! ... mais il ne lui en a point envoyé. Je suis l'homme qu'elle convoite ; s'il en est ainsi (et je n'en saurais douter), pauvre femme, mieux vaudrait pour toi être éprise d'un rêve. Tout déguisement est coupable ; c'est une arme donnée à l'ennemi du genre humain. Le cœur d'une femme est une cire molle ; combien il est facile aux hommes trompeurs d'y graver leur empreinte ! Hélas ! la faute en est non à nous, mais à notre faiblesse, car telles la nature nous a faites, telles nous sommes. Comment tout ceci s'arrangera-t-il ? mon maître l'aime passionnément ; moi, pauvre fille déguisée, je suis amoureuse de lui ; et elle, dans sa méprise, paraît s'être amourachée de moi. Que résultera-t-il de tout cela ? Comme homme, je dois renoncer à obtenir l'amour de mon maître ; comme femme, quels soupirs inutiles, quelles douleurs sans fruit je prépare à l'infortunée Olivia ! O temps ! c'est à toi et non à moi à débrouiller tout cela, c'est un nœud trop compliqué pour que je le dénoue.

La Douzième Nuit.—*Acte II. Scène II.*



A. Egg W.H. Egleton

Sir Toby. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure, care's an enemy to life.

Maria. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o'nights; your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours.

Sir Toby. Why, let her except before excepted.

Maria. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

Sir Toby. Confine? I'll confine myself no finer than I am: these clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too; an they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps.

Maria. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight, that you brought in one night here, to be her wooer.

Sir Toby. Who? Sir Andrew Aguecheek?

Maria. Ay, he.

Sir Toby. He's as tall a man as any's in Illyria.

Maria. What's that to the purpose?

Sir Toby. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

Maria. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats; he's a very fool and a prodigal.

Sir Toby. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' the viol-de-gambo, and speaks three or four languages word for word without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature.

Maria. He hath, indeed,—almost natural: for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent, he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

Sir Toby. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they?

Maria. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly in your company.

Sir Toby. With drinking healths to my niece; I'll drink to her, as long as there is a passage in my throat, and drink in Illyria: He's a coward and a coystril that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' the toe like a parish-top.

Sir Tobie. Que diable a donc ma nièce de s'affecter ainsi de la mort de son frère? Indubitablement le chagrin est l'ennemi de la vie?

Marie. En vérité, Sir Tobie, il faut que vous veniez le soir de meilleure heure; votre nièce, ma maîtresse, ne voit pas vos heures indues sans beaucoup de répugnance.

Sir Tobie. Il vaut mieux qu'elle en éprouve que d'en inspirer.

Marie. Fort bien; mais il faut vous tenir dans les modestes limites des convenances.

Sir Tobie. Me tenir! ma tenue est forte bonne. Ces habits sont assez bons pour boire, et ces bottes aussi; sinon qu'elles se pendent, morbleu! à leurs propres courroies.

Marie. Ces excès de boisson vous perdront! Hier encore j'entendais madame en parler, ainsi que de l'imbécile chevalier que vous avez amené ici un soir pour lui faire la cour.

Sir Tobie. Qui? Sir André Rougeface?

Marie. Lui-même.

Sir Tobie. C'est un des hommes les plus importants qu'il y ait en Illyrie.

Marie. Qu'est-ce que cela fait?

Sir Tobie. Mais il a trois mille ducats de revenu.

Marie. Oui, mais il n'en a que pour une année avec tous ses ducats: c'est un vrai fou, un prodigue.

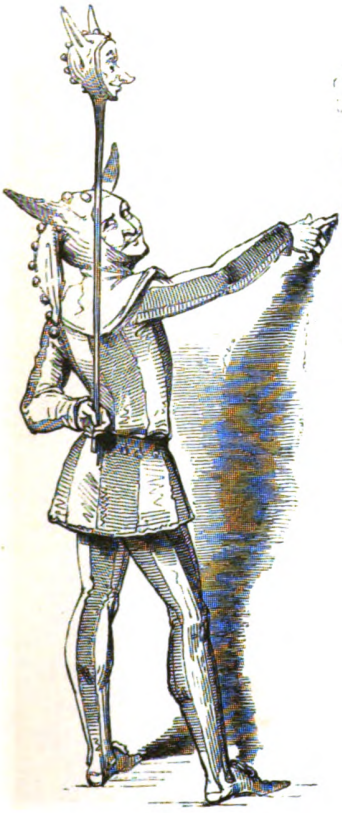
Sir Tobie. Fi donc! comment pouvez-vous dire cela? Il joue de la viole de Gamboy, il parle trois ou quatre langues, mot pour mot, sans livres, et possède tous les dons de la nature.

Marie. C'est vrai, au naturel; outre qu'il est un sot, il est grand tapageur; et si sa qualité de lâche ne calmait sa fougue de querelleur, les gens sensés sont d'avis qu'il ne tarderait pas à joindre à tous ces dons celui d'un cercueil.

Sir Tobie. Par cette main, ce sont des canailles et des détracteurs ceux qui parlent ainsi de lui! Qui sont-ils?

Marie. Ceux qui ajoutent qu'il s'enivre tous les soirs dans votre compagnie.

Sir Tobie. En buvant à la santé de ma nièce: je veux boire à sa santé tant qu'il y aura un passage dans mon gosier et du vin en Illyrie: il est un lâche et un chapon celui qui ne veut pas boire à la santé de ma nièce jusqu'à ce que la cervelle lui tourne comme un sabot de paroisse.




As you like it.
Rosalind

CELIA, ROSALIND, AND AUDREY.

Celia. My sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.
Rosalind. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see—What think you of falling in love?

THE interest of *As You Like It* depends on the varied fortunes of ROSALIND and CELIA. The father of ROSALIND has been banished from his kingdom by his brother, CELIA'S father; but an intimate affection subsists between the two cousins, and they remain inseparable, despite of the alienation of their parents.

ORLANDO, the youngest son of Sir ROWLAND DE BOIS, an intimate friend of ROSALIND'S father, appears, however, on the scene; and, by his manly prowess in defeating a noted wrestler, gains both the notice and heart of ROSALIND, who rewards him by giving him a chain she had been wearing. Being dependent on a cruel brother, OLIVER, he has but a short-lived happiness, and so flees to the forest of Arden, in hopes of being retained amongst the followers of ROSALIND'S father, who had there taken refuge.

The father of CELIA becoming jealous of her attachment to ROSALIND, orders the latter to depart from his dominions. The cousins, however, will not be parted; and, therefore, make their escape to Arden, ROSALIND being disguised as a hunter; they are accompanied by TOUCHSTONE, a "fool" attached to the court. CELIA changes her name to ALIENA, and travels as sister to ROSALIND. ORLANDO, wandering in the forest, hangs on a tree a copy of verses in praise of ROSALIND, who finds them. CELIA happens to pick up another, and also discovers the writer, ORLANDO.

ROSALIND, maintaining her disguise, is mistaken by him for a forester, and most adroitly forces him to a full confession of his love for her. From time to time she pursues this deceit, and, without mercy, torments ORLANDO in his love-sick condition. She persuades him to address her as if she were ROSALIND; but he, not perceiving the reality, falls into frequent neglect, for which she sharply chides him.

OLIVER, ORLANDO'S brother, having been banished, is accidentally rescued by ORLANDO, in the forest, from an attack by a lioness, and is sent to ROSALIND, to excuse ORLANDO in not keeping an appointment with her. This leads to OLIVER discovering himself to the cousins; and, what is still better, of falling in love with CELIA.

ROSALIND now resolves to drop her disguise towards ORLANDO. She promises him that, on the day of CELIA'S marriage, he shall marry his ROSALIND. Meanwhile, ORLANDO has been a frequent guest at her father's table in another part of the forest. He still has not the least idea that ROSALIND really stands before him, and herself promises this realisation of his heartfelt desires.

On the morrow, CELIA and OLIVER, with TOUCHSTONE and AUDREY—a young shepherdess whom he has met with in the forest, and is going to marry—and two rustics, SILVIUS and PHŒBE, repair to the place where ROSALIND'S father and his attendants are living. PHŒBE had long resisted the advances of SILVIUS, and had fallen in love with ROSALIND, mistaking her, as had ORLANDO, for a forester. She had exacted a promise from ROSALIND, that she would marry no other woman but her.

ROSALIND, however, enters, in woman's attire, in presence of all, and thus declares herself:—

> "I'll have no father if you be not he; (*To the Duke.*)
> I'll have no husband if you be not he; (*To Orlando.*)
> Nor ne'er wed woman if you be not she." (*To Phœbe.*)

And the marriage of each couple ends the scene.

CELIA.

Celia. Why, cousin; why, Rosalind!—Cupid, have mercy!—Not a word?

Rosalind. Not one to throw at a dog.

Celia. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs, throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Rosalind. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons, and the other mad without any.

Celia. But is all this for your father?

Rosalind. No, some of it for my father's child. O, how full of briars is this working-day world!

Celia. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery; if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Rosalind. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Celia. Hem them away.

Rosalind. I would try; if I could cry "Hem," and have him.

Celia. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Rosalind. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself.

Celia. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall.—But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: Is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Rosalind. The duke my father loved his father dearly.

Celia. Doth it therefore ensue, that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Rosalind. No, 'faith; hate him not, for my sake.

Celia. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Rosalind. Let me love him for that; and do you love him, because I do.—Look, here comes the duke.

Celia. With his eyes full of anger.

As You Like It.—*Act I. Scene III.*

CÉLIE.

Célie. Ma cousine !—Rosalinde !—Que Cupidon me pardonne !—Quoi ! pas une parole ?

Rosalinde. Pas une à jeter aux chiens.

Célie. Non, tes paroles sont trop précieuses pour être jetées aux chiens ; jette-m'en quelques-unes à moi.—Mais franchement, tout cela est-il pour ton père ?

Rosalinde. Non ; il y en a une partie pour la fille de mon père. O que de ronces et d'épines dans ce monde de peines et de labeurs !

Célie. Cousine, ce ne sont que des bardanes qu'on s'est amusé à jeter sur toi ; si nous ne marchons pas dans les sentiers battus, nos jupons même en sêront criblés.

Rosalinde. S'ils ne tenaient qu'à ma robe, je pourrais les secouer ; mais c'est dans mon cœur que leurs dards sont enfoncés.

Célie. Arrache-les.

Rosalinde. Je n'en ai pas la force.

Célie. Allons, allons, lutte contre tes affections.

Rosalinde. Un meilleur lutteur que moi les possède.

Célie. Oh ! que le ciel te protége ! un jour viendra où tu voudras essayer de lutter, même au risque d'une chute.—Mais laissons ces plaisanteries, et parlons sérieusement. Est-il possible que tu te sois subitement éprise d'une si forte passion pour le plus jeune des fils de sire Roland-des-Bois ?

Rosalinde. Le duc mon père aimait tendrement le sien.

Célie. S'ensuit-il que tu doives aimer tendrement son fils ? A ce compte, je devrais le haïr, car mon père haïssait fortement le sien ; pourtant je ne hais pas Orlando.

Rosalinde. Non, je t'en prie, pour l'amour de moi, ne le hais pas.

Célie. Pourquoi le haïrais-je ? N'a-t-il pas acquis des titres à notre estime ?

Rosalinde. Permets que je l'aime pour cette raison ; et toi, aime-le parce que je l'aime.—Voici le duc qui vient.

Célie. Avec des yeux pleins de courroux.

COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA.—*Acte I. Scène III.*

ROSALIND.

Celia. Didst thou hear these verses?

Rosalind. O yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Celia. That's no matter; the feet might bear the verses.

Rosalind. Ay, but the feet were lame, and could not bear themselves without the verse, and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Celia. But didst thou hear, without wondering how thy name should be hang'd and carv'd upon these trees?

Rosalind. I was seven of the nine days out of the wonder, before you came; for look here what I found on a palm-tree: I never was so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember.

Celia. Trow you who hath done this?

Rosalind. Is it a man?

Celia. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck: Change you colour?

Rosalind. I pr'ythee, who?

Celia. O lord, lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet, but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter.

Rosalind. Nay, but who is it?

Celia. Is it possible?

Rosalind. Nay, I pray thee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Celia. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful, and yet again wonderful, and after that out of all whooping!

Rosalind. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparison'd like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea-off discovery. I pr'ythee tell me, who is it? quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou might pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouth'd bottle; either too much at once, or none at all. I pr'ythee take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

As You Like It.—*Act III. Scene II.*

ROSALINDE.

Célie. As-tu entendu ces vers ?

Rosalinde. Oh ! oui ! je les ai entendus tous, et au delà ; car quelques-uns avaient un plus grand nombre de pieds que les vers n'en comportent.

Célie. C'est égal, les vers pouvaient se tenir sur leurs pieds.

Rosalinde. Oui, mais les pieds étaient boiteux, et ne pouvaient se soutenir, sans les vers ; c'étaient des vers boiteux.

Célie. As-tu pu voir sans étonnement comme ton nom est affiché et gravé sur ces arbres ?

Rosalinde. Sur neuf jours, il y en avait sept que j'étais revenue de ma surprise quand tu es arrivée. Vois ce que j'ai trouvé sur un palmier. (*Elle lui montre le papier qu'elle tient à la main.*) On ne m'a jamais tant rimaillée depuis le temps de Pythagore, époque où j'étais un rat irlandais, ce dont je me souviens à peine.

Célie. Devines-tu qui a fait cela ?

Rosalinde. Est-ce un homme ?

Célie. Un homme ayant à son cou une chaîne que tu portais autrefois. Tu changes de couleur ?

Rosalinde. Je t'en prie, dis-moi qui.

Célie. O mon Dieu, mon Dieu ! Il est difficile que des amis se rencontrent ; mais des montagnes peuvent être déplacées par des tremblements de terre, et se rencontrer.

Rosalinde. Mais encore, qui est-ce ?

Célie. Est-il possible ?

Rosalinde. Je t'en supplie avec la plus véhémente insistance, dis-moi qui c'est ?

Célie. O merveilleux, merveilleux, superlativement merveilleux et encore merveilleux ! merveilleux au-dessus de toute expression !

Rosalinde. Par les roses de mon teint ! crois tu donc, parce que je suis habillé en homme, que mes sentiments soient en pourpoint et en haut-de-chausses ? Une minute encore de retard serait un voyage de découverte à la mer du Sud ! Je t'en supplie, dis-moi qui c'est ; dépêche-toi et parle vite. Je voudrais que tu fusses bègue, afin que le nom de cet homme sortît de ta bouche, comme le vin sort d'une bouteille dont le gouleau est étroit ; trop à la fois, ou rien du tout. Je t'en prie, tire le bouchon de ta parole, et que je boive les sons de ta voix.

COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA.—*Acte III. Scène II.*

AUDREY.

Touchstone. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? Doth my simple feature content you?

Audrey. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?

Touchstone. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Audrey. I do not know what poetical is: Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touchstone. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry; and what they swear in poetry, may be said, as lovers, they do feign.

Audrey. Do you wish, then, that the gods had made me poetical?

Touchstone. I do, truly: for thou swear'st to me thou art honest; now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope that thou didst feign.

Audrey. Would you not have me honest?

Touchstone. No, truly, unless thou wert hard favour'd: for honesty coupled to beauty, is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaques. A material fool! [*Aside.*

Audrey. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest!

Touchstone. Truly; and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut, were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Audrey. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.

Touchstone. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee: and to that end, I have with me Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the next village; who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest, and to couple us.

Audrey. Well, the gods give us joy!

As You Like It.—*Act III. Scene III.*

AUDREY.

Pierre-de-Touche. Viens vite, ma chère Audrey; je vais chercher tes chèvres, Audrey! Eh bien! Audrey! suis-je toujours l'homme qu'il te faut? ma physionomie simple te convient-elle?

Audrey. Votre physionomie? Dieu vous bénisse! quelle physionomie!

Pierre-de-Touche. Je suis ici, avec toi et tes chèvres, au milieu des fagots, comme le plus capricieux des poëtes, Ovide, était au milieu des Goths. * * * Quand un homme voit que ses vers ne sont pas compris, que son esprit n'est pas secondé par cet enfant précoce qu'on nomme l'intelligence, c'est pour lui un coup plus mortel qu'un gros mémoire pour une maigre chère.—Franchement, je regrette que les dieux ne t'aient pas faite poétique.

Audrey. Je ne sais pas ce que c'est que poétique. Ce mot veut-il dire honnête en actions et en paroles? Exprime-t-il la sincérité?

Pierre-de-Touche. Non, certes; car la poésie ne vit que de fictions, et les amants sont adonnés à la poésie; et ce qu'ils jurent comme poëtes, on peut dire que comme amants ils ne le pensent pas.

Audrey. Et vous regrettez que les dieux ne m'aient pas faite poétique?

Pierre-de-Touche. Oui, vraiment; car tu me jures que tu es honnête: or, si tu étais poëte, je pourrais espérer que tu ne dis pas la vérité.

Audrey. Voudriez-vous donc que je ne fusse pas honnête?

Pierre-de-Touche. Certainement, à moins qu'en même temps tu ne fusses laide; car l'honnêteté unie à la beauté, c'est du sucre accommodé avec une sauce au miel.

Audrey. Je ne suis pas jolie: aussi je prie les dieux de me rendre honnête.

Pierre-de-Touche. En vérité, c'est un meurtre de donner de l'honnêteté à une laideron; c'est servir un excellent mets dans un plat malpropre.

Audrey. Je ne suis pas une laideron, quoique je ne sois pas belle, ce dont je remercie le ciel.

Pierre-de-Touche. Que les dieux soient loués pour ton manque de beauté! le reste pourra venir ensuite. Mais, à tout événement, je veux me marier avec toi; dans ce but, j'ai vu messire Olivier Sermon, vicaire du village voisin, qui m'a promis de venir me trouver dans cet endroit de la forêt, et de nous unir.

Audrey. Eh bien! que les dieux nous accordent bonheur et joie!

COMME IL VOUS PLAIRA.—*Acte III. Scène III.*

WINTER'S TALE.

PERDITA—MOPSA.

Perdita. O, but dear sir,
Your resolution cannot hold, when 'tis
Oppos'd, as it must be, by the power o' the king.
Florizel. Thou dearest Perdita,
With these forc'd thoughts, I pr'ythee, darken not
The mirth o' the feast; or I'll be thine, my fair,
Or not my father's; for I cannot be
Mine own, nor anything to any, if
I be not thine.

THE *Winter's Tale* gives some pleasing pictures, and powerful contrasts. In some of the scenes, court life, in all its pleasures and deceits, is represented; and, anon, we are suddenly led into the rustic simplicity of the village and the homestead.

The first act presents to us LEONTES, the king of Sicilia, and HERMIONE, his wife, hospitably entertaining POLIXENES, the king of Bohemia. LEONTES suddenly becomes jealous of his guest, who therefore hastily departs from the court, accompanied by CAMILLO, a Sicilian lord. PAULINA, a lady attendant on HERMIONE, vainly tries to assuage the king's rage, which, however, results in the trial and condemnation of the queen, and, apparently, in her death. The king has induced ANTIGONUS, one of his lords, and husband of PAULINA, to take the youngest child, a daughter of HERMIONE, to a distant shore, and there desert it to its fate. Having landed, ANTIGONUS leaves the child; and, returning to his vessel, loses his life by shipwreck.

The child is picked up by an old shepherd, who takes it to his house, together with some tokens of its high birth, which he carefully keeps by him. He gives the child the name of PERDITA, by which she is known amongst his friends and neighbours. PERDITA charms every one with her grace and beauty, as she grows up; and, by accident, the son of POLIXENES, FLORIZEL, falls in love with her. His father, hearing of this, determines to disguise himself, and so detect his son. Taking with him CAMILLO, who had fled from Sicily to avoid the anger of LEONTES, they visit a village merry-making, in which PERDITA, MOPSA, and others, were to take part. MOPSA is introduced to us as a merry little creature, deeply in love with a clown, the son of the reputed father of PERDITA.

FLORIZEL, being disguised, takes part in the games; but PERDITA, constantly fearing that his father will find him, and sever the ties of their affection, warns him of his imprudence. Her fears are realised; for, in the midst of the feast, POLIXENES and CAMILLO appear in disguise; and after leading FLORIZEL to boldly confess his love for PERDITA, they discover themselves, to the confusion of the lovers.

CAMILLO becomes the friend of FLORIZEL, and advises him to fly with PERDITA to the court of LEONTES, where he is heartily welcomed. POLIXENES determines to follow his son, and sends a messenger, desiring LEONTES to disown FLORIZEL, for having run away with the daughter of a shepherd. But the old man, who had brought PERDITA up, now produces the tokens of her rank, which he had obtained when he found her; and the joy of her father is unbounded, on finding his daughter restored. PAULINA adds still further to their happiness; for, on pretence of showing them a statue of HERMIONE, she produces her alive. LEONTES thus has restored to him his wife and daughter; and POLIXENES rejoices with them in the marriage of his son to the child of his earliest friend. To show his thankfulness for the honour and fidelity of PAULINA, and to acknowledge the debt of kindness he is under to CAMILLO, LEONTES urges their marriage, and thus compensates her for the loss of ANTIGONUS.

PERDITA.

Florizel. What you do
Still betters what is done. When you speak, sweet,
I'd have you do it ever: when you sing,
I'd have you buy and sell so; so give alms;
Pray so; and, for the ordering of your affairs,
To sing them too: When you do dance, I wish you
A wave o' the sea, that you might ever do
Nothing but that; move still, still so, and own
No other function: Each your doing,
So singular in each particular,
Crowns what you are doing in the present deeds,
That all your acts are queens.

Perdita. O Doricles,
Your praises are too large: but that your youth,
And the true blood, which fairly peeps through it,
Do plainly give you out an unstain'd shepherd;
With wisdom I might fear, my Doricles,
You woo'd me the false way.

Florizel. I think you have
As little skill to fear, as I have purpose
To put you to't.—But, come; our dance, I pray:
Your hand, my Perdita: so turtles pair,
That never mean to part.

Perdita. I'll swear for 'em.

WINTER'S TALE.—*Act IV. Scene III.*

PERDITA.

Florizel. Ce que vous faites surpasse toujours ce que vous avez fait. Quand vous parlez, ma douce amie, je voudrais vous entendre parler toujours; quand vous chantez, je voudrais vous voir tout faire en chantant, acheter et vendre, donner l'aumône, prier, régler vos affaires. Quand vous dansez, je me prends à désirer que vous soyez une vague de la mer, sans cesse balancée par le même mouvement. La manière dont vous faites toutes choses donne à chacun de vos actes une grâce particulière, je ne sais quoi de royal, et les revêt comme d'une couronne.

Perdita. O Doriclès, vos louanges sont trop fortes: si votre jeunesse, dont la sincérité se trahit à votre rougeur, n'indiquait en vous un berger candide et pur, j'aurais raison de craindre, mon cher Doriclès, que vous ne me fissiez la cour avec de mauvaises intentions.

Florizel. Vous n'avez pas plus à le craindre que je n'y songe moi-même.—Mais venez; notre danse, je vous prie. Votre main, ma chère Perdita; ainsi s'appareillent deux tourterelles qui ne veulent plus se quitter.

Perdita. Je vous en réponds.

CONTE D'HIVER.—*Acte IV. Scène III.*

MOPSA.

Mopsa. Come, you promised me a tawdry lace, and a pair of sweet gloves.

Clown. Have I not told thee how I was cozened by the way, and lost all my money?

Autolycus. And indeed, sir, there are cozeners abroad; therefore it behoves men to be wary.

Clown. Fear not thou, man, thou shalt lose nothing here.

Autolycus. I hope so, sir; for I have about me many parcels of charge.

Clown. What hast here? ballads?

Mopsa. 'Pray now, buy some: I love a ballad in print, a'-life; for then we are sure they are true.

Autolycus. Here's one to a very doleful tune,—How a usurer's wife was brought to bed of twenty money-bags at a burden; and how she longed to eat adders' heads, and toads, carbonadoed.

Mopsa. Is it true, think you?

Autolycus. Very true, and but a month old.

Dorcas. Bless me from marrying a usurer!

Autolycus. Here's the midwife's name to't, one mistress Taleporter; and five or six honest wives that were present: Why should I carry lies abroad?

Mopsa. 'Pray you now, buy it.

Clown. Come on, lay it by: And let's first see more ballads; we'll buy the other things anon.

Autolycus. Here's another ballad—Of a fish, that appeared upon the coast, on Wednesday, the fourscore of April, forty thousand fathom above water, and sung this ballad against the hard hearts of maids; it was thought she was a woman, and was turned into a cold fish, for she would not exchange flesh with one that loved her: The ballad is very pitiful, and as true.

Dorcas. Is it true, too, think you?

Autolycus. Five justices' hands at it; and witnesses, more than my pack will hold.

Clown. Lay it by too: Another.

Autolycus. This is a merry ballad; but a very pretty one.

Mopsa. Let's have some merry ones.

WINTER'S TALE.—*Act IV. Scene III.*

MOPSA.

Polyxène. Voilà la plus jolie villageoise qui jamais ait foulé la verte pelouse; son air et ses actes ont quelque chose de plus élevé que sa condition, je ne sais quoi de trop noble pour cette cabane.

Camille. Il lui dit quelque chose qui fait monter l'incarnat sur ses joues: en vérité, c'est la crême des jeunes filles.

Le Bouffon. Allons, la musique, jouez.

Dorcas. C'est Mopsa qui doit être votre maîtresse.

Mopsa. En vérité!

Le Bouffon. Pas un mot, pas un mot; tenons nous prêts: attention!— Allons, jouez!

Danse de Bergers et de Bergères.

Polyxène. (*Au vieux berger.*) Bon berger, dites-moi, je vous prie, quel est ce villageois qui danse avec votre fille?

Le Berger. Son nom est Doriclès; il se vante de posséder de riches pâturages; je ne le tiens que de lui, mais je le crois. Il a l'air sincère: il dit qu'il aime ma fille; je le crois aussi. A le voir debout occupé à contempler ma fille, et lisant, pour ainsi dire, dans ses yeux, on dirait la lune se mirant dans l'eau. A vous parler franchement, je pense qu'ils s'aiment également, et qu'il n'y a pas entre leur deux tendresses la différence d'un demi-baiser.

Polyxène.—Elle danse avec grâce.

Le Berger. C'est ainsi qu'elle fait toute chose; ce n'est pas à moi de le dire, je devrais me taire. N'importe; si le jeune Doriclès fixe son choix sur elle, elle lui apportera une dot à laquelle il ne s'attend pas.

Conte d'Hiver.—*Acte IV. Scène III.*


ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL

HELENA.

"Indian-like,
Religious in mine error, I adore
The sun, that looks upon his worshipper,
But knows of him no more."

THE fortunes of HELENA constitute the most interesting features of *All's Well That Ends Well.* In her, we find a noble instance of devotion, both as a lover and wife, combined with the tact and readiness of resource, so commonly found in woman. Tried by circumstances of the deepest pain to her feelings, she yet maintains her fortitude, conscious of her purity of soul, and burning with affection to a husband unworthy of her, whom she lovingly seeks, although spurned by him.

HELENA is the daughter of a famous physician, who, at his death, "bequeathed" her to the "overlooking" of the COUNTESS OF ROUSILLON. With the son of the Countess, BERTRAM, HELENA had fallen in love. He is sent to Paris, and she is represented as so deeply mourning his loss, that her adopted mother, divining the cause, insists on her direct reply to the inquiry she puts to her. Fearing the Countess' displeasure, HELENA long fences the question, but at last confesses—"I love your son." In the hope of again seeing him, she had meditated flying to Paris, and framed as an excuse, her desire to benefit the health of the KING OF FRANCE, by medicines left her by her father. The Countess accedes to her plan; and HELENA, proceeding to Paris, is so far successful as to effect the complete cure of the King. She had asked but one condition of him as the reward of her success—

"Then shalt thou give me, with thy kingly hand,
What husband in thy power I will command."

But HELENA had forgotten that, whilst she might command the hand of BERTRAM, she could not secure his love; for, after being wedded to him, he, in disgust, forsakes her as beneath him in rank, and instantly departs to the wars then raging near Florence.

Returning heart-broken to Rousillon, HELENA disguises herself as a pilgrim, and proceeds to Florence. There she meets with a maiden, to whom BERTRAM had promised marriage, on the death of his wife. HELENA spreads a report that she has died, and induces this young maiden to so manage as to possess herself of a ring worn by BERTRAM, as an heir-loom of his family. He had sworn never to acknowledge HELENA, until she could prove that he had given her this ring; and she, to make her recognition at a proper time quite certain, also manages, by stratagem, to give him her own ring, without his knowing her as the giver.

The war having ceased, BERTRAM returns home, and is on the point of marrying the daughter of LAFEU, a French Lord, when DIANA, the maiden he had courted at Florence, presents herself, and demands the completion of his promise. She produces the ring that he had given HELENA in Florence, when mistaken by him for DIANA, and thus proves her story. By accident, both the King and LAFEU recognise the ring that BERTRAM wears, which still more fully adds evidence in her favour. DIANA, however, is ordered to prison; but asking that she might produce her surety, brings forth HELENA, who is instantly recognised by all. BERTRAM at lasts accepts her as his wife, and so tardily rewards her heroic devotion to him.

HELENA.

Helena. Which is the Frenchman?
Diana. He;
That with the plume: 'tis a most gallant fellow!
I would he loved his wife: if he were honester,
He were much goodlier:—Is't not a handsome gentleman?
Helena. I like him well.
Diana. 'Tis pity he is not honest: Yond's that same knave,
That leads him to these places; were I his lady,
I'd poison that vile rascal.
Helena. Which is he?
Diana. That Jack-an-apes with scarfs: Why is he melancholy?
Helena. Perchance he's hurt i'the battle.
Parolles. Lose our drum! well.
Mariana. He's shrewdly vex'd at something: Look, he has spied us.
Widow. Marry, hang you!
Mariana. And your courtesy for a ring-carrier!
[*Exeunt* BERTRAM, PAROLLES, Officers, *and* Soldiers.
Widow. The troop is past: Come, pilgrim, I will bring you
Where you shall host: of enjoin'd penitents
There's four or five to great Saint Jaques bound,
Already at my house.
Helena. I humbly thank you:
Please it this matron, and this gentle maid,
To eat with us to-night, the charge, and thanking,
Shall be for me; and to requite you further,
I will bestow some precepts on this virgin,
Worthy the note.
Both. We'll take your offer kindly.

HÉLÈNE.

Hélène. Où est le Français ?

Diane. Celui que vous voyez avec un panache. C'est un brave guerrier. Pourquoi faut-il qu'il n'aime pas sa femme ! S'il était plus rangé, il serait bien plus aimable.—N'est-ce pas que c'est un bien bel homme.

Hélène. Je le trouve fort bien.

Diane. C'est dommage qu'il soit si peu rangé.—(*Montrant Parole.*) Voilà le mauvais sujet qui l'entraîne à mal faire ; si j'étais sa femme, j'empoisonnerais le scélérat.

Hélène. Où est-il ?

Diane. C'est ce magot en écharpe : je voudrais bien savoir ce qui lui donne un air si piteux.

Hélène. Peut-être a-t-il été blessé dans le combat.

Parole. Perdre notre tambour ! allons.

Marianne. Il faut qu'il y ait quelque chose qui le vexe singulièrement : voyez ; il nous a reconnues.

La Veuve. (*Faisant la révérence.*) La peste l'étouffe !

Marianne. C'est bien la peine de faire la révérence à un entremetteur ! [*Bertrand et Parole s'éloignent avec les soldats.*

La Veuve. Les troupes sont passées ; venez, pélerine ; je vais vous mener à votre logement ; vous y trouverez quatre ou cinq pénitents qui ont entrepis le pélerinage du grand saint Jacques.

Hélène. Recevez mes humbles remercîments ; si cette dame et cette jeune fille veulent me faire l'honneur de souper ce soir avec nous, je prends sur moi les frais et la reconnaissance ; pour m'acquitter mieux encore envers vous, je me charge de donner à cette jeune personne quelques conseils utiles.

Toutes Deux. Nous acceptons votre offre avec plaisir.

TOUT EST BIEN QUI FINIT BIEN.—*Acte III. Scène V.*


MERRY WIVES
OF
WINDSOR

MRS. FORD—MRS. PAGE—ANNE PAGE.

"We'll leave a proof, by that which we will do,
Wives may be merry, and yet honest too."

THE two *Merry Wives of Windsor* certainly belong to the class of representative women. Shakspeare has invested them with characters which cannot be misunderstood; because they are so universally met with. Mrs. FORD seems to be possessed of a very vigilant husband, always looking out for *laches* on her part; and she appears just as prepared for any emergency which may arise, by the exercise of her woman's wit. Mrs. PAGE, on the other hand, has unlimited licence granted her by her husband, and has, besides, a serious matter in hand, which engrosses all her attention; to wit, the "settlement" of ANNE, her daughter, in life. ANNE has three suitors, SLENDER, Dr. CAIUS, and FENTON, to whom, against the wish of her parents, she is deeply attached. FALSTAFF becomes a fitting object for the exercise of the tormenting power of these worthy dames. Quite unaware of the dangers into which he may fall, he ventures to address letters of affection to both Mrs. PAGE and Mrs. FORD. Comparing notes thus together, they determine to be revenged on the "dissembling Knight;" and by employing Mrs. QUICKLY, he is persuaded to visit Mrs. FORD. Meanwhile, her husband, having "fantastical humours and jealousies," disguises himself, and is so introduced to FALSTAFF, as "one Master BROOK." By this means, he learns from the Knight himself, all that has passed, and that is to come, in reference to Mrs. FORD.

The interview of FALSTAFF and the merry wives; the incidents which followed, in getting the Knight unharmed from FORD's house, and the vain search of the latter for the object of his rage and jealousy, are depicted with great humour.

The peccadilloes into which FALSTAFF falls, with Mrs. FORD and Mrs. PAGE, at last afford means by which FENTON gains his beloved ANNE. FALSTAFF, although twice punished for his duplicity towards the merry wives of Windsor, ventures into another trap laid by them. At their request, disguised as HERNE THE HUNTER, he repairs to Windsor forest, and is surprised by fairies, of whom ANNE is the Queen. SLENDER and CAIUS have each seized the opportunity, in hopes of running away with ANNE; her parents having respectively favoured their chances, by giving them secret signs by which they are to recognise her during the attack on FALSTAFF. She and FENTON, however, have dressed boys, and given them these signs, so that SLENDER and CAIUS run away with one each, under the idea that they have gained ANNE. FENTON and ANNE, however, taking advantage of their mistake, repair unobserved to the church, and are accordingly married.

The return of SLENDER and CAIUS, who, when too late, have found out their error, is followed by that of ANNE and her lover. FENTON, in presence of all, boldly declares—

"The truth is, she and I, long since contracted,
Are now so sure, that nothing can dissolve us."

And PAGE, most philosophically concluding "what cannot be eschewed must be embrac'd," induces all parties to become reconciled, not excepting that *Knight-errant* FALSTAFF; every one being satisfied that "all's well that ends well."

MRS. FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Why, this is the very same; the very hand, the very words: What doth he think of us?

Mrs. Page. Nay, I know not; it makes me almost ready to wrangle with mine own honesty. I'll entertain myself like one that I am not acquainted withal; for, sure, unless he knew some strain in me, that I know not myself, he would never have boarded me in this fury.

Mrs. Ford. Boarding, call you it? I'll be sure to keep him above deck.

Mrs. Page. So will I; if he come under my hatches, I'll never to sea again. Let's be revenged on him; let's appoint him a meeting; give him a show of comfort in his suit; and lead him on with a fine-baited delay, till he hath pawned his horses to mine Host of the Garter.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I will consent to act any villany against him, that may not sully the chariness of our honesty. O, that my husband saw this letter! it would give eternal food to his jealousy.

Mrs. Page. Why, look where he comes; and my good man, too; he's as far from jealousy, as I am from giving him cause; and that, I hope, is an unmeasurable distance.

Mrs. Ford. You are the happier woman.

Mrs. Page. Let's consult together against this greasy knight: Come hither.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act II. Scene I.*

MADAME FORD.

Mme Ford. Les deux lettres sont tout à fait semblables; ce sont les mêmes termes, la même écriture. Pour qui nous prend-il ?

Mme Page. Je n'en sais vraiment rien; je serais presque tentée de suspecter ma propre vertu et de me traiter moi-même comme quelqu'un que je ne connais pas; il faut assurément qu'il ait trouvé en moi quelque chose à reprendre, que j'ignore moi-même, sans quoi il ne m'aurait pas livré un si rude abordage.

Mme Ford. Abordage, dites-vous ? Je vous réponds que je le tiendrai à distance de mes amures.

Mme Page. Et moi aussi; si jamais il vient à mon bord, je veux de ma vie ne remettre à la voile. Vengeons-nous de lui; donnons-lui un rendezvous; faisons semblant d'accueillir ses propositions, et amorçons habilement son amour, en prolongeant l'épreuve jusqu'à ce qu'il ait mis ses chevaux en gage chez l'aubergiste de la Jarretière.

Mme Ford. Je consens à employer contre lui tous les moyens, même les moins justifiables, pourvu qu'ils ne compromettent pas notre honneur. Oh! si mon mari voyait cette lettre! ce serait pour sa jalousie un éternel aliment.

Mme Page. Le voilà justement qui vient, ainsi que mon mari; celui-ci est aussi éloigné d'être jaloux que je le suis de lui en donner sujet, et, je l'espère, la distance est incommensurable.

Mme Ford. Sous ce rapport, vous êtes la plus heureuse de nous deux.

Mme Page. Allons nous concerter ensemble contre ce gras chevalier; venez par ici.

LES JOYEUSES COMMÈRES DE WINDSOR.—*Acte II. Scène I.*

MRS. PAGE.

Mrs. Page. What a Herod of Jewry is this!—O wicked, wicked world!—one that is well nigh worn to pieces with age, to show himself a young gallant! What an unweighed behaviour hath this Flemish drunkard picked (with the devil's name) out of my conversation that he dares in this manner assay me? Why, he hath not been thrice in my company!—What should I say to him?—I was then frugal of my mirth:—Heaven forgive me!—Why, I'll exhibit a bill in the parliament for the putting down of fat men. How shall I be revenged on him? for revenged I will be, as sure as his guts are made of puddings.

Enter Mistress FORD.

Mrs. Ford. Mistress Page! trust me, I was going to your house.

Mrs. Page. And, trust me, I was coming to you. You look very ill.

Mrs. Ford. Nay, I'll ne'er believe that: I have to show to the contrary.

Mrs. Page. 'Faith, but you do, in my mind.

Mrs. Ford. Well, I do, then; yet, I say, I could show you to the contrary: O, mistress Page, give me some counsel!

Mrs. Page. What's the matter, woman?

Mrs. Ford. We burn daylight; here, read, read.—I shall think the worse of fat men, as long as I have an eye to make difference of men's liking. . . . . What tempest, I trow, threw this whale, with so many tuns of oil in his belly, ashore at Windsor? How shall I be revenged on him? . . . . . Did you ever hear the like?

Mrs. Page. Letter for letter; but that the name of Page and Ford differs! To thy great comfort in this mystery of ill opinions, here's the twin-brother of thy letter: but let thine inherit first; for, I protest, mine never shall. I warrant he hath a thousand of these letters, writ with blank space for different names (sure more), and these are of the second edition.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act II. Scene I.*

MADAME PAGE.

M^me^ Page. Quel abominable Hérode que cet homme! Oh! que le monde est pervers! Un homme miné par l'âge, prêt à tomber en dissolution, s'aviser de faire le jeune galant! Qu'a-t-il donc découvert dans ma conversation, cet ivrogne flamand, qui ait pu lui donner l'audace de s'attaquer ainsi à moi? C'est à peine s'il s'est trouvé trois fois en ma compagnie! qu'aurai-je donc pu lui dire? Il me semble avoir été avec lui fort sobre de gaieté. Le ciel me pardonne! En vérité, je veux présenter un bill au parlement pour l'abolition des hommes. De quelle manière me vengerai-je de lui? car je me vengerai, aussi vrai que j'existe.

Entre M^me^ FORD.

M^me^ Ford. C'est vous, Madame Page! J'allais chez vous.

M^me^ Page. Et moi chez vous. Vous avez mauvaise mine.

M^me^ Ford. Je ne saurais le croire. Je puis administrer la preuve du contraire.

M^me^ Page. Je vous assure que vous avez mauvaise mine, à mon avis du moins.

M^me^ Ford. Soit. Néanmoins je vous répète que je puis exhiber la preuve du contraire. O Madame Page! j'ai un conseil à vous demander.

M^me^ Page. De quoi s'agit-il?.....

M^me^ Ford. Nous perdons le temps en paroles inutiles. (*Elle lui présente une lettre ouverte.*) Lisez ceci, lisez; vous verrez sur quoi se fondent mes prétentions à la chevalerie. Tant que je saurai distinguer un homme d'un autre, ceci me fera détester les hommes corpulents. ..... Quelle tempête a fait échouer aux rives de Windsor cette baleine dont le ventre contient tant de barils d'huile? Comment me venger de lui? ..... Vit-on jamais rien de pareil?

M^me^ Page. Les deux lettres sont identiques; il n'y a que les noms de Page et de Ford qui diffèrent! Pour votre consolation, dans cet étrange complot contre notre honneur, voici la sœur jumelle de votre lettre: que la vôtre hérite la première; car, je le proteste, la mienne n'héritera pas. Je suis persuadée qu'il a un millier de lettres semblables, et peut-être plus encore, avec les noms propres en blanc, et celles-ci sont de la seconde édition.

LES JOYEUSES COMMÈRES DE WINDSOR.—*Acte II. Scène I.*

ANNE PAGE.

Anne Page. Will't please your worship to come in, sir?

Slender. No, I thank you, forsooth, heartily; I am very well.

Anne Page. The dinner attends you, sir.

Slender. I am not a-hungry, I thank you, forsooth. Go, sirrah, for all you are my man, go, wait upon my cousin Shallow. [*Exit* SIMPLE.] A justice of the peace sometime may be beholden to his friend for a man:—I keep but three men and a boy yet, till my mother be dead; But what though? yet I live like a poor gentleman born.

Anne Page. I may not go in without your worship: they will not sit till you come.

Slender. I'faith, I'll eat nothing; I thank you as much as though I did.

Anne Page. I pray you, sir, walk in.

Slender. I had rather walk here, I thank you. I bruised my shin the other day with playing at sword and dagger with a master of fence, three veneys for a dish of stewed prunes; and, by my troth, I cannot abide the smell of hot meat since. Why do your dogs bark so? be there bears i' the town?

Anne Page. I think there are, sir; I heard them talked of.

Slender. I love the sport well; but I shall as soon quarrel at it as any man in England:—You are afraid, if you see the bear loose, are you not?

Anne Page. Ay, indeed, sir.

Slender. That's meat and drink to me now! I have seen Sackerson loose twenty times; and have taken him by the chain; but, I warrant you, the women have so cried and shriek'd at it, that it passed:—but women, indeed, cannot abide 'em; they are very ill-favour'd rough things.

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.—*Act I. Scene II.*

ANNE PAGE.

Cerveauvide. Voici venir la belle miss Anna ! Que ne puis-je rajeunir pour l'amour de vous, miss Anna !

Anna. Le dîner est servi. Messieurs, mon père désire l'honneur de votre compagnie.

Cerveauvide. Je me rends à ses ordres, miss Anna.

Evans. Dieu soit béni ! je ne veux pas être absent au bénédicité.

Cerveauvide et sir Hugues Evans entrent chez M. Page.

Anna. Vous plaît-il, monsieur, de venir ?

Nigaudin. Non vraiment, je vous remercie ; je suis fort bien.

Anna. Le dîner vous attend, monsieur.

Nigaudin. Merci, je n'ai pas faim. (*A Simple.*) Va, drôle, quoique tu sois mon laquais, va servir mon cousin Cerveauvide.

Simple sort.

Nigaudin. (*Continuant.*) Tout juge de paix qu'on est, on peut accepter les services du laquais de son ami ; je n'ai encore à mon service que trois hommes et un petit garçon, jusqu'à ce que ma mère soit morte. Mais qu'importe ? en attendant, je vis comme un pauvre gentilhomme.

Anna. Je ne rentrerai point sans vous, monsieur ; personne ne s'asseoira que vous ne soyez venu.

Nigaudin. Je ne mangerai rien, sur ma parole ; je ne vous en remercie pas moins.

Anna. Je vous en prie, monsieur, veuillez entrer.

LES JOYEUSES COMMÈRES DE WINDSOR.—*Acte I. Scène I.*


MIDSUMMER-NIGHTS
DREAM

TITANIA.

"I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows;
Quite over-canopied with lush woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine;
There sleeps Titania, some time of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight."

THE *Midsummer Night's Dream* is a brilliant gem of fancy and romance; and, in richness and floridness of description, far exceeds any other of the great poet's ideal productions. Over each character there is woven an airy lightness, which charms our imagination, and drives away the gross and foggy vapours of sober and solid realities.

The plot is founded on the marriage of THESEUS with HIPPOLYTA; at which OBERON and TITANIA, the King and Queen of the fairies, determine to take part. Air-like though they be, still, like erring mortals, they have their jealousies, and a most unseemly bickering takes place between them, which ends in OBERON determining to have his revenge. For this purpose he employs PUCK, an agile fairy, who will—

——"Put a girdle round about the earth,
In forty minutes,"

to fetch a flower, the juice of which, if squeezed in the eye of a sleeper—

"Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees."

TITANIA goes to sleep, and OBERON squeezes the juice of the flower in her eyelids. He also sends PUCK to perform the same office on a disdainful youth, who flees the lady loving him. PUCK does this duty so carelessly as to choose LYSANDER, who is deeply in love with HERMIA, whilst the object of his search should have been DEMETRIUS, who flees from HELENA, devotedly attached to him. When these lovers awake, LYSANDER first sees HELENA, and, quitting his dear HERMIA, makes love to her, together with DEMETRIUS. This produces such a "scene" between the ladies, that we gladly draw a veil over their follies and failings.

Meanwhile, a company of strolling players rehearse near where TITANIA, with her "moistened eyelids," is sleeping. Mischievous PUCK changes one of them, BOTTOM, into the semblance of an ass. TITANIA awakes, and, owing to the potency of the juice, falls passionately in love with this caricature of a mortal. OBERON, beginning to feel jealous, relents, and restores TITANIA and BOTTOM to their pristine state, so that they may—

——"Think no more of this night's accidents,
But as the fierce vexation of a dream."

OBERON and TITANIA become reconciled, and resolve to grace, on the morrow, the nuptials of THESEUS.

All the sleepers are now awakened. BOTTOM finds that he is *not* an ass, as he had thought himself to be; DEMETRIUS wakes up to love HELENA; LYSANDER and HERMIA are reconciled to their parents; and OBERON and TITANIA lend themselves and their fairies to perform a shadow-dance, in honour of THESEUS and his friends: and so ends this sparkling comedy.

K Meadows B Eyles

TITANIA.

Titania. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamoured of an ass.
Oberon. There lies your love.
Titania. How come these things to pass?
O, mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Oberon. Silence, awhile.—Robin, take off this head.—
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep, of all these five the sense.
Titania. Music, ho! music: such as charmeth sleep.
Puck. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Oberon. Sound, music. [*Still music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity;
And will, to-morrow midnight, solemnly,
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair posterity:
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Puck. Fairy king, attend and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Oberon. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade:
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.
Titania. Come, my lord; and in our flight,
Tell me how it came this night,
That I sleeping here was found,
With these mortals on the ground. [*Exeunt.*

TITANIA.

Titania. Mon cher Obéron! quelles visions j'ai eues! Il m'a semblé que j'étais amoureuse d'un âne.

Obéron. Voilà votre amant.

Titania. Comment cela s'est-il fait? Oh! combien maintenant mes yeux abhorrent son visage!

Obéron. Silence un instant.—Robin, détache cette tête.—Titania, appelez la musique, et que ses accords plongent les sens de ces cinq personnages dans un assoupissement plus profond que le sommeil ordinaire.

Titania. Musique! holà, musique! donnez-nous des accords qui charment le sommeil.

Farfadet. (*Faisant disparaître la tête d'âne de Lanavette et lui rendant sa figure naturelle.*) Quand tu t'éveilleras, vois avec tes propres yeux, les yeux d'un imbécile.

Obéron. Musique, jouez! (*Une musique lente et monotone se fait entendre.*) Venez, Titania, donnons-nous la main, et imprimons à la terre où sont couchés ces dormeurs, un tremblement qui les berce: maintenant, vous et moi, nous sommes réconciliés; demain, à minuit nous exécuterons dans le palais du duc Thésée, des danses solennelles; et nous appellerons sur sa maison toutes les bénédictions du ciel. Là aussi seront unis, en même temps que Thésée, ces deux couples d'amant fidèles, et tout le monde sera dans la joie.

Farfadet.

Monarque du féerique empire,
Ecoutez l'alouette et son concert joyeux.

Obéron.

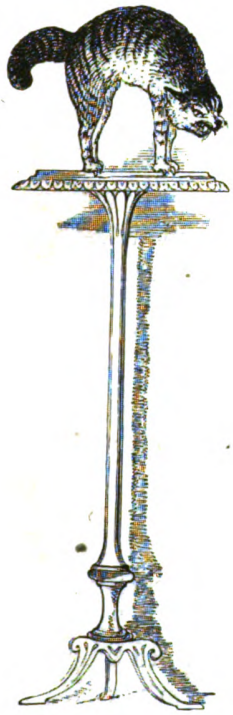
Titania, partons d'un vol silencieux,
Et suivons de la nuit l'ombre qui se retire;
Nous pouvons, au besoin, du terrestre séjour,
En moins de temps faire le tour
Qu'il n'en faut à la lune errante.

Titania.

Venez donc, et pendant que notre aile puissante
Fendra les flots d'azur, vous me direz comment,
Par quel bizarre enchainement
De la destinée ennemie,
Parmi tous ces mortels, en un pareil moment,
Titania s'est trouvée endormie. [*Ils s'éloignent.*

SONGE D'UNE NUIT D'ETÉ.—*Acte IV. Scène 1.*


TAMING OF THE SHREW



KATHARINE—BIANCA.

"Come, come, you froward and unable worms!
My mind hath been as big as one of yours,
* * * * * * * *
But now, I see our lances are but straws;
Our strength as weak, our weakness past compare."

KATHARINE is introduced to us as a bad bargain, which her wearied father would be glad to rid himself of. Her dowry, be it never so large, has failed him in inducing suitors for her hand. As a last resource, he determines that his meek and lovely daughter, BIANCA, shall not be wedded to any of her numerous lovers, until KATE has been disposed of; and the prudence of this course is justified by its success.

HORTENSIO, one of BIANCA's suitors, resolves the difficulty by offering KATHARINE to his friend PETRUCHIO. He, however, does this in an honest manner, concealing none of her faults.

PETRUCHIO, nothing cowed by them, determines to woo and win KATHARINE, and relies on his own tactics to tame her after marriage. His courtship commences in the same manner as his subsequent treatment continues. Using her own weapons, he attacks the fortress of her will, and *insists* on having her as his wife.

To the infinite delight of all who know her, KATHARINE is thus wedded; and her husband, leaving her no time to fret, commands her instant journey to his home. Married in an old suit, fit only for a groom, he takes her on horseback to his house, so managing by the way, that they are both thrown into the mud. In woful plight they arrive at home; and KATHARINE, wearied and hungry, requires rest and refreshment. PETRUCHIO, on pretence of "killing a wife with kindness," contrives to keep her without rest and food. If she make the slightest objection to anything presented to her, it is instantly sent away; and he even descends to such trifles as dress, bonnets, &c., indignantly dismissing the *modiste*, who, having in a small matter forgot instructions, gave KATHARINE a chance of complaint. By this course, he gradually reduces her to the negative quality of keeping silence; but, not content with this, he at last succeeds in persuading her to agree with anything he affirms to be true.

Having arrived at this happy frame of mind, PETRUCHIO thinks he may safely visit her father, that he may convince him of the complete cure effected in his daughter. Arriving at Padua, they are just in time to share in the banquet given in honour of BIANCA's wedding, at which HORTENSIO, who has lately married a widow, is also present. During the feast, a wager is made between LUCENTIO (the husband of BIANCA), HORTENSIO, and PETRUCHIO, as to—

——"Whose wife is most obedient
To come at first, when he doth send for her."

The scene which follows is one of the richest humour. LUCENTIO's bride "is busy, and she cannot come." HORTENSIO's has "some goodly jest in hand; she will not come." At last PETRUCHIO *commands* the presence of KATHARINE; and, to the infinite astonishment of all, she instantly appears—reads a splendid lecture on married life, and concludes by declaring her humility, and asking of each wife present:—

——"Place your hands below your husband's foot;
In token of which duty, if he please,
My hand is ready; may it do him ease."

Thus ends the *act* of *Taming of the Shrew*. Inimitable in humour, it is doubtless the wonder of all *man*kind, and full of suggestive lessons to all shrews (if any exist) amongst the *softer* sex.

A Egg

W. J. Edwards.

KATHARINE.

Katharine. They call me—Katharine, that do talk of me.
Petruchio. You lie, in faith: for you are call'd plain Kate,
And bonny Kate, and sometimes Kate the curst;
But Kate, the prettiest Kate in Christendom,
Kate of Kate-Hall, my super-dainty Kate,
For dainties are all cates; and therefore, Kate,
Take this of me, Kate of my consolation,—
Hearing thy mildness prais'd in every town,
Thy virtues spoke of and thy beauty sounded,
(Yet not so deeply as to thee belongs,)
Myself am mov'd to woo thee for my wife.
Katharine. Mov'd! in good time; let him that mov'd you hither,
Remove you hence: I knew you at the first,
You were a moveable.
Petruchio. Why, what's a moveable?
Katharine. A joint-stool.
Petruchio. Thou hast hit it: come, sit on me.
Katharine. Asses are made to bear, and so are you.
Petruchio. Women are made to bear, and so are you.
Katharine. No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean.
Petruchio. Alas, good Kate, I will not burden thee;
For knowing thee to be but young and light,—
Katharine. Too light for such a swain as you to catch;
And yet as heavy as my weight should be.
Petruchio. Should be? Should! buzz.
Katharine. Well ta'en, and like a buzzard.
Petruchio. O, slow-wing'd turtle! shall a buzzard take thee?
Katharine. Ay, for a turtle; as he takes a buzzard.
Petruchio. Come, come, you wasp; i'faith, you are too angry.
Katharine. If I be waspish, best beware my sting.
Petruchio. My remedy is then, to pluck it out.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.—*Act II. Scene I.*

CATHARINA.

Petruchio. Bon jour, Catharine, car c'est votre nom, à ce que j'ai entendu dire.

Catharina. Si vous l'avez entendu, alors vous avez l'oreille un peu dure; ceux qui parlent de moi me nomment Catharina.

Petruchio. Vous êtes dans l'erreur; on vous appelle Catherine tout court, la bonne Catherine, et parfois Catherine la maudite; mais enfin, Catherine, la plus jolie Catharine de la chrétienté, Catherine mon incomparable, ma consolation, apprenez ceci. Ayant entendu parler par toute la ville de votre douceur, célébrer vos vertus et votre beauté, bien moins cependant qu'elles ne le méritent, je me suis senti porté à vous rechercher pour femme.

Catharina. Porté! ah! vraiment! que le sentiment qui vous a porté ici vous emporte! J'ai vu au premier coup d'œil que vous étiez un meuble déplacé.

Petruchio. Quel meuble?

Catharina. Un escabeau.

Petruchio. Eh bien, soit! asseyez-vous sur moi.

Catharina. Les ânes sont faits pour porter, et vous aussi.

Petruchio. Les femmes son faites pour porter, et vous pareillement.

Catharina. Ce ne sera pas vous, du moins, si c'est de moi que vous voulez parler.

Petruchio. Hélas! ma bonne Catherine! je ne vous fatiguerai pas; car, vous sachant jeune et légère——

Catharina. Trop légère pour qu'un gars tel que vous puisse m'attraper, et néanmoins aussi lourde que mon poids le comporte.

Petruchio. Vous vous comportez on ne peut mieux.

La Méchante Mise a la Raison.—*Acte II. Scène I.*

John Baxter

W.H. Mote

Baptista. Gentlemen, importune me no further,
For how I firmly am resolved you know;
That is, not to bestow my youngest daughter
Before I have a husband for the elder.

* * * * * * *

Bianca, get you in:
And let it not displease thee, good Bianca;
For I will love thee ne'er the less, my girl.

Katharina. A pretty peat! 'tis best
Put finger in the eye—an she knew why.

Bianca. Sister, content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My books and instruments shall be my company;
On them to look, and practise by myself.

Lucentio. Hark, Tranio! thou may'st hear Minerva speak. [*Aside.*

Hortensio. Signior Baptista, will you be so strange?
Sorry am I that our good-will effects
Bianca's grief.

* * * * * * *

Baptista. Gentlemen, content ye; I am resolved:
Go in, Bianca. [*Exit* BIANCA.
And, for I know she taketh most delight
In music, instruments, and poetry,
Schoolmasters will I keep within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you, Hortensio,
Or, Signior Gremio, you know any such,
Prefer them hither; for to cunning men
I will be very kind, and liberal
To mine own children in good bringing up;
And so farewell. Katharina, you may stay;
For I have more to commune with Bianca.

BIANCA.

Baptista. Messieurs, n'insistez pas davantage; vous connaissez ma ferme résolution de n'accorder à personne la main de ma fille cadette avant d'avoir trouvé un mari pour mon aînée.

* * * * * * *

—Bianca, rentre; et que cela ne te fâche pas ma bonne Bianca; je ne t'en aimerai pas moins, ma fille.

Catharina. Jolie enfant gâtée! que ne lui a-t-on mis un doigt dans l'œil? au moins elle pleurerait pour quelque chose.

Bianca. Ma sœur, réjouissez-vous de mon affliction.—Mon père, je souscris humblement à votre volonté; mes livres et mes instruments seront ma société; j'étudierai et m'exercerai seule avec eux.

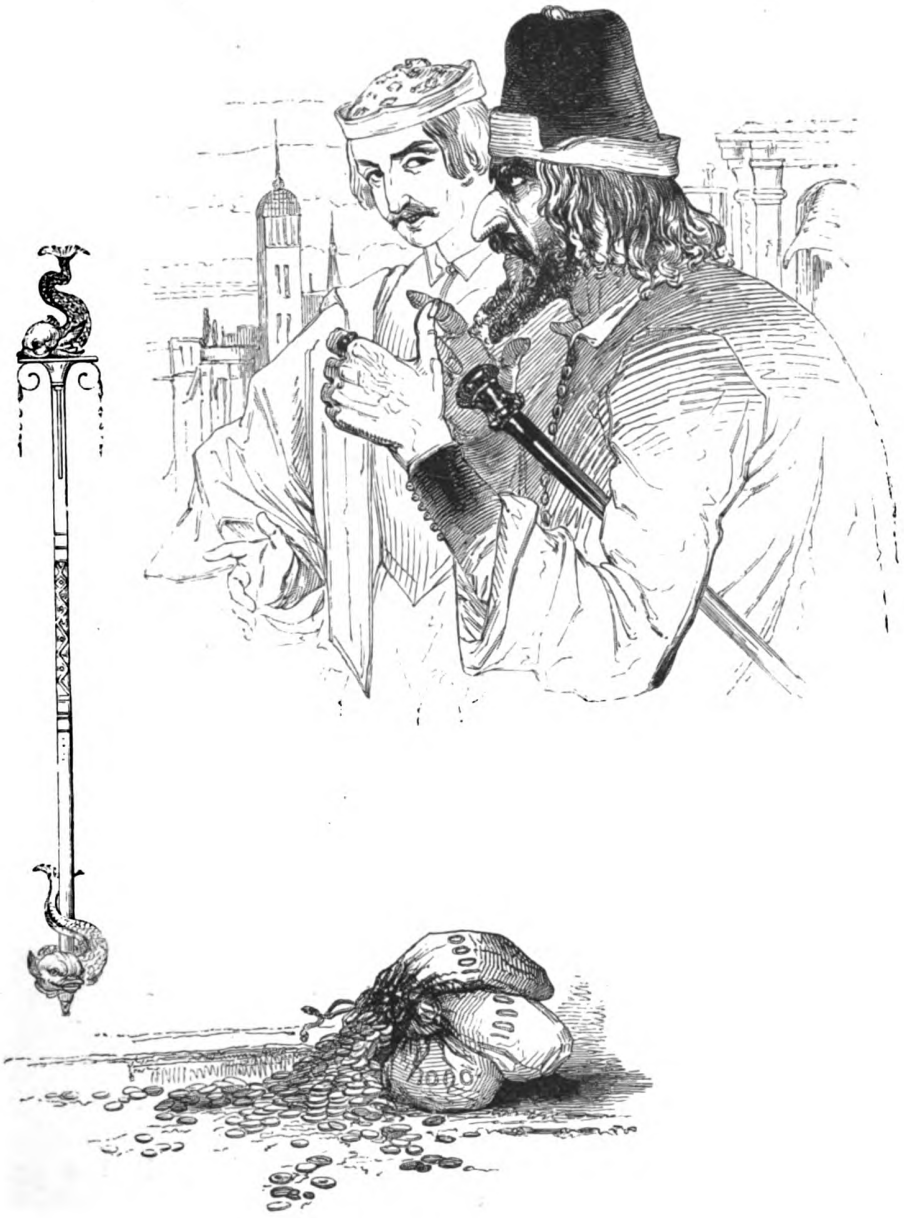
Lucentio. (*à part, à Tranio.*) Ecoute, Tranio; c'est Minerve qui parle.

Hortensio. Seigneur Baptista, pourquoi être si bizarre? Je regrette que notre affection pour Bianca cause tous ses chagrins.

* * * * * * *

Baptista. Messieurs, prenez-en votre parti; ma résolution est arrêtée. —Rentre, Bianca. (Bianca *s'éloigne.*) Comme je sais que la musique, les instruments et la poésie font tous ses délices, je veux avoir chez moi des professeurs capables d'instruire sa jeunesse.—Si vous en connaissez, Hortensio, ou vous, Grémio, envoyez-les-moi; je serai toujours bienveillant envers les hommes instruits, et je n'épargnerai rien pour donner à mes enfants une bonne éducation. Sur ce, adieu!—Catharina, tu peux rester, car j'ai à m'entretenir avec Bianca.

La Méchante mise à la Raison.—*Acte I. Scène I.*



MERCHANT OF VENICE.

JESSICA.

———"And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave her."

THE *Merchant of Venice* is generally esteemed one of the best of Shakspeare's dramas. It presents some finely wrought delineations of character, and is remarkably free from those apparent inconsistencies of time and place, which are frequently met with in many of his productions. He first introduces to us two friends, ANTONIO and BASSANIO, on whose mutual constancy, and unselfish regard to each other's welfare, much of the interest of the play depends. Indeed, on these traits of their character, nearly the entire plot is founded.

In PORTIA, who sustains a high position in several scenes, we have a fine specimen of the Heroines of Shakspeare; one on whom he has lavished great skill, to exhibit her to perfection. But, undoubtedly, *the* character of the drama is to be found in SHYLOCK, whose hatred to ANTONIO—

———"For that in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice,"

affords to the dramatist, materials for that splendid piece of word-painting which commences the fourth act.

"Pretty JESSICA" is the only daughter of SHYLOCK; and on her he depends, as he thinks, securely, for the safety of his ducats during his absence. But JESSICA is deeply in love with LORENZO, who as equally returns the passion. She is prepared to sacrifice her father, her religion, and all—

———"Though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo,
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife."

Taking advantage of SHYLOCK's absence, whilst he is entertained by BASSANIO, and having secretly, by letter, informed LORENZO of her plans, she leaves SHYLOCK's house, disguised as a boy, and acts the part of torch-bearer to her lover, on his way to BASSANIO's feast. If we would satisfy our curiosity as to the character of JESSICA, we must trust to LORENZO for, however, a by no means impartial description of her, which he tells GRATIANO, his friend:—

———"I love her heartily,
For she is wise, if I can judge of her.
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true.
And true she is, as she hath prov'd herself."

In no part of the play does Shakspeare put JESSICA forward as a prominent personage. She is painted as one of those happy, confiding mortals, whose soul is rapt in affectionate devotion to her LORENZO; and if we prefer any of the incidents in which she is mentioned, it is that of their residence at Belmont, PORTIA's house; and the bantering and playful dialogue in the avenue by moonlight. In this scene, there is a pleasing and airy lightness of character, which exhibits LORZNZO and JESSICA as perfectly happy in each other's society. The last act is closed by NERISSA, PORTIA's maid, who had accompanied her mistress, disguised as a doctor's clerk, declaring to LORENZO—

"There do I give to you, and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of."

PORTIA.

Portia. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

Nerissa. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are: And yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit with too much, as they that starve with nothing: It is no mean happiness therefore to be seated in the mean; superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

Portia. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

Nerissa. They would be better, if well followed.

Portia. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps over a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband:— O me, the word choose! I may neither choose whom I would, nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curb'd by the will of a dead father: Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one, nor refuse none?

Nerissa. Your father was ever virtuous; and holy men, at their death, have good inspirations; therefore, the lottery, that he hath devised in these three chests, of gold, silver, and lead, (whereof who chooses his meaning, chooses you,) will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly, but one who you shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come?

Portia. I pray thee over-name them; and as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description level at my affection.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—*Act I. Scene II.*

PORTIA.

Portia. Seigneur Bassanio, vous me voyez ici devant vous telle que je suis; pour moi, je m'en contenterais volontiers, et mes vœux ne vont pas beaucoup au delà; mais pour vous, je voudrais valoir soixante fois ce que je vaux, être mille fois plus belle, dix mille fois plus riche: pour avoir plus de prix à vos yeux, je voudrais posséder en vertus, en beauté, en fortune, en amis, un trésor inépuisable; toutefois la totalité de ce que je vaux est quelque chose encore; c'est, en somme, une jeune fille simple, naïve, inexpérimentée; heureuse d'être assez jeune encore pour être à même d'apprendre, plus heureuse de n'être pas tellement dépourvue d'intelligence qu'elle ne puisse s'instruire; plus heureuse encore en ceci, que son esprit docile se soumet humblement à votre direction, reconnaissant en vous son seigneur, son souverain, son roi. Moi-même, et ce qui m'appartient, tout est maintenant à vous; tout à l'heure encore cette belle demeure était à moi, j'etais la maîtresse de mes serviteurs, je régnais sur moi-même; maintenant la maison, les serviteurs, et moi-même, nous vous appartenons, mon seigneur; je vous les donne avec cet anneau; si jamais il vous arrivait de vous en séparer, de le perdre ou de le donner, cela me présagerait la ruine de votre amour, et me donnerait le droit de me plaindre de vous.

LE MARCHAND DE VENISE.—*Acte III. Scène II.*

J W Wright W H Mote

Jessica

MERCHANT OF VENICE

JESSICA.

Shylock. What! are there masques? Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and when you hear the drum,
And the vile squeaking of the wry-neck'd fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces;
But stop my house's ears, I mean my casements;
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house.—By Jacob's staff, I swear,
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say, I will come.
Launcelot. I will go before, sir.—
Mistress, look out at window for all this;
There will come a Christian by,
Will be worth a Jewess' eye. [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Shylock. What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
Jessica. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.
Shylock. The patch is kind enough; but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit, and he sleeps by day
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him; and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrow'd purse.—Well, Jessica, go in;
Perhaps, I will return immediately;
Do, as I bid you,
Shut doors after you: Fast bind, fast find;
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind. [*Exit.*
Jessica. Farewell; and if my fortune be not crost,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost. [*Exit.*

MERCHANT OF VENICE.—*Act II. Scene V.*

JESSICA.

Shylock. Quoi! il y aura des masques! Ecoute-moi, Jessica: ferme bien les portes; quand tu entendras le tambour et les sons criards du fifre au cou tors, ne va pas te mettre à la fenêtre, ni montrer ta tête en public, pour voir les visages barbouillés de Chrétiens imbéciles; mais bouche les oreilles de ma maison, je veux dire les fenêtres: que les bruits d'une folie stupide ne pénètrent pas dans ma demeure austère.—Par le bâton de Jacob, je jure que je n'ai pas ce soir la moindre envie de souper dehors; néanmoins j'irai.—(*A Lancelot.*) Toi, prends les devants: dis que je vais venir.

Lancelot. Je vais vous précéder, monsieur.—(*Bas, à Jessica.*) Mademoiselle, que cela ne vous empêche pas de regarder par la fenêtre:

Car il se peut qu'un Chrétien vous arrive,
Digne en tous points des regards d'une Juive.

[*Il séloigne.*

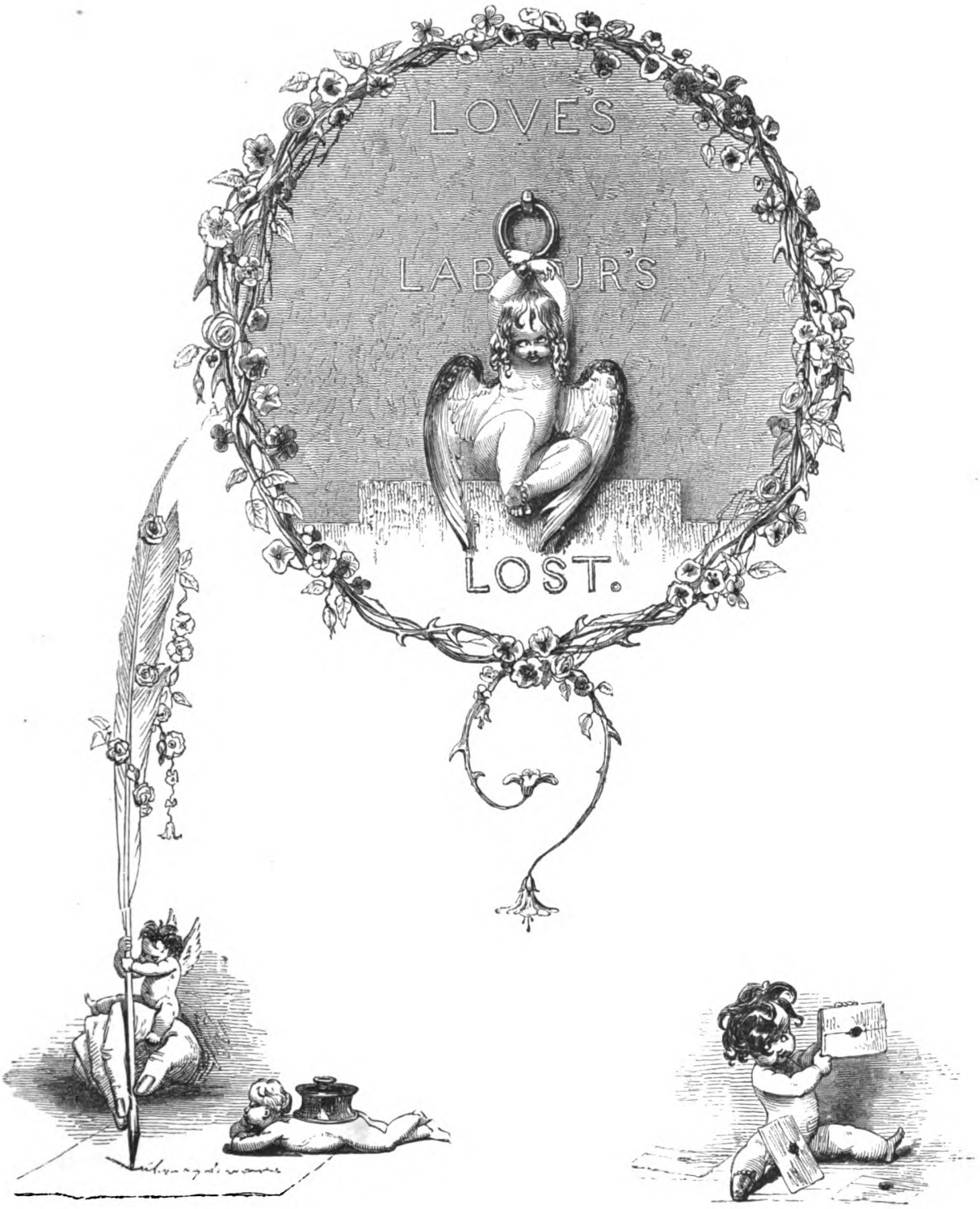
Shylock. Que dit cet imbécile, cette race d'Agar?

Jessica. Il m'a dit: Adieu, mademoiselle; voilà tout.

Shylock. C'est un assez bon diable; mais un énorme mangeur; au travail il est lent comme un colimaçon; cela dort le jour comme un chat sauvage; les frelons ne me conviennent pas dans ma ruche: c'est pourquoi je me sépare de lui, et je le cède à un autre, afin qu'il l'aide à dépenser promptement l'argent que lui ai prêté.—Allons, rentre, Jessica; peut-être reviendrai-je sur-le-champ; fais ce que je t'ai dit; ferme les portes sur toi: qui bien renferme bien retrouve; c'est un proverbe toujours de saison pour l'esprit économe. [*Il séloigne.*

Jessica. Adieu; si mon projet réussit, nous avons perdu, moi un père, toi une fille. [*Elle séloigne.*

LE MARCHAND DE VENISE.—*Acte II. Scène V.*


LOVE'S
LABOUR'S
LOST.

THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

'Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in:
A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—
Look you, what I have from the loving King."

THE comedy of *Love's Labour Lost* is replete with playful satire; for, with the exception of the female characters, each is made the object of pungent wit; kings and nobles, pedagogues and parsons, alike suffering at the hands of the dramatist.

The KING OF NAVARRE, with three of his nobles, has resolved to spend three years in entire seclusion from the world, and in fasting and study. Proclamation has been made "that no woman shall come within a mile of my court;" and that any talking with one, shall "endure such public shame, as the rest of the court can possibly devise." BIRON, alone of the nobles, strongly objects to such stringent terms; and subscribes to them under such qualifications as places his obedience in the hands of his own discretion. Unluckily for the constancy of these ascetics, the PRINCESS OF FRANCE arrives at Navarre, sent by her father with an urgent message to the King.

This difficulty in respect to their oaths had been foreseen; and it was agreed amongst them, that they might see the Princess and her train, on purely court affairs, without endangering their honour. They accordingly repair to the Princess, who has encamped in the fields; and having heard of their resolves, wittily twits them, but especially the King, on whose welcome she remarks:—

——————"Welcome I have not yet; the roof of this court is too high to be yours; and welcome to the base fields too base to be mine."

Despite their vows, all fall desperately in love; the King with the Princess, and each noble with one of her maids.

Whilst BIRON, in love-sick mood, is pondering in the fields, over some verses intended for ROSALINE, he observes the King approaching, and accordingly climbs into a tree, that he may overhear the love-ditty composed by his majesty in honour of the Princess. LONGAVILLE and DUMAIN, the other sworn nobles, also appear on the scene, similarly engaged. The King, fancying that he has not been seen, taunts these two on the breach of their oaths, when BIRON descends, and boldly charges him with the same delinquency.

They at last determine to visit their fair ones, disguised as Russians. The Princess, however, having been forewarned, causes each maid and herself to change masks, so that when the King and nobles arrive, they make love to the wrong ones. Acquitting themselves badly, they are glad to retire; but shortly return in their proper dress, professing ignorance of any Russians having visited the Princess. But she soon shows them that they have each forsworn themselves, by producing the pledges of love they had unwittingly and wrongly given, during their previous visit.

BIRON at last boldly declares their real object, and they each offer marriage to the object of their choice. The Princess, however, taunts them on their love-making, professing it to be "as pleasant jest and courtesy, as bombast, and as lining of their time." At last, mindful of the proclamation declared against any who should be found love-making, she prescribes one year's penance on the King. Her maids follow the example, imposing such conditions as may prove their sincerity, purge their faults, and punish their perjuries. And at the end of that time they all agree to marry.

PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

Princess. Amaz'd, my lord! Why looks your highness sad?
Rosaline. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon! Why look you pale?
Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.
Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.
Can any face of brass hold longer out?—
Here stand I, lady; dart thy skill at me;
Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;
Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;
Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;
And I will wish thee never more to dance,
Nor never more in Russian habit wait.
O! never will I trust to speeches penn'd,
Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue;
Nor never come in visor to my friend;
Nor woo in rhyme like a blind harper's song;
Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical; these summer flies
Have blown me full of maggot ostentation:
I do forswear them, and I here protest,
By this white glove, (how white the hand, God knows!)
Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd
In russet yeas, and honest kersey noes:
And, to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—
My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.—*Act V. Scene II.*

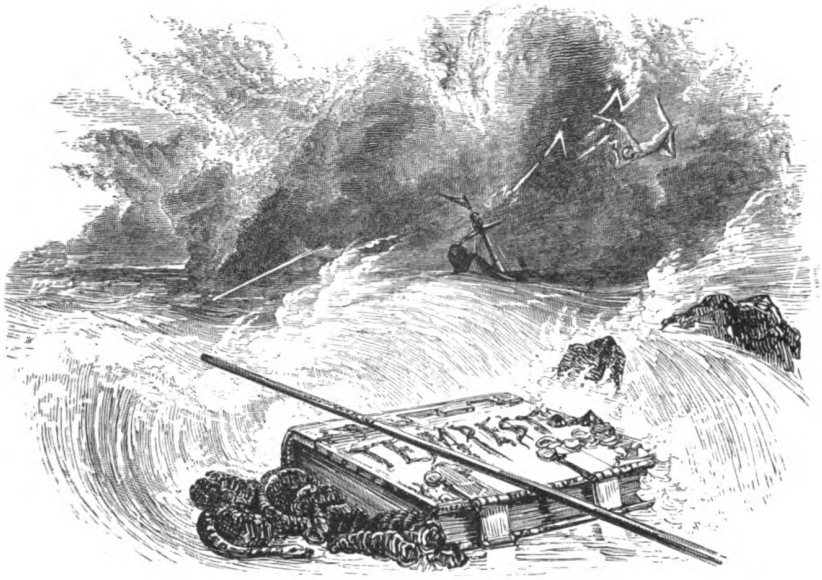
LA PRINCESSE DE FRANCE.

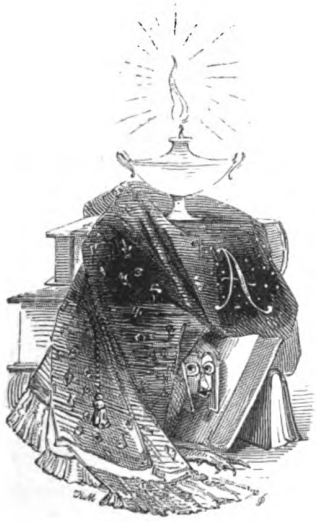
La Princesse. Pourquoi cet air stupéfait, monseigneur? pourquoi vois-je votre front se rembrunir?

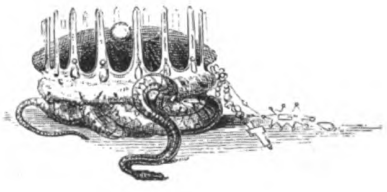
Rosaline. Du secours? qu'on le soutienne! il va perdre connaissance. Pourquoi cette pâleur?—venus de Moscovie, ils ont sans doute encore le mal de mer!

Biron. Voilà les malédictions qui pleuvent sur le parjure! quel front d'airain y résisterait plus longtemps?—Madame, me voilà devant vous; je m'offre en but à vos traits; brisez-moi sous vos mépris; accablez-moi de sarcasmes; que votre esprit perce de part en part mon ignorance; que le tranchant acéré de vos railleries me coupe en morceaux; je vous promets de ne plus vous inviter à danser, de ne plus me présenter à vous en habit russe. Oh! je ne me fierai plus aux harangues apprises par cœur, ni à la mémoire d'un page; je ne visiterai plus mes amis en masque; je ne ferai plus l'amour en vers rivalisant d'élégance avec ceux de la complainte d'un aveugle. Les phrases de taffetas, le style prétentieux et musqué, les hyperboles à triple étage, l'affectation, la recherche, les métaphores pédantesques, m'ont rempli de leur souffle et m'ont gonflé d'une ridicule ostentation; j'y renonce à jamais; et j'en jure par ce gant éclatant de blancheur (Dieu sait combien est plus blanche encore la main qui le porte!) désormais les sentiments de mon cœur seront exprimés par un *oui* loyal ou par un *non* tout uni; et pour commencer, jeune beauté, je prends Dieu à témoin que mon amour est pur, sans défaut ni alliage.

PEINES D'AMOUR PERDUES.—*Acte V. Scène II.*







MIRANDA.

———————"Admir'd Miranda!
Indeed the top of admiration———
* * * * * * *
O you,
So perfect and so peerless, are created
Of every creature's best."

MIRANDA interests us chiefly, amongst the *Heroines*, on account of the unaffected simplicity and purity of her character. A prisoner, with her father, in the island to which they were driven when she was but three years old, the dramatist paints her as a woman developed by Nature's hand alone, unblemished by the contagious influence of surrounding examples.

The even tenor of her life, however, is at last broken by a storm, which wrecks a ship on the island in which she dwells. The tempest had been raised by her father PROSPERO, who, by deep study, has become master of the art of magic; and he thereby gets into his power, ALONZO, king of Naples, and ANTONIO, his own brother, who had usurped the dukedom of Milan, once held by PROSPERO. Amongst the followers of the king is his son FERDINAND, who, whilst mourned as lost by ALONZO, is grieving for the supposed death of his father, in another part of the island.

PROSPERO employs ARIEL, his "slave of the air," to direct the footsteps of FERDINAND towards his cell. During his approach, FERDINAND is surprised by seeing MIRANDA; and she, having scarcely seen the form of man but in her father, exclaims, in admiration:—

———————"What is't? a spirit?
* * * * * * * *
It carries a brave form:—But 'tis a spirit."

Her father, however, undeceives her, and her own heart soon convinces her that more than a spirit appears. To the joy of PROSPERO, FERDINAND and MIRANDA are speedily wrapt in mutual affection.

To check their haste, PROSPERO treats FERDINAND harshly, and puts him to hard labour. MIRANDA, burning with deep affection, in vain remonstrates with her parent at his seeming cruelty; and, failing to influence him, she tries to alleviate the sorrows of FERDINAND:—

———————"Alas! now, pray you,
Work not so hard; I would the lightning had
Burnt up those logs that you are enjoined to pile!
Pray set it down, and rest you."

A pretty love-scene follows, which ends in the interchange of pledges between these youthful lovers.

The object of PROSPERO is thus being accomplished; but, to secure all his intents, ARIEL is employed to watch over and protect ALONZO, and his attendants, in a distant part of the isle. Having arranged a beautiful fairy scene for the entertainment of the two lovers, and to impress them with a sense of his power, he dispatches ARIEL for the king and those with him. Presenting themselves in his cell, PROSPERO discovers himself, and shows them FERDINAND and MIRANDA, who are seen playing at chess together. ALONZO, delighted at again seeing his son, whom he had supposed as dead, readily agrees to his marriage; and, by the aid of ARIEL, who refits the wrecked ship, they all, at last, set out on a prosperous voyage to Naples, where FERDINAND and MIRANDA are to be united.

MIRANDA.

Miranda. Alack, for pity!
I, not rememb'ring how I cried out then,
Will cry it o'er again; it is a hint,
That wrings mine eyes to't.—Wherefore did they not
That hour destroy us?
Prospero. Well demanded, wench;
My tale provokes that question. Dear, they durst not;
(So dear the love my people bore me;) nor set
A mark so bloody on the business; but
With colours fairer painted their foul ends.
In few, they hurried us aboard a bark;
Bore us some leagues to sea; where they prepar'd
A rotten carcase of a boat, not rigg'd,
Nor tackle, sail, nor mast; the very rats
Instinctively had quit it: there they hoist us,
To cry to the sea that roar'd to us; to sigh
To the winds, whose pity, sighing back again,
Did us but loving wrong.
Miranda. Alack! what trouble
Was I then to you!
Prospero. O! a cherubim
Thou wast, that did preserve me! Thou didst smile,
Infused with a fortitude from heaven,
When I have deck'd the sea with drops full salt;
Under my burden groan'd; which rais'd in me
An undergoing stomach, to bear up
Against what should ensue.
Miranda. How came we ashore?
Prospero. By Providence divine.
Some food we had, and some fresh water, that
A noble Neapolitan, Gonzalo,
Out of his charity, (who being then appointed
Master of this design,) did give us; with
Rich garments, linens, stuffs, and necessaries,
Which since have steaded much; so, of his gentleness,
Knowing I lov'd my books, he furnish'd me,
From my own library, with volumes that
I prize above my dukedom.
Miranda. Would I might
But ever see that man!

MIRANDA.

Ferdinand. Oserais-je vous demander (afin surtout de le faire entrer dans mes prières) quel est votre nom ?

Miranda. Miranda. (*A part.*) O mon père ! je viens de te désobéir

Ferdinand. Admirable Miranda ! digne en effet de ce que l'admiration a de plus élevé, digne de ce que le monde a de plus précieux ! Bien des femmes ont obtenu l'hommage de mes regards ; l'harmonie de leur voix a captivé mon oreille avide ; j'ai aimé dans diverses femmes des qualités diverses, mais jamais complétement ; toujours quelque défaut fasait ombre à la grâce la plus noble, et en détruisait l'effet ; mais vous, parfaite et sans égale, vous fûtes créée avec ce que chaque créature avait de meilleur.

Miranda. Je n'ai jamais vu personne de mon sexe ; je ne me rappelle les traits d'aucune femme, si ce n'est les miens, que mon miroir m'a reproduits ; de même, je n'ai vu d'hommes véritables que vous, ami, et mon père bien-aimé. Comment sont faits les autres, je l'ignore ; mais, j'en jure par ma modestie (ce joyau de mon douaire,) je ne désire pas dans la vie d'autre compagnon que vous, et mon imagination ne me représente que vous au monde que je puisse aimer. Mais je parle inconsidérément, et j'oublie les préceptes de mon pére.

La Tempête.—*Acte III. Scène I.*


MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING

HERO—MARGARET—BEATRICE.

"If music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,
Because thou lov'st the one, and I the other."

THE comic, and almost tragic, have been well blended by Shakspeare, in *Much Ado About Nothing*. The chief female characters, HERO and BEATRICE, are presented to us as girls full of lively and harmless mirth. At first, BEATRICE wears something of the appearance of the shrew; but, on closer acquaintance, her sprightly wit and cheerful manners, convince us that she ranks high amongst the Heroines of the great bard.

HERO is the daughter of LEONATO, the Governor of Messina, and BEATRICE is her cousin. CLAUDIO and BENEDICK, favourites of DON PEDRO, the Prince of Aragon, are returning from the wars, and, with him, visiting Messina, meet with HERO and BEATRICE at LEONATO'S house. BEATRICE receives BENEDICK with a torrent of playful sarcasm, and, being in a similar mood, he returns it with interest. He rails at CLAUDIO (who falls in love with HERO), and boldly declares his determination never to marry. BEATRICE is equally firm in her resolution to remain a maid.

DON PEDRO, having exercised his good offices for CLAUDIO, persuades LEONATO to betroth HERO to him; and it is determined, by a *ruse*, to set BENEDICK and BEATRICE in love with each other. This is cleverly managed, by representing to each the other's love. HERO assists in this, and sends her waiting-maid, MARGARET, to BEATRICE, desiring her to conceal herself in the garden, so that she may overhear a conversation about herself and BENEDICK—a piece of mischief which MARGARET enters into with spirit and success.

Meanwhile, a marplot, in the shape of DON JOHN, brother to PEDRO, has resolved to revenge himself on CLAUDIO, and does so by a stratagem, in which MARGARET is made, unwittingly, an instrument, by her answering to the name of Hero; against whom he thus succeeds in raising a scandal. CLAUDIO is so poisoned in his mind against HERO, that, on the day of the marriage, he denounces her at the altar. HERO swoons away, and is removed apparently dead. Her father and BEATRICE feel that she has been deeply wronged, and the latter demands of BENEDICK, if he have any affection for her, to avenge her cousin's cause. HERO is, for the time, kept concealed, until the mystery is cleared up.

CONRADE and BORACHIO, who were employed by DON JOHN, have been overheard detailing the villanous scheme in which they have been engaged, and, being taken before LEONATO, confess it. CLAUDIO, to compensate LEONATO for the supposed loss of his child, agrees, on hearing this, to marry any one LEONATO may choose. A day is fixed for the wedding, and HERO is brought in with BEATRICE, both being masked. On the marriage being completed, she removes her mask, and CLAUDIO is delighted by finding that HERO has become his wife. BENEDICK calls for BEATRICE, who, dropping her mask, banters him for some time; but, at last, the confirmed bachelor and spinster exchange vows, which end their single state.

HERO.

Claudio. Give me your hand before this holy friar;
I am your husband if you like of me.
Hero. And when I lived, I was your other wife:
[*Unmasking.*
And when you loved, you were my other husband.
Claudio. Another Hero!
Hero. Nothing certainer;
One Hero died defil'd; but I do live,
And, surely as I live, I am a maid.
Don Pedro. The former Hero: Hero that is dead!
Leonato. She died, my lord, but whiles her slander lived.
Friar. All this amazement can I qualify;
When, after that the holy rites are ended,
I'll tell you largely of fair Hero's death:
Meantime, let wonder seem familiar,
And to the chapel let us presently.
Benedick. Soft and fair, friar.—Which is Beatrice?
Beatrice. I answer to that name; [*Unmasking.*] What is your will?
Benedick. Do not you love me?
Beatrice. Why no, no more than reason.
Benedick. Why, then your uncle, and the prince, and Claudio,
Have been deceived; for they swore you did.
Beatrice. Do not you love me?
Benedick. Troth, no, no more than reason.
Beatrice. Why, then my cousin, Margaret, and Ursula,
Are much deceiv'd; for they did swear you did.
Benedick. They swore that you were almost sick for me.
Beatrice. They swore that you were well nigh dead for me.
Benedick. 'Tis no such matter:—Then you do not love me?
Beatrice. No, truly, but in friendly recompense.
Leonato. Come, cousin, I am sure you love the gentleman.
Claudio. And I'll be sworn upon't, that he loves her;
For here's a paper, written in his hand,
A halting sonnet of his own pure brain,
Fashion'd to Beatrice.
Hero. And here's another,
Writ in my cousin's hand, stolen from her pocket,
Containing her affection unto Benedick.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act V. Scene IV.*

HÉRO.

Claudio. Quelle est celle de ces dames qui doit m'appartenir ?

Antonio. La voici, et je vous la donne.

Claudio. En ce cas, elle est à moi. Madame, permettez que je voie vos traits.

Léonato. Vous ne la verrez que lorsque vous aurez accepté sa main en présence de ce prêtre, et juré de la prendre pour femme.

Claudio. Donnez-moi votre main devant ce saint prêtre ; je suis votre époux, si vous voulez m'accepter.

Héro. (*Otant son masque.*) Quand je vivais, j'étais votre épouse ; quand vous m'aimiez, vous étiez mon époux.

Claudio. (*Etonné.*) Une seconde Héro !

Héro. Rien n'est plus certain : une Héro est morte déshonorée ; mais moi, je vis.

Don Pédro. L'ancienne Héro ! celle qui est morte ?

Léonato. Elle n'est restée morte, seigneur, qu'aussi longtemps qu'a vécu son déshonneur !

Francisco. Je vous expliquerai tout ce mystère. Quand la sainte cérémonie sera terminée, je vous raconterai en détail la mort de la belle Héro : en attendant, ne voyez rien que de naturel dans ce qui cause votre étonnement, et allons de ce pas à la chapelle.

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT POUR RIEN.—*Acte V. Scène IV.*

MARGARET.

Beatrice. By my troth, I am sick.

Margaret. Get you some of this distilled Carduus Benedictus, and lay it to your heart; it is the only thing for a qualm.

Hero. There thou prick'st her with a thistle.

Beatrice. Benedictus! why Benedictus? you have some moral in this Benedictus.

Margaret. Moral? no, by my troth, I have no moral meaning; I meant, plain, holy-thistle. You may think, perchance, that I think you are in love: nay, by'r lady, I am not such a fool to think what I list; nor I list not to think what I can; nor, indeed, I cannot think, if I would think my heart out of thinking, that you are in love, or that you will be in love, or that you can be in love: yet Benedick was such another, and now he is become a man: he swore he would never marry; and yet now, in despite of his heart, he eats his meat without grudging: and how you may be converted, I know not; but methinks you look with your eyes as other women do.

Beatrice. What pace is this that thy tongue keeps?

Margaret. Not a false gallop.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act III. Scene IV.*

MARGUERITE.

Béatrice. En vérité, je souffre.

Marguerite. Procurez-vous de l'essence de *Carduus Benedictus* et appliquez-vous-la sur le cœur; c'est le meilleur remède contre la migraine.

Héro. Tu viens de la piquer au vif avec un chardon.

Béatrice. Benedictus! pourquoi *Benedictus?* ce *Benedictus* cache quelque épigramme.

Marguerite. Quelque épigramme? non, en vérité il n'y a rien de caché dans ce que je dis; je parle tout bonnement du chardon bénit. Peut-être vous imaginez-vous que je vous crois amoureuse; non, par Notre-Dame, je ne suis pas assez folle pour croire à ce que je désire, et je ne désire pas croire ce que je puis croire; et, en effet, avec la meilleure volonté du monde je ne puis croire que vous êtes, ou que vous serez, ou que vous puissiez être amoureuse: cependant Bénédict est bien changé, et le voilà devenu homme; il jurait de ne jamais se marier; et néanmoins maintenant, en dépit de son cœur, il mange sa pitance de bonne grâce: à quel point vous pouvez être convertie, je l'ignore; mais il me semble que vos yeux regardent maintenant comme ceux des autres femmes.

Béatrice. De quel train va ta langue?

Marguerite. Un galop franc et décidé.

BEAUCOUP DE BRUIT POUR RIEN.—*Acte III. Scène IV.*

BEATRICE.

Beatrice. I pray you, is signior Montanto returned from the wars, or no?

Messenger. I know none of that name, lady; there was none such in the army of any sort.

Leonato. What is he that you ask for, niece?

Hero. My cousin means signior Benedick of Padua.

Messenger. O, he is returned; and as pleasant as ever he was.

Beatrice. He set up his bills here in Messina, and challenged Cupid at the flight; and my uncle's fool, reading the challenge, subscribed for Cupid, and challenged him at the bird-bolt.—I pray you, how many hath he killed and eaten in these wars? But how many hath he killed? for, indeed, I promised to eat all of his killing.

Leonato. Faith, niece, you tax signior Benedick too much; but he'll be meet with you, I doubt it not.

Messenger. He hath done good service, lady, in these wars.

Beatrice. You had musty victual, and he hath holp to eat it: he is a very valiant trencher-man, he hath an excellent stomach.

Messenger. And a good soldier too, lady.

Beatrice. And a good soldier to a lady:—But what is he to a lord?

Messenger. A lord to a lord, a man to a man; stuffed with all honourable virtues.

Beatrice. It is so, indeed; he is no less than a stuffed man:—But for the stuffing,—Well, we are all mortal.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act I. Scene I.*

BÉATRICE.

Bénédict. De grâce Béatrice.—

Béatrice. Ma pauvre cousine!—Elle est outragée, calomniée, perdue.

Bénédict. Béat . . . . —

Béatrice. D'étranges princes et de singuliers comtes, vraiment! vrai témoignage de prince! noble confit, cavalier de sucre! Oh! que ne suis-je homme pour me mesurer avec lui! ou que n'ai-je un ami qui veuille être homme pour l'amour de moi! Mais le courage est dégénéré en vains salamalecs, la valeur en compliments; les hommes n'ont plus à leur service que des phrases, et des phrases fleuries encore! Celui-là est réputé aussi vaillant qu'Hercule, qui sait dire un mensonge et l'appuyer d'un serment.—Puisque tous les souhaits du monde ne peuvent faire de moi un homme, je mourrai de douleur de n'être qu'une femme.

Bénédict. Restez, Béatrice. Par ce bras, je vous aime.

Béatrice. Au lieu de jurer par lui, employez-le plus dignement pour moi.

Beaucoup de Bruit pour Rien.—*Acte IV. Scène I.*


TWO GENTLEMEN
VERONA

JULIA.

"Oh! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?"

THE first scene of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* is laid in that city, and introduces VALENTINE and PROTEUS. VALENTINE is about to depart for Milan, and, whilst bidding farewell to PROTEUS, banters him on being in love with JULIA, a lady of Verona.

In the second scene, JULIA is represented engaged in conversation with LUCETTA, her waiting-maid, and fixing her choice on one of her numerous suitors. After naïvely parrying the arguments of her maid in praise of the rest, she singles out PROTEUS. Her maid hands her a letter sent by him, which gives rise to an amusing illustration of the fickleness of woman. JULIA tears the letter into pieces, but tells the secret of her love in speedy repentance. ANTONIO, PROTEUS' father, resolves to send him to Milan; and PROTEUS, after vainly asking for time to prepare for his journey, is compelled to obey his parent's commands.

The second act introduces SYLVIA, on whom depends many of the chief incidents of the play. VALENTINE had already fallen in love with her; and, in a most amusing manner, SYLVIA, employing him to write a letter to "one she loves," declares her passion for him by requesting him to keep it. Blind in love, he cannot perceive her drift; but his servant, SPEED, at last convinces him of it. PROTEUS, before leaving Verona, visits JULIA, and protests his affection for her; and, on parting, they exchange rings as pledges for their mutual fidelity.

In the fourth act, we find PROTEUS arrived at Milan, and introduced by VALENTINE to SYLVIA, when, PROTEUS-like, he falls passionately in love with her in place of JULIA, whom he has left behind. Returning to Verona, we find JULIA unchanged in her affection. Speaking of PROTEUS, she exclaims—

> "Oh! know'st thou not, his looks are my soul's food?
> Pity the dearth that I have pined in,
> By longing for that food so long."

She cannot bear separation from him; and at last, disguised in male attire, she sets out for Milan. Meanwhile, PROTEUS has been trying to supplant VALENTINE and THURIO in the affections of SYLVIA, and, by stratagem, manages to get VALENTINE banished from Milan. He has still to get rid of THURIO, and has also to bear the reproaches of SYLVIA; who, having discovered the object of his former affection, indignantly repels all his advances.

JULIA, disguised in boy's clothes, has arrived at Milan; and PROTEUS, not knowing who she is, engages her as his servant, sending her with a ring to SYLVIA. She can scarcely refrain from discovering herself to her rival, but rests satisfied for the present with professing sympathy for PROTEUS' rejected love, and so conceals her real position. In the fifth act, however, on pretence of having delivered the wrong ring to SYLVIA, she drops her disguise, and bitterly reproaches her false lover. The scene closes by THURIO resigning SYLVIA to VALENTINE; and PROTEUS, after doing penance for his perjured vows, marries JULIA.

In this play, Shakspeare paints the characters of JULIA and SYLVIA in the brightest colours of truthfulness and fidelity. It contains few striking incidents; and the plot is by no means complicated; its chief points exhibiting the constancy of JULIA, and the frailty of her lover.

J.W.Wright.

SILVIA.

Silvia. Thou subtle, perjured, false, disloyal man!
Think'st thou, I am so shallow, so conceitless,
To be seduced by thy flattery,
That hast deceiv'd so many with thy vows?
Return, return, and make thy love amends.
For me,—by this pale queen of night I swear,
I am so far from granting thy request,
That I despise thee for thy wrongful suit;
And by and by intend to chide myself,
Even for this time I spend in talking to thee.
Proteus. I grant, sweet love, that I did love a lady;
But she is dead.
Julia. 'Twere false, if I should speak it;
For I am sure she is not buried. [*Aside.*
Silvia. Say that she be; yet Valentine, thy friend,
Survives; to whom, thyself art witness,
I am betroth'd: And art thou not asham'd
To wrong him with thy importunacy?
Proteus. I likewise hear that Valentine is dead.
Silvia. And so suppose am I; for in his grave,
Assure thyself, my love is buried.
Proteus. Sweet lady, let me rake it from the earth.
Silvia. Go to thy lady's grave, and call hers thence;
Or, at the least, in hers sepulchre thine.
Julia. He heard not that. [*Aside.*
Proteus. Madam, if your heart be obdurate,
Vouchsafe me yet your picture for my love,
The picture that is hanging in your chamber;
To that I'll speak, to that I'll sigh and weep:
For, since the substance of your perfect self
Is else devoted, I am but a shadow;
And to your shadow will I make true love.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—*Act IV. Scene II.*

SILVIA.

Protée. Madame, bon soir à votre altesse.

Silvia. Je vous remercie de votre musique, messieurs: quel est celui qui a parlé?

Protée. Un homme, madame, dont vous apprendriez bientôt à reconnaître la voix, si vous saviez tout ce qu'il y a de sincérité dans son cœur loyal.

Silvia. Le chevalier Protée, si je ne me trompe.

Protée. Le chevalier Protée, votre serviteur, noble dame.

Silvia Quelle est votre volonté?

Protée. D'exécuter la vôtre.

Silvia. Vous aurez ce que vous souhaitez; ma volonté est que vous retourniez sur-le-champ chez vous. Mortel astucieux, parjure, fourbe et déloyal! as-tu pu supposer que je serais assez faible, assez insensée, pour me laisser séduire par un homme dont les serments trompeurs ont abusé tant de femmes? Va-t'en, va-t'en, et demande pardon à ta fiancée. Pour moi, j'en prends à témoin la pâle reine des nuits, je suis si éloignée d'accueillir tes vœux, que ta recherche criminelle n'excite que mon mépris, et que je me reprocherai tout à l'heure le temps que j'emploie maintenant à te parler.

Protée. Femme charmante, je conviens que j'ai aimé une dame; mais elle est morte.

LES DEUX GENTILSHOMMES DE VÉRONE.—*Acte IV. Scène II.*

A. Buck

W.H. Egleton

JULIA.

Julia. I would I knew his mind.
Lucetta. Peruse this, madam.
Julia. "*To Julia*,"—Say, from whom?
Lucetta. That the contents will show.
Julia. Say, say; who gave it thee?
Lucetta. Sir Valentine's page; and sent, I think, from Proteus:
He would have given it you, but I, being in the way,
Did in your name receive it; pardon the fault, I pray.
Julia. Now, by my modesty, a goodly broker!
Dare you presume to harbour wanton lines?
To whisper and conspire against my youth?
Now, trust me, 'tis an office of great worth,
And you an officer fit for the place.
There, take the paper, see it be return'd;
Or else return no more into my sight.
Lucetta. To plead for love deserves more fee than hate.
Julia. Will you begone?
Lucetta. That you may ruminate. [*Exit.*
Julia. And yet, I would I had o'erlook'd the letter.
It were a shame to call her back again,
And pray her to a fault for which I chid her.
What fool is she, that knows I am a maid,
And would not force the letter to my view!
Since maids, in modesty, say *No*, to that
Which they would have the profferer construe, *Ay*.
Fie, fie! how wayward is this foolish love,
That, like a testy babe, will scratch the nurse,
And presently, all humbled, kiss the rod!
How churlishly I chid Lucetta hence,
When willingly I would have had her here!
How angrily I taught my brow to frown,
When inward joy enforced my heart to smile!
My penance is, to call Lucetta back,
And ask remission for my folly past:—
What ho! Lucetta!

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.—*Act I. Scene II.*

JULIA.

Julie. Je ne veux plus à l'avenir être importunée de ce bavardage: tiens, voilà le cas que j'en fais. (*Elle déchire la lettre.*) Va-t'-en, et laisse les morceaux par terre; si tu y touches, je me fâcherai.

Lucette. (*A part.*) Elle fait beaucoup de bruit; mais elle serait charmée qu'une seconde lettre vint encore lui causer le même déplaisir.

Elle sort.

Julie. Oh! que n'ai-je encore à me fâcher contre la première! oh! que j'en veux à mes mains d'avoir déchiré des mots aussi pleins d'amour! Injurieux frelons, d'oser s'abreuver d'un si doux miel, et tuer avec leurs dards les abeilles qui l'ont produit! En réparation de cette offense, je veux baiser l'un après l'autre tous ces fragments de papier. Que vois-je écrit sur celui-ci? *Douce Julie!* Ah! plutôt cruelle Julie! Pour me venger de ton ingratitude, je jette ton nom sur la pierre âpre et rude, et, pleine de mépris, je foule aux pieds tes dédains. Sur cet autre je lis: *Protée blessé par l'amour.* Pauvre nom blessé! repose sur mon sein comme dans un lit, jusqu'à ce que ta blessure soit complétement guérie: en attendant laisse-moi imprimer sur elle un baiser salutaire. Mais le nom de Protée n'est-il pas reproduit deux ou trois fois? Aimable vent, ne souffle pas, n'emporte pas un seul mot jusqu'à ce que j'aie retrouvé chacune des lettres de ce billet, à l'exception de mon nom; pour celui-là qu'un tourbillon l'emporte sur un roc aride, affreux et menaçant, et que de là il le jette à la mer irritée! Oh! voilà une ligne où son nom est tracé deux fois. *L'infortuné Protée, lamoureux Protée à la douce Julie.* Pour ce dernier nom, je vais le déchirer; mais je n'en ferai rien, puisqu'il s'associe d'une manière si charmante à son nom affligé; je vais les plier ensemble; maintenant embrassez-vous, querellez-vous, comme il vous plaira.

LES DEUX GENTILSHOMMES DE VÉRONE.—*Acte I. Scène II.*

KING LEAR.

CORDELIA.

"So young, my lord, and true."

THIS line affords a cue to the character of CORDELIA, as exhibited throughout the drama. Shakspeare has painted her as a model of fidelity, and here gives us a glimpse of the very spirit of the heroine, as it guides her in every subsequent position in which she is placed.

From weakness and instability of mind, KING LEAR is led to reject CORDELIA; who, affianced to the king of France, departs, bidding farewell to her sisters. She thus closes the parting scene—

"The jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you. I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loth to call
Your faults as they are named. Use well our father."

So completely does Shakspeare depict human character in all its lights and shades, as to give us the idea of his having almost an inspiration. How well he unfolds the gradual progress of the madness of LEAR! His best-loved daughter is the first and most hated—those who once had all his confidence become the objects of his dislike. For a time we observe him the subject of passionate sorrow at the conduct of GONERIL and REGAN, breaking out in piteous laments at their ingratitude, until his mind can bear no more; and at last, bereft of reason, an outcast in his own dominions, we see him braving the very elements, raging in all their fury around him.

The second, third, and a greater portion of the fourth acts are filled with incidents, which, whilst they complicate the plot, add deeply to its interest. The base characters of GONERIL and REGAN are gradually unfolded. False to their father, they prove equally so to all; and thus prepare a background, which throws into bold relief CORDELIA'S love and constancy towards her afflicted parent. Suddenly the scene changes to the French camp at Dover, and CORDELIA again appears before us. She gives an affecting picture of her father's condition, and passionately calls for help for him:—

"What can man's wisdom do
In the restoring his bereaved sense?
He, that helps him, take all my outward worth."

CORDELIA is again introduced in Scene VII., where she is represented as watching the hoped-for return of reason; with an agony of soul she cries:—

"O you kind gods,
Cure the great breach in his abused nature:
The untun'd and jarring senses, O wind up,
Of this child-changed father."

Leaving the painful scene, we at last arrive at the end of the drama, as depicted in the fifth act. Anxiously we watch the unfolding of the plot; and when CORDELIA is once more restored to her father, and his reason returns to him, we are just prepared to sympathise in their happiness, when their wretched end completes the scene. We seem to enter into all the grief of the father as he passionately cries—

"Oh! she is gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives.
She's dead as earth."

In this play, parental fondness, and filial duty and baseness, are represented with a vivid expression, only second in strength to that of nature; and on rising from its perusal, we feel that we have been touched by a master-mind, alike able to paint virtue in its beauty, as to make vice hateful in its deformity.

A. Johnston. B. Eyles.

CORDELIA.

Cordelia. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abused nature!
The untun'd and jarring senses O wind up
Of this child-changed father!
Physician. So please your majesty,
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.
Cordelia. Be govern'd by your knowledge, and proceed
I' the sway of your own will. Is he array'd?
Gentleman. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of his sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.
Physician. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.
Cordelia. Very well.
Physician. Please you, draw near.—Louder the music there.
Cordelia. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine upon my lips; and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms, that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!
Kent. Kind and dear princess!
Cordelia. Had you not been their father, these white flakes
Had challeng'd pity of them. Was this a face
To be expos'd against the warring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder?
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch (poor perdu!)
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire: And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee swine, and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once
Had not concluded all.—He wakes; speak to him.

KING LEAR.—*Act IV. Scene VII.*

CORDÉLIE.

Cordélie. O dieux cléments ! réparez l'immense brèche faite à la raison égarée d'un père redevenu enfant ; remettez d'accord l'instrument de son intelligence dérangée !

Le Médecin. Votre majesté veut-elle permettre qu'on éveille le roi ? Il a dormi longtemps.

Cordélie. Agissez selon les prescriptions de votre art, et faites ce que vous jugerez convenable. Est-il habillé ?

L'Officier. Oui, madame ; pendant son sommeil profond nous avons changé ses vêtements.

Le Médecin. Madame, soyez auprès de lui au moment où nous l'éveillerons ; je ne doute pas qu'il ne soit parfaitement calme.

Cordélie. Fort bien.

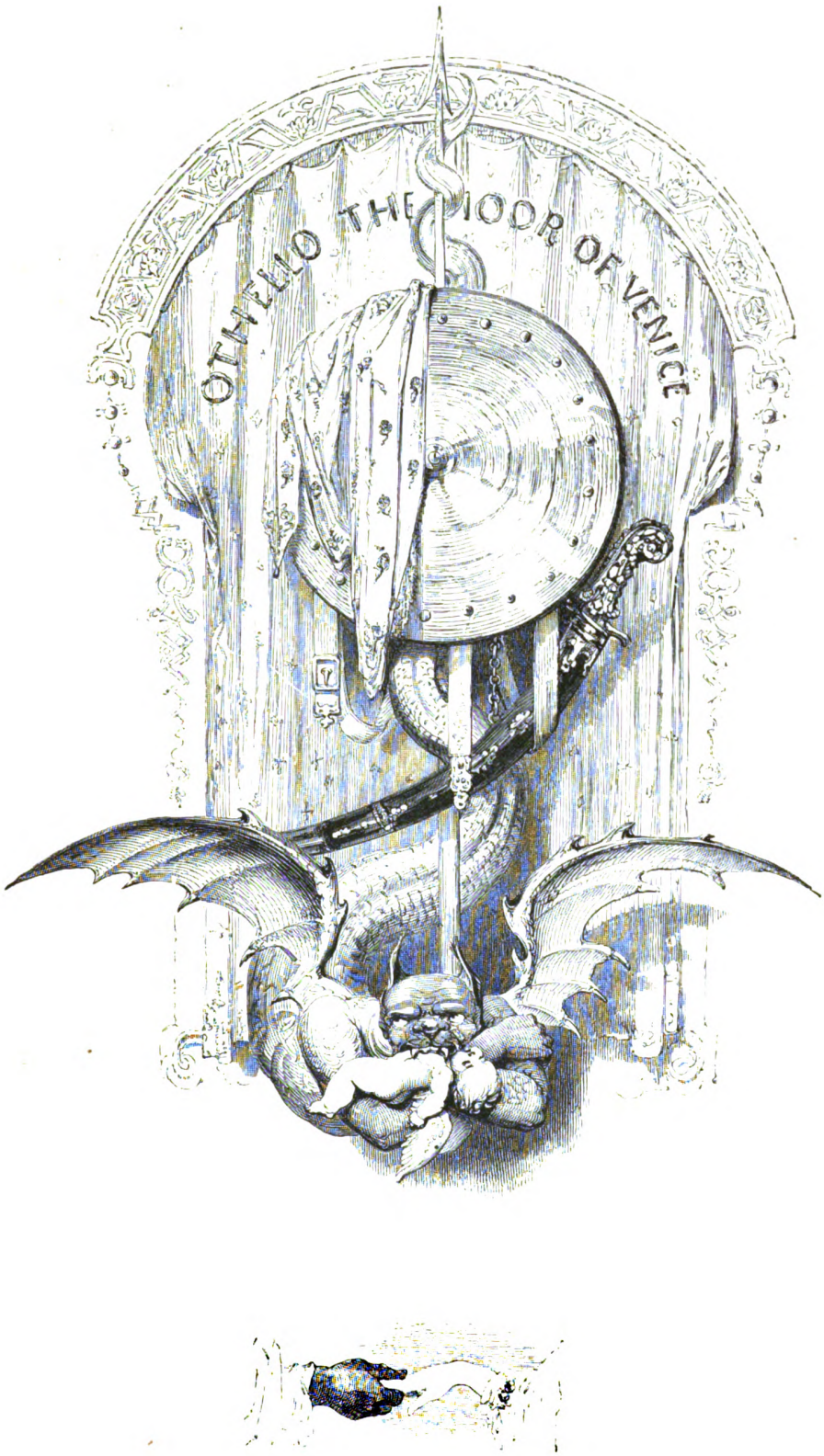
Le Médecin. Veuillez approcher.—Que la musique joue sur un ton plus éleve !

Cordélie. O mon père bien-aimé ! que le contact de mes lèvres porte la guérison dans ton intelligence, et que ce baiser répare le mal affreux qu'ont fait mes deux sœurs à ta personne sacrée !

Kent. Bonne et adorable princesse !

Cordélie. Quand tu n'aurais pas été leur père, ces cheveux blancs n'auraient-ils pas dû commander leur pitié ? Ce visage était-il fait pour être exposé à la fureur des autans, aux terribles détonations de la foudre, aux redoubtables effets du feu croisé des éclairs ? Fallait-il t'envoyer en enfant perdu lutter contre les éléments, tête nue et sans défense ? Par une nuit semblable, le chien de mon ennemi, quand il m'aurait mordue, aurait trouvé place au coin de mon feu. Et toi, ô mon vieux père ! il t'a fallu chercer un abri dans une chétive cabane, confondu sur la paille avec les pourceaux et les malheureux sans asile ! Hélas ! hélas ! je m'étonne que tu n'aies pas perdu la vie en même temps que la raison.—Il s'éveille.—Parlez-lui.

LE ROI LEAR.—*Acte IV. Scène VII.*


OTHELLO THE MOOR OF VENICE

DESDEMONA.

"One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And, in the essential vesture of creation,
Does bear all excellency."

THE plot of OTHELLO is invested by the dramatist with a melancholy interest. In DESDEMONA, we see a lovely and constant woman, the victim of the treachery and wiles of an artful wretch, who, by exciting the jealousy of her husband, makes him her murderer.

OTHELLO, a Moor, is a suitor for the hand of DESDEMONA; and the play opens by representing RODERIGO, another suitor, and IAGO, a servant of OTHELLO, poisoning the mind of her father, BRABANTIO, by maligning her character. At their instigation, her father seeks OTHELLO, who is at the moment engaged on state business with the DUKE OF VENICE, and he charges him with having stolen his daughter. DESDEMONA appears, and at once owns herself the wife of OTHELLO, whom she declares to have married for "his honour and his valiant parts." He is compelled to quit Venice on important affairs; and leaves DESDEMONA in the hands of, as he thinks, "honest IAGO." This man at once agrees with RODERIGO to place DESDEMONA in his power, and, with deep malice, he schemes to put his purpose into practice.

CASSIO, the lieutenant of OTHELLO, brings to DESDEMONA the news of his return. Witnessing, with hatred, their happiness at again meeting, IAGO and RODERIGO determine to employ CASSIO as a tool to carry out their vile plans against OTHELLO. For this purpose IAGO makes CASSIO drunk, and causes him to quarrel with RODERIGO, which ends in a *mêlée* between all present. OTHELLO rushes in, and finding CASSIO to be the cause, dismisses him from his service. CASSIO determines on asking DESDEMONA to sue pardon for him; and IAGO resolves to employ this incident in sowing jealousy between OTHELLO and his wife. DESDEMONA pleads, in all the innocency and simplicity of her nature, for CASSIO; and the artful IAGO persuades OTHELLO that she does so out of love to his lieutenant. OTHELLO refuses to believe anything against her until he has proof; but so completely does IAGO succeed in rousing the jealousy of the Moor, and convincing him of the honesty of his own intentions, that when OTHELLO again meets his wife, he does so but coolly. She anxiously inquires the cause, and, on his complaining of illness, would bind a handkerchief round his head. He refuses this, and it drops down, when EMILIA, the wife of IAGO, picks it up, and afterwards gives it to her husband as a present.

This accident affords IAGO means to carry out his villanous scheme. The handkerchief is dropped in the chamber of CASSIO, where it is found by BIANCA, his mistress. She charges him with having received it from some other fair hand; but OTHELLO seeing it, at once recognises it as one he had given to his wife. He instantly resolves on her death, having got the supposed proof of her guilt.

In the fifth act the dreadful tragedy is complete. In vain does DESDEMONA urge her innocence; the jealous Moor cannot be moved from his purpose. He produces before her the handkerchief, as evidence of her deceit, and at last smothers her. When too late, he discovers her fidelity; and in despair, cursing the fate which had impelled her death, stabs himself, and dies by her side.

DESDEMONA.

Othello. These things to hear,
Would Desdemona seriously incline:
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: Which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour; and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke,
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
She swore,—In faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
She wish'd she had not heard it; yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me;
And bade me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story,
And that would woo her. Upon this hint, I spake:
She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd;
And I lov'd her, that she did pity them.

OTHELLO.—*Act I. Scene III.*

DESDÉMONA.

Othello. Desdémona prêtait une oreille attentive à ces récits : de temps à autre, néanmoins, les affaires de la maison l'obligeaient à s'éloigner ; après les avoir expédiées à la hâte, elle revenait aussitôt prêter une oreille avide à mes discours. Je m'en aperçus, et profitant d'une occasion propice, je trouvai moyen de l'amener à me prier instamment de vouloir bien recommencer toute l'histoire de mes aventures, dont elle n'avait entendu que des fragments sans suite. J'y consentis et fis plus d'une fois couler ses larmes au récit de quelque événement douloureux qu'avait enduré ma jeunesse. Ma narration terminée, elle me donna pour ma peine force soupirs, elle jura qu'en vérité cela était étrange, plus qu'étrange ; que c'était attendrissant, singulièrement attendrissant : elle souhaita de n'avoir point entendu mon récit, et toutefois elle eût désiré que le ciel eût fait d'elle un pareil homme ! elle me remercia, ajoutant que si je connaissais quelqu'un qui fût amoureux d'elle, je n'avais qu'à lui apprendre à conter mon histoire, que cela suffirait pour obtenir son cœur. Là-dessus, je parlai : elle m'a aimé pour les périls que j'ai traversés ; je l'ai aimée pour la sympathie qu'elle accordait à mes malheurs.

OTHELLO.—*Acte I. Scène III.*


Macbeth

LADY MACBETH.

——————— "Come, come, you spirits
That tend on mortal thoughts, unsex me here;
And fill me, from the crown to the toe, top-full
Of direst cruelty!"

In *Macbeth*, Shakspeare has given us all the horrors of deep tragedy. He paints the crimes and tormenting fears of the midnight murderer with painful vividness; and traces out the course, which leads to retribution, with severe and unsparing hand.

The first act introduces all the chief characters. Macbeth is represented as returning home, after successfully putting to flight the enemies of Scotland; and is rewarded by Duncan, the king, with the title of one of the Thanes he has vanquished. On his road, Macbeth meets with three Witches, who prophesy his advancement to be Thane of Cawdor, and, lastly, to the throne. He writes to Lady Macbeth, informing her of his good fortune and of the words of the Witches, and thus stirs up the ambition of that wretched woman to hasten, by foul means, her husband's elevation to the throne of Scotland. Duncan has determined to visit Macbeth at his castle; and Lady Macbeth resolves to complete her designs by murdering the King, whilst a guest with them. Macbeth struggles against the commission of so horrid a deed; but his wife, with fiend-like ferocity, urges him by every motive in her power. The attendants of the King are made drunk, and Duncan, whilst sleeping, is murdered by Macbeth. They contrive, however, to throw the guilt of the crime on the servants of the King, by placing daggers, smeared with blood, in their hands.

Macduff and Lenox, calling early next morning, discover that the King is murdered, and are joined in their horror of the deed by Macbeth and his wife, who thus contrive to conceal their black crime. Shortly afterwards Macbeth is proclaimed King of Scotland.

Banquo, a devoted adherent of Duncan, stands in their way, and his death is accordingly resolved on. They hire murderers, who kill him, but allow Fleance, his son, to escape.

At the feast which follows, Macbeth, conscience-stricken, sees the ghost of Banquo, and unwittingly becomes the publisher of his own crimes. His wife endeavours to excuse him before the guests, by laying it to his absence of mind—a habit which "hath been from his youth;" but suspicion rests on him, and retribution speedily follows.

Passing over the celebrated witch scene, we find, in the fifth act, a masterpiece of dramatic representation. Lady Macbeth, rising from her bed and still sleeping, utters unconsciously a confession of her crime, in the ears of her doctor and an attendant. She gives a broken account of the deaths of Duncan and Banquo: but the most effective picture of her remorse is exhibited in her attempt to remove an imaginary spot on her hand, typical of the stings of a guilty conscience. She re-echoes her own words, spoken to urge her husband to his past deeds of murder, and presents an awful picture of horror and despair.

Lady Macbeth, soon after this, dies; and her husband becomes the victim of Malcolm, the son of Duncan, whom he had hoped to have excluded from the throne.

E. Meadows W.H. Mote

LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.—
Why did you bring these daggers from the place?
They must lie there: Go, carry them; and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macbeth. I'll go no more:
I am afraid to think what I have done;
Look on't again, I dare not.
Lady Macbeth. Infirm of purpose!
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures: 'tis the eye of childhood,
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit. Knocking within.*
Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?
How is't with me, when every noise appals me?
What hands are here! Ha! they pluck out mine eyes!
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand? No; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green—one red.

Re-enter LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. My hands are of your colour: but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry:—retire we to our chamber:
A little water clears us of this deed:
How easy is it then? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark! more knocking:
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers:—Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts.
Macbeth. To know my deed,—'twere best not know myself.
[*Knock.*
Wake Duncan with thy knocking! I would thou could'st!
[*Exeunt.*

MACBETH.—*Act II. Scene II.*

LADY MACBETH.

Lady Macbeth. Allez, prenez de l'eau, et lavez cette tache qui souille vos mains; ce serait un témoin. Pourquoi avez-vous emporté ces poignards ? Il fallait les laisser là bas: allez, reportez-les, et teignez de sang les deux serviteurs endormis.

Macbeth. Je n'y retournerai plus, je suis effrayé en songeant à ce que j'ai fait. Je n'ose pas le regarder de nouveau.

Lady Macbeth. O homme faible dans ses résolutions ! Donnez-moi ces poignards. Ceux qui dorment et ceux qui sont morts, ressemblent à des images, et c'est l'œil seul de l'enfant qui peut avoir peur d'un diable en peinture. Si le sang de Duncan coule, j'en rougirai la face des deux serviteurs, car il faut que le crime leur soit attribué.

Elle sort, on frappe au dehors.

Macbeth. Qui frappe ainsi ?—que se passe-t'il en moi que le moindre bruit m'épouvante ? quelles mains j'ai là ! Ah ! elles me font sortir les yeux de la tête ! Tout l'océan du grand Neptune pourra-t'il laver ce sang et nettoyer ma main ? Non ; ma main ensanglanterait plutôt l'immensité des mers, et de leur nappe verdâtre ferait une nappe rouge.

Rentre Lady Macbeth. Mes mains sont de la couleur des vôtres ; mais j'ai honte d'avoir un cœur si blanc. (*On frappe.*) J'entends frapper à la porte du sud. Retirons-nous dans notre chambre, un peu d'eau va nous laver de cette action ; voyez comme cela est facile ! votre courage vous a donc abandonné ?—(*On frappe.*) Ecoutons ; On frappe encore : Prenez votre robe de nuit de peur que ce ne soit nous qu'on demande ; il ne faut pas qu'on nous surprenne éveillés et debout à cette heure. Allons, ne restez pas ainsi misérablement perdu dans vos réflexions.

Macbeth. Connaître ce que j'ai fait, il vaudrait mieux ne pas me connaître moi-même. Duncan, réveille-toi à ce bruit ! Plût au ciel que tu le pûsses encore ! (*Ils se retirent.*)

MACBETH.—*Acte II. Scène II.*


Henry Meadows
Orrin Smith

OPHELIA.

——"She is unfortunate; indeed distract:
Her mood will needs be pitied."

THE tragedy of *Hamlet* is universally admitted to be one of the finest productions of dramatic genius. The characters are all highly wrought; and the chief, that of HAMLET, embodies so many of the noblest qualities of human nature, as to make its successful representation on the stage, one of the highest tests of the capabilities of a tragedian. Throughout the entire play, a high moral tone is evinced; and some of the soliloquies are unsurpassed in the literature of any country, for grandeur and pathos.

HAMLET'S father, the late king of Denmark, has recently died. His widow, with unseeming haste, marries her deceased husband's brother; and HAMLET, himself, is not without suspicion of his father having been the victim of foul play. Whilst pondering over past events, the GHOST of his father appears to him, and conveys intelligence which convinces HAMLET of the truth of his suspicions; he learns, in fact, that his father's death was caused by poison.

In the first act, OPHELIA, as the young and loving maiden, is introduced. To her HAMLET has made overtures of love; and LAERTES, her brother, who is about to depart for France, with fraternal solicitude, affectionately warns her of the danger she may fall into by encouraging his advances—

"Fear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister:
And keep you in the rear of your affection."

POLONIUS, her father, joins in the same strain; and the filial obedience of OPHELIA is beautifully shown in her reply, signifying entire compliance with her father's wishes.

HAMLET is supposed, by all around him, to be suffering in his reason; and the King and Queen, professing great anxiety, consult POLONIUS, who hints that love for his own daughter is the cause. For the purpose of testing this, OPHELIA is placed in the way of HAMLET, and the King, Queen, and POLONIUS, agree to watch the result of their interview. This gives occasion to that splendid soliloquy, in which HAMLET weighs the wisdom and results of suicide. OPHELIA appears as he concludes, and tenders him the return of presents which he had already made her as love-tokens. HAMLET curtly denies having given them to her; and, at last, the truth bursts on her mind, as she poignantly exclaims—

"O what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
* * * * * *
O woe is me!
To have seen what I have seen, see what I see!"

The Players next appear, and, by a representation of an old tragedy, force on the minds of the King and Queen a deep sense of their guilt. HAMLET sits at the feet of OPHELIA, watching them. In the interview afterwards with his mother, he slays POLONIUS; and this is followed by a most pathetic scene, in which OPHELIA strews, as she thinks, her father's grave with flowers; bereft of reason—

"A document in madness."

The death of OPHELIA, by drowning, is declared to LAERTES by the Queen. At her burial, HAMLET and he meet near the grave; and when LAERTES would have slain him as the cause of his sister's death, HAMLET thus pays a last tribute of affection to her memory:—

"I lov'd Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum."

J Hayter

W H Mote

OPHELIA.

Laertes. O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heaven! is't possible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

Ophelia.

They bore him barefac'd on the bier;
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny;
And in his grave rained many a tear;—

Fare you well, my dove!

Laertes. Hadst thou thy wits, and didst persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Ophelia. You must sing, *Down a-down, and you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward, that stole his master's daughter.

Laertes. This nothing's more than matter.

Ophelia. There's rosemary, that's for remembrance; 'pray you love, remember: and there is pansies, that's for thoughts.

Laertes. A document in madness; thoughts and remembrance fitted!

Ophelia. There's fennel for you, and columbines:—there's rue for you; and here's some for me:—we may call it herb of grace o' Sundays:—you may wear your rue with a difference.—There's a daisy;—I would give you some violets; but they withered all, when my father died;—They say, he made a good end,——

For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy. [*Sings.*

Laertes. Thought and affliction, passion, hell itself,
She turns to favour and to prettiness.

Ophelia. [*Sings.*

And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan;
God 'a mercy on his soul!

And of all Christian souls; I pray God. God be wi' you!

HAMLET.—*Act IV. Scene V.*

OPHÉLIE.

Laerte. O rose de mai! fille bien-aimée, tendre sœur, chère Ophélie! —O ciel! se peut-il que la raison d'une jeune fille soit aussi fragile que la vie d'un vieillard? La nature a, dans son amour, comme un parfum subtil et rare, dont les émanations s'attachent à ce qu'elle aime.

Ophélie chante:

La face découverte ils l'ont mis dans sa bière,
Et sur sa tombe ils ont versé des pleurs.

Adieu, mon tourtereau.

Laerte. Tu posséderais toute ta raison et tu m'animerais à la vengeance, qu tu ne pourrais à ce point m'émouvoir.

Ophélie. Il faut que vous chantiez:

Et allons donc,
Descendez donc.

Oh! il faut entendre chanter cela par la fileuse à son rouet; c'est la romance de l'intendant déloyal qui enleva la fille de son maître.

Laerte. Ces riens-la en disent plus que des choses sensées.

Ophélie. (*A Laërte, en lui présentant une fleur.*) Voilà du romarin c'est la fleur du souvenir. Souvenez-vous de moi, je vous prie, mon bien-aimé; et voici des pensées; c'est pour que vous pensiez à moi.

Laerte. Il y a du sens dans son délire. Elle vient d'appliquer à propos la pensée et le souvenir.

Ophélie. (*Au Roi.*) Voilà pour vous du fenouil et des colombines. —(*A la Reine.*) Voilà de la rue pour vous, et en voici pour moi:— pour vous ce sera l'herbe de grâce, pour moi l'herbe de douleur.— Voici une marguerite.—Je voudrais bien vous donner des violettes, mais elles se sont toutes fanées quand mon père est mort:—on dit qu'il a fait une bonne fin;—

(*Elle chante:*)
Car Robin fait toute ma joie.

Laerte. La mélancolie, l'affliction, la colére, l'enfer lui-même, tout devient charmant en passant par sa bouche.

HAMLET.—*Acte IV. Scène V.*


ROMEO
AND
JULIET.

JULIET.

"Capulet! Montague!
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love."

THE scene of ROMEO and JULIET is laid at Verona; and by the prologue we are informed that a deadly feud exists between two ancient and noble families, which is so rancorous in its hatred as to spread its infection amongst the menials even of each house. CAPULET and MONTAGUE, the respective parents of JULIET and ROMEO, are the heads of the households; and they are introduced in the first act, together with their wives, as heading an affray between their dependents.

ROMEO, after being smitten in love with ROSALINE, by way of smothering his passion, accompanies his friend BENVOLIO to the house of CAPULET, and thus meets with JULIET. Being masked, his presence is unnoticed, until, by his voice, TYBALT, the cousin of JULIET, discovers him. TYBALT, anxious to gratify his revenge, would have fought him in the midst of the feast, but is restrained by CAPULET. JULIET and ROMEO fall passionately in love with each other; she recognises him as a Montague, and instinctively sees the strange fatality which has befallen her.

By the assistance of her nurse, and the stratagems of lovers, ROMEO visits her; and having pledged mutual affection, they agree to meet at the cell of FRIAR LAURENCE on the morrow, who then marries them. They immediately part, to meet again at night; but meanwhile ROMEO, becoming involved in a quarrel with TYBALT, kills him. For this he is sentenced to perpetual banishment from Verona. JULIET'S nurse conveys the sad news to her; and this gives the dramatist scope for displaying his full power in depicting the frenzy of human passion. JULIET is represented at first as overcome with the death of her cousin, and by the deceit of ROMEO. She remembers, however, that she is a wife, and, recalling her indignant complaints, exclaims—

"Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband!
Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three hours' wife, have mangled it."

The FRIAR arranges for their meeting, so that ROMEO may bid her a sad farewell; but, meanwhile, CAPULET is arranging a marriage between JULIET and PARIS, who is an ardent suitor for her hand. Scarcely has ROMEO parted with her than her father insists on her marriage with PARIS. In vain she refuses; and finding all her remonstrance useless, seeks the aid of the FRIAR, who gives her a potion, by which she will be able to simulate death for a sufficient time to allow of ROMEO being sent for from Mantua. On the morning of her intended bridal day, she is discovered, as is thought, dead in her chamber, and her funeral takes the place of her marriage. ROMEO, returning from Mantua on hearing of her death, visits her tomb, and is surprised by PARIS, who had repaired thither to strew her grave with flowers. They fight, and PARIS is killed; ROMEO then swallows a deadly poison, and scarcely dies, when JULIET, awaking from her long sleep, discovers him lying by her. In an agony, she seizes his dagger, and dies bleeding on his corpse, after having vainly kissed his lips, that she might die from the poison that killed him.

The entire tragedy is replete with thrilling interest. The passionate fondness of the lovers; the terrible incidents which mar their lives, and cause their death; the rich painting of the vivid scenes in which ROMEO and JULIET are placed;—all are so powerfully realised, that we seem to live with them, and partake of their joys and sorrows, as if they had been our own.

JULIET.

Romeo. See how she leans her cheek upon her hand!
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Juliet. Ah me!
Romeo. She speaks:—
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heaven
Unto the white upturned wond'ring eyes
Of mortals that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Juliet. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art thou Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name:
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Romeo. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this? [*Aside.*
Juliet. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;—
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face, nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!
What's in a name? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title:—Romeo, doff thy name:
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Romeo. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Juliet. What man art thou, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?

ROMEO AND JULIET.—*Act II. Scene II.*

JULIETTE.

Roméo. Voilà que sa joue s'appuie sur sa main? Oh! que ne suis-je le gant dont cette main est couverte! je toucherais cette joue.

Juliette. Hélas!

Roméo. Elle parle!—Oh! parle encore, ange radieux; car tu resplendis dans la nuit, au-dessus de ma tête, comme un messager céleste, les ailes éployées, apparaît aux regards étonnés des mortels, qui, la tête rejetée en arrière et les yeux levés, contemplent son vol majestueux, alors qu'il devance la marche paresseuse des nuages et vogue sur l'océan éthéré.

Juliette. O Roméo! Roméo! pourquoi es-tu Roméo? renie ton père et abjure ton nom; ou, si cela te répugne, jure de m'aimer toujours et je renie le sang des Capulets.

Roméo. Faut-il en entendre davantage, ou dois-je lui parler maintenant?

Juliette. Ton nom seul est mon ennemi;—Tu n'es pas un Montaigu, tu es toi-même. Qu'est-ce qu'un Montaigu? ce n'est ni une main, ni un pied, ni un bras, ni un visage, ni rien qui appartienne à un homme. Oh! adopte un autre nom! Qu'y a-t-il dans un nom? ce que nous appelons rose, sous tout autre nom, n'en exhalerait pas moins son doux parfum: de même Roméo, s'il ne se nommait pas Roméo, n'en garderait pas moins ses charmantes perfections.—Roméo, abdique ton nom, et en échange de ce nom qui ne fait point partie de toi, prends-moi tout entière.

Roméo. Je te prends au mot: appelle-moi ton bien-aimé; ce sera pour moi un nouveau baptême; désormais je ne veux plus être Roméo.

Juliette. Qui es-tu, toi qui, à la faveur des ombres de la nuit, viens surprendre ainsi mes secrets?

ROMÉO ET JULIETTE.—*Acte II. Scène II.*


TROILUS AND CRESSID

CRESSIDA—HELEN.

"Ah! poor our sex! this fault in us I find—
The error of our eye directs our mind."

THE genuine lovers of ancient epic poetry will by no means praise *Troilus and Cressida*. It would be impossible for them, even with the utmost allowance of poetic licence, to relish the idea of THERSITES soundly abusing AJAX in mediæval English, or TROILUS giving silk sleeves as love-tokens. We must bear in mind, however, that Shakspeare wrote for *his* age, and not for our own, and had to temper his inventions to the taste of ignorant, and often vulgar audiences.

The story of the play is based on Homer's account of the siege of Troy. HELEN, the wife of MENELAUS, a Grecian king, had been taken away to Troy by PARIS, one of the sons of PRIAM; and the Greeks, to avenge the insult thus offered, invade the dominions of the Trojan king. Shakspeare introduces all the leading characters of Homer; amongst whom HECTOR and ACHILLES stand, as with him, the most prominent. TROILUS, a son of PRIAM, and brother of HECTOR, is introduced as deeply in love with CRESSIDA, the daughter of CALCHAS, a Trojan priest, who had, however, taken the part of the Greeks, and dwelt in their camp. CRESSIDA, from motives of pride, long withstood all the advances of her lover; for she feels that—

"Achievement is command; ungain'd, beseech:
Then, though my heart 's content, firm love doth bear,
Nothing of that shall from mine eyes appear."

TROILUS, however, induces her uncle, PANDARUS, to use his good offices; and, at last, the proud maiden declares her love, in the warmest terms, to her suitor.

In many scenes of the play, HELEN, whose beauty had been the cause of the war, is introduced. HECTOR, inclined for peace, desires her return to the Greeks; but TROILUS, chivalrous in his love for CRESSIDA, opposes it as ardently as possible.

His happiness in CRESSIDA, however, is destroyed. ANTENOR, a Trojan general, taken by the Greeks, is to be exchanged for CRESSIDA, and the parting moment arrives. Repeated are her vows of fidelity to him, and as numerous his warnings of the temptations into which she may fall. She shows the most passionate grief at parting, and he gives her a sleeve, whilst she leaves him a glove, to be witnesses of their constancy to each other. TROILUS consoles her with the hope of bribing the Grecian guard, and so of repeatedly visiting her. She is afterwards led away by DIOMED to the Grecian camp.

Some of the Trojan generals shortly afterwards visit the Greeks, and amongst them was TROILUS. He desires ULYSSES to lead him to the tent of CALCHAS, that he might once more dote on CRESSIDA. As they approach the tent, TROILUS sees DIOMED and CRESSIDA talking together, and soon perceives that his fair one has forsworn herself. The scene beautifully depicts the struggle going on in the heart of CRESSIDA, between her old affection for TROILUS, and her promises to DIOMED. She long hesitates; whilst TROILUS, unperceived by her, can scarce restrain himself. At last she yields the sleeve to DIOMED, and TROILUS returns, heart-broken and hopeless, to Troy—

"O Cressida! O false Cressida! false, false, false:
Let all untruths stand by thy stain'd name,
And they'll seem glorious."

K.Meadows. W.H.Mote

CRESSIDA.

Troilus. Cressid, I love thee in so strain'd a purity,
That the blest gods—as angry with my fancy,
More bright in zeal than the devotion which
Cold lips blow to their deities—take thee from me.
Cressida. Have the gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, ay, ay; 'tis too plain a case.
Cressida. And is it true, that I must go from Troy?
Troilus. A hateful truth.
Cressida. What, and from Troilus too?
Troilus. From Troy, and Troilus.
Cressida. Is it possible?
Troilus. And suddenly; where injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, justles roughly by
All time of pause, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoindure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embrasures, strangles our dear vows
Even in the birth of our own labouring breath:
We two, that with so many thousand sighs
Did buy each other, must poorly sell ourselves
With the rude brevity and discharge of one.
Injurious time now, with a robber's haste,
Crams his rich thievery up, he knows not how:
As many farewells as be stars in heaven,
With distinct breath and consign'd kisses to them,
He fumbles up into a loose adieu;
And scants us with a single famish'd kiss,
Distasted with the salt of broken tears.

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act IV. Scene IV.*

CRESSIDA.

Troïle. O Cressida! je t'aime d'un amour si pur, que les dieux immortels,—irrités de voir plus de ferveur dans mon adoration que dans le froid hommage qu'adresse à leur divinité la dévotion des mortels,—t'arrachent de mes bras.

Cressida. Est-ce que les dieux sont jaloux ?

Pandarus. Oui, certes; la chose est évidente.

Cressida. Est-il donc vrai qu'il me faut quitter Troie ?

Troïle. Ce n'est que trop vrai, pour mon malheur.

Cressida. Quoi! et Troïle aussi ?

Troïle. Troie et Troïle.

Cressida. Est-il possible ?

Troïle. Et tu dois partir à l'instant même: le sort cruel ne nous permet même pas de nous faire nos adieux; il ne nous accorde aucun délai, sépare brutalement nos lévres prêtes à se joindre, interdit à nos bras une dernière étreinte, arrête les tendres serments prêts à s'échapper de notre bouche. Nous à qui la possession l'un de l'autre a coûté tant d'innombrables soupirs, c'est à peine si en nous séparant on nous en permet un seul. Le Temps injurieux se hâte, avec la précipitation d'un voleur, d'entasser le riche butin qu'il nous dérobe. Nos tendres adieux, qui devraient être aussi nombreux que les étoiles du firmament, et scellés d'un nombre égal de baisers, il les résume en un adieu rapide et fugitif; et c'est tout au plus s'il nous accorde par grâce un avare baiser, auquel se mêle encore l'amertume d'une larme furtive.

TROÏLE ET CRESSIDA.—*Acte IV. Scène IV.*

HELEN.

Troilus. It was thought meet,
Paris should do some vengeance on the Greeks:
Your breath with full consent bellied his sails:
The seas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him service: he touched the ports desired:
And, for an old aunt, whom the Greeks held captive,
He brought a Grecian queen, whose youth and freshness
Wrinkles Apollo's, and makes pale the morning.
Why keep we her? the Grecians keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launched above a thousand ships,
And turned crown'd kings to merchants.
If you'll avouch 'twas wisdom Paris went,
(As you must needs, for you all cried—"Go, go!")
If you'll confess he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clapped your hands
And cried "Inestimable!") why do you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate;
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar the estimation which you prized
Richer than sea and land? O, theft most base;
That we have stolen what we do fear to keep!
But, thieves, unworthy of a thing so stolen,
That in their country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.—*Act II. Scene II.*

HÉLÈNE.

Troïle. On a trouvé à propos que Pâris tirât vengeance des Grecs; vos vœux ont enflé les voiles de son navire; la mer et les vents, ces vieux ennemis, suspendirent leurs querelles et le favorisèrent; il toucha au port désiré, et, en retour d'une vieille tante, que les Grecs tenaient captive, il nous amena une reine grecque, dont la jeunesse et la fraîcheur font pâlir l'Aurore et auprès de la quelle Apollon paraît ridé. Pourquoi la gardons-nous? parceque les Grecs gardent notre tante. Mérite-t-elle d'être gardée? oui, car c'est une perle précieuse dont le prix a coûté l'équipement de plusieurs vaisseaux et pour laquelle des rois couronnés se sont transformés en marchands. Si vous avouez que Pâris a eu raison de partir pour ce voyage (et vous ne pouvez faire autrement, car vous lui avez crié tous: *Allez, Allez!*), si vous avouez qu'il a ramené dans sa patrie une noble conquête (et vous ne pouvez faire autrement, car tous vous avez battu des mains, et vous vous êtes écriés: *Inestimable!*), pourquoi donc blâmez-vous maintenant le résultat de vos propres conseils et, plus inconstants que ne le fut jamais la Fortune, pourquoi ravalez-vous aujourd'hui ce que vous estimiez naguère plus précieux que la mer et la terre? O larcin des plus honteux! nous avons dérobé ce que nous avons peur de garder! voleurs, indignes de ce que nous avons volé! le vol commis par nous dans leur pays, nous craignons de l'avouer chez nous.

TROÏLE ET CRESSIDA.—*Acte II. Scène II.*


CYMBELINE

IMOGEN.

"She's fair and royal;
And that she hath all courtly parts more exquisite
Than lady, ladies, woman; from every one
The best she hath, and she, of all compounded,
Outsells them all."

In Imogen we have a beautiful instance of womanly devotion and constancy. Shakspeare describes her as daughter of Cymbeline, King of Britain. Her mother being dead, he marries again, and his second wife has a son, named Cloten, whom both the King and Queen desire to unite to Imogen. In the court, however, there was a young man, whom Cymbeline had brought up; and between Imogen and Posthumus (for that is his name) a deep affection has arisen, which resulted in their marriage. At this the King is highly incensed, more especially, because his sons, having been stolen when babes, there is no heir to the throne but Imogen. Posthumus is instantly banished from the kingdom; and after bidding an affectionate and agonising farewell, he and Imogen part, she giving him a ring, and receiving a bracelet from him, as pledges of faith to each other.

Owing to the treachery of Iachimo, an Italian, whom Posthumus meets with at Rome, he becomes bitterly incensed against Imogen, who, with the purest affection, and unconscious of guile, mourns his absence. Having, as he wrongly imagines, the fullest proof of her unfaithfulness to him, he writes to his servant Pisanio, who attends on her, to cause her death. Meanwhile, Imogen suffers at the hand of the Queen, and Cloten, her son; and having heard that Posthumus is returning to England, she determines to go to Wales, disguised as a man, and accompanied by Pisanio. On the road, he informs her of her husband's request, which causes her the deepest anguish.

Journeying onwards she becomes weary, and enters a cave, where she meets with her two brothers—all of them, however, being ignorant of their relationship to each other. Here she partakes of a mixture, which the Queen had given Pisanio, with the intent to poison her, but it only has the effect of causing a deep sleep, which her companions imagine to be death. When she awakes, she sees lying by her, what she supposes to be the dead body of her husband, but really Cloten, who, having obtained some of the clothes of Posthumus, had followed, thus hoping to deceive her; but he had been slain in a quarrel, by one of the youths. She at last sails for Rome, and becomes, in her disguise, a favoured page of Lucius, a general of the Roman forces. A war breaking out between Britain and Rome, Lucius, with Imogen as his attendant, and Iachimo, land in Britain, and Posthumus, joining the British, fights with Iachimo, and disarms him. Cymbeline, having been taken prisoner, is rescued by Posthumus, Belisarius, Guiderius, and Arviragus, the two latter being the sons of Cymbeline, so long lost to him. Lucius, Iachimo, and Imogen, are afterwards taken prisoners, owing to the battle being turned in favour of the British. Shortly after the battle the Queen dies, and confesses her treachery on her death-bed; including her scheme to poison Imogen. The prisoners are brought before Cymbeline, and the "boy, a Briton born" (Imogen), is spared. She now discovers herself to her father and husband; the two youths prove to be her brothers, who had been kept for many years by Belisarius; and the curtain falls when the family is again united—the guilty Queen and Cloten, who had caused all their misfortunes, being alone absent.


Pour
Reynaldo

Imogen. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beseech you?
Iachimo. Well, madam.
Imogen. Is he disposed to mirth? I hope he is.
Iachimo. Exceeding pleasant: none a stranger there
So merry and so gamesome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.
Imogen. When he was here,
He did incline to sadness: and oft-times
Not knowing why.
Iachimo. I never saw him sad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monsieur, that, it seems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick sighs from him; whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my sides hold, to think that man,—who knows
By history, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea what she cannot choose
But must be,—will his free hours languish for
Assured bondage?
Imogen. Will my lord say so?
Iachimo. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.
Imogen. Not he, I hope.
Iachimo. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might
Be used more thankfully. In himself, 'tis much;
In you,—which I count his, beyond all talents,—
Whilst I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.
Imogen. What do you pity, sir?
Iachimo. Two creatures, heartily.
Imogen. Am I one, sir?
You look on me; What wreck discern you in me,
Deserves your pity?

IMOGÈNE.

Pisanio. Madame, c'est un noble chevalier de Rome; il vous apporte des lettres de mon maître.

Jachimo. Vous changez de couleur, madame? Le noble Léonatus est en bonne santé. Il salue affectueusement votre altesse.

Il lui présente une lettre.

Imogène. Je vous remercie, seigneur; soyez le bienvenu.

Jachimo. (*A part.*) Sa beauté extérieure est incomparable; si elle possède une âme aussi merveilleusement belle, elle est le véritable phénix d'Arabie, et j'ai perdu ma gageure. N'importe: payons d'audace, armons-nous d'intrépidité de pied en cap! ou bien faisons comme le Parthe, combattons en fuyant; peut-être ferais-je mieux de fuir sur-le-champ.

Imogène. (*Lisant.*) "C'est un homme de la plus haute distinction, à qui j'ai des obligations infinies. Traite-le en conséquence, si tu fais cas de ton fidèle LÉONATUS."

Je ne lis tout haut que ces lignes; le reste pénètre jusqu'au vif mon cœur reconnaissant.—Noble seigneur, vous êtes le bienvenu, plue que je ne saurais vcus l'exprimer, et je ferai mon possible pour vous le prouver.

CYMBÉLINE.—*Acte I. Scène VII.*


CORIOLI
S.P.Q.R.
CORIOLANUS

VIRGILIA.

Coriolanus. Shall I be tempted to infringe my vow
In the same moment 'tis made? I will not.—
My wife comes foremost.
* * * * * *
But out affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!

THE character of CORIOLANUS, and those by whom he is surrounded, together with the historical incidents in which they take part, afford a wide field for the dramatic genius of Shakspeare; and scarcely does he exceed, in any of his classical plays, the success he has attained in that of *Coriolanus*.

The story of that general is well known in connection with the history of Rome. The play opens with the citizens having revolted; and Shakspeare introduces MENENIUS, who, by a well-chosen fable, induces them once more to unite themselves for the good of the Commonwealth.

VOLUMNIA, the mother of CORIOLANUS, and VIRGILIA, his wife, appear in the third scene, in an apartment at his house, discussing the qualities of the general in his absence, and engaging in domestic duties, which commend them as good wives. Outside of the city a battle is raging with the Volsces, who are laying siege to Rome, and in which CORIOLANUS is successful. He returns to Rome, midst the plaudits of the people; and, before known as CAIUS MARCIUS, is surnamed CORIOLANUS, in reward for his bravery before Corioli. He is afterwards crowned with an oaken garland before the soldiers of the army, and elected consul; but, offending the citizens by his counsel in the sale of corn, lately received from Sicily, he is accused before the tribunes, and banished perpetually from Rome.

In the fourth act, Shakspeare represents him as taking leave of his mother and wife, and effectively depicts their sorrow at parting. Flying to the Volsces, he is received with open arms by their king, AUFIDIUS; and shortly joins him in a descent on Rome. His success strikes terror into the Roman camp, and MENENIUS is sent to endeavour to make terms with him. In vain does MENENIUS urge every plea; CORIOLANUS is inflexible, and will not withdraw his forces.

This introduces the most effective scene in the play. VOLUMNIA, his mother, and VIRGILIA, his wife, are sent, as a last resource, to visit the Volscian camp, if perchance their entreaties may soften the inflexible CORIOLANUS. They enter, habited in mourning, and VIRGILIA first addresses him, directing her strongest weapon, affection, at his weakest part, the heart, and exclaims—

"My lord and husband!"

He pleads with her, acknowledges his love, but entreats—

———"Do not say,
Forgive our Romans."

His mother then urges her suit, kneeling before him; still he is unmoved: at last, mother and wife, and child, join in passionate supplication; and, unable to hold out longer, he acknowledges the power of woman's tears; and Rome is saved as he exclaims—

"Ladies, you deserve
To have a temple built you: all the swords
In Italy, and her confederate arms,
Could not have made this peace."

VIRGILIA.

Coriolanus. My wife comes foremost: then the honour'd mould
Wherein this trunk was fram'd, and in her hand
The grandchild to her blood. But, out, affection!
All bond and privilege of nature, break!
Let it be virtuous, to be obstinate.—
What is that curt'sy worth; or those doves' eyes,
Which can make gods forsworn?—I melt, and am not
Of stronger earth than others.—My mother bows;
As if Olympus to a molehill should
In supplication nod: and my young boy
Hath an aspect of intercession, which
Great nature cries, *Deny not.*—Let the Volces
Plough Rome, and harrow Italy; I'll never
Be such a gosling to obey instinct; but stand,
As if a man were author of himself,
And knew no other kin.

Virgilia. My lord and husband!

Coriolanus. These eyes are not the same I wore in Rome.

Virgilia. The sorrow, that delivers us thus changed,
Makes you think so.

Coriolanus. Like a dull actor now,
I have forgot my part, and I am out,
Even to a full disgrace. Best of my flesh,
Forgive my tyranny; but do not say,
For that, *Forgive our Romans.*—O, a kiss
Long as my exile, sweet as my revenge!
Now, by the jealous queen of heaven, that kiss
I carried from thee, dear; and my true lip
Hath virgin'd it e'er since. You gods! I prate,
And the most noble mother of the world
Leave unsaluted: Sink, my knee, i' the earth; [*Kneels.*
Of thy deep duty more impression show
Than that of common sons.

CORIOLANUS.—*Act V. Scene III.*

VIRGILIE.

Coriolan. Ma femme s'avance la première; puis la mère vénérable dont les flancs m'ont porté, tenant par le main son petit-fils. Mais chassons loin de moi toute affection. Brisons tous les liens, annulons tous les droits de la nature; faisons consister la vertu dans l'obstination. Que m'importe cette humble attitude, ou ces yeux de colombe qui rendraient les dieux parjures?—Je sens que je m'attendris; je ne suis pas formé d'une argile plus dure que les autres hommes.—Ma mère s'incline: c'est comme si l'Olympe devant une humble taupinière abaissait son front suppliant. Et mon jeune enfant qui semble intercéder d'un air si touchant, que j'entends la voix puissante de la nature me crier: "Ne le refuse pas!"—Que les Volsques promènent la charrue sur Rome et la herse sur l'Italie, je n'aurai point la sottise d'obéir à un aveugle instinct. Je veux rester insensible comme un homme qui se serait fait lui-même et n'aurait point de famille.

Virgilie. Mon seigneur et mon époux.

Coriolan. Je ne vous vois plus des mêmes yeux dont je vous voyais dans Rome.

Virgilie. La douleur qui nous a changées vous le fait croire ainsi.

Coriolan. (*A part.*) Comme un acteur sans mémoire j'ai oublié mon rôle, et je reste court à ma honte.—(*Haut.*) O la plus chère moitié de moi-même! pardonne à ma rigueur; mais ne me demande pas de pardonner aux Romains.—Oh! un baiser, long comme mon exil, doux comme ma vengeance! (*Il l'embrasse.*) Par la jalouse reine du ciel, c'est le baiser que tu m'as donné à mon départ, ô ma bienaimée; ma lèvre fidèle l'a conservé pur et vierge.—Mais, tandis que je parle, grands dieux! je laisse là, sans la saluer, la plus noble des mères. Fléchissons le genou, (*il met un genou en terre*) et témoignons de ma soumission par des respects plus profonds que n'en monteraient des fils vulgaires.

CORIOLAN.—*Acte V. Scène III.*


IULIUS CÆSAR

PORTIA (WIFE OF BRUTUS).

"I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you, I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd and so husbanded?"

THE tragedy of *Julius Cæsar* stands, pre-eminently, as one of the noblest productions of Shakspeare. The historical incidents, on which it is founded, have scarcely a parallel in the history of mankind; and, in adapting them as subjects of dramatic representation, the great bard has done justice to his own brilliant and versatile genius. The speeches he puts in the mouth of some of the characters, almost bear the impress of Roman severity, in thought and language; no excessive inconsistencies mar the details; and the occurrences of history are nowhere toned down for the purpose of effect.

BRUTUS, CASSIUS, with other Romans, conspire to slay CÆSAR, who, from his success in the field, returns to Rome laden with the spoils of his enemies. BRUTUS—who loves CÆSAR, but loves his country more—and those joined with him, see no hope for the freedom of their countrymen, if CÆSAR be permitted to reign. In BRUTUS' orchard, they bind themselves, in solemn promise, to free Rome of the tyrant; and they then disperse, to meet at the Capitol on the morrow.

PORTIA, with wife-like anxiety, notices that BRUTUS is ill at ease, and urges him to tell her the cause. He at first pleads sickness; but, with the penetration of a woman, she presses on him with arguments, which compel him to own that other reasons exist. She pleads her own faithfulness to him as a wife, to tell her all his secrets; and then, in the language we have chosen for our motto, sets aside the weakness of her sex, by declaring herself stronger than a woman. He promises shortly to reveal the truth, and the scene ends.

CALPHURNIA, the wife of CÆSAR, is a woman of highly different spirit. In her sleep she dreams of danger to her lord; and, waking affrighted, urges him, with passionate entreaties, in reply to his arguments:—

——————"Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consum'd in confidence.
Do not go forth to day: call it my fear,
That keeps you in the house, and not your own."

Shakspeare has, with consummate art, placed in contrast BRUTUS and PORTIA, with CÆSAR and CALPHURNIA. In one, we see the daring boldness of the patriot, nobly sustained by the fidelity of his wife; and in the other, the sweet affection and timidity of the woman, shielding, as it were, her husband, the Conqueror of the world, from impending danger. The sequel of the story is well known, and is admirably depicted by Shakspeare. CÆSAR is mortally wounded by the conspirators; and BRUTUS, being afterwards defeated by the armies of ANTONY and OCTAVIUS, dies by his own sword, surviving his devoted wife, PORTIA, by but a brief period.

——————"She fell distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow'd fire."

PORTIA, WIFE OF BRUTUS.

Brutus. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Portia. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it expected I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself,
But, as it were, in sort, or limitation:
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed,
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.
Brutus. You are my true and honourable wife;
As dear to me, as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Portia. If this were true, then should I know this secret.
I grant, I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife:
I grant I am a woman; but, withal,
A woman well reputed; Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so father'd, and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose them:
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: Can I bear that with patience,
And not my husband's secrets?
Brutus. O ye gods,
Render me worthy of this noble wife! [*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks: Portia, go in a while;
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will construe to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows:—
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* PORTIA.

JULIUS CÆSAR.—*Act II. Scene I.*

PORTIA.

(FEMME DE BRUTUS.)

Brutus. Ne t'agenouille pas, mon aimable Portia.

Portia. Je n'en aurais pas besoin, si tu étais l'aimable Brutus. Dis-moi, Brutus, est-ce que, dans notre contrat de mariage il a été stipulé que je ne dois connaître aucun de tes secrets? Ne suis-je donc un autre toi-même que moyennant des limites et des restrictions, pour te tenir compagnie à table, pour partager ton lit, et te parler de temps à autre? Dois-je être tenue à distance de ton bon plaisir? Si je ne suis rien de plus, Portia n'est pas la femme de Brutus, mais sa courtisane.

Brutus. Tu es ma fidèle et honorable épouse; tu m'es aussi chère que les gouttes vermeilles qui portent la vie à mon cœur affligé.

Portia. Si cela était, je connaîtrais tes secrets. Je ne suis, il est vrai, qu'une femme, mais une femme que Brutus a choisie pour épouse; je ne suis qu'une femme, mais une femme honorée, la fille de Caton. Penses-tu qu'ayant un tel père et un tel époux, je ne sois pas supérieure à mon sexe? Dis-moi tes secrets, je ne les divulguerai pas. Pour te donner une preuve de ma fermeté, vois, je me suis blessée volontairement à la cuisse; pourrais-je supporter cette douleur avec patience si je n'étais pas capable de garder les secrets de mon époux.

Brutus. O dieux! rendez-moi digne d'une si noble épouse! (*On entend frapper.*) Ecoute, écoute! quelqu'un frappe. Portia, rentre un instant; tout à l'heure ton cœur partagera les secrets du mien; je te confierai tous mes engagements et toutes les causes de ma tristesse; hâte-toi de me quitter. [PORTIA *s'éloigne.*

JULES CÉSAR.—*Acte II. Scène I.*


ANTONY
AND
CLEOPATRA.

CLEOPATRA.

"Methinks I hear
Antony call; I see him rouse himself
To praise my noble act; I hear him mock
The luck of Cæsar, which the gods give men
To excuse their after-wrath: husband, I come!"

THE lives of ANTONY and CLEOPATRA afford an interesting episode in Roman history, and are a fitting theme for dramatic representation. Shakspeare has availed himself of all the details which the events permitted; and thus has given us a touching and truthful illustration of human folly and passion.

The play opens at Alexandria, in the palace of CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt, presenting her and ANTONY talking over a letter just received from FULVIA, his wife. The character of the beautiful and unscrupulous queen, is exhibited in the way she taunts ANTONY in respect to his wife, assured as she is that he is completely meshed in her own wiles. He would break "these strong Egyptian fetters" at the death of FULVIA, for the position of his affairs is hourly in danger, through the enmity of his Roman "contriving friends," of whom OCTAVIUS CÆSAR is the chief.

CLEOPATRA exercises all her powers to retain ANTONY in her grasp; and, with great entreaty, alone does she permit him to leave for Rome. There he meets OCTAVIUS, who reproaches him because his wife, FULVIA, had made war in his absence. Their quarrel, however, is made up by ANTONY marrying OCTAVIA, the sister of CÆSAR.

CLEOPATRA, on hearing of this, breaks out in passionate reproaches; and her jealousy is admirably depicted in her reception of the messenger who brings her the news, and scarcely escapes destruction at her hands.

ANTONY soon proves unfaithful to OCTAVIA, and again is found the victim of CLEOPATRA. OCTAVIUS, to punish him, wages war, and ANTONY is defeated, chiefly through the defection of CLEOPATRA. Forsaking his army, he flies after her, forgiving her even for that which ruined all his hopes.

CÆSAR now presses on to Alexandria, and CLEOPATRA prepares to use all her skill in winning him, as she had already done with ANTONY. A battle ensues under the walls of the city; and ANTONY, being defeated, chiefly through the treachery of CLEOPATRA, exclaims bitterly—

"All is lost;
This foul Egyptian hath betrayed me."

She vainly endeavours to sooth him; and finding her arts useless, resorts to stratagem—

"Mardian, go tell him I have slain myself;
Say, that the last I spoke was, Antony."

Believing the report of her death to be true, he resolves to die; and after urging EROS to kill him, who refuses, but slays himself, ANTONY falls on his own sword, and dies.

CÆSAR seeks an interview with CLEOPATRA, and afterwards promises her that she shall be treated with all the respect due to her condition; but DOLABELLA, a confidant, informs her that it is intended to make her grace CÆSAR'S triumphal entry into Rome, and she resolves to defeat this by her death.

Arraying herself in her grandest robes of state, and reclining on her couch, she applies an asp, brought to her in a basket of fruit, to her breast, and dies; in her death exhibiting that pride which had been her guiding passion through life.

K Meadows

T Brown

CLEOPATRA.

Cleopatra. O Charmian,
Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or sits he?
Or does he walk? or is he on his horse?
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!
Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou mov'st?
The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burgonet of men.—He's speaking now,
Or murmuring, *Where's my serpent of old Nile?*
For so he calls me: Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison!—Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time! Broad-fronted Cæsar,
When thou wast here above the ground, I was
A morsel for a monarch: and great Pompey
Would stand, and make his eyes grow in my brow;
There would he anchor his aspect, and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alexas. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!
Cleopatra. How much unlike art thou Mark Antony!
Yet, coming from him, that great medicine hath
With his tinct gilded thee.—
How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?
Alexas. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd (the last of many doubled kisses)
This orient pearl:—His speech sticks in my heart.
Cleopatra. Mine ear must pluck it thence.
Alexas. Good friend, quoth he,
Say, *The firm Roman to great Egypt sends*
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms. All the east,
Say thou, *shall call her mistress.* So he nodded,
And soberly did mount a termagant steed,
Who neigh'd so high, that what I would have spoke
Was beastly dumb'd by him.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.—*Act I. Scene V.*

CLÉOPATRE.

Cléopatre. O Charmiane, où crois-tu qu'il soit en ce moment? Est-il debout ou assis? Se promène-t-il à pied ou sur son cheval? O heureux coursier qui porte Antoine, conduis-toi bravement, car sais-tu bien qui tu portes? L'atlas qui soutient la moitié de ce globe, le bras et l'égide de l'humanité.—Peut-étre que maintenant il dit ou murmure: *Où est mon serpent du vieux Nil?* C'est ainsi qu'il me nomme, et moi, de mon côté, je me nourris d'un délicieux poison.—Penses-tu à moi qui suis brunie par les amoureux baisers du soleil et dejà ridée profondément par le temps? O César au vaste front, lors que tu foulais cette terre, j'étais alors un morceau de roi, et le grand Pompée s'arrêtait et attachait de longs regards sur mon front. Il eût voulu y fixer à jamais sa vue et mourir en me contemplant.

Entre ALEXAS.

Alexas. Souveraine d'Egypte, salut!

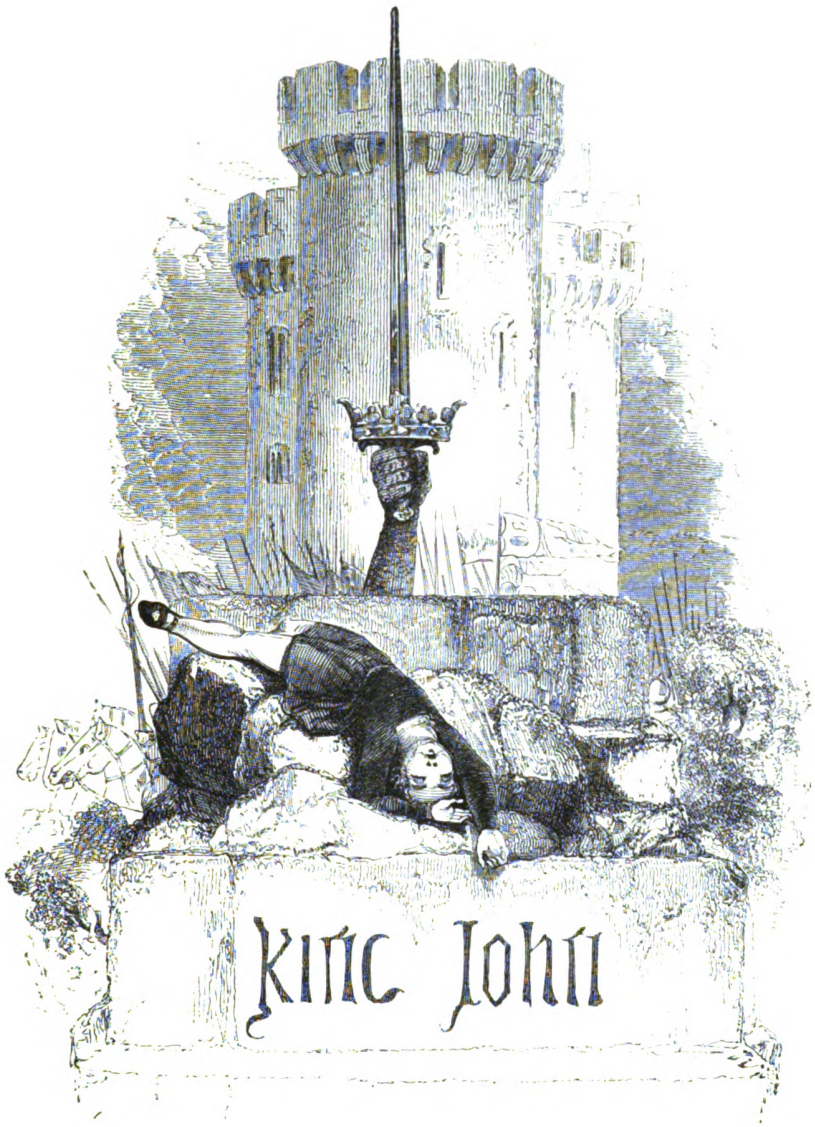
Cléopatre. Que tu es loin de ressembler à Marc-Antoine!
Cependant, venant de sa part, ce charme t'a changé en or.
Comment se porte mon brave Marc-Antoine?

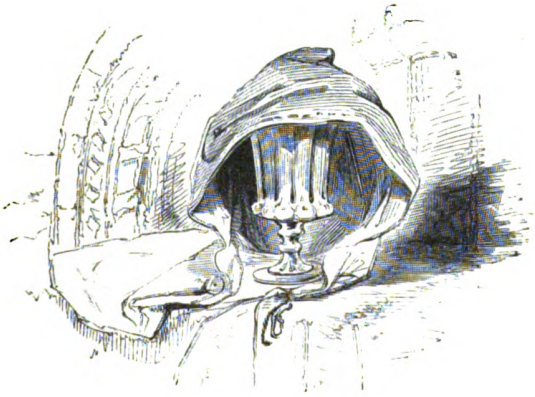
Alexas. Chère reine, la dernière action qu'il ait faite a été de baiser cent et cent fois cette perle de l'Orient. Ses paroles sont encore gravées dans mon cœur.

Cléopatre. Mon oreille est impatiente de les faire passer dans le mien.

Alexas. "Ami," m'a-t'il dit; "va, annonce que le fidèle Romain envoie "à la reine d'Egypte le trésor arraché du sein de l'huître, et que pour "rehausser la mince valeur du présent, il ira à ses pieds décorer de "royaumes son trône superbe. Dis-lui que bientôt tout l'Orient la "nommera sa souveraine." Puis il me fit un signe de tête et monta gravement sur son coursier fougueux qui, alors, hennit avec tant de force que lors que j'aurais voulu parler, il m'eut réduit au silence.

ANTOINE ET CLÉOPATRE.—*Acte I. Scène V.*


King John



CONSTANCE.

King Philip. Patience, good lady! comfort, gentle Constance!
Constance. No! I defy all counsel, all redress,
But that which ends all counsel, true redress—
Death, death. O, amiable, lovely death!

In the early part of the play of *King John*, we learn that war is declared by France on England; and the mother of the King, ELINOR, gives as the reason, "that ambitious CONSTANCE" is resolved to assert the rights of her son, PRINCE ARTHUR, to the throne of England, where JOHN now reigns.

In the second act, ARTHUR is found welcoming the ARCHDUKE OF AUSTRIA, who had imprisoned Richard Cœur de Lion, and now urges on the youth to make good his claim to the English crown. CONSTANCE interferes, giving her advice to wait the return of CHATILLON, who had been dispatched to England from France, in respect to her son's rights. The English, however, land on the French shores. As soon as the messenger and the kings have met, CONSTANCE and ELINOR engage in a fierce battle of words about their respective sons, ARTHUR and JOHN, and their right to the English throne. After much contention, it is agreed that young ARTHUR shall be created Duke of Bretagne and Earl of Richmond, in the hope that, as regards CONSTANCE—

"If not to fill up the measure of her will,
Yet in some measure satisfy her so,
That we shall stop her exclamation."

In the third act, however, we find that CONSTANCE is by no means satisfied. She breaks out in bitter reproaches on all whom she has trusted, and impresses us with the idea that she cannot rank amongst the fair and gentle Heroines of Shakspeare. Her indignation knows no bounds, and the King of the French, and the Archduke, alike are cursed by her with the fiercest malignity.

She appeals to the CARDINAL PANDULPH, in hopes that he will join with her—

——————"O lawful let it be
That I have room, with Rome, to curse awhile!
Good father Cardinal, cry thou Amen
To my keen curses."

In this she partly succeeds; for the Cardinal, by threatening France, induces KING PHILIP to pause before he carries out the arrangements, which CONSTANCE so much opposes: at last, he gives up his agreement with KING JOHN of England, as to PRINCE ARTHUR.

JOHN gets possession of ARTHUR, and commits him to the care of HUBERT; hinting to him that the child "is a very serpent" in his way. HUBERT undertakes to get rid of him, for which JOHN promises him more rewards than he will, for the present, mention.

CONSTANCE is broken-hearted at the loss of her son. Stung by a sense of the wrongs she has sustained, and, seeing no hope, she appears before the French king in an agony of sorrow, with piteous laments, and refusing every word of comfort. In depicting this painful scene, Shakspeare has devoted great art, and succeeds in extorting pity for the unfortunate CONSTANCE—even from those who would judge most harshly of her impetuous and self-willed disposition—

"O Lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son,
My life, my joy, my food, my all the world,
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!"

CONSTANCE curses the King in passionate disdain, and, shortly after, "in a frenzy died."

J. W. Wright. W. H. Egleton

Constance

KING JOHN
Act 3 Sc. 1

CONSTANCE.

Constance. I will instruct my sorrows to be proud;
For grief is proud, and makes its owner stout.
To me, and to the state of my great grief,
Let kings assemble; for my grief 's so great,
That no supporter but the huge firm earth
Can hold it up. Here I and sorrow sit;
Here is my throne, bid kings come bow to it.
[*She throws herself on the ground.*

Enter KING JOHN KING PHILIP, LEWIS, BLANCH, ELINOR, Bastard, AUSTRIA, *and* Attendants.

King Philip. 'Tis true, fair daughter; and this blessed day,
Ever in France shall be kept festival:
To solemnize this day the glorious sun
Stays in his course and plays the alchemist;
Turning, with splendour of his precious eye,
The meagre cloddy earth to glistering gold:
The yearly course, that brings this day about,
Shall never see it but a holyday.

Constance. A wicked day, and not a holyday!— [*Rising.*
What hath this day deserv'd, what hath it done,
That it in golden letters should be set
Among the high tides in the calendar?
Nay, rather turn this day out of the week;
This day of shame, oppression, perjury:
Or if it must stand still, let wives with child
Pray that their burdens may not fall this day,
Lest that their hopes prodigiously be cross'd;
But on this day let seamen fear no wreck;
No bargains break that are not this day made:
This day, all things begun come to ill end;
Yea, faith itself to hollow falsehood change!

KING JOHN.—*Act III. Scene I.*

CONSTANCE.

Constance. Il le faut; je n'irai pas avec toi. Je veux à ma douleur enseigner la fierté; car la douleur est fière et donne du courage. Que les rois s'assemblent devant moi, devant la majesté de ma douleur puissante; elle est si grande, qu'il n'y a plus que la terre solide, inébranlable, qui puisse en porter le poids; c'est ici que je m'assieds avec mon affliction: voilà mon trône; que les rois viennent incliner leur front devant lui.

[*Elle se jette à terre.*

Entrent avec leur Suite, Le Roi Jean, Le Roi Philippe, Louis, Blanche, Eléonore, Le Batard, L'Archiduc.

Le Roi Philippe (*A Blanche.*) Il est vrai, ma fille, et la France à jamais célébrera par des fêtes ce jour fortuné. Pour accroître la solennité de ce jour, le soleil radieux s'arrête dans sa course; et, céleste alchimiste, la splendeur de son opulent regard transforme en or brillant la masse inerte et aride de la terre. Le jour qui ramènera, chaque année, cet anniversaire, sera éternellement un jour de fête.

Constance. (*Se relevant.*) Un jour néfaste, et non un jour de fête. Qu'a donc ce jour de si méritoire? qu'a-t-il fait pour être inscrit en lettres d'or parmi les plus beaux du calendrier? qu'on raye plutôt des jours de la semaine ce jour de honte, d'oppression, de parjure; ou si on le conserve, que les femmes enceintes prient Dieu de ne point accoucher ce jour-là, de peur de voir leurs espérances trompées, et de mettre au jour un monstre; qu'il n'y ait de marchés rompus que ceux qui seront faits ce jour-là; que tout ce qui sera entrepris dans ce jour fatal ait une funeste issue; que la bonne foi elle-même se transforme en mensonge.

Le Roi Jean.—*Acte III. Scène I.*


KING HENRY IV

LADY PERCY.

"Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself."

THE play of *Henry IV.* consists chiefly of a dramatic reproduction of events connected with the reign of that King .Shakspeare has chosen those in which HOTSPUR, the son of the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, and his relations, MORTIMER and GLENDOWER, took part. HOTSPUR, having married the sister of MORTIMER, and LADY MORTIMER being daughter to GLENDOWER, the families combine together, and attempt to raise a rebellion against the King.

LADY PERCY is introduced to us, in the second act, at Warkworth. Her husband, HOTSPUR, whose impetuous character has been so well depicted in this play by Shakspeare, is reading a letter, remonstrating with him on the mad enterprise to which he is committing himself, when LADY PERCY enters, and remarking the vacancy of manner which had of late befallen him, urges him to disclose the cause to her—

——————"O what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand;
And I must know it, else he loves me not."

He endeavours to baffle her inquiries; but LADY PERCY is not so easily managed, and exhibits something of the spirit and character of her husband; exclaiming, whilst guessing the reason of his silence—

I'll know your business, Harry, that I will."

But not succeeding in threats, she flees to the stronghold of her sex; and, pleading her love, so far succeeds, as to persuade Harry to "trust her to keep secret what she does not know;" and, with this, he leaves her.

Shakspeare does not exhibit any special quality of LADY PERCY'S character, but contents himself with introducing her as an element of the domestic life of HOTSPUR. We next meet with her and LADY MORTIMER at Bangor, in a room in the archdeacon's house, where, with their husbands, they enjoy music and bantering, in peace and felicity. This affords a pleasing contrast to the dreadful scenes in which most of them have soon to take part.

Much of the interest of the play depends on the conduct of HOTSPUR in the council and in the field. His rashness in both is made a prominent feature; and at last, with the defection of his father, causes the defeat of his party, and his own death.

In the second part of the play, the scene is removed to Warkworth. HOTSPUR being no more, his father, the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND, prepares to lead the rebellion; and LADY PERCY, by her earnest entreaties, endeavours to dissuade him. She also chides him for not having helped her husband, charging him with deceiving and deserting one so dear to her—

——————"O wondrous him!
O miracle of men!—him did you leave
(Second to none, unseconded by you),
To look upon the hideous god of war,
In disadvantage."

J.W. Wright. W.H.Egleton.

LADY PERCY.

Lady Percy. In faith,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title; and hath sent for you,
To line his enterprise: But if you go——
Hotspur. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.
Lady Percy. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly to this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.
Hotspur. Away,
Away, you trifler!—Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate; this is no world
To play with mammets, and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses, and crack'd crowns,
And pass them current too,—Gods me, my horse!—
What say'st thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?
Lady Percy. Do you not love me? do you not indeed?
Well, do not then; for since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me, if you speak in jest, or no.
Hotspur. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But hark you, Kate;
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout:
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave you, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are;
But yet a woman: and for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe,
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate!
Lady Percy. How! so far?
Hotspur. Not an inch further. But hark you, Kate:
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.—
Will this content you, Kate?
Lady Percy. It must, of force.

KING HENRY IV., *Part I.—Act II. Scene III.*

LADY PERCY.

Lady Percy. Méchant que tu es! Je veux savoir de quoi il s'agit, Henri; je veux le savoir. Je crains que mon frère Mortimer ne se prépare à faire valoir ses droits, et ne t'ait envoyé chercher pour appuyer son enterprise; mais si tu vas—

Hotspur. Si loin à pied, je me fatiguerai, mon amour.

Lady Percy. Allons, allons, répondez directement à la question que je vous fais. Je te briserai le petit doigt, Henri, si tu ne me dis pas la vérité tout entière.

Hotspur. Laisse-moi, laisse-moi, petite joueuse!—Moi, t'aimer!—je ne t'aime pas; je ne me soucie guère de toi, Catherine. Ce n'est pas le moment de s'amuser avec des poupées et de jouer der lèvres. Ce sont des figures en sang, des têtes cassées qu'il nous faut; voilà maintenant la seule monnaie qui ait cours.—Allons, mon cheval.—Que dis-tu, Catherine? que me veux-tu?

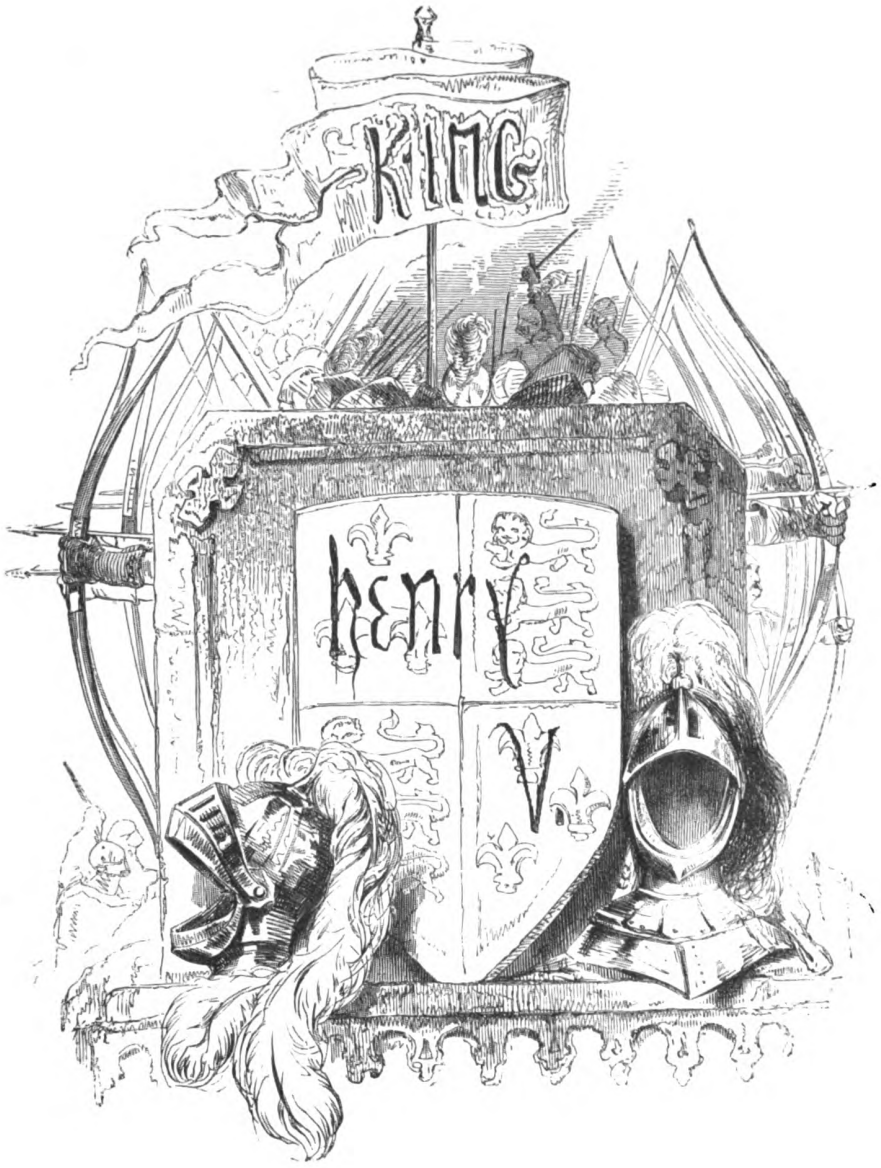
Lady Percy. Est-ce bien vrai que tu ne m'aimes pas? dis-le-moi! allons, soit. Puisque tu ne m'aimes pas, je ne m'aimerai plus moi-même. Est-ce que tu ne m'aimes pas? dis-moi si c'est pour plaisanter, ou si tu parles sérieusement.

Hotspur. Allons, veux-tu me voir monter à cheval? Je te promets qu'une fois à cheval, je te jurerai un amour sans fin. Mais écoute, Catherine; désormais ne me demande plus ni où je vais ni ce que je me propose de faire. Je vais où je dois aller; et pour en finir, il faut que je te quitte ce soir, ma chère Catherine. Je te connais pour une personne sensée; mais tu ne l'es qu'autant que peut l'être la femme de Henri Percy. Tu es constante; mais tu es femme. Quant à la discrétion, nulle femme n'en a plus que toi; car je suis fermement convaincu que tu ne révéleras pas ce que tu ignores; et voilà jusqu'où ira ma confiance en toi, ma chère Catherine.

Lady Percy. Comment! jusque-là?

Hotspur. Pas un pouce au delà. Mais écoute-moi, Catherine; là où j'irai, tu iras aussi. Je pars aujourd'hui, tu partiras demain.—Es-tu contente, Catherine?

Lady Percy. Il le faut bien.


KING
HENRY
V.

PRINCESS KATHARINE.

"You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them, than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs."

THE wars between England and France, carried on by Henry the Fifth, form the subject of the play bearing his name. In the first act, Shakspeare sets forth their cause in full detail, concluding by mentioning the challenge, and treasure of tennis-balls, which the French king had insultingly sent over, as an answer to HENRY'S claim to his French possessions. Towards the end of the second act, he gives us an account of the preparations made by the King of France to defend his kingdom, and the result of an interview between him and the English ambassador. Afterwards follows a battle, ending with the defeat of the French, before Harfleur. In a quiet room in the palace of Rouen, we meet with KATHARINE, the daughter of the French king. She is engaged in the most amusing endeavour to learn the English language, in which she is assisted by her maid, ALICE. Perchance, in her case, coming events cast their shadow before them; for, by some foresight of destiny, she insists that she *must* learn to speak English. By doing this, she undergoes a fitting preparation for another interesting and happy scene.

The battle of Agincourt is fought, and lost by the French. Shakspeare mixes in its description much that is ludicrous, with the serious part of the affray, especially in the challenge of WILLIAMS to the King, whom he had mistaken for a common soldier, on the previous night.

In the fifth act we are introduced to the French king, his queen, and the court, where the terms of peace are discussed. ISABEL, the French queen, retires with the English nobles, leaving HENRY with her daughter KATHARINE, and her maid ALICE. In this interview, we shall learn the use to which the Princess applies her new acquisition of the English language.

HENRY, soldier-like, at once, and without preamble, offers his heart and hand. The Princess pleads her ignorance of the English tongue. HENRY flatters; and she is shocked—"*Les langues des hommes sont pleines des tromperies.*" HENRY presumes on a greater knowledge of his language than she will own to, and the Princess warily, but surely agrees, *peu et peu*, to what he proposes. But she is very coy—"Is it possible dat I should love de enemy of France?" HENRY meets this objection by proposing that they should join partners in both England and France; and at last he so far succeeds, that the Princess, in reply to his apologies, confesses that—

"Your *majesté* ave *fausse* French enough to deceive de most *sage demoiselle* dat is *en France.*"

Considerable difficulty afterwards occurs as to the meaning of the word *baisser*. The King's ready wit, however, overcomes it by his translating the verb *practically*, instead of verbally. KATHARINE at last becomes a condition, and a bond of peace; and all join in the hope, that England and France—

"With envy of each other's happiness,
May cease their hatred."

PRINCESS KATHARINE OF FRANCE.

King Henry. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music, and thy English is broken: therefore, queen of all, Katharine, break thy mind to me in broken English. Wilt thou have me?

Princess Katharine. Dat is as it shall please de *roy mon père.*

King Henry. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Princess Katharine. Den it shall also content me.

King Henry. Upon that I will kiss your hand, and I call you—my queen.

Princess Katharine. Laissez, mon seigneur, laissez, laissez: ma foy, je ne veux point que vous abaissez vostre grandeur, en baisant la main d'une vostre indigne serviteure. Excusez moy, je vous supplie, mon très puissant seigneur.

King Henry. Then I will kiss your lips, Kate.

Princess Katharine. Les dames, et damoiselles, pour estre baisées devant leur nopces, il n'est pas le coutume de France.

King Henry. Madam, my interpreter, what says she?

Alice. Dat it is not be de fashion *pour les* ladies of France,—I cannot tell what is "*baiser*" *en* English.

King Henry. To kiss.

Alice. Your majesty *entendre* bettre *que moy.*

King Henry. It is not the fashion for the maids of France to kiss before they are married, would she say?

Alice. Ouy, vrayment.

King Henry. O Kate, nice customs curt'sy to great kings. Dear Kate, you and I cannot be confined within the weak list of a country's fashion: we are the makers of manners, Kate; and the liberty that follows our places, stops the mouths of all find-faults; as I will do yours, for upholding the nice fashion of your country, in denying me a kiss: therefore patiently, and yielding. [*Kissing her.*] You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a sugar touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England, than a general petition of monarchs.

KING HENRY V.—*Act V. Scene II.*

CATHERINE DE FRANCE.

Le Roi Henri. Veux-tu moi ?

Catherine. C'est comme il plaira au roi mon père.

Le Roi Henri. Oh ! cela lui plaira, Catherine, cela lui plaira.

Catherine. Dans ce cas, cela me plaira également.

Le Roi Henri. Cela étant, permettez que je vous baise la main, et vous nomme ma reine.

Catherine. Laissez, monseigneur, laissez, laissez ; vraiment, je ne veux pas que vous abaissiez votre grandeur, en baisant la main de votre indigne servante ; excusez-moi, je vous prie, mon très-puissant seigneur.

Le Roi Henri. Eh bien, je vous baiserai donc sur les lèvres Catherine ?

Catherine. Ce n'est pas la coutume de France de baiser les dames et demoiselles avant leur noce.

Le Roi Henri. (*à Alice.*) Mademoiselle, qui êtes mon interprète, que dit-elle ?

Alice. Que ce n'est pas la coutume des dames de France,—Je ne sais pas comment on dit baiser en anglais.

Le Roi Henri. To kiss.

Alice. Votre majesté sait le français mieux que je ne sais l'anglais.

Le Roi Henri. Elle veut dire que ce n'est pas la coutume des jeunes filles en France de se laisser embrasser avant d'être mariées ; est-ce cela ?

Alice. Oui vraiment.

Le Roi Henri. O Catherine ! les grands rois font fléchir les coutumes gênantes. Chère Catherine, ce n'est pas à des gens comme vous et moi que les usages d'un pays opposent leurs faibles barrières ; c'est nous qui établissons les usages, Catherine ; et la liberté que notre rang nous donne ferme la bouche à la censure, comme je vais fermer la vôtre par un baiser, pour vous punir de me l'avoir refusé, en m'opposant les usages de votre pays : résignez-vous donc de bonne grâce. (*Il l'embrasse.*) Vos lèvres sont ensorcelées, Catherine ; il y a plus d'éloquence dans leur délicieux contact que dans les discours du conseil de France ; elles exerceraient sur Henri d'Angleterre une influence plus persuasive que l'intervention de tous les monarques du monde. Voici venir votre père.

HENRI V.—*Acte V. Scène II.*


FIRST PART of
KING HENRY
VI.

JOAN OF ARC—MARGARET.

"A holy maid hither with me I bring,
Which, by a vision sent to her from heaven,
Ordained is to raise this tedious siege,
And drive the English forth the bounds of France."

CONTINUING the thread of historic narrative from *Henry V.*, as the foundation of this play, Shakspeare introduces, in the first part of *Henry VI.*, the celebrated JOAN OF ARC. The first act prepares us for a description of her exploits, and the delineation of her character, by recounting the losses sustained by England, in France, at the death of Henry. These he relates as communicated to GLOUCESTER, whilst tending the body of the deceased king, as it lies in state.

JOAN OF ARC, as LA PUCELLE, appears before CHARLES, King of France, ready to fight for her country. Although "by birth a shepherd's daughter," she wills "to leave" her "base vocation;" and, as proof of her energy, she pleads with him—

"My courage try by combat, if thou dar'st,
And thou shalt find that I exceed my sex."

He accepts her challenge, and, being vanquished, acknowledges her mission. She next appears in all her enthusiasm, chasing the English and TALBOT, their commander, before her; she captures Orleans, and places the "waving colours on the walls." The temporary successes of the English, however, touch her fame, and CHARLES taunts her; to which she boldly replies by blaming him for the want of precaution on the part of the sentinels.

By a *ruse*, she afterwards gains admission to Rouen, in disguise, accompanied by soldiers, as if selling corn; and, by a given signal, encourages the advance of the French, afterwards taunting TALBOT with her success. CHARLES employs her to parley with BURGUNDY, and thus to draw him from the English to the French side; and in this she completely succeeds—as he says, bewitching him.

In the fifth act, Shakspeare insinuates the idea of JOAN being indebted for all her past success to the agency of fiends. He represents her as addressing them—

"Cannot my body nor blood-sacrifice
Entreat you to your wonted furtherance?
Then take my soul."

Her destruction is now at hand. She falls into the hands of the DUKE OF YORK; and being committed to the flames, pours out a torrent of remonstrances before her conquerors, and bitter denunciations on their country.

MARGARET is introduced as if by accident. Taken prisoner by SUFFOLK, who admires her beauty, she declares herself the daughter of a king, and entreats him to name what ransom shall be paid for her. Shakspeare represents her as acting with great tact; and at last, by cunning questions, she finds that the destiny marked out for her by SUFFOLK, is that of Queen of HENRY VI. With great caution she sends to the King—

"Such commendations as become a maid,
A virgin, and his servant."

The sequel to which will require our attention in another part of this play.

J. M. Wright

B. Eyles

JOAN OF ARC.

Pucelle. First, let me tell you whom you have condemn'd;
Not one begotten of a shepherd swain,
But issu'd from the progeny of kings;
Virtuous, and holy; chosen from above,
By inspiration of celestial grace,
To work exceeding miracles on earth.
I never had to do with wicked spirits:
But you,—that are polluted with your lusts,
Stain'd with the guiltless blood of innocents,
Corrupt and tainted with a thousand vices,—
Because you want the grace that others have,
You judge it straight a thing impossible
To compass wonders, but by help of devils.
No, misconceived? Joan of Arc hath been
A virgin from her tender infancy,
Chaste and immaculate in very thought;
Whose maiden blood, thus rigorously effus'd,
Will cry for vengeance at the gates of heaven.

York. Ay, ay;—away with her to execution.

Warwick. And hark ye, sirs; because she is a maid,
Spare for no fagots, let there be enough:
Place barrels of pitch upon the fatal stake,
That so her torture may be shortened.

Pucelle. Will nothing turn your unrelenting hearts?

KING HENRY VI., *Part I.—Act V. Scene IV.*

JEANNE D'ARC.

Jeanne d'Arc. Laissez-moi auparavant vous faire connaître celle que vous condamnez. Je ne suis point la fille d'un berger; je suis issue de la race des rois. Vertueuse et sainte, élue par le ciel, inspirée par sa grâce pour accomplir sur la terre des actes surnaturels, je n'ai jamais eu commerce avec les esprits impurs. Mais vous, corrumpus par la débauche, couverts d'un sang innocent, souillés d'innombrables vices, parce que vous n'avez pas la grâce que d'autres possèdent, vous jugez impossible d'opérer des miracles autrement que par le secours des démons. Désabusez-vous: Jeanne d'Arc est vierge depuis son enfance: sa pensée est restée chaste et pure; et la voix de son sang virginal que votre cruauté va répandre, montera jusqu'aux cieux et demandera vengeance.

York. Allons;—qu'on la conduise au supplice.

[*Les gardes emmènent Jeanne d'Arc.*

HENRI VI.—1ère *Partie, Acte V. Scène IV.*

MARGARET.

Margaret. What though I be enthrall'd! he seems a knight,
And will not any way dishonour me. [*Aside.*
Suffolk. Lady, vouchsafe to listen what I say.
Margaret. Perhaps, I shall be rescued by the French;
And then I need not crave his courtesy. [*Aside.*
Suffolk. Sweet madam, give me hearing in a cause—
Margaret. Tush! women have been captivate ere now. [*Aside.*
Suffolk. Lady, wherefore talk you so?
Margaret. I cry you mercy, 'tis but *quid* for *quo.*
Suffolk. Say, gentle princess, would you not suppose
Your bondage happy, to be made a queen?
Margaret. To be a queen in bondage is more vile
Than is a slave in base servility:
For princes should be free.
Suffolk. And so shall you,
If happy England's royal king be free.
Margaret. Why, what concerns his freedom unto me?
Suffolk. I'll undertake to make thee Henry's queen;
To put a golden sceptre in thy hand,
And set a precious crown upon thy head,
If thou wilt condescend to be my—
Margaret. What?
Suffolk. His love.
Margaret. I am unworthy to be Henry's wife.
Suffolk. No, gentle madam; I unworthy am
To woo so fair a dame to be his wife,
And have no portion in the choice myself.
How say you, madam; are you so content?
Margaret. An if my father please, I am content.
Suffolk. Then call our captains and our colours forth;
And, madam, at your father's castle walls
We'll crave a parley, to confer with him.

KING HENRY VI., *Part I.—Act V. Scene III.*

MARGUERITE.

Marguerite. (*A part.*) Qu'importe que je sois captive? Il m'a l'air d'un chevalier, et je n'ai à craindre de lui aucune insulte.

Suffolk. Madame, veuillez entendre ce que j'ai à vous dire?

Marguerite. (*A part.*) Peut-être serai-je délivrée par les Français; et dans ce cas, je n'ai pas besoin de sa courtoisie.

Suffolk. Madame, j'ai à vous entretenir d'un objet——

Marguerite. (*A part.*) Bah! je ne suis pas la première femme qui se soit vue captive.

Suffolk. Madame, pourquoi vous parlez-vous ainsi à vous-même?

Marguerite. Je vous demande mille pardons; c'est un *quid pro quo.*

Suffolk. Dites-moi, charmante princesse, ne béniriez-vous pas votre captivité, si vous deveniez reine.

Marguerite. Etre reine dans l'esclavage, c'est une destinée plus vile que celle du dernier des esclaves; car les princes doivent être libres.

Suffolk. Et vous le serez aussi, si le roi de l'heureuse Angleterre est libre.

Marguerite. Qu'il soit libre ou non, en quoi cela peut-il me toucher?

Suffolk. Je me fais fort de vous donner le roi Henri pour époux, de mettre dans vos mains un sceptre d'or, et sur votre tête une riche couronne, si vous daignez répondre à mon——

Marguerite. A quoi?

Suffolk. A son amour.

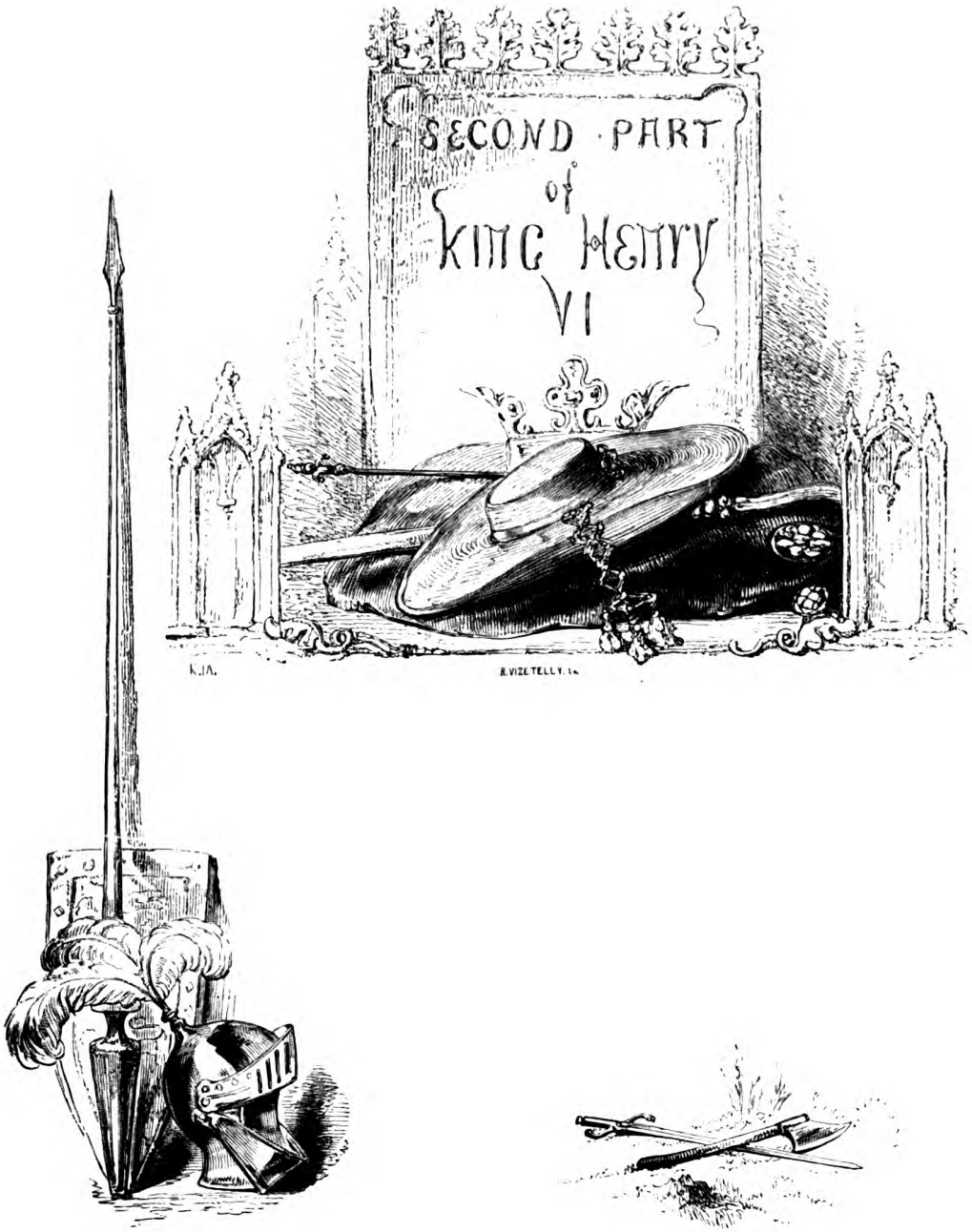
Marguerite. Je suis indigne d'être l'épouse de Henri.

Suffolk. Non, madame, c'est moi qui suis indigne de lui servir d'interprète auprès d'une beauté si ravissante, et je ne suis personnellement pour rien dans ce choix. Qu'en dites-vous, madame? y consentez-vous?

Marguerite. Si mon père l'a pour agréable, j'y consens.

Suffolk. (*A l'un de ses officiers.*) Faites avancer nos guerriers et nos étendards.—(*A Marguerite.*) Madame, nous allons appeler votre père sur les remparts et entrer avec lui en pourparler.

HENRI VI.—1ère *Partie, Acte V. Scène III.*


SECOND PART
of
KING HENRY
VI

QUEEN MARGARET—LADY GREY.

York to *Margaret.* Women are soft, mild, pitiful, and flexible;
Thou, stern, obdurate, flinty, rough, remorseless.

In the first part of *Henry VI.* we become acquainted with MARGARET, as the timid maiden, and humble prisoner, sending her commendations to the King—espoused as she is to him—by the DUKE OF SUFFOLK. In the first act of the second part of this play, she is presented to us as the affianced Queen, for whom HENRY, instead of receiving "large sums of gold and dowries," has given up Anjou and Maine to the French.

The retiring modesty of MARGARET soon drops, as a veil, before the eyes of the courtiers. Shakspeare paints her jealous nature, which now appears in bold colours. Speaking of ELEANOR, the Duchess of Gloucester, she says—

"Not all these lords do vex me half so much
As that proud dame, the lord protector's wife."

And as circumstances unfold her character, her haughtiness and self-will become accordingly developed. Amongst other instances, a most amusing scene is presented in a quarrel between her and the Duchess, in which they are scarce restrained from a personal encounter, so bitter is the enmity between them. In the second and following acts, KING HENRY is exhibited as completely under the hands of the ambitious Queen. She endeavours to sow dissension between him and GLOUCESTER; the King defends him; but MARGARET is resolved that—

——————— "The welfare of us all
Hangs on the cutting short that fraudful man."

Carrying her point, the Duke is condemned to die, and is at last murdered by her command.

Her arrogance now knows no bounds; and the King is depicted as daily becoming the prey of remorse and fear, which is increased by the rival factions, with which he is encompassed. In the third part of the play, we see the misfortunes of HENRY constantly accumulating. He is surrounded by treason; and RICHARD, DUKE OF YORK, is proposed, by WARWICK, as king in place of "bashful HENRY," who is to be deposed. QUEEN MARGARET, however, appears, and, reviling the King for his timidity, brings forward PRINCE EDWARD as heir to the throne, claiming that he cannot be disinherited by any act of his father. Tearing herself from HENRY, who has become a pitiable spectacle, she leaves him to his fate, and goes with her son to their army, boldly entering into battle with all her foes, and daring their worst endeavours. Thus she is painted by Shakspeare with the fiercest of characters—one almost beyond the possibility of a woman's power to possess.

LADY GREY is introduced as the wife of Sir John Grey, whose lands have been seized. She appears before EDWARD, who is now King, and he tries her feelings of affection towards her family, in the most severe terms possible. He, however, satisfies himself of her truthfulness, and ends by offering his hand, restoring all her lost lands to her. MARGARET, in the end, is sent back to France, and EDWARD reigns with his Queen in peace; HENRY, for the time, enjoying a respite from the troubles caused by his impetuous wife.

QUEEN MARGARET.

Queen Margaret. Great lords, wise men ne'er sit and wail
their loss,
But cheerly seek how to redress their harms.
What though the mast be now blown overboard,
The cable broke, the holding anchor lost,
And half our sailors swallow'd in the flood?
Yet lives our pilot still: Is't meet that he
Should leave the helm, and, like a fearful lad,
With tearful eyes add water to the sea,
And give more strength to that which hath too much;
Whiles, in his moan, the ship splits on the rock,
Which industry and courage might have sav'd?
Ah, what a shame! ah, what a fault were this!
Say, Warwick was our anchor: What of that?
And Montague our top-mast: What of him?
Our slaughter'd friends the tackles: What of these?
Why, is not Oxford here another anchor?
And Somerset another goodly mast?
The friends of France our shrouds and tacklings?
And, though unskilful, why not Ned and I
For once allow'd the skilful pilot's charge?
We will not from the helm, to sit and weep;
But keep our course, though the rough wind say—no,
From shelves and rocks that threaten us with wreck.
As good to chide the waves as speak them fair.
And what is Edward, but a ruthless sea?
What Clarence, but a quicksand of deceit?
And Richard, but a ragged fatal rock?
All these the enemies to our poor bark.
Say, you can swim; alas, 'tis but awhile:
Tread on the sand; why, there you quickly sink:
Bestride the rock; the tide will wash you off,
Or else you famish: that's a threefold death.
This speak I, lords, to let you understand,
In case some one of you would fly from us,
That there's no hop'd-for mercy with the brothers,
More than with ruthless waves, with sands and rocks.
Why, courage, then! what cannot be avoided,
'Twere childish weakness to lament, or fear.

KING HENRY VI., *Part III.—Act V. Scene IV.*

LA REINE MARGUERITE.

La Reine Marguerite. Mylords, les hommes sages ne restent pas oisifs à déplorer leurs désastres; mais, animés d'un nouveau courage, ils s'occupent à les réparer. Qu'importe que notre mât brisé ait disparu sous les flots, que nos câbles soient rompus, notre ancre perdue, et la moitié de nos matelots engloutis sous les ondes? Notre pilote vit encore. Convient-il qu'il abandonne le gouvernail, et que, pareil à un enfant timide, il mêle ses larmes à l'eau de la mer, ajoutant de nouveaux aliments au péril qui n'en a déjà que trop, tandis que sa dolente affliction laisserait briser sur les écueils le vaisseau qu'un peu de vigueur et de courage auraient sauvé? Ah! quelle honte! et quelle faute ce serait de notre part! Warwick était notre ancre de salut; qu'importe? Montaigu, notre mât de misaine; qu'importe? Nos amis égorgés étaient nos cordages; qu'importe encore? N'avons-nous pas dans Oxford une autre ancre; dans Somerset un autre mât excellent; dans nos amis de France d'autres voiles et d'autres cordages? Et malgré notre insuffisance, Edouard et moi, ne pouvons-nous, pour un jour, remplacer un pilote habile? Nous ne quitterons pas le gouvernail pour croiser les bras et pleurer; nous ferons marcher le navire, malgré les vents contraires, et nous vous sauverons des écueils qui vous menacent du naufrage. Il ne sert à rien de gourmander la mer, pas plus que de lui adresser de belles paroles. Et qu'est-ce qu'Edouard, sinon un mer impitoyable? Qu'est-ce que Clarence, sinon un sable mouvant et perfide? et Richard, sinon un roc âpre et fatal? Voilà les ennemis qui menacent notre barque chétive. Vous savez nager, dites-vous; vous ne nagerez pas longtemps: vous marcherez sur les sables; ils se déroberont sous vous: vous gravirez les rocs; le flot vous en balayera, ou vous y mourrez de faim; et c'est trois fois mourir. Je vous parle ainsi, mylords, pour que vous sachiez bien, au cas où quelqu'un d'entre vous serait tenté de nous abandonner, qu'il n'a point de merci à attendre de ces trois barbares frères, pas plus qu'il n'en attendrait des vagues, des sables et des rochers. Courage, donc! Ce qu'on ne peut éviter, c'est faiblesse puérile que de le déplorer ou de le craindre.

HENRI VI.—3^{me} *Partie.—Acte V. Scène IV.*

LADY GREY.

King Edward. 'Twere pity they should lose their father's land.
Lady Grey. Be pitiful, dread lord, and grant it then.
King Edward. Lords, give us leave; I'll try this widow's wit.
Gloucester. Ay, good leave have you; for you will have leave,
Till youth take leave, and leave you to the crutch.
[GLOUCESTER *and* CLARENCE *retire to the other side.*
King Edward. Now tell me, madam, do you love your children?
Lady Grey. Ay, full as dearly as I love myself.
King Edward. And, would you not do much, to do them good?
Lady Grey. To do them good, I would sustain some harm.
King Edward. Then get your husband's lands, to do them good.
Lady Grey. Therefore I came unto your majesty.
King Edward. I'll tell you how these lands are to be got.
Lady Grey. So shall you bind me to your highness' service.
King Edward. What service wilt thou do me, if I give them?
Lady Grey. What you command, that rests in me to do.

KING HENRY VI., *Part III.—Act III. Scene II.*

LADY GREY.

Le Roi Edouard. Mon frère Gloster, le mari de cette dame, sir John Grey, a été tué à la bataille de Saint-Albans. Ses biens ont été confisqués par le vainqueur; elle demande maintenant qu'ils lui soient rendus, ce que la justice ne nous permet guère de lui refuser; car c'est en servant la cause de la maison d'York que ce digne gentilhomme a perdu la vie.

Gloster. Votre majesté fera bien de lui accorder sa demande; il y aurait injustice à lui opposer un refus.

Le Roi Edouard. C'est vrai; toutefois, je réfléchirai encore . . . Belle veuve, nous examinerons votre demande; revenez une autre fois; nous vous ferons connaître nos intentions.

Lady Grey. Mon gracieux souverain, tout délai me serait hautement préjudiciable; que votre majesté ait la bonté de me donner une réponse maintenant; et votre bon plaisir, quel qu'il soit, me satisfera.

Le Roi Edouard. Dites-moi, belle veuve, combien avez-vous d'enfants?

Lady Grey. Trois, mon gracieux souverain.

Le Roi Edouard. Ce serait dommage qu'ils perdissent le patrimoine de leur père.

Lady Grey. Ayez donc pitié d'eux, sire, et faites qu'il leur soit rendu.

Le Roi Edouard. Mylords, laissez-nous en tête-à-tête un moment; je veux sonder cette veuve . . . . . Maintenant, madame, répondez-moi; aimez-vous vos enfants?

Lady Grey. Aussi tendrement que moi-même.

Le Roi Edouard. Et ne feriez-vous pas beaucoup pour leur être utile?

Lady Grey. Pour leur faire du bien, j'endurerais volontiers quelque mal.

Le Roi Edouard. Dans ce but, il vous faut obtenir la restitution des propriétés de votre mari.

Lady Grey. C'est pour cela que je suis venue trouver votre majesté.

Le Roi Edouard. Je vais vous dire comment vous pourrez l'obtenir.

Lady Grey. J'en conserverai pour votre majesté une éternelle reconnaissance.

Le Roi Edouard. Si je vous rends ces biens, par quel service reconnaîtrez-vous ma bienveillance?

HENRI VI.—3eme *Partie.—Acte III. Scène II.*


KING RICHARD
III.

LADY ANNE.

"O would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal, that must round my brow,
Were red-hot steel, to tear me to the brain!
Anointed let me be with deadly venom;
And die ere men can say—God save the Queen!"

In *Richard III.* concludes the fearful strife, which Shakspeare has depicted in the previous plays, as carried on between the houses of York and Lancaster. By his brilliant genius, the details of history are produced in such freshness of outline, as to impress on our minds facts and incidents that otherwise would have only a dry historical value.

Lady Anne appears on the scene, as mourning for the death of Henry VI. She is interrupted by Gloucester, who abruptly enters, and a "keen encounter" of words takes place between them. He confesses to having caused the death of Henry, for the sake of her beauty; but all his entreaties are at first scornfully rejected by her. At last she yields; and he, having gained his object, determines to convert her into a means of satisfying his wretched ambition.

Margaret next appears, bitterly reminding Gloucester of his crimes in slaying her husband and son, and exhausting language in depicting his villany. By the murder of Clarence, his brother, Gloucester has removed one hindrance to his progress to the throne. In describing this act, Shakspeare draws a painfully interesting picture of the death of Clarence in the Tower. Anne has now become the Duchess of Gloucester; and, in the fourth act, we notice that, accompanied by Elizabeth, she proceeds to the Tower to visit the young princes, who are closely imprisoned by order of the Duke. She is there informed that Richard is shortly to be crowned at Westminster, and is urged to join her husband, so that she may share his elevation. She shows great unwillingness, and deprecates the "honied words" and deceit by which Gloucester (now Richard III.) had taken captive her "woman's heart." Elizabeth, not permitted to see her babes in the Tower, with a piteous mother's affection, bids its stones, within which they are immured, farewell; and, shortly after, the two young princes are cruelly murdered, by order of Richard.

His villany does not end here. He gives out that Anne, the "Queen, is sick, and like to die," and meanwhile endeavours to ally himself to his brother's daughter. Queen Elizabeth reproaches him with the murder of her sons; and when he would engage her kind offices in persuading her daughter to marry him, she asks him, in bitter irony, if she shall—

"Tell her thou mad'st away with uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and, for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne."

Thus we see the last of Lady Anne, who, with a woman's heart of tenderness, was beguiled from the happiness of retired life, and linked with the fortunes of a man whose iron soul knew no bounds in sin. Fallen a victim to relentless and unscrupulous ambition, the dramatist revives her in another form. He presents before the troubled mind of Richard the ghosts of each of his victims; that of Queen Anne at last rises before him, and, in prophecy, cries—

'To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword; despair and die!"

LADY ANNE.

Anne. Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell!
Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
His soul thou canst not have; therefore, be gone.
Gloucester. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.
Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us not;
For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
Fill'd it with cursing cries, and deep exclaims.
If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
O, gentlemen, see, see! dead Henry's wounds
Open their congeal'd mouths, and bleed afresh!—
Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity;
For 'tis thy presence that exhales this blood
From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells:
Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural,
Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death!
O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death!
Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murderer dead,
Or, earth, gape open wide, and eat him quick;
As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
Which his hell-govern'd arm had butchered!

KING RICHARD III.—*Act I. Scene II.*

ANNE.

Anne. Arrière, effroyable ministre de l'enfer! ce corps, de son vivant, fut soumis à ta puissance; mais tu n'as point juridiction sur son âme; ainsi, éloigne-toi.

Gloster. Bel ange, par charité, pas tant de colère.

Anne. Démon impur, au nom de Dieu, va-t'en, et laisse nous en paix. Tu as fait de cette heureuse terre un enfer d'où s'élève, grace à toi, un concert de gémissements et de malédictions. Si tu te délectes au spectacle de tes forfaits, contemple cet échantillon de tes assassinats.—Oh! voyez, messieurs, voyez! les blessures glacées du cadavre de Henri se sont rouvertes, et son sang coule de nouveau!—Rougis, rougis, ignoble amas de difformités; c'est ta présence qui fait couler du sang de ces veines refroidies qui n'en contiennent plus. Ton forfait inhumain et dénaturé provoque cet épanchement contraire aux lois de la nature. O Dieu, qui formas ce sang, venge la mort de la victime! O terre, qui bois son sang, venge sa mort! Ciel, écrase de ta foudre le meurtrier! Terre, ouvre tes abîmes, et dévore-le vivant, de même que tu engloutis le sang de ce bon roi qu'a massacré son bras conduit par l'enfer.

RICHARD III.—*Acte I. Scène II.*


KING HENRY VIII

QUEEN KATHERINE—ANNE BULLEN.

"Have I, with all my full affections,
Still met the King? lov'd him next heaven? obey'd him?
Been, out of fondness, superstitious to him?
Almost forgot my prayers to content him?
And am I thus rewarded?"

THE historical plays of Shakspeare are of deep interest to the British reader. Living, as he did, near the times when many of the incidents described took place, we feel as if talking with one who, by his own experience, could lift the veil of the past, and thus open out to us details which general history leaves untouched.

QUEEN KATHERINE and ANNE BULLEN are the heroines of the play. The Queen is introduced as the loving, faithful, and obedient wife; she, however, becomes the victim of the jealousy and arrogance of WOLSEY, whose character, by contrast of its own darkness, made the worst sins of other men appear almost as virtues.

By the wiles of this man, HENRY'S affection for KATHERINE wanes. Shakspeare introduces ANNE BULLEN, her waiting-maid, at a feast given by WOLSEY; at which HENRY enters, and is struck with the beauty of ANNE. The plot against the Queen is gradually developed, and at last she is put on her trial; where she nobly pleads her own cause, as a woman and wife, before the deceitful prelate and her conscience-stricken husband. A painfully interesting scene is afforded by the visit of WOLSEY and CAMPEIUS to KATHERINE in her apartment, where she rebukes them fearlessly, and with queen-like dignity, and pleads her past life in justification of her character.

ANNE BULLEN rises continually in favour with HENRY, who has created her Duchess of Pembroke. She is represented by Shakspeare as hating earthly dignities; but the divorce of KATHERINE paves the way for her to the crown. WOLSEY, however, opposes the marriage; and this, together with the enmity of the Dukes of Norfolk and Suffolk towards him, leads to his downfall; the circumstances of which are minutely depicted at the end of the third act.

The coronation of ANNE as Queen, is represented in the fourth act. From its grandeur, we pass on to the sick chamber of poor KATHERINE, who, true to her principles, generously grieves for the fate and death of her bitter enemy, WOLSEY. She is interrupted by the entrance of a messenger from the King, who professes to "grieve much" for her weakness. She commends to HENRY her young daughter—

"To love her for her mother's sake; that lov'd him
Heaven knows how dearly."

And next beseeches his kind thoughts for the servants who had so faithfully waited on her. She ends the interview by entreating the messenger to deliver her last words to the King, feeling herself, as she does, to be near death—

"Remember me
In all humility to his highness:
Say his long trouble now is passing
Out of this world: tell him, in death I bless'd him."

And thus the last scene closes over this faithful but unfortunate woman.

The fifth act introduces the birth and christening of Elizabeth, the daughter of ANNE BULLEN; and the blessing of the child, by CRANMER, concludes the play.

QUEEN KATHARINE.

Griffith. She is asleep: Good wench, let's sit down quiet,
For fear we wake her;—Softly, gentle Patience.
Katharine. Spirits of peace, where are ye? Are ye all gone?
And leave me here in wretchedness behind ye?
Griffith. Madam, we are here.
Katharine. It is not you I call for:
Saw ye none enter, since I slept?
Griffith. None, madam.
Katharine. No? Saw you not, even now, a blessed troop
Invite me to a banquet; whose bright faces
Cast thousand beams upon me, like the sun?
They promis'd me eternal happiness;
And brought me garlands, Griffith, which I feel
I am not worthy yet to wear: I shall,
Assuredly.
Griffith. I am most joyful, madam, such good dreams
Possess your fancy.
Katharine. Bid the music leave,
They are harsh and heavy to me.

[*Music ceases.*

Patience. Do you note,
How much her grace is alter'd on the sudden?
How long her face is drawn? How pale she looks,
And of an earthly cold? Mark you her eyes?
Griffith. She is going, wench; pray, pray.
Patience. Heaven comfort her!
Katharine. Mine eyes grow dim.—Farewell,
My lord.—Griffith, farewell.—Nay, Patience,
You must not leave me yet. I must to bed;
Call in more women.—When I am dead, good wench,
Let me be us'd with honour; strew me over
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know
I was a chaste wife to my grave: embalm me,
Then lay me forth: although unqueen'd, yet like
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.
I can no more.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act IV. Scene II.*

LA REINE CATHERINE.

Griffith. Elle dort. Asseyons-nous, et ne bougeons pas, de peur de la réveiller.—Doucement, ma bonne Patience.

Catherine. (*s'éveillant*). Esprits de paix, où êtes-vous ? m'avez-vous donc tous quittée en m'abandonnant ici à ma misère ?

Griffith. Madame, nous sommes ici.

Catherine. Ce n'est pas vous que j'appelle. Depuis que je suis endormie, n'avez-vous pas vu entrer personne ?

Griffith. Personne, madame.

Catherine. Non ? N'avez-vous pas vu à l'instant même une troupe d'esprits bienheureux m'inviter à un banquet ? leurs faces brillantes comme le soleil dardaient sur moi mille rayons ; ils m'ont promis une félicité éternelle, Griffith, et m'ont apporté des guirlandes que je ne suis pas encore digne de porter ; mais je le serai, j'en suis sûre.

Griffith. Je me réjouis, madame, que d'aussi doux songes bercent votre imagination.

Catherine. Fais cesser la musique ; elle me blesse et m'importune.

[*La musique cesse.*

Patience. (*à Griffith*). Remarquez-vous le changement subit qui s'est opéré dans sa majesté ? Comme sa figure est allongée ! comme elle est froide et pâle ! voyez ses yeux.

Griffith. Elle va passer : prions.

Patience. Que le ciel lui vienne en aide !

Catherine. .....Un nuage s'étend sur ma vue.—Adieu, seigneur.—Griffith, adieu.—Patience, ne me quitte pas encore ; il faut que tu me conduises à mon lit : appelle quelques-unes de mes femmes. Quand je serai morte, ma fille, que je sois traitée avec honneur ; semez sur moi des fleurs virginales ; afin que le monde entier sache que j'ai été jusqu'à ma mort épouse chaste : embaumez-moi, et qu'on m'expose ensuite aux regards du public ; quoique dépouillée de mon titre, je veux être enterrée en reine et en fille de roi. Je n'en puis dire davantage.

HENRI VIII.—*Acte IV. Scène II.*

ANNE BULLEN.

Lord Chamberlain. Good morrow, ladies. What were't worth to know
The secret to your conference?
Anne Bullen. My good lord,
Not your demand; it values not your asking:
Our mistress' sorrows we were pitying.
Lord Chamberlain. It was a gentle business, and becoming
The action of good women: there is hope
All will be well.
Anne Bullen. Now I pray God, amen!
Lord Chamberlain. You bear a gentle mind, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures. That you may, fair lady,
Perceive I speak sincerely, and high note's
Ta'en of your many virtues, the king's majesty
Commends his good opinion to you, and
Does purpose honour to you no less flowing
Than marchioness of Pembroke: to which title
A thousand pound a year, annual support,
Out of his grace he adds.
Anne Bullen. I do not know
What kind of my obedience I should tender;
More than my all is nothing: nor my prayers
Are not words duly hallow'd, nor my wishes
More worth than empty vanities; yet prayers and wishes
Are all I can return. 'Beseech your lordship,
Vouchsafe to speak my thanks, and my obedience,
As from a blushing handmaid, to his highness;
Whose health, and royalty, I pray for.
Lord Chamberlain. Lady,
I shall not fail to approve the fair conceit,
The king hath of you.

KING HENRY VIII.—*Act II. Scene III.*

ANNE BULLEN.

Le Lord Chambellan. Bonjour, mesdames. Peut-on vous demander le secret de votre entretien ?

Anne. Cela ne mérite pas que vous nous le demandiez, mylord. Nous déplorions les chagrins de notre maîtresse.

Le Lord Chambellan. C'est une occupation des plus humaines, et qui sied bien à des femmes. Il y a lieu d'espérer que tout ira bien.

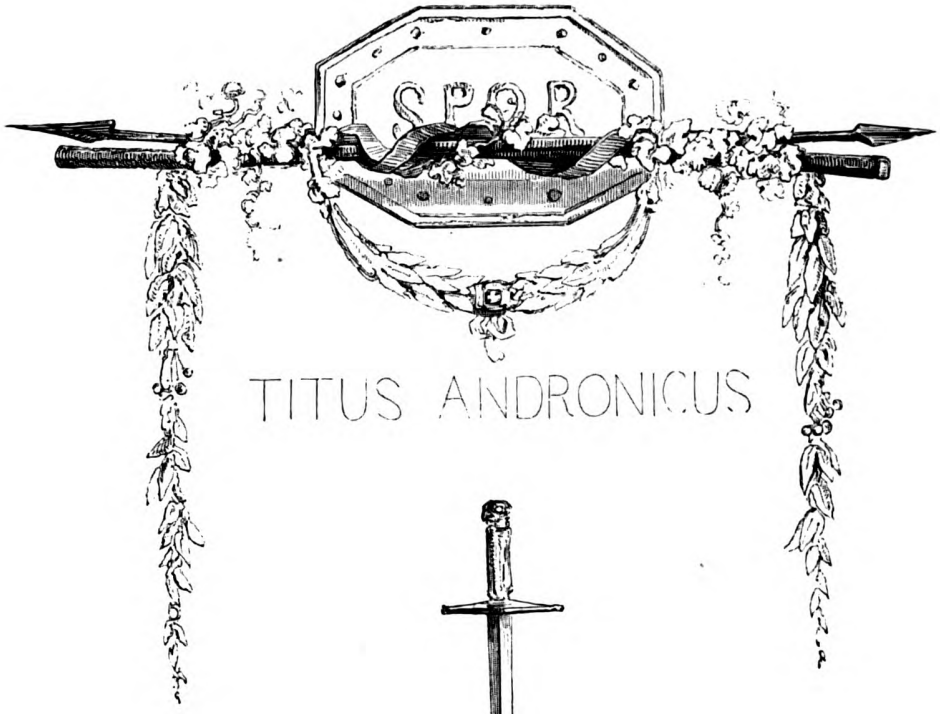
Anne. Je prie Dieu que cela soit !

Le Lord Chambellan. Vous avez une âme compatissante ; et les bénédictions du ciel sont le partage des cœurs qui vous resemblent. Pour vous prouver, belle dame, que je parle en toute sincérité, et que vos nombreuses vertus ont attiré l'attention en haut lieu, sa majesté vous envoie ses compliments respectueux, et se propose de vous honorer du titre éclatant de marquise de Pembroke, auquel il daigne ajouter une pension annuelle de mille livres sterling.

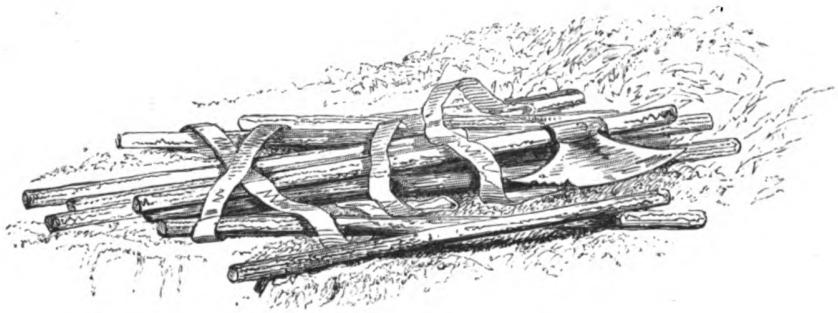
Anne. Je ne sais comment lui témoigner ma reconnaissance ; tout ce que j'ai est sans valeur ; mes prières n'ont point de vertu efficace ; mes vœux ne sont que d'impuissantes paroles ; et toutefois des prières et des vœux sont tout ce que je puis offrir en retour. Je supplie votre seigneurie de vouloir bien être auprès de sa majesté, l'interprète de mes sentiments de gratitude et de dévouement, tels que peut les offrir une fille timide. Je prie le ciel pour la prolongation de ses jours et de son règne.

Le Lord Chambellan. Madame, je ne manquerai pas d'appuyer par mon suffrage la haute opinion que le roi a conçue de vous. (*A part.*) Je l'ai suffisamment examinée ; la beauté et la vertu sont tellement unies en elle, qu'elles ont captivé le cœur du roi. Et qui sait si de cette dame ne doit pas naître un glorieux joyau qui éclairera cette île de sa splendeur ?—(*à Anne de Bullen.*) Je vais trouver le roi et lui dire que je vous ai parlé.

HENRI VIII.—*Acte II. Scène III.*



TITUS ANDRONICUS



LAVINIA.

"Some say that ravens foster forlorn children,
The whilst their own birds famish in their nests:
O be to me, though thy hard heart say no,
Nothing so kind, but something pitiful!"

THE first scene of *Titus Andronicus* presents us with the chief actors of the play. SATURNINUS, son of the late Emperor of Rome; BASSANIUS, his brother; and TITUS ANDRONICUS, a general, who has obtained victories over the Goths, are all candidates for the imperial purple. LAVINIA, the daughter of TITUS, is beloved by BASSANIUS; and, out of respect to her relations, he affects to hold his chances of election as secondary to theirs.

LAVINIA enters at the obsequies of her brothers; and having offered a daughter's filial thanks for the safe return of her father, receives his blessing, kneeling at his feet. TITUS generously renounces his claim to the throne, in favour of SATURNINUS, who returns this favour by promising to make LAVINIA his wife, and Empress. BASSANIUS, however, will not so readily part with his beloved one: he claims her as his betrothed; and one of her brothers, in helping him, is slain by her father TITUS, as a traitor to the Emperor. SATURNINUS, however, being offended, rejects LAVINIA, and marries TAMORA, Queen of the Goths, whom TITUS had brought a prisoner to Rome.

Dissembling her object, TAMORA overrules SATURNINUS, when he would have punished BASSANIUS for claiming LAVINIA, hoping by this to revenge herself on TITUS and his family, at some future time, for the loss of her son, who had been sacrificed to appease the *manes* of TITUS' sons.

In a desert part of a forest, TAMORA meets with AARON, a Moor, beloved by her. He foretels—

"This is the day of doom for Bassanius;
His Philomel must lose her tongue to-day."

BASSANIUS and LAVINIA enter, and salute TAMORA as Empress; but, discovering the Moor, threaten to acquaint the Emperor of her deceit. CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, her sons, enter, and the latter stabs BASSANIUS. LAVINIA is driven away from her dying husband, vainly entreating mercy at the hands of TAMORA. But her Roman spirit is at last roused, and she vents all her indignation on the Empress, who commits her to the cruelties of her two sons.

TAMORA, by stratagem, fixes the death of BASSANIUS on the sons of TITUS. Meanwhile, LAVINIA has been brutally treated by CHIRON and DEMETRIUS, who bring her in with her hands cut off, and her tongue cut out. MARCUS, her uncle, in vain asks the cause of her misfortunes, for she can neither speak nor write an account of them. The scene shifts, and introduces MARTIUS and QUINTIUS, who are about to be executed for the murder of BASSANIUS, of which they have been accused by TAMORA. TITUS pleads their cause; and LAVINIA, eloquent in the silence which the barbarity of the Empress has forced on her, is brought before the tribune. AARON, the Moor, contrives, by inducing TITUS to cut off his hand to save his sons, to fix all the murders on his head.

LAVINIA, by turning to a page in Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, is enabled to tell her family how, and by whom, she has been so fearfully treated. They unitedly determine on revenge, and effect it in a manner in which human nature is outraged to the lowest degree.

W H Mote

LAVINIA.

Titus. Look, Marcus! ah, son Lucius, look on her!
When I did name her brothers, then fresh tears
Stood on her cheeks; as doth the honey dew
Upon a gather'd lily almost wither'd.
Marcus. Perchance she weeps because they kill'd her husband:
Perchance she knows them innocent.
Titus. If they did kill thy husband, then be joyful
Because the law hath ta'en revenge on them.—
No, no, they would not do so foul a deed;
Witness the sorrow that their sister makes.—
Gentle Lavinia, let me kiss thy lips;
Or make some sign how I may do thee ease:
Shall thy good uncle, and thy brother Lucius,
And thou, and I, sit round about some fountain;
Looking all downwards, to behold our cheeks
How they are stain'd like meadows yet not dry
With miry slime left on them by a flood?
And in the fountain shall we gaze so long,
Till the fresh taste be taken from that clearness,
And make a brine pit with our bitter tears?
Or shall we cut away our hands, like thine?
Or shall we bite our tongues, and in dumb shows
Pass the remainder of our hateful days?
What shall we do? let us, that have our tongues,
Plot some device of further misery,
To make us wonder'd at in time to come.
Lucius. Sweet father, cease your tears; for, at your grief,
See how my wretched sister sobs and weeps.
Marcus. Patience, dear niece:—good Titus, dry thine eyes.
Titus. Ah, Marcus! Marcus! brother, well I wot,
Thy napkin cannot drink a tear of mine,
For thou, poor man, hast drown'd it with thine own.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.—*Act III. Scene I.*

LAVINIA.

Titus. Vois, Marcus! ah! Lucius, mon fils, considère-la. Quand j'ai nommé ses frères, de nouvelles larmes ont coulé sur ses joues comme une douce rosée sur un lis arraché et déjà flétri.

Marcus. Peut-être pleure-t'elle parceque ses frères ont tué son mari; peut-être aussi par ce qu'elle les sait innocents.

Titus à sa fille. Si ce sont eux qui ont tué ton époux, montre donc ta joie en voyant que la loi a vengé sa mort. Non, non, tes frères n'ont point commis un forfait aussi atroce; j'en atteste la douleur que montre leur sœur.—Amiable Lavinia, laisse-moi baiser tes lèvres ou fais-moi comprendre par quelques signes comment je pourrai te soulager. Veux-tu que ton digne oncle et ton frère Lucius et toi, et moi, nous allions nous asseoir autour de quelque fontaine, tous, les yeux baissés vers son onde pour y contempler nos visages flétris par nos larmes amères, semblables à des prairies encore humides du limon qu'a laissé sur leur surface le débordement des eaux? Irons-nous attacher nos regards sur la fontaine jusqu'à ce que la douceur de ses eaux limpides soit altérée par l'amertume de nos larmes; ou bien veux-tu que nous coupions nos mains comme on a coupé les tiennes, ou que nous tranchions nos langues avec nos dents, et que nous passions, sans autre voix que nos signes muets, le reste de nos exécrables jours? Que veux-tu que nous fassions, nous à qui reste l'organe de la parole, imaginons quelque plan de misères plus horribles encore pour étonner l'avenir de nos malheurs.

Lucius. Tendre père, cessez vos pleurs, car voyez comme votre désespoir fait pleurer et sanglotter ma sœur.

Marcus. Patience, chère nièce,—bon Titus, sèche tes yeux.

Titus. Ah! Marcus, Marcus! mon frère, je le sais bien, ton mouchoir ne peut plus boire une seule de mes larmes, car toi, homme infortuné, tu l'as tout trempé des tiennes.

TITUS ANDRONICUS.—*Acte III. Scène I.*